

INSIDE: OH GOD! NOW IT'S MISS POLAND

# NATIONAL LAMPPOON

Oct. 1984

Alt Humor Magazine

\$2.00

© WPS 34490



Anything can happen.



A perfect Margarita  
needs the premium tequila.

**Cuervo**  
**Premium Tequila**

JOSE CUERVO® TEQUILA. 80 PROOF.  
IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY © 1984 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

# If your portable AM/FM stereo cassette doesn't have a hidden slide-out turntable, how are you going to play your records?

Introducing the **Panasonic Triple Take™**. Whether it's radio stations. Cassettes. Or records. Now the music that moves you can move with you.

Finally, a portable stereo system that won't make you leave your records home. The Panasonic Triple Take.

Touch a button. The precision belt-driven turntable slides out from a hidden drawer. Ready to play your favorite records.

## Features that won't sound portable.

The cassette deck lets you play and record tapes. While Dolby\* noise reduction keeps unwanted tape noise from

coming between you and your cassettes.

The AM/FM receiver has a 5-band graphic equalizer so you can shape the sound to your ears.

And it all comes alive through a pair of detachable 2-way Panasonic speakers.

## Power to take it anywhere.

The Triple Take runs on batteries as well as house current. There's even an optional power adapter for your car.

When it comes to portable stereo systems, discover one for the record. The new Panasonic Triple Take.



\* Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories. Batteries not included.

**Panasonic®**  
just slightly ahead of our time.

Editor-in-Chief  
**L. Dennis Plunkett**

Managing Editor  
**Glenn Eichler**

Editors:  
**Kevin Curran**  
**Peter Gaffney**  
**Fred Graver**

Copy Editor  
**Diane Giddis**

Editorial Associate  
**Carol Epstein**

Contributing Editors:

**John Bendel**  
**Tod Carroll**  
**Roger Director**  
**T. J. Englander**  
**Leo Frank**  
**Leslie Fuller**  
**Al Jean**  
**Mitchell Kriegman**  
**Warren Leight**  
**Ted Mann**  
**Bill Moseley**  
**Michael Reiss**  
**Charlie Rubin**  
**Dave Yuzo Spector**  
**Ed Subitsky**  
**Gerald Sussman**  
**Dave Tynan**  
**John Weidman**  
**Ellis Weiner**

Art Director  
**Marianne Gaffney**

Consulting Art Director  
**Michael Grossman**

Associate Art Directors:  
**Michael O. Delevante**  
**Timothy McCarthy**

Assistant Art Director  
**Catherine Hazard**

Art Associate  
**Tracey L. Glick**

Photography Coordinator  
**Kate Gallagher**

Contributing Artists:

**Ron Barrett**  
**M. K. Brown**  
**John Caldwell**  
**Bruce Cochran**  
**Shary Flenniken**  
**Rick Geary**  
**Bill Griffith**  
**Sam Gross**  
**Ron Hauge**  
**Robert Mankoff**  
**Mark Marek**  
**Rick Meyerowitz**  
**Mimi Pond**  
**Bob Rakita**  
**Charles Rodrigues**  
**Philip Scheuer**  
**Frank Springer**  
**Mick Stevens**  
**B. K. Taylor**  
**P. C. Vey**

Publisher  
**George S. Agolia**

Advertising Production Director  
**Howard Jurofsky**

Press Coordinator/General Manager  
**Barbara Sabatino**

Published by NL Communications, Inc.,  
a subsidiary of National Lampoon, Inc.

Chairman, President  
**Matty Simmons**    **Julian L. Weber**

Chairman, Executive Committee  
**Leonard Mogel**

Senior Vice-President  
**George S. Agolia**

Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales  
**Howard Jurofsky**

Accounting Manager  
**Walter Garibaldi**

# CONTENTS

- 6 Letters from the Editors**
- 10 Informer**  
Edited by Fred Graver
- 20 Deep Thoughts**  
By Jack Handey  
Illustrated by Randy Jones
- 22 True Section**  
Edited by John Bendel
- 28 Nick Palomar, D.D.S., in  
The Case of the Star's Choppers**  
By Dave Tynan  
Illustrated by Mary Anne Shea
- 33 Bestsellers Illustrated:  
In Search of Excellence**  
By Paul Proch and Charles Kaufman  
Illustrated by Doug Beekman and Bob Camp
- 44 The New Order**  
By John Bendel  
Illustrated by Jeffrey Smith
- 48 The Mystery of the Ghostwriter**  
By Will Jacobs and Gerard Jones  
Illustrated by Peter Elwell
- 51 Sunbelt Gags Fall 1984 Catalog**  
By Kevin Curran and Mat Jacobs  
Illustrated by Quentin Bufogle
- 56 A Story of New York, or  
Where Does David Letterman  
Get His Guests?**  
By Peter Gaffney and Fred Graver  
Photographed by Ronald G. Harris
- 60 A Semester at Barker Prep**  
By Kevin Curran  
Photographed by Dan Nelken
- 64 TF: The Bean Report**  
Illustrated by Mark Marek
- 69 Funny Pages**
- 77 Miss Poland**  
Photographed by Ronald G. Harris
- 90 NatLamp Contest #36**  
By Kevin Curran and Peter Gaffney
- Cover**  
By Birney Lettick  
Art directed by Peter Kleinman



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

A group of five mountaineers are on a rocky mountain peak. One man in a red jacket is climbing, another in a yellow jacket is standing on a rock, and others are handling gear. A helicopter is landed on the rocks, and a yellow tent is visible on the left. The scene is set against a clear blue sky.

# Winston America's Best.

Excellence.  
The best live up to it.



11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

## Employee of the Month



### Marianne Gaffney:

October's employee of the month, art director Marianne Gaffney, is such an all-business, cigar-chomping gal-on-the-go that at first you might not suspect that a tender, emotional human being lies buried under the gruff, hardworking exterior, but that romantic side emerged in all its splendor last July, when Marianne wed New Jersey entrepreneur Peter Nelson in a lavish Zen Buddhist ceremony atop Maine's Mount Katahdin. At Peter and Marianne's request, the wedding was not televised on C-SPAN, as originally planned, but a book full of tasteful, black-and-white stills of the ceremony by Richard Avedon will be available in the fall. In attendance at the service—and at the reception afterward, held on rafts careening down the white waters of Maine's untamed Penobscot River—were most of *National Lampoon's* editorial and art departments, who will take any opportunity to avail themselves of free liquor.—P.C.G.

**Advertising Offices, New York:** The Patis Group, 1 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, (212) 686-8400, Rick Edman. **Midwest:** The Guenther Company, River Plaza, Suite 4509, 405 N. Wabash, Chicago, Ill. 60611, (312) 670-6800, Joseph Guenther. **West Coast:** The Patis Group, 1800 N. Highland Avenue, Hollywood, Calif. 90028, (213) 462-2700, Anita Cranc. **South:** Brown & Company, 5110 Roswell Road, Marietta, Ga. 30062, (404) 998-2889, Byron Brown.

**National Lampoon Magazine (ISSN 0027-9587):** Published monthly by NL Communications, Inc. "National Lampoon" is a registered trademark of NL Communications, Inc. The Lampoon name is used with the permission of The Harvard Lampoon, Inc. Copyright © 1984, NL Communications, Inc. 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. **Subscriptions:** \$11.95 paid annual subscription, \$17.95 paid two-year subscription, and \$24.95 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$5.00 outside territorial U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

**Change of Address:** Subscriber, please send change of address to Subscription Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. **Postmaster:** Please address changes to: Subscription Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

**Advertising Information:** National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 686-4070. Exclusive of the *National Lampoon* True Section, all incidents, situations, and products depicted or described in the editorial pages of *National Lampoon* are fictional, and any similarity, without salient intent, of characters presented therein to living persons is coincidental. The editors of *National Lampoon* accept reader submissions of photos, clippings, and other items for inclusion in the *National Lampoon* True Section. Upon receipt these items become the exclusive property of *National Lampoon*. Other than True Section submissions, *National Lampoon* does not accept any unsolicited manuscripts or art. The publisher assumes no liability for unsolicited material of any kind. We apologize for this policy, but our staff is too small to cope with the volume of material we receive.

# LETTERS

Sirs:

Here's a novel way to have fun during October: The day before Halloween, go to your local supermarket. Get ten apples and a pack of two-edge razor blades and bring them to the cash register. When the checkout girl sees what you're buying and her eyes go wide, ask her for a date. I promise you you'll never hear a shriller Halloween scream.

Edward Gein  
*Wowin' em on the  
psycho circuit*

Sirs:

I'm an attractive white male looking for another attractive white male the same height and hair color to stand across from me in the little alcove next to my living room and perform that wacky mirror illusion that Lucy and Harpo Marx did on her show.

Sam Ballinger  
*Breakfast, Minn.*

P.S. He should also have a large wanger.

Sirs:

Damn, I'm crazy. I know it. I'm crazy. Crazy as a fish in a car wash. Yessir, that's me. Crazy as they come. I'm crazy. I know it. Crazy through and through. Crazy than a horse with no neck, and believe me that's crazy. Crazy, all right. Kind of deep-down crazy. Crazy kind of crazy.

Bob Miles  
*Crazy, Calif.*

Sirs:

Well, since last week's *National Enquirer* leaked the whole story under the title "Beatle Widow Weds Former Broadway Fat Man," I suppose there's no use denying it. We couldn't be happier.

Mrs. Yoko Coco  
*New York, N.Y.*

Sirs:

I live across the street from a cemetery, and I swear to God every night these guys and gals get up and jump all over the place, hollering and yelling and making a real racket. Then, just

before dawn, they all dress up in counterman and waitress uniforms and go and work the morning shift at the diner down the block. I tell you, I'd rather cook for myself!

Makin' Eggs  
*New York, N.Y.*

Sirs:

My pastor won't answer my question. Perhaps you can.

If I live a very good life and go to church every Sunday, will I go to heaven? And if I'm very, very good, do you think I could get a pretty young female angel to piss on me just once a week or so?

Timmy Benson  
*Livonia, Mich.*

Sirs:

Does anybody know what the A-Team really did in Vietnam? Was it, like . . . an atrocity, or something? Is there really a lot of money in private paramilitary organizations? Do they get a lot of chicks? I really need to know.

Lieutenant Calley  
*Peach Pond, Ga.*

Sirs:

I put my contact lens on a piece of toilet paper and the toilet paper unfolded and the contact lens popped off. I found it several days later, shriveled and ruined, on the floor, on a sock. Yesterday I dropped a sheaf of papers bound together by a paper clip on the floor. The clip bounced off and landed on a sock. I've come to the conclusion that small objects dropped from a height land on socks.

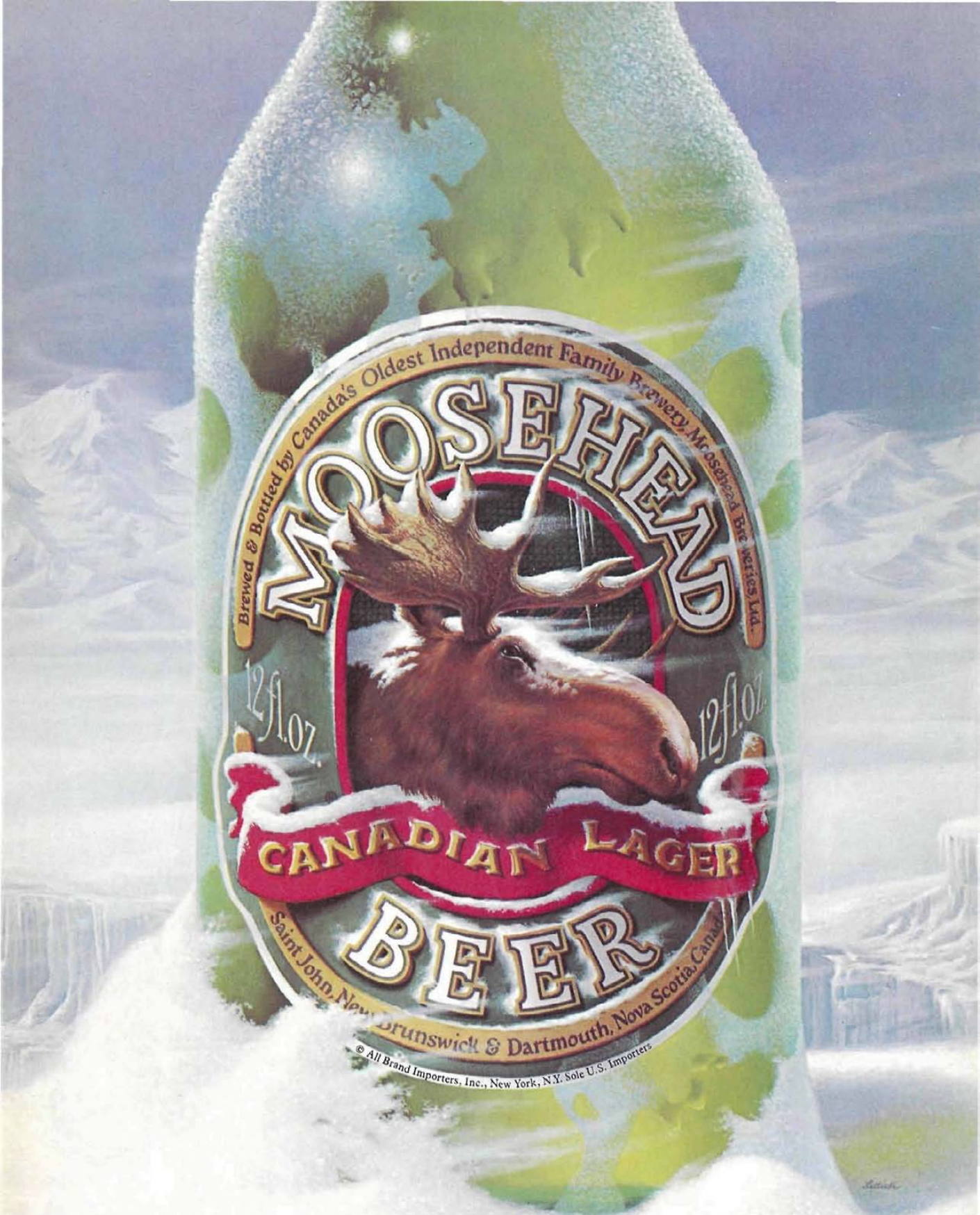
Galileo Jones  
*Georgetown, Washington, D.C.*

Sirs:

What can I do for you? I mean, can I help you? That's \$2.97 plus tax. Don't touch that. All right, get the hell out of this store, you sap-sucking, bow-legged, cockeyed, pansy, sniffing son of a bitch.

A Jumpy Salesman  
*Albert's Hardware Store  
34 Oak Street*

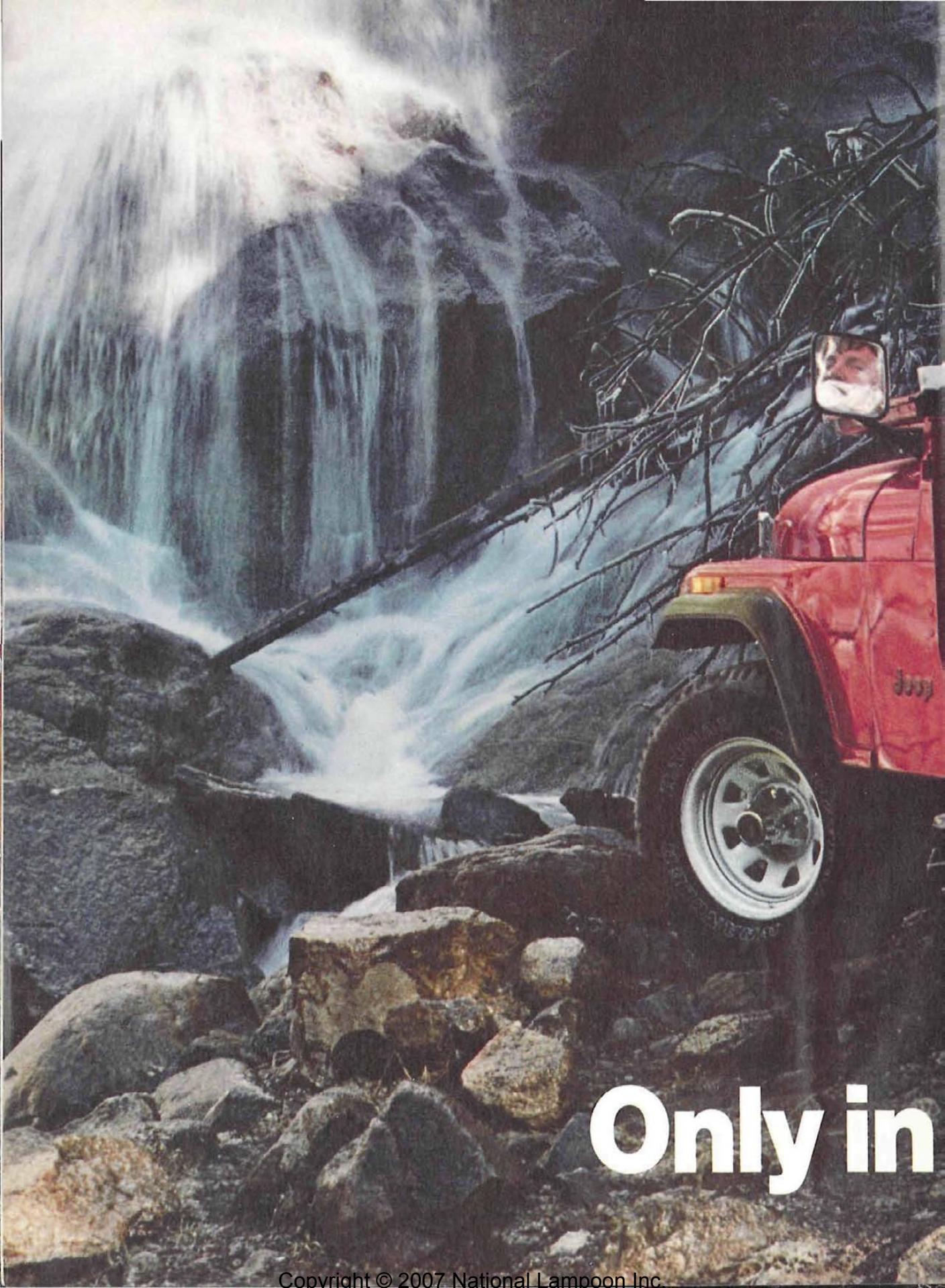
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 80)



**Stands head and antlers above the rest.**

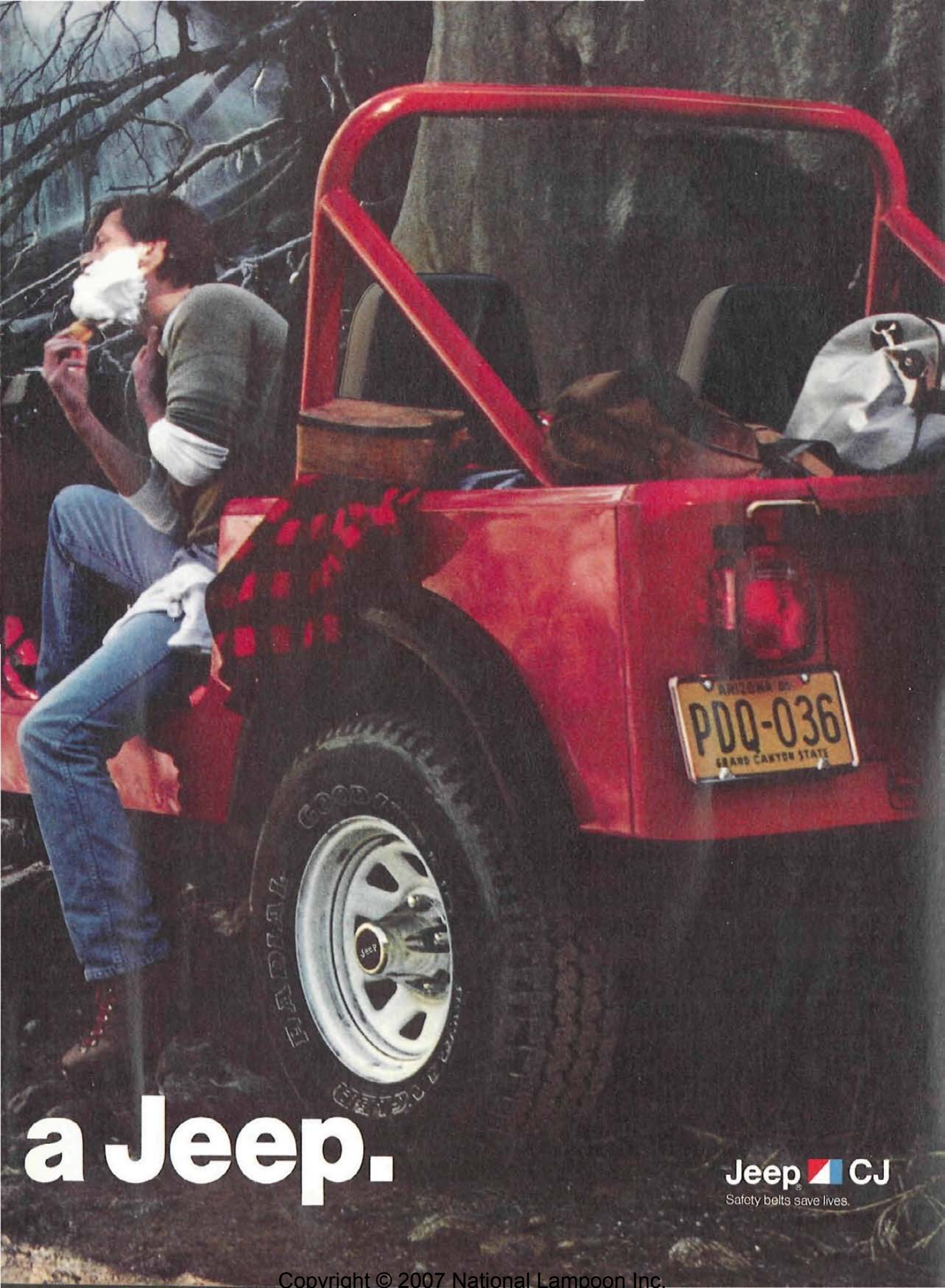
**IMPORTED MOOSEHEAD. BREWED BY CANADA'S OLDEST INDEPENDENT FAMILY BREWERY.**

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.



**Only in**



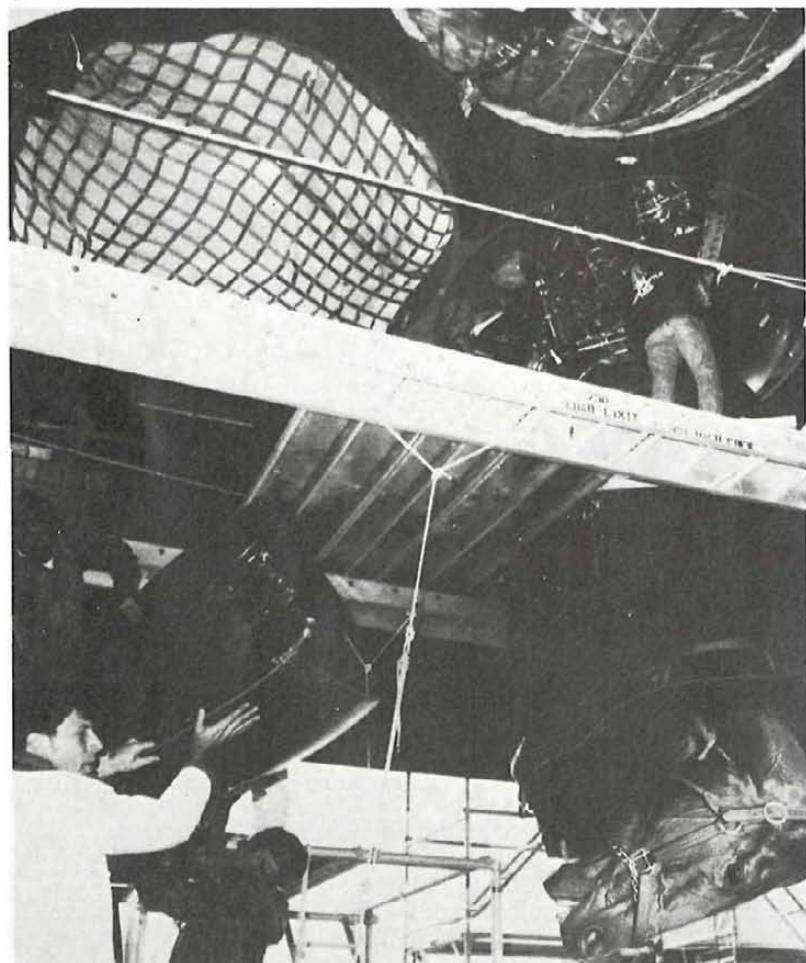


a Jeep.

Jeep  CJ  
Safety belts save lives.

# INFORMER

## Space Shuttle Mystery Solved



NASA engineers removing the "bug" that crippled the *Discovery*.

**E**NGINEERS ATTEMPTING TO DISCOVER THE CAUSE OF THE STRANGE engine malfunction that crippled the space shuttle *Discovery* in July have finally isolated the problem.

"We found the dead body of Swale in one of the rockets," an engineer told reporters. "Some guy, he was joking or something, shoved the damn horse right up there. It's a good thing that rocket didn't go off, or the whole state of Florida would have stunk to high heaven."

Swale's owners, asked to comment on the mysterious appearance of their prize horse, would say only, "The last time we saw him there was a big McDonald's brand on his hindquarter. Beats me what happened after that."—*E. G.*

## WHAT WOULD WALTER MONDALE HAVE TO BRIBE YOU WITH IN ORDER TO GET YOUR VOTE?

BRIBE	% of Women	% of Men
A Cabinet post	19%	87%
A chance to run naked with Sybil Danning in the White House	24%	87%
Enough beer to keep me drunk on Election Day	76%	95%
A ride in a helicopter	14%	98%
My own slave for four years	79%	99%
Nothing more than the same small favors he does for the members of the Trilateral Commission	56%	69%
A chance to sleep with his daughter/son/wife/self	24%	89%
Some of those neat "White House" latex goods he gave to visitors during the Carter presidency	75%	24%

## NUCLEAR BLOOPERS

HIDDEN CAMERAS, FLUBBED CONSTRUCTION orders, and practical jokes will be the order of the hour for ABC's newly announced *Nuclear Bloopers*. Filmed at the Diablo Canyon and San Onofre nuclear power plants in California, the program promises "hilarious on-site blunders and goofy pranks," according to one ABC spokesman. "We've got Shecky Greene to host, and his first comment was 'Earthquake!' Just like that! The guy is unstoppable. We're looking forward to a big share from this one."

Also included in the show will be classic footage from Three-Mile Island ("There is no danger") and Hiroshima.—*B. H.*

# CAMEL LIGHTS

It's a whole new world.



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

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

Today's Camel Lights, unexpectedly mild.



wasn't long before he started to get sloppy, rambling on about the "Smislov cocktail" and the unfairness of the Soviet military system. The liquor was loosening his tongue, and his words were gushing out like blood from a severed limb. I turned on my tape machine and let it run.

"... And here's our secret submarine base at Poronajsk. Of course, it's protected by anti-aircraft batteries here, here, and here. And a super-secret radar installation here."

I poured him another glass of vodka.

"This is all well and good, Colonel," I said. "But let's get away from revealing military secrets for a moment and talk about the Afghan rebels."

Smislov sat back heavily in his chair. "I've told you too much already," he said, chuckling to himself. Then he passed out.

Acting quickly, I packed up the map, then went through Smislov's wallet. He was carrying fifty rubles, a dirty postcard, and a piece of Russian gum.

I stuck it all in my pocket, shut off my tape machine, and quietly left the office.

I hadn't received an answer why the Soviets can't seem to win their war in Afghanistan, but I did learn one thing. Those bastards sure don't know how to make chewing gum. It tastes just like rubberized monkey flesh. And *Commie* monkey flesh, at that. ■

## Court Nails Down Prayer

ALTHOUGH SCHOOLCHILDREN cannot pray in public schools, they can be crucified, the Supreme Court has ruled.

In a 5-3 decision (Justice Sandra Day O'Connor was making the coffee and did not vote) the Court ruled that children can be crucified in school classrooms in observance of religious holidays, national holidays, and on the Friday before Super Bowl Sunday.

"I see this ruling as serving two purposes," said Chief Justice Warren E. Burger. "It satisfies the children's need for religious training, and it helps keep the little bastards in line."

—M. C. & D. J.



For lunch reservations at Miss Bobo's, call (615) 759-7394.

AFTER A TOUR of Jack Daniel's Distillery, it's nice to have lunch at Miss Mary Bobo's Boarding House.

Margaret Tolley (she's your hostess) has a tableful of country cooking awaiting you. Your vegetables are fresh from a Tennessee garden and your dessert is baked that day. So stop in someday here in Lynchburg. There's never been a distillery like Mr. Jack's. And from what our visitors tell us, there aren't many lunches like Miss Mary's.



CHARCOAL  
MELLOWED

☾  
DROP

☾  
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.



A Marine World trainer attempting to demonstrate the innate intelligence of a porpoise. "This fella knows the difference between an ostrich egg and real food," he laughs. "Unlike Fred Graver, who can't tell an Orca from a Flipper."

# Tuna Bomb at Marine World

**L**AST YEAR, AFTER MARINE BIOLOGISTS FROM LOS ANGELES'S FAMED Marine World attraction had returned from capturing "trainable" young porpoises in offshore Pacific waters, they were shocked to discover something else in their nets as well—three full-grown bluefin tuna.

"They were the same goddamn size as the porpoises," explained Mitch Kelso, leader of the marine biologists' search team. "But what are you going to do? It wasn't till we were actually docking that we discovered the mix-up, see. So we finally just decided, what the hey—we'll work 'em into our big grandstand show with our regular performing porpoises. It seemed like such an original idea at the time, you know. But now I'm just glad no tuna took my college entrance exams."

"I wonder now where the tuna were when Mother Nature handed out the talent," commented Brock Tedsen, Marine World's veteran animal trainer, on the tuna problem. "After one month, right, I can have a new porpoise tail-walking, high-jumping, smiling, talking, and balancing a beach ball—at least all those things. You want to know what Larry, Moe, and Curly have learned in six months? How to stand still in the water while we attach pointed party hats to their heads, that's all. Why, I could have frigging starfish doing that inside of six weeks! If that boozing keeps up at our grandstand shows, I can tell you what we're going to be seeing here next—tekka-maki on the menu in our Marine World Restaurant, and nobody will be crying."—B. F.

## ADVICE FOR THE WHITE AT HEART



### TRUBBA MAN

**DEAR TRUBBA MAN:** A few weeks ago, my neighbor came over to ask if he could borrow my wife. Thinking he might need his laundry done or some such, I said, "Sure."

It's now been two weeks and she hasn't come home. I can see them cavorting in his backyard, and around dinnertime I smell all my favorite dishes being cooked for someone else. Even the kids are getting curious. I can't keep pretending she's in Omaha—I'm sure they've spotted her. What should I do?

—LONELY BOY

**DEAR LONELY BOY:** Now me, I'd kill the bitch. But you strike me as a wussy kind of man, a guy who'd be gangbanged to death your first night in the pen when you got sent up for murder one.

My advice to you is to take all your wife's belongings and carry them out to the front yard. Then make some giant Day-Glo signs sayin' "YARD SALE! EVERYTHING MUST GO!"

You'll see that bitch trottin' around in about five minutes. Slap a sticker on her says "REDUCED FIVE TIMES. NOW \$1.50." If that neighbor of yours wants to get him some of your good thing, he'll have to pay for it.

**DEAR TRUBBA MAN:** I work in a secretarial pool at a large microchip company. For the last year or so I've been having an affair with my boss, Ernie. The problem is that there's a new girl in the office who dresses like a cheap tart, and I don't see Ernie anymore. What should I do?

—DISILLUSIONED

**DEAR DISILLUSIONED:** First off, I'm gonna assume you're a woman, 'cause I really don't get into that other shit.

This is clearly a case where violence, or the threat of violence, is gonna do you a lot of good. Take that cheap little tramp into the ladies' room some day and douse her with Wite-Out. Tell her next time she won't get off so easy, you'll ignite her. Then go after Ernie with a letter opener at the crotch.

It'll get you either promoted or fired. Either way, you'll be out of your misery.

—L. G. & F. G.

## BLANDIE

Written by Glenn Eichler



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  
 BLUE:  small  medium  large  
 YELLOW:  small  medium  large  
 GREEN:  small  medium  large  
 GRAY:  small  medium  large  
 CAMEL:  small  medium  large

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

GRAY:  small  medium  large  
 BLACK:  small  medium  large

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ to:

National Lampoon, Dept. 1084  
 635 Madison Avenue  
 New York, N.Y. 10022

New York residents, please add 8¼ percent sales tax.

Polo shirts available in:



White

Blue

Yellow



Green

Gray

Camel

Sweaters available in:



Gray

Black

Frog logo  
 by cartoonist  
 Sam Gross

# Parents Warn Against Heavy-Metal Abuse

**A** NATIONAL GROUP OF PARENTS has been founded to counteract the bizarre effects of heavy-metal music and *Heavy Metal* magazine.

Mr. Anthony Sarducci of Rockville Center, New York, formed the group shortly after his son, a guitarist with the group Satan's Breakfast, committed suicide by leaping from the upper balcony at Madison Square Garden during an Ozzy Osbourne concert.

"I should have seen it coming," Sarducci said. "All the signs were there. He hadn't changed his T-shirt in two years, and he always had those tiny earphones in his ears. And he was always reading that damn magazine."

Another parent, Mrs. Lewis Miller of Westchester, joined with Mr. Sarducci shortly after her daughter's sweet-sixteen party was reduced to a shambles by heavy-metal teens.

"By 9:30, ten of the guests had passed out, and the caterer's truck had been used as a battering ram to break into my husband's wine cellar. My youngest was forced to sniff airplane glue and eat small rodents."

A leaflet produced by the group outlines the seven warning signs of heavy-metal addiction:

1. Unexplained bloodstains.
2. Muttering of words which sound like gibberish but which, when recorded and played back in reverse, say, "I Am the Black Sabbath Hellchild."
3. At least one set of silver-studded breastplates in the closet.
4. Immediate genuflecting when the words "Judas Priest" are uttered.
5. Bathing sprees in which the teen bathes several times a day, "to cleanse myself for that which is to come." These are followed by extended periods of no bathing, "because."
6. The presence of friends named "Lucifer," "Succubus," and "Charybdis."
7. An annual interest in doing "a little work around the house," to earn money for another subscription to *Heavy Metal* magazine.

Those wishing to contact the organization are advised to look for its pamphlets, available in supermarkets, dry cleaners, and "in the better hospital emergency rooms."—L. G.



One of these teens is in the grip of a heavy-metal jones. The other worships the ghost of a Jewish man crucified almost two thousand years ago. You tell us which one is crazy.

## ALMANAC

**October 1.** If you said "rabbit" first thing this morning, you'll have good luck for the whole month. This is not superstition but an established fact, as thoroughly documented as the Coriolanus Effect (which apparently has something to do with reading Shakespeare while the water runs out of your bathtub).

**October 4.** If you've forgotten whose birthday this is, you're going to be in big trouble when you get home tonight.

**October 6.** Yom Kippur. This is one of those Jewish holidays when they sacrifice Christian babies, so keep your children home today. On second thought, this might be the perfect day to let little Waldo "accidentally" wander off alone in the garment district.

**October 9.** Bob DeDio's birthday. Bob's down in New York now, finishing up med school. He claims to be studying pretty darn hard, but if you happen to be in town and want to drop by to say "Happy Birthday," I'm sure he'd be more than happy to take time out for a quick drink.

