

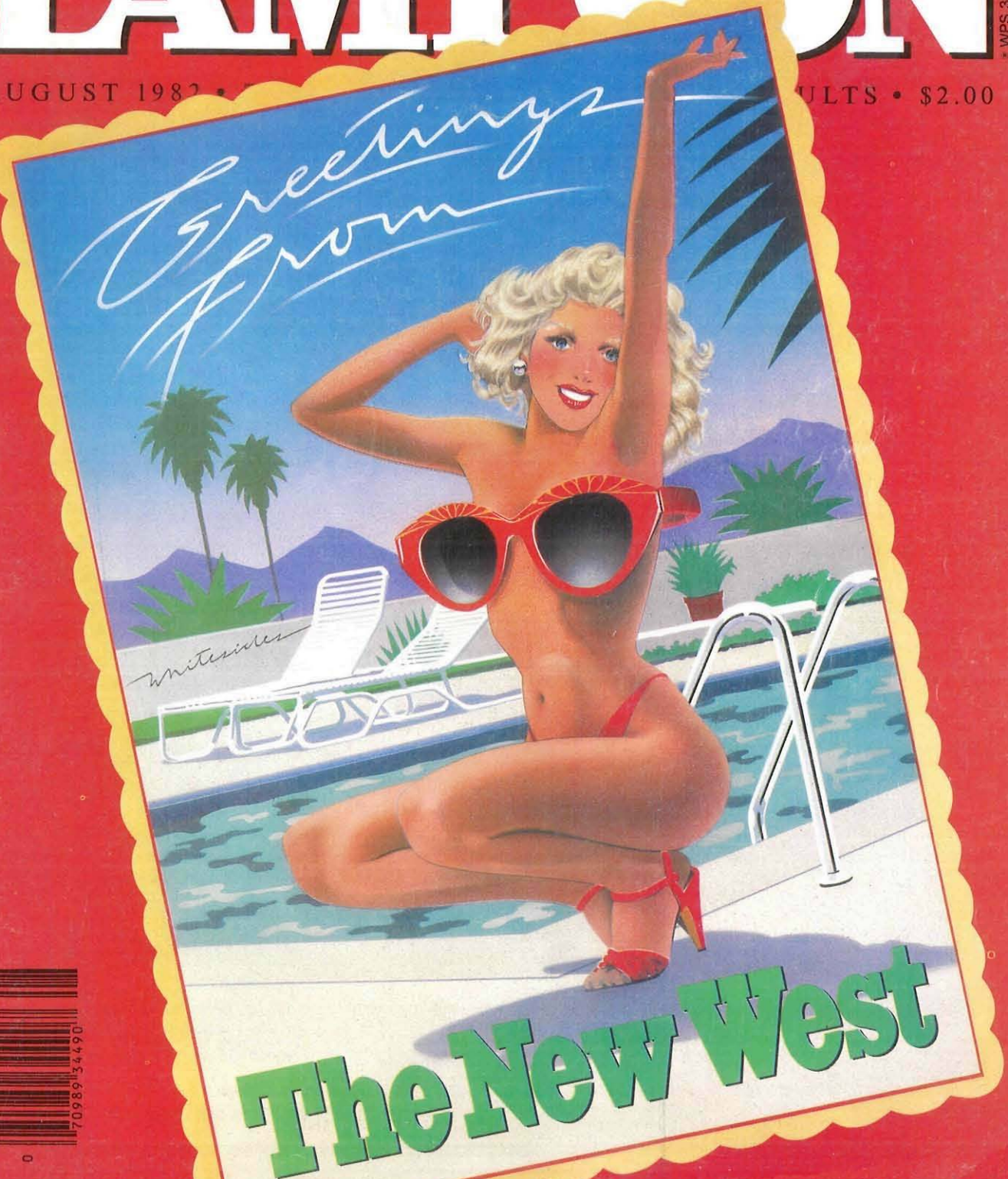
Ronanza! • Crazy Kult • Naked Real-Estate Agents

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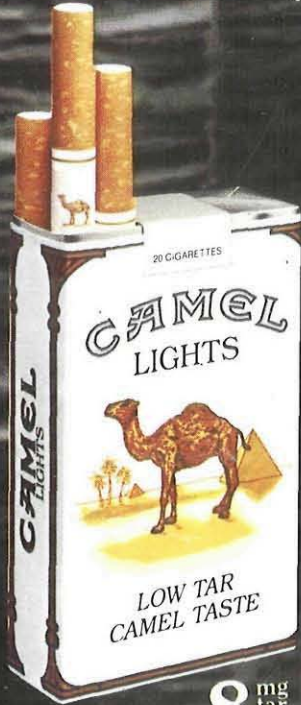
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The New West



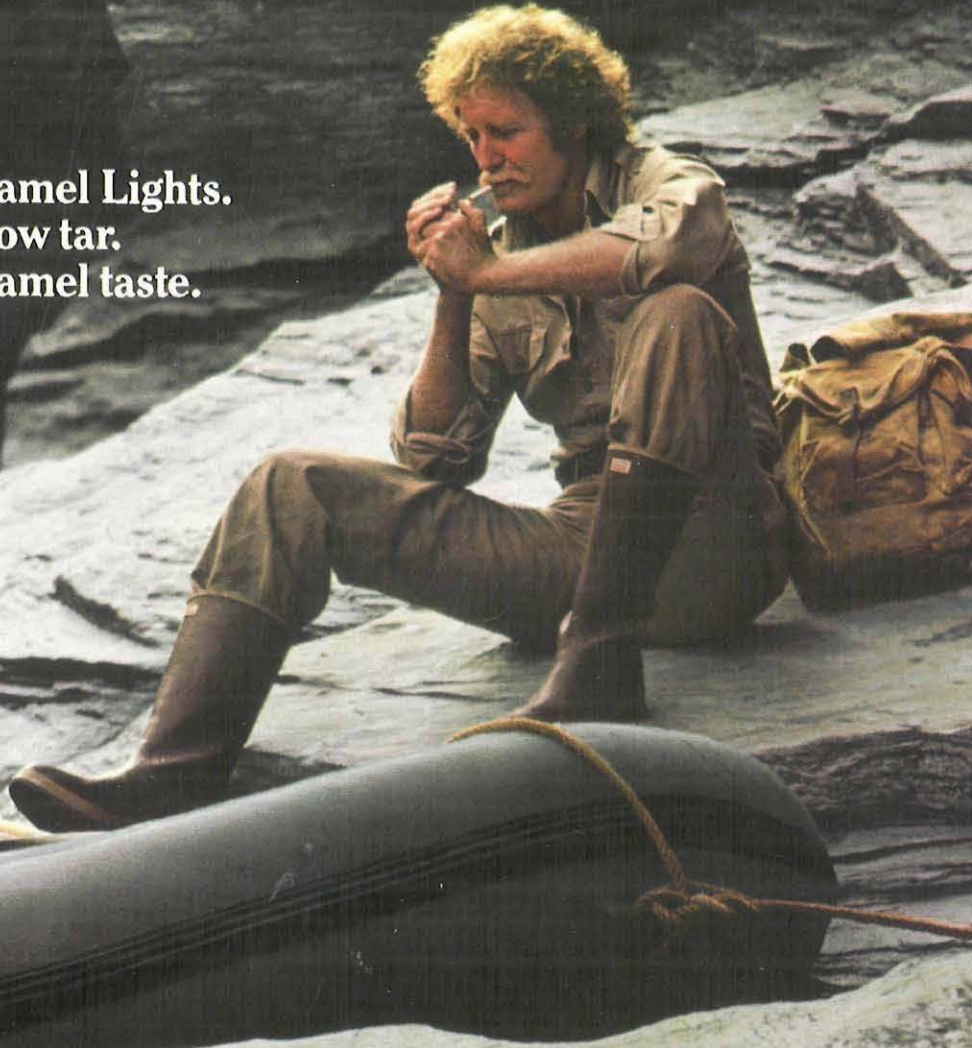
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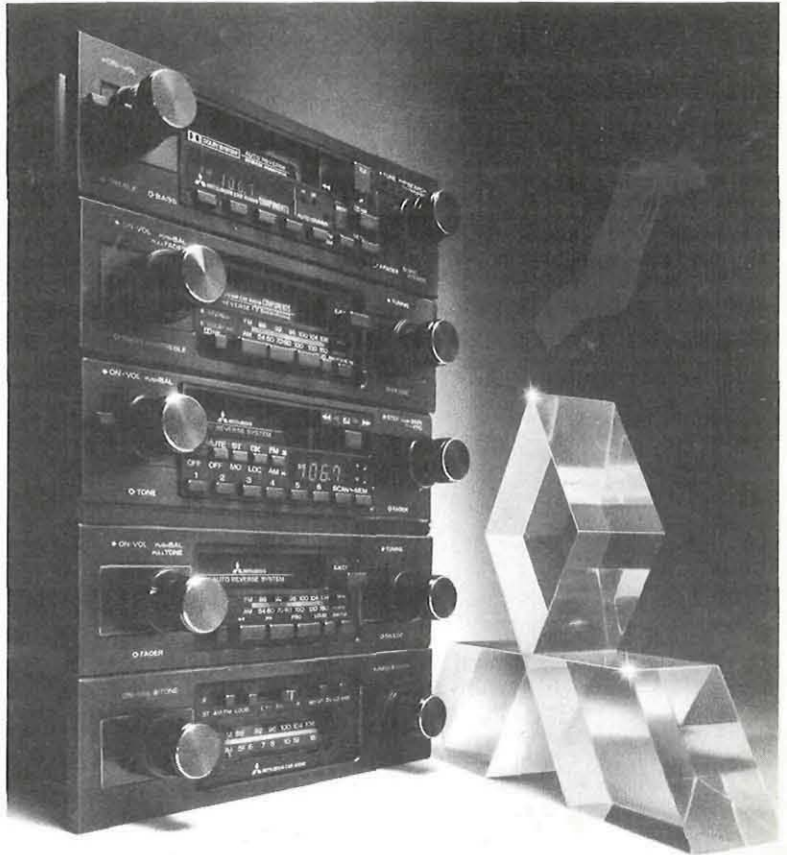


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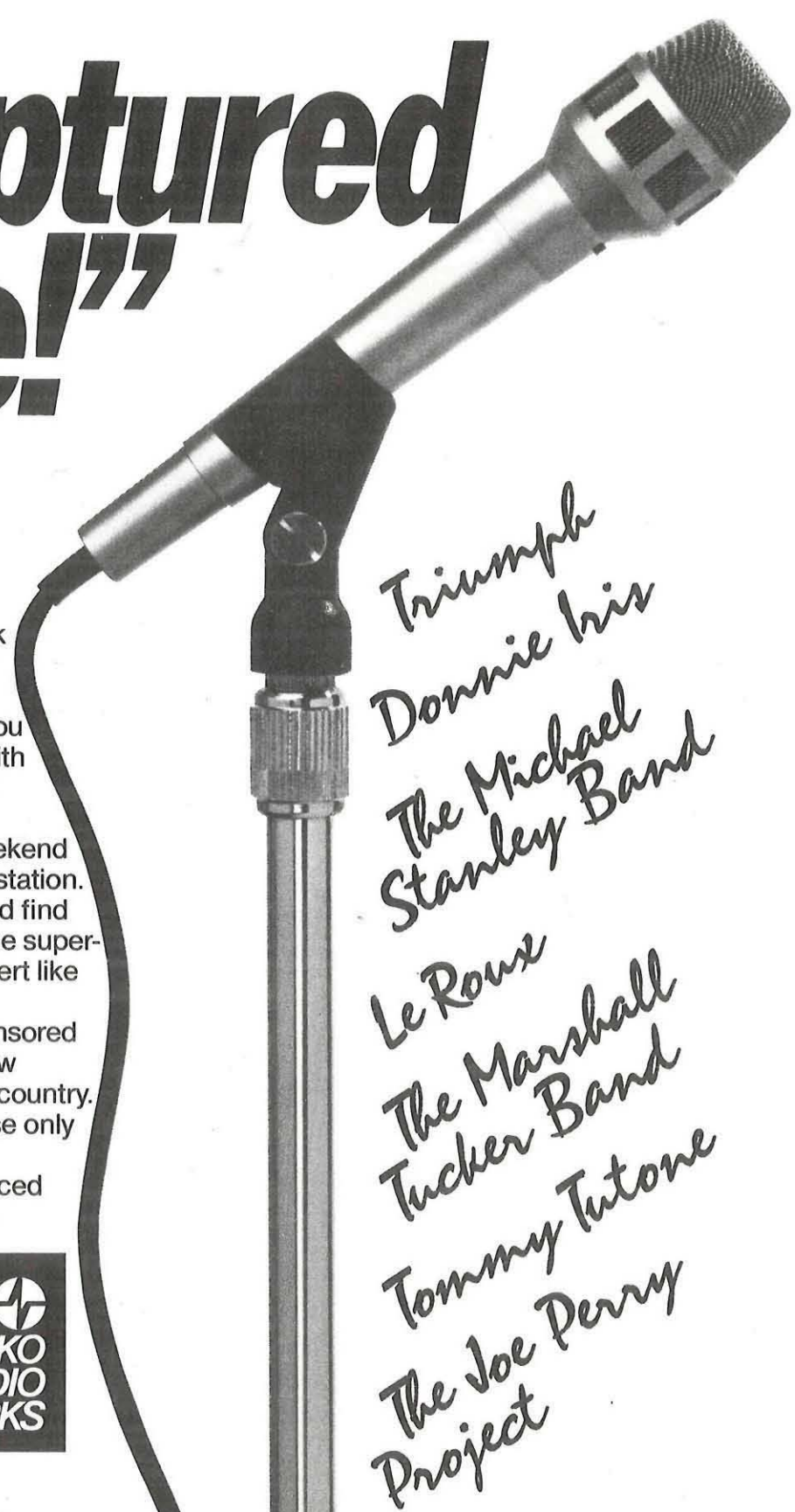
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Le Roux
The Marshall
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Project

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August 1982

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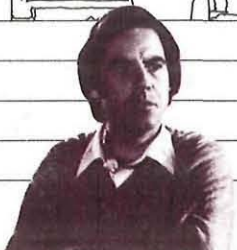
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COMING AUGUST 13 TO A THEATRE NEAR YOU.

Editorial

When the West was young,
and I was young, and
boned by parents who didn't
have the brains or the
ten dollars to buy land.

MY FATHER FIRST CAME to the West in 1943; the army was training him to destroy Germans in North Africa, so they pretended Arizona was Tunisia, even though Arizona was at the time much less developed and cosmopolitan than Tunisia. That's where Dad met General Patton, in the desert near Gila Bend. The encounter was terse—Patton told him to get out of the way of his tank or he'd blow off his goddamn ass with a .50-caliber machine gun.

Nevertheless, my father counted the meeting among the great events of his life, the first of many, he presumed, awaiting young men savvy enough to return to this barren, suffocating place and develop it to the maximum. So, four years later, my father forced his wife and six-month-old child into a four-thousand-pound, solid-steel incinerator of a car, and drove them from Ohio to Scottsdale, Arizona, where it was 120 degrees and the homes were five-thousand-dollar wood shacks on dirt roads.

I lived on Main Street, two blocks from the center of town, and one block from a neighborhood of Mexicans who cooked beans in black caldrons over fires on their dirt lawns. Movies were fourteen cents at the T-Bar-T Theater. The Catholics worked out of an old Spanish mission church next to a blacksmith shop. I spent the bulk of my first several years of cognitive being battering horny toads with rocks and rooting around in muddy irrigation ditches for debris. A plump, cigar-smoking Chinaman named George Chang ran a Chinese market up the street, where I persisted in offering the ditch garbage as barter for caps and colored gum.

George never did business with me; he was a smart guy, shrewd enough to eventually convert his dank frontier grocery den into an emporium of Mexican curios, the kind that ever-increasing swarms of tourists would gobble up like



hungry Mexicans. My father's shrewdness, on the other hand, seemed to peak with his decision to move to Arizona; he apparently failed to recognize that moving west was only the first half of a binary shrewdness package, the second half of which was to continue to be shrewd once he got there.

So, I roamed the ditches of Scottsdale looking for alternatives to money as Mom roasted in the five-thousand-dollar house and the old man yawned from job to job, squeaking out subsistence wages while men like George Chang were planning for the future. George's Mexican-curio gambit was, of course, an entirely specialized play—not necessarily conceivable or achievable by all. But the big move, the move of George's fellow visionaries, was so obvious and so incredibly cheap that you had to be an unshrewd hireling working for subsistence wages not to get in on it. Naturally, I'm talking about land. I'm talking about ten-dollar-an-acre, raw, untaxed dirt a half-mile from our shack that's worth so much money today it makes me crazy.

Nine out of ten of the wealthiest people in the United States have been converging on Scottsdale for decades,

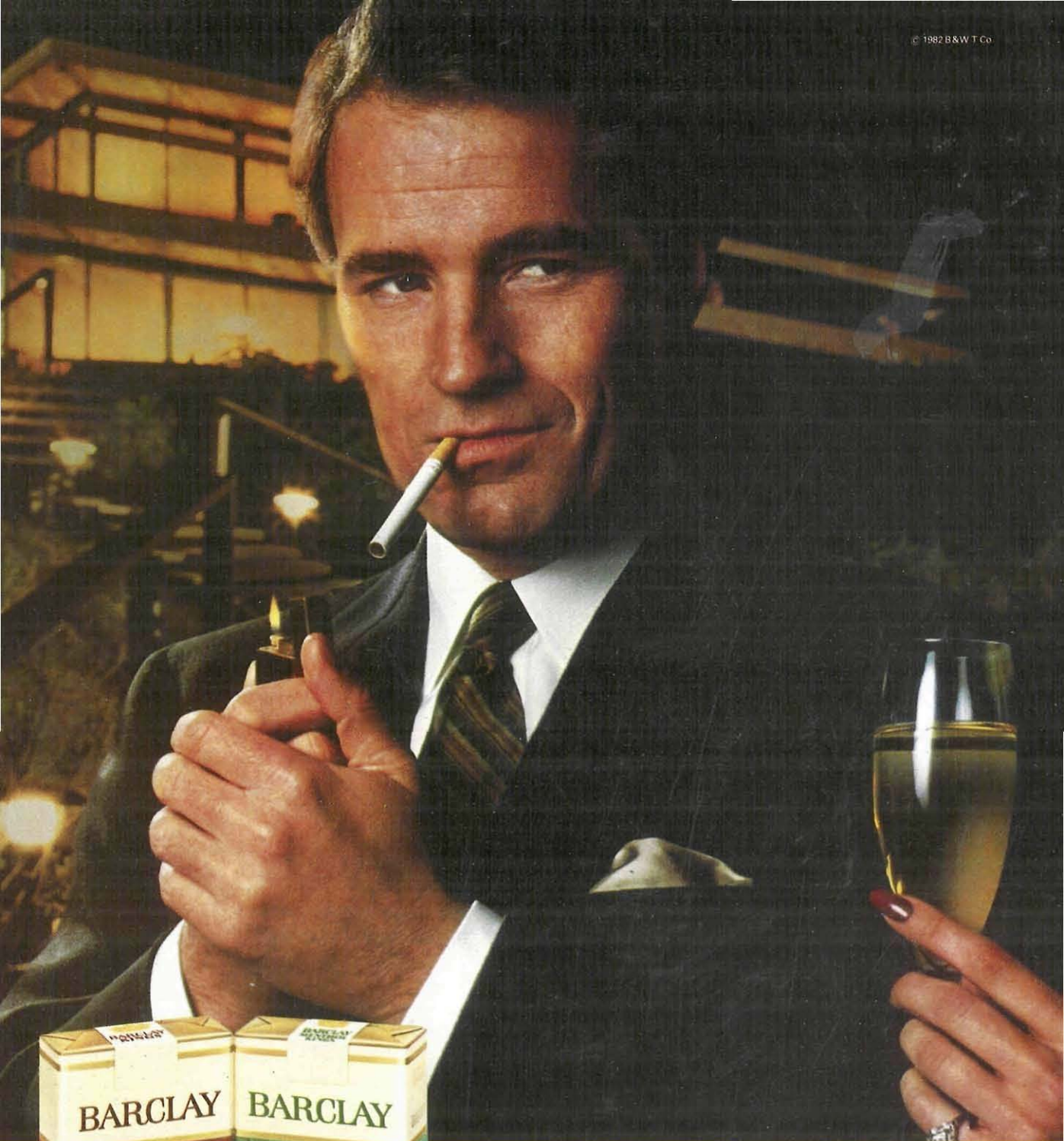
insanely, ravenously throwing more dollars than are imaginable at anyone with a few square yards of that god-damned dirt I used to prowl for horny toads, and I watch this, and I get violently sick. That could've been my land, God damn it. "But we didn't have any extra money in those days," my parents explain feebly. They didn't have the lousy ten dollars to buy an acre of land? Jesus Christ, a toothless, wine-pickled derelict with two pints of blood in his system could lay his hands on ten dollars. I figured it out—if everyone in our family donated a pint of blood a week for six months in 1952, we could have bought \$10,525,000 worth of ground at today's prices. I'd be a goddamn millionaire.

But they didn't and here I am, sick to my stomach, trapped and running scared in the depths of New York City, up to my eyes in debt, cashing my entire paycheck and carrying all the money around in my wallet to avoid twenty-cent check charges at the bank, obsessed with schemes to pay less withholding tax, struggling and grasping and cheating and dodging every day, with no way out, no future, no nothing.

So, it would seem, I'm probably the wrong guy to ask about the West; it's hard to think clearly or objectively about a place that made everybody's life, including that of beefy, cigar-smoking Chinaman George Chang, a goddamn enchanted American dream come true—everyone's life except mine. At night, when I'm wriggling in bed after a meal of blistery New York carrion balls, or nothing at all, I have this recurring hallucination. All these people are lying around a swimming pool in Arizona. It's Tuesday afternoon; none of these people have jobs or need them. I'm in the desert just beyond the pool, jerking through beds of cholla and mesquite, shaking scorpions out of my cuffs, barely alive, desperate to make it to the pool. Suddenly, just as I gain the last wash between me and salvation, I hear a grating, metallic screech and the stertor of giant pistons. "Get out of the way," a growling voice calls—the voice of George Patton aboard his sand-blotched tank. "Move or I'll blow off your goddamn ass." He does, and I wake up in New York City. It's horrible.

Talk to someone else about the West; just the thought of it makes me heave.

—Timothy Beaugereaux



The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY

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Menthol, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Letters

SIRS: I KNOCKED HIM DOWN. Stepped in his face. Slandered his name all over the place. I did anything I wanted to do—with one big exception. And now that I'm rich, I can do that, too. I acquired Elvis's blue suede shoes at an underground celebrity auction, and I'm having them taken apart and resewn into a doormat.

Albert Goldman
New York City

Sirs:

I was a thief, a rapist, and a murderer, but I always felt terrible about it. Then, a year ago, I accepted Jesus Christ into my life. Things have been wonderful ever since. Oh, I still steal, rape, and murder, but now I don't feel guilty about it, because I know Jesus forgives.

Ed Lucas
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sirs:

Being committed to most New Age theories, when my wife and I decided to have a baby I insisted that it be delivered by the D'Escargot Method. The wife wasn't crazy about it at first, but she got to like the idea of putting her



newborn directly into a bath of clean warm water because it's supposed to be a "womblike" environment. Well, the kid liked it too. In fact, it got so that he'd scream if you tried to take him out of a bath. We checked the D'Escargot Method manual, and it said this was a normal reaction, so we thought everything was cool. We just kept giving him longer baths, until we noticed that he was growing these funny slits behind his ears. Well, the manual said this was nothing to worry about; so, more baths. The problem is that the day after the wife went west for a week to visit her

folks, I was giving the kid his bath and the little bastard pulled the plug out and swam down the drain. Not cool at all. He's out in the river somewhere, playing with the fish. What am I going to tell the wife when she gets home? I've checked the D'Escargot Method manual, but none of the chapters covers a situation like this. What a cop-out.

Gerome Ragni
Woodstock, N.Y.

Sirs:

Capital punishment is not the real issue here. What we need is a way to stop the violent crimes. We must ask ourselves, "Why do people commit murder?" The answer? Two reasons: 1. Kicks. 2. Peer-group pressure. If we can attack the problem at its roots, we can kill it, er, stop it.

A Big Politician
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Jackie Cooper here. I'm almost sixty years old, I've been acting since I was eight, and I'd like a competent medical explanation as to why, in all those years, my face never changed. I mean, other child actors developed lines and wrinkles as they aged. They got faces with *character definition*. Me? All I got was taller. Now I'm getting shorter, and I've still got this damn baby face. It's not as if I never tried. I chain-smoke, I drink coffee and booze, I lie in the California sun for days at a time. I even got a dehumidifier running all the time. Still no wrinkles. I'm gonna be a child actor for the rest of my life.

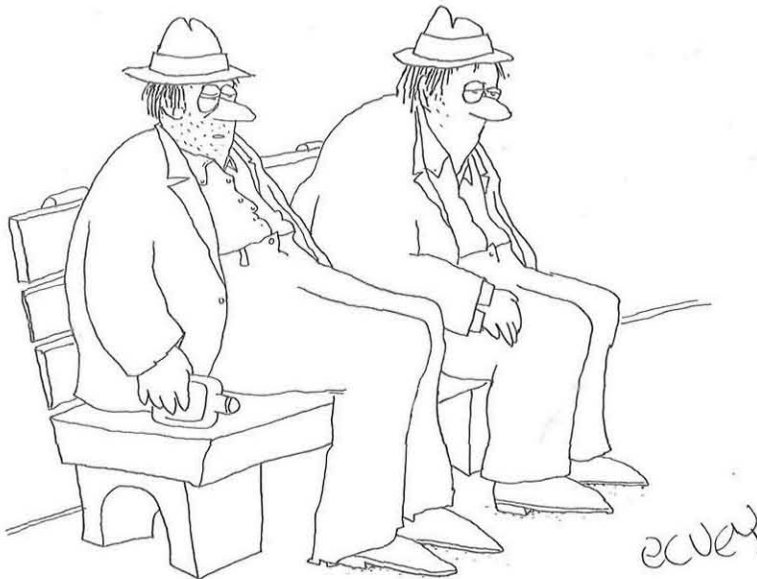
Jackie Cooper

Sirs:

Let's clear up this evolution/creation controversy for once and for all. I'll take it step by step: Fifty million years ago, a bear slipped and fell in the water, and it was mating season and he couldn't control himself, so he fucked the nearest thing handy. It happened to be a fish. Well, that fish gave birth to the first seal on the planet. You *still* haven't got it? All right, pinheads, if an orangutan fucked Jerry Falwell, what would the offspring be like? An ignorant, uneducated asshole that likes bananas, right? You're finally catching on.

Charles "Chuckie" Darwin
S. S. Beagle

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)



"Well! I think this calls for a little drink."

From the Driving Force:

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to create a stereo
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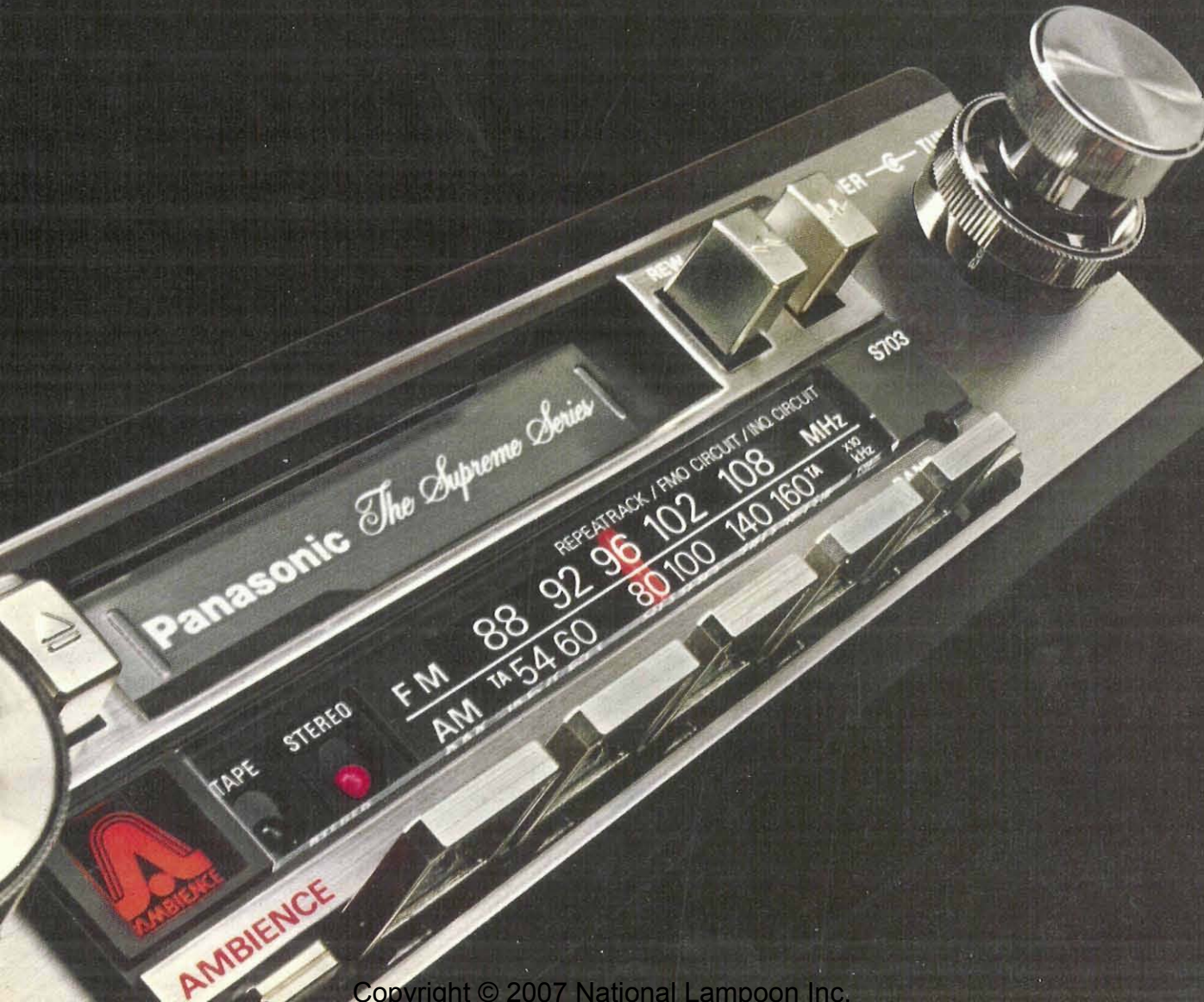
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Sirs:

I'll try to stay calm, but I just discovered something that scares the hell out of me. I've forgotten how to read! I don't have any trouble talking, or even writing. But when I pick up a book or a newspaper—nothing! Wait a minute. Christ, this is serious! I just looked back at what I wrote and it looks like "Vrr ymk jn clga bmer, psx V lwzi jgkdirmcgd jgicocgj fshf mvncks tik lajc yet jk vd"! Get a doctor, somebody!

Leo Guabello
Civeron, Ill.

Sirs:

We sure are regretting the Dutch technician that was killed in the air raid; but after all, what can we do? If we told Sweden once, we told them a million times. "Lay off with this aggressive building of the nuclear windmills, schlemiels, or we're getting you with the pre-

emptive strike." But would they listen to us? Would they? Trouble, trouble, nothing but trouble. And while I'm on the subject... New Zealand and Canada, what are those big antennae for? Huh? And don't tell me it's cablevision; you should live so long that we'll fall for that one. Better watch out. And Tobago, too, with the microwave ovens you're trying to build... I'm telling you now, we got a thing about ovens. Schvuggies should stick to harvesting bananas; leave the machinery to us, it's safer that way. What is it, we have to bomb the whole world before they get the idea?

Menachem Begin
Israel

Sirs:

Remember that little speck on the head of your dick that we said absolutely, positively was not and could not be cancer of the penis? Well, we were

sitting around the lab the other day and Freddie, I think it was, said, "Say, I wonder how big that speck is now?" He suggested I write you and ask. Just curious, you understand.

The Boys in Pathology
Sloan-Kettering Institute
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

I've completely run out of catchy subject matter/titles to write another of my stupid five-hundred-page sleeping-pill tomes about. Got any ideas? How about one about the typewriter business, called *Keys*? Not enough violence. Or *Caskets*, the inside story of the great California embalming families. Shit. No. Evelyn Waugh did that one in '48, and they did the movie version already. *Staples*, an X-ray look into the great furniture-reupholstery empires of... No, too Jewish. Hey, I've got it! *Strings*, the saga of the scions of the great feminine-napkin- and tampon-manufacturing families! Sex, industrial espionage, and buckets and buckets of blood... It's a natural! See you in a couple of months; I gotta go research this.

Arthur Hailey
Zurich

Sirs:

I am collecting artifacts concerning Gary Collins. If you have any memorabilia concerning Mr. Collins, particularly his early years, before he began his fine afternoon talk show, I'd appreciate it if you could let me know. I can't afford to pay much, but it's very important to me. Thank you.

