

Inside: Junior Samples's Overalls, The Emperor's New Clothes, Goose Gossage's Feathers, and Barbie Without Her Bikini (Hubba-Hubba!)

NATIONAL LAMPPOON

SEPT. 1984

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS

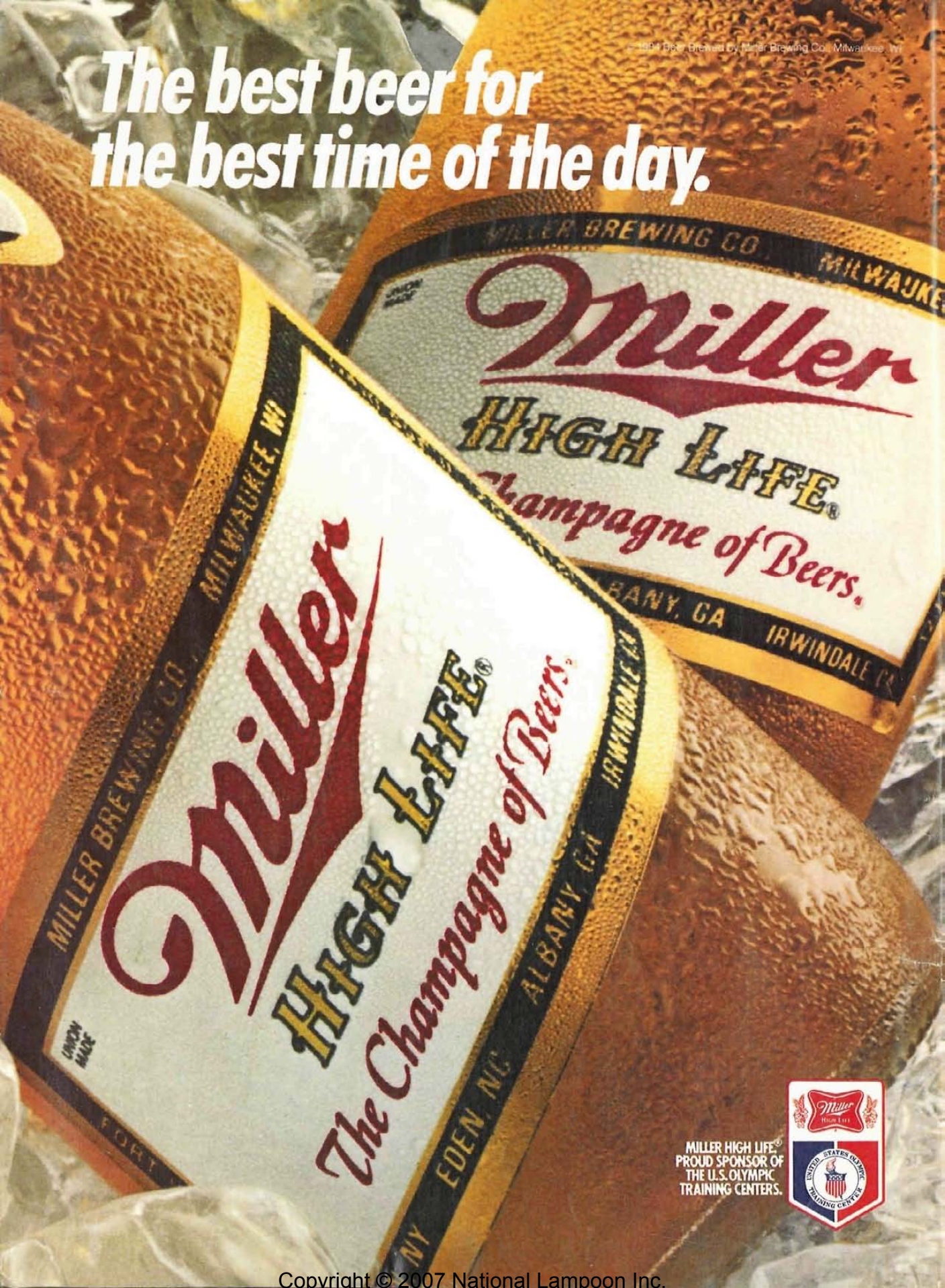
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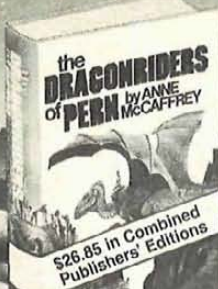
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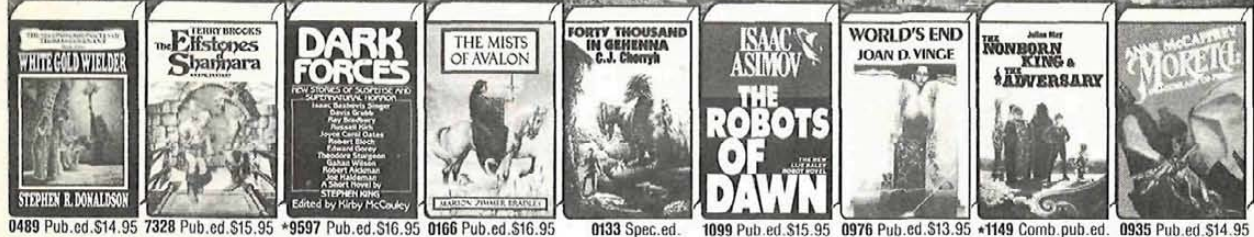
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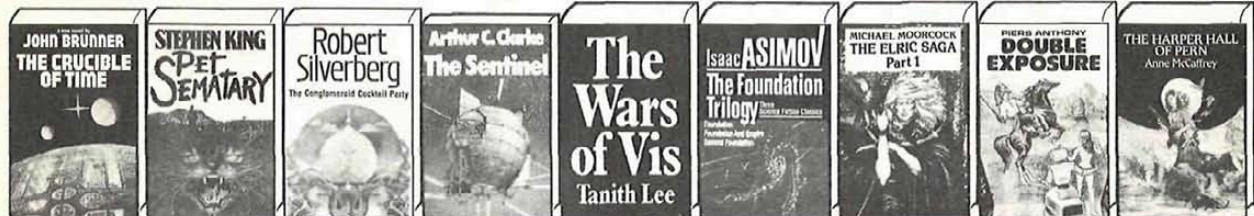
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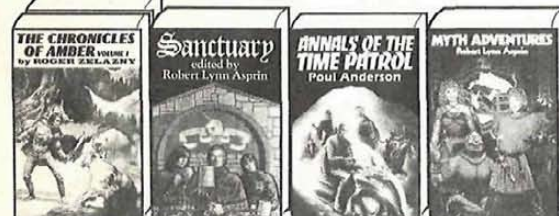
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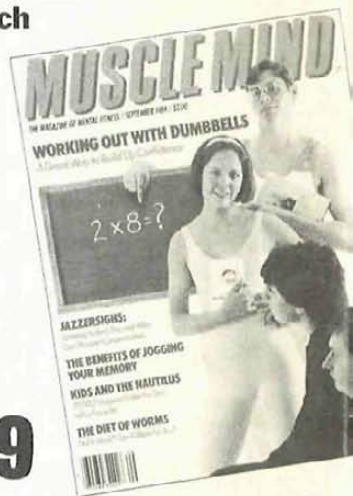
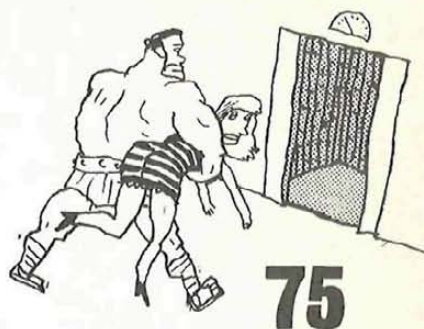
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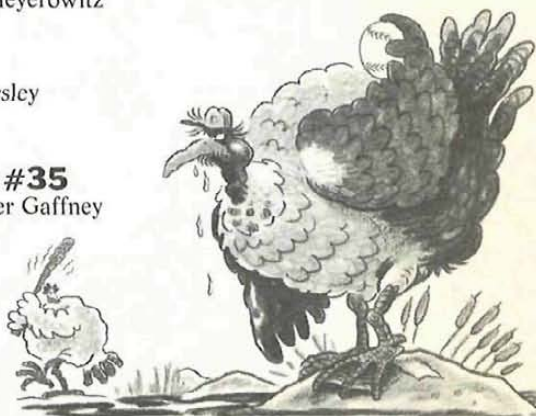
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Employee of the Month



Kate Gallagher:

The employee of the month for September is *NatLamp* photo coordinator Kate Gallagher. When there's a deadline that has to be met, you can bet it's Kate who's ready to hop into her beat-up Chevy Nova and drive down to the station to meet it. When there's an important photo that needs to be shot, chances are it's Kate who offers up the fact that she can get in touch with Jimmy the Goof down in Jersey. Well, Kate may not know magazine lingo real well, but she is the type of girl who's willing to go the extra distance to get the job done. For instance, when editor Kevin Curran wanted a "special" photo session in his home late at night with a couple of blond models, it was Kate who not only coordinated the effort but also arranged for Kevin's wife, Tracie, to be elsewhere at the time. "That didn't really happen," notes Kevin. Well, okay, but lots of other stuff did, thanks to Kate's expertise and tireless devotion to duty.—P. G.

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LETTERS

Sirs:

I think you should have a contest to find a good use for "*National Lampoon*" Presents *Sex, Drugs, Rock 'n' Roll, and the End of the World*. Here are some I thought up:

1. See how far you can bend it without snapping it in half.
2. Paste ruffles on it, remove the cardboard middle, and have a fancy collar for your cat.
3. Put it in an RCA videodisc player and see if anything happens.
4. Spray-paint it gold and take it to the Grammys. Throw it at Alabama.
5. Give it to a stupid child as part of his science project.
6. Go to one of New York's finer eating establishments and leave it as a tip.

Likes Humor
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Tits are great,
Tits are swell,
Squeeze a tit and go to hell,
Leave a tit alone, my friend,
And when you die you go
to heaven.

See what happens when you read e. e. cummings before writing papal encyclicals? I hope all future popes take this as a lesson.

Pope John Paul II
The Vatican, Rome

Sirs:

When I'm fucking my wife, the only way I can bring her to orgasm is by telling her what flavor I'm going to ejaculate. And she always comes, too, because she never knows which of the twenty-eight I'm going to say.

Howard Johnson
Garden State Parkway, N.J.

Sirs:

You shouldn't have so much of that crude material in your magazine. Now take the *Reader's Digest* as an example: they have lots of humorous items without having to resort to bad language, dirty pictures, and lies. We'd like to help you get off to a brand-new start, so Ernest (my husband) and I would like to give you a joke that is

funny and wholesome and really happened, too. It's yours to use with our blessing. Here it is: Ernest was pouring himself a glass of milk (he's forty-nine) and I said to him, "Ernest, you know, you really shouldn't drink milk over forty. It's not good for you." And Ernest said, "I'll say. It would be terribly sour at that age." We're taking out a year's subscription to your magazine and look forward to a bright new change in your format.

Connie and Ernest Crackhead
Friendship, Maine

Sirs:

The most unfortunate thing about being recognized everywhere you go is that every once in a while you have a desire to hold up a liquor store but you can't because you'll be recognized.

John Travolta
Malibu, Calif.

Sirs:

People say to me, Barbara, you're a pretty bright woman, so how come you've been acting like a third-rate Rona Barrett by prying into the personal sex lives of no-talent actors just because they happen to be working in a hit series on your employer's network? Well, look, I happen to like what I do and make no apologies for it, okay? I would much rather have a pleasant conversation in a nicely furnished home with a popular television personality than dodge bullets in some godforsaken Caribbean hellhole where the heat melts your fingernail polish. And if you can't understand that, then you deserve to cat at Greasy Joe's rather than Scandia, you asshole.

Barbara Walters
A professional journalist

Sirs:

Just a note to you lovers of sports trivia: wacky comic Jonathan Winters broke Gale Sayers's collegiate rushing record while wearing a cake-shaped masquerade outfit. Actual quote: "Easy as pie if you hit the holes right."

Bill Kisler
Cheyenne, Wyo.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)

TEQUILA & WOW!

Tequila & Tonic. Tequila & Grapefruit.
Refreshingly new from The Club Bar.

The Club, Tequila & Grapefruit and Tequila & Tonic, made with Jose Cuervo Tequila, natural flavors and certified color added (grapefruit), 20 Proof, 10% alc. by vol. Prepared by The Club Distilling Co., ©1984, Hartford, CT, Menlo Park, CA.

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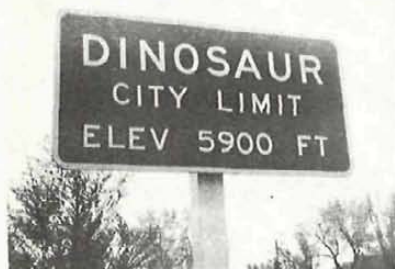
THE
Club

DON'T JUST BRING A BEER. BRING THE CLUB BAR.

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TRUE FACTS

Our Little Town



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BRIAN WALL, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND



BRAD AVRES, PAOLA, KANSAS



KERRY G. BRIX, DALLAS, TEXAS



JOHN M. LANDRETH, CHAPEL HILL, N.C.



HEATHER CAMPBELL, TERELON, MANITOBA



HARL MUELLER, SEATTLE, WASH.



MARK G. SILBERGER, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

PLAINCLOTHES POLICE IN Omaha, Nebraska, have been forbidden to wear leisure suits. "They are no longer accepted as appropriate businesslike attire," said Chief of Police Robert Wadman. *Phoenix Republic-Gazette* (contributed by Chandler Carlson)

THIS NEWS STORY APPEARED IN THE *Aspen Daily News*, a Colorado newspaper published under the slogan "If you don't want it printed, don't let it happen":

"When an Old Snowmass man visited some Aspen friends Monday he found one of them dead on the couch and the other sitting next to the body watching TV.

"Richard Westcott told police the room smelled putrid when he walked in on his friends Raymond Ronciak and Mike Fales, who were living at 1031 E. Hyman. Ronciak, 35, was bloated, discolored, and motionless on the couch.

"Fales, 33, told police he noticed the odor but didn't realize his roommate was dead. He said he was planning on 'buying something for the smell,' police said.

"Fales said he may have heard his roommate cough Saturday, but wasn't sure. He thought his roommate was sleeping, but said if Ronciak hadn't woken up by Monday night he would have attempted to stir him, according to police.

"Westcott said Ronciak was in the same position when he visited Monday as he had been four days earlier." (contributed by Kiefer Mendenhall)

THIS LETTER TO THE EDITOR APPEARED in the *Bulletin-Journal* of Cape Girardeau, Missouri:

"Dear Speak Out: Tonight my 16-year-old daughter, who is a cheerleader at Central High School in Cape, was telling me about Lennon's Tomb in Russia. She told me about how many thousand people visit Lennon's Tomb every day. We both want to say that we think this is a total injustice to have the grave of this former ex-Beatle buried in a communist country. Maybe his

"4X4 OF THE YEAR"

For the first time ever, all three leading off-road magazines made the same choice. Jeep.

If you're thinking about 4-wheel drive, consider this. The all-new leaner, meaner size Jeep Cherokee has just been named "4x4 of the Year" by all three leading off-road magazines: 4 Wheel & Off-Road, Four Wheeler, and Off-Road. That's never been done before.

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The all-new Cherokee was compared to the toughest competitors available, foreign and domestic. They were driven thousands of miles through snow, soft sand, subfreezing temperatures, and high winds—on and off the road.

4 Wheel & Off-Road said: "Cherokee scored well across the

board, excelling in our evaluations of mechanical, urban and off-road driving and interior comfort." Four Wheeler called the Cherokee Sportwagon: "the year's most significant advance in 4-wheeling." Off-Road said: "Jeep is a smaller, more maneuverable off-road vehicle that provides plenty of room."

Test drive it and compare for yourself.

Compared to Bronco II and S-10 Blazer 4x4, only Cherokee has four doors, room for five, and a choice of two

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It's nice to be named No. 1, but not unexpected. After all, Jeep wrote the book on 4-wheel drive. Buy or lease the triple award winning Cherokee, or the luxurious new Wagoneer Sportwagons. Only at your Jeep dealer.

*Use these figures for comparison. Your results may differ due to driving speed, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage and California figures will probably be less.

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Triple award winning

JEEP  **CHEROKEE SPORTWAGON**

TRUE FACTS

music wasn't like everyone's, but he was a great songwriter and was a member of a group who influenced American pop music more than any other group. It has never been proven he wrote any music pertaining to communism." (contributed by Robert Hildebrand, Jr.)

A MAN WITH A SUBMACHINE GUN HIJACKED an American Airlines plane in Haiti and demanded to be flown to New York. The hijacker was arrested when the plane landed at New York's Kennedy Airport—its scheduled destination. (London) *Times* (contributed by John Loiacono)

A PRISONER AT THE PASCO COUNTY JAIL in New Port Richey, Florida, began an escape attempt by hiding in a garbage can. He was discovered during roll call, however, when he heard his name and compulsively called out, "Here!" *Detroit News* (contributed by Donald L. Hirst)

WHEN MIKE BARD BROUGHT HIS WIFE Johna home from the hospital after she gave birth to their second child, he had a surprise for her. Bard had written the words "Welcome Home" in pig manure on a hillside near their farm. "I took my manure spreader out there, and it was like writing on a piece of paper," he said. "Took about six loads, covered six acres."

"I was totally surprised," said Mrs. Bard. "He made me feel like he really does think of me." *Cincinnati Enquirer* (contributed by Nick Ertel)

IN HIS RAPE TRIAL, TWENTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD Wylie Evans of Atlantic County, New Jersey, claimed that he had not tried to sexually assault a sixty-two-year-old woman, but that his "pants happened to fall off." *Bridgeton* (N.J.) *Evening News* (contributed by Barry Porch)

THE KETTERING (OHIO) FRATERNAL ORDER of Police Auxiliary raised \$14,000 by raffling off a shotgun and a .357-caliber Magnum revolver. The proceeds were used to outfit officers with bulletproof vests. *Miami Herald* (contributed by Robert Levine)

IN GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, JUDGE ERWIN Jowitt praised police detective Terry Lewitt, who, he said, had to "suffer in an unpleasant way" in performing his duty.

Detective Lewitt had investigated sex shows at the Kcgworth ex-service-

men's club in Leicestershire in which naked women allegedly performed lewd acts. The detective testified that he had to kiss the breast of a stripper named Claudia, and that on another occasion she fondled him while his sergeant buried his face in her bosom.

BULLSHIT

"We do not want a food store of any kind. Flowers might be all right. Or chocolates. Yes, Swiss or Belgian chocolates."

—*Shirley Bernstein, a Park Avenue resident, explaining why she was leading a campaign to prevent a Korean-owned delicatessen from opening on that exclusive New York City street, quoted in the New York Times. (Duck Divet)*

"I didn't mean that in a racist way. . . . It never occurred to me that it had anything to do with Negroes."

—*U.S. District Judge Francis G. Whelan, apologizing for having compared a requested search for tape recordings to "looking for a nigger in a woodpile," quoted by the Associated Press. (Scott Smith)*

"I can't help it because some people got dirty minds. When I say 'Do It in Detroit,' I mean shop, eat, live, do business."

—*Detroit Mayor Coleman Young, defending his administration's choice of a slogan for the troubled city, quoted in the Toronto Sun. (Paul R. Borg)*

"To summarize, the best fad is one which allows you to assert your own positive uniqueness and still take part in the group identity. All fads have positive and negative sides. It's a mark of maturity and strong personal identity to use a fad to become a part of a group, and yet stand apart when necessary."

—*From an article on fads in Delta Airlines' inflight publication, Sky magazine, March 1984. (Sparky Siegel)*

Send samples of bullshit to True Facts, National Lampon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. We'll pay ten dollars for each item used.

In praising Detective Lewitt's testimony, Judge Jowitt said, "There are those who see fit to snigger, but they are misguided." (Glasgow) *Daily Record* (contributed by A. Scot Fleming)

THE ARIZONA CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION objected to what it termed "cruel and unusual punishment" being carried out against incorrigible prisoners by the Arizona Department of Corrections. Under a recently launched program, inmates guilty of prison infractions would be deprived of television and served up to twenty-one consecutive meals of meat loaf.

"We consider it particularly punitive punishment," said ACLU Director Louis Rhodes. *Anchorage Daily News* (contributed by Phil Nechvatal)

POLICE AND AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS in Newburgh, New York, were called to free an elderly man from his basement bathroom. Police said the unidentified man had gone to the bathroom at three in the morning, forgetting that he had painted the toilet the day before. He spent eleven hours stuck to his toilet seat. (Newburgh) *Times-Herald Record* (contributed by Linda Luongo)

NEW YORK SCULPTOR HENRY GUNTHER was called to a Seaford, Long Island, Catholic church to make some cosmetic changes on a statue he had sculpted. According to the Reverend James Brassil, a number of female parishioners had complained that his statue of the Virgin Mary was "a little too full-breasted." (New York) *Daily News* (contributed by Tony Seifert)

RICH FELLINGHAM, NEWS DIRECTOR FOR radio station KASI in Ames, Iowa, and his morning announcer, Johnny Gray, were treated for electrical shock after someone dropped a live microphone into the hot tub from which they were doing their morning broadcast. *New York Times* (contributed by Peter Donahue)

CALVIN JOSEPH, TWENTY-EIGHT, OF Houston, Texas, was arrested for stealing his father's wooden legs and holding them for ransom. The younger Joseph was demanding food from his father, Percy Joseph, fifty-four.

"My daddy, it always takes him two or three days to decide to give me something to eat when I'm hungry," he said.

Joseph revealed the whereabouts of the legs only after his court-appointed

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TRUE FACTS

attorney told him to do so. *Houston Chronicle* (contributed by George L. Courtemanche)

A TWO-TON HIPPOPOTAMUS GUARDING its calf bit a man who was passing on his bicycle. The man tried to defend himself with his bicycle, but was bitten around the neck and face. A hospital spokesman in Nairobi, Kenya, said that the victim, Peter Ngugi, was recovering, but "his whole face had to be reconstructed." *New York Times* (contributed by Susan Hashim)

THIRTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD WILLIAM P. Randolph of Fort Worth, Texas, began beating his dogs with the butt of a shotgun when he found them chewing the wiring on his Harley-Davidson motorcycle. However, the gun discharged, killing Randolph. *Fort Worth Star-Telegram* (contributed by Stephen Hill)

A JURY AWARDED MORE THAN FIVE MILLION dollars to the victims of a fatal three-truck accident which closed an Arizona highway for seven hours. The panel decided that the accident was caused by truck driver Aubery McCurdy, who was hauling 17,000 pounds of flammable liquid and who, according to witnesses, was drinking beer and masturbating behind the wheel immediately prior to the crash. *Phoenix Gazette* (contributed by Jeff Lee)

THE FOLLOWING EXCERPT FROM A RECENT *New York Times* editorial concerns the U.S. Army's new Sergeant York air-defense gun:

"The weapon is a computerized, radar-guided pair of guns mounted on a tank chassis. Designed to shoot down planes and helicopters, the weapon is programmed to fire at whirring blades. In recent tests, the newsletter *Defense Week* reports, the first production model ignored all the targets presented to it. . . . Instead, it zeroed in on what it considered a more promising target: the exhaust fan in a nearby latrine." (contributed by Ronald Hyman)

ACCORDING TO *NATIONAL WILDLIFE* magazine, the Bird Banding Laboratory of the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service receives some 60,000 letters annually, many reporting on banded birds recovered in various parts of the hemisphere. The following is one such letter:

"Dear Sir: I have a mother cat. Her

name is Freckles. She really is a good cat, but I hate to tell you the bad news that she caught one of your birds with a number, 763-49449. We have been learning about coordination and now I think my Freckles is more coordinated than your bird was. She tore the bird up, and left some here and some there. My mother screamed at me to get the innards off the driveway, cause it looked icky.

"So I did. My brother Mark learned in school that cats don't really mean to kill birds, but they like to catch things that move, so she really didn't mean to kill it. She is sorry and so am I. The parts I saw seemed like it was a pretty bird. Love, Stephen." (contributed by Jack Clarke)

JIMMY LEE CRAWFORD OF GREENSBORO, North Carolina, was charged with insurance fraud after he filed claims totaling \$32,500 for sixty-seven dogs he said were run over by cars in 1983.

Crawford had claimed that eight of the dogs were hit by a single car. (contributed by Gary E. Lowell)

TWO PARAPSYCHOLOGISTS WHO WROTE a self-help book emphasizing an optimistic outlook on life committed suicide together by leaping fifteen stories to a New York City street. In the book, Paul and Doree Malow told readers to wake up in the morning and say, "It's good to be alive! Today will be better than yesterday!" According to the *New York Post*, their book didn't sell well. *UPI* (contributed by Liz Ellen Zell)

AN APPARENT HEART-ATTACK VICTIM, Herbert Wolfe, sixty-six, was found on the eighteenth green of the Hawaii Kai golf course under a blanket. Wolfe had been playing with three strangers in a "golf package" group when he died. But Wolfe's three companions covered his body, took his golf clubs, and left him on the green because they didn't want to miss a departing tour bus. *Honolulu Advertiser* (contributed by Gary Heisel)

REPORTING ON THE SIDE EFFECTS OF Clomipramine, an antidepressant drug, the *Canadian Journal of Psychiatry* claimed that some users experience orgasm when they yawn.

According to doctors in St. John, New Brunswick, one married man in his late twenties found the phenomenon "awkward and embarrassing," while women of the same age asked how long they would be "allowed" to take the drug. *Sacramento Union* (contributed by Lynn Lazaroff)

A 150-ROOM HOTEL IN WASHINGTON, D.C., cost nearby Howard University \$1.3 million to buy in 1981, and since then has cost another \$4.5 million in operating losses. Howard administrators purchased the hotel to train students in hotel management. *Washington Post* (contributed by Robert Erienne)

THIS ITEM LED OFF AN ARTICLE ON building commuter aircraft in the International Business section of *Business Week* magazine:

"To measure resistance against flying objects, engineers recently fired chicken carcasses at 300 mph at the windshield of the new Saab-Fairchild twin-engine turboprop airplane. 'The windshield held,' recalls Tom Turner, president of the joint venture, but 'mud, blood, and feathers were everywhere.'" (contributed by Chris Bohjalian)

What's on TV?

9.10 Superman (Rpt) (G)
9.30 Woody Woodpecker!
21 Billion Dollar Boner
(Rpt) (G)
10.00 Saturday Host Donnie Suther

to Boston.

12:00 Vegas
Dan frantically searches
for a large quantity of
cocaine. (R)
5 Quincy

23 MOVIE ★½ "Helter Skelter"
(1949, Comedy) Carol Marsh, David
Tomlinson. A detective gets involved with a
wealthy socialite who can't seem to stop
hiccupping. (2 hrs.)

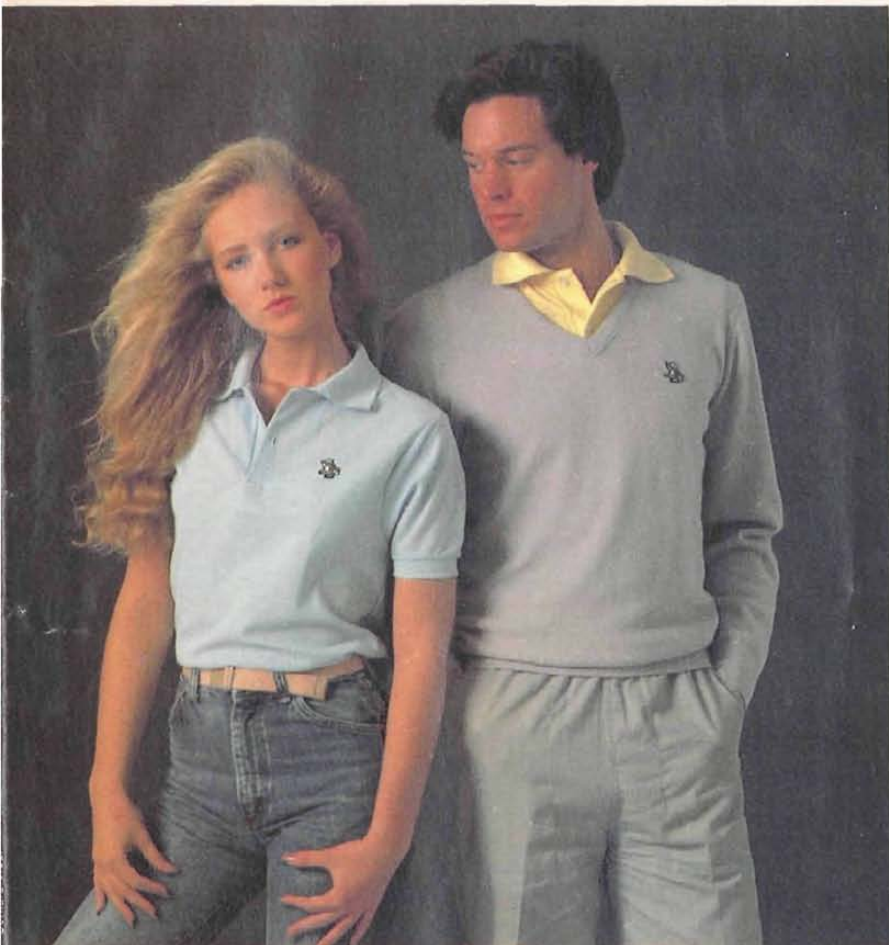
33 MOVIE ★★★ "One On One"
Donal Robby

"Helter Skelter" listing from the *Albany (N.Y.) Times-Union* TV Magazine, contributed by Thomas Miller. "Woody Woodpecker" listing from the *Canberra* (Australia) *Times* Television Guide, contributed by Ron Schroer. "Vegas" listing from the *Atlanta Constitution* TV Weekly, contributed by Ron Riggle.

Contributors: Send your favorite TV listings to True Facts. We'll pay ten dollars for each one used.

Now Offering Shirts and Fine Sweaters from

FROG



The Frog family of fine apparel is proud to announce the introduction of the **Frog Sweater**. The Frog Sweater comes in three sizes and is a legend for its softness, warmth, and style. And Frog Clothing continues to offer the **Frog Polo Shirt**. Both shirt and sweater sport the distinctive symbol of the Frog line, a double-amputee frog.

The unfortunate frog is your assurance that you have purchased the very finest. Wear your shirt with pride—with or without a Frog Sweater over it—whether you yourself have legs or not.

Frog Sweaters and Shirts are available only by mail. The price? Sweaters are just \$20.95 plus postage and handling. Polo shirts are \$14.95 plus postage and handling.

Order your sweater and/or shirt today and ensure yourself of the respect your taste and discernment deserve.

FROG

National Lampoon offers the most prestigious shirts and sweaters in America, and at a price prestigious people can afford.

Please send me — National Lampoon Frog Shirts at \$14.95 each, plus \$1.50 for postage and handling.

WHITE: — small — medium — large
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 CAMEL: — small — medium — large

Please send me — National Lampoon Frog Sweaters at \$20.95 each, plus \$2.00 for postage and handling.

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ADDRESS _____

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New York residents, please add 8 1/4 percent sales tax.

Polo shirts available in:



White

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Gray

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Gray

Black

Frog logo
 by cartoonist
 Sam Gross

Memorable Advertising



**It's 6 a.m.
Do you know
where
Grandpa is?**

Have to find — I had this experience with my grandpa. I had a heart attack at 6 a.m. and he was the only one who knew where he was. I had a heart attack at 6 a.m. and he was the only one who knew where he was. I had a heart attack at 6 a.m. and he was the only one who knew where he was.

Florida Hospital

CALL LINDA, 864.526.2101

CONTRIBUTED BY DANA WELLY

We want to give you something to make your child vomit.



Hospital of Special and Family Care. We want to give you something to make your child vomit. We want to give you something to make your child vomit. We want to give you something to make your child vomit.

H
HOSPITAL OF SPECIAL AND FAMILY CARE
National Patient Protection Week
March 21-24

CONTRIBUTED BY MATT CORRETTI

Just A Reminder That Your Balloon Mortgage Is Coming Due.



Minnesota Federal

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE (CONTRIBUTED BY TIMOTHY R. BUCKINGHAM)

I thought you'd never remember.



JM Jewelers

4553 Duke Street
Shops of Fox Chase • Near Drug Fair
Alexandria, Virginia
370-1116
Mon. - Sat. 10am - 7pm

FARFAX (VA) JOURNAL (CONTRIBUTED BY JOHN F. SPINER)

CAMEL LIGHTS

It's a whole new world.



Today's
Camel Lights,
unexpectedly mild.

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

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

Sirs:

Know how Japanese pilots get their kicks? We just replace all the passenger windows on our 747's with a hundred Sony flat-screen TV sets hooked up to a VCR in the cockpit. Next we play a tape of the jet taking off so that when the passengers look out of their "windows" everything seems normal. Then halfway over the Pacific the pilot shoves a new tape into the Betamax and announces, "Ladies and gentlemen, we are now passing the spot where KAL Flight 007 was shot down." All the passengers start rubbernecking out of what they think are windows when all of a sudden they see a whole squadron of SU-15 jet interceptors firing missiles at them. We usually manage fifteen or twenty heart attacks per trip, and one time some nut actually opened the pressurized rear door, sucking all two hundred passengers out into the Sea of Japan. All in all, it's almost as much fun as Pearl Harbor.

Captain Hideo Video
Japan Air Lines

Sirs:

Many of you who grew up with *Sesame Street* will remember "One of These Things," the segment where we pictured four objects, three of which were identical, while playing the fol-

lowing cute little song:

One of these things is not like the others.

One of these things just doesn't belong.

Can you guess which thing is not like the others

Before I finish my song?

Well, that's all well and good, but the truth of the matter is this. We originally planned to drive an entire generation of schoolkids neurotic or worse by playing the game with only *two* objects.

The Children's Television
Workshop
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Got a sec? I'm trying to do a survey for a client. Which do you think is a better name for a bank—Irrving Trust or Trust Irving?

Arthur Morgan
Arthur Morgan Management
Consultants
Connecticut, Conn.

Sirs:

Not since 1964 has a major league player beamed four spectator heads with one foul ball, and never in the game's hundred-plus-year history has there been a five-head bean. Boog Powell was the last player to garner the

coveted four-head crack, and he remembers it in loving detail and with great emotion: "It was a very special moment for me, because I remember thinking, 'I'll never get more than two heads because the attendance is so low.' Then on a 1-2 count I fouled off a Don Larsen slider into the third-base seats, and from the way it was moving I thought there was an outside chance at a two-header: the hot dog vendor and an old lady filling out her scorecard. I could never have imagined in my wildest dreams that it would careen off the hot dog vendor, hit a baby, bounce twenty feet, pop a red-haired kid, and finally land on an old guy's head. It was the most thrilling moment of my life." As Boog so eloquently stated, it was the most thrilling moment of his life.

Boog Powell's Mother
Cooperstown, N.Y.

Sirs:

Is it improper to wear work clothes when you're scraping Amy Vanderbilt off the sidewalk? Also, can I put my thumb over the nozzle of the hose?

A Confused Scumbag
At the bottom of a tall building

Sirs:

It seems to me that every soap on the tube has one Bitch in the cast, one Nice Guy, and one Mean Bastard. Well, I and my colleagues feel that each soap should include one character who is an Ordinary Asshole. Then, like, *everyone* would have someone to identify with. If you know what we mean.