**October 10.** Opening game of the World Series at Yankee Stadium. Get your tickets early.

**October 12.** Columbus Day. It's kind of a shame that they stop making a big deal out of Columbus Day once you get out of about the fifth grade. Columbus Day is an excel-

lent opportunity to hold a "Discover America Beerfest," with colorful fifteenth-century costumes and huge party balloons in the shapes of the *Niña*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria*. And, of course, lots of cute girls in halter tops, if the weather permits.

**October 13.** Annual picnic of the prestigious New York law firm of Pritchett, Colby, Reed & Mercer at Frudward Park near Princeton, New Jersey. For one day sleazy corporate lawyers and the overly made-up tarts they call their secretaries play softball, barbecue chicken, and generally pretend that they're real people. This is an event to be missed, if at all possible.

**October 16.** Rule Day in the Soviet Union and other Eastern bloc nations, a time to celebrate petty regulations and bureaucratic red tape with huge steins of straight vodka and tightly scheduled bouts of uncontrolled vomiting.

**October 18.** A day that seems much like any other day, with clear skies and a gentle breeze blowing from the west. People go about their business—working, shopping, taking advantage of the good weather to eat lunch in the park. A quiet day; perhaps, if anything, almost unnaturally ordinary in every respect. Later, survivors will recall that it was the warmest October 18 in twenty years.

**October 31.** Halloween. If you're low on razor blades, it's a good idea to buy them well in advance of the last week in October, since stores tend to run out at this time.—P.C.G.





## Will your next AM/FM Receiver also give you Stereoplex™ television sound? Only if it's Technics.

Now Technics brings you stereo receivers that are so technologically advanced, they give you more than dramatically clean AM. More than brilliant FM. Now Technics receivers also tune in television sound. And electronically expand it into Stereoplex television sound.

So with Technics Stereoplex receivers, ordinary TV shows now sound extraordinary. Special effects now sound truly spectacular. And there's more.

Every new Technics Stereoplex receiver contains two microprocessors. The first controls Technics innovative Computer-Drive circuitry. To actually stop distortion before it starts. For music of astonishing clarity.

The second microprocessor controls and monitors the quartz synthesis tuner. The most accurate tuning system in the world. For locked-in, drift-free reception.

In addition, there's an input to connect a Compact Disc player, a VCR or a video monitor.

The new Technics stereo receivers. More than AM. More than FM. Even more than television sound. Because they're more than ordinary stereo receivers. They're Technics.

**Technics**  
The science of sound

# Pugilist Interruptus



**Cooney-Foony-So-Loony Dept.:** Nine cancellations in his pro career. I mean, face it, the guy's one of your all-time bridesmaids. But it makes you wonder,

doesn't it, if the guy's just got "ring" worms, or if there's some kind of, *hell*, I don't know, darker pattern in his life? So I did some sniffing around. (Ugh, locker rooms! Training camps! Pfew.) Here's what I found out about the Great White Dope. You may not like it:

- June 19, 1974: Cooney skips own high school graduation, claiming "some people in my family are coughing." Also "my skin feels like it's taking off."
- July 1, 1976: Refuses invitation to Olympic Trials. Notable for first use of the "flooded basement" defense.
- May 9, 1979: Cooney tries to buy washer-dryer but discovers sale has ended prematurely. Impressed, a gal-

vanized Cooney purchases "a very large sponge" so he can work down in his basement.

• Oct. 14, 1981: Using revenue from his first pro fights, opens Mother Cooney's Army-Navies. But whenever a customer enters, he closes for inventory.

• Jan. 31-Mar. 10, 1982: A streak. The Coons eats in thirty-eight straight restaurants closed for health violations. His plate is snatched away mid-meal. Cooney: "This is *my* kinda joint." Later, "It's not just a streak. It's a whole way of life."

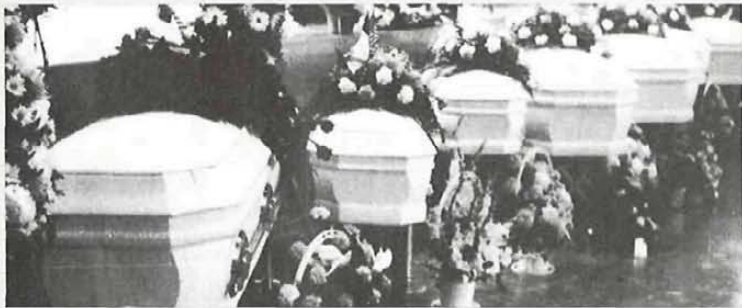
• Mar. 28, 1984: Messy breakup with Trixie de Lyonnaise triggers downward spiral. Weeps Trixie: "I offered to go on the pill, *no*. IUD, *no*. Diaphragm, *no*. He liked pulling out!"



Hey, I'm a glutton for punishment. Thought I'd take one more crack at the Athletes' Poll. So I asked the Dallas Cowboys whom they liked for presi-

dent in November, and although several of the boys could've sworn they didn't have to vote "until the special January election, when they let us see the papers again," I got them to declare themselves. The results: Reagan, 9. Mondale, 4. Hart, 2. Jackson, 6. Nixon, 3. The Holy Virgin, 4½. C. C. Nonowitz, ½. LBJ, 10. Krypton, 1. This is it. This is it, I swear, for the Athletes' Poll.

**Yankees Need Catching Help:** Rowdies at Stadium get away with wallets and murder and then easily outdistance fat Stadium cops. If current Yankee yearbook made better reading, these hoods would have less time on their hands. Yearbooks should be written by moonlighting sportswriters, not state-university-trained, corporate geeks . . . . . Celtics' Red Auerbach thinks Larry Bird has chance to be premier player in game for years to come, hedging slightly with "unless someone comes up behind him and belts him with a clock. It could even be like one of those traveling things? In case you didn't want to ruin one of your expensive clocks" . . . . . Tony Dorsett says when he was a boy, his life was changed when he saw a man named C. C. Nonowitz walk out on a wooden bridge, call to the sea gulls, and they came and sat in his hands. Tony would like to meet up with this man again. Lighten up, T. D., the guy obviously had fish in his pockets.



## Party Plane Plunges; Teens Die

IN ONE OF THE GREATEST TRAGEDIES IN AMERICAN AVIATION HISTORY, 246 people, most of them teenagers, were killed when a bizarre aircraft—dubbed by its promoters the *Prom Glider*—exploded in the air over the American Midwest. Reports indicate that debris from the blast was scattered over four states.

The *Prom Glider* was a custom-built aircraft specifically designed by a Mexican firm to carry high school students to a "prom in the sky." Although licensing for the craft was still pending from the FAA and the American Prom Association, its owners, tentatively identified as Donald I. Gridanzo and Albert "Big Al" Grezyeck, apparently put it into operation illegally in a desperate effort to forestall bankruptcy. According to one aviation expert who has studied the blueprints, "There is no way that thing should ever have been in the air." Gridanzo and Grezyeck, who reside in Mexico, where their quasi-legitimate corporation is based, could not be reached for comment.—P.C.G.

'Member last spring when USFL star Kelvin Bryant said he could tell the Michigan Panthers were pushovers just by looking in their eyes? "Oh, holy cuss," says Bronco linebacker Bob Swenson. "In the NFL we get the same info by looking up guys' noses." Laughs Swenson, "And they say there's no difference between the leagues."

**Nice story** poking around the tracks from Saratoga to Del Mar. A simple sheet of paper has been finding its way to the stable walls. It's called the Swale Prayer, and it goes, "Oh God, let me run like the wind. Let me claim fabulous purses. And please, God, keep me from lesions in the heart tissue that might cause a fatal arrhythmia." It's poorly mimeographed, but nobody's complaining. Would you? . . . . . You notice how supermodel Christie Brinkley went straight from Peter Chandon, the champagne heir killed

## INFORMER

racing his sports car, to Billy Joel just as the pop singer was recovering from a motorcycle accident? Well, the sports world's got a few beaux made to order for Christie should Billy decide to go riding again, with more dramatic results. What do you think of: CB and Thurman Munson? Roberto Clemente? Knute Rockne? The late great Kenny Hubbs? David Overstreet? Okay, okay—fantasy pairings. But what about Malcolm Forbes—he's bound to rack up his balloon any day. So who's gonna introduce those crazy kids, huh? . . . . . I swear I heard this. Reggie Jackson meets Christie Brinkley. She: Are you "Action" Jackson? He: No. *No!* I walk everywhere! No!



**Our Temple Is Our Body:** Interesting letter crossed my desk from the Yes, Even Israel (YEI) Committee (*yei* apparently means "hurrah and incredible stewardess sex" in Hebrew), and it was followed by an unusually self-righteous phone call.

"Chick," they said, "I want to ask you, why do you think, in the five seasons since Ken Holtzman was traded or, really, run out of town, but leave that aside, for the moment leave it aside, the New York Yankees have been unable to hire or find or, really, *develop* another Jewish player? In a city with so many many thousands or *millions* of Jews such as this, one Jewish ballplayer in five years. Two in ten, if you count Ron Blomberg, and to be frank, Blomberg we're not so sure of. Chick, have you an explanation *why* is this?"

I admitted I was stumped. I called the Yanks, got Steinbrenner. I said, George, ten years you've owned this team, count your Jewish Yankees.

He said, "Holtzman. But he's a discredited Yankee."

I said, "Go on."

He said, "Blomberg, uh, I'm pretty sure. Look, we don't list that in our media guide."

Well, this is for you, George; for the YEI Committee; for all my Jewish

readers who may want to acquaint me with their eighteen-year-old piano-playing daughters for what I am about to do; but mostly it is for Hank Greenberg, slugger, Hall of Famer, of James Monroe H.S. in the Bronx, inexplicably shunned by the Yankees forty years ago, worthy successor to Lou Gehrig but shafted, ignored, signed by Detroit. Forty years of Jewish Yankee fans wandering in the desert, awaiting Greenberg Number Two. And now, the Promised Land.

Mattingly.

As of this moment I, Chick Yabu, appoint Don Mattingly the Honorary Jewish Yankee.

Like Greenberg, a first baseman. Like Greenberg, a Jew. As of now. Now he's a Jew. He's a Jew, I tell you. That's it. Tough.

So let's send him to Israel. He can go from his home in Evansville, Indiana, to Indianapolis or Louisville, to New York, to Tel Aviv, and El Al will do it for \$883. Really. I checked it out. Then you've got to send his wife, put them up in a decent hotel, say the whole deal goes \$4,000. And we handle with El Al for the good press.

Here's my five bucks. (I heard that.

You have any idea what I *make*?) Send your contributions to me, Chick, % this magazine. And somebody hit up Greenberg. I can't do everything.



**Li'l Bunts:** A month after the Olympics, and all I remember is my food poisoning . . . . . Wish I'd Said It of the Month: Earl Weaver on Howard Cosell: "Howard's such a pussy, he needs a second toupee for his ass" . . . . . Scrawled on the Saints' clubhouse chalkboard: "Personal to Lizard Man: It's not funny anymore, and it's beginning to hurt." Football is a funny game, too . . . . . Answer to last month's three-part question: It was Tinker to Evers to Chance who often wore each other's clothes. But it was only Tinker and Evers who used the same toothbrush. Yet it was Chance who kept getting hepatitis! Go figure . . . . . This month's question: If Yogi Bear was really Yogi Berra, who was Boo-Boo? . . . . . And howabout that HR hitting contest the Dodgers and Giants staged the other night, for pink slips? . . . . . Remember: Be stupid this month. It's a stupid month.

## INFORMER

Editor: Fred "Tell Me That Again" Graver

Contributors: Mitch "Sing Along" Coleman, Glenn "Saturnine" Eichler, Bill "Wow" Franzen, Peter C. "Precious" Gaffney, Lynn "Party Girl" Geller, Fred "Tell Me That Again" Graver, Bruce "Lucky" Helford, Dave "Papa" Jaffe, Bill "Slam Dunk" Moseley, Charlie "Chucky Cheese" Rubini

DR. MCGILLICUDDY'S  
IMPORTED MENTHOLMINT SCHNAPPS

"Schnapps  
never tasted  
so cool."

Product of Canada 40% Alc/vol Imported by General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y., N.Y.

# DEEP THOUGHTS

**W**HEN I WAS A KID, I GUESS there was nobody we were more afraid of than old Mr. Jennings. Our parents told us to stay away from his house, but we wouldn't listen. We'd get mannequin heads and paint them up to look like us, then hold them up over the edge of the fence. Sure enough, he'd blow them apart every time with his high-powered rifle.

To this day, I still feel kinda bad about teasing him like that.

I THINK THE THING THAT SURPRISED ME about New York was not the size of the buildings, but how small I was compared to them.

IF YOU GO BERSERK, BE CAREFUL WITH that laugh, because you could jerk your head back too quick and pinch a nerve. (My motto is "Be-serk but Beware.")

I BET A FUN THING WOULD BE TO GO WAY back in time to when there was going to be an eclipse and tell the cavemen, "If I have come to destroy you, may the sun be blotted out from the sky." Just then the eclipse would start, and they'd probably try to kill you or some-

thing, but then you could explain about the rotation of the moon and all, and everyone would get a good laugh.

HE HAD BEEN RAISED BY APES, BUT NOW it was time to go to college. Which would it be—MIT, Harvard, or Monkey State?

WHEN PEOPLE SAY TO ME, "I CAN'T," WHAT they usually mean is "I won't." When John's wheelchair tipped over and he said, "I can't get up," I just walked off. Maybe all those car horns scared some sense back into him.

BACK IN THE CAVEMAN DAYS, I BET IT would have been really embarrassing if your wife evolved and you didn't.

I'D LIKE TO WRITE A MYSTERY WHERE the butler did it, in his pants.

BASICALLY, THERE ARE TWO FORCES OPERATING in the universe. The first is called the positive force. The other force is exactly the opposite of this. Damn! I forget what it's called.

**To me, the test of good bacon is how far two muscle men can stretch it before it snaps. (About a foot is real good bacon.)**

WHEN RICK TOLD ME HE WAS HAVING trouble with his wife, I had to laugh. Not because of what he said, but because of a joke I had thought of. I told him the joke, but he didn't laugh very much. Some friend he is!

IF YOU EVER GET TO A POINT WHERE words have no meaning, you're probably talking to a dog.

AS LARRY WATCHED, THE BIG HAMMER-head shark circled closer and closer. His eyes were empty and deathlike, and so were the shark's. Larry thought of all the things he should have said to Linda, like "Help! A shark is attacking me!"

IF YOU KEEP SOME PEOPLE'S BRAINS ALIVE by putting them in an aquarium after they're dead, go ahead and put in some snails to keep down that algae. But not too many, because the snails could overpopulate and crowd out the brains from their habitat.

IF YOU SOMETIMES HAVE TROUBLE TELLING what is real from what is unreal, can I borrow some money?

CHILDREN NEED ENCOURAGEMENT. SO IF (CONTINUED ON PAGE 81)





***Come up to Kool.***

Kool gives you extra coolness  
for the most refreshing sensation in smoking.  
***A sensation beyond the ordinary.***

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.

# TRUE FACTS

## A Play at the Plate



By Bill Moseley; photographs from UPI and Wide World/AP

**F**ROM THE "PERSONAL NOTES" column of the *Bench & Bar of Minnesota*, this item:  
"The Rochester law firm of Dingle, Suk, Wendland & Walters, Ltd. has announced that Kevin P. Howe and Jon H.L. Dewey have joined the firm as shareholders, and that David N. Cox and Garry L. Fuchs have been named associates. The new firm will be known as Dewey, Suk, Dingle and Howe, Ltd." (contributed by Peter Berge)

URGING THAT DOCTORS PROVIDE MORE explicit instructions for the use of drugs, *Hospital Pharmacy* magazine reported: "A patient visited his physician with a complaint of excessive sweating from his axillae. The doctor wrote a prescription for aluminum chloride solution. He handed the prescription to the patient and said, 'Rub this under your arms twice a day.' The patient left the office only to return a few days later. The patient complained to the doctor that he continued to have the sweating problem. He also asked for a new prescription slip. The old one had by now become smeared and tattered from rubbing it under his arms."

Also noted was the case of the mother and child who came to the doctor's office, "the child having what appeared to be insect bites. The doctor took a history, discovered that they had a family pet, and made a diagnosis of flea bites. Along with topical treatment to relieve itching, the doctor counseled the mother to use a flea collar from now on." During a follow-up visit, the rash was noted to be significantly improved. The doctor also noted that the child was wearing a flea collar." (contributed by Jack Lewis)

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN THE FIGHT against farts include the following:

According to *Science 84* magazine, researchers in Bombay, India, have found that by subjecting beans to low-level radiation, certain complex sugars are broken down, thus lowering the flatulence-producing potential of the beans. (contributed by Tim Ehriit)

Meanwhile, *Stars & Stripes* re-

# If your graphic equalizer can't triple the power of your car stereo. And surround you with Ambience. It isn't a Panasonic.

This Panasonic graphic equalizer does more than shape music in your car. It also includes four powerful amplifiers.\* To give you more than three times the power of the average car stereo.† And Ambience to surround you with "concert hall" sound.

The Panasonic Commander™ gives you uncanny sound control. Because it gives you all the capabilities of a sophisticated seven-band graphic equalizer. So you can tailor the music the way you want it.

For even more control, the Commander also gives you three pre-programmed sound range settings.

Setting One enhances the musical characteristics of Soft Rock, Pop, And Country.

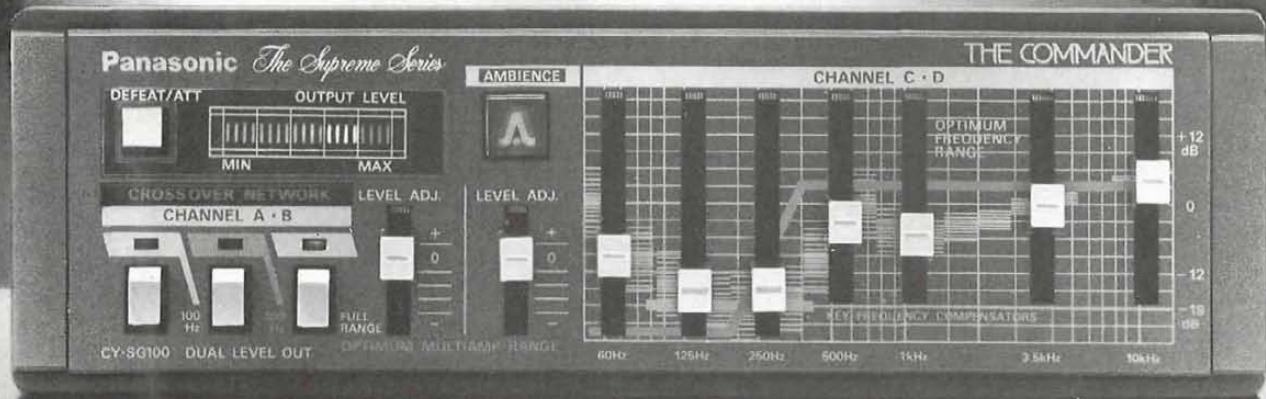
Setting Two delivers the subtleties and shadings of Jazz and Classical.

Setting Three drives home the thundering bass of even the heaviest Rock.

And the Commander gives you four powerful, low-distortion amplifiers. So whatever you listen to will be crisp. Clean. And clear.

## The magic of Ambience sound.

Panasonic Ambience surrounds you with music as no ordinary car stereo can. But after all, this isn't just an ordinary car stereo component, it's from Panasonic.



\*4 x 25W (total 100W) maximum power output at 1kHz. †Based on 1984 industry average 6.88 watts per channel.

**Panasonic**<sup>®</sup>  
just slightly ahead of our time.

ported that the U.S. Air Force has asked aircrews not to eat beans before or during flights. Prepackaged meals that include "bean components" will no longer be served to those aircrews. The armed services newspaper went on to say that other branches of the military "were not aware of a flatulence problem in their ranks. Only the Air Force has a policy addressing the situation." (contributed by Tracy W. Russell)

THIS BUSINESS STORY APPEARED IN THE *Toronto Globe & Mail*:

"This Can't Be Yogurt, Inc. has filed a \$17.5 million counteraction suit against I Can't Believe It's Yogurt, Inc.

"This Can't Be Yogurt was sued last month by I Can't Believe It's Yogurt for alleged trademark infringements. The suit was filed a day before This Can't Be Yogurt was to start a public offering.

"This Can't Be Yogurt is now claiming that I Can't Believe It's Yogurt timed its suit to ruin the stock offering." (contributed by Michael Devine)

HERMAN SIGRIST AND HIS WIFE, HOPE, and her brother, Philip Brand, were blown out of their house when a gas explosion leveled the building in Fayette, New York. In their beds at the time of the blast, all three traveled some fifty feet through the air before landing, still in their beds. The Sigrists landed under a willow tree, while Brand came down on the lawn. (New York) *Daily News* (contributed by Evan Miller)

ACCORDING TO THE *NEW YORK TIMES*, sixty-year-old Joseph Briggs of West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, "whose car slammed into two utility poles, plunged down a twenty-foot embankment, and crashed through a fence, walked away from his demolished car only to be struck and killed by a truck." (contributed by Bill Moseley)

POINTING OUT THAT INSECTS CONTAIN MORE protein than the meats consumed by humans, Mexican TV chef Josefina Peralta claims that world hunger could be alleviated by popularizing gourmet insect dishes. Peralta is working on a new cookbook containing such delicacies as "ant and scarab soup, mosquito eggs in cream of garden snail, and arbutus worms in honey ants sauce." *UPI* (contributed by C. A. Brown-Bender)

TWO NOTEWORTHY LETTERS TO ADVICE columnists appeared recently, the first

in the "Dr. Lamb Explains" column of the *Toronto Sun*:

"Dear Dr. Lamb: My wife has a black, hairy tongue. The first doctor treated her with Mycostatin, but it didn't do any good. Her current doctor asked if she drank alcohol or coffee, or smoked. She admitted she did. He

## BULLSHIT

"The most awesome sight of my career was the parade in Philadelphia when we won the World Series in 1980 after all those years the Phillies never won. If I can help this team do that in Montreal, it would be great. And with this team, you're not just playing for a city, you're playing for a country, a real proud country."

—Pete Rose, quoted in the *New York Times* (contributed by Herm Albright)

"Kellogg's Pop-Tarts are the Official Toaster Pastry of the 1984 Winter Olympics in Sarajevo, Yugoslavia."

—Copy on the side of a Kellogg's Pop-Tart box (contributed by Berne Bendel)

"I don't think the questions will be as tough as in the past. We're taping in California. The old show was taped in New York. People in California aren't as bright as people in New York. People in New York read books from cover to cover."

—Alex Trebek, producer of *Single Jeopardy*, an updated version of the popular game show *Jeopardy*, quoted in the (*Bergen County*) *Record*. (contributed by Duck Divet)

"I have never actually seen something so unpleasant."

—Lady Caroline Lowell, fifty-one, a novelist and member of the Guinness brewing family, after she and fellow cruise-missile protesters outside Greenham Common Air Base were mooned by servicemen in a bus, as reported by Reuters. (contributed by Donald C. Cook)

**Contributors:** Send examples of "Bullshit" to True Facts, National Lampoon, 655 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. We'll pay ten dollars for each one used.

suggested she curb these habits and brush her tongue with a soft toothbrush once a day. . . ." (contributed by Howard Good)

And this appeared in Ann Landers's syndicated column:

"Dear Ann Landers: I have finally met Mr. Right. Please don't think I'm insane, but there is only one thing holding me back. He has some very long hairs growing out of his ears. The man refuses to cut them, even though they reach down almost to his shoulders. I have never seen anything like it and neither has anyone else. . . ." (contributed by Mario Rodriguez)

ACCORDING TO JOHN GIBBONS, HEAD OF the criminal division of the U.S. Attorney's office in San Francisco, evidence not needed in the spy trial of forty-eight-year-old James Harper will be given back. Among the items seized from the former Silicon Valley engineer were a teddy bear and a Slinky.

Gibbons announced that the teddy bear "has been examined and will be returned." He said nothing, however, about the Slinky. *Winnipeg Free Press* (contributed by Bev Sawchuk)

SCIENTISTS IN ULM, WEST GERMANY, have developed a tiny milking machine for mice. According to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "The mouse-milking machine consists of a vacuum pump and a system of tiny tubes connected to three-centimeter-high plastic milk pails that measure no more than a centimeter in circumference.

"The female rodent is anesthetized during the process," said the report, "because mice will not stand still to be milked." (contributed by André Hinds)

TWENTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD DANIEL SARGENT escaped from the Middle Georgia Correctional Institution in Hardwick, Georgia, by crawling through a window and scaling a high, barbed-wire fence. According to a prison spokesman, Sargent is a blind diabetic with an artificial leg.

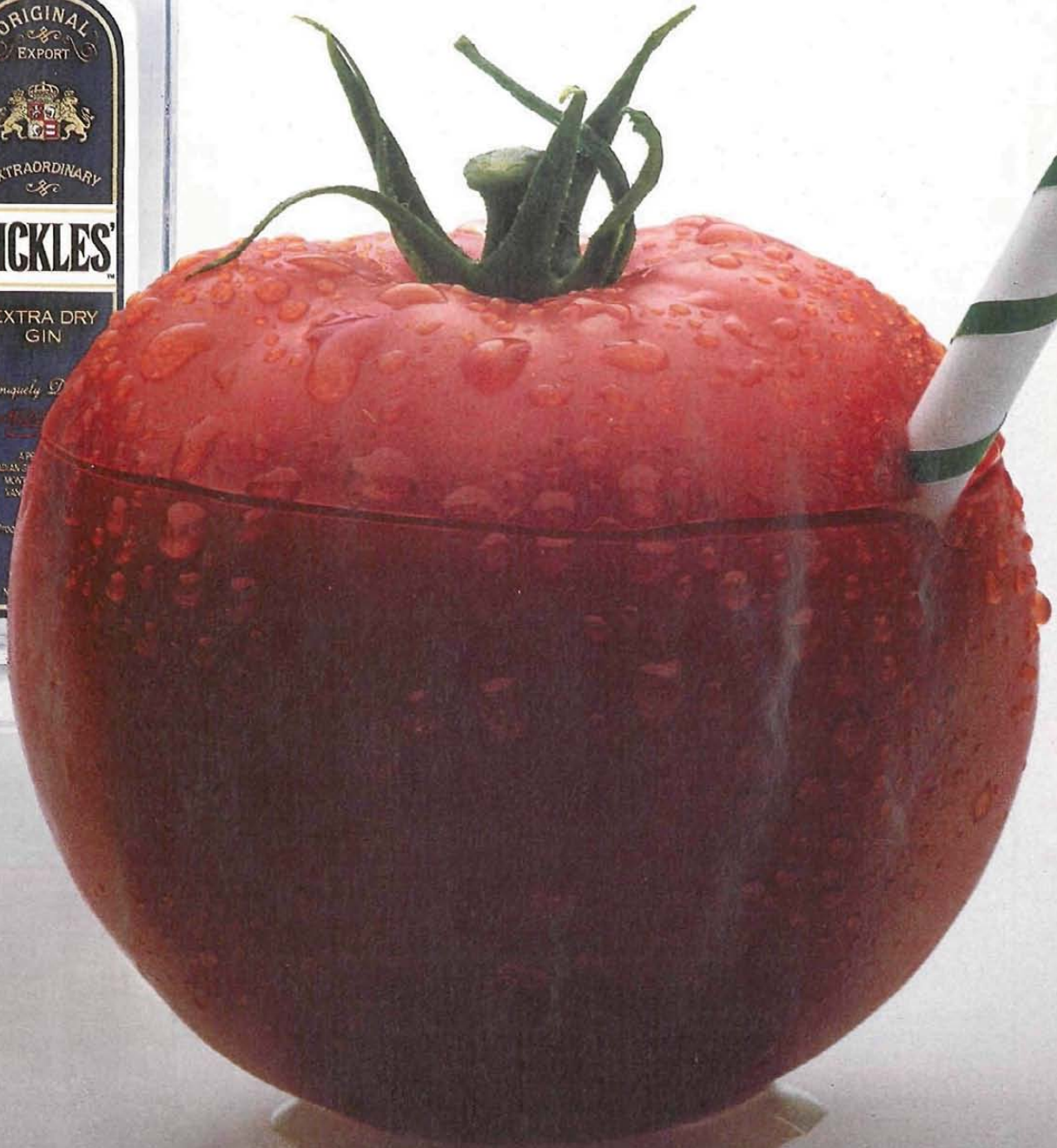
"He just got a new leg," said the spokesman. "I guess he was stepping out." *London (Ontario) Free Press* (contributed by Paul K. Green)

SAHIB, AN ELEPHANT AT THE WORLD Wildlife Safari in Winston, Oregon, ate too much mud recently, then ate some rocks as well. The combination caused a concrete-like formation in his stomach.

However, zookeepers solved the problem with this daily regimen: fif-



*Jar your tomatoes  
with Pickles'*



*You might laugh at our name, but not at our taste.*

80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY W.V. ELLIOTT CO. SOLE U.S. IMPORTER NEW BRITAIN, CT U.S.A. ENJOY IN MODERATION.



# One Thing and Another

teen boxes of Ex-Lax, three cases of apples, two cases of lettuce, two cases of carrots, twenty pounds of plums, forty pounds of bananas, six gallons of mineral oil, and an enema administered with a garden hose. *Erie, Pa., Morning News* (contributed by R. Shumaker)

**MARINE RUNDSCHAU.** A WEST GERMAN naval journal, reported that the Swedish Defense Ministry is offering in newspaper advertisements two decommissioned submarines for sale. Both the *Hajen* and the *Draken* are said to be operational.

However, a Swedish naval spokesman warned against "excessive expectations," pointing out that while the two subs were still capable of submerging, "resurfacing could present problems." (contributed by E. G. Schneide)

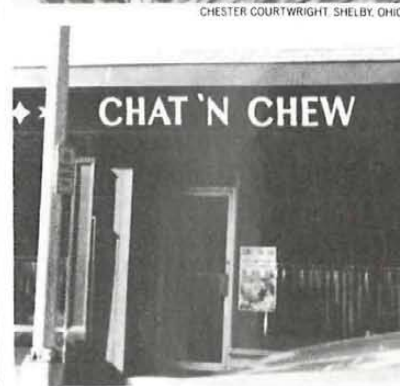
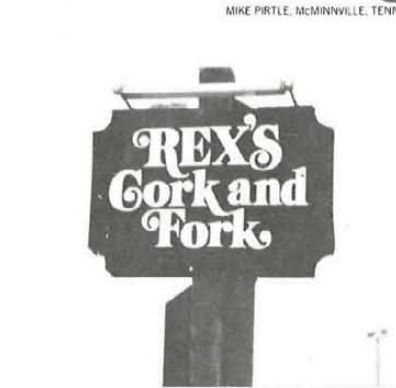
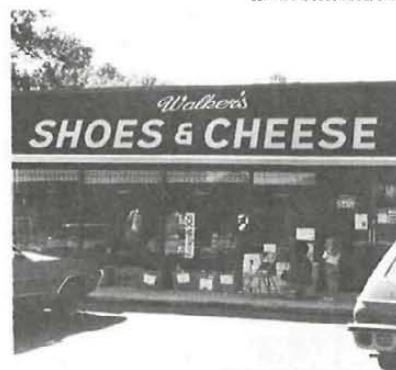
IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, one Evelyn M. Smart claimed that thirty families were awakened at 2:30 on a Sunday morning to a "horrendous clanking, like battleships in collision." The racket was caused by two men who had filled seven apartment-building washing machines with muddy golf balls.

The men were not arrested, Smart complained, though the police did arrive "in time to prevent mayhem" as tenants confronted the two "entrepreneurs," who left in a station wagon "filled to window level with 20,000 dirty golf balls." (contributed by James Davis)

ACCORDING TO A STUDY CONDUCTED BY the French Perfume Committee, a perfume-industry group, the French use less soap per capita than the Italians, Germans, or British. About 40 percent of the French population use deodorants regularly, and of those, only 20 percent are men.

The study also said that the French tend to be lazy about personal care and that dirtiness is often a "sign of disagreement with society in general and a form of protest by others." *AP* (contributed by Bruce Protesto)

SWEDISH MILITARY FORCES, UNDER increasing pressure to produce evidence of foreign intruders around the top-secret Karlskrona naval base, recently machine-gunned a white swan to death. According to the Swedish Defense Ministry, the white swan was mistaken for a frogman. *Rocky Mountain News* (contributed by Eric Mees)



# NATIONAL LAMPOON'S PRODUCT BARGAIN BONANZA

- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Volume I** Half of our best tenth anniversary book ever—and the first half. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Volume II** The sequel is even better. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary, Deluxe Edition** This one is hardbound, for painful dropping on one's foot. \$19.95
- National Lampoon Photo Funnies** Funnies told through fotos. Funny. \$2.95
- National Lampoon High School Yearbook Parody** Critically acclaimed across America, this one still has its surviving writers chuckling. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody** A sequel to the *High School Yearbook*, though the two have nothing in common. \$4.95
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 5** The best stuff from 1973-1974. \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 7** Encompassing 1975-1976. \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 8** Jokes started getting more expensive in 1976-1977. \$3.95
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 9** But we managed to hold the line on prices during 1978-1980. \$3.95
- National Lampoon's Animal House** The full-color, illustrated book on which the movie was not based. This came later. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Deluxe Edition of Animal House** Carbon-dating has proven this edition's longevity to be worth an extra two bucks. \$4.95
- 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
- National Lampoon's Peekers and Other True Facts** All true, all new. To be without one won't do. \$2.95
- National Lampoon's Game of Sell Out** Lie, cheat, and steal and you can win this board game, as well as our hearts. \$10.00

Check off what you like. Include size and color. Add up what it costs. Tack on \$1.50 for postage and handling if it's under \$5.00, or \$2.00 for same if it's over \$5.00. Add 8¼ percent sales tax to that if you live in New York State. Write a check or money order for the total, put it in an envelope with this ad, and send it to:

**National Lampoon, Dept. NL1084, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022**

And try to remember to include your

Name (please print) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Total amount enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

- National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt** Celebrates the funniest *National Lampoon* film since the one before the last two. \$5.95 \_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

- National Lampoon Baseball Hat** To own one of these is to own a hat. \$6.95



- 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

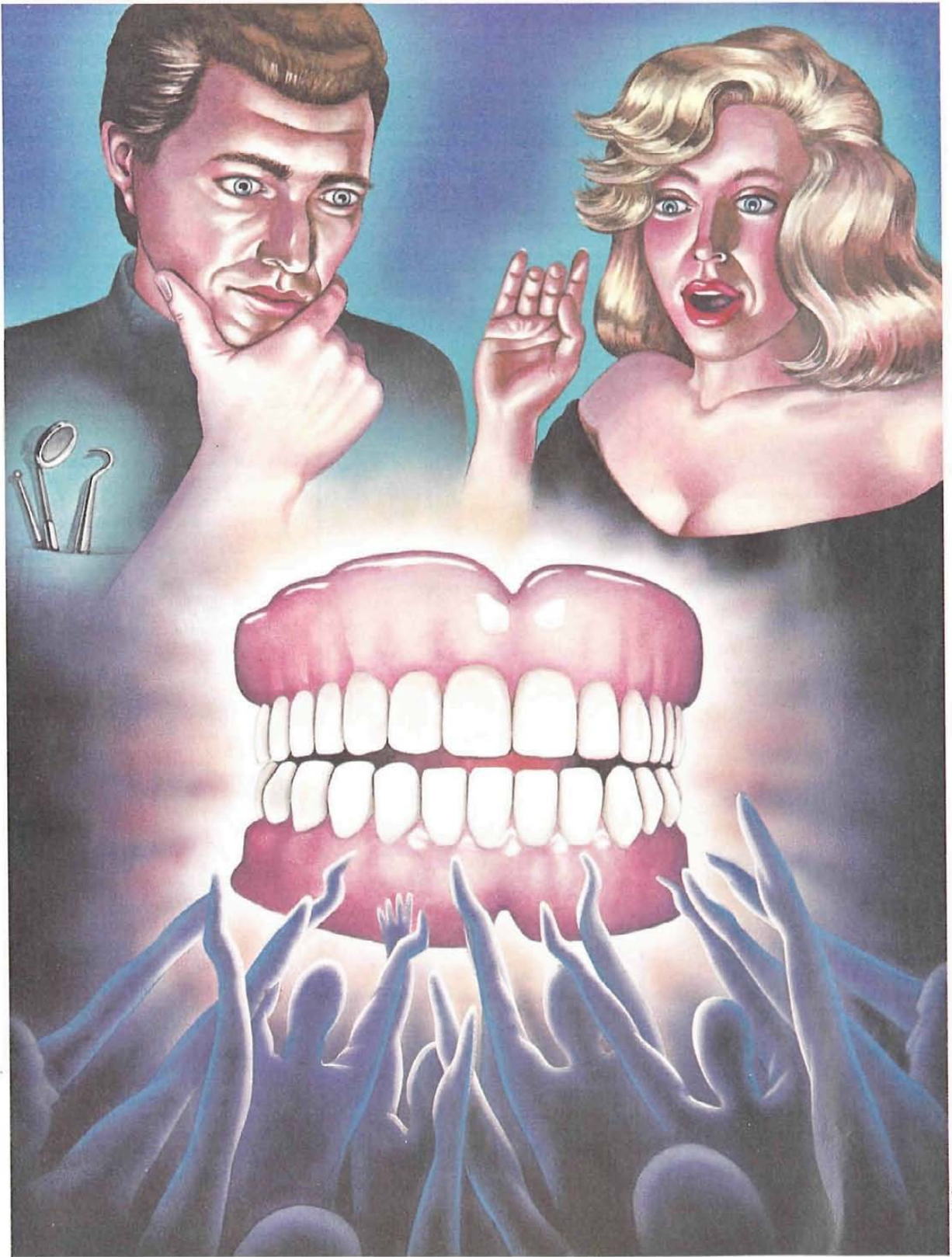
- National Lampoon Duffel Bag** Heavy-duty canvas, holds equipment, fresh undies, drugs. \$14.95

- "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!"** The *National Lampoon* comedy album that dares to be round and flat. \$6.95

- 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



MARY ANNE SHEA

# NICK PALOMAR, D.D.S., IN

## *The Case of the*

# STAR'S CHOPPERS

**T**EETH. MOST PEOPLE, YOURSELF included, probably, just chew things with 'em. A hamburger or a celery stalk, a pencil when they're nervous. If they're lucky, their girlfriend's ear. Most people—but then, most people don't work in Hollywood, right?

