

NOV. 1984

The ACCIDENTAL  
ISSUE

# NATIONAL LAMPPOON

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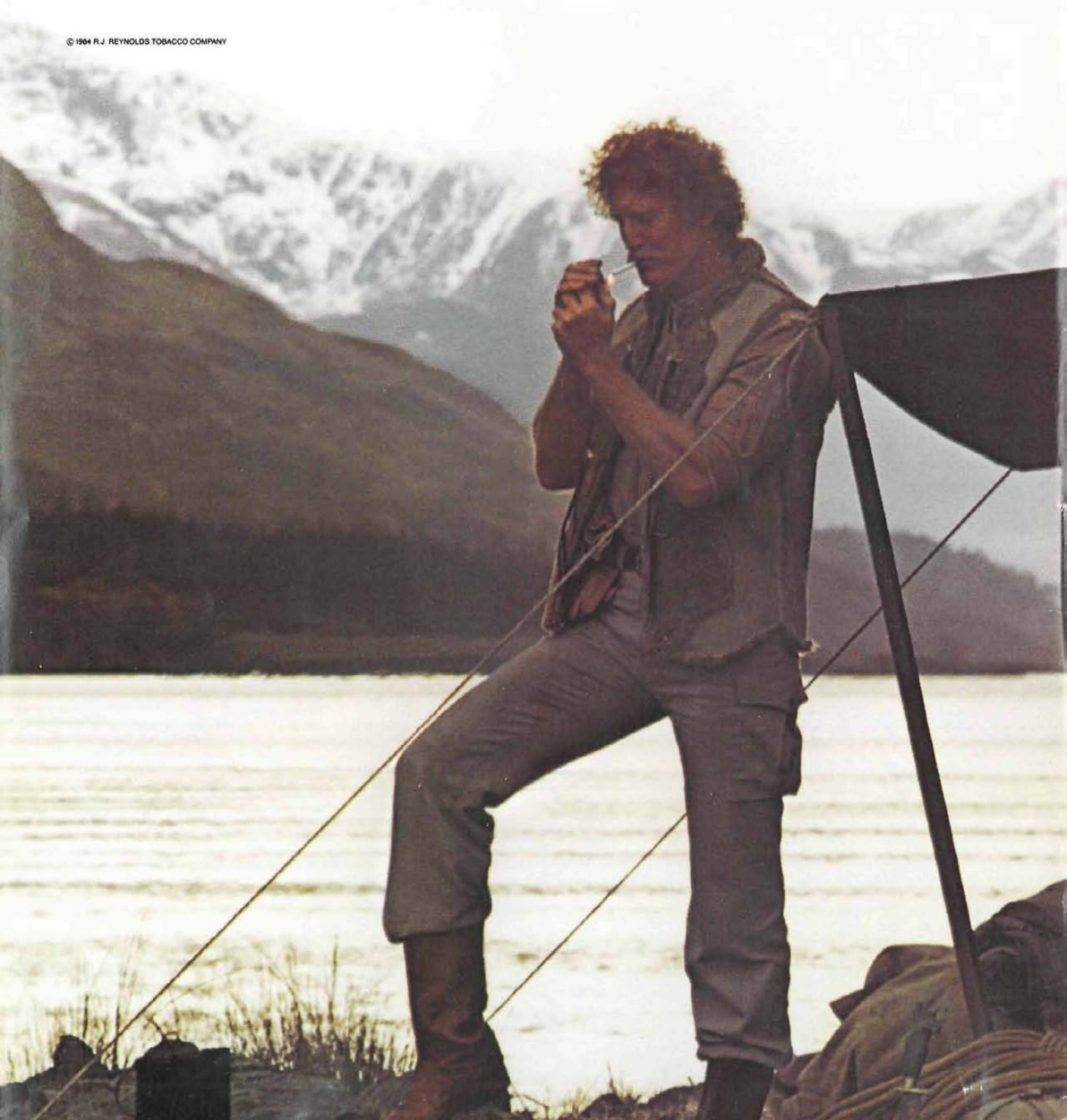
THE ADULT HUMOR MAGAZINE