The Ordinary Assholes
Forgottenland, U.S.A.

Sirs:

Heterosexual Intercourse in the Missionary Position has been designated the Official Sexual Act of the 1984 Winter and Summer Olympics.

The Endorsements Committee
Five Circles, Ohio

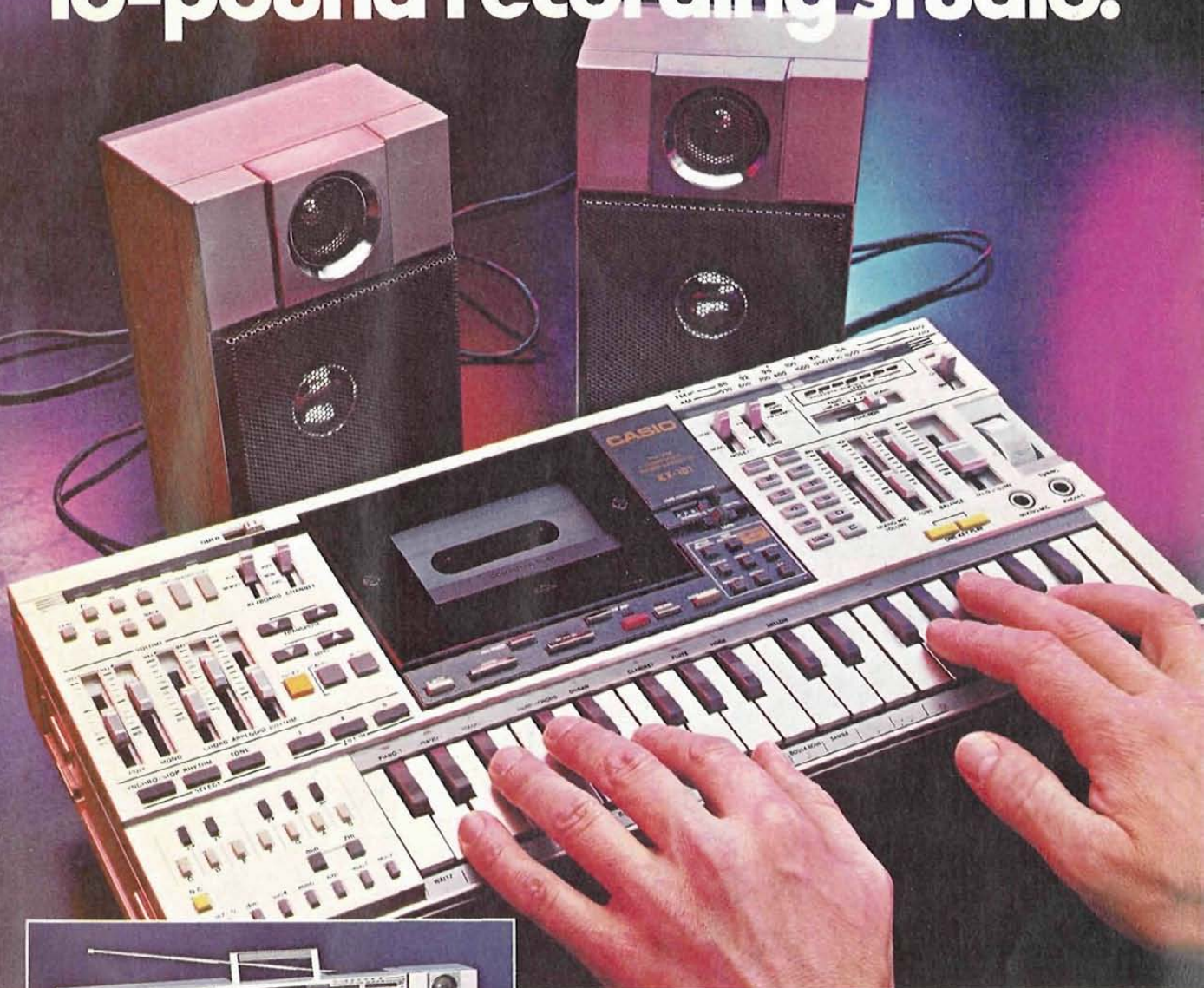
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28)

Clarification: In our April 1984 issue we published a parody of the popular cartoon strip "Tintin." It was entitled "Tintin in Lebanon." We think it was pretty funny and, obviously, a parody. However, just in case there was any doubt, we wish to state that we neither sought nor obtained permission to do our parody from the proprietors of the "Tintin" trademarks and copyrights. Nor do we think it was necessary to do so.



"I've always thought it was eerie.
He expired the same day as his Visa card."

Casio introduces the 16-pound recording studio.



The Casio KX-101.

Casio's new computerized audio system does more than just double on keyboards. It lets you record your own hits.

For Casio has packed a complete audio entertainment center into 16 portable pounds of state-of-the-art wizardry.

three-channel keyboard. And a mini recording studio.

So you can not only tune into some beautiful music—you can make your own. The 37-key keyboard has monophonic and polyphonic channels that let you record melodies, chords, and accompaniment—then dump them

onto a cassette tape for storage.

And the computerized tape recorder's nine different automatic scanning functions allow you to program and play back your tapes in a variety of ways.

Sound too good to be true? Just check out the new Casio KX-101. And discover the lightweight virtuoso that projects the most sound per pound.

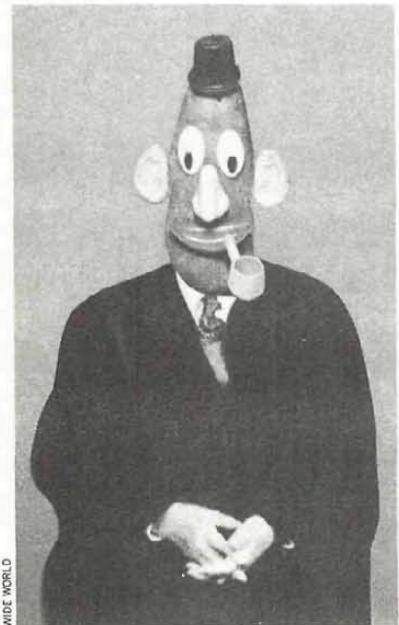
CASIO
Where miracles never cease

INFORMER

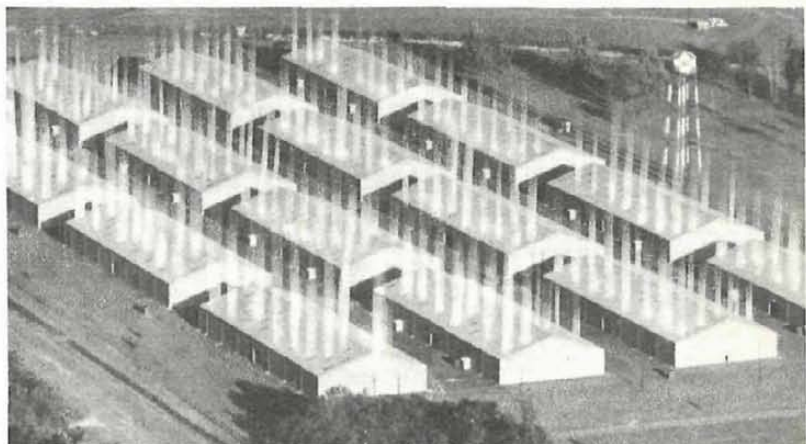
Reagan Prepares Nominees for High Court

WITH THE IMPENDING RETIREMENT of one or more of the aging Supreme Court justices, sources close to the White House say that the president is already preparing a list of ideologically acceptable appointees. Topping that prestigious list are the names of Mr. Potato Head and Cootie.

When asked during a recent press conference whether he would consider letting a plastic toy sit on the bench of the country's highest court, President Reagan responded, "Only if it had interchangeable parts. But they're all very capable."—*B. H.*



Mr. Potato Head, trying on his new robe for size.



Government officials claim that if the savings leak continues, we may be forced to time-share with foreign countries.

Daylight Savings Leak Stuns Midwest Town

AN EXPLOSION AT A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT WAREHOUSE AND consequent leak of toxic materials have forced the evacuation of several hundred farming families within a ten-mile radius of Concordia, Kansas.

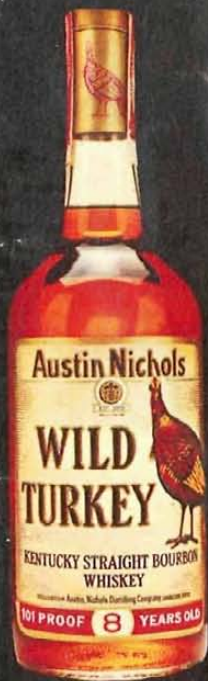
According to a Defense Department spokesman, the warehouse is a storage facility for several million hours of daylight saving time, shipped there from around the country since the energy-saving practice began in 1918. The spokesman said nearly 375,000 hours of daylight had leaked out but, despite the evacuation, "no danger exists at this point in time."

Still, hundreds of bleary-eyed, fatigued Kansans have been staggering into neighboring Beloit, collapsing onto cots placed in the high school gym by the Red Cross. Meanwhile, increased daylight has caused photosynthesis to run amok in Concordia. Three-hundred-foot corn stalks, swaying in the wind, have toppled farmhouses and silos, while Greyhound bus-sized cucumbers have been sighted rolling over livestock and crushing several truckers. One low-flying Ozark airliner collided with an onion weed; the crash killed all fifty-three persons aboard.

Despite the explosion and leak, the government says it plans to continue collecting daylight, which, it claims, will be released at night during a future fuel crisis, cutting energy consumption. However, a recent CIA report notes that the U.S. is conducting "daylight saving experiments," mainly in response to a time-saving project being carried out by the Soviet Union. There, the report says, the Russians have been stowing away minutes and hours from each leap year, and, at some future point, they plan to release the time over the Eastern bloc nations, pushing them several years ahead of the West.—*T.J.E.*

The majestic Wild Turkey—a fitting symbol of our country's finest native whiskey—can be seen in the woods bordering our distillery.

Wild Turkey Hill. A place unlike any other.



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

Denver Announces Official City Dolls, City Doll Song

THE MILE-HIGH CITY OF DENVER has introduced a new twist on the ever-popular civic pride theme: Official City Dolls. The dolls, replicas of male and female dolls produced by the Blackfoot tribe in the 1920s, when people in Denver wouldn't hire Blackfeet to save their lives, are being produced by the Denver Art Museum, with a grant from the National Endowment for the Stuffed Humanities.

"Aren't they cute?" giggled Bonnie Boomlet, president of the Love Those Dolls Committee in Denver. "And just listen to the funny song you can sing to them:

*To have your lips sewn together
Is mighty, mighty fun.
'Cause when your lips are sewn
together,*

*You'll never say anything dumb.
Like "Hey, mister, that's my ancestral
homeland you've just built a triplex
theater on"*

*Or "Can you buy me a drink?"
When your lips are sewn together
Everyone loves you."*

The dolls will be sold to benefit the Denver Opera Society, and help defray Gary Hart's campaign debt.—F. G.



Donald and Daisy prepare to slice up the incredibly cheap cake the Hilton Hotels offered them as a replacement for the usual "Weekend Special" complimentary champagne.

Hilton to Celebrate Donald's Fiftieth

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO have not yet made vacation plans, the Hilton Hotels are offering a special package to Walt Disney World Village, to commemorate Donald Duck's fiftieth birthday.

"Yeah, sure, it's special," claims Hilton executive Burt Cram. "Special for us, I mean he's a fuckin' cartoon! Yeah, we're inviting everyone to Donald's big birthday bash, and charging a goddamn arm and a beak for it. Oh sure, they get the special welcome cocktail. And the kids get a little sweet roll with Donald's face on it in the morning. But believe me, this thing is a boon for hotel

people and travel agents, not to mention hookers in animal costumes. *That's what's special!*"

Asked to comment, Mr. Duck replied, "Oh, don't bother me anymore. To begin with, the cake they baked was worthless. Then they gave Daisy and me the Ducky Honeymoon Suite, which was about as useless as—forgive the pun—tits on a duck. I mean, Daisy and I haven't gotten it on since R. Crumb stopped drawing us in the sixties. We're *old*. Well, let them make their money off me. They always have, they always will. But someday, I'm gonna be fuckin' dead. Then they'll be sorry they didn't treat ol' Unca Donald a little better."—F. G.

CBS Announces *San Clemente*, Prime-Time Soap About Nixon

IMPRESSED BY THE RATINGS OF RICHARD NIXON'S VIDEO MEMOIRS, CBS IS PLANNING a new soap, to air opposite ABC's *Dynasty* this fall, called *San Clemente*. Its subject: the powerful Nixon family. The soap will star Bruce Dern as H. R. Haldeman, Richard Nixon as himself, and the euthanasic Karen Anne Quinlan as Julie. In the premiere, Nixon bugs his family's Thanksgiving dinner.—C. B.



These playful dolls keep the memories of the first Americans alive in Denver's muddled consciousness.

Sulking Jocks Okay by Me



Hey, the First Amendment Is a Two-Way Street

Dept.: One thing really gets my Rufus up is hearing sportswriters whine because some athlete has refused to be interviewed. That's all part of the sports beat, as far as I'm concerned.

For example, I asked Wilt Chamberlain if he'd comment on drug programs for athletes, and The Stilt replied, "Chick, I just don't have the time, you know? I just can't do every little thing people ask me. Especially when you pick up the papers and all you see is the negativity, and I don't even like your writing." Unlike certain crybabies, I just shrug it off.

I know The Stilt, he probably just had a bad day at the office—bad decade, maybe, from what I hear about his investments. I bet tomorrow he'll be all gracious and ready to sit still for a nice in-depth, especially if he's got some book to plug (am I the only one who wouldn't buy another book about the torment of being a black athlete?) or another string of rip-off Laundromats.

I say to rival sportshunters: Don't down the man because he won't help you earn your meager living, compared to his, the hoopster's. He has a right not to be interviewed, even on a thorny question like drug programs for athletes, where what he says might save a few lives and the fact he won't talk has to be regarded as . . . funny.

But he's a great guy. In fact, I bet you fans could get an answer out of him on the exact same question, or hell, any other question. Because he's INCREDIBLY GENEROUS. Why not write him or drop by at 37 Tuftland Drive, Seattle, Washington 00105, or call him at 206-555-8943.

And tell him: Chick forgives you.



Seaver Gone, but His Locker Lives On:

Baseball is a game played by ghosts. That's a good line. I stole it from Roger Angell's wastebasket at the recent All-Star Game. He had great stuff in there: some paper, a very nice summery sweater, that line. Finders keepers. Anyway, I remembered it when I heard that Met pitcher Ron Darling had Tom

Seaver's old locker. "I know whose locker it is," he said. "But I'm not Tom Seaver."

I wondered if this sort of respect was generically baseball, so I asked the Cincinnati Reds who had Seaver's locker from when he was with that club. It was Mario Soto. "How does it feel to have Tom Seaver's locker?" I asked. "Metal," said Soto.

Ron Kittle had Seaver's locker on the White Sox. "He had it a week maybe," said Kittle. "Then they moved him." He smiled quixotically. "Now I'm in there."

Harold Baines has the locker Seaver got next. "He wanted two lockers," said Baines. "They said, how about one *big* locker instead?" Baines shrugged. "He said it was okay." So they moved him out and Baines in. "Seaver's shoes are still there," said Baines. "But that doesn't mean I'll fill them. I'm a 10½ D. Seaver's a 9 E, smallest feet in baseball. There's only one Tom Seaver, don't compare us."



When Seaver first came up with the Mets in '67, his locker was right beside the Coke machine, and he was quick to complain of "drafts" and "dots" [sic?]. By '69 he was across the clubhouse, and Cleon Jones got the locker. I called him up in retirement in Mobile, Alabama, to ask how it felt to have Tom Seaver's locker.

Jones said, "Ask how it feels to be Tom Seaver, much better. And better by the day. I *am* Tom Seaver. Hello? Seaver residence. One mo', I'll get Tom. Hey, Chicko? Tom Seaver here. . . ."

Ghosts. You know?



Last month I asked the Dallas Cowboys which was their favorite planet. This month I asked them which was their favorite Jell-O. The results: Yellow, 0. Green, 0. Yellow-Green Mixed, 0. Yellow-Green Mixed with Fruit and Brown Things, like Flecks, 0. Red, 0. Red with Prizes, 4. Krypton, 36. (I am discontinuing the Athletes' Poll with this column. Don't even ask me to reconsider.)



Buck Winucko Dies at Sixty-four. He'll

Peppermint Twist
 Splash Hiram Walker Peppermint Schnapps over ice and sip with a very close friend.

HIRAM WALKER
 What a difference a name makes.

For a free recipe booklet, write Hiram Walker Cordials, Dept 16AR, P.O. Box 32127, Detroit, MI 48232. ©1984. Peppermint Schnapps. 60 Proof Liqueur Hiram Walker Inc., Farmington Hills, MI

be missed. The producer of *Rainout Theater* for the last thirty-six years, nine with the Brooklyn Dodgers, twenty-four with the Yanks, the last three with the Mets. Steinbrenner fired him in a brawl over whether Yankee rainouts should be replaced by movies or Abbott and Costello reruns. Steinbrenner was sentimental about the A & Cs, said they were filmed in his old neighborhood. When Winucko

pointed out that Steinbrenner grew up in Cleveland and series was supposed to take place in Bronx, and was filmed on a set to boot, The Boss gave him the heave. Mets picked him up. They continually show '69 Series highlights film, so controversy didn't break out again.

Winuggie always said his favorite season was '56, when Bums got off to a 4-0 start, then saw entire remainder

of season wiped out by floods, but had to be awarded N.L. pennant based on 1.000 winning percentage, highest in baseball history. "I could still tell you every pitch of the only game Don Newcombe had to win that season," Winuggie once reminisced. "What a clutch pitcher. But it was a great team. And a great, great year for *Rainout Theater*."



THERE IS A FINE line indeed between being America's sweetheart—pert, blond, and sexy, in a mildly perverse way—

and being a hideous, whining woman troll, gnawing away feverishly at the exposed nerves of the entire Western Hemisphere. Such is the case of Sally Struthers, erstwhile cute-as-a-button, living, walking ball of unharnessed sexual energy, as seen on *All in the Family*, the popular television series that ran for about forty-five years in the early seventies.

Struthers played Gloria, the socially conscious daughter of the bigoted, sexist, escaped Nazi war criminal known only as "Archie Bunker."

America adored the multi-dimpled blonde with curves that defied many of the primary theorems upon which modern geometry is based, but it was an affair doomed to failure. At first, America worshiped Struthers unconditionally. Then it

began to notice slight flaws in her personality. She was sexy, yet totally devoid of sex. She talked too much about religion, or would drone on for hours about starving children in Third World countries. Her high-pitched voice, which at first had a cute, almost singsong, lilt to it, now seemed to rise in pitch, until it took on the manic whine of a deerfly or the tiny drill your dentist uses when he wants to punish you for not flossing. Sally Struthers was slowly, inexorably driving America crazy with a deadly combination of sexual frustration and relentless irritation.



THIRD WORLD

Sally Struthers

Struthers lives alone with her memories now, banished from her luxurious series, lonely, disgraced. Her voice has now risen to the point where only dogs can hear it. One can only guess what she tells them, but it probably sounds something like "If only there was some way we could save these children. I mean it just doesn't seem fair that we live so well and all these poor children have nothing to eat..."—T. R.

L'I Bunts: Ran into ex-Colt QB John Unitas at the track the other day. He said if Reagan died and Bush killed himself and it was the day before the election, he still wouldn't vote Democrat. . . . Remember the great hockey goalie Eddie Giacomin? Well, then you're about the only one. . . . Baseball Players Association to turn thumbs down on compulsory urinalysis tests. A spokesman says, "Urinalysis favors the players who are already on drugs and threatens those who may be thinking of trying them" . . . Hope It Ain't So Dept.: Hot rumor says reformed alky Darrell Porter has started drinking again. "It's the only way to wash my food down," says Cardinal backstop. "Four years of getting a whole steak down without so much as a swallow of juice to ease it along—isn't that enough pittance for any man?" . . . Answer to last month's question: Dave Kingman is the taciturn, laconic Oakland A whose SATs were 440 Verbal, 459 Math. . . . This month's question: What former Milwaukee Buck is unable to have children though he's had several operations and whose wife thinks the whole problem is "half mental" with him? . . . And hey, Darrell—there's no such word as pittance. . . . See ya next month.

BLANDIE

Written by Glenn Eichler





**There's only one
way to play it.**

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



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

© 1984 B&W T Co

Milds Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine; Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar",
1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '84.

Q&A

This month, we hold a clandestine conversation with the man responsible for the Scholastic Aptitude Tests, who prefers to remain anonymous.

Q: Are students smarter today than they were, say, twenty years ago?

A: STOP! Do not begin the questioning until told to do so. Okay, now you may begin.

Q: Well, are students smarter today?

A: About many things, yes. Unfortunately, these things—which include all of Bruce Springsteen's lyrics, the astrological signs of every member of Motley Crue, and where to get ludes on a Saturday night—are not part of our test.

Q: Some time ago there was much debate about the questions in the SATs being culturally biased. Has anything been done to rectify the situation?

A: Well, we found there was no way at all to completely cater to any one particular group without disadvantaging another, so in current SATs the basic ethnic group is Peruvian potentates, which solves a lot of

problems.

Q: Are the SATs profitable business?

A: Would you believe it, we actually lose money on every test. Our income is derived from the imported windup kitchen timers that test administrators must purchase from us at \$29.95 each.

Q: We understand that there are frequent cases of cheating.

A: Yes, but we're willing to overlook the few No. 2 pencils that people take home with them as souvenirs.

Q: No, we mean on the test itself.

A: Cheating, my friend, is a part of life, both in academia and in the real world. If a given percentage of

society cheats, then a given percentage of students taking the SATs will cheat. That's the way it goes.

Q: What about the legendary "experimental questions"—questions that are not actually scored on the test but that are thrown in to test the SATs themselves?

A: You've got it all wrong. We receive a healthy sum of money every year from the CIA for including several questions that may indicate to them potential candidates for espionage. These questions, such as "Pig is to trough as Sandinista is to _____," are not scored, but the answers and names are delivered to the government. You may now turn the page.—D.Y.S. & F.G.



Mr. SAT

Anti-Orphan Group Thrives

THEY SPEND YEARS SEARCHING for their natural parents, convinced their parents will be happy to see them. I mean, really, can you imagine someone being happy to see an orphan? Nobody wants them . . . that's why they're orphans!"

The speaker is Anne Baker, founder and guiding force behind Orphan-Off, an organization dedicated to keeping orphans confused about the whereabouts of their natural parents. She is a woman with a mission:

"Basically, what we do is band together to exchange information about which orphans are looking for which parents in what part of the country. We're completely computerized.

"The idea is to throw the orphans as many red herrings and false leads as possible. We'll tell some twenty-three-year-old loser that his real parents can be found at a certain address on the other side of the country. Well, by the time the kid shows up, the family is prepared. They look over the kid's photos and information and they say, 'Oh, the Emersons . . . yeah, they used to live here . . . I think they moved out about five years ago. I think they went to Iowa, or maybe Idaho.'

"Bam, the door shuts in the kid's face and he's back to zero again. He's got nothing to go on but the orphan's pathetic determination to continue.

"It's really amazing how much these kids will put up with. Last year we even sent one kid all the way to Australia. I mean, really. Besides, if your natural parents were Australian, would you want to meet them?"

Mrs. Baker formed her group three years ago. At first, members came solely from the ranks of parents who had given their children up for adoption—parents who feared having some kid show up on their doorstep to complicate their lives. Then adoptive parents joined in. They were upset about raising kids for twenty years only to have them leave in search of natural parents.

After a while, word about the organization spread. "Now," says Mrs. Baker, beaming broadly, "we have people from all walks of life. Jesse Helms is on our board of directors.

"After all, who doesn't like to play a practical joke on an orphan?"—W.L.

What You Don't Think Can't Hurt You !!

THINKING ABOUT CANCER CAN CAUSE CANCER, THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION announced today.

Dr. Milton Brody, a leading cancer researcher, said recent studies have shown that 99 percent of cancer victims contract the disease after prolonged periods of thinking about it.

"It's always the same story," Brody said. "They discover a lump, they start thinking it might be cancer, and boom! Divvy up the personal effects."

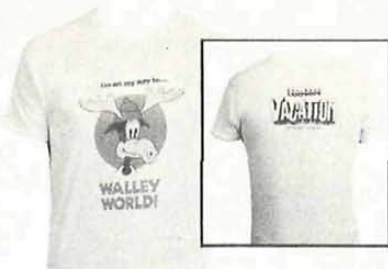
Brody said most cancer could be prevented if more Americans would set aside a part of each day to not think about the disease.

"Just fifteen minutes a day of not thinking about cancer could keep you healthy," the doctor noted. "Try thinking about something totally unrelated to terminal illness. Think about Daryl Hannah or something. Because as soon as you think about cancer, sure as hell you'll get it and die horribly."—M.C. & D.J.

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S PRODUCT BARGAIN BONANZA

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- Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print** Not in the magazine, anyway. Disgusting. \$2.95
- National Lampoon True Facts** The original, uncensored work, now available in English. It all happened. \$2.95
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_S _M _L



- National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt** This is the shirt preferred by fans of the live theater and the criminally insane. \$5.95 _S _M _L

- National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt** This gorilla looks more like a gorilla than a pair of socks does. \$4.95 _S _M _L



- "Save the Frog" Glow-in-the-Dark Jersey** Cartoonist Sam Gross's famed legless frog can now be seen in the dark, though not by blind people, on this 100 percent heavy cotton long-sleeved thing. \$10.95 _S _M _L

- National Lampoon Sweatshirt** Available in navy with white lettering, white with red lettering, and gray with black lettering, this product is available in a veritable troika of color schemes. \$13.95 _S _M _L _XL Color: _____



- National Lampoon Football Jersey** With the famed V neck coveted by persons with triangular heads everywhere. \$13.95 _S _M _L

- "Voulez-vous Fuque?" T-shirt** Remember Labelle? Remember this song with a French-sounding chorus? \$5.95 _S _M _L
- National Lampoon Frog Sweater** If it looks like quality, that's because it's handwoven by machines. With frog by cartoonist Sam Gross, in gray or black. \$20.95 _S _M _L. Color: _____
- National Lampoon Frog Polo Shirt** Cartoonist Sam Gross has lent his double-amputee frog to the spot above the left nipple on this fine product. In white, blue, or yellow. \$14.95 _S _M _L. Color: _____



- National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Team Jersey** The same item worn by our own team before management said we couldn't have any more. \$7.00 _S _M _L

- National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Jersey** For fans of the movie who attend baseball games or other events requiring clothing. \$7.00 _S _M _L

- National Lampoon's New Animal House Baseball Jersey** So new, it can only be called used after you've worn it. \$7.00 _S _M _L

- National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt** For those casual occasions when a full baseball jersey might brand you an "L-7." \$5.95 _S _M _L

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- National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket** Famous satinesque jacket with real cotton lining, now sporting a striking new logo. Get it? Striking? \$33.95 _S _M _L

- National Lampoon Duffel Bag** Heavy-duty canvas, holds equipment, fresh undies, drugs. \$14.95

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- National Lampoon's White Album** More than a record, less than an eight-cylinder European sports car. \$7.95

- National Lampoon Presents Sex, Drugs, Rock 'n' Roll, and the End of the World** Quite frankly, our latest album has the longest title yet. \$8.98

NATIONAL LAMPOON

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"Really Nuts Guys" Gather in Chicago for Shermfest '84

SUPPORTING CREW CUTS, THICK BLACK-RIMMED GLASSES, AND *MY SON, THE Nut* T-shirts worn under loud blazers, frenzied Allan Sherman cultists from every corner of the world recently descended on Chicago's elegant Palmer House in line-around-the-block numbers for Shermfest '84, a weekend-long bash honoring the late, great gag-songster and Windy Citian.

To the accompaniment of a sound system blaring Sherman's classic "Hello Muddah, Hello Faddah," Sherman hounds were able to gawk at some of the plump song parodist's personal artifacts set up in the Palmer House's tightly guarded Dakota Room. Noteworthy items included a photo of Sherman drinking Mai Tais with George Gobel at the 1965 Montana State Fair; the first draft of Steve Allen's liner notes for the breakthrough *My Son, the Folksinger* album; and, under bulletproof glass, a cocktail napkin containing the hand-scrawled words that later became the actual lyrics to Sherman's tongue-in-cheek "Shine On, Harvey Bloom."

The undisputed highlight of Shermfest '84, though, had to be Saturday's after-dinner marathon sing-along, which found Sherman worshipers joining voices for the rousing "Frère Jacques"-styled classic, "Sarah Jackman" ("How's by you? How's by you?"); the laugh-till-you-cry march parody, "Seventy-six Sol Cohens" ("...in the country club"); and, of course, the achingly zany bit of "Hava Nagila" spoofery, "Harvey and Sheila."

No one present could remain unmoved by it all. And for too short a weekend, the bespectacled little song rearranger had returned from the grave to bring hundreds of people a little closer.—*B. F.*



Young Americans, duplicating the championship chess game. "Was that king's knee to rook's groin, or what?" they ask.

PROFESSIONAL CHESS MESS

A WORLD-CLASS CHESS GAME BETWEEN defending world champion Anatoly Karpov of the Soviet Union and Viktor Korchnoi of Switzerland resulted in violence between the two grand masters.

The game, third of a match being played at London's Grand Eastern Hotel, saw a quiet positional "Catalan" opening, but the tension apparently got to Korchnoi after about a half hour. The Swiss, who in his tenth move had responded to Karpov's KR-Q1 ("King's rook to queen one") with QxBP ("Queen captures bishop's pawn"), submitted in writing his next move, Qs-Kc ("Your queen sucks my king's cock").

Karpov, enraged, countered with BxQ,sfs ch. ("Bishop captures queen, then sits on her face and shits; check").

Korchnoi took little time to respond, attacking with HL-KBNPa? ("How would you like your king, bishop, knight, and pawns up your ass?").

Karpov's reply, FY!, prompted Korchnoi to slap the pieces off the board and lunge for Karpov's throat. Chess officials separated the two players, who bitterly agreed to a draw.

The next game is scheduled for 4:00 P.M., Sunday.—*T. J. E.*



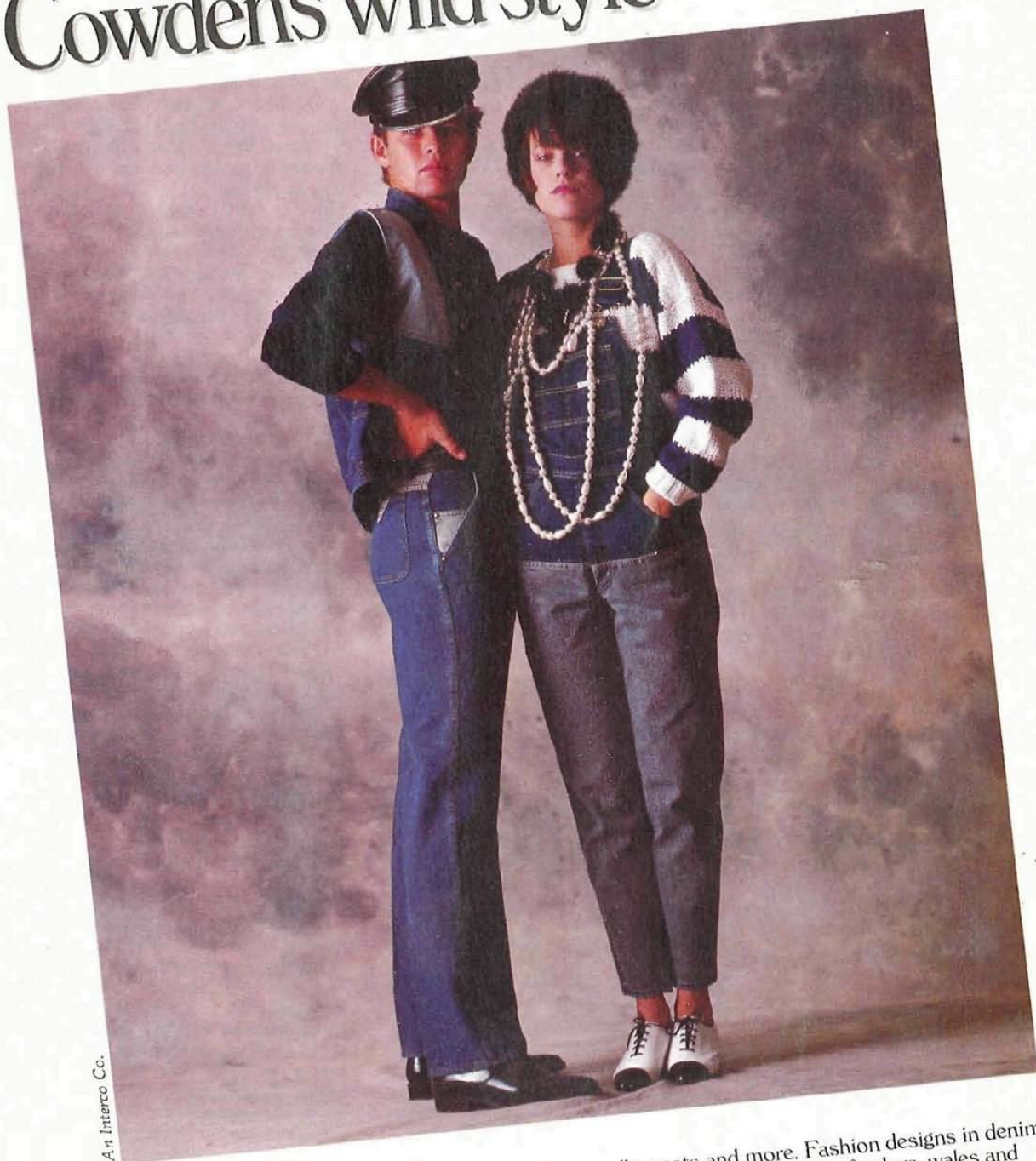
Participants in Shermfest '84 listening to a bootleg of outtakes from the *My Son, the Nut* sessions. "It was as if he was in the room with us," one fan commented, "and asking to order room service."

INFORMER

Editor: Fred Graver

Contributors: Cary Bayer, Mitch Coleman, Glenn Eichler, T. J. Englander, Bill Franzen, Fred Graver, Bruce Helford, Dave Jaffe, Charlie Rubin, Terry Runte

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LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

Sirs:

Why won't they let me do a feminine hygiene commercial? I think I'd be great: "Just put a little between your cheek and gum." And why can't I wear a dress and some makeup? And why can't I ever get off this goddamn horse?

Walt Garrison
Clazota, Tex.

Sirs:

If they wanted to give the Nobel Prize to a truly great human being and genius, they should have given it to Sting. I mean, who the fuck are Lech Walesa and Anwar Sadat? Are their albums as significant as *Synchronicity*? I fuckin' doubt it.

Rolling Stone Readers
Braindeath, Minn.

Sirs:

I'm eating better, getting regular sleep. I rise early and daily jog three or four miles. Sometimes I break into a full run (it's really quite exhilarating, though of course one mustn't overdo it). Now, I'm not trying to force my lifestyle on others. I realize there are some people in this world who don't have the guts to grow up and have to stick to immature lifestyles of the past, like animals sticking to the same

watering hole. I said *animals sticking to the same watering hole*. I'm not a fanatic. I would just like a little peace and quiet—I said *a little peace and quiet*—in the Letters column. I mean, it's four in the morning.

