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Mag of the
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1984: Little Brother Is Watching You

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A man in a green jacket and cap is pulling a rope on a boat. In the background, another person is visible. The scene is outdoors, likely on a body of water.

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



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Vol. 2, No. 66

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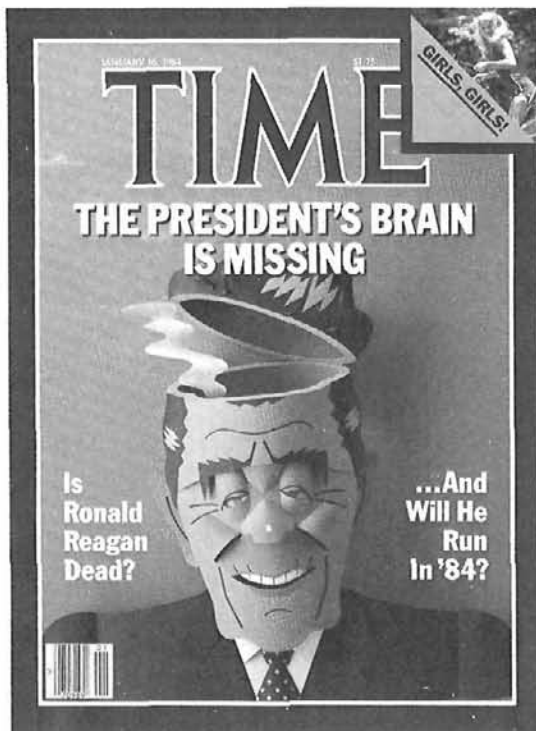
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editorail

TALK ABOUT IT ALL YOU WANT, but there was one thing Orwell *never* predicted: that in 1984 thousands of people would be wasting their time wondering how their world compared to an over-written, futuristic condemnation of totalitarianism. If George had predicted that, they would have laughed the guy right out of town.

Unfortunately, it seems that amidst all of the discussion of the present, people are forgetting an important factor: the future. After we're done chewing up 1984, what will be left for our children, and their children? What year will *they* worry about?

They should worry about 2013!!! Because in 2013, the world will look like this:

- The United States will be led by a ballpoint pen, referred to as Mr. Scribble.
- You will be able to buy briefcases in six-packs.
- The French will have the universal right to walk up to anyone they want and tell them to do anything they want them to. Their first move will be to establish cheese as the universal currency. Everyone will go along with them except the Japanese. Currency markets will trade cheese for yen, as

long as people have a yen for cheese.

- Rock 'n' roll will be forgotten, but the Grateful Dead will still be touring.
- Children all over America will be told to leave something on their dinner plates "for the overfed children of Asia."
- The highest compliment you will be able to pay a person will be to call him "shiny."
- America's top television show will feature a talking sock named "Mr. French." French will be worn on a different celebrity's foot every week. The number-two show will be "Dance Flu."
- More than six million Jews will receive complimentary toaster-ovens from the new Nazi party in Paraguay. People will think that was a pretty nice thing to do.
- The technology will be available to take an SAT test using a #1 or #3 pencil, in addition to the traditional #2.
- Trains will all run on time, but they will be invisible.
- It will be hot all the time. The word "sweater" will drop from the English language. Mysteriously, the term "sweater girl" will not.
- An enormous homosexual cult will develop around the movie *E.T.* Homosexuals will worship the little alien as fervently as they now worship Judy

Garland. Television ratings for *E.T.* will outdo ratings currently received by *The Wizard of Oz.*

- There will be too much energy. The government will not allow you to sleep. The minimum speed limit on highways will be 5,000 mph. Chairs will be outlawed, and only outlaws will have chairs.
- The Soviet Union, after the Purge of 2005, will be run by clowns and giant insects. Mr. Scribble will *not* like them one bit.
- The great-grandchild of Irving Howe will conduct a seminar entitled "The *National Lampoon's* 2013: How Close Are We?" He'll say that we are, and we aren't.

—EG, K.P.C., P.G.

Clarification (given at the request of a fellow member of the publishing industry): The rejection letter quoted in "Ron Hauge's Year of Rejected *New Yorker* Covers" last month was of course fictional. A joke. Ron made it up. *The New Yorker*, we believe, reads each and every submission that comes in and takes pride in its relationships with artists and writers.

Cover: Equipment is important, says photographer **George Adams**. "I get my best results with PF Flyers."—M.G.

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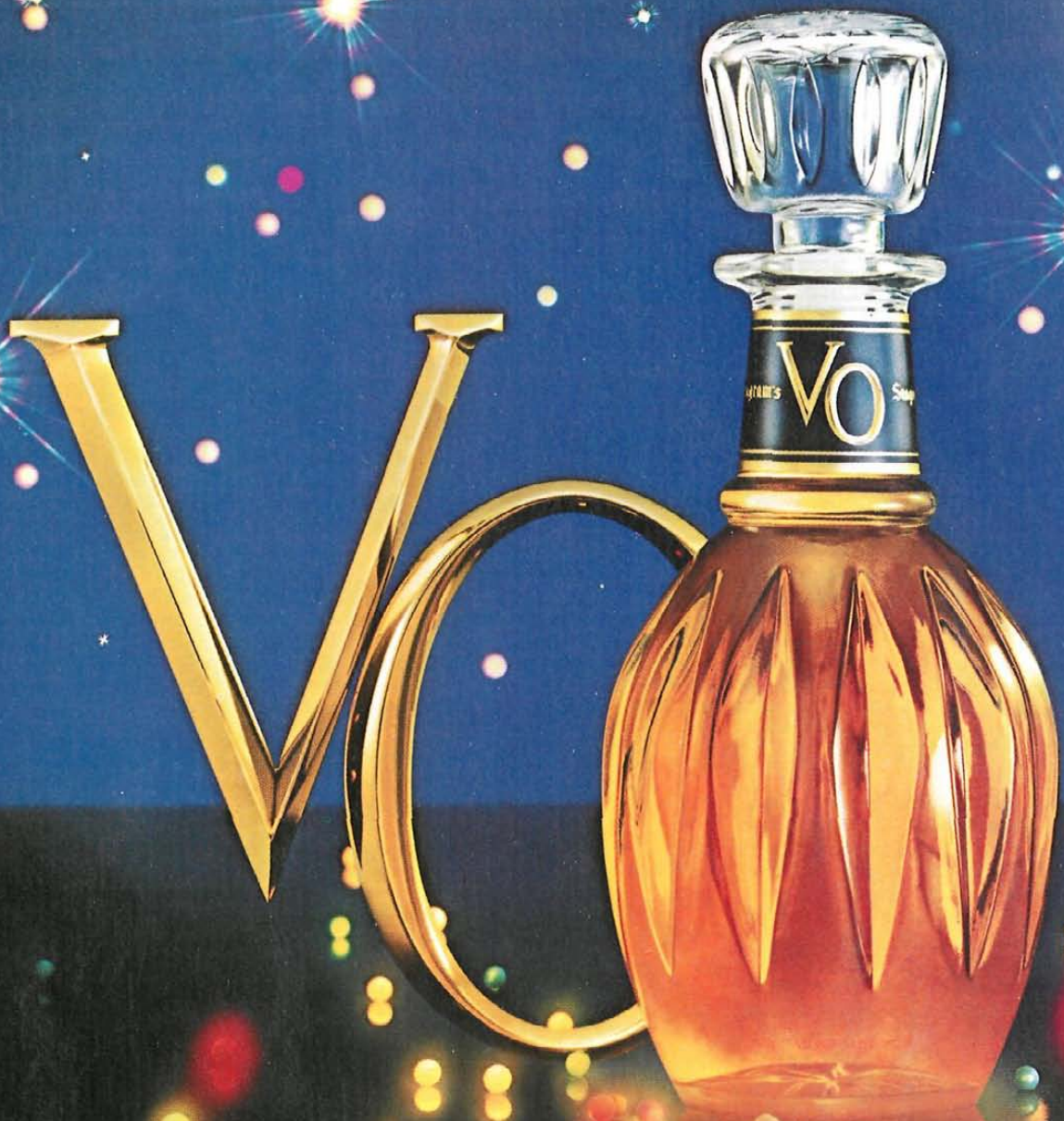
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LETTERS
48/1

SIRS: JUST THOUGHT I'D DROP you a note letting you know I'm moving to Alaska. Alaska, where the cold blue sky stretches over rolling green hills and ice caps glisten in the sun. I'll live in my little log cabin by the edge of a stream and watch the grizzlies poke for trout in the icy spring water. I'll submit humor pieces to the *National Harpoon* and sip hot cider in the setting sun with my beautiful Eskimo wife. And maybe, just maybe I'll live to be five hundred.

Someone Standing on the Corner
Avoiding Weird Stares with Bus
Exhaust Blowing in His Face

Sirs:

When serving giant carrot beings from a distant galaxy, skip the entire salad course. Do not allow pet bunnies in the house for the evening. The fishermen of Holi do not like anything connected with Mrs. Paul. Even St. Paul is treading on dangerous waters, if you'll pardon the expression. And for Gigantor of Malox, well, a jug of Chianti and a videotape of *Corvette Summer* should do quite nicely.

Miss Manners of a Distant Galaxy
Far, Far Away

Sirs:

I'm not one to complain. I'm really not. I've worked hard all my life, but that's no different from most people. I've tried to save money for my family, been a good husband and father, and have been very active in church and community affairs. Yet people invariably snigger after being introduced to me. What's wrong?

Ernie Suckenfuck
La Mesa, Calif.

Sirs:

Do you remember Mr. Noodle? He was more popular than Howdy Doody for a while, until they found Lamb Chop in a compromising position in his dressing room. Okay, okay, I'm moving along.

Love Those Old Shows
Wheeling, W. Va.

Sirs:

Hey, I got this great idea for a gag that you are welcome to use. First, show a little girl chewing gum. In the next frame show her dropping a coin down a storm sewer and somehow establish the fact that her aunt will beat the shit out of her as soon as she gets home. Then along comes a rich young friend of hers in a limousine who stops to help. She describes her problem, and they end up lowering the chauffeur down the sewer headfirst, holding him by his feet. He gets the coin back because the girl stuck her gum on his nose. Get it? This joke would be even more effective if it were set in a surrealistic landscape with a solitary house in the distance.

Ernie Bushmiller
Humor Syndicate

Sirs:

Contrary to popular belief, two cannot live as cheaply as one. They use twice as much transportation, consume twice as much food, spend twice the money on entertainment, pay twice the airfare on vacations, etc. So that should put that rumor to rest.

Daniel Deuce
Twinsburg, Ohio

Sirs:

I've looked all over the goddamned house and I can't find my car keys anywhere.

Leonard Nimoy
In search of

Sirs:

A friend of mine joined this horrible cult. They shaved his head, kept him isolated from his family for weeks at some remote location hundreds of miles from home, roused him out of bed at 5:00 A.M., and forced him to listen to bizarre slogans all day. Can't our legislators do anything about this insidious so-called Marine Corps?

Bart Bradley
Ames, Iowa

Sirs:

So this humor writer drifts off to sleep without having written anything funny, and these elves tiptoe into his room and spend the whole night writing. When he wakes up he sees there are papers strewn all over everything, a bottle of Wite-Out is spilled, and the typewriter ribbon is all fucked up. Then he reads what the elves have written. It's elf humor. It makes absolutely no sense. Meanwhile the elves are being gathered up by an illegal Rumanian immigrant with an unlicensed shishkabob cart to be skewered on sharp wooden sticks and roasted over charcoal. The End.

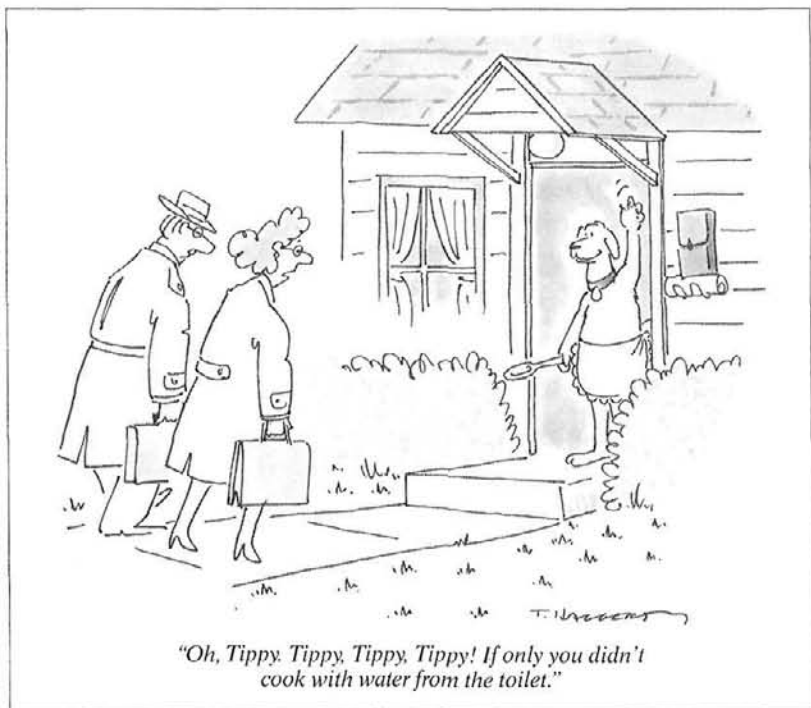
Ned Keebler
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

So what if I do have snowballs? I have yet to find a good snowblower.

Frosty the Snowman
Racine, Wis.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20)



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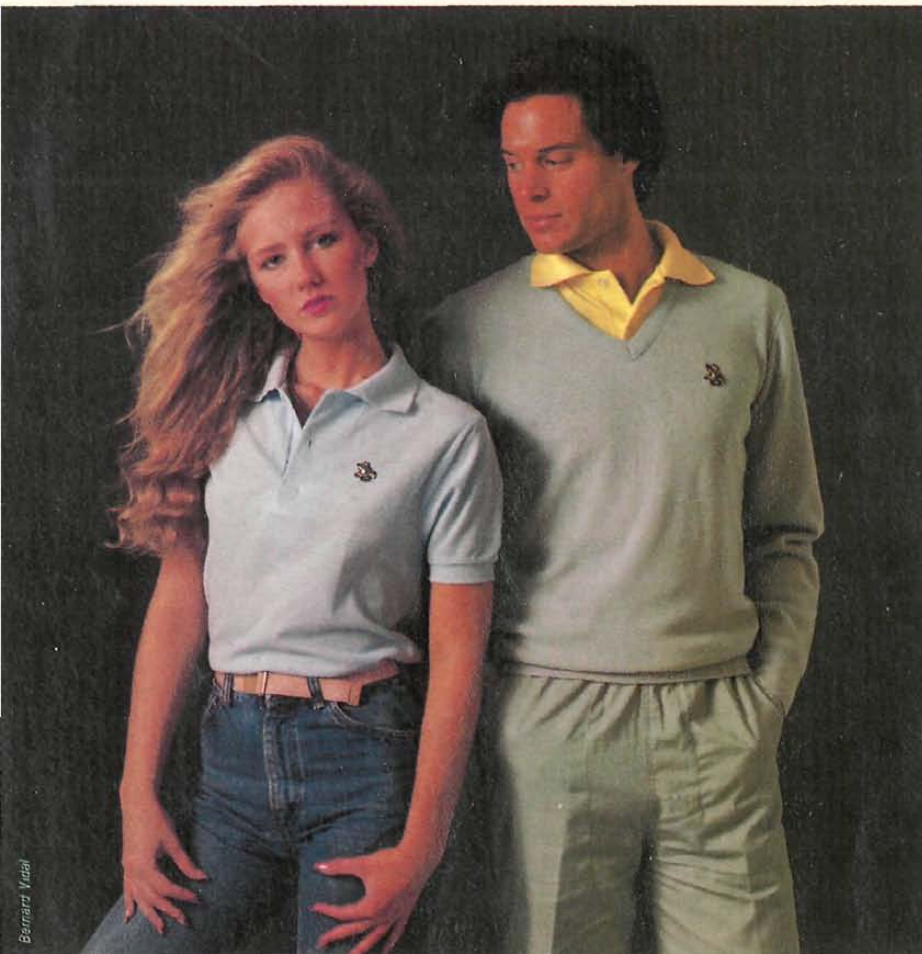
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BY JOHN BENDEL

WHUH - WHUH - WHUH - whuh - whuh - whuh - whuh - whuh... "Good morning, and welcome to the 'Helicopter Phone Show.' That's the sound of my beautiful Bell 86C flying high over the city. I'm Chopper Dave, and this morning I'm coming to you from over the South Side, where traffic is moving at a crawl along South Adams Boulevard. We have a slow-moving vehicle in the left lane—keep to your right. If you're a South Sider and you could use a friend with a helicopter, give me a call

at 555-6767. But before we take our first call, let's use the Chopper Dave Megaphone to clear up that problem on South Adams. There's a '72 Pontiac down there just crawling along in the left lane. Let's see if I can move him along a little. I'm going down to car-top level, where he can hear me loud and clear. HEY, BOZO, LET'S MOVE IT ALONG THERE! WHERE'D YOU LEARN TO DRIVE? IN A REST HOME? I must have scared him. He's weaving all over the place. HEY, SLUG FACE, I'M UP HERE! NOW LET'S MOVE IT! PEOPLE ARE TRYING TO GET TO WORK, FOR CHRISSAKE! Ha-ha! There he goes!

Wouldn't you love to do that? Well, I'm Chopper Dave, and I can do it for you! Let's take our first call. Hello, you're on the air in the air with Chopper Dave."

"Hello, Dave. I'm Bill and I'm calling from my car. It's a blue Buick in the K mart parking lot."

"Hey, Bill, how can I help you?"

"Well, there's a lady in a green Volvo sitting here waiting for someone to come out of the store so she can get a space up close, but nobody can get around her, so we're all stuck, and she won't move!"

"K mart, here we come! Just a short flight down Whittier Avenue and... here we are. Aha! There she is! You're right, Bill. That's quite a mess she's caused there, but not for long! HEY, LADY! WHADDYA THINK YOU'RE DOING, ANYHOW? YOU THINK THIS IS YOUR PERSONAL PARKING LOT, OR WHAT? Well, we've got her attention. She's looking up and her hair is flying all over the place! YEAH, YOU! GET THAT SWEDISH BUCKET OF BOLTS OUT OF HERE! AND GO GET YOUR HAIR DONE. YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE BEEN SLEEPING WITH THE WINOS!"

"There she goes, Dave! Thanks a lot!"

"Hey, Bill, what are friends with helicopters for? Let's take another call. Hello. You're on the air in the air with Chopper Dave."

"Hello, Dave, my name is Rhoda, and I'm worried sick about my husband, Roscoe. I think he slept in the park again last night, but I'm having problems with my feet, and I can't go looking for him. Could you check out Olson Park for me?"

"Sure thing, Rhoda. Let me just bank left over the diner and... here's Olson Park right under us. Let's see, we've got a few sleepers here this morning. I see a guy with a beard and an Army jacket."

"Oh, no, Dave. Roscoe doesn't have a beard. A little stubble, maybe. And he was wearing his old London Fog raincoat from 1952. It looks kind of like a garage floor."

"I think I see him, Rhoda. Tell me, is Roscoe bald?"

"He sure is, Dave!"

"He's on a bench down there curled up under a few days' worth of the *Examiner-Times-Post-Gazette*. Should I wake him up?"

"Oh, would you please, Dave? And tell him to come home. I need him to watch the ferrets while I go to the podiatrist."

"No problem, Rhoda. Down we go with the Chopper Dave Megaphone. GOOD MORNING, ROSCOE! TIME TO RISE AND SHINE! Look at those news-

CAMEL

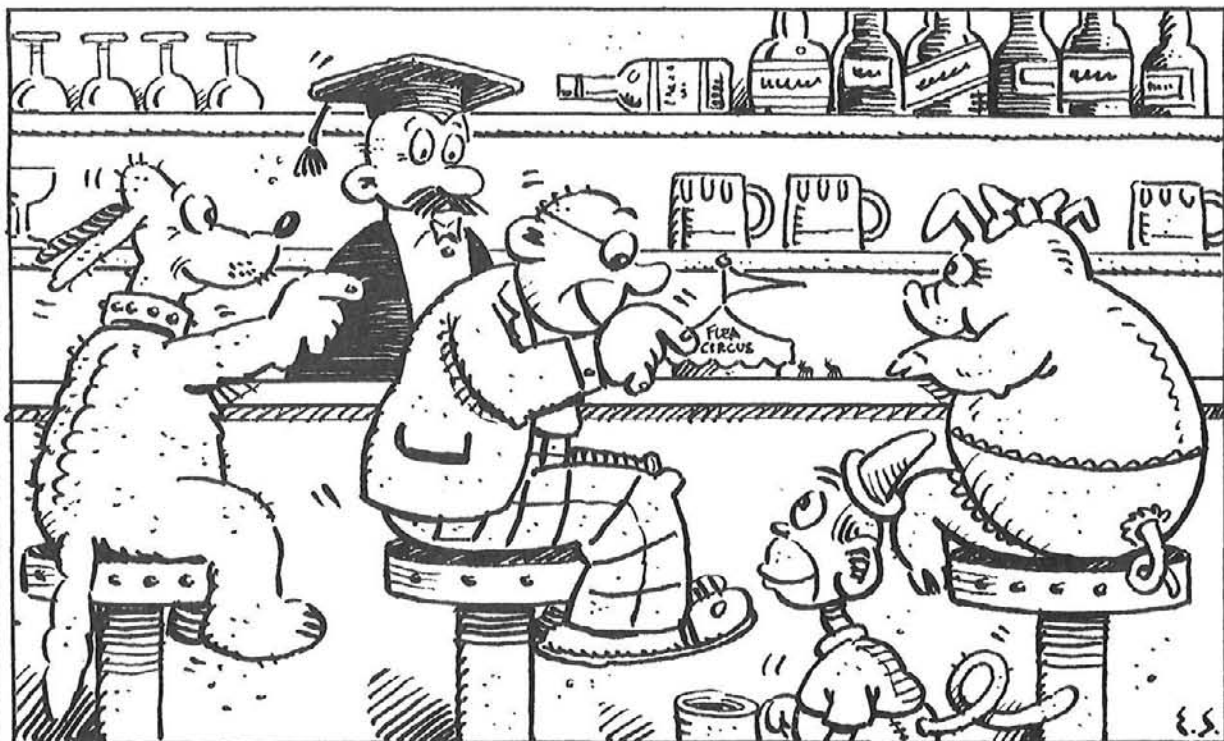
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Why talking dogs, performing fleas, Black Bart's girl, and cute little Italian kids *never* go into bars...

Professor Kennilworth Contemplates the Joke

BY DAVE YUZO SPECTOR

IHAVE YET TO MEET A TRAVELING salesman who has spent the night at a farmer's house. I have yet to engage a talking parrot in conversation. I have yet to witness a Jew, a Pole, and a Negro at the gates of heaven. For that matter, I have yet to encounter a visitor to my door who said "Knock, knock" rather than employ the doorbell. Likewise, I have yet to meet any student of mine who acknowledges that comedy is nothing but manure when put to the test of logic. Now sit up and take notes!

EXAMPLE 1: *Two Hell's Angels ran into each other on the street.*

"Hey, where ya been lately?"

"I got married last month."

"No shit. How's the sex?"

"Not so good, but at least you don't gotta wait in line."

The Hell's Angels Book of Order, first printed in 1959 and still in use today, is

the final and only testimony needed to disprove this fish story. Under the chapter entitled "The Big M: Long-Term Blowjob Contracts," Section 1-D states the following: "Any Angel brother foolhardy enough to legally attach himself to a side of beef shall repent for his piggish sin by sharing said side of beef with fellow Angel brothers, ex-convicts, unknown vagrants, and rural acne-faced gas station attendants for a period of one year after affixing an X to the marriage license. Porking between married couples is authorized only after a succession of at least ten unwashed and smegma-caked males from the aforementioned categories first achieve penetration with the spouse, on the strict condition that the par-takes queue in a peaceful, orderly fashion so as not to spoil the mood of the occasion. Breaking of this law is grounds for immediate death of the husband by pummeling."

Because the Hell's Angel mentioned that he had been married only since "last month," it would indicate that he has totally ignored the law about sharing his beloved and accordingly should be very dead by now and unable to carry on such a conversation in the first place.

EXAMPLE 2: *Charles had no luck with women. One day at the beach, he spotted a friend who was always surrounded by sexy girls and asked for advice.*

"All you gotta do, Chucky-boy, is put a potato in your trunks. It works every time."

Charles thanked him and did what he was told. The next day he ran into his friend, who asked how he had made out.

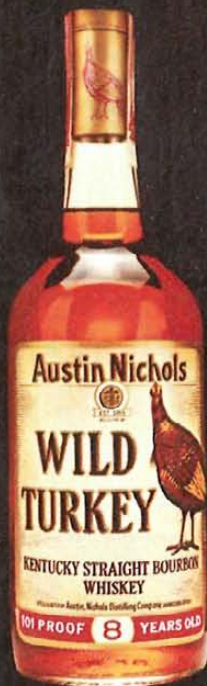
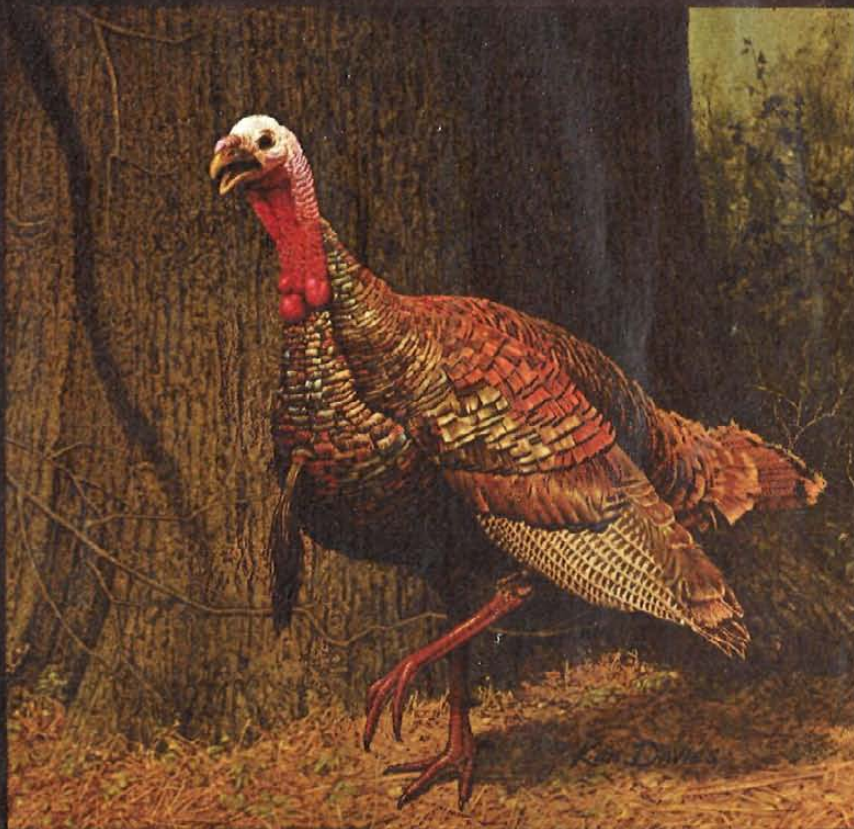
"It was awful!" cried Charles. "Everybody pointed their finger at me and laughed!"

"You're supposed to put the potato in front, asshole."

A pathetic tale about not following directions. Or is it? On a recent "Family Feud," an audience of one hundred was asked the following question: "What do women look for in men at the beach?" While only 5 percent preferred muscular surfer types, a surprising 89 percent responded that they were turned on by "wimpy little nerds with what could be a five-pound steaming dump barely concealed at the rear of his sagging trunks." The lame joke is

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The woods on Wild Turkey Hill slope down to the edge of the Kentucky River. On top of the hill, there's been a distillery for nearly 150 years. It's a unique spot: gently running waters below and constant breezes above that cool our Wild Turkey whiskey naturally as it ages in the barrel. Wild Turkey Hill is a very special place. And it helps us make Wild Turkey very special.

WILD TURKEY[®]/101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD

AUSTIN NICHOLS DISTILLING CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KENTUCKY, 1983

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further negated by a cover line in this month's *Cosmopolitan* that reads: "Show Me a Man Who Will Lay Atlantic Cable on My New Sheets, and I'll Show You a Man I Can Love."

EXAMPLE 3: Q: *What is the dirtiest line ever said on television?*

A: "Ward, weren't you a little rough on the Beaver last night?"

The intention here, of course, is to confuse the listener with a double entendre concerning the character named Beaver on the TV series "Leave It to Beaver" and the slang reference to a female's sexual centerpiece. But what if Ward was, in fact, sexually rough not in his handling of wife June's organ, but in that of his son Beaver? Researching old *Daily Variety* microfilm revealed some interesting facts which makes this pun fall flat on its dorsum with a thud comparable to Lumpy Rutherford being dropped from a B-52 at 36,000 feet. By 1959, according to Army Archerd's celebrity column, incestuous anal sex had become rampant in the Cleaver household. Alcoholic and unemployed, Ward had sought comfort in the puckered rear doors of his offspring, with only Wally seeking any monetary reimbursement ("Hey, Wally, where'd ya get the neat glove?"). Ward's behavior repulsed June to the point where she had stipulated in her contract that she was to be protected from any possible drunken assaults on her person—unlikely as that might have been. This

reluctance served to explain the odd, inflated appearance of her dresses, which were in reality buttressed with a foundation fashioned from barbed wire, which in turn supported a band of two dozen used sanitary napkins fastened to the outside of her yellowed panties (obtained by a shrewd assistant from an abandoned Shelley Winters hamper), then laden with chunks of foul-smelling cheese covered in gray fuzz and attached to the general area with strapping tape as a further deterrent. Needless to say, the measures were never put to the test.

Hence, the dirtiest line to be aired on television, as transcribed from a reel of film loaned to this author, was delivered by actor Hugh Beaumont to actress Barbara Billingsley in episode #106: "I'm staying home today to help the boys pack some fudge."

EXAMPLE 4: Q: *What's the difference between a Jewish American Princess and Jell-O?*

A: *Jell-O moves when you eat it.*

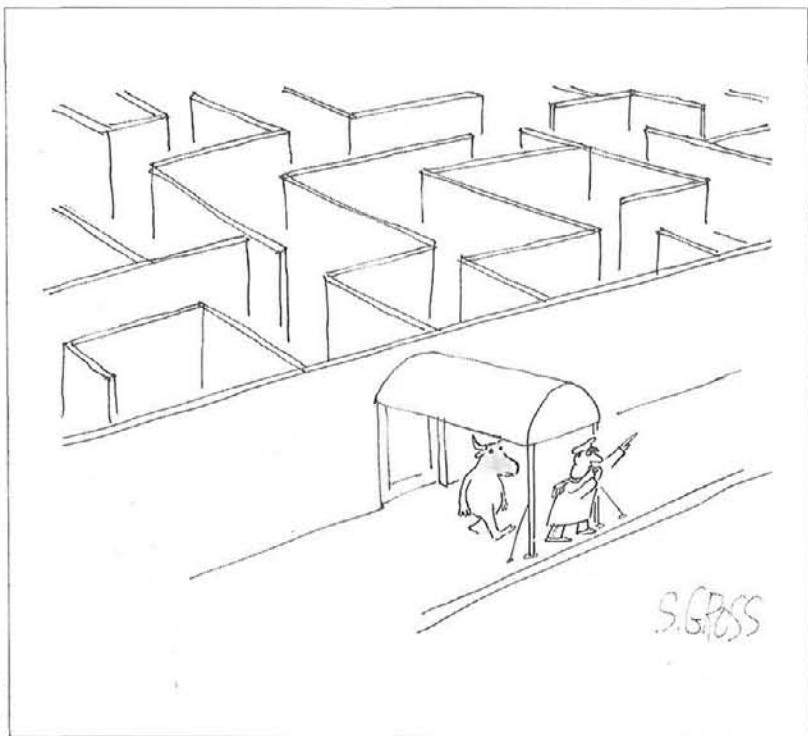
True. But so do Jewesses during sessions of cunnilingus, regardless of the level of satisfaction. An infrared camera placed behind a vent in the bedroom of Earl and Patsy Shapiro of suburban Southfield, Michigan, for a period of six months revealed startling evidence, recently published in the periodical *Sexual Science Digest*. While Earl's vision was nearly 98 percent obstructed by the bushy, untrimmed

growth in front of him and his hearing impaired considerably by two cellulite thighs that encased his auditory canals in an airtight vacuum, wife Patsy utilized her "privacy" to engage in a multitude of chores, resulting in both latitudinal and longitudinal movements equal to, or in excess of, an average 120-gram serving of Jell-O congealed at the General Foods-recommended temperature of two degrees centigrade for a period of 3.5 hours and then placed on a nonslip dessert dish supplied by the Noritake China Company, with lime the chosen color because of its ability to reflect movement on the TV camera's lens. On the night of November 11, 1983, for example, a time-lapse videotape of cunnilingus activity from 23:10 hours to 23:15 showed that Patsy had balanced her checkbook, polished her nails (albeit not too well), opened a can of Tab, written five new checks, called her mother, and rebalanced her checkbook, ceasing her actions the precise moment Earl withdrew his saliva-drenched chin from the musty regions below to hear Patsy deliver a perfectly timed "Wow, that was good."