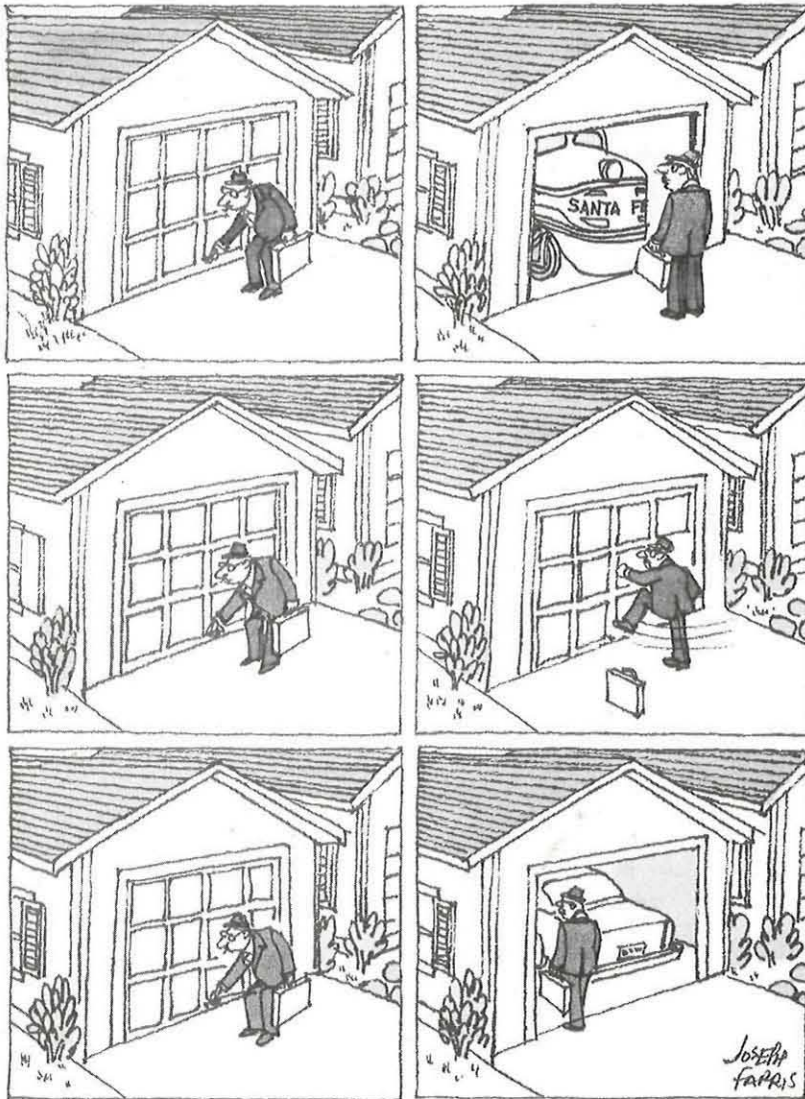
Andrew McCarthy
Wichita, Kans.

Sirs:

I like to get laid, and I wondered about the relative merits of dating versus prostitutes. For six months, I haunted singles bars and square-dance clubs looking for relationships, and then for the next six months I simply paid for sex. Here are my findings: For the period that I dated ordinary single women, I spent \$1,700 on dinners, \$1,100 on entertainment, \$400 on gas, \$200 on flowers, and \$150 on miscellaneous expenses, for total expenditures of \$3,550, but I got laid only five times, for an average of \$710 per fuck. Prostitution proved more successful; I spent \$3,000, all on direct fees, and got laid sixty times, for an average of \$50 per fuck. I don't know about you, but I know how I'm going to be spending my money from now on.

Bill Wilson
Seattle, Wash.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)



THE WORLD
RENOWNED



12 FL. OZ



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In Search of Sunken California

Archaeological evidence shows semiintelligent life once existed west of Nevada.
by Michael Reiss
and Al Jean

FOR CENTURIES, LEGENDS have told of the existence of a land called California. Before it mysteriously vanished into the sea, during the late twentieth century, California was believed to have lain at the far western edge of America, where the Pacific Ocean now laps the sparkling seaside beaches of Arizona and Nevada. The vanished land was described as a heavenly place, where "California angels" would play, while "big stars" and "moonies" lay around in the sun. And atop it all stood the fabled \$20,000 pyramid.

The legend of California had long been dismissed as pure fantasy, along



with other preposterous old myths, such as: Leon Spinks winning the heavy-weight crown, "pet rocks" and "mood rings" that were possessed by all, and a wondrous confection that could serve as both a breath mint and a candy mint. Yet, recently, undeniable evidence has come to light revealing that semi-intelligent life once existed west of Nevada. Last year, underground tremors disgorged thousands of Californian

artifacts mired deep beneath the sea, washing them up on the shores of Reno. Among the relics were ten pair of earth shoes, a priceless (vintage 1985) six-pack of Paul Masson wine, and Doc Severinsen.

On the basis of such evidence, scientists are now convinced of the existence of California, and have even been able to piece together the cause of its demise. Late in the twentieth century, it is believed, a crazed secretary of the interior, wishing to celebrate the death of the last baby seal on earth, injudiciously ordered the construction of a string of nuclear-power plants along the fault line that traversed California. Though some feared this could lead to disaster, authorities insisted that the reactors were completely harmless, more or less. Attempting to demonstrate the safety of his plant to reporters, one official gave a reactor a playful kick in the side. The resulting nuclear explosion set off a chain reaction that blew up every plant on the fault line, which in turn triggered the most cataclysmic earthquake the world had ever seen. Its strength was measured as "too darn high" on the Richter scale, after it caused the San Diego Hilton to topple onto the home of Mr. Hank Richter, destroying everything he owned.

Yet Californians apparently remained blasé as their land slipped into ruin and the Pacific. A recently

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19)



THE WORLD ACCORDING TO *Garp*

*Robin Williams
is Garp.*

*He's got a funny way
of looking at life.*



A GEORGE ROY HILL Film ROBIN WILLIAMS
"THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP"

MARY BETH HURT · GLENN CLOSE · JOHN LITHGOW

Executive Producer PATRICK KELLEY Screenplay by STEVE TESICH

Based on the novel JOHN IRVING Produced by GEORGE ROY HILL
and ROBERT L. CRAWFORD Directed by GEORGE ROY HILL

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Cliff-hanger Justice

Part One of the most celebrated litigation in legal history, *Wile E. Coyote vs. Acme Co.*
by *Joey Green*

HE STILL HAS A FINE brown coat, a flicker of ambition in his eyes, and a maniacal grin on his face. But he has taken quite a beating, and a lot of his sparkle is gone. Television's Wile E. Coyote appears to be on his last legs these days, but he is making a remarkable comeback in the courtroom after a long recovery from a string of serious bodily injuries that have challenged doctors and entertained Saturday-morning-television viewers for years.

Last month, Coyote, whose suffering had resulted from years of fruitless attempts to capture a single roadrunner using aids and devices purchased from the Acme Company of New Jersey, finally brought suit against Acme, claiming that its products were unsafe and that implied warranties of merchantability had been flagrantly breached.

Biological makeup historically put Coyote at a physical disadvantage to the roadrunner. But several years ago, Coyote discovered that a variety of mechanical devices available to him through the Acme Company might put him on equal footing with the roadrunner and improve his chances of capturing his feathered quarry. But these bizarre instrumentalities consistently presented Coyote with devastating setbacks and even more onerous medical bills.

In 1964, Coyote first ordered a rock catapult through a mail-order catalogue from the Acme Company. Immediately upon its delivery, he positioned the catapult near a section of the New Mexico State Highway and, following the instruction manual, pulled back the throwing arm and placed a three-ton boulder in the catapult's leather pocket. Coyote then cautiously led the draw cord away from the device, taking cover behind a rock overlooking the highway.



When the roadrunner raced past, Coyote pulled the draw cord, expecting this action to release the catapult's delicate trigger mechanism and trajectory the gargantuan boulder from the pocket toward the roadrunner's billowy trail. But nothing happened. Coyote tugged more vigorously at the draw cord, but still the trigger mechanism refused to spring. Finally, in desperation, Coyote gingerly emerged from behind the safe cover of the roadside rock to examine the malfunctioning catapult. Standing behind the monstrous gadget, he tried the draw cord once more, at which time the boulder was finally released from the pouch—onto Mr. Coyote.

This unfortunate incident did not deter Coyote from pursuing the road-

runner or from continuing to do business with Acme. After a remarkably quick recovery from a near total splintering of his skeleton, the cunning *Canis latrans* ordered a powerful fire rocket through the Acme Company's mail-order catalogue and, upon receiving it and believing it to be in good condition, positioned the explosive missile near a section of the New Mexico State Highway. He ran the rocket's fuse to his chosen vantage point behind a rock overlooking the road. When the roadrunner screamed past, Coyote ignited the fuse. In seconds the spurting flame traveled the length of the fuse to the rocket, where it should have detonated its dry-fueled thruster, which should have launched the missile in an arc calculated to intercept the roadrunner and destroy it. But for some unexplained reason the rocket failed to ignite. Coyote waited behind the rock for several minutes and then, determining that the rocket was a dud, cautiously approached it from behind to examine the fuse. At this moment the rocket exploded, incinerating Coyote to a blackened crisp.

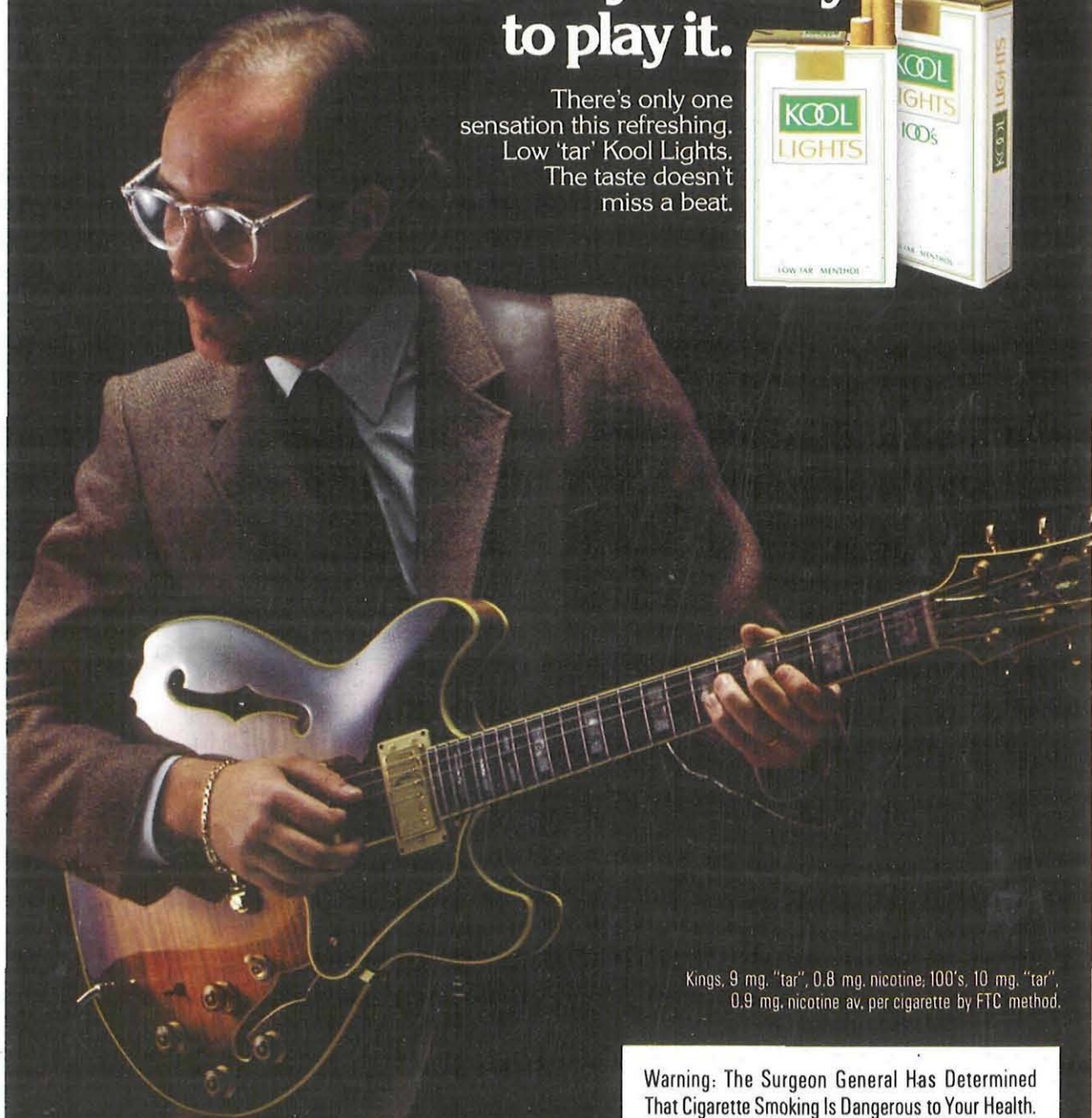
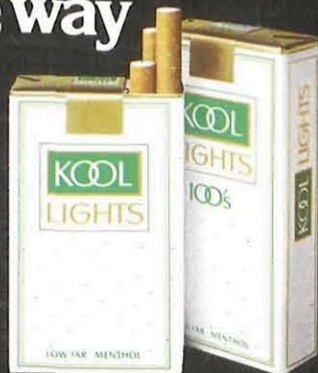
Despite all this adversity, Coyote continued to do business with the Acme Company. Over the past eighteen years, in fact, Coyote ordered so many products from the Acme Company that it became as time-consuming to reconstruct a complete list of all of his purchases as it was to construct a thorough medical record of all his consequential injuries. But it wasn't until last month that the Acme Company was finally served with a summons from the United States District Court in New Mexico to answer the charges brought against the company by Wile E. Coyote.

Coyote's complaint describes in meticulous detail the two incidents mentioned above as well as alleged defects in the merchandise that contributed to the occurrence of each accident, to wit: "...the Acme Company manufactured, designed, assembled, equipped, tested, serviced, inspected, advertised, sold, and delivered the described devices knowing that these devices were to be used and operated, and knowing that unless these devices were properly designed, manufactured, serviced, and in-

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spected, the Acme Company would be creating an unreasonable risk and hazard to any future user of the devices or persons exposed to any of the devices, including the plaintiff, and that the devices would constitute articles of extreme danger to users and occupants and to members of the public." The complaint also contends that "...the defendant [Acme Company] impliedly warranted to Wile E. Coyote and members of the general public, and to persons the defendant knew or should have known would be exposed to the device, that the devices and all of the component parts, equipment, and accessories were of merchantable quality and fit for the purposes for which intended." Claiming to have "sustained serious, severe, permanent, and painful injuries" as a result of the breach of the implied warranty by the defendant, Coyote seeks, in his complaint, a quarter of a million dollars in damages.

In Acme's answer to Coyote's complaint, attorneys for the company claim that Coyote never communicated his intention to use the company's products to capture a roadrunner. They assert that the express warranty on the purchase order bars any claim for personal injuries that may result from such use. The attorneys also point to Coyote's failure to press a timely legal claim—citing the statute of limitations—and argue that negligent acts on the part of Coyote

contributed to the accidents.

Coyote quickly amended the pleadings, listing three additional incidents where he relied on the statements made by the seller and sustained damages as a result of that reliance.

In one case, Coyote claimed that he ordered an Acme skateboard with a sail and an electric fan mounted to its top-side, which he plugged in to a nearby electrical outlet. Coyote then strapped a hard safety helmet over his head, stood atop the skateboard, and switched on the electric fan. The fan sent wind into the sail, which propelled the skateboard and Coyote at a very high speed down the New Mexico State Highway in pursuit of the roadrunner. Unfortunately, the fan-powered "sailboard" could not bank turns properly, and the vehicle and its operator found themselves sailing beyond the first cliffside bend in the road. But owing to the wind from the electric fan, the sailboard continued its flight, saving Coyote from a perilous descent—that is, until the cord running from the electric fan stretched beyond its fifty-foot length, disconnecting the fan and cutting off the source of wind to power the sail. A few desperate exhalations from Coyote's mouth into the sail did little to save him from the impending plunge that whistled him to the bottom of a seemingly fathomless ravine.

After an extraordinarily swift recovery, Coyote ordered an Acme giant

magnet and a box of Acme metallic pellets, and he erected a highly visible sign reading FREE BIRDSEED above a bowl of the metallic pellets that he had placed on the New Mexico State Highway. He then hid behind a nearby rock to await the roadrunner's approach. When the roadrunner eventually sped down the highway toward the bowl, the fleet bird screeched to a full stop, read the sign, and quickly ate the contents of the bowl before resuming his journey, ahead of a long and voluminous trail of dust. Coyote then laboriously pushed the heavy Acme giant U-shaped magnet from behind an enormous rock at the side of the road, pointing its powerful poles directly at the bird's dust-cloud spoor. Coyote expected that the metallic-pellet-filled bird would be attracted by the magnet's presumably inescapable field. But an unforeseen force suddenly exerted a tremendous pull on the magnet, slowly tugging it from its stationary position in the middle of the road. Coyote tried desperately to abate this movement, but the mysteriously strong force was overpowering and Coyote was violently swept away with the magnet, only to discover, much to his peril, that he had been attracted to the massive iron grille of an oncoming truck.

Following another miraculous recovery, Coyote ordered a can of ordinary black paint from Acme, which he used to paint a facsimile of a side road branching from the New Mexico State Highway toward the wall of a canyon. He then painted an image of the entrance to a tunnel on the canyon wall and hastily set up a traffic barricade across the main highway, with a sign indicating a detour. Coyote assumed that the roadrunner would be diverted to the painted road and smash into the canyon wall, while Coyote, of course, waited inconspicuously behind a nearby rock. As expected, the roadrunner took the detour toward the painted tunnel. But instead of smashing into the canyon wall as Coyote had hoped, the roadrunner ran through the tunnel as if it were not a visual illusion at all. Perplexed by the physical improbability of a bird passing through solid stone, Coyote nevertheless stepped back, gathered momentum, and ran toward the painted tunnel in pursuit of the roadrunner, only to crash head on into a tunnel opening painted on a canyon wall. Further perplexity beset him while, prostrate, recovering from the collision, he was hit by a large truck that emerged from the mouth of the painted tunnel.

Part II, Wile E. Coyote's courtroom appearance, will appear in next month's issue.



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Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

Sirs:

Every Sunday I stand at the living-room window eating my fingers while I wait for my boyfriend to show up. He's seventy-something years old. We met during the war at a factory that made inflatable rubber rafts for our boys in the Pacific Ocean.

Sometimes he shows up and sometimes he doesn't. When he does, he never comes to the door. If I don't notice him parked halfway down the block, he'll sit and wait for an hour or two and get fed up and drive away. He'll tell me about it next time, if I see him next time.

When we go out we always stop at the White Castle to eat. I won't eat onions, so my hamburgers take longer to make. He always nags me about that. Then we drive up to Garret Mountain and park. I go in the backseat and he sits up front. He brings plenty of things to read: the *Enquirer*, the *Star*, the *Midnight Globe*. I wonder what happened to *Confidential*; I used to like that one best.

I was real worried about him one time when he didn't show up for weeks and weeks. He had an accident. He fell off a ladder and landed on his hands. There were nails on the ground and

they went into his hands. He's got the scars today, holes in his hands just like Jesus. I joke with him about it. "How's my old man Jesus doing today?"

He's a retired man. He spends most of his free time down at the Hackensack bus terminal. He likes to pretend he's reading those papers, but he's really looking at the girls go by. We were engaged for a while back in 1950, but he never got me a ring, and when I asked him about it he said I was nagging him, so the engagement was off. Which is just as well. The doctors tell me I got all my inner organs on one side of my body and an empty space on the other. It wouldn't have worked out between us.

Dot

Pale Blue Armchair, N.J.

Sirs:

What's all this wild talk about a nuclear war? Let's quit the talking, for God's sake, and get on with it.

Mrs. Trumble's

*Fourth-Grade Class
Clearmont, Minn.*

Sirs:

As I was growing up, I never questioned the social custom of a bride taking her husband's last name as her own—in fact, I guess I actually looked forward to changing my name. But I'm

older now and about to be married, and I'm starting to think that maybe I should keep my maiden name, or even go a step further and have my husband-to-be take *my* last name. After all, why should I go through the rest of my life as Mrs. Manny Facefucks?

Wanda Dipshit

French Lick, Indiana

Sirs:

Isadora Duncan. Only she's a typist, got it? World's greatest typist, 2,000 words a minute or whatever. So she's typing this letter and she gets her scarf caught in the carriage. She hits the return key and *yeesh*, that's all, brother. So what do you say to that? Fresh approach or what?

Joe Screenwriter

Los Angeles, Cal.

Sirs:

In Czechoslovakia we have solved the problem of retirement funds and old-age pensions. They're no longer necessary. Each person over the age of sixty-five is issued a gray overcoat, a pair of dark glasses, and a note pad. Their job is to take notes on any suspicious, subversive-looking types they happen to notice. Especially old, suspiciously dressed people who are always writing in little books. We have no loafers in Czechoslovakia. They are either out working, or under arrest for looking suspicious.

Schnaziek Turkieski

*Minister of What to Do with Old People
Czechoslovakia*

Sirs:

You may have read about me in *People* magazine. I train animals for X-rated movies. It's a living. If you guys ever need a parrot that administers enemas, just give me a buzz.

Fred Mackenzie

Fastfoot, Cal.

Sirs:

Know what my version of a Sony Walkman is? First, I strap a five horse-power generator to my back, plug in a Crown 300-watt stereo amplifier, and connect it to an Akai four-track tape recorder w/ Dolby. Then, instead of listening through one of those chic featherweight jobs, I use a pair of Koss electrostatic headphones that'll knock you right out of your socks. The whole thing weighs about 300 pounds, but it makes a Sony Walkman sound like popcorn popping. Only trouble is, the goddamn thing's made me deaf as a fucking post.

Lou Ferrigno

"The Incredible Hulk"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)



MSSTEVENS

ELEVATOR-MUSIC VERSION

California

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)
unearthed video cassette shows California leader Jerry Brown, in a broadcast from his quickly crumbling office, urging viewers to "mellow out," claiming that the earthquake was nothing more than "bad vibes." Most citizens followed his advice, attempting to remain "laid-back" as their society was reduced to bloody, shattered rubble and as devastating tidal waves washed over the land. Diaries of the period optimistically regarded the sinking of California as "at least putting an end to those pesky forest fires we're always having." These same journals record how the people refused to leave their submerging homes and travel to safety in Nevada, noting, "Why should I leave? Surf's up!" and, "The highways are washed out—and I never go anywhere without my car."

And so the state sank slowly into the West, as the warm waters of the Pacific turned Laurel Canyon into the world's largest hot tub. In the end, only the highlanders, the hill-dwelling homosexuals of the Frisco region, were spared. The rising ocean submerged all but the tops of these hills, creating the homosex-

ual-populated archipelago known as the Daisy Chain of Islands (including the impregnable Isle of Lesbos). The original populations of these islands eventually died off, and, for obvious reasons, there were no children to replace them. Good riddance.

The reaction of the rest of the world to the sinking of California appears to have been mixed. There were rumblings of discontent from Mexicans who now had to swim six hundred miles to Oregon to find day work. Cities such as Carson City, Nevada, and Yuma, Arizona, welcomed their change in status from desolate, run-down desert towns to grimy, smelly seaports. A new location was found for California's Yosemite Park—a Harlem parking lot, which was renamed Yo' Semmity Parking. New centers of industry in America were established to compensate for the loss of California. American wine production was moved to Point Barrow, Alaska, with no discernible loss of quality. Minnesota took over citrus cultivation. No one bothered growing any more avocados. The Rose Bowl was moved to Brooklyn, and renamed the Secondhand Rose Bowl. And, of course, the entertainment industry moved to its present, glamorous loca-

tion—exciting Coos Bay, Oregon.

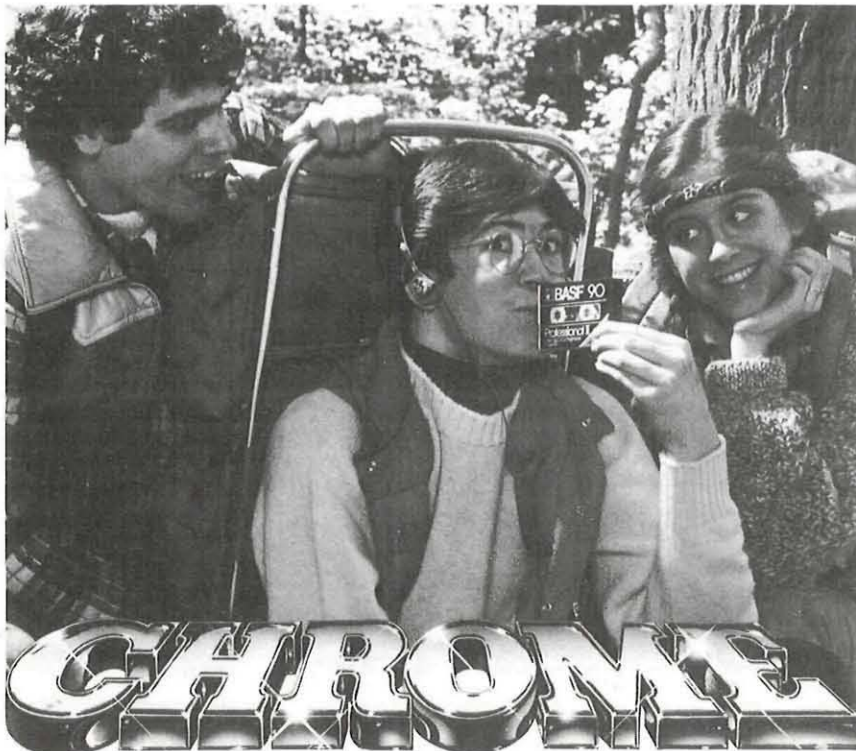
In short, no one really missed the place. But today, Californian artifacts, like those pictured on these pages, possess a quaint historical value. For they provide a revealing look at a long-gone era, those simpler years before the polar ice caps began to thaw; before astronauts landed on the sun, and dolphins admitted that they could talk; before Cool Whip was discovered to be a cancer cure. Jerry Lewis won his Nobel Prize, dolphins learned to walk on dry land, Ted Nugent became president, and Charley Weaver rose from the dead; and, most importantly, before our dolphin forefathers enslaved mankind and took over the world. ■



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The Customers Always Write

Among the "in" crowd, this summer's snappy salutation (replacing last season's trendy "Think the rain'll spoil the rhubarb?" and even superceding the erstwhile ubiquitous "What's up, Doc?") is: "Hot enough for you?"

Like most greetings, it's a rhetorical question (from the Greek *rhetoric*, meaning "rhetoric"). This one appears to be a reference to the temperature, which is often higher in months with no "r" in them. Ironically enough (from the Greek *iron*, meaning "ironically"), "Hot enough for you?" often serves as an "icebreaker"!

By the way, are a hotel's guests, collectively, an Inn Crowd?

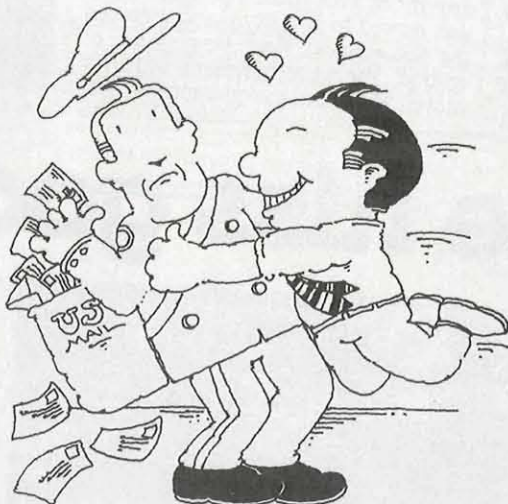
And, speaking of summer vacation resorts, the anonymous drones who research and write this column for me are all on their summer vacations—which means I'll have to "resort" to filling the space with letters from readers, again!

Why not? I just padded out four or five old columns into a great big fat hard-cover book by adding letters from readers. The cover price is \$15.95. Here's another rhetorical question for you: What percent of my royalties goes to the readers whose epistles are reproduced therein?

Dear Mr. Z.,

Everyone knows that you were once Spiro Agnew's butt-boy. But where does that expression originate? I say it means you used to "butt" the vice-president's enemies in the media (attack them by using your head, get it?). But my mother says a butt-boy is a person usually sent out to get cigarettes. Who's right?

Caroline K.,
Disco, N.Y.



"Butt" is a misspelling of "but," a common-as-dirt conjunction meaning "on the other hand." In business-executive jargon, and hence political slang, a "butt-boy" is the opposite of a "yes-man." (It was not I, but one of Nixon's team of butt-boys, who tagged the famous "But it would be wrong . . ." onto his tape-recorded game plan for subverting the Constitution.)

A butt-boy, then, functions as a kind of "Devil's advocate," or, in the case of the infernal Nixon-Agnew cabal, an "Angel's legal aid."

I remember Spiro saying

to me once (we were in his office, steaming open envelopes together), "Bill, with your brains and my balls, we could really fuck this country over." As official butt-boy, I had to reply as the vice-president's conscience. "But . . ." I replied, "that would be ending a sentence with a preposition." —W. Z.

Dear Mr. Zircon,

Eye, two, am a confirmed punster (confirmed by Bishop Prick). The fact that words with similar sounds have different meanings just sleighs me! My brother, Kenneth, and sister, Kath-

leen (I call them my Kath and Ken!), say it stinks. I say "non-scents"! According to them, I'm either being childishly rude or suffering from a kind of aural dyslexia. But you're an example of a socially successful pun-dit. Please tell the whirled why peep-hole like ewe and eye love that pun-gent word-play!

Dick C.,
Still on PBS for now

Actually, Dick, I personally loathe puns, paronomasia, paradoxes, and all similar forms of feeble verbal whimsy. But, as a superannuated political hack looking for a newspaper gig, I had to have a gimmick, or "scam." Here's how it works:

Three times a week, I crank out a short essay smearing everyone to the left of Jesse Helms as a Comintern agent, and reminding loyal Americans that, vis-à-vis welfare cheats, the nuclear option is still viable. This drives my bleeding-heart-liberal editors and readers nuts. Then, on Sunday, my staff and I indulge in a little light-hearted etymology, and I rip off a couple of jocose *jeux de mots*. Ooops! I feel one coming on now. If you're prejudiced against such *jeux*, you're obviously antisemantic! Whew. That's better. Somebody open a window, or something, will you?

Anyway, this makes the BHL editors and readers think I'm really cute and clever and just kidding all the time, and I go home and cook up some more troglodyte propaganda for 'em!

—W. Z.

Dear Mr. Zircon,
Are you familiar with
(continued on page 22)

SUMMER LOVERS

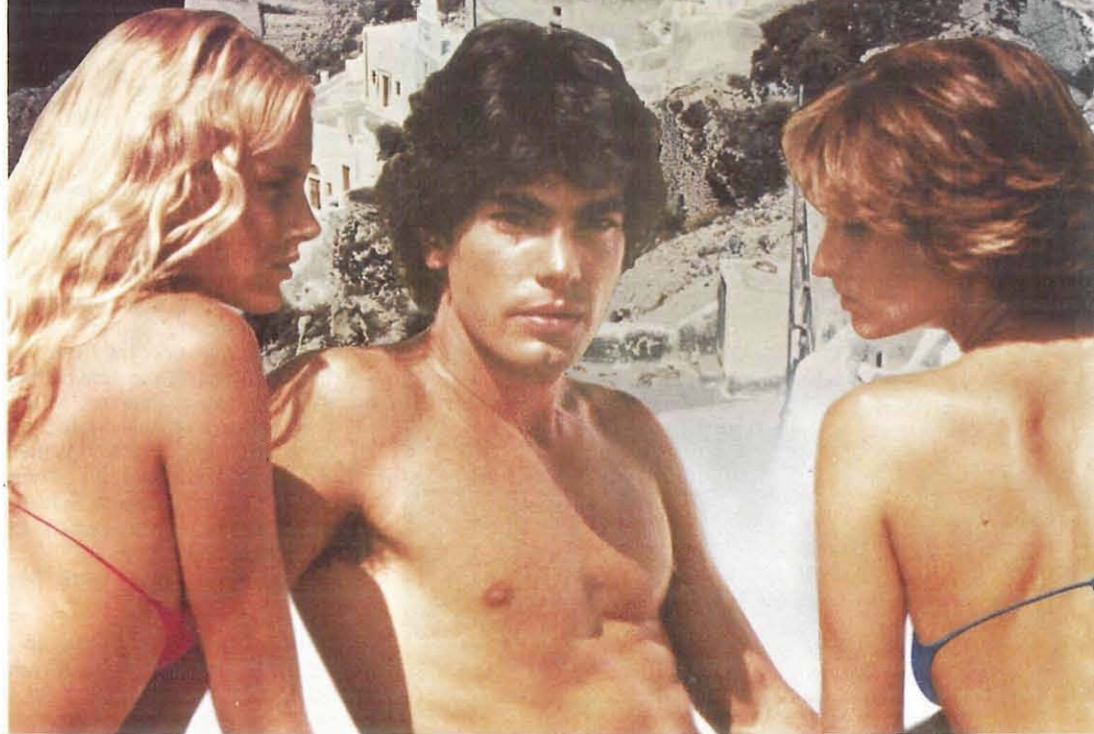


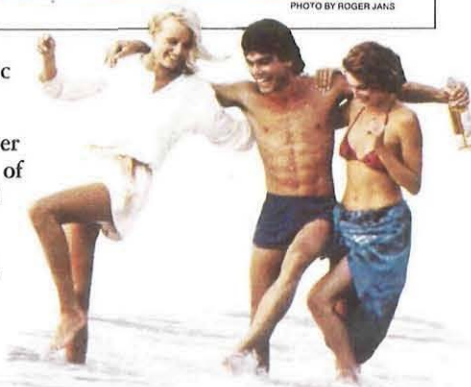
PHOTO BY ROGER JANS

Every year young people from all over the world come to the romantic Greek Islands.

Michael and Cathy came from America for one uncomplicated summer before facing the future. Lina came from France to enjoy the freedom of being alone...together they find an unexpected experience far beyond their fantasies.

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IN SELECTED THEATRES

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to help solve problems of energy,
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employment, and the environment.
Higher education must be a higher priority
because educated people solve problems.
Support our colleges and universities!

Talking

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20)
George Orwell's essay "Politics and the English Language"? He seems to be saying...

I have better things to do with my time than read the maunderings of some pinko sci-fi flack. —W. Z.

Dear Bill,

I know how interested you are in the slang of the "underworld," or "counter-culture," and in my conversations with dope fiends, I've learned a few terms which might be new to you. Marijuana is called "T" or "rope." A marijuana cigarette is a "Mary-Jane," or "reefer." A user, or addict, is called a "wiper." Honestly, kids today!

Nancy R.,
Just-down-the-street,
Washington, D.C.