**IN THIS ISSUE:  
Not one damn  
thing about  
the election**

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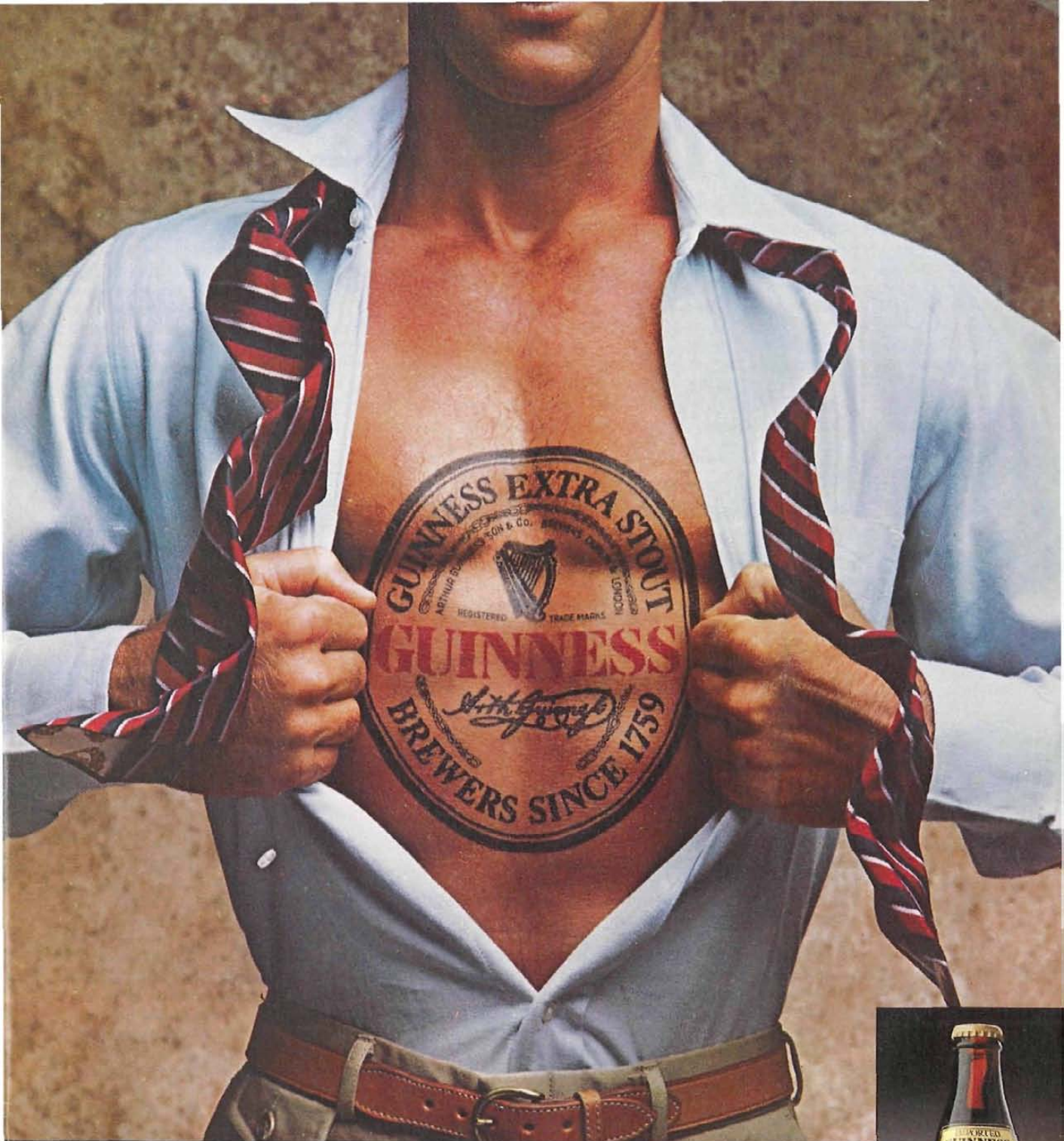
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# EDITORIAL



## L. Dennis Plunkett (1982-1984)

**L**DENNIS PLUNKETT IS DEAD.

It was quick. It wasn't too painful. Those of us who grieve for him are at least satisfied that he didn't linger. And, perhaps most important, that he died on the job. L. Dennis was electrocuted while trying to repair his electronic word processor with a pair of nose-hair tweezers. The end came quickly. The word processor is still intact.

L. Dennis came to the *National Lampoon* about two years ago. He had spent a couple of years at Harvard in the shadow of earlier *NatLamp* editors, such as Doug Kenney and Henry Beard. He left Harvard in his junior year and bummed around the world.

He sold loose joints to Vietnamese kids on Saigon street corners.

He was supposed to be one of the Watergate burglars but locked himself in his station wagon and missed being part of history when he arrived fifteen minutes after the arrests.

He was a good friend of former *National Lampoon* editor Sean Kelly, but the friendship cooled because he hated Catholic-school jokes.

He was a good friend of former

*NatLamp* editor P. J. O'Rourke, but the friendship cooled because P. J. would insist on reading his memoirs to him in a secluded corner at Elaine's.

He hung around with former editor and Harvard schoolmate Henry Beard for a while, but Henry kept borrowing money from him.

Nothing worked. He couldn't keep a friend. Couldn't keep a job. He tried his hand at many things. He worked freelance for *Rolling Stone* for a while, but every time he walked into editor Jann Wenner's office Wenner was on the phone with the White House or Burt Reynolds or Sting, so he never got to do anything.

He was a lost soul.

He sounded perfect for us. So we hired him as our editor-in-chief. Kelly and Graver and everybody liked him. He must be good, we thought. Would you believe that in two years he never showed up at the office? Finally, the Big Cheese came in one day and asked to see the editor-in-chief, and, of course, L. Dennis wasn't there. The boss was very upset and asked what the guy's hours were. Well, he was told, he really doesn't have hours, but Graver likes him and Kelly likes him and he

was in 'Nam and he once almost worked for the government.

Hey, said the Big Cheese, circulation is down and the magazine's not as funny as it used to be. Fire the guy and get me some new editors!

So that was done, and this is the last issue under the old editors. There'll be one more issue with this format (the December one), the same format we've been using for nearly fifteen years, but that will be edited by some of the new guys, and then they'll swing into a totally new format. This will feature a lot of new writers and artists, plus some of the guys who are coming back from the years when the magazine was at its height, like art director Peter Kleinman, who left about five years ago to open a kosher deli in New Haven but who has now decided to go back into art direction, and contributors like Gahan Wilson and Birney Lettich, who painted the incredible October cover, which was conceived by some of the new people.

So L. Dennis was fired, and when told the news, he showed up at the office, went to his desk, and sat down at the word processor. He started to type. Then something went wrong and, of course, what happened happened.

There were two words on the typed sheet when we found him, facedown on the keyboard. They said it all about the short, sad life of L. Dennis Plunkett, a man so often on the edge of success and yet never a winner. They were, simply:

"Rosebud Sucks!" —A friend.