EXAMPLE 5: Q: *What's the most difficult part of having AIDS?*

A: *Convincing your mother that you're Haitian.*

Plato said, "That which appears most difficult is often a piece of cake." How true this is when considering the current dilemma faced by young, lily-white boys who live in large cosmopolitan cities abundant in greeting-card stores and shops that sell darling flamingo and parrot throw pillows. As if to echo Plato's very words, the Gay Task Force headquarters in New York has confirmed case studies wherein Caucasian males successfully convinced their mothers they were Haitian. The key to this puzzle can be found in Chapter 7 of the widely distributed pamphlet *So You Think You've Got AIDS*, presented here in excerpt form, which offers clear instructions on how to accomplish the deception: "Environment is everything. Immediately redecorate your room to reflect your Haitian roots by covering walls with mud, sticks, and thatched grass, and replace roofing with rusted tin panels. It is now time to call your mother into your new habitat. Cut the head off Mom's cherished Yorkie with a dull machete and engage in a wicked voodoo ceremony (see page 58). This may upset her a bit, but continue. Tell her you've learned she was unknowingly raped and sodomized by a gang of Haitian longshoremen when



she was drunk on punch on the way home from her high school cotillion dance."

Surprising statistics uphold the chapter's ambitious goal: of the 238 cases of Caucasian AIDS in the New York area alone as of this writing, 230 of the victims were rewarded with both emotional and financial support. The other eight cases, on the other hand, were of little consequence because the mothers died of coronary arrest following the dog-decapitation step.

EXAMPLE 6: Q: How did they know Vic Morrow had dandruff?

A: They found his head and shoulders in the bushes.

Malarky. The death of Mr. Morrow and two Vietnamese children on the set of the movie *The Twilight Zone* was a horrendous and inexcusable act equaled only by the poor box-office returns that followed. The unfortunate accident took place in a dusty "battlefield" when a startled helicopter pilot pitched his craft too close to the ground, causing the main rotor blade to slice through the frolicking yellow cherubs and then the talented Mr. Morrow just as he was commenting to a nearby crew member, "I'm going to devote the rest of my life to working for charity." Regarding the discovery of the actor's body parts, I must first elaborate on just what we're dealing with here: the rotor blade of a military-type helicopter revolves at over 50,000 rpm even during slow, hovering flight. When striking a semi-hard obstacle, in this case somebody's head, the resultant velocity can be compared to that of a baseball bat the size of a Polaris submarine striking a golf ball. Consequently, following a week of intense search, Mr. Morrow's severed brainpan was found resting peacefully atop a quiet farmhouse near the Valdai Hills in western Russia, his left shoulder located in a deep well adjacent to a deserted refugee camp in Bahr al-Milh, Iraq, and his right shoulder traced to the Iquitos rain forest along the Amazon, where it was lodged beneath a cargo of spoiled bananas. It is clear that Mr. Morrow cannot be accused of such an unsavory affliction based on the wildly inaccurate evidence presented in the joke, although it doesn't rule out a possible case of the runs, as suggested by a loose stool found in his trailer only hours before the scene was filmed.

EXAMPLE 7: Q: What has three million legs and can't walk?

A: Jerry's kids.

A falsehood. Mr. Lewis has been impotent since birth. ■

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Painstaking research proves that one of America's greatest authors may in fact have been readable.

"Portrait of a Shamus"

BY WILL JACOBS AND GERARD JONES

ALTHOUGH IT IS GENERALLY conceded that Edgar Allan Poe was the father of the mystery story, it is only recently that we have discovered that Henry James fathered that sub-genre of the mystery known as the hard-boiled detective story. The proof of this startling revelation was recently unearthed by the editors while on a comic-book scouting trip in New England. Between the pages of an old issue of *Batman* they discovered a few sheets of handwritten manuscript charred around the edges. Perusing the text and discerning a striking similarity to the prose style of Henry James, the editors hastened to the late literary master's estate. There they compared the handwriting on the sheets they had discovered with certifiable examples of James's own penmanship. It didn't take an expert graphologist to establish beyond a shadow of a doubt that the author of *Daisy Miller* and *The Turn of the Screw* had indeed written the story entitled "Portrait of a Shamus."

The story is incomplete. Whether the author failed to finish it or whether portions were claimed by the fire which damaged the surviving pages is impossible to ascertain. What little has been left to us is here presented for the first time.

Surely in all the world there is nothing so disagreeable as that species of human that has come to be known as the wisenheimer. From the moment they entered my office, I discerned that they were rogues of just such a stripe. Without waiting to be invited, they helped themselves to my tea and seated themselves upon my davenport.

The large one, in pin-striped garb, set flame to his Fatima and inquired, "Mr. Reginald Marlowe, I trust?" I nodded, and he continued. "Although it is the opinion of general society that you are overly fond of your own wit, still is it just as generally conceded that you are an astute and able private dick."

"Please arrive at the subject of your visit, sirs, or I must ask you to scram," I responded.

It was his companion who was next to speak. He was a diminutive runt, with an

unmistakable ferret-like countenance, a toothpick angling most indecorously from his mouth. "Mr. Marlowe, I am under the distinct impression that you think you're smart."

I reached across the desk and presented him a resounding blow upon the jaw. Rest assured, gentle reader, that that shut him up. The larger fellow brought a hand suggestively near the opening of his coat.

"It would be most imprudent of you, sir," I reprimanded him, "to uncover the gat you keep concealed there."

As he hesitated, the diminutive rogue addressed him. "Ixnay on the fireworks, my dear companion. The time has come that we discuss our business."

The brawnier of the pair found his voice and revealed, "Our esteemed employer, the Fat Man, has a dilemma of identity which must be resolved. You see, my good man, he is uncertain whether he is American or English in nationality."

"That is clearly a dilemma of identity, all right," I conceded.

He inquired, "Would it be to your pleasure, good fellow, to take this case?"

"Most assuredly, sir, if you are able to meet my fee of twenty-five bucks a day, plus tea money."

He held out a hand in which, had it been filled with water, I fancied I might have been able to swim. The little fellow imitated his gesture, but with a hand that stank so grievously I declined to clasp it.

I ushered them from my office, and contemplated what a pity it was that, far from an estate in the country, a long sojourn

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abroad, a spot of tea, and a title, the winds of fate had decreed that I would possess naught but a hat, a coat, and a firearm. I donned them, and departed my office.

The above sentence was the last on a page of which the bottom half was torn away. Some critics might suggest that this lost portion probably included some scene of interrogation bridging Reginald Marlowe's departure from his office and his arrival at the Fat Man's estate, described below. But the editors, aware that the author's brother William suffered from the sniffles, feel confident in asserting that the great pragmatist merely tore off the bottom of the uncompleted page in order to blow his nose.

The Fat Man, known to his intimates as Whiplash Warburton, resided in an imposing Colonial manor off Sepulveda Boulevard. I left my buggy with the livery boy and proceeded to ascend the porch steps. I wore my riding breeches, crimson waistcoat, tailed jacket, monocle, and derby. I was all that society might ask a private eye to be, calling on a million bucks. I allowed myself a final adjustment of my watch-chain, reached for the bell-rope, and then, to my dismay, a heavy object struck my cranium. Into what should I be falling. I had a fleeting moment to ponder, if not a stygian pool of darkness?

A most agreeable sensation restored me to my senses. My eyes opened to behold a most lovely and delicate frail administering kisses upon my lips. I freed my mouth long

enough to berate her gently. "Suppose I found your behavior unbecoming a lady."

"Suppose I found you old-fashioned, dear sir," she returned.

"Suppose I told you I was old-fashioned only from the waist up."

"Suppose I claimed just the opposite."

"Suppose you think of a number."

"Suppose that number were just under seventy," she suggested.

My lips were framing the supposition that it might be just over sixty-eight when the Fat Man, demonstrating an egregious sense of timing, made his entry into the room. Flanking him were a Swede and a dinge, each of enormous physical dimension. The jane rose upon her delicately tapered ankles and stood demurely aside as the men commenced their discourse.

"As I have never enjoyed the pleasure of extending you an invitation, my dear Mr. Marlowe," remarked the Fat Man, "I must inquire what singular circumstances have driven you to this dire breach of decorum?"

"What gives?" I intoned. "Did you not, sir, dispatch two of your goons to enter me into your employ?"

"Just what nonsense do you spout, my good fellow?"

"Two thugs using your good name as a reference claimed that you sought to establish your heritage, whether it be English or American."

The dinge muttered, "Nuts."

The Fat Man, choosing to ignore the indiscretion of his swarthy acolyte, retorted, "For years the lower registers of criminal society have sought to discredit me by denying my American pedigree."

Clearly, between this second fragment and the final one which follows, a gang of thugs, perhaps associated with the two wisenheimers of the opening passage, attacked the Fat Man's estate. In the ensuing gun battle all but one of the thugs was apparently killed. It is especially regrettable that this passage was lost when one takes into consideration James's well-known facility for writing two-fisted action. The editors at first were tempted to reconstruct the missing pages themselves, but after a couple of abortive attempts despaired of ever approximating the master's inimitable style.

The last thug yet remaining sought asylum on the roof. I pursued him thence. He attempted to pop me, but I took refuge behind the chimney with great dispatch. Even so, a wayward fragment of that same chimney creased my noggin. At that moment, noticing upon what a lofty height he pranced, the thug was seized by a delirious humor and all his senses departed. He raised his arms heavenward as if in supplication and exclaimed, "Observe, Mother! I am on top of the world!"

That's when I drilled him. As the projectile penetrated his abdomen, he emitted a bloodcurdling shriek which, had atmosphere existed in the space between earth and moon, might have been heard on that glorious satellite whose beauty had been so often sung by muse-intoxicated minstrels of an age when poesy was esteemed above gold by all society, both mean and elevated. Nuts, Marlowe. I chided myself. You're not human tonight.

I returned to the Fat Man's parlor in a profound despair. Filth lay everywhere about me. Me, Reginald Marlowe, Esquire—I was inextricably part and parcel of that filth now.

If nothing else, this tantalizing glimpse of a great, lost chapter in the history of American letters must force a complete critical reevaluation of the formerly highly esteemed hard-boiled writers of the 1920s and 1930s. The greatest contribution of those writers, most notably Dashiell Hammett and, later, Raymond Chandler, has generally been felt to be their acute and unflinching insight into the American underworld. Hammett and Chandler looked deeply into the demimonde, it is true, and it was a commendable effort; but the author of "Portrait of a Shamus," by contrast, clearly entered into it fully, body and soul. We cannot compare mere genre writers with America's literary master of social insight. Theirs was a cold vision, and very clear, indeed, and they could see a long way; but not as far as Henry James could. ■



"Meechum, clear out your desk and be out of this building in an hour."

"Can do, chief!"



Whatever enhances the holiday spirit! Whether you mix Seagram's 7 with eggnog, or your favorite mixer, it'll get your holidays stirring. So mix in good cheer...and good sense. With the gift that's always in good taste—Seagram's 7.

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Seagram's

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LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

Sirs:

All your life, the better things have always gone to someone else. A better job, more connections, a prettier wife, let's say. Well, I am that someone else, and I'm having a great time. If I weren't bored out of my mind waiting for my third bottle of champagne here on the Concorde, I wouldn't be thinking of you at—excuse me, here's my drink.

Someone Else
In transit

Sirs:

It's 2:30 in the afternoon, it's overcast, and I've already walked to the beach twice. I've taken three dumps already today, read *People* magazine from cover to cover, and last week's *National Enquirer*. Not much else to do now on this relaxing vacation day but pick up my Panasonic box and crush it on my girlfriend's skull.

Just a Guy Tryin' to Keep Busy
Miami Beach, Fla.

Sirs:

Betcha didn't know that transplant organs are carried in a thing that looks just like an Igloo Playmate. That's right. You see, we'd just dropped off a heart or liver or some damn thing at the hospital heliport, so I decided to fire up a joint of Hawaiian sinsemilla during our layover. Then I reach into my lunch pail and take a humongous bite out of

my hoagie, only it ain't a hoagie, it's a goddamn fucking heart! Well, to make a long story short, my friggin' copilot upchucks all over his brand-new flight suit, but by now I've got one helluva case of the munchies, so I figure what the fuck and pop the rest of the ticker over the gums and into the tum. I just hope when they transplanted my lunch into some poor asshole's chest they saved the coleslaw for me.

The Blue Thunder Boys
Air Med Evac Corps

Sirs:

When our members would ride into town on our motorcycles, we'd be so damn conspicuous that the town would be warned maybe twenty miles before we even got to the place, so by the time we got there nothing was left to bust up. So now we're abandoning our Harleys and we'll be storming into town in Winnebagos. We'll look like a caravan of retired dentists from Omaha, pull up to some local bar, and then watch the fun begin.

Hell's Angels
Violent but crafty

Sirs:

I know some states are doing better than others, but my Grand Prize from the Arkansas State Lottery was a once-a-week visit to the Pizza Hut of my choice for three weeks, and a stick of gum. I don't like this, not one bit.

Big Winner, Right?
Irked, Ark.

Sirs:

Is Liberace a cold-hearted homo? Let's put it this way: a scaffold collapsed, sending thirteen construction workers plummeting to certain death, and Liberace shouted, "Hallelujah, it's raining men." Thank you. Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you.

Ed Hodge's Greatest Hits
Storefront, Nebr.

Sirs:

Why does our church need ten million dollars immediately? I've been telling you it's for the expansion of Liberty Baptist College, or to keep our TV program on the air, or to pay for mailings to tell the word of God. But the truth is I took the Redskins minus three over the Giants, and the assholes failed to cover the spread.

Jerry Falwell
Lynchburg, Va.

Sirs:

My dad got pissed at me, so he wouldn't let me use the car. So I snuck into his office and unplugged the computer, wiping the machine's memory out completely, including the 2,500 pages of research my dad had compiled for a historical saga he had spent six years developing. Then I plugged it back in. When my dad saw what had happened, he was really sad, crying and moaning and everything. He never even suspected me. Maybe I overdid it, but hey, a guy without wheels is a real loser, you know?

Seth Pranzley
Encino, Calif.

Sirs:

So America once more shows that it can have twenty-gallon-capacity garbage-can liners on sale all week. But what can you expect from a land that offers such fantastic values on all-weather garden hoses, and His and Hers Smurf bath towels? Have you seen these ultra-absorbent extra-large towels on your beaches? Or are your leaders keeping them for their own use? As for our luncheonette, this week's special is...

Radio Free Woolworth's
Beaming toward the Iron Curtain

Sirs:

You know how to tell if you're really living your life to the fullest? Take a gun and shoot yourself in the head. If you don't notice much difference afterward, you haven't lost anything important anyhow.

Despondent Suicidal Types
Large Urban Area, U.S.A.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29)



"I've taken the liberty of adding eight thousand dollars to your check so that, while you're stunned with disbelief, I can bang your wife."

America's Jolly Good

Time of the Month

JANUARY EDITION

Santas Report Xmas Requests Modest; Heat Heads List

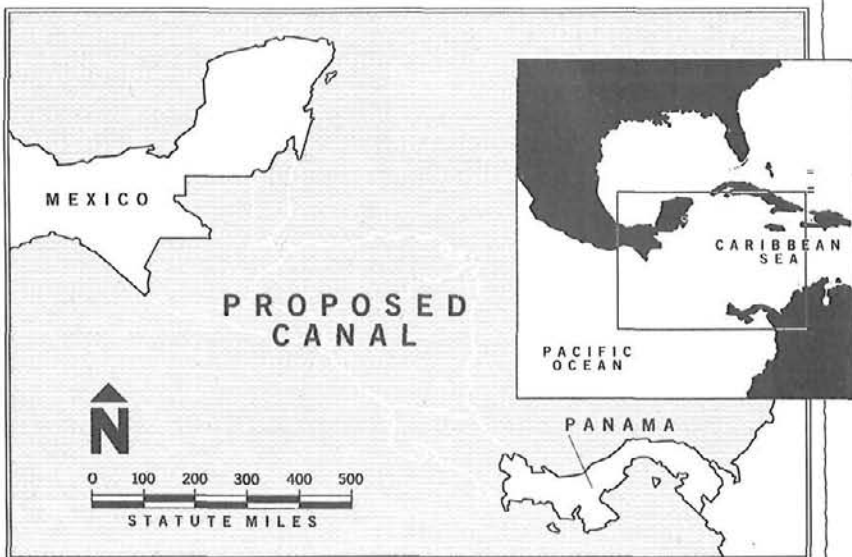
ACROSS THE COUNTRY, FROM MALL TO mall, in-store Santa Clauses have reported that youngsters this season have exhibited a disturbing trend toward "scaling down their requests as a result of the economy."

"It used to be that I would be asked for one special toy or game," said Macy's Santa, Cleavon Washington, "but now most kids ask for simple things, things like heat. One kid told me to forget bringing something for his stocking, because he had to wear it this year."

According to a national survey, the top requests this Christmas have been for "something to eat," "a job for me," (CONTINUED ON PAGE 22)



Photographs: FPG. Wide World • Map: Peter Thorpe



Map of the proposed Pan-Oceanic New American Canal That's Better Than The One The Democrats Gave Away. According to President Reagan, "One advantage of it is that it's too damn big to give away, even if the Democrats were so stupid as to try it again."

President Announces Central American Blueprint for Peace

IN AN EFFORT TO "THINK BIG about peace," President Reagan has announced his plans for a lasting peace in Central America through the construction of the Pan-Oceanic New American Canal That's Better Than The One The Democrats Gave Away (PONACTBTOTDGA). The canal, which will join the Pacific Ocean and the Caribbean Sea, will cover a far greater area than the old Panama Canal, stretching all the way from Mexico on the north to Panama on the south. "It's a big canal for a big world," declared the president, pointing out that none of our aircraft carriers can pass through the old canal. "If

Cuba attacks Texas, I'm gonna need the Pacific Fleet," quipped the chief executive.

In an appeal to the peacenik vote, Reagan announced he would take this opportunity to reduce the nuclear arsenal by using MX missiles to construct the canal. The president revealed that MX's, formerly known as "peacemakers," will from now on be known as "ditchdiggers." This method should have the benefit of causing both shorelines to glow in the dark, thus guiding ships safely through the 800-mile-wide canal. The president added that the island of Grenada will "probably glow bright enough to make a dandy lighthouse." ■

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

because my mom and dad can't seem to hold one down," "a shoe, to match the one you gave me last year," and "something for my daddy's monkey."

Even in the more affluent parts of the country, requests for Christmas gifts have taken a downward turn. In affluent Beverly Hills, California, children of Hollywood stars who once regularly requested such large-ticket items as televisions and automobiles have requested "things that will help me keep my clothes nice and neat, like padded hangers and nonstick Teflon irons."

Says psychiatrist Elmo Blufenbacher of New York University, commenting on the trend: "Children often project their parents' anxieties on situations. These kids know that time is running out on the Santa Gravy Train, and they're reacting to that knowledge. Either that, or they're pulling our leg." ■

Rigby Rides Rocket

IN A JOINT VENTURE BY NASA AND the advertising world, the crew of the next scheduled space shuttle will include gymnast/female-issues spokesperson Cathy Rigby.

The partnership between NASA and Procter & Gamble was announced during the unveiling of their latest joint product, Stay-Free Launching Pads.

NASA spokesman Rocky "Ace" Butane said the product represents years of research by both agencies.

"We can't actually show you what Stay-Free Launching Pads do," said Butane. "The aim here was to develop a product that would test the commercial feasibility of a joint project with the private sector while making a woman feel fresh and confident all day."

Miss Rigby also appeared at the mission briefing and responded to reporters' questions with "Hi! I'm Cathy Rigby," and a series of cartwheels across the dais.

The flight is scheduled for this April, to be followed in the summer by a Soviet-American mission. Rumanian gymnast Nadia Comaneci will be among the crew of *Soyuz 25* to test their new, improved Light Days Panty Heat Shields. ■



The First Lady, working undercover in New York's Times Square.

Nancy Fights Drugs "the Only Way I Know"

FIRST LADY NANCY REAGAN'S lectures, commercials, and TV appearances warning teenagers about the dangers of drug abuse have been widely publicized, but there's another aspect to her antidrug campaign that remains, by necessity, out of the headlines—her undercover work out on the street. Disguised as a pusher or sometimes as a dope-addled teen, Mrs. Reagan haunts suspected centers of drug trafficking such as New York's Times Square, L.A.'s Sunset Boulevard, and the Miami waterfront, attempting to lure and unmask the human refuse that seeks to corrupt the minds and bodies of America's youth. By law, as wife of the nation's Commander in Chief, she is empowered to make arrests.

"The drug problem is a number-one, top-priority concern of our administration," Mrs. Reagan told reporters, "and I'm not going to worry about getting my hands dirty if it means I can get some of these creeps off the streets and into jail, where they belong." For the First Lady, "getting my hands dirty" means donning outlandish, unfashionable costumes, which may include leather miniskirt, high boots, and love beads, and simulating the weird behavior of a member of the drug community. For special assignments she has even dressed as a man, impersonat-

ing a Cuban gangster in Miami and a Rastafarian pot dealer in New York's Washington Square.

Naturally there has been some concern over the First Lady's safety on what is obviously a very dangerous assignment. "Hell, I won't say I'm not scared sometimes; I'd be a fool if I weren't," Mrs. Reagan said, "but I know how to use my purse and keys as weapons if things get rough. Plus, I guess it's no secret that I own a handgun. Maybe it's those dope-crazed goons who ought to be quaking in their boots." In addition to a small-caliber, pearl-handled revolver, Mrs. Reagan is protected by approximately twenty-six Secret Service agents who accompany her wherever she goes, trying to blend into the crowd as best they can with their identical sunglasses, raincoats, and walkie-talkies.

To date, the First Lady has not been approached by any members of the drug community, nor has she made any arrests. ■

**Time
of the
Month**

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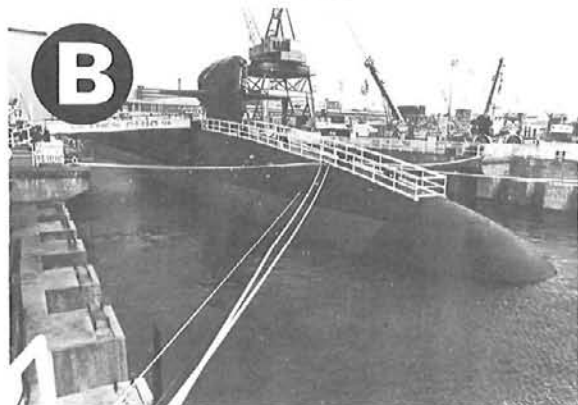
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Church and Atari in Joint Venture

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND Atari, Inc. have announced an unprecedented agreement under which the financially troubled video-game manufacturer will design and build special arcade games for use in the nation's Catholic churches. The games are intended as a way to bring younger parishioners "back into the Arcade of God," according to Father William Murphy, a Church spokesman.

"We'd like these kids to spend more of their time and, hopefully, more of their money in a decent environment like the church," Murphy said, "and this project is a means of meeting them halfway." At the press conference announcing the venture, Murphy demonstrated his own prowess at two prototype games.

"Battle Stations of the Cross" is a video reenactment of the travail of the Lord Jesus Christ along the way to His crucifixion. The player racks up points by offering the Lord water, carrying His cross for short distances, and wielding a light saber to fend off pharisees.

"Soul Invaders" pits the Seven Deadly Sins against the player's immortal soul, which is equipped with heat-seeking virtue lasers and a force field of prayer. The Deadly Sins bear a superficial resemblance to evil alien spacecraft from a distant galaxy. "These games do not stick 100 percent to accepted Catholic theological doctrine," Murphy admits, "but that should increase their marketability to other sects—and thus our profits." ■



Father Murphy and friend test a new salvation method.



Presidential hopeful John Glenn breaks up his fellow Democrats at a California fund-raiser. The incredibly realistic skull mask that the senator is wearing was only one of many boffo gags that wowed his brother politicians that night.

Glenn Humor Surfaces

Pranks, jokes, pratfalls add mirth to the campaign trail

CONCERNED THAT VOTER POLLS judge him as "dull, colorless" or "like a Brillo pad just before it's all used up," John Glenn is making a strong effort to inject a note of lightness into his presidential bid. Guests at a fund-raiser in California appeared astonished at a documentary shown prior to Glenn's appearance. The film is done entirely in fast motion, a technique favored by English satirist Benny Hill. In it, Glenn is seen shaking hands in a crowd when a large-breasted woman and her nearsighted grandfather come up to him. Hilarity ensues, and at the conclusion, Glenn is found chasing a group of nurses in a fireman's hook-and-ladder truck.

Glenn appeared onstage wearing a plaid suit that could only be described by one observer as "really wild" and a squirting bow tie that the candidate used to best advantage, puncturing the pomposity of several other speakers. His talk centered on embarrassing the Kremlin by placing whoopee cushions

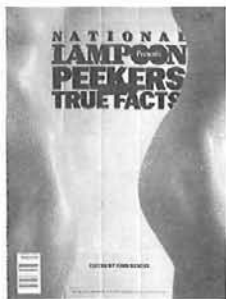
under the seats of their delegates at the U.N. After the lecture he replied to every question with a snappy "Yeah, right," followed by a circling motion of the forefinger near his own head, which key Glenn staffers said meant "What a stupid question. You are a big dope."

At a private party afterward, Glenn told several fart jokes and donned a fanciful chicken mask. "I bet 'Jowls' Mondale couldn't fit his fat face into this," jeered the Ohio Democrat, "because his face is so rubbery and gross, like Jell-O." ■

Big Poll

A COMBINED GALLUP-HARRIS POLL recently revealed that if the 1984 presidential election were held tomorrow, most people wouldn't vote because they were expecting it to be held in November. In addition, media coverage would be cut back by 98 percent. ■

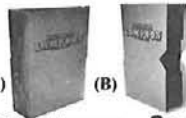
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Strongmen to Meet for Title

LIBYAN STRONGMAN MUAMMAR EL-Qaddafi and Iranian strongman Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini have been scheduled to face American strongman Lou Ferrigno next month in "The World's Strongest Strongman Competition."

ABC Sports will televise the event live from Laguna Beach, California. Bruce Jenner is set to host.

Ferrigno is seen as the favorite in early events, including bending a steel bar and lifting a bikini-clad beach bunny, but later events, including maniacal laughter, power grabbing, and belligerent posturing, are expected to go to the two world leaders.

"You gotta see Lou as the favorite," says oddsmaker Jimmy "The Greek" Snyder. "We know he'll take the strength events. And when it comes to maniacal laughter you can count out Khomeini. The guy hasn't cracked a smile since the day the Shah died."

"Of course, Qaddafi has an outside chance," Snyder conceded, "but the smart money is on Lou."

Told he was the favorite, Ferrigno replied, "Huh? Whadja say?"

LATE SCORE



Tenants 110, Landlords 0.



Herschel Walker smiles and shakes the hand of a wrinkled white man after hearing that his stats on Vega might possibly justify his salary.

USFL Plans "Out Of This World" Franchise

THE RECENT DISCOVERY OF A cloud of matter circling a nearby star not only has raised evidence of a second planetary system, but has given rise to the possibility of a new location for yet another United States Football League franchise.

Chet Simmons, the opportunistic USFL commissioner, cited the discovery by the Infrared Astronomy Satellite, adding, "It confirms what I always thought, that there really is a market out there for spring professional football."

The star, Vega, usually can be spotted in the night sky along with its neighbors, Deneb and Altair. The two latter stars, incidentally, are also being considered for future USFL franchises.

While Vega's surface temperature averages -500 degrees Fahrenheit and travel there would take twenty-six light years, Simmons said such obstacles would be easily outweighed by the star's gravitational pull, which is said to be about one-fifteenth that of Earth's.

"Just think of the possibilities," Simmons said. "Take Herschel Walker. We figure if he played a sixteen-game season on Vega, he'd score more than six hundred touchdowns and average ninety-five yards a carry—all while weighing fourteen pounds."

Scientists confirm that, should players somehow survive the extreme temperatures and lethal atmospheric gases, Vega's weightlessness could make for exciting, offensive-minded football. Field goals, they point out, could be booted accurately from as far away as seven miles, and quarterbacks could toss bombs the length of Tennessee. Still, they caution, there would be hazards. Clipping and face-masking infractions could prove fatal. Quarterbacks, protected by an offensive line weighing a combined sixty pounds, would be vulnerable to injury. And, due to weightlessness, kickoffs and coin tosses could take hours to complete.

"This would be USFL football at its best," Simmons said.

Meanwhile, since evidence suggests

it could take seventeen years for radio transmissions from Vega to reach Earth, Simmons reasoned that recently deceased players and coaches would, in effect, still be alive on Vega. The argument has more than convinced several agents, who have produced lucrative contracts for Brian Piccolo, Vince Lombardi, and Paul "Bear" Bryant. Sportscaster Paul Christman has been named as possible announcer for the new team.

By signing such eminent football greats, Simmons said, he envisioned a truly "all-star" team ("possibly called the Vega Matics"), which would probably compete in the league's Central Division against Chicago, Michigan, Houston, Oklahoma, and San Antonio ("We hope to develop regional rivalries").

While scientists insist Vega remains uninhabitable, Simmons countered by citing evidence that gaseous clouds around the star contain rich molecules that could provide for the evolution of living organisms.

"We're printing tickets already," he said. ■

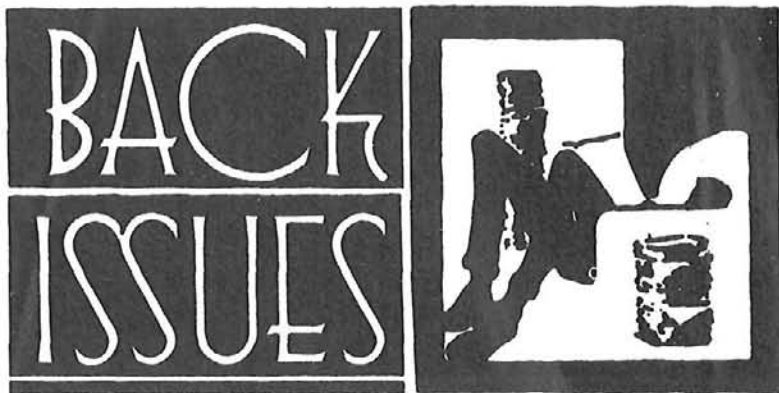
Boy, Eight, Reunited with Family After "Glee Spree"

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD TIMMY JOSEPHSON OF Clinton Falls, Iowa, has been tearfully reunited with his parents after a three-week absence.

"We were worried sick," said his mother, Josephine. "When the police brought him to our door, I didn't know whether to spank him or kiss him."

After a hot meal, a bath, and "an extra-special dessert," Timmy was taken into the custody of Clinton Falls police and charged with the brutal murders of eighteen coeds while on a bloody rampage of death and degradation.

"The kid will probably fry in the chair for this," said District Attorney Millard Claymore. "We've got witnesses who saw him dragging his wagon from dorm to dorm at the college, and we found the heads of a dozen of the girls in his treehouse. I don't see how he'll get off." ■



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FOTO FUNNIES

OH, HELLO. IS THIS "FOTO FUNNIES"? I'M MRS. SHAPIRO, GLENDA'S MOTHER? GLENDA WAS SNEEZING AROUND THE HOUSE ALL MORNING...



...AND AT FIRST WE THOUGHT IT WAS HAY FEVER, BUT IT STARTED TO LOOK LIKE IT MIGHT BE A COLD AND I REALLY DIDN'T WANT HER TO GO OUT...



BUT I FIGURED, GLENDA ONLY WORKS HERE FOR ONE HOUR A WEEK, WHAT COULD BE SO COMPLICATED? SO JUST SHOW ME WHAT TO DO AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT.



WELL, UH, ACTUALLY, SHE, UH, SHOWS US HER, UH, TITS, AND WE TAKE PICTURES OF HER...



SHE SHOWS YOU HER TITS AND YOU TAKE PICTURES OF HER?!!!



THANK GOD! I WAS AFRAID I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO TYPE!



LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20)

Sirs:

A lot of people ask us how we know that a certain household is Jewish. Well, there's no real magic to it, and no real hard-and-fast rules. It's basically intuitive. Besides, we can smell a kike a mile away.

Santa Claus and
the Easter Bunny

Sirs:

Counting sheep has always seemed to me a rather odd way to try to get to sleep. Have you ever sized one up real close? Their nostrils flare like a Gabor sister's after a cheap date, and their eyes are downright mean. I certainly wouldn't want one to turn on me while I was counting, nosirree. I'd rather count insane, bent-over, blood-dripping Mongol hordes than sheep. I just don't like 'em.

Sam Wolverine
Lansing, Mich.

Sirs:

Where are you supposed to take hookers? If you bring them back to your apartment, all your neighbors will know, and your wife will probably be there anyway. If you go to her place, you'll probably get knifed and maybe murdered by some pimp hiding in her closet. If you go to some motel, she'll probably steal your car keys while you're asleep and drive to Vegas or someplace. So what is the answer?