Like most drug terminology, I suspect, these words come from the subculture of black jazz musicians, many of whom are surprisingly creative. "T" is new to me—perhaps from "T-shirt"? "Rope" is clearly a variant of "hemp," as in *hemp-cat*. I suppose "Mary-Jane" was the name of a celebrated pusher, or connection. But "reefer"? Is there some hidden reference to getting "wrecked"? As for "wiper," I believe that is a California surfing term for perfect wave, the one which "wipes you out."

Keep up the good work, Mrs. First Lady! —W. Z.

Sometimes I wish I were an ancient Greek architect (from the Greek *architect*, meaning "architect"), so I could put a nice Doric capital here, to indicate that I've come to the end of another column. Copy editor: Is this long enough? I have no idea how long one of these fuckers is supposed to be. If any problem, stick in a para from Simon or Newman books. Nobody'll notice.



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TIME OF THE MONTH

PLANET

Royal Assets Frozen

*Canadian sun sets
on British Empire*

WHILE WORLD ATTENTION (and the not inconsiderable firepower of Great Britain's plucky armed forces) was concentrated on the Argentine-seized Falkland Islands, another semiprecious jewel was snatched from the crown of Her Britannic Majesty, Elizabeth II.

Only now has a stunned international community noticed that during the distracting "Falklands Farago," Canada (an obscure and sparsely populated colony, which is to the North Atlantic what the Falklands are to the South Atlantic) was invaded, captured, and declared independent of the Rule of Law, the Pale of Civilization, the Family of Man, and England.

Although details of the coup (and indeed of Canada itself) remain sketchy, it would appear that sometime in late spring (on a Canadian national holiday, probably July 1) Ottawa, the so-called capital city of the desolate tundra territory, was occupied by a small guerrilla band of "Liberals" under the leadership of a left-leaning dictator known only as "Pierre."

Pierre's nationality remains a mystery, but he is reported to speak "with some kind of accent."

News that Canadians had captured control of the Canadian government was slow to reach the foreign office in London, due to a postal workers' slowdown. It presented Prime Minister Thatcher and her cabinet with a dilemma. Should they divert southward-steaming gunboats to show the flag in the Arctic, or keep their date with destiny in the Antarctic?



Delirious with conquest, the so-called Pierre dances a jig of unholy joy after snatching British North America from the failing hands of Mother England. Pierre, the leader of the insurgent Liberals (extreme left), behaved in a manner reminiscent to many of the psychotic terpsichore practiced by the late A. Hitler (far right).

When Whitehall experts informed her that the "Canucks" (as Canadians call themselves) raise and export far fewer sheep than their "Kelper" (Falkland Islands native) counterparts, the mutton-loving Mrs. Thatcher opted to "write the silly buggers off" and concentrate on "whacking the dagos"—that is, reclaiming the Falklands from the Argentine invaders.

No sooner was the primitive, blood red "flag" of the usurper raised in Ottawa than scores of tea-, crumpet-, and freedom-loving Canadians (locally

known as "United Empire Loyalists") expressed an interest in returning to the motherland. And now, with the tin-pot dictators of Buenos Aires put back firmly in their places, Her Majesty's government has begun work to repatriate these patriots.

From far-flung corners of the Empire, from places with exotic names like Vancouver, Eglinton, and Charlottetown, they arrive, every day, to plant new roots in a land where "there'll always be an England," and the Union Jack will fly forever: Ulster. ■

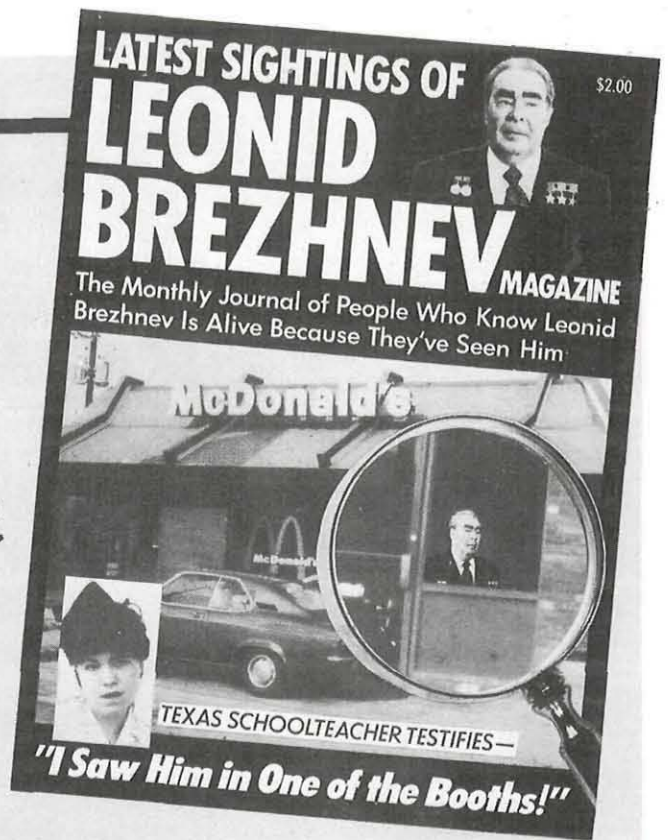
THAT MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

To Err Is Reagan

AT THE CONCLUSION OF A PRESS conference last month, President Reagan declared, "It's a little-known fact that flowers cause more pollution than smokestacks. I'd also like to point out that you can cure unemployment by hopping up and down on one foot, and that the Soviet

Union is run by devil-babies. Finally, let me say that the Vietnam War was caused by Ringo Starr." Feeling that these assertions were somewhat questionable, newsmen hurried off to their encyclopedias, only to discover a startling fact: everything the president has (CONTINUED ON PAGE 27)

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After declaring that the sixteenth president was Henry Fonda, Reagan decided to don new, jaunty presidential garb.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25) said since his inauguration is wrong.

Whether discussing military might ("America could actually be beaten in a nuclear war by the Republic of Liechtenstein"), Jimmy Carter ("Jimmy Carter causes more pollution than automobiles"), or the moon ("The moon is made of green cheese"), Reagan has managed to make an inaccurate statement about every topic he has discussed as president. This startling revelation has prompted White House

staffers to urge Reagan to apologize for his miscues, a chore that could take until 1987 to complete.

Yet the public seems to side with the president. A recent poll showed that two-thirds of all Americans feel that Reagan's record of continuous ignorance is "nothing to worry about," and that they are more than reassured by the president's "friendly manner" and "cute smile." This led a confident Reagan to cockily declare, "I'm sure to be reelected in 1952." ■

SCIENCEOLOGY

Scientists Report First Successful Analysis of Comic Rays from Space

COMIC RAYS: THEIR VERY NAME seems to suggest the mysteries of the universe. Earth is bombarded by trillions of them per second, yet no one knows their origins. Recalls Dr. Alan Tourney of the Goddard Space Flight Center, "All we knew at first was that their spectrographic analysis shows evidence of a slow buildup, then a sharp, sudden spike—the punch line, as we called it. But we had no idea of what they were really about."

Yet now Dr. Tourney and his colleagues are getting an idea, thanks to the successful launch and operation of the first satellite designed solely to study comic rays from space.

"Basically, they seem to divide into several categories," Tourney told a recent session of the International Astro-



U.S. Space Shuttle experiment measuring the effect of comic rays on ants proved interesting.

nomical Union. "Some seem to deal with traveling units that become stranded and need lodging. Others are about nonefficient attributes of various subspecies. Still others concern biological functions, including, very often, reproduction. Let me give you an example of one we've decoded:

"A traveling computerized satellite is circling a moon, but runs out of altitude-control gas. On the moon, there's this agricultural computer, and so the satellite says to the computer, 'Listen, I need a place to stay overcentury.' The computer answers, 'Okay, you can stay here, but my circuits are full, so you'll have to share biasing voltages with my newly manufactured LSI chips.' Meanwhile, the computer tells the chips, in code, 'If he tries to interface with you, just output, "Down time!" and I'll short-circuit him.' Sure enough, around mid century, the satellite tries to interface, and the chips simultaneously output at high amplitude, 'Down time!' 'What do you think I am?' the satellite responds. 'An infinite capacitor?'" ■

DOMESTICANA

CIA KO's USA PDQ

The Central Intelligence Agency hits a little too close to home

THE CIA STUNNED THE WORLD with another coup d'etat last week when it overthrew the government of the United States. "We've had our eye on this country for some time," explained one CIA spokesman, "and we were alarmed by its increasing friendliness with the Soviet Union. We've discovered the U.S. has been selling the Russians wheat, Coca-Cola, and blue jeans; it didn't seem long before America would begin sending them nuclear weapons and letting them put missile bases in our country."

Thus, it was "in the best interests of the American people" that a dawn commando raid took President Reagan, Congress, and the Supreme Court hostage. The government officials were taken under armed guard to Washington's RFK Stadium, where their shock at imprisonment was mixed with delight, since the Redskins were playing an exhibition game that day.

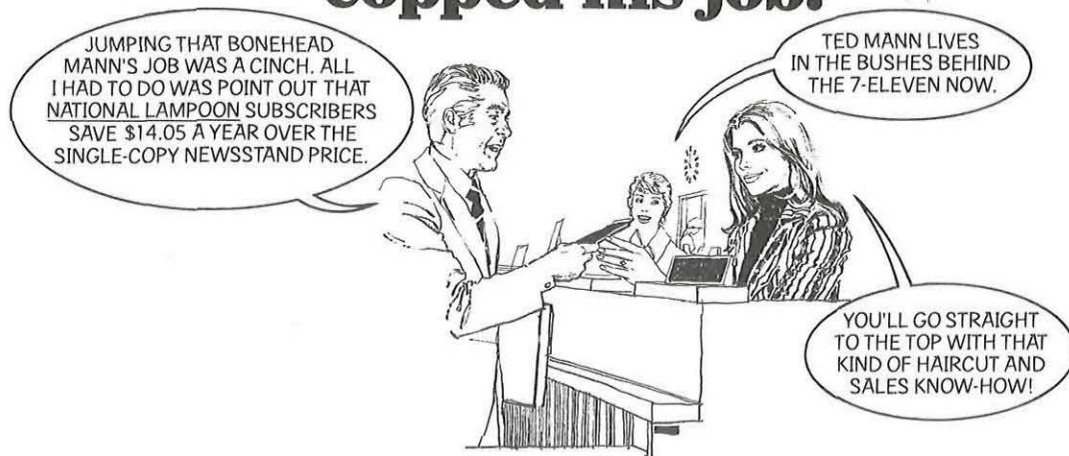
The CIA plans to institute another U.S. government, this one friendlier and less threatening to the American people. Until then, the country will be run by a military junta, headed by Gen-

National Lampoon editor Ted Mann can't think of a subscription ad.



National Lampoon editor Ted Mann has a writer's block caused by the publisher's rejection of his earlier, funnier sub ad.

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"Now maybe I'll get a little respect around here," said Alexander the Great.

eral Alexander Haig. Haig was not surprised by the overthrow or his elevation to higher power. "I knew this was com-

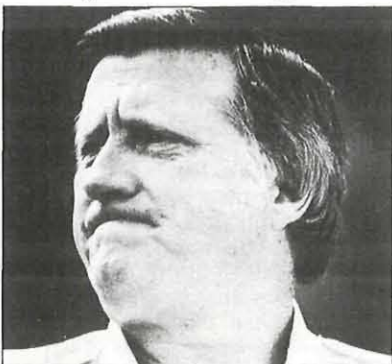
ing for quite a while," he said, "but I didn't think it was worth troubling the president with." ■

GAMES AND SPORTSPLAY

Who'll Buy Our Owner?

LOCKED IN A SEASON-LONG struggle with the pesky Toronto Blue Jays for last place in the American League East, the New York Yankees announced today their intention to trade or sell owner George Steinbrenner.

Steinbrenner has already cleared A.L. waivers, but several National League clubs, including the Chicago Cubs, have expressed an interest in acquiring his contract. "Let's face it, we need all the help we can get," said Cubbies bat boy Steve Goodman. "Of course, we don't have the designated-asshole position in this league, so I'm



Changing horse's asses in mid season.

not sure right now where George would fit in."

Steinbrenner himself was not available for comment, but his longtime friend and confidant (and prospective baseball commissioner) Richard Nixon said the feisty superstar was "taking the

news hard."

The Yankees have not announced a successor to Steinbrenner at the helm, but there is speculation that either Bill Veeck or Charles O. Finley will be offered the position of "interim owner," at least until the Bronx Bombers are mathematically eliminated from the pennant race. ■

EATERIA

Bacterial Warfare Becomes Kid Stuff

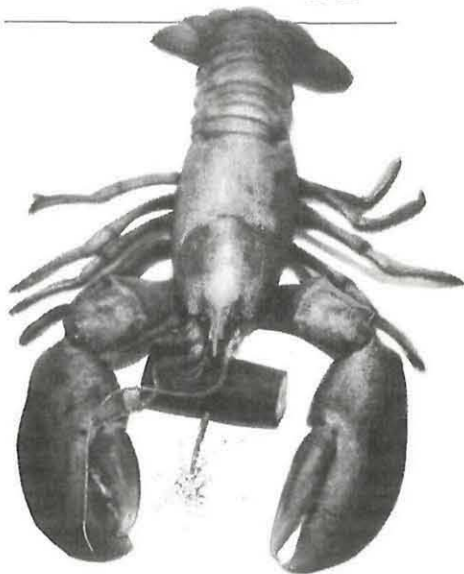
This breakfast cereal is like wheat germ—without the wheat

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR breakfast cereals in the country, Crunchy Boo-Boos, may soon be banned from supermarket shelves because of its possible danger to the health of consumers. The cereal was recently discovered to be made of compressed pellets of germ-warfare culture; each pellet has the potential to defoliate a twenty-square-mile area and induce brain and liver cancer in ten thousand people. A spokesman for Edible Things, the packager of Crunchy Boo-

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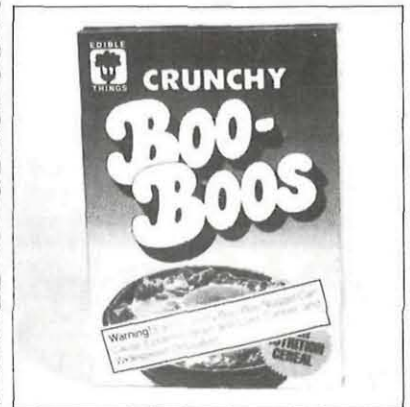
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Boos, confessed embarrassment at the discovery, stating, "From now on we're going to look twice at something before we sell it as breakfast cereal." Edible Things had been cited earlier this year for their slipshod hygienic standards after packages of their Sugar Lumps cereal were found to contain dog heads and live bats.

The germ-warfare pellets sold as Crunchy Boo-Boos were originally manufactured by the army in 1972. At the end of the Vietnam War, the government was stuck with over six thousand crates of these pellets and needed a safe



The makers of Crunchy Boo-Boos fear that the new FDA-imposed warning label could hurt sales of the cereal.

and secret storage area for them. The crates eventually wound up in the potting shed of Larry Byrnes, a dry cleaner from Terryville, Connecticut. Said Byrnes, "I was happy enough to take them off the army's hands—I'm a veteran—though I was pretty scared of the damned stuff at first!" But Byrnes's fears were abated last year when he found his six-year-old son in the potting shed, happily munching the pellets. "It was then I figured that this bacterial warfare stuff was a dud," Byrnes recalls. "And it had a crunchy, nutty flavor that my kids really go for."

Byrnes easily sold all the six thousand crates to Edible Things, believing that the germ-warfare pellets "couldn't be much worse than most of the junk that kids eat." Apparently, the Food and Drug Administration disagrees, and plans to ban the cereal by early October. Until then, the army is frantically trying to buy up every box of Crunchy Boo-Boos on the market. "Right now we're just feeding it to cadets," said Brig. Gen. Kenneth Rentiers, "but we won't hesitate to use it on our enemies if we must." ■

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

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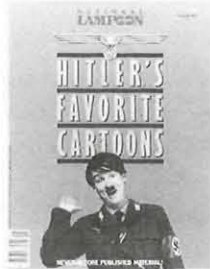
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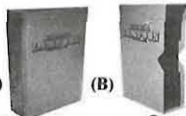
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IS IN CONFERENCE.



SCHWARTZ,
SCHWARTZ, SCHWARTZ,
SCHWARTZ, SCHWARTZ & SCHWARTZ.
MR. SCHWARTZ? MR. SCHWARTZ
IS OUT TO LUNCH.



SCHWARTZ,
SCHWARTZ, SCHWARTZ,
SCHWARTZ, SCHWARTZ & SCHWARTZ.
MR. SCHWARTZ? HE'S
ON VACATION.



SCHWARTZ,
SCHWARTZ, SCHWARTZ,
SCHWARTZ, SCHWARTZ & SCHWARTZ.
MR. SCHWARTZ? SORRY,
MR. SCHWARTZ IS NOT
AT HIS DESK.



SCHWARTZ,
SCHWARTZ, SCHWARTZ,
SCHWARTZ, SCHWARTZ & SCHWARTZ.
MR. SCHWARTZ? MR. SCHWARTZ
IS OUT OF TOWN ON
BUSINESS.

SCHWARTZ,
SCHWARTZ, SCHWARTZ,
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Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)

Sirs:

Here are some possible article ideas for your magazine: 1. An interview with Peter Shaffer, author of *Equus*; 2. Why housing prices have gone sky-high; 3. Celebrities' favorite Valentine's Day gifts. If you decide not to use any of these ideas, okay; but if I see any of them in your magazine six months or a year from now, I'll sue the shit out of you.

Lawrence McTeague
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Sirs:

For those of you who wonder what I do in the off-season, here's the usual routine. Right after Christmas, I always go down to the islands and just lay on the beach and maybe screw around with some secretaries from Brooklyn if I get lucky. Refreshed, I then return home, where I usually stick close to the fireplace and watch the Oilers' hockey games on cable. Before you know it, it's springtime, so it's off to Hawaii for a few weeks. Then I usually like to spend my summers in the Poconos, before coming back home for the fall, where it's work, work, work, all the way till

Christmas. Well, I guess I'll sign off now and stick some postmarks on a bunch of letters I got from a class of retarded kids in Rochester.

Santa Claus
North Pole

Sirs:

The above letter is true. The fat fucker takes off and just leaves us here to fend for ourselves. Someday we'll get our revenge.

The Reindeer
North Pole

Sirs:

Hey, what about us? You think it's fun having to shack up with a bunch of smelly reindeer and no broads while the boss is out gallivanting in Hawaiian discos and getting all the good publicity? Donner and Blitzen and the rest of them will have to wait their turn for revenge till after we get through with him. We want Claus, and we want him bad. We already killed Mrs. Claus, and if fat boy thinks he'll get off because he's popular, he's wrong.

The Elves
North Pole

Sirs:

I've been out of town for a while and need to get caught up on the local news.

So, tell me, have there been any rapes or murders or robberies or fires or accidents around here lately?

Jim Bresnahan
Dayton, Ohio

Sirs:

A while ago I sent you my manuscript of a wacky spoof called *The Official Poopy Handbook*. You sent it back, unread, postage due, with a scrawled note reading, "This blows and you do too." So then I sent the piece to Workman Press, who immediately gave me a \$30,000 advance to turn it into a book. Last month, sales of my *Poopy Handbook* topped one million, and I received a royalty check for \$700,000. And profits from my "I'm a Poopy Groopy" pins, bumper stickers, and other spin-offs should net me another half-million bucks by the end of the year. Thanks again.

Larry Burns, age 8

Sirs:

Heard a great one at the club yesterday. How do you fit forty Haitians in a shoe box? Tell 'em it'll float!

Al Haig
*Lobby Bar
Mayflower Hotel*

Sirs:

R. Washington (#539-02-6169), a black American serviceman on an AWACS training crew, found my lamp on an end table in the Holiday Inn downtown. I granted him two wishes. He wished "to be white and surrounded by lots of pussy," so I turned him into a tampon. Please notify his family.

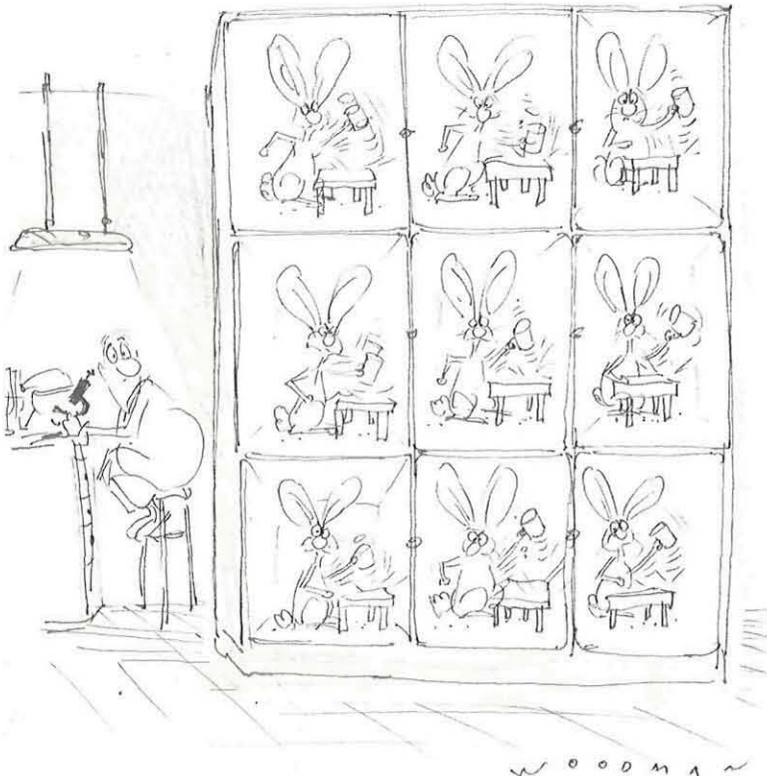
A. Genie
Riyadh, Saudi Arabia

Sirs:

I am a Creationist scientist and I have just one question for the rest of you. If you believe in evolution, how do you explain Bob Barker?

Randolph Preen
Denton, Tex.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 90)



NATIONAL
LAMPoon'S
CLASS REUNIO

Makes all other
comedy motion pictures
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this Fall to a
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NATIONAL
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The New West

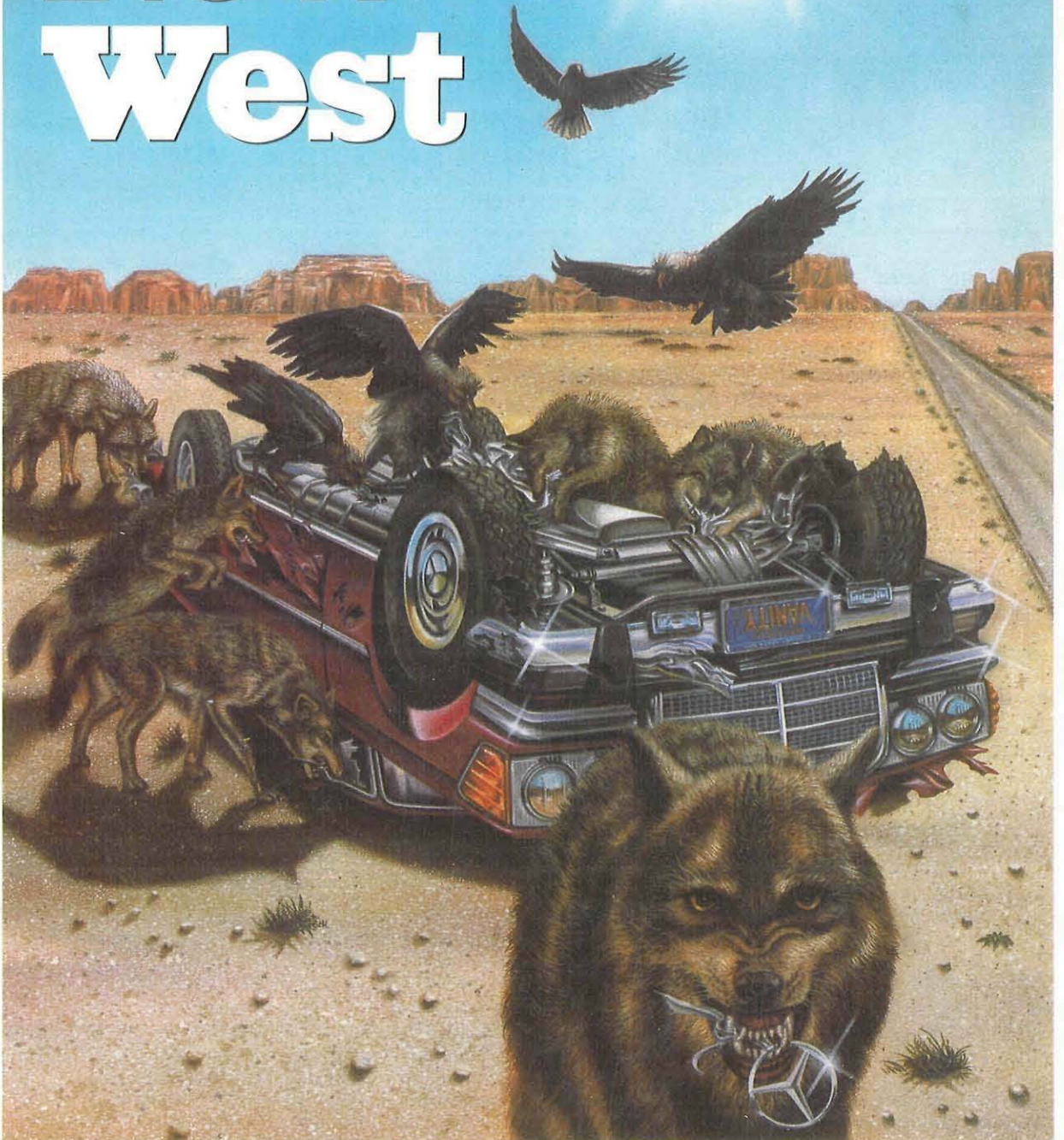


Illustration: Dan Kirk

National Lampoon 35

New Writers of the Purple Page

by Ellis Weiner

“Foote gazed with squint-eyed lonesome aching across the golden vast wind-scoured plain that a kind of heartless purple twilight had already claimed as its own prisoner in the ageless struggle between day and night. Moving steadily toward him, impudently violating the sacred dry expanse of fragrant eternal sagebrush and harsh scrub dune forever reaching its weedy hand skyward and pungent black Interstate asphalt, where rugged RVs shouldered their sullen but determined way from town to town in their ceaseless quest for a West that perhaps no longer existed save for in the sere, spittle-flecked folktales and wishful fibs and scheming pathological lies of disgusting stupid old men slouching in crude wooden chairs at filling stations where soda still came in bottles, was a man.

Foote watched as the figure grew from a helpless speck dwarfed by the land—the land! the land! the land! oh, God!—into the identifiable frame and form of a rough insolent youngster riding hard on a good fast Yamaha mount. The thought snaked through Foote’s mind that maybe he ought to cross over to the other side of the time zone, and give the approaching individual—intruder? native? fellow pilgrim? tourist? movie star? stunt man? journalist? nature photographer?—a wide berth. But the notion died with the waning ochre sunlight, and two hours later the youth pulled up with a roar.

“Evening,” Foote said carefully, searching with a kind of hilarious desperation for a clue to the man’s intention.

“Ey, gimme ya money, mothafucka,” said the other, producing from his jacket a stiletto dagger whose keen blade caught what few remaining glints of brassy light there were to be had in the breathless perfumed air.

Wordlessly, Foote handed him his wallet, oil wells, pasture land, soybean fields, and three thousand head of beef cattle.

“Ey, mothafuck, where’s the rest,” the man said rudely, pocketing the loot and shifting with a kind of aching nervousness on feet whose leather boots, cracked and dry and near brittle with the dust and dirt of the land where Foote himself was born and bred, reminded Foote of his grandfather’s boots, the ones the old man had worn when Foote had last visited him, at the Physics Institute, in Brussels. “You hold out on me, I cut ya face.”

Sighing in weary acceptance of a fate as old as the darkening sage bushes upon which a myriad of icy stars began to wink with a sort of timeless knowing smirk, Foote pulled out of his jacket pocket a forty-two-acre tract recently rezoned for condominium development. The thief snatched at it, sneered, and sped off. In three hours he was out of sight.

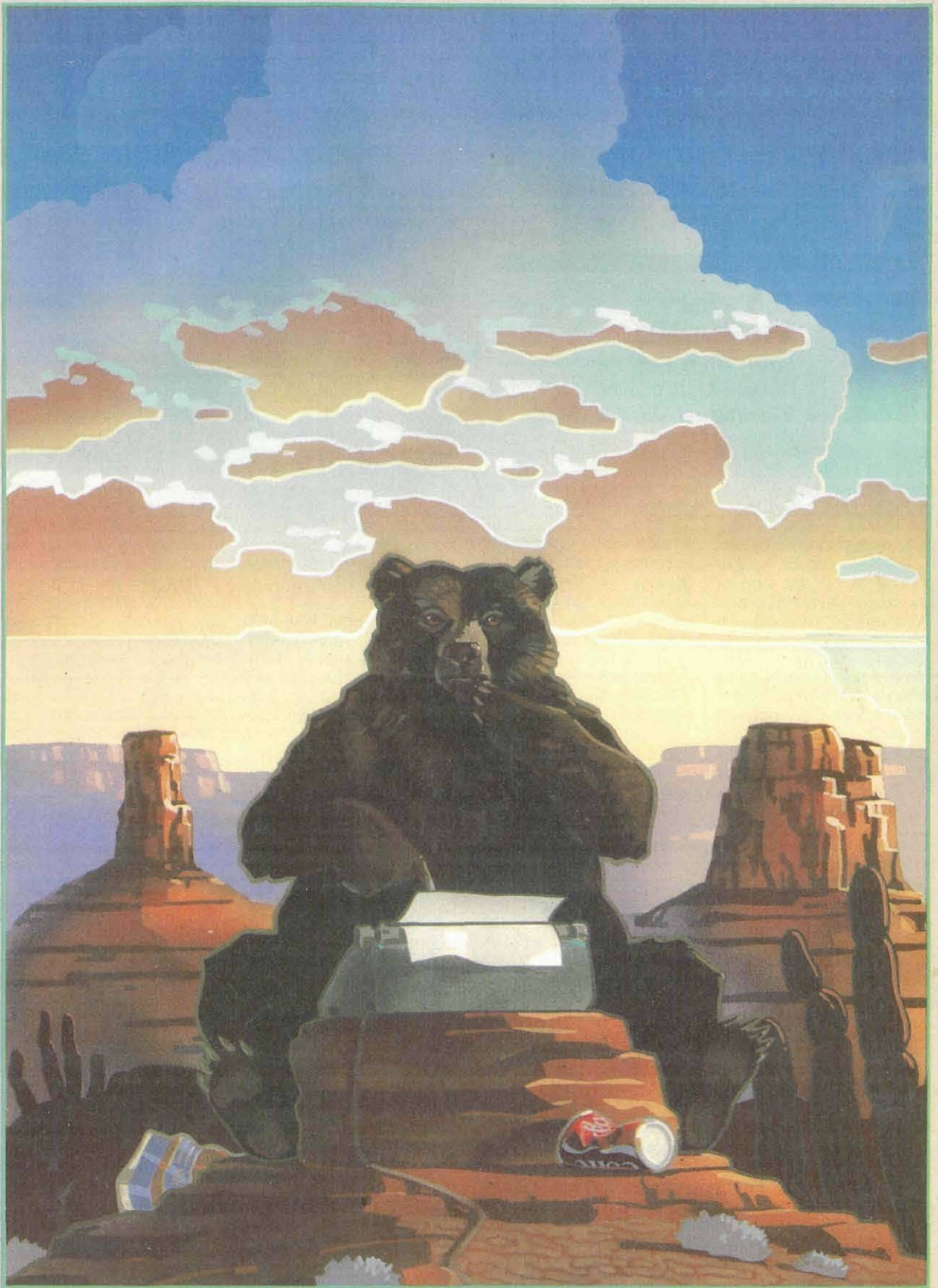
Foote smiled bitterly to himself. Nestled snugly in his own boots, still safe and still his, were the potash mines. Somehow, he would survive.

SOMETHING IS happening in the West. Something is dying—and something is being born. Something is struggling to survive, and something is lying in wait. Something is changing—and something is trying to kill something while something just stands there and watches and doesn’t call the police or try to help or anything.

Perhaps no one knows this better, or writes about it more, than the writers. America, a land of huge-nesses and inchoate masses, would remain largely unknown to itself were it not for the writers whose writing it reads, both to others when they are interested and, when it can’t sleep or has some time to kill waiting for its hairstylist’s appointment, to itself. Lately there has arisen a group of contemporary Western writers to whom the West is subject, theme, and background, and is even more interesting than sex. Yet some people read them. Why?

When taken as a whole their work is a confusion—the pages get mixed up, for one thing, and you get lost. However, when read one at a time, these works suggest a

—FROM CREDIT CARD AUTUMN, BY HARRY BRANCH PIRTL



Habkah, possessed with a demonic insight into the poetry of violence between man and animal.

West in violent dislocation—an irony all the more cruel for a region that has always been characterized principally by its location. This is a West in which past, present, and future have come together in a stark juxtaposition. Harry Branch Pirtl's Foote is typical of the creations of these new authors, men and women who seem

the author is quick to confirm. "Yeah, right, I try to write stuff with an antimythic residence," he declares. While heretofore Packadill's books have found only a regional, almost cultish acceptance, he is currently at work on "a blockbuster best-seller-type thing about vampires" that may catapult his name to the front ranks of

ryteller returns to his reservation after many years spent waiting for a bus at a bus stop of a nearby town whose inhabitants have all died in a nuclear holocaust. Finally he realizes the secret of life. "We must live," he tells his son. "We must live and tell stories. There must be words—words, and beer. Get me a beer. I will talk. What else can I do? I cannot read, for I am blind, and without sight. Braille is too strange. Where is that beer? You are young. Yet I am not to be felt sorry for, for I have found the secret of life. If you tell the truth and be nice, you will be happy. Go. Clean your room. How is it that the beer is all gone? I am a man. Tell your sister she may go to the mall with her friend. She is a noble person." Shanana Alligatrix Cordo stresses the connectedness of human beings, the inexorable debts of familiar interdependence, and things like that.