**It has come to our attention that there was confusion over whether the parody of a National Rifle Association ad that appeared on page 43 of our October 1984 issue was in fact a real National Rifle Association ad. We think it is obvious that it was a parody. It is, of course, a policy of the *National Lampoon* to do parodies of advertisements and other material. We are always sorry if there is a misunderstanding on the part of any person, but we do not believe that any such misunderstanding is warranted.**

**Cover:** This month's cover, which features three very attractive models in a comedic situation, was photographed by that cagey veteran of the focal plane, none other than Mr. Ronald G. Harris. Ron has been shooting dental brochures and workmen's compensation booklets since the advent of Kodachrome, and can obviously do it by now with his eyes closed, as he did this time. Creative director Peter Kleinman, who is still struggling with a severe caffeine addiction, was able to throw the monkey off his back just long enough to tilt the logo and choose some awful fucking typefaces. Nice work, Pete. Let's see . . . what else went wrong here? Oh, yeah. . . . Matty thought the girl should have been looking into the kid's mouth, George thought the breast area should have been accentuated a tad more, and L. Dennis thought that . . . Oh, who cares what he thought, he's dead.

# Panasonic presents the SoundBand.<sup>TM</sup> An FM stereo the size of a postage stamp. Sound the size of a symphony.

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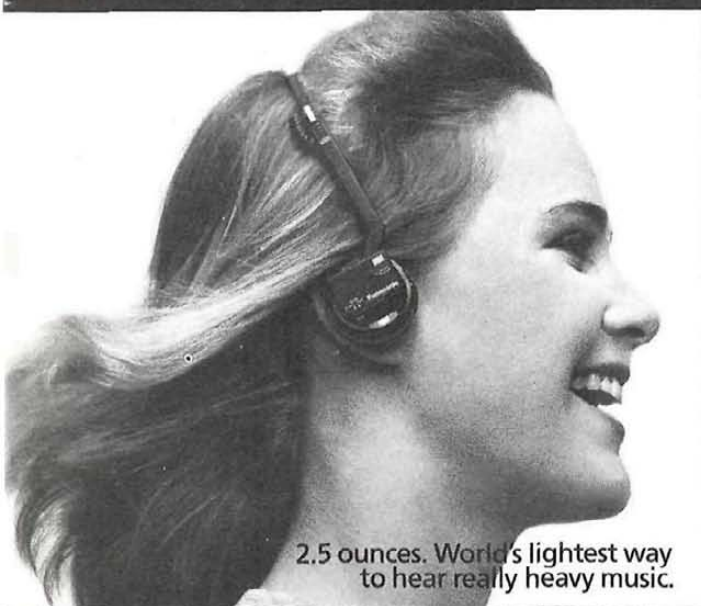
the size of a symphony. Even if you're just listening to a one man band.

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SoundBand. The sound will really go to your head.

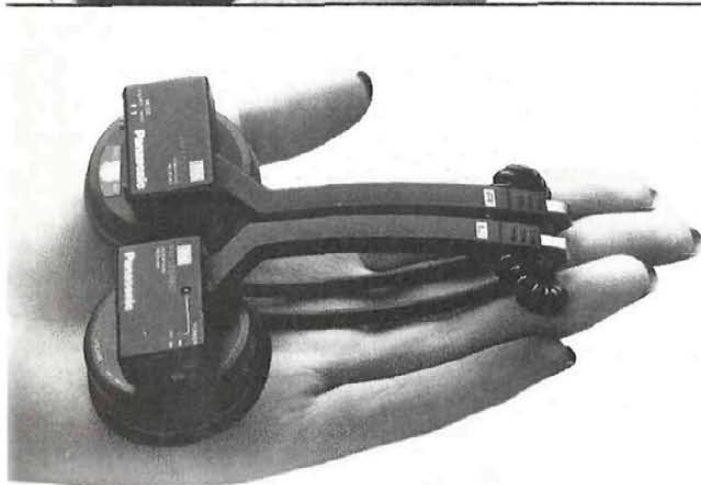
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Folds to fit in the smallest places.  
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## Employee of the Month



### Walter Garibaldi:

This month's employee, Walter Garibaldi, represents the classic corporate rise to success through the ranks and up the ladder. His tireless efforts on behalf of one and all and his scrupulous honesty and unflinching dedication to the employees' financial well-being have endeared him to everyone on the payroll. Neither sleet nor rain nor hail nor dark of Eastern Standard Time can deter Walter from his appointed rounds. Chieftain of the check request, Grand Pooh-Bah of the de-personalized form, Walter's behind-the-scenes efficiency is largely responsible for the smooth day-to-day operation of the financial department. And he makes it look so easy.—P. K.

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# LETTERS

Sirs:

I would like to send a picture of my titties to anyone in America who has not yet seen them, but have yet to find a company who would handle such a small mailing.

Marilyn Chambers  
*Behind the green door*

Sirs:

Could you suggest to the editors of *Playboy* that they do a nude pictorial of punk rock singer Lydia Lunch in their magazine? Tell them to call the feature "Naked Lunch." My publishers say I need a good lawsuit to generate publicity for my latest book.

William Burroughs  
*Junkiedale, Kans.*

Sirs:

The most terrifying, sobering thing that we ever saw? It was *The Day After*. That is, when we woke up and saw her in the daylight, without makeup.

Elizabeth Taylor's  
Former Husbands  
*Older, but lots wiser*

Sirs:

Okay, here's a brainteaser for you. You're trapped in this room that has three doors. Behind one door is a beautiful naked woman with gigantic tits who will fuck you till you lose consciousness. Behind another door is Ed McMahon, who will give you a check for a million dollars and a chance to win a second million if you order a magazine subscription. The third door leads to a private plane that will take you to Hawaii, where you can stay for a year, all expenses paid, with all the free drugs you can consume. But you don't know which door is which! What would you do? I guess it's not really much of a puzzle, but it's fun to think about, isn't it?

Ned Dranoel  
*Boise, Idaho*

Sirs:

Why all the fuss about Boy George? I've been appearing onstage in women's clothes for years.