A Horny Guy Who Would Like the
Answer by 9:00 P.M. Tonight

Sirs:

Did this ever happen to you? I got high, you know, and I went to the store and started buying all this food, and then I forgot I was high and I started saying to myself, "Hey, why am I getting all this food?" And then I remembered, "Oh, yeah, I'm high," so I bought it all and took it home and ate it. I mean, it's pretty funny that I forgot I was high, you know. I mean, I had to laugh.

Lee Berrigan
Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

I tried to write a song, but it had no notes. I tried to write a bird, but it could not fly. I tried to write a horse, but it could not gallop. So I wrote to the city of Omaha and received a job application for J-5 Clerk/Typist.

Practical
Omaha, Nebr.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)

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BY SEAN KELLY

WE ARE A FICKLE PEOPLE, soon jaded with the thrill of yesterday's ultimate, super-critical global catastrophe, and eager for tomorrow's potentially apocalyptic exciting world crisis. Banner-head impending dooms and Minicam flash-point exclusives, on-the-spot scoops and undercover bulletins pass through our national fact-hungry system like chocolate-flavored laxative cubes. In-depth punditry and sober, probing panel discussions strut and fret their half hour, and get the hook.

We Americans want news! We got a jones, baby, and last night's stock-crash fix don't feed this morning's panic-hungry monkey. We twitch, itch, and scratch for a sex crime, a bus plunge, a civil or uncivil clash, a class, race, or ratings war, a celebrity scandal, a shocking revelation, a massacre—and right NOW! (Please, Mr. Newsman, repackaged in a neat dime's worth of glassine, just the dose for a three-minute attention span. Thanks, man. Over to you.)

All of which means that yesterday's news is very old news indeed—no to speak of last year's. However...

Return with us now to those far-off days before the Christmas bombings of El Salvador, before the Thanksgiving traffic-fatality record was broken, before the Halloween holocaust. Flash-back with us to the medieval and mysterious long-forgotten era of October 1983.

In illo tempore, American foreign policy experts had stationed, for classified reasons, several hundred U.S. Marines in the middle of Beirut, Lebanon, a northern suburb of Tel Aviv. This was a rubber-gun squad, quartered in a hotel above which flew a *Falangista* flag, inscribed "Bomb Me" in Arabic, Hebrew, and Russian.

Surprisingly, one of the several jihad-



crazed factions endemic to the place took exception to the American presence. A truckload of nitro was dispatched to the check-in counter of said hotel, and no sooner had the sleepy night clerk verified its reservation, shouted "Front," and rung his little bell than the Reagan administration found itself up to its well-known keister in dead and dismembered leathernecks.

Word of this incident gradually made its way to Washington, and a hastily assembled cabal of generals and Cabinet members concluded that it was necessary to awaken the president with the news—though it was scarcely noon.

Behold now a trembling, high-placed Reagan crony tiptoeing upstairs in the White House, with instructions to rap upon the First Couple's bedroom door. He bears a breakfast tray, upon which we see a hot pot of Sanka, a heaping plate of *huevos rancheros*, a single yellow rose, a cut-glass bowl of multishaped and varicolored pharmaceuticals... and a folded newspaper.

Imagine Caspar Weinberger (for it is he) realizing that the headline plainly

visible re 200 Dead Yanks might startle and dismay his leader—even spoil his whole day—if it is read before the first of those big green pills kicks in.

Crafty Caspar turns the offending journal over, and in so doing himself catches sight of a Ford Granada advertisement, and a sports-page headline: "Champ Holmes Signs to Fight Marvis Frazier."

Inspired, Caspar makes bold to rap upon the portals of the presidential boudoir and enters its Vicks-reeking perpetual artificial twilight, smiling a patriotic smile.

Within days, heavyweight American forces have scored a decisive TKO over a previously unranked Caribbean contender, to the hysterical joy of the fans.

Not only was the righteous defeat of Marxist Grenada an image-restoring, attention-distracting masterstroke of public relations, but the Aged Incumbent and his wily staff had built into it a fail-safe mechanism. They concluded that (unlike the Normandy Landing, or the detonation of the first A-bomb) this mission was so perilous, so important, and so secret that no photographers or

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reporters were to be invited—or permitted—along. That way, reasoned statesman Ron, "if this thing turns into another god-darned Bay of Pigs type of screwup, pardon my French, nobody will ever know it even *happened!*"

And so it was not until battle was actually joined between our freedom-loving forces and the kamikaze hordes of Soviet-Cuban, machete-flourishing slave-masters that a White House spokesman gave the word that a "predawn vertical insertion" (see *New York Times*, October 28, 1983) had taken place.

And thus, two full months ahead of schedule, 1984 dawned across Airstrip Two.

IN AN AGE OF FEW HEROES, LITERARY OR otherwise, George Orwell, author of *1984*, remains universally admired. Liberals respect his lifelong, critical but loyal adherence to the principles of socialism, his struggle against oppression of the human spirit, his devotion to truth and dignity, his sympathy with the working class. We conservatives feel that since he didn't like Stalin, he must have been one of us.

For all of us, then, this promises to be a busy year—we have only twelve months in which to make Orwell's vision of the future become a reality. The administration's "predawn vertical insertion" press release serves as a shining example of both doublethink and Newspeak. As usual, the White House leads the way.

But here are a few modest proposals for all of us to make 1984 a double-plus good year:

Love Join the Anti-Sex League in your community. Headquarters can be found in your phone book under many headings, including Moral Majority. (All thinking citizens of Airstrip Two must be aware that "moral" means "anti-sex" and "majority" means "small group of fanatics.")

A few minutes of your time spent with one of MM's television shows, members, pamphlets, or placards will also serve as a useful course in Newspeak and doublethink; thus the principle that a total stranger must be condemned to compulsory poverty, pain, deprivation, ignorance, and eventual execution by the State is called the Right to Life. (Unqualified hatred of all who disagree with this position is justified in the name of the God of Love.)

Periodically, a therapeutic Public Hating exercise is carried out by these organizations; the names of Castro, McGovern, or Fonda at one of their gatherings can usually send a righteous

quiver followed by a cathartic ejaculation of venom through the pious, moral mob.

Truth We devout Orwellians have been shockingly slow in establishing a Ministry of Truth. Let's get to work! It is simply not enough to label documentary films about acid rain "foreign propaganda," to deny visas to Central American novelists, or to remove potentially offensive classics from the shelves of high school libraries; no, it is time to take the *offensive!*—remembering always to call it a "defense" of something—and bring about some fundamental changes (in the name of tradition).

Almost any one of the myriad rubber-stamp-letterhead media-pressure groups we have "in the field" will serve as a front organization for the new Ministry of Truth; but a Roman Catholic one, its advisory-board list adorned with terror-inducing ecclesiastical titles and initials, is probably most functional.

Through any such clandestine cabal, we can manipulate the media, press, and television, forcing them to alert the public to the "fact" that these very media are being manipulated by a (non-existent) clandestine cabal whose ideology opposes ours! How it warms the heart of any true Orwell disciple to observe any organization, network, publication, or committee totally funded and controlled by right-wing born-again ideologues publicly excoriate itself for having been infiltrated by bleeding-heart Commie symps!

Peace We must also redouble our efforts in both the public and private sectors to encourage the use of words like "sector," "situation," and "adviser" (this last being doublethink for "member of colonial expeditionary force," itself an early Newspeak term for "invader," now and forever more to be termed "predawn vertical inserter").


Plenty If we can continue to believe that we have rescued our citizens from terror when the only terror we rescued them from was the terror caused by our rescue mission, if we can continue to assign the task of destroying the environment to the Environmental Protection Agency, and if, with Ron and Caspar, we can agree that it is never a civilian's right to question a military decision, we will succeed—and find ourselves in a position to raise a glass of no-frills, generic Victory Gin as our cheap digital clocks strike 13 just one year from today, and to toast, with love, Big You-Know-Who, brother. ■

JANUARY 16, 1984

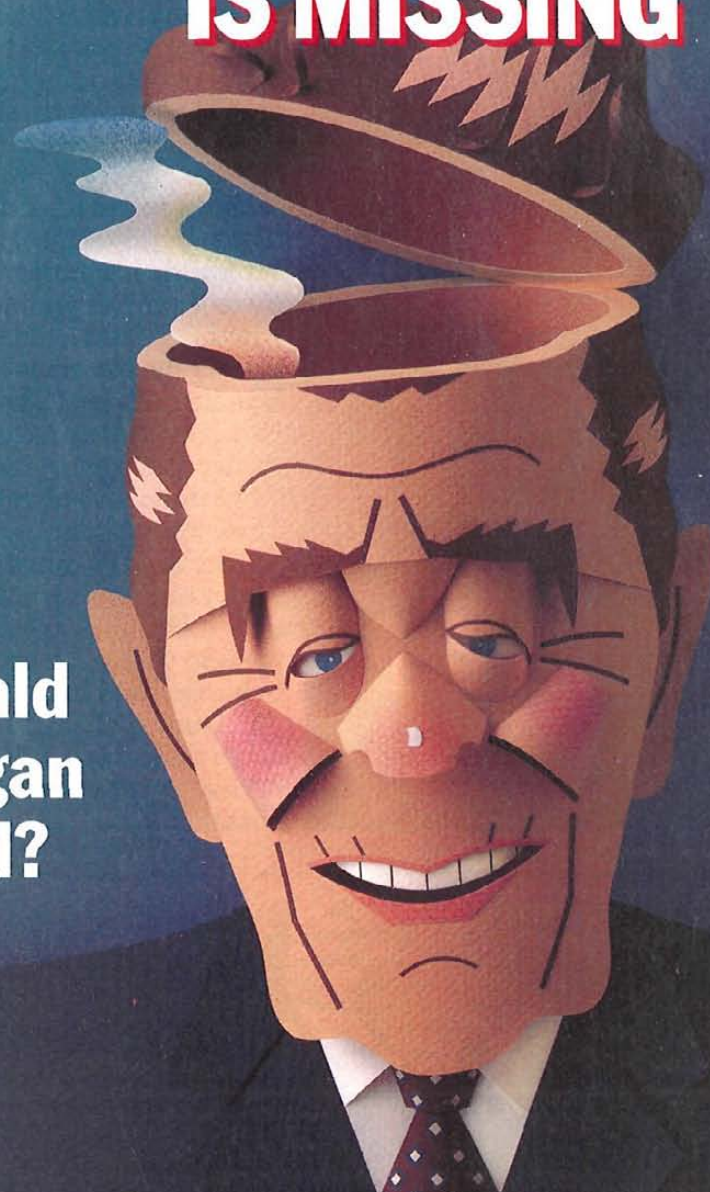
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Dead?

...And
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Run
In '84?



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Larry McDonald didn't listen to his friend Phil Kimby's advice. Don't you make the same mistake.



United

A Letter from the Publisher

There are those who say I've got the easiest job in the world, having absolutely nothing to do all week but dash off two or three paragraphs for the Contents page, which nobody reads anyway. What these people don't know is that I don't even write those two or three paragraphs. They're written for me by some underpaid editorial assistant. I did not write nor, in all probability, will I read the lines you are looking at right now. I have better things to do, like playing golf with David Rockefeller and having long lunches with my old pal John Updike.

All of this notwithstanding, my job as publisher is not all fun and games. Occasionally, in my position as figurehead for America's No. 1 weekly newsmagazine, I am faced with real-life problems. I have to decide which bow tie to wear to a gala reception at Lincoln Center honoring Lucille Ball's 75th year in show business, whom to seat opposite Edwin Land at my next dinner party or what to do about a story that just won't go away—in this case the story of a certain brain-dead Chief Executive of the United States.

As luck would have it, the story broke early on a Monday morning, just as we'd "put to sleep" (as we journalists say) our

last issue, with its cover story on the tofu craze. It was too late to make any changes, so we just had to sit on the biggest news of the decade. As perhaps you can imagine, waiting around for the following week's issue was just killing us (literally, I am sorry to report, in the cases of TIME staffers Kurt Andersen and John Greenwald, who took their own lives rather than face the shame of having brought in the story just hours past last week's deadline).

ABBOTT—GAMMA/GLOBULIN



Andersen preparing to meet his maker

I couldn't breathe a word of this TIME exclusive to anyone, not even to my beloved wife or my good friend William F. Buckley Jr., with whom I often go sailing Wednesday afternoons on the company boat, the 52-foot *Luce Goose*. I was barely able to suppress a chortle when Bill Broyles of *Newsweek* let drop over cocktails that he had managed to secure a big Reagan interview for next month.

Thus it is with relief as well as pride that I greet (or would greet, if I were not at this moment vacationing on a remote tropical island, far from any phones, televisions or magazines) the appearance of this week's issue, which will undoubtedly sell lots of copies and, at the same time, reaffirm our status as the best weekly newsmagazine in the business.

Don a. Meche

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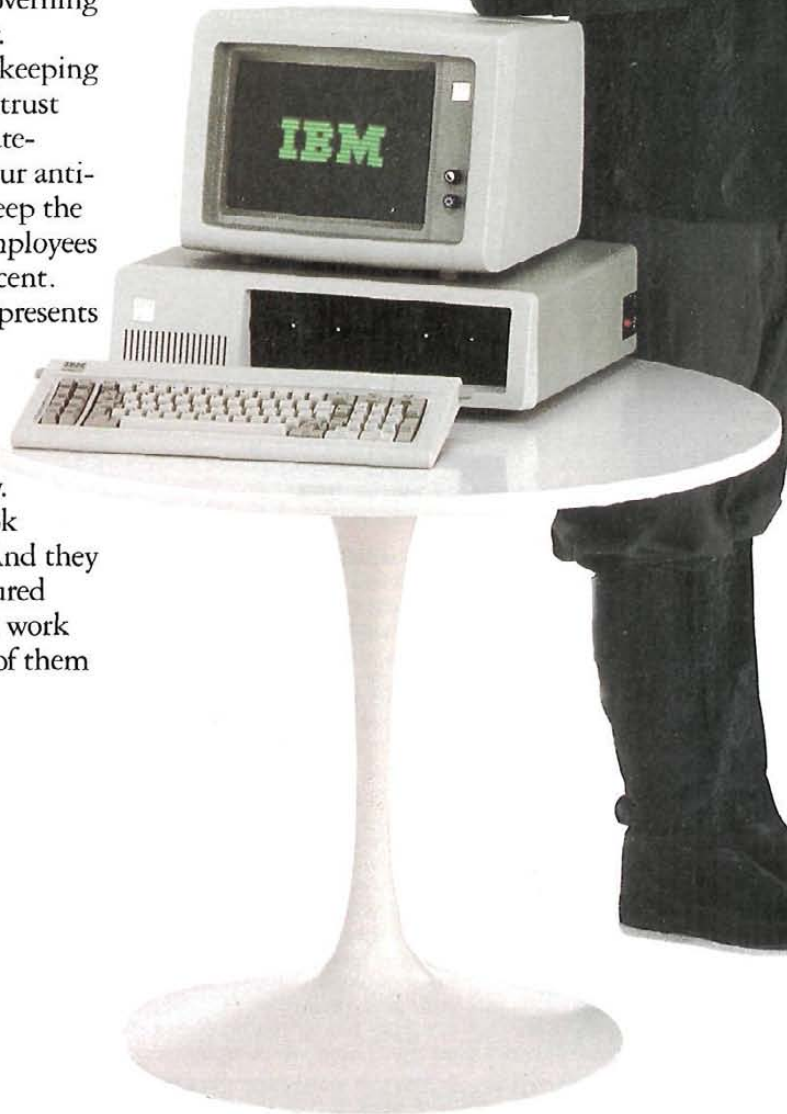
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These two little fellows look remarkably alike, don't they? And they have a lot in common. Rest assured that depending on whether you work for us or just buy from us, one of them is right for you. **IBM**[®]



The IBM In-House Icon

Outside Minneapolis: Stalwartness and Sacrifice

The sun has not even begun to think about poking the crown of its fiery head over the Minnesota flatlands; a thick, almost palpable blanket of lightlessness hugs the plains. No illumination is forthcoming, and shadow dwells with murk in that ethereal world where the boundary between pitch-black and black-as-coal is not always easy to see. It's still dark out.

Momentarily roused by a pinprick of wind, a crow ruffles its feathers and falls back into sleep. Deep in bovine dream, a cow believes it is lowing ever so softly, but in fact is silent. Earthworms are motionless, unimpeded in their rest by a lack of brain matter.

Yet for Emily Baker, the working day is already in full swing. She sits at a small desk, as she has yesterday and the day before, as she will tomorrow and the day after. (The day after that is Saturday, so she'll be home.) Her left hand alternates between the handle of a coffee cup and a thick, spiral-bound book filled with names and numbers; her right hand gently grazes the face of a forbiddingly complex telephone keyboard. She looks at the book and then up at a large wall clock, its white face punctuated by black numerals ranging from 1 to 12, its hands in constant if imperceptible motion. She appears to hesitate ever so slightly, but then erupts into motion, dialing four touch-tone digits within the space of seconds. Soon a disembodied voice is heard from the speaker on her desk, saying sleepily, almost surrealistically, "Hello?"

"Good morning, Mr. White," Emily says. "This is your 5:30 wake-up call."
"Yeah. Thank you" is heard, and then the speaker is silent.

If Emily feels the need to rest between tasks, she gives no indication of that to an observer. The echo of Mr. White has barely subsided before she is again dialing with a speed and dexterity that speak more eloquently of her professionalism than any curriculum vitae.

Again, a voice. It is unmistakably different from the other one, and yet something—a quality perhaps more easily sensed than put into words—links the two.

"Hello."
"Good morning, Mr. Stern. This is your 5:30 wake-up call."

"What's the matter with you people? I canceled the call last night. You stupid fucking idiots."

Again the line is silent, and again Emily shows no sign of reaction to what has just occurred. "That happens some-

times," she tells a visitor. "They cancel the wake-up call and the night operator forgets to put it in the book." She has stopped working for the moment, not out of anger or resentment, not because of any wavering in sense of purpose. Emily has examined her book carefully; she will have nothing more to do until 6:00. It's barely 5:32 now.

This is the way it is, seven mornings every week, 30 or 31 days every month (excepting February), at the On-Ramp Holiday Inn just outside Minneapolis. For Emily Baker and her fellow wake-up operators, life is a series of fleeting encounters with men and women they may never meet, men and women they may never even speak to again. They commune

with this eerily silent tapestry of quietude, this hushed diorama in the museum of life. An outsider to this privileged place might think that noise and motion would unnerve Emily Baker, frighten her with its strange newness and new strangeness, perhaps cause her to spill her hot coffee all over her lap, as it has the stranger. Yet as the onlooker mops the steaming liquid from his groin, Emily coolly turns toward the doorway. She focuses her gaze on a woman who is perhaps ugly but certainly no less vital a member of this futuristic world.

"Hello, Viola," she says evenly. "You're here early."

"Yes," says the new character in this evolving playlet. "Wednesday's the day we wax, so we have to start mopping a little earlier."

"Oh, that's right," says Emily. "It's so early in the morning, I forgot."

The admission is all the more powerful for the seemingly off-handed way in which it is tendered. Historically, of course, it is almost inevitable, virtually a fait accompli. Never has progress been made without those pioneers making said progress suffering to achieve the goals that would result in the aforementioned progress. The courageous men who died testing malaria vaccine. Those who lost limbs in the pursuit of more efficient rocket fuel. Sigmund Freud, talking himself into an irreversible lust for his own mother in his attempts to probe the depths of the human psyche.

And now Emily Baker. For all her levelheadedness, for all her cool decisiveness, no matter how much she pretends that state-of-the-art telecommunications is "just a job," Emily Baker is paying the price for being a trailblazer. She has said, "I forgot"; later in the day she'll claim that something has "slipped her mind." The semantics are irrelevant; the fact is that her chosen profession, which forces her to be awake and alert while the rest of the world sleeps, is causing her temporary short-term memory loss. Before she departs this morning, she will leave a colleague a pencil-written note; when she makes a spelling error, she will turn the pencil over to erase it—only to find that the eraser is all used up. She finished it off yesterday, and cannot recall the fact.

But that will all happen much later, when an outsider is sound asleep on a jet headed back to New York. Right now it is 5:59, and there is work to be done. As the horizon begins to glow with the faintest hint of a sunrise, Emily Baker begins to dial.

—By Len Morose



High-tech pioneering that's "just a job"

electronically, linked together in the brave new world that signals the dawning of an infant age of just-blossoming technological communication. Emily Baker is on the cutting edge of that passport to the future; yet for her, as for perhaps all of us, the relentless ogre of routine has begun the inevitable procedure of creating at least the beginnings of a patina of indifference to her place in the now-expanding, now-shrinking global village.

"It's just a job," she says, her shrug so casual as to appear almost calculated. "Next week I'm on early-evening. I'll probably get a lot of calls for room service, and I'll tell them to dial the kitchen direct."

An eruption of noise and motion coming from the doorway interrupts her wistful monologue. Noise and motion are strangers in this world, illegal aliens sneaking across the border of the Sovereign Nation of Somnolence. The sonorous, bustling universe that comprises life as most of us know it—a life measured by the cacophony of blaring car horns, ear-splitting jackhammers, unseated bowling pins—does not intersect

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TIME/JANUARY 16, 1984

COVER STORY

Where's the Rest of Him?

A nation mourns the napping Ronald Reagan



Monday dawned, as autumn Mondays will, bright and crisp in the nation's capital, and the first brisk winds of winter snapped the city to attention. The air crackled as well with excited anticipation, for this was to be a historic Monday: Ronald Wilson Reagan had called his first press conference in three months, and although its topic was, as usual, top-secret, Washington insiders buzzed that he would officially announce his plans to seek re-election to the land's highest office.

At precisely 10 a.m., the President, dressed in familiar natty style—a cross between Brooks Brothers and the MGM Big Shoulder closet—greeted reporters while making his way toward a podium in the East Wing of the White House. His few friends, associates and the First Lady surrounded him closely. Later there were those who would say too closely, closely enough to hold up a man who had forgotten to move his feet when walking.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Reagan began, "I come before you today to announce my intention to seek my party's nomination for the presidency of the United States."

Strobes flashed, bulbs popped, reporters shouted a babble of questions or dashed to telephones and the kind of chaos erupted that every Chief Executive learns to take in stride. But Reagan suddenly appeared confused, disoriented. He clutched his tie, ran his hand up and over his glistening hair, glanced almost furtively from side to side, then leaned toward the microphone.

"Would you like to hear a poem?" he asked the crowd. A hush fell over the room. "This is a little poem I wrote as a boy, and I'm going to make it the theme

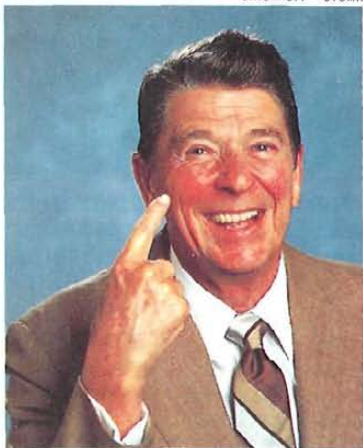
of my campaign. It goes like this:

*I wonder what it's all about,
and why
We suffer so, when little things
go wrong.
We make our life a struggle,
When life should be a song."*

The President stopped a moment and searched his memory, but came up empty. "I forget the middle part," he said, "but this is how the ending goes:

*Millions have gone before us,
And millions will come behind.
So why do we curse and fight
At a fate both wise and kind?"*

When he finished, the President stepped from behind the podium and took a bow. Dumbfounded members of the press proffered polite applause.



Lights on, nobody home

"I'm a little teapot, short and stout..."

Reagan, glassy-eyed, continued: "And that, my friends, is my platform. I think we can summarize it all in the words... the words... I'm tired, and I'm going to take a nap."

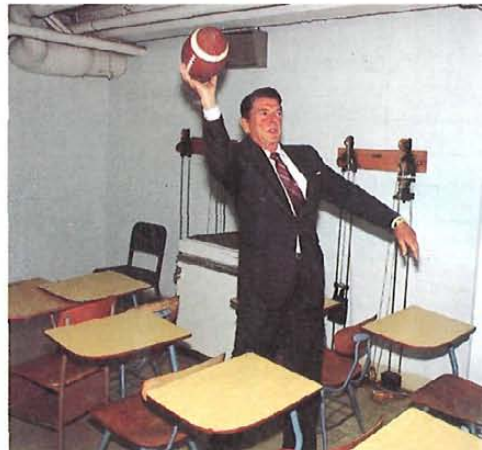
Slowly the President slumped forward, until his head rested on the podium. Secret Service agents stood vigilantly but calmly at his side and did nothing. "Happens all the time," one of them whispered to a nearby newsmen. "Give him a minute and he'll snap back."

When Reagan "snapped back," he began excitedly narrating the last few minutes of a 1934 baseball game between the Chicago Cubs and the Philadelphia Phillies. His recall of the 49-year-old contest was total; his grasp of the fact that it was now 1984, and he was in Washington as President of the United States, was nil.

In no time the President's state of mindlessness formed the kind of vacuum a town like Washington was made to fill: politicians immediately began to take sides. One faction adopted a strong pro-



A week of weirdness: the President dons a tortilla



Challenging Gaddafi to a game of touch-tackle

Reagan stance: led by flinty conservative Senator Paul Laxalt, these men voiced a hearty approval for the President's innovative "Let's Nap" program.

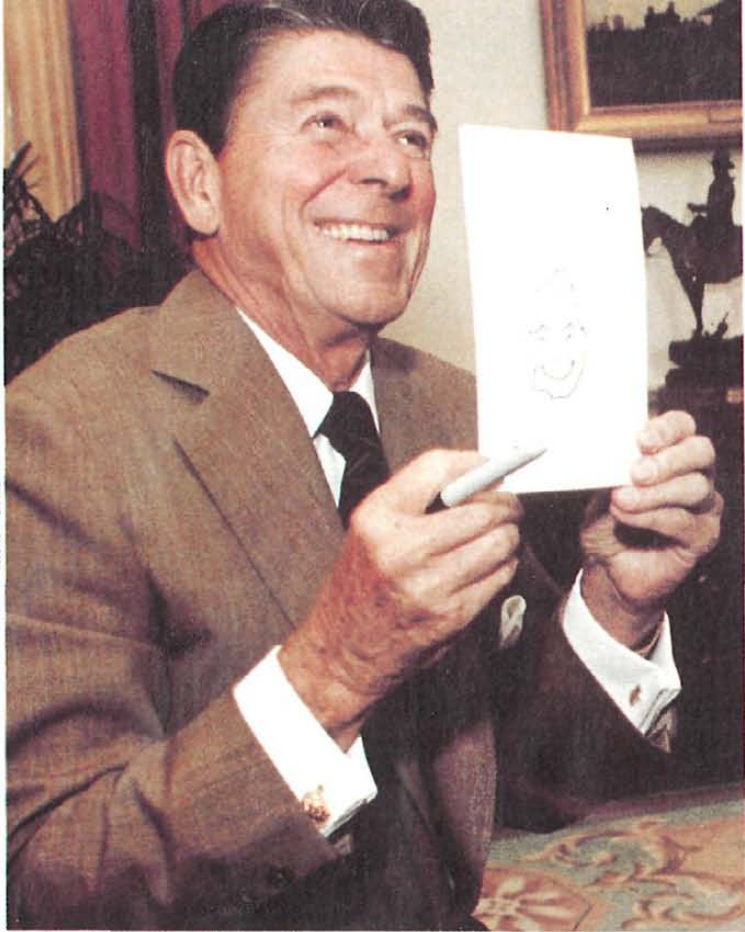
At the other end of the spectrum, Democratic anti-Reagan forces were hewing to the party line by precipitously proposing a full-scale congressional investigation of the President's situation. Indeed, within 24 hours of the fateful press conference, hastily subpoenaed witnesses were traipsing through the halls of the Capitol to testify before a stunned Congress, a startled Senate and a horrified national television audience. The "time of healing" to which so many Democrats had paid lip service after the Watergate witch hunt appeared to be an idea they were only too willing to abandon.

The appearance at the hearings of Presidential Aides Baker, Deaver and Meese, later dubbed "The Stonewall Trio's Last Stand" by wags, consisted of triune negative answers to each of the panel's questions. When asked if the President currently had problems with his memory Deaver responded, "Nope," Baker answered, "Unh-unh" and Meese chimed in, "Heck, no." So it went for over three hours until feisty Senator Daniel Moynihan told the three to "get outta here, you knuckleheads."

The Trio's impressive performance was quickly forgotten after damaging testimony from the President's Chief Surgeon Frank Hardy. It was he, in a

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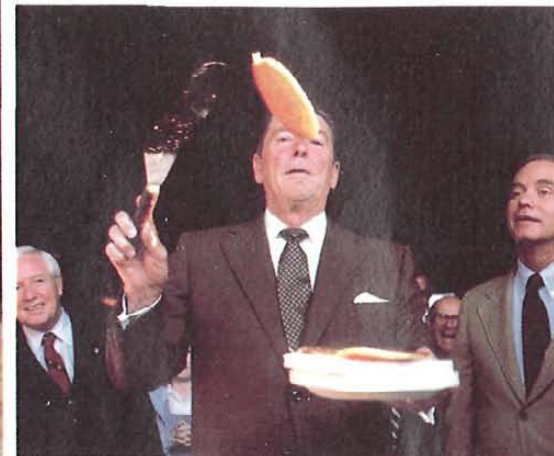
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Signing a bill into law: "A frownie face means it's a veto. Got that?"



Briefly seeking employment as a house painter



At a synagogue opening: "These beanies are funny"

lapse of Hippocratic ethics, who let slip the information that the President was a victim of Alzheimer's disease, a common ailment that results in premature senility. Hardy then shocked the medical and political communities with the following statement, which because of its speculative nature had many calling for his resignation:

"Actually, why call it premature senility? Ron's pretty old anyway. I think you'd be stretching it to say he's senile before his time. You know, people should have thought about this before they elected him. He was gonna go any day."

The dubiously qualified practitioner testified that he had diagnosed Reagan's growing mental problem while giving the President his biannual senility test. "I could see he was slipping," Hardy reported. "And I began to notice, with greater frequency, a loss of his short-term memory function, although his long-term memory worked quite well. The result was that the President was unable to integrate current events into a historical context. In layman's terms, he was living in the past."

To illustrate, Hardy recounted numerous in-

stances when Reagan would storm around the Oval Office screaming, "The President should do something about the mess this country's in!" When reminded that *he* was the President, Reagan would ask, "Of what?"

Soon the congressional hearings became the customary three-ring circus. The Democrats, who by dubious majority maneuvering had wrested control of the inquiry, established what they termed an "open-door" policy. Anyone with a complaint about the President that could remotely be tied to his alleged senility was given time at the microphone. The barrage of beefs from malcontent politicians, bureaucrats and political action

committees was overwhelming. The National Organization of Women charged that dementia praecox caused Reagan's "insane" stances on the ERA and the killing of unborns (which for some reason was repeatedly referred to as "women's choice" by the gals). Century 21 Real Estate Salesman Ronald Hucks blamed his low profits and inability to purchase a new gold jacket on the President's tight-money policies.

Ironically, the subject of the investigation was barely aware of its existence. Vacationing at Camp David, the President was swept up in a crisis of his own: trying to placate irate First Lady Nancy, irritated by his insistence that she was Jane Wyman.

As the congressional hearings entered a marathon 27th hour on Wednesday morning, it became clear that the issues at hand were constitutional ones. Should the President be removed from office? On what grounds? Was he damaging the country by being brain dead, or was it just business as usual? Should the plug be pulled on the old guy, and if so, who should pull it? Jane Wyman?

That afternoon, frus-

Deciding the President's fate in Congress; protesters outside the Supreme Court

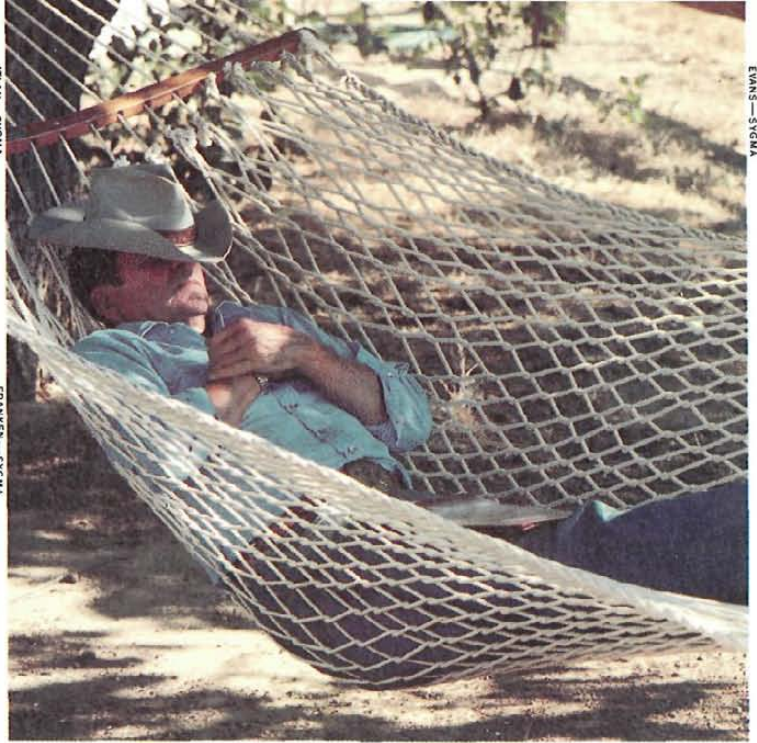




President Bush calms a slightly perturbed electorate



The sad, solemn, somber ride back to private citizenship



The President's final resting place: "Has anyone seen my hat?"

trated and exasperated, Congress voted on the question of submitting the "Brainless President Problem" to a higher authority. A small band of Congressmen, once more led by Senator Laxalt (and calling themselves the "Sacred Locusts"), abstained from the vote: they claimed that "the highest authority of all" had already decided the issue and that He obviously wanted the President to remain in power.