In Hollywood an actor's nice, white smile can mean the difference between success or failure, *Star Wars* or *The Blob*. Without a good set of choppers you can't do dickshit in this town, not even dog-food commercials. The actors and would-be actors know this as well as they know their agent's phone numbers, and when they want their teeth straightened, whitened, cleaned, bridged, capped, yanked, or replaced with better ones, they come to me. I'm Nick Palomar. I'm a Hollywood dentist. They say I'm the best.

The shingle on the wall says D.D.S., B.S., and R.O.C.M., and I guess it's all true, especially R.O.C.M. Everyone thinks it means Royal Officers College of Medicine, but it's really Regular Old

Cash Machine. You need a little humor in this business.

I guess you could say I've had them all in my chair, young and gorgeous, old and ugly, on the way up and on the way out. Starlets so hot you couldn't fiddle them with an asbestos condom, bimbos as unlikely to get a call from a major studio as William Holden is to sober up in heaven.

The successful ones can afford me, more or less, and the unsuccessful go without food so they'll be able to afford me. It's all in the rep. Like I said, you want the best, you come to me. I am the best. Nick Palomar, Dentist to the Stars, that's me.

Step into the reception room. Sure, those are Tiffany lamps and real Persian carpets on the Italian marble. The fish tanks? Beats me. Dentists always have fish tanks in their waiting rooms, don't they? I didn't pick them.

See that big, mean-looking hunk answering the phone? The one with the scar down his cheek? That's Bubba. Bubba O'Boscovich. I don't know whether he's Polish, Irish, or Offen-

sive Linebacker, but I do know he's my receptionist, and that he's queer as they come. He's the one who decorated the place.

Why'd I hire him? First, he ain't interested in the posh dames who come here. Fewer problems. Second, he's the meanest queer in Hollywood. Loves breaking doors, heads, you name it. That's the kind of receptionist a dentist needs these days. Oh yeah, he also types seventy-five words a minute and files invoices in the right place. Flaky decor or not, he's a treasure. He even worked with me on the Magic Teeth caper.

You never heard of the Magic Teeth of Hollywood? No, no, I guess maybe you wouldn't have. Here, have a seat and I'll fill you in, so to speak. Just don't play with the drill, okay?

I remember it was a slow day in Hollywood, which is sort of like a slow day in Kansas except it doesn't rain, the people are lots prettier, and you make ten times as much money. Brooke Shields had stopped by earlier for her

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)

KING: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, 100's: 17 mg. "tar",  
1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1984 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

*You've got what it takes.*

# Salem Spirit

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



*Share the spirit.  
Share the refreshment.*

SMOOTH AND REFRESHING

Menthol Fresh

## THE CASE OF THE STAR'S CHOPPERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)  
 weekly checkup, but Teri was with her and I couldn't try anything funny with the gas. When she left, I buzzed Bubba on the intercom and asked, "Who's next?"

"An old, wrinkled French broad. Big front rabbits with wide gaps, lots of nip and tuck, dyed to beat hell."

"Ah. Brigitte Bardot. Then?"

"Carol Burnett. For the root canal."

"You mean the Suez Canal." Yeah, it was shaping up to be a long, slow day. Until the door burst open, that is, and a beautiful dame pushed into the office.

"Dr. Palomar? You *are* Dr. Nick Palomar? I've got to talk to you right now! It's an emergency!"

Bubba hates people without appointments. He moved toward her fast, his fist pulled back for a knockout punch. For some reason, I stopped him. Don't ask me why. I guess I'm just a sap for a gorgeous dame with a problem, appointment or no appointment.

"Let her go, Bubba. The lady's got a story to tell."

The girl's eyes followed Bubba hungrily as he stomped out and slammed the door.

"Does the hunk have a name?"

"Forget it, he's a doughnut poker. What's on your mind?"

She sighed, long and deep. I watched her chest rise, rise, rise some more and finally fall. It had a long way to go. She sat in the chair, lifted long, chorus-line legs, lit a Marlboro, and blew a cloud of smoke in my direction.

"You shouldn't smoke those things."

"Yeah, I know, lung cancer."

I laughed. "Cancer? Forget the cancer, those things *yellow your tooth enamel*. In a few years those pearlies of yours will look like fog lights on the freeway. All right, toots, what's the treatment?"

She took a deep breath, raising that chest again, and said, "I want my teeth pulled."

She had beautiful teeth, nice and straight and white. "Look, if you just want a tooth pulled, you could—"

"Not tooth. *Teeth*." She shuddered. "I want every tooth in my head pulled out."

"Total extraction? Do you realize what you're saying? You've got great teeth and I wouldn't touch 'em."

"Just pull mine and put in a set of false teeth, Palomar. I'll pay you plenty, believe me."

That was different. "Call me Nick.

Look, the dentures I make are good. The best. It'll take time, Miss . . . ?"

She blew a ring at the overheads. "I brought my own teeth."

"You can't put in any old set of gummers, because the fit—"

She jumped out of the chair. "Don't you think I know that? Why do you think I came to you? These teeth have to fit perfectly, and you're the only one who can do it!"

I stopped there. Money, a beautiful dame, a set of choppers so good they might even equal mine? I couldn't resist. "I'll go along with you for now. Let's see those teeth."

Slowly, carefully, she produced a jeweled box from her handbag. Hell, the box alone was worth a fortune. She put it on the counter while I adjusted the lighting and angled it for maximum dramatic effect, a Howard Hawks trademark I admire. She opened the box, and there they were.

It was hard to describe. I mean, not that they were beautiful, or even perfect—which they were. Hell, my dentures have been called that. These had that ineffable something that great classics sometimes have. They seemed to have some strange power that hypnotized us, so that both the girl and I stood there, staring at those teeth, *liking* them.

"See?" she hissed. "You understand now why it has to be these teeth?"

I thought of turning down her case right then, and maybe I should have. Some people might still be alive today, a few series still running. But I had to know more about those strange teeth. How were they made? And *who* had made them?

"First I need time to study the teeth, figure out an adapting mold for the gums. After we extract yours, and the gums settle down, I'll put these in. You'll have to leave them here tonight, though."

"One thing, Palomar. I want another good set of dentures to take with me now. Here's five grand. And no questions."

What the hell, dames've asked me to do weirder things with my teeth before. I got her a good model from the display case and she slipped them into that jeweled box and into her bag.

"Make sure you guard those teeth with your life, Palomar. They're worth more than you can imagine."

Now, I can imagine plenty, being a Hollywood dentist, but there were five thousand little reasons in my pocket advising me to keep my mouth shut

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42)



"I'm the state bird—the governor said I could fuck one of your canaries."



# BESTSELLERS

## *Illustrated*

Featuring Stories by the World's  
Most Marketable "Authors"

#1

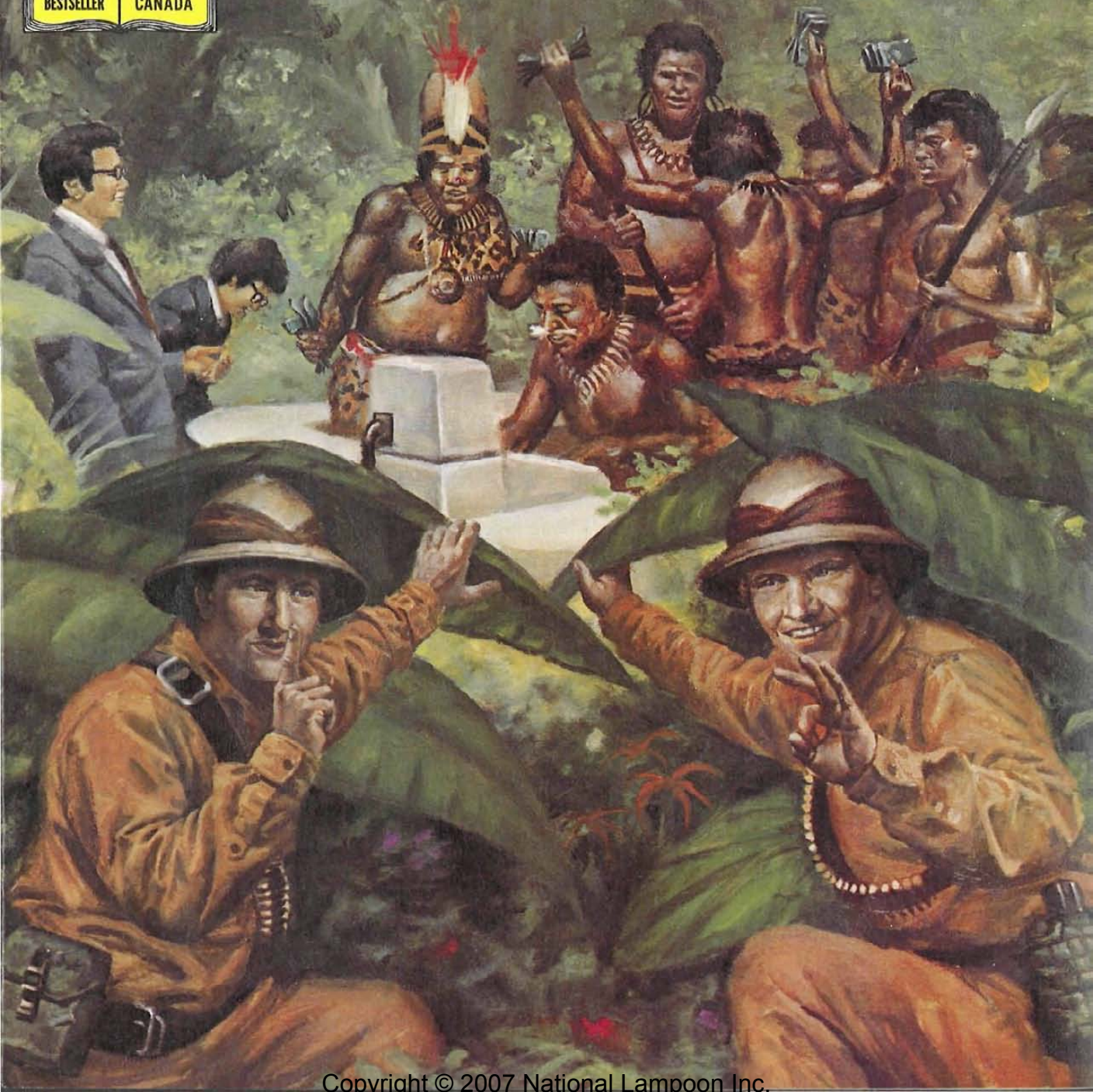
BESTSELLER

\$8.95

\$10.75 IN CANADA

# IN SEARCH OF EXCELLENCE

BY THOMAS J. PETERS AND  
ROBERT H. WATERMAN, JR.



# Thomas J. Peters and Robert H. Waterman, Jr.

(b. March 12, 1943; d. ?)

COVER BY DOUG BEEKMAN

**I**N FLANDERS, just a few short months before the Renaissance, a young Spanish duke fell off his horse, because these were the Dark Ages, and he had forgotten his candle.

“Odds Bodkins!” he cried.

“What is it?” asked Herr Bodkins, the toy maker.

“I forgot my candle again. Can I borrow yours?” the duke beseeched him.

Bodkins balked at being beseeched. “No,” he exclaimed therefore, and slipped a string through the nose of a toy doll. For, you see, during this time there was no such thing as business analysis, only candles and toys and strings through those toys and darkness everywhere.

What, you may ask, has this to do with the authors in question?

Well, children—at least we hope you are children, not Harvard Business School students reading this comic to get through a course—well, children, it has nothing at all to do with them. We were only having a little fun, playing at confusing your impressionable little minds. You see, sometimes it gets boring in the Bestsellers Illustrated offices late at night, which is when we write these things, usually after we’ve had a few.

“A few what?” we hear you pipe inquisitively. Let’s just say it’s a medicine that grown-ups must drink. And drink and drink and drink, to help them cope with humiliating livelihoods. To help



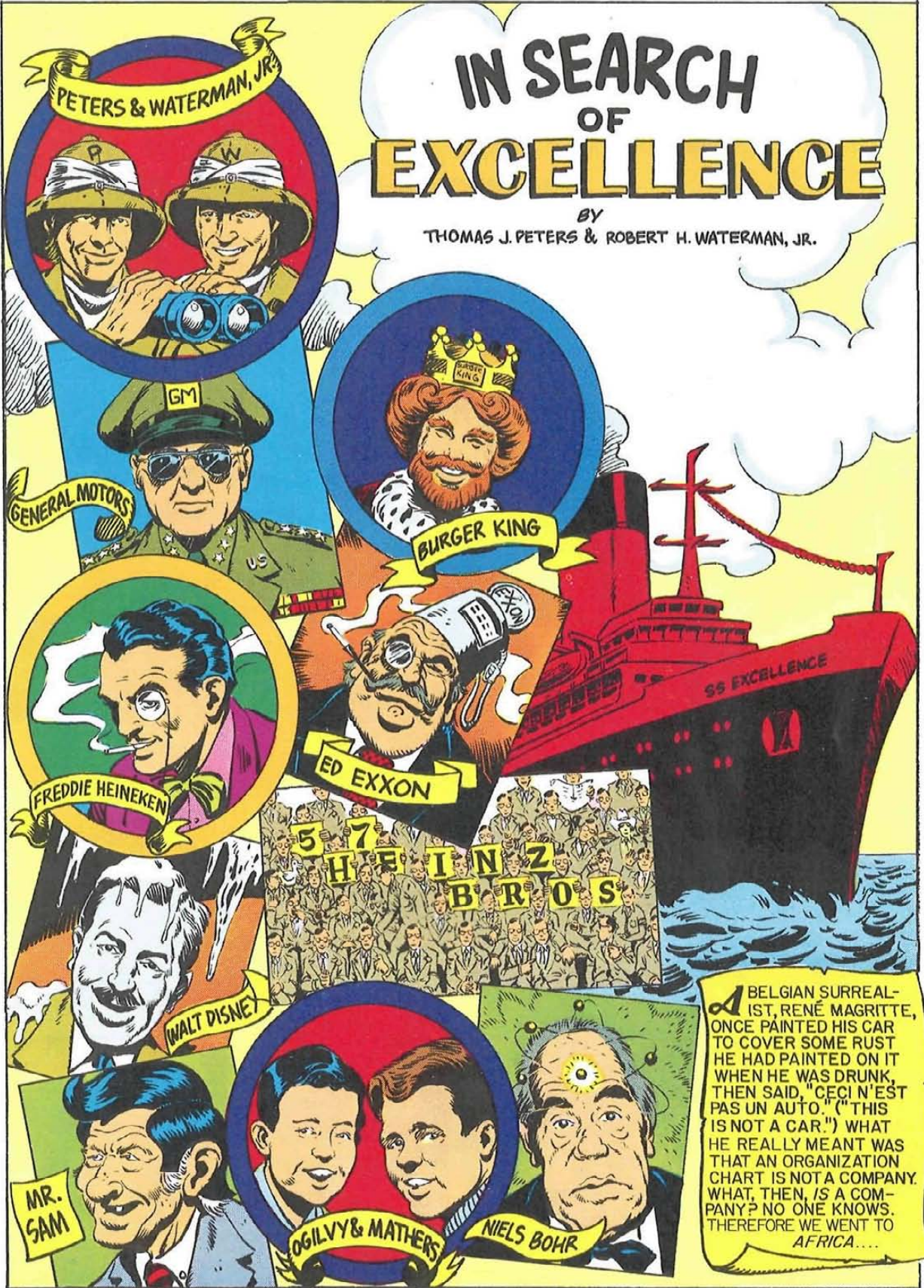
them withstand certain indignities that no human being should be forced to put up with. Even if he is an ex-con. He’s still a man and he needs his dignity. But never mind. It’s the—uh—medicine talking. Let’s get back to the biography at hand.

Thomas J. Peters and Robert H. Waterman, Jr., identical twin genius business consultants, were born during the Great War, rising like a couple of phoenixes from the smoke and ash and rubble that was Milano after the German blitz of Italy. Only figuratively, of course. In reality they were born in a hospital in Kew Gardens, New York. And the only rubble at hand was the one on the TV in Mrs. Peters/Waterman, Jr.’s semiprivate room when she watched *The Flintstones*.

The twins were separated at birth, by cracking their shell in half and pouring the albumen back and forth from one half to the other. They did not meet again until Peters’s thirty-fifth year and, due to excessive jet travel, Waterman, Jr.’s thirty-seventh, when they independently applied for jobs as models in a hair restorer ad, Waterman, Jr. for the before, Peters for the after. The twins recognized each other by the size of their necks. They soon discovered that separately they had been idiots, but together they were a business genius. So they wrote a book . . . and the rest is hypocrisy.

# IN SEARCH OF EXCELLENCE

BY  
THOMAS J. PETERS & ROBERT H. WATERMAN, JR.



A BELGIAN SURREALIST, RENÉ MAGRITTE, ONCE PAINTED HIS CAR TO COVER SOME RUST HE HAD PAINTED ON IT WHEN HE WAS DRUNK, THEN SAID, "CECI N'EST PAS UN AUTO." ("THIS IS NOT A CAR.") WHAT HE REALLY MEANT WAS THAT AN ORGANIZATION CHART IS NOT A COMPANY. WHAT, THEN, IS A COMPANY? NO ONE KNOWS. THEREFORE WE WENT TO AFRICA.....

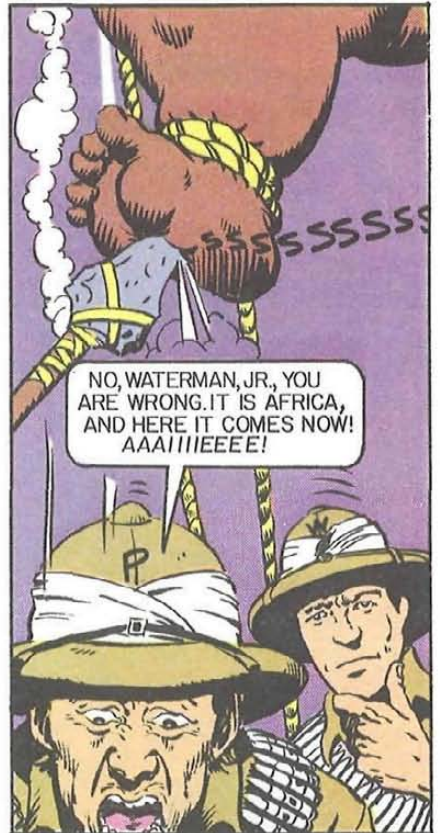
Written by Charles Kaufman and Paul Proch • Art by Bob Camp • Lettering by Peter Friedrich • Coloring by Nelson Yomtov

ON THE SIXTH DAY OF OUR EXPEDITION WE HEARD TELL OF A HERMETIC MADMAN RUNNING A FORTUNE 500 CORPORATION IN THE JUNGLES OUTSIDE OF BLITTA, IN TOGO. SO OFF WE WENT!



OH, WATERMAN, JR, I HAVE A RIDDLE FOR YOU. WHAT IS IT THAT'S "FRIC" IN THE MIDDLE AND "A" ON BOTH ENDS?

OH, I KNOW THAT ONE, PETERS. IT IS OHIO.



NO, WATERMAN, JR, YOU ARE WRONG. IT IS AFRICA, AND HERE IT COMES NOW! AAAAIIIEEEE!



INKA-DINKA-DOO!  
INKA-DINKA-DOO!\*

DO YOU HEAR, WATERMAN, JR., THESE NATIVES HAVE BEEN TOUCHED BY A GENIUS WITH... A BIAS FOR ACTION!

TAKE US TO YOUR BIASED LEADER!

\*BOIL IT DOWN TO SOMETHING I CAN GRASP.



GENERAL MOTORS!

HELLO, BOYS. WATCH ME WHILE I FILL THE PLANT UP WITH WATER TO SEE IF THERE ARE ANY LEAKS. IT WOULD BE CRAZY FOR ME TO SIT AND WAIT FOR THE FACTORY TO BECOME FULL OF WATER OF ITS OWN ACCORD. I'LL JUST DO IT MYSELF.

BUT WHAT OF THE WORKERS, GENERAL? THEY'LL DROWN LIKE RATS!

IN SEARCH OF EXCELLENCE

NO TIME TO GET THEM OUT!  
GOT TO ACT NOW! CAN'T WAIT!  
CAN'T WAIT. . . .

GOOD LORD, MAN!  
HOW COULD YOUR BUSINESS  
PHILOSOPHY COME TO OB-  
SESS YOU TO SUCH A  
STRANGE AND UNHOLY  
DEGREE?



BUSINESS PHILOSOPHY PHA! IT'S A VOODOO  
CURSE. EDDIE M'GBUMBO'S CRAZY FATHER,  
STOSH, PUT THE HOODOO ON ME LAST FALL,  
JUST BECAUSE I BUILT MY NEW BARBECUE  
PIT THREE INCHES OVER ON HIS SIDE. . . .

"NOW I CAN DO NOTHING BUT ACT. IT IS, AS YOU HAVE PROBABLY AL-  
READY GUESSED, THE EXACT OPPOSITE OF THE CURSE HE RECENTLY  
PUT ON AL PACINO."

SUDDENLY, A NATIVE MESSENGER ARRIVED AND ANNOUNCED. . .

BWANA,  
INKA-DINKA-DOO!  
INKA-DINKA-DOO! BWANA,  
INKA-DINKA-DOO! INKA-  
DINKAA-DOOOO!!\*



GOTTA DO SOMETHING,  
ANYTHING, QUICK. LET'S  
MOVE OUT!



\*GENERAL MOTORS, COME QUICKLY. THE WATER HAS SHORTED OUT  
THE ASSEMBLY-LINE CONVEYOR BELT. GENERAL MOTORS, PRODUC-  
TION HAS ABRUPTLY CEASED. THE NATIVES WHO HAVEN'T DROWNED  
ARE RESTLESS. AIIIIIE EEE! GENERAL MOTORS!



THERE ARE SOME IN THIS ORGANIZATION (PANT-PANT)  
WHO WOULD PREFER TO FORM COMMITTEES AND SAY  
"INKA-DINKA-DOO" TO EACH OTHER FOR EIGHT MONTHS  
AND THEN HAVE A SECRETARY TYPE IT UP BEFORE DE-  
CIDING WHAT SHOULD BE DONE ABOUT THIS PROBL-  
LEM. BUT NOT ME, BOY! I'M GENERAL MOTORS. YOU  
ALL KNOW ME. I'M THE GUY WHO PUTS THREE SUGARS  
IN HIS COFFEE.

MAD GENERAL MOTORS' STRATEGIES WERE TOO  
RADICAL FOR US, SO WE SILENTLY STOLE AWAY IN  
SEARCH OF SOME FRESH EXCELLENCE, SINCE THE  
LAST BATCH HAD APPARENTLY GONE SOUR.

HE IS THE  
OLD MAN.

HE IS  
THE NUT.

HA-CHA-CHA-  
CHA-CHA! \*



THE HORROR, THE HORROR! I FORGOT THE  
GLOVE COMPARTMENTS. NOW I MUST START OVER  
AGAIN, OR SURELY ALL OUR CUSTOMERS' UNREGIS-  
TERED FIREARMS WILL FALL INTO THE TRANS-  
MISSION FLUID.

\*HE IS OLD LEADBOTTOM!

EXHAUSTED AFTER DAYS OF SEARCHING FOR AN EXCELLENT CORPORATION IN THE SAVAGE, UNTAMED JUNGLE WILDERNESS, WE STOPPED AT THE LOCAL BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S FOR A COUPLE OF BEERS.

TWO HEINEKENS, PLEASE.

GOOD NIGHT, MRS. CALLABASH, WHEREVER YOU ARE.\*



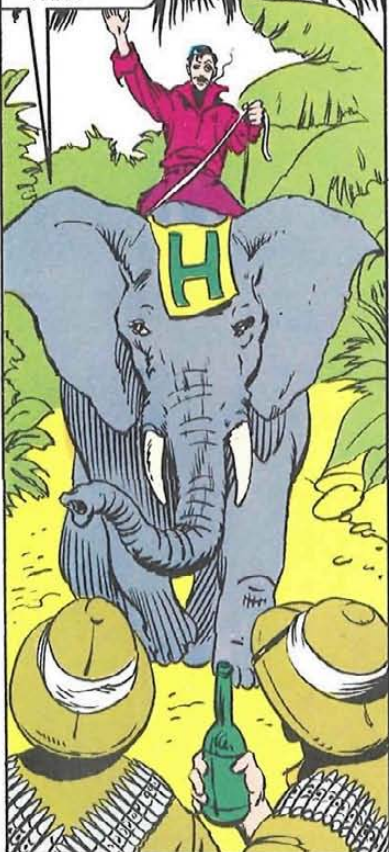
\*TWO HEINEKENS COMING RIGHT UP.

GOOD NIGHT, MRS. CALLABASH, WHEREVER YOU ARE.\* HELLO, FREDDIE? CHET HERE, DOWN AT THE BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, NEAR THE GRAZING HERD OF WILDEBEESTS, ACROSS FROM RADIO SHACK. GOT TWO LIVE ONES. RIGHT. I'LL TRY TO STALL THEM UNTIL YOU GET HERE. BYE.



HI, I'M FREDDIE HEINEKEN. HOW ARE THE BEERS?

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?



LET ME EXPLAIN! I BELIEVE THERE IS ONLY ONE ESSENTIAL KEY TO EXCELLENCE IN BUSINESS, AND THAT IS... STAYING CLOSE TO THE CUSTOMER!

SO WHAT DO YOU THINK, BOYS? IS THERE TOO MUCH OF A HEAD? IS THERE NOT ENOUGH BODY?



TOO MUCH BARLEY, OR NOT ENOUGH? IS GREEN A GOOD COLOR FOR A BOTTLE? HOW 'BOUT THOSE HOPS? IS THE LABEL STRAIGHT? LET ME SEE IT. YES, IT'S FINE! UH-OH, THERE'S MY BEEPER! WHERE'S THE PHONE, CHET?

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? SOMEONE'S BUYING A CASE OF HEINEKENS AT THE 7-ELEVEN, NEAR THE ELEPHANT GRAVEYARD?



COME ON, BOYS! I'LL GIVE YOU A FIRSTHAND DEMONSTRATION OF HOW I OPERATE IN THE FIELD.

IN SEARCH OF EXCELLENCE



HI, I'M FREDDIE HEINEKEN. MIND IF I TAG ALONG?

JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE.

WHAT, AGAIN? WE TOLD YOU—WE LOVE YOUR GODDAMN BEER.



HI! I'M FREDDIE HEINEKEN. HOW ARE THE BEERS?

HI! I'M OSCAR MAYER. HOW ARE THE DOGS?

LOOK! THERE ARE THOSE TWO FAGS WHO WANT TO STAY CLOSE TO US! WE'VE WARNED YOU NANCIES EVERY WEEKEND TO KEEP YOUR DISTANCE NOW YOU'RE GONNA PAY!

THE US	0	0	3	1
RUNS	1	2	1	0
HIT	3			
ERRORS				

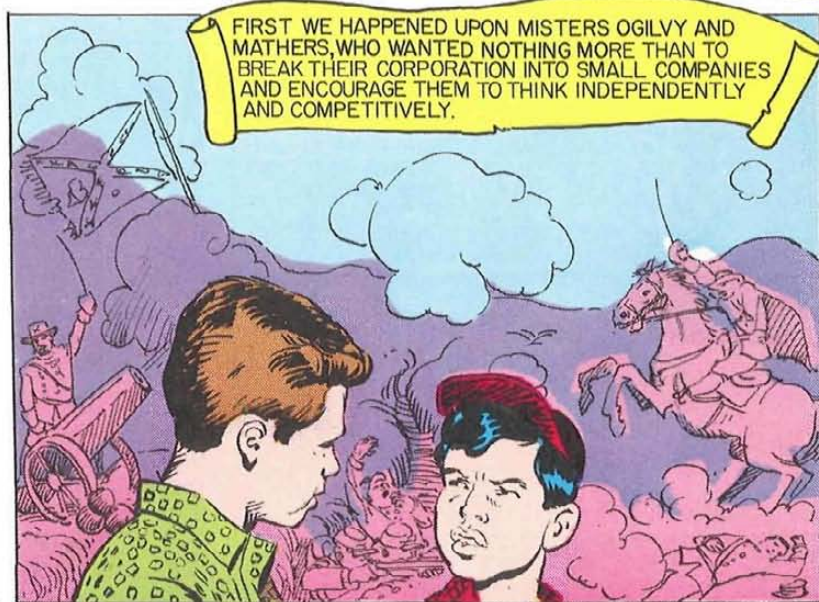


YEAH! LET'S GET 'EM!

SO WE WENDED OUR WAY BY STATION WAGON FROM CAMER- OON TO THE COAST, AND THEN BY FERRY TO THE ISLAND OF FERNANDO POO.

THE THEORY WAS SOUND, BUT THE PRACTICE WAS DANGEROUS, SO WE BEAT A HASTY RETREAT AND SWAM AWAY FROM FERNANDO POO, NEVER TO RETURN.

WE SPENT THE NEXT EIGHTEEN MONTHS MAKING OUR WAY FROM ONE SIDE OF AFRICA TO ANOTHER, WITH A SHORT STOPOVER IN LARCHMONT TO PICK UP SOME CLEAN UNDERWEAR. NOT ONLY DID WE NOT FIND EXCELLENCE, BUT THEY PUT STARCH IN OUR UNDERWEAR.



FIRST WE HAPPENED UPON MISTERS OGILVY AND MATHERS, WHO WANTED NOTHING MORE THAN TO BREAK THEIR CORPORATION INTO SMALL COMPANIES AND ENCOURAGE THEM TO THINK INDEPENDENTLY AND COMPETITIVELY.

**W**HAT A FIASCO! THEN CAME SAM WALTON OF THE WAL-MART CHAIN IN EAST NAIROBI, WHOSE EMPLOYEES CALLED HIM MR. SAM OR GOT FIRED. HE BELIEVED IN *PRODUCTIVITY THROUGH PEOPLE*. HE STARTED BY CARING ABOUT HIS WORKERS, REFERRING TO THEM AS ASSOCIATES, NOT EMPLOYEES; LISTENING TO WHAT THEY HAD TO SAY; ULTIMATELY THINKING OF THEM AS AN EXTENDED FAMILY...



...AND INVITING ALL 4,000 OF THEM TO MOVE INTO HIS GUEST ROOM, THEN FEEDING AND CLOTHING THEM, AND PAYING FOR COSTLY VISITS TO THE ORTHODONTIST. BUT THIS SCHEME WENT OUT OF CONTROL. THE TIME IT TOOK TO RAISE 4,000 UBANGIS, PLAYING CATCH WITH THEM, TAKING THEM TO THE ZOO, LENDING THEM THE CAR ON SATURDAY NIGHTS WHEN THEY HAD A HOT DATE WITH THE GIRL UBANGI NEXT DOOR — ALL THIS LEFT NO TIME FOR WAL-MART. THE STORES WENT STAFFLESS, THE OFFICES WENT EXECUTIVELESS, AND MR. SAM WENT BANKRUPT AND WAS LEFT WITH 4,000 PLATE-LIPPED MOUTHS TO FEED."



**B**UT WE NEVER WERE ABLE TO LEARN, SO WE WENT ON WITH OUR CRACKPOT EXPEDITION. BY DUMB LUCK WE STUMBLED UPON THE TOP-SECRET BURGER KING TRAINING CENTER. HERE THE POTENTIAL BURGER SUBJECTS WERE INSTILLED BY THE BURGER MEISTER WITH ENTHUSIASM AND FANATICISM. WE SOON LEARNED THAT "HAVE IT YOUR WAY" WAS A THING OF THE PAST. NOW IT WAS "HAVE IT THE BURGER'S WAY OR BE SACRIFICED TO IT!"



**W**HAT COULD THE NATIVES DO? THEY HAD BECOME *VALUES-DRIVEN*. THEY WERE TAUGHT THAT THEIR ONE PURPOSE ON EARTH WAS TO SERVE THE BURGER.



**E**D EXXON, A FANATIC OF THE FIRST ORDER, BELIEVED THAT TO STICK TO THE KNITTING WAS TO STICK TO THE BUMPER OF SUCCESS, AND THAT MEANT PUMPING GAS INTO CARS, REMOVING THE PUMP FROM THE CAR, COLLECTING THE MONEY, AND NOTHING ELSE. CHECKING THE OIL WAS OUT, ALSO WIPING WINDSHIELDS AND GIVING DIRECTIONS TO MOTORISTS WHO COULDN'T FIND THE HIGHWAY. PUMP GAS, JUST PUMP GAS, THAT'S ALL. HE WAS FURIOUS WHEN HE HEARD THAT EUROPEANS EXPECTED SOMETHING ELSE.



I WAS SET TO OPEN UP 5,000 EXXON GAS STATIONS IN EUROPE, BUT NOW I HEAR THAT GOOD OLD AMERICAN GASOLINE ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU LIMEYS AND WHAT HAVE YOU. THEY WANT ME TO PUMP SOMETHING CALLED "PETROL." I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL IT IS, BUT I'M AN AMERICAN AND I WON'T PUMP IT. ESPECIALLY SINCE THEY DON'T WANT TO GIVE ME MONEY FOR IT, BUT SOME THING CALLED "POUNDS."  
VIVA AMERICA!