Bea Arthur  
*Hollywood, Calif.*

Sirs:

Two strangers are sitting at a bar. Suddenly a terrific-looking woman in a low-cut dress walks in. As she makes her way past them one guy leans over to the other and says, "What a piece of ass, I'll bet she's as tight as a fist." "Watch what you're saying, pal," says the other fellow. "That girl is my sister." Taken aback, the guy says, "Hey, I didn't mean that, what I meant to say was 'What a piece of shit, I'll bet she's loose as a goose.'" Then the two of them beat each other senseless. True story, swear to God.

Don Lerm  
*Hoboken, N.J.*

Sirs:

Teenage studs, that's the only parts I'm gonna play. Keep that middle-aged-guy stuff away from me. Send me that kind of script and I'll hand your lily-white honky head to you. Hear me, casting fags?

Jim Brown  
*Ponce de Leon, Calif.*

Sirs:

I went to Bermuda and found all those Negroes speaking in clipped British accents. Then I visited Tahiti, only to discover that Polynesians speak French. I'm going to China next week; if the billion slant-eyes over there all speak Flemish with a Scottish brogue, I'm going the hell home.

Jasper Evans  
*Ames, Iowa*

Sirs:

The new United States Football League is definitely a minor-league operation. How do I know? The simple truth is that I haven't read of any player in that league being convicted of cocaine possession in the past three weeks. Seems like every day someone in the National Football League, the NBA, or major-league baseball bites—or shall we say snorts—the dust. My advice to all you USFL players is simple: "Come on, guys, be sports and try harder."

Al Gannish  
*Chicago, Ill.*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)



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through other dimensions of  
mind and matter...



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\*Explicit scenes and/or language may be offensive to some.

## LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

Sirs:

I was just wondering. If we were in England, would the drive-in part of McDonald's be on the other side? Would a quarter pounder be the weight or the price? Would McDonald's have to change its name so as not to infuriate the Irish? Would the water closet really have water in it?

Just Wondering  
*Salina, Kans.*

Sirs:

Did you know there's virtually no way to tell if you're in the third stage of syphilis? Just thought I'd tell you.

That Real Sleazy Girl  
You Dated About  
Five Years Ago  
*Drive-In, Miss.*

Sirs:

All right, I admit it, I blew John F. Kennedy. If you must know, I've blown other presidents. Carter, for instance, was very springy. With Ford, LBJ, and Ike, there wasn't a hell of a lot to blow. The worst? Nixon. Believe it or not, his wouldn't stay down no matter how much I blew. Reagan? I blow him once a day, *at least*, and Nancy watches the whole thing. Sometimes she turns me

on, then holds me while I blow Ronnie until he's dry as a bone! Still, they're back the next day, dripping wet, asking for more. There isn't a president who could do without me, unless, of course, he was totally bald.

The Presidential Hair Dryer  
*The White House*

Sirs:

If I had a dildo long enough and a place to kneel, I could fuck the world.

Archimedes Goldstein  
*New York, N.Y.*

Sirs:

Here's a good trick to play when you're having a meal in a restaurant. When the waitress comes around and asks if everything's okay, you say, "Why, this meal is fit for a king." Then put the plate on the floor next to your table and yell, "Here, King! Here, King!" It's a scream, and usually pretty safe, since there's a federal law against having a dog in a restaurant.

Dave Mardon  
*East Jesus, N.Y.*

Sirs:

When *On Golden Pond* was on TV I thought it was great that NBC didn't censor Katharine Hepburn giving

people the finger or Henry Fonda saying stuff like "shit" and "fuck" and talking about lesbian-eating bears all the time. But I think the movie would have been a lot better if they'd died early on. Like about when those two kids rip Fonda off for twice the cost of boat fuel. Instead of not being able to read the price, he should have known what was happening and started a fight with them. Then Katharine Hepburn could have joined in, and the kids could have pounded their heads in with the tire irons. The rest of the movie could have been about the kids' flight from the police. This way, the audience wouldn't have had to sit through Jane Fonda later on. Unless the kids hid in a movie theater showing *Barbarella*. They could have sat through the zero-gravity striptease she does in the beginning, and then when they left the theater, the cops could've gunned them down the way the FBI shot John Dillinger. And Henry Fonda would still have won his Oscar for the short time he was on-screen because, after all, everyone knew he was dying and that got him the sentimental vote.

A Guy Who's Done Ninety  
Grams of Cocaine in the  
Last Three Seconds

Sirs:

Hey, what do you think of this weather, huh? Ya think the Knicks'll win tonight? Hey, how about that Reagan? Did you see the paper today? Whew! Whaddya think of that guy in Ohio, huh? Is it cold in here or is it me?

Robin Williams  
*Off-camera*

Sirs:

*Question:* How many Guardian Angels can dance on the head of a bag lady? *Answer:* As many as Curtis Sliwa can spare from polishing the Fleetwood.

Ex-Angel Angel Romero  
*New York, N.Y.*

Sirs:

After many years of exhausting research into the Electra complex, I can find no psychological basis for undue emotional attachment to a Buick automobile. And low sales figures for this model indicate that the complex is exceedingly rare. I suggest we wipe it off the books.

Prof. Calvin Worthington III  
*Princeton, N.J.*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)



"I never thought about it. . . . I guess he's some kind of philanthropist or something."

# ONLY



**ONLY JEEP CHEROKEE** has won all three major magazines' "4 x 4 of the Year" awards for 1984. Bronco and Blazer never did it. No vehicle ever made did it until the new Jeep Cherokee.



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**ONLY JEEP CHEROKEE** when introduced in 1984, had 24 EPA EST MPG, 33 HWY EST\*—better than Bronco II and S-10 Blazer 4x4. And only Cherokee offers an inter-cooled turbo-diesel engine for 1985.



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\*Use these figures for comparison. Your mileage may vary with speed, weather, trip length. Actual highway and California figures lower. '85 figures not available at printing.

SAFETY BELTS SAVE LIVES.