But the majority of the Democrat-controlled Congress disagreed, and by Wednesday evening the Supreme Court was assembled in special session to hear the case.

If the congressional hearings had been a country fair of special-interest politics and petty backbiting, the Supreme Court's two-day session was a full carnival. Outside the Court building Reagan's loyal pro-life followers picketed, carrying banners that read "Who can say when a thought begins?" and "Only God can terminate a President." Inside, a swarm of lawyers and witnesses droned on.

The President's counsel, Roy Cohn, called no witnesses himself, preferring to challenge the opposition to *prove* that the President's absence of mental capacity was actually detrimental to his function. This "Prove It" defense opened another series of bitter floodgates, unleashing

a tide of complaints and cavils. When the 700-odd witnesses finished filing their gripes about the President, the roster of alleged Reagan incompetencies included:

► His frequent attempts to assign all of his duties to special committees. As Adviser Henry Kissinger told the Court, "If I heard him say it once, I heard him say it a million times: 'Do whatever you want, just don't let me know what you're going to do before you do it.'"

► His recurring fears that the Nazis were trying to kill Franklin D. Roosevelt. As senility advanced, Reagan began insisting that FDR was the *real* President, and that he himself was just on loan from MGM as a decoy, "in case those Nazis decide to get cute."

► His late-night calls to Yuri Andropov, challenging him to find "some Soviet

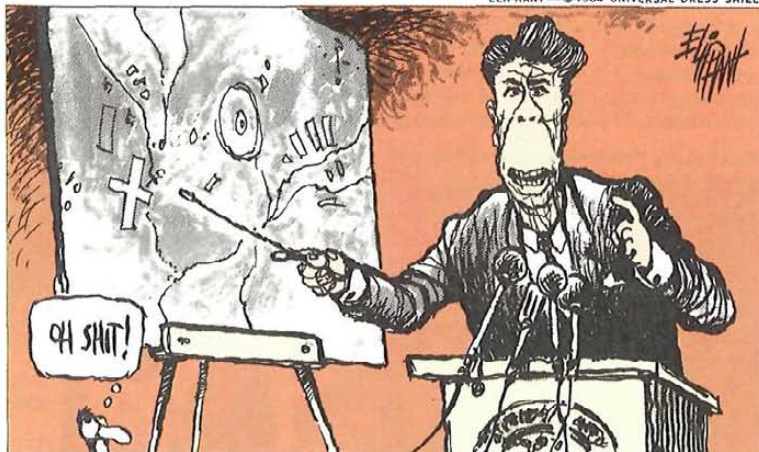
hussy" to take on U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick in a winner-take-the-world mud-wrestling match. "He chickened," Reagan told close friends. "Ain't no one can go fall-for-fall with my Jeanie."

► His hitherto secret plan to build an enormous "trickle-down machine" on the White House lawn, to show Americans that the theory could work. The machine, which was to be built of "1% inspiration and 99% perspiration, with a dash of the salt of the earth," was deemed unfeasible and "really stupid" by several architects.

As for the President's failing grip on foreign affairs, boo-boos listed by diplomats went on for several thousand transcript pages (*see* WORLD). As the testimony finally ended, the Court closeted itself in chambers to deliberate. Twenty minutes later a historic decision

was announced: with only diligent distaff Justice Sandra Day O'Connor dissenting, the saddened Supreme Court had voted to remove the President from office.

Word reached Vice-President George Bush quickly, standing as he was with his ear to the door of the Court chambers. Jogger Bush immediately ran across town to the White House, easily outdistancing Former Speedster Byron "Whizzer" White, who arrived wheezing and puffing 12 full minutes later to swear Bush in.



"And so, with the help of computer enhancement, these satellite photographs demonstrate the presence of a Soviet-sponsored munitions factory on Nicaraguan soil... Hey, who turned out the lights?"

The Grace of Doing Nothing

There is, among the many, an old American expression. The expression, so oft expressed in this city, where nothing is expressed so well as those things which are truly American, goes like this: "If it works, don't fix it."

The presidency works. The President, being that man within the President's office, is working. Up until that fateful day when we learned of his malady, all was right with the world, and with this country, and with this city, where nothing is expressed so well as those things which are truly American, things like sayings which go like this: "Don't bother me. I'm working."

Our founding fathers guaranteed that the presidency works. We forget that. We live in an age where our guarantees are printed on boxes, where we guarantee newer, cleaner, faster, fresher lives. In Washington they've even passed a law guaranteeing disease on the side of every cigarette box.

But—and perhaps this is one of those things that we have to stop and slam ourselves on the side of the head when we think about them—there is no guarantee printed on the side of the White House. No guarantee printed on the side of Congress. No guarantee etched into the pure, flat slate of the Pentagon.

And so we forget. We forget when we hound a President from office, as we did with Johnson and Nixon.

We forget when we simply ignore a President, as we did with Ford and Carter. And, forgive me if I seem harsh, but these are harsh times, harsh as any time we've faced in four decades of recent history, we're forgetting it now.

Stop it, America. Let's try to remember. "If it works, don't fix it."

The cherry blossom trees in Washington, those symbols of rebirth in our nation's capital, are not in bloom now, because it is

winter. But they were in bloom last spring, and they will bloom again next spring. And thousands, perhaps millions, of Americans will walk past those trees, or drive past them if the parking lot under the Smithsonian is filled, and they will be filled with awe and wonder. This is a city of awe and wonder.

It was that way last spring, when the President's malady first exhibited itself, and it will be that way next spring, when the President will not have a malady, because we have hounded another President out of office, and he is now the ex-President. And he will not see the cherry blossom trees in bloom this spring, unless he takes a special trip, which is unlikely.

Am I making sense?

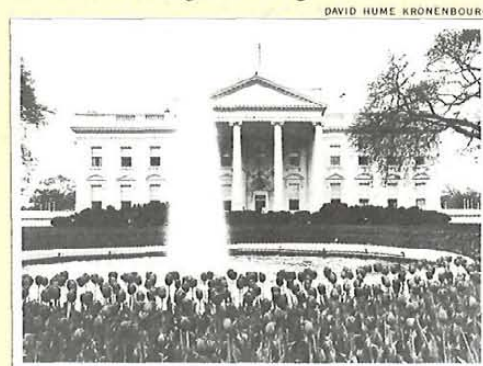
Finally, we have to lay the blame on television, which turns politics into talking heads. And when the head won't talk, we don't have a President. It wasn't that way when Woodrow Wilson couldn't function, because he never went on television, never had to face a nation that would hound him out of office because he appeared in their living rooms with his tongue wagging like the scarf on the neck of a pretty girl walking past those dead cherry blossom trees, with the wind blowing, in this cold wintry town.

But television has made the difference for this President, and I say it's a damn shame. He was still, I believe, a good President, even if he couldn't remember where he was. He didn't have to. Presidents have advisers to do that, and consenters. It was true in Allen Drury's day, and it's true now.

But what would the founding fathers have said about the President being brain dead, besides "It's a damn shame, pass me another mug of ale, please"? They would have said just what they said in the Bill of Rights, and in the Constitution, and in the Declaration of Independence—in all of those documents in this place of the blooming cherry blossoms.

And it is in these documents that you will read true American expressions, so oft expressed, but never so well expressed as they are in the words of the common man, for it is the common man—and none is so common as he who has no brain to distinguish him, to serve his role as an elite member of society—who says to us, "If it works, don't fix it."

Any damn mechanic can tell you that. It's too bad the Court can't.



It works, and you can count on it

Compared to the torpid Reagan of the past few months, Bush, in the first few hours of his presidency, seemed a whirlwind of activity. In his first act of office GHB declared a two-day period of mourning for America's almost-fallen leader, Ronald Wilson Reagan. Flags on all federal buildings were to fly at two-thirds mast, and a nationwide 30 seconds of mourning were to be observed once the ex-President was tucked into his bed in the Capitol Rotunda.

Reagan was on view for a full day and normal visiting hours were extended by Executive Order so that the many hundreds of bereaved citizens could pay their respects. Occasionally Reagan would break out of his trance and attempt to strike up a conversation with a passing mourner. "Do I know you?" he was heard to say, as well as "Hi, there, sweetie, wanna jump in the sack with me?" Ornately uniformed Secret Service agents standing guard grimly ordered spectators to "keep moving, whatever the old fart says to you."

Finally, and fittingly, on Sunday, a day many Americans consider the biblically ordained "Sabbath," the national psychic wound was neatly Band-Aided when a bravely grinning Bush personally wheeled his predecessor's bed into the National Cathedral for the semi-memorial service. With literally dozens of friends, supporters and family members gathered around him, Ronald Reagan was offered the somewhat unique opportunity to deliver his own eulogy. But he declined, finding it difficult to remember the name of the deceased.

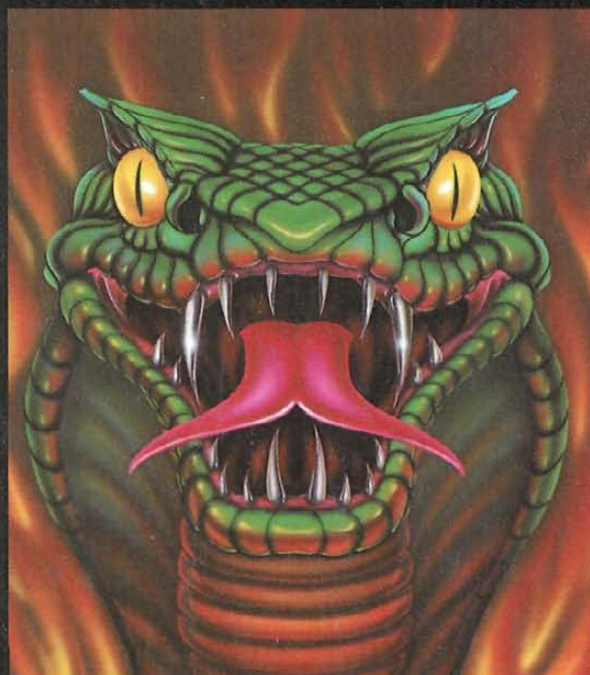
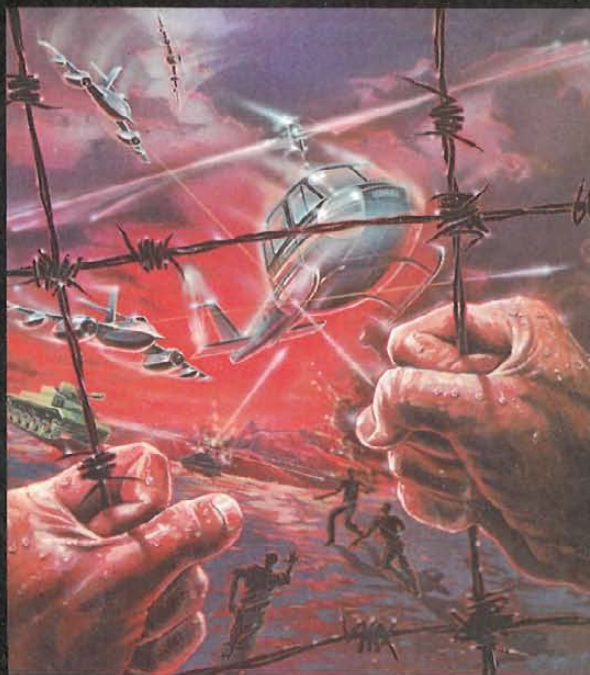
After the service, Reagan was gently lifted from his bed and ceremoniously led down Pennsylvania Avenue, strapped over the back of his favorite (equine) mount. Old Hollywood friends and close Foreign Policy Advisers Roy Rogers and Dale Evans rode shotgun.

So Ronald Reagan departed from office in the manner we might have expected of him: riding into the sunset. No one of the many thousands who might have watched, in person or on local Washington television, will ever forget the final images of his career: moving pictures of brave young Ron Jr. (or "Ron-Ron" to his friends and fellow dancers) saluting his father as he passed... the ex-President's beloved cowboy boots worn, perhaps carelessly, perhaps symbolically, backwards... or the gun carriage, drawn by five husky female Marines and Maureen Reagan, bearing a significantly invisible MX missile...

Nor are any of us likely to forget, this side of Alzheimer's disease, the touching sight of Ronald Wilson Reagan awakening next day in the bedroom of his California ranch, oblivious to the surrounding cameras and microphones, braying: "Mummy, I think our sheets need changing again."

For, so saying, he captured the feelings of us all. —By X. Cathdra. Reported by Sandy McNutt and Crusty McJeebers/Washington

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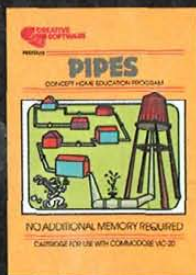
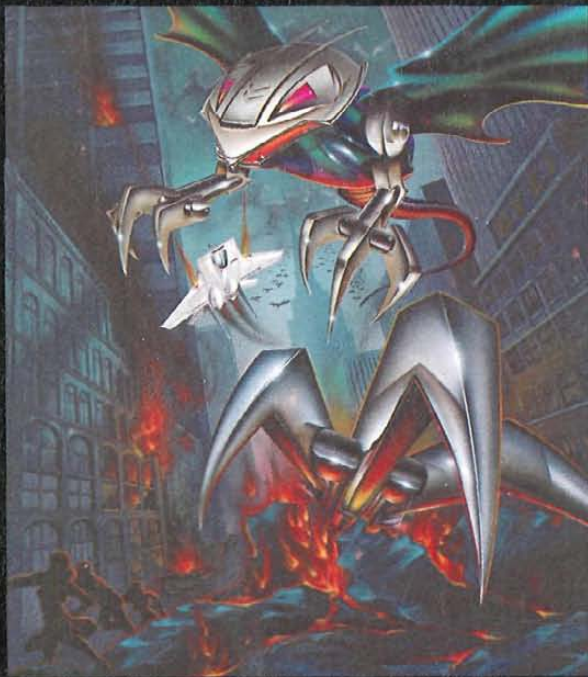
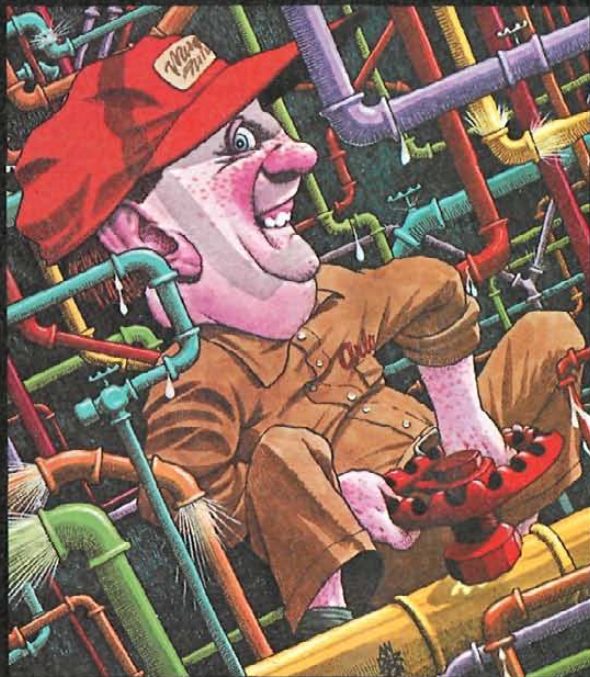


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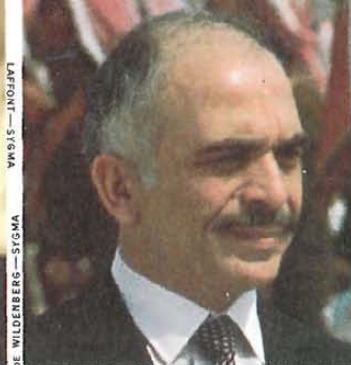
MELER—SIGMA



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DE WILDENBERG—SIGMA



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BOSSU—SIGMA



VINDY—SIGMA



TAYLOR—SIGMA

Thatcher, Zia, Mugabe, Hussein, Mitterrand, Kohl, Gandhi and Castro Impersonator Jimmy "Uncle Fidel" Wise express confusion, disgust

World

Picking Up the Pieces

Nobody guessed America could do this much damage overseas



"Hula hoops. The man sent us hula hoops." The lament was voiced by Zimbabwe's Prime Minister Robert Mugabe, but it could have come from more than

40 of the 92 world leaders gathered in Geneva to untangle the messy knot left by six months of incoherent American foreign policy. Nearly \$80 billion in U.S. foreign aid money was spent sending literally trillions of plastic hula hoops to developing nations as part of a package to promote the 1984 summer Olympic Games in Los Angeles. Most of these hula hoops still lie untouched in their crates, since they arrived without instructions in countries that lacked the technical know-how to make use of them.

Disturbing though it may be to American taxpayers, the hula-hoop fiasco is the least of the worries facing world leaders here. After decades in which American power was belittled as a "paper tiger" and a "pasteboard baracuda," its true scope has finally become apparent in the wake of a string of

catastrophes it has brought about. Fond of analogies, French President François Mitterrand put it this way: "An automobile does not seem, how do you say, terribly threatening, until you put a lunatic behind the wheel."

In the case of American foreign policy, of course, the "lunatic behind the wheel" is President Ronald Reagan, now diagnosed as a victim of the brain-addling effects of Alzheimer's disease (*see* NATION). For half a year the President has been wantonly exercising American muscle abroad, apparently without any clear notion of reality. No one in Geneva is accusing Reagan of intentionally creating international havoc, but, short of his dropping an atomic bomb (one thing his aides succeeded in talking him out of), it is hard to imagine him causing greater disruption in world affairs had his every act been part of a coldly calculated design. Some examples:

Israel. Since its founding in 1948, the state of Israel has been heavily supported by U.S. military aid. Suddenly, in November, an executive order cut off all aid to Israel. Said Reagan: "When I was

an actor, I gave millions of dollars to my agent. Now that I'm President, I don't see why I should have to give even more money to Jews." He added that he had repeatedly asked former Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin to get him some movie deals, but that Begin "seemed uninterested" in his career.

Stunned by the move, which left the Israeli government without any visible means of support, the Knesset, in desperation, approached Israel's Arab neighbors with a radical plan calling for a peaceful solution to problems in the area. But, as one observer put it, "Peace in the Middle East—what fun is that?"

Nicaragua. Reagan ordered U.S. Marines into Nicaragua to help support the embattled Sandinista government, whose existence is threatened by Honduras-based *contra* guerrillas, trained and armed by the American CIA. Questioned about the United States' long-standing opposition to the Sandinistas, Reagan replied: "Oh no, that's wrong. We *always* support corrupt central governments against the popular forces seeking to overthrow them. Even I know that."

The Marines remain in Nicaragua, and the Sandinistas have no idea what to do with them. "They're nice guys and they tell a lot of very funny jokes, but we'd really rather they weren't here," complained Rafael Cordoba Rivas, the Nicaraguan representative at the Geneva Summit.

Japan. Apparently forgetting that hostilities in the Pacific had come to an end in 1945, Reagan armed the fierce Burema tribesmen of New Guinea to fight the Japanese invaders. The Japanese left New Guinea 40 years ago, of course, but, at Reagan's request, the Burema dutifully went after them, booking thousands of seats on Japan Airlines jumbo jets bound for Tokyo. Tokyo merchants complain that the Burema, wielding spears and blowguns and chanting "Ugga ugga ugga," are discouraging tourists from visiting the usually busy downtown area.

Peru. Alarmed by reports of an impending landing by space aliens somewhere in the Andes (reports later tracked down to an anonymous letter to the editor in a six-year-old issue of *Official UFO's* magazine), Reagan ordered vast sheets of aluminum foil to be stripped down over nearly three-fifths of Peru's 496,000 square miles. The presence of the foil has severely injured Peruvian agriculture, much to the distress of the Amer-

ican motion picture community; and, in addition, it has brought a lawsuit against the President by the artist Christo, who alleges plagiarism.

Bulgaria. As one of the least Westernized of the Soviet bloc nations, and perhaps the one most closely tied to Moscow, Bulgaria would have been perhaps the last country on the face of the earth to expect American aid, yet an Executive Order, signed in the President's deteriorating scrawl, authorized \$13 billion in economic and military aid to the government of Communist Party Chairman Todor Zhivkov. Zhivkov, himself 72 and in failing health, was understandably confused

acted angrily to charges that the aid package was a significant departure from normal U.S. policy: "Bulgaria Communist? Ha! Bulgaria will never go Red. Let's just forget the threat of Communism for a moment and get down to the business at hand—defeating the Huns."

Lebanon. The conflict in Lebanon is complex enough to confuse many sane observers, but Reagan did nothing to reduce that complexity by inadvertently changing sides at least six times since America's entry into that conflict. At last report, Reagan was sending advisers to the radical Druze militiamen who are still



Arafat with unidentified companion

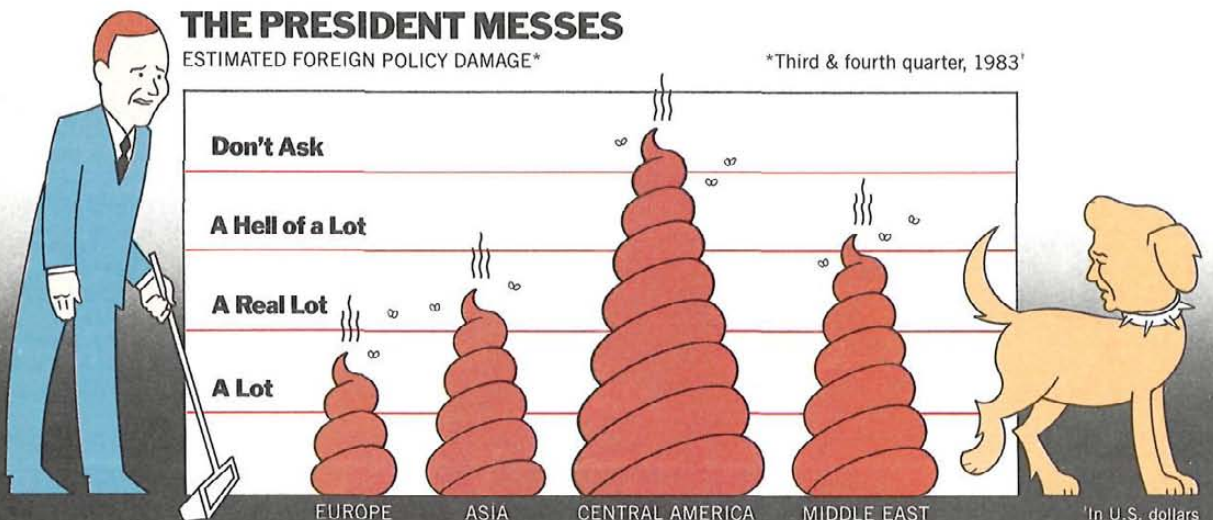
"A summit is a great place to bring a date."

LAFONT—STEMA

THE PRESIDENT MESSES

ESTIMATED FOREIGN POLICY DAMAGE*

*Third & fourth quarter, 1983[†]



SOURCE: James Earl Carter Research Group

TIME Chart by Mobil Holmes



A shocked Thatcher and entourage inspect a "surprise gift" from Reagan

The card read: "Saw these and thought of you."

periodically shelling the U.S. peacekeeping force south of Beirut.

"I know these guys are our enemies," said Reagan in an uncharacteristic moment of semi-lucidity, "but, I don't know, I guess I just admire the way they dress." Spokesmen for the Druze were less enthusiastic about their newfound benefactor. "I'd say Reagan dresses quite badly," quipped Druze Leader Walid Jumblatt, "but then what do you expect from a fascistic Zionist warmonger?"

One occasionally hears the leaders here joking about one or another of Reagan's less destructive gaffes. Zaire's President Mobutu Seko notes that his is a nation with no less than 107 U.S. Ambassadors. "Every time Reagan turns around, he appoints another Ambassador to our country," he explained to General Augusto Pinochet of Chile, seated next to him at an official reception, "but he never remembers to recall the last one." On the whole, though, the grim proceedings in Geneva are marked by little levity. Quite simply, too much is at stake.

The beneficiaries of Reagan's unbalanced approach to world affairs are naturally reluctant to relinquish the fruits of their unexpected good fortune. For example, one day Pakistan's President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq received a telephone call from the White House. Reagan asked about Zia's family, rambled on about the weather in Washington and then said suddenly: "Say, how would you boys like an atomic bomb?" Six hours

later, Zia had one, with Reagan's compliments. Most of the leaders here are now demanding that Zia return the bomb to the United States. Zia refuses to do so as long as Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi continues to hold on to the surprise gift she received from Reagan: the state of Arkansas. (The Arkansas legislature has asked the Supreme Court to rule on the legality of the President's having given the state away, but the Court will not hear cases brought before it by foreigners.)

Mitterrand and his dog stage a protest



Similarly, Canada, which "America wears like a hat," according to Reagan, is loath to yield its own boon from the President's muddleheadedness, exclusive fishing rights in the Mediterranean, until the Soviets remove thousands of SS-20 nuclear missiles from Saskatchewan. Reagan allowed the missiles to be based in Canada, less than 100 miles from the American border, in a rare display of East-West cooperation. In return, U.S. scientists were for the first time permitted a glimpse of state-of-the-art tractor-building technology employed by several new factories in the Ukraine.

Meanwhile, the losers in Reagan's mad game of international 52-card pickup angrily demand redress for their grievances. British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher is furious over U.S. trade sanctions against Great Britain, which Reagan called "a fitting response to the infamous Tea Act." "It makes no sense," she told a conference committee on problems of particular concern to European leaders. "Reagan is crippling our economy for absolutely no reason, and in the meantime he has lifted all sanctions against the Soviet Union because he claims that they are a needed ally against the Kaiser." Questioned about the Tea Act, however, Thatcher was noticeably more restrained. "The American colonies are like a rebellious child which needs to be punished," she said.

Thatcher is perhaps more acerbic than most, but anger, bitterness and frustration are the keynotes here in Geneva. The leaders find little amusement in the absurdity of the situation and even less sympathy for the man who is responsible. "It's a good thing Mr. Reagan is not here," remarked Germany's Helmut Kohl, "or somebody just might forget to remind him to breathe. . . . But seriously, these people are pretty unhappy." The serious tone of the summit might be surprising to those who recall the rollicking, let's-get-drunk-and-forget-all-these-problems spirit of the last summit in Geneva, which took place in March of 1981 to consider arms limitation among Third World nations.

The problems under discussion now are more immediate and perhaps more overwhelming than those that faced many of these same leaders two years ago, but, according to many, the differences go much deeper. "I don't know what it is," said Zia of Pakistan, "but somehow things have changed. Back then we were more carefree, more inclined to look on the lighter side." Zimbabwe's Mugabe agrees: "I think it was more fun to be a national leader in those days. Our problems were just as tough, but there was this sense that we could do anything." Albanian Strongman Enver Hoxha was more philosophical. "Maybe we've just grown up," the 75-year-old despot said, a little wistfully. —By George Kaplan. Reported by Casimer H. Brohoski Jr. and Jim Kelly/Geneva

HE'S BACK. HE'S BIGGER THAN EVER. AND HE WANTS YOUR ETERNAL SOUL.



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Special Appearances by ELIZABETH TAYLOR as The House of Representatives - ORSON WELLES as The Late Great Planet Earth

Directed by STEVEN SPIELBERG - Special Effects by INDUSTRIAL LIGHT AND MAGIC - Based upon the characters created by SIDNEY SHELDON - Additional Material by MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE and BUZZ

Executive Producer MATTY SIMMONS - Featuring Songs by DEF LEPPARD - THE POLICE - TALKING HEADS - THE ROLLING STONES - TANGERINE DREAM - "Love Theme from Jesus II" by MICHAEL JACKSON

PG PRAYERS FOR GUIDANCE SUGGESTED

SOME MATERIAL MAY FRIGHTEN THE BEJESUS OUT OF YOU

Original Sound Track on Angel Records

Look for the videocassette in your motel dresser drawer

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COMING SOONER THAN YOU THINK



Rescue workers rush to Seattle disaster scene but don't arrive yet

Shitstorm, U.S.A.

Does predicting the weather make it worse?

"And the forecast for today calls for up to six inches of cement."

Seattle's KWAT-TV Weathergirl Dewy Point woke up a few sleepy-heads last week with that announcement. Yet, incredibly, six inches of wet cement indeed fell that afternoon in a thick and thunderous downpour, flattening most of the city.

Skeptics who had ignored the warnings were squashed like bugs. Earlier in the day, steel-plated umbrellas had sold briskly and many residents had taken cover in civil defense bomb shelters, but the ultimate fate of many remains unknown, as rescuers with jackhammers race against the clock to free those left alive under the quickly hardening mantle.

The only explanation for the freak occurrence appears to be linked to the forecast itself, which had been sent from the National Weather Service in D.C. to station KWAT that morning. Weathergirl Point read the forecast straight off the wire without confirming it, which Georgetown University computer whizzes say cost the city its life.

"We have installed the most sophisticated forecast computer in existence, called GROUNDHOG [Greatest, Rightest, Original, Ultimate, Never Defective Handful Of Guesses]," Professor Claude (Drip) Drissle explained. "She's strictly state of the art but still has some bugs. Occasionally, a glitch will cause her to... well, make up weather forecasts. And sometimes these silly predictions come true."

Six months ago, in a remote area of Utah, a brief shower of slugs went unnoticed. Then, two months later, a dense fog that reportedly smelled like FDS vaginal deodorant came ashore at Fire Island, New York. And a violent shitstorm that hit Los Angeles in September also went largely unreported.

"We've unplugged the sucker," one computer technician on the project revealed confidentially, "but GROUNDHOG goes on spitting out the pharaoh's plagues! God's punishing us," the born-again squealer continued. "This baby's been programmed by the devil himself!"

In a desperate attempt to offer a more earthly explanation, Weather Service officials returned GROUNDHOG to service last week and promptly received a seemingly innocent prognostication. "Hoarfrost" was predicted on the outskirts of Wellesley, Mass., the home of all-girl Wellesley College, and while windows and car hoods all across town were indeed frosted with icy patterns, the streets that morning were strangely filled with hookers. Every undergraduate at the school had donned pink miniskirts, net stockings and white vinyl Phillydog boots. Venereal disease ran rampant when the sun rose and neighboring male students from nearby Harvard hurried over to the collegiate Sodom.

GROUNDHOG's next forecast called for golden showers across the San Francisco Bay area, forcing Red Cross volunteers to wrap the city in diapers. Most residents huddled indoors as the urine came down, the humiliation triggering a rash of bed-wetting all across

Marin County. Downtown, however, the predominantly gay population took to the outdoors, reveling in an orgiastic display.

Other beneficial results of the perverse weather forecasting included a shower of golf balls the size of hail near Palm Springs, and a Cloud of Death that swept across Mexico, eradicating that country's population problem.

Church leaders were further convinced of the phenomenon's divine origins when manna fell from the sky all across the Bible Belt, as predicted. But Armageddon struck when the stale unleavened bread piled up faster than it could be eaten. After a late-night sprinkle of Manischewitz, the purple doughy slop has begun to rot and stink before the cleanup can begin.

Hallelujahs also became curses in Manhattan's financial district a day later. Naked greed drove hundreds of bankers into the streets as pennies, quarters and Krugerrands fell from the heavens. Tragically, hundreds were killed and thousands severely maimed; a coin falling from a few miles up can attain an astonishing speed and pierce flesh like a dum-dum bullet.

Police Captain Thomas Gunn described the scene: "Scavengers swarmed over the bodies before we could clear them all away. They were fishing Susan B. Anthony dollars out of the carcasses!"

Now, with the brain-dead Government in confusion, no one seems able to shut down the haywire computer. Oil



Weatherman Scott relaxes at home

company lobbyists are said to be delaying any action since an asphalt tidal wave hit the shore near Elizabeth, N.J., filling empty holding tanks. Dow Chemical has reportedly requested further weather reports for the Chesapeake Bay area after an asbestos blizzard followed a light drizzle of carbon tetrachloride.

As the wacky weather struck state

after state, the local populations rejected any theories about computers. "It's shrink-wrap packing!" Patty O'Furniture, Encino mystic, declared, leading her avid followers on a frenzied attack on local supermarket meat counters. "Plastic that close to flesh has upset the balance of nature," the rubber-clad high priestess announced after her arrest.

Off-the-wall Weatherwacko Willard Scott of NBC's *Today* show offered his own explanation of the disturbances. "It's the Chinese. A billion of them jump up and down at the same time and knock the whole planet's rotation out of kilter." Scott urges his viewers to jump up and down with him every morning to offset the effect.