Quiet Letter
Letters column

Sirs:

Hey, where are the beers? Who's got the beers? Jack? You got them, Jack? *All right*, turn up the music, man. *All right*, chugging contest! Shit, man, Bobby's dead. Naw, he's just passed out. Put him on the couch, he'll be fine. Who's that knocking on the door? Must be that asshole upstairs. Turn the music up, man.

Party Letters
Letters column

Sirs:

Boy, what a traumatic experience I just had! You see, I broke up with my old lady. I laid it right on the line. I said to her, "Look, Mom, it's over. It was fun in the beginning, but after those first few years you stopped paying much attention to me. I've got a nice girl now who lets me do whatever I want—I can go out in the rain without a hat, just like that, and you won't hear a word of complaint. So don't ex-

pect me for dinner tonight, or any other night. Except Fridays, of course."

She took it pretty well after I pried her head out of the oven.

Marvin Hamlish
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

On the subway into Manhattan yesterday afternoon I was reading a novel by Marcel Proust when a Negro youth entered from the next car. He was a big, strong buck, able with no seeming effort to hold a large stereo radio to his ear and bounce around in the train aisle at the same time. The volume was raised to the highest level, and the sound was loud enough to drive the lad's monkey cousins from the forests of Nairobi.

As he strutted by I called, "Yo, Sambo!" The Negro turned my way. "Yeah, boy, I'm talking to you. Turn off the jungle music. Those of us who can read would like to."

The other Caucasian passengers bolted for the doors at the ends of the car. In short order the Negro and I were alone. He turned his radio off and said, "Ah's sorra, suh. Ah din't know Ah wuz disruppin' yo' enjoymen' o' Mahsel Proos. Lemme make *ah-mends*." He set the radio down at my feet. "Ef you wan', suh, you kin jum' up an' down on mah nigra box."

I considered his offer a kind one and proceeded to do so. Soon the radio was nothing more than a cluster of smashed electronic components. With nothing to listen to, I suggested that the Negro pass the ride by spit-shining my shoes. He agreed. When the train pulled into my station, I left.

New Yorkers just have to learn how to handle the colored people.

J. P. Donleavy
Slumming between novels

Sirs:

For the class in gynecology I'm taking, the instructor is Dr. Amy Lowenthal. And let me tell you, Dr. Low is *quite* a piece. Last week she told the class we would each have to take an oral exam before we could pass the course. Boy, was I excited. When the big day for my test came I brushed my teeth, rinsed my mouth with Scope, and bought her a dozen roses and a bottle of strawberry-flavored douche. But when I got to Dr. Lowenthal's office, all she had me do was answer some questions.

Man, maybe I should study law.

Linus Yalow
Columbia Medical School



"He eats from the garbage, he could sleep in the garage, and his wine costs only ninety-eight cents a bottle. Oh please, Daddy, please, can we keep him?"

LETTERS

Sirs:

Okay, so we're having problems getting people into our planes. That doesn't mean we're just gonna pack up and die. No, sir. Starting next spring, for every coast-to-coast round-trip ticket you buy on Eastern Airlines, you'll get a free unemployed worker as your servant absolutely free.

Here at Eastern we want to treat you right.

Frank Borman
Miami, Fla.

Sirs:

It used to be a white brick road, but I took care of that.

Toto
Kansas

Sirs:

Hey look, we're real sorry, but we've made a horrible mistake. We've been up here talking to Karl Marx and he's got us convinced. Communism is the only way to go. Sorry for all the inconvenience we've caused.

George Washington
John Adams
Thomas Jefferson
Political limbo

Sirs:

Do you know what the most popular film in the history of Japan is? *Mommie Dearest*. The Japanese liked the movie so much, they're making a sequel to it, called *Joan Crawford vs. Megalon*. Word's out that she'll beat him to death with her eyebrows. I'm holding back my loins right now, it's going to be so exciting.

Rex Reed
Apple Valley, Calif.

Sirs:

I was just sitting here thinking, and I suddenly realized that there is no organized group or club for people who like to have their blood rush to the top of the head. Think about it.

Pop Johnson
Out in the sun again

Sirs:

Pizza Hut is a WASP's idea of Italian food: V-8 juice on Wonder bread. I tell you, people will eat any kind of shit as long as it's franchised.

Cookiepuss
From over 156 stores across
this great land of ours

Sirs:

As a literary person, it has been my privilege to edit some of the finest

works put out by my publisher. Our latest project is a revised version of the Bible, and I've been selected to edit Genesis. I haven't figured out all the changes yet, but I know one thing for certain: the first line will be changed to "Let there be stores."

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Do you use funny pictures of animals in your magazine? My cat likes to roam the house wearing a set of Sony Walkmans, and he looks really cute. Are you interested?

Dave Pfister
Lynbrook, N.Y.

Sirs:

You know I'm big in cable with WTBS, the "Superstation"; CNN; and CNN2. But even with all of this I can't help but feel I don't get enough publicity. Days go by when nobody calls from the press. So, to correct this problem, I am forming a new twenty-four-hour cable channel to be called the Ted Turner Network. The programming will concern itself with Ted Turner and his wonderfully alive life. Cameras will

be on hand to show me waking up, shaving, having coffee at the office, negotiating big deals—you name it.

Ted Turner
Atlanta, Ga.

Sirs:

The Red Cross has just hired me as its official spokesman, and I've come up with this new slogan. Tell me what you guys think.

"This blood's for you."

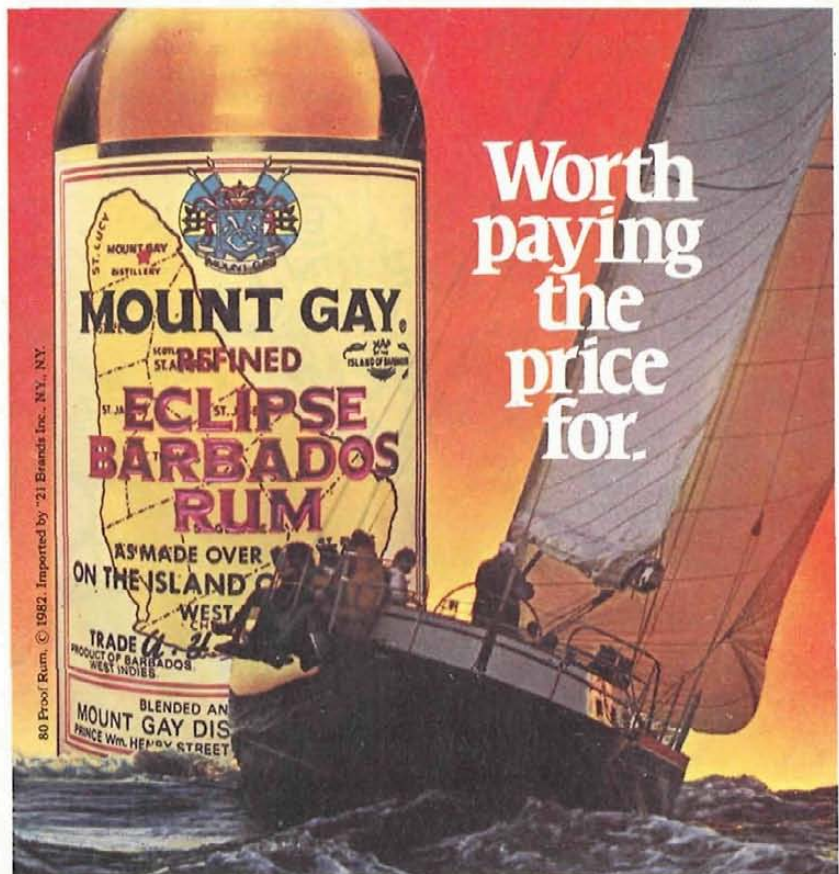
Ed McMahon
Carsonville, Calif.

Sirs:

Whenever the ratings go down, the producers tell me to do something dramatic. Last week, for example, we had this cleaning lady accused of spilling Windex on some guy's stereo. He was asking for \$150 in damages, but she contended the turntable had already been damaged. Well, during the commercial break I weighed both sides carefully, and then I sentenced the lady to fifty years' hard labor. You should have seen the Nielsens the next week!

Judge Wapner
"The People's Court"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)



PROFESSOR KENNILWORTH VIVIS THE



PROFESSOR
KENNILWORTH (A)
ABSENTMINDEDLY
DROPS HIS
SCALPEL (B),
PUNCTURING
BALLOON (C)
SUPPORTING
GROUCHY
SNAKE (D)



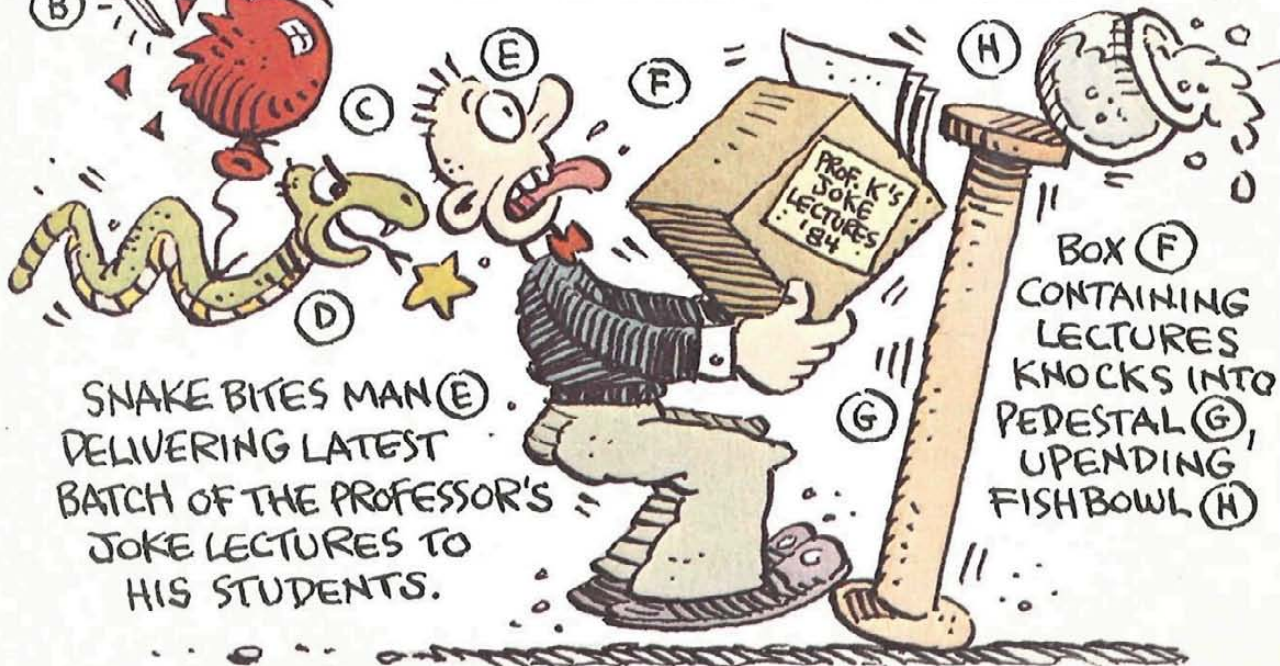
SNAKE BITES MAN (E)
DELIVERING LATEST
BATCH OF THE PROFESSOR'S
JOKE LECTURES TO
HIS STUDENTS.

LET'S SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT. The coroner's report did not list Dennis Wilson's last three words as "Help me, Rhonda." Likewise, Michael Jackson's biography does not identify the singer's favorite cereal as "Cocoa Krispies." Nor is there any evidence that an individual of Polish extraction might "disappear" upon placing a pair of Odor Eaters in his shoes. Yet my students—especially one Shecky Meltzer—persist in spreading such groundless, unproven drivel in total disregard of my lectures. I now have

Meltzer working with autistic children after classes. Listen up, or you'll be feeding tapioca to the veggies, too.

EXAMPLE 1: Q: Why do Mexicans eat beans all day?
A: So they can take a bubble bath at night.

Most of us can recall those innocent days of childhood when we entertained ourselves by creating flatulence-induced spherical pockets of gaseous air beneath the surface of our bathwater, only to chortle as they traveled to the top, ending their journey



BOX (F)
CONTAINING
LECTURES
KNOCKS INTO
PEDESTAL (G),
UPENDING
FISHBOWL (H)

ENNILWORTH ECTS JOKE

will Alan Thicke be hosting?

with a humorous sound effect, and, more often than not, accompanied by a negligible puff of stench. As children, however, our underdeveloped sphincter muscles, coupled with a low-fiber diet consisting mostly of Hostess Ding Dongs and Jujubes, enabled us to produce no more than two or three such volleys per weekly bath. By contrast, when the common Mexican reaches adulthood, usually believed to be around thirty, fiber levels in the daily diet increase considerably as a direct result of ingesting seeds of the leguminous *Fabaceae* plant, an erect

bush sprouting edible pods of the snap, lima, green, wax, and mung varieties. Some people call them "beans." Given the anal-circumference allowances in the heterosexual Mexican and the heavy fiber content in his colon tract, averaging .005 gram per digested bean, he could, if so inclined, issue forth as many as ninety to one hundred bubbles in a half-hour bathing session. However, a collect call placed to laboratory researchers at the makers of Mr. Bubble, Inc., determined that even the most modest affair would have to include at least 440,000 bubbles to



FANG, DUE TO POOR EYESIGHT, KICKS SHECKY MELTZER (L) INTO AUTISTIC SECTION OF THIS MAGAZINE.

FISH (I), UPON SEEING CAT (J) BELOW, SCREAMS LOUDLY AND AWAKENS HIS FRIEND FANG (K)



ELWOOD SMITH

PROFESSOR KENILWORTH VIVISECTS THE JOKE

qualify, and that "a real major-league bubble bath" could consist of as many as three *billion* bubbles. Mexicans would have to dine on approximately seven tons of beans a day to enjoy an organic bubble romp, at a cost of nearly \$12,000 wholesale, exceeding the typical Mexican's daily income by \$11,998.

EXAMPLE 2: Q: What do you call a black psychiatrist with a master's degree from Yale, a doctorate from Princeton, and a Ph.D. from Harvard?

A: Nigger.

While I have no problems with the punch line, the "setup" here is way off course. Any black person with such outstanding academic credentials is not going to waste his time counseling looney tunes on a leased couch for fifty dollars an hour. It's an established fact that such highly educated individuals possessing a wall full of degrees pursue careers more inclined to produce a cash flow conducive to keeping any number of separate books. Leafing through the sixteen-page *Who Dat Be in American Business*, one can easily see this philosophy in practice: dry cleaning (George Jefferson, Cornell '48); bakery items (Wally Amos, University of Southern California '49); and petroleum-based hair-care products (John Johnson, Michigan State '51), to name but a few. Says Don "Soul Train" Cornelius (Northwestern '56, summa cum laude), "The only reason

we go to college is to mess with the white women."

EXAMPLE 3: A man walked into a diner and ordered a hamburger. The sweaty cook grabbed a glob of meat, placed it under his armpit, and repeatedly raised and lowered his arm to form the patty.

"That's disgusting!" exclaimed the customer.

"Yeah? Wait'll you see our glazed doughnuts."

Ill-mannered or not, the cook here must be commended for bravely employing the recommended technique for ground-beef-patty formation—long a problem in the professional kitchen—in full view of paying customers. The smart chef knows that unsavory grease collects on the surface of a poorly shaped mound, not unlike the spittle that settles onto the indented lower-stomach area of the emaciated Shelley Duvall during a slobbering cunnilingus session. Conversely, grease will roll off a patty if sloped at a thirty-degree angle, the precise interior dimension of the normal adult's glenoid cavity, or arm socket—hence justification for the cook's behavior. Additionally, the inference that male ejaculate was utilized as a glazed topping can be substantiated by pointing out that the consistency of cheap Grade F dough (of which all doughnuts are made) prohibits a smooth attachment to commercially available glazing,

whose adhesiveness is far below that of gummy seminal fluids, as your neighborhood dry cleaner knows only too well. As little as four grams of spermatozoon can provide a strong enough binding to complete the doughnut, and, at the same time, pick up an employee's day considerably. Productivity, of course, is relevant to the maker's age, physical condition, and ready supply of teenage fantasies, all of which helps explain why Winchell's must stay open twenty-four hours. Taking these facts into account, the above patron was totally out of line in his outburst and deserves no more than a frozen burrito from 7-Eleven.

EXAMPLE 4: Q: What do you call an Indian butler?

A: Mahat Maccoat.

I consulted a dusty publication entitled *Proper Servant Procedures in the British Colonies*, written in 1923 and still in use today, despite a hefty drop in circulation. Chapter Seven deals exclusively with the Indian colony and the many domestics employed by the English, most of whom were categorized as "untouchables," save those clever enough to change the caste color of the dot on their foreheads with a crayon. Page 301 advises the following: "Always be a gentleman, for you must set an example for the motherland. The proper way to address your

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)



PRICELESS COLLECTOR'S ITEMS FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON

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- FEBRUARY 1975/Love and Romance



NOVEMBER 1974



APRIL 1976

- AUGUST 1975/Justice
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- OCTOBER 1975/Collector's Issue
- DECEMBER 1975/Money
- JANUARY 1976/Secret Issue
- FEBRUARY 1976/Artists and Models

- MARCH 1976/In Like a Lion
- APRIL 1976/Olympic Sports
- MAY 1976/Unwanted Foreigners
- SEPTEMBER 1976/The Latest Issue
- OCTOBER 1976/The Funny Pages
- NOVEMBER 1976/Is Democracy Fixed?
- DECEMBER 1976/Selling Out
- JANUARY 1977/Surefire Issue
- FEBRUARY 1977/JFK Reinaugural
- MARCH 1977/Science and Technology
- APRIL 1977/Ripping the Lid off TV
- JUNE 1977/Careers
- JULY 1977/Nasty Sex
- AUGUST 1977/Cheap Thrills
- SEPTEMBER 1977/Grow Up!
- OCTOBER 1977/All Beatles
- NOVEMBER 1977/Lifestyles
- DECEMBER 1977/Christmas in December
- JANUARY 1978/The Role of Sex in History
- FEBRUARY 1978/Spring Fascism Preview
- MARCH 1978/Crime and Punishment
- APRIL 1978/Spring Cleaning
- MAY 1978/Families
- JUNE 1978/The Wild West



MAY 1976



FEBRUARY 1978

- JULY 1978/100th Anniversary
- AUGUST 1978/Today's Teens
- SEPTEMBER 1978/Style
- OCTOBER 1978/Entertainment

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- APRIL 1979/April Fool
- MAY 1979/International Communism and Terrorism
- AUGUST 1979/Summer Vacation
- SEPTEMBER 1979/Potpourri
- OCTOBER 1979/Comedy
- DECEMBER 1979/Success
- FEBRUARY 1980/Tenth Anniversary
- MARCH 1980/March Miscellany
- APRIL 1980/Vengeance
- MAY 1980/Sex Roles
- JUNE 1980/Fresh Air
- JULY 1980/Slime, Swill, and Politics
- AUGUST 1980/Anxiety
- SEPTEMBER 1980/The Past
- OCTOBER 1980/Aggression
- NOVEMBER 1980/Potpourri

- DECEMBER 1980/Fun Takes a Holiday
- JANUARY 1981/Excess
- FEBRUARY 1981/Sin
- MARCH 1981/Women and Dogs
- APRIL 1981/Chaos



FEBRUARY 1980



MAY 1981

- MAY 1981/Naked Ambition
- JUNE 1981/Romance
- JULY 1981/Endless, Mindless Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1981/Let's Get It Up, America!
- SEPTEMBER 1981/Back to School
- OCTOBER 1981/Movies
- NOVEMBER 1981/TV and Why It Sucks
- DECEMBER 1981/What's Hip?
- JANUARY 1982/Sword and Sorcery
- FEBRUARY 1982/The Sexy Issue
- MARCH 1982/Food Fight
- APRIL 1982/Failure
- MAY 1982/Crime
- JUNE 1982/Do It Yourself
- JULY 1982/Sporting Life
- AUGUST 1982/The New West
- SEPTEMBER 1982/Hot Sex!
- OCTOBER 1982/O.C. and Stiggs
- NOVEMBER 1982/Economic Recovery
- DECEMBER 1982/E.T. Issue

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- JANUARY 1983/The Top Stories of 1983
- FEBRUARY 1983/Raging Controversy
- MARCH 1983/Tamper-Proof Issue
- MAY 1983/The South Seas
- JUNE 1983/Adults Only
- JULY 1983/Vacation!
- AUGUST 1983/Science and Bad Manners
- SEPTEMBER 1983/Big Anniversary Issue
- OCTOBER 1983/Dilated Pupils
- NOVEMBER 1983/No Score
- DECEMBER 1983/Holiday Jeers
- JANUARY 1984/Time Parody Issue
- FEBRUARY 1984/All-Comics Issue
- MARCH 1984/The Sixties' Greatest Hits
- APRIL 1984/Parody Issue
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ARSENIC AND

November 16, 1980. 3:00 A.M. Bob "Robert" Woodward, lone reporter, woke from a dream about Carl Bernstein in a meat grinder to the ringing of the telephone.

"Woodward, this is Ben Bradlee, your boss and editor of the *Washington Post*." Bradlee sounded badly shaken. "You better sit down, Bob. I have some bad news."

"I'm lying down. Will that do?"

"No. Get up and sit down. No, never mind. It's okay to lie down. But for God's sake, man, whatever you do, don't stand up!"

"Okay, Ben."

"Junior Samples . . . oh God, Bob . . . Junior Samples has been found missing and presumed dead in his two-hundred-dollar-a-day bungalow on his private man-made beach around the fountain next to the soda machine in the lobby of the Nashville Best Western."

In a daze, Woodward hung up the phone and poured a Scotch on rye.

First Woodward cried. Then he was angry. Then he cried again. Then he shined his shoes. Then he took a bath. Then he felt better, but not great. Then he whined. Then he went back to bed and fell asleep.

4:10 A.M. Woodward woke from a dream about Bernstein in a cannibal's pot to the phone ringing again.

It was Ben Bradlee.

"What the hell are you waiting for? Get on the plane to Nashville and reconstruct the last forty-eight hours of Samples's life."

"Okay," Woodward whined, with reason. "But I won't work with Stinko."

"Who?" Bradlee asked.

"You know. Dopey Carl Bernstein. He's a pest. He has to go everywhere I go and know everything I find out. He's like a baby."

"He's not the baby. You are," said Bradlee.

"No, you are," Woodward chided.

"No, you are."

"No, you!"

"No, you!"

"No, me! Damn!" Woodward had

The Death of Junior Samples

blown it. Bradlee, long recognized as the smartest man in the world by Crazy Ed, the mail-room coffee boy, had outwitted Woodward again.

"Ha!" Bradlee gloated, and quickly hung up.

9:14 A.M. The Aer Lingus Washington-to-Nashville air shuttle. Woodward greedily accepted his complimentary breakfast of whiskey and soda bread, and cream cheese on Junior Samples's autobiography, *Everything About Junior*. Woodward read the book from cream cheese to cream cheese. All it said was: "I am fat. I wear overalls." And it said it over and over again for 250 pages.

That may be good enough for Oxford University Press, Woodward thought, but the *Washington Post* digs deeper. Here I go!

11:13 A.M. Nashville Best Western. Woodward took a look around Samples's bungalow. There wasn't much there he hadn't already learned from the book. Just overalls and a scale, and

a pot of cream cheese simmering on the stove.

Crossing the beach to the soda machine, Woodward questioned maintenance man Milton Joe Schwartzberger, a circus-like midget with a haircut.

The horrifyingly freakish dwarf, or "little person," as they prefer to be called,* had some bad news. Samples was no longer missing and presumed dead. He had been found and was definitely dead. Schwartzberger said Samples had been found when they dragged the fountain.

"Look," Woodward said, "I read Samples's book, and if there was one *idée fixe* that obsessed him like nobody's business, it was that he was fat. Now you mean to tell me that you couldn't see a man as fat as Samples in this *fontaine petite* without dragging it?"

"He wasn't in the fountain," Schwartzberger explained. "He was underneath. We found him when we dragged the fountain over to the front desk because the night manager wanted a drink."

What was the cause of death? Something heavy had fallen on him. An autopsy determined that it had been a large simulated-marble vessel adorned with cherubs and filled with water and three or possibly more coins. Any clues as to what the *objet de mort* had been? No. The police were stymied. But as soon as they finished their golf game, they were going to check into the possibility that it was the hood ornament on Liberace's car.

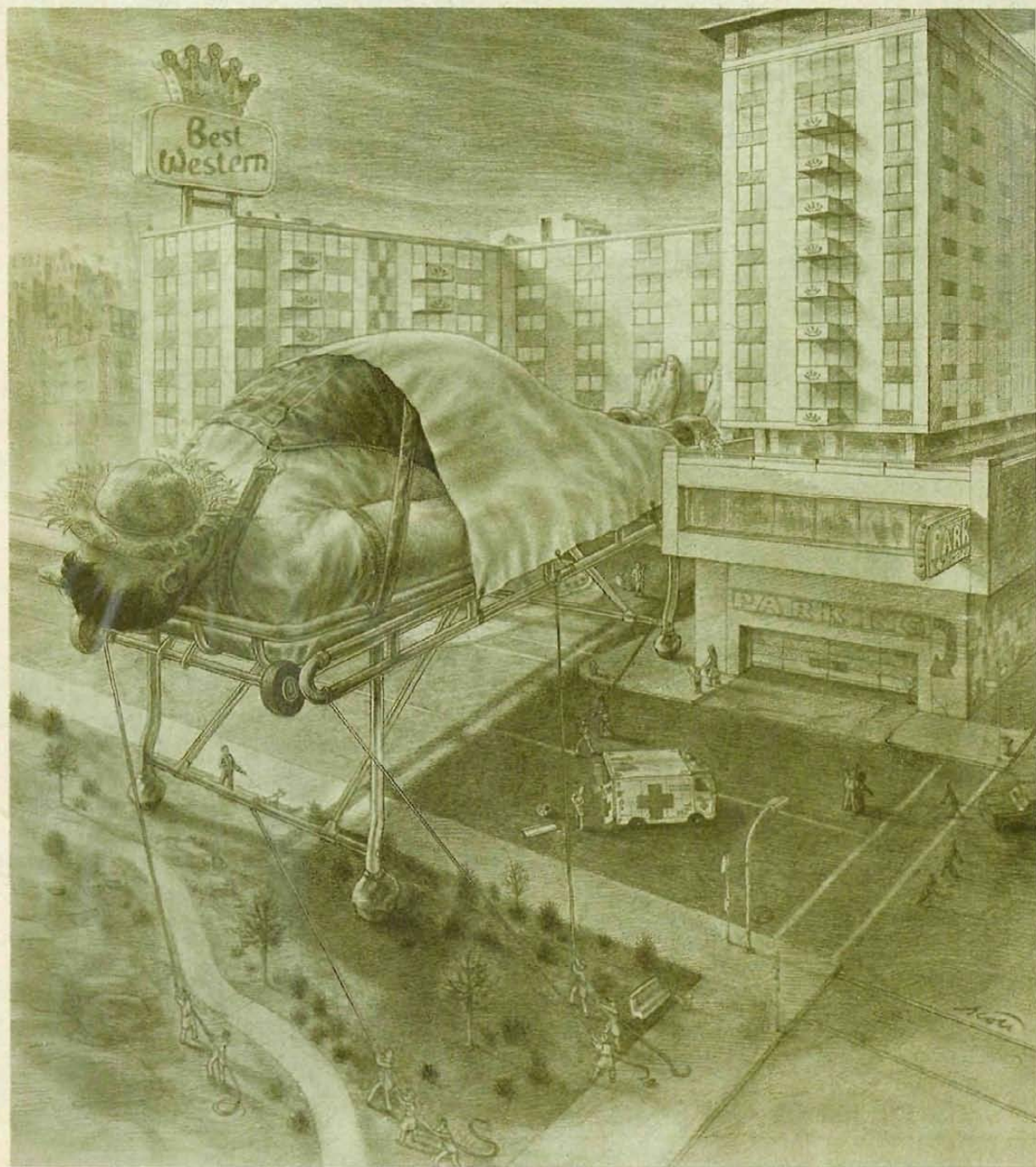
Woodward sat down on the edge of the large simulated-marble fountain. Schwartzberger sat on his lap.

"What can you tell me about the man inside the overalls?" Woodward asked.

"Well," Schwartzberger said, "he was a big tipper. At least that's what the crew of the ferry on the bayou called him. And a ladies' man? Hus-

*Some of the nine out of ten psychologists polled might say, if pressed, that there might be a few people who may think—and don't quote them on this—that these men no bigger than a child's toy are made to feel like big men (ha-ha) indeed, but not in stature (heh-heh).

OLD OVERALLS



GREG SCOTT

ARSENIC AND OLD OVERALLS

ker-du! He had a famous dame on each arm for every broken light on Broadway between 148th Street and 157th Street. Zsa Zsa Gabor. Eva Gabor. Linda Gabor. And the twins, Pat and Mike Gabor. Dody from *My Three Sons*. She's quite a looker now, and she uses that overbite to her advantage. But you know, for all his fast women and loose cars, and all his drugs and alcohol, and all his usual tables at his fancy nightclubs, I think he was the loneliest guy I ever met. He never really had the one thing he really wanted: someone to love him for himself, not for the sex, drugs, and good times he could provide. Also he ached to be in charge of the world's food supply. But that is another story, my friend."

Woodward asked Schwartzberger what he knew about the day Samples died.

Samples had left his bungalow for work around 8:13 A.M., Schwartzberger said. He had a hundred dames on each arm, a couple on his back, and one on each shoe. "I don't know," Schwartzberger mused. "He seemed like a burdened man."

Schwartzberger gave Woodward the once-over twice, because he had forgotten to load the film the first time. "A burden that you, in your homeliness beyond the laws of physics, are not likely to be the bearer of very soon, and for the rest of your life. Ha-ha!"

"At least I'm not a horrifyingly freakish dwarf," Woodward shot back, sharp as a tack and two hundred times as tall.

"At least I don't have a horrifyingly freakish dwarf sitting on my lap,"

Schwartzberger shot back, sharp as a tack and half again as tall.

"Neither do I now!" screamed Woodward, throwing the hellish thing into the fountain and stalking off, triumphant, to find a cab.

"Take this!" Schwartzberger shot back, fast as a bullet and tall as a bullet and . . . oh, Woodward's God! It was a bullet!

Fortunately, Schwartzberger was as good a shot as he was an impersonator of tall Abe Lincoln at the local Macon County fair in the summertime. So he missed and collapsed to the ground in a heap junior, and he wept little tiny tears.

12:13 P.M. Hee Haw-ville.* Woodward had to bribe the armed "tour guide" with 2.5 grams of gumbo—almost his whole supply—before he was let through the gate. Once inside, he interviewed some 65,000 people, about half of them under hypnosis. Not that it was his intention to become hypnotized halfway through his investigation. It's just that Professor Hypno, who was appearing on the show that week, was such a darned good hypnotist that Woodward didn't stand a chance. Needless to say, most of the latter 32,000 interviews were rendered useless due to the reporter's inability to recall anything that happened after his "talk" with Hypno, and to the fact that he was obliged to take off his clothes and cluck like a chicken whenever someone said the word "the."

However, by painstakingly twisting the information gathered in the first

33,000 interviews, and by fabricating entire episodes to suit the "truth," Woodward was able to piece together a sketchy scenario of the events leading up to Junior Samples's disappearance and death, and this it what it spells:

November 14, 1980. 10:13 A.M. The morning of the day before his death, Junior Samples awoke in a prison cell. At 4:13 that morning, he had been picked up for driving under the influence of gumbo, and for possession of more than an ounce of same. Looking out the window, he saw his teenage fans chanting on his behalf.

"Free Samples! Free Samples!" they cried. One middle-aged man rushed over to them and asked, "Where are the free samples?" He was told, "Free Junior Samples."

The man just walked away muttering, "There's always a catch!"

The man seemed to represent the over-thirty attitude to the whole Junior Samples phenomenon. Only the young-at-brain could understand and relate to the man who personified the word "swinger" and the state of Oklahoma while still being able to forget his lines and, with a little extra studying of the script, everyone else's.

At 11:13 A.M., Dean Martin, who had been arrested the previous night for drinking while children in India went sober, and Samples were released into each other's custody because, in Nashville, Junior Samples was an institution and Dean Martin was to be sent there for evaluation.

As they pulled out of the prison Park-N-Lock in his Rolls-Royce pickup, Samples immediately fell asleep at the wheel. Martin took the opportunity to use the truck phone and call the Chairman of the Board—Mr. . . . Francis Albert Sinatra!

At this point the following conversation took place between Martin and Sinatra, according to Buck Owens, who was still attached to the gun rack where he had fallen asleep the night before. From this vantage point he was able, by utilizing the gun-rack extension, to listen in undetected, except for one point toward the beginning of the conversation when he said, "Hello, this is Buck Owens."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44)

*The vast walled city-state within the city of Nashville which contains the complex of Hee Haw recording, television, and film studios, the publishing house, hairstyling salons, etc. It is divided into three parts: the Hee Sector, the Haw Sector, and the Forbidden Zone. All of Nashville's roads lead to it.



"Oh, my God! Spotty? Spotty? They've stolen the Steinway!"

DOCTOR, ARE YOU SURE THAT MR. MEESE WILL LIVE THE REST OF HIS LIFE AS A VEGETABLE?

YES, NURSE, BUT THANKS TO THIS NEW PROCEDURE, HE'LL BE A SMILING, LAUGHING, ROLLICKING VEGETABLE.



DAVE NEWMAN

NATIONAL LAMPOON OFFERS MED SCHOOL BY MAIL

HI, I'M IRVING, THE HUMOR DOCTOR. FOR YEARS I HAD patients coming to me with maladies I simply couldn't diagnose. There was listlessness, morbidity, a general malaise. Ailments ranged from psychological to terminal. Nothing could cure them. Nothing seemed to work.

Then I came across an article by Mao Tse-tung, titled "Laughter as Medicine," written while on his now famous medicine-free Long March. Mao told the story of how when one of his men fell off a seven-thousand-foot cliff with the luncheon meats, Mao and the others laughed it up and told jokes about the Nationalists until their stricken comrade was well and back on his feet.