## ONLY IN A JEEP CHEROKEE

# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

Sirs:  
Why do people insist that I remind them of Hitler? Not only is my voice deeper and more hysterical, but my mustache is a damn sight bushier, to my way of thinking.

Jeane Kirkpatrick  
*United Nations*

Sirs:  
We are happy to announce a wonderful new product which, we believe, is bound to completely replace the old "whistling" kettle. When our new, patented kettle reaches the boiling point, instead of whistling it tells jokes. We have models that tell family jokes, sports jokes, shaggy-dog jokes, and even downright filthy jokes! One of our surefire models finishes up a joke with the line "Well, if that's not your belly button, I suppose you should know this isn't really a banana." Who'd buy a whistling kettle when he can hear gags like that every time he wants a cup of coffee?

Jeffrey Gearloose  
*Creative Marketing Concepts, Ltd.*

Sirs:  
About that line under your name that reads: "The Humor Magazine for

Adults." Can we borrow it?

William Shawn  
*"The New Yorker"*

Sirs:  
We all know what to call a guy with no arms and no legs who's been dropped in the middle of the ocean, but what do you call a guy with no arms and no legs who's been dropped into a shallow pool? Give up? Wade!

Dick Guzzinnia  
*Shallow Pool, Ont.*

Sirs:  
We all know what to call a guy with no arms and no legs who comes in your mailbox once a month. Bill. But what do you call a guy with no arms and no legs who comes in your mailbox once a year? Ready? Valentine! Get it?

Wilma Fingerdew  
*Amputee, Mont.*

Sirs:  
The room is filled with gray smoke, my liver is black, my eyes are red, and I do not have any clothes on. If you are not seeing and experiencing these sensations, then may I suggest you take six more drinks immediately.

Dean Martin  
*Las Vegas, Nev.*

Sirs:  
Next time you're in one of those old-fashioned diners, do what I do—play "The Juke Box Game." Go through the list of perfectly awful records and try to determine which one is the absolute worst cut on the jukebox. Usually it's something by Barry Manilow or Anne Murray, but Kenny Rogers comes up a lot too. Then pump all the change you've got, at least two or three dollars' worth, into the slot and punch up the rotten record over and over again. Then order a cup of coffee, sit back, and watch the fun. There's nothing better than seeing a half-dozen angry customers beat the hell out of a jukebox that plays nothing but "Can't Smile Without You."

Gus Waldoone  
*Tick Tock Diner*

Sirs:  
I was walking around New York the other day, and I saw this big sign that said "THE BRAILLE INSTITUTE OF AMERICA." A big sign. Big letters.

It's like they don't trust their own product.

Taft Hartley  
*Tepid Lake, N.Y.*

Sirs:  
Betcha didn't know Amtrak café cars have automatic shakers left over from the days when they used to serve mixed drinks. 'Course we don't use 'em for mixed drinks anymore. We just stick Cokes and 7-Ups in the automatic shakers and turn them into CO<sub>2</sub> fizz bombs so customers will ruin their five-thousand-dollar business suits when they pop the tabs. Just thought you'd like to know.

The Guy Behind the Counter  
*Metroliner café car*

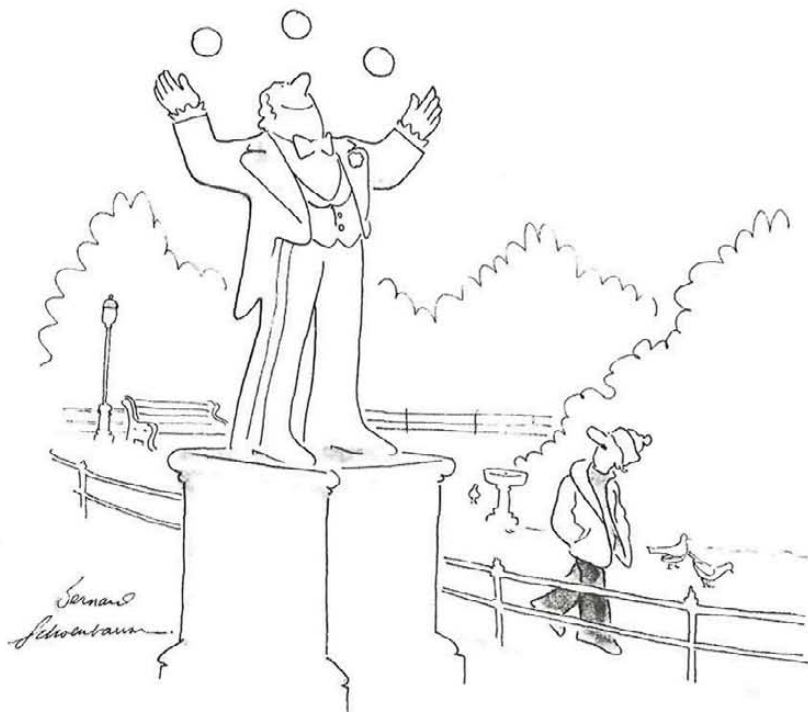
Sirs:  
And just who decided it's better to milk a cow and not a horse? It certainly wasn't *me*. Horses are just as easy to milk, and what's more, they really seem to enjoy it.

Rose Cinchy  
*Elbow Bend, Nebr.*

Sirs:  
Damn! Damn! Damn! I shot the wrong Brady. It wasn't James I was after, but Marcia, Peter, Greg, Cindy, Bobby, Jan, Mike, and Carol. And that ugly maid Alice—I wanted to nix her, too. Just wait, Jodie, I'll do it yet!

John Hinckley  
*St. Elizabeth's Hospital*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28)



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ROBERT DE MICHELL

# Ronald Reagan, Pen Pal (Part 4)

TRANSCRIBED BY LEE FRANK

**M**UMMY SAYS I can't think on my feet nearly so fast as I used to, and if I point-blank spoke my mind, I'd be speechless. She tells me I ought to dummy up when the reporters toss out some off-the-cuff questions as we get into the helicopter. Well, I suppose it's true that half the time I don't know whether I'm on foot or on horseback, but I tell Mummy that the American people regard me as a levelheaded fella. She says:

"Mercy sakes, Daddy, just pray they don't discover how low that level is."