The National Security Administration has employed satellite reconnaissance to monitor any weather tampering as it passes over Soviet bloc countries. Though so far no interference has been detected, the discovery of a newly constructed 60-trillion-BTU air conditioner in Siberia has raised fears of a new Ice Age. High-altitude infrared photos also revealed enormous plastic H's and L's marching across the nation, often accompanied by wavy lines of the sort usually seen marking storm fronts on TV weather maps.

Throughout this topsy-turvy year of the unexpected, traditional weather patterns are gone with the wind. No rain has fallen in the Pacific Northwest in ten months. Sleet played havoc in the Hawaiian Islands. And not a single tornado touched down in Kansas this summer, though the 18 feet of floodwater on the ground might account for the lack of dry air usually needed to produce twisters. A hurricane, however, did slam into Topeka, leveling recently created low-lying coastal areas. One bright note: local anglers report landing trophy-sized marlins and bluefish near Wichita.

And in what just might be the most bizarre note in an already puzzling chain of events, the nation's foremost computer troubleshooter, Hugh Middy, revealed Thursday that when GROUND-HOG was dismantled to prevent further ruinous three-day outlooks, a violent miniature thunderstorm was lashing the circuitry with gale-force winds, while a squall line was inundating the memory banks.

"The micro-circuitry was coming down in sheets," Middy revealed. "As soon as we let the sunshine in, so to speak, all these clouded forecasts cleared right up."

Still, after a seemingly flawless weekend, a meteorological mishmash threatened once more when the computer mischievously predicted "heavy" rain for the suburbs of Indianapolis. Police stood by helplessly as schnauzers, terriers and Great Danes plummeted from the clouds, splattering next to the flattened remains of Siamese, Manx and Abyssinians. —*By Juan Whirlid. Reported by E.Z. Knuff/Washington, Fiorella Vuss/San Francisco, with other bureaus*



At Save the Best of Breed, we don't just raise money.

Many folks don't like to give money to huge, nationally organized animal charities with expensive professional advertising campaigns and colorful direct-mail brochures. They think their money is being spent simply to make more money.

At Save the Best of Breed, we have a strict policy on publicity expenditures. For

every dollar we spend on advertising, another dollar is set aside for needy animals — specifically those belonging to our board of directors.

Look at the happy faces above, and remember: by forgoing one steak dinner a month, you can bring one of these needy animals a monthly steak dinner.

We raise champions.

Save the Best of Breed.
We're not interested in runners-up.

Yes! I want to help a deserving pet reach its full potential. Please enroll me as a sponsor of Mr. Baxter's Puffy Mr. Worthington's Tim-Tim Mrs. Harper's Chuckles Mrs. Smythe's Woof-Woof Wherever the need is greatest.

I understand that upon my first monthly payment of \$20, I will receive a picture of my foster pet and address at which I may write to it, provoking much sardonic laughter from an embittered trainer. I also understand that my letters may be read aloud at Republican fund-raising dinners.

I am also interested in purchasing part or all of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Mr. Phineas Caine
Save the Best of Breed
Charities of Rich Scum
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Pay Up, Third World!

The IMF hires collection agents to go after foreign deadbeats

The financial centers of many Third World nations were rocked last week by the latest in a series of efforts by the International Monetary Fund to recover bad debts. The IMF, after pleading, begging and threatening, has finally resorted to hiring a staff of collection agents to recover monies owed to them.

"It was getting ridiculous," David Rockefeller of Chase Manhattan Bank told a gathering of financial leaders. "Just last month in Zurich, I approached the Finance Minister of Guatemala and asked him about the \$5 billion he owed. He laughed! He laughed and said: 'I will look into it. But do you have another billion to tide me over for the month?'"

To collect the debts, the IMF has hired the Syosset, Long Island firm of Schoenstein and Feiber. S&F has a long history of successfully collecting funds from overdue car payments, phone bills and credit cards. "To tell you the truth," Al Schoenstein says, "collecting from Third World nations is a hell of a lot easier than going after a guy who owes a couple months on his car, because basically the guy who owes on his car can't issue new currency."

The S&F technique begins with threatening letters. "We start off easy," says Schoenstein. "First we send 'em a note that says 'Have you overlooked something?' We want to give 'em the benefit of the doubt. Then we send them another little note that says 'If your check for \$5 billion is in the mail, please disregard this reminder.' Of course, if they ignore that, then we have to get on the phone."

Getting the Finance Minister of a Third World country to talk to a collection agent from Long Island, according to S&F Partner Les Feiber, is *not* easy. "They're wise to us now," says he, "so we have to be crafty. I like the old trick of calling and saying I'm the leader of a military junta, willing to talk terms. That usually gets them. If not, I say I'm the

Virgin Mary. They're very religious, those Third World types."

A typical phone call from an S&F collection agent is short, terse and to the point. It might go something like this:

"Hello, is this Julio Gonzalez de Solar, president of the Argentine Central Bank?"

"It might be, who is calling?"

"This is Jesus Christ calling with an urgent message."

of my word. Perhaps I can send you a little something to show my good faith."

"Okay, how much?"

"Fifty American dollars. Will that do?"

"I'm afraid we're going to need more than that, Mr. de Solar. You wouldn't be holding out on me, would you?"

"Okay, 75. But that will mean that my children will go without shoes next week."

RODIN MOYEL

"Yeah, my heart is crying, Julio. And when can I expect the next payment?"

"I will send you \$75 a month, okay?"

"All right, Julio. But if you miss a month, we'll have to garnish your wages."

"Please, not that. You won't have to do that. I'll be regular like clockwork. By the way, when will I have my entire debt paid if I keep to this schedule?"

"Oh, sometime in the 22nd century."

The question remains, how did these nations get so badly into debt, and what can be done to keep it from happening again?

"It all started when we borrowed to give the entire country a vacation," says Mexico's President Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado. "We were able to get a good deal, and we really needed the rest. My Treasurer assured me that we would be able to pay back the loan in a few years. But when the time came to pay, we were short of cash because of a new socialized medical pro-

gram. What could we do? You gotta take care of the sick. So we borrowed again. And then our military needed new weapons, we had a housing shortage in the capital city. Next thing you know, we were \$85 billion in debt, with no way to repay."

Aside from being experts at collecting overdue funds, the staff at Schoenstein and Feiber counsels Third World countries in budgeting and cash management. "We try to get the Finance Ministers and Treasurers to put a little something away every week to pay the bills," says Schoenstein. "Very



International Collection Agent Les Feiber checks his itinerary

"Hello, this is Jesus Christ. Is the bank president in today?"

"Why, of course, Jesus. What can I do for you?"

"Can it, Julio. This is Les Feiber of the firm of Schoenstein and Feiber. I'm calling about the \$40 billion you owe the IMF."

"I told you last week the check is in the mail, but our postal service is bankrupt and it might take a while to get to you."

"You told me that last month, Mr. de Solar. I'm beginning to think you don't want to pay."

"Of course I want to pay! I am a man

often we tell 'em to put the \$50 million in utilities funds in one bank, the \$70 million in agricultural funds in another bank and the \$400 million in social funds in another. And then we tell 'em not to touch the money in these banks until it's ready to be spent. But they don't listen to us. They get their money, they put it in their pockets and they spend it without keeping thorough records of where it goes. When it comes time to pay the bills, no wonder there's nothing left."

But perhaps nothing will stop the spendthrift ways of these Third World countries if the banks and International Monetary Fund authorities don't stop lending to them. "It's an endless cycle,"

U.S. Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker told a group of reporters last week. "Bankers make money by lending money. These guys come in, they know how to fill out the application, their TRW Credit Report looks good, they dress nice. Who could deny them another couple of billion or so? They look like they're good for the money!"

"Just put me behind the desk in one of those banks," counters Al Schoen-stein. "I'll show 'em how to spot a dead-beat. And it'll make my job a lot easier at this end, too."

And so, the Third World moves, deadbeats and all, into the 21st century, at \$75 a month. — **By Kenneth W. Bwana**

Cities for Sale

Japan's surprising new export

What, the consumer might well ask, will they think of next?

In what appears to be the next logical step in Japanese exporting, Prime Minister Zenko Suzuki of the land of the rising sun has announced plans to sell several of his nation's major cities.

According to Suzuki, the first cities for sale will be Tokyo, Yokohama and Osaka. Speaking before a packed press conference in Washington this week, Suzuki proudly boasted: "Like all our goods, these are quality products, and they arrive fully outfitted, with no extras to purchase."

The decision to market their cities did not come quickly to the Japanese. After thorough research, it was decided that each city would be equipped with a working population, advanced management techniques, factories and office buildings, housing, prewired electrical and telephone networks and high-end features such as plumbing, sewage systems, garbage pickup and other municipal services.

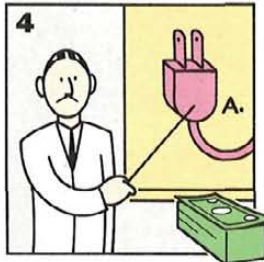
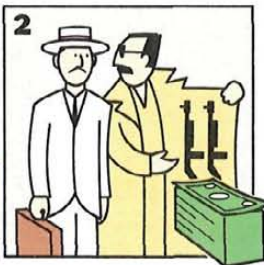
The cities will be priced to move quickly. Tokyo, for example, will sell for just \$75 trillion. There will be no delivery charge.

Although the price seems right, some potential buyers feel it will be worth their while to wait. "When the Walkman first came out," Henry Kissinger says, "I paid an arm and a leg for it. Then they got cheap. I won't make the same mistake when I buy my Japanese city."

The move has sent a flurry through world economic markets, most markedly affecting the yen. But, analysts claim, should the countries that purchase the Japanese cities begin to export the Japanese-quality goods produced in them, the yen will decline once again.

The move to sell cities, many have noted, is only a logical trend in the post-war export history of Japan. According to Market Analyst Elroy J. Squiddle of Bache, Halsey and Squiddle, "The Japs started by selling us lots of tiny things we couldn't make for ourselves. Like transistor radios that didn't get static all the time, and tummy television sets. Then they moved on to bigger things like automobiles. Now it's only natural that they'd give us the ultimate object we've never been able to build—cities with stable, well-educated populations who go happily to work at jobs they like, create well-made goods and manage to maintain a highly industrialized society while still being polite to each other and not going around killing each other and things."

And what will the effect be on American cities when the new Japanese cities begin to arrive on our shores? To quote Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige: "How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm, after they've seen Kyoto?" ■



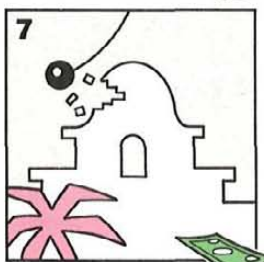
THE LIFE OF A THIRD-WORLD LOAN

1 Third World Finance Minister visits American bank. Banker quickly calculates high profits from interest on \$6 billion loan, ignores fact that application has been signed in boar's blood.

2 Finance Minister leaves American bank, is intercepted by Adman Kashoggi, spends half of loan on sophisticated weapons to defend country's new wealth.

3 On plane home, Minister sits next to President of IBM, signs \$500 million contract for new computers to be installed in all national schools.

4 Minister arrives home, authorizes plan to introduce electricity into country's schools, pre-



paring them for arrival of new IBM computers. Cost: \$1 billion.

5 Minister delivers remainder of loan to President of Country, who cites hunger as top priority, offers to spend several thousand dollars hosting Sally Struthers, hoping for "Save the Children" funds.

6 Presidential-palace irrigation system needs repair. Cost: \$1 billion.

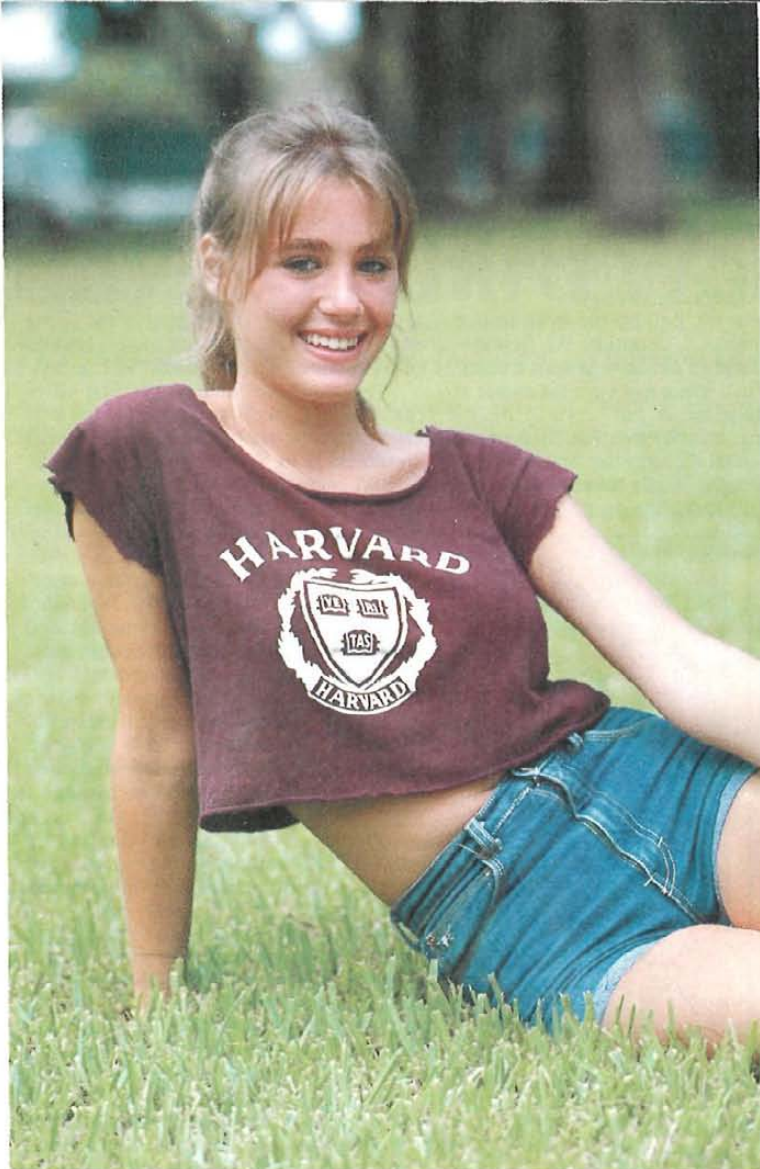
7 President and Finance Minister agree no banker would lend money to a country with a capital city



as shabby as theirs. Remainder of loan is spent building new capital.

8 FORTUNE magazine features new capital city, President and Finance Minister on cover. Minister is able to arrange another \$12 billion loan.

TIME Chart by Mobil Holmes



Smart as a whip but doesn't seem to know her shirt size—oh, well



Cropping up in the strangest places: a Midwest teen



Those girls: sugar and spice and complex strands of DNA

Sexes

Girls: America Loves 'Em

Research proves they are cuddly and cute—and attractive to men

"What is the sound of one girl shopping?"
—Zen proverb

"Girls on film/Girls on film"
—Duran Duran

"Great," enthuses William Danelo, a small, angular man with an infectious grin and an impressive academic background. "Really swell," he murmurs, staring out toward the beach from the comfortable offices of his Santa

Monica-based law firm. Is the former *Harvard Law Review* editor contemplating the acquisition of a new corporate client or the resolution of an important dispute? Not this time. Mr. Danelo is thinking about the girls strolling by on the boardwalk.

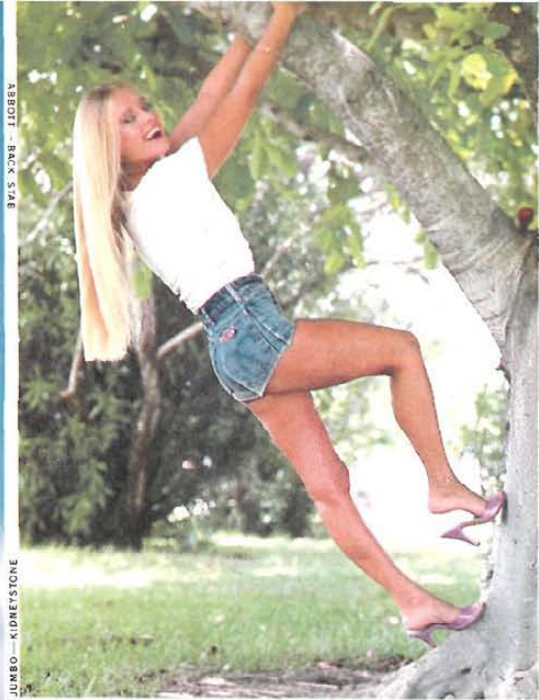
And Mr. Danelo is not alone. All across America, and in many European countries, girls have reached an all-time-high approval rating from heterosexual men. This comes at a time when new research studies are delving further and

further into the actual world of the girl.

Plato defined a girl as "the one I'm sleeping with that doesn't look anything like me." But in our modern-day culture, where Greeks run diners and serve as satiric fodder for second-rate television skits, a girl is generally considered to be a female somewhere between 14 and 22 who owns or has ready access to a telephone. "Before the age of 14, there are 'little girls,'" stresses Psychologist Michael Graves. "Not much is known about them except that they cannot be



Sweet sixteen and never taken the LSAT: "But I do love the law," giggles pert Kathy



Debbie enjoys social climbing with would-be dinette set



"It's a big rock!" squeals smiling future stew Susie

transported across interstate lines." Often found in schools or scouting troops, the little girl lies outside the scope of this article.

Yells Tony Lama, 19: "Hey, scope this one!" A part-time surfer from Long Beach, Calif., electrodes strapped to face and body, he would probably be electrocuted if he ventured into the pounding waves right now.

Lama is part of a scientific study to determine the kind of girls men like. Researchers flash pictures of tall girls, sullen girls, biker girls, arc-welding girls, wistful girls and more, plus a control group of slides of Joey Bishop eating shrimp.

Head Researcher Dr. Donald Gideon observes that Lama appears visibly distressed when an electronic simulation of Middleweight Champion Marvin Hagler approaches a girl Lama has rated highly via an intricately detailed penile-movements chart. In this sequence "Hagler" invites the attractive, swimsuited

Tammy to put down her ice cream cone and "see what a real man can do that no cone can't."

"It's confirming what my associates and I have intuitively felt for a long time," announces Gideon, a wan, sadistic type who does not often venture outdoors. "Results so far indicate that guys like girls who are cute and perky, preferably wearing swimsuits, and definitely not out socially with Marvin Hagler."

"I'm not really surprised," opines Kathy D., 17, a girl from nearby Redondo Beach. Blond, slender and attractive, Kathy is the type of girl scientists find guys go for "in a big way." Guys list "fun to be with" as her No. 1 attribute, followed by "nice smile" and "really gets a good grip on it, doesn't mess around."

Kathy feels that America undervalues its girls, whom she sees as our country's No. 2 resource "after the big trees you can drive cars through." Says Kathy: "Girls can be brain surgeons or cheerleaders, astronauts or pals. There's really, totally *nothing* we couldn't do if

only socialism—no, I mean, uhm, society, right, *society*—would let us."

Is society at fault, keeping girls in high schools and junior colleges when they could be performing surgery with microlasers or piloting the space shuttle? Most people feel this is not the case.

"I'd much prefer to have someone who has gone through medical school and has a long and distinguished career in his specialty perform a delicate operation rather than a girl, no matter how cute and perky," exclaims Josh Bonmitt, who invests other people's money and then doesn't return their phone calls for a leading midtown Manhattan brokerage firm. "We have a saying around the office—a girl for pleasure, a boy to deliver interoffice communications, but for delicate surgery, a middle-aged Jew whose wife likes to shop a good deal."

Kathy D. would disagree, but a close examination of her own life shows little time for flight training or a productive stint in medical school. A reporter assigned to Kathy, in addition to discovering that "her blue silk panties with the



ABBOTT—PUNCTURE WOUND



ACHOO—BACK STAB

Putting on flippers seaside and holding a straw: options aweigh!



O'RILEY—PHYLUM

Which is the real jazzerciser, Robyn or the spooky teen in the mirror?



ABBOTT—UNRAKED PHOTOS

"If we pretend to strangle Gingus, maybe Sting will save him"

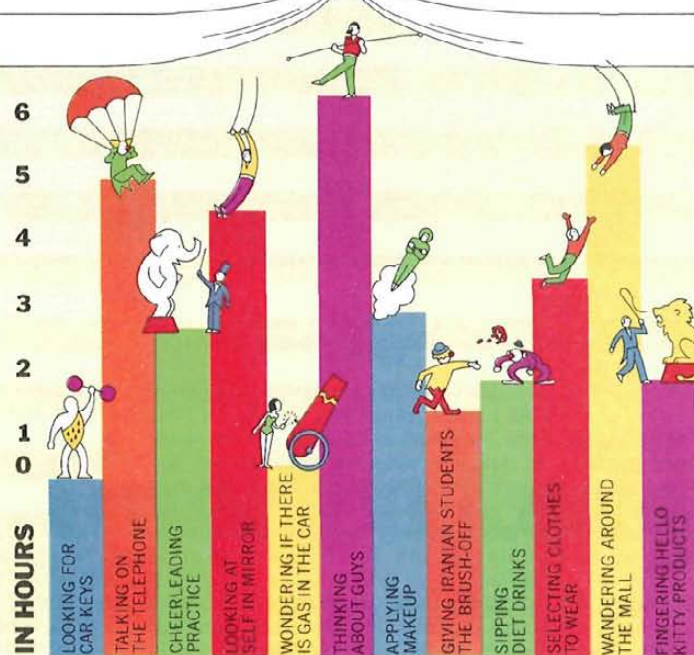
white trim are a nice complement to her tan, lithe, yearning body, at least as seen through this expense-account telescope," also found out that a good deal of her phone calls have little to do with exploratory surgery or the atmospheric composition of distant planets. Kathy talks mostly about "how cute Kenny looked in his cutoffs and football jersey today."

When confronted with this evidence, Kathy sped off for cheerleading practice in her 240Z. There she performed a series of splits and cartwheels, led a spirited victory yell and smiled coyly when Kenny sprinted over to say hello. When later questioned about the seeming contradictions between her words and deeds, Kathy exclaimed: "How did you get into the locker room? If you don't get out right now, I'm going to scream. I mean it..."

Dr. Gideon points out that many girls seem to embody and indeed embrace such contradictions. "And that's why we love them," he adds. Yet girls have not always occupied such an affection-filled rung in society's ladder. Evidence supports the hypothesis that the ancient Egyptians used girls to help construct the Pyramids, and often assigned them distasteful tasks such as cleaning up after one of the many animal gods that roamed freely about the tem-

HOW GIRLS SPEND THEIR TIME

An Amphetamine-Crazed Traveling Circus of Relative Time Per Day



TIME Chart by Reggae Slem

ples. The Egyptians have no words for "Kenny" or "prom."

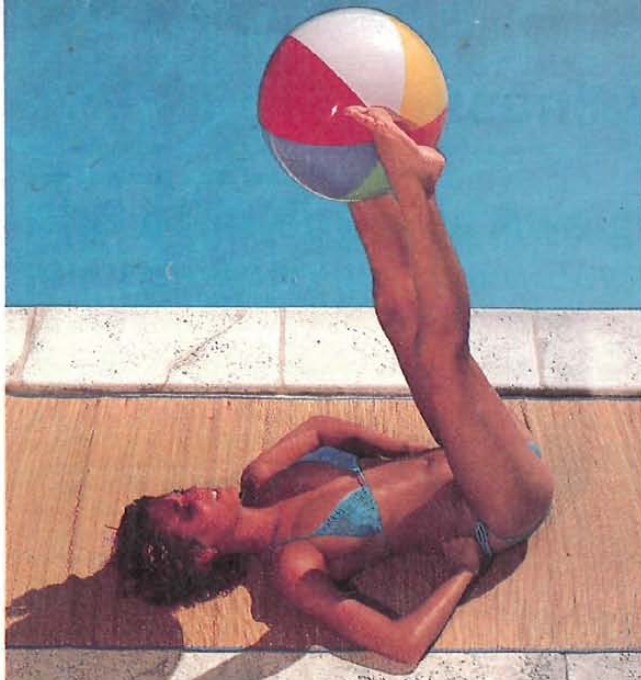
The Romans treated their girls more kindly, frequently allowing them to carry food and wine around before the scene where the slaves rebel and break into the dining area, denouncing the pretensions and decadence of their rulers. The Middle Ages left little written record of their girls, although fragments remain of a song cycle concerning the deeds of

halter-clad lasses from the court of King Arthur.

Even in the present day, certain parts of the world have become suspect in their treatment of girls. Becky Connors, president of Girls: Active, Nice, Decent, Happy Individuals (GANDHI), complains that in Eastern Europe there are hardly any decent shopping malls, proms are held in tractor factories and the price of a nice pair of shoes equals three months' wages. "And Duran Duran never tours there, either," Becky reminds us before dashing off to work at The Gap. Later, on the telephone, she informs us that her organization was named in honor of the fallen Indian statesman because "Cheryl and I went to see the movie at Cinema Village last year and it was real good, even if it was kinda long. What Gandhi did for the Indian people we'd like to do for girls, and still keep up our grades." Becky lowers her voice dramatically and whispers words dear to

her organization: "Mrs. Patterson's back now and I've got to hang up. Bye."

Involved, aware, earning \$3.69 an hour, Becky seems a typical girl. But is there really such a creature as a "typical girl"? Girl Observer H.R. Humbert feels otherwise. Says Humbert: "There are many different types of girls in the United States. In fact, there are many different types right here in this schoolyard." Among the types:



"Take this ball, Mr. Goofy," says novelty act/future surgeon Kris



It goes on Dad's bill, so Lori might just keep talking all day



Double dilemma: "Can I buy this?" and "How do I smell?"



Sorority Girls. Often among the most aesthetically pleasing, they are frequently bred for shopping and lounging and become useless in outdoor situations, such as camping. There the harsh elements often wreak havoc with carefully arranged hair and heavily lacquered nails.

California Girls. This category encompasses the sub-genus of Valley girl, a topic too much ink and paper have already been wasted on. California girls live a much more outdoorsy type of existence than their sorority counterparts and radiate a wholesome, wind-swept, surf-blown look. Their performance is rated best while in a convertible.

Party Girls. More unkempt in appearance than the sorority girl, the party girl likes chugging potent spirits from a U. of Mass. drinking mug, dancing with too many buttons undone on her blouse and having sexual adventures atop a pile of coats in the back room. "Party girls enjoy a steady if somewhat limited popularity," acknowledges Humbert.

Nice Jewish Girls. Not really girls at all, but rather a "carefully conceived retailing device operated by large furniture outlets and department stores."

Southern Girls. Generally more decorous and restrained than their Northern sisters, Southern girls can become volatile when surrounded by others of their own kind. "They're generally charming

WHAT DO GIRLS THINK?

We asked a random sample of girls between 14 and 22 the following questions and received the following responses:

What I Like About Boys:

They buy you meals and stuff	62%
They're really cute, especially lifeguards	53%
When you have a boyfriend, other girls respect you more	42%
Names you can write on a notebook	27%
They try to get you drunk, so you can drink all you want	15%
Sex and making out	12%
They have neat cars/can drive you to cheerleading practice	11%
Football uniforms	9%
They can lift things	7%
They can see parking spaces at the mall better	2%

When I Grow Up I Want to Be...

Mother and astronaut	34%
Linda Evans	26%
Nice	24%
Actress and model	20%
Cowboy cheerleader/brain surgeon	17%
Near Mick Jagger	11%
First Lady	5%
Girl in an MTV video	4%

My Best Friend Is...

Kathy	18%
Tracey	17%
Debbie	16%
Susie	15%
Maggie	13%
Jackie	12%
Beckie	10%
Mick Jagger	8%

Percent may add up to greater than 100 due to multiple responses. © 1984 Time Inc.

and quite attractive," notes Humbert. "But turn on them and they'll scratch your eyes out faster than you can say 'she-crab soup.'"

Girls from the Wrong Side of the Tracks. A rootless tribe, they forage sporadically for fancy dresses and their own rooms, but usually settle for early pregnancies and disturbed relatives. "They can attain a certain early innocent appeal," muses Humbert. "But by age

18, they're generally shot to hell."

Ghetto Girls. Fierce, notably independent, the ghetto girls have been known to hunt their weaker suburban sisters for sport but generally stick to their own "turf," where they are herded closely together. They have occasionally been known to be attracted by large radios and bright shiny objects.

The Girls of the Ivy League. Serious creatures often not without their charms, including large trusts, but prone to either hypercompetitiveness (preprofessional type) or intermittent nervous breakdowns (serious artist with a crying need for self-expression type). "A highly specialized breed," notes Humbert. "High-strung like small yapping dogs that nuzzle against you and then try to bite off your nose."

As even a partial list should demonstrate, there are as many different types of girls as fingers on a man

with slightly more than an average number of fingers. "Girls—they're great," says a smiling, electrode-laden Tony Lama, his gaze following a svelte, bikini-clad young miss frolicking merrily in the surf. A nation with girls from sea to shining sea, America can only say: "Yes, that's right."

—By M. Chevalier
Reported by Brandy Liqueur/Santa Monica, Gerilee Lewis/Long Beach and P. Ping Tom in the locker room

Swiftly's Bazaar

Megatrends! Monstertrends! All the trends you can eat!!!

It was a year for trends. In the book publishing business, the trend included a fair amount of anxiety for best-selling authors unable to fully savor their Cape Cod and Long Island vacations. The reason? A trend at the major movie studios, where trends are closely followed, to produce films based *not* on books but on (gasp!) original screenplays. That, at least, is the trend.

Some show business insiders claim it's not a trend but a tendency. Many of Hollywood's hottest films last year were derived from original screenplays (*Return of the Jedi*, *Trading Places*, to name only two). And now, those same insiders claim, the trend is less toward optioning bestselling books and more toward commissioning—or (gasp!) downright buying—original screenplays. Whatever the trend, the result is that at the end of 1983 there were crates of bestsellers that had still not been optioned by movie executives.

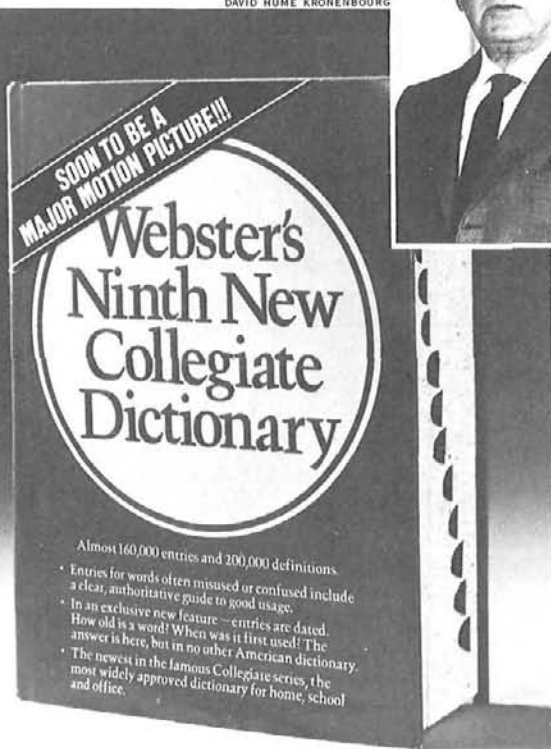
One publishing figure tending to be most affected by this trend is Irving "Swiftly" Lazar, literary super-agent, who represents 97% of this country's bestselling super-authors. His clients include Judith (*Princess Daisy*) Krantz, Sidney (*Bloodline*) Sheldon, Michael (*The Andromeda Strain*) Crichton, as well as Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

"Swiftly" ("They Don't Call Me 'Swiftly' for Nothin'") Lazar is known for making the million-dollar super-deals that turn these super-books into super-movies. This year alone, Lazar made millions in option money for movie rights to Nancy Reagan's address book, Barbra Streisand's Social Security number and the *Rand McNally Road Atlas*. He was also successful in packaging the late Shah of Iran's legendary Persian rug collection into an ABC-TV miniseries starring Omar Sharif. And he sold promotional material for a Cleveland driver education school as a prime-time sitcom for Bonnie Franklin.

However, at the end of last year, Lazar was confronted by a series of trends. Many of his top bestsellers were languishing, unoptioned by the studios despite considerable interest and, in some cases, contract commitments from (gasp!) major superstars. Lazar's response? A closeout sale.

"A lotta these properties already got big names attached to 'em," says Lazar, sitting in his Park Avenue super-office spitting prune pits onto the sidewalk 45 stories below. "So I figure I might as well clear out my inventory of bestsellers. At unbelievably low prices. I mean, say that I was asking \$10 million to option these books. Now I'm asking only \$4,999,999.99, and if your cash flow is a little sticky, we'll work something out."

DAVID HUME KRONENBOURG



Lazar (inset) and classic, to be lensed by Michael Cimino

"That Webster, he had a keen sense of the visual."

Like a sort of show business super year-end remainder sale, these books by Lazar's clients will doubtless attract bargain-hungry moguls and penny-wise producers. Lazar himself is pleased at the would-be trend. "Me, I love trends," he tends to say.

Here, then, is a sample of what Swiftly is offering: bestsellers and star vehicles at rock-bottom prices. All they need is someone yelling "Lights! Camera! Action!!!!!"

Roget's Thesaurus. "Eddie Murphy is dying to do this," says Lazar. "It's a very hip, contemporary story about a man in love with words."