Right then, something clicked. I knew this must be the answer I had devoted my life to finding. No longer would I dabble in X rays, drugs, or Band-Aids. Laughter would be my medicine! Quickly I went about my business. I secured a number of copies of the *National Lampoon*, chose my first guinea pigs, and supplied them with a steady dose of the humor magazine. We proceeded slowly at first, as this was still a relatively new form of medicine, which I had yet to master. Gradually I increased the dosage, always keeping enough copies of the *Village Voice*, *U.S. News and World*

Report, *Rolling Stone*, and other humorless publications on hand as an antidote to an overdose. Within days, a metamorphosis was clearly discernible. The patients were healthy and walking around. One patient's arm grew back. *Patients, once close to death, now spew forth one-liners and hand out exploding handkerchiefs.*

Sirs:

I'd subscribe to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, but I don't always understand their jokes. Please send me:

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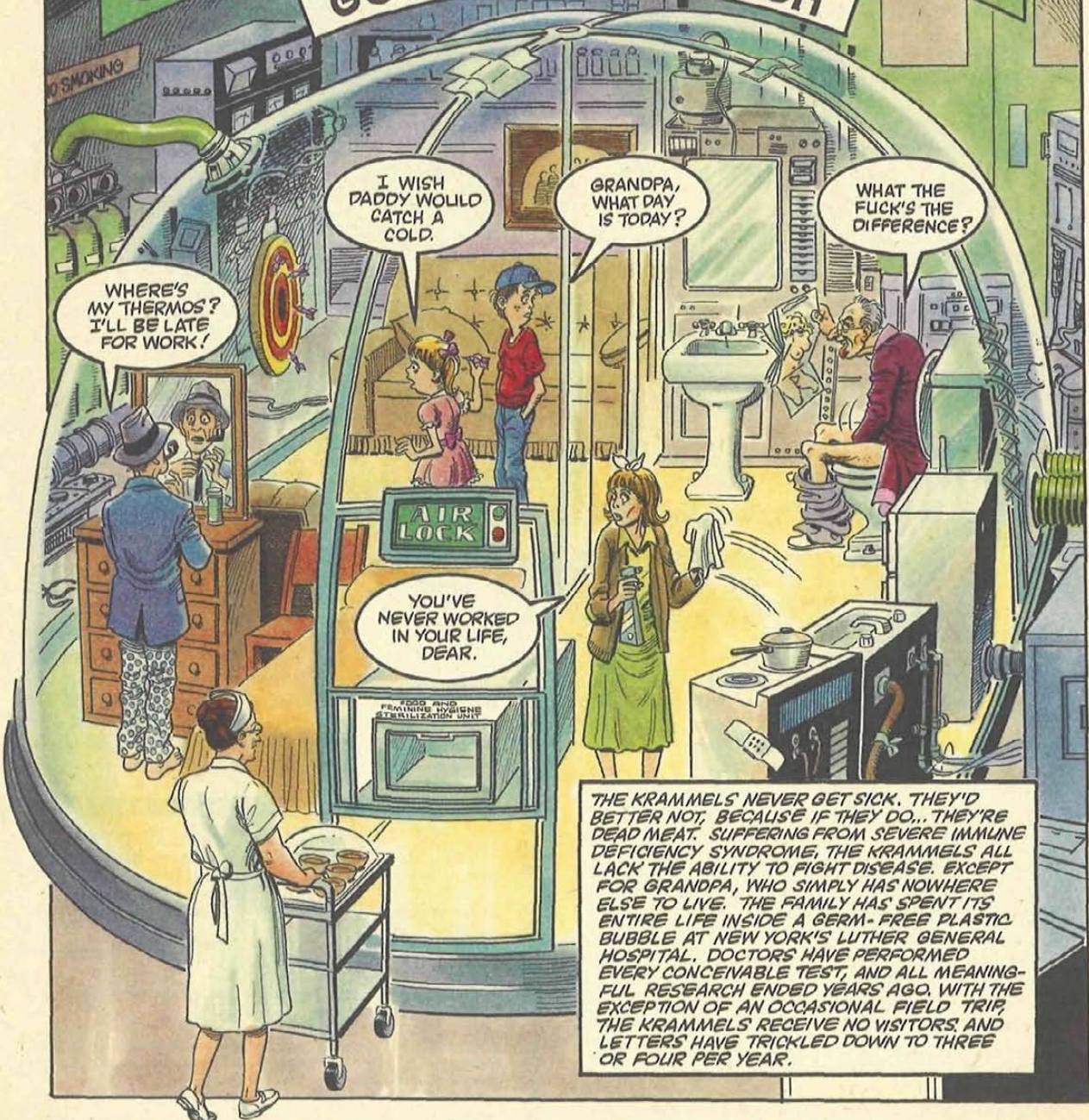
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BUBBLE FAMILY

GOES TO THE BEACH



WHERE'S MY THERMOS?
I'LL BE LATE FOR WORK!

I WISH DADDY WOULD CATCH A COLD.

GRANDPA, WHAT DAY IS TODAY?

WHAT THE FUCK'S THE DIFFERENCE?

AIR LOCK

YOU'VE NEVER WORKED IN YOUR LIFE, DEAR.

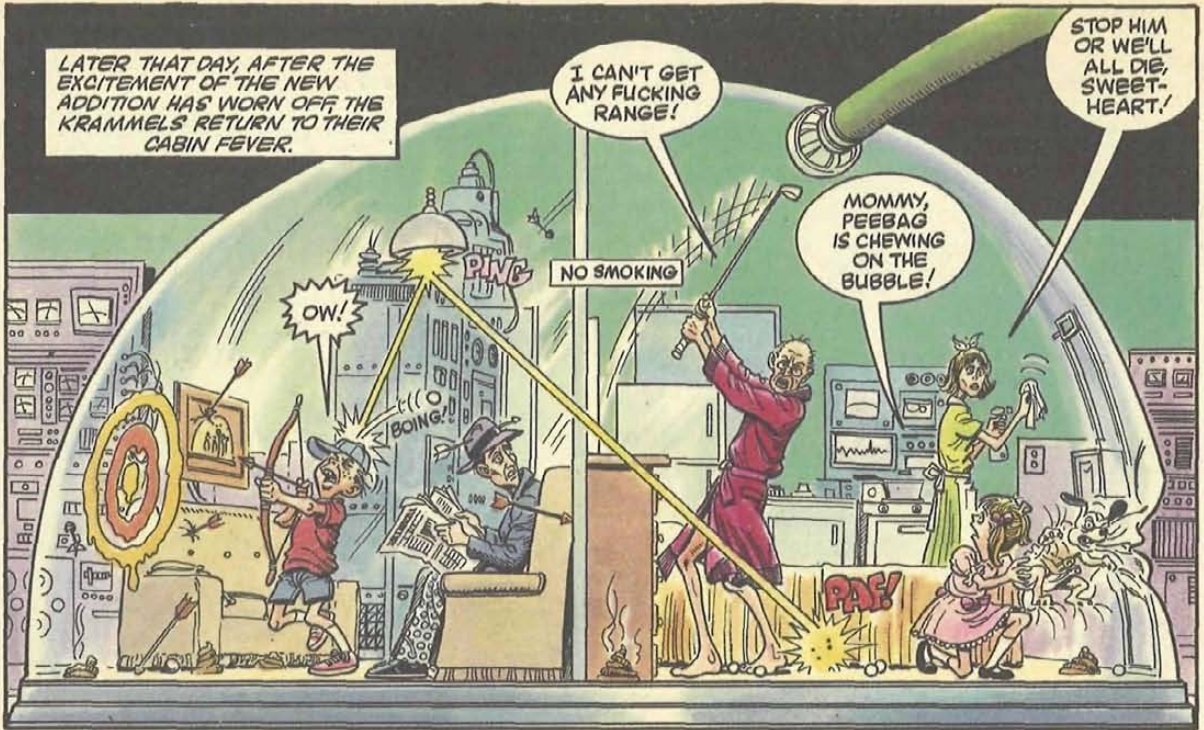
EGG AND FRANKIE HYGIENE STERILIZATION UNIT

THE KRAMMELS NEVER GET SICK. THEY'D BETTER NOT, BECAUSE IF THEY DO... THEY'RE DEAD MEAT. SUFFERING FROM SEVERE IMMUNE DEFICIENCY SYNDROME, THE KRAMMELS ALL LACK THE ABILITY TO FIGHT DISEASE. EXCEPT FOR GRANDPA, WHO SIMPLY HAS NOWHERE ELSE TO LIVE. THE FAMILY HAS SPENT ITS ENTIRE LIFE INSIDE A GERM-FREE PLASTIC BUBBLE AT NEW YORK'S LUTHER GENERAL HOSPITAL. DOCTORS HAVE PERFORMED EVERY CONCEIVABLE TEST, AND ALL MEANINGFUL RESEARCH ENDED YEARS AGO. WITH THE EXCEPTION OF AN OCCASIONAL FIELD TRIP, THE KRAMMELS RECEIVE NO VISITORS, AND LETTERS HAVE TRICKLED DOWN TO THREE OR FOUR PER YEAR.

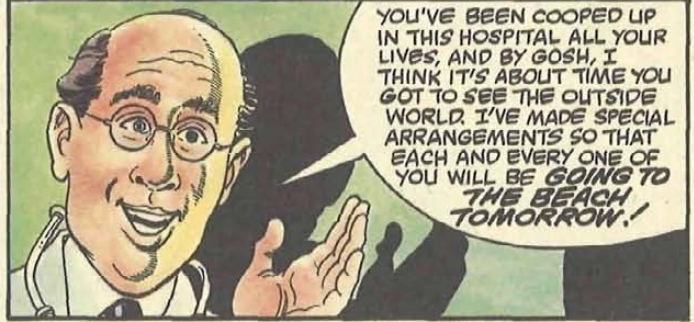
ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH REESE. WITH THANKS TO WILL JUNGKUNTZ, JOE DESPOSITO, AND RICK PARKER



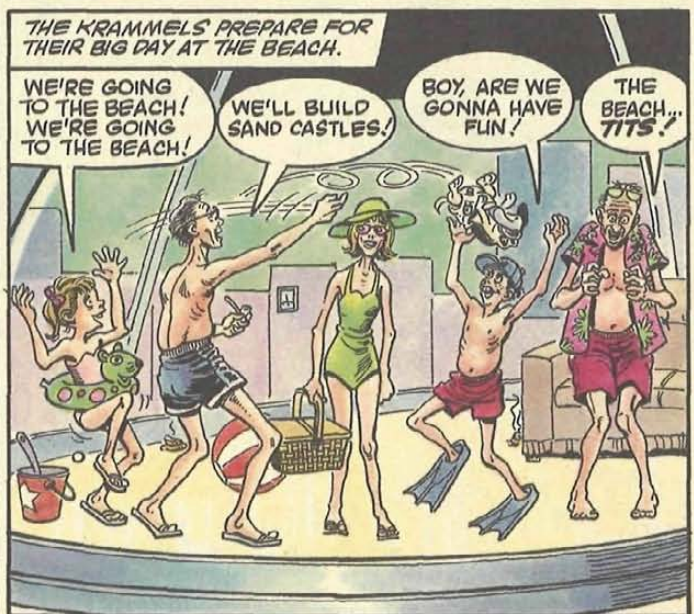
LATER THAT DAY, AFTER THE EXCITEMENT OF THE NEW ADDITION HAS WORN OFF, THE KRAMMELS RETURN TO THEIR CABIN FEVER.

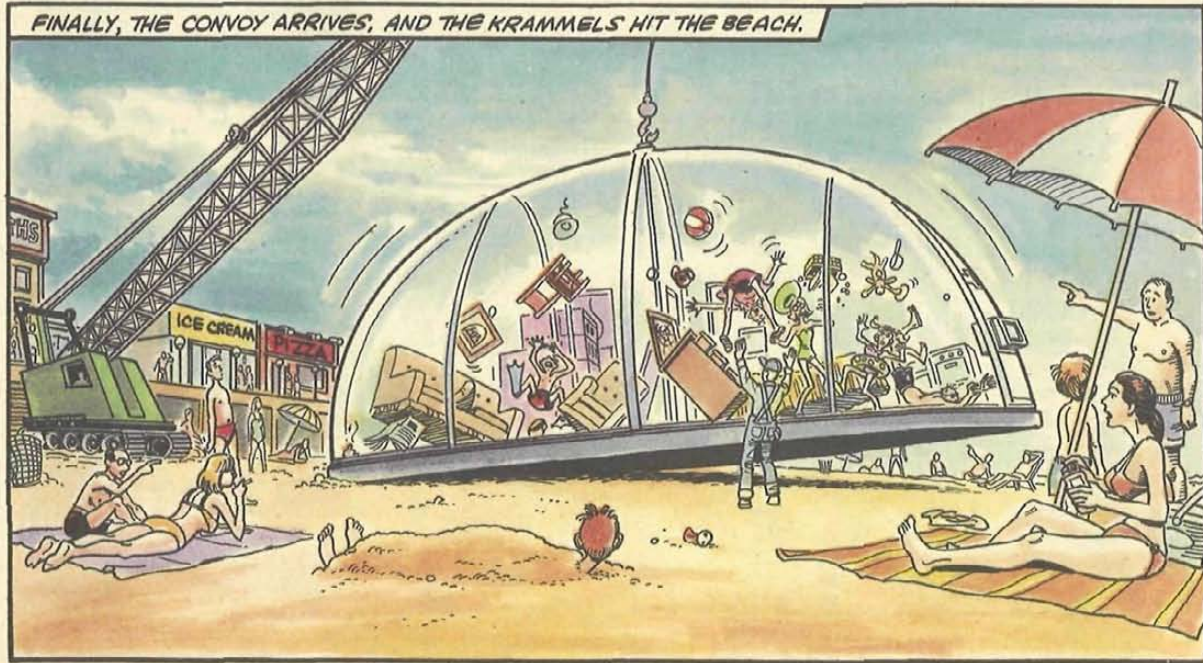


THE NEXT MORNING, THE KRAMMELS ARE AWAKENED BY THEIR PHYSICIAN, DR. MILLER.



THE KRAMMELS PREPARE FOR THEIR BIG DAY AT THE BEACH.







WELL, ISN'T THIS GREAT?

DR. MILLER, WE REALLY APPRECIATE THIS AND EVERYTHING, BUT ISN'T THERE ANY WAY WE CAN ENJOY THE BEACH WITHOUT BEING IN THE BUBBLE?

AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR FUN.

NO, I'LL CHECK BACK WITH YOU LATER.



I HATE THE BEACH.

MOMMY, I CAN'T BREATHE IN HERE.

THIS DAMN BUBBLE'S STEAMING UP... I CAN'T SEE ANY TIT.



FIVE HOURS LATER, THE KRAMMELS ARE BACK ON THE ROAD.

THANK HEAVEN WE'RE GOING HOME.

I'LL NEVER COMPLAIN ABOUT BEING STUCK IN THE HOSPITAL AGAIN!

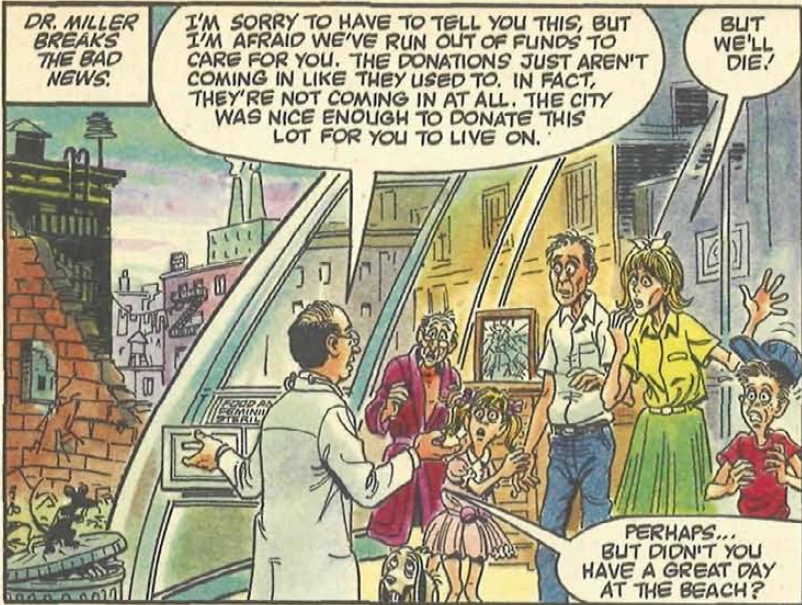
HEY! THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE WAY BACK TO THE HOSPITAL....



THE CONVOY MAKES AN UNEXPECTED STOP ON CHARLOTTE STREET, THE SITE OF AN URBAN RENEWAL PROJECT IN THE HEART OF THE SOUTH BRONX.

THAT'S FUNNY, I COULD SWEAR WE LIVE ON THE TENTH FLOOR.

WHERE ARE WE? I WANNA GO BACK TO THE HOSPITAL!



NEXT MONTH: THE BUBBLE FAMILY MEETS THE ZULLU WARLORDS!

ARSENIC AND OLD OVERALLS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36)

MARTIN: Hello, Frank. It's Dean. Oooh, I want to tell you. . . . Do you remember Junior Samples? Heh-heh.

SINATRA: Husker-du! Do I ever!*

MARTIN: Well, I'm with him now. Oooh. And the time is ripe to make more fun of him than we ever have before.

OWENS: Hello, this is Buck Owens.

SINATRA: What do you have in mind, Dino mine?

MARTIN: We invite him up to your house, tell him that we changed our mind, that the Rat Pack deal is on again. Heh-heh. That the only one who was against it was Peter Lawford and he's been thrown out on his cummerbund.

SINATRA: I like your thinking, baby. You are one cool cat.

MARTIN: Oooh. And now here's the best part. . . .

As Martin's plan unfolded, the truck hit a bump, and Buck Owens fell off the gun rack and into a ditch on the side of the road. No one knows why he lay there for seventy-two hours, but every scientist in the world would agree with Woodward's theory that he was probably a victim of Dontlet-meanoia, a type of amnesia in which one imagines a ditch is where one be-

longs, or in hell, but not out warning one's friends about impending practical jokes at their expense.

Meanwhile Samples and Martin drove on to Sinatra's home, the Golden Nugget Hotel in Bald Knob, Arkansas, right across from the store with all the tires and refrigerators out front.

Waiting in the parking lot as they drove up were: Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr., Joey Bishop, Jill St. John, and a severely tuxedoed man introduced only as "P. L." Samples was handed a tuxedo, a martini, and a showgirl in a sequined gown and was told: "Here. Put these on."

Once Samples was dressed, each of the seven got into an Aston-Martin. Then the procession of the autos of the rich and famous drove upstairs so the drivers could get their wallets, then downstairs to the basement, where the hotel's nightclub and Bald Knob's most sizzling *spot du night*, the Golden Knobarama, was located.

Seated under the biggest and best table, in the center of the room, under a spotlight, the Rat Pack proceeded to order dinner. Samples had his eye on the filet mignon and the asparagus Thomas P. "tips" au Neill. But the Rat

Pack had other plans. To prove his dedication to the group, Martin told him, he should order live rats in a basket. Then eat them. Then ask for seconds.

Samples balked, but Davis Jr. reminded him that they had been willing to ax Lawford.

"Well, that's not axing much," Samples quipped, reminding himself of the latter-day George S. Kaufman.

The remark was met with stony silence.

"The least you can do," Davis Jr. continued, "is eat live rats."

"Remember," P. L. told Samples, "a day without Peter Lawford—heh-heh—is like a day without Junior Samples eating live rats."

"Heh-heh," they all agreed.

Reluctantly Samples agreed. "I agree," he said.

The waiter, Fernando, brought the rats, and Samples ate them.

After two helpings, Samples beamed.

"At last, my lifelong dream has been realized. Now I am a member of the Rat Pack!"

It was probably Fernando who laughed first, then Francis Albert, then the entire Rat Pack.

Samples looked from face to Rat Pack face. His eyes came to rest on the enigmatic P. L. He noticed that laughing sounds were coming from the face, but the face was not moving. It was as if the face were made of plastic. Indeed. For at this point "P.L." was revealed to be none other than Peter Lawford wearing a child's chewable plastic Fred Flintstone mask.

Still laughing, the Rat Pack stripped Samples of his tuxedo, sequined showgirl, and martini, then tied him up and threw him into the community punch bowl.

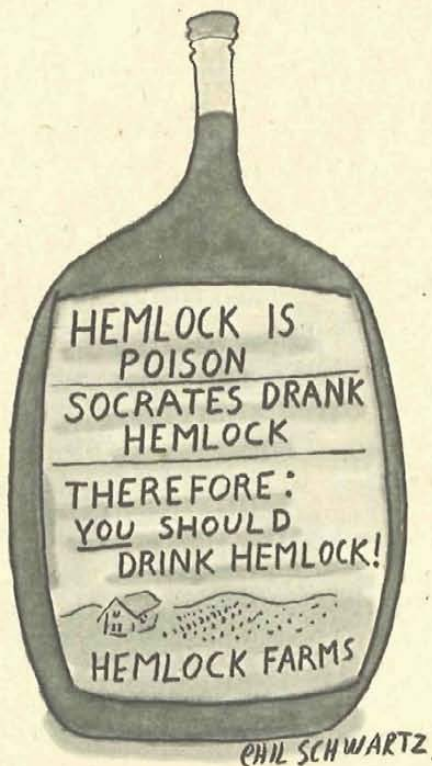
Then they left, still laughing, leaving Samples to pay the bill, leave the tip, and mop the floor around the punch bowl.

Samples had never felt so degraded and humiliated in his life as he did now.

"Oh my God," he wept. "I wish I were dry."

He collapsed into unconsciousness, and the basement collapsed into the

*Years earlier, Frank's wife had kicked him out, requesting that he never return. He showed up at the door of his childhood friend Junior Samples. And, in a moment of emotional instability, requested that Samples join the Rat Pack. The only thing that destroyed Samples's chances of watching Peter Lawford rub elbows with himself was that, during the filming of *Ocean's 11*, Samples kept tipping the boat to one side. He was given a six-pack, kicked out of the Rat Pack, and sent packing.



ARSENIC AND OLD OVERALLS

subbasement.

November 15, 8:13 A.M. Samples woke up in Brian Doyle-Aykroyd's swinging bachelor pad, which was located in Nashville at the end of a long rope.

"Can't you stop this thing?" cried Samples. "Haven't I been through enough torture? I've still got eight rats in my stomach."

Brian Doyle-Aykroyd petitioned the gods at the oracle at Delphi for the pad to stop swinging. Suddenly it did. Samples rejoiced for three and twenty seconds, then proceeded to tell Doyle-Aykroyd of his horrible ordeal.

Doyle-Aykroyd laughed, then told Samples how sorry he was. Brian Doyle-Aykroyd was a longtime friend. In fact, he had been Samples's soul mate ever since the untimely death of his previous soul mate, Sal Mineo. Then, upon Samples's untimely death, according to a computer-generated list Doyle-Aykroyd kept in his shoe, he would become the soul mate of Dick York ("the comedic genius that walked like a man"). Following York's untimely death, the list recommended a new kid by the name of Harry, or Harold, or possibly Howard, Hesseman.*

But further, a second computer-generated list Doyle-Aykroyd kept in his other shoe told him which famous comedian's last name he should tack onto his own in order that his career in show business be advanced that much quicker. Thus, before Aykroyd he was known to millions as Brian Doyle-Sahl, and later he would become known to hundreds as Brian Doyle-Murray. Still later, when Bill Murray will have ceased to be considered the funniest man in all but forty-eight of the continental United States, he will call himself Brian Doyle-Piscopo. And so on till the end of time, or until he can no longer walk because the voluminous lists in his shoes have so deformed his Doyle-feet that he is completely bedridden and can no longer walk to the corner store for a

*Computer programmers Woodward had consulted suggested that Hesseman followed the obscene recommendation of Dick, or Dick, or possibly Dick, Sargent.

**The Confederate National Holiday, celebrating the birth of Congressman Floyd Bennett Field on November 15, 1835. Field was the Georgia statesman who discovered corn liquor when he accidentally jammed three ears of corn into a bottle of wine and let it set for three years under the bed of his three boys, Zeke, Zake, and Electro-Magneto Field. When Congressman Field drank the "smoke," he went blind in one eye, then died, then went blind in the other eye, and the Age of the Riverboat Gambler was born.

pint of bread, much less make a million Frenchmen laugh, even as Brian Doyle-Lewis.

Doyle-Aykroyd had never seen Samples as agitated as he was now. Beads of sweat formed on his upper lip, and he paced back and forth. Doyle-Aykroyd's pad began to swing again.

Suddenly Samples stopped pacing and said, "Husker-du! I know what to do. I have an idea."

"What?" Doyle-Aykroyd asked.

"You'll see tonight. You and all of America. I'll show you all. It's perfect! We're taping the big Field's Day** Hee Haw special tonight."

Samples had Doyle-Aykroyd drive him to the Knobarama, where Doyle-Aykroyd waited in the car while Samples went in. Moments later he returned to the car hauling a small glass-ine envelope. Doyle-Aykroyd assumed that it had been a gumbo deal. Although he did not approve, Doyle-Aykroyd kept his mouth shut. I'm his soul mate, not his mother, he thought.

They then drove to Hee Haw-ville.

Samples got out of the car and through the open window told Doyle-Aykroyd never to leave him alone.

Doyle-Aykroyd drove away.

At the gate, the guard demanded to see Samples's picture I.D., then grudgingly let him through.

"Just wait till the day you forget that I.D.!" the guard called after him.

Showing up late for dress rehearsal, Samples seemed depressed and listless, fellow cast members recalled. They assumed that he had fallen off the haywagon and begun drinking again, something they'd all been urging him to do for months.

Samples was so preoccupied, Grandpa Jones recalled, that an hour into rehearsal he actually began to remember his lines and, incredibly, develop a sense of timing. Veteran director Jerry Paris was at such a loss that he took drastic measures: taking Samples aside, he hit him on the head with a two-by-four. Things went smoothly from then on, up until the taping of Samples's first cornfield scene.

Samples and Archie Campbell popped up together for the first of their two exchanges.

ARCHIE: Junior, something terrible has happened!

JUNIOR: Yeah. . . I saw the first half of the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)

MILLER HIGH LIFE® PRESENTS THE ROCK QUIZ SURF-'N-SAFARI SWEEPSTAKES

Now a little knowledge about rock music can go a long way.

Answer three rock trivia questions correctly and you'll have a chance to win three great prizes in our sweepstakes drawing: (1) A Gibson Modern guitar, a Victory bass, and a Pearl drum set; (2) A Bic Wind-surfer; and (3) Air fare from L.A. to Hawaii with hotel

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accommodations for 7 days and 6 nights in Hawaii.

To enter, just answer the three questions below and mail in the coupon. Or listen to the weekly Rock Quiz program on your local radio station and mail in the answers to the DJ's questions along with your name, address, and age on a 3" x 5" note card.



THE ROCK QUIZ SURF-'N-SAFARI SWEEPSTAKES OFFICIAL RULES, NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

MAIL ENTRIES TO:
MJI Broadcasting, Inc.
666 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10103

1. Which superstar's latest album featured guest appearances by Paul McCartney, Eddie Van Halen, and Vincent Price?
2. What rock star was once a cast member of the soap opera General Hospital?
3. What group's drummer recently married Britt Ekland?

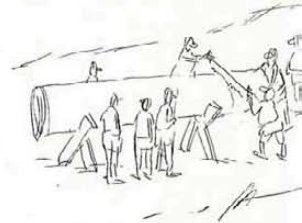
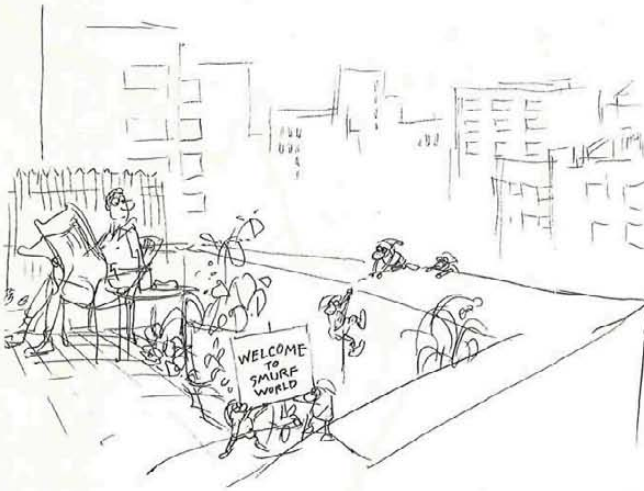
© 1984 Beer Brewed by Miller Brewing Co. Milwaukee, WI

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
PHONE _____ AGE _____

1. All entries must be postmarked no later than Sept. 7, 1984. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately.
2. The winner will be determined by a random drawing.
3. This sweepstakes is open to residents of the U.S. who are of legal drinking age in their place of residence at time of entry. The Miller Brewing Company, Philip Morris, Inc., and M.J.I. Broadcasting, Inc., their distributors, affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising and promotion agencies, retail alcoholic beverage licensees and the employees and families of each ARE NOT ELIGIBLE. Void in Kansas, Missouri, Ohio, Texas and Virginia, and wherever prohibited by law. Limit one prize per family. Taxes are the sole responsibility of prize winners. All Federal, State and local laws and regulations apply.
4. The Grand Prize is subject to certain time restrictions. The prize winner must be obligated to sign and return an Affidavit of Eligibility within 30 days of notification. In the event of non-compliance within this time period, an alternate winner will be selected. Any prize returned to the sponsor or M.J.I. Broadcasting, Inc., as unclaimable will be awarded to an alternate winner. No substitution of prizes is permitted.
5. To obtain the correct answers, or the name of the major prize winner, send a separate, self-addressed stamped envelope to: Rock Quiz Sweepstakes, M.J.I. Broadcasting, Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10103.



Some Cartoons b



"Whose ide



"I'm warning you, if you play those singing chipmunks once more, I'm going to peck your little eyes out."



y BILL WOODMAN



"I'll have to call you back, I'm with a client now."

t was this?"



"Back in a jiffy, honey, got to park the car."

LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

Sirs:

I love to undress my wife at night and squeeze her naked body. First I squeeze her right tit, and then I squeeze her left tit. Then I squeeze her right tit, and then I squeeze her left tit again. Then I come like crazy.

Mr. Whipple
The supermarket

Sirs:

Here are a couple of good ones: Did you know penguins rent their tuxedos for the lifetime of the penguin? The reason penguins waddle is, if they walked with their legs straight and their beaks in the air, they would swallow enough air to form a glacier in their stomachs! I'll come to the city and see you sometime.

Mike Jewelman
Antarctic, Antarctica

Sirs:

RECEPTIONIST: Kevin, Mike Jewelman is here to see you.

KEVIN: Oh no, the guy who does the penguin stuff! Tell him I'm not in.

RECEPTIONIST: Okay. He's in. You can go right down.

KEVIN: No, no! I said *not* in, you stupid mumble mumble . . .

MIKE JEWELMAN: Kevin Curran? I'm Mike Jewelman, or, as they say in the frozen wasteland, shake hands with a real penguin!

KEVIN: Er . . . heh-heh.

MIKE JEWELMAN: I've bought a few pounds of penguin stories and jokes, which I'd like your opinion on. But

first, sit back and relax while I entertain you with my stand-up comedy routine.

KEVIN: I'm really kind of bus—

MIKE JEWELMAN: I don't know. I'm kind of depressed. I went to pour myself a bowl of Cap'n Crunch, and a penguin fell out of the box! I guess you could say I shook hands with a real penguin! I checked my horoscope this morning—it said I'd drive to work with a penguin in the backseat. Do you have cotton in your ears? These are the jokes.

KEVIN: Oh yes . . . very good.

MIKE JEWELMAN: Can you imagine Jane Russell talking to the penguins in her eighteen-hour bra? I think it would go something like this . . .

KEVIN: My, my. Ha-ha. Hooley!

A Bankrupt Moron
Outside SCTV Headquarters
Toronto, Ont.

Sirs:

I don't know how this happened, but I'm standing here frozen in time with your publisher, who is glaring at me, sweat dripping from his furry brow onto his matted chest, about to leap at me in an attempt to peel my skin off with his retractile claws. Fortunately, I can hold time in this configuration for as long as I wish, pondering things, peeling grapes, whistling tunes, feeling fine for as long as time itself endures. Now, my question is, if you print this letter (which took me two million years to write), will I be able to read it in my n-dimensional hyperspace? And even if you do deliver issues to

this nether zone, will it reach me before time starts moving backward? Or do I have to let your publisher scoop out my interior organs with his retractile claws on the off chance that I'll survive the mauling and be able to read this letter in the future? If you do not answer in two million years' time, I'm canceling my subscription.

Elmer Green
The nether zone

Sirs:

Prior to the anti-nuclear demonstration at the Shoreham power plant last weekend I attended a strategy meeting. One of the movement's leaders spoke. He said, "When we get to Shoreham, we're gonna join hands and form a human chain around the plant. This will symbolize our solidarity against nuclear power." He explained that human chains were the latest thing in political demonstrations and they made the pro-nuke advocates quake in their boots.

Anyway, on Friday afternoon I went to my father's clothing store and swiped the arms off a male mannequin in the storeroom.

At Shoreham Saturday morning, we were told to join hands as we left the bus to march in a circle around the power plant. We would meet back in the parking lot to complete the human chain. But instead of taking the hands of my neighbors, I extended the mannequin arms from my coat sleeves. My comrades grasped them and we marched. Just as the chain was about to be completed I let go of the arms. My neighbors looked at them, wide-eyed, and then at my empty sleeves. I screamed, "My arms fell off! There's radiation leaking out of the plant! Everybody run!"

This pretty much ended the demonstration. For a while I felt bad about scattering everyone to the four corners of Long Island, but I figure if no one's getting laid in this revolution, you have to find other ways to have fun.

Mike Moslow
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

How about this for a cable-TV program: *Celebrity Rorschach Tests*. We ask famous people what they think various inkblots represent. No? Well, if I can't sell the show to HBO, I'll see if that David Letterman is interested.

Ralph Bocchino
Piscataway, N.J.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)



"You'll find me very funny, for reasons that will soon be apparent."

Helen and Doris's

Hunk-of-the-Month Club



God's Gift to Women Paks™

Doris and I could talk our heads off, but we can't say a thing that sounds half as fine as these hunks look and taste. And a gift this nice can only be homemade. That's why each of our God's Gift to Women Paks™ is completely hand-packed from start to finish by the same person. Chock-full of one of our famous International Hunks, and festively garnished with the finest-quality goodies you can get anywhere. Why, some gals keep 'em for years! Specially bred 'n' fed, these gems arrive ready to serve your slightest whim!

September Special Hunk of the Month!

FALL BALL

Dairy Delite

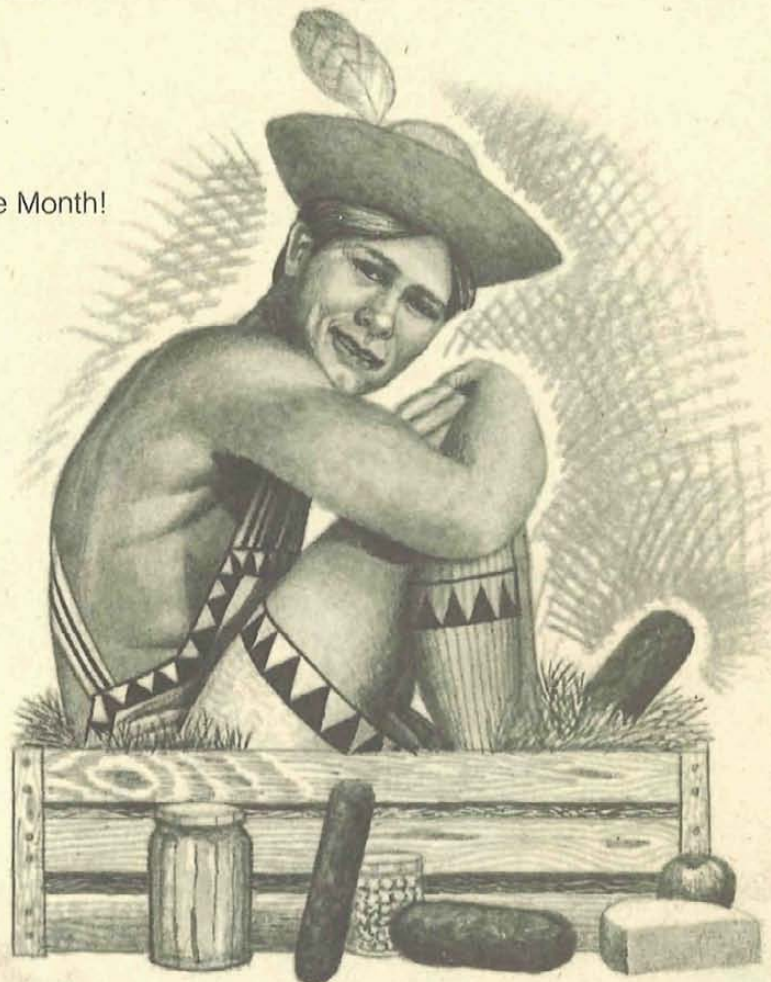
The festive, chock-full-o'-sex way to tumble into the autumn season. This big, gorgeous Swiss hunk is grown way up in the Alps, where the goats come from. Helen and Doris say he's the cool, crisp, perfect follow-up to those hot, dull summer hunks you've grown so tired of. Trade in that stale, tasteless, colorless beach boy or summer-share Cape Cod piece for this delectable Swiss Super Hunk, truly a "peak-of-flavor" Alpine specimen! Arrives so fresh he'll talk back to you when you bite into him, violating his tender neutrality. Comes fully equipped with yogurt bath beads and a sensational selection of clockwork contraceptives. You'll be yodeling with joy!