"Well, being president isn't such a tough job," I tell her. "It's mainly a matter of finding solutions to the solutions found by previous presidents."

"Well," Mummy tells me, "then it's a lead-pipe cinch that the president who comes next is going to have his job cut out for him."

"Shoot, Mummy," I say, "whoever's the next president, you'll always be the First Lady with me." I picked up her hand and kind of held it. In wooing a gal, hand-holding is a form of affec-

tion, but in marriage, it's self-defense. But Mummy wasn't going for it and she pulled her hand away.

"Phooey!" she tells me. "That's a lot of hogwash, Daddy. I wasn't your first lady—far from it."

"Well, don't go into a tizzy," I tell her. "Those young fillies were quite a few years ago, when I was a wild buckaroo. Long before I met you, Mummy."

"Gracious me, Daddy, they got the gravy, and I got the bone."

If that gal doesn't take the cake, I don't know who does.

Well, we were getting in the helicopter to take us on our way up to New York City, or what some folks call the Big Apple. We made it past the reporters fine, and I acted like I couldn't hear their questions because the rotor blades on the whirlybird were so loud. Of course it was a put-up job. Those fellas will fall for anything.

Well, the whirlybird ride was rip-snorting. It was a Sikorsky Iroquois, Class H.U. #109. But everyone called her a "Huey." It confounds Mummy how much I enjoy these whirlybird rides. Particularly since she says they give her hot flashes. But I like to sit up with the pilot and watch all her dif-

ferent-colored lights and dials. That Huey rode like a dream. Aw, baby, if she could only cook!

Well, Mummy was mopping the sweat off her brow the entire whirlybird ride to Andrews Air Force Base, where we picked up Air Force One, a Boeing 707. We were going to New York City so I could have lunch with some Prime Minister what's-his-name, some Fourth or Fifth World fella. A towel-head, I believed.

I started thinking about what Mummy had said, about there being a few fillies before her. Well, it got my goat. It so happens I had a few social notes for her. You know, she is not quite so virtuous as she sounds, either. Now I'm not saying how I know—I'm just saying I know. So don't even ask me how I know. I'm just saying I know, and that's all.

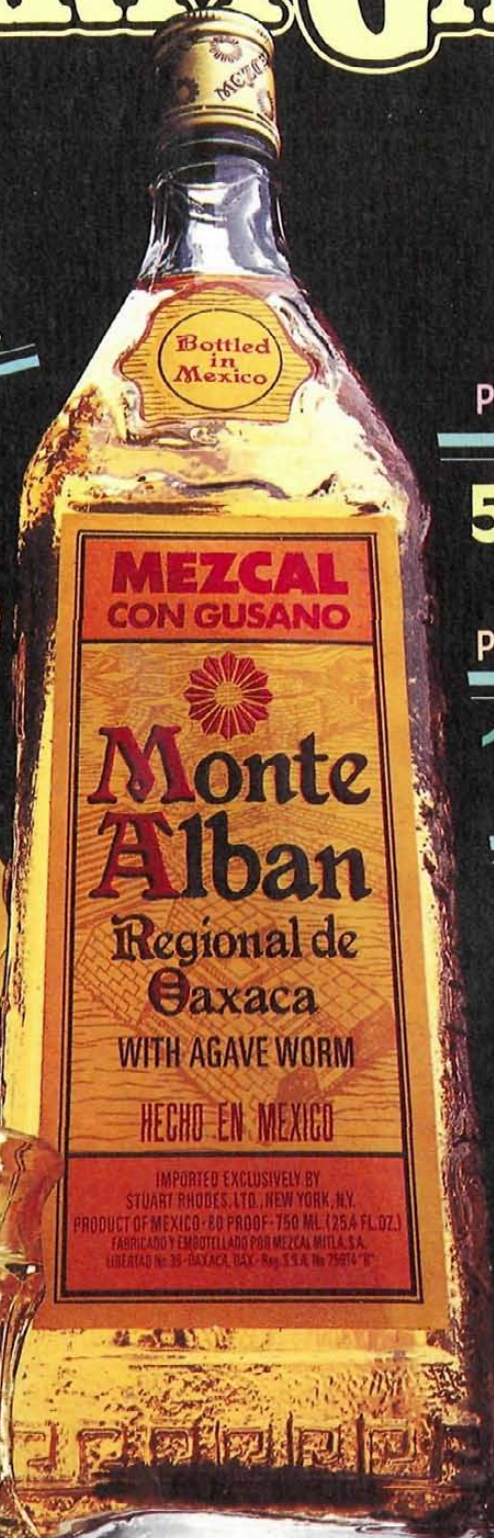
And if you can keep a secret, I'll tell you something else: His Royal Towel-Head wasn't the sole and only reason we were going to New York City. While I was eating with this fella, Mummy was going to slip off and visit a fella who we told everyone was an old friend of ours. But really it's this Dr. Waxman, who's a psychiatrist doctor that

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## RONALD REAGAN, PEN PAL

she's seeing on the sly. Savvy? I met him once, but he was a little dandy-looking for my likes. Mummy seems to get along with him, though.

I had Deputy Chief of Staff Mike Deaver run a check on the psychiatrist's credentials through the Shriners. It turned out that their records made no mention of him. I asked Mummy what about it? Was she going outside the Shriners for medical treatment or what? But Mummy said that it's the law that these doctors must maintain their confidentiality, so he might not be listed though he's still a Shriner in good standing all the same.