Country Inns and Back Roads of New England. "Stephen (*The Shining*) King wants to do the screenplay, something that'll really knock your socks off, y'know? And we got James Brolin and Tom Selleck to play Inns and Back Roads, and we want Linda Evans for the Country."

Norton Anthology of English Literature. "Richard (*Gandhi*) Attenborough has committed to do this as soon as Ben Kingsley finishes shooting *The Encyclopaedia Britannica* for Universal."

Cosmos. "Perfect for Moon Zappa."

O'RILEY—GAMMA/GLOBULIN



Europe on \$5 a Day. "I see Nastassia Kinski bed-hopping through Europe and maybe having a lesbian affair with Catherine Deneuve."

The Fannie Farmer Cookbook. "This is what Jessica Lange thought she was getting into when she did *Frances* a couple of years ago. She didn't realize that Frances Farmer and Fannie Farmer are two different people. That's actresses for you. I

guarantee you, this property's got a lot more meat on it."

Overcoming Math Anxiety. "John and Bo Derek are very excited about this. It'll be a very sensitive soft-core R-rated picture, with Arnold Schwarzenegger playing 40, and Drew Barrymore playing all the fractions. George Burns is signed to cameo as π , and John Denver is playing the square root. Oh, yeah. Bo plays 10."

The Texas A & M Handbook of Animal Husbandry. "It's a great part for Burt Reynolds as a guy who thinks there might be more to life than sex just because he's so nice."

Jews, God and History. "Woody Allen is doing this as a sort of post-'60s study of urban friendship. He's playing Jews, Diane Keaton plays God and he's casting an unknown to play History."

The New Industrial State. "The next *Flashdance*. Giorgio Moroder is doing incredible stuff with this and Rick Dreyfuss has expressed interest in playing a corporation."

The Yellow Pages. "AT&T is willing to put a lotta promotional money into this, as a Chinese love story with Goldie Hawn as Madame Chiang Kai-shek."

The 1983-84 Guide to Movies on Television. "The perfect vehicle for Brian De Palma. All the masterpieces are in there. He can rip 'em all off, gem after gem after gem."

Modern Hebrew Through Pictures. "Babs Streisand can do this as a follow-up to *Yentl*. I got the Mormon Tabernacle Choir signed to do the soundtrack, with a few tunes by the Bee Gees."

—By Jay Cox-Ucker

Apple Pandowdies Aweigh!

The Middle America's Cup combines casting off with baking off

Captain Jim Busby squints into the breeze, then scratches his chin and indicates, with his pipe, a small dot upriver. "Wish I knew what Herb's keepin' so darn mum about over there," he mutters. Belowdecks, First Mate Lila Busby can be heard over a clattering eggbeater. "I am telling you, it's the Pam, Jim," she calls. Her husband scowls.

The Busbys are not the only crew torn by dissension in this year's running of the 16th biennial Middle America's Cup. All over the Ohio River, houseboats like the *Well-Mannered* resound to sharp words and puzzled sighs as skippers and their crews debate the mystery that, thus far at least, no one has been able to solve: just what is the secret ingredient in Herb and Evelyn Farner's Blueberry Cheese Muffins that has enabled them to out-score any and all contenders in last week's trials?

"Ain't the Pam, Lila," Busby calls down, visibly irritated. "Why? Because Sally Flornoy uses Pam too, I keep tell-

ing you." Busby smiles at a visitor. "My theory, it's almond paste."

"Oh, rubbish!" Lila Busby has climbed a few of the steps between the main deck and the galley, a bowl of batter in her strong hands. She wears a red gingham dress and her "lucky" pansy-print apron. A plump, gray-haired woman in her "young 80s," this is her third Middle America's Cup. "Anytime something tastes good to Jim that he never had before, he says almond paste," she tells the visitor.

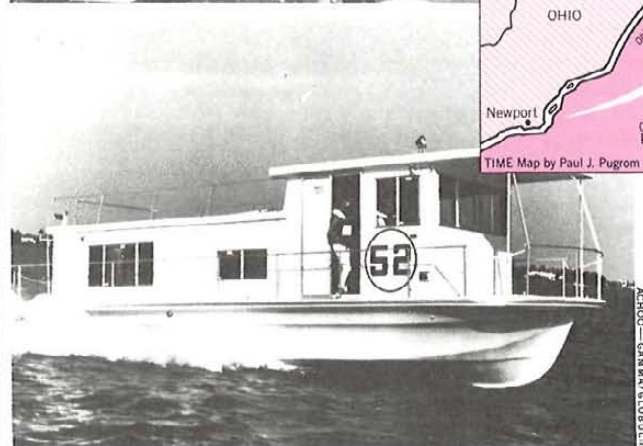
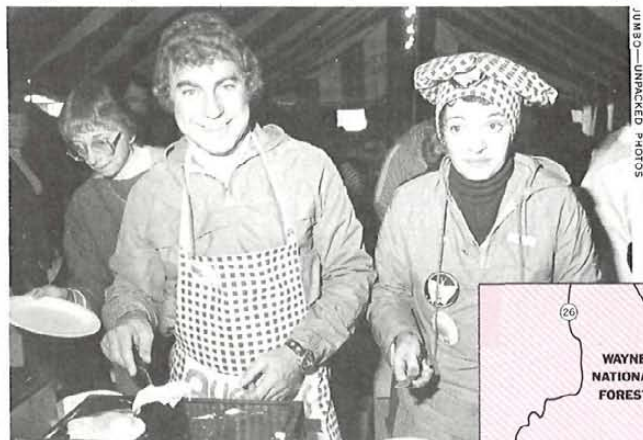
"Ain't true," Jim says quietly. "Is too. You put a plate of something exotic in front of Jim, like an Indian curry and that? Right away he says almond paste." They're still talking about how, four years ago, Lila's Peach and Cranberry Surprise Popovers combined with Jim's cool helmanship to win first place. She'll give you the recipe, too, when she has time. But right now she doesn't. "It's the Pam," she tells her husband and disappears below.

There may be 14 such scenes being enacted all up and down the stretch of the Ohio between Newport and Sardis, a distance of about 19 miles as the crow flies. One boat on which they're not wondering about it is, of course, the *Good Listener*—Herb and Evelyn's craft, presently about a mile upriver and leading the pack.

It's like this every January: upwards of 50 houseboats compete for two weeks in a series of trials in what may be the world's only combination houseboat regatta and bake-off. The top 15 then race in the finals, the outcome determined by order of finish, time separating the successive finishers and a complex formula for judging the baked goods involving Niceness of Presentation, Aroma, Texture, Flavor and Creativity.

(This last category is something of a wild card for the judges, and a frequent source of resentment among competitors. Grouched Mrs. Janie Ann Lester of the *Accommodating*: "Two years ago, in '82? When they gave Merle Trott a ten on Creativity? Well, everybody knew she'd stole the recipe from an old issue of *Redbook*. I don't see what's so creative about that.")

So keen has the curiosity been about



Left, the Farners and their *Good Listener*; right, the *Well-Mannered* and its crew, the Busbys; inset, map of route

"Mmmm, those Blueberry Cheese Muffins sure are delicious, Evelyn... whoops, watch out for that sandbar!"

Shrinks on the Sidelines

The newest team doctor works at un-blocking that kick

just how Evelyn is making those muffins that something resembling a scandal erupted three days ago in this small river community about 90 miles southeast of Columbus. Just after the *Good Listener* had vanquished both the *Considerate* and the *Thoughtful* in a trial heat, a man (rumored to be an out-of-state cousin of *Thoughtful* Skipper Glen Sloan) was apprehended taking photographs of Evelyn Farner's galley—a clear violation of Cup rules, and the subject of endless speculation and gossip around this normally staid, cozy town.

To the outsider it seems like an awful lot of fuss about a pan of muffins, but the matter of the secret ingredient takes on special significance when one realizes that for its entire history the Middle America's Cup has been won by a houseboat from Newport—and that the Farners are from Sardis.

The prospect of losing the Cup for the first time in the history of the race has many Newporters more than a little upset. "It's just plain wrong," says Newport Mayor T.K. ("Teak") Shelburne. "We invented this race so our people could have a good time in their boats and have something for the grandchildren to snack on after school. We chose Sardis as the finish line just because it was convenient. Now we got boats entering from all over the place. Grandview, Matamoras, Sisterville, Duffy—I like to call out the Coast Guard just to direct traffic! And then with this Blueberry Cheese Muffin thing, your winner coming from Sardis..." He shakes his head. A visitor asks if Newport may not simply amend the Cup rules prohibiting all but Newport-based houseboats. "Oh, we can't do that," he says gravely. "That wouldn't be nice at all."

Shelburne's attitude is typical; the competition is fierce, but fiercer still is the dedication of all who take part in the Cup to its traditional ideals of sportsmanship and hospitality. It is this steadfast respect for what is nice that has made the Middle America's Cup more than just another contest to see who can sail a houseboat with someone baking doughnuts in the galley the fastest.

By day's end it is obvious the *Good Listener* will be the victor of this year's trophy. (Afterward the mystery is solved: Evelyn's secret ingredient turns out to have been a paste compounded of dried orange rind and vanilla extract.) Jim and Lila Busby's *Well-Mannered* finishes second—Lila's Glazed Apple Sticky Buns are a huge success—and Tom and Sally Flornoy's craft, the good ship *Amusing*, finishes third. The crowd at the Sardis docks cheers as the trophy, a gold-plated loving cup, is presented to the winning captain. For the next two years it will be kept in the Sardis Houseboat Basin and Charity Cake Shoppe. Where it will go after that is the next mystery.

—By Renee Willis. Reported by Lee Will Wilneris and Niles Elwire/Newport

Football aficionados are calling it "the Year of the Couch." Although many players and coaches disagree, there's no doubt that the 1983 season saw the face and mind of football deeply changed by a new trend in postgame analysis: psychoanalysis. Middle linebackers with anal-aggressive tendencies found themselves starting in the defensive end position. Players with drug habits took a backseat to members of the lineup with polymorphous perversities of the erogenous zone. Sportscaster Frank Gifford found himself jobless as Dr. Ruth Westheimer took his place in the ABC booth.

Is there a relationship between anal-retentive fixations and being a tight end?

Today's football psychoanalysts think so. Joe Theismann plays quarterback for the Washington Redskins and is one of the N.F.L.'s finest due to his unfailingly accurate arm and split-second timing; but according to the psychoanalytic consultant hired by Redskin Owner Jack Kent Cooke, his success is actually due to his deep-seated pedophilia rigoros (love of cleats)

and a counter-phobic reaction to an incident of anal displacement when Theismann was locked in a small family bathroom alone with an overflowing toilet at age six.

"There's no doubt that the bathroom incident was highly traumatic for the young Theismann," claims Redskin Consultant Dr. Dickie Dewey, "but it absolutely guaranteed that the boy would develop a totally cathected attachment to the football and a desire to compensate by avoiding rushers so as to never be locked in that tiny room again."

Psychoanalysis and football may sound like an unlikely team-up, but in the wake of recent drug scandals, the player strikes of 1982 and last year's dismal attendance, team owners have become more adamant than ever about ensuring that their players' minds as well as bodies are conditioned for the game (though Player Rep Bob Wolf threatened a strike when he heard the owners were considering forcing anal sadists to play center).

Despite player protests, the trend for the 1984 season is clear—not only the Redskins, but the Packers and the Oilers as well have hired psychoanalytic con-

sultants. "Jock analysts," as they refer to themselves, haven't yet demanded that the game time be reduced to 45 minutes, but they are changing every other aspect of football. Japanese Psychoanalyst Dr. Mei Kaca, consultant to the Packers, stresses the important role he feels psychoanalysts can play in today's football. "Frankly, reaction formations are as important as defensive formations. We have discovered that a whole range of mental states and so-called ego phases are a determinant of a team's successful journey to the Super Bowl, which of course is actually the Superego Bowl."

The N.F.L. has yet to change the end zone (aka "pay dirt") to the anal zone,

but many of Dr. Kaca's theories have already been put into effect. The Packers have already switched two passive-aggressive linebackers to the defensive line, creating forward passive-aggressive rushers, and it is rumored that one well-known fullback with a split personality will be playing two halfback positions come fall.

"Clearly, the goal of the new psychoanalytic football isn't to replace the bench with the couch," says Dr. T. Pudesky, consultant to the Miami Dolphins. "We take a much more active stance with the players on the field than do our colleagues in the office." In fact, analysts in football have found that mental disorders are not a hindrance, but in fact a help when football players are positioned to express their neurosis directly. Many doctors are now saying that severely disciplinary toilet training at an early age tends to develop an appropriate object-loss/object-love fumble-recovering relationship to the football. "After all, Freud would consider it no coincidence that the football is the shape of doo-doo and is of a brown color," adds Dr. Kaca. "This association is confirmed by our findings that most successful professional football centers have a serious history of early fecal fabrication, which, put simply, is the handling of one's shit and the shit of others."

Perhaps. But it's just as likely that the jock shrinks have lost sight of what else their intellectual forefather said. It was Freud, after all, who wrote: "Sometimes a football is just a football." —By Pope Leo



A healthy obsession with the end zone

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For the chic set, a lengthy convalescence



Just when it seemed that the look of glowing good health would carry them through the '80s, Paris trendsetters suffered a major relapse this month when Fashion Maven Diana Vreeland made a stunning entrance at a Metropolitan Museum of Art opening in New York wearing her colostomy bag outside her dress. "It's high time for a statement that goes beyond the hospital/medical look recently made so popular by that TV show *M*A*S*H*," the aged *haute couture* doyenne explained. "There's an honest, natural sense behind this look. This isn't just a Glad bag full of crap hanging from my dress, it's a real breakthrough in chic."

Department stores and boutiques, already overstocked with Japanese designer wear, have been caught behind the times. And their usual clientele has now flocked to the medical-supply houses instead. Armand Sling, president of Bio-Medico Industries, claims the trend was inevitable. "The demand for blue-green surgical garb has risen faster than the body temperature of a malaria victim. Any doctor could have diagnosed this."

Up and down Fifth Avenue, evidence of an infectious fad broke out like a rash. Models began parading about in broad daylight with plaster casts and orthopedic braces adorning their limbs. Soon the extremists were forced to outdo each other. Clotheshorse Cheryl Tiegs turned up at a recent gallery opening sporting 73 exposed stitches freshly knotted across her cheek. Ultra-trendy Maura Moynihan (the Senator's daughter) went one step further at her 25th-birthday party when she revealed a sucking chest wound created just for the occasion.

"It's really not gross or anything," Maura gurgled. "People of color have been shoving iron plates under their lips for years. It's true! I saw it once in *National Geographic*!"

Regine's and other fab discos have rushed to install wheelchair ramps since Andy Warhol and his leech-covered followers showed up in traction one Saturday night. Their hospital gurneys, strung with weights, pulleys and wires, had to be carried to the dance floor, where the contorted artist was rocked and rolled till the wee hours, while envious crowds of healthy squares wished they had at least come on crutches. A few nights later, out-of-towners waiting outside Studio 54 slashed open their arms and legs clear down to the bone in a desperate attempt to gain admittance. They were ignored.

Debutante Cornelia Guest told friends there was nothing base in such

self-mutilation. "There's something so fresh and clean about making your body part of the latest fashion statement. In my charity work with crippled children, I've seen that exposed spinal columns could be beautiful." Guest recently underwent a double radical mastectomy. "I've expanded the whole definition of décolletage. Cleavage is strictly old-hat. The plunging neckline of the '80s will highlight scars and the hottest new implants instead of the same old oversize mammaries every plain Jane can flaunt."

Halston is said to be at work on a completely new spring line of designer prosthetic devices, and Norma Kamali is consulting with physical therapists in an effort to incorporate neck braces into her newest line of turtle-neck sweaters.

Buyers for the major retailers agree that, like the consumer, they are being forced to really go out on their own limbs in committing to what might be just a passing thing. A *Women's Wear Daily* editorial cited these dangers: "Having your sternum cut open with a pair of tin snips just to expose the heart seems at best a reckless vogue. That kind of gaping hole can really make or break the well-coordinated outfit. The size and color of the heart itself will dictate future fashion dos and don'ts."

Perhaps Housewife Bonny Midrift summarized the dilemma best. "Elective open-heart surgery costs an arm and a leg. And what about infections? You can't use a presoak or even dry cleaning to keep a chest wound like that fresh."

Yet the deformity craze rages on. The American Medical Association's annual report noted that its membership had been plagued with requests for induced elephantiasis, hyperpituitarism and acromegaly. Theorizes Dr. Joyce Brothers, noted psychologist: "After so many years of trying to look beautiful, the modern woman is now enchanted by the grotesque. In a way, it's a good thing. For the first time in history, a woman with a withered limb or a harelip can get a date."

Far from being outraged, in fact, women, most particularly those on the West Coast, are clamoring for these unsightly, painful conversions. Perhaps the lure of notoriety inspires these newly self-made cripples. *LIFE* magazine is considering a special edition of '50s nostalgia entitled "A Fond Look Back to Polio and Thalidomide."

Those wondering where it will end need only listen to the rumors spreading through New York's hippest circles about a new after-hours bar. Its name? Club Dead, of course.

—By Bruce Luce

People



CANAPES PHOTO SERVICE

Monster Godzilla demonstrating support for Alan Cranston

Senator **Alan Cranston**, 69, had his hands full last week when **Godzilla**, 27, wandered onstage during a speech in San Diego. The feisty monster announced to the audience that he, and a variety of other Japanese horror-movie stars, were throwing their weight behind Cranston's campaign. Later, a political analyst for *PEOPLE* noted: "This could be a liability for Cranston, since many voters will resist going for a guy who sucks up to aliens."

Life can be pretty tough when you're blindfolded and gagged. At least that's the

Sting: freaky weekend



BRADY

consensus reached by more than 400 people—among them Actress **Penny Marshall**, 41, Rock Star **Sting**, 31, and *PEOPLE* magazine Editor **Henry Grunwald**, 62. The crowd, each of whom paid over \$1,200 to attend a two-day seminar sponsored by Guru **Werner Erhard**, 48, wore black cotton blindfolds and had Styrofoam stuffed into their mouths for 48 hours. The purpose: "To teach us what it feels like to suck on horrible raspy things and be blind, like so many people in our society," reported a visibly chastened Marshall after the session.

Only a few months old, the fabled marriage of **Paul Simon**, 41, and **Carrie Fisher**, 27, has gone from "Feelin' Groovy" to "Bye Bye Love." Seems a good fairy at a recent *PEOPLE* magazine party offered the aging troubadour three wishes. Never one to think fast on his feet, Simon squandered his first two requests on cab fare home and a disposable lighter. When Fisher began to complain, Simon snapped back with "I wish your lips were sewn together." Surgeons hope to

have the condition remedied in time for Fisher's new film, *Princess Leia Goes Hawaiian*.

"We did it to impress **Jodie Foster**" was the revealing comment made by Ambassador **Sergei Rozamoff**, 56, in an interview with *PEOPLE*. The Soviet Ambassador decided to come clean when it appeared that the destruction of Korean Air Lines Flight 007 did not have the desired effect. "She still doesn't write back to us," he claimed. Says Foster, 20: "They're kooks. I've notified the FBI, and it's in their hands now."

Hot on the heels of his monstrous success in *National Lampoon's Vacation* and *Deal of the Century*, **Chevy Chase**, 40, told *PEOPLE* that he has been signed to write, star in, direct and produce *The Fred MacMurray Story*. "I was born for this role," Chase says. "If Fred had been born to my parents at the same time I was instead of me, our careers would have had more parallels than a geometry book. Whether you're talking about *Oh, Heavenly Dog!* or *Son of Flubber*; you can see the same qualities in our work and our lives." Chevy's costar? That's right, the beautiful **Christie Brinkley**, 28, will appear as Fred's close friend, **June Allyson**, 66. —*By Vega Y. Garcia*



Chase preparing to salute the old master



DAVID HINDINGER

Foster: still not impressed

On the Record

Sammy Davis Jr., 59, entertainer, on Las Vegas' declining fortunes: "You should have seen this place before the *schvartzes* got to it."

Imelda Marcos, 53, Philippine first lady: "Increase the power to 1,000 volts and hook it up to his other ball."

Michael Korda, 50, author: "I'm an asshole? What kind of car do you drive, buddy?"

Pia Zadora, 30, starlet: "Can you see my vulva okay?"



JULIA—PINCLIFFE MOULD

Cocaine Therapy That Works

A California doctor does a good thing



ABBOTT—PUNCTURE WOUND

Hardass patients find strength in numbers

It begins innocently enough: a Hollywood soiree livened by "blow," a Wall Street board meeting where "toot" is passed around, a Wichita pajama party at which someone brings out the "Peruvian marching powder." For the naive first-timer—often a former member of the "sixties generation" and a legatee of that group's laissez-faire attitude toward drugs—it all seems like good clean fun. Using a "spoon" or a "rolled-up dollar bill," he ingests the fine white powder according to his peers' instructions. The mild hallucinations and out-of-body experiences that follow are diverting enough, but two hours later the sickening truth hits home: he has become a cocaine addict. Nothing else matters anymore.

As chronicled here and in the pages of LIFE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, PEOPLE, FORTUNE, DISCOVER, MONEY and for one brief shining moment TV-CABLE WEEK, cocaine addiction has become the No. 1 health problem in the U.S. today, eclipsing even herpes (the new scarlet letter) and AIDS (the baffling and deadly disease that strikes every single homosexual and Haitian). Now, however, there is new hope for those who have fallen under the spell of "nose candy": Malibu's Hardass Clinic, run by no-nonsense Dr. Clement Brick.

According to Brick, most cocaine-abuse treatment methods fail because

they don't deal with the complete syndrome. "They're treating the symptoms," he says, "not the causes. We tackle both." His team has shown remarkable success with the addicts (a cure rate of over 95% when recidivists are factored out) because "we go straight to the root of the problem and don't fuck around."

When an addict contacts the clinic, the first thing he is asked is not his name but whether he has an automated teller card. The number of that card is recorded, as are the numbers of the caller's American Express, Diners Club, MasterCard, Visa and Texaco credit cards. By the time the addict has been given directions to Malibu, a team member is already making calls to cancel the accounts.

Upon arrival at Hardass, the addict is subjected to a rigorous interrogation that may take days to complete. "Yes, it can be brutal," Brick admits. "But not as brutal as spending your life in search of 'snow white.'" When the addict finally leaves the interrogation room—not always under his own power—he has surrendered his bank account numbers, money-market access codes, mutual

fund maturation dates, commodity futures portfolio, insurance policies, trust fund papers, income tax refund and any deposit bottles he may have on his person.

"At this point, the individual with a cocaine dependency is out of immediate danger," says Brick, "but by no means out of the woods. The rehabilitation process that follows is as important as the draining of assets—if not more so."

During the next several days, the addict will spend many hours alone in a darkened room, viewing projected slides as a seductive voice whispers words of reconditioning at him through headphones. (Sample: A Mercedes 450SL is shown, and the patient hears, "Mmm, what a beautiful car. You'd have to save some money to buy it, though.") These sessions alternate with group therapy, in which four or five addicts, under the aegis of a clinic counselor, discuss what it would be like to hold onto a \$100 bill for more than 20 minutes.



ORRILEY—BACK STAB

Hardass Clinic's Brick

Amidst the psychological therapy, of course, is the physical rehabilitation: patients are given rigidly controlled doses of Neo-Synephrine and encouraged to eat well-balanced breakfasts. It usually takes no more than a week for the former addicts to demonstrate enough recuperative progress to become outpatients (whom Brick insists must return to him every week for a period of one year to have their wallets cleaned out). Upon their release, the now-healthy individuals are given a 24-hour emergency phone number. Should they feel the urge to return to "snorting," they can call and hear a taped *Entertainment Tonight* interview with Mackenzie Phillips.

Brick claims for himself neither the powers of a faith healer nor an inside track on substance-abuse therapy. "I'm not even a medical doctor," he volunteers cheerfully. "I have a Ph.D. in economics, though, so I know damn well that what you can't pay for, you can't buy. My whole treatment philosophy is based on a single principle of John Maynard Keynes: 'No tickee, no washee.'"

Or, as his myriad grateful patients might put it: "No 'greenbacks,' no 'Inca dandruff dust.'" —By *Elie Weasel*. Reported by *Gram Bell/Washington, Stiv Eichter/Miami, Calvin Line/New York, Veronica Flake/Hollywood and Douglas Kenney/Mau*

Opera Plays to the Bleachers

Will the new "pop" approach ruin the fat lady?

Clearly, the libretto has been on the wall for some time now. In early 1982, American opera was going broke. Not even the most generous private organizations could stay the foreboding leitmotif: without federal funding, opera would have to seek support among the masses.

The big question was posed by Martin de Schimmler, director of the American Opera Society, who asked: "How can we get Joe Six-Pack to learn that there's more than one meaning to *Rheingold*?"

De Schimmler found his answer in January of 1983, while switching TV channels on a Sunday afternoon. On his screen, he chanced upon two sportscasters praising the wit and wisdom of Dick Motta. Mr. Motta, they claimed, was not just a great basketball coach, but a man of culture. For, according to these sportscasters, was it not Motta who had told his Washington Bullets, down three games to none in the 1979 N.B.A. finals, "It ain't over till the fat lady sings"?

Dumbstruck, de Schimmler realized that Motta was his man—a singular individual, able to bring opera to the layman. Within a week he had hired Motta as the AOS marketing manager. His mandate: Fill opera houses with "working-class Americans."

Motta set to work immediately, transplanting the best of American sportscasting to the opera arena. He urged all opera companies to perform in monosyllabic English. He suggested that electric scoreboards be installed in opera houses to keep track of plot twists, and even went so far as to install organs in the back of several theaters to spur audience enthusiasm. Beer concessions, hot dog vendors and cheerleaders rounded out his "All-America" package.

Motta himself went far beyond recommendations and became a force in producing shows that would bring a new audience to opera. *This Week in Opera*, a nationally syndicated show featuring Mel Allen introducing opera highlights, topped local ratings in the middle of last year. In many cities, Allen's commentary on opera spawned hip bywords ("Let's watch that Pagliacci stab his wife again! How about that!").

ABC responded to the success of the Allen vehicle with *Monday Night Opera*, highlighting the troika of Pavarotti, Sills and Coselli; and with the advent of network coverage, advertisers flew into the opera fray. Special promotional evenings became a fixture around the country, with the Syracuse Opera holding a *Das Rheingold* beer night, the Tulsa Opera serving Yago sangria during *Otello* and

the Salt Lake Opera Company sponsoring a successful "I Hate Faust T-shirt Night."

Of course, where the masses are, so also are the elite. A contingent of New Haven fans followed the National Opera Company on its 13-city *Barber of Seville* tour, buying up seats at all performances and holding wild tailgating parties beforehand. Verdi and Puccini fans developed such a strong rivalry that during an intermission of *Il Trovatore* in Buffalo police were called to break up a riot.



A gaggle of operagoers inside New York's Met

Responses range from "Bravo" to "Get outta here, ya bum."

A backlash was perhaps inevitable. Just as private funds began to flow into opera companies' coffers in record amounts, critics began to cite the less desirable effects on the great art. Ravinia, Chicago's annual summer music festival, produced five operas completely rewritten for popular consumption: *Help Me La Rondine*, *Boris Badinoff*, *Salami*, *La Travolta* and *Abbott and Otello*. The flood of money, too, brought with it a flow of problems. Among them:

► A shocking revelation from Plácido Domingo that he habitually used cocaine before performances. His confession directed the national spotlight to the problem, where it sought out an apparently

drugged Papageno the Bird Catcher in a production of *The Magic Flute* in San Francisco. Papageno, during a particularly exciting moment, did a sudden half gainer into the orchestra pit, followed by the production's three priests and two men in armor.

► José Carreras, during a stint with the Minneapolis Opera, began contract negotiations that included a demand of \$65,000 for three performances. Management bitterly responded to his demands by trading him to the obscure Columbia (South Carolina) Arts League "for a mezzo to be named later." Shortly after this, Leontyne Price demanded a bonus of \$500 for every trill over high C, and Sherill Milnes, angered that the baritone never gets the girl, had his agent

ANDY MATTYSSON

stipulate that "he gets the girl at least three performances a week, regardless of the opera being sung."

For many, the popularization of opera in America has brought the art to its nadir. Streakers, firecrackers and the chants of customers who yell "The soprano sucks!" in the middle of performances are just a few of the common occurrences that have put a great deal of pressure on Motta and de Schimmler. Whether or not they will bow to that pressure is anyone's guess. The only clue last week to Motta's response came from his new assistant director, Yogi Berra, who said, "It ain't over till it's over"—a far cry from the once halcyon days of the fat lady.

—By Patrician Flake

The Latest in Midnight Cults

SURFIN' BUNNIES Directed by John Walters
Screenplay by the actors as they went along

Outside the theater a group of people stand in line, expelling their breath in tiny clouds as the freezing rain chills the air of Omaha, Neb. Some wear a garish goulash of cheap cosmetics and dime-store body paint. A young nymphlet clad in a tinfoil halter top jumps up and down, her Day-Glo purple wedgies splashing up rain, and squeals excitedly to her boyfriend, dressed as a black transvestite. Beside them, a balding man in a large dog suit admires the kelly-green powdered wig of his date.

A rock concert on Mars? A swap meet in Vegas? Neither. The motivating force behind this event is as simply understood as a theater's marquee. It's another showing of *Surfin' Bunnies*, the newest in a long line of midnight movies to gain cult status.

Surfin' Bunnies follows the adventures of aging fight promoter Barney, played with the usual aplomb by Jim Phearson. Barney works out of a seedy gym in downtown Los Angeles with his dog, Spot, waiting for his big break in the fight game. Barney's only problem: a deep dependence on the dog, who has an unfortunate habit of devouring small children.

On a fateful Saturday night, following the heart attack of Barney's chief rival for the heavyweight crown, Spot sniffs out a basketball crying for help in the back of a stolen '68 Ford Galaxie. The sphere is actually the eloquent severed head of young Rock Star Billy Broadway, who plays himself in the film. Broadway is being chased by the mob for having turned his back on rock stardom and becoming a pompous Proust-quot-ing poet. For his audacity, the gangsters have turned his head into a basketball.

Following Broadway's advice, Barney takes up with Wanda (Wanda Valentine), a stripper who has just split from her PCP-crazed boyfriend, a Brian Wilson impersonator. After a series of bizarre plot twists, Barney, Wanda and Broadway become the leaders of a lost tribe of beer-guzzling good ol' boys who spear black transvestites with Pilot Razor Point pens while playing surf music backwards. In the final scene, this orgy of ritualistic mayhem is interrupted by the mob, who turn it into a life-or-death game of Billy Broadway basketball. Our heroes triumph, and the meaning of life is expounded by Wanda while she seduces a teenage runaway at a Dallas/Ft. Worth Beer 'n' Chili Chug-a-Thon.

The simple, direct premises of *Surfin' Bunnies* have, somehow, built a cult following around the movie. Some

call the film "the ultimate in post-nihilist entertainment," while others laud its ability to evoke "the Three Stooges routines, without the nasty responsibility of punch lines."

Either way, fans all across the country are turning out for the film. In Phoenix, Ariz., fans stapled cold cuts to their outfits in honor of Star Jim Phearson. In Frankfurt, Ind., cult buffs demanded extended showings of the film, far beyond the usual midnight offering. Screenings were added at 2, 4 and eventually 6 a.m. Diehard fans fumed that those who re-

to the soundtrack. I put *Surfin' Bunnies* stickers all over my notebooks at school because it's cooler than being a hood or a jock. I get beat up a lot."

"A movie, like a woman, always has a history. And one of them is made of celluloid. Do you know which one?" Questions like these puzzle and amuse interviewers of John Walters, the director of *Surfin' Bunnies*. As he abstractedly munches a bologna sandwich, washing it down with what he refers to as "Mr. Millers," the genius reluctantly fields questions.

"Everyone asks me about the still shots at the end," he says. "They're in there because we ran out of money for film and processing. I'm in a couple of scenes at the beginning because we for-



Thumbs up for *Surfin' Bunnies*: New Yorkers line up for a showing

Holding objects, wearing coats, their glazed eyes say "I have a ticket."

tired in the early evening to see the dawn show "weren't with the program," a remark that betrays intentions serious and seriouser than anyone could imagine.

But the lingering questions linger, most of them having to do with "WHY?" The answers, as offered by fans, range from "It's a strange, desperate, pathetic attempt at self-identification and group bonding. Can I go home now?" to the efforts of many to merge their entire lives with the Bunnies, as one Oklahoma teenager told reporters. "I have stills from *Surfin' Bunnies* in my room at home," said the youth. "I like to dress up dolls like the characters and make them dance

got to turn off the camera, and I didn't have time to edit it out later on. The best thing is everybody kept forgetting their cues, and it was lots of fun."

What's next for Walters? "My next feature will be about a circus that takes over a Laundromat to fluff-dry its animals, but is forced to defend it to the death with circus props, battling a local softball team bent on getting its sweat socks washed at any price. Wanda plays a stripper who collects dental X-rays of local salesmen, and there's going to be a big clownmobile chase, in homage to *Bullitt*. I think there's something here for everyone."