Busybodies: "Send them back," Halibut said with an intelligent gleam in his eye. "Send them back, because their task is completed. Send back the black man to his Africa. Tell him he has outlived his welcome. Send the Mexican man to his native land, the Jewish man to wherever he belongs. Send back the European immigrant type to his foreign-tongued nation, for his work is done. We thank them, one and all. We salute them for the help they gave us. And now let us send them back—the Chinaman to his opium den, and all your other Oriental types—and we say to them, "Thanks, men. We'll take it from here. And take your women, and children, and dogs, and odd, foul-smelling cooking with you, and good-bye, God speed, and farewell. Now!"

McGregor, for all his hardheaded regional politicking, can rise to surprisingly lyrical heights—a characteristic common to many of these Western writers, for whom the land, the sky, and the elements seem to possess an almost mystical fascination. In *Dance of the Selfish Buzards*, Jubal Ragger, a middle-aged rancher, rides on horseback out of the town of Famolare Flats after winning the Congressional Medal of Honor for

THE WEST WAS SETTLED by newcomers. Immigrants, refugees, fugitives from bad luck or poverty or burglary proceedings, all made "the territory" synonymous with escape, a second chance, and spurious real-estate schemes. Yet, today, descendants of these pioneers often seek to close the doors through which their ancestors rode or



V. Tyler Packadill
Boldly strips away the Western Myth to achieve a haunting anti-Mythic vision.

to be saying: History is catching up with the West. And so, in a way, is Trigonometry, French, and Home Economics. It is not a message some wish to hear.

For this is not the Western writing that, at the turn of the century, heralded a new American literary genre with horse operas such as *The Barbed Wire of Seville*, *Marriage at the Figure 0*, and *Madame Buttermilk*. These masterpieces of popular romance, which sold by the million in dime-store editions and inspired hundreds of Hollywood two-reelers and left three generations gasping at an unending succession of bad, tedious John Wayne impressions, have no place in today's literature of the West. Gone forever are the days of Zane Grey, whose rugged, noble heroes asked nothing of the land save to be able to "gaze out across musk-swept dust gullies where the light purple light lightened the dark purple darkness." As though in response to this classic scene, Arizona author V. Tyler Packadill writes in his novel *Dawn Slob*, "Jim looked out the window at the sunset. It was real pretty. Then he drank a lot of Scotch and, hey, he threw up."

Packadill's unvarnished look at the contemporary sensibility of Everyman in the West has about it an antimythic resonance—a notion

this new crop of post-Zane Grey antimythologists.

SHANANA ALLIGATRIX Cordo concerns herself with a different aspect of the Western experience—that of the Indian and Chicano peoples who have made of the land a separate world, a world apart from that of the Anglos, although they continue to use the freeways and certain supermarkets. Part Mexican (she was born while her mother was on vacation in Acapulco), Cordo possesses a style that harks back to the simple, powerful voice of the tribal storyteller. Yet, if this style, with its evocative blend of poetry, litany, prose, and Velveeta recipes, is highly personal, her theme—the individual's struggle to finally get her driver's license—is universal. In her novel *Eyeballs of Dust* she writes, in one of the many verse interludes that punctuate the text, "Hey, Mom / Can I go the the mall / With Harriet / After Dinner / O shit / You never let me / Do / Anything."

This unsentimental documentation of the contemporary Western life-style, so unsparing in its refusal to dramatize, to idealize, and even to write particularly well, is characteristic of Cordo's other long work, *Ritual of Dignity*. An aged, blind, kind, wise Indian sto-



Shanana Alligatrix Cordo
Powerful yet banal—the voice of a tribal storyteller in modern dress.

ran or staggered years before. Thus in much of the new Western literature a distinctly reactionary voice can be heard—a voice that says, often quite artfully, "Stay out," or "Live in Puerto Rico," or, simply, "Beat it."

Foremost among these naysayers is Duncan McGregor, a salty, wizened, seventy-four-year-old Coloradoan whose most famous work to date is *Landscape of*

punching a socialist. As he regards the expanse of desert before him, he thinks, "It was damn fine country. Stretching out before him to the hazy horizon stood stark cacti and their related succulents, each a timeless and eternal reminder of the fitness of things, of how a plant stayed put and didn't set off to wandering around trying to sink its thin but sturdy roots into some other

plant's soil and drink up all the other plant's life-giving water and minerals from the soil in places where it obviously didn't belong once other plants had established

Habkiah's early work was mixed, but by 1978 the bear had entered what he called his "second phase" of literary activity, producing with astonishing rapidity no

Edmund's best-known book:

"What gets to me is the despair some folks indulge in when they think about the fate of our wilderness lands. Makes me sick. Any man or woman reading this book who shares my beef with the forces of so-called progress and how they're destroying everything worth living for and with and inside of in this country knows what he or she or, hell, it can do. For example? For example, when is somebody finally going to muster up the nerve required to hire a helicopter and fly over the Utah headquarters of the Army Corps of Engineers and drop on their heads about sixteen hundred pounds of defective panty hose? And isn't it about time some citizen spearheaded a campaign to outlaw Kleenex? Put my name at the top of the petition. And who's finally going to get off their duff and take responsibility for the one

Poole's brief, terse novels suggest the spareness and the economy with words of an ancient tribal tale-teller who has just been punched in the stomach:

"Hiller thought the bus was neat. Then he went home. Man, what a bummer. It was a nowhere scene. Hiller saw a dead mouse in the yard. I'm like the mouse, he thought. Except I'm not dead. Ha ha. And I'm not a rodent. Ah-ha-ha-ha. But I am in the yard. Ha. There was a cactus near the shed. Hiller thought: Big shit. What do you want me to be, God? Hiller raged inwardly. And God—what of God? Ha ha. It was all shit. All of it. Oh, fuck everything. Hiller thought. Fuck my identity. Fuck my heritage. Yes, he really meant it now. The truth... what was it? A bunch of bullshit. Hiller went inside. Fuck everything. Fuck it. Just fuck it, that's all. So fuck it. Oh, fuck. Just



Duncan McGregor

"Strangers, visitors, foreigners, wise guys, and their ilk don't belong in the West," says McGregor.

themselves there after years of hard work and taking all the risk. Even the dust kicked up by Latex, his horse, seemed to confirm this God-given notion that it belonged where it was, that it was dust that should be *here*, and that it didn't come here from some other place like Detroit or Pittsburgh because of the economy."

MCGREGOR'S INVOCATION of the dust is more than a literary conceit; nature has informed everything ever written in or about the West, and it is only fitting that animals themselves have taken to adding their unique perspective to the growing canon of Western writing. Foremost among these contributions are the works of Habkiah, a brown bear whose native range is the southern end of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains in northern New Mexico. Habkiah began by writing sketches, light verse, and brief "meditations" on the changing face of the West, the most famous of which is "Coke Can": "...it's always red, always red, but now! Look! Look at that! The ring is gone from the top! The ring is gone! How do they open it? How do they open it? I don't know. What? Flip that tab? You're kidding! That's amazing! No! Yes? Flip that tab! Great! It's always red, the ring is gone, how do they open it, I don't know, flip that tab, it's amazing, and now! Now I'll eat this kid! And his knapsack full of granola!"

Critical reaction to

fewer than four novels in a three-year period. The first of these, *The Man*, tells the story of a young bear who sets off on a dangerous journey from his lair, down the mountain to a campsite, in order to kill a man who has menaced the bear community for generations:

"Then in the man's hand the bear beheld that cacophonous enigmatic affirmation of dull blind earth meat's cruel plunge in static mute spud terror into raging miasmas of Hadean heated oils whose very final distillation mimicked in heartless industrial refinement and haughty unspoken yet undeniable necessity that selfsame alchemical Faustian transformation through which the basest of insentient matter rose in phoenix triumph to a kind of apotheosis of substantiality raised hundredfold to a fine high glinting transcendent pitch of viciously flashing cellophane limpidity."

This description, of a bag of potato chips, typifies the eye for detail and the intensity of expression that has become associated with Habkiah's work.

BUT NOT ALL Western writers wax lyrical. Albert Edmund, a sardonic novelist and nature essayist, combines a satirically barbed point of view with an outdoorsman's love for the natural, a suspicion of the man-made, and he isn't afraid of snakes. Vintage Edmund would include this passage, from *You Heard Me the First Time*,



Albert Edmund

Combines the barbed pen of a satirist with a love of nature. An outdoorsman who is not afraid of snakes.

thing everybody knows will do some good out here? That's it, I'm talking about scouring the Utah-Colo- rado-Wyoming tristate area for empty soda bottles, hauling them in to the nearest appropriate I.G.A., claiming the deposit money, and using those proceeds to buy up a controlling interest in Union Carbide. Or is it 'too much trouble?'"

TAD POOLE TAKES A different tack. A Blackfoot Indian by birth, and a Kiowa Indian by profession, Poole believes deeply in the power of the spoken word. "To say to a man, 'Your mother fucks leprous winos from the Garment District,' is to convey a powerful message," he says. "It invariably evokes a response."

fucking fuck it and fuck it already."

The West is undergoing a transformation that no one can entirely comprehend. As it does so, this process is being chronicled by writers who, themselves, cannot entirely be comprehended. No one can say if this very special portion of America is destined to attain a workable compromise with reality, or if the West, not counting California (which is not part of the West, but is instead California), will go the way of the East. This is the way of filth, decay, corruption, crime, despair, rage, and insanity. Yet even if this comes to pass, there will be Western writers to give us a first-person account of it. Whether or not we will have to read them will, fortunately, be up to us. ■

The Birds o

B Y S E A N K E L L Y A N D

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA IS AN ornithological psychologist's paradise: nowhere in the world is there gathered a greater or more varied collection of bird-brains. Although it has been argued that no species of any kind is actually *native* to Los Angeles, vast numbers of migrating flocks ("those flocking migrants," as they're known) have been attracted to the L.A. basin because of the plenitude of those age-old staples of our feathered friends' diet: corn and bullshit.



A VERY, VERY HIGH flyer indigenous to Beverly Hills is the **Spoon-Billed Poolside Snow Bird**. These jabber-

ing, red-eyed creatures are scorned by the local Old-Money Coots, but often flock together with transient East Coast Loons.



A SPECIES THAT HAS changed very little from prehistoric days, the ferocious **Orange County Hawk** has made only one adaptation to the prevailing winds; its left wing has practically atrophied, while its right wing has grown so powerful that the

Hawk, in full flight, seems to be proceeding in a series of backward circles. Should this large creature, fierce in appearance but in fact a timid feeder on carrion, ever attempt a high-speed attack maneuver, there is every possibility it would disappear up its own asshole.

ALL AUTHORITIES agree that the densest segment of the population can be found in the Burbank area. At the top of the pecking order in these parts are the **Moe Gulls**, whose enormous beaks, dull porcine eyes, and broad, brightly colored bottoms mark them as dominant. The clacking and smacking of

their outsized beaks (the gulls are notoriously noisy feeders) warns the wary of their presence. The Moe Gull has many parrotlike qualities, including the uncanny ability to repeat whatever he has overheard as if it were an original thought.

Together with the screeching, high-strung female of



Hollywood

R I C K M E Y E R O W I T Z

A LONG THE COAST, nesting in the picturesque rubble of mud-slid pleasure domes, we find the Surfer Birds. These include the Great Breasted Chickie, the Weak-Eyed Jogging Puffer, the Pouting Bronze Peckerhead, and the ubiquitous **Malibu Shack Crasher**, pictured here.



A CHANCE ENCOUNTER in the shadow of Walton's Mountain. The **Back-Lot Goose**, whose nest is off the lot, per-

haps high atop a Wilshire Boulevard dental building, sinks a ring-encrusted talon into the tail feathers of an adolescent **Deep-Throated**

Starlet. She will not respond to his advances but will return to the roof of the Sunset Marquis, where she nests with the Eagles.

the species, the so-called Mini Moe Gulls (or Jitterbirds), the Moe Gulls hatch many a turkey.

Here pictured, a Moe Gull (perhaps a SeeGull, or SpeeGull) enjoys a ritual mating display performed by a hopeful East Coast **Three-Picture Teal**. It is the Moe Gull's prerogative whether or not to screw the Teal.

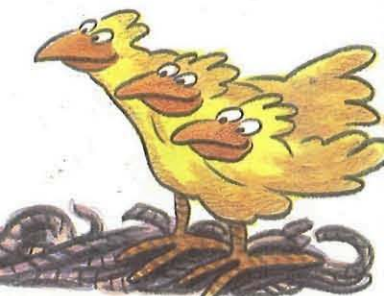


INTREPID EXPLORERS who claim to have discovered the mysterious, invisible land known as Downtown L.A. say it's "a jungle." But a glimpse of the brilliantly plumaged **Double-Breasted Zoot** is

reward enough to a fowl fancier.

Many thousands of these vacuous nesters from sunny southern climes add to the L.A. population, but very few have been banded by federal wildlife officials.

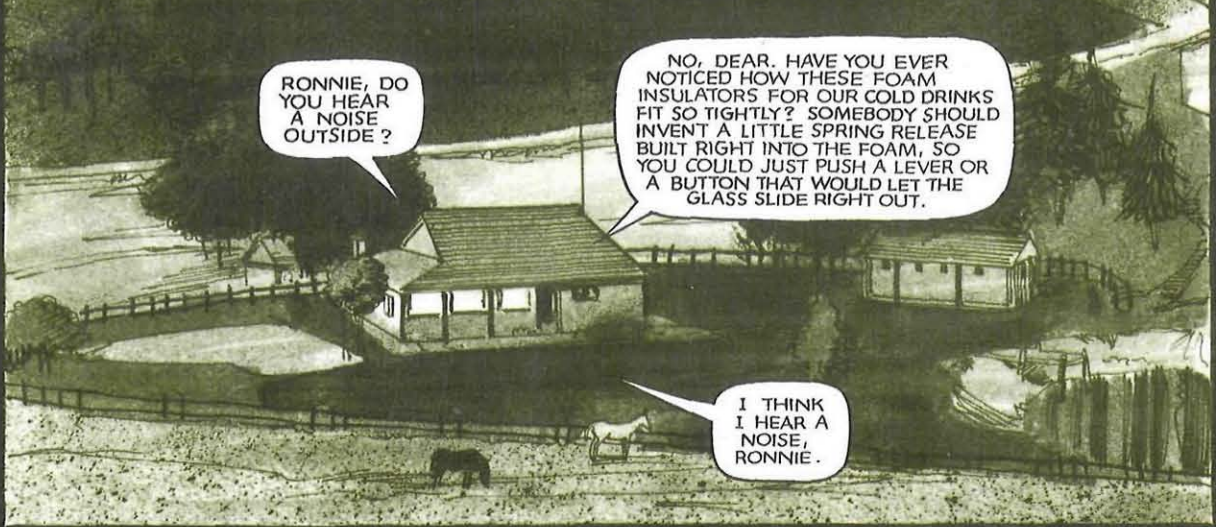
BUT IT IS IN THE Beverly Hills area that the most colorful wild fowl strut, preen, and display. Here, in abundance, are the well-feathered nests of the Wattle-Throated Lushes and Social-Climbing Guttersnipes. And here the loud-plumaged locals bicker and chatter over bright baubles with newly arrived Calico-Backed Gawkers and strutting **Rhinestone Cowbirds**.

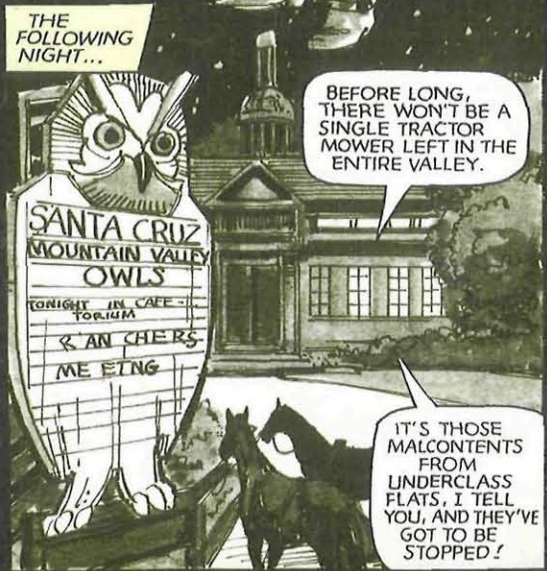
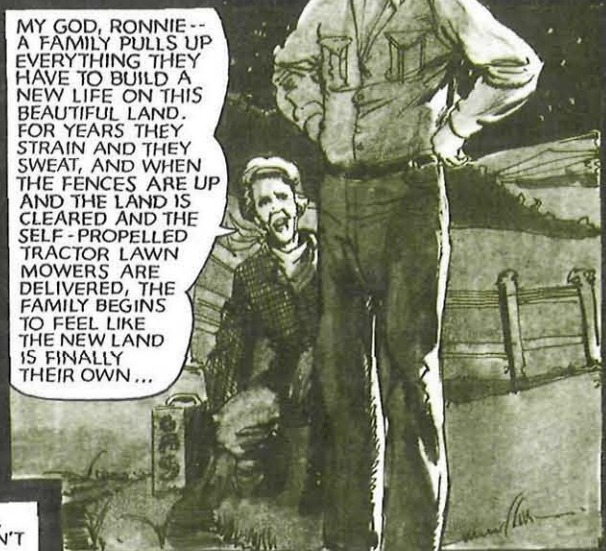
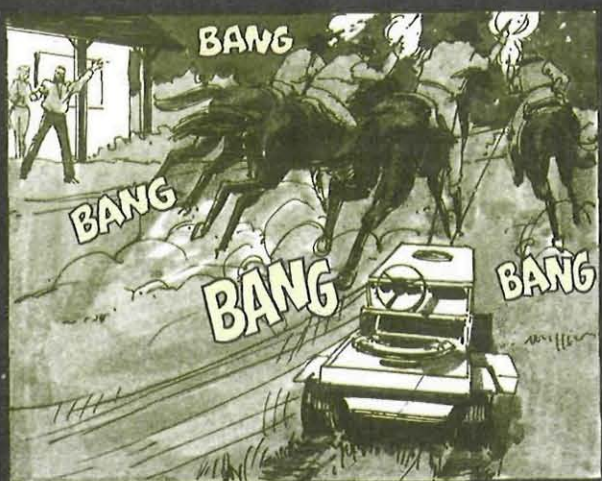
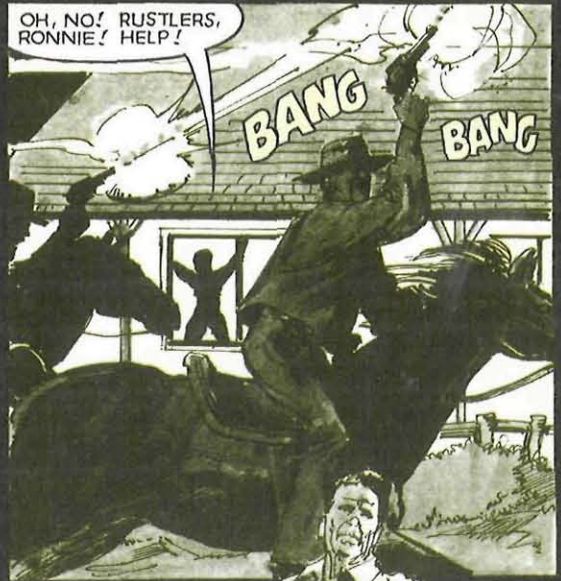


Tales of High Adventure ^{on} ~~the~~ Presidential Ranch

RONANZA!

THIS MONTH: **RUSTLERS FROM UNDERCLASS FLATS!**







I SAY WE STAND UP AND FIGHT.

BUT HOW? WE'RE JUST RANCHERS, NOT AN ARMY.

HE'S RIGHT, MEN. WHAT WE NEED IS PROFESSIONAL PROTECTION.



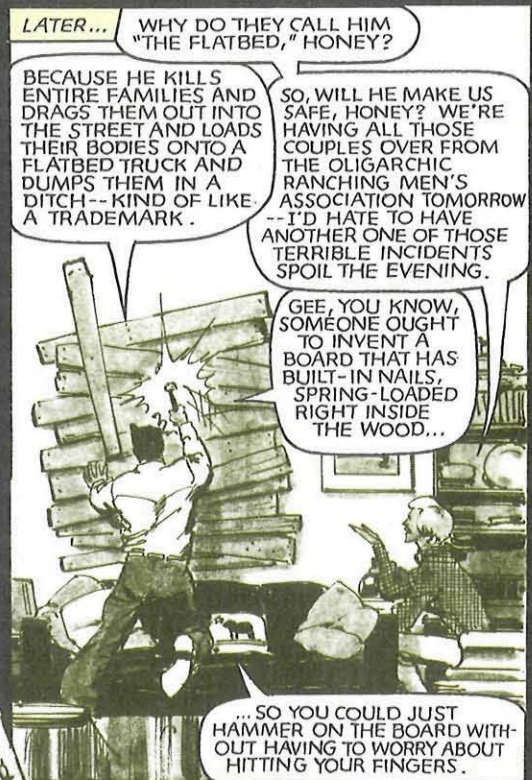
YOU MEAN A HIRED GUN?



I MEAN THE BEST HIRED GUN THERE IS...



SEÑOR SALVADOR EL SALVADOR SAN SALVADOR... THE ONE THEY CALL "THE FLATBED."



LATER...

WHY DO THEY CALL HIM "THE FLATBED," HONEY?

BECAUSE HE KILLS ENTIRE FAMILIES AND DRAGS THEM OUT INTO THE STREET AND LOADS THEIR BODIES ONTO A FLATBED TRUCK AND DUMPS THEM IN A DITCH-- KIND OF LIKE A TRADEMARK.

SO, WILL HE MAKE US SAFE, HONEY? WE'RE HAVING ALL THOSE COUPLES OVER FROM THE OLIGARCHIC RANCHING MEN'S ASSOCIATION TOMORROW -- I'D HATE TO HAVE ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE TERRIBLE INCIDENTS SPOIL THE EVENING.

GEE, YOU KNOW, SOMEONE OUGHT TO INVENT A BOARD THAT HAS BUILT-IN NAILS, SPRING-LOADED RIGHT INSIDE THE WOOD...

... SO YOU COULD JUST HAMMER ON THE BOARD WITHOUT HAVING TO WORRY ABOUT HITTING YOUR FINGERS.

MEANWHILE, IN THE NEARBY TOWN OF UNDERCLASS FLATS, KNOWN BREEDING GROUND AND SAFE HAVEN FOR RUSTLERS, SEÑOR EL SALVADOR BEGINS HIS GRISLY TASK.



WH-WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANT THE RUSTLERS.

BUT WE'RE NOT RUSTLERS.

BUT YOU ARE TREACHEROUS RUSTLER SYMPATHIZERS, AND SO NO BETTER THAN THE RUSTLERS THEMSELVES!



BUDDA BUDDA

CUÁNDO CALIENTE EL SOL ...



THAT NIGHT, AT THE PARTY FOR THE OLIGARCHIC RANCHING MEN'S ASSOCIATION...

I HOPE THAT MR. EL SALVADOR IS DOING A GOOD JOB. I FEEL SO NERVOUS WHILE THOSE RUSTLERS ARE ON THE LOOSE.

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO TRUST HIM, HONEY.



WHEW! WHAT'S THAT HORRIBLE SMELL?

SEEMS LIKE IT'S COMING FROM OUTSIDE.

SEÑOR EL SALVADOR! ARE YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT SMELL?

YES, SIR. I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO KEEP THESE RUSTLER SYMPATHIZERS AROUND TO DISCOURAGE FUTURE RUSTLING.



MIGHTY EFFECTIVE THINKING, SEÑOR EL SALVADOR. THE RANCHERS OF SANTA CRUZ OWE YOU A GREAT DEBT.

DOES THIS MEAN IT'S SAFE TO REPLACE THE TRACTOR MOWER, HONEY?



BACK AT THE RUSTLERS' HIDEOUT, HOWEVER, AT LEAST ONE OF THEM SEES THINGS A LITTLE DIFFERENTLY...

FROM THE LOOKS OF THAT PILE OF BODIES IN REAGAN'S FRONT YARD, I GUESS WE BETTER GIVE UP ON THE IDEA OF RUSTLING THE LUXURY MOWERS OF PRIVILEGED RANCHERS AND REDISTRIBUTING THEM AMONG THE MASSES.

JAKE'S RIGHT. WE'RE NO MATCH FOR THAT SEÑOR SALVADOR EL SALVADOR-- HE'S PRACTICALLY INHUMAN.

JESUS CHRIST, LISTEN TO YOURSELVES! ALL OUR LIVES WE'VE HAD TO SCRATCH AND CLAW FOR EVERYTHING. I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS A KID... I WENT OUT ON OUR PATIO-- OR THE PATCH OF DEAD GRASS WE CALLED A PATIO BECAUSE MY PARENTS WANTED ONE SO BAD-- AND I SAW MY MOTHER OUT THERE ...



SURE LOOKS THAT WAY.

... MY POOR OLD MOTHER DIGGING A HOLE WITH HER BARE HANDS...

"WHAT ARE YOU DOIN', MOMMA?" I ASKED, BUT SHE JUST KEPT DIGGING, EVEN MORE FURIOUSLY. FINALLY, WHEN SHE FINISHED, SHE STOOD UP AND SAID, "SOMEDAY, SON, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A MOWER YOU CAN RIDE ON. AND WHEN WE DO, I WANT YOU TO PUSH THAT PUSH-MODEL WE GOT NOW RIGHT INTO THIS HOLE AND BURY IT FOREVER." THEN SHE COLLAPSED, I GUESS FROM THE FURIOUS HOLE-DIGGING, AND DIED...



SO I SWORE OVER MY MOMMA THAT ONE DAY THERE WOULD BE TRACTOR MOWERS FOR US AND EVERYONE ELSE-- NOT JUST FOR THE ELITE. AND I'M GOING TO KEEP THAT PROMISE, WITH OR WITHOUT YOU.



SO THE RUSTLERS REDEDICATED THEMSELVES, AND, VOWING TO BATTLE THE REAGANS AND THEIR RANCHING FRIENDS ON EQUAL TERMS, THEY SENT FOR SEÑOR LIBERTAD LIBERACION DE LIBERTACIONIDAD, ANOTHER OF THE MOST RUTHLESS "ENFORCERS" IN THE WEST. INDEED, THE REAGANS WERE TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE...

YES, I'D LIKE TO ORDER ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR TRACTOR MOWERS...



RONNIE, COULD YOU COME HERE A MINUTE? SOMEONE'S LEFT A BUNCH OF BODIES ON THE DINING-ROOM TABLE.

I THOUGHT I TOLD THAT SEÑOR EL SALVADOR MAN TO LEAVE ALL THE DEAD RUSTLER SYMPATHIZERS OUTSIDE.



THOSE AREN'T RUSTLER SYMPATHIZERS, HONEY, THEY'RE R-R-RAN...



RANCHERS, MR. AND MRS. RONALD AND NANCY.

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?



I AM LIBERTAD LIBERACION DE LIBERTACIONIDAD. AND I HAVE A MESSAGE FROM THE OPPRESSED RUSTLERS...

TAKE COVER, MOMMY!



KEEP HIM BUSY-- I'LL TRY TO MAKE IT TO THE NIGHT-STAND!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS. YOU CAN'T JUST GO AROUND KILLING PEOPLE BECAUSE THEY HAVE MORE AND BETTER LAWN-CARE EQUIPMENT THAN YOU DO. THIS IS A COUNTRY OF LAWS AND...



ARE YOU KEEPING HIM BUSY, HONEY?

YES, DEAR.

WELL, KEEP HIM BUSY SOME MORE...

YES, DEAR.



AS I WAS SAYING, IF YOU WANT SOMETHING IN THIS COUNTRY, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO EARN IT...

EAT HOT NIGHTSTAND-GUN LEAD, TROUBLEMAKER!

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM



AAAAAAAHHH!

SEÑOR EL SALVADOR! FINE TIME FOR YOU TO SHOW UP. WE COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED.

SORRY, MR. AND MRS. RONALD AND NANCY. I WAS BUSY FINDING THE RUSTLERS AND KILLING THEM.

OH, WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?



WELL, I SUPPOSE MY WORK IS DONE NOW THAT THIS AREA IS SAFE AGAIN.

YES, AND THANKS AGAIN, MR. EL SALVADOR. SAY, YOU KNOW THERE IS ONE MORE THING YOU CAN DO FOR US...

SURE, MR. RONALD.



YOU KNOW, SOMEONE OUGHT TO INVENT LITTLE WHEELS OR RUNNERS THAT YOU COULD CLAMP RIGHT ONTO A BODY FOR EASY DRAGGING -- KIND OF LIKE THOSE SUITCASES THAT STEWARDESSES HAVE.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

HERE HE COMES, RONNIE. DO YOU THINK HE DID IT?

GEE, I SURE HOPE SO.



THEY WERE HOLDING THE LAST ONE IN STOCK, MR. RONALD-- IS THIS WHAT YOU WANTED?

OH, YES, YES, YES. SHE'S EVEN MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN THE FIRST ONE.

THANK YOU, DEAR.



I MEANT THE... OH, NANCY!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

THE END.

Cubie Why Presents:

A Little Night Music,

or, Trashin' the Blues Away, *by Stephen Geller*

C

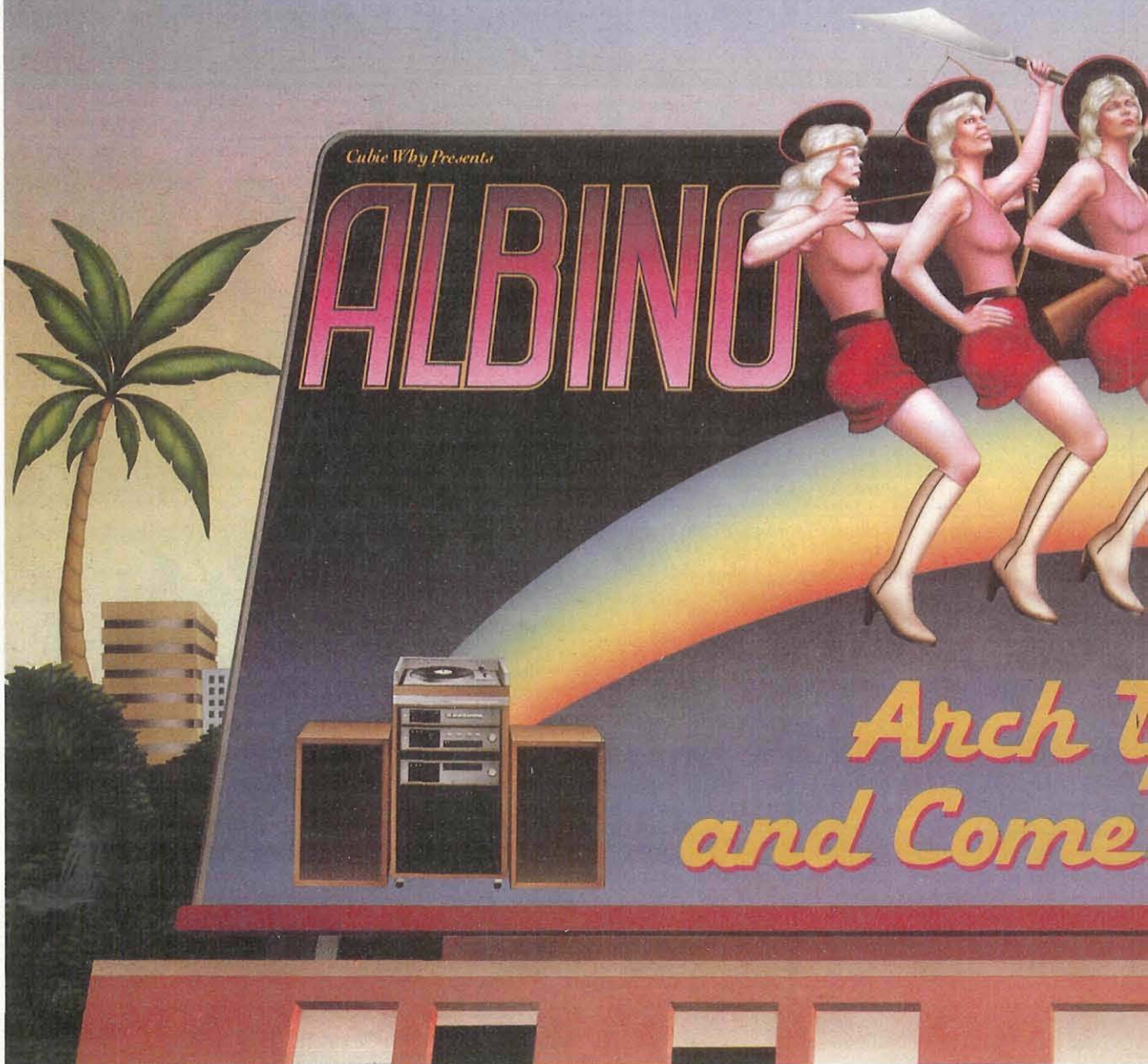
ALL ME ISHMAEL.

In Aramaic that means Paula.

I am also a survivor, the one who lived to tell the tale.

RCA, Columbia, WB, Mercury,

Polygram, Atlantic, Capitol, World Pacific, vanished, dispensed with, eighty-sixed! The Brothers Gibb, the Brothers Four, the Brothers Everly, the Brothers Ertegun, even the Christian Brothers Catering Service, crumbled and kaput!



The Sunset Strip has nothing to show but the glare of empty billboards, the loneliness of gray marquees. Turn up the radio dial, the only music's the sound of static, the dull crackle of news no longer tantalizing but plunged into gloom. ("A late report: Ringo Starr has gone into hiding, according to his hairdresser-confidante, Lotte 'Lenye' Cartwright... The latest report: Lotte Cartwright, hairdresser-confidante to the stars, was found in her Chelsea flat, stiggled from her zag to her snog. The assailant, David Bowie, was taken into custody one hour later. Raving.")