Well, I told her, she didn't have to make a speech about it, and it suited me fine for her to talk to this psychiatrist about color coordination and shopping till the cows come home. But if he asked her one fresh question or anything personal, then that's where I put my foot down.

Anyway, just because Mummy is seeing Dr. Waxman doesn't make her a goony-bird. No, sir. The reason Mummy is seeing Dr. Waxman has to do with so many of our chums resigning their choice Cabinet jobs and moving out of the neighborhood.

Now, Dr. Waxman told me that in strict confidence, and I repeat it in strict confidence.

The problem is that Mummy believes that all her friends are being replaced by duplicate beings. Remember: not a word of this to anybody.

Well, I suppose I can see how she felt, in a way. Bill Smith and the missus, Lee and Walter Annenberg, Jack and Bunny, the Darts, Punky and her hubby—everybody going their own separate ways. Well, it was just too much for Mummy, so she just caved in and started to believe that exact duplicates of her chums were taking over. Why else, she wonders, would they leave? I suppose she's entitled to her opinion. I may not agree with her, but I'll fight for her right to say it.

Evidently, though, Mummy doesn't agree with me on the subject of free speech. Because in the limo on the way in from the airfield, Mummy started bawling me out for making fun of people from foreign countries. So I asked her then how come all those Fifth World countries smell so bad? The two of us visited hotels in several of those countries a few years back, and boy, were they humdingers. The smell could practically choke you. I told them to get Mummy and me another room. But it didn't matter. The whole dang place smelled pungent.

Well, Mummy made me promise to behave myself, and she asked me if I noticed the resemblance between our limo driver and a young Lawrence Welk. Maybe there was if you stretched it a bit. We hit very light traffic all the way into the city. We dropped Mummy off at Dr. Waxman's and there was still some time to kill before lunch. I struck up a conversation with the Secret Service fella who was driving the limo.

His name was Ed Groady, and I asked him if he had any interest in accordion music or in joining the Shriners. He said he sure did, on both counts. Then I asked Ed Groady if he had any connections with the organization. Like did he have any uncles who were members? He answered in the negative, which I indicated was tough luck for him, since that is the way the Shriners work. "It's a fact of life," I said.

Then I told this Ed Groady to stop at the next joke shop he saw, since I know New York is famous throughout the country for its joke shops, and I wanted to pick up a magic trick to entertain Mummy with on the plane ride back.

Well, we stopped at a place that had squirting flowers, rubber masks, and X-ray glasses in the window. And it looked pretty good, so me and a couple of the Secret Service fellas walked in there, and I shopped around. Well, the man behind the counter was a sleight-of-hand artist and a real witty conversationalist. But then I'm a push-over for that kind of thing. I like to volunteer out of an audience whenever a magician asks for help. Say what you like, but that's the type of fella I am.

He talked me into buying a disappearing-coin trick for a sawbuck. Which seemed kind of steep to me, but on the other hand it was a real clever trick and it came with some amusing patter. The Secret Service fellas fished around for their wallets, and it turned out that they had all left them in the limos. So I couldn't buy the trick after all.

But this magic-store fella was ogling me all the while. Finally he recognized me from the rubber masks on the wall. He said that seeing as I was the president, he would teach me how to do the very same trick—to make a coin disappear out of your hand—without any magical apparatus whatsoever. He then instructed me on a very delicate move heretofore known by the moniker "the French Drop." He then swore me never to tell how it's done. It was

so obvious that he was a Shriner that I gave him a secret Shriner handshake. He fumbled around a bit with his ring finger, but I could tell he was only clowning and he could have done it right if he wanted.

Well, we met up with His Royal Nibs the Towel-Head at the Waldorf-Astoria. There was a group of fellas from the mining industry who had set this up with His Nibs, and I suppose they wanted me around to break the ice, being president and all. Well, these are the same boys who gave me lots of moola so that I could get elected, so why shouldn't I help them out? They're picking up the tab. It's all been arranged beforehand!

Now, the plan is: I am supposed to be eating with His Nibs and just pretend to run into these mining industry fellas, like I didn't know they were going to be there or anything. Well, it seems some wires got crossed with the foreign service, because the translator I was supposed to meet up with in the hotel lobby never showed. His Nibs was already walking in my direction, so I knew I would have to wing it.

"HI! HI! ME PRESIDENT," I say to him. I generally talk a few decibels louder to foreigners, as it helps them to better understand the language. Well, I led him into the restaurant and I ordered a minestrone soup and a tuna fish sandwich for him. I quenched my thirst with a stiff one, and I ordered a Waldorf salad for myself. This is where the thing was invented.

I explained to His Nibs that mankind has been preparing food for tens of thousands of years, so if the Waldorf Hotel is the first to combine chunks of apples with celery, walnuts, and mayonnaise, then it must be some kind of turning point or something, right? But he no more spoke a word than the Statue of Liberty herself came over to serve me another martini.

So I pulled out a nickel and I practiced the French Drop on him. Since His Nibs didn't catch a word I was saying, I told him about how maybe Mummy wasn't so virtuous as she seemed even when I met her. Put it this way: Patti was born seven months after Mummy and me were married. No brag; just fact. Patti's my girl.

"Was Mummy a first-time offender?" I asked His Nibs rhetorically. It felt good talking to someone, and I knew I could trust a fella who was as good as deaf. "Let's just say it was the first time she got caught and convicted."

By the way, keep that under your hat.



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## RONALD REAGAN, PEN PAL

The mineral industry fellas ambled over and I told them that the towel-head didn't seem like a bad egg, and since he was dumber than a doorknob, they could probably cut a pretty square deal and take the chump to the cleaners.

In a million years you wouldn't guess what happened next! His Nibs stood up and made a speech in perfect English about smash-the-capitalist-imperialist-viper-this and strangling-weaker-nations-that. He let it slip that he had graduated from Oxford College. In England.