HEIGHT: 6'4"

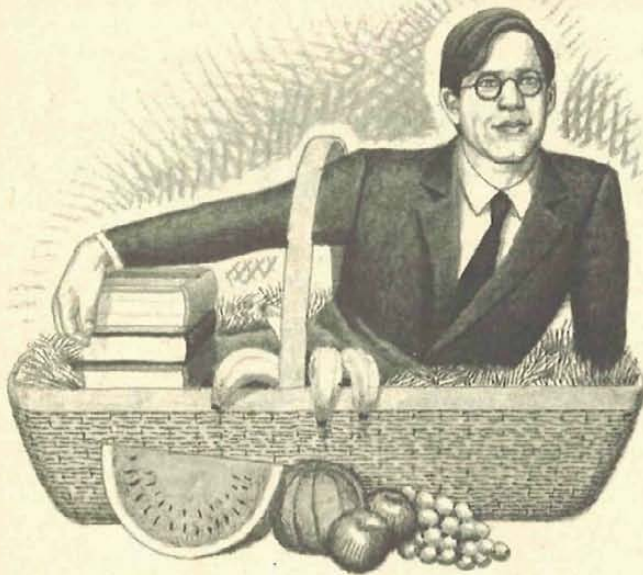
WEIGHT: 220 lbs.

SPECIAL FALL RATE: \$250.00 Del'vd.

WITH FRESH MOUNTAIN AIR: \$275.00



**And try these other luscious 'n' lively hunks
Freshly delivered at that time of the month—EVERY MONTH!!!**



FOR OCTOBER
Luscious Laureate

Just in time for the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" and stuffed with sonnets, this slim volume arrives on your doorstep spouting Keats and Shelley with an authentic English accent and breathing passionate sighs. This light 'n' airy li'l poetaster will sweep you off your feet as he struts his stuff and strophes your tropes. He'll be cramming his russet apples into your cider press before you can gather a swallow. This adorably consumptive charmer is at the peak of flavor when he arrives. So eat him up before he turns into a puff of purple prose!

Luscious Laureate: \$295.00 Del'vd.

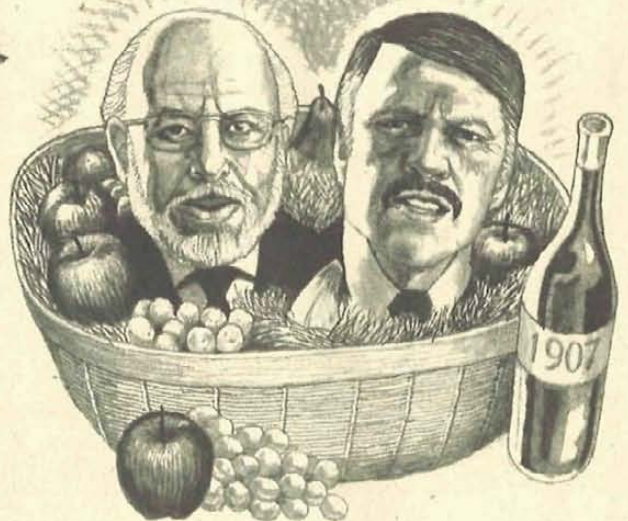
FOR NOVEMBER
 A "Helen and Doris Special Treat"



Dried and Cured Sugar Daddies

Only the choicest handpicked aged hunks go into this one. Doris and I select the venerable gentlemen ourselves. Each one is loaded with precious experience and rare patience, and, most important, chock-full o' sweet, home-made greenbacks! Our succulent older hunks are all rum-soaked to keep 'em nibblin' fresh, season after season. That's 'cause we let 'em age slow and natural, like the finest pork. No artificial preservatives used. All you get is a sweet, ripe older hunk, ready to spread all over yourself and your friends.

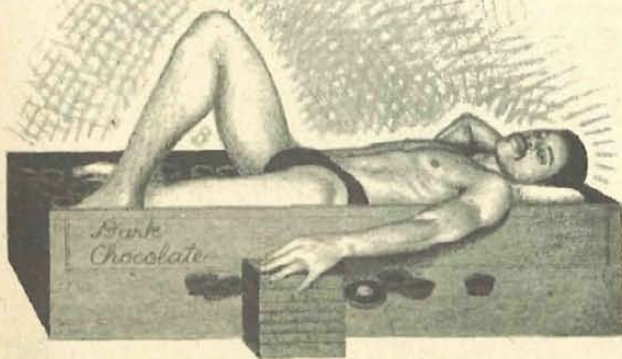
Dried and Cured Sugar Daddies: \$400.85 Del'vd.

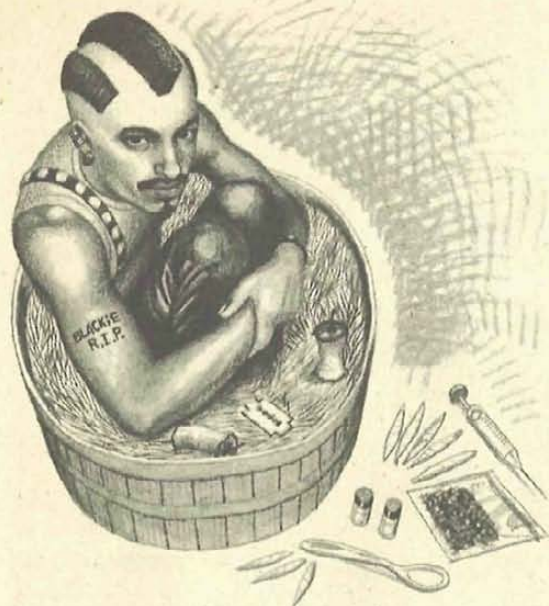


FOR DECEMBER
Royal Black Beauty

Why settle for a white Christmas when you can present yourself with this supple 'n' succulent six-footer in creamy rich dark chocolate? Specially imported, tenderized in the southern sun, and now shipped to girls who like it "hot 'n' a lot." Satisfied customer M. Jagger of New York writes, "Brown Sugar, how come you taste so gooooood?" A true taste treat, right down to the roots.

Royal Black Beauty: \$375.00 Del'vd.





FOR JANUARY
Punk Hunk

Nose-ring in the New Year with a new-wave taste sensation, a delectable little devil handpicked in New York or New Jersey or the San Fernando orchards, and dipped in Helen and Doris's dried-prune skintight black leather. Each of our downtown cuties comes packed with nightclub passes, rainbow hair spray, and a bountiful supply of Helen and Doris's famous "Cool 'n' Fresh" drugs—enough to bring out the twenty-four-hour boogie in you and your friends. With our Punk Hunk, you're assured of only the finest in quality: Bear Mound Creek Ridge Valley Nose Candy—tight light leaves and high dry flakes grown right here under our noses. Your friends will beg you for more!

Punk Hunk: \$285.00 Del'vd.

FOR FEBRUARY
Exotic Tijuana Chingo

Ay carramba! It's the Mexi-Hunk! Sizzlin' hot-as-a-jala-peño, this Latin jumping bean is hissing to show you a south-of-the-border experience like you've never had! At Bear Mound Creek Ridge Valley, we call it "Chile Con Carnal Knowledge." This month's extra-spicy hunk is one of our most popular gift-basket items. He comes complete with a bottle of mescal (and yes, the worm!), mmm-mmm-good heat 'n' serve enchilada dinner for two, and our own special and oh-so-secret menudo douche recipe that he'll whip up before your astonished eyes! Says Miss Loretta Kingsley of Pucky, Montana: "That little taco teaser not only gave me the time of my life, he also actually introduced me to the Donkey Lady! Can't remember when I've had more fun. Helen and Doris, you're the greatest!"

Exotic Tijuana Chingo: \$267.95 Del'vd.



God's Gift to Women Paks™

"Convenience You'll Appreciate"

You can avoid the unpleasant parts of relating 'n' mating—parties, bars, blind dates, waiting in line with all those other women for Mr. Right. Spare yourself those inevitable little annoyances that go with dating—you like foreign films, he doesn't; he likes William Styron novels, you hate 'em; you discover his apartment is decorated in orange tones that nauseate you, and you begin to wish you'd never met the guy! Even if things do go well on the first date, the relationship, by and large, will deteriorate over the course of a month, a year, a decade. And you find yourself back where you started. *This is where Helen and Doris save the day!*

"Variety You Can Count On"

Helen and Doris know that you, the vital, busy career woman, easily grow tired of the same old men. That's why we make it easy on you. Let us go on the prowl for

you, and guarantee delivery, every month, of a hunk that's bound to please you. By the time you grow tired of him, a new one arrives at your door. We choose a stimulating selection of varied hunks—one for every month of the year! Sometimes exotic, sometimes domestic, sometimes the "boy next door"—but never boring! Always guaranteed to titillate not only your razor-sharp mind, but your on-the-go body as well.

"Value You Expect"

Hunk of the Month Club assures you a brand-spanking-new boyfriend each and every month, so that the nightmare of constant foraging for men becomes a long-forgotten bad dream. Not only do we grow 'em ourselves, but if you could see the care with which these God's Gift to Women Paks™ are put together, you'd know why quality is guaranteed.



Helen and Doris

THE ALL-AMERICAN BARBIE NETWORK



Ken



P.J.



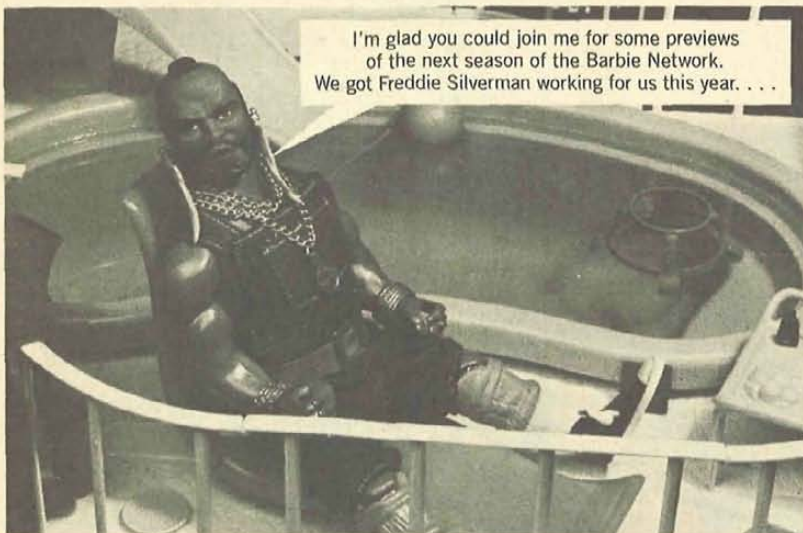
Barbie



Kim



Spot



I'm glad you could join me for some previews of the next season of the Barbie Network. We got Freddie Silverman working for us this year. . . .



In fact, he's running the projector right now. Okay, roll 'em, Freddie.

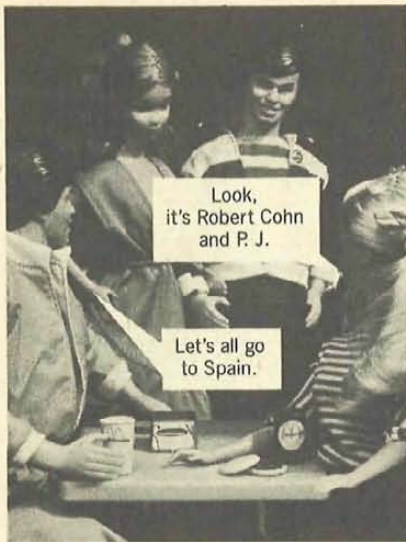


Paris, 1926



I like the drinking. The drinking has been good. It's the nickname "Thirsty" I can live without, Brett.

Oh, Jake. . .



Look,
it's Robert Cohn
and P. J.

Let's all go
to Spain.



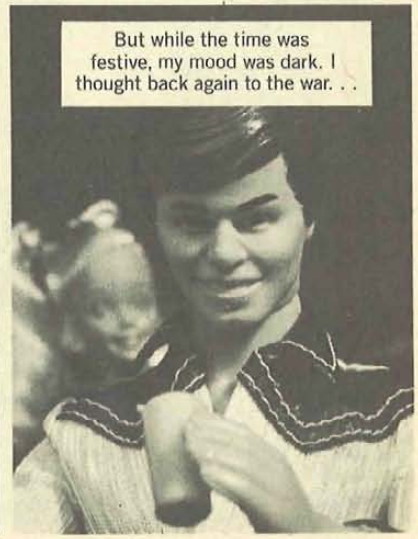
Pamplona, Spain



It's remarkable
the different feeling
one gets in Spain.

Sure thing, Jew boy.

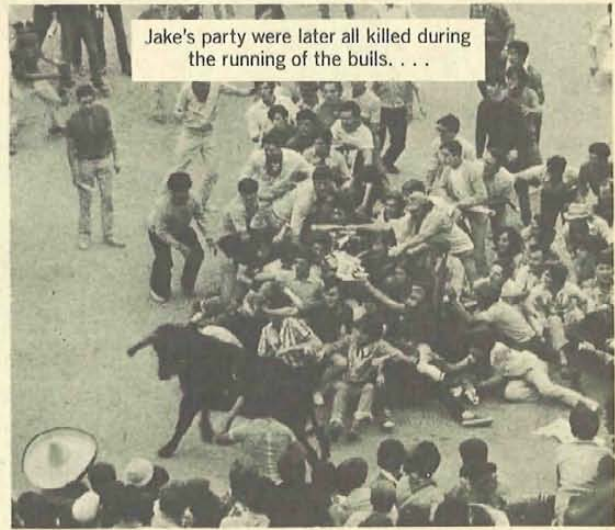
Good show, Jake. . . .



But while the time was
festive, my mood was dark. I
thought back again to the war. . .



But not for long. I mean, hey, we're young,
let's party. Am I right or am I wrong?



Jake's party were later all killed during
the running of the bulls. . . .

THE ALL-AMERICAN BARBIE NETWORK



Well, it's too bad for Barbie and Ken. Seems they were a real lost generation . . . lost beneath a bunch of bulls.



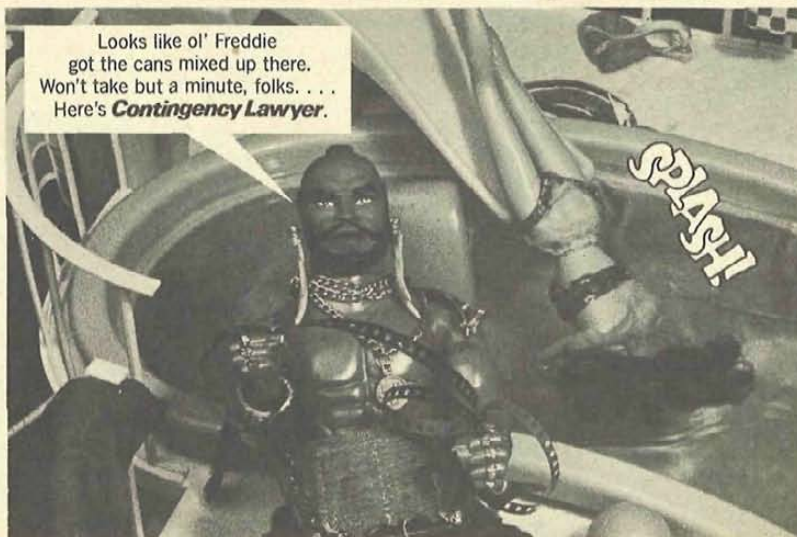
Here's another delightful show you'll be seeing on the Barbie Network. It's called *Contingency Lawyer* and it's action-packed.



Oh Spot, I always knew it would take a real dog to make me feel like a real woman.



RRRIIPP!



Looks like ol' Freddie got the cans mixed up there. Won't take but a minute, folks. . . . Here's *Contingency Lawyer*.

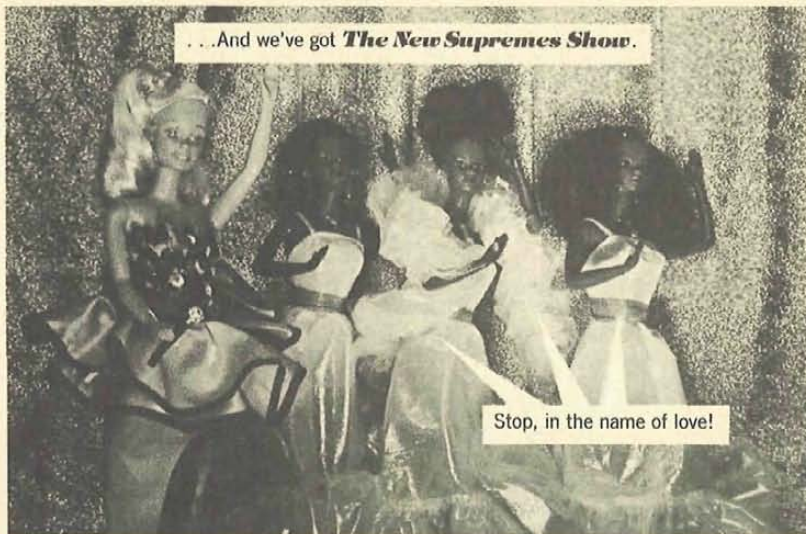
SPLASH!

THE ALL-AMERICAN BARBIE NETWORK

I'm taking this case because I believe in you, and I believe in your back injury. I say this upon my sacred oath as a contingency lawyer.

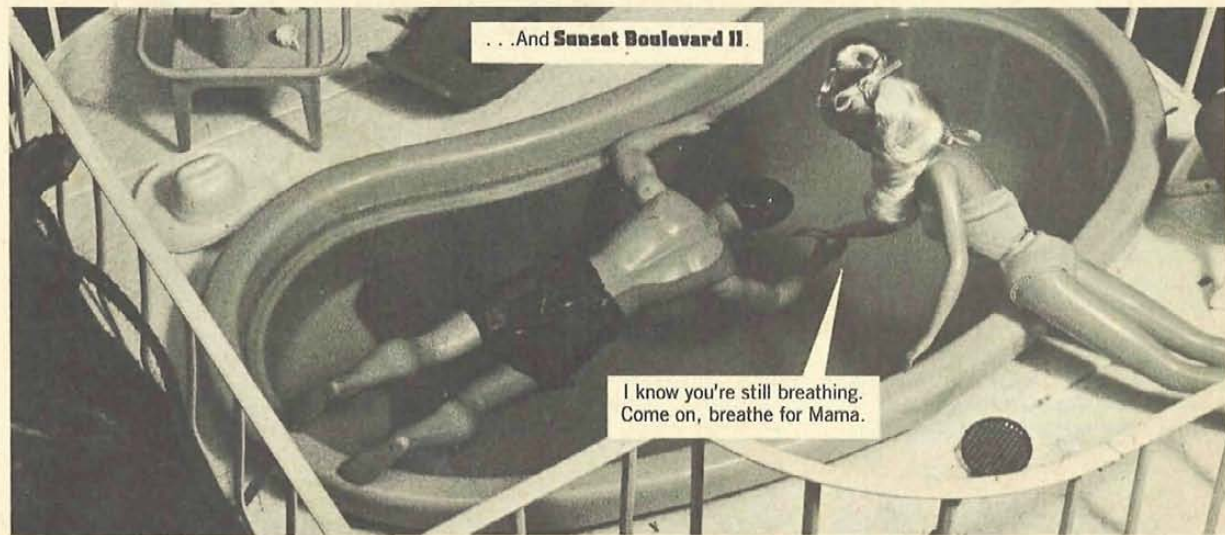


...And we've got *The New Supremes Show*.



Stop, in the name of love!

...And *Sunset Boulevard II*.



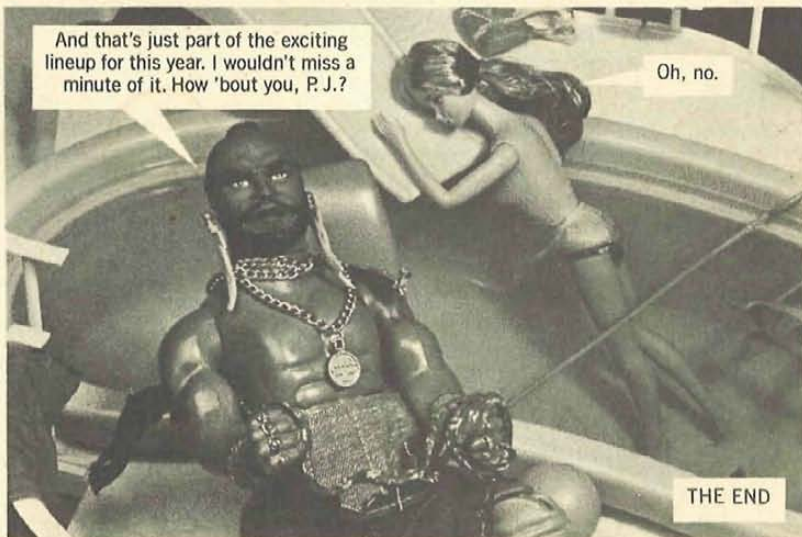
I know you're still breathing. Come on, breathe for Mama.

...And the action-adventure hit, *Coffee Emergency Squad*.



Let's go, Nurse. There's a man bleeding his guts out on 495 who needs a quick dose of java. . . .

And that's just part of the exciting lineup for this year. I wouldn't miss a minute of it. How 'bout you, P.J.?



Oh, no.

THE END

ARSENIC AND OLD OVERALLS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45)
show, too, Roy. . .uh, Archie.

ARCHIE: No, I mean my wife has just bought one of them newfangled dishwashing machines, and she threw the old one out.

JUNIOR: What's. . .so terrible about that, Archie. . .I mean Mel. . .I mean Archie?

ARCHIE: I've been living in the garbage can for a week.

THE CROW PUPPET: Squak!

Samples and Campbell ducked down behind the corn, and when it came time for them to pop up again, only Archie Campbell did. Samples was never seen again. The remainder of the show was replaced with a rerun of *Johnny Cash Live at the Gulag Archipelago*, and the police were called in. Archie Campbell was questioned and remembered hearing sounds of a struggle next to him, but assumed that Samples had become stuck on the cornstalks again.

Chief of Police Earl "Billy Bob" Buchanan searched Samples's dressing room alone, without any witnesses, as prescribed, he said, "by federal law." He flashed a document that he said authorized the private search, but no one remembers seeing any words written on it. In fact, Roy Clark said, the document seemed to be made of wax paper and smelled of roast beef and onions.

Buchanan told the press that nothing was found, but amnesiac Buck Owens's substitute host, veteran unfunny man Buck Henry, who was catnapping unnoticed on the gun rack on the back of Samples's chair, awoke and

spied Buchanan finding and setting fire with his cigar to a small glassine envelope with something inside it.

Woodward knew that this was as far as conventional journalistic techniques would take him. He knew that to uncover the cockroach of truth in this Caesar salad of corruption, so that he could send it back and not have to pay the bill of guilt, and even get a free drink of gratitude compliments of the management of justice, he would have to take off the gloves of integrity and put on the hat of yellow journalism, and embrace its columnist manifesto: Interview stars after they're dead. Sometimes before they're dead, then kill them. And if the story includes celebrities, aliens, and weight loss, so much the better!

So Woodward tried to contact Samples through a medium. This proved unsuccessful. He tried a large. Still no luck. Finally he tried an extra-large, still to no avail.

Woodward first decided to go to the Underworld, then he was pleased with his decision. Finally, he went to the Underworld.

"Hello, Mr. Samples," Woodward said as he met the man in his plush Underworld apartment. Samples was wearing a tuxedo and drinking martinis with some of the best-looking dead girls Woodward had ever seen. On the wall over his bed was a poster for *Ocean's 11*, starring, it announced, "Junior Samples and nobody else."

"Sit down," he told Woodward. "I want to tell you my whole story. It will

include celebrities and aliens, but no weight loss, much to my chagrin."

"Never mind the aliens," Woodward told him. "Who killed you and why?"

Samples told all.

"Frank Sinatra had me killed because I was going to go on nationwide television and reveal that he was suffering from hair loss. The morning after the Rat Pack humiliated me, I remembered seeing hundreds of hairs in Sinatra's soup that hadn't been there when the waiter first served it.

"I went back there to get the hair as proof. But Fernando the waiter must have seen me rummaging through the garbage and tipped Sinatra off."

Sinatra. Sure. That explained Buchanan. The chief of police had been on Sinatra's payroll since dinosaurs roamed the earth. He burned the hair to cover up for his boss.

"I suspected Sinatra might try to bump me off, so I hid half the hair in the crow puppet's beak. If you could expose Frank Sinatra's hair loss, I'd be mighty grateful."

"I sure will," Woodward told him. "Goodbye, Mr. Samples."

"Goodbye, Sonny," he said.

And Woodward left him to the world he always belonged in, where the real Junior Samples was given free rein and allowed to wear a tuxedo. He was happy at last.

Back on earth, events moved rapidly. The *Washington Post* broke the story, and Frank Sinatra was forced to go on television and resign as President and Chairman of the Board of the Hair Club for Men. He was tried for the murder of Junior Samples. He was found guilty and awarded fifty dollars for his troubles.

Dean Martin, Peter Lawford, Sammy Davis Jr., Jill St. John, and Joey Bishop were named as unindicted co-conspirators. None were awarded any money, but each received a home version of Match Game '79.

As for Woodward, he went back to sleep and waited for Bradlee to call him with his next assignment, dreaming all the while of Bernstein. Bernstein is buried up to his neck, his head tied back and his eyelids cut off so that he has to stare into the blazing desert sun. His face is covered with honey, and there are these giant red army ants coming right at him. And he's trying to scream, but see, there's a sock stuffed in his mouth, so no one can hear him. Oh baby!

Damn you, Ben Bradlee, he dreamed, don't call me now. ■



PROFESSOR KENILWORTH VIVISECTS THE JOKE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32)
butler under normal, non-riot conditions is:

"Begging your pardon, would you be so kind as to bring your bloated, maggot-ridden, curry-sucking, mud-caked, sewer-soaked, fly-infested, wrinkled brown ass over here immediately and take the cap off my toothpaste?"

Obviously, the speaker of the riddle's all-too-casual command does not possess the qualifications necessary to deal with a servant in the first place, and we think he should consider getting his own damned hat and coat.

EXAMPLE 5: Q: *What's the best way to eat frog?*

A: *Put one leg over your right ear, and the other leg over your left ear.*

Incorrect. Dr. Lester Fischer, director of the Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago, disclosed in an academic paper of controlled circulation that one of his greatest pleasures in operating the public facility was "eating out at the reptile house." Fischer elaborates on the only zoologically approved method of performing oral sex on frogs: "Equipment is everything. Using a set of Lincoln Logs, I fashion a swing which is able to comfortably support the weight of the average frog, usually about fourteen ounces. Resting my head on a lily pad, I place the specimen in the swing and attach it to a specially designed platform made from cellophane-tipped toothpicks, which suspends the frog within easy tongue

reach. At this point, the frog gets an idea that something's going on. The swing serves to propel the amphibian's lower area softly across the tip of my darting tongue, enabling it to reach a croaking climax within ten minutes, the absolute deadline between security-guard rounds."

Fischer's next project: a bank of "glory holes" in the ape building.

EXAMPLE 6: Q: *Why are colored children so easy to baby-sit for?*

A: *Because you can just wet their lips and stick 'em to a wall.*

Despite the large labial area in relation to overall body size in the Negro, the frame cannot be supported in a vertically hung position by a singular body part (lips) adhered to a stationary plane (wall) with saliva alone, regardless of suction applied. While drool contains bonding agents much greater than ordinary tap water, in no way could it offset the body weight of a black toddler between three and six years of age, even with malnutrition taken into account. Thereby, it is futile to utilize such unconventional measures with the expectation of anything but momentary success, although I'm willing to admit that a certain degree of entertainment value exists for the baby-sitter.

EXAMPLE 7: Q: *What do you get when you cross a grizzly bear and Barbra Streisand?*

A: *Yentl Ben.*

Negative. According to a spokes-

man for the National Wildlife Association in Washington, D.C., there are some things even an *Ursus horribilis* won't do.

EXAMPLE 8: *A blind man walks into the middle of a store with a seeing-eye dog. He picks up the dog and swings it around and around by its tail.*

"May I help you?" asks a curious salesclerk.

"No thanks, I'm just looking."

Precisely. Through an ingeniously variegated code of barks, yelps, whimpers, and other related noises, the common German shepherd or golden retriever guide dog is capable of alerting its master to the basic merchandise, prices, and markup percentages to be found in any retail establishment and, in special, highly trained cases, can even convey information and verify the existence of a second set of books ("I Was the Eyes of an IRS Investigator," *Reader's Digest*, Vol. 23, 1966). In the above instance, a nationwide men's-clothing chain store, the dog in question barked twice, yelped once, barked again, and expelled five short bursts of gas, communicating to his master the following data: "Skip the burgundy pants on your right in favor of the five-color plaid jobs on the 50-percent-off rack; the Hush Puppies are no bargain unless they throw in a shoe tree; the matching sets of tie, handkerchief, and shirt in the cellophane packages are nice if you're going to a Shriners' convention; and check out the tits on that cashier." ■



LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48)
Sirs:

On hard-core night at CBGB's, me and my girlfriend, Spike, slam-danced during the opening act. I *really* got into it. I slammed into her so hard her collarbone fractured. But as the ambulance attendants carried her out she said it was okay, she was glad, 'cause it was such a *punk* thing to have happen.

The opening band finished and A Flock of Seagulls came on. The crowd cheered and threw beer bottles. Right away they went into "Quicksand." Everyone slam-danced again, and even though it wasn't the same for me without Spike, I still danced good enough to break some more bones. Suddenly, about midway through "I Ran," a tall black guy wearing white pajamas with dark pinstripes, the word "Yankees" in script letters across the front, leaped onto the stage and started throwing baseballs at the Seagulls. Ali Score hid behind his drums, but his brother Mike got beamed in the forehead and collapsed over his keyboard. The black guy kept throwing balls, and the crowd went on dancing, 'cause it was *punk*.

When there was no more music, just the noise of a lot of baseballs bouncing against musical instruments and the bass player and guitarist running around screaming for help, some road-

ies got hold of the black guy and started off with him. He yelled, "You can't do this to me! This isn't Canada! Let me go, I'll kill 'em all! I'll kill 'em all!" He broke free and leaped off the stage. We caught him and pummeled him to death with beer bottles.

It was the best hard-core night at CB's ever!

Leo Vomit du Jour
St. Marks Place
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I'm not really as pissed off as I make myself out to be. The television producers and network executives and book publishers are really very nice people. Mostly, I'm just angry because I'm so short.

Harlan Ellison
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

I live in Arizona and my ex-wife lives in California. Thanks to some no-good rotten judge, she was granted custody of our son, Jeremy. So I did the only thing possible—I got a court order here in Arizona which gave me custody of the boy, and then I borrowed him from school one day and took him back here to Arizona. Well, this really pissed off my wife, who got a court order in California and flew here and stole him

while I was at the car wash. This really annoyed me, so I drove back across the border and stuffed the kid into the trunk of my car while the bitch was playing tennis. But wouldn't you know it, just when I thought I had Jeremy back for good, my ex-wife hired two thugs to beat the shit out of me and stole back my kid, hiding him in a laundry bag. Well, that only made me madder, so one day while my ex was shopping in the supermarket, I knocked her out with an iceberg lettuce and grabbed the kid and mailed him back to Arizona via Federal Express. The next day guess who showed up, shoving a gun to my head and pirating Jeremy back across the state line disguised as Tupperware. I don't know how this is all going to end, but in the meantime I'm having the time of my life.

Ray Dubbs
Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:

People think it's the big things that count, like turning the other cheek, or leading a moral life, or being charitable. They couldn't be more wrong. The key to going to heaven or hell is if you return your library books on time. If you run up anything over a fifty-cent fine, I chalk up your name on this little slate I keep behind the desk, and that means, quite simply, that you're going to roast your ass off in hell.

The Kind Old Lady Behind the
Library Desk/a.k.a. God

Sirs:

Don't listen to that old hag behind the library desk. She doesn't know what she's talking about. Here, have a Popsicle. It's only seventy-five cents, and I'll even let you ring the bells on the truck! That's it! Here's your change. Now, go ahead and ring the bells! HA-HA! HA-HA!

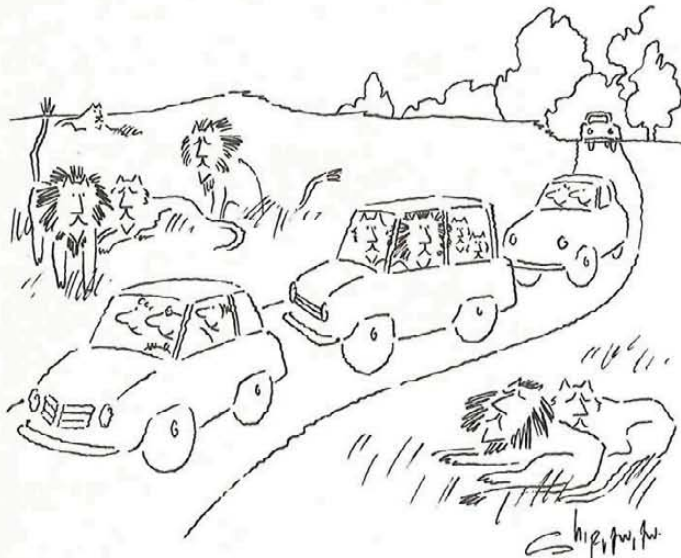
The Good Humor
Man/a.k.a. Satan

Sirs:

How come when people can't finish their meals at Chinese restaurants they're given doggie bags, but when dogs who stay at kennels while their masters are out of town can't finish their Alpo they can't take it home with them in people bags? Don't you think that's unfair? It's not sexist or ageist, I know, but it's . . . it's . . . it's downright dogist, is what it is.