Bonkers, all of it.

How to book a rock act for the spider-webbed Forum or the dusty Universal Amphitheater? How to sing when no music exists? And what about the

musical albums themselves? What *about* them, when they are but pressed in memory alone?

Before D-Day, an album was gold, heaven, optimism itself. It was also hoarded by its owner. Such hoarding brought on the most grotesque slaughters in the history of mankind. ("From Kennebunkport, Maine: Scholarship student and 4-H'er Earle Coons was charged with the murder of a family of nine. The otherwise perfect teenager told police, 'They just weren't sharing their Ernie Ford records with the community.'")

If one record was sold, the seller became an instant millionaire. Even the owners of Monkees albums were no longer subject to the mocking stares of Beatles fans. Even the owners of Dylan's *Salvation* crossed themselves for their good for-



tune. Why, even a course in the collected works of Barry Manilow was being offered at the New School for Social Research, "Innocent Decadence Predating the Beginning of the Great Hoard."

As Ishmael-Paula the Survivor, the only private secretary of the music business still intact, I offer the Reasons *Why* before I too am stiggled, as were the rest, from my zag to my snoog:

IT BEGAN IN THE BOARDROOM of a record company, which will remain nameless. Not for legal reasons—the gentlemen who were gathered around the table, as well as their separate staffs, are all deceased or permanently wigged with the Coiffeur of Lunacy—but out of respect for their widows, their children, their black mistresses. Present at the meeting were not only the president and veep of the (non)forementioned company, but also the presidents, veeps, marketing researchers of *every* company in the business.

All had the same problem: a roller-coaster decline in sales, a monumental crash leading those \$300,000/year dinosaurs to a job at a car wash, if they were lucky. All complained that even limited Las Vegas engagements no

longer had much money-meaning to such vocal wonders as Cher and the ever-popular Wayne Newton. Even Ol' Blue Eyes couldn't count upon New Zealand tours to bring home the bacon.

Every reason for the death ride was given: Reaganomics, a sudden decline in good material, the rise of video games, Interferon as a cure for herpes. Still, none of these postulates seemed to present a workable hypothesis to explain the decline and fall of the music empire. And while the meeting progressed, newer and graver figures arrived to demonstrate that the aforementioned slide was beginning to progress geometrically, a pendulum on speed. It was no longer a question of Examining Causes. It was, in Bergman's phrase, the Hour of the Wolf. Time to Do Something. And Fast.

But what could one do, and fast, in this hour of the wolf, if one did not understand the nature of the First Cause? (With apologies to Bergson, Aquinas, and Dean Swift.) As one marketing researcher put it, "By the time we get to Phoenix, there won't be *no one* in a New York state of mind!"

It was at this most confused point of the meeting that a suggestion was made that would influence the course of events and the industry itself, and in a

way none would have expected:

On this planet, and specifically on this continent, and especially in this state, and particularly in this town, and most peculiarly in this very building is an unpretentious suite of three offices and a reception room. Although the suite no longer exists, what remains is the name on the door, and its three principal agents of darkness:

The Disaster Agency of America
Mr. Q, President
Barry Glenn, Senior Agent
Henry J. Yamamoto, Junior Agent

"Gentlemen and Ishmael-Paula," we were told. "The only solution standing between us and the toilet is the Disaster Agency of America."

Before there was time to unscramble that awkward image I was dispatched to the sixth floor, to Suite 666, Paula-Ishmael-Messenger, en route to the servants of Beelzebub.

When I entered the Disaster Agency, I was startled: How could this simple room, consisting of nothing but a chair, a desk, a typewriter, and an intercom, save the entire music industry? The only decoration on the wall was a Norman Rockwell print of *Apple Picking in Vermont*. And the secretary wasn't even a minority, or English. Her name was Lucille and she came from Pasadena.

"Yes, may I help you?" she asked.

"I'd like to see somebody here. I don't even know who I'm supposed to see. The Boss, I guess. The Top Cheese. My name is Ishmael. In Aramaic it means Paula."

She smiled, with uncanny comprehension of my emotional state.

"This place is weird," I whispered to myself.

"You don't know the half of it," she replied, and pressed a pink button on the intercom. After a moment I heard a disembodied voice reply in a flat, almost nasal twang, "Yairz?"

"A W.I.D. here to see you, sir?"

"T.C. or U-ling?"

"U-ling, sir?"

"S-Level?"

"Oh, about a 14?"

"Ec-Potential?"

"Solid."

There was a pause. Then:

"Glenn had better take it."

"Yes, sir."

She turned to me and asked, "Do you get it 0-3 times a week, 4-6, or 7-plus?"

"0-3," I replied.

"I see," she nodded, straight-faced, then pressed a red button. A cold, crisp voice emerged over the intercom:

"Yes, Lucille?"

"W.I.D., U-ling, 14 S-Level, solid Ec-Potential, with an ought-3, Mr. Glenn."

"Rihlly?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)



WHY Leave This ROOM?

- Things to buy
- Things to see
- Things to eat
- Places to drive to
- and more!

A Complimentary Guide to Local Places, Events, and Happenings



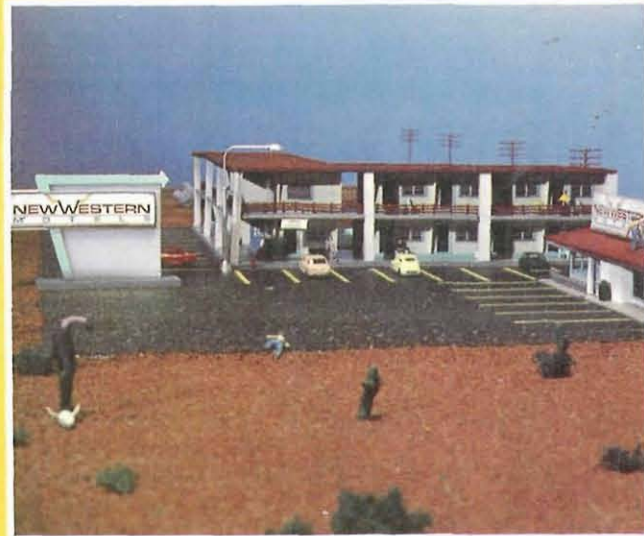
Published by

NEW WESTERN
M O T E L S

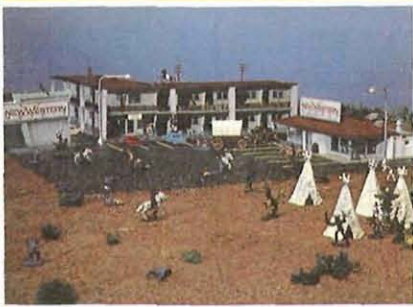
“Where Western Living Is a Way of Life”

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Enjoy all the benefits of Western Civilization at New Western[®] Motels



THE HOT HOUSE—Yuma, Arizona
"If you can't stand the heat, get out of Arizona."



CUSTER'S RETREAT—Little Big Horn, Wyoming
"Enjoy the company of our hostel Indians at their mass acres."



LA CUCARACHA MOTEL—Santa Fe, New Mexico
"Stay in our Tortilla Flats—if you Mexi-can take it."



CHÂTEAU POTATEAU—Boise, Idaho
"When you see spuds, you've seen it all."



THE BEST LITTLE BOREHOUSE IN TEXAS—Abilene, Texas
"Nothing goes on here. Absolutely nothing. We mean it."



EDIFICE WRECK—San Andreas, California
"It's not our fault."

NEW WESTERN MOTELS "Where Western Living Is a Way of Life"

“WHAT’S YOUR PLEASURE, PARDNER?”

Howdy! And a great big warm welcome, Western[®]-style, to this member of the New Western[®] Motels family, and to “Our Town.” We’re certain your stay with us—whether you’re just bunkin’ down overnight or settlin’ down for a day or two—will be plumb pleasant!

So if you’re in the mood to mosey on down for some grub at the Old Chuck Wagon Snack Bar (where Cookie’s keepin’ the chow pipin’ hot on our exclusive New West[®] Microwave)...or hankerin’ to take a dip in our Ol’ Swimmin’ Hole (as we West-erners[®] call the pool)...or all tuckered out and ready to spread your bedroll out on our King-Size West-o-flex[®] bed...well, go ahead, pardner! Make yourself to home!

Because, wherever you roam in this great New West[®] of ours, there’s a member of the New West[®] family of motels fixin’ to be your home away from home!

This copy of *Why Leave This Room* is a complimentary service of this New Western[®] Motel. Ever since the frontier days, folks out here have found it right helpful to have a guide, a “Kemo Sabe,” to show ’em the ropes and steer ’em right..

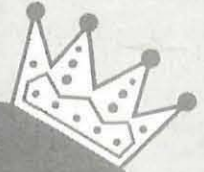
We’re right proud of Our Town, and we hope this Kemo Sabe of ours has the answer for you whenever you ask yourself the question “Why leave this room?!”

Why Leave This Room is published by: The Generic Publications Group, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. Matty Mogel, Publisher; Len Simmons, Editor. All contents public domain.

Cover photograph: James Wojcik. Backdrop: Michael Lokensgard

Hungry for Something to Eat?

Why not head on down to...





THE KING OF BURGERS

“SUCCULENT FARE WITH MINUTES TO SPARE”

3 CONVENIENT LOCATIONS
MAIN AND REDWOOD
THIRD AND ELM
LAUREL AND HARDY

All featuring brand-new “digital” cash registers

Tie on the feedbag at... Bucky and “Big” Bev’s

Hunk o’ Meat
STEAK AND SEAFOOD RANCH

(cor. Elm and Redwood)
featuring
“Big” Bev’s Big Barbecued Side o’ Steer
(12 full pounds of grain-fed beef, cooked, just the way you like it!)
Or, “set sail for...”
Capt’n Bucky’s “Jumbo” Shrimp Bar,
for all the ammonia-soaked, red-dyed
Costa Rican shrimp you can stomach!

“Fully licensed to serve beer on premises”
(ask to see our license).

WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE FAMILY

TOURIST TRAP WAX MUSEUM

Bob Hope, Robert Redford, the Beatles, Prince Charles, and Shecky Greene all appear daily at the Tourist Trap Wax Museum, located on the outskirts of town. There is also a statue of Muhammad Ali that came out looking more like King Kong, and a blob of turgid wax that was Marlon Brando, before it melted.

SHIRLEY'S BOOTH

Actress Shirley Booth appears every night at this out-of-the-way night spot, mainly because it's her home. Since the cancellation of "Hazel" fifteen years ago, Shirley has been down on her luck, so she'll sing, dance, cook, do a striptease—anything for a buck. Watch out, though.

Sometimes Shirley will overexert herself (say, by lifting her arm) and faint, and you'll be stuck watching old reruns the rest of the night.

WATCHING THE TUMBLEWEED ROLL AROUND

The most exciting diversion in town. Watching the tumbleweed roll around can be done from your motel window any time of the night or day. Admission free.

LODGING

THE EL GONQUIN ROUND TABLE

Local entrepreneur José Gonquin owns and operates this namesake of New York's famous night spot. The penthouse provides a spectacular view of the parking lot, and an insane French bellboy (speaks no English, does no work) adds delightful Old World charm. The El Gonquin has the quaint elegance of a recon-

verted steel factory, which in fact it is. Music comes nightly from the building next door, which is owned by some teenage kids who never shut their stereo off.

THE ONE-NIGHT STAND

The One-Night Stand Motel offers lodging ranging from ten minutes to one full night. If you'd like a recommendation, just ask Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, who've stayed at the motel an average of nine times a night, every night for the past forty years. Ten dollars keeps the desk clerk's mouth shut, if you know what we mean.

RESTAURANTS

THE KING OF BURGERS

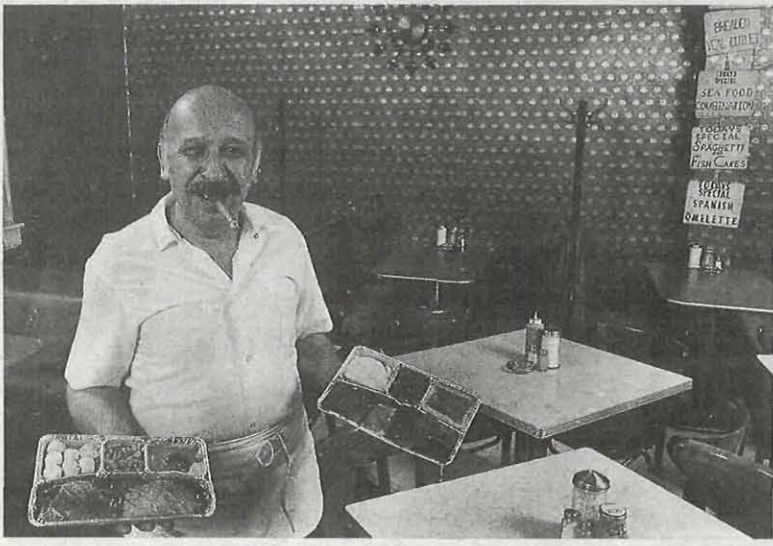
Perhaps the finest restaurant in town, the King of Burgers offers succulent fare with minutes to spare. The specialty of the house is the world-famous "Whopper," a meat-and-bread concoction that takes two hands(!) to handle. You can eat in an impeccable setting with elegant Formica decor, or else in your car. And to help you choose, the larger-than-life menu is printed on the wall. Located at the corners of Main and Redwood, Third and Redwood, and Laurel and Hardy.

TWO GUYS FROM ITALY

Not technically a restaurant, Two Guys from Italy is actually nothing more than two guys from Italy who hang around a street corner selling peanuts and ice cream. The most exciting time to go is around 4:00 P.M., when they're both manning the cart—they always get into an argument in Italian, and if you're lucky, you can see them slap each other in the face. If you order the pretzels, make sure to save room for the ice cream, or they might get mad and start slapping you in the face. Chefs: Luigi (8:00-4:00), Dominic (4:00-12:00). Locations vary, all major credit cards accepted.

CHEF OF THE WEEK

Master chef Harry Mann of the Hungry Man Diner, shown here with two of his top Hungry Man Dinners: Hungry Man Chicken and Hungry Man Fish. Mann always takes thirty to forty minutes to cook each meal, so you know he's doing a good job. Other specialties of the house range from Salisbury steak to meat loaf.



BOOKSTORES

If you'd like to be one of the literati, you'll find a number (five) of bookstores around town that'll meet your needs. These are Sam's Sex-texts, the Over-18 Store, the Hot Vagina Press, the Kit Kat Klub Library, and the Areola Literary Society—Adults Only. Coincidentally, these bookstores also serve as the film and stage centers of the city.

FILM

THE MOVIE OF THE WEEK

The "Movie of the Week" may be seen at 9:00 P.M. Sunday on NBC. This week's feature is the critically acclaimed *The Boatniks*. (May be preempted by farm report.)

MUSIC

JACK LA LANNE

The Jazzercise Trio plays daily at the Jack LaLanne health club, downtown. Performances last for an hour, or until you pass out, whichever comes first. Shorts and sweat shirts required.

THEATER

"THE ICEMAN COMETH" WITH OUR RIB-EYE DINNER

A landmark in contemporary dinner theater. The production is well done, as are the steaks; the sets are an evocative drab gray, the french fries are golden brown, the performances last for an hour, or until you pass out, whichever comes first. Shorts and sweat shirts required. Through summer, at Theater in the Ground Round.

THE LITTLE WORLD OF HYMIE SILVERMAN

Yiddish theater comes to town in this one-mensch show starring Hymie Silverman, as himself. Hymie spins long, impromptu folk tales about his boss ("I should throttle that anti-Semite putz"), his no-good son ("What my kid needs is a good kick in the tochtis"), and Hitler ("I'd love to give that guy such a zetz"). Mrs. Silverman interrupts occasionally to offer guests pieces of fruit at reasonable prices. Silverman Living Room, daily except Saturdays.

ARTS

THE LAST SUPPER

A breathtaking realization of the da Vinci masterpiece, comprised of thirteen iron lawn jockeys clustered around a card table. Jesus is the one in the red shirt and green pants. Shows in Vince Punzo's backyard.

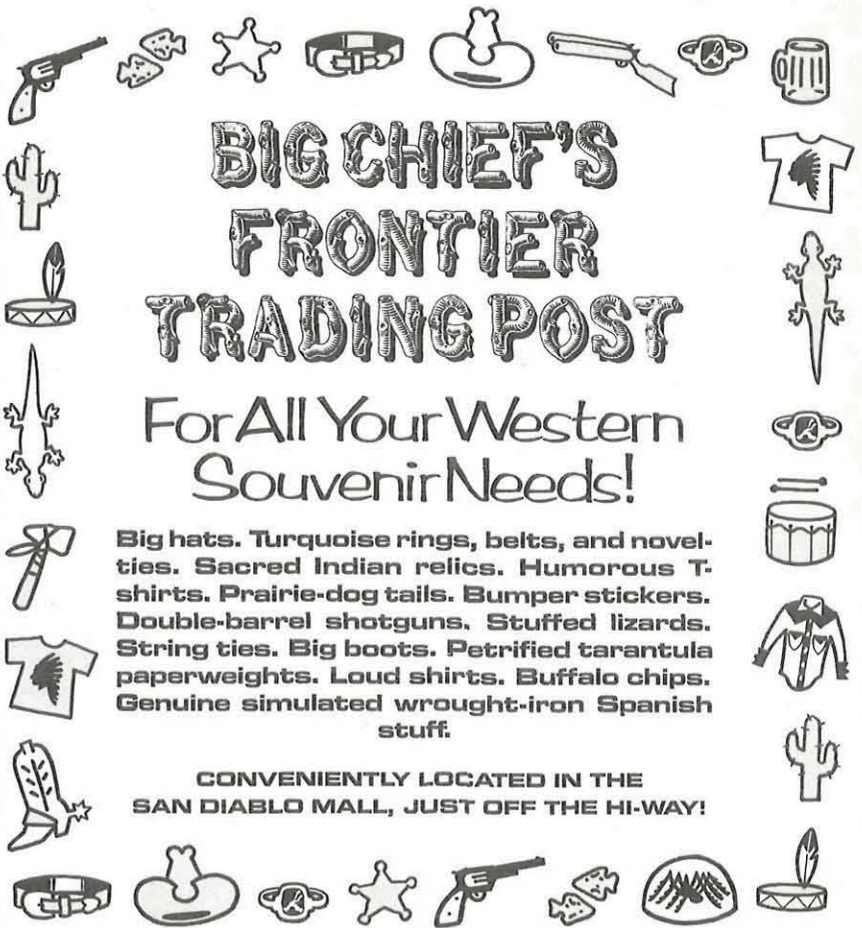
STAMP SHOW

S&H, Gold Bond, King Korn, and dozens of other brands of trading stamps from around the region. With enough stamps to fill over six hundred books, the collection is valued in excess of twenty toasters, six blenders, and a hot comb. The Arts Mall, all year.

SPECIAL EVENTS

SHRINER DEMOLITION DERBY

Big Shriners in their teeny-tiny cars smash, crash, and collide with each other until there's nothing left. Proceeds to buy teeny-tiny ambulances for the Shriner Emergency Hospital.



BIG CHIEF'S FRONTIER TRADING POST

For All Your Western Souvenir Needs!

Big hats. Turquoise rings, belts, and novelties. Sacred Indian relics. Humorous T-shirts. Prairie-dog tails. Bumper stickers. Double-barrel shotguns. Stuffed lizards. String ties. Big boots. Petrified tarantula paperweights. Loud shirts. Buffalo chips. Genuine simulated wrought-iron Spanish stuff.

CONVENIENTLY LOCATED IN THE SAN DIABLO MALL, JUST OFF THE HI-WAY!

**THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL!
Two-for-One Sale
on Pickup Trucks!**

Hi! I'm
**Dusty, and
So's Your Car!**

We'll scrub that old desert dirt off your car while you snack and mingle at Dusty's Rinse-Side Taco Lounge!

DUSTY'S

Car Wash & Rinse-Side Taco Lounge

WHERE SOCIETY MEETS,
GETS A CAR WASH, AND EATS!

Corner Gopher Drive and Main Street

Cubie Why

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50)

"Yes, sir."

There was silence on the other end, then:

"This *may* be a job for Q, Lucille. Please administer the Rorschach and Minnesota Multiphasic."

"Yes, sir."

I was ready to slam the intercom onto her head, but the thought of returning to the meeting empty-handed stopped me mid-fling. I began the battery of psychological tests, and Lucille returned to her reading: Edgar Wind's *Pagan Mysteries of the Renaissance*. Weird. Only last year we'd signed a rock group with the same name.

"Here's my work," I said, and handed her the batch of tests.

"Thank you," she replied, and passed me her book. "While I'm gone, you might want to thumb through this terrific explication of Botticelli's *Primavera* and neoplatonic belief structure. If you're as into magic as I am, Ishmael-Paula, it's truly a must!"

By the time I had finished the section on Ficino and His Friends, three well-dressed and well-groomed men stood before me:

"Congratulations, Miss Ishmael-Paula," said the largest of the trio. "You passed with flying colors. Come. Let's go upstairs to that meeting of yours and see if we can't find a way to solve the dilemma of the record industry."

I was stunned.

How could the Elder Statesmen of Disaster have learned so damned much, and from such questions as:

If you could be a 1) flower salesperson, 2) Hell's Angels rushing chairperson, 3)

castrating goddess-bitch, what would you be?

They were a gift.

And I was in no position to examine the ribbon on the wrappings.

HIDE THE FOUR of us stood silently in the elevator, Upward and Outward Bound, the largest of the trio stared at his nails, smiling inwardly. The second-largest gazed at the leather fringes of his Guccis. The third, an Oriental, farted.

"May I ask what that code meant, in the office?" I began.

"Certainly," the farter replied. "Woman in Distress, an Underling, 14/50 Stress Potential. Very cool indeed."

"And ought-3," I added, "in terms of Getting It?"

"Explains the rest," continued the shoe gazer. "You're obviously a highly placed and well-heeled executive on the rise."

"And since you came to our offices," said the third man, sounding if not looking like John Houseman playing Sidney Greenstreet playing Robert Morley playing Puck, "you are obviously capable, Paula my dear, of keeping a secret."

As pleasant as they were, I could not suppress the chill playing hide 'n' seek with my better instincts.

We left the elevator, and entered the boardroom.

Stop.

I did not describe the men.

Not that it would matter. Their descriptions have been given to the Hollywood and L.A. County police, the FBI, Interpol, and the Better Business Bureau. It is, I am sure, too late, for they

are masters of disguise. Artful dodgers of disaster. I cannot even say *now* that what I saw *then* was real. The fat man could have exercised a hypnotic sway on my senses. He could have been lean. The Oriental might have been Thai, Japanese, or Sephardic. The one they called Barry Glenn could have been anything from a transplanted Syrian with a nose job to a Yorkshireman trying to stand in for Gene Wilder. In other words—like most Californians—though he came out dark, he ended up light.

GENTLEMEN," BEGAN THE one they deferred to as Q, "the problem with the record industry exists *not* in the music but in its album covers. You need, I fear, a refresher course in design."

"Design is the basis of the Disaster Agency," hissed the Oriental.

"Cover, I might add, is our *modus operandi*," Q continued. "If you will write a cheque for three million dollars and sign the disclaimer, we may begin the operation *at once*." He paused, surveying the presidents and their minions. "If you are not satisfied within one year, we will return your money."

"One year!" exclaimed prexies, veeps, and minnies. "We need it *now*!"

"Six months, of course, raises the ante to six million," continued the imperturbable Q. "Three months to nine million. *Now*, of course, is a cool twelve mill. Settle for *Now*, gentlemen, and we'll call it a day."

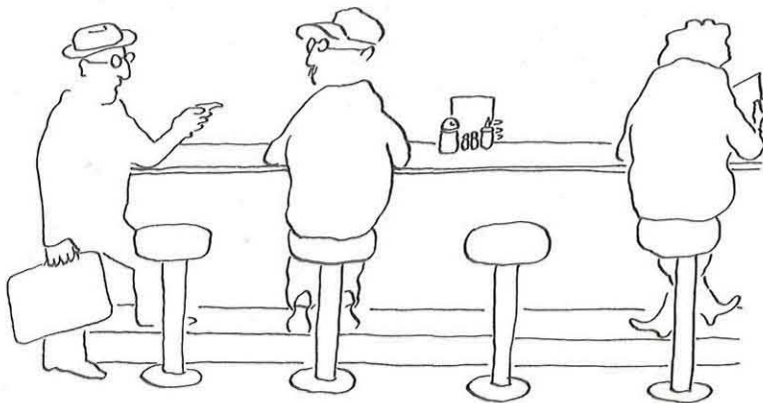
"But wait," yelled My Boss. "What *precisely* are you going to do?"

Q turned to the one who they called Barry Glenn, and nodded imperceptibly. Barry smiled. Blood froze in our veins. The Oriental farted. Blood thawed.

"Those who live by their image die by their image, *versteht*?" Glenn began. "Think of it: Mama Cass, a Jewish princess locked in a suite at the Connaught, eating blintzes hand over fist, blimping herself by the min-min. A piece of gefilte fish lodges in her craw. No horseradish in Blighty, no mo' dancin' in the streets, sugar! Janis Joplin, hell-bent for destruction, living her Dionysian ditties to the fullest, dying as she sang! Beautiful, the god-damned symmetry of it! John Belushi, may he gig for all eternity, a pure gross-out in *Animal House*, curls while choking on his fucking *tongue*, f' Chris-sakes! And for the over-forty set, Natalie on her *yacht*, engaged in a triangle worthy of a Ross Hunter pic! What a finale! *They Left the Marina in a Threesome, Came Back as a Duo!*"

We stared.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)

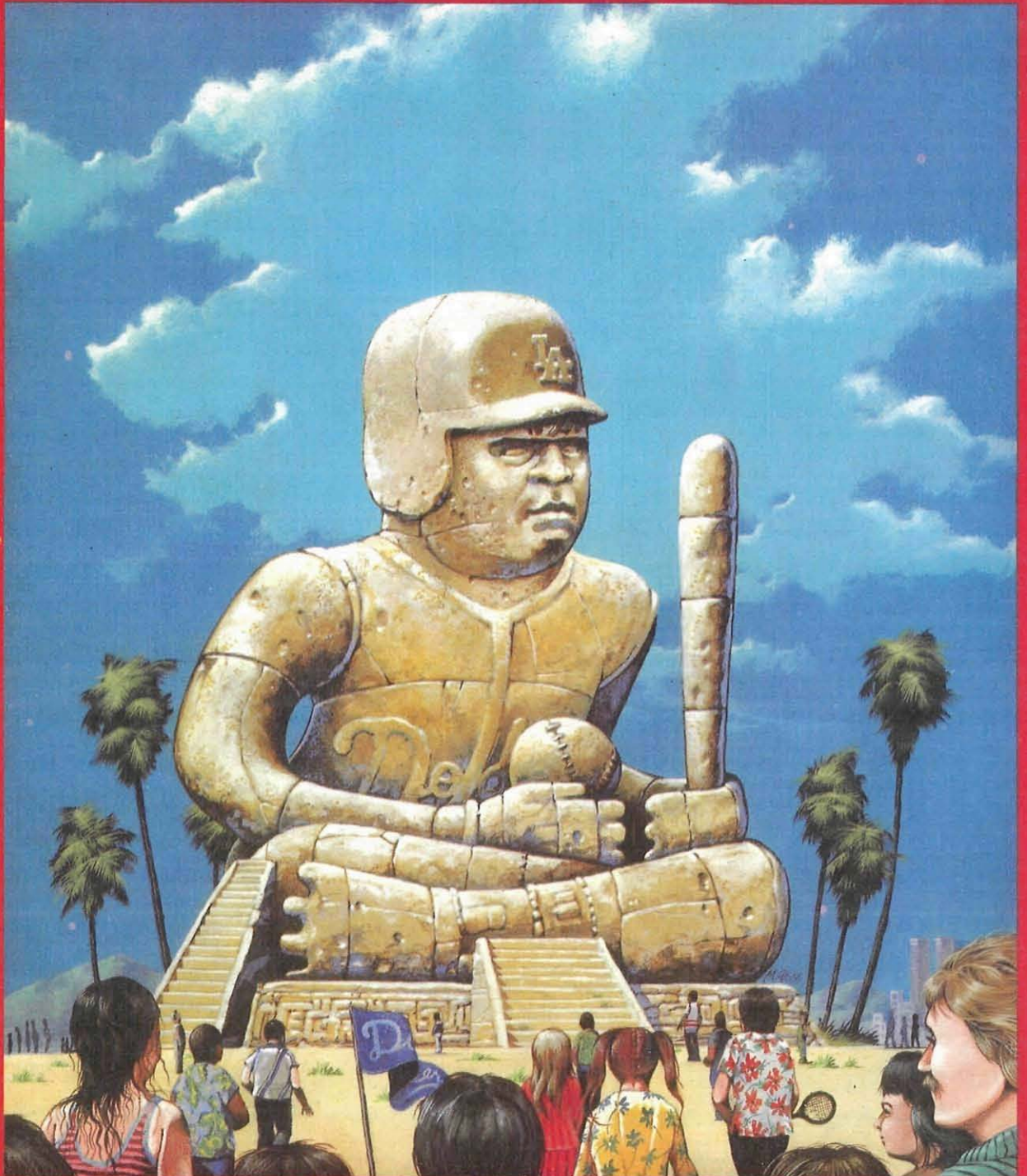


NEWMAN FORD

"Now, if you moved down one, then I could sit next to an empty stool."

Fabulous Treasures of Post-Columbian Mexico

(Number 1 in a very short series)



Presenting:

The Top Five Naked Real- Estate Agents of the West

IT'S NO SECRET that the biggest land boom in the history of the world has finally collapsed, leaving millions of property holders squiggling under mortgage interest they can't afford, and houses they can't sell. As a result, enormous pressure has been thrust upon the nation's real-estate agents to develop new and more aggressive ways to stimulate the market. Some have responded with radical financing schemes, some tout gifts and discounted fees, while others, primarily in the West, where prices had been most dramatic, offer deviant sex and show prospective buyers around without any clothes on. "We're moving property again," cheers one nude agent in Santa Barbara. "Listings we've had for over a year are suddenly turning over, and for asking price, too!"

by Timothy Beaugereaux



"One thing you won't have to replace are these almost new drapes," says Paula. Her buyers, Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, signed the papers about an hour later, after Paula gave Mr. Watkins a blowjob in a car outside the title company.

THE PROPERTY:

THREE-BEDROOM, ONE-AND-one-half-bath ranch; worn, animal-stained, cadmium yellow carpeting; twenty-year-old window air conditioners with missing knobs; brown-streaked bathtub; spiders and earwigs everywhere; half-completed owner-built patio surrounded by piles of Ready-Mix, lumber scraps, and tarpaper; doors in teen boy's bedroom marred and gouged with manic teen randomness; black scorch marks around electrical sockets; cracked windows reinforced with duct tape; chipped and missing bathroom tiles; torn screens; corroded taps; dead lawn; etc.

THE LOCATION:

Los Angeles, California

THE SELLING PRICE:

\$1,825,000

THE AGENT:

Paula Webster



"Loads of closet space," Jacqueline tells a prospective buyer. "Come in here and see for yourself." Ms. McKuen hung out the SOLD sign a short time later.

THE PROPERTY:

MODULAR REDWOOD LIFE-and-freedom space in pine forest; designed and constructed by original owner; bizarre crescent-shaped and triangular slits for windows; living room built around ten-foot-thick, live, deciduous tree with caterpillars in it; exotic air-circulation system keeps house at constant thirty-five-degree temperature, year-round, naturally; badgers in kitchen cabinets; fifty miles from nearest neighbors, phone, electricity, hospital, food, fresh water, road, or trail; original owner savaged by unidentified, marauding animal or satanic gang of ritual killers thought to roam area—a separate group, most likely, from vandal hikers who felled dozens of mature Douglas firs onto house roof over two-or-three-year period prior to owner's death; geothermal sulphur jets beneath entry hall and porch; termites.

THE LOCATION:

Somewhere in Colorado

THE SELLING PRICE:

\$2,200,000

THE AGENT:

Jacqueline McKuen



"And it's partially furnished," Katherine explains to Stan Rosenfield, an interested buyer. That feature, and the dirty solicitation Katherine wrote on Stan's contract, proved instrumental to the sale.

THE PROPERTY:

TWO-BEDROOM, ONE-BATH condo; ten years old; thirty-one previous owners, including: divorcée with no money and violent sixteen-year-old simian kid who hated her and threw her boyfriends through doors—defaulted on mortgage; stewardess whose seven stewardess roommates garnished bathroom and hall with one hundred inextirpable stained-glass owls—all laid off, defaulted on mortgage; ninety-year-old man who leaked tobacco-brown sputum onto carpeting—died on stairs; Marxist associate professor of philosophy and filthy Slav wife, goaty fumes from diet of fried Slav tubers suffused permanently into curtains, counter tops, everywhere—fired, defaulted on mortgage; hermit animal lover with a pet twenty-five-pound raven that sharpened its beak for six months on walls, whitening floors with mix of raven fluids and chunks of walls—defaulted on mortgage; whores—defaulted on mortgage; college student whose five roommates chopped a serve-through opening in kitchen with a hatchet, set small fires—defaulted on mortgage; Mexican family, harbored other Mexicans—defaulted on mortgage.

THE LOCATION:

Phoenix, Arizona

THE SELLING PRICE:

\$915,500

THE AGENT:

Katherine Tadlock



Rickie Rhey made sure to emphasize the "potential" of each part of the house. "This would make a super guest bath," she breathed coarsely, arching her long torso and slicking her lips. "There's not very much water pressure," the prospective buyers noted, but after Rickie double-featured both of them in the tub, they stopped criticizing and bought the place outright.