THE 57 HEINZ BROTHERS WANTED TO RUN THEIR COMPANY USING THE PRINCIPLE OF *SIMPLE FORM, LEAN STAFF*, WITH FEW PEOPLE AT THE UPPER LEVELS.



ENOUGH SAID.



IN SEARCH OF EXCELLENCE



**F**INALLY, IN THE DARKEST PART OF THE BELGIAN CONGO, WE DISCOVERED WALT DISNEY RUNNING HIS EMPIRE BOTH LOOSE AND TIGHT SIMULTANEOUSLY—A REMARKABLE FEAT FOR A DEAD MAN, AND A FROZEN ONE AT THAT. ON THE ONE HAND HE WAS INFORMAL, AND ON THE OTHER HAND HE WAS RIGID, AND ON YET ANOTHER HAND HE WAS ONLY SLIGHTLY FORMAL BUT STILL FRIENDLY, AND ON THE FOURTH HAND HE WAS A NAZI. OF COURSE HE WENT HOPELESSLY INSANE.



HAVE A DRINK. RELAX. DON'T WORRY ABOUT BEING LATE FOR WORK THIS MORNING.

NO DRINKING ON THE JOB! BECOME TENSE! IF YOU'RE LATE ONE MORE TIME, YOU'RE FIRED!

DISILLUSIONED AND DEFEATED, WE WANDERED IN A COUPLE OF DAZES UNTIL WE CAME TO MPWAPWA, TANGANYIKA. HERE WE STUMBLED UPON A SECRET VOODOO SEMINAR CONDUCTED BY THE GHOST OF NIELS BOHR FOR A PRIMITIVE TRIBE OF YOUNG NATIVE BUSINESS SCHOOL STUDENTS. WE WATCHED THE PROCEEDINGS FROM BEHIND THE BUSHY HEAD OF A PUSHY BUSHMAN.



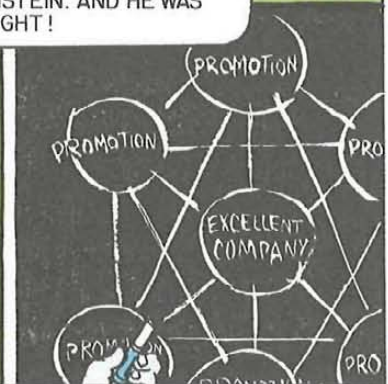
HELLO, BOYS. I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.

WAITING? HOW DID YOU —?



USE YOUR NOODLE, PETERS. GHOSTS CAN KNOW ANYTHING THEY WANT TO KNOW. AND, UNLIKE US, THEY CAN WALK THROUGH WALLS.

IN 1909, A STUDENT CAME TO ME AND HANDED ME AN ATOM AND SAID, "THIS IS WHAT A SUCCESSFUL COMPANY SHOULD BE LIKE!" THAT BOY WOULD ONE DAY BECOME ALBERT EINSTEIN. AND HE WAS RIGHT!




NOTICE THAT THE ONLY ESSENTIAL COMPONENT IS PROMOTION. YOU DON'T REALLY HAVE TO BE EXCELLENT. FOR INSTANCE, I IMAGINE SOME OF YOUR FORTUNE 500'S WOULD BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO SHELL OUT BIG BUCKEROOS TO A COUPLE OF ENTERPRISING YOUNG FELLOWS IF THEY WERE TO, OH, SAY, WRITE A BOOK PURPORTING TO BE A FACTUAL ANALYSIS OF SAID COMPANIES. BUT WHICH IS IN REALITY NOTHING MORE THAN A THINLY DISGUISED 360-PAGE COMMERCIAL....


"YES. VERY BIG BUCKS INDEED."

UH — WE GOTTA GO NOW, GHOST OF MR. BOHR. THANKS FOR THE MILLION-DOLLAR IDEA — ER — WE MEAN LESSON.

YEAH WE GOT BUSINESSES TO TAKE OF. BIG BUSINESS — ES. HEH — HEH. GOODBYE, MR. GHOST.



GONE. THEY WERE GONE. WITH VISIONS OF SUGAR DADDIES DANCING IN THEIR HEADS. THEY WERE ON THE ROAD TO THE RICH-HOUSE.



AND I WOULD NEVER SEE A PENNY OF ALL THE MILLIONS THEY WOULD MAKE. AND I GAVE THEM THE IDEA! AND ON TOP OF EVERYTHING ELSE, THEY LEFT ME STUCK HERE TO FINISH THEIR STINKY LITTLE COMIC BOOK. AND ON TOP OF EVERYTHING ELSE, I'M DEAD. AH, ME. AH, LIFE. AH, AFRICA. AH, EXCELLENCE.

— THE END.

## THE CASE OF THE STAR'S CHOPPERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32) and sign on the dotted line. I showed her how to use the emergency exit to get out, then I flipped on the intercom.

"Bubba? Is Bardot still there?"

"And Sigourney Weaver, and . . ."

"Send 'em home. I'm gonna be busy for a little while."

"Oh, Jethuth Mary, Nicolath! Now my appointment book it's gonna be a complete meth!"

I switched off the intercom. Bubba was lisping, and there's no point in talking to him when he's like that, because it means he's real mad. A few months back, Burt Reynolds had come in without an appointment, and Bubba had decked him. Knocked him out cold. Burt had to apologize and send Bubba flowers before he'd schedule him for another visit.

I decided to wait until morning to examine the teeth closely. I already knew they were composed of some strange ivory that made my best efforts seem as crude and lifeless as George Washington's wooden clompers, but that was it.

I gave Bubba the rest of the day off, locked the teeth away in the wall safe, went home, and phoned Louisa, my girl. Her answering machine gave me

the brush-off, so I told it to fuck itself, drank a quart or so of Scotch, and went to sleep.

Next morning I hit the office to find Bubba in front of the operating-room door, looking mad as hell. In front of him were two homicide detectives I recognized from past cases. One of them had a bleeding nose. I smelled trouble. In the dental business you develop a better nose for it than Orson Welles has for game shows offering free lunches.

When Bubba saw me he put his fists down. "Nickie! The the clownth wanted to thearch the offith, but I promised to break their headth if they tried!"

"You did good, Bubba. All right, what do you guys want? Some cartons of free floss for the Benevolent Association?"

"Listen, Palomar . . ."

"Doctor Palomar to you, copper, Dentist to the Stars. I don't give free checkups. Or did you finally figure fluoridation was a Commie plot?"

"Give us a break, Palomar. The homo nearly killed Riley."

"So call 60 Minutes. Morton Dean needs work."

"Look, can we just go inside with-

out the big wendo beating on us."

"Sure. Just don't play with the drill."

"Well, Jethuth Mary, Nick!" Bubba was going to be in a snit all day, I could tell.

Once we were inside, the cop showed me a publicist's glossy. "Ever seen her, Palomar?" It was her, the dame with the mysterious teeth, but I decided to play it cagier than De Niro's agent.

"Maybe yes, maybe no. What's it to you?"

"That's Julie Weston, Palomar. She was starring in a soon-to-be-released miniseries about a Laplander family who get put in Auschwitz by mistake. Last night someone decided to cancel her contract, Palomar. Permanently."

"Why come to me?"

"Where were you at three A.M.?"

"Wait a minute! I cancel cavities, not pretty starlets' lives. I was in bed with my girl, watching reruns. She'll tell you."

"Trouble is, Palomar, we found your name and address on some paper on the girl's body. What would she want with you?"

"The same thing they all want, Lieutenant. Perfect teeth and a box-office smash."

"Okay, Palomar, but stay in town. There's still a few cavities in your story that might need filling."

After they left I sat in the chair and tried to think. They hadn't found my teeth on the girl, which meant that whoever killed her had taken them, thinking he had the ivory jobs. She'd said they were worth plenty, but she hadn't said people would kill to get them. Well, you couldn't mistake my dentures for the ivory teeth for long, and when the killer figured out he'd been scammed . . .

"Bubba! Who've I got today?"

"Ryan O'Neal, and—"

"Don't like child beaters. Cancel him. I'm leaving."

I put the ivory teeth in a denture box and headed for the residence of Dr. Thelmar Duck. He's the same Duck who pioneered the Tooth Print Method used by Interpol, the Criminality Predictor Index Based on Deviations from a Perfect Bite, and a denture adhesive that really worked. You'll never hear about that fixative, though. That big multinational, Polydental, paid him a kill fee and sat on the formula. So Duck retired.

Thelmar Duck examined the teeth and announced that they were from Africa and that the work was Pygmy—

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59)



"... And then the bottom dropped out of the silver market."

**LOUIS FARRAKHAN:** Leader, the Nation of Islam; Public Speaker;  
Political Adviser; Lunatic;  
Bigamist; and Member of the National Rifle Association

"All the young black people I see think that all they can be is singers and dancers and musicians and football players and sportsmen. Well, I say they're wrong. There's something else in store for them if they want it.

"They can collect guns. I've got eighty or more guns in my collection, and my bodyguards, the Fruit of Islam, carry many more guns. I look at them sometimes and say to myself, 'Where'd these guns come from? Who used these guns before we liberated them into the service of Allah? What could Allah have meant when he put these guns in our hands?'

"Think about the great men of history, the men who have led their nations. All of them collected guns. Think about Hitler. He was a good man, and he had his guns. Hitler was a very great man. He wasn't great for me as a black person, but he was a great German. And the Germans made great guns.

"That's why I belong to the NRA. I want guns to remain a part of American life, to be used safely and legally. I want guns to remain a real solution to solving tough crimes, crimes that we feel are punishable by death.

"One day, we will punish you with death. And we'll be proud to say . . .

**I'm the NRA.**



Each year the Nation of Islam and the National Rifle Association spend millions of dollars on firearms and contributions to protect our chosen way of life. One of these days, all those firearms and all that ammunition are gonna get used. You don't want to be around.

Paid for by the members of the National Rifle Association of America.

# THE NEW ORDER

## 1 The Benevolent King of New Delaware

"Halt! Who goes there!"  
 "Don't shoot. It's me, your mother."  
 "Mom. What are you doing here?"  
 "Me? What am I doing here? What are you doing here, and wearing that silly suit!"

"It's not silly, Mom. It's symbolic. The girls love it!"

"This girl doesn't love it. Who could love a helmet with a spike on the top?"

"Ssshh! The king will hear you!"

"So why shouldn't he hear me? Aren't you supposed to have a mother?"

"Of course, Mom, but you're not supposed to be here! I'm supposed to shoot interlopers here. Now go home!"

"Not until you take off that silly suit and come with me."

"Ssshh! Mom, if the king comes to see what's going on, I'll have to shoot you!"

"You get a state job and the next thing you know you have to shoot your mother. What is Delaware coming to?"

"It's New Delaware now, Mom. . . ."

"What's the trouble here, soldier?"

"Oh, my God! I mean, nothing, Your Highness. . . I mean, it's an interloper, sir! Do I have to shoot an interloper if it's my mother, sir?"

"Lower your rifle there, soldier. You say this woman is your mom?"

"You're darned right I'm his mother, King. You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Look at his helmet! He's going to stab a bird with that thing!"

"Mom!"

"At ease, soldier. Let me speak with your mom. Sometimes the oldsters have a hard time understanding the changes here in New Delaware."

"You're darned right I don't understand! I bought your New Delaware postage stamps and they wouldn't stick to the envelope!"

"New Delaware stamps will stick to envelopes with the best of them, madam. All you need is some glue. I recommend Elmer's."

"Whoever heard of stamps without glue on the back?"

"A money-saving measure for the ultimate benefit of the taxpayers of New Delaware, the home of innovation."

"You mean innovation like when you jam all out-of-state TV stations?"

"Propaganda, madam. Pure propaganda. I can assure you that New Del-



aware programming is more entertaining, more wholesome, and generally better for you."

"You mean shows like *At Home with the King* and *The King's Funky Hour*?"

"Splendid entertainment."

"I hate to say this, King, but you're a lousy break dancer."

"Mom!"

"Lower the weapon, son. Your mother isn't altogether wrong. She just doesn't understand. You see, madam, it's difficult to break dance wearing a robe and carrying a scepter. Still, it's important for me to try. I want to be one with all my people."

"Your people! They're all leaving! Everybody with any brains is getting out of the state!"

"Kingdom, Mom! It's a kingdom now!"

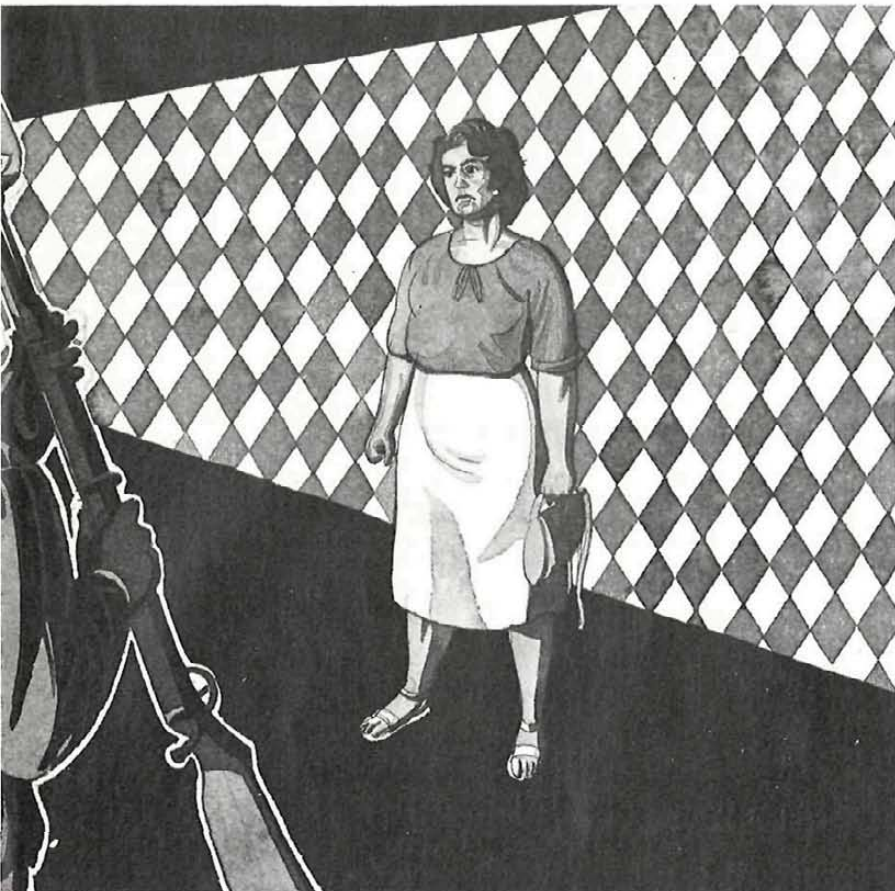
"Whatever! They're all getting out, and I would too, but you can't sell a house in Delaware anymore! Who would buy a house in this. . ."

"Kingdom, madam."

"Whatever!"

"Madam, I believe we were talking about your son's helmet. The point on

## 2 The Price of Anti-Fart Enforcement



top. Remember?"

"Yeah, King. I remember! So what about it?"

"Iconography, madam. A symbol of New Delaware and all the promise it holds. Worthy headgear for the Royal Guard and Marching Band."

"See, Mom?"

"And I'm sick of marching bands! Marching to school! Marching to McDonald's! Marching to the bowling alley! You can't go anywhere without marching anymore!"

"Please, Mom!"

"I'm amazed, madam. Why would you want to go anywhere without marching?"

"I hate marching!"

"Are you sure this woman is your mother, son?"

"Uh . . . uh . . . why, yes, sir."

"You have a problem here, soldier."

"Yes, sir."

"I think you'd better take her home. Good night, soldier."

**"GOOD NIGHT, YOURSELF! YOU CALL YOURSELF KING! YOU'RE JUST A MARCHING NUT!"**

"Mom! Don't make me shoot you!"

"Don't shoot your mother, soldier. That's not what New Delaware is all about."

**"MY KID'S COMING HOME WITH ME!"**

"Mom!"

"March her home, son. She'll feel better after a good little march."

**"I'M NOT GONNA MARCH! I'M GONNA WALK!"**

"I'm so sorry, sir."

"Don't be, soldier. This kind of thing happens. Change takes time, soldier. The bigger the change, the longer the time."

"Yes, sir."

"Take some time with your mother, soldier."

"Yes, sir."

"In fact, don't come back until she promises to stay away from here, okay?"

"Yes, sir."

**"I WISH I COULD GET AWAY FROM HERE FOREVER!"**

"And soldier . . ."

"Yes, sir?"

"Tell her to bag it, or I'll exile her to New Jersey."

"This isn't easy for me, you realize that, don't you, son?"

"Yes, Dad."

"Farts are never an easy thing to discuss."

"No, Dad."

"I've been in charge of the president's National Anti-Fart Enforcement Program for a long time, but it's something I never get used to."

"Yes, Dad."

"I'm embarrassed that you've been reported again, son. Deeply embarrassed."

"Yes, Dad. I'm sorry."

"I thought you had learned a lesson the last time. Do you remember?"

"If you mean the time you chased me around your office with the baseball bat, yes, I remember."

"I'm sorry I had to do that, but you had been farting. I hope you remember that too."

"I do, Dad. I remember."

"Now you've been reported again, son, and I'm going to ask you straight out: Is it true?"

"Oh, Dad . . ."

"Come on, son. You've got to be honest. We'll never beat this thing if you aren't honest with me!"

"What thing, Dad? A little gas, a little noise! It sounds funny, and it feels good. So who gets hurt? After all, everybody farts."

**"EVERYBODY FARTS!"**

"Well, maybe not everybody . . ."

**"MY MOTHER DIDN'T FART . . ."**

"Calm down, Dad."

**"MY GRANDMOTHER DIDN'T FART . . ."**

"Put down the bat, Dad."

**"I CERTAINLY DON'T FART . . ."**

"Really, Dad . . ."

**"AND WITH THE HELP OF THE ALMIGHTY, MY SON WON'T FART EITHER!"**

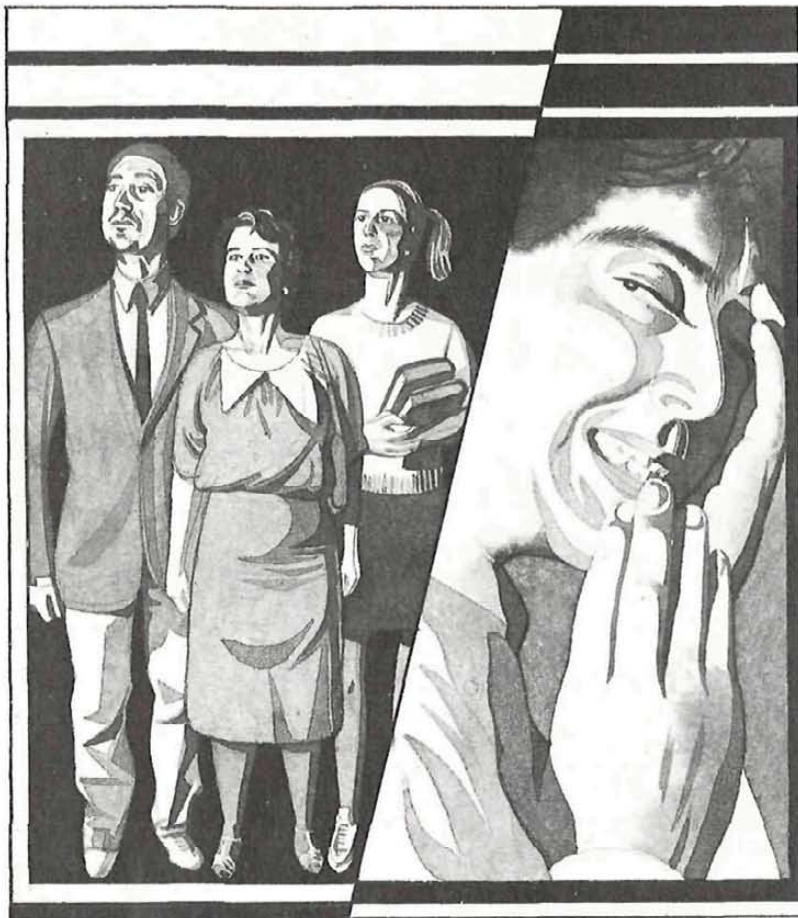
"I'm sorry I said that, Dad. I didn't mean it."

"You think farting is a joke, don't you? Despite everything I've tried to teach you, you still don't understand that farting is serious business, do you?"

"Dad, I . . ."

"You know that General Custer was wiped out at Little Big Horn because some rogue officer farted downwind of the Sioux."

# 3 Democracy and the Election Board



"I know, Dad."  
 "And you know why we lost the Vietnam War, don't you?"  
 "Farts, Dad. I know."  
 "Farts are the reason the Vietcong always knew where we were. But we never knew where they were, did we? Do you know why we didn't know?"  
 "They didn't fart, Dad. I remember."  
 "Damned right. They didn't fart, and they won. What does that tell you?"  
 "Communists don't fart?"  
 "No, boy. Winners don't fart! Winners!"  
 "Right, Dad. Can I go now?"  
 "Not until you come clean with me, son. I have a report here that says you were with a bunch of kids drinking beer and farting their brains out. Is it true?"  
 "Yes, Dad. It's true."  
 "And what was your contribution?"  
 "I bought a six-pack, Dad."  
 "I'm talking about output, not input, and you know it! I'm going to ask you again, and I expect a straight answer. What was your contribution?"

"I farted a little."  
 "What's a little?"  
 "One or two."  
 "Only one or two?"  
 "All right, three or four."  
 "Come on, boy! Don't you try to bullshit me!"  
 "OKAY! OKAY! I OUTFARTED THEM ALL! I'M THE BEST DAMNED FARTER IN THREE STATES, AND THAT'S NO LIE!"  
 "I've been afraid of something like this for a long time."  
 "I'm good at it, Dad. Real good."  
 "You must promise me never to tell your mother. It would just break that poor woman's heart."  
 "Are you sending me to fart camp, Dad?"  
 "I don't want to, son, but I have to. It's for your own good."  
 "Will I ever be able to fart again, Dad?"  
 "Probably not."  
 "Dad?"  
 "Yes, boy."  
 "Can I have one last bowl of beans before I go?"

"NEXT!"  
 "Hello, sir. I'd like to protest an election I just lost."  
 "Name and date of election?"  
 "Ben Ellard is the name. I lost the election for bus driver on the 102 route yesterday."  
 "Let me get it on the computer. Oh yes. Al Davenport 115, Ben Ellard 32. I'd say he trounced you, Mr. Ellard."  
 "But it wasn't a fair election!"  
 "How so, Mr. Ellard?"  
 "Al Davenport has the biggest family on the South Side! They all voted for him!"  
 "That's what it's all about, Mr. Ellard. Democracy in action."  
 "But I drove that route for years! I've always been reelected! My riders love me! I can prove it! My wife took a poll!"  
 "Votes count, Mr. Ellard, not polls."  
 "I tried to get my riders to vote, I really did! But everybody was too busy campaigning for his own job!"  
 "I wish I could help, Mr. Ellard, but unless there has been fraud or..."  
 "Al Davenport doesn't even know how to drive a bus!"  
 "Few electees know their jobs when they're first elected. It's a problem of democracy."  
 "But he can't even drive a car!"  
 "Mr. Ellard, unless there has been fraud, I can't overturn the election. Sorry. NEXT!"  
 "My name is Flo Richards. I was a waitress at the Central Diner until I lost the election to Wilma Davis two months ago?"  
 "Yes, ma'am?"  
 "Well, yesterday she spilled an entire cup of coffee in my lap! She's incompetent, and that should be grounds to declare her election null and void!"  
 "I'm sorry, Ms. Richards, but it's been more than thirty days. There's nothing we can do. I suggest you take your case down the hall to the Bureau of Impeachments. Perhaps they can help you. NEXT!"  
 "Uh, hi. I lost an election this morning and I'd like to run for another job?"  
 "Name, sir?"  
 "Brady. Dave Brady."  
 "Oh yes, Mr. Brady. I see you were nosed out of your job at the A & P. Wedgeworth 82, Brady 78. That's a heartbreaker."

## THE NEW ORDER

"And I was hoping to run for produce manager next year."

"Let's see what's available here."

"Is there anything uncontested? I don't have a whole lot of money to campaign with."

"Uncontested? Well, let's see. Would you like to serve a term as a dishwasher, Mr. Brady?"

"Well, I don't know . . ."

"Wait. Here's something. Bartender at Duffy's."

"You mean run against Buddy Dugan?"

"No. Buddy Dugan just got elected manager of the 7-Eleven, and the only guy running for his old job is named Garfinkel. My guess is that you should have a leg up in that campaign, Mr. Brady."

"Okay, I'll try."

"Fine, Mr. Brady. Go to the next window to get on the ballot. . . . NEXT!"

"Could you tell me if the returns are in on the race for assembly technicians at IBM?"

"Are you running, ma'am?"

"Oh yes. Novarro is the name. Edie Novarro."

"Let's see. Novarro, Prescott, and Chalmers are winners, Edwards, Polarmo, Everett, and Foley are losers."

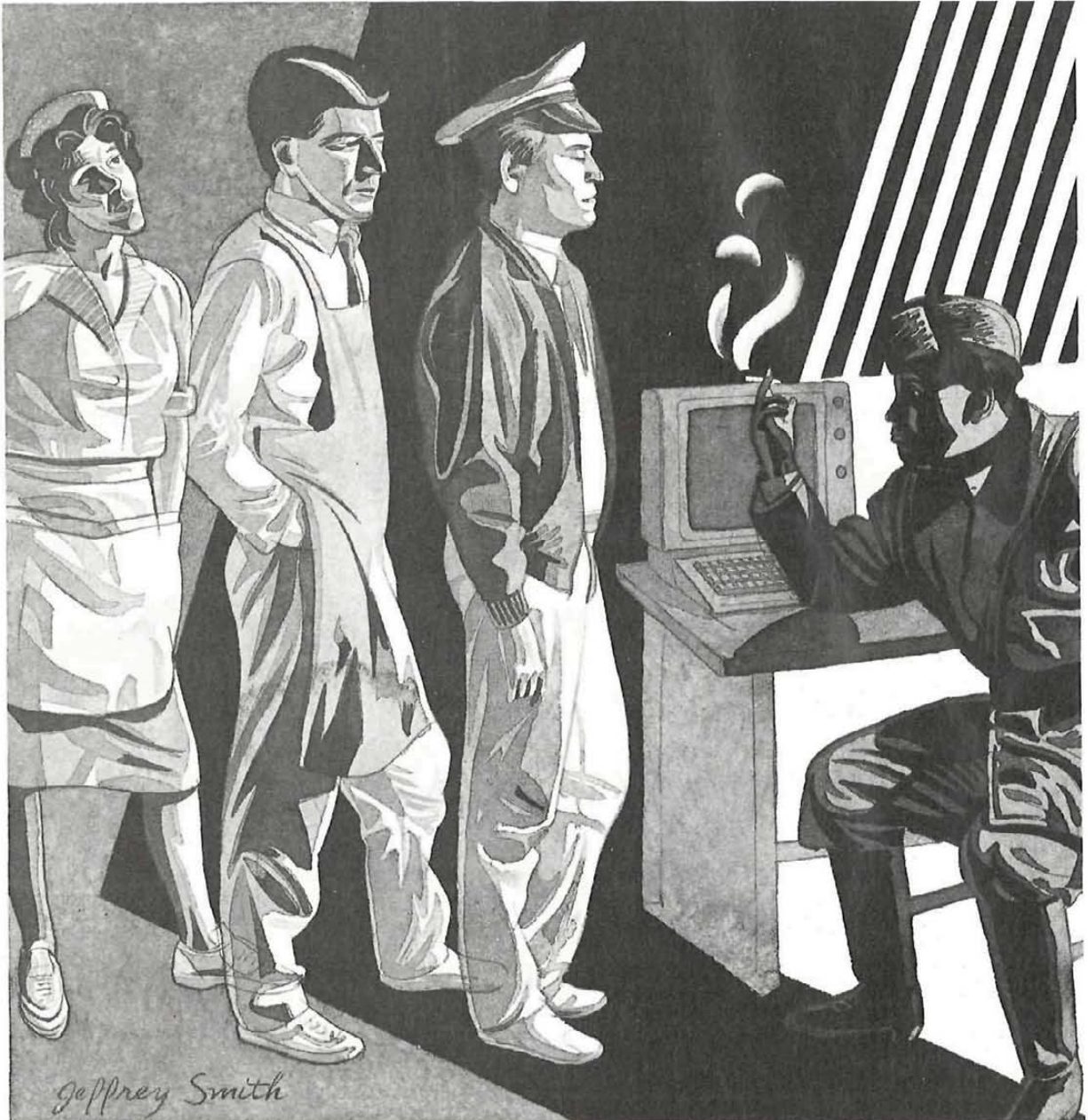
"Yay!!"

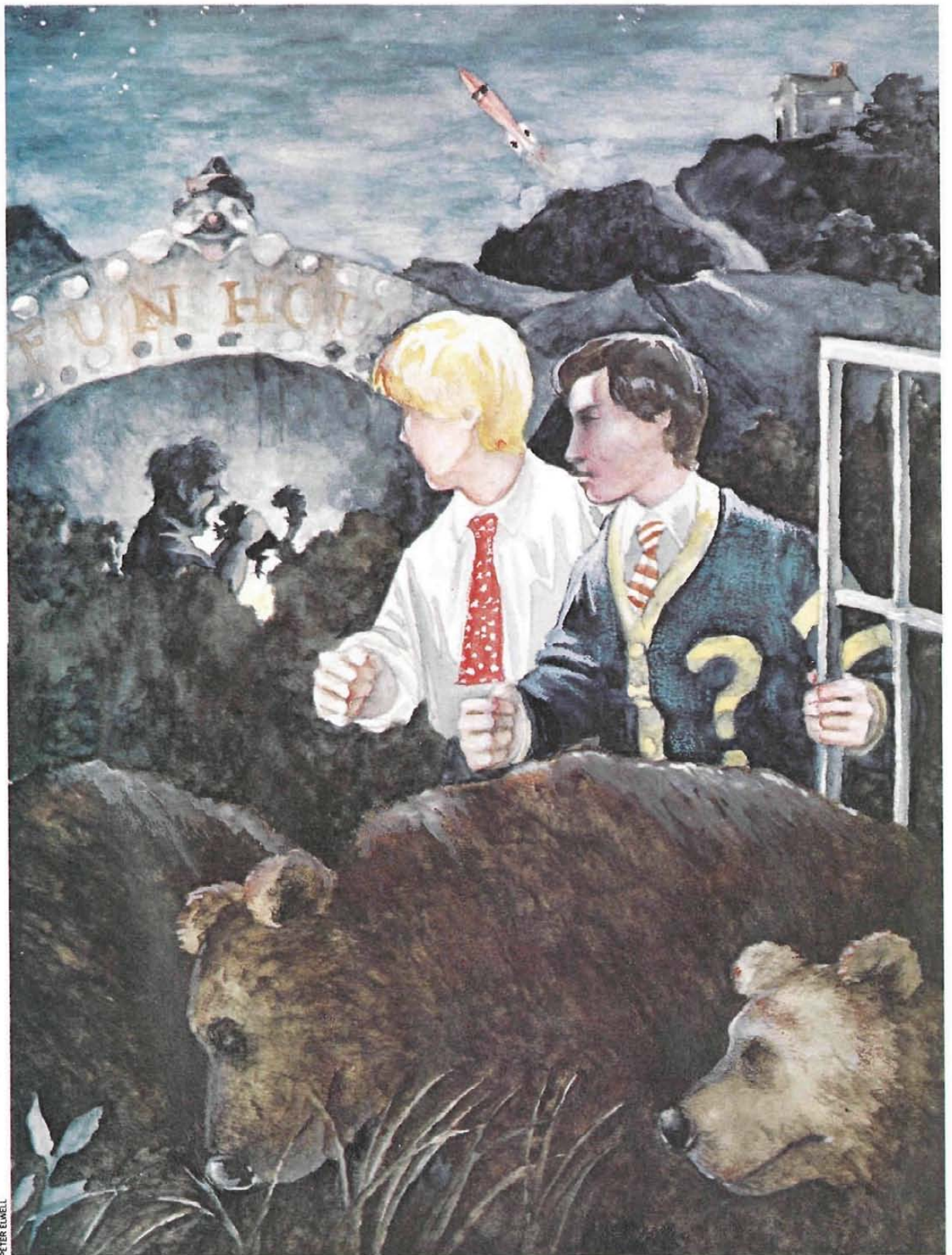
"Congratulations, ma'am."

"I got elected assembly technician!!"

"NEXT!"

"Widmeier is the name. I just got impeached from my crossing-guard job, and I'd like to run for something part-time. . . ."





PETER ELWELL



BY WILL JACOBS AND GERARD JONES

THE MYSTERY OF THE

# GHOST- WRITER

## CHAPTER I THE AMNESIAC SLEUTH

JERRY, younger and thinner, joined Will at the outdoor table. The older collaborator sipped his espresso and queried, "What took you so long?"

"I was finishing John Irving's new book," Jerry responded, beetling his pale brow.

"Why are you reading that shit?" Will exploded.

"I know it sounds strange," Jerry, the son of a schoolteacher, allowed, "but Briggs told me it had a good plot."

The boy he referred to was an alcoholic chum of the humorists, known about the town of San Francisco as a connoisseur of fine books.

"You're putting me on," Will challenged, throwing up his dark eyebrows.

"Afraid not," Jerry apologized sheepishly. "As hard as it sounds to believe, it's got a tremendous plot."

"No!" Will ejaculated.

"Don't get me wrong," the clean-shaven co-writer demurred. "It's still full of utterly self-indulgent and unconvincing imagery, but instead of just stringing desultory events together in a smug certainty of his own brilliance, bolstered by the blind, mindless critics of New York, Irving has suddenly served up a thrilling adventure story packed with mystery and action."

"Oh, Jesus," Will, shorter and bearded, muttered. "Do you realize

what this means?"

"Tell me," Jerry pleaded, leaning his bony frame over the table.

"It means," Will lectured, "that our great storytelling ability, which we've long considered to be our selling point, may no longer stand out in the marketplace."

"Of course," Jerry gasped. "Why should anybody buy your racy hard-boiled mysteries or my crisp science fiction when critical darlings like Irving have suddenly learned how to plot exciting yarns?"

"Uh-oh," Will intoned ominously, screwing up his hairy face. "I hope he never gets into humor, at least."

"Christ, no!" Jerry exclaimed. "Our uproarious, delightful brand of humor might now be our last source of income!"

The stunned silence that settled over the boys was suddenly shattered by the frenzied entry of a disheveled youth.

"Will and Jerry!" he cried out, and rushed to their table.

"Yes?" the boys questioned, arching their blond and dark eyebrows respectively.

"Chief Murphy sent me to you," the dark, intense teenager stated. "He said you were amateur sleuths who help solve many thrilling cases between books and after lecture tours."

Will, the son of a gemologist, invited, "Pull up a chair."

"What's your handle?" Jerry inquired.

The youth, who was taller than Will but shorter than Jerry, wailed plaintively, "That's the problem. I don't know who I am. I've got amnesia."

"Even though we usually only handle literary mysteries," Will explained, nodding his balding head, "you look like such a fine youth that we'd be happy to help you."

Jerry, the cousin of a gift-shop owner,

## THE MYSTERY OF THE GHOSTWRITER

quizzed, "Do you have any clue to your identity at all, or will we have to comb the area for one?"

"I have only this," the forgetful youth retorted, pulling a crumpled note out of the pocket of his letterman sweater. He unfolded it and laid it on the table in front of the collaborators. The note read: "Dear Brother, Chet and I have gone in his jalopy up the Coast Road to Northpoint. Meet us there as soon as you can. Signed, Joe."

"Oh fuck!" Will blubbered.

"Of course," the bespectacled chum chimed. "We should have recognized you from the description in the books."

"Sure," Will assented. "You're dark, and obviously a year older."

"You mean . . . you mean you know who I am?" the absentminded lad stammered.