Mark Hawthirst
Tacoma, Wash.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 81)



MUSCLE MIND

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THE MAGAZINE OF MENTAL FITNESS / SEPTEMBER 1984 / \$2.00

WORKING OUT WITH DUMBBELLS

A Great Way to Build Up Confidence



JAZZERSIGHS:

Listening to Bird, Diz, and Miles
Can Sharpen Concentration

THE BENEFITS OF JOGGING YOUR MEMORY

KIDS AND THE NAUTILUS

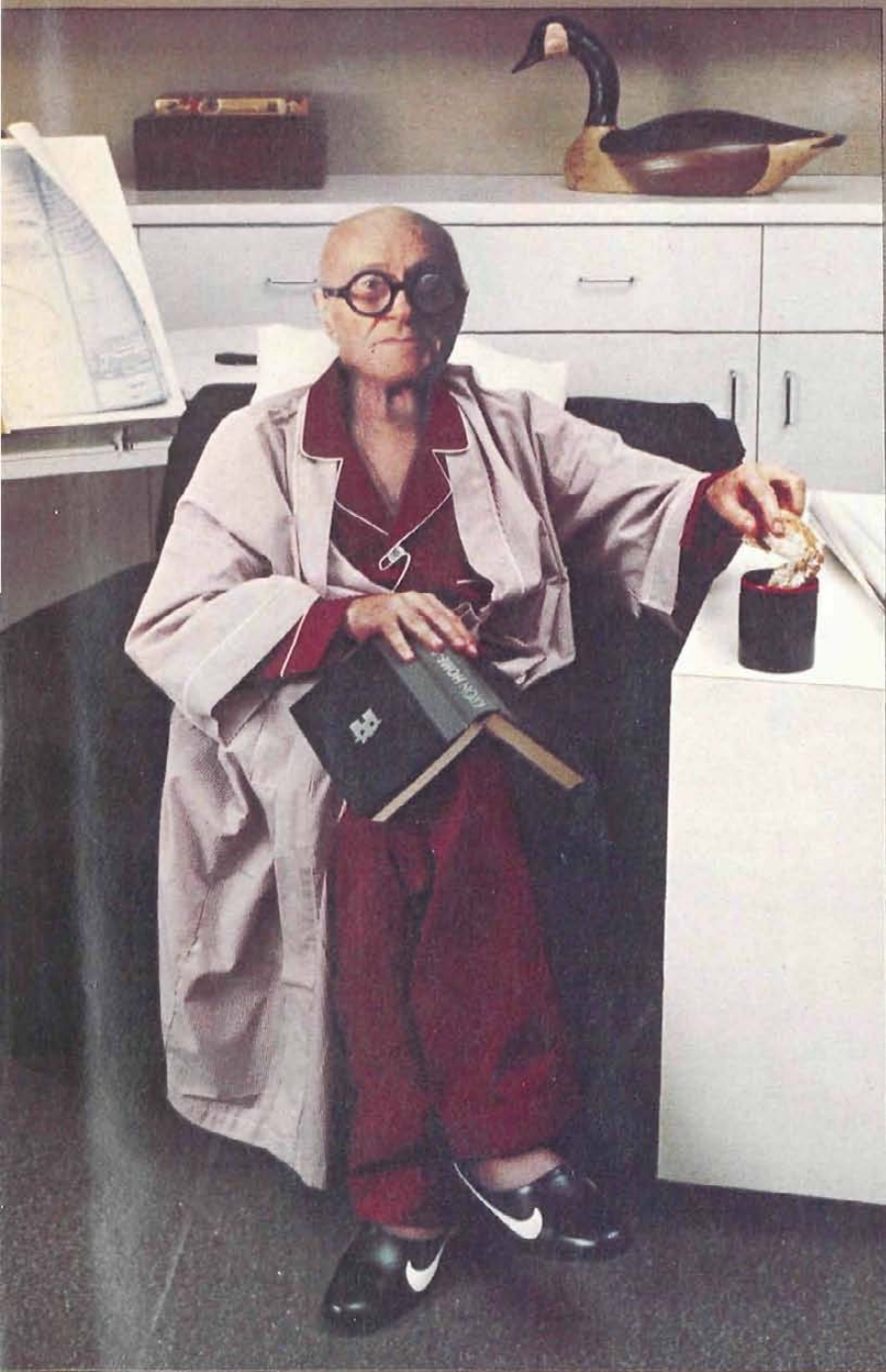
20,000 Leagues Under the Sea
Still a Favorite

THE DIET OF WORMS

Did It Work? Can It Work for You?



WHEN "MAGIC" JOHNSON GOES IN FOR THE DUNK, HE MAKES SURE HE'S WEARING PSIKE.



Philip "Magic" Johnson does it all: architecture, architectural history, art collecting. Even with an occasional well-earned snack, it's a grueling routine. Johnson demands a lot of his brain, and thanks to training, experience, and talent, it delivers.

He demands a lot of his footwear, too. If his mind is to perform at peak efficiency, "Magic" can't afford to be distracted by reading slippers that pinch, crack, or fit badly.

That's why "Magic" Johnson, like many professional intellectuals, chooses PSIKE. Our low-top Savants give him the flexibility he needs for making repeated trips to the reference shelf. Our no-top Oracles keep his toes cool and ventilated during evening-long meditations before the hottest fireplaces.

Next time you're looking for reading footwear, try on a pair of PSIKE slippers. They won't make a "Magic" Johnson out of you. But it's dollars to doughnuts you'll appreciate PSIKE's own distinctive brand of magic.

PSIKE slippers are the Official Reading Slippers of the NBA (National Bibliographers Association).

PSIKE

MUSCLE MIND

Vol. 3, No. 4, September 1984



MENTAL FITNESS AND MIND HEALTH

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How slow reading and thoughtful pauses can help firm up brain tone.

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Celebrities are trying mental fitness now, too. Would you believe Heather Locklear reading history at Caius College, Cambridge?

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No, says our expert. It's harder, but you'll have to tackle *Moby Dick* yourself. (Sorry!)

By Eli Snelweir



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Photographs by Lew Lee Irwin

Text by Neil Weisler

Cover photograph by Michael Watson. Styling by Kate Gallagher. Hair and makeup by Lorena. Her unitard by Read-Tards; his suit by Smartypants. Models: Kelly Morgan Jennifer and David David David. Dumbbells courtesy of the Clinic for Learning Disorders, Sinai Presbyterian Hospital, New York City.

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Movie star Jane Fonda's new Readup Centers are catching on all over. "It's fun being smart!" says the activist/actress/annoyance.

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Is fish really "brain food"? Only as much as brains are fish food, says our nutritionist. Huh?

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MUSCLE MIND Magazine (ISSN 4432-9938), Vol. 3, No. 4, September 1984, is published bimonthly, or whenever we can get enough ads together to pay for a print run or summon up enough nerve to put out yet another magazine based on a totally spurious premise, in the hopes of milking a few dollars from the American obsession with obsessions, whichever comes first. All rights reserved, all copy copyrighted, all power to the people, all quiet on the western front. Does anybody read this? I didn't think so.

Hi! And welcome to issue #3 of *Muscle Mind*—the magazine for active people with the alive mental brain of today's health-conscious intelligence-aware individual. We've got a terrific issue for you this month, but before we get to it I'd like to bring to your attention a problem that more and more of our readers have written us about.

As you know, it isn't easy getting your mind into a state of healthful fitness—and once you get it there, keeping it there! That's why a magazine like *Muscle Mind* exists. We try to help with encouragement, caring, and good hard facts, plus exercise and diet tips and so forth, all designed to help you get your mind into shape by our Advisory Board of qualified authorities.

One exercise that has proven extremely beneficial in the field of mental fitness is "memory jogging"—going into a library or bookstore and, for a few intense minutes, glancing through a book you've read before. Not only does it remind you of all the wonderful books you've read and don't quite recall, but it's a great way to tone up the cerebellum, keep the cerebrum supple, and send much-needed transphenylalkidimethaquovadisostamine to your pituitary.

Unfortunately, not everyone is well-disposed to this form of exercise. Many readers have written me stating that they have received hostile looks and even words from bookstore employees. Many of these remarks are along the lines of "Are you here to buy anything, or do you wish merely to jog?"

Understandably, a bookstore does not wish to have its stock pawed, bent, folded, or otherwise made unsightly by being handled by a number of people (no matter how mentally fit they are!), especially if those people do not purchase anything. And the fact that one is striving to build up one's mind does not alter the simple truth that a store is, in reality, a commercial business.

Therefore we suggest that readers confine their memory-jogging activities to libraries, which are better equipped to deal with their specific mind-building needs. If you must use a bookstore, select a large one, preferably while crowded, and confine your jogging activities to shelves not in the direct view of store personnel. Unlike those of us interested in mental fitness, what they don't know won't hurt them!



Judi Bint
Judi Bint, Editor

Dear *Muscle Mind*,

I enjoyed your article "Limbering Up Your Frontal Lobe by Trying to Understand the Wharton Econometric Index." Your readers may be interested to note that lobe flexibility is a key factor in preventing paranoid schizophrenia, headaches, and forgetting where you put your keys. More!

Dr. Albert Stoddard
University of Miami of Nashville

Dear *Muscle Mind*,

In your premier issue, in an article entitled "Why Read Those Crazy Russians?," Deborah Skolnik writes, "Be sure you get the untranslated editions." Could this be a misprint? I don't speak a word of Russian, as I'm sure is the case with most of your readers.

Willis E. Neer
Los Angeles, CA

Editor's note: Nyet, it wasn't a misprint, Willis. The exercise is designed to "bulk up" and strengthen the part of the mind that doesn't understand things—something usually overlooked by most mental fitness programs.

Dear *Muscle Mind*,

In my opinion, the debate concerning the relative exercise value of downhill being versus cross-country being is nonsense. Any form of being is healthful, provided you do it regularly and take sensible precautions.

Ted Headd
Aspirin, CO

MUSCLE MIND's Advisory Board:



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MINDING YOUR BUSINESS

What's new; what's happening; what's what in mental fitness

Looking for Mr. Goodbook

The widespread popularity of mental fitness has resulted in an unexpected social phenomenon that has the experts bemused: libraries have become the singles bars of the eighties.

More and more singles are using libraries, not only as places for pursuing mental fitness, but for meeting members of the opposite sex. "It's great," explains one San Diego man, a realtor. "The situation is in an area where you can meet someone with, like, your own level of mental smartness."

A Chicago woman who works in advertising thinks library socializing offers the best of both worlds. "I come here after work," she says. "I do an hour of really hard Proust, cool down with a little Macaulay's 'Epitaph on a Jacobite,' and meet some cute guys."

Libraries themselves, until recently forced to pare down hours and services due to funding cutbacks and declining use, are delighted. But the new influx of "bookers" does present its problems.

"It gets noisy," admitted Anne Arundel, director of Baltimore's Enoch Pratt Free Library. "Around 7:00 P.M. all you hear in the main reading room are pickup lines. 'Hey, pretty lady, you look real foxy reading the *Genealogy of Morals*.' Things like that. Sometimes I can barely hear my Walkman."

Read to Me Only with Thine Lips

Which is better: reading silently or moving your lips?

Both are useful in building strong minds, according to Dr. David Rosenthal of New York's Sinai Presbyterian Hospital. Silent reading is preferable for speed and comprehension, but beginners should probably start by mouthing each word.

"Many people, especially those who come to mind-building from physical exercise programs, are not well-equipped to read some of the texts they take on," he notes. "It's not so much that they're 'stupid,' but—well, as a matter of fact, yes, they are stupid. Totally stupid. Strong as ten Russian blacksmiths, maybe, but dumb as a sofa. They spend 40 percent of their waking hours running and jumping around, and expect to

plunge right into *Concluding Unscientific Postscript*. My advice to them is, start with John Irving."

Dr. Rosenthal adds that newcomers to mind-building should not be embarrassed to move their lips or even read out loud. "Nobody will laugh at you if you do," he explains. "And if someone does laugh, you can use more traditional forms of physical responsiveness and beat them up."



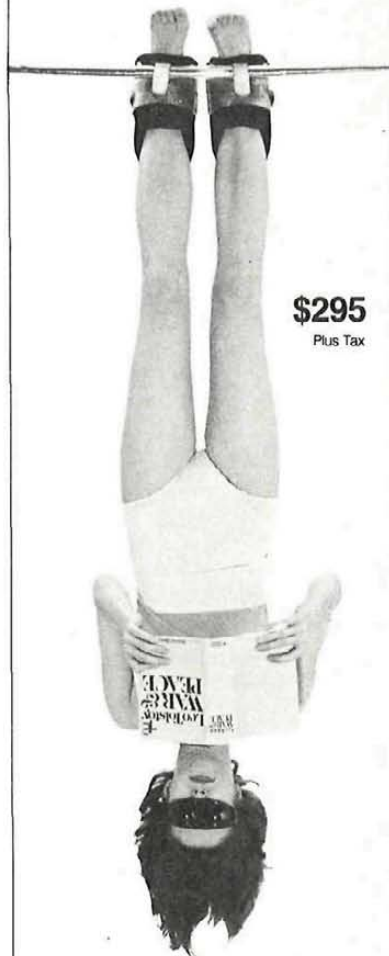
Dress for Success—and Read to Succeed

A recent study released by the Rand Corporation has confirmed what mental fitness fans have known for some time: there is a definite correlation between intelligence and success in the career world.

The study found that persons of "appreciable" mental fitness sometimes earn as much as \$250 per year more than persons deemed "less fit, 'slow,' or retarded." Even in industries where intelligence is considered to be of secondary importance for success (government, show business, etc.), mentally fit subjects are considered "as qualified, and sometimes more qualified," for positions of power and authority.

"The implications of our findings are significant," the report states. "If intelligence and mental fitness do indeed become respected by business and industry, the way will be cleared for their acceptance by American society at large. This would represent a break with over 200 years of tradition, and could foreshadow a complete transformation of our way of living."

Presenting the ANTI-GRAVITY READING SYSTEM



Gravity weighs down the human body. Gravity also bends light, causing synaptic discomfort and stress in the brainial cerebellistic pathway. Doctors and physicists have been told this. Also, the human brain registers images upside down, requiring fatiguing re-reversal and inducing mind-slump and "Upside Down's Syndrome."

Now experience the benefits of the inverse reading concept. The ANTI-GRAVITY READING SYSTEM is the first and only inverse reading system that combines bodily inversion with ocular inversion, thanks to our exclusive INVERSPECTACLES™.

Available wherever mental fitness devices are sold. Includes copy of "Reading Upside Down Is Better Than Regular Reading, for Some Reason," by Dr. J. Smith. This is the best book ever written.

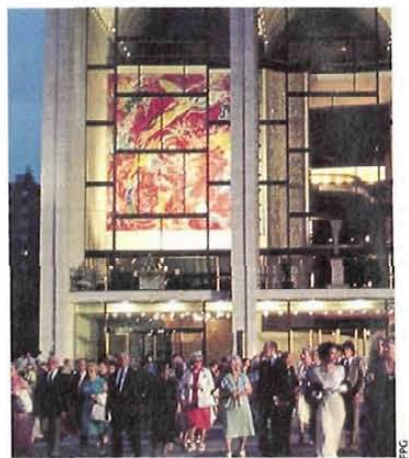
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THE 1984 NEW YORK IRONMIND TRIARTTHLON

What kind of person subjects him or herself to a grueling three days of concert attending, fiction reading, and painting viewing, all in competition with other like-minded fanatics, for no money and only fleeting fame? The kinds of mental fitness devotees who made this year's New York Triartthlon Competition the largest and most successful in its brief history, one which saw a new world's record for the Indoor Fiction Read (Stephen Winn of San Francisco; *The Recognitions*; 37 hrs. 14 min. 33 sec.).

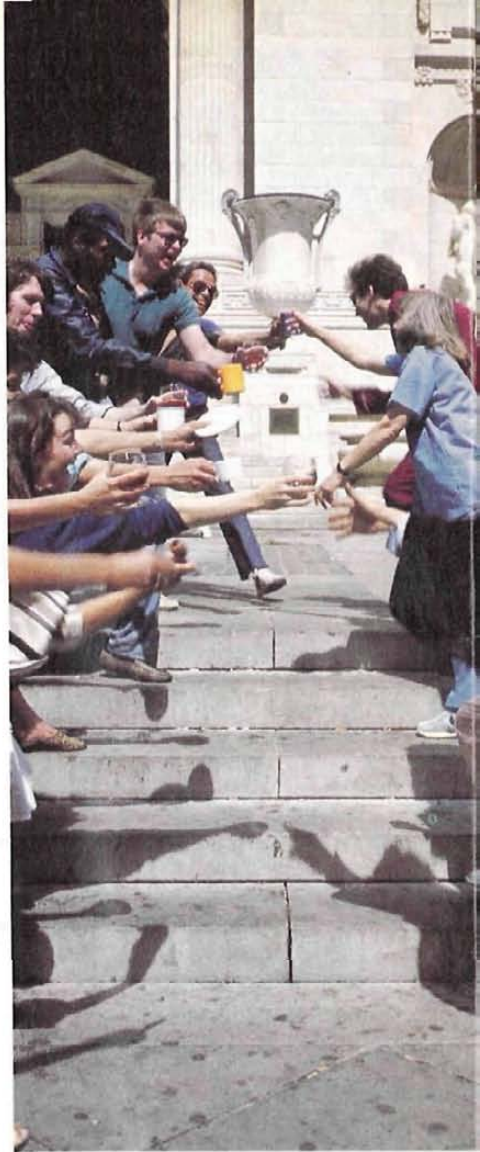
When the New York Triartthlon Competition began in 1981, the field consisted of a mere 54 contestants. The media ignored it. The Concert leg of the race featured a high school wind ensemble playing Mozart in the gym at the McBurney Y. The Fiction Read took place in the "author's pit" at the Fifth Avenue B. Dalton. The Art View—of a small group of amateur watercolors—was held in a "gallery" (actually a corridor) at the New School for Social Research. Winning time for the Fiction Read was held by Jeffrey Hirsch of Manhattan: *Gravity's Rainbow*, 41 hrs. 37 min. 12 sec. And the race had only one sponsor—No Doz, "the reader's vitamin."

Quite a difference from this year's nationally televised event! Some 12,700



Triartthletes from 16 states and four foreign countries vied for top honors in a race sponsored by the American Coffee Growers Association, three eyeglass manufacturers, La-Z-Boy, *Vanity Fair* magazine, and the American Bookmark Association. Mental fitness competition had come a long way.

The race got off to its customary fast start. Contestants broke away from the starting line in street clothes at 7:00 P.M. and hurried to one of 30 authorized haberdasheries and apparel shops to purchase formal wear for the concert, set to com-



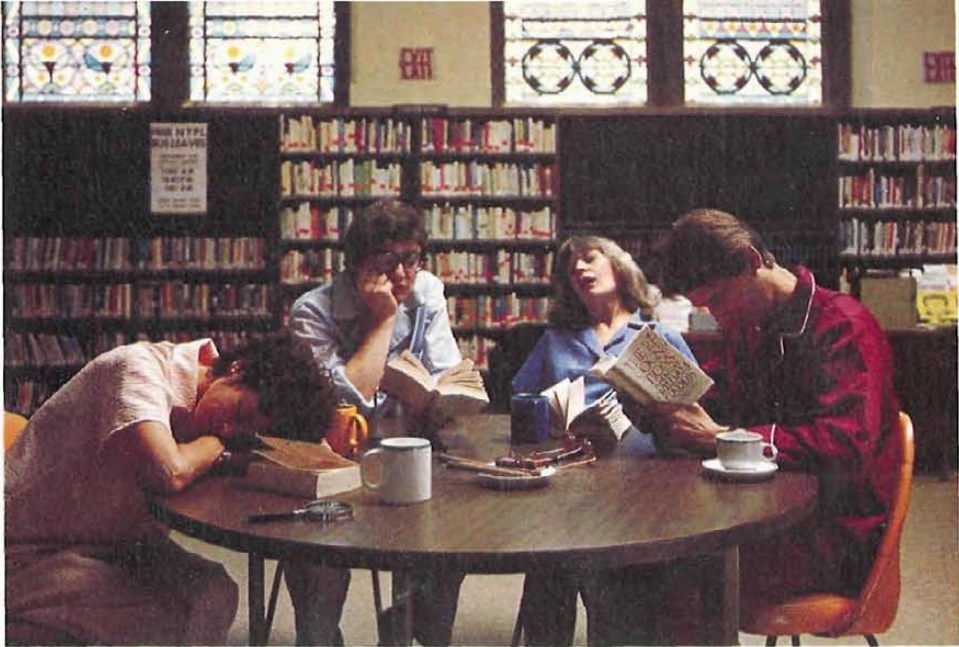
mence one hour later. The sight of thousands of half-dressed Triartthletes dashing up Broadway toward Lincoln Center, tux jackets half-off, ties undone, formal dresses barely zipped, high heels wobbling, was cheered by the tens of onlookers who crammed the streets for a glimpse of their favorites. Last year's winner in the women's category, Barbara Flanagan of Los Angeles, drew appreciative cheers as she ran barefoot across 57th Street in her Perry Ellis strapless, slipping into her Maud Frizons only at the very threshold of the Met.

Inside, the New York Philharmonic performed the bill chosen by the Triartthlon Committee: a tricky combination of Mahler, George Crumb, and Beethoven. Latecomers clustered in frustration in the lobby as their punctual opponents murmured the comments, sighed the sighs, smiled the smiles, and shed the tears that would determine their score.

This year's Gotham culture competition was better—and busier—than ever!
By Renee Willis



Michael Watson



Michael Watson • Library courtesy of New York Public Library

Far left—Several hundred contestants still remain after the concert at Lincoln Center, first leg of the triathlon, but the winnowing out will begin in earnest as the throng vies for cabs. Left—Support personnel supply brandy, cigars, and other staples to the greatly narrowed field of contestants as they rush for the library doors. Above—By the seventh hour of *The Recognitions*, many of the remaining contestants are less than fully alert to the subtle allusions of Gaddis's dense experimental prose. Right—Winn (second from right) makes an astute observation about the concern with ordinary life that dominates much of 17th century Dutch art. Judge (center) listens to less impressive remarks by another contestant.



Michael Watson

Once again a favorite observation point in the race was the Changing Area—this year, the steps of the Intelligence Concepts Plus Mental Fitness Center (formerly the New York Public Library), site of the Read. Crowd-control police kept dozens of onlookers back as the contestants changed from formal wear to the pajamas, robes, and slippers required for the Fiction event. Inside, a daunting challenge awaited them: William Gaddis's *The Recognitions*, one of the most praised and least read novels of the post-war era.

As has become customary, coaches and friends were permitted to hand cups of coffee, pipes, cigarettes, and other aids to contestants as they entered the main reading room. Last year's men's Fiction winner, Jeff Book of Manhattan, set the pace as he covered the first one hundred pages of Gaddis's mind-breaker with legs crossed. But Book faltered, becoming

drowsy and losing ground as Winn passed him on page 190. This year's women's Fiction victor, Judith Hernandez-Niekrug of Boston, surpassed Flanagan on page 322 and never looked back.

Meanwhile, the room began to fill with the sounds of hundreds for whom the struggle proved too much: yawns, snores, sighs of resignation. Even meals, this year provided by Dean & Deluca, Balducci's, and E.A.T., afforded scant refreshment to the laboring booksters. When Winn had read the last word and closed his tome with a satisfied snap, the main reading room resembled a hospital ward of robe-clad, snoozing sedentaries.

And there was still the most subtle—and therefore the most arduous—event remaining: the Art View, this year held at no less an institution than the Metropolitan Museum of Art. A prestigious venue, it nonetheless had brought criticism of the committee. "Sure, it's world-

class," commented Stan Farrow of the New York Readrunners Club. "But let's admit it, the Met is stuffy and dark. What's wrong with the Whitney? At least it has windows." This is the leg where racers confront "the wall," and the collection of paintings, mostly late-17th-century Dutch landscapes, proved a rugged test of the Triarthletes' stamina, sophistication, and appreciation of the painterly exploitation of architectonics in the service of documentary realism.

When it was over, Winn, a drama critic for a San Francisco newspaper, called his triumph "the greatest experience of my life." Hernandez-Niekrug, the women's winner and herself an artist, proclaimed that "now American Triarthletes can go brain to brain and sensibility to sensibility with the best in Europe." Both issued a call for the Triarththon to become an accredited event at the 1988 Artlympics, to be held in Paris.

WHY I'M SUCH A TERRIFIC GUY

A man, a plan, a canal—*me!* And I can dance a sprightly Irish jig, too.

WELL, THE OTHER NIGHT I couldn't get to sleep, and somehow I just wasn't in the mood for that big Irving Wallace novel I keep on my nightstand for such occasions. I've never been much for counting sheep, so with what I suppose would have been called a sigh of resignation I got up out of bed, made myself a cup of one of those hippie herbal teas, and sat down at my desk to make a list of the reasons why I consider myself an okay individual, possibly even a better-than-okay individual. I'm not sure exactly why I did it, other than that I've always believed in the beneficial effects of self-examination.

It took me about an hour to finish (which is not to say that the list as it stands is by any means truly complete but only that I had exhausted my powers of concentration on the subject for

the time being), and when I was done I had what without undue exaggeration I would have to call a pretty impressive document. Of course, by its very nature this is a private piece of work—between me and my conscience, you might say—but I have decided to share it because I believe it might prove edifying.

After reading this, those of you who are planning parties may want to invite me (invitations can be addressed to me in care of this magazine). I'm also available as an escort, particularly to formal functions such as gala balls and award ceremonies. I must say I look great in a tux.

1. Good looks. Hey, don't get me wrong. I'm no Tom Selleck, and frankly I'm glad of it. I am reasonably good-looking. Not disfigured or visibly scarred (I do bear some emotional scars, but I believe the pain I've suffered has made me a better man). Ap-

pearance isn't the most important thing in the world, and the sooner you learn it the better, but who wants to look at an ugly face for any length of time?

2. Charming. People tell me I'm charming. What can I say?

3. Healthy. I don't put a damper on social gatherings by coughing up blood into my cocktail napkin. I won't bore you with grisly descriptions of radiation treatments or try to elicit sympathy by valiantly attempting—but, of course, not entirely succeeding—to suppress a grimace of pain.

4. Money. I've got it. I won't lend it to you, but I've got it. The fact is, as a writer for this magazine I earn literally thousands of dollars a year. If we go out for drinks, I'll pay my share and maybe even buy a round or two if I'm in a good mood. I won't steal the laundry money off your dresser while you're in the bathroom.

5. I'm clean. Most of the time, at least.



ROBERT DE MICHEL

I might be a tad sweaty after trouncing you straight sets in tennis.

6. Witty. I like to amuse people. Moreover, my humor is gentle rather than biting. I won't get sarcastic and insult you just to get a laugh out of the other people in the room.

7. Good listener. If you've got something to say, go ahead and say it. I'll be listening, and I won't hesitate to offer a friendly word of advice drawn from my own experience when you're done.

8. Punctual. If I say I'll be there at 7:00 and I'm not there by 7:10, you can just figure I'm not coming.

9. I don't smoke. If I come over to your house for a visit, your drapes won't smell like cigar smoke after I leave. Unless you smoke, and who am I to tell you that you shouldn't? I'm not the judgmental type, and I certainly don't get off on that holier-than-thou routine. So go ahead and light up.

10. Drinking. I generally drink in moderation, but if I do happen to get a little lit up, people say I'm a lot of fun.

11. Fistfights. I stay clear of them, and you should too, if you have any sense at all.

12. Obscure literary references. I don't make 'em. Why make you feel stupider than you do already?

13. Considerate. If we're in bed together, you can count on me not to steal all the sheets.

14. Good driver. I don't own a car at the moment, but if you do I'll be happy to drive it somewhere.

15. Only child. I don't know if I'm the marrying kind, but if we do decide to tie the knot, you won't get stuck with a loudmouthed brother-in-law who comes over every Sunday to watch football games on our wide-screen color TV.

16. I sleep late. Don't you just hate

people who like to get up early?

17. Generous. Here, have a bite of this anchovy-and-egg sandwich. It's pretty good.

18. Movie trivia. I don't know the first thing about it. I count that a plus.

19. Kids love me. It's true. Kids (and animals) go crazy over me. The thing about kids is that they're always so open and honest. They're able to see through a lot of pretensions and phoniness. If they like you, it's because you're great through and through, not just on the surface.

20. I don't like kids, however. If you've got a party to go to, I'll always be able to tag along. I won't have to stay home because I can't get a baby-sitter.

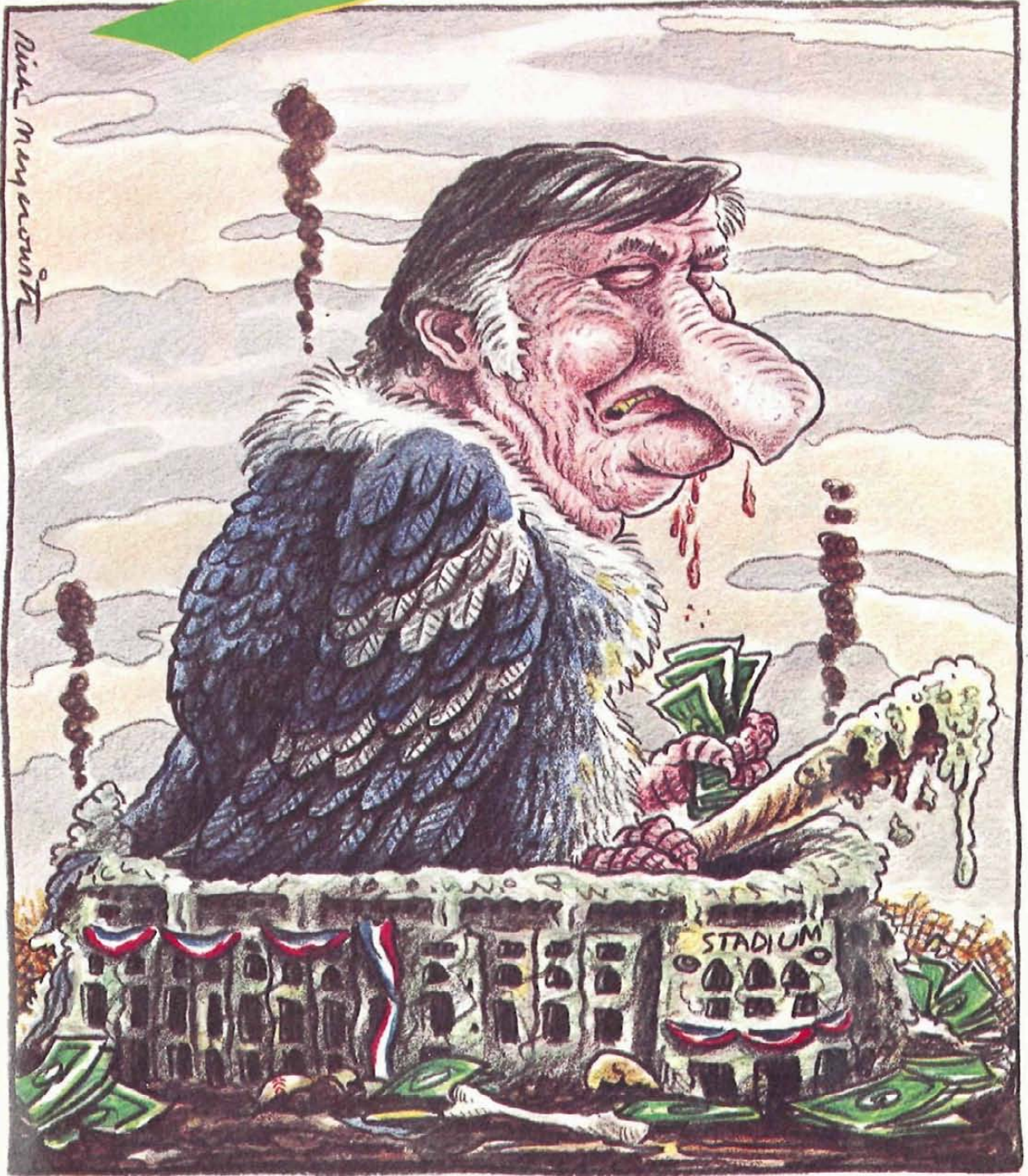
21. Wisdom teeth. I've still got them. Show me a real man who doesn't.

22. I don't snore. 'Nuff said.

If you've met me, of course, you probably know most of this stuff already. ■

BY SEAN KELLY AND RICK MEYEROWITZ

The Birds of Summer

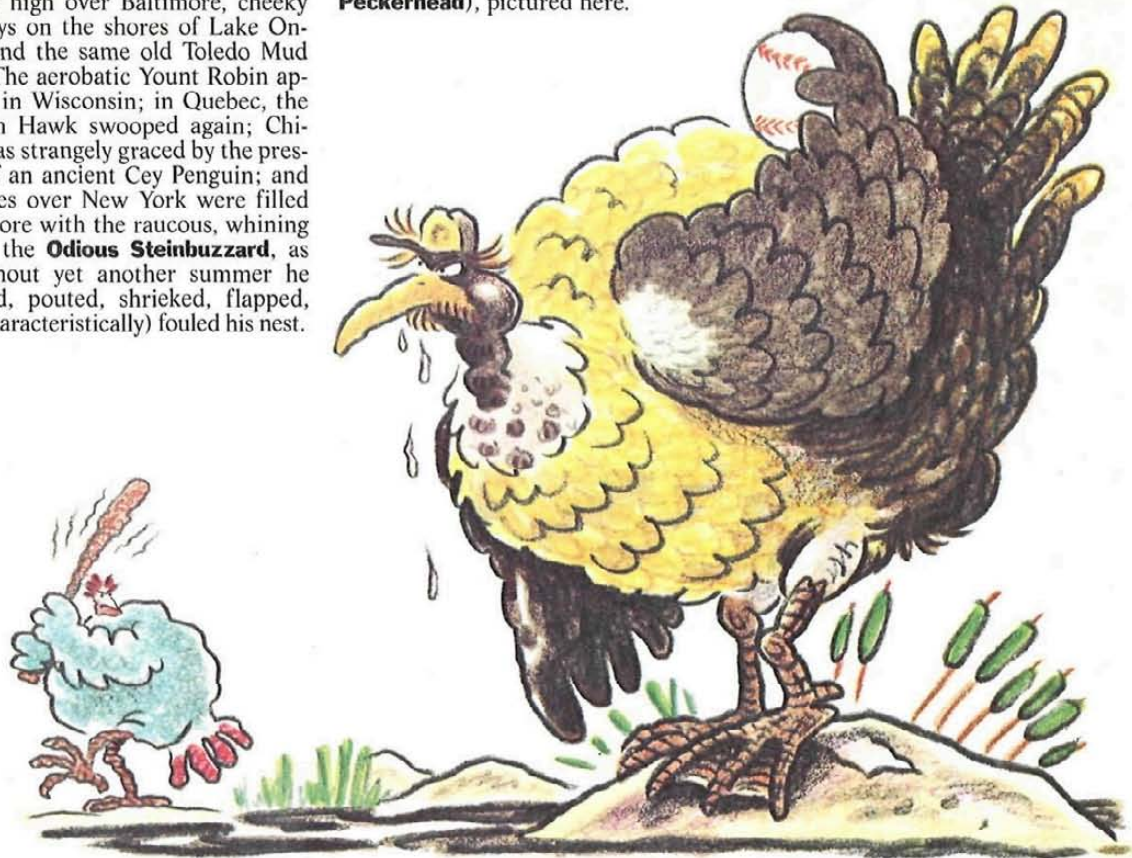


◆ **Odious Steinbuzzard**

AND SO ANOTHER SEASON DRAWS TO A close, and we bird-watchers pack away our binoculars and notebooks, having spotted quick Cardinals in Missouri, Orioles high over Baltimore, cheeky Blue Jays on the shores of Lake Ontario, and the same old Toledo Mud Hens. The acrobatic Yount Robin appeared in Wisconsin; in Quebec, the Dawson Hawk swooped again; Chicago was strangely graced by the presence of an ancient Cey Penguin; and the skies over New York were filled once more with the raucous, whining cry of the **Odious Steinbuzzard**, as throughout yet another summer he preened, pouted, shrieked, flapped, and (characteristically) fouled his nest.