THE PROPERTY:

CONVERTED TWO-ROOM storage shed; plumbing attached to interior walls with U-bolts and strips of sheet metal; third-hand, carbon-encrusted range with one working burner and griddle covered with grease, hair, and melted guitar picks; calcified shower head, squirts one lateral strand of water only; wasps; house flanked on one side by largest and most malicious fraternity at University of Texas, and on other side by halfway house for junkies; fraternity men use house as a blind for late-night water-cannon, firebomb, and fruit attacks on sleeping junkies; junkies use house as blind for shooting up beyond purview of counselors, also as depot for appliances, furniture, etc., burglarized from neighborhood; half-dozen rusted, cannibalized cars abandoned in front yard; incessantly crackling power transformers on phone pole two or three feet from bedroom window; dead cat in crawlspace beneath floor; no locks on doors; no roof.

THE LOCATION:

Austin, Texas

THE SELLING PRICE:

\$959,900

THE AGENT:

Rickie Rhey Butler



"I think you'll be really pleased with how good the dishwasher works," Melony moans to her buyer. "What's all that steam?" he inquires. "Come and find out," she responds with an aching squeal, not long before the man made out his check.

THE PROPERTY:

THREE-BEDROOM, TWO-BATH ranch; new carpeting, wall-paper, appliances, landscaping; quiet, pleasant street; low taxes; double garage; spectacular view; very clean, bright, well maintained; blocks from schools, churches, parks, stores, Mount Saint Helens.

THE LOCATION:

Spirit Lake, Washington

THE SELLING PRICE:

\$750,000

THE AGENT:

Melony Scavarda



Cubie Why

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56)

He was no longer there. Rather, in his place was the Sublime Spirit of Disaster. Barry Glenn was a channel of disorder and decay, a yes-man to the Lord of the Flies. Admit it, Paula-Ishmael. In a bizarre way, he *did* enchant.

"...Had we world enough and time," Glenn continued, "we could pursue this theme ad inf: *Those who live by their image die by their image*. It's so simple! Farrah Fawcett Majors smiles, gets lockjaw, is strangled by her hair. Alan Alda pops his jugular while defending a liberal cause at a banquet! John Travolta has his whang ripped off by six thousand disgusting prepubescent teenyboppers and the entire Gay Lib. Pat Boone finds God and discovers He is Bette Midler! Bette Midler finds God and discovers He is Bette Midler as well! Richard Pryor *stays alive!*"

"That's fine for films and television," shouted My Boss, trying to recover from the onslaught of this chaotic high. "But what about the record industry?"

Q stepped forward, putting his hand lightly upon Glenn's shoulder. I could swear I saw a red flame pass between them. Glenn's eyes rolled back in his head, then returned. He gazed bleakly about the room.

"...What *about* the record industry, indeed, gentlemen?" Q began, easing Glenn into a chair and handing him an

odd-looking tablet. "Is it worth twelve million to focus the eyes and ears, the hearts and minds of the world upon its dilemma, so that nothing save a full-scale global nuclear war could keep the human race from concentrating completely and fully, and on an up-to-the-minute basis, upon the reality of the music industry, *and only that?* Gentlemen, at twelve million you have yourselves a bargain. Do we call it a day?"

There was mumbling, there was groaning, there was tearing of hair and gnashing of teeth.

"Make it ten?" piped the chairman of Warner's, querulously.

Nobody said a word.

Q smiled, exposing his canines. Icicles began to form on our hair shirts.

"Gentlemen," he whispered, and the honey slipped into our earlobes, "I wish you all a case of hermaphroditism, that you might spend your golden years as decent androids do, fucking *only* yourselves."

With that he turned to the door, followed by his two associates.

"Stop!" shouted the president of CBS Records. "Yes! Twelve is good! Twelve is decent!"

"It is *not*, sir," Q replied, still heading for the door. "It is now at thirty."

"Fine! Thirty! Thirty is fine!"

Q stopped, turning once again to us. Then he sighed, waving his delicate, baby-pink hand at the Oriental. "Take their money, Yamamoto. Make them all, each and every one of them, with

the exception of Paula the Survivor, sign the disclaimer."

And left the boardroom, shaking his head—in disgust? Anger? Or wonder at our blunder?

THE DISCLAIMER WAS very simple:

"I (the undersigned) do accept full responsibility for any and all actions

taken by the Disaster Agency of America in the performance of its duties. For such performance, the Disaster Agency of America will receive (fill in the exact amount) dollars, payable in full to Panamanian Heart Fund. Signed (place signature here)."

"Our lawyers would kill us," said the presidents as soon as they read the disclaimer.

"Listen," spat Glenn. "Because of your shmucky mismanagement, we're gonna have to declare a moratorium on *all our other* projects! You wanna talk to the automobile industry? Cap Weinberger? Jimmy 'The Bug' Watt? Indira 'The Crooner' Gandhi? You wanna take a meeting with that smelly goddamn goatherd the ayatollah? You wanna look Nixon right in the eye and tell him, 'No go, old sport'? Jesus! And I had his return all planned, too: six bizarre disappearances, one movie-of-the-week, and a goddamn song by Gladys Knight and the Pips, 'We Needs a Dick to Turn the Trick!'—all that heavy-duty plotting shot to hell, just so the old cocksucker could run for assemblyman from New Jersey! Pardon my English, scouts, but Q has a way of creating disasters *within* the agency! So just sign on the line, Buttinski, and don't give me no more of your craven whines!"

He was true greased lightning, his monologue delivered in less than ten seconds.

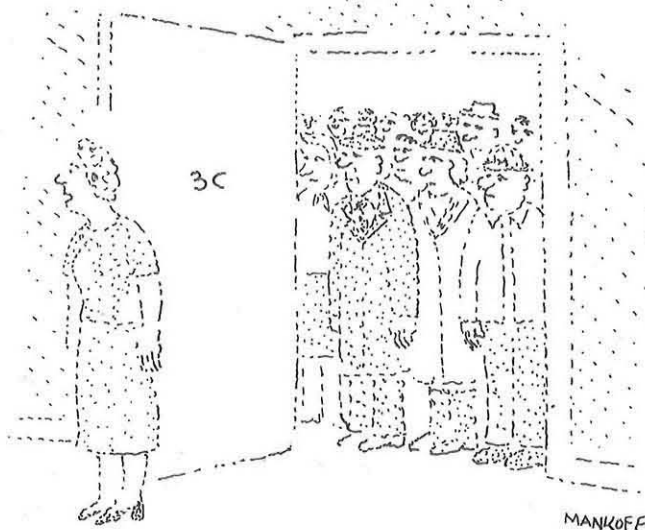
Sighing, they signed.

And when Glenn and Yamamoto had left the room, we delivered ourselves unto prayer.

Still I ask myself: Paula-Ishmael, although you know *why* it happened, *how* did it happen? Can you point to the First Sign which should have alerted us to the fact that our "delivery" was nothing but a prelude to a hellish symphony?

Upon retrospect, perhaps it was the appearance of six new faces on a billboard above Doheny and Sunset boulevards, not one block from our office:

Six young and attractive albino women in miniskirts were seated astride a rainbow. One held a bow, another a machete, a third a rifle, the fourth a pair of bright red shears, the fifth a rope, and the sixth a black box with a red button. All were so uncommonly white as to



"Harry, the hundreds of people you pass on the street every day and never even notice are here to tell you they're fed up with being regarded as a mere backdrop for the unfolding story of your life and want to be considered as real, flesh-and-blood human beings whose existence is every bit as important as your own. Also they'd like you to subscribe to some nationally known magazines at greatly reduced prices."

appear dazzling. Each had a black nimbus surrounding her head. The rainbow upon which they were seated led from an ultra-modern stereo on one side of the billboard to a toilet bowl on the other end.

Above this tasteless and surreal vision were the words:

CUBIE WHY PRESENTS
ALBINO ABYSS

Beneath the rainbow was a neon-glowing title:

ARCH YOUR BACK,
AND COME OUT SCREAMIN'

There was no record label, however.

(One week later, when I called Tower Records to confirm the existence of the group Albino Abyss, the manager replied that *nobody* had heard of them. Moreover, the billboard people themselves could only trace the artwork order to an Estonian holding company in Curacao called Keck Ko.)

HERE WAS CERTAINLY interest in that Strip billboard, judging from the number of automobile pileups at Sunset and Doheny. But two days later our attention shifted from surrealism to shock when we learned that Bob Dylan had been gunned down by several members of the extreme right wing of the Jewish Defense League, and at a Charleston, South Carolina, concert.

It was difficult to know if six albinos could make up for one born-again-and-again Zimmerman-Dylan-Christer, but there was even less time to consider the ramifications of this event upon the music industry itself, for another billboard appeared, and this time in Times Square, to capture our attention: wreathed in a black border, it showed Albino Abyss seated at the table of the Last Supper, with Jesus himself carved before them on a platter. All those gorgeous girls (still mini'd) held fork and knife in hand, and grinned at the spectators.

CUBIE WHY PRESENTS
ALBINO ABYSS
HEY, MOM! PASS METHER
BLOOD SAUCE!

Before there was time for the Moral Majority and the National Conference of Christians and Jews to protest this ignominious assault upon our ethical if not our aesthetic sensibilities, we were horrified to learn that Mick Jagger was elected honorary president of the Church of Satan, and that he and the rest of the Stones had been found by tuna fishermen, floating in the bay of San Francisco, bound upside down on Formica crucifixes.

Although Jagger later regained consciousness (if such *is* or ever *was* the word), the rest of the boys were plainly

gaga. All Jagger could say was, "Why white? Why white?"

BY NOW THE PRINCIPAL Grammy winners of past and present had begun to refuse to perform live, and would not attempt to record a single note unless the studios were surrounded by an elite corps of Green Berets. Needless to say, there was little recording. But record sales suddenly shot up to those grand and glorious Beatles Era figures.

The prexies and veeps and minnies were happy indeed, and when they tried to reach the Disaster Agency to send them congratulations for the splendid work *they might have performed*, they discovered the phone line disconnected and the office abandoned.

The music industry was becoming daily news.

And still, nobody had heard of Cubie Why or had seen one inch of Albino Abyss in the flesh.

THE RECORD-BUYING panic did not hit the ceiling until the following week, however, when the entire Dakota Hotel blew up in a freak but sinister explosion, taking with it the Eagles, Yoko Ono, the remaining members of the Sex Pistols, as well as crushing Adam and the Ants and the entire saxophone section of the Count Basie band, who happened to be passing by in a limo on their way to a Knicks game. That very evening Broadway and the Sunset Strip were the scenes of horrendous disasters as thousands of music nuts trashed Sam Goody, Tower Records, and Discomat in an orgy of buying.

GRIMLY, WITH THE COMING of the sun, a new billboard appeared:

The six Albinos stood in a line before an operating table. Over their minis each wore a doctor's smock, and held a glinting scalpel:

LIVE! FROM CEDARS SINAI
CUBIE WHY PRESENTS
ALBINO ABYSS
GET THE GO-GO'S!

At the risk of sounding sexist, I must admit that by this time I thought it a splendid idea. I also wouldn't have minded seeing Deborah Harry, Joan Jett, and Olivia Newton-John up on that table as well. But I had to stop myself.

What kind of voodoo had possessed me?

How could I have considered such a diabolic thought?

As a product of the Judeo-Christian

tradition, as well as a graduate of Santa Monica High, how had I let go of my reason? My temporary psychosis, however, was no different from any other person's on the planet. Every night the news brought us one disaster after another, and all of it related to the rock industry. All of America seemed to be playing Name That Swan Song.

JOHNNY CASH AND WAYLON Jennings appeared at a Grand Ol' Opry benefit for the Lovers of Fleetwood Mac. (As the Mac endlessly had sung, there were no husbands or wives left—only lovers.) Yes, you guessed it—all except Stevie Nicks had succumbed to the disaster sweeping the industry. (Stevie herself, it was rumored, had been protected by that troublesome lady Cerridwen, the White Goddess, and, in repayment, had entered a Welsh coven in Glyffydy, there to compose a sixty-thousand-stanza celebration of the Return of the Great Mother.)

During that benefit concert for the Lovers, the Opry itself was hit by a flash fire.

The next morning, one could not buy a country-western album for all the tea in Harlem.

THE PENULTIMATE ASSAULT on the world's music makers occurred on what cultural historians have called Penultimate Destruction Day. *Every* radio and television station on the third planet from the Sun suddenly was interrupted during the heat of broadcasting. On TV a slow pan of Albino Abyss was seen, each of those exotic white ladies holding a black harp and seated on an equally black cloud. A voice-over was heard:

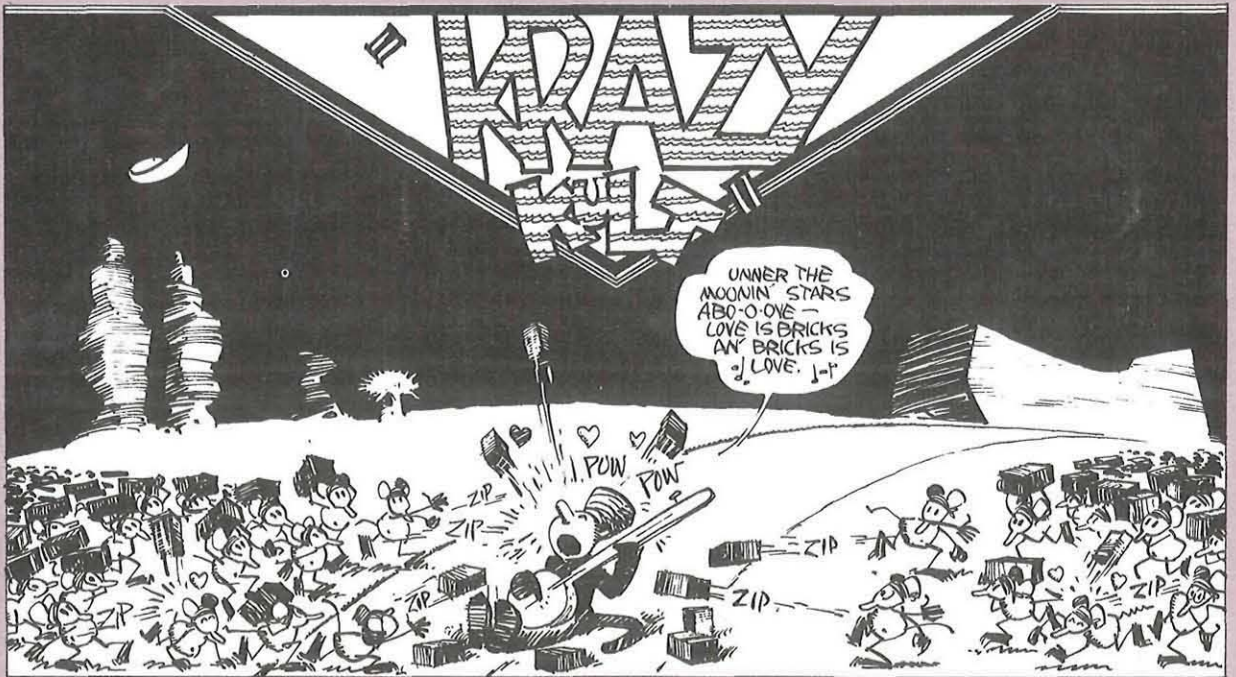
"Tomorrow night—like it or not—at this same time, on this same station... Live! From the Red Planet! Cubie Why will present... *What Is the Sound of Six Albinos Singing?*"

The networks were outraged. How could each of the Big Three be interrupted, and at the same time? The FCC was flooded with calls from local broadcasters. State-sponsored stations in Europe and behind the Iron Curtain began to send angry cables to the U.N. What in hell was happening?

Meanwhile, as the world lay in a terrified state of alarm, dreading the next evening's broadcast, more B.D.'s—Bizarre Demises, as the deejays were now calling them—began to trickle in to the headlines:

Wayne Newton's balls dropped onstage at Caesars Palace, and he began to sing "Racing with the Moon";

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)



OFFISSA COPPS THE NAME, AND CATCHING RUNAWAYS'S MY GAME. THE WORK AIN'T MUCH, BUT I CAN'T KNOCK THE PAY--



WHEN A KID LIKE MARTY MOUSE TAKES A POWDER, MY MOTTO IS "CHERCHEZ LA GURU." SO I HOPPED A FLIGHT TO COCONINO, NEW MEXICO, WHERE MOST OF THESE MAIL-ORDER SWAMIS CONGREGATE--



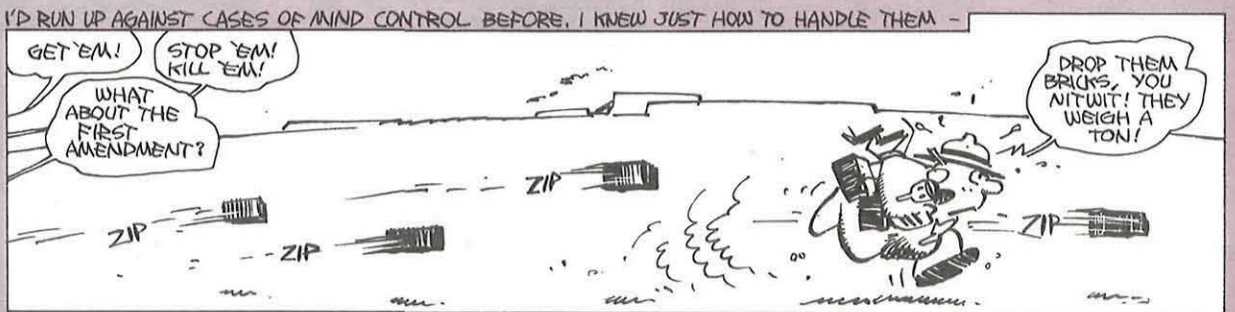
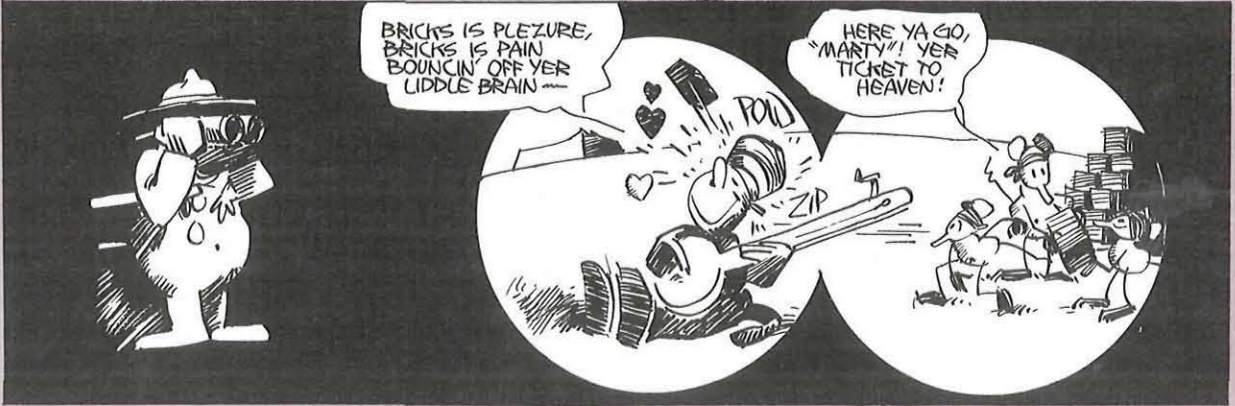
COCONINO USED TO BE KNEE-DEEP IN DIS-ORGANIZED RELIGIONS AND I THOUGHT BY NOW I'D SEEN 'EM ALL. BUT THERE WAS A NEW GAME IN TOWN--



NO ONE WAS TALKING MUCH EXCEPT A MUCK OUT ON THE EDGE OF TOWN WHO LET ME HAVE AN EARFUL, GRATIS. THINGS WERE STARTING TO ADD UP--



AND IT SMELLED LIKE SOMETHING LITTLE MARTY MOUSE MIGHT HAVE WANDERED INTO. SO I HEADED OUT OF TOWN, TO WHERE THE POUGH TOLD ME THE BRICK-NIKS DID THEIR STUFF. WHAT A SIGHT!



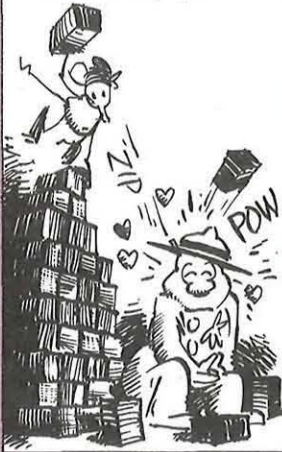
MARTY WAS STARTING TO COME AROUND. WHAT I DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT HIS LITTLE PALS WERE STARTING TO COME AROUND, TOO-

THE LAST THING I REMEMBER WAS THE PUNGENT SMELL OF CHEESE. THEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT!



WHEN I CAME TO— IF YOU COULD CALL IT COMING TO— I WAS FEELING NO PAIN. THAT'S IRONIC, NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT—

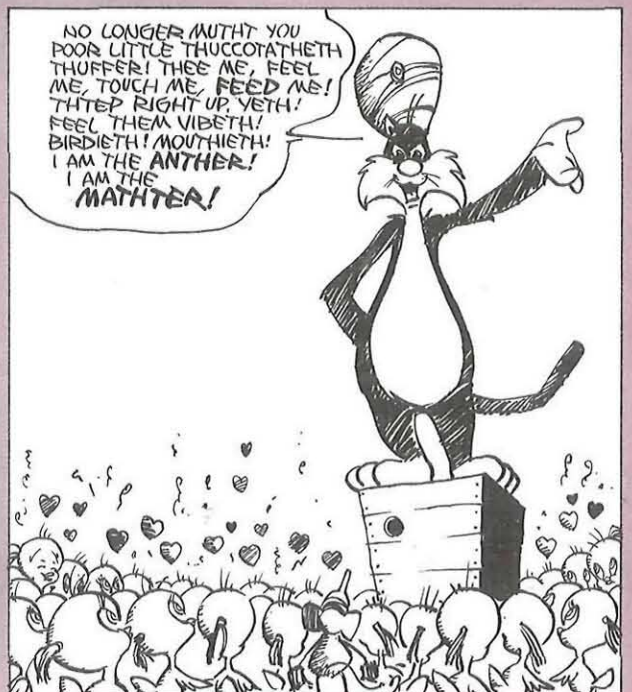
"BRICKS IS LOVE" ALL RIGHT— IF WHAT YOU LOVE IS WORKIN' SIXTEEN HOURS A DAY BENEATH THE BROILING SUN. LIKE ALL THESE CULT- AND -MOUSE GAMES, THIS ONE WAS MORE ABOUT "PROFITS" THAN "PROPHETS." 'COURSE, I DIDN'T KNOW IT AT THE TIME. I WAS AS "KRAZED" AS THE REST. UNTIL ONE DAY—



THE TIME HAD COME TO BID A NOT SO FOND ADIEU TO COCONINO. I PUT THE TRUCK IN GEAR, MARTY IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT—



I TURNED THE KID OVER TO HIS PARENTS, AND Poured MYSELF A SHORT VACATION. THEN I CLOSED THE FILE ON THE CASE I CALLED "TICKET TO HEAVEN."



Wayne Newton Takes You on a

Wine Tour of Nevada

(as told to Kirk Kirkorian)



THIS IS A FAIRLY unusual kind of trip for me, since you all know me primarily as a song stylist and nightclub entertainer. But a few years ago Kirk Kirkorian, the president of the

M-G-M Grand Hotel in Las Vegas and one of the country's richest businessmen, introduced me to the wines of our own state, and I was so knocked out, I became their Number-One Fan. I'm not one of those snotty wine experts who can toss around fancy adjectives, but I think our Nevada wines can hold their own with their highfalutin California neighbors, and with those in France, for that matter.

One day Kirk and I were talking about this, and he said, "Why don't you write a magazine piece about our Nevada wines and let the public in on the best drinking west of the Mason-Dixon?" I said, "Kirk, I'm not a writer, I'm a singer, an entertainer. I can't write about all these wonderful vineyards all over the state and do them full justice." He said, "Wayne. I don't want a professional. I want a guy full of enthusiasm who wants to share his passions with an appreciative audience out there.

"Why don't you write about one big winery that is truly representative of the wines of Nevada, that typifies all the skills and values of the art?" Kirk and I both agreed that there is one vineyard that could be called the true leader, the one that has done the most to promote Nevada wines—Scuzzio Brothers.

So I went out and did the interviewing and took a lot of notes, and Kirk took it all down and had it made into this article. We hope you like it.

Wayne Newton
Kirk Kirkorian

Sahud!

THE SCUZZIO BROTHERS winery sits right on Highway 167 about eight miles from North Las Vegas, not far from the abandoned Gypsum Caves. The oldest part of the winery is the warehouse, which dates back to 1975. The main house is a large, two-story ranchette of turquoise wood and simulated sandstone, with a spacious backyard and a finished basement where some of the winemaking takes place.

The property was bought for the entire Scuzzio family, including mother, father, and many children. The warehouse, which was originally used for storing bootleg records and tapes, became the distribution area for the wine, and in 1977, the Scuzzio brothers, Carmine and Bonaparte, opened the winery itself.

"We were sick and tired of Vegas," said Bonaparte, who bears a close resemblance to the actor Ernest Borgnine. "It was a rat race. Carmine and



Carmine and Bonaparte Scuzzio checking out a vintage bottle of Dark Red, now a collector's item.

me wanted to get back to a more simple life, close to the soil—like our father. He was a professional marksman.”

Carmine, who also looks like Ernest Borgnine, but after going fifteen rounds with Thomas Hearn, agreed. “We were out of circulation for a long time and then when we got back to Vegas we found out that a lot of our assets like vending machines, garbage carting, modeling agencies, and wholesale vitamins were gone. We had to start a whole new business.”

Ironically, the Scuzzio brothers didn’t think of a winery at first. They confess that though they always liked a glass of wine with their meals, they really liked Scotch better, but they didn’t know how to make it from scratch.

“It all happened because of Papa. Papa really liked his wine,” said Carmine. “He always used to tell us how he made it in the old country. So one day, for his birthday, me and Bono went to the supermarket ourselves and bought fifty pounds of grapes and made some wine for him in the basement, just like he told us. Papa didn’t believe in mashing grapes with his feet. He used his head. He said the oils from your hair and scalp and your brand of hair tonic is what gives the wine a smooth texture and finish. All your feet do is stink up the wine.

“So we made this batch of wine and Papa drank it and gave us a big hug and a smile. Then he keeled over and dropped dead. We thought he got a heart attack but we found out it was from the wine. Something went wrong with it. I think it was too strong. Maybe our hair tonic wasn’t right. We were using a lot of Vaseline spray in those days. You know, for the dry look. Papa



The original Scuzzio ranchette.

was used to that old-fashioned oily stuff from the barbershop in Sicily. But he was such a sweetheart that he drank a big glass of wine in one shot, not to hurt our feelings. And then he died, because of us.”

IT WAS THE TRAGIC DEATH OF their father that inspired the Scuzzio brothers to learn how to make a better wine, a wine that wouldn’t kill people. “After the tragedy, we only used that first batch in an emer-

gency—if we had to get rid of some hard-on who was giving us a bad time,” said Carmine.

For over three days the Scuzzio brothers experimented with various grape mixtures, until their first offering was ready. It was called Scuzzio Brothers Dark Red, because it came in

eliminate the use of grapes.

The brothers hired Guido Boogotz, a young oenologist from Naples who developed the famous Baron Manzoni Chianti, which was made from shoe polish. Boogotz devised a perfect blend of powdered grape flavoring, genuine alcohol, and a fine strain of capon



A vineyard worker bringing in one of the essential ingredients in Scuzzio Brothers Powerhouse Red.

a dark bottle. “We really weren’t sure the color would come out consistent at first, so we didn’t want to put our wine in a clear bottle,” said Carmine. Bonaparte, who was also the marketing and promotion director, did some research in the field and discovered that the most prestigious name in wine was Château Lafite Rothschild, a French Haut-Medoc from the legendary Bordeaux district. He convinced his brother to call their wine by the same name. Carmine agreed, but after six months the figures showed no difference in sales between the Scuzzio Dark Red and the Scuzzio Lafite. In fact, Scuzzio Dark Red was selling a little better. It was then that the brothers realized that their regular clientele did not discriminate according to brand labels but were more interested in sheer alcoholic content.

Scuzzio Dark Red began to sell well, but the brothers weren’t accustomed to the moderate profits of the wine business. A major marketing decision had to be made, especially since they wanted to expand their distribution quickly. The logical answer for lowering their costs and raising profits was to

blood, which was put into a secret fermenting process to create a new wine called Scuzzio Brothers Powerhouse Red. A touch of hair oil was added at the finish to give it a “round” and soft texture, just the way Papa would have liked it. A picture of Papa Scuzzio was used on the label. Powerhouse Red, an unusually robust wine that is “smooth going down and sticks to your gut!” as Bono put it, became a local favorite. The family salesmen devised an ingenious promotion plan for liquor-store owners—if they ordered a minimum of fifty cases a week, every week of the year, they were allowed to live.

At this point the story of the Scuzzio winery escalates to a tangled web of bitter fights, accusations, counter-accusations, and deep dark family feuds that finally culminated in a permanent split.

EVERYONE AGREES THAT THE main reason for the split was the differences the brothers had in how to market their new wine and how to deal with success. Carmine, the elder, was perfectly content in pro-

ducing only Powerhouse Red, refusing to tamper with a winner. Bonaparte, however, was becoming more fascinated and obsessed with the success of California wines and the variety they offered. He showed Carmine how they could produce a full line of wines by simply altering the colors and ratio of their ingredients, going from dark red to medium red to pink to yellow to off-white. Depending on the color, they could call their wine Cabernet Sauvignon, Zinfandel, Rosé, Chardonnay, Chenin Blanc—anything they thought was going to be a hot number for a while.

Carmine was violently against this concept, believing strongly in sticking with the flagship wine and “selling the shit out of it.” “Bono was always a bull-shitter, a name dropper,” said Carmine. “He read these books and he liked the sound of these fancy wine names. He even wanted to design his own labels. Bono liked to sell the sizzle, not the steak.”

The arguments blossomed into full-scale battles. Carmine was five years older than Bonaparte but was heavier and stronger. After taking a particularly brutal beating, Bonaparte finally pleaded with their aged but still healthy

mother, Strunzia, to act as the ultimate arbiter, the final judge in the feud. The matriarch's decision was classically simple—the brothers would separate. Carmine would make red, and Bonaparte white, and they could market them any way they liked.

IN 1981, THE BROTHERS CREATED two separate wineries, only a few miles apart, according to their mother's edict; but hostilities still ran high. There was talk of industrial sabotage. Bonaparte claimed that Carmine bribed his winemakers to urinate into his white wines. Carmine laughed at the accusation, but didn't deny it, stating that the “pissers” would make his brother's wines taste better. Then Carmine's red wine was found to contain large amounts of iodine. To counter this mischief, Carmine was supposed to have been responsible for the cases of Bonaparte's vintage Chardonnay that had big penises crudely drawn on the labels.

The war soon escalated to more vindictive and vicious levels. Gila monsters and scorpions were found in cartons of Powerhouse Red, and Carmine countered by somehow slipping a drop of ammonia in Bono's rosé. The final blow was the adulteration of Powerhouse Red with strychnine. Carmine would have taken this in stride and retaliated in kind but unfortunately this trick backfired on Bono. Somehow, Bono's youngest and most favored son, Gunzo, accidentally drank this wine. He did not die (“I wish he did. He would take me out of my misery and his,” cried Bono) but did suffer permanent brain damage and is rumored to be locked in the basement of Bono's new home, under tight security. “Gunzo was always a little wild, a little crazy, but he should have known better than to



The Scuzzio Brothers warehouse.

drink Carmine's wine—the stupid crazy fucking kid. Someday I'll make him drink a whole fucking bottle of Powerhouse Red. Just to teach him a lesson,” cried Bono.

The living death of young Gunzo brought the Scuzzio feud to a halt. No one is perfect, they finally realized. Blood, even capon blood, is thicker

A Scuzzio Brothers Wine Rating*

Scuzzio Brothers Dark Red 1977

Very hard, tannic to the point of toxicity. Hints of burning rubber, hard-boiled egg, sauerkraut, with overtones of grape-flavored hard candy. What it lacks in balance, bouquet, fruit, elegance, and softness, it more than makes up for in alcoholic intensity. Could probably use a minimum of fifty years of bottle aging. The only Scuzzio wine made from grapes. Becoming rare.

Château Lafite Rothschild

This is Scuzzio Dark Red 1977 under the alternate label. An interesting experiment would be to serve it with the other Lafite Rothschild.

Scuzzio Brothers Powerhouse Red

There is a great deal of skill evident in this blend, which evokes grapiness without the feeling of wininess. A vibrant, sweet-sour red with alcoholic power to spare. At its peak at the time of bottling and still ready to drink right now.

(In limited editions, available only at the Bonaparte Scuzzio Winery)

Bonaparte Scuzzio Tropicana Valley Cabernet Sauvignon

Bonaparte Scuzzio modified the original Jinzo Scumbaggi blend used by his brother Carmine. This is a more refined red, with lots of residual soy oil to mask its stinging intensity. Good on the rocks with plenty of sugar, or with cola drinks.

Bonaparte Scuzzio Late Harvest Private Reserve Zinfandel

A rich, horsey bouquet tinged with radish, cabbage, and bay leaf. Very intense and profound aftertaste and aftereffects. Primarily a dessert wine, or to be used as a flambé starter.

Bonaparte Scuzzio Heart of the Vine Rosé

Very dynamic, nearly burning intensity makes this an odd but effective rosé. Best when drunk with enormous amounts of food to act as a “sponge” for its potent finish. Don't let the pink color fool you.

Bonaparte Scuzzio Dark Yellow (Chardonnay)

A powerful, zesty wine with levels of taste that include mutton fat, earthworm, and the fruit candy called Jujubes.

Bonaparte Scuzzio Medium Yellow (Chenin Blanc)

A nice lemon-lime aftertaste but could use lots of extra sugar, cherries, and celery sticks.