"Hell, yes," Jerry cursed. "You're Frank Hardy, son of the famous American detective Fenton Hardy and star of innumerable action stories for boys aged ten to fourteen who like to read. Even though you've got a mod hairstyle to keep up with the changing times, instead of the becoming crew cut that we knew you by when we were ten to fourteen, it was still a cinch to recognize you."

"So what do we do now?" Frank wondered.

"We go to a bookstore," Will instructed, "and try to garner a clue to your amnesia from your latest mystery tale."

The sleuths and their new charge rushed across the street to the City Lights bookstore. Between Cassady and Ferlinghetti on the shelves they

found a long row of blue-spined books by Franklin W. Dixon. Jerry pulled down the latest one and quickly opened it to the copyright page. To his startlement it read 1983.

"Oh shit," Jerry swore. "There's got to be a later one than this."

Will quickly trotted to the owner, a gaunt, goateed man in a black turtle-neck, and shot, "Don't you have the latest Hardy Boy mystery?"

"Why, sure," the owner howled, "it's that book your collaborator is holding."

"But that one's a year old," Will despaird.

The proprietor, dressed better than Jerry but not as neatly as Frank or as spiffily as Will, revealed, "For some reason, Dixon has stopped turning out Hardy Boy books. You're not the only ones who've been disappointed. Hardly a day goes by without a boy aged ten to fourteen coming in and being turned away with a sad face."

"That cuts it," Jerry snapped. "We've got to take a plane to Bayport."

Will, the nephew of an Argentine, corroborated, "Sure. But we'd better pick up some books to read on the plane."

Having no time to lose, the three sleuths each grabbed the book that was nearest at hand and dashed for the airport.

### II TROUBLE IN BAYPORT

"I CAN'T BELIEVE IT," THE OLDER CO-AUTHOR hollered. "Until this book, Joyce Carol Oates has always cranked out ponderous, melancholy rubbish. But this one, even though it's still clogged

with microscopic psychological analyses, barrels along at breakneck speed. It's so exciting, in fact, that every chapter ends in a cliff-hanger."

The boys had only just buckled their seat belts as the plane began its descent into Bayport Airport.

"We've begun our descent," Frank noted.

"What on earth is going on?" Jerry bewailed. "This book, by John Barth, that posturing academic, is great, too. Although it still abounds with obscure literary allusions and Latin quotes, it's also a rousing hunt for hidden loot that keeps me on the edge of my seat."

"I don't know anything about literature," Frank joined in, holding up a massive tome by Thomas Pynchon, "but I sure know a lively adventure story, packed with mystery and action, when I read one."

The plane taxied to a landing. The boys hurried to the Avis shed and rented a jalopy. As they pulled out of the airport, Frank interrogated, "Is this small seaside town where I live?"

"Sure is," Jerry returned. He pointed an attenuated finger at a charming cottage and related, "And that's where you live with your brother, Joe, your aunt Gertrude, and your famous American detective father."

They parked in front of the cottage and bustled up to the screen door. The well-dressed writing partner knocked on the screen and waited until an elderly lady appeared at the door.

"You must be Aunt Gertrude," he greeted her, smiling earnestly under his mustache.

"How the fuck should I know?" the elderly lady snarled. "I've got amnesia."

The literary sleuths exchanged glances of amazement.

"Why, that's amazing," Jerry voiced.

"We must see Fenton Hardy, the great American detective," Will opined. "Surely, he'll have some idea as to what's going on."

"Afraid not," the spinsterish aunt banded. "He's got amnesia, too."

The great chums found the great detective in his great den. He was staring slack-jawed out the window.

"Are you my father?" Frank, dark and intense, charged.

"Beats me," Fenton Hardy riposted, frowning his intelligent brow.

"There's a great mystery here," Will, the son of a bitch, fluted.

"The sooner we find Joe and Chet the better," Jerry warbled.

The ratiocinating lads flew down the stairs but were called back at the door

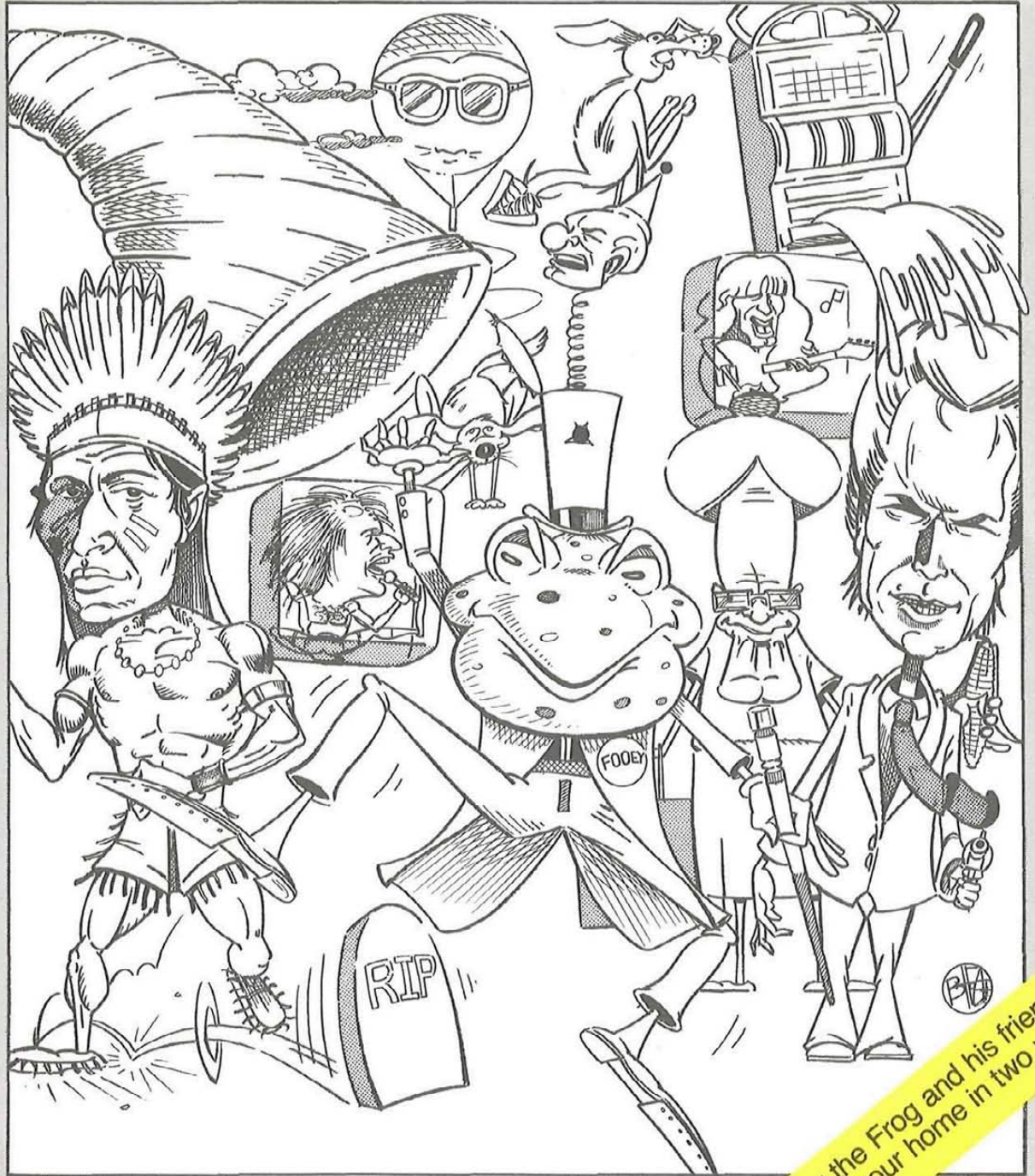
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 82)



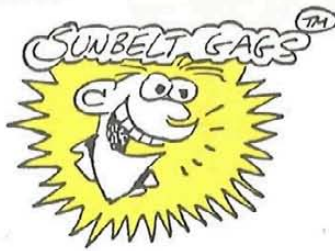
"What's gray and dumpy and sits on a park bench?"

# SUNBELT GAGS

## FALL 1984 CATALOG



Foey the Frog and his friends  
can be in your home in two weeks!



**SUNBELT GAGS** 3750 Speedway Blvd. Tucson, Arizona 00408

Dear Joke and Novelty Lover,

Fooley and his friends are back with Sunbelt Gags' greatest catalog ever. It's so great you'll probably lie awake at night waiting for your items to arrive--so include extra postage if you want ol' Ben Solomon to ship first-class. You know, when I first moved out here to the desert, I was just another sun-starved Yankee from New Jersey, recently widowed and trying to get the lay of the land. Well, I talked to anyone in those days, the people all seemed so friendly. In fact, I was answering a coyote's call out in the desert behind the apartment when the idea for ol' Fooley just snuck up on me. And the next thing you know, I was in the hospital, and I made the first Fooley out of some rubber tubing my roomie had on his IV unit.

Well, the rest, as they say, is history. As I was telling my good friend Whitman Mayo the other day--he was Grady on TV's Sanford and Son--Fooley is now officially the largest-selling rubber amphibian novelty in history. Here at Sunbelt Gags, that makes me and the boys mighty proud.

Speaking of desert heat, nothing is hotter than our latest line of Heavy Metal products, featuring Van Halen and the Scorpions. Man, those guys are really good musicians, yeah, yeah. But seriously, it's all in the spirit of fun, which is the only way we do things here at the Belt.

Yessir, as I was telling my good friend Bob Uecker--"Ueckee," I call him--the other day, "You know, Ueckee, I think I must have the best darn job of all, just making people happy. And now that this darn recession is over, I know they're gonna start buying more Sunbelt Gags. Hey, it's Fooley's thirteenth birthday, and everyone loves a birthday frog." Well, we must have got disconnected or something, because when I finished talking all I heard was a dial tone. So enjoy our catalog, and keep those orders coming.

Yours Laughing,

*Ben Solomon*

Ben Solomon



**THE RUBBER TOMBSTONE**

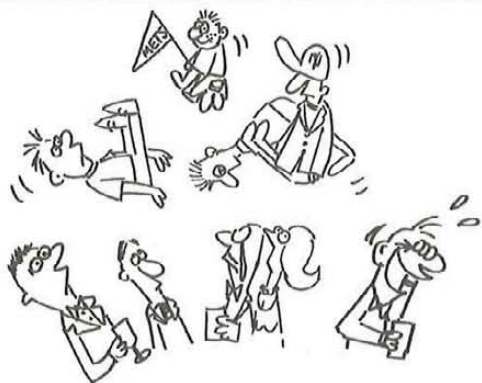
Every vandal's worst dream comes true when he kicks a tombstone and it kicks back. Ghouls get their revenge, and the perpetrator is stunned and amazed and vows never to return to the scene of the spooky crime.

8751 Rubber Tombstone .....\$5.75



**BARRY GOLDWATER WEATHER BALLOON**

His big head will fly above your home telling you "weather or not" it will rain or shine. In your heart, you know it's a good weather balloon, so buy it. 2386 Goldwater Weather Balloon .....\$9.95



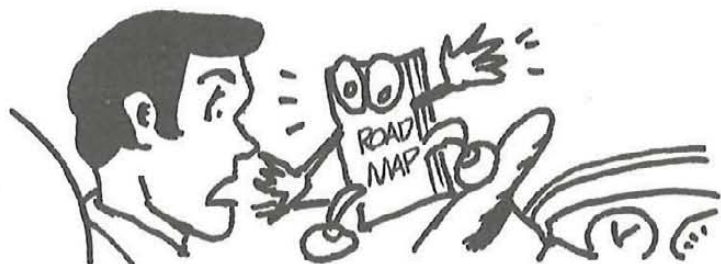
**MET FAN TABLET**

Throw this tablet into a crowd or party and then stand back as half-size Met fans begin cascading from the ceiling. Turns every holiday bash into a ballgame with nine innings of real Met magic. Don't be "rained out" from this hilarious sports gag.

- 7564 Met Fan Tablet (six-month supply) .....\$4.95
- Additional Tablets
- 7565 Uecker ..... 85¢
- 7566 Ump ..... 85¢
- 7567 Usher ..... 85¢

**FAKE SQUIRTING CACTUS**

This phony plant squirts out "cactus juice" to a distance of up to twenty feet. Only you will know the dark, brooding mystery within in this seldom-watered plant—hydraulics. 6318 Fake Cactus .... \$3.50



**FRIGHTENED, ANXIOUS, NERVOUS ROAD MAP**

Your unwary victim will hear a crazy, fluttering noise from inside the glove compartment. After he pulls over, his eyes will bug out in surprise when the crazy road map leaps out and pulls madly at the car handles while trying to get away. The road map's in a panic and the whole joke is a panic, so buy it.

9218 Nervous Map .....\$3.75

**VAN HALEN SOAP**

Your friends will be amazed when they step on this bar of soap you've put in the tub, because they won't slip, they'll jump! Go ahead and jump. I get up and nothing gets me down, you've got it tough, I've seen the toughest around. And I know, baby, just how

you feel. You've got to ro-o-oll with the punches to get to what's real. Oh, can't you see me standing here, I got my back against the record machine, I ain't the worst that you seen. Oh, can't you see what I mean. . . . 7895 Van Halen Soap ..... 95¢

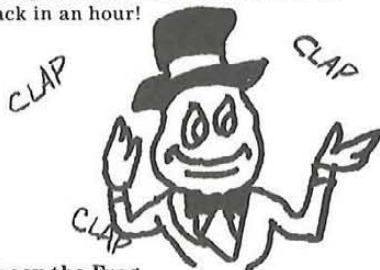


**THE SCORPIONS' BOWLING EXCUSE SHIRT**

You can wear plenty of hilarious reasons, as given by the Scorpions, for why your bowling score has suffered on an "off day." 3867 Scorpions' Bowling Excuse Shirt .....\$6.98

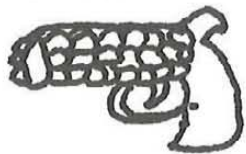
**FOOEY THE FROG**

Ladies and gentlemen, won't you please lend a hand in welcoming our most anticipated, premier, fine item, which it has been our pleasure to bring to you from the beginning of Sunbelt Gags. That's right, it's Fooley the Frog, the nation's favorite. (Pop!) Oh, don't mind that, that's just the champagne flowing here at the Sunbelt offices. Sorry, no marching orangutans, but our tuxes have to be back in an hour!



**Fooley the Frog**

- 00001 Original Fooley ..... \$13.98
- 00002 Chocolate Fooley.... \$13.98
- 00003 Spearmint Fooley ... \$13.98
- 00004 Sombrero Fooley ..... \$14.25
- 00005 Marching Fooley (He marches to a different beat)..... \$14.25
- 00006 Valley Fooley (He's, like, gnarly) ..... \$14.35
- 00007 Grandmaster Fooley (Don't push me in the pond/I'm too close to the edge) ..... \$14.50
- 00008 Fever Fooley (Suck on his foot and get the flu) ..... \$14.65
- 00009 Recently Widowed Fooley (Take him home and love him) ..... \$15.00
- 00010 Firestarter Fooley (Caution, he is extremely flammable) .. \$15.10
- 00011 Breakin' Graffiti Fooley (Hip-hop, hip-hop) ..... \$15.25
- 00012 Egg Fooley Young (Watch Fooley pop out of a pint of rice)..... \$15.45
- 00013 Extra egg roll..... \$1.25
- 00014 Beefsteak Fooley (All you can eat and more) ..... \$15.65
- 00015 New England Style... \$15.75



**THE DRIED-CORN GUN**

"For it's one, two, three hundred shots of corn ammunition, you're out/At the old corn gun." So says the Dried-Corn Lady, and she knows that with this fine product you get up to three hundred shots per cob. Other features include front-loading corn clip, scope, and E-Z action.

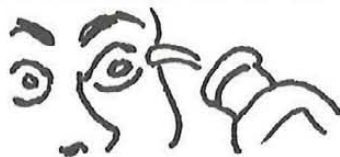
- 5974 Dried-Corn Gun ..... \$6.95
- 5975 Holster ..... \$1.95
- 5976 Shoulder Husk ..... \$2.50
- 5977 Extra Corn..... 75¢



**GRAVY SLOT MACHINE**

Solar-powered for fun, this machine's payoff is hot gravy. Take a chance, and the result could be a handful of hot gravy. Not for gambling purposes, just for fun and laughs.

6752 Gravy Slot..... \$7.95



**TABASCO LENS SOLUTION**

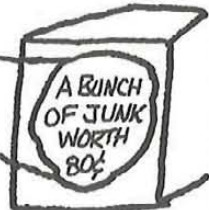
Bausch & Lomb turns into "Ouch & Oom"; Permalens becomes "Squirmalens" with this fiery cleaning solution. A four-alarm eye alert, it will send the victim twice around the proverbial Mexican hat. The more he dances, the more it hurts! On the popular *Tom Snyder Show*, Ben Solomon demonstrated this handy little gag to an astounded audience.

3265 Tabasco Lens Solution ..... \$1.95

**DR. BEN'S X-RAY SPECS**

These amazing specs will enable you to see through anything, and we mean anything!\*

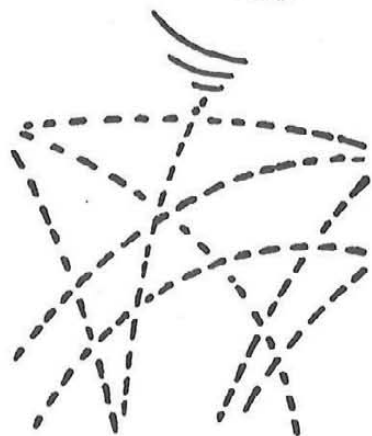
2674 Mystery Specs ..... \$3.75  
 \*Except wood, fabric, tin, plasterboard, heavy fog, large raisins, and Jerry Van Dyke.



**? BOX**

We won't tell you what's inside, but we can tell you that it would cost over \$150 if you were to purchase these items separately. Are you in a gambling mood?

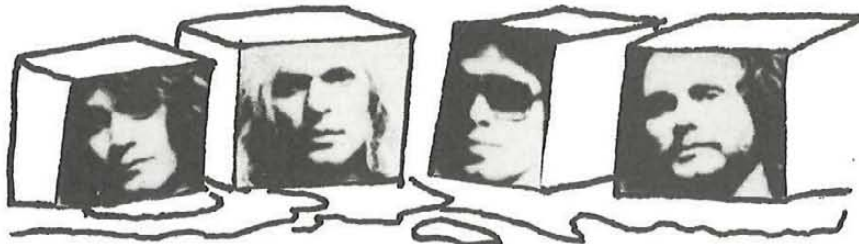
9465  
 ? Box ... \$20.95



**DEMON BASKETBALL**

The Knicks would be doing Magic (Johnson) tricks if only they had this ball up their sleeve. Are there gremlins on the court, or has everything turned upside down? The ball will bounce like I don't know what.

5867 Demon Basketball .... \$11.95



**VAN HALEN IN THE ICE CUBE**

Buy these ice cubes and rock on with the world's foremost party band.

- Van Halen Ice Cubes..... \$1.98
- 6594 David Lee Roth      6596 Rest of Band
- 6595 Eddie Van Halen    6597 Bob Uecker

## RUBBER MASKS

These full-head fright masks are 100 percent latex rubber, tipped off with real hair. Hand made, crafted, and painted at the famous Don Berry Studios in Hollywood, California, the remarkable effort is evident in every face.

Rubber Masks ..... \$17.98  
 Your choice of:



2864 CLINT EASTWOOD



2865 DRIED-CORN LADY



2866 WHITMAN MAYO



2867 WOLFMAN



2868 RICHIE BLACKMORE



2869 FRIED EGG



2870 SICILIAN DON



2871 BOB UECKER



2872 JED CLAMPETT



2873 DWIGHT GOODEN



2875 PRINCE OF THE CITY



2876 TARANTULA MAN



2874 SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN



2877 MEATLOAF MAN

# A STORY OF NEW YORK,

or Where Does David Letterman Get His Guests?



AP/WIDE WORLD



OUTSIDE THE RUSSIAN TEA ROOM,  
IN MIDTOWN MANHATTAN.

Aeroflot plane for Managua  
to leave in just ten minutes!

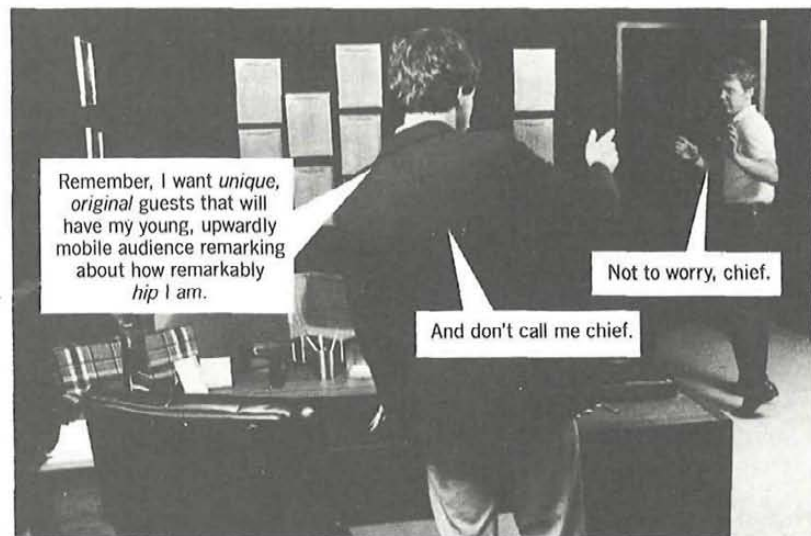
Yes, must hurry if we are to get  
to President John F. Kennedy Airport  
in time to rejoin tour.



MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICES  
OF A LARGE TELEVISION NETWORK  
IN THE SAME CITY.

That's right, John Candy *and*  
Laurie Anderson *both* canceled.  
I need guests for tonight,  
and I need them *now!*

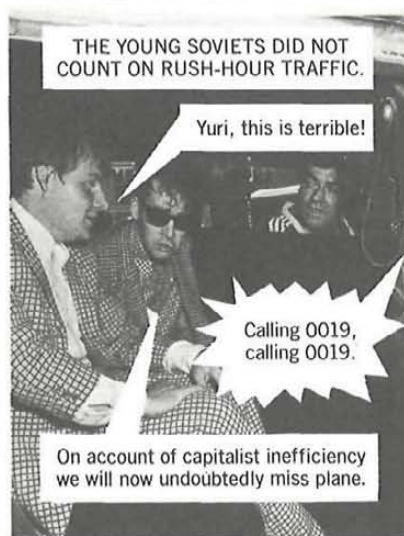
Will do, chief.  
We'll put the word out  
to all our people.



Remember, I want *unique,*  
*original* guests that will  
have my young, upwardly  
mobile audience remarking  
about how remarkably  
*hip* I am.

Not to worry, chief.

And don't call me chief.



THE YOUNG SOVIETS DID NOT  
COUNT ON RUSH-HOUR TRAFFIC.

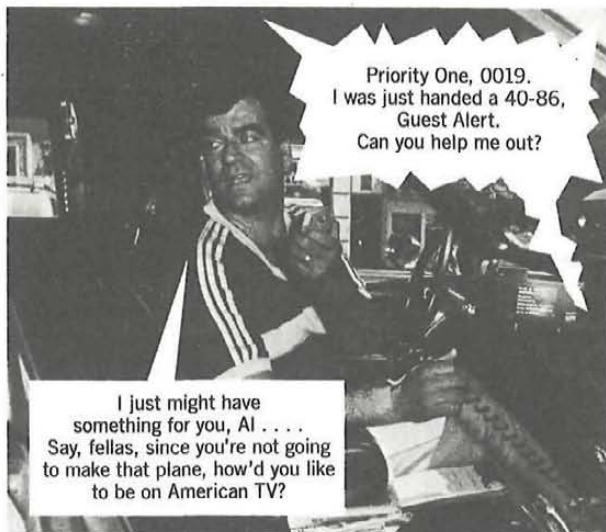
Yuri, this is terrible!

Calling 0019,  
calling 0019.

On account of capitalist inefficiency  
we will now undoubtedly miss plane.

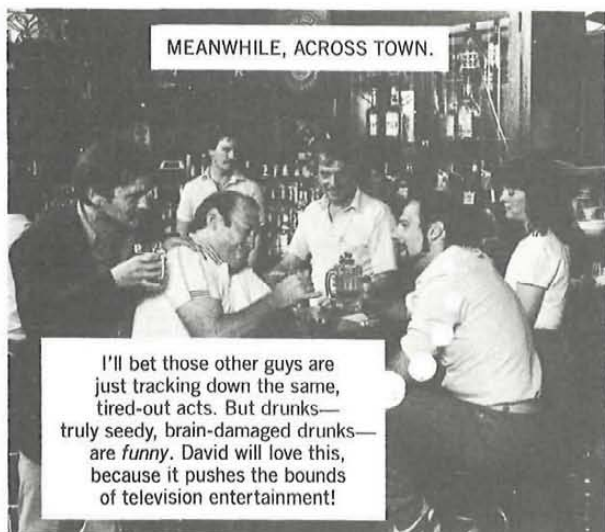
RONALD G. HARRIS





Priority One, 0019.  
I was just handed a 40-86,  
Guest Alert.  
Can you help me out?

I just might have  
something for you, Al . . . .  
Say, fellas, since you're not going  
to make that plane, how'd you like  
to be on American TV?



MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN.

I'll bet those other guys are  
just tracking down the same,  
tired-out acts. But drunks—  
truly seedy, brain-damaged drunks—  
are *funny*. David will love this,  
because it pushes the bounds  
of television entertainment!

LOCATION COURTESY BLARNEY STONE, 166 MADISON AVE., NYC



THE SEARCH CONTINUES,  
EVEN ON THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY.

Do you get a big crowd here?  
What's the most popular  
item on the menu?

We're having fun now!



IN THE PARLOR OF SEÑORA ENRIQUEZ,  
PALM READER AND MEDIUM.

It is I.

I see a woman with hard features  
and iron-gray hair . . .  
a playwright, a Communist . . .  
Is it you, Lillian Hellman?



SEÑORA ENRIQUEZ EXPLAINS.

It will take  
only a few minutes,  
Miss Hellman.  
David would really  
appreciate it.

Late Night? Sounds like a lark.  
What do you say, Dashiell?

# FOTO FUMETTI

LATER THAT DAY.

Well, we certainly have a stellar bunch of guests here.



David, hold everything!  
Buck Henry just walked in.

Buck Henry!  
Now there's a remarkable guest.



VERY LATE THAT AFTERNOON.

We have got some fantastic show for you tonight, folks. Buck Henry is going to be with us, and we're also going to have stupid pet tricks.

Applause!!!



But first, a new feature here at *Late Night*, something I like to call "Résumés of My Recently Terminated Employees." First off, we've got a young Harvard graduate from our Talent Search Department. . . .

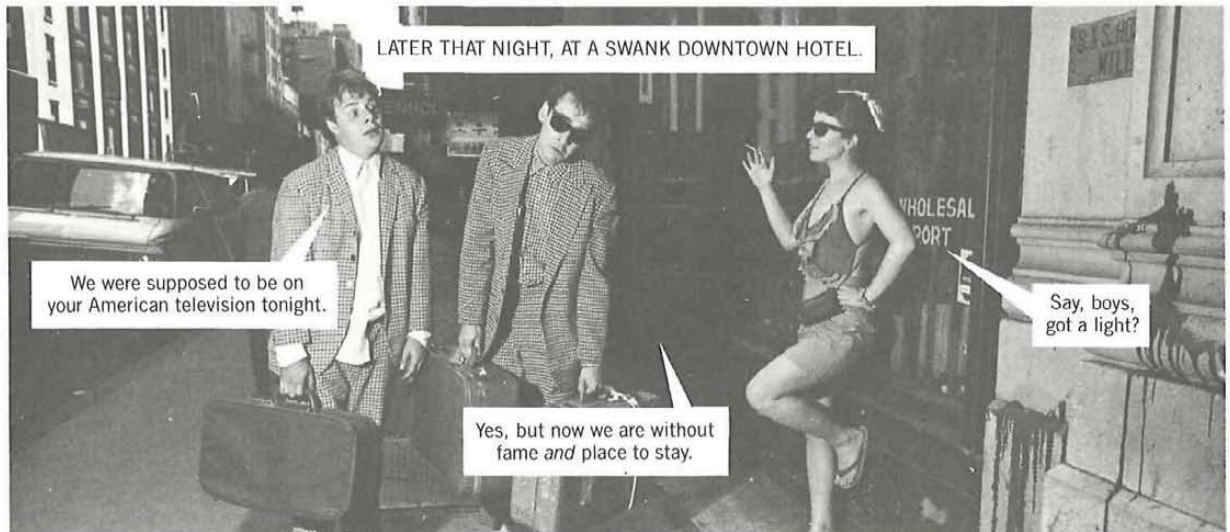


LATER THAT NIGHT, AT A SWANK DOWNTOWN HOTEL.

We were supposed to be on your American television tonight.

Yes, but now we are without fame and place to stay.

Say, boys, got a light?



## THE CASE OF THE STAR'S CHOPPERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42)

possibly Bantu—in origin. He didn't notice the special powers of the teeth, but then, Duck's been blind for years. I said goodbye, left him a gram of "weasel dust" (named after the notorious Hollywood stuntman/drug dealer Mike "The Weasel" Gordon) by way of a Tinseltown thank-you, and returned to the office.

Bubba had closed shop and left. I never asked where he went. With a 'no, some things are better not known. The lights were out. I opened the door to the operating room and walked straight into the Frazier-Ali fight, midget mud wrestling, and *Wide World of Sports*, all rolled into one.

I was handicapped because my attacker's eyes had adapted to the darkness and mine hadn't. Still, I was doing all right until I heard an unbearably high-pitched whining next to my ear. The bastard was trying to finish me off with my own drill! I did my level best to hold off that drill bit. I mean, the damn things *terrify* me.

My opponent jabbed and barely missed my eyes. The drill hit some chrome on the chair, and sparks flew. I saw a brief flash of light reflecting off something low down—I could tell the mugger was short—and then felt an incredible pain in my arm. I yelled, let go of whoever I had.

Then I got treated to a better explosion than the end of the Death Star. It looked spectacular. The last thing I remembered was performing a rough calculation of the costs of the special effects. That is, until the world went black, Rosebud, black. . . .

When I came to I was on my back, alone, my head splitting, my arm aching like hell. The creep had bitten me! There were two rows of clear tooth prints sunk deep in my arm! Not only that, but the ivory dentures were gone. It figured.

I opened the wall safe, got a bottle of Scotch and some pain-ameliorating white powder, and sat down to try and think. After a while my mind was still blank, but I wasn't in any pain.

A few years back, a case like this would've been a cinch. I'd never have let myself get taken in my own operating room. Christ, was I getting too soft for the dental racket? Yeah, maybe I was losing it. Maybe I should settle down, host a game show or something.

Then it hit me like a Number 4 needle in the mandibular nerve! That flash of light I'd seen! It had to be reflecting off something, damn it, and that something was a set of dentures!

Baby, I was cooking with gas. Not just any dentures, either, because they were shiny. A crummy set! Japanese porcelain. No, Mexican porcelain!

Whoever bit me was probably an actor, and he was cheap, poor, or had lousy taste. Maybe all three. Gary Coleman, Erik Estrada, Mickey Rooney? Robert Blake? Coleman too short, Rooney too old. It had to be one of the others, but which?

Then I had it. The bite! The happy dust had made me forget the pain, but now I took a close look. There was no doubt. The underbite, those oversize uppers, that cheap porcelain: the work of Max Goldberg, bum dentist! There're lots of dentists in Hollywood, but only a few use Japanese or Mexican porcelain, and only Max Goldberg manages to get the odd out-of-work actor into his chair.

Finding Goldberg was easy. Who else has an office with a twenty-foot set of papier-mâché dentures on the roof, opening and closing twenty-four hours a day? Not only did the teeth have the Goldberg underbite, but they'd turned yellow over the years.

Goldberg started out playing dumb, but a dose of his own laughing gas made him loosen up and talk. He'd made Estrada a set a few years back, just before they'd signed him to *CHiPs*. Estrada was my man.

Estrada lived on the top floor of an apartment that'd seen better days. Not the penthouse, mind you, the top floor. His agent had been so eager to get the punk off his case he'd practically offered to piggyback me there.

Getting in was a cinch. The place was too cheap to hire a doorman or a guard. I buzzed Estrada and told him I was Norman Lear and that I had a bit part for him as a busboy on *The Love Boat*. He couldn't keep the eagerness out of his voice. That meant one thing: he was desperate enough to kill for work.

The door opened, and there was Estrada in a motorcycle-cop outfit, the front buttons popped open over a sagging paunch, grinning stupidly and carrying a brass Oscar replica. It wasn't the phony Oscar I zeroed in on, though, it was the *grin*. Estrada was wearing the stolen teeth, and they weren't even fitted properly!

He changed reels in a hurry when he saw I wasn't Norman Lear, and I was suddenly nominated for a brass Oscar on the side of the head. I ducked, but he caught me with those elevator cop boots, and the next thing I knew I was halfway over the balcony railing,

about to take a skydiving lesson with the chute at extra cost. I held on, but I was dizzy from the kick, and it looked like I'd be going down faster than an ambitious actress would on the most intelligent part of a producer. But hold it! Suddenly there was an unexpected noise from below.

"Yoo-hoo, Erik baby! Erik, you gorgeous beefcake! I want your autograph!" It was Bubba.

Egos come out faster than a spot in a Tide commercial in this town, and Estrada hesitated before lunging at me. It was a bad take on his part. I jerked back from the railing in time to see him go over the side, then it was my turn to lunge. I just got him by the ankles and held him, dangling face down.

"All right, you miscast Chihuahua, it's synopsis time! Why are those teeth worth killing for?"

"They're . . . magic, magic teeth . . ." he croaked. "Please . . ."

"Magic? Make sense!"

"It's true . . . whoever wears them . . . is a superstar . . . rich . . ."

"And they're from Africa?"

"Yes . . . made for a Zulu chief by a captured Pygmy witch doctor . . . from the tusks of an albino elephant . . . agh . . . some say the king of the elephants . . . while the chief wore them he was victorious, popular, rich . . . irresistible to broads . . ."

"How'd they get here? Come on, Estrada, your feet stink."

"Someone stole the teeth . . . got taken by slave traders . . . shipped to America . . . ended up in a junk store . . . I'm gettin' sick, man . . . some old dentist guy . . . gonna puke . . . discovered the secret . . . sold them to Rudolph Valentino for a fortune . . . ever since then a few actors knew . . . now pull me up!"

"First throw me the teeth!"

Estrada hesitated.

"You're not reading the cue cards, pal. When I get mad, my hands get slippery, and you're getting me mad!"

Estrada was purple now. He fumbled the magic teeth out of his mouth fast—indicating an inferior fixative—and threw them. Unfortunately, his aim was as bad as his acting, and the teeth went straight up, just outside the railing.

It was instinctive, I guess. All those years in dental college had trained me for one thing: protecting teeth. A split second later I was holding the magic teeth, and I wasn't holding Estrada. I'll say one thing for the little guy, he tried

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)

# A SEMESTER AT

"It's a real nice place. Look, I don't like to talk much and I've got to match up some socks from the laundry, so could you go, okay?"

—Oscar Manson, younger brother of Charles, class of 1968

**T**HERE ARE YOUR EXETERS, CHOATES, AND ANDOVERS, bastions of the wry look, the family money, and the casual shoe, turning out legions of similarly clad and thinking young men who enter as boys, then go on to a short stay at Harvard or Yale before stepping out of a cab on Wall Street. And then there is Barker, a small prep school somewhere near Los Angeles, founded in 1868 by a traveling medicine salesman who reckoned that the somber tweeds of an academic afforded him both comfort and a good way to hide from the prying eyes of certain petty law officers wishing to deny a man the right to ply his trade. With a resolute heart, a twill suit, and a great talent for separating old widows from their life savings, Lex Barker founded the school and the tradition that still bear his name.