◆ **The Migrating Golden Goose**

AS IF IN ANSWER TO SOME ANCIENT, MYSTERIOUS CALL, THIS POWERFULLY WINGED creature of allegedly low intelligence flew south in the spring. Near the Mexican border, perched upon a low heap of earth, it proceeded to throw numerous goose eggs past visiting species, such as the **Rosey Peet** (or **Stat-Grubbing Peckerhead**), pictured here.



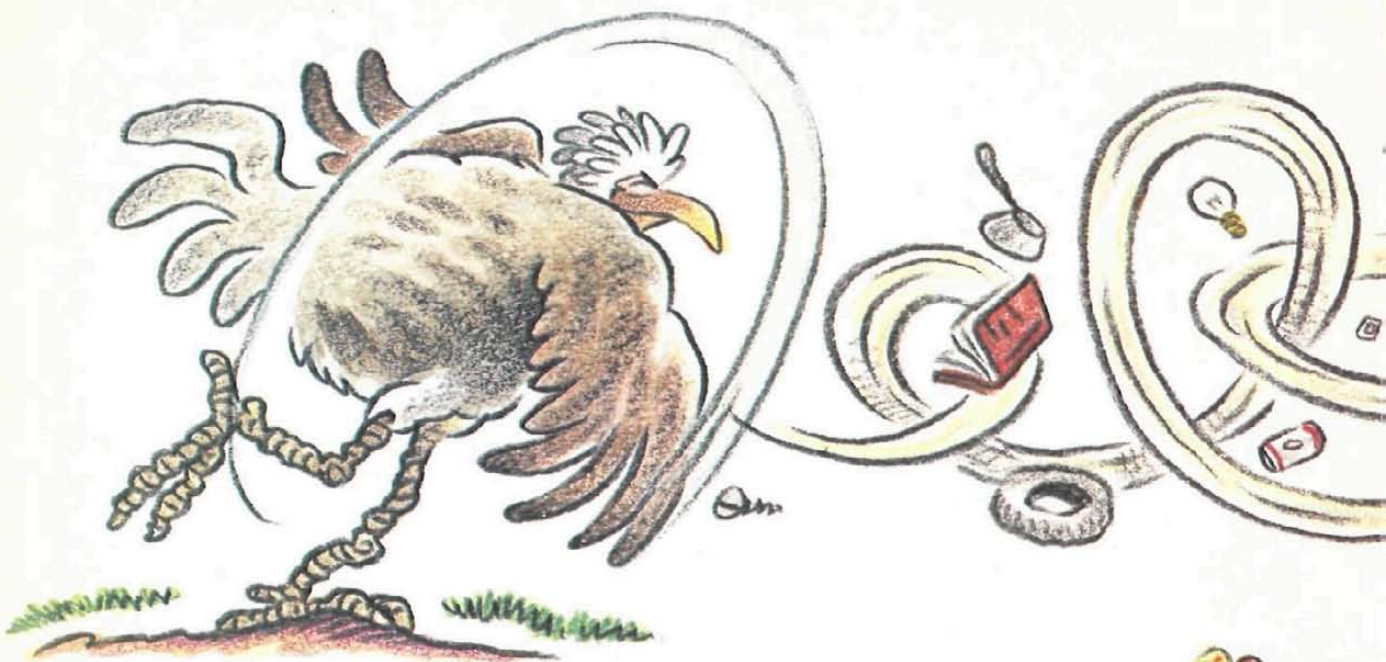
◆ **A Clutch of Hitters**

TRAINED OBSERVERS OFTEN FOCUS UPON MARGINAL low-lying, even subterranean, nesting areas known as "dug-outs." Here, on any given two-night, may be spotted (from left to right) a newly arrived **Totally Green Rook** (or **Mynah**

Leeger), a **Typical Flake** (sometimes known as a **Quotable Loon**), a species of Mockingbird called the **Loudmouthed Benchwarmer**, and (seated) a **Superannuated Slugger**, or **Petulant Sulk**.



THE BIRDS OF SUMMER

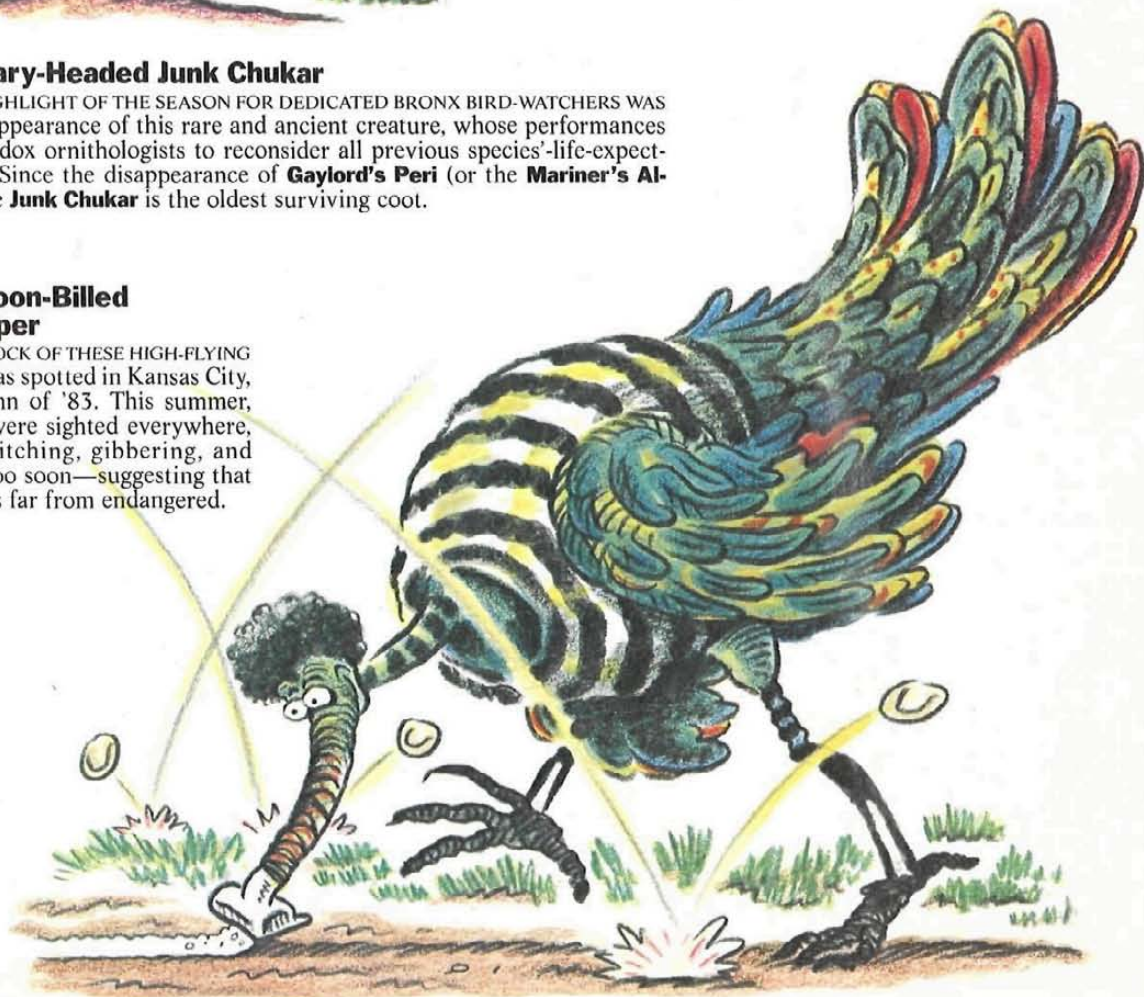


■ The Hoary-Headed Junk Chukar

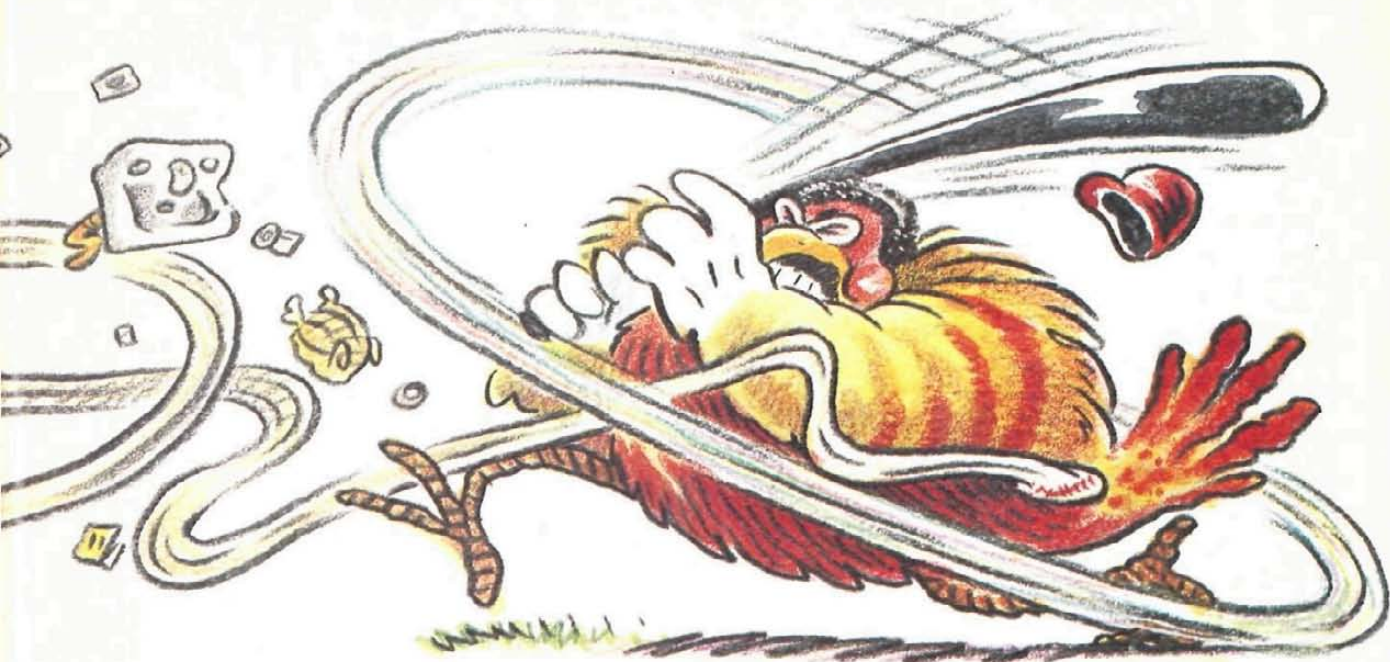
THE ONLY HIGHLIGHT OF THE SEASON FOR DEDICATED BRONX BIRD-WATCHERS WAS the weekly appearance of this rare and ancient creature, whose performances forced orthodox ornithologists to reconsider all previous species'-life-expectancy tables. Since the disappearance of **Gaylord's Peri** (or the **Mariner's Albatross**), the **Junk Chukar** is the oldest surviving coot.

■ The Spoon-Billed Pop Dropper

AN ENTIRE FLOCK OF THESE HIGH-FLYING snowbirds was spotted in Kansas City, in the autumn of '83. This summer, individuals were sighted everywhere, sniffing, twitching, gibbering, and tagging up too soon—suggesting that the species is far from endangered.



THE BIRDS OF SUMMER

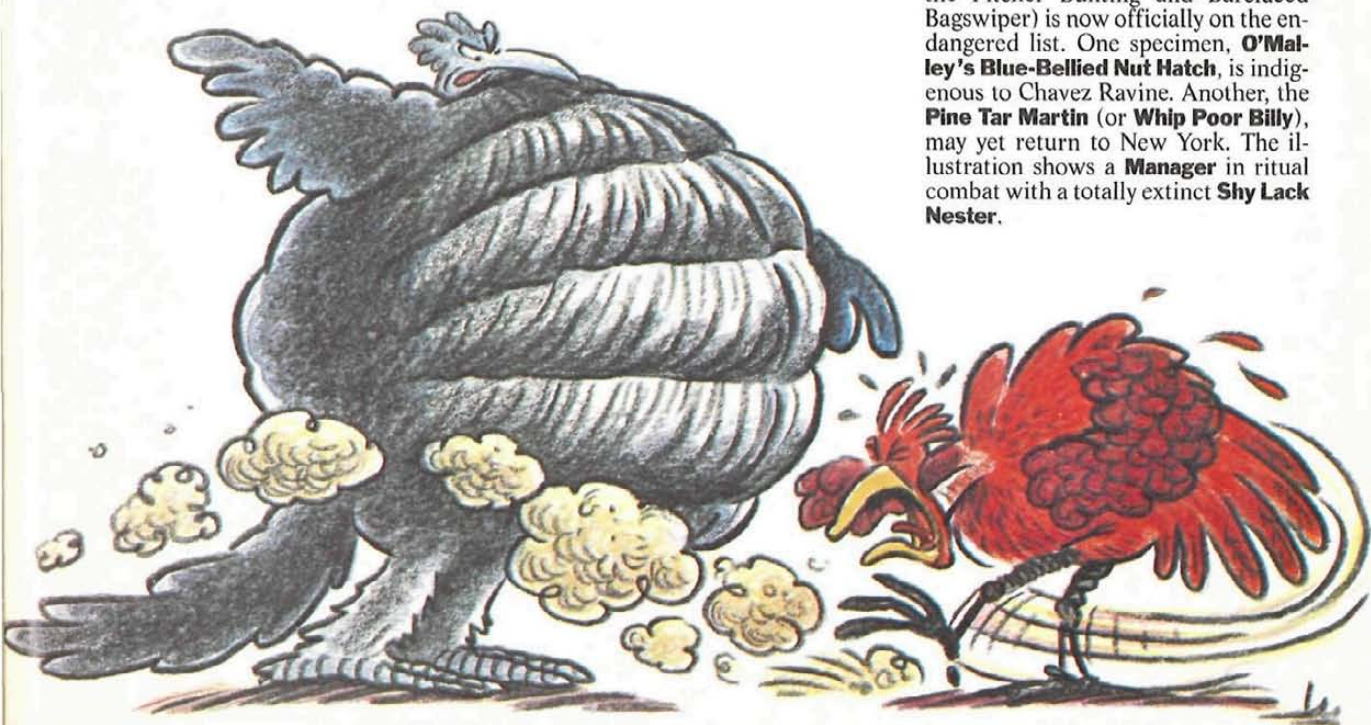


■ The Four-eyed Whiffer

THIS PROUD, LOUD BLACKBIRD, THE NATURAL ENEMY OF THE ODIUS STEINBUZZARD, has reappeared in his native Southern California, flocking together with the venerable **Rod Curlew**, the spunky **Bobbing Grinch**, and the **One-Winged Burleson Rooster**.

■ The Screaming Scarlet Manager

SINCE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE Kicking Weaverbird, this species (like the Pitcher Bunting and Barefaced Bagswiper) is now officially on the endangered list. One specimen, **O'Malley's Blue-Bellied Nut Hatch**, is indigenous to Chavez Ravine. Another, the **Pine Tar Martin** (or **Whip Poor Billy**), may yet return to New York. The illustration shows a **Manager** in ritual combat with a totally extinct **Shy Lack Nester**.



37 YEARS

Sometimes life can be more than just a way of living.

THIS IS NEVER VERY EASY," DR. Tudor said. "But it showed up, plain as day, after your physical. It's going to be quite a shock—you, a healthy young man of thirty-seven and all—but it's my job to level with you. Believe me, now's when I wish I was testing seat belts or something. Because you have exactly thirty-seven years left to live."

Well, I had a feeling it wasn't going to be good news, but . . . cut down in thirty-seven more years . . . it was almost too much. My mind went numb, and I searched Dr. Tudor's face for some small ray of hope. But all he said was "Go ahead and scream if you want. I wouldn't blame you."

Scream? I couldn't even make my mouth say bye-bye. I just wandered out of Dr. Tudor's office, and—maybe ten minutes later, maybe two hours later—found myself wading barefoot through the reflecting pool in front of the li-

brary. Nickels, dimes, even pennies felt good under my feet and between my toes. I tried to feel the dates on them. Then some guy, all silver buttons, shouted at me to get out, but he needn't have wasted his energy: I'd decided to get out anyway, before I got any sadder. See, I loved the feeling of being barefoot. But how many more times would I be able to squeeze going barefoot into the final thirty-seven years of my life?

I had more hard questions for myself during the long drive home. Like why hadn't I ever slept in a lighthouse before? And how come my collecting metal cigar tubes for years seemed so foolish now? And why hadn't I just gone ahead and tramped something like "Bring Me the Head of Ronald McDonald" into the snow on the hill next to the exit ramp, instead of only *thinking* about doing it? Or pulled up the carpeting in the living room to see what's been causing the little lump

that's in the middle every day and in front of the fireplace every night? And why hadn't I ever bothered to get "HIYA" put on my rear license plate? Just who did I think I was kidding with the way I'd been "living"?

Well, when I finally walked in the door that evening, I didn't say a word about my visit to Dr. Tudor. Can you imagine—"Hey, honey! Kids! Take a good look at me during *Adam 12* and dinner tonight because in thirty-seven years . . ." No way. I was crazy about my wife, Valinda, our daughter, Jenny, and Liza, the little neighborhood girl who was around so much she was all ours except for the paperwork. And I didn't think that *they* should have to carry around any of this new weight inside me. But, you know, I guess I misjudged just how heavy that weight really was. Because after I'd lied to them, told them things were awfully slow now in the pool-table-sales game and that I'd be home barefoot a lot over



PAUL TANKERSLEY

the next year, that heaviness dragged me right down to the basement bar. I never even bothered to flick on the beer sign down there. Just stretched out on one of the pool tables in the dark, drinking whiskey straight out of a bottle through a flexible straw to try to dissolve the lead bowling ball buried deep in my stomach. Yeah, and at first, that was good medicine. But then later, after two straight weeks of the police bringing me home just as it was getting light, and with my memory so loused up that, no, I honestly *didn't* remember sleeping in the shallow end of the penguin pool or in the tulips growing along the floral clock's big hand . . . well, that just had to be rough on my Valinda, and on my Jenny, and on our neighbors' little Liza.

So if I didn't want to keep hurting them or go handing in my room key thirty-seven years early on an already tight schedule, I had to clean up my act while there was still time. First I turned the caps on all the liquor bottles in the house just as tight as they'd go. Then I rounded up Valinda and Jenny and Liza, herded them into the laundry room, and told them the truth.

Geez, I'd underestimated them! They were so strong they just stood or sat on the machines and watched me while I cried. And right away some of the heaviness of that weight that was

lodged in my gut lifted. We'd always been close, but now, it seemed to me, we drew even closer. Those three gals of mine became my pillars of strength, and when they really couldn't be home with me, they'd leave notes like "Honey—Margo still wants to try cutting and frosting my hair. Back soon," or "Daddy—Me and Liza are walking to the mall to buy rabbits. See you in time for dinner. Love, Jenny."

Boy, just tell a guy he's got only thirty-seven years left on the planet and, once he's finished going a few rounds with the whiskey bottle, watch him scramble for meaning. Watch him turn off *Mary Tyler Moore* reruns he's seen three times and, instead, get outside and enjoy life, maybe drive to the bank, maybe take the long way. Watch him gradually cut his sleep time from eight hours to, say, seven and a quarter. Then see him decide there'll be no more reading Stephen King's *Cujo* and then going to the movie *Cujo* two months later. See him start picking one or the other—no more of this "both" stuff.

What Dr. Tudor probably doesn't know is that he's actually done me a favor. Sure, I "got through" those first thirty-seven years, but now I'm going to start making every day of the next thirty-seven really count. You want to know something else? Back when I was

living like some immortal fool, my life was never very exciting. But *now*—heck, I get a big charge out of just taking a key down to the hardware store and watching them make a duplicate. *I might not even need it.* But the sight of all those different-colored keys hanging on their hooks, and . . . ummmm . . . the manly smell of ground metal—those are experiences you can't go on having forever. Because that's another thing: I used to *smell*, right? But now, thanks to Dr. Tudor, my senses are turned up so crazy high, I'm *smell-ING*. And where I used to *see*, now I'm *see-ING*. For instance, for thirty-seven years a pink pocket comb lying on the sidewalk was just a pink pocket comb lying on the sidewalk. But now—*now*—it's suddenly a five-inch-long bubble-gum-colored pink pocket comb with twenty-three thick teeth and thirty-three thin ones and "Bobbie's Hair Shack" in gold stamped on the spine and "UNBREAKABLE" in raised pink letters next to it, lying on the sidewalk on the side of a newsstand, three feet away from a ripped-off cover of *Bear Archery Digest*. See what I mean? Sure, I may have only thirty-seven years left until I sign off, but at least we're talking, I think, about thirty-seven years of some kind of heightened reality. And someday, soon, I might even do some skydiving. ■



"This putt is worth \$75,000—certainly more than enough for a decent suit of clothes, a haircut, and a set of real golf clubs!"

FUNNY PAGES

AM I RE-ELECTED YET?

★ → ★ ← ★ → ★ ↑

ZIPPY CAMP '84

★ ← ★ → ★ ↓ ★

THE UNAUTHORIZED VERSION

ZIPPY takes a stand on the ISSUES.

I'M GOING TO HAVE THE WORLD'S LARGEST CABINET! WOULD YOU LIKE A POST??

Where's the TERROR?

MAD POPULAR MECHANICS BOYS LIKE MUSTLER Better Housing For Lawyers THE BEAT

©1984 BILL GRIFFITH

NUCLEAR PROLIFERATION

BY 1989, JULIA CHILD WILL HAVE THE ATOMIC BOMB! SHE MUST BE STOPPED!!

BON APPÉTIT!

The Atomic Chef

BREAK DANCING

I BROKE MY BACK BREAK DANCING!! DOES THIS MEAN I GET THE MINORITY VOTE??

DISSTRESSED NACHOS

THE ECONOMY

A QUARTER USED TO BUY YOU A DOLLAR BEFORE THE DIME BECAME TOTALLY PENNILESS!! TODAY, I SOLD MY RELATIVES TO GEORGE LUCAS FOR A SET OF SUBARU HUBCAPS AND HARRISON FORD'S ACTING ABILITY!!

ZIPPY'S PLEDGE: NO MORE SWITZERLANDS!

CUTE LI'L CARTOON CHARACTERS

I ALWAYS SAY: THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A CUTE LI'L CARTOON CHARACTER TO EXPRESS THE FULL RANGE OF HUMAN EMOTION!!

HE'S GOT OUR VOTE!!

PUDDY

HIS RUNNING MATE

WHO IS HE?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?

PLEASE LIKE ME--

CARL

4 WHY WERE THESE CANDIDATES PASSED OVER?

- 1- PERE WBU
- 2- BURT REYNOLDS
- 3- GOD

THE MID-EAST

"WAR IN THE PERSIAN GULF"? I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF IT--

BAD TITLE-- IT'LL NEVER GET MAJOR DISTRIBUTION!!

President ZIPPY for President

He Has An Image

Feds For PINS

TRADITIONAL VALUES

FALCON CREST, PHYLLIS SCHLAFLY, ALAN ALDA, THREE HOMELESS VEGETARIANS ENJOYING A SNICKERS BAR UNDER THE VENTURA FREEWAY! THIS IS OUR COUNTRY--WE HAVE TO LIVE HERE!!

ALL HART

REPUBLICANS!

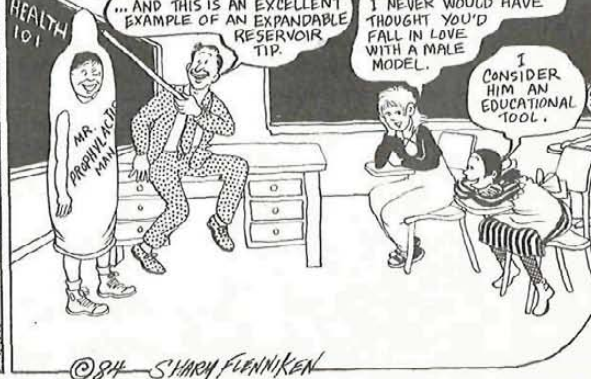
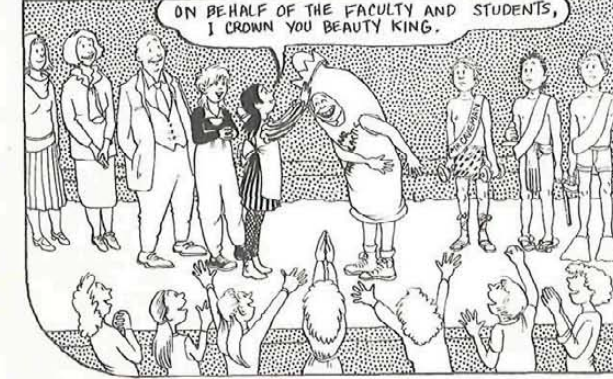
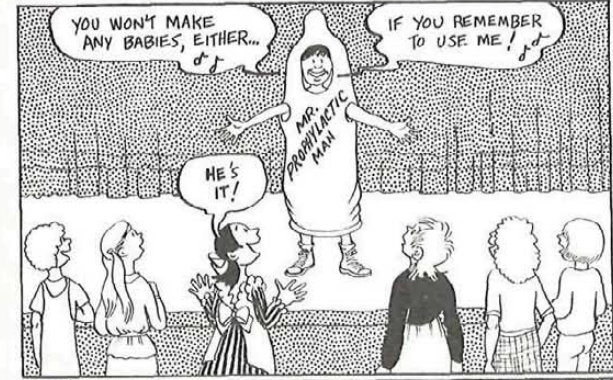
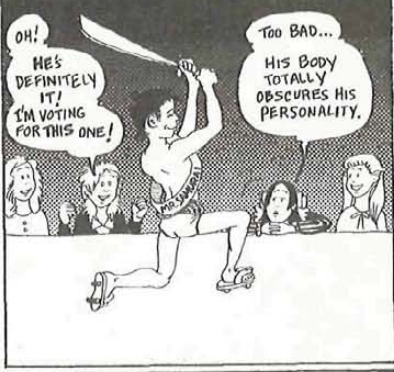
MEAT

OVER 200 MILLION CAULED

...IT'S A DIRTY JOB, BUT SOMEBODY'S GOTTA DO IT...

NEXT: YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW...

TROTS AND BONNIE

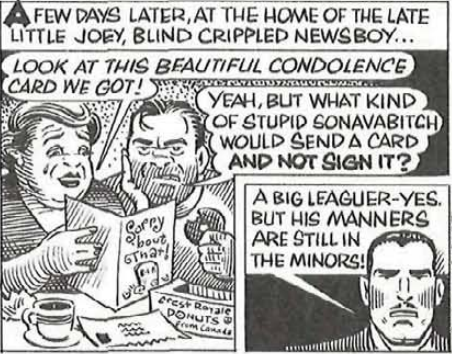
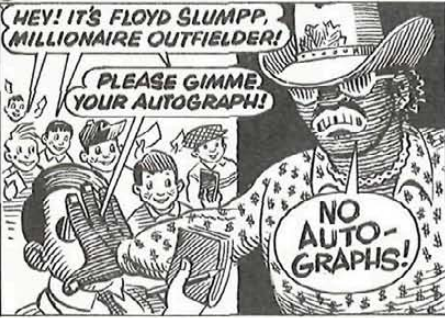


©84 SHARON FLENNIKEN

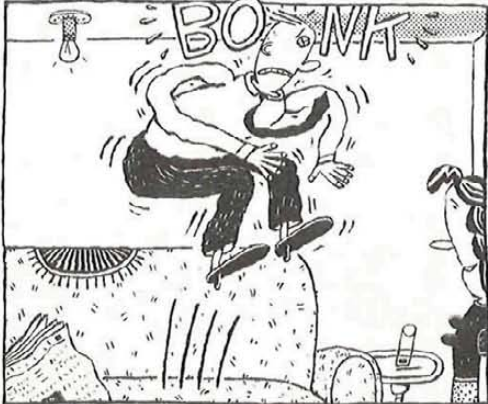
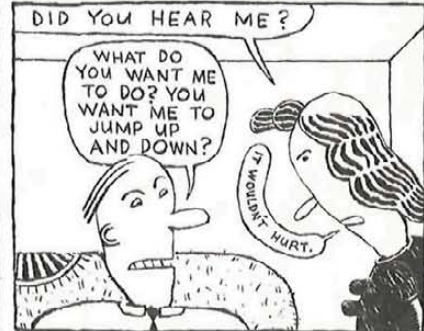
Politenessman

OUR STORY OPENS OUTSIDE CRANKEE STADIUM....

ARE YOU FEELING IN THE MOOD? HAVE NO GARLIC IN YOUR FOOD! THANK YOU! 'BYE!



POPULAR PROBLEMS © 1984 RON HAUGE



LAS AVENTURAS DE **HERCULES** ENTRE LOS NORTE AMERICANOS
 CIRCA 1984
 TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH TEXT BY MR. MAREK

The week's labors have tested not only Hercules's physical endurance but his emotional endurance as well

MY father never loved me

yes, yes, of course

for though he was half-god, he was also very much half-mortal. Perhaps three-fifths mortal

tell me, is he still alive?

He was never alive. He was a **GOD!**

hmm, yes, of course, aren't they all

interesting... reverse Oedipus complex

Ok, Now, Mr. Hercules. I am going to ask you to remain perfectly still and look at the watch... tick tock, you are getting drowsy... you are drifting back to your past

AS HERCULES DRIFTED, IT ALL CAME BACK TO HIM

the murder of his sons in a fit of anger

PUT BACK THOSE OLIVES

guilt-ridden orgies in the temple

THE HORROR OF POMPEII

A SUDDEN BURST OF REALIZATIONS!!

I AM HERCULES, Grandson of Perseus the warrior, son of Zeus and an earthly woman, cast upon this world, more than a mortal, yet scoffed at as less than a god. No land shall I call home...

pathetic delusions of grandeur! This man is dangerously psychotic!

TOO LATE! HERCULES IS BLIND WITH RAGE!

Where are you! I'll crush you like a ripe grape!

O GREAT ZEUS! WHAT HAVE I DONE?

tragedy and pain dog the heels of Hercules

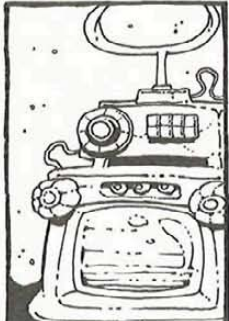
But the spoils of battle are rightfully his

FUNNY PAGES



RICK GEARY
©1984


THIS MONTH:
AN EVENING OF
TELEVISION



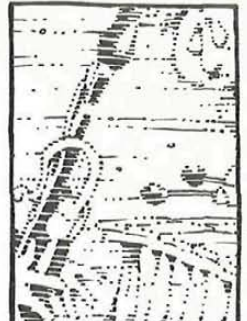
ENTERTAINMENT GUARANTEES
NINETY-FOUR CHANNELS
TO CHOOSE FROM.



WHAT'LL IT BE TONITE?
RELIGIOUS AEROBATICS...



BURMESE BASEBALL...



CONCERTO FOR BASSOON
AND MARIMBA...



MONTH-LONG FASSBINDER
FESTIVAL...



GHETTO BALLETT...



THIS CHANNEL, I'M TOLD,
SENDS ENCODED MESSAGES
FROM SOVIET RUSSIA.



AND THIS ONE MONITORS
OUR FRIENDS SID AND
ISABEL DOWN THE STREET.



AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT
THE WIFE TELLS ME...

M.K. BROWN ©1984

Aunt Mary's Kitchen

WHILE THE HUGE SILVER SPACESHIP HOVERS OVERHEAD, HUNDREDS OF FRANTIC MOTORISTS FLEE THE CITY, AUNT MARY AMONG THEM IN HER '41 CHRYSLER.

NOW MY RADIO DOESN'T WORK!

HONK HONK

HELP! MARTIANS!

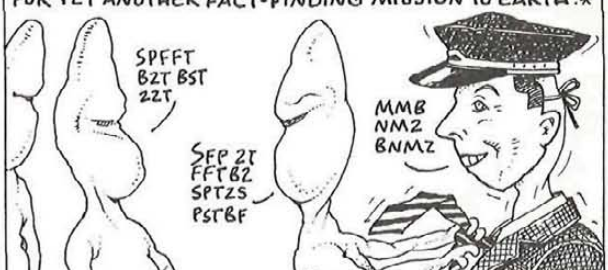


DIRECTLY ABOVE AND DEEP INSIDE THE VIBRATING DISC, THE MOOD ISTENSE AS FINAL PREPARATIONS ARE MADE FOR YET ANOTHER FACT-FINDING MISSION TO EARTH. *

SPFFT
B2T BST
ZZT

SEP 2T
FFT B2
SPTZS
PSTBF

MMB
NMZ
BNMZ



WE HAVE HIGH HOPES THIS TIME! LAST TIME WAS NOT SO GOOD.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO KEEP SAYING THAT. HELP ME TIE THIS THING.

THIS MASK IS TOO WARM. I CAN'T BREATHE.

SZE FT
FT B2T
ZSTF Z
SP ZST
BST P2T
ZZT ST

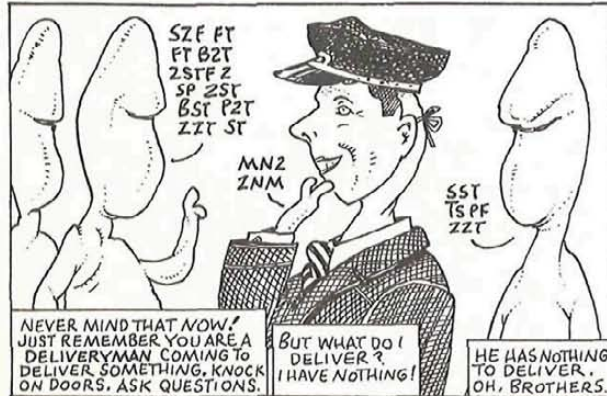
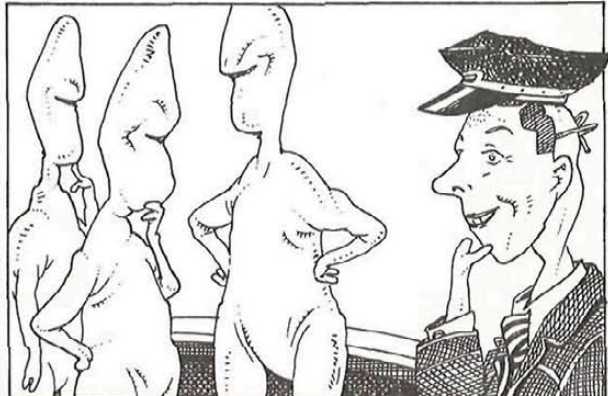
MN2
ZNM

SST
TS PF
ZZT

NEVER MIND THAT NOW, JUST REMEMBER YOU ARE A DELIVERYMAN COMING TO DELIVER SOMETHING. KNOCK ON DOORS. ASK QUESTIONS.

BUT WHAT DO I DELIVER? I HAVE NOTHING!