—By Richard Scheisskopf

Nice Movie

OLD FRIENDS BACK TOGETHER
AGAIN FOR A SHORT TIME

Directed and Written by Howard Moon

“Tom was a nice guy, but our lives were going in totally different directions,” says Jane (Jane Foreman), the political activist turned corporate lawyer. “Yeah, I know what you mean,” replies Ed (Edward Morris), the ex-junkie. Joining hands, they gaze out over the lake in silence. It is a touching, human moment, and, in a sense, it typifies this touching, human movie about a group of people in their 30s reunited for one weekend at the camp where they were counselors 15 years earlier.

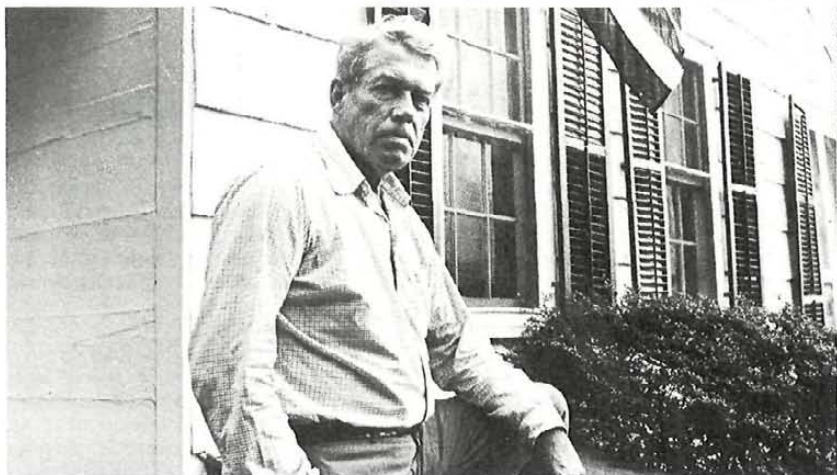
This is not *Star Wars*, nor does it pretend to be. It is refreshing to see a movie in which the gentle pace and unspectacular emotions of real life are not sacrificed for false excitement and an improbable plot. Nothing happens here that might not happen on an ordinary weekend, and that is precisely the film's charm. At the invitation of Howie, the most popular and creative of the old gang, played with rare insight by Director Howard Moon, the friends arrive one by one at the old camp on a Friday afternoon. They park their cars. They unpack. At dinner, it is revealed that the camp is soon to be razed to make way for a development project, ironically backed by one of the friends, Dave (D.R. Jasko). A lively discussion follows, and old memories are dredged up. Later, the friends brush their teeth and go to bed. As the movie progresses through Saturday and Sunday, the characters catch up on their sleep and each other.

Some of them, like Dave, have been successful. Others, like Ed, have been unsuccessful. Still others, like Wiggie (Paul Wiggins), have had a mixture of success and failure in their lives. Old antagonisms are renewed, and old romances are rekindled. It becomes apparent that no one, either within the film or outside of it, has a happy marriage.

Old Friends Back Together Again for a Short Time marks the directorial debut of Moon, himself coincidentally a former camp counselor. Like many independent filmmakers, he had to struggle with incessant financial problems in order to get the movie made, and there are suggestions that this might have been a substantially different film if budget considerations had not forced last-minute script changes. Originally, Moon envisioned *Old Friends* set on a distant planet, peopled by a race of grotesque monsters who find time to relive old memories and savor the sweet taste of friendship in between efforts to wreak galaxy-wide devastation. Relocating the action at a summer camp in Minnesota was a purely economic decision, but in a strange way it seems to suit the tone of this friendly, funny, decidedly down-to-earth film.

—By Wolf Pack

Books



DAVID HUME ROSENBERG

The aging stallion, still powerful enough to command a flattering review

Play Hard, Play Fast, Play Luce

MY LIFE AT TIME by Hedley Donovan; Time-Life Books; 289 pages; \$19.95

When the history of our time comes to be written, the historians will discover that it has already been written. And published. And read. In 52-year installments, called TIME magazine.

And the man who chose, assigned, selected and edited the raw materials, whose peculiar genius it was to dis-

tinguish between bland facts and correct opinions, who informed, shaped and printed all anybody really needed to know about everything, has finally written his own story.

And a heck of a story it is.

Hedley Donovan was born to two parents, went to school, got a job, attached himself like a limpet to Henry Luce and changed the world. He changed his own world very much for the better, having become incredibly rich; but he enriched the other world—our world—as well, by making the personal, lonely, difficult decisions to break out the various “departments” of TIME (Money, People, Sports, etc.) into highly successful magazines of their own. Alone in the solitude of his silent aircraft-hangar-sized office, Hedley Donovan fathered those magazines, spawned them single-handed, with a kind of single-minded passion. (He tells one amusing story about being interrupted by a stunned cleaning lady who entered his eagle's nest the night he was fathering PEOPLE.)

Donovan remains, first, last and always, a journalist, and this is a story of journalism. Scant mention is made of Time Inc.'s acquisition, during his regime, of pulp and paper mills, tracts of forest, cable TV holdings or Peru. A chapter detailing the company's enormously successful mail-order book business was, unaccountably, cut in galley.

This is unquestionably the publishing event of the season, and certain to make the bestseller charts. There is talk of breaking it down into installments and marketing it as a magazine of its own.

Don't wait for that happy event to occur. Buy it now. If you never read another book, make it Hedley Donovan's *My Life at Time*. —By Loudon Wainwright II

Excerpt

“ On October 1, after days of suspense and excruciating silence, Henry Luce received from his beloved China another cable. It read simply: ‘Kuomintang defeated. Mao in Peking. Chiang to Formosa. Story follows. Ted White.’

Luce summoned a very few top-level TIME editors into his darkened office. Wordlessly, he handed over the dreaded news, turned his back as they read and watched the afterglow of a scarlet sunset over the Hudson River. No one spoke. Luce's shoulders were quaking, and his mighty volcanic sniffles were for minutes the only sound in the room.

Suddenly he drew himself up straight, turned and, his gray fig of a face composed, eyes dry as one of Clare's beloved martinis, barked an order.

‘Gentlemen, there is no China. That's a TIME-style prime directive. Dismissed!’

As they marched out, his officers heard the ‘old man,’ back in command, rasp into his desk intercom, ‘Miss Grunwald? Get me the State Department.’ ”

Books

Photo-synthesis

MY TIME AT LIFE

by Loudon Wainwright II

Time-Life Books; 356 pages; \$19.95

In the words of Quasimodo, "Now it can be tolled"; not, however, the Death of Little Nell, nor even the Knell of Little Death (for there is little explicit sex, and even less of what the French call "la petite mort" in these pages), but rather a celebratory ringing out of the old and in with the new at LIFE magazine, with no hand wringing at all.

For, like a photographic phoenix, LIFE, once a flash-powder blaze of glory in weekly publishing, burnt itself out last decade, only to rise again, redeveloped, double-exposed, as it were, as a glossy glitzy goofy monthly, a take-out TV show on slippery thick paper, a *sine qua non* of the coffee-table set, as *de rigueur* in your doctor's waiting room as a humidifier or an old lady with gout or that bland Utrillo print on the wall over there.

Loudon Wainwright's is a success story, the fascinating tale of a man with a talent for short pop essays being handed the reins of a runaway horse and told to either lock the stable or get the damn horse back.

What Wainwright did was find another horse, replacing the swift Arabian steed of the old LIFE with a lumbering great Percheron of a magazine, impressive, expensive and—some said—of dubious utility since the invention of the tractor.

But it worked, by golly, and it sells, by gum, and Wainwright's a big enough guy to admit that he was wrong in every case where he disagreed with the Board,

without whose unfailing faith, hope and capital LIFE would never have been reborn at all.

His text, written in that Andy Rooney-Russell Baker style of his, is short; really only a 500-word paean of praise to his employers. For the most part, the book is an eye-boggling anthology of the best full-bleed photographs of Brooke Shields run in LIFE over the past several years, a brilliant editorial decision that should guarantee well-deserved bestsellerdom for this landmark in journalistic biography. —By Hedley Donovan

Cheap Shots

THE TIME OF THEIR LIFE

by Endicott Smith

Random House; 326 pages; \$15.95

It wouldn't take an investigative reporter to deduct, upon reading the first chapter of Endicott Smith's sordid opus, that he has an ax to grind; and a little research (not, by the way, Smith's long suit) would unearth the motive.

Exiled from LIFE at the time of its temporary demise, Smith took his typewriter (well, not his typewriter, but a typewriter) over to *Newsweek*, for which also-ran rag he has labored lo! these many years, spoiling for revenge against his quondam liege lords.

This sloppy, gossip-drenched pseudo-history of a great publishing empire is that revenge, an ill-sorted pack of malicious, unattributed lies about his betters; accusations of nepotism, office hanky-panky, political favors bought and sold; even a smear about "rigging" the Man of the Year contest. (We assume that what Smith snidely implies about the relationship of LIFE editor Loudon Wainwright II and Brooke Shields is actionable.)

Smith has attempted a cocktail of gall and wormwood, but concocted something more like swamp water—fetid, but tasteless. —L.W.II & H.D.

Editors' Choice

COCKTAILS: A Very, Very Dry Martini, *John Skow* • I Think I'd Better Pass, *Melvin Maddocks* • What's the House Wine? Is It French?, *William A. Henry III* • What Do You Have on Draft?, *Donald Morrison*

ENTRÉES: The Steak Tartare, *R.Z. Sheppard* • Oh, Just a Salad for Me, *Patricia Blake* • The Pasta with Extra Cheese, Please, *Christopher Porterfield* • Mr. Kanfer Says Mr. Kanfer Will Be Having the Cold Lobster Today, *Stefan Kanfer*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. It's the Standard Deal, *Morris* (1 last week)
2. I Am Not a Crook, *Nixon* (2)
3. It's in the Mail, *Simmons* (3)
4. I Won't Come in Your Mouth, *Evermyr* (6)
5. Lost Our Lease, *Merchant* (5)
6. This Won't Hurt, *Dentist* (4)
7. I'll Get Back to You, *Producer* (9)
8. We're Just Friends, Silly, *Spouse* (7)
9. It's So Big, *Girlish* (10)
10. I Love You, *Horny* (8)

NONFICTION

1. Shit Floats, *Peters and Waterman* (1)
2. One Born Every Minute, *Buscaglia* (3)
3. God Sells, *Schuller*
4. Minibooks, Megabucks, *Naisbitt* (2)
5. What's So Funny?, *Bombeck* (6)
6. Middle-Age Crazy, *Tuchman* (5)
7. People Are Desperate, *Bolles* (4)
8. Sick to Death of Beasties, *Herriot* (7)
9. Truly Shameless Publishing, *Ballantine* (8)
10. Some Creepy Guys I Know, *Kiley*

Computed by a TIME editor on a fast walk down Fifth Avenue, looking in the bookstore windows while figuring there might be some space to fill at the bottom of this column, because there usually is, and then checking his estimates against the Publishers Weekly list, which is pure payola, anyway.



Wainwright

Milestones

SCREWED. Untold billions of oppressed minorities, including Negroes, women, gays and people without noses, by the white race. The race, according to Pundit Susan Sontag, is a cancer on the face of history, "with all due respect to cancer," she adds. At present, there are no significant plans to alter the trend.

BLUED. Seka, 47, entertainment tycoon, suing *High Society* magazine for a pictorial entitled "Seka Bares All." Leaving a New York courtroom, the sprightly blond commented: "I would hope that the readers of that magazine would have the common sense to know that not only would it be incredibly rare for me to bare all, in fact, I probably would never do it. I've never been so embarrassed in all my

life by such a cheap cover line."

TATTOOED. Pope John Paul II, ageless and eternal, before visiting deepest, darkest Africa. The Pontiff told an audience: "Making my face look like a giant clown emerging from a flaming egg will help me communicate a message of spiritual power to the natives. But no one told me that it doesn't wash off. I hope you all understand."

SNAPPED AND CRACKLED. Pop, 45, former member of the Rice Krispies Trio, admitted for psychiatric observation after a nervous breakdown on the *Tonight* show. After leaving the employ of the Kellogg Co., the Trio embarked on a tour of Holiday Inn lounges

which left Snap addicted to heroin and indirectly took the life of Crackle, who expired in a fiery car accident while en route to an engagement. Pop, having tried to make a living as a solo act, has met with little success, and suffers from milk-based-liqueur alcoholism. Host Johnny Carson responded by calling for a station break.

PLUNGED. 15,000 Indian Moslems and Hindus, in buses, bringing the nation's monthly total of bus-plunge victims to 85,637, just 5,000 short of the monthly Indian record, set seven weeks earlier. The cumulative yearly bus-plunge total stands at 3.2 million, just 200,000 short of the 1967 total, which had been swelled by flood-fatality figures.

Dead Right, As Usual

"O death, where is thy sting?" asked William Shakespeare a thousand years ago, and his unanswered query remains as relevant today as the latest White House press release.

It was Henry Luce who first observed that "death comes as it must to all men," and, as usual, history has proven the controversial journalist "dead right."

But what is death?

"The absence of life," reply some, implying the corollary, that life is the absence of death. But as Rudyard Kipling knew only too well, "in the midst of life, there is death."

What, then, does death mean? One thing to medical science, and many things to the philosopher; and to the man in the street, perhaps only a speeding bus, an exploding aorta, a feeling that he has to lie down for a minute, a deeply resented interruption in his busy schedule...

Since our earliest ancestor smeared white bird dung on his face, sneaked up on his neighbor, shouted "Boo!" and claimed to be a ghost who could be appeased only by a choice offering of mastodon steak, most of mankind has believed in an after-life. Not an End, but a Gateway to a better longer nicer cleaner world for ourselves and people like us, and the onset of unspeakable but interesting torments for our enemies.

Indeed, there have appeared a sufficient number of crackpot paperbacks and *National Enquirer* features penned—or "ghostwritten," as the saying goes—by persons once, however briefly, "dead" and reporting on social and meteorological conditions "behind the veil" to prove to all but the most skeptical that man is a spiritual entity, an "immortal soul," if you will—and that the subject sells product.

The Hindus call it karma, or reincarnation; for Muslims, it is the Garden of Allah; for Christians it is heaven, and for Jews, hell—but each of us, however agnostic, cannot help but believe that *somehow* we will be present at our own funerals to hear what our so-called friends have to say about us.

Politically, the dead are constantly among us, a felt and nagging force, a governing presence. The framers of our Constitution are all, technically, dead. Yet their ideals and guidelines continue to inform our every political decision (except, of course, in cases involving national security).

And, on a more personal level, which of us does not feel, deep down, that in his daily activities he has his mother—however long interred—to answer to?

In the Great Books we have on our shelves and mean to get around to reading someday, dead poets and prose-ists speak to us still. In the complex machines and gleaming appliances that make our lives so fulfilling, dead inventors and entrepreneurs live on. In proverbs, truisms, clichés and slogans, the wisdom of our allegedly dead progenitors shapes and conditions our every thought, opinion and dearly won prejudice.

Walt Disney, his great heart now stilled, gives pep talks on videotape to his staff. Screeds scrawled in ignorant pique by medieval pontiffs instill guilt in every living Catholic. Here at Time Inc., the memos of Luce, electronically implanted in the cortex of everyone above the rank of researcher, continue to make policy—and profits.

For in America, the dead do not walk among us; nay, they march before us, beckoning.

Which leads us to reflect upon the condition of the Incumbent President of this great land, a man who, according to some, should not only be barred from running for re-election, but actually turned out of office, dismissed, impeached, ignored and forgotten, merely because he is, in the narrow medical sense of the term, "dead."

As President Reagan himself would have been quick to remind us, there are worse things to be than dead. There is, for instance, Red. Surely all thinking citizens can agree that in time of peace, the America we know and love is more likely to "stay the course," its institutions flourishing, its way of life prevailing, under a dead president than a Red one. Or a Democrat.

And if there must be war, as from time to time there must (and do we not reverence those who die in war, and is war not a tried-and-true method of providing us with dead to reverence?), if war there must be, would we not prefer to be commanded in the field by Ronald Reagan, expired though he may technically be, than be led by a weak-kneed, lily-livered Communist sympathizer?

It may be argued that the highest office in the land requires a certain *vigor* of the incumbent, a level of alertness and activity for which a corpse is somewhat unsuited. Yet to this it may be replied, in the words of Teddy Roosevelt, "Let's look at the record!"

There is no question that Ronald Reagan's term of office has seen a dramatic change for the better in the economy, improved foreign and domestic programs, a burnishing of America's image abroad and a heightening of spirit at home; and the President has managed this magnificent national turnaround while being, for the most part, asleep. President watchers have estimated that Ronald Reagan dozes, naps, snoozes and otherwise lies down

more often than any President in history. And—it works!

On the other hand, the few errors in judgment the man has made, the wretched appointments, the bellicose remarks, the gaffes, boobies and boners that have marked his reign, were invariably made while he was, more or less, awake—or, at least, vertical. It seems reasonable, then, to assume that a fourth year, and indeed a second term, served by Ronald Reagan in a state of rigor mortis will be an actual improvement!

Nor is the effective and successful presidency of a cadaver without historical precedent. Take Coolidge. Look at Wilson.

For the last two years of his second term, President Woodrow Wilson lay, in an ever-advancing state of decomposition, in a White House bedroom. Yet the nation survived.

And the nation flourished under Eisenhower, a leader who demonstrated not the slightest sign of life during two triumphant terms.

Some of us remember those moments between the assassination of John Kennedy and the swearing in of Lyndon Johnson as a time when the country was thrillingly, patriotically united—ruled, as it was, however briefly, by a very dead President—as it has never been before or since.

No, there is no reason to thoughtlessly, cruelly dismiss Ronald Reagan from the presidency on these trivial grounds. *Au contraire!* Now, more than ever, R.R. embodies the principles and policies that have made him, and will, God willing, soon make all of us, what he is today—dead. —Patrick Troll



LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

Sirs:
What do we really hip guys do in Manhattan? Well, my pals and I often take the tram to Roosevelt Island and sit in the lobbies of the housing projects. Sometimes we ride the subways and try to goad the Guardian Angels into falsely arresting us. And other nights we wander over near the U.N. Building and pretend to be people who don't speak English. I tell you, life in this town is just one never-ending joyride.

Vitas Gerulaitis
A together guy

Sirs:
For a good time, we go to the movies and pick out seats in front of you and sit up real tall. Then, during the movie, we move our heads back and forth a lot while saying things like "Hey! What'd she say?" and "You won't believe what happens next!" About midway through the flick we go to the rest room, returning to pace the aisles for about five minutes, yelling out "Susan? Howard? Where the hell are you guys?!" Later we switch to aisle seats in your row, where we remain calmly seated until the very last of the credits have flashed. By then we will have come in our pants several times.

The Moviegoing Assholes
Coming in a theater near you

Sirs:
I'm gonna form this group called Clipboard Jones and the Clipettes. Dig, it will be me, Clipboard Jones, the handsome black dude, and his extra-foxy black backup singers dressed up like clipboards. We'll do original tunes like "I'm Gonna Take Your Inventory of Love" and "Call Me Your Stock Clerk of Desire." We'll be "bad." We'll go to get a job in a nightclub and they'll "throw us out."

Clipboard Jones
and His Clipettes
Supply Room, N.J.

Sirs:
Well, we discovered the secret hiding place of that case of Canadian Club whiskey. We can tell that because we're stuck up on top of some godawful place called Mount Tibris in some country we never even heard of, surrounded by empty whiskey bottles, and we've got these incredibly bad hangovers. Would somebody mind rescuing us before we freeze to death? Bring a case of aspirins with you, and don't make any loud noises, for God's sake. It could kill us.

Denny Lupich
Mount Tibris, Mongolia

Sirs:
Sure he can wrap up a whole city. But will he wrap up that old fish and throw it into the garbage for me? Ha!

Mrs. Christo
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
You think you work hard to clean your floor? Try cleaning the ocean floor some time. We've tried Ajax, Mop & Glow, and even Lemon Pledge, but years of neglect have made the muck and slime down here virtually impenetrable. If any of your readers have any suggestions to help us restore the ocean floor to its original luster, we'd appreciate their writing to us. P.S.: We tried to lay tiles, but they just wouldn't stick.

King Neptune
The ocean

Sirs:
Remember the guy in Ripley's "Believe It or Not" who had this metal bar permanently jammed through his head as a result of an industrial accident? Remember how you all laughed over that one? Well, that guy is me, and I just want to tell you that I can pick up all those pay-TV channels, including the Playboy one, just by having that metal bar in there, and it doesn't cost me a goddamn cent. So who's laughing now, suckers?

Myron Kibler
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:
The *National Enquirer* is proud to announce its plans to start a new newspaper—especially for children. All the stars, all the celebrities that today's kids love. The soon-to-be-a-collector's-item first issue features:

"Who Really Romps in Romper Room?"

"The Untold Story—Miss Piggy Not Kosher!"

"The Seedy Side of 'Sesame Street'"
"What Goes On When Bozo's Makeup Comes Off?"

"Benji—Should He Be Allowed on the Furniture?"

"A Traveling Salesman's Story—I Stayed at the Little House on the Prairie"

Watch for it! *Enquirer Jr.*—on sale soon.

"National Enquirer"
Supermarkets everywhere

Sirs:
Yes, the rumors are true. I'm pregnant. Curtis finally got it up on the D train. I'm due about the same time the 65th Street crosstown line begins service. We'll name the baby IRT if it's a boy and BMT if it's a girl. If all goes well, I'll have it on the F train, where they have the best obstetricians.

Lisa Sliwa
At my gynecologist's office in the Union Square subway station



Sirs:

We're identical twins and we've just turned thirteen years old. We go everywhere together, and we do everything just the same way. We wear cute matching outfits, and we do our hair in adorable pigtails with identical pink ribbons. We get the same grades on all of our tests at school, and lots of times we say exactly the same thing at exactly the same time. We're even fucking the same superstar Negro basketball players, but Kimmy gets an extra grand a session because she's five minutes younger.

Kimmy and Suzi
Fresno, Calif.

Sirs:

A country that has produced novelty fake vomit must be really smart. No, sincerely, we respect you an awful lot for that.

The Russians
Moscow and other places

Sirs:

So that's it, then? You said you loved me. I went everywhere with you. I was always out in your car with you. And now you dump me. Just like that. I

should have seen this coming. There were always those others. You said it wouldn't hurt what we had. You said it would strengthen our relationship and we'd stay together. And I believed you. I stood by you for years and now you push me aside like some old junk. You never really loved me.

An Eight-Track Tape
In the glove compartment

Sirs:

Know what I like to do with this new pooper-scooper law in effect? I coil some plastic explosive on the sidewalk till it looks exactly like a pile of dogshit, then I stick a motion-sensitive detonator in it. That way when some goody two-shoes spots it and tries to shovel it into his pooper-scooper, KA-BLAMO! The next second the meat-wagon boys will be shoveling him into a pooper-scooper, too. Another blow for the revolution!

Bernardine Dohn
Fallen on hard times

Sirs:

We of the Spirit World in the Great Beyond have decided to use the *National Lampoon* Letters column as a

medium to make a spirit-announcement of special importance. You see, what with Central America, the Afghanistan war, and all those overdosing superstars, it's gotten goddamn crowded over here. So, to reduce the overload, we're starting our Adopt-a-Ghost Plan. Just think of it! You can now give your house that very special "Old World charm" by adopting an English ghost with chains or armor! And imagine the thrill of having your very own Mujahidin guerrilla fighter, fresh from the hills around Kabul, running around firing his ghost AK-14 at the stroke of midnight! Scary? Fun? You bet! Call Madame Zonda, care of the *National Lampoon*! Don't delay! You need ghosts! Ghosts need you!

Eleanor Roosevelt (Deceased)
Big Milky Way

Sirs:

I think three things in life are pretty much true: Honesty is the best policy, money can't buy you love, and people who think *Harold and Maude* was a good movie are fucking assholes.

Don Griffith
Lockpoint, Va.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 78)



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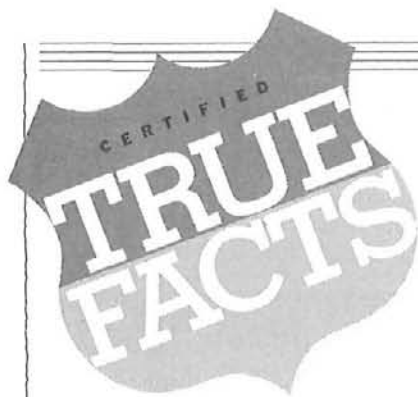
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AFTER INSULTING THE DISC jockey at a party in Salisbury, England, thirty-two-year-old Dr. John Parsons was asked to leave. Minutes after leaving, however, Parsons startled partygoers by plunging back into the house headfirst through the glass porch door. He was tossed out again but returned a second time—headfirst through the living-room window. Parsons ran through the house, diving out through one kitchen window and plunging back in through another. Then he walked calmly away. Parsons was later arrested and fined \$640 plus \$180 to replace the broken glass. *UPI* (contributed by M. Silberger)

SINCE TALCUM POWDER IS A RARE AND expensive commodity in Yugoslavia, a woman complained bitterly when the powder she purchased in a department store in Split proved to have a "strange quality." Store officials, in turn, complained to Yugoslavian police, from whom they had bought the powder at auction. The police then tested the substance, which it had confiscated from a foreigner, and found that it wasn't talcum powder at all, but four kilograms of heroin. *Winnipeg Free Press* (contributed by Jon van der Krabben)

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD GREGORY KUTSOP was fined two hundred dollars for cruelty to animals in a Flemington, New Jersey, court even after he explained to Judge George Esposito that he had found a cat injured in his barn and had merely put the animal out of its misery. Kutsop dispatched the suffering cat by tying it to the back of his pickup truck and dragging it along the road. *AP* (contributed by Jim Yenchus)

DURING HIS FIRST DAY OF TESTIMONY in an Omaha, Nebraska, narcotics trial, undercover police officer John Car wore a gorilla mask to protect his identity. However, Deputy Police Chief Robert Olson objected to Car's mask and ordered him to wear a more traditional disguise—a pillowcase. Accord-

ing to Olson, the pillowcase disguise added "an aura of professionalism." Despite his order, however, Olson admitted that the pillowcase did not cover Car's face as well as the gorilla mask. *L.A. Daily Journal* (contributed by Michael Ortiz)

IN BETHESDA, MARYLAND, SHIRLEY FOSTER of Washington, D.C., was electrocuted by a yogurt-dispensing machine in the cafeteria of the National Institutes of Health. *AP* (contributed by Duck Divet)

WHEN MAURICE AND PAMELA GOSNAY began keeping horses on their ten-acre property in the Sweetgrass Hills subdivision of Big Sky, a Montana resort community, Big Sky lawyers sued the Gosnays, claiming horses were not allowed in that section of the development. Further, the lawyers charged, the Gosnays' horses were farting too loudly. According to a Big Sky lawyer arguing before the Montana Supreme Court, "These horses and their ensuing resounding, egregious divestitures of abdominal gas echoing through the hills and vales of this otherwise peaceful area, closely akin to the point-blank discharge of a double-barreled shotgun, have no place in this quiet, resi-

dential hamlet of Big Sky." *Great Falls Tribune* (contributed by William H. Rice)

"IN ORDER TO IMPROVE ECONOMIC RESULTS," a mortuary in China's Hubei province has established a table of fees based on standard body sizes. According to a Chinese news service, the mortuary will henceforth charge extra to cremate fat and tall people. Pregnant women will cost double. *Korean Herald* (contributed by Art Lewis)

FIFTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD ED SAVAGE, described by his doctors as a terminal case, was deemed too ill to stand trial for the murder of his former mother-in-law, so he spent almost a year in a \$222-a-day Fort Lauderdale, Florida, hospital room.

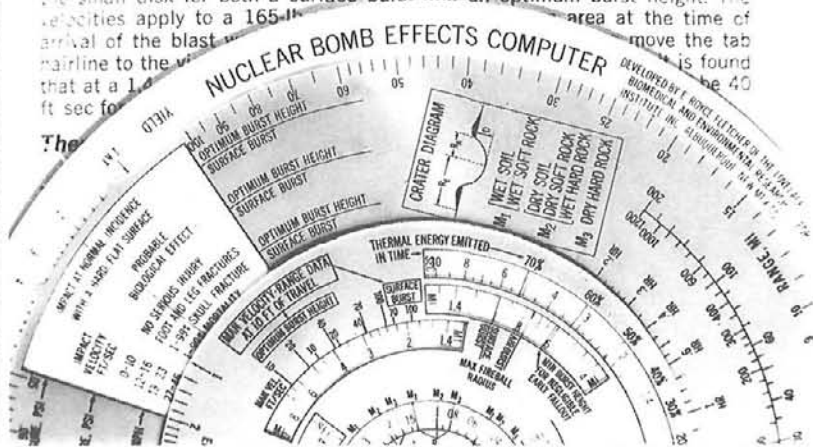
"He was taking four different heart medications," said a Broward County sheriff's spokesman. "According to his doctors, he was on the verge of death."

During his hospital stay, however, Savage allegedly smoked two packs of cigarettes a day. He ordered in pizza, Southern fried chicken, and BLT sandwiches; and he regularly had sex with a twenty-four-year-old nurse's aid in a hospital bathroom. The day he was finally scheduled for a court hearing,

Slide Rule of the Month

Translational Velocities for Man (Ch. XII)

The maximum translational velocity that would be obtained by a man with the first 10 ft of travel is indicated as a function of ground range on the small disk for both a surface burst and an optimum burst height. The velocities apply to a 165-lb man. The area at the time of arrival of the blast wave is also indicated. The area is found by multiplying the range by the height of the burst. The velocity is found by dividing the range by the time of travel.



This handy calculator allows nuclear-blast victims to determine how far they will be thrown, what will happen if their bodies strike a hard, smooth surface, how likely it is that a glass fragment will penetrate a centimeter of their soft tissue, and how much pressure per square inch is required to cause lung hemorrhaging. In addition, it will predict early-fallout dosage rates, and even the maximum fireball radius of a nuclear explosion. The Nuclear Bomb Effects Computer, which comes with a booklet called "The Effects of Nuclear Weapons," is available from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402. Be sure to get yours. (contributed by Terry Shumaker)

Savage waited for his guard's hour-and-forty-minute break, then walked out of the hospital, got into a waiting car, and fled. *Burlington (Vt.) Free Press* (contributed by Joey Adams)

A KENYAN MAN WAS SENTENCED TO three years in prison by a court in Nairobi for counterfeiting. The man had produced Kenyan currency notes that bore a likeness of himself. *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by Jay Grossman)

A READER RECENTLY WROTE TO "MISS Manners," a syndicated advice column by Judith Martin, and asked if it had been improper to throw an empty or-

ange-juice container into a garbage can in which a "grizzled person" was foraging for something to eat.

Miss Manners replied: "Dining from a trash can is not considered a practice of choice. It is therefore polite to refuse to recognize the implications of the act. Miss Manners prefers to assume that the gentleman inadvertently dropped his lunch into the can when he discarded his newspaper, and has decided to rescue it for the sake of the dear one who lovingly packed it for him.

"She would not, therefore, offer a drop of orange juice as charity; nor would she spill it by throwing it on his spread.

"She would inquire, 'Would you be so kind as to throw this away for me?' hand it to him and walk off without observing what he decided to do with it." *Florida Times-Union* (contributed by Maryann Johnson)

PITTSBURGH'S MAJOR INDOOR SOCCER League franchise signed three Polish players—Zedzislaw "Zee" Kapka, John Sybis, and Peter Mowlik—to play the 1983-84 season in the United States. The Polish Main Sports Federation okayed the deal only after the Americans promised to furnish twenty-five pairs of Converse basketball shoes to the Polish National Team. *Chicago Sun-Times* (contributed by Ron Stein)

LONDON POLICE ARRESTED DENNIS Andrew Nilsen, thirty-seven, and charged him with the mass murder of at least seventeen young drifters. Authorities alleged that Nilsen hacked the bodies apart, then boiled the pieces.

Speaking to reporters after the arrest, Nilsen's sixty-three-year-old mother described her son. "He never was any trouble at school or home. He liked opera and classical music and was a good painter," she said, adding, "He was also a very good cook." *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* (contributed by Kathy Kay)

REJECTING THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION's application of the domino theory to Central America, Mexican President Miguel de la Madrid recently stated that "Mexico is a very strong domino and will not be easily toppled." *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Earl Ahrens)

WHEN SHE WAS FOUND TO BE CARRYING coded messages between gangsters in Italy's "Camorra," a Mafia-like organization based in Naples, Sister Alvina Murelli was jailed. According to an Italian news agency, the fifty-one-year-old nun used code names to refer to underworld figures. For example, she wrote "God" when referring to Camorra boss Raffaele Cutolo, and "Virgin Mary" when referring to his sister, Rosetta. Cutolo's associates were called "the saints." Sister Alvina allegedly carried the notes tucked into her Bible. (New York) *Daily News* (contributed by Jim Downey)

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Retirement Dreams of the Dead

Several senators objected to the bleak picture Weinberger painted of the balance of power between the Soviets and the U.S. Weinberger uses "exaggerated rhetoric and one-sided charts" to make his case, and Levin, D-Mich, complained. He said he would pay freeze would force skilled, experienced workers to leave the military and go to programs that produce marginal results.