"Well, not exactly . . . I mean, yes and no, kind of . . ." states Professor Homer Eliot, cochairman of the English department and president of the Beverage Committee.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it was named after Lex, but we almost ran out of money a few years ago when we got involved in that foolish vintage-cheese auction. Really, how were we to know that a two-hundred-year-old ball of cheese would be rock-hard and inedible, and anyway . . ."

"Anyway?"

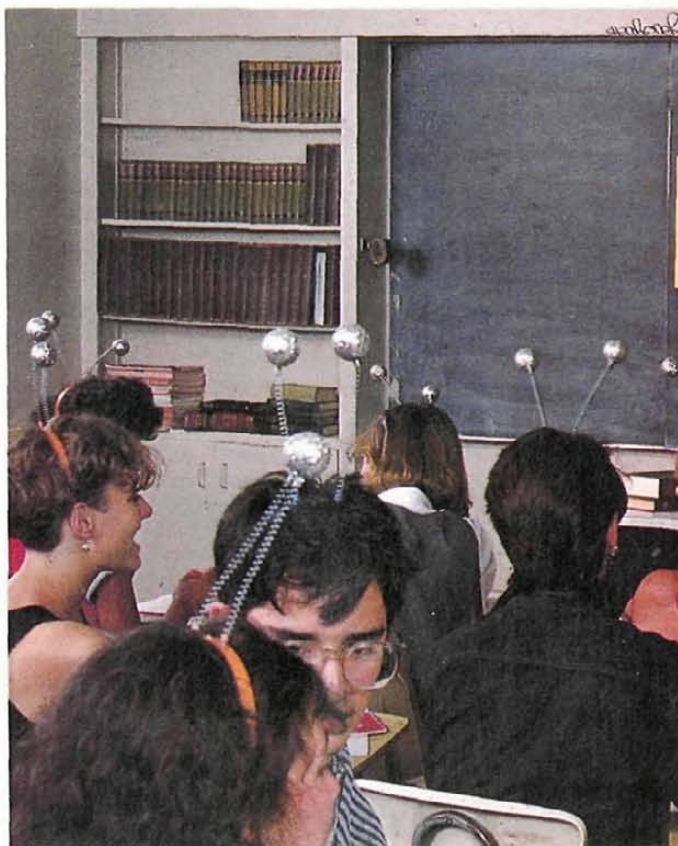
"Well, anyway we had to go outside for help, and the upshot of it all is that the place is now named after Bob Barker, the game-show emcee. He helped us out at fundraisers, that kind of thing, and donated a bunch of magazines to the library. . . ."

Homer takes a flask from his hip pocket and offers me a drink. I decline, as I generally never indulge before ten in the morning. As we amble past the school graveyard, which doubles as the football stadium, Homer launches into a drunken diatribe over his meager salary and trips over a small grave site. Pretending not to hear his loutish pleas for help, I make my way across campus for my appointment with the president.

The president's office is located in one of the nicer trailers on campus, with cardboard Doric columns propped up outside. I enter and find his secretary asleep in the outer office, a half-empty bottle of Rebel Yell right next to the hypodermic needle.

I knock on the door and, hearing no response, enter quietly. A film is being projected on a white sheet. The scene I am watching features three pom-pom girls tying up a sour-looking donkey. "Dr. Johnson," I whisper into the darkness, "are you there?"

The lights flicker on, and I'm face to face with Dr. Howard Johnson, a massive man in a checked suit and string



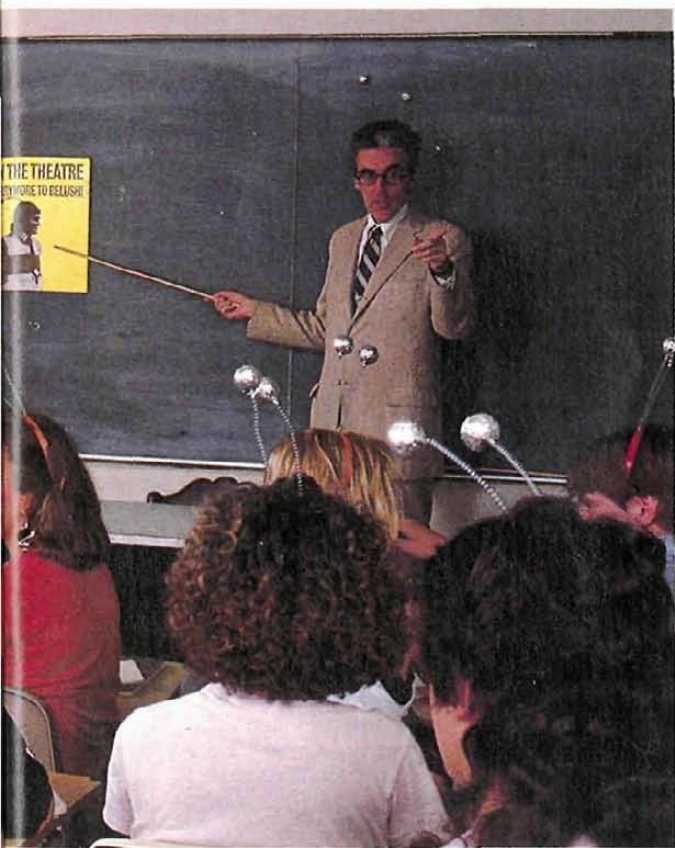
tie. I introduce myself and get a face full of cigar smoke from the nickel panatela stuck in his mouth. I explain that I am applying for the job of English instructor. Dr. Johnson gives me a crooked smile. "Okay," he asks, "who wrote *A Tale of Two Cities*?" The answer "Dickens" seems to please him.

I go back to my living accommodations and take a quick inventory. The sink, smelling of dead things, is clogged up, and old malt-liquor cans litter the floor. Still, my trailer is in one of the nicer sections of the campus. Later Homer shows up with a fifth of Drano and a bottle of Jack Daniel's. He pours the Jack Daniel's into the sink and I push down his arm to keep the Drano from his lips. He accuses me of making a pass at his aunt and falls asleep on my couch. I remove the pillow from beneath his head so that he will wake up with a stiff neck.

## October 2

I HAVE BEEN TEACHING HERE NOW FOR SEVERAL WEEKS AND have gotten a general feel for the place. It seems as though these kids have never been put through their paces. As a

# BARKER PREP



Once Doc Johnson got into bees, well, that was all she wrote. This was one of six theater courses taught at Barker, all having to do with bees.

teacher I feel it is my duty to take these unformed minds and shape them like so much Play-Doh into something resembling the human brain. I ask them to write an essay on their favorite Shakespeare play. Of the four that are handed in, this is probably the best, and from the prettiest student.

I like the one where the guy gets made king or something because a bunch of old ladies tell him he could be. And his wife kills the old king and can't wash her hands. Then the trees come and kill him.

Kathy

I decide that perhaps audiovisual enrichment would help these kids. We watch an episode of *Bonanza* in which Charles Dickens comes to visit the Ponderosa. "Hoss," the noted author tells the late huge actor Dan Blocker, "you may not have a fine education, but I've learned a powerful lesson from you. A man's got to stand up for what he believes in." Afterward we discuss what Dickens meant by

this, and the discussion moves to deeper waters. I make a final point just before the bell rings. "No, he's not Alice Cooper. Eddie Haskell is a cop living right in L.A."

## October 10

PERHAPS I SHOULD INTRODUCE SOME OF MY FELLOW TEACHERS as they sit around, sip coffee, and play the slots in the teachers' lounge. That's Ruben over there dealing the cards for blackjack. He's an illegal alien from Tijuana and works for seventy-five cents an hour off the books teaching Spanish. In the late afternoon he puts on a false mustache and overalls and becomes the janitor. He's saving money to bring his wife and seven daughters into the country. Target date: 1994. That bald-headed chap over there is Oscar Manson, class of 1968. He is a very good math teacher, but somehow cannot live down the reputation of being a close relative of a well-known psychotic killer. He doesn't smile much and gets sort of tense when you talk to him. He hasn't really been the same since he went on that blind date last year when his friends set him up with the winner of a Sharon Tate look-alike contest.

There, getting a nine of diamonds to bust, is John W. Booth, the drama coach. He'd be kidded about his name if anyone here remembered who killed Abraham Lincoln. As it is, he has the nickname "Telephone." Telephone once had a bit part in an off-Broadway play where he uncorked a bottle of wine in a restaurant scene. He still remembers that fondly. He has many innovative ideas for his class, though. Yesterday he handed out pillows and watched the kids do Orson Welles imitations. Then they all got into a ring full of wet pencil shavings and did Orson Welles's Celebrity Sumo Mud Wrestling. I think everyone got an "A" except for the kid who strapped the pillow on backwards.

And there, drinking a Campari and gin, slouches Mimi Leroux, the French teacher. She knows a few French phrases that she picked up when she danced as Fifi Net Stocking in a small logging town in northern Canada. The boys in her class seem to like her a lot.

Homer is in a drunken stupor on the La-Z-Boy Barcalounger.

I could go on, but I think that gives the general idea of the flavor of the place.

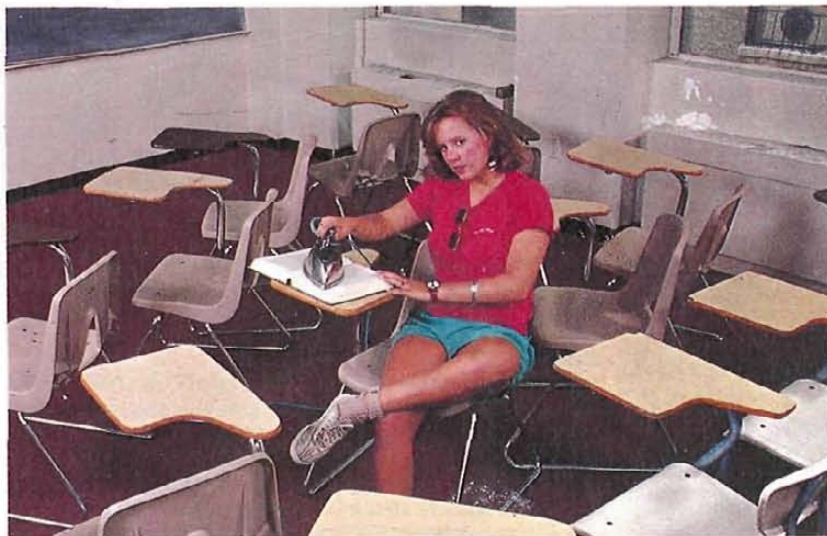
## October 15

I GUESS THINGS ARE GOING PRETTY WELL, THOUGH I DISLIKE the idea of having to hawk life insurance and angora sweaters to the kids during class. Doc Johnson says that it's all a part of the Barker experience that will make the kids grow up a whole lot sooner. I suppose that's okay. But I wish he wouldn't sell copies of the answers to my tests right outside the classroom door.

## October 19

BARKER SEEMS TO HAVE A FEW DISTINCTIONS FROM MOST other prep schools. I was under the impression that smok-

## A SEMESTER AT BARKER PREP



**Kathy often offered to do little chores for me, such as ironing the pages of my books so they'd look fresh.**

ing was usually not encouraged among students; here the school 7-Eleven sells cigarettes at inflated prices. I had a look inside the computer room today and saw a wooden abacus and a Casio calculator watch. The language lab is a cassette player and a Santana tape. Rod McKuen is being

awarded an honorary degree in the humanities. Well, it's more fun than that bus I was driving.

### October 23

TODAY MARKED THE ARRIVAL OF THE BEES ON CAMPUS. BEE-keeping has been made an accredited course of study, and a series of hives has been set up in the clearing in the woods north of the campus. Doc Johnson wants the students to study bees "to get a better understanding of what it's like to be a person and not a buzzing, stinging insect." He also wants the kids to collect honey that he can sell to stores around the area.

But this is just the tip of the iceberg. He informs the teachers at the Faculty Bar and Grill that he wants the lesson of the bees to inform every aspect of the Barker experience. He has contracted with a well-known shirt-maker to manufacture a modified version of his famous casual shirt with a bee insignia sewn on. We are to sell these "between scams—er, I mean classes." The school mascot is now officially the bee, and the sports teams will be referred to as the "Fighting Bees." Bright new black-and-white-striped uniforms have been ordered for the sports teams, for which the students will have to pay a nominal rental fee. "Son of a bee," says Homer. Nobody laughs. We finish drinking our stingers and leave.

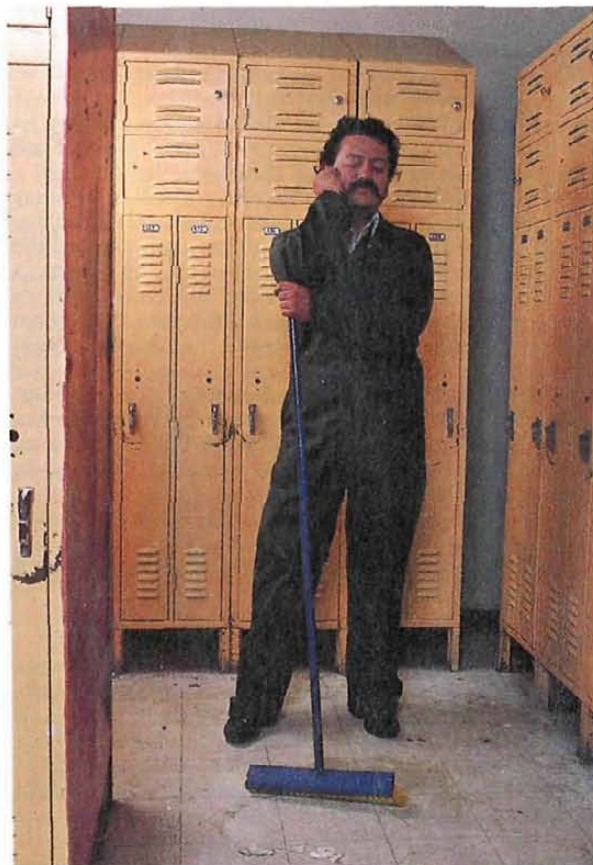
### November 17

RUBEN IS INTENSELY DEPRESSED. HIS WIFE IN MEXICO HAS RUN off with his best friend, a man who makes a living painting dogs in bright colors and selling them to the tourists. His seven daughters are living with an aunt in an apartment the size of a large-screen TV.

"Man, this is raw," he laments. "It's like being in Hitler's bunker, but with worse-quality canned goods."

It's true. All the canned goods are bought from a company called Better 'n Nuthin'. Their trademark is The Sleepy Dwarf, who dreams away the day while the other trademarks are collecting the good vegetables.

Later Kathy comes over to my trailer, smelling like springtime. I want to pour Grand Marnier all over her, lick it off, power-sex her while wearing dog masks, and light my teaching certificate on fire with what's left of the bottle. It's something to think about.



**Ruben, another faculty member, had to hold down two jobs to make ends meet.**

## A SEMESTER AT BARKER PREP

### November 23

DOC JOHNSON HAS SUMMONED US INTO THE CONFERENCE room by the washing machine to tell us of future plans. He has taken to wearing khakis and a torn Hawaiian shirt with permanently stained armpits. He stands on a podium flanked by two large burly guards in bee costumes. They are carrying clubs.

"I have had a vision," declares Doc. "The true mission of Barker Prep is to teach youth to live with the bees. If man can learn to make honey, the world's food shortage will be solved. If he can learn to fly, his polluting automobiles will become a thing of the past. In accordance with these principles, work will begin at once on the construction of hive-type dormitories, and barbed wire will immediately surround the compound—er, school."

We are not to address him as "Papa" or "Papa Doc" or "Mr. Big Bee." Armed guards sit in towers at the school's boundaries. The school library's collection of old *Newsweeks* and *Car and Drivers* has been replaced with paramilitary insect-warfare manuals. Each teacher is given a bee in a mesh cage to take home so that he may learn "the language of the bees."

Homer is too drunk to understand what's going on. But his ears perk up when he hears that special passes must be obtained and an escort required before going into town. Town is where the liquor store is located. He makes a drunken leap toward Papa Doc and is clubbed to the ground. It is not a pretty sight.

### November 29

HOMER HAS BEEN MISSING FOR FIVE DAYS NOW. WE ARE ALL worried, and drink from the bottles in his liquor cabinet to soothe our nerves. Booth has started having nightmares in which large bees the size of helicopters chase him down in a cornfield before he can accept his Tony award. I soothe him, saying that his death will probably be quick and painless. He does not understand and begins to sob hysterically.

### December 3

I MAKE THE CREW TEAM RUN EXTRA LAPS IN THE CEMETERY to get my mind off the shrunken hive I find in my locker. It's like watching a high-hurdles race against death. Why was that bee guard looking at me with the binoculars?

It is time to make our move. Kathy gets Doc drunk in his office and asks to fondle the cash in his safe to see what money feels like. Ruben knocks him over the head with the flashlight, and we put the money in potato sacks. We escape through a hole in the barbed wire.



The language lab at Barker Prep.

### December 25

SO MUCH REMAINS A MYSTERY IN THE BARKER PREP STORY. The FBI found certain bee-raising essays in Doc's room printed in Russian and are working on that angle. The school has a new headmaster, who professes no interest in insects and may get a few of the students back for next semester. The alumni seem to feel that it's been a very bad chapter in Barker history, though not as bad as the time they inadvertently hired the leader of a local motorcycle gang to head the science department. They're sure the school will survive.

Christmas in Guadalajara is very nice. Kathy's getting a fine tan. I think the cocktail waitress at the Yankee Clipper has the hots for Ruben. Even Oscar feels better down here. He befriended an old sorcerer who turns him into Vincent Bugliosi each night. It seems to have a positive effect. ■



Homer Elliot enjoyed the life of a tenured professor, and spent much class time doing impromptu Dylan Thomas monologues.

# TF: \* THE BEAN REPORT

\*Terminal Flatulence

**T**EN YEARS AGO, THE EDITORS of the *National Lampoon* founded the Terminal Flatulence Society, a non-profit organization in the public interest dedicated to finding a cure to that often silent, always deadly disease.

A decade of intensive research has resulted in the issuing of a breakthrough report this fall: Warner Books' *The Bean Report*, a thorough airing of this all-too-often suppressed subject.

Here, just in time for our readers' return to dorm, frat, home, school, or office, we are relieved to publish a chapter from this myth-shattering, earth-shaking book.

Reprinted from *The Bean Report*. Copyright © 1984 by John Boswell Associates and Sean Kelly. Published by Warner Books, Inc., New York.

## rites and reminiscences

WHEN BABY SMILES UP AT A TOTAL STRANGER, MOM'S STANDARD EXPLANATION is "It's just gas." It probably is, but could it also be that babies, with their intuitive sense, already find farts funny?

If they don't, and if they're boy babies, they soon will. By adolescence, farts become rites of passage. Like the story of the girl with the live bee in her bouffant, or the couple who locked braces while making out, apocryphal ("I know a guy who knows a guy . . ." or "A friend of my best friend . . .") fart rumors abound:

- The guy who was present at a fart-lighting exhibition when the flame "backed up," with dire intestinal consequences.
- The four guys driving in the car with the windows up when someone lets an SBD. All four swear "on a stack of Bibles" that it wasn't them.
- The guy whose date farts in the car while he walks around to the driver's side. She manages to dispel most of the fumes out the window, but as he gets in, he introduces her to the couple in the back seat with whom they're double-dating.

Man, suggests historian Johan Huizinga (author of *Homo Ludens*), is a playful creature, a game-playing animal. Johan never got around to fart games per se, but if he had, he would have discovered that it was all but impossible for the North American male to pass from childhood to manhood without being beaten repeatedly upon the shoulder. Simply, this was the price one had to pay for an impertinent fart.



# GAMES SOPHOMORES PLAY

## The Official Rules of "Slugs":

- I. On the playing field (i.e., anywhere where grown-ups aren't present), the Farter, or Dealer of the Fart, shall exclaim either "Safety!" or "No Slugs!" immediately upon serving the fart.
- II. Should the server of the fart fail to shout "Safety!" or "No Slugs!," every other player, upon being made aware of said fart by either sound or smell, may shout, "Sixers! No returners!" (or "Slugs! No returners!") and immediately thereupon exercise the right to sock the Farter six (6) times upon the bicep of his left arm.
  - a. These Sixers (or Slugs) may be, but need not be, administered in the form of "Nuggies," that is,



punches executed with the second knuckle of the fist slightly extruded for painful effect.

- b. When more than two (2) play, the Sixers (or Slugs) are to be delivered to the Farter by the allegedly offended in the exact order in which they called "Sixers!" (or "Slugs!") consequent to the fart.
  - c. Sixers (or Slugs) may be, but need not be, enumerated aloud.
- III. In the event that any one or all of the players calling "Sixers!" (or "Slugs!") fails to add the phrase "No returners!," the Farter may call "Returners!" and, after the initial round of Sixers (or Slugs), proceed to sock any such negligent participant six (6) times hard on the bicep of his left arm.



## Twenty-One-Gun Salute

THIS IS AN OLDER, LONGER, SIMPLER game than Sixers, still favored by good ol' boys at the general store (but not too close to the stove). Like most such rustic, easy games, it can cost a visiting city slicker some money.

The rules are simple: After bets are laid, the ante being customarily five (5) dollars, the first player to fart audibly twenty-one (21) times takes the pot.

Tourists, or "summer people," are advised that a bucolic diet of beer, cabbage, and beans puts local players at a distinct advantage.

## Honest Injun

THE KEY TO THIS GAME IS DISHONESTY. The only skill required is the ability to place your hand, palm out, fingers spread, on top of your head, imitating



the (presumably) trustworthy Native American and his feathered sky-piece.

Any number can play.

Upon the arrival of a fart, all present quickly make the "Honest Injun" sign, as if to say, "I didn't do it, I swear!" It is then assumed that the last hand up belongs to the guilty party, or Farter, who is then mocked, ridiculed, and socially ostracized.

Of course, the actual Farter is the first person to know that a flatus-passing has transpired, and thus the first to mime his savage innocence; the new kid in town, in class, or on the block, unaware of the rules of the game, watches, bewildered, as his new friends wiggle their digital warbonnets at him—then he gets the blame, and bears the shame.



## Pull My Finger

A GAME FOR TWO PLAYERS. PLAYER ONE, aware that he or she has a potentially audible gastric lapse descending into the firing chamber, extends the index finger of his or her right hand to Player Two and invites him (or her) to give it a tug. Player Two does so. Player One farts. The implication of cause-and-effect is the joke here, apparently; Player Two believes, however briefly and subconsciously, that he (or she) has been the agent of his (or her) own embarrassment and sensory discomfort. Unlike tennis, bridge, or mud wrestling, Pull My Finger has never been played successfully between members of different sexes.



# FLAMETHROWERS, BENCH WARMERS, AND THE GAS HOUSE GANG

BASEBALL AND FARTING GO TOGETHER LIKE A COUPLE OF NATIONAL PASTIMES. What could be more American than hot dogs 'n' sauerkraut, beer and popcorn and root-root-root-rooting for the home team? "To foul one off" is a common euphemism for passing flatus; conversely, a batter hitting foul balls is often mockingly asked by opposing bench jockeys, "Beans for breakfast?" According to legend, Babe Ruth, offered a plate of asparagus at some swanky banquet, declined thus: "No thanks, ma'am. That stuff makes my farts smell awful!"

What follows here is not one but *two* all-star flatulent squads (at least, if players' nicknames are anything to go by) assembled by our researchers. (All are genuine and in position. You could, as Casey Stengel liked to say, "look it up.")

- 1B** Harry "Stinky" Davis
- 2B** George "Foghorn" Myatt
- SS** Glen "Buckshot" White
- 3B** Buck "Leaky" Fausett
- OF** Al "Cheese" Schweitzer
- OF** George "Shotgun" Shuba
- OF** Paul "Big Poison" Waner
- C** Ray "Cracker" Schalk
- DH** Andre "Thunder" Thornton
- OF** Jimmy Wynn, "The Toy Cannon"

- George "Boomer" Scott
- Pat "Whoops" Creeden
- Joe Bean
- "Piccolo" Pete Elko
- Fred "Squeaky" Valentine
- Maurice "Bomber" Van Robays
- Lloyd "Little Poison" Waner
- Jim "Cracker" Hamby
- Ron "Boomer" Blomberg
- Johnny Rucker, "The Crabapple Comet"

### Pitchers

- Walter "Boom Boom" Beck
- Mark "Bomber" Bomback
- Paul "Oom Paul" Derringer
- Atley "Swampy" Donald
- Clint Hartung, "The Hondo Hurricane"

- Jim Kern, "The Texas Tornado"
- Urban Shocker
- Ed "Kickapoo" Summers
- Les "Toots" Tietje
- George "Breezy" Winn

## PYROTECHNICS

THE LIGHTING OF FARTS IS NOT SO much a sport or game as a hobby. Anally expelled intestinal gas ignites because of its hydrogen component—its nitrogen, oxygen, and carbon dioxide are not flammable—and, depending on its methane content, it is more or less explosive. Farts do, indeed, "burn blue" and can send a jet of flame a surprising distance (although fart lighters, like fishermen, exaggerate the length of their "ones that got away").

In a darkened room, under certain dietary preconditions, a demonstration of fart lighting, or *flatus ignis*, can be awesome.

Farts through clothing can be lit—but the highly flammable poly-



ester content of some slacks makes this a hazardous act. Generally, the performer removes his pants, or "drops trou," and lies on his back, feet in air, knees bent; then strikes and positions his own match. When performing with an assistant match holder, the crouch, or "full moon" position, is preferred.

"Flamethrowing," as the performance is sometimes called, is almost exclusively a collegiate activity, with kegs of beer providing the "liquid fuel," and fraternity brothers or dorm mates as the appreciative audience. Since the spread of "media studies" on campuses, many hand-held-camera videos of fart lighting have been made, and a few have been accepted as "conceptual performance art pieces" in progressive New York galleries.

# A GUIDE TO THE IDENTIFICATION AND CLASSIFICATION OF NORTH AMERICAN FARTS

LEARNING—OR BETTER STILL, THINKING UP—names for fart types is a traditional early-adolescent ritual.

Similarly, methods of identifying the source of a fart are a subject of peer-group, or tribal, speculation, the usual rule of thumb being "Who smelled it, dealt it," or "The smeller's the feller."

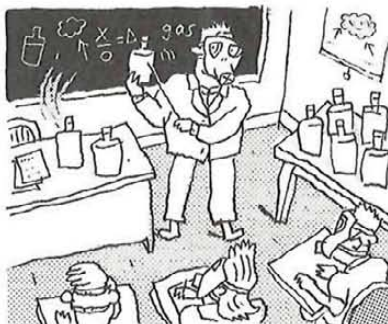
Occasionally, this oral tradition has achieved the level of Xerox publication, but never before has a systematic analysis, along the lines of *Jane's Fighting Ships* or *A Field Guide to the Birds*, been attempted in print. Tentatively, then, we present the following.

**Blind Farts.** Traditional noiseless reekers. (Expression since circa 1880.) See SBDs.

**Boomers.** Full-throated, rousing explosions; the parent organism frequently betrays his or her authorship with a smile of ill-concealed pride.

**Carpet Creepers.** Heavier-than-air creations, these linger and permeate the atmosphere at or near ground level; source invariably anonymous, having left the room.

**Fizzles.** Efforts at first promising, but eventually unsatisfactory, at least to the donor; often surprisingly effective upon bystanders. Often the last of a series; originator betrays disappointment.



**Fudgies.** See Wet Ones.

**One-Cheek Sneaks.** Attempted surreptitious contributions, usually signified by the artist's telltale "tilting." Ricocheting off metal "bridge chairs" or church pews, they possess satisfactory resonance, produce blushes, giggles, glares.

**Poochs.** Open-sphincter donations, gusty and full-bodied, but lacking sonority; popular on buses; customarily unacknowledged.

**SBDs.** (Silent But Deadly type). Consistent with the Law of the Conservation of Energy, what an SBD lacks in audible qualities is compensated for in semi-lethal olfactory intensity. The mechanism responsible is usually the innocent-looking person glancing

about suspiciously.

**Screamers.** High-pitched, tight-sphincter offerings, often of astonishing duration and tonal variation; most pleurably exchanged among roommates or frat brothers, or inspired by presence of officious bureaucrat.

**Sliders.** See One-Cheek Sneaks.

**Squeegies.** Small, immature, and moist products. Humiliating for all concerned.

**Wet Ones** (aka Brewers' Farts, Fudgies, Playing Misty). Samples are accompanied by guttural, rasping, or lispng sound, indicating vaporous content. Originator registers astonishment, dread, then departs, walking funny.

**Whiffers.** See Poochs.

## POOT PRINTS ON THE SHORTS OF TIME

"HOW SCARED WAS I? ONLY THE laundryman knows for sure," as the reluctant hero acknowledged. Indeed, an involuntary relaxation of the sphincter is one instinctual symptom of fear, the resulting release of flatus being, perhaps, a defense mechanism (like the squid's ink or the skunk's stench), the result of centuries of evolution and adaptation. It is also an entirely separate and distinct category of the fart range, having nothing to do with the scent and everything to do with the telltale traces:

Powder burns  
 Racing stripes  
 Scorch marks (Can.)  
 Russet gussets (Austral.)  
 Brewer's fart, grains and all (Eng.)  
 Hershey spray (Pa.)  
 Hash marks

## A THESAURUS OF SORTS, OR A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

**NOUNS** bad manners (Afro-American); beeper (Calif.); blaster; bottom belch; breezer; cheeser; crepitation (slang); crudity (obs.); fart; flatulation; flatulence; gas; gasser; gastric lapse (slang); gurk (Austral.); nether cough; pocket thunder; poop; poot; posterior flatus (med.); rasper; reeker; rouser; spider bark (poetic); stinker; stinky; ventrosity (obs.); whiff; windy-banger (Eng.).  
**VERBS** blow; break wind; cut one; cut the cheese, the mud, the tomato; drop a rose; lay; let; let fly; let out; let slip; lift a leg; open lunch (Austral.); pass gas (med.); play the trouser trumpet; poot; rip off, squeeze off, tear off a f.; step on a duck (vulg.); toot; vent.

**ADJS** farting; flatulent; gassy; stinky; tympanitic (med.); ventrose; windy.

## THE CASE OF THE STAR'S CHOPPERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59) his best to do a tuck 'n' roll that any stuntman would've been proud of, but shit, we were twenty stories up. I found the jeweled box and left, fast.

Bubba was waiting in the car. We drove in silence for a few blocks. Finally, Bubba spoke.

"Maybe there was a pool down there to break his fall."

"Did you see a pool?"

"No. But maybe there was a really tiny one."

"I don't need cheering up, Bubba."

"You will. There's a cop pulling us over."

"Nuts. Ridding Hollywood of Estrada was just cavity prevention."

The cop climbed out of his cruiser and leaned in the window. "Nick Palomar, I've got a warrant to search you for a set of dentures stolen from a private collection. Better turn 'em over, Palomar, or it'll go tough on you."

There was no getting out of it this time. I handed the box to the cop. He checked that the teeth were there, then spun out in the cruiser like a stunt driver in *The Road Warrior*.

"Nick, why would a San Francisco cop be in Hollywood?"

"He wouldn't."

"So why did he have a San Francisco police car?"

"Shit! Here we go, Bubba." The fake

cop was already screaming down Hollywood Boulevard with his lights flashing. I stuck my own fuzz-light on the roof and peeled after him. He used *Dukes of Hazzard* turns and I followed with *Smokey and the Bandit*. He *Star-sky and Hutch*ed and we *Bullitt*ed after. It was arguably the best chase scene ever driven, and there wasn't a camera in sight. After a half hour we found ourselves in Studioland.

"Bubba, where have we seen that cop before?"

"*Chinatown*."

"Right. And who has the most bankable smile in Hollywood?"

"You don't think. . ."

"Just a hunch. He's stopping!" We'd arrived at an old abandoned studio. The cop got out. We stayed out of sight.

"He's going inside, Nick."

"So are we." I had an idea. "Hand me my supply bag, Bubba."

We sidled around the huge building until we found a locked side entrance. Bubba made short work of the lock.

Once inside the studio we were in another world. Or should I say worlds? There were props in there from a hundred films—cowboy stuff, cactus plants, space suits, giant coffee cups, Roman chariots, all the paraphernalia of past movies, big and small, good and bad, flops and smashes. It lay all over the place.

We followed the cop through giant sets and backdrops of all kinds until he stopped outside a large door. He knocked three times. A moment later a figure stepped out. Burt Lancaster!

"You got the teeth?" he said eagerly. "You got them?"

"Right here. Palomar got to Estrada before I did, but I got to Palomar. The girl's colder than Suzanne Somers's contract."

"Wait here till I call you." Lancaster went back in.

"Bubba," I whispered, "I've got a hunch. Want to knock the cop out real quiet?"

"Oh, *goody*, Nickie!" He slipped into the shadows. A moment later I heard a muffled impact and the cop went down.

"All right, Bubba, get his uniform off. I'm about his size, and if I keep the hat down they won't notice the switch." Bubba removed the uniform remarkably fast, and it turned out to fit me pretty good. I pulled the hat low over my face. I figured it just might work. "When I holler, you better come out swinging." I stashed the item from the supply bag into my pocket.

"Oh, *goody*!" Bubba disappeared.

Three loud knocks came from inside, and Lancaster's voice, strangely indistinct, told me to come in. Taking a deep breath, I stepped inside.

Years of living in Hollywood, putting my hands inside every conceivable kind of mouth, should've numbed me to strange sights, but the freezing must've worn off, because I stopped in my tracks.

There, seated at the strangest table I'd ever seen, were some of the most famous people in show biz. But it was the table I stared at. It was huge, in the shape of a human palate, and the people sat where the teeth would have been, waiting for me to deliver the goods! At one end of the table was a big red cushion. I kept my head down and headed for it, guessing that the teeth were supposed to go there.

As I got closer I ticked off the celebrities like a credit roll in the biggest blockbuster ever made: Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, Brando, George C. Scott, Chevy Chase, Harrison Ford, Steve Martin, Richard Gere, John Travolta. I noticed that Travolta was in the "canine" seat.

At the end of the table where the wisdom teeth should go sat Jack Nicholson. I'd been right about the *Chinatown* connection! And next to him was Professor Thelma Duck, my old men-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 86)



# FUNNY PAGES

**AM I RE-ELECTED YET?**

★ → ★ ← ★ → ★ ↑

**ZIPPY CAMPXIXN '84**

★ ← ★ → ★ ↓ ★

THE UNAUTHORIZED VERSION

ZIPPY'S PRESIDENTIAL EFFORT IS OFF TO AN EXCITING START. HE'S MENTALLY WON SEVERAL KEY NOMINATIONS & IMAGINES HIS SUPPORT TO BE BROAD-BASED. THE "YUPPY" VOTE IS STAYING AWAY IN DROVES BUT ZIPPY SAYS THIS WAS "PRE-PLANNED & 100% NATURAL."

OFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

WHAT'S THE HUBBUB? A PRESS CONFERENCE?

MUST BE FRITZ OR RONNIE..

IF ELECTED, I PROMISE TO CONVERT TO AN IRRESPONSIBLE MOSLEM SUB-SECT!!

CLINK!

CLINK!

AND, AS CHIEF EXECUTIVE, I WILL ACCEPT MY OWN RESIGNATION AT TH' SLIGHTEST HINT OF WRONGDOING... I'LL EVEN RESIGN BEFORE NOV. 6TH IF PROVOKED!!

WAIT A MINUTE!! I JUST REPHRASED MY NEW CAMPAIGN SLOGAN—"LET'S STAY IN BED UNTIL 1999!!"

AS ZIPPY'S PRESIDENTIAL ART DIRECTOR, I'M PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THAT TH' FIRST DEBATE IS SCHEDULED FOR NEXT MONDAY!

THE BIG DAY..