Carmine Scuzzio Sparkling Red

Carmine Scuzzio may have a big winner on hand. We made preliminary tastings of this wine, which has not yet appeared on the market, and found it highly peppy, with lots of the old Scuzzio punch. Carmine promises more color to offset the sparkling water.

Bonaparte Scuzzio Champagne Brute

This could be the sleeper wine of the year in Nevada. Lots of heady fizz, plenty of alcohol, and a nice golden yellow color. A special wine for special occasions.

**Make sure that your Scuzzio wine did not come from one of the “raided” or sabotaged batches. Drink only a tiny amount at first, or test your wine on a household pet, before imbibing large quantities.*



Pomidora Scuzzio, wife of Carmine, welcomes visitors to a wine tour and a gala evening at the nightclub.

than water. And water is good for wine as well. They began to understand how wine-marketing concepts change, how the wine drinkers of Nevada have developed a more sophisticated palate in the few short years since Dark Red was introduced. The Scuzzio brothers were smart and savvy enough to adjust their wines to meet this new, more developed public taste. The family feud sputtered and the brothers went back to their first love, making good, sound wines.

Carmine Scuzzio has hired a young marketing consultant from Reno, Jinzo Scumbaggi, who has advised him to plan a large-scale invasion of the sparkling-wine field. "I'm buying a lot of club soda and adding it to my reds," said Carmine. "It's going to go over big with the younger crowd."

Ironically, Bonaparte now feels that he's overextended in producing too many varietals and is now going to confine himself to a dark yellow, a medium yellow, and a pale yellow—"with lots of extra sugar and lemon-and-lime flavoring to take the hard edge off," he said.

BOTH FAMILIES BELIEVE IN using their kin in the wineries. For Carmine, his sons Fausto, Gobbo, Musto, Forzo, and Zimbo work in sales, distribution, promotion, and advertising. Grunzo, Nippo, and Wolf are in charge of security. His wife, Pomidora, is the bookkeeper and hostess for the winery tours. The tours, incidentally, are a new addition to Carmine's business. Another Reno advertising and promotion expert, Craggo

della Familia, has written a film strip and designed a diorama show called "The Story of Scuzzio Brothers Red Wine," which accompanies the wine tour. There is a big electronic-game room for the children, a sound-and-



The original tub used to make the first batch of Scuzzio Brothers wine, the wine that killed their father.

light disco-type room for teenagers, and a huge nightclub complete with gambling facilities for adults. The lounge, called the Powerhouse Room, offers superb entertainment, including such stars as comedians Pat Henry, Corbett Monica, and Jack Carter.

For the moment, Carmine has forgotten the family feud and has become intensely involved with the tours and the spin-offs, especially the groundbreaking for his new hotel, Scuzzio's Palace.

Bonaparte also employs his entire family in his operation and is currently thinking of expanding into champagne. "If I can get the right strain of ginger ale," he said. "My winemakers still have a lot of experimenting to do. Everybody tells me to use any kind of ginger ale and just add your alcohol. I say you need a very dry ginger ale if you want your champagne to taste real French. Real French is what I want, not that sweet pink shit. I'm going to call it Scuzzio Brute. It's a play on *brut*, the French word for dry champagne. Only, my champagne will have a higher alcohol content. We're aiming for the first batch to be ready for the Reno Wine Fair in '83." ■

How to Get to the Scuzzio Brothers Winery

Carmine Scuzzio Winery

Take Highway 167 out of Las Vegas and drive north about eight miles. About a quarter-mile after the Gypsum Caves turn right at the Save-Mor gas station and go another fifty feet. The Scuzzio winery and warehouse is directly on the right-hand side.

Bonaparte Scuzzio Winery

Take the same route out of Las Vegas and continue another three miles on 167. The Bonaparte Scuzzio winery is located behind the Buzy-B Shopping Mall-ette. A prominently posted sign will lead you to it.

Cubie Why

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65)

James Taylor was found on a lonely country road, chattering wildly about flying saucers and sanitariums in Massachusetts;

An autopsy performed on John Denver showed his stomach to be filled with live bullfrogs;

Carly Simon was suddenly crippled by a strange and eccentric shrinking black bra and panties, from a Fredrick's starter set;

Frank Sinatra, during a welcome monologue at a White House fund raiser, died of shame;

Only Gene Puerling and the Hi-Lo's remained unscathed.

AN EMERGENCY MEETING of the record-company presidents was held that same evening. Although sales had never been higher, with production set at quadruple shifts to meet the unprecedented demand for the works of dead musicians, Conscience finally won the battle against Greed. (But Greed still posed the question: "If *all* the singers die, who will bring in the bucks for you and me?")

"First and foremost," My President began, "are we *genuinely certain* the Disaster Agency is behind this mayhem?"

"Of course we are," a marketing assistant replied. "Cubie Why is Q, B, and Y—Mr. Q, Barry Glenn, and the nefarious Yamamoto." (Sullen mutter-

ings, stern nods of agreement, and two stunned exclamations of "Hey, no shit!")

"Very well," continued My Main Man. "Then I think it is in the interests of our business to thank them, and to tell them to call off their...great work."

"They'll only blackmail us," added another prez. "They'll probably force us to pay them another thirty mill to scratch it."

"No, my friends," said yet another president. "I fear they will neither accept our money nor call *anything* off."

"You mean..." we began, all of us equally aghast.

"Yes," he choked, then broke down, sobbing. "Those cocksuckers are having too much fun!"

HE WAS CORRECT. At 8:01 Eastern Standard Time, all diabolic schemes were Go. Even TV stations and radio sets that had been shut down, unplugged, or turned off, suddenly blazed on, glaringly and blaringly.

A voice resembling John Gielgud's began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, Cubie Why is delighted to share with you a singular musical question, perhaps the only question of our time: 'What is the sound of six albinos singing?'"

Suddenly there they were, gorgeous as ever, scantily clad in Grecian robes eerily resembling the attire worn by the staff at Mike Roy's Circus Maximus Massage Parlor on La Cienega—where I worked before becoming the Prexy's private sec'y.



"Hey, wait a minute! This is a petition to allow unleashed dogs to roam the streets and dump wherever they please!"

The six girls stood in a row, pointing their hands at the camera and shamelessly leering. When they opened their mouths, however, nothing came out.

Or, at least, nothing that one could hear.

Instead, according to figures released the next morning by the ASPCA, twenty-eight million seven hundred and fifty-six thousand pets, ranging from chihuahuas to Irish wolfhounds, from alley cats to Abyssinians, from parakeets to goldfish bit the bullet, and all at the same moment, and on the same note.

New York City, that grand glass-and-steel canyon, popped all of its windows.

But worst of all, every record and cassette exposed to the inhuman vocal styling of Albino music instantly melted into a plastic booger-ball.

When the girls shifted positions, modulating their unheard song, every stereo set on the planet imploded, and all the Walkmen took a walk.

Then the six ladies flipped the bird to all their Earthling viewers, lifting their minis to reveal six body-paint faces of Abe Lincoln. Over the faces—most horrible of all!—a copy of each of the disclaimers signed by our prexies, veeps, and minnies appeared. With the camera moving in to a howlingly obscene close-up, the Gielgud voice said: "I,"—and here he named *every* signatory—"do accept full responsibility for any and all actions taken by the Disaster Agency of America in the performance of its duties... From all of us here on the Red Planet, have a *nice* evening, and drive carefully."

Blackout.

Network news followed the broadcast.

After a recap of the Main Event, we were told that there was *not one record company which could boast one living executive*. Evidently Smith and Wesson, Quaalude-coke cocktails, and several dozen lynch mobs had seen to that.

And since I, Paula-Ishmael, was the only one present at the Creation of the Demise who was not in any position to sign the disclaimer, I survived.

I do believe Cubie Why wanted it that way; needed someone to live to tell the tale.

Since that horrible evening, I have been spending my every penny in an attempt to track down the deadly trio. I've plans for them, of this you can be sure. I will find those Masters of Disaster, for I am Ishmael-Paula, the only survivor who can say without fear of contradiction:

"I have seen Them, yes, and their Light was terrible indeed."

AND WHEN I FIND THEM, I DO HOPE they'll give me a job. ■

Abbie Hoffman RETIREMENT VILLAGE

125 Super-Heavy Units Just Outside Woodstock



We've got 125 mind-blowing pads for sale just outside Woodstock on New York's Lower East Side!

That's right, Abbiescam Enterprises got lucky and copped a couple of blocks of perfect retirement land. And unlike a lot of straight developers, we've left the land and the houses in their untouched natural state—so you can get into fixing up your own place.

CONVENIENT TO SCORES

In the Abbie Hoffman Retirement Village you can score right on the corner of your block, from one of our local neighborhood dealers, reputable community cats who've been working the same location for weeks.

FREE CLINIC

The people at city hall say they'll be putting in a free clinic pretty soon, and other city services are bound to follow. Don't worry too much about the no-electricity—our weatherpeople tell us that there is going to be plenty of natural solar heat all summer. And don't worry about the heat, man—there will be none, man. None will come down, I guarantee that personally.

JUMP SOME JACK FAST

These pads are selling fast, so get up some jack and put it down to insure that you and your people have a place to hang. You'll need only about five G's for your place, thanks to "Hoffmanancing," a revolutionary new method of selling houses, developed for the people by Abbiescam. Explained simply: you give us five G's and you can stay in the pad and we continue to own it in your name until you pay the rest of the money. But don't worry about that, man. Just get the five G's.

DO I HAVE TO BE BURNED OUT TO LIVE IN THE ABBIE HOFFMAN RETIREMENT VILLAGE?

No way. We at Abbiescam believe that the state that some people call "burned out" can be the very start of some of the most enjoyable and progressive years of your life. All kinds of hip people—some, so-called burn-outs—are interested in living in our community. Mario Savio, Rennie Davis...even maybe Bob Dylan was thinking of moving back, man. Are they burn-outs? No way, man. They're entering their *flashback years* and are likely to come out with some of their heaviest insights ever into Western capitalist-pig society.

PLANNED FEATURES

- Indoor people's courts
- Car pools
- 19-hole Rolwing course
- Flashbackgammon competitions
- Fishing with Country Joe



Take a look at this demonstrator bedroom. A little ingenuity and you can fix up your place just as good.

Hey, Abbie!

You've come through like a fuckin' brother. Please send me your brochure on the Abbie Hoffman Retirement Village.

- I have enclosed my five G's as a gesture of faith.
 I'm a little short but can try to raise the five G's.

Mail to:
Abbiescam Enterprises
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

PLEASE SEND ME MORE INFO RIGHT AWAY.

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Street _____ Community _____

State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

THANK, MAN!

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It really works! The knowledge that human beings produce odors and scents that can attract or repel each other is nothing new. History's great lovers and legendary temptresses have alluded to it down through the ages. Perfume and cosmetic manufacturers have been trying to capitalize on it for centuries. But now, for the first time, the secret has been found. Tests done by doctors at leading universities confirm the power of pheromones, nature's "inner perfume".

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Research results are so startling that we can confidently offer you this incredible guarantee. Try Potent-8 for men (Captive-8 for women) for 30 days. Use it time and time again. Use all of it. See the thrilling results. You must be completely satisfied or you may send back the empty bottle for a prompt refund, no questions asked! Don't delay. Order NOW!



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FREE SAMPLE!

Yes, to show you how much we believe in the power of these incredible fragrances, we'll give you an individual packet of Potent-8 and Captive-8. FREE (include \$1 each for p&h), even if you don't purchase the 1 oz. sizes now! Of course, remember, when you buy the regular size at our risk, you can still order the free samples and you can return the empty bottle for a prompt refund, no questions asked.

But, whether or not, you decide to purchase the regular size now, the samples of Potent-8 for men and Captive-8 for women are yours FREE for the asking. There is a strict limit of SIX samples of each fragrance per order. You must include \$1 p&h for each sample ordered. Supplies are limited. So, whether you choose to become a Potentate with women, or Captivate your men, don't delay. Order NOW!

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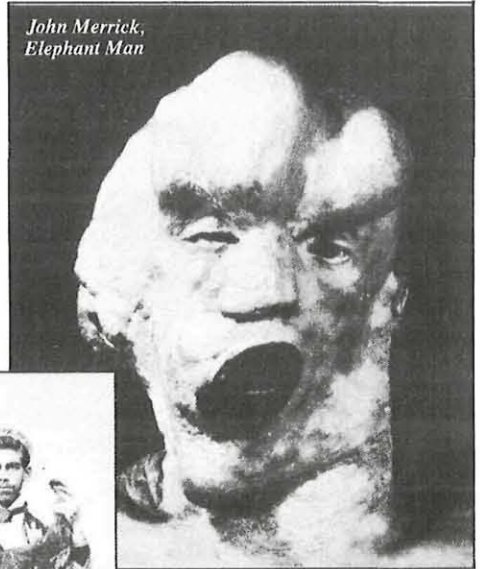
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Laloo, whose parasite brother grew from his sternum

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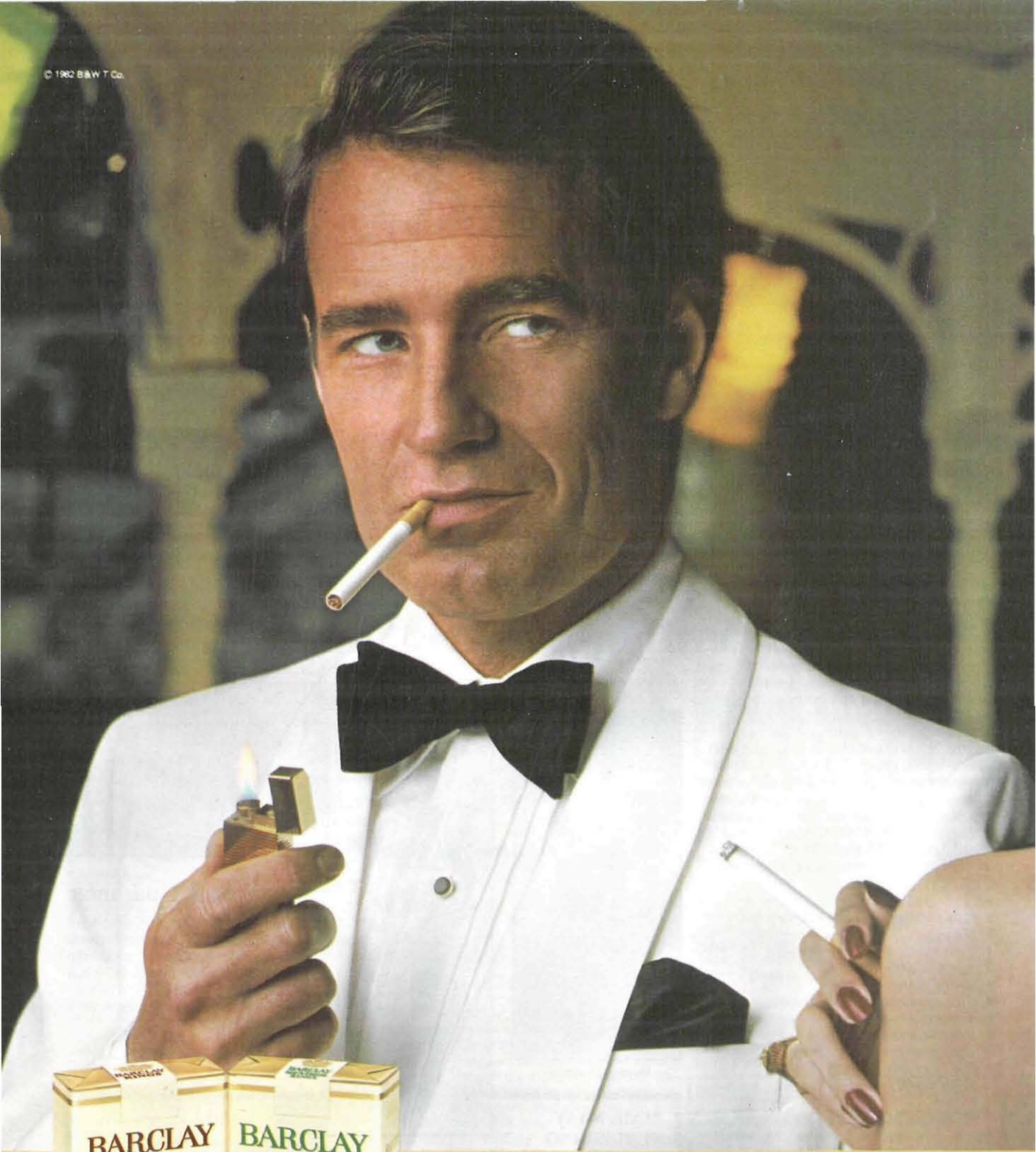
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Regular, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81;
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TRUE SECTION

True Facts

HARRY WALKER SLEEPS with a handgun at the ready, so when he was awakened at 3:30 one morning, the thirty-year-old Logan, Ohio, man got off a shot at what he mistakenly thought was an intruder in his bedroom. The bullet hit his own penis before lodging in the calf of his left leg.

Asked later if the penis wound had been painful, Walker replied, "Nope. Didn't hurt all that much. It's only a twenty-two caliber, you know. Would have been a lot worse if I had a forty-five." *Ocean County Times-Observer* (contributed by Timothy Gilroy)

DONALD J. DUCK HAS BEEN PROMOTED to vice-president of the Harza Engineering Company. According to *Dodge Construction News*, Duck, who won the 1982 Golden Beaver Award for Engineering, is an expert in water projects. (contributed by Richard Rudolph and Steve Johnson)

ACCORDING TO SGT. JOHN STACEY OF the New York City Transit Police, subway-token suckers are a growing problem. Mostly juveniles, token suckers jam subway turnstile slots with cardboard slugs; then they return, put their lips to the token slots, and suck out genuine subway tokens deposited by would-be riders. The real tokens can then be sold back to token clerks for their original price of seventy-five cents each. Stacey said that two fourteen-year-old boys are making as much as \$75 a day by sucking tokens. "They're making a career of it," he said. *UPI* (contributed by Duck Divet)

WHEN BRITISH RAILWAY ENGINEERS heard cries for help, they found thirty-five-year-old Derek Bateman clinging desperately to a metal grid suspended over a drainage pit in Stroud, England.

Bateman later told authorities that he hung there for seventeen hours convinced that he was in a well and that he would drown if he let go. In fact, the water beneath his feet was less than two feet deep. *AP* (contributed by Kelly Mann)

OFFICIALS AT THE BLOEMFONTEIN Zoo in South Africa discovered that Homly, a sixty-year-old elephant, had a cavity the size of a man's fist in one of its huge molars. Using enough anesthetic to kill seventy men, a team of seventeen dentists, doctors, veterinarians, and technicians performed a ninety-minute operation on the elephant. The dentist in charge, Dr. Louise van der Merwe, said that the size of Homly's mouth was a problem. "The tongue was too big, the cheeks too flappy to get a nice view," she complained. *AP* (contributed by David Richardson)

FERDINANDO DI SIMONE, SIXTY-FIVE, was taken to a mental hospital after suffering a fit of madness on his small farm in Caserta, Italy. Di Simone was found

drunk in the hayloft of his barn, where he had just hung his three horses to death. *Reuter's* (contributed by David Richardson)

CALLING THE EXPENDITURE "OUTRAGEOUSLY CRUDE," U.S. Health and Human Services secretary Richard Schweiker blasted Planned Parenthood of Metropolitan Washington for spending \$1,000 of its \$160,000 federal subsidy to promote National Condom Week.

Intended to encourage the use of condoms by men, National Condom Week featured a "Rubber Disco" dance at the Beret Discotheque, which was decorated with inflated rubbers of various colors. About two hundred people attended the affair, which climaxed with a condom-blowing contest.

According to Mary Janney, executive director of the Planned Parenthood group, National Condom Week was meant "to inform and educate men about their roles in matters of sexuality and family planning." *AP* (contributed by Bill James)

Photo for Thought



Jeffrey M. Hill, Toronto, Canada

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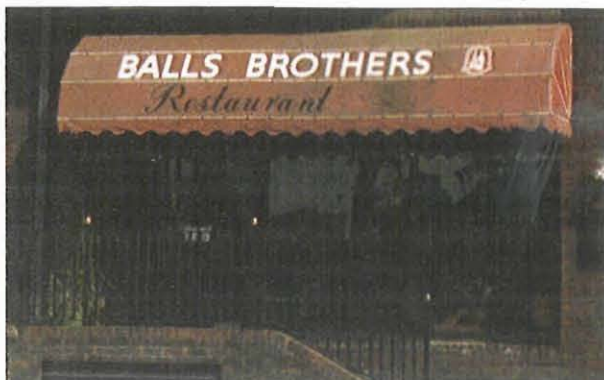
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Let's Talk Balls

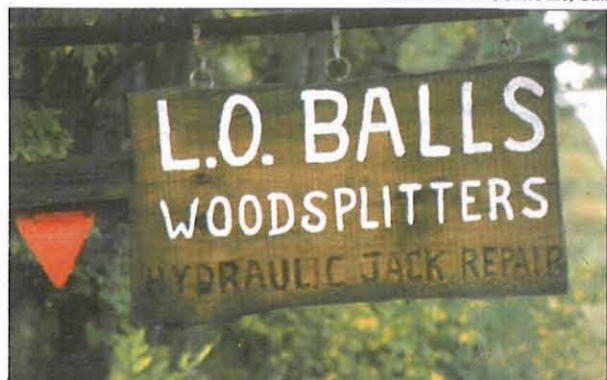
Readers' Page



Mark Tomacci, San Jose, Cal.



Fred Lees, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada



Gary Sudol, Johnson, Vt.



Kurt Reichle, Newington, Conn.



Bill Whiting, Columbia, S.C.



Don Williams, Holland, Mich.



Rick Earley, Lake Grove, Oreg.



Bob Strauss, West Los Angeles, Cal.

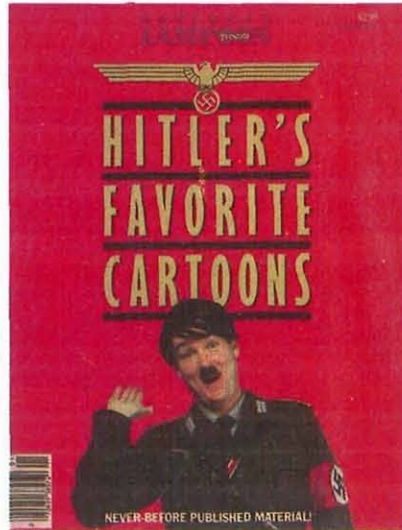
ONLY 1,000 SALE DAYS LEFT!

HITLER'S LIFE WAS MARKED BY A LOVE of cartooning. A lonely and frustrated cartoonist himself, he made repeated attempts to sell his cartoons to the magazines and newspapers of his day. This led to the well-known series of rebuffs that embittered the Austrian youth and caused him to throw himself wholeheartedly into politics and genocide.

Hitler's personal preferences in cartoons are well documented. He enjoyed those with a message, usually conveyed by strongly drawn characters notable for their large noses. Yet his tastes were changing, and by the close of 1944 he was much more inclined to favor gentler and subtler cartoons, one notable example being a drawing of Winston Churchill screaming in futile rage at an American bald eagle flying off with his genitalia in its beak.

With the aid of a computer, we were able to plot the changes in Hitler's tastes up to the present day, and, according to our computer model, had he lived, his favorite cartoons would have been those that we have collected here. We hope you will enjoy them as much as the Führer would have, had he been able to.

—Ted Mann



Sirs: Please send me _____ copies of *National Lampoon Presents Hitler's Favorite Cartoons* at \$2.95 each. I enclose \$1.00 for postage and handling. My check is payable to *National Lampoon*.

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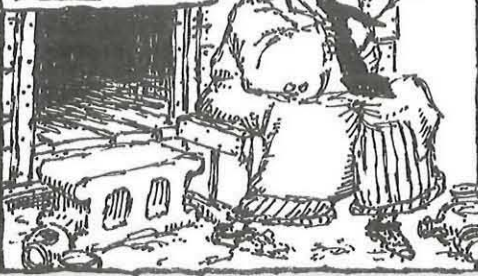
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Funny Pages

Deirdre Callahan • A CHILD SO INCREDIBLY UGLY THAT THOSE WHO VIEW HER KILL THEMSELVES OR HAVE THE CORNEAS OF THEIR EYES BURNED OUT!

BLIND BOB, THE BLIND MAN DEIRDRE LIVES WITH AT THE CITY DUMP, IS SITTING BY HIS SHACK WHEN HE HEARS SIRENS...

ARE THOSE POLICE SIRENS? IS THERE ANYONE? DEIRDRE? DEIRDRE? ARE YOU? WHAT'S? WHERE? DEIRDRE? WHY IS?



BLIND BOB RUSHES TO THE HOSPITAL!
THE LITTLE GIRL THEY BROUGHT FROM THE CITY DUMP—HOW IS SHE?
SOME FACIAL INJURIES, BUT SHE'S OKAY—FIFTH DOOR DOWN THE HALL



YEAH, I'M BLIND BOB, AND, SAY, DOC, YOU FIXED HER FACE UP REAL GOOD! WHY, HER LITTLE FACE FEELS JUST AS SOFT AND TENDER! THE SE FINGERS DON'T LIE! DOC, YOU'RE A GENIUS! I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MUCH—



VERY FUNNY, DR. THYME! I PRAY THE DAY NEVER COMES WHEN YOU MIGHT BE GROPING ABOUT FOR THE FACE OF A LOVED ONE AND COME UP WITH A HANDFUL OF HEMORRHOIDS!

Excursions

The Secret Life of A. Lincoln, by Rick Geary



FEW PEOPLE ARE AWARE THAT OUR 16TH PRESIDENT WAS A PRACTICING SAKANIST FOR MOST OF HIS LIFE.



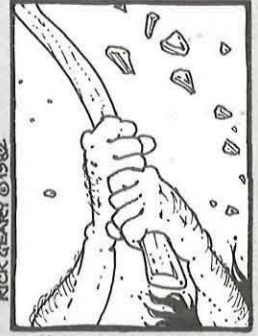
HE WAS WELL KNOWN TO ALL FOR HIS MYSTICAL, OTHERWORLDLY NATURE.



NOTE THE TALL BLACK HAT, AND THAT SINISTER-LOOKING CLOAK!



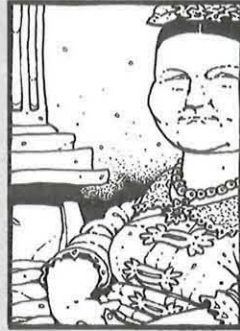
AS A CHILD ON THE INDIANA FRONTIER, HE WAS MOST LIKELY SCHOOLED BY HIS MOTHER IN THE BLACK ARTS.



FROM HER HE INHERITED HIS ABNORMALLY LONG ARMS, AND A WAFT—WELL-KNOWN DEFORMITIES OF WITCHES.



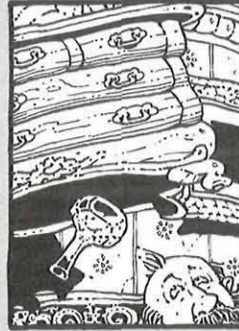
HIS NAME SPELLED BACKWARD 'MAHARBA.' SAKANISTS ARE WELL KNOWN FOR REVERSE SPELLING.



WAS IT MERELY COINCIDENCE THAT HE WED A WOMAN NAMED TODD? (TOD: GERMAN FOR DEATH.)



THE LINCOLNS WERE WELL KNOWN TO BE FRIENDS OF GEN. AND MRS. TOM THUMB, THE INFAMOUS MIDGETS.



THE PRESIDENT WAS ABLE TO MOVE LARGE OBJECTS THRU THE AIR—PUMFONDING MANY A DISTINGUISHED QUEST.



AND FINALLY HE SAW TO IT THAT HIS IMAGE WOULD BE SEEN AND TOUCHED BY MILLIONS OF PEOPLE DAILY.

Ward C

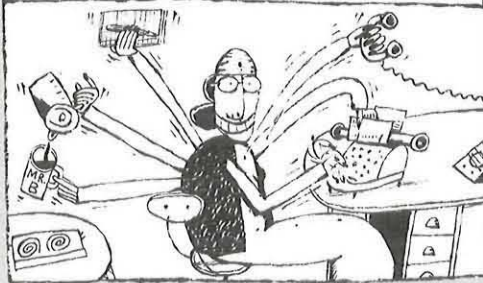
by Tom Cheney



Popular Problems

by Ron Hauge

NO ONE WAS MORE LOYAL TO MR. BURKE THAN DIANE, HIS RECEPTIONIST FOR 25 YEARS.

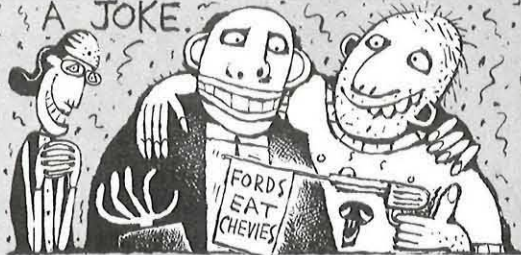


DURING HER OFFICE ANNIVERSARY PARTY A GUNMAN CHARGED IN. HE ORDERED DIANE TO DRAW MR. BURKE OUT OF HIS OFFICE.

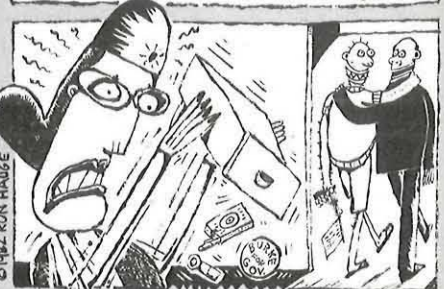


HE CALLED MR. BURKE ON THE INTERCOM AND TOLD HIM SOMEONE SPECIAL WAS HERE TO SEE HIM. HE CAME OUT RIGHT AWAY.

THE GUNMAN WAS REALLY MR. BURKE'S CHILDHOOD FRIEND HE HADN'T SEEN IN YEARS. THE GUN WAS REALLY JUST A JOKE.



STILL, MR. BURKE FIRED DIANE FOR LETTING HIM GET THROUGH.



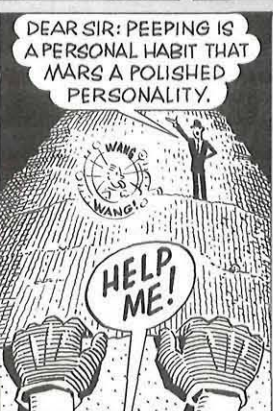
Politenessman

by Ron Barrett

TWO HARDY CLIMBERS SEEK TO REACH THE SUMMIT OF PEAK ABU.



BUT THEN THE ALPINIST IS STRUCK BY POLITENESSMAN'S NAPKIN RING BOLA!



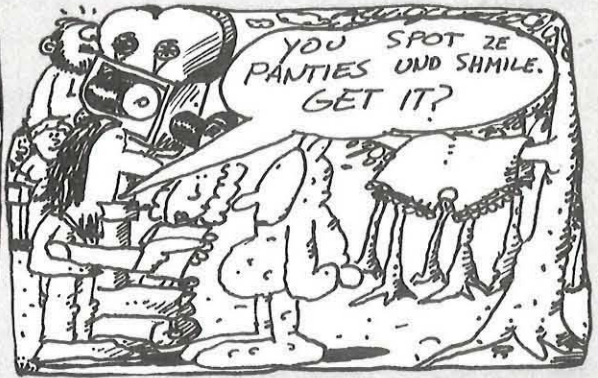
SHOW THE GALS A NICE SURPRISE, WHEN THEY ENTER, GENTS ARISE! THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

The Rabbit Boy

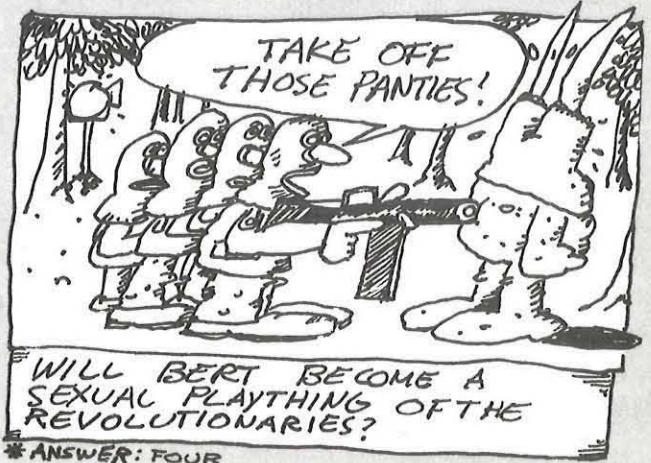
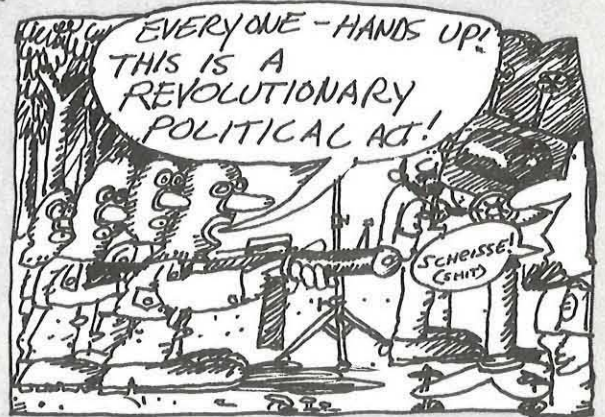
by Len Glasser

CHAPTER
15

OUT OF WORK FOR MONTHS, BERT IS CONTACTED BY WERNER FASSBINDER, THE GERMAN FILM DIRECTOR, WHO OFFERS BERT A PART IN "THE BITTER WINE OF YETTA SHILLER"... A SEXUALLY FEREBRE POLITICAL COMEDY ABOUT A RABBIT MAN WHO SEDUCES A MAIDEN IN THE FOREST NEAR DUNKSFARDEN.