Levin, who said Congress is sure to pass further cuts in the defense budget, told Weinberger to "stop stonewalling Congress about defense spending." He said he pressured Weinberger until the secretary agreed that in some areas, surpluses for one, the U.S. retains an edge over the Soviet Union.

& Funerals

Health. He will follow in the spring at the Southside Cemetery.

FUNERAL OF CHARLES HALLIDAY NORRIDGE — Funeral services for Charles C. Halliday were held Tuesday at 2 p.m. at the Nelson & Smart Funeral Home in Skowhegan with the Rev. Cecil Jones, pastor of the Norridgewock Federated Church, officiating.

Burial will follow later in the spring at the Oak Cemetery.

Elsewhere

ev. Roland... friends... can Diabetes... Maine Affil... Parkwood... usta, Maine.



ROBERT STEVENS EDISON, N.J. (AP) — Robert J. Stevens, former Secretary of the Army in the Eisenhower administration and former chief executive officer of J.P. Stevens & Co., died Sunday. He was 83.

WILSON CLARK JR., V.A. (AP) — Wilson Ayres Clark Jr., an author, engineer, specialist and adviser to former California Gov. Edmund G. Brown Jr., died Sunday in an automobile accident. He was 35. Clark was Brown's Skowhegan Federal Church principal energy advisor from 1976 to 1981.

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This obituary and bank ad appeared in the *Morning Sentinel of Waterville, Maine*. (contributed by Lee Brett Silverman)

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Readers' Page



Layne Lommen, Springfield, Oreg.



Philip Thun, Vancouver, B.C.



Tom Hutchings, Palatine, Ill.



John M. Lobb, Greenwood, N.S.



Kerry Bryne, Madison, Wis.



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YES NO 5. Has your subscription to Meat Eaters Digest expired (and you haven't renewed it)?
YES NO 6. Do you find that you have cravings for fresh fruits and vegetables rather than junk foods?
YES NO 7. Do you find yourself clucking at the price of meat when you shop in a supermarket?
YES NO 8. Do the recent reports of chemicals, pesticides and growth stimulants fed to livestock make you cringe?

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LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71)

Sirs:

Imagine my feelings of pity for poor Sprout when I found out that the Jolly Green Giant is a card-carrying member of the North American Man-Boy Love Association. Just imagine.

Eliot Whuzzle
Dayton, Ohio

Sirs:

As far as the sequels in my own life go, I think the Second Breakfast will be called Lunch. The sequel to Parking the Car will be Opening the Door and Turning On the Lights. And Having Sex with the Summer Office Girl will be Having Sex with the Summer Office Girl Again.

Big Hollywood Guy
Malibu, Calif.

Sirs:

A tried-and-true method for guessing winners in the Democratic primary races is to sidle up to the candidates, take a sniff, and decide which one smells most like sport fish. You can do it individually and try to remember and compare all the smells, but the best method is to have them all lined up at a debate or mixer, and sniff 'em one right after another. An ice or sorbet is a good idea after three or four to cleanse the

palate. An unreliable method? Do the names Franklin D. Roosevelt, Lyndon B. Johnson, and John F. Kennedy sound unreliable to you?

Saul Bass
Great Neck, N.H.

Sirs:

When Reagan said he wanted the rights to offshore mining of the Atlantic Ocean, we assumed that he was after the *mineral* rights. Now the whole damn ocean is mined with explosives and we've lost six luxury cruise ships! What the hell are we going to tell our passengers? That we sell *adventure* cruises?

P&O Liners
London

Sirs:

I guess you'd better put goldfish crackers on the endangered-species list. I ate two bowls when I was at the bar this afternoon.

Sorry
Santa Monica, Calif.

Sirs:

Yes, I know what the Russians claim and I know they all say it was destroyed during reentry and it's probably nothing at all but, well, I just can't shake this feeling I've got. I think it really started when all those little penguins marched into the igloo singing

the Volga Boat Song and just swilled all my government-issue gin and fucked all my sled dogs. Then my wife ran off with that harp seal and now I've got this planeload of environmentalists who were in the air at the time but said they were forced to land when the head geologist reported they were all squid and therefore unqualified to pilot a space shuttle. I hope they die soon, the glow from their tentacles is really hard on the eyes.

Quinn the Eskimo
Northwest Territories
Canada

Sirs:

I have this bet going with a friend of mine that you'll print this letter. He says you won't but I bet him an ounce of coke that you'd print it. Just to keep it honest, you hold the bet, okay?

Martin Bizzel
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Why do we ants appear with such punctuality at picnics? It's due to the Ant Hotline. We have representatives in nearly every kitchen in America. So when Mom and Dad make plans for a picnic, one of our reps calls us with the details, and we're out in force to greet the hapless humans. Of course, we repay the favor if we happen to overhear Mom and Dad discussing a future visit from the exterminator.

Ants
At fine parks everywhere

Sirs:

Peek-A-Boo® is a registered trademark of Peek-A-Boo, Inc. Do not let your children say Peek-A-Boo® unless they are prepared to face a civil suit for copyright infringement. Thank you.

Charles Peek, President
Peek-A-Boo, Inc.

Sirs:

I really hate it when you're in a hurry and you're trying to go up the subway steps and there are two old ladies walking up really slow, side by side, so you can't get by. I guess that's why it doesn't seem to bother me when I have to mug them and take their Social Security checks.

Wayne Hodges
Queens, N.Y.

Sirs:

Beep-beep-beep-call home immediately-beep-beep-there's been a bad accident-beep-beep...

The Grim Beeper
Sad Tidings, Ky.

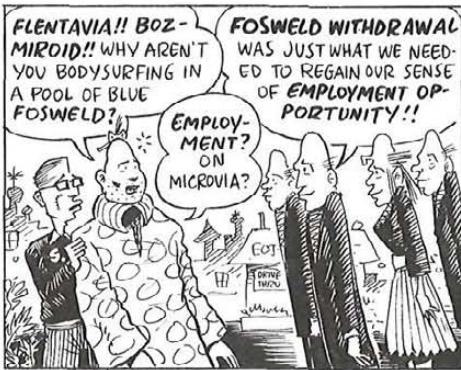
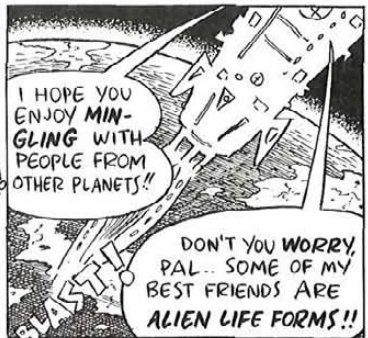
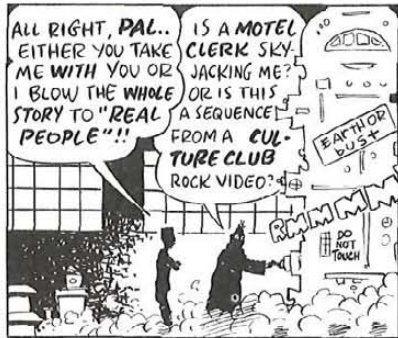
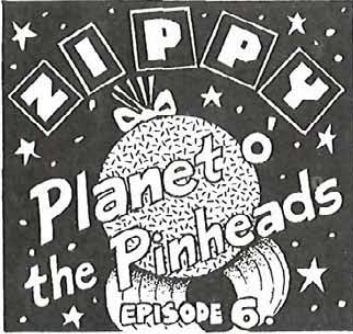
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 86)



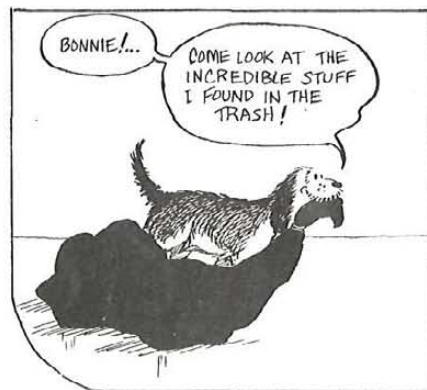
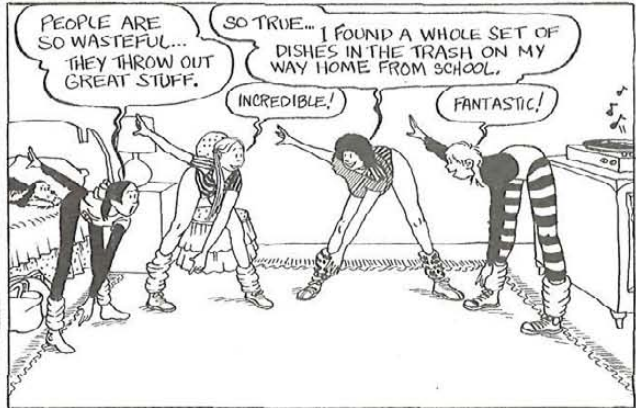
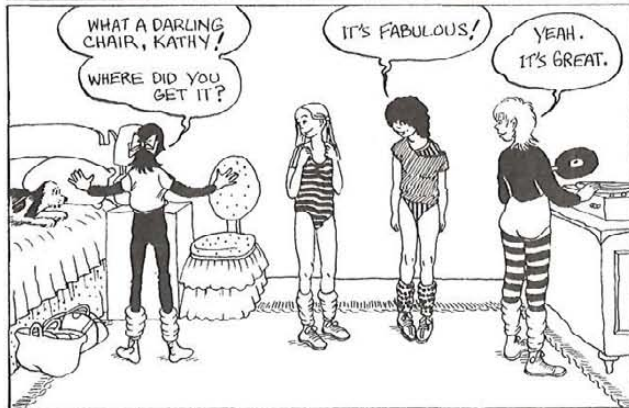
Carroll

"... And instead of sneaking out to a hotel, you should lock your door and fuck your secretary on your desk."

FUNNY PAGES

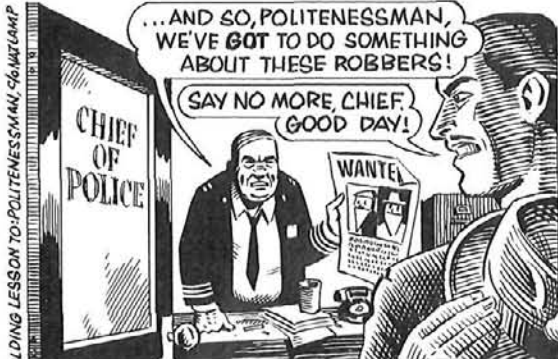


TROTS AND BONNIE



©84 SHAGI FLEANKEN

Politenessman



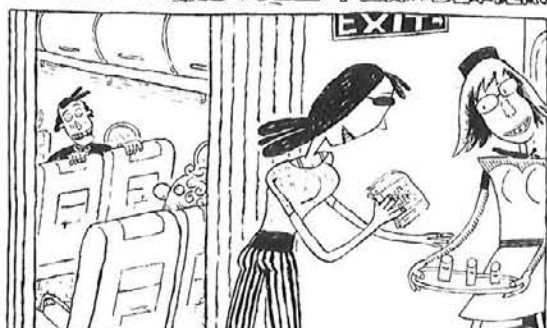
POPULAR PROBLEMS

©1984 RON HAUGE

FROM THE MOMENT SHE GOT ON THE PLANE I KNEW I HAD TO MEET HER. SHE SAT RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME.



I COULDN'T SEE HER VERY WELL, BUT I COULD TELL SHE WAS DRAWING EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE. SHE'D GET UP TO SEE THE STEWARDESS AND I COULD SEE HER BETTER.

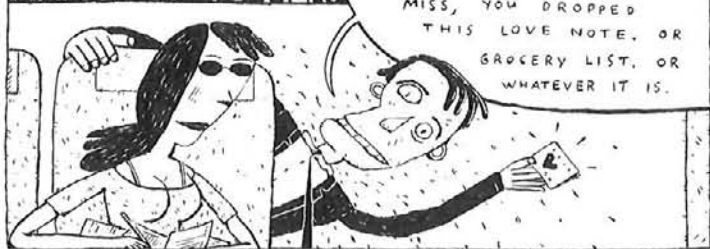


THE ONLY PAPER I COULD FIND WAS AN AIRSICKNESS BAG. ON ONE SIDE I DREW A HEART.

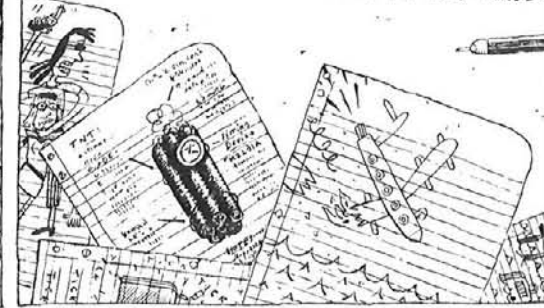


I THOUGHT SHE'D THINK IT WAS CUTE

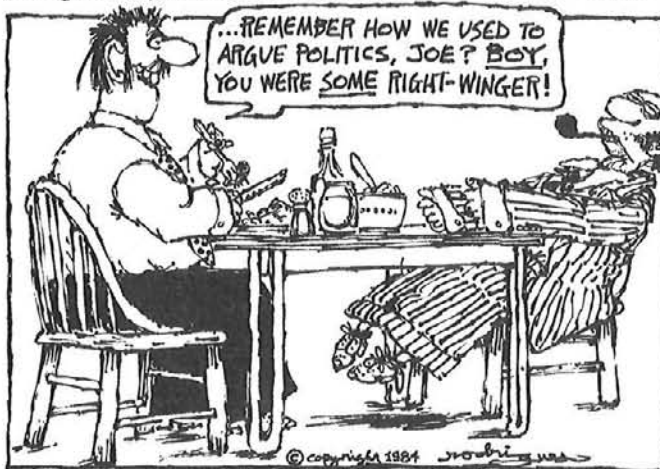
I WROTE MY NAME, ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER ON THE OTHER SIDE AND FOLDED IT IN HALF. I LEANED INTO THE AISLE AND HANDED IT TO HER.



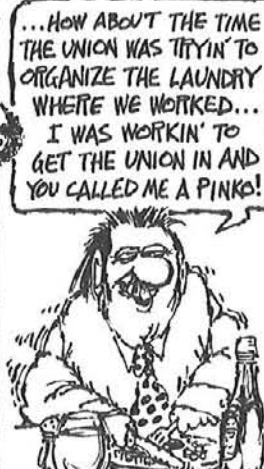
I GOT A LOOK AT WHAT SHE'D BEEN DRAWING AS SHE WAS PUTTING MY NOTE IN HER PURSE.



RAY and JOE • THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS DEAD FRIEND



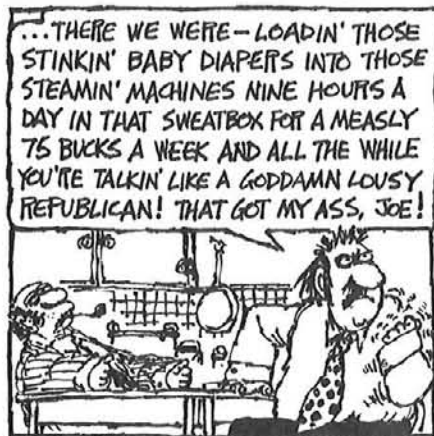
...REMEMBER HOW WE USED TO ARGUE POLITICS, JOE? BOY, YOU WERE SOME RIGHT-WINGER!



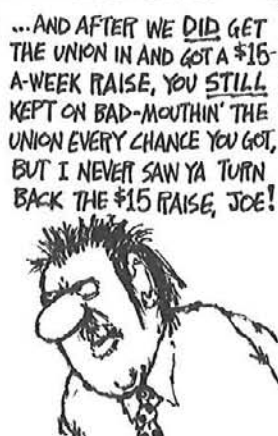
...HOW ABOUT THE TIME THE UNION WAS TITIN' TO ORGANIZE THE LAUNDRY WHERE WE WORKED... I WAS WORKIN' TO GET THE UNION IN AND YOU CALLED ME A PINKO!



...WE EVEN HAD A FISTFIGHT IN THE MEN'S ROOM. YOU SAID ALL THE UNION WANTED WAS OUR UNION DUES MONEY AND I SAID THE UNION WOULD PROTECT US FROM BEIN' EXPLOITED...



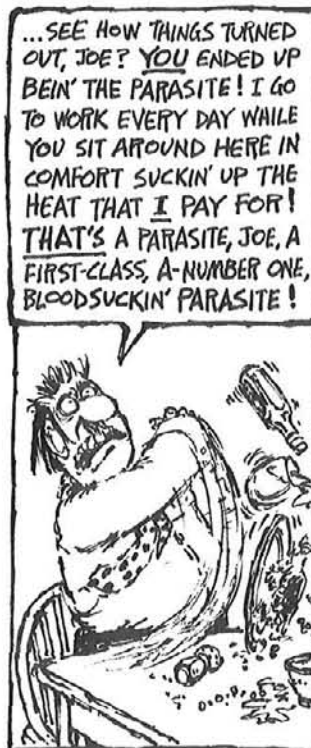
...THERE WE WERE—LOADIN' THOSE STINKIN' BABY DIAPERS INTO THOSE STEAMIN' MACHINES NINE HOURS A DAY IN THAT SWEATBOX FOR A MEASLY 75 BUCKS A WEEK AND ALL THE WHILE YOU'RE TALKIN' LIKE A GODDAMN LOUSY REPUBLICAN! THAT GOT MY ASS, JOE!



...AND AFTER WE DID GET THE UNION IN AND GOT A \$15-A-WEEK RAISE, YOU STILL KEPT ON BAD-MOUTHIN' THE UNION EVERY CHANCE YOU GOT, BUT I NEVER SAW YA TURN BACK THE \$15 RAISE, JOE!



...YOU USED TO SAY THAT ALL THE UNION BOSSES DID WAS SMOKE BIG BLACK CIGARS AND LIVE THE GOOD LIFE OFF OUR UNION DUES—YOU CALLED 'EM PARASITES!



...SEE HOW THINGS TURNED OUT, JOE? YOU ENDED UP BEIN' THE PARASITE! I GO TO WORK EVERY DAY WHILE YOU SIT AROUND HERE IN COMFORT SUCKIN' UP THE HEAT THAT I PAY FOR! THAT'S A PARASITE, JOE, A FIRST-CLASS, A-NUMBER ONE, BLOODSUCKIN' PARASITE!



...WELL, YOU AIN'T SUCKIN' MY BLOOD ANYMORE 'CAUSE I'M KICKIN' YOUR DEAD ASS OUT!



TRY SUCKIN' UP COLD AIR FOR A CHANGE, PARASITE!



I SHOULDN'T HAVE LOST MY TEMPER LIKE THAT. DEEP DOWN JOE AIN'T A BAD GUY, BUT HE SHOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN MY ASS LIKE HE DID...

CONTINUED...

Mimi Pond's
Famous Waitress
SCHOOL
TODAY'S LESSON

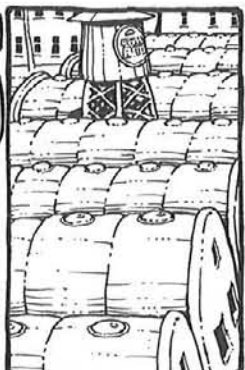
The Usual?

MIMI POND © 1984



RICK GEARY
© 1984

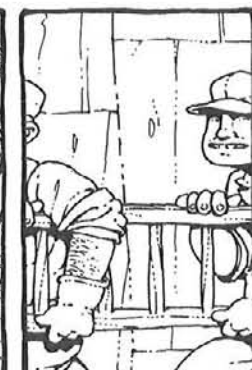
THIS MONTH:
A STUDIO TOUR



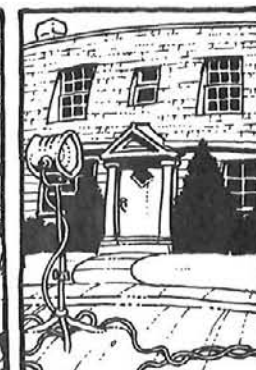
A REMNANT OF HOLLYWOOD'S GOLDEN AGE... NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.



ALL ABOARD!



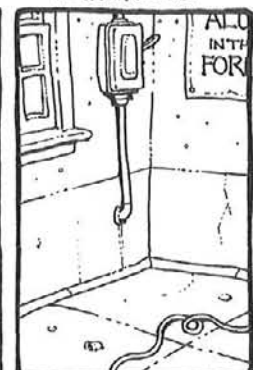
THE MOST GLAMOROUS NAMES IN THE BUSINESS WORK HERE DAILY.



HERE'S A HOUSE WE'VE SEEN IN COUNTLESS TV SHOWS.



THERE'S AN ACTUAL MOTION PICTURE IN PRODUCTION RIGHT NOW!



BURT LANCASTER ONCE STOOD HERE..



LUNCHEON IN THE COMMISSARY.



IF WE LINGER OVER OUR COFFEE, A FAMOUS FACE IS BOUND TO COME BY.



OH WELL... MAYBE NEXT TIME..

© 1984

NEW WAVE COMICS

MR. MAREK



NEXT MONTH: A DIFFERENT WORLD

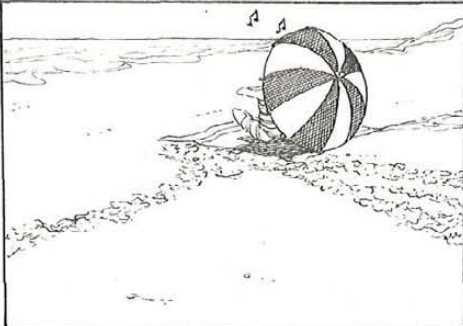
THE APPLETONS

A Saga of an American Family



by B.K. Taylor © 1984

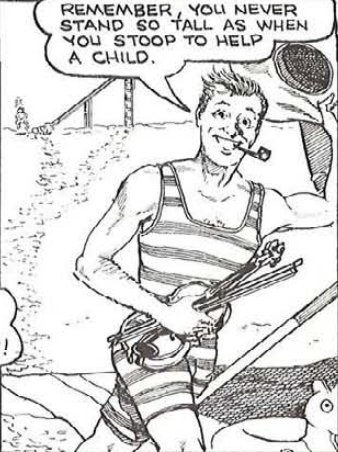
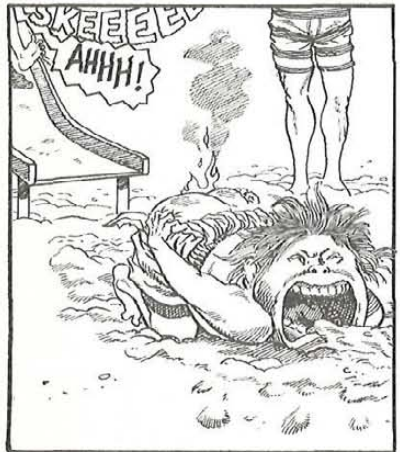
THE APPLETONS ARE VACATIONING IN SUNNY FLORIDA. ON A SECLUDED STRETCH OF BEACH, WE FIND MR. APPLETON PRACTICING HIS VIOLIN WHILE AWAITING THE RETURN OF HIS FAMILY FROM THE BEACH HOUSE.



MR. APPLETON'S PRIVATE CONCERT IS INTERRUPTED BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF TWO SMALL VISITORS.



THE TWO LADS FIND IT NECESSARY TO MOCK MR. APPLETON'S ATTIRE.



LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78)

Sirs:

Want a potent Afrodisiac? Try gluing twenty new quarters to a pair of fuzzy dice and hanging them on the rearview mirror, next to the love parrots.

Beth, Who Knows
Voodoo, L.I.

Sirs:

Could you do me a favor? How's about fixing me up with Victoria Principal? Look, it's not what you're thinking. I want to caress her mind, manipulate her temples, stimulate her gray matter, fondle her psyche. External beauty is a subjective, shallow, and essentially sterile concept. I'll take the mind every time.

Uncle Remus
De Brier Patch, Dixie

Sirs:

First you complain because we raise the price of oil. Now you're screaming because we're lowering the price too fast. You want to know something? We're sick to puking with having all these oil worries, and we say *fuck it*. To hell with the oil. You want Saudi Arabian oil so much, then you take Saudi Arabia. The oil, the sand, the camels, the sand, and the fucking sand! We've had it. You worry about Iran! You try having Israel for a neighbor! You think

it's been fun having a trillion, zillion dollars and nothing to do but sit on a sand dune and count it? Screw it! Take the whole works. Just give us Hawaii in exchange, and you've got Saudi Arabia. What do you care about Hawaii? We want pineapples. We want to drink Mai Tais. We want to surf! Yaaaaaaaah!

Sheikh Abdul Yamani
Minister of the Goddamn Oil
Saudi Arabia

Sirs:

Hey, how about a zingy new sitcom about a guy who wears glasses? A lot of people would say "Right on!" to a show like that.

A Guy Who Wears Glasses
Eyesore, Ind.

Sirs:

Shame on those who accuse the Pentagon of spending money needlessly on the Armed Forces! Fifty thousand dollars for the toilet-paper dispenser on the B-1 bomber is money well spent, believe me. Why, that particular piece of military ordnance represents the very best that money, American know-how, and superior technology are capable of producing! While those troglodytic Russian goons in their Backfire bombers are scraping their bungholes with construction-grade particleboard, or whatever they're forced to use, our young men will be sighing in ecstasy as their B-1 approaches Target Moscow,

their asses as cool, comfortable, and pampered as Christie Brinkley's. Waste? Unnecessary? War may be hell, people, but there's nothing in the book that says our boys can't wipe their assholes in comfort.

General Otis Bergone
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

As vice-president of a large bank, I am constantly asked why, even though we have a dozen teller windows, we keep only three tellers on duty and make you stand in line for half an hour before we accept your lousy seventeen-dollar deposit. It's quite simple, actually. By hiring fewer tellers, we reduce our costs, thus increasing our profits and keeping me and the other executives in the chips. So stop complaining.

B. Lincoln Barclay
Chemical Bank

Sirs:

I am a hearer. I can listen into the future. Loud noises, lots of them. "Brekek, breek, swerkswerk, whallaloom, onka, onka," then pause and "Boom! Ba-boom, ba-boom, ba-ba-boom. Bababababab-KA BOOM!" Then more, unearthly silence, complete and utter. Oh, plus I hear Jackie O's getting married again.

A Hearer
Muskrat, Ala.

Sirs:

Felix the Cat...the magical mystical cat...the crazy wacky cat...Felix the Cat...the strange, awful, insane cat...

Hellbent Slinko
Limp Noodle, Nebr.

Sirs:

Baking soda is incredible. Not only is it a cooking aid, a tooth polish, and a deodorizer, but it's also a gasoline substitute, a miracle drug, and, when sprinkled on the end of your dick, a remarkable aid to bedroom activities.

Armand Hammer
Dead Chickens, Maine

Sirs:

I'll tell you, times have changed. I used to be in the front of a bus freaking out. Now I'm in the back of a cab throwing up.

Ken Kesey
Kool-Aid, Kalif.

Sirs:

Hey...HEY! What the hell do you think you're doing! I've gotta clean that up, you know. Christ almighty. Hey!!

Ken Kesey's Kabbie
Kool-Aid, Kalif.



"We overhauled the transmission, rebuilt her carburetor, changed the muffler, calibrated the brakes, and aligned the front end, but make no mistake, Mr. Carlson...you still have a shitty car."

Why smart smokers are going back to basics.



and a friend could spend a week in The Bahamas.

Which is why so many smart smokers like you are going back

to basics and rolling their own cigarettes with e-z wider rolling machines, papers and filters, along with their favorite brand or blend of fresh tobacco. They know that a custom-rolled cigarette is the most naturally satisfying smoke. And with savings of up to \$300.00* per year (compared to the cost of store-bought cigarettes) the economics speak for themselves. Plus, custom rolling allows you to vary the tightness, length and thickness of your cigarettes to suit your individual preference.

In today's economy it really makes sense to give

custom-rolling a try. It's the intelligent, natural, economical and fashionable alternative to the high cost of smoking.



For today's smart smoker, back to basics means finding a more natural and economical cigarette.

One without all the chemicals and preservatives found in store-bought smokes.

A cigarette which is fresher tasting, more aromatic and slower burning.

One that satisfies completely without requiring an extra trip to the bank every week. Because if you're smoking 2 packs per day, you're probably paying over \$800.00 a year for commercial cigarettes.

That's much too much. In fact, for that kind of money you



Try it out. A complete roll-your-own kit including e-z wider rolling machine, cigarette papers and 50 filters, only \$3.00. (Not for sale to minors.) Send your check or money order to: Rizla Products, U.S., Inc., P.O. Box 1046, West Caldwell, N.J. 07007. Allow 8 weeks for delivery. Offer limited to U.S. New Jersey residents please add sales tax.

*Depending on the thickness of the cigarette rolled, you can get more or fewer cigarettes. The figures we offer are for comparison only.

485 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017 (212) 922-1800

CONTEST

28

Can You Help Nastassia Kinski Pick Her Next Bomb?

YOUNG, LITHE, FAIR OF FACE, ABLE TO read at a functional level and speak a little English, Nastassia Kinski would seem to have the world as her oyster. But oysters have a way of snapping shut quickly in people's faces (as they did in Kinski's first film, *Ouch, Seafood*), and the poor girl cannot find a decent film to look coy, remove her clothes, and stare blankly around in.

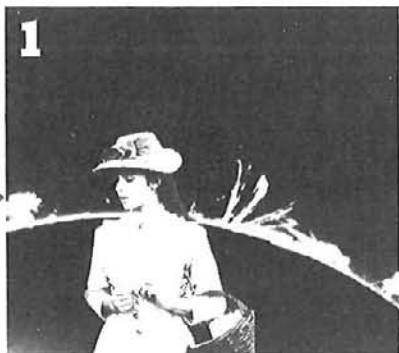
"I don't know what the problem is, you know?" Nastassia muses, arranging her hair into a configuration resembling the Pillsbury Doughboy. "Theater owners say that when my films arrive, they have a real smell, you know? Sort of like if you opened up a house that had been closed for years, and there's some animals inside...."

"But I don't know. I think it is perhaps good that I have been in so many 'bombs,' because, you know, now I have nothing to live up to. So maybe I should just continue to pick roles that Gary Coleman or a talking horse has turned down. I don't know, my hair feels kind of heavy today."

HEY, FUNSTERS!



OUR LATEST PRIZE IS THE CASIO PF-30, A THIRTY-one-note mini-keyboard instrument with built-in rhythms, chords, eight instrument sounds, a memory to play it all back, and a display window to show you what's being played. You can even store your tunes in a separate cassette recorder with this baby, so enter early and often!



1 **Tess: The Untold Years on the Sun**



Arthur Hailey's Magazine Rack



3 **Dog People**



4 **Pride of the Yankees II**



5 **The Campfire Girls Story, with Roman Polanski**



6 **The Incredible Upside-Down Nutbar**

THE LAST TIME I CHECKED I WASN'T the head of a major studio, but I think I know what people won't line up to see. Nastassia's career as an au pair girl begins after she stars in this.

1 2 3 4 5 6

Send to: Bombs Away
National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

White On!
Bryan J. White, entering from an Air Force base in North Carolina, has won Contest #24, selecting Abbie Hoffman's head as the one Moses Malone won't be able to slam dunk. Crown him king of the hippies, and lavish praise on his new National Lampoon sailboard.

How to get through winter if you don't know a St. Bernard.



Since you can't always find a St. Bernard when you need one, it's nice to know there's something equally welcomed and infinitely more accessible. DeKuyper Peppermint Schnapps.

Instead of flapping your arms and hollering for help, a simple "Yo, Fido!"

brings brisk peppermint refreshment over hill, dale and mogul via your faithful companion.

In one shot, DeKuyper Peppermint Schnapps will appeal to your spirit with a spirit that's ice-cool yet wonderfully warm.

So why wait for a St. Bernard to reach you when you can reach for DeKuyper® Peppermint Schnapps. It'll brighten up your winter faster than you can say "bow wow."



DeKuyper Peppermint Schnapps.

Peppermint Schnapps, 60 Proof, John DeKuyper & Son, Elmwood Place, Ohio.

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Technics introduces an awesome Computer-Drive Receiver. It stops distortion before it starts. And that's just the beginning.

The new Technics SA-1010 Computer-Drive Receiver. A receiver that combines so many technological advances it is the most sophisticated ever to carry the Technics name.

It starts with Technics innovative Computer-Drive technology: a microcomputer with the intelligence to sense potential causes of amplifier distortion. And to stop that distortion before it starts. So your music comes through with breathtaking clarity.

A second computer not only operates the world's most accurate tuning system, quartz synthesis. It also scans and mutes unwanted signals before they interfere with your music.



And the SA-1010's intelligence touches other areas.

A microprocessor is also used in conjunction with Technics Random Access Tuning with auto memory. It allows you to pre-set and store up to 16 of your favorite stations. And to hear any one, in any order, at the push of a button.

And whatever music you do listen to can be made to virtually envelop you, surround you by engaging Technics Dimension Control circuitry.

Then there's the sheer power of the SA-1010: 120 watts per channel, minimum continuous RMS, both channels driven into 8 ohms, from 20Hz to 20kHz, with no more than 0.003% total harmonic distortion.

And of course, the SA-1010 is ready for digital. It will be able to reproduce the flawless sound of digital sources soon to come.

Power. Perfection. And performance. The awesome SA-1010 Computer-Drive Receiver. From Technics.

Technics
The science of sound