...LADIES & GENTLEMEN.. IN KEEPING WITH THE REQUEST OF THE LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS AND THE VAST MAJORITY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, THE FIRST PART OF THIS CONFRONTATION AMONG THE LEADING PRESIDENTIAL CONTENDERS WILL BE HELD IN COMPLETE SILENCE...

OFFICIAL MODERATOR

OKAY, CANDIDATES, PRESENT YOUR IMAGES---

REPUBLICAN

DEMOCRAT

PINDEPENDENT

NEXT, EACH CANDIDATE WILL GIVE HIMSELF A QUICK PUNCHY MINI-REVIEW!!

WELL...

1. "AN OSCAR-WINNING PERFORMANCE AT LAST!! SHOULD BE GOOD FOR AT LEAST ONE BLOCKBUSTER SEQUEL!!"

©1984 Bill Griffith IDEM

2. "CARING, COMPASSIONATE, WHITE, & FLUFFY— A LOW-DEFINITION FILLER, ASSUMES ALMOST ANY SHAPE!!"

MMM... SOFT WATER...

MR. MUSHY

DEMOCRAT

3. "... TAPERED, HALF-COCKED, ILL-CONCEIVED AND TOTALLY TAX-DEFERRED! ..THIS YEAR'S CONSUMER FAD!!"

BANANA OIL

INDEPENDENT

SOMEWHERE NEAR KANSAS— THIS IS SOME COUNTRY, ISN'T IT, ALICE??

LET'S GO OUT & SIMONIZE THE MISSILE, MERV!!

NEXT: ZIPPY GOES INSANE!!

# Trots and Bonnie



SHARY FLENNIKEN

# Politenessman

POLITENESSMAN STANDS ON HIS TERRACE OVERLOOKING THE GREAT CITY. AND WHAT HE SEES IS GOOD. AND HE IS WELL SATISFIED.



## POPULAR PROBLEMS © 1984 RON HAUGE



# THE GIRL REPORTER MAKES THE LOVE CONNECTION

WELCOME TO "LOVE CONNECTION!" TODAY'S GUEST IS A GIRL REPORTER FROM NEW YORK CITY. MIMI, TELL US ABOUT YOUR DREAM MAN!



WELL, CHUCK, MY DREAM MAN IS TALL, DARK, HANDSOME, AND HE LAUGHS AT ALL MY JOKES. HE'S INTELLIGENT, URBANE, WITTY, SINCERE, SENSITIVE, WANTS CHILDREN SOMEDAY, WOULDN'T GET JEALOUS IF BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN WANTED TO TAKE ME OUT, HAS LOADS OF MONEY, THINKS I'M GORGEOUS, AND-



HA, HA, HA - WELL, WE DON'T HAVE THAT GUY, MIMI, BUT WE DID HAVE THREE GREAT FELLOWS FOR YOU TO CHOOSE FROM. - LET'S LOOK AT THEM, AND THEN WE'LL HEAR ABOUT YOUR DATE!



FIRST THERE'S MERLE, A MACHINIST FROM MOBESTO...



THEN CARL, FROM CANOGA PARK...



... AND FINALLY, EARL, FROM EL CENTRO...



QUITE A SELECTION THERE, MIMI - WHO'D YOU GO FOR?



ED'S GOING TO JOIN US NOW ON THE VIDEO MONITOR AS WE HEAR MIMI DESCRIBE HER DATE!



"LOVE CONNECTION" PAID FOR THE DATE BUT EARL SAID HE'D HANDLE THE MONEY.



I SAVED UP MOST OF IT SO I COULD BUY QUALUDES! THEY REALLY LOOSEN UP A GIRL, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.



I DIDN'T WANT A QUALUDE, SO EARL TOOK THEM ALL. THEN HE THREW UP ON ME.



I GUESS WHAT WE'D ALL LIKE TO KNOW, MIMI, IS DID EARL PUT IT TO YOU?



I NAILED HER, ALL RIGHT!



THAT PIG WANTED ME TO DO IT IN THE DIXIE DUMPSTER BEHIND THE PUP'N TACO BECAUSE, HE SAID, HIS WIFE WAS BACK AT HIS HOUSE, BUT I TOLD HIM HE COULD JUST-



HAWHAWHAW!



WELL, EARL, DO YOU THINK YOU COULD WORK A LITTLE HARDER ON OUR RELATIONSHIP?

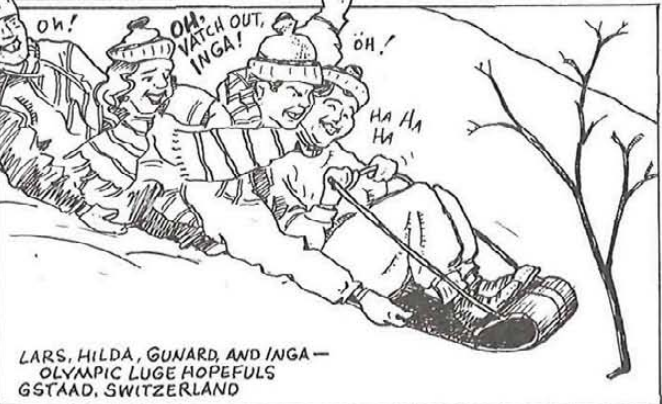
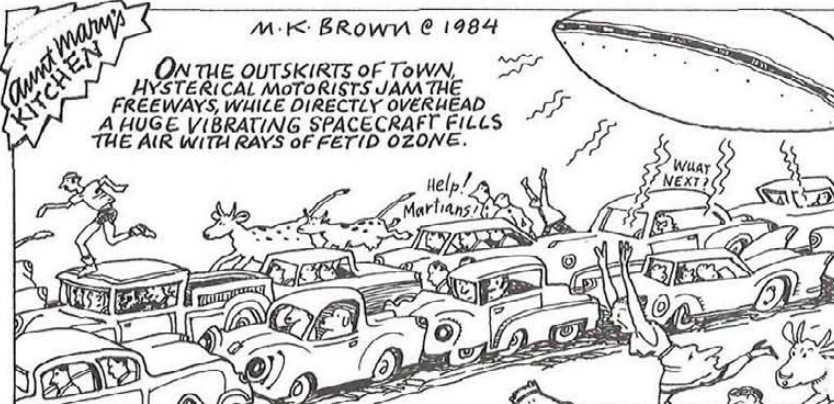


THAT'S ALL WE HAVE TIME FOR TODAY ON "LOVE CONNECTION!" JOIN US AGAIN TOMORROW FOR MORE FUN!





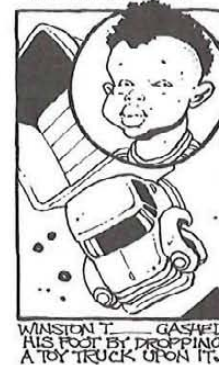
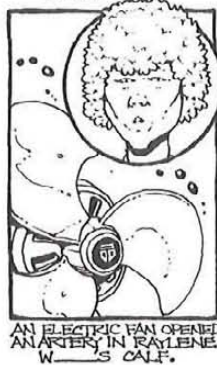
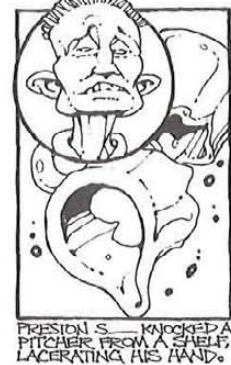
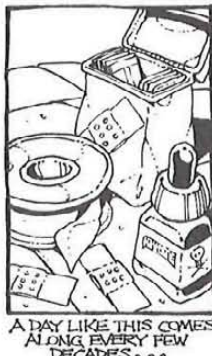
**WARD**  
by CHENEY



NEXT MONTH: MORE INTERESTING SIDELIGHTS

THE Deeds of HERCULES amongst the North Americans  
© MCMLXXXIV Mr. Marek





# TIMBERLAND TALES

by B.K. Taylor



WE OPEN ON THE ACTIVITIES MEETING OF MAURICE'S SCOUT TROOP AND WITNESS THE ENDING OF THE SCOUT OATH...



... NOW LADS, LAST MEETING WE WORKED ON OUR FIRST-AID SKILLS, REMEMBER? BUT TONIGHT WE HAVE A SPECIAL TREAT! MR. WILLIS BETTER KNOW AS MR. MAGIC IS HERE TO ENTERTAIN US!



LET'S GIVE MR. MAGIC A BIG SCOUT WELCOME!



THANK YOU, SCOUTS! SAY WHAT THIS PLACE NEEDS IS SOME FLOWERS!



NOW, MAY I HAVE A VOLUNTEER FROM THE AUDIENCE?



HOW ABOUT YOU, YOUNG MAN?



HOW ABOUT A LITTLE PET TO TAKE HOME? LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS IF I WAVE THE MAGIC WAND OVER THE HAT AND PULL OUT A...



... A RABBIT!!



NOW I PUT THE RABBIT BACK IN THE HAT AND - OOP!



MAURICE RUNS TO GET THE RUNAWAY RABBIT AS THE SHOW CONTINUES....



SOON, MAURICE RETURNS TO WITNESS MR. MAGIC'S FAMOUS FIRE-EATING TRICK.



WITH HIS FIRST-AID TRAINING FRESH IN HIS MIND, MAURICE SPRINGS INTO ACTION, FIRST THROWING THE VICTIM TO THE GROUND...



... THEN SMOTHERING THE FIRE WITH HIS JACKET.



DON'T WORRY, 'ELL BE OKAY. 'ES MR. MAGIC!



© 1984 B.K. Taylor

# IMPORTANT NOTICE!

ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE IS A STRIKING PICTURE OF MISS POLAND ENJOYING an erotic encounter. The picture, taken by noted Polish photographer Vladimir Vasouseky, was first offered to *Playboy* magazine. Hugh Hefner personally rejected it because of its sexual content. It was then offered to Robert Guccione of *Penthouse*, who said that it was "too sleazy" for a quality magazine such as his. It was then offered to Larry Flynt, publisher of *Hustler*, who also felt that the picture would lower the standards of his magazine.

The *National Lampoon*, indifferent to any kind of standards, purchased the picture—thus establishing a landmark in eroticism.

A photograph of a woman in a white high-heeled shoe and a large, out-of-focus hand in the foreground against a pink background. The woman is positioned on the left side of the frame, wearing a white open-toe high-heeled shoe. Her right leg is bent at the knee, and her right hand is raised. A large, out-of-focus hand is in the foreground, partially obscuring the woman's body. The background is a solid pink color.

**MISS POLAND**  
**"SEX ACTS"**

Photographed by  
Vladimir Vasouseky

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.



# NATIONAL LAMPOON OFFERS MED SCHOOL BY MAIL

**H**I, 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:

- One year** of *National Lampoon* at \$9.95 (save \$14.05 over newsstand price and \$2.00 over subscription price).
- Two years** of *National Lampoon* at \$13.75 (save \$34.25 over newsstand price and \$4.20 over subscription price).
- Three years** of *National Lampoon* at \$18.50 (save \$53.50 over newsstand price and \$6.45 over subscription price).

Send check or money order to *National Lampoon*, Dept. NL1084, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Add \$5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign lands. All checks must be in U.S. funds.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

For ultra-fast service, call toll-free 1-800-331-1750. Ask for Operator #31.

## LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)  
Sirs:

Instead of spending billions of dollars on the military, why don't we just post huge stickers near our borders that say, "This property protected by the U.S. Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marines." The stickers would probably scare away any potential enemies, just like burglar alarm stickers are just as good as buying the whole alarm system. Who's to say it wouldn't work on the Commies?

Brad Fradkin  
Chatsworth, Calif.

Sirs:

What does "Je me souviens" mean on license plates from Quebec, Canada? The little woman says it means "I am soup." Can you help us?

Lou Eckles  
Somewhere, on the road

Sirs:

We members of the Third World basically have four things we try to do every day—eat, sleep, shit, and fuck. Other than that, our schedule is pretty loose.

Third World Dwellers  
In a tin hut somewhere

Sirs:

If Kevin Curran is still working at your magazine, please ask him to call home. We're lost without him out here on the farm. The cows need breedin',

the pigs need breedin', the horses need breedin', and his little sister Thelma Mae sorely needs breedin'. Older sister Wanda June's gonna be calfin' any day now, and little brother Zachary is gonna need proper butcherin' and a hangin' real soon. Kevin was always a good, helpful kinda boy who liked nothin' better'n to be left on his own with some mice and his razor blade collection, and we always figured him winnin' that Harvard schoolin' award was some sorta big mix-up. Tell him, if he comes back pronto, Mom's savin' the pickled chicken gizzards for the Sunday breakfast, okay? Thanks a heap, folks.

Festus Curran  
Chitlin County, Ky.

Sirs:

The most annoying misuse of grammar we have noted is when unthinking persons use the phrase "I could care less." This, you will note, is incorrect when applied to a person, thing, or situation for which the speaker does not indeed care. For example, if a friend were to say, "I was accepted to Molner Barber School today," and the reply was "I could care less," the implication, however innocent, is that the addressed person in fact *does* care, when clearly that is not the case. The correct response in a situation such as this would be "I *couldn't* care less" or, alternatively, "I *could not* care less," which states obliquely that the speaker

has reached a level of not-caring-ness that cannot be surpassed, thus he or she "could *not* care less." The second alternative is the response "Who gives a rat's ass, you puke-faced gargoyle?"

Strunk & White  
School of Hard Knox

Sirs:

When I was a child, my father had a little trick he'd like to play at parties: I'd sit on his lap and pretend to be his dummy, then he'd pull a strand of my hair and I'd say stuff like "Oh, Lucille Ball is drunk again," or "Shove it up your ass, Uncle Miltie, my daddy's the best." Everyone would laugh and have a good time. Then my father would carry me back to my bedroom and unscrew my head and put me back in a box.

Candice Bergen  
Plaster of Paris, France

Sirs:

I'm a secretary who wishes she had a better job! I like to go out with guys, but my social life is *nil* unless somebody fixes me up on a blind date. I *often* talk in italics for *no* particular reason. I guess you *could* call me That Cosmo Girl.

Linda Frex  
St. Louis, Mo.

Sirs:

Is it easy being a rich man's plaything? No, it's damn hard work, as a matter of fact. I've got to pretend to like him, and wrap my youthful tongue around his shriveled member, and all kinds of other stuff even too disgusting to mention. On the other hand, I get all the jewelry I want, and I don't have to go to an office and sit with a pair of headphones staring into a computer screen all day. So I guess it isn't too bad after all.

A Thin, Tanned Woman  
Aboard a Yacht

Sirs:

What happens when you editors get into fistfights with each other? When you disagree over whether a particular practical joke is funny or not and one of you throws a punch toward the others, who breaks things up before they get hairy? My point is, I will do that—if you offer me a job. I am a retired bar bouncer with a certain sense of levity, which I am sure you can admire.

Brad Rich  
Canada

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 84)



"Gee, I don't know, they came with the uniform."



## DEEP THOUGHTS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20)  
a kid gets an answer right, tell him it was a lucky guess. That way, he develops a good, lucky feeling.

IF ANY MAN SAYS HE HATES WAR MORE than I do, he better have a knife, that's all I have to say.

I THINK SUPERMAN AND SANTA CLAUS are actually the same guy, and I'll tell you why: Both fly, both wear red, and both have beards.

IF YOU DEFINE COWARDICE AS RUNNING away at the first sign of danger, screaming and tripping and begging for mercy, then yes, Mr. Brave Man, I guess I'm a coward.

IF YOU GO PARACHUTING AND YOUR PARACHUTE doesn't open, and your friends are all watching you fall, I think a funny gag would be to pretend that you were swimming.

THE SOUND OF FRESH RAIN RUNOFF splashing from the roof reminded me of the sound of urine splashing into a filthy Texaco latrine.

THE OLD POOL SHOOTER HAD WON MANY a game in his life. But now it was time to hang up the cue. When he did, all the other cues came crashing to the floor.

"Sorry," he said with a smile.

HE WAS A COWBOY, MISTER, AND HE loved the land. He loved it so much he made a woman out of dirt and married her. But when he kissed her, she disintegrated. Later, at the funeral, when the preacher said, "Dust to dust," some people laughed, and the cowboy shot them. At his hanging, he told the others, "I'll be waiting for you in heaven—with a gun."

MARTA'S DAD MUST HAVE BEEN THE UN-luckiest guy ever. She said when they'd go fishing, he'd hand his pole to one of the kids and bingo!, right away there'd be a fish on the line. The poor guy never could catch one.

IF YOU EVER HAVE TO BRIBE SOMEONE, when you give him the money, say real loud, "This is the bribe money I told you about." Say it over and over again. That way, he'll be sure to remember what the money was for.

IN MY OPINION, ANYONE INTERESTED IN improving himself should not rule out becoming pure energy.

Like all the finer things in life,  
what you get out of it  
depends on what you put into it.



Roll your own, It's e-z.

IF YOU appreciate the finer things in life, you'll want to show it with  
THE OFFICIAL E-Z WIDER OR JOKER CAP!

NLE

Show your good taste with these striking caps, emblazoned with the e-z wider logo on a brown ground, or the Joker logo on a red ground. Perfect for gifts or just plain good times. One size fits all.

YES, I appreciate the finer things in life. Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ e-z wider cap(s) and \_\_\_\_\_ Joker cap(s) @ \$6.25 each including shipping and handling. Total amount enclosed: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose \_\_\_\_\_

check \_\_\_\_\_

money order \_\_\_\_\_



Mail to: The House of Rizla, P.O. Box 1046, W. Caldwell, N.J. 07007-0829.

Offer limited to U.S. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

© 1984 robert baron associates



## THE MYSTERY OF THE GHOSTWRITER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50)  
by Aunt Gertrude. She held out a picnic basket to them and warned, "Eat it all or you'll catch anemia."

The boys grinned good-naturedly and ran out to the jalopy.

Will, squinting his green eyes, kept the jalopy at seventy as they barreled along the coast road. Ten miles outside of Bayport they came upon a blond youth wandering aimlessly along the side of the road.

"Look there," Jerry proclaimed. "That must be Joe."

Will stopped the car and the boys piled out. Frank rushed up to the blond and impetuous lad, who was a year younger, and prodded, "Are you my brother?"

"I didn't even know I had a brother," the sleuth blurted. "All I know is that I have amnesia."

"Maybe this isn't my brother after all," Frank fretted.

"But he is," Will insisted, hooking his thumbs in the lapels of his expensive tweed sport coat. "Don't let the mod haircut fool you. He only wears it that way so that today's boys, aged ten to fourteen, can relate to him. This is Joe, all right."

At the gaunt co-author's suggestion, the chums piled into the jalopy to search for Chet. But just as they were pulling away a chubby youth emerged from the bushes by the side of the road. He was gnawing hungrily on a squirrel.

"There he is now," Jerry purported.

Will, who was darker than Jerry, Joe, and Chet, but lighter than Frank, probed, "Let me guess. You have amnesia, too?"

"Not only that," Chet complained, cracking the squirrel's head between his teeth, "but I'm hungry, too."

"Goddamn it," Jerry grumbled. "It seems like every character created by Franklin W. Dixon suddenly has amnesia."

"Hmmm," Will hummed, tapping his stubby fingers on the steering wheel of the jalopy. "I wonder if something could have happened to Dixon himself."

Jerry, who was the tallest of all the boys, but would have been the second tallest if they had been joined by Frank and Joe's athletic chum Biff Hooper, suddenly chirruped, "What if Joe and Chet were coming to Northpoint to investigate the mystery of Dixon's disappearance when they suddenly got amnesia?"

Joe's face beamed broadly and he conjectured, "Why, we must be amateur sleuths!"

"And you must have had a reason for coming here," Will pressed. "Don't you remember anything at all?"

"I remember being happy," Chet groaned, popping the squirrel's feet into his mouth.

"All I remember is wandering around for days, reading this paperback book," the younger Hardy sighed dolefully.

"Wait," his older brother barked suddenly. "I remember something. It was when Joe and I were riding around Europe on motorcycles..."

The two literary chums exchanged puzzled glances. "That's puzzling," Jerry mused. "I don't remember a Hardy Boy book like that."

"... and we were setting all the bears free from the zoos," Frank continued.

Will furrowed his high brow under his receding hairline. "That sounds familiar," he ventured.

"Now that you mention it," Joe informed his brother, "I remember something, too. It was when we were seducing women and speaking foreign languages on that Mediterranean island..."

"I must have missed that adventure," Jerry regretted.

Will suddenly leaped up in the driver's seat and pointed at Joe. "What book are you reading?" he provoked.

Joe drew his battered paperback out of the pocket of his letterman sweater and let him know, "It's *The Tin Drum Treasure*, by Günter Grass."

"How is it?" Jerry required of him.

"I always love a good mystery yarn," Joe fessed up. "And I love the woodcut illustrations that adorn each chapter, especially the one showing the dwarf hiding under the woman's skirt so the smugglers won't find him."

Then Chet, whose cock was bigger than Frank's and Joe's but smaller than Will's and Jerry's, volunteered, "I've been reading *The Clue of the White Hotel*, by D. M. Thomas. My favorite part was the psychoanalysts' picnic lunch, even though the counterfeiters spoiled it when they showed up."

Will, the ex-husband of a divorcée, snapped his fingers and shrilled, "Of course! It's all suddenly clear now!"

"How could we have been so blind?" Jerry hooted.

### III A GASH FOR THE BOYS

"WHERE ARE WE GOING NOW?" CHET mouthed around a mouthful of squirrel tail.

"To Northpoint," Will clipped. "I suspect that's where you guys were

headed originally, and that's where we'll find Frank Dixon."

"In the claws of some diabolical fiend," Jerry wagered.

A few miles later Jerry threw up a bony finger and brayed, "Check out that ramshackle hut on the hillside. I'll bet that's where they're keeping him."

The driving chum downshifted and sent the jalopy up the steep grade. No sooner had he put on the brake than all five lads, with Chet lagging reluctantly behind, leaped out of the car. As one they barreled through the door, and as one, as if poleaxed, they fell to the dirt floor of the shack.

When they woke up they were all tied to chairs.

"We're all tied to chairs," Joe noted.

They looked at each other and noticed that each had an ugly gash on his head.

"We each have an ugly gash on our head," Frank noted.

Then they noticed that an elderly man was tied to another chair across the room.

"That must be Franklin W. Dixon," the heavier collaborator supposed.

"I'll have you note that I am," the great author remarked.

Before the now-grinning collaborators could squeal with delight at meeting one of their idols—and the idol of every boy aged ten to fourteen—a skinny New York woman with a funny patch of gray hair sauntered into the room.

Jerry, the fiancé of a maternity nurse, screamed, "My God, I would never have thought that she was behind this!"

"No," Will negated, gaping his thin-lipped mouth, "not her! Not Susan Sontag!"

"Is she a smuggler?" Joe pumped.

"Is she a counterfeiter?" Frank grilled.

"Is she a bank robber?" Chet groped.

"No," the scholarly sleuths pronounced in chorus. "She's an intellectual."

"Damn right," she caterwauled. "And I'm the last one you'll ever see."

"Yes, she can never afford to let us go now," Jerry squealed.

"Of course not," Will ululated. "She knows we're onto her now."

"Yeah," Jerry blathered. "We know she kidnapped Franklin W. Dixon and forced him to plot novels for the darlings of the New York literary set."

"Yes," she yammered. "For years we were able to fool the reading public into thinking a book didn't need a story line as long as it had exquisite prose and hyper-intellectual imagery. Re-

## THE MYSTERY OF THE GHOSTWRITER

cently, however, we've sensed a growing discontent with their formless, desultory stories. We know that the pseudo-intellectual public couldn't be made to eat shit forever. Even egg-heads can't fool themselves all the time. It became evident that we needed the services of the greatest plotter in the world, and who else but Dixon would fit the bill?"

"So you kidnapped him," the sturdy collaborator hissed.

"We had no other choice," the critic hawked. "Extreme situations require extreme measures. And let me tell you, it has worked. Not only have the likes of John Fowles, William Gaddis, and John Barth seen unprecedented sales, but now even boys aged ten to fourteen are trooping out to buy the new Pynchon novel."

"But what does it all mean?" Joe gave tongue. "How does this tie in with our amnesia?"

"It's simple, boys," Dixon piped in. "When I stopped writing your adventures, your existence began to wane."

"What?" Frank trilled.

"Well, I never wanted to tell you," Dixon elocuted, "but you're only fictional characters."

"Golly," the boys phoned in chorus.

Jerry, younger than Will, Dixon, and Sontag, but older than Frank, Joe, and Chet, dithered. "Sure, boys. That's why you started remembering weird things back in the jalopy. They were elements of Irving's and Fowles's books that Mr. Dixon was plotting for them."

Suddenly, Chet shrieked horribly. "What will this intellectual do to us now?"

"We'll keep Will and Jerry," Sontag gibbered, "because Joyce Oates wants to break into humor. But you three will have to be eliminated. We'll arrange an accident."

"Just like John Gardner," Will croaked, thrusting out his underbite pugnaciously.

"Sure," Jerry phrased. "Sure. Gardner, who always seemed to think he could plot, must have feared competition from his colleagues if Dixon moved in. He was probably about to blow the whistle."

"Clever," Sontag drawled. "You figured out that Gardner's motorcycle crack-up was no accident."

With those words she pulled out twin automatics the size of typewriters. But the two cultural investigators had worked loose their bonds and now leaped upon her. Jerry pinned back her arms while Will pounded her stomach

until she fell unconscious.

After their three chums and Mr. Dixon had been untied, the new friends stood around parleying.

"It sure is a shock to find out we're fictional characters," Frank mourned.

"But think of it this way," Dixon gabbled, "you know you'll never grow old and you'll never die at the end of a book."

"But what'll happen when you die?" Joe tensed.

Sontag stirred, and Will kicked her carelessly in the head. She stopped moving.

"I wouldn't worry on that account," the elderly author prated. "I'm grooming my daughter for the job."

"But what'll happen when she dies?" Chet dreaded.

"Oh, I wouldn't worry," Jerry reassured. "We can always get Carolyn Keene."

They all laughed uproariously. ■

## 7 reasons why 7 condoms are used every second in the U.S.

1. **Condoms** are considered one of the most effective methods of birth control ever developed.
2. **Condoms**, when properly used, are the only contraceptive that aids in the prevention of sexually transmitted diseases, including herpes.
3. **Condoms**, because they are so effective—both as a contraceptive and as protection against disease—actually enhance lovemaking.
4. **Condoms** are easy to buy at pharmacies everywhere.
5. **Condoms** are now ultra-thin and available with a variety of features for comfort, stimulation, safety, sensitivity and satisfaction.
6. **Condoms** are free of side effects.
7. **Condoms** provide pleasure and protection—for both men and women.

**Trojan® America's leading brand of condoms.** Trojan is the brand trusted by today's sophisticated buyer. More Trojan condoms are used than any other brand. Look for the Trojan brand display wherever condoms are sold.



While no contraceptive provides 100% protection, Trojan brand condoms, when properly used, effectively aid in the prevention of pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases. Many public health authorities and private physicians now feel that condoms, when properly used, effectively aid in preventing the transmission of Herpes of the penis, cervix and vagina.

## LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80)

Sirs:

We scientists have been predicting that the sun will burn the earth to a crisp in another four hundred billion years. We have just received new information that changes the timetable a bit. Now it appears this catastrophic event will take place next Tuesday. So there's no point paying off your MasterCard now.

Vernon Shumway  
Mount Palomar, Calif.

Sirs:

You know how you can tell that you are incredibly wasted? It's when you can take your mother's skillet, bang the side of your head with it fifteen times, and think it's the funniest fucking thing you've ever done in your life. It's fucking hysterical. Oh, shit. It also fucking hurts like all hell. Boy, am I wasted.

Jimmy Teen  
Omaha, Nebr.

Sirs:

Lately I've been troubled by the Flintstones. You see, there's Fred, who's a real beefy guy, and Wilma, who's skinnier than any cartoon character this side of Olive Oyl. My question is, how do they fuck? It would be like trying to fit a baseball bat into a keyhole. I mean, I just do not believe Fred's penis fits into Wilma's vagina.

So here's what I think happens. You know those little pterodactyls and dinosaurs they have around the house in all the appliances? Like the little

dragon in the toaster who's so cramped when they toast two pieces of bread that he says, "I wish they'd toast one slice of bread at a time," then breathes fire onto their bread? Well, I figure Wilma and Fred have some kind of prehistoric flea which airlifts sperm one at a time from Fred's penis to Wilma's vagina. And the flea says things like "One down, another two million to go. Boy, I hate this job!" Only we never hear this because the flea is so small. The same goes for Betty and Barney Rubble. Only they have their own flea.

Doesn't this make sense?

Alph Mortar  
Cartoon Logic Land

Sirs:

Try this. Take the number of days in a year and subtract from that your age. Then add the date you were born and divide it by the length of your dick in inches. Now subtract the number of tits on a bull, and there you have it! Write this magic number on a slip of paper and shove it up your ass!

Donald Questin  
Sick 'n' tired of  
these puzzles

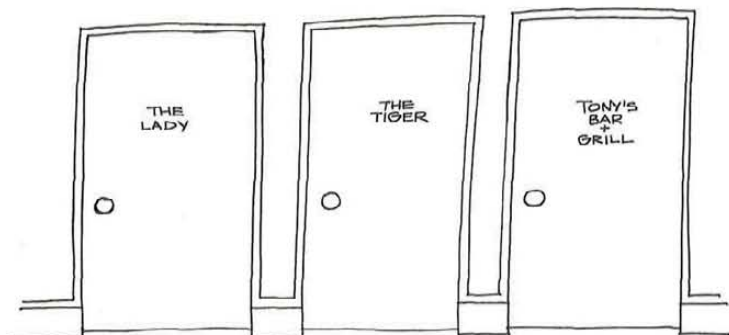
Sirs:

Every once in a long while there is an occasion to laugh long and loud, and it's a pretty good feeling. One of those pure unbridled laugh moments came during a poker game in Washington Heights, with four or five people who didn't even particularly like each other. But they were joined in a

brief matrimony of merriment on that fateful night, and this is how it happened. One of the regular players, a guy named Gary Dolgoff, is kind of a jerk, and on that particular night, as always, he was yapping up an annoying storm, accompanied by a high shrieking laugh as he raked in the chips after winning another hand. Gary never lost, because he'd wait as long as it took for the winning hand to come to him. We couldn't even squeeze him for ante money, because he insisted on "dealer ante," which meant he only had to cough up a buck every five hands. Anyway, another player in the game, Crazy Jeff Greenbaum, a fine human being with broken snaggleteeth and a wild unkempt beard, was getting progressively more annoyed with Gary's behavior. "Gary," he said in his Elmer Fudd voice, "you better stop laughing, or I'm going to throw this full glass of water in your face." The table was used to idle threats, so no one thought the more of it. But then Crazy Jeff decided to take a poll. "How many of youse wouldn't mind me throwing this water in Gary's face? If you don't mind me getting everything wet, I'll do it." Idle threat or not, it amused us to urge Jeff, who had been losing heavily, as always, to get his revenge and throw the water, and we assured him we wouldn't mind the mess. That was enough for Jeff, and he threw the glass of water in Gary's face. Gary has this naturally dumb monkey face, and the look he got when the water hit him just made it worse. Everyone instantaneously burst into wild laughter. The cards were completely drenched, half the table got wet as Gary and the game had to come to a halt, but we laughed and laughed, and it certainly was funny.

Sir Laurence Olivier  
Cleveland, Ohio

### TOUGH CHOICES



*MSTROMG*

Sirs:

I've done it all, I guess. Seen a movie, been to a dance, drank a mint julep, kissed a girl, even drove a car. Know what? Didn't like any of it. Drank the mint julep first. Made me feel awful funny. Threw up on the girl when I was kissing her. Dance made my feet all sweaty, so when I drove the girl home my foot slipped on the gas pedal and we hit a fire hydrant. Didn't have no license, so they put me in jail. Jail's where I saw the movie. Didn't understand it. Glad I'm a Mormon. Modern life seems a mite too rough to handle. Don't see any fun in it, either.

Joshua Veirder  
#24468, Utah State Prison

# LETTERS

Sirs:  
I don't want to cause any trouble, but in the future could you print the magazine in darker ink? And use smaller margins? And if it doesn't put anybody out use a heavier stock for the cover? Also, switch to a sans serif typeface if you can. Is there any way to use more staples in the spine? Try to make the pages a little glossier, too. Are you locked into this size or could you go about half an inch wider on the overall format? Look, if this is too much work for somebody just forget it, okay? But do put more nude pictures in it, and in color.

Freddie Silbert  
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Sirs:  
A week ago Tuesday a car exploded right under my apartment window. Then, on Friday, another one blew up two doors down from me. Last night, another one went sky-high right across the street. As I look out the front window at this very moment there's a van encased in a huge block of ice. Just when I thought there was a pattern emerging, dammit.

Joe Samino  
The East Side

Sirs:  
Beat it? I wish Michael would just let me touch it.

Brooke Shields  
Princeton, N.J.

Sirs:  
Hi! I'm Debbie and my friend here is Karen. We were recently killed in an auto accident, so we're speaking to you from the spirit world. You know, the other side, where people go after they die. Anyway, we just wanted to let you know that everything over here is really great, so there's no reason to mourn us. We have parties all the time and some great concerts. Then there's the drugs, which we never suspected would be here but are, in great quantities. So basically everything is cool, just like on earth, only we don't have to go to school and analyze *Lord of the Flies* or any of that shit.

Debbie and Karen  
The spirit world

Sirs:  
I saw this new game show called *Everything Goes*, where if you give the wrong answer you have to take off all your clothes. Well, I think they twist the questions so that the woman always gets it wrong. Like, last week they

asked the guy when did World War II start, and he said 1941, then they asked the girl when World War II ended, and she said 1945. Fair enough. Then they asked the guy who won World War II, and when he got that right they asked the girl, "Within seven, how many people died in World War II?"

Okay, she got it right, but still.

Hal Luther  
Pilot Point, Minn.

Sirs:  
We elephants are really getting tired of the way they treat us at the circus, making us stand on one leg or beg for peanuts or sit up. So we're rebelling. The next time the circus comes to town, we're going to grab our trainer by the balls and hurl him into the fiftieth row. Then we're going to run amok. Be there.

Circus Elephants  
Barnum, Fla.

Sirs:  
Here's the real reason I retired—I've decided to enter the field of rock 'n' roll. My first album will consist of grammatically correct remakes of rock classics. Included will be "Isn't That a

Shame," "You Can't Buy Love for Me," and the Presley favorite, "You Are Nothing If Not a Hound Dog." So remember, if you whip it, "Whip It Well."

Edwin Newman  
Absentia

Sirs:  
Why do slick magazines always blow up dumb sentences from printed articles and stick them in the middle of the page, sometimes leaving out a few words? This is what I refer to:

## WHY DO MAGAZINES BLOW UP DUMB SENTENCES AND STICK THEM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PAGE?

Do the editors think that someone just flipping through the magazine at the newsstand will say, "Hey, I bet this sentence is somewhere in this article. I'm going to buy this magazine and search till I find it!"

Do your editors have any ideas about this, or have they snivelingly accepted the practice at face value?