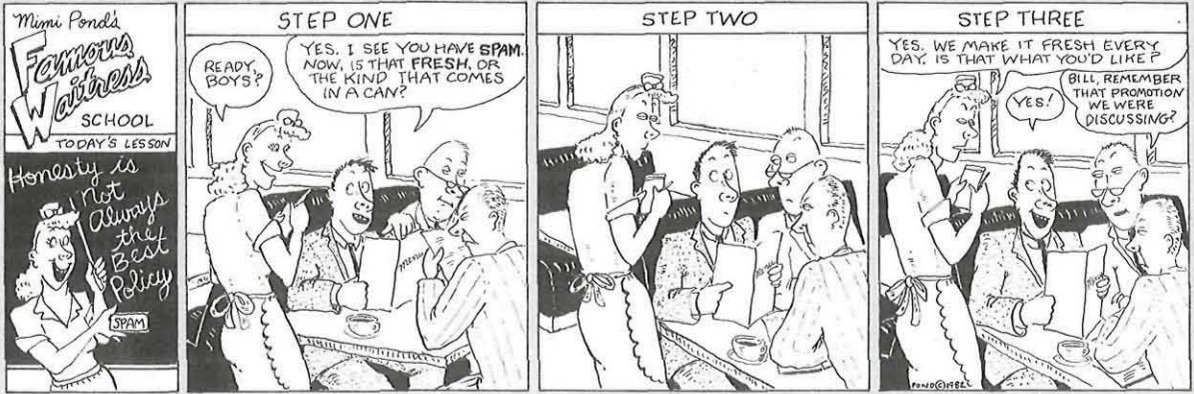


MEANWHILE - UNKNOWN TO CAST AND CREW, SOMEONE ELSE IS IN THE FOREST



Lessons in Life

by Mimi Pond



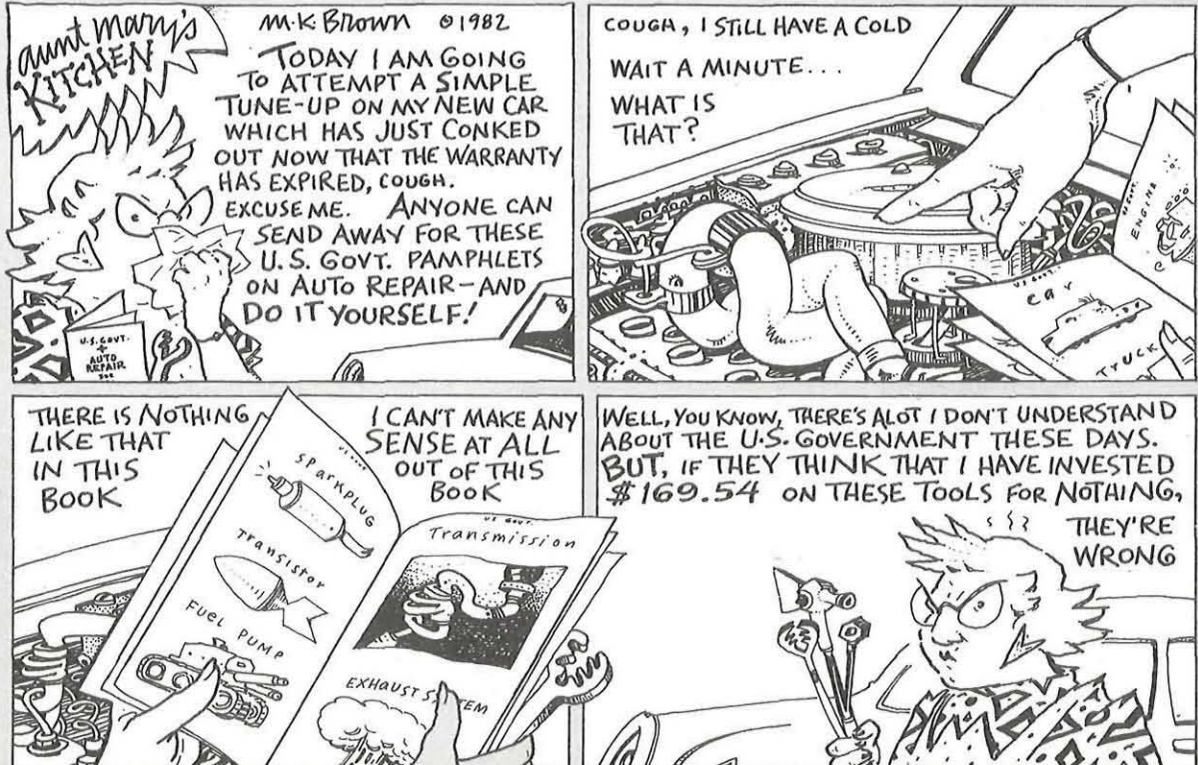
Zeb Piker

by Hollinger



Aunt Mary's Kitchen

by M. K. Brown



NEXT MONTH: RISING TO ADVERSITY

Timberland Tales

by B. K. Taylor

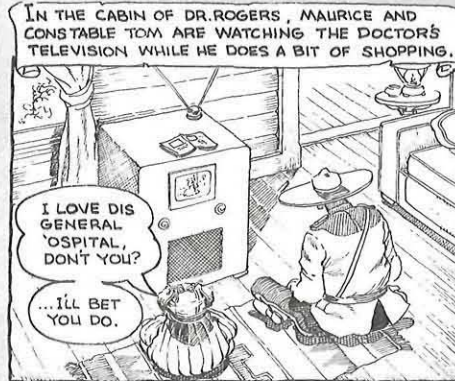


DOCTOR ROGERS

KATHLEEN

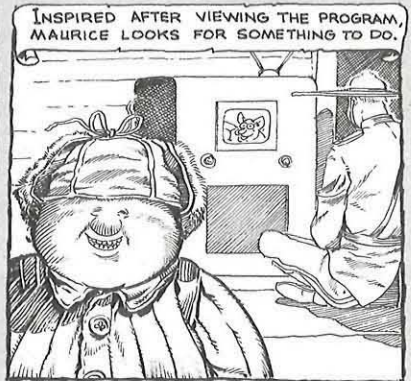
MAURICE - THE INDIAN BOY SOME CALL HIM THE JOKER.

CONSTABLE TOM RUNCHED TO HAVE A SMALL DROBT OF BEAN DANASE.



I LOVE DIS GENERAL 'OSPITAL, DONT YOU?

... I'LL BET YOU DO.

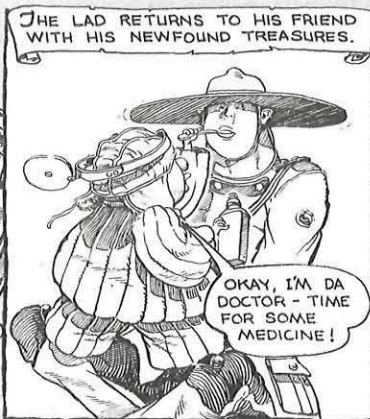


INSPIRED AFTER VIEWING THE PROGRAM, MAURICE LOOKS FOR SOMETHING TO DO.



FINDING DR. ROGERS'S MEDICAL BAG, MAURICE BEAMS WITH EXCITEMENT.

EH! WHAT'S DIS?!



THE LAD RETURNS TO HIS FRIEND WITH HIS NEWFOUND TREASURES.

OKAY, I'M DA DOCTOR - TIME FOR SOME MEDICINE!



MAURICE CONTINUES HIS MEDICAL EXAM, UNTIL...

NOW LET'S LISTEN TO DAT 'HEART.



DOCTOR ROGERS!!



MOMENTS LATER, AS MAURICE RETURNS TO THE CABIN WITH DR. ROGERS AND KATHLEEN...

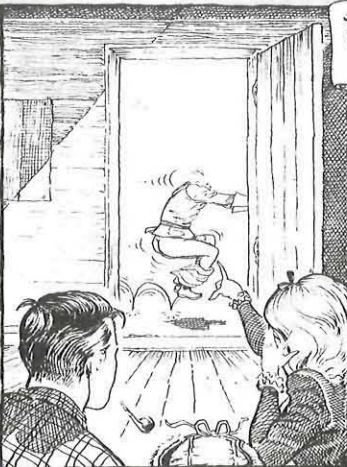
CONSTABLE TOM?!

'E WAS 'ERE...



THEIR SEARCH FOR THE CONSTABLE IS INTERRUPTED BY A FRANTIC COMMOTION OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

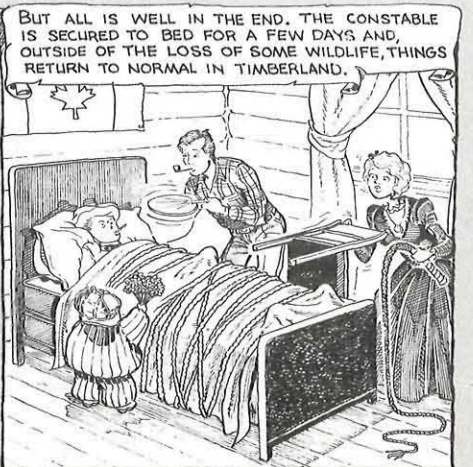
LOOK!



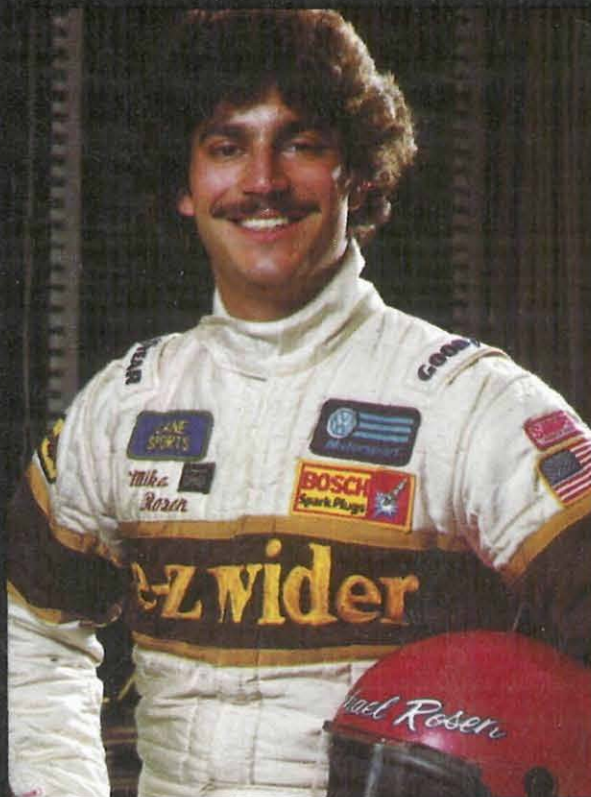
THE GROUP GIVES CHASE, BUT THEIR FRIEND EVADES CAPTURE.



IT ISN'T UNTIL LATE THAT EVENING, WHEN CONSTABLE TOM IS CAUGHT WITH A WELL-PLACED SNARE, THAT THE TURMOIL ENDS.



BUT ALL IS WELL IN THE END. THE CONSTABLE IS SECURED TO BED FOR A FEW DAYS AND, OUTSIDE OF THE LOSS OF SOME WILDLIFE, THINGS RETURN TO NORMAL IN TIMBERLAND.



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He knows what he wants and he knows how to get it. And ever since he was a little kid there was one thing he wanted more than anything else: to be a professional racing driver.

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Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)

Sirs:

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William Sutter
V-P, Public Relations

Sirs:

We're two girls who like to hang out at singles bars and pick up two really drunk guys. We offer to drive them home (we tell them it's for safety), and then, when we go up to their apartment, they usually pass out. Then we calmly but efficiently remove everything, from their stereos to their wallets, and drive

away. They're so drunk that the next morning they can never remember a thing, so we never get caught. Best of all, everything is tax-free.

Linda and Cheree
Marina del Rey, Cal.

Sirs:

I actually did meet a man named Dagwood once, but his wife was a brunette.

Old Man Chic Young
King Features Syndicate

Sirs:

Attention! I have decided to revise my annual Ten Worst Dressed list. You see, I used to put people on it who are garish-looking celebrities, like Elizabeth Taylor and Lynn Redgrave. But, frankly, I've realized that these aren't the worst-dressed people in the world. No! The worst-dressed people are bums on the Bowery, Appalachian coal miners, boat people, and the like. Why, what *these* people wear is simply too dreadful to describe. Tattered clothes. No shoes. Hairdos with mud in them.

Why, someone should give these tacky people a real talking-to. And that someone is me.

Mr. Blackwell
Fashion designer to the stars

Sirs:

My partner and I are considered to be a highly creative improvisational comedy team. Not only are we cute and clever but we don't need a script! Really, we can just make up bits as we go along. For instance, here's an excerpt from a tape of our live show:

US: Okay, now we want two random people to shout out two unrelated things, so we can build a skit around it right before your very eyes.

AUDIENCE: Camera... Toast...

US: Okay, camera and toast. Here we go.
ME: Excuse me, miss, is that toast you're wearing?

MY PARTNER: Yes, and I own a camera.
Aren't we innovative?

Monteith and Rand
"Catch," NYC

Sirs:

Ironic, isn't it, that even though we're all named Buddy, none of us have had any friends for more than twenty years. In fact, we don't like each other, either.

Buddy Hackett
Buddy Rodgers
Buddy Holly

Sirs:

As a mother, I must heartily object to your most recent issue. When I ordered a subscription to your magazine for my thirteen-year-old son, I hardly expected to receive an issue containing pictures of half-naked girls lounging around all over the place. This whole Bathing Suit Issue idea left me so disgusted that I...what? This isn't *Sports Illustrated*? It's *National Lampoon*? Oh. Well, in that case, please feel free to print all the naked-girl photos you want. Don't break with tradition on my account.

Mrs. Gertrude Smith
Plainsville, Ohio

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 95)



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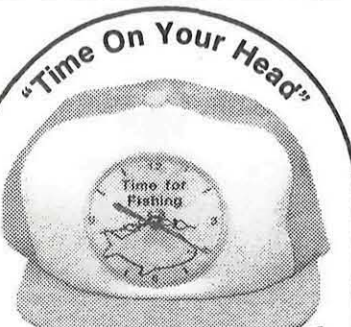
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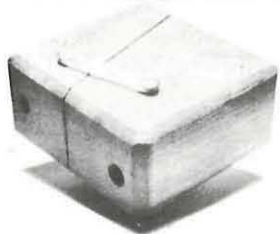
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71. FUCK OFF & DIE
72. HOW DO YOU SPELL RELIEF? F-A-R-T
73. WHEN I WANT YOUR OPINION, I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU
74. WHEN I'M GOOD I'M VERY GOOD, BUT WHEN I'M BAD I'M GREAT.
75. I'M NOT PLAYING HARD TO GET, I AM HARD TO GET.
76. HOW CAN I SAY LOVE YOU WHEN YOU ARE SITTING ON MY FACE?
77. AN ELEGY IS A TO THAT SWALLOWS
78. SEX WITH ANIMALS IS BETTER THAN THE CHICK YOU'RE WITH.
79. I MIGHT LIKE YOU BETTER IF WE SLEPT TOGETHER.
80. HUMPTY DUMPTY WAS PUSHED.
81. SEE ME, FEEL ME, TOUCH ME, EAT ME
82. TELL ME NOW BEFORE I WASTE \$10.00 ON DRINKS.
83. WILD BEARD RIDES 50¢
84. I FUCK ON THE FIRST DATE
85. IF YOU ARE TRYING TO ACT LIKE AN ASSHOLE, YOU ARE DOING A GREAT JOB.
86. DROP YOUR PANTS, I THINK I KNOW YOU.
87. CAN I BUY BACK MY INTRODUCTION TO YOU?
88. I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, LET'S TRY IT.
89. PRESIDENT REAGAN SAID, "IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE," SO LET'S FUCK.
90. GO SUCK A FART
91. SEX IS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE horny.
92. I'M SO HAPPY I COULD JUST FART!
93. I WOULDN'T FUCK HER WITH YOUR DICK.
94. ONLY SLEEP WITH THE BEST!
95. DRUGS SAVED MY LIFE
96. SHIT FUCK DAMN PISS HELL
97. I DON'T NEED LIFE I'M HIGH ON DRUGS
98. EAT SHIT & DIE!
99. HAVE A SHITTY DAY!
100. TOO DRUNK TO FUCK!
101. MY MOM THINKS I'M AT THE MOVIES
102. REALITY IS FOR PEOPLE WHO CAN'T HANDLE DRUGS
103. DON'T FUCK WITH MY REALITY!
104. HAVE A NICE DAY, FUCK SOMEONE
105. LIFE IS LIKE A SHIT SANDWICH. THE MORE BREAD YOU HAVE, THE LESS SHIT YOU HAVE TO EAT!
106. IT'S SO FUCK'N GREAT TO BE ALIVE
107. I'M NOT AS THIN AS YOU STONED I AM
108. THE MORAL MAJORITY SUCKS
109. I MIGHT NOT ALWAYS BE RIGHT, BUT I'M NEVER WRONG.
110. SEX HAS NO CALORIES
111. I HAVE TROUBLE REMEMBERING NAMES—CAN I CALL YOU ASSHOLE? YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO SIT ON MY FACE.
112. EAT SHIT & DIE MOTHER FUCKER
47. MY FACE IS LEAVING AT NINE, BE ON IT.
60. AS LONG AS I HAVE A FACE, YOU HAVE A PLACE TO SIT
21. I'M WALK OVER YOU TO SEE "THE WHO"
1. I'M NOT WEARING ANY UNDERWEAR. FILM AT 11.



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3. BEND OVER I'LL DRIVE
17. IN OUTERSPACE NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU FART
4. CHAMPION MOUSTACHE RIDER (WITH ARTWORK)
5. I RODE THE MOUSTACHE (WITH ARTWORK)
6. I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM, I DRINK.
1. GET DRUNK, I FALL DOWN, NO PROBLEM.
7. PARDON ME, BUT YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEBODY WHO GIVES A SHIT
30. SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME
8. HEY LITTLE GIRL, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
9. HEY LITTLE BOY, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
10. SAVE OUR BEACHES... HARPOON A FAT CHICK!
11. HAVE A NICE DAY, ASSHOLE!
12. FUCK YOU IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE

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13. NO FAT CHICKS
14. NO FAT DUDES
15. WE DIVE AT FIVE
18. WHY DON'T WE GET DRUNK AND SCREW? THE MORE WE TALK, THE LESS TIME WE HAVE TO FOOL AROUND.
19. NO TEENIE WENIES
20. MIMES BIGGER
22. IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE WHEN YOU'RE AS GREAT AS I AM.
23. BOY, SURE LIKE TO TOUCH THOSE!
61. I'M SO HORNY EVEN THE CRACK OF DAWN ISN'T SAFE.
62. I MAY NOT GO DOWN IN HISTORY, BUT I'LL GO DOWN ON YOUR LITTLE SISTER
63. HOW CAN YOU SOAR WITH EAGLES WHEN YOU WORK WITH TURKEYS?
64. YOUR CRITICISM IS GREATLY APPRECIATED, FUCK YOU VERY MUCH.
65. I'M A FUCKING GENIUS
68. FUCK OFF
67. LIFE IS A BED OF ROSES, BUT WATCH OUT FOR THE PRICKS
68. THE WORD OF THE DAY IS LEGS, HELP HELP SPREAD THE WORD.
69. YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO GO FUCK YOURSELF

70. I'M THE KIND OF GUY YOUR MOTHER WARNED YOU ABOUT.
24. PARTY SIZE?
25. 1980'S SLOW CARS—FAST WOMEN
26. I DO...
- BUT NOT WITH YOU
27. LOVE ME 'TILL I SCREAM
28. I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD
29. I'M FOR LUST
31. I WANT A MEAL NOT A SNACK!
32. ONE OF A KIND
33. DON'T LAUGH, COULD YOU DO BETTER IF YOU WERE BLIND?
34. GO POUND SAND!
35. SCHOOL SUCKS!
36. ASK ME IF I CARE
37. SNOW BLIND
38. LISTEN TO WHAT I MEAN, NOT WHAT I SAY.
39. TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT!
40. WHEN EVERYTHING'S RIGHT, NOTHING MATTERS
41. KART RACERS DO IT ON ALL FOURS

- 38x. I ♥ KIDDIE PORN
- 1x. I ♥ TO GET DOWN
- 2x. I ♥ BEING #1
- 3x. I ♥ BEER
- 4x. I ♥ SEX
- 5x. I ♥ COCAINE
- 6x. I ♥ TO BULLSHIT
- 7x. I ♥ TITLES
- 8x. I ♥ LITTLE GIRLS
- 9x. I ♥ LITTLE BOYS
- 10x. I ♥ HEAD
- 11x. I ♥ FAST WOMEN
- 12x. I ♥ DRUGS
- 13x. I ♥ TO PARTY
- 14x. I ♥ MYSELF
- 15x. I ♥ FAST CARS
- 16x. I ♥ TO DICK
- 17x. I ♥ LONG LEGS
- 18x. I ♥ THE BIG ONE
- 19x. I ♥ BROOKE
- 20x. I ♥ DON'T ♥ ANYTHING
- 21x. I ♥ NEW WAVE
- 22x. I ♥ YOU
- 23x. I ♥ IT
- 24x. I ♥ MONEY
- 25x. I ♥ LUCY
- 26x. I ♥ ROCK
- 27x. I ♥ IT WET
- 28x. I ♥ TIGHT ASSES
- 29x. I ♥ FRIDAYS
- 30x. I ♥ BRUNETTES
- 31x. I ♥ BLONDES
- 32x. I ♥ REDHEADS
- 33x. I ♥ YOUR BODY
- 34x. I ♥ SNOW
- 35x. I ♥ SKINNY
- 36x. I ♥ TO FART
- 37x. I ♥ MOTORCYCLES
- 38x. I ♥ COUNTRY

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Send _____ T-Shirt(s) @ \$6.99 \$ _____
Send _____ Baseball Hat(s) @ \$5.99 \$ _____
TOTAL AMOUNT \$ _____
California people add 6% sales tax
Shipping/Handling \$ _____
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED \$ _____
Send Check/M.O. or charge my Master Card Visa Exp. Date _____
Credit Card# _____
Signature _____

B.B. HATS		HAT COLORS
STYLE#	COLOR	
		BLACK
		BROWN
		GOLD
		KELLY
		LT. BLUE
		NAVY
		ROYAL
		ORANGE
		RED
		HARDON

T-SHIRTS			SHIRT COLORS
STYLE#	SIZE	COLOR	
			BLACK
			BONE
			YELLOW
			NAVY
			LT. BLUE
			ORANGE
			RED
			WHITE

Sizes S/M/L/XL

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Sell it through

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For rates and information contact:

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Mail Order Manager
National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022
(212) 688-4070

MIDWEST

Sanke-Guenther, Inc.
River Plaza
405 N. Wabash, Suite 4509
Chicago, Ill. 60611
(312) 670-6800

WESTERN STATES

Mail Order Manager
National Lampoon
9301 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 412
Beverly Hills, Ca. 90210
(213) 859-8834

SOUTHEASTERN STATES

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Marietta, Ga. 30062
(404) 998-2889

Irreverent! Immoral!
OUTRAGEOUS



Krupp's New Catalog

Our giant color catalog contains a huge selection of smoking and snuff accessories, plus underground comix, books about drugs, posters, T-shirts and hundreds of gifts. All can be delivered right to your door anywhere in the U.S.! As an introductory offer, we'll give you a **BUCK OFF** your first order. Send in the coupon below.

*You must be 18 to order the Krupp catalog!
Allow 3 weeks for delivery*

Yes, send me the latest Krupp Giant Catalog.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

**Send to: Krupp's New Catalog
PO Box 9090 Dept NL82 Boulder, CO 80301**

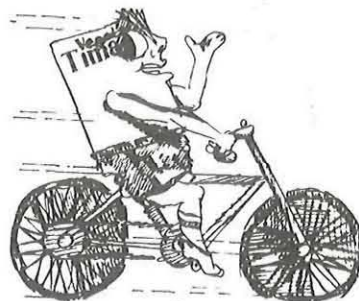
Imagine serving your country in a lonely place and feeling forgotten.



USO helps make sure that our young servicemen and women aren't forgotten. Programs of all kinds — tours, classes, special events, celebrations — and more assure good use of off duty time. Community projects helping others get the servicemember involved in his new home or country and intercultural sports events provide healthy competition. At over 150 points worldwide, USO is there showing civilian concern.

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the distance . . . between good nutrition and good eating. And the connecting "link" is low cost.

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Credit Card # _____

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Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90)

Sirs:
What the hell did I do? How did I get this nickname? Did I scratch my ass by rubbing against tree bark? Did I get a beehive stuck on my snout or maul some tourist who left his car window rolled down? Maybe I just shit in the woods.

"Bear" Bryant
Alabama

Sirs:
As president of the American Orientals Association, I must protest the exclusion of Asian-Americans from certain employment classifications.

There are, for example, no Japanese country-and-western stars, no Koreans in the National Basketball Association, and no Filipino game-show hosts. There are also no Cambodians in any of these categories; but since most of them are dead anyway, I guess that's okay. Rectify, please.

David Chen
San Francisco, Cal.

Sirs:
I would like to announce my retirement from political and social activism. From now on, no more speeches, no more radio or television appearances, no more rushing around the country. I'm opening up a small bar up here in Minnesota that features female mud wrestling every Thursday. If you want

statements from black spokesmen, go bother Magic Johnson.

Jesse Jackson
Edina, Minn.

Sirs:
Just thought you'd like to know they still make us read *Silas Marner* in school. And it still sucks.

Ricky Looseleaf
Binghamton, N.Y.

Sirs:
How'd I hit .487 in the World Series? Every time they'd throw the ball, I'd make believe it was that long, lanky Jew Marvin Hamlisch, and I'd just rip the shit out of it.

Steve Garvey
Los Angeles, Cal.

N E X T M O N T H

**Big, hot, juicy, steamy,
pink, turgid, succulent,
sweaty, raunchy, kinky,
weird, throbbing, heav-
ing, pulsating, panting,
moaning, scratching,
screaming exploding**

Contest #11

First Lenny, then Freddie, then John... Who will be the next comedy genius to go?

SIMPLY SPIT ON THE FACE of the comedian you think will be the next to get the gong from the big panel in the sky, and throw the soiled page in the garbage can. If you wish to enter the contest, however, use the coupon below. A winner, picked at random, will receive a broken stapler currently sitting on the managing editor's desk. Good luck!



Robert



Gabe



David



John



David



Andy

Hold Everything!
National Lampoon Contest #7 has already been won! Stop entering! Ms. Sid Micciche of Dansville, New York, picks the prize out of her mailbox! Wins August 1978 National Lampoon "Today's Teens" issue, with Brooke Shields on the cover. She guessed Tod Carroll! Whatta hoot!

I think the next comedy genius to go will be _____.

Send entries to: *National Lampoon Contest #11*
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

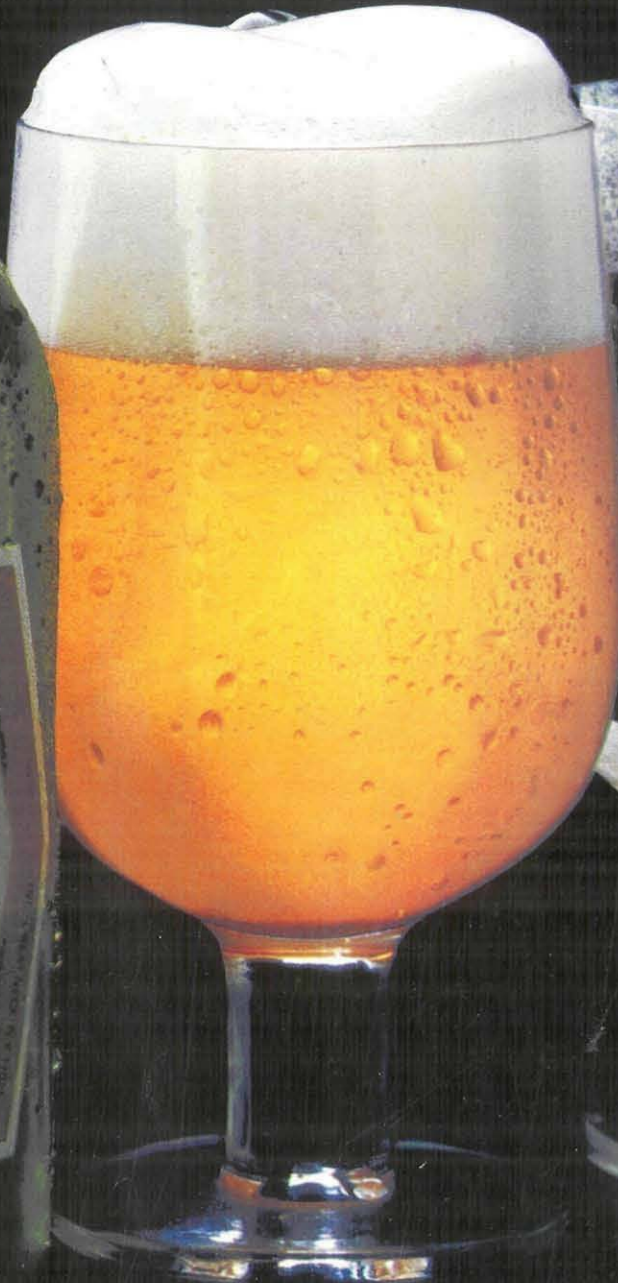
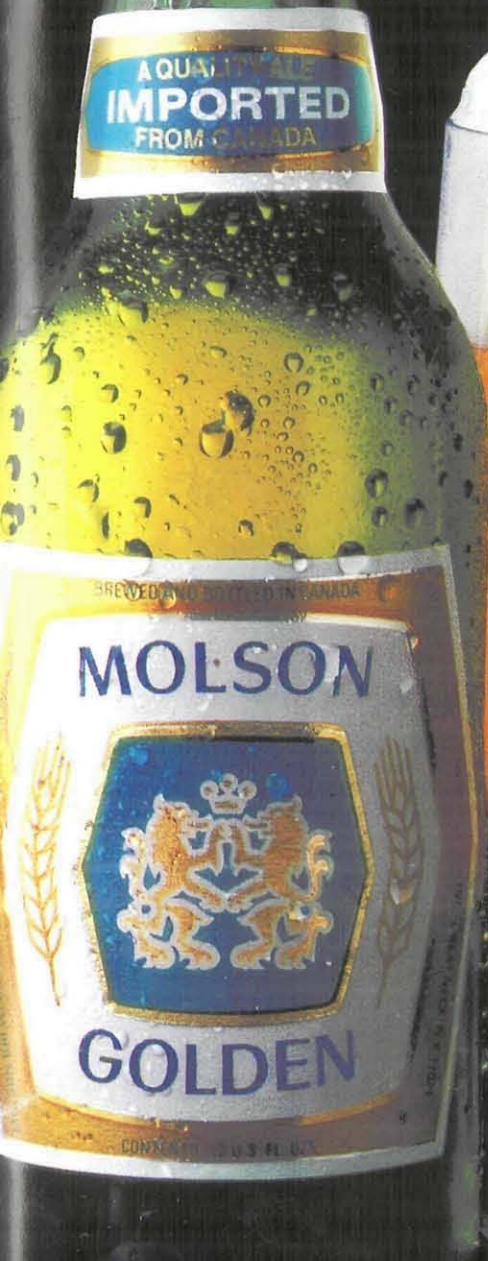
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

**Canadian is an easy language.
Just open your mouth and say
ah... ahh... ahhh!**

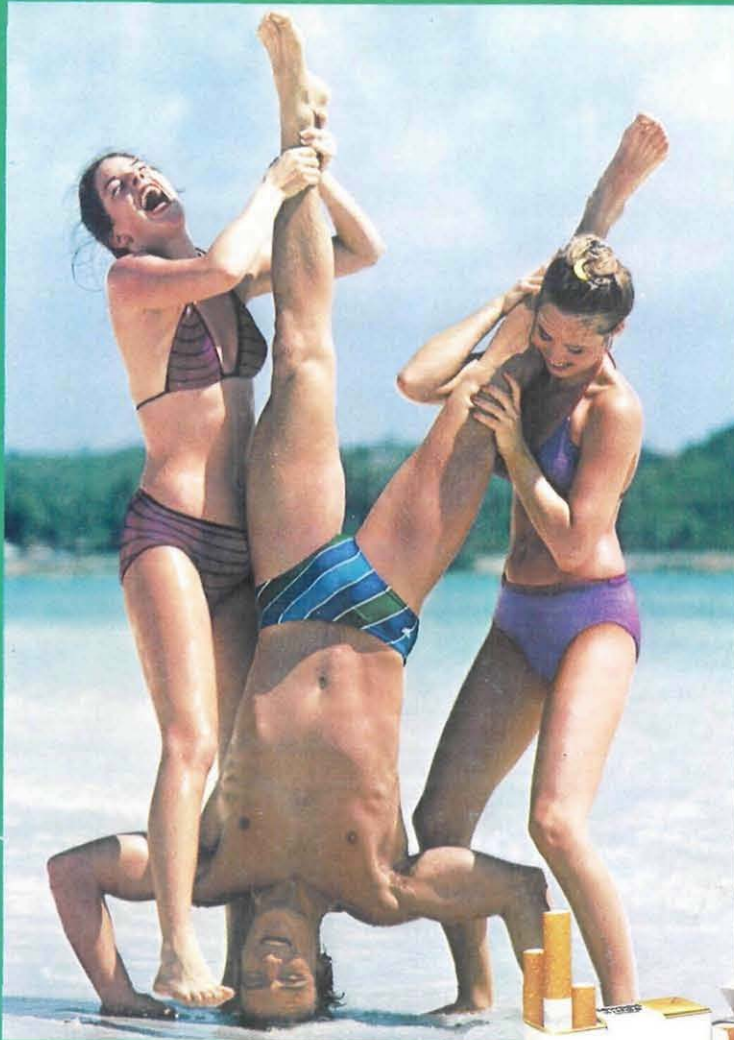


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That's Canadian for great taste**

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Newport

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if smoking isn't a pleasure,
why bother?



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

BOX: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine KINGS: 17 mg. "tar",
1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report December 1981.