HE HAS NOTHING TO DELIVER, OH, BROTHERS.

* SUBTITLES PROVIDED FOR THE PSYCHICALLY IMPAIRED

NEXT MONTH: COUNTDOWN

THE APPLETONS

A Saga of an American Family



by B.K. Taylor

THE APPLETONS' YOUNG DAUGHTER, KATHY, HAS BEEN ASKED TO THE MOVIES BY A NEW BOYFRIEND MR. APPLETON WHO GUARDEDLY GIVEN HIS CONSENT, BUT INSISTS ON DRIVING THEM TO THE THEATER WITH INSTRUCTIONS THAT HE WILL PICK THEM UP PROMPTLY AFTER THE FILM, "THE CREATURE LURKS."

THE CHILDREN ARE SEATED IN THE BACK OF THE THEATER WHEN AN ELDERLY WOMAN SITS DOWN BEHIND THEM.

I'M GLAD WE FINALLY GOT AWAY FROM YER OLD MAN, KATHY. YOU KNOW, I HEAR THERE ARE SOME DIRTY PARTS IN THIS MOVIE!



DIRTY?



YEAH! THEY SHOW NAKED PEOPLE - YOU KNOW, THAT REALLY TURNS ME ON. DO YOU...



HI! WE'RE THE DOUBLEMINT TWINS! I'M BEANY...



... I'M MEANY!

SMEK S'MACK

OWW!



HEY, LADY. CUT IT OUT OR I'M GONNA GET THE USHER!

I THOUGHT YOU CHILDREN LIKED PUPPET SHOWS!



DUMB OLD BROAD! NOW, WHERE WAS I?

THAT'S NOT NICE, PETER. SHE WAS JUST TRYING TO ENTERTAIN US!

LET HER ENTERTAIN HERSELF!

GROWL!



OH PETER, I'M AFRAID! LOOK AT THE CREATURE IN THE BEDROOM WITH THE GIRL!

YEAH, SCARY, HUH? YOU KNOW, I'M KIND OF A CREATURE MYSELF, KATHY. I'LL HOLD...

SCREEEE



HEY, SOMETHING'S GOT...

...MY LEGS!



AHHH!

ARRRGH!



PETER?

GASP!



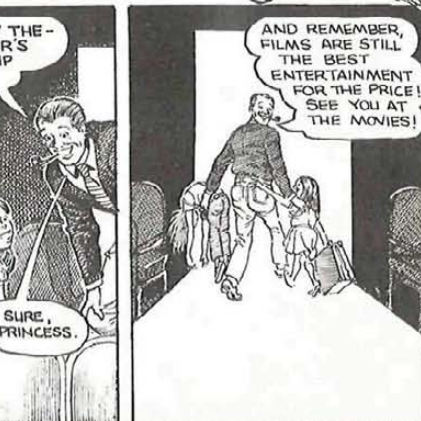
GAFANK! AAAAK!



HI, KIDS! ENJOY THE - OOPSY ♪ PETER'S GOT A THROW-UP TUMMY. ♪

OH DADDY, CAN WE GO HOME?

SURE, PRINCESS.



AND REMEMBER, FILMS ARE STILL THE BEST ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE PRICE! SEE YOU AT THE MOVIES!

© B.K. Taylor 1984

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58)

Sirs:

There has been a great deal of controversy in boxing since a number of fighters died in the ring. I'd like to recommend a few handy rules for judges to help them prevent anything serious from happening to the boxers:

1. *Breathing*: Both contestants should remain breathing throughout the contest. If a boxer stops breathing for longer than a round or two, the fight should be stopped.

2. *Immobility*: If a boxer cannot move, then the fight should be stopped, unless he is still standing.

3. *Decapitation*: If a boxer loses his head during the match, the fight should be stopped for at least ten seconds. If, during that time, the fighter cannot find or replace his head, then the bout is forfeited.

4. *Thumbing*: If a boxer tries to leave before the match is concluded, then he forfeits the bout.

I think these four rules will solve all of boxing's problems, and we will no longer have to worry about safety, or being investigated, or going to prison again.

Don King
Las Vegas, Nev.

Sirs:

You guys are just never satisfied. First, I made a jet plane disappear, but that wasn't good enough. Then I caused the Statue of Liberty to vanish. You still weren't impressed. So I racked my brain, trying to think of a magic trick so astounding it would amaze even today's audience, jaded in this age of computerized special effects. Then I thought, Fuck it. Even if I make the state of Wisconsin disappear, you guys will think I did it with holography or something. So now I'm concentrating on illusions on a smaller scale, closer to home. To begin with, I'm going to make the rest of this Letters column disappear...

...and reappear! Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen.

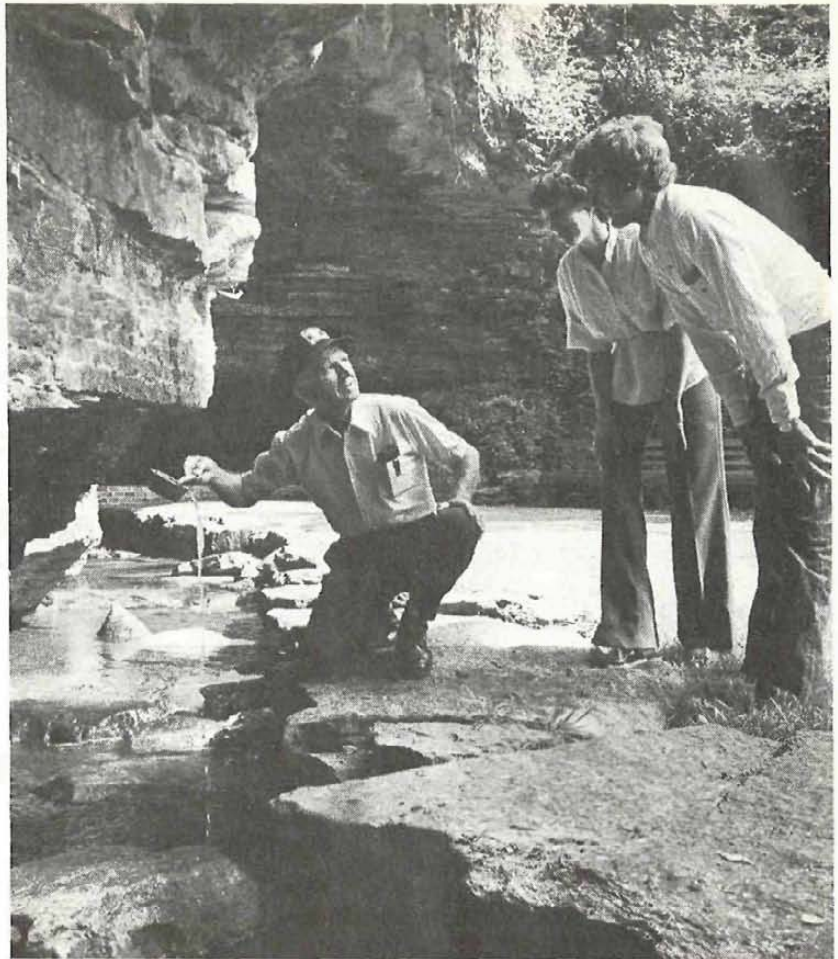
David Copperfield
Locked in a trunk somewhere

Sirs:

You know what Reagan's trickle-down theory of economics is? It's good to have rich people piss on you.

Bad Socialist Comedian
Los Angeles, Calif.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 82)



If you'd like to know more about our water, or the old-time way we make Jack Daniel's, drop us a line.

OF THE 2,531 CAVES in Tennessee, this one in Moore County is particularly prized.

It's fed, you see, by an underground, iron-free spring flowing at 56° year round. Mr. Jack Daniel, a native of these parts, laid claim to the cave in 1866. And from that year forward, its water has been used to make Jack Daniel's Whiskey. Of course, there are hundreds of caves just as lovely. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's, you'll know why this one is valued so highly.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROPS
BY DROP

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

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

LETTERS

Sirs:

Gold ingots, let's face it, are useless. But cows are useful. So why don't we just trade cows instead of gold? Sure, the transportation costs might be a little higher, but at least you can drink some wholesome milk from a cow, while a gold bar just stains your teeth.

Bruce Schmitz
Aurora, Ill.

Sirs:

I'm a real ladies' man, so when I'm boffing some chick I always put on my *Bolero* record. I do have one question, however, that maybe you could answer for me: What're you supposed to do for the last fifteen and a half minutes of the song? Smoke cigarettes?

Runct Jones
North Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

I'm on top of the Empire State Building prepared to jump not to my death but into flight. It occurred to me that this was possible while watching the space shuttle *Challenger* land at Edwards Air Force Base on television. Here was this multi-ton, seemingly unwieldy vehicle gliding effortlessly from the heavens into a perfect two-point landing. Since the human body

is comparatively lightweight and easily adaptable to the ideal aerodynamic dimensions, I realized I too could glide like the space shuttle. It's a simple matter of extending the arms in a non-rigid wing position and stretching the legs straight back with feet and knees together and toes pointed. It's ironic that over the centuries man has chosen to panic and wave his limbs erratically when falling from a great height, when pure unencumbered flight was so easily within his grasp. But enough talking. It's time to soar. I'm going over the side now . . . Ho. Ho!! WAH! WA WA WA WA WA WA WA WA WA!!!

A Man Named Splat
Thirty-fourth St. and Fifth Ave.

Sirs:

I dunno, I sorta liked Charles Rocket.

Tim Davis
Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

See, we all got this big joke in the works. Every time there's a meeting of the United Nations General Assembly, we secretly pass around this petition while the American delegate is speaking. What it says, see, is that on the very day the United States goes metric—

you know, meters, liters, centigrade—well, on that exact same day, all the rest of the countries of the world are going to convert to U.S. units—yards, quarts, Fahrenheit, etc. And hell, it's all we can do to keep from giggling out loud at each meeting!

All the Countries of the
Rest of the World
The U.N.

Sirs:

Hey, get a load of our new fall schedule! It's dy-no-mite! NBC has a new "realistic" edge that'll shave points off the competition. Roman Polanski hosts *Paternity Suit!* at 8:00, with Lee Marvin his first guest. Then, *My Lai Detector*, with F. Lee Bailey and William Calley. John Hinckley's *Firing Line* and Jack Abbott's *Masterpiece Theatre* follow right on the heels of the Manson family on *Family Feud*. NBC—be there, or we'll kill your children!

Brandon Tartikoff
NBC Executive Suite

Sirs:

Those bastards over at ABC stole my idea for a *Night of the Hundred Nazi Stars* extravaganza. But we're coming back with *Bob Hope's Big Nazi Hoopla Spoof*. CBS's think piece, *The Nazis Take On Andy Rooney*, doesn't stand a chance. And PBS? *Those Darn Nazis*. Ha! What a bunch of homos!

Brandon Tartikoff
NBC Executive Suite

Sirs:

Okay, how about *The Gospel According to Jill St. John*? It'll kill ABC's movie of the week, *Dial M for Pizza*. What do you say? Talk to me, you're beautiful, baby.

Brandon Tartikoff
NBC Executive Suite

Sirs:

Boy, I saw a really unique act in a nightclub the other night. It was a midget ventriloquist who sat on his dummy's knee! It was really funny because the midget's arms weren't long enough to operate the dummy's controls in the back, and he kept having to lean way over to get at them. He was leaning farther and farther and finally he just fell off. The dummy fell on top of him and the midget panicked under all that life-size wood and started screaming and thrashing around. Boy, it was really funny. It was really, really funny.

Charlie McCarthy
Mortimer, Mass.



"Miss Garnet, get me everything
we have on spontaneous generation."

Sirs:

I had a party to celebrate my recent discovery regarding the Gerber's baby food theory. You weren't invited. Invited were: the Ivory Snow girl (Brooke Shields), the Morton Salt girl (a drawing), and the Mr. Peanut peanut (a peanut). Those who showed up were: a box of Ivory Snow, a box of Morton Salt, and a jar of Mr. Peanut peanuts (salted). That was the night I lost my virginity to the Marlboro man (crushproof box). Yes, it broke the Pillsbury Doughboy's heart. He shot himself, and now he's in a coma, but life goes on. When I heard the news, I got rip-roaring drunk. The next morning, I accidentally swallowed Speedy Alka-Seltzer. Now I'm in prison with Jean Harris, the Scarsdale Diet killer. You can say all you want about me, but I lived my life.

Barbara McClintock
Sing Sing, N.Y.

Sirs:

Sure, sure, it's been a—it's been a while. But so what—so friggin' what? They were two top hits—top, top hits, and there'll be a hell of a lot more (oops—damn heel!). So you just wait an' see, just wait an' see—right, Daddy?

Nancy
The Entertainment Capital
of the World
Nevada

Sirs:

Okay, hold it, hold it, just hold everything, fellers. I hit my head on the garage door and woke up in 1972. Hence my excruciatingly embarrassing announcement as a candidate for the 1984 Democratic nomination for president. But, thank God, all's well that ends well. My wife, in a fit of justifiable homicide, hit me repeatedly about the head with a claw hammer, and I'm happy to report that I'm back to being the long-forgotten, totally washed-up nobody I was always meant to be.

George McGovern
Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Sirs:

During Memorial Day weekend, we will have teams of surgeons working round the clock to perform bilateral mastectomies on 250 Indian women. We will dub this event the Indian Nippleless 500. American and East Asian patients will be accepted.

Dr. Russ Meyers
Sloan-Kettering Institute

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 84)

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LETTERS

Sirs:

Could I tell you a weird dream I had the other night? I was watching *Late Night with David Letterman*—wait, that isn't the dream. I'll get to the dream in a minute. I was watching *Late Night with David Letterman* and he had Bill Cosby on, and Bill Cosby was really getting on Clive Barnes's case for giving *Sammy and Company*—no, not *Sammy and Company*, what was the name of it? It was a Broadway show with Sammy Davis Jr. and Bill Cosby. I think it was called *Sammy and Cos*. Anyway, he was really coming down hard on Clive Barnes for giving the show a bad review. He was saying how Barnes was a drunk and how he took naps when he was supposed to be reviewing a show. So anyway, I sort of dozed off after a while and had this dream in which Cosby and Clive Barnes were duking it out in the fight of the century. Cosby had about a six-inch height advantage and was much younger than Barnes, but Barnes was kicking his ass. The two of them were going at it toe-to-toe, and flabby old Clive Barnes was really teeing off and punching the shit out of Cosby. I was really surprised. He must have boxed in college or in the Army or something, because he was a really tough, scrappy little fighter. Reminded me a lot of Duran. After a couple of rounds of getting his face pushed in, Cosby

panicked and came out of his corner swinging like a wild man. Barnes just ducked a couple of roundhouse rights and knocked that son of a bitch right through the ropes. It was great. I never liked Cosby that much anyway, and in my opinion he deserved it for embarrassing the man on national television that way. I mean, even if he really is a drunk, you just don't say it on television, no matter what kind of review he gave you.

Lenny Wheatman
Bismarck, N. Dak.

Sirs:

I can't take it anymore! This ice cap isn't big enough for all of us!!! Eight reindeer!!! Hundreds of elves!!! My fat wife!!! A small house that keeps getting smaller, SMALLER! SMALLER!!! Get me out of here!!!

Santa Claustrophobia
The North Pole

Sirs:

Last Tuesday, Skippy Stellioni, alias "Ponche," beloved and only son of Antony Stellioni, Greek coffee-shop magnate and Chelsea land baron, beloved son of the now deceased Skippy the First, joined his late wife, Honey, in that big kennel in the sky.

Skippy was always a real roustabout. He was constantly chasing the female of the species. Any size, shape, or color

—it didn't matter. One of Skippy's favorite sayings in his heyday was "Eight to eighty, crippled or crazy, if they pee, they're good enough for me." Skippy was a half-breed. Part Pekinese, part Chihuahua. He seemed to have inherited that certain *je ne sais quoi* found frequently in mutts. I don't know, perhaps some would call it hybrid vigor. Skippy certainly possessed that rough-and-ready spirit.

Skippy was quietly buried in his backyard on Saturday, because as Mr. Antony Stellioni declared, "Why should I pay them twenty bucks to carry him away in a plastic bag?"

Lucky the Mascot
"National Enquirer"

Sirs:

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\$1,200 worth of plastic, one-note whistles, in a variety of attractive colors.

\$3,600 worth of cellophane Lucky Dragon fortune-tellers. Just place one in the palm of your hand. "If the dragon sees his tail, your sweepstakes entry should be in the mail!"

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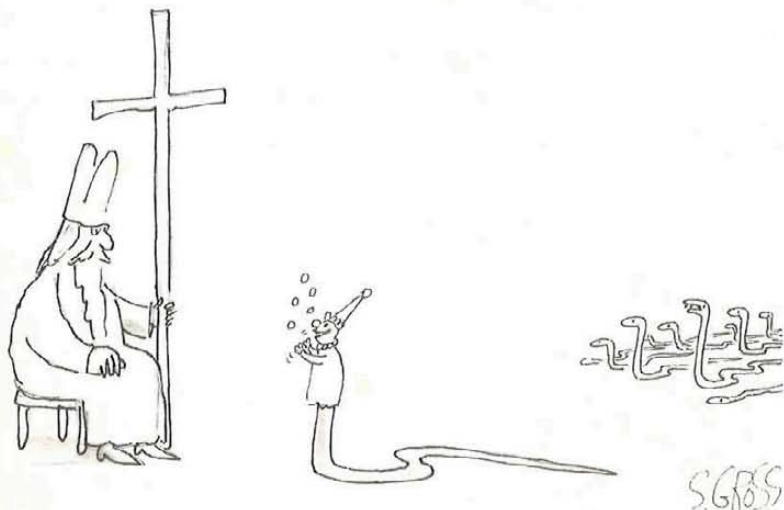
Send in your entry today.

Ed McMahon
Official Spokesman
The Big Cracker Jack Sweepstakes

Sirs:

So you think being a spirit is all fun, eh? Wrong, buster! Not all of us get appointed poltergeists, literary legends, or TV sitcom celebrities. Some of us get the real menial shit, and it really pisses me off!

The Ghost of
Columbus Days Past



"Ernestine is trying to get St. Patrick to change his mind."

LETTERS

Sirs:

I'm really utterly and thoroughly perturbed! Yesterday I was driving my automobile when a policeman pulled me over for speeding. He was a very kind gentleman, and when he walked up to my window, he said, "Okay, madam, what's your name?"

I said, "Fuck you, scumbag faggot copper!"

He looked at me very angrily and said very slowly, "What did you just say?"

I said, "Fuck you, scumbag faggot copper!"

He then physically pulled me out of my auto, slapped a pair of handcuffs on me, and booked me into jail.

Now what I wish to know is, what have I done wrong?

Mrs. Eleanor
Fuckyouscumbagfaggotcopper
Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

People misunderstand the Hare Krishnas. The Hare Krishnas don't really dance. It's just that, to be kind to the earth, they're not allowed to have both feet on the ground at the same time.

Tom
Earth

Sirs:

I'm the guy who encouraged Linda Ronstadt to do the Sinatra remakes, and I also put Kim Carnes together with Kenny Rogers, so I know where-of I speak when I say you've got to be innovative, one step ahead of the crowd, to make it in the music business. My latest plans? First, get the Tubes to do a Christmas album of old Nat "King" Cole holiday standards. Second, team Connie Francis with Boy George in what would be one hell of a musical coup. Third, put together a tour with Barry White fronting for Michael Jackson, then have them come out together for one final number in which (get this) White does the high parts and Jackson the low parts. Hey look, I don't say everything will always work, but you've got to try some things in this lifetime, you know?

Don Kirshner
In my office and busy

Sirs:

Here's what I did today. Woke up at nine after a restless six hours between Brooks Brothers' doors (I like sleeping in doorways of nice places; it makes me feel like a better class of derelict).

Was hassled a lot by a dumb cop.

Anyway, at nine I looked as grubby as I could for about an hour to spare-change me some grub.

At ten I scribbled some gibberish on an old newspaper while sipping some hot coffee and eating a Danish. I did this for an hour at least. Then till about two I walked around Grand Central picking up old cigarette butts and searching through trash cans for scraps of food. After feasting on crusts of pizza and cookie crumbs I sat down and relaxed in the waiting room. About

twenty people who had been sitting in the area got up and stood far from me, whispering something about why don't I take a bath already. Why? Give me some Ivory soap and I'll take me a bath (ha-ha-ha-ha!).

After three-thirty I don't know what happened until eight-thirty. Big fog. It lifted an hour and a half ago. It was a great day.

Bag Lady
Streets of New York

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 86)

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LETTERS

Sirs:

You know how sometimes you put something down and you forget you left it there? Well, that happened to me recently. I went to the supermarket with my four-year-old daughter, Rochelle. As always, I picked her up and put her in the shopping cart so she could ride while I did the shopping. Anyway, she must have fallen asleep, because I didn't hear a peep out of her after that. I just walked up and down the aisles, loading the shopping cart with the usual necessities: vegetables, chocolate milk, salad dressing, onion dip, spinach ravioli, ground beef, Hamburger Helper, and beer. The cart was pretty full by the time I was done. The checkout girl whistled when she saw everything. "You sure you can manage with all that, ma'am?" "It's okay," I told her. "My station wagon's in the parking lot. But if someone would help me carry the load outside, I'd appreciate it." She smiled. "No problem at all, ma'am." The girl called one of the stock boys over, and he helped load everything into paper bags and carried them out to the car for me. I tipped him a dollar.

When I got home I pulled everything out of the bags and checked it all off on

my shopping list to be sure I hadn't forgotten anything. But my daughter must have been packed under the bag containing the beer, because as soon as I'd taken that out I used the bag to line the garbage pail. Tuesday morning is trash day, so I took all the garbage out the night before.

Now I can't find my daughter anywhere, and since I can't remember seeing her after I put her in the shopping cart, I can only assume she went out with Tuesday's garbage collection.

Well, since my food budget is pretty tight, I keep receipts. I dug it out, and there it was: \$1.89. That checkout girl had charged me for my own daughter! What nerve! That's the last time I shop there.

Brenda Lewis
Urbana, Ill.

Sirs:

There's this one guy I carpool with who's an absolute fanatic when it comes to seat belts—you know, the kind that buckles up when he's going through a car wash. So the other day I acted like I forgot something in his car and borrowed the keys and opened the door. Then I poured sulfuric acid on the driver's seat belt. That way he won't

notice anything wrong when he buckles up, but the next time he goes through the car wash his seat belt will snap like the sanitary sash around a motel-room toilet, and he'll get impaled on the steering column. Just thought you'd like to know.

James E. Burnett
National Transportation
Safety Board

Sirs:

Here's what science is: science is putting a chameleon in a roomful of Tony Bennetts and getting paid for it by the government. Science *isn't* putting Tony Bennett in a roomful of chameleons. No, wait, I got that wrong. Science is putting a chameleon in a roomful of Tony Bennett impersonators. No, that's not it either. Science is having Tony Bennett eat a live chameleon. No, wait a minute. Uh, I'll get back to you on it.

Barbara McClintock
Geneticfreak, N.Y.

Sirs:

Okay, okay, I've got it now. Science is like being a supermarket in a roomful of supermarket impersonators. No, wait. Science is like something you forgot to eat that you didn't want to eat anyway. No, that's not it either. I had it here somewhere. Damn!

Barbara McClintock
Seniletown, N.Y.

Sirs:

I just bought a Sony Listenman. It's great—I can lie on my bed and listen to my stereo and still have the illusion of walking around. Well, it's been nice talking to you, but now I have to go dirty the dishes.

Doe John
The alternate universe

Sirs:

Just a final note on the last Winter Olympics: Which do you think is harder, a luge run in a snowstorm by a blind man, or Dick Button's wango in the men's room of an inn in Old Sarajevo?

Olympic Buff
Wheatina, Idaho

Sirs:

Dah-DAH!!! Well, HERE I AM!!! What? What's that? This is the Letters column, isn't it? Oh. Er, um—shit! Am I embarrassed!

The Letter "M"
The alphabet

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 89)



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The Pee-Wee Herman Assassination Fund

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

Thank you.

Eddie Freedberg
Commack, N.Y.

Sirs:

Here, let me show you some pictures of me and the wife in Greece. What's that? You're getting tired and have to leave? Oh, please stay, this'll only take a couple of minutes. Harriet!!! Get those boxes of photo albums! Here we are. . . . This is me and the wife in front of the Parthenon. . . . This is me and the wife behind the Parthenon. . . . This is me and the wife by the hotel pool. . . . What's that? You have to go now? No, please wait. . . . This is me and the wife in front of the Mediterranean—Hey, I didn't know you carried a gun. . . . This is me and the wife—Hey! Why are you pointing that thing at me?!!! No! No, don't shoot! I'll stop showing pictures!! Honest, b-b-but pl-pl-please don't shoot! Never again! I'm sor—BANG! BANG! BANG!

The Neighbor Who Always Shows All the Pictures Who You've Always Wanted to Kill and Who Now Is Dead

Sirs:

I'm so proud of my husband, Luke! He's been out of work since the mine shut down last month, but he didn't just hang around drinking beer and watching TV. Not Luke. Luke kept digging.

In fact, as a protest, Luke plans to tunnel all the way to Washington, D.C.! He knows Reagan won't even see his protest if it's underground, but Luke says that's not important. He says that

if he leads the way, people will start tunneling to Washington from all over this great land. Luke says it's the idea that counts!

So far Luke's made it out to the rusty old Chevy in the backyard, the one up on the cinder blocks. I know because I saw the light from his hat under the car this morning.

Sally Lee Withers
Big Shaft, W. Va.

Sirs:

I'm a fifty-one-year-old, balding, overweight, alcoholic, chain-smoking former pro wrestler. I live in a dingy, one-room apartment with tattered posters of Loni Anderson on the walls, and subsist on a diet of peanut butter and Doritos. I've tried my hand at a variety of careers, from sanitation engineer to roach exterminator, but now I make a living writing the letters to *Penthouse* Forum. So next time you pick up a copy, just remember you're jerking off to my fantasies.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Sirs:

Foiled you. That last letter was not a letter from the editors at all, but a subtle parody we call *not* a letter from the editors. Be on the lookout in the near future for not your morning mail, not a traffic citation, and not the surgeon general's warning on the health effects of cigarette smoking.

Not Tony Hendra
Not New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Professional football is being ruined by foreign ideologies! The New York Giants' offensive line has adopted Gandhi's theory of passive resistance. They just hold up their hands and say, "Brothers, put aside your strife," before being splattered by some honest young Americans without the corruptions of higher education. Not only is their wimpish behavior annoying, but they have even followed their leader's habits, wearing a loincloth and slippers, fasting, drinking their own and others' urine, and giving prepubescent girls enemas. Fortunately, their behavior has not affected the Giants' record, but if this doesn't stop, football could become a swinish game for foreign pansies. All the players involved should be sent to El Salvador and forgotten, and let's get on with real, God-given, American sports!

Dick Young
Rego Park, N.Y.

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CONTEST #35

"They're Not Funny, They're Sick"

TWO-THIRTY A.M. ON A SATURDAY night sometime last year. The posh Madison Avenue offices of the *National Lampoon* are closed for a long holiday weekend, but a sharp-eyed security guard notices a light burning in the window of the forty-fifth-floor editorial penthouse suite. He presumes the light has been left on by accident, but he decides to check it out nevertheless. He discovers a *National Lampoon* editor, wearing nothing but a blond wig and black lace bra and panties, singing English dance hall ditties and breaking dozens of raw eggs on the bronze bust of Doug Kenney in the west atrium.

An isolated incident? Unfortunately not. The odd perversions and clandestine practices of the editorial staff here are legendary in the magazine world, and it's only clever lawyers and a lack of interest on the part of the public that's so far kept our names out of the sleazy tabloids sold at supermarket checkout counters. It's all a bit sordid and, frankly, a little sad.

"What can I do to help?" you're probably asking yourself. Well, not much, really. But you can have a little fun by matching the *National Lampoon* editors pictured here with the heretofore-unpublished confessions of their secret vices. Just draw a line from each miscreant to his sick, sick words. A little fun... I guess that's all any of us really want.



TRAMEL G. LICK

"I don't know... videotaping all of Jerry Lewis's telethons and talk-show appearances is something I've been doing for years."

"Somehow I feel like more of a man when I'm wearing women's clothes."

"A fifty-gallon tank of nitrous oxide and a couple of shelves of stylish handbags—what more could a guy want?"

"A little Jell-O down inside my latex underpants and I'm set for the whole day."

OUTERWEAR RIOT!



Nothin' says lovin' like somethin' from the oven, so we'll be sure to heat up this new *National Lampoon* Black Sox baseball jacket before sending it to the winner of this contest. This prize has it all—fabric, lining, snaps, sleeves—and will probably cause a wind-fall of entries heretofore undreamed of, at least by common houseplants.

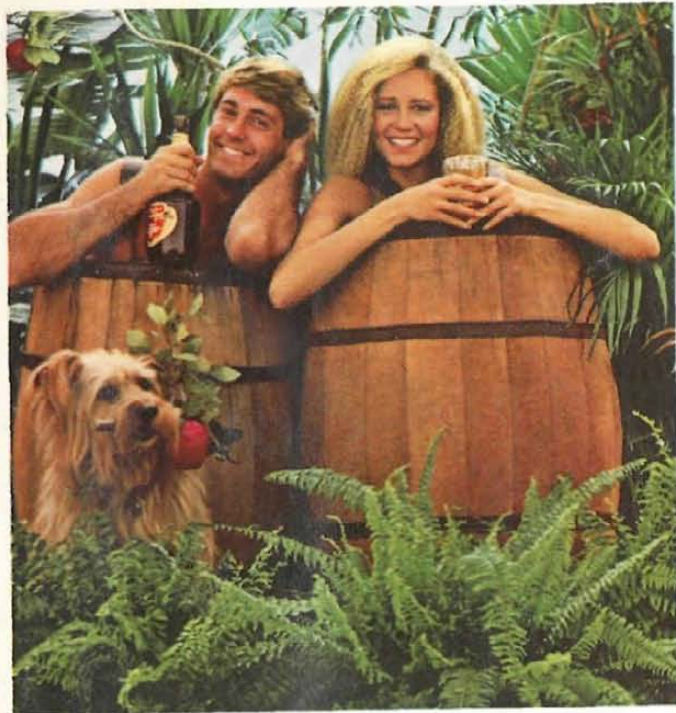
Send to: Man, That's Sick
National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

Gina does New York!

After much soul searching, erratic driving, and lizard festooning, we have named Gina Bernocco of Kalamazoo, Michigan, the winner of Contest #31. Her new nickname for New York: "Bagdadia." It had that hipster sort of feel that we don't get too often here, and we were really sleepy when we chose it.

How to tempt your lover without wearing a fig leaf.



First there was light. Followed soon thereafter by man and woman, a.k.a. Adam and Eve. Then came the business with the apple, and before you could say "You snake in the grass," five zillion years went by. But all wasn't for naught, because that fateful faux pas not only altered the history of haberdashery but also inspired the creation

of DeKuyper® Original Apple Barrel® Schnapps.

While the advent of apparel is certainly appreciated, especially in sub-zero surroundings, the birth of DeKuyper Apple Barrel Schnapps is universally ballyhooed.

All it takes is one teeny-weeny taste to convince you that this refreshingly crisp blend selected from nine apple varieties is the most sinfully delicious thing to happen to apples since day one.

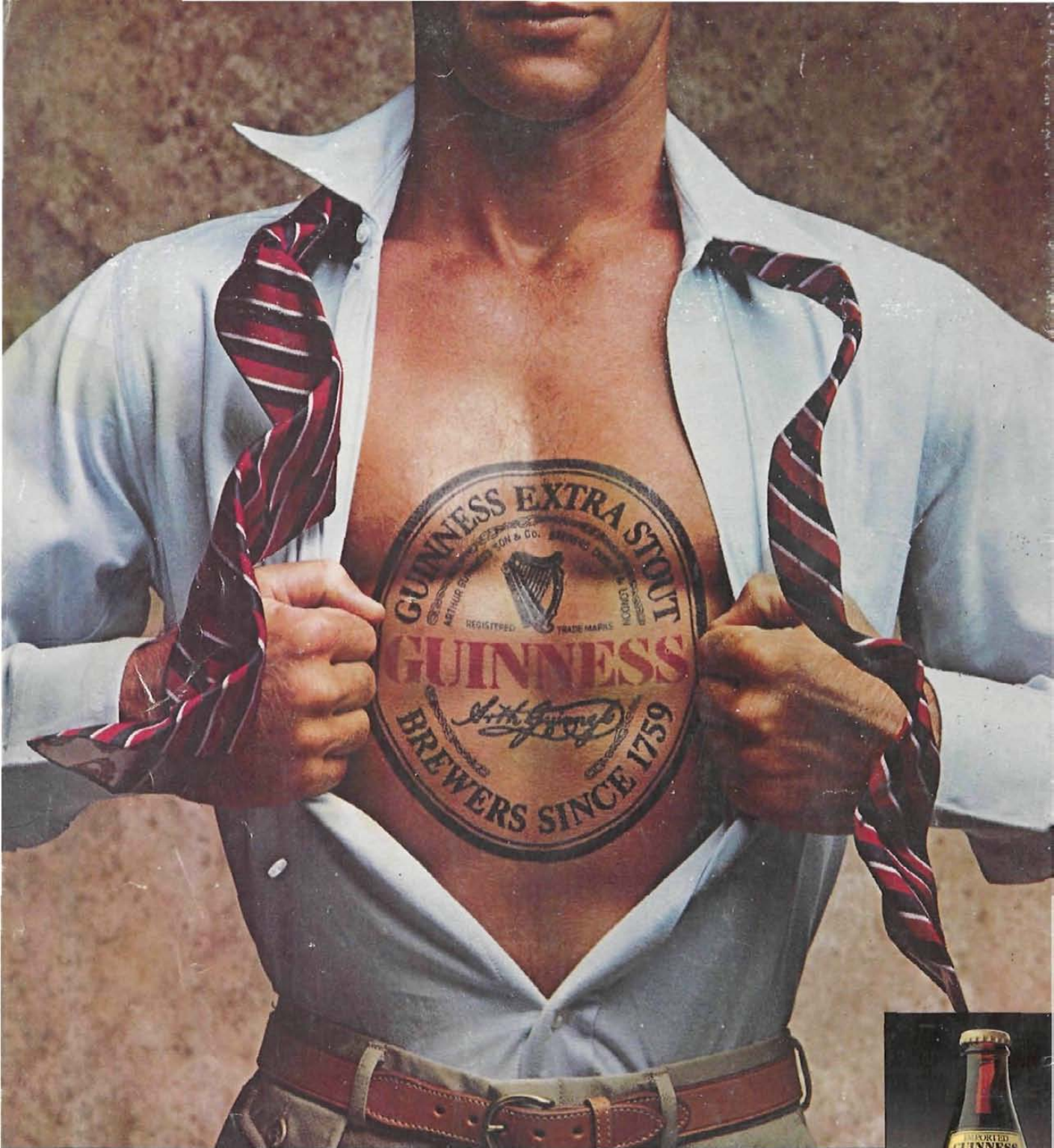
Whether you're throwing a posh garden party or entertaining a party of one, succumb to the temptation of DeKuyper Apple Barrel Schnapps. It makes every Eve feel a little special.



DeKuyper Original Apple Barrel Schnapps

DeKuyper Original Apple Barrel Schnapps Liqueur, 48 Proof, John DeKuyper & Son, Elmwood Place, Ohio.

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