Leo Guacamole  
Nosecandy, Oreg.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 88)

## TAKE A FREE T-SHIRT OR SWEATSHIRT WITH EVERY FOUR YOU BUY!

GET INSTANT RESPECT WHENEVER YOU WEAR ONE OF THESE REAL T-SHIRTS OR SWEATSHIRTS! I BEAM ME UP SCOTTY THERE'S NO INTELLIGENT LIFE DOWN HERE 2 PARDON ME BUT YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE WHO GIVES A DAMN GREAT SWEATERS ARE ALWAYS UNDIFFERENTIATED VIOLENT OPPOSITION FROM MEDIOCRE MINDS (NEE:STEEN) 4 PARDON ME BUT YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE WHO GIVES A SHIT IF YOU LOVE SOMETHING SET IT FREE # IF IT DOESN'T COME BACK TO YOU HEAT IT DOWN AND KILL IT 6 TIME FLIES WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING 7 I USED TO BE DISGUSTED NOW I'M JUST AMUSED 8 WELL GET ALONG FINE AS SOON AS YOU REALIZE I'M GOOD GAGE AND TREACHERY WILL ALWAYS OVERCOME YOU I HATE SKILL 10 WE ARE THE PEOPLE OUR PARENTS WARNED US ABOUT 11 MACKEREL TAKES ITS TOLL 12 I DON'T CARE I DON'T HAVE TO 13 I'M NOT PLAYING HARD TO GET I AM HARD TO GET 14 LEAD ME NOT INTO TEMPTATION I CAN FIND MYSELF 15 I CAN GET YOU ANY KIND OF WORD AND A GUN THAT YOU CAN WITH A KIND WORD 16 I'VE DONE SO MUCH WITH SO LITTLE FOR SO LONG THAT NOW I CAN DO ANYTHING WITH NOTHING IF HOW MUCH I CAN GET AWAY WITH AND STILL GO TO HEAVEN 17 BE THERE IN INTELLIGENT LIFE ON EARTH, BUT I'M JUST VISITING 18 THOSE OF YOU WHO THINK YOU KNOW EVERYTHING ARE VERY ANNOYING TO THOSE OF US WHO DO 20 QUESTION AUTHORITY 21 SO 20 22 THE TORTURE NEVER STOPS 23 ASK ME IF I CARE 24 WHY LOOK HERE FOR THE JOKEY IT'S ALL AROUND US 25 POWER MEANS NOT HAVING TO RESPOND 26 NEVER TRY TO TEACH A PIG TO SING IT WASTES YOUR TIME AND ANNOYS THE PIG 27 WHAT'S A NICE PERSON LIKE ME DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS? 28 WHY ARE WE ALL PUT HERE TO SUFFER AND DIE? 29 ONWARD THROUGH THE FOG 30 NEVER KICK A MAN UNLESS HE'S DOWN 31 I'VE ALWAYS BEEN CRAZY BUT IT'S KEPT ME FROM GOING INSANE 32 EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG, BUT YOU CAN BE STRAIGHTENED OUT 33 I USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 34 WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES, BUT ONLY AFTER THEY'VE BEEN TAKEN OUT AND BROCKED IT COME TO YOU NATURALLY 35 40 WHO'S THE WHO ATTEMPT THAT YOU'VE GOT IT MADE 36 I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU OUT WHICH WAY DID YOU COME IN? 37 EVERYONE NEEDS TO DO SOMETHING I BELIEVE I HAVE ANOTHER 38 HOW CAN YOU LOVE IF YOU WON'T LIE DOWN? 39 I'D RATHER BE PISSED OFF THAN PISSED ON 40 DON'T BE HUMBLE YOU'RE NOT THAT GREAT 41 I DO MY BEST TO BE JUST LIKE YOU, BUT EVERYBODY WANTS ME TO BE JUST LIKE THEM 42 THERE IS NO GRAVITY, THE EARTH SUCKS 43 YOU HAVEN'T STRAYED FROM THE TRUTH 44 SHOPPING 45 YOU 46 DON'T GIVE ME ANY SHIT 47 WHAT THE FUCK OVER? 48 WHEN I WANT YOUR ADVICE I'LL BEAT IT OUT OF YOU 49 DO YOU WANT TO WORK AT BEING AN ASS OR DOES IT COME TO YOU NATURALLY 50 WHO'S THE WHO ATTEMPT THE ABSURD CAN ACHIEVE THE IMPOSSIBLE 51 I'M NOT DEAF, I'M IGNORING YOU 52 WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH THE TOUGH GO SHOPPING 53 YOU DISGUST ME, BUT I LIKE IT 54 WHATEVER IT IS, I'M AGAINST IT 55 I'M THE PERSON YOUR MOTHER WARNED YOU ABOUT 56 IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ME I'LL JUST LET YOU KNOW I'M HERE 57 YOU'RE TRYING TO BE A JOY RIDE 58 I'M ON MY FACE? 59 REALITY POLICE 57 IT'S NOT WHETHER YOU WIN OR LOSE IT'S HOW YOU LOOK PLAYING THE GAME 58 SHUT UP AND DANCE 59 I'M THE ONLY ONE WITH A FREE BOTTLE IN FRONT OF ME 60 THAN A PREPHERANTAL LOTOBODY 60 LIFE IS TOO IMPORTANT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY 61 LET'S GET DRUNK AND BE COMEBODY 62 CAN YOU TELL YOURSELF YOUR LIFE IS MOVING 63 I MAY BE GETTING OLDER, BUT I REFUSE TO GROW UP 64 I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM, I DRINK, GET DRUNK, FALL DOWN, NO PROBLEMS 65 IT'S HAPPY TO SOAR LIKE AN EAGLE WHEN YOU'RE SURROUNDED BY TURKEYS 66 WHEN I'M GOOD I'M VERY GOOD, BUT WHEN I'M BAD I'M BETTER 67 EVERYBODY WANTS TO GO TO HEAVEN, BUT NOBODY WANTS TO BE FINANCIALLY ENJOYING NOT TALKING TO YOU LET'S NOT TALK AGAIN REAL SOON, OK? 69 OBVIOUSLY THE ONLY REAL IDENTITY IS THE IDENTITY OF THE IDENTITY 70 I'M NEVER IN TROUBLE, BUT IT'S SO MUCH FUN 71 WHAT DOESN'T KILL ME MAKES ME STRONGER 72 I'M NOT PREJUDICED I HATE EVERYONE EQUALLY 73 I THINK I COULD FALL MADLY IN LOVE WITH YOU IF YOU WOULD LET ME 74 I USED TO BE LOST IN THE SHUFFLE NOW I JUST SHUFFLE ALONG WITH THE LOST 75 WHATEVER YOU DO, I'LL DO IT BETTER 76 I'M NEVER PROBABLY THAT YOU DO IT (GANDHI) 77 SEX IS THE MOST FUN YOU CAN HAVE WITHOUT LEAVING 78 I'M TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL 79 I WISH YOU WERE A BEER 80 LOVE YOUR ENEMIES, IT'S A HAPPY CRAZY 81 I REFUSE TO HAVE A BATTLE

OF WITS WITH AN UNARMED PERSON 83 SORRY, BUT MY KARMA JUST RAN OVER YOUR DOGMA 83 I'M HAVING A PARTY IN MY PANTS, WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME? 84 IF I FOLLOW YOU HOME WILL YOU KEEP ME? 85 WHY BE DIFFICULT WHEN WITH A BIT OF EFFORT YOU CAN BE APPROVED 86 PERFECT PARANOIA IS PERFECT AWARENESS 87 BETTER DEAD THAN MELLOW 88 SEEMS TO ME YOUR ANTENNA DOESN'T BRING IN TOO MANY STATIONS ANYMORE BUT IT'S BEEN REAL AND IT'S BEEN FLUX BUT IT HASN'T BEEN REAL FOR A WHILE, THE UNWILLING, LED BY THE UNKNOWING, ARE DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE UNGUILTY 89 HEAVEN ATTRIBUTES TO MALICE WHAT CAN BE ADEQUATELY EXPLAINED BY STUPIDITY 92 REAL LIFE ISN'T LIKE THIS 93 THERE IS JUST SOME SHIT I WILL NOT EAT 94 TALENT DOES WHAT IT CAN GENIUS DOES WHAT IT MUST I DO WHAT I LET PAST TO DO BE THE ONE WHO DIES WITH THE MOST TOWNS WING 95 BE DIFFERENT ACT NORMAL 97 IF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND MY SILENCE YOU WON'T UNDERSTAND MY WORDS 98 I DON'T GIVE A SHIT I DON'T CARE SHIT I'M NOT IN THE SHIT MARKET 99 LOVE MEANS HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY EVERY FIVE MINUTES 100 LIFE'S A BITCH (THEN YOU DIE 101 USED TO BE AN IDEALIST, BUT GOT MUGGED BY REALITY 102 THIS TIME I LOVE NEXT TIME I S20 103 IF YOU KEEP AN OPEN MIND PEOPLE WILL THROW A LOT OF CARBIDE IN IT 104 REALITY IS FOR PEOPLE WHO LACK IMAGINATION 105 SOMETIMES I WONDER WHETHER ALL THE SCREWING I'M GETTING IS WORTH ALL THE SCREWING I'M GETTING 106 MAKE IT HEART SO GOOD 107 WHEN THE GOING GETS WIERD THE WEIRD TURN PRO 108 SEX IS LIKE SMOKE YOU NEVER KNOW HOW MANY INCHES YOU'LL GET OR HOW LONG IT'S GOING TO LAST 109 MIGHT THINKS THOU ART A SHIT HEAD 110 HAVE ANOTHER DAY 111 FIGHTING FOR PEACE IS LIKE MAKING LOVE FOR VIRGINITY 112 MY LAWYER CAN BEAT UP YOUR LAWYER 113 I MAY NOT ALWAYS BE PERFECT, BUT I'M ALWAYS ME 114 NEVER OFFEND WITH STYLE WHEN YOU CAN OFFEND WITH SUBSTANCE 115 CONFORM, GO CRAZY, OR BECOME AN ARTIST 116 I REALLY APPRECIATE YOUR SINCERE CRITICISM I'VE GOT YOU VERY MUCH, I'VE JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE WINNING THE RAT RACE ALONG COME FASTER RATS 118 IF GOD HAD WANT FOR US TO GO NUDE WE WOULD HAVE BEEN BORN THAT WAY 119 HAVE AN ORDINARY DAY 120 DON'T TAKE LIFE TOO SERIOUSLY, YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF IT ALIVE 121 STILL CRAZY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS 122 I DON'T KNOW I DON'T CARE AND IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE 123 HAVE ANOTHER 124 I WANT ME AND HELL'S AFRAM I'M GOING TO TAKE OVER 124 EXPERIENCE IS WHAT YOU WANT WHEN YOU DON'T GET WHAT YOU WANT 125 SAME BULLSHIT DIFFERENT DAY 126 IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO HAVE A HAPPY CHILDHOOD 127 YOU CAN TELL THE MEN FROM THE BOYS BY THE PRICE OF THEIR TOYS 128 I WANT TO TAKE EVERY ADVANTAGE I CAN GET 129 I'M GONNA ALICE ORDERS 130 I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW 131 I DON'T ASK ME ANY QUESTIONS I JUST WANT TELL ME THE TRUTH 132 I'M THE ONLY ONE WITH THE INSANE ASYLUM OF THE UNIVERSE 133 IF YOU CAN'T DAZZLE EM WITH BULLSHIT BATTLE EM WITH BULLSHIT 135 ONLY A BASTARD LIKE ME COULD LOVE A BASTARD 136 I'M NOT A BASTARD 137 I'M NOT A BASTARD 138 I'M NOT A BASTARD 139 I'M NOT A BASTARD 140 I'M NOT A BASTARD 141 I'M NOT A BASTARD 142 I'M NOT A BASTARD 143 I'M NOT A BASTARD 144 I'M NOT A BASTARD 145 I'M NOT A BASTARD 146 I'M NOT A BASTARD 147 I'M NOT A BASTARD 148 I'M NOT A BASTARD 149 I'M NOT A BASTARD 150 I'M NOT A BASTARD 151 I'M NOT A BASTARD 152 I'M NOT A BASTARD 153 I'M NOT A BASTARD 154 I'M NOT A BASTARD 155 I'M NOT A BASTARD 156 I'M NOT A BASTARD 157 I'M NOT A BASTARD 158 I'M NOT A BASTARD 159 I'M NOT A BASTARD 160 I'M NOT A BASTARD 161 I'M NOT A BASTARD 162 I'M NOT A BASTARD 163 I'M NOT A BASTARD 164 I'M NOT A BASTARD 165 I'M NOT A BASTARD 166 I'M NOT A BASTARD 167 I'M NOT A BASTARD 168 I'M NOT A BASTARD 169 I'M NOT A BASTARD 170 I'M NOT A BASTARD 171 I'M NOT A BASTARD 172 I'M NOT A BASTARD 173 I'M NOT A BASTARD 174 I'M NOT A BASTARD 175 I'M NOT A BASTARD 176 I'M NOT A BASTARD 177 I'M NOT A BASTARD 178 I'M NOT A BASTARD 179 I'M NOT A BASTARD 180 I'M NOT A BASTARD 181 I'M NOT A BASTARD 182 I'M NOT A BASTARD 183 I'M NOT A BASTARD 184 I'M NOT A BASTARD 185 I'M NOT A BASTARD 186 I'M NOT A BASTARD 187 I'M NOT A BASTARD 188 I'M NOT A BASTARD 189 I'M NOT A BASTARD 190 I'M NOT A BASTARD 191 I'M NOT A BASTARD 192 I'M NOT A BASTARD 193 I'M NOT A BASTARD 194 I'M NOT A BASTARD 195 I'M NOT A BASTARD 196 I'M NOT A BASTARD 197 I'M NOT A BASTARD 198 I'M NOT A BASTARD 199 I'M NOT A BASTARD 200 I'M NOT A BASTARD

P.S. WIN A FREE T-SHIRT! I welcome your suggestions for new REAL statements. If I use your idea and you're the first to submit it I'll send you a free t-shirt with your suggestion printed on it. Please list your suggestions on a separate sheet of paper from your order along with your name and address, t-shirt size, and the color you prefer. HAVE FUN!

## THE CASE OF THE STAR'S CHOPPERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68) tor! It figured. Only a great dentist could adapt those teeth to any mouth, and, aside from me, who was there but Duck? It was Duck that had tipped them off about my having the teeth!

I extended the jeweled box toward the cushion, but Nicholson snarled, "Don't touch the thacred cushion, you fool!" He had no teeth in! Jack Nicholson was baregums, and so was everyone else in the place! He took the box, and every eye was on the teeth. I scuttled back to the shadows.

"O thacred teef!" intoned Nicholson, holding the box up. "You are returned to uff, the peepoe ob the thacred teef!"

The people of the sacred teeth? The others echoed him through loose, flapping gums. It sounded like prayer time in the rest home. I won't bore you by re-creating the sound.

Nicholson removed the teeth from the box and placed them reverently on the cushion. As if cued by an invisible director, a white spotlight hit the teeth, making the wonderful ivory burn like white fire in the dark studio. Nicholson seemed to be in some kind of trance.

"O thacred teef!" he intoned. "We have chothen the one among uth whothe mouf and pocketbook will be blethed by your presence. I have been guardian of the teef for long enough. Now it ith time for another member of the Cabal to be rewarded."

He smiled, and let me tell you, the Nicholson smile ain't much without teeth, magic or otherwise.

"We of the withdom teef"—he glanced at Brando, Scott, Douglas, and Thelmar Duck—"will now award the teef to their new guardian. Envelope, pleathe!" Brando handed him an envelope, which he slowly opened. Chevy Chase was drooling. Gere had broken out in a profuse sweat. Travolta looked as wooden as always, except his mouth was a little wider open than usual. The others were so tense, they were grinding their gums.

"And the winner, and new guardian, ith. . ." Nicholson paused, eyebrows arching, playing for all the suspense he could squeeze out of his audience. ". . .Theve Martin!"

Martin let out a howl of glee and fell off his chair in a triumphant pratfall that made Chase furious with envy. The ones with failing careers glared at Martin with hatred. They all wanted the teeth, and badly.

A sound came from high up in the scaffolding. Bubba! He'd mistaken

Martin's yell for my signal! Someone shifted a spot upwards in time to catch Bubba, dressed in a giant prop cupcake, swinging down on a backdrop rope.

The entire table jumped up in confusion just as Bubba hit the table dead center, knocking the teeth into the air. I caught them, slugged George C. Scott in the paunch, dragged Bubba onto his feet, and headed for the exit. We reached it—but the door was locked. We were screwed! We turned to face a mob of the most enraged show-biz personalities in all of Hollywood, me in the *Chinatown* outfit, Bubba a giant cupcake with legs. It didn't look good for us.

"They have to die!" screamed Steve Martin. Travolta dove at us, fists pumping. The cupcake easily decked him, but we wouldn't be able to hold them off long. I felt in the uniform pocket and came up with the bottle I'd brought with me. I decided to go for broke.

"All right," I screamed. "*Cut!*" Like any actors with a bullying director, they froze instantly. I held up the bottle in one hand and the teeth in the other.

"Listen and listen good! This bottle contains a powerful acid that'll dissolve these ivory teeth in a second! Come any closer and I swear I'll spray the teeth! You'll all be back in little theater with nothing but sets of cheap Oriental dentures and your own meager talents!"

They backed off uncertainly, terrified at the prospect. "Wait a minute!" It was George C. Scott, in his best Patton growl. "How do we know he can really dissolve the sacred teeth? Huh? How do we know? Maybe he's bluffing!" He looked defiantly at the others.

"Yeah," called Kirk Douglas. "How do we know?"

"Ask Duck!" someone called.

"Yeah, ask Thelmar! He'll know!" I thought we'd had it right then, because I didn't know if acid could destroy the special ivory or not, and Thelmar would know.

"Forget Duck," said Brando quietly, kneeling on the floor. "He's dead. The big cupcake squashed him like a bug." He stood and looked around at the others. "I say we have no choice but to do as he says. Who among us could survive out there without the sacred teeth? Anyone? No"—he shook his head—"we'll have to do as he says. All right, Mr. Palomar, we'll cut you in. Just don't harm the teeth."

I held the dentures over the open mouth of the acid bottle. I had no intention of dropping them in, but they didn't know that.

"What kind of cut? Talk, Brando, and it better be good."

"You get the teeth for a year. All right, *three* years. We start you in a series or a film, and you use the teeth. Within a few months you'll be in Big Buck Heaven, seventy-millimeter style, with an income that'll make dentistry look like food stamp city. Will that satisfy you?"

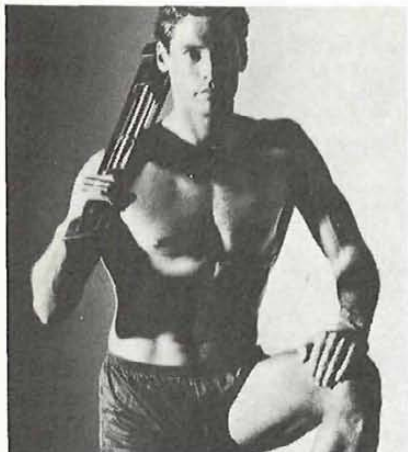
I had them right where I wanted them! Brando's offer was way more than I'd counted on, but before I could open my mouth to say "Where do I sign?," disaster struck in the form of a clumsy, six-foot-two homosexual cupcake that stumbled and knocked my arm. I dropped the magic teeth right into the acid!

It was only seconds before I turned over the bottle and spilled the teeth out, but by then it was too late. The beautiful teeth were blackened, pitted, burnt beyond recognition. The magic was gone, dissolved away along with the surface of those ivory teeth. I grabbed Bubba, cupcake outfit and all, and snuck past the actors to another entrance, but they never followed us. Hell, most of them were screaming hysterically, or blubbering on the floor like babies. They knew they were finished.

Well, that's it, the story of the Magic Teeth of Hollywood. That's how Bubba got the scar, when he hit the table and flattened Thelmar Duck. I figure Duck had it coming to him.

Sure, I kept Bubba. Even if he did destroy the teeth, and screw up what could've been the sweetest contract I'll ever have a crack at, he's still the best damn receptionist I ever had. And, actually, I don't mind the fish tanks. Gives the office atmosphere, don't you think? More atmosphere than you'll find in any of the movies the actors from the Cabal of the Sacred Teeth made since the teeth were destroyed, anyhow. I mean, when's the last time you saw one of them in a good film? Or liked the performance of any of those guys? *Exactly*. I mean, even I can't give them talent.

Look, it's been nice talking to you, but Jennifer Beals is coming in for a little work on her uppers, if you know what I mean, and I've got work to do. After all, I'm still Nick Palomar, Dentist to the Stars. And I'm still the best. You want an appointment? Talk to my agent. ■



© Margrace Corp. 1984

## THE BULLWORKER BODY.

It's lean, hard, well-balanced. Not overdeveloped, but a body that delivers all you ask of it.

It's a body you can build fast. Without going to an expensive gym or spending hours sweating at tiring exercises.

Just 5 minutes a day doing a series of 7-second exercises at home, the office, anywhere.

You work out smart, not hard by harnessing the proven power of isometrics and isotonics. To expand your chest. Build your arms and shoulders. Firm up your thighs and legs. And flatten your stomach.

Look better... feel better with a Bullworker body. Now the Bullworker X5 is available at most sporting outlets and department stores. Or, order directly by sending check or money order for \$49.95 to:

**Bullworker Service**  
P.O. Box 803, Dept. 2047, Middlesex, N.J. 08846  
Credit card orders call toll-free 1-800-321-3400

Have an  
exciting,  
indispensable  
product?  
Sell it  
through

### NATIONAL LAMPOON

Call (212) 688-4070

NEW  
VARIABLE RATE BONDS  
MAKE IT  
SMART TO

Take  
stock  
in America.



A Public Service of This Publication

## TERMPAPER BLUES?



### TERMPAPER CATALOG

(ASSISTANCE)

Our Catalog contains detailed descriptions of 14,278 research papers. A virtual library of information at your fingertips. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years. Our papers are time-proven winners. Footnote and bibliographic pages are included at no extra cost. Ordering a research paper is as easy as picking-up your phone.

Research Assistance also provides customized research and thesis assistance. Our staff of 75 professional writers, each highly trained in a specific academic discipline, can assist you with all your research needs.

**SAVE TIME AND IMPROVE YOUR GRADES!**

- Easy Ordering
- Speedy Delivery
- Quality Guaranteed!

Rush \$1.00 for your 250 page, mail order catalog!  
(Sold for research purposes only)



RESEARCH ASSISTANCE Dept. NBA  
11322 Idaho Ave., Suite 206  
West Los Angeles, Calif. 90025 (213) 477-8226

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is \$1.00 to cover postage.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

## RESEARCH PAPERS HOT LINE

SEND \$2 FOR CATALOG  
OF 14,000 TOPICS OR CALL TOLL FREE  
800-621-5745 FOR INFORMATION  
IN ILLINOIS CALL (312) 922-0300  
Authors' Research, Rm. 600-L, 407 S. Dearborn, Chicago, IL 60605



### 101 PRIZE WINNING COSTUME IDEAS

Get the name old clown or bus this Halloween? Get 101 Prize Winning Costume Ideas. Choose from over 101 easy to put together costumes, and wear a prize winning costume this year!!

WHY NOT BE A PREGNANT NUN?

SEND \$2 TO A.C. Publications  
P.O. BOX 10051  
CHICAGO, ILL. 60610



### FREE PHOTO BOOK!

To introduce you to Adam & Eve's exclusive line of sexual bestsellers, we're making an unprecedented introductory offer: A FREE 176-page book bursting with dozens of explicit, close-up photos of the most arousing sexual positions you've ever seen! Send just \$2 for postage and handling, and we'll rush your free photo book.

### NEW CATALOG!

Adam & Eve's all new 1984 catalog is now available! 48 pages bursting with sex aids, sexy lingerie, erotic books with explicit photos to turn you on, plus the world's most exciting selection of male contraceptives (with "pleasure probes", texture dots, more!) Send just \$2.00.



### CONTRACEPTIVES BY MAIL!

Your choice of the best mens contraceptives — Trojans, Nuda, SCORE! Stimula, and 35 other brands! Plain package, satisfaction guaranteed. Sampler pack of 10 assorted condoms — \$2.

Send this coupon along with Name and Address to Adam & Eve, P.O. Box 900, Dept. NL-59, Carboro, NC 27510

#FB2 Photo Book (PMH only) \$2.00  #C9 Condom Sampler ..... \$2.00  
 #9999 Catalog ..... \$2.00  #NA All 3 ..... Just \$3.00!



Yes, it's true. For a lousy \$2.95, you can tease your brother-in-law's brain, paralyze your parents with puzzles, or torment your little sister with games she'll become addicted to. All you need is

### The World Almanac Real Puzzle™ Book by Don Rubin,

thirty-six of the most tantalizing games, puzzles and intellectual recreations ever.

Come on, for \$2.95 you're going to give us an argument? Pick up *The World Almanac Real Puzzle Book* at your bookstore, or send a check or money order for \$2.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling, to:

WORLD ALMANAC PUBLICATIONS  
200 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10166

## DON'T PASS THE BUCK ... PAD IT!



Everything you need to make a pad of money\*

- Perfect gift for: Great gag for:
- Birthdays
  - Weddings
  - Christmas
- Stores
  - Toll booths
  - Restaurants

**WATCH THE REACTION  
WHEN YOU TEAR OFF A BILL!**

\$3.50 plus \$1.25 shipping & handling

W.L. Harvey Corporation  
47 E. 19th Street  
New York, NY 10003

\*except the money  
N.Y. residents add sales tax

## LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85)  
Sirs:

When I was a child, to punish me, my parents used to take me out to the woodshed and make me write great novels destined to become modern classics. Then they would go off and sell them for lots of money, giving me 74 percent of the advance and 83 percent of the royalties. I tell you, **SOME PARENTS!!**

Modern-Day Literary Genius  
*Somewhere in Connecticut*

Sirs:

When I was a youngster all the kids at school used to tease me and make fun of my name. I wanted to have my name legally changed, but my mother said that the kids would grow out of it and stop laughing at me. Well, now I'm a grown man and a successful accountant, but the same thing still happens. How immature!

Robert J. Son-of-a-Bitch  
Motherfucking Asshole, C.P.A.  
*Old-Joke-on-Hudson, N.Y.*

Sirs:

Did you ever wonder about reality? I mean, how do we know that reality is real? Like, just because somebody says this is a chair, how do I know it's a chair? It looks like a chair, but that could be an illusion. How do I know it's not really a catcher's mitt or a sandwich bag or a chestnut tree or a ballpoint pen or a hairnet or a ferret or a

ham steak or a wristwatch or a socket wrench or a grain silo or a gold ingot or a leaf mold or a future mother-in-law or a viewer editorial or a standby boarding pass or a souvenir ashtray or a praying mantis or a free game of Skee-Ball or a regular coffee to go or a front-page story or a football injury or a transcontinental railroad or a sponge or a root canal or a romance novel or a constitutional amendment or a new fall lineup or a crazy and dangerous gunman or a sour grape or a right-turn-on-red sign or a revealing moment or a grand notion or a minor annoyance or a good right cross? Oh, wait a second, it's not a chair anyway, it's a *stool!* I guess the whole argument is kind of silly then.

Ted Godwin  
*Not Sure, N.Y.*

Sirs:

I don't know what it is, but I always seem to say the wrong thing when I'm with this girl I like. Her name is Cindy and she works in my office. One day I thought of giving her a present, so at lunch I shopped for a pair of earrings. When I gave them to her, she was pleased enough to give me a kiss. I said, "Boy, you sure caught me off guard. I was so surprised when you kissed me that I didn't stick out my tongue or anything!" From the look on her face I realized I'd said the wrong thing. To make amends, I quickly added, "You don't have to kiss me when I get you

something. After a few more little gifts, just let me have a feel." She didn't speak to me for a week after that.

When we were friendly again, I decided to let her know my feelings. I said, "Cindy, I think about you whenever I masturbate." But for some reason she didn't appreciate the compliment.

Cindy didn't speak to me until a month later, when she came in late after a doctor's appointment. She seemed depressed, so I asked if she'd like to go out after work for drinks at a nearby gay bar. She muttered something about heaven and hell forsaking her, something else about having only three months to live, and agreed to go out with me.

We sat at a table in the restaurant of Pinky's Bar and Grill. My dad always told me that girls like guys who come across as macho, so when our drinks arrived I said loudly to the waiter, "There sure are a lot of homos in here—and I don't mean sapiens!" Four queers came over, plucked me out of my chair, carried me to the alley, and kicked the shit out of me.

But I think I impressed Cindy anyway, because she told me I should call her in four months.

Don Amato  
*Planning our wedding*

Sirs:

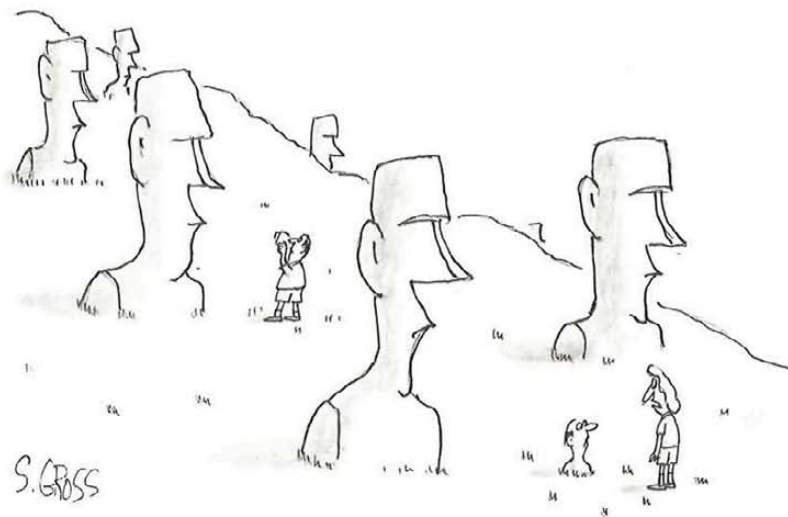
Supermarkets are the last bastion of segregation. Notice how they always put the Spanish food next to the dog-food aisle? And do you see how they keep all the Jewish food in the back corner, so if someone goes there, everybody in the supermarket knows he's a Jew? This kind of shit really burns me. The next time I go into a supermarket, I'll take a bat to them, I swear.

Rod Carew  
*Panama City, Calif.*

Sirs:

We are pleased to announce the appointment of Mr. William Bevan to the editorial staff of *Vanity Fair*. Mr. Bevan succeeds Ms. Susan Kleinemann as editor of "Cute, Photographable Silly Moments in Life," which of course includes duty as the "Extensive Pieces on People Who Are Famous and Useless as a Eunuch's Pecker" editor. Mr. Bevan will therefore be responsible for the greater part of our wonderfully useless publication.

Leonard Dork  
Publisher  
*"Vanity Fair"*



"Darling, we can't go on meeting like this.  
My husband is starting to get suspicious."



# THE KING BISCUIT FLOWER HOUR

ROCK YOU CAN FEEL.



Feel the energy, the excitement of concert rock with stars like Genesis. Robert Plant. Yes. Bryan Adams. Billy Idol. It's the hottest rock your side of the concert arena and it's recorded live as it happens. And it's all on King Biscuit, America's longest running weekly concert series. Featuring the best acts of today and tomorrow. Every weekend on rock stations coast to coast. Check your newspaper for local listings.

**abc rock radio network** 

Brought to you in part by



PRODUCED BY DIR BROADCASTING

# CONTEST #36

## Help Choose *National Lampoon's* Next Movie

**A**NIMAL HOUSE. VACATION. CLASS Reunion. Cajun Gals Go Hollywood. These films, and two or three others like them that you may have seen late at night on cable TV, helped establish *National Lampoon's* unique reputation for sophisticated visual humor and verbal wit, brilliantly combined with inimitable physical bits of business, often involving fat people in embarrassing sexual situations. More important, they've filled the shoebox in the back of our closet to the brim with crumpled tens and twenties—money we're saving to put little Alfonso, the cleaning woman's kid, through college. One more moderately successful movie, and we ought to have enough for the first year.

Want to help out Alfonso? You can do it one of two ways. The first is to send hundreds of dollars in cash directly to us—money that we can either put directly into the shoebox for Alfonso or use to buy the drugs and liquor we need to come up with funny ideas for more movies. The other way to help out the little brat is to enter this contest to choose *National Lampoon's* next movie. All you have to do is look over the four movie ideas listed at right, and put a check next to the one that you think is the best. (If you don't like any of the four ideas, come up with one of your own, but please don't send it to us.)



AP/WIDE WORLD

**Zulu Name-droppers** Two Zulu brothers, separated at birth: one comes to America and becomes an agent for William Morris, while the other stays in Africa and becomes a primitive hunter-gatherer. The agent brother comes back to his tribe years later and makes a big hit at cocktail parties relating anecdotes about Bobby De Niro and Treat Williams, before the hunter-gatherer brother is forced to put a spear through his fucking head.

**Nutty, Busty Ski Lift Sluts** Basically a rip-off of *Hot Dog—The Movie*, but with this crazy fat guy (Jim Belushi? John Candy?) who runs the T-bar and manages to get everybody in trouble with his utterly zany antics until the sluts (who turn out to have hearts of gold) fix everything and save the resort just as the evil Mexican bankers are about to foreclose. We think there might be a snow monster in this one, but we don't know quite how he fits in yet.



AP/WIDE WORLD



AP/WIDE WORLD

**Rio Nachos** The Old West was never like this! Big Chief Bad Brother (Eddie Murphy) is the unlikeliest Indian you'll ever meet. But don't tell that to sewing machine salesman turned bounty hunter Vernon Rattliff (Chevy Chase)! We don't actually have a plot for this one, but we think the thinly developed premise plus our two name actors ought to be enough to get it off the ground.

**Zookeepers School** We're working on a better title for this one, but essentially this is the story of a group of lovable but kind of mixed-up kids who wind up in Zookeepers School after they flunk out of college. At first they're all at odds with one another, but when all the animals escape (or possibly are set free by *Crazy Zelda*), they pull together and act as a group. A great ensemble comedy, with lots of potential for people to be hilariously slipping and sliding around in huge piles of elephant shit or yak vomit.



### OUTERWEAR RIOT!



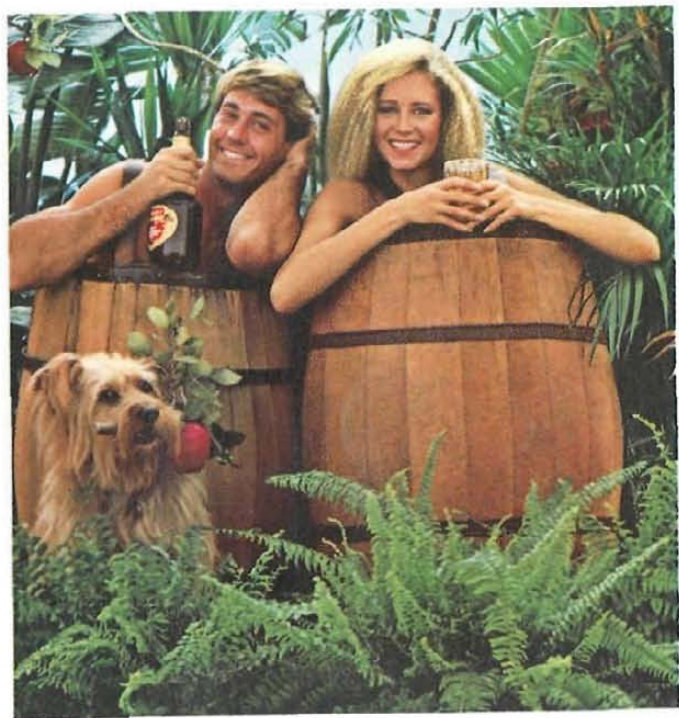
Nothin' says lovin' like somethin' from the oven, so we'll be sure to heat up this new *National Lampoon* Black Sox baseball jacket before sending it to the winner of this contest. This prize has it all—fabric, lining, snaps, sleeves—and will probably cause a wind-fall of entries heretofore undreamed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

Send to: Movie Madness  
National Lampoon  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

The winning entry in May's "Draw John Bendel" Contest (by Jim Kelley of Long Beach, Calif.), along with three thrilling runners-up, will be seen in all its splendor in the pages of our November issue.

# 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.

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

# NEW LUCKY LIGHTS!

**Extra Mild!  
Low Tar!  
Great Taste!**

**100's:**  
Only 9 mgs. tar.  
0.8 mg. nic.



**Kings:**  
Only 8 mgs. tar.  
0.7 mg. nic.

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

Lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; 100's: 9 mg.  
"tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.