Well, I guess that's one for the books!

So after he stomped out of the restaurant, there was some discussion over whether the mineral boys would still pay for my lunch. What a gang of tightwads, huh? I told them I don't pay for anything ever, and that it wasn't my fault the fella walked out, and I didn't have any cash anyway. I suppose I got a little sarcastic and told them they could feel around in my pockets if they wanted to check. Maybe I was a bit pixilated, but I wasn't born yesterday either. They weren't going to take me on any sleigh ride! Well, they ended up paying for everything, including the tip. Who do they take me for?

We picked up Mummy at Dr. Waxman's, and she seemed rankled no end. She got quite a fright, too, when the limo was accosted by a gang of young darkies who wanted to clean the windshield. But the Secret Service fellas are trained to respond to such situations. They moved into action swiftly and professionally. Mummy wanted the Secret Service fellas to finish off the darkies on the spot. The both of us got a lesson from the agents about when they're permitted to use their firearms and when they're not. Live and learn.

Mummy noted how much the redcap at the old Idlewild Field—what they now call Kennedy Airport—how much this fella resembled Gary Hart and John F. Kennedy. I didn't think there was much more than a vague resemblance, but I didn't feel like having a quarrel, so I didn't say anything. For the love of Pete, I don't understand what the doctors are bellyaching about. So she thinks everybody's being replaced. So what if it is cockamamie? You don't have to pay it any mind if you don't want to. It's no more than a pesky nuisance.

Well, we got on Air Force One to go back to the White House and Mummy said hardly a word, though I told her how nice and pretty she looked. And

how the trip to New York must have agreed with her. I'm no heel; I know what things to say to cheer up the mis-sus.

At a certain point Mummy leaned across the coffee table and whispered the following. Make no mistake about it; I scratched it down verbatim after she said it. She said:

"Daddy, you must do what you have to: you must kill the last of the aliens and save mankind."

Now, Mummy told me that in strict confidence, and I repeat it in strict confidence.

Here's what I said: "I'll do the right thing." And I would, too, just like I did when we got hitched.

Well, that was that, and neither one of us brought it up again, and everything was okey-dokey all the way back to the White House, except of course for Mummy's hot flashes on the whirlbird. Now, the White House, you have to understand, is a kind of apartment building—with some rooms for the tourists, some rooms for the Secret Service, some rooms for the domestics, and then whatever rooms are left, they give to us. So it wasn't until we were back in our own quarters on the top floor of the White House that Mummy broke the news:

"Daddy," says she, "I no longer feel the need to see Dr. Waxman."

"That's the way I figure it," I say. "You're no goony-bird."

"Dr. Waxman's been replaced."

Well, to be perfectly honest, I didn't know whether he'd been replaced or whether he hadn't been replaced. And I didn't care. So this was as good a time as any to change the subject. I told Mummy I was going to mow the lawn for the photo opportunity in the morning, and at the same time, I was trying on my navy blue shorts.

"Well, what do you think?" I inquired. "Am I prepared for the photo session?"

"I don't think the free world is prepared for your keister," she says.

If that gal doesn't take the cake, I don't know who does.

Then harum-scarum, pell-mell: the alarms all went off and everything got all confused and blown out of proportion. You see, they all went off at once, and Mummy reacted by buckling her knees and saying it was an alien-invasion alarm. But I remembered that we had set all the alarm clocks in the apartment to go off as a reminder to watch the Barbara Mandrell TV special. I couldn't get this point across to Mummy because the alarms were so

loud and she was reciting the Lord's Prayer.

One by one, I turned off all the alarms except for one. I couldn't find that last clock anywhere. So I started to think, "Hail Columbia! Maybe it is an alien-invasion alarm!" But it was only our travel quartz, which I had placed on top of the bookcase.

I showed it to Mummy and clicked it off, but Mummy kept jabbering the Lord's Prayer like nobody's business. That's when I drew the line:

I said, "Enough is enough, Mummy. Come to your senses!" And that seemed to snap her out of it.

"Even if everybody is being replaced by exact duplicates," I said, "what difference does it make? None. Not if they're exact duplicates, right?"

Well, Mummy looked me up and down. She was infuriated, that I knew, but I had no idea how much till she put the whammy on me. I figured I'd take a stroll. Pronto.

I took the elevator down to the ground floor. I had no idea where the light switches were down there, so I did my best to maneuver over to the door to the East Lawn, where we were going to have our photo opportunity. I wished I had changed into my long pants, since the navy blue shorts offered my knees little protection against bumping into the furniture in the dark. Well, I found my way outside, and it was a balmy evening. So I moseyed around the East Lawn for a spell.

While I was out there walking around I came across a beagle, who I believe is owned by one of the maintenance workers. Anyway, he's a good old fella, and I decided to call him Gus.

Gus rolled over on his belly, and he squirmed around while I patted it. Then he sat up and I showed him the disappearing-coin trick. I did a quite passable French Drop, and I do believe that Gus was impressed. I told him, "Gus, I'll give you a dog biscuit if you can tell me which hand the nickel is in."

He never got it once. Then I said to him, "Being president, Gus, I used to think that must be what it's all about. But now, this thing with Mummy, I don't know."

Well, I was sitting there with Gus, wondering about Mummy. Then I realized that maybe she figured they had somehow gotten through and duplicated me.

"Well," I joked to the beagle, "I suppose I'm in the doghouse now." But I don't think he really got what I was saying. ■

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Andrew B. needed some magic in his life. Something unexpected, even supernatural. He walked the streets until he wore holes in his socks. He hit the music clubs. He went to the movies. He read books. He played video games. But he needed something more.

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As you can see, Andrew B.'s life has changed for the better. Would anyone believe him if they knew what happened? Why don't you bring **Heavy Metal** home with you? Who knows? Something magical and exciting and interesting and beautiful could happen to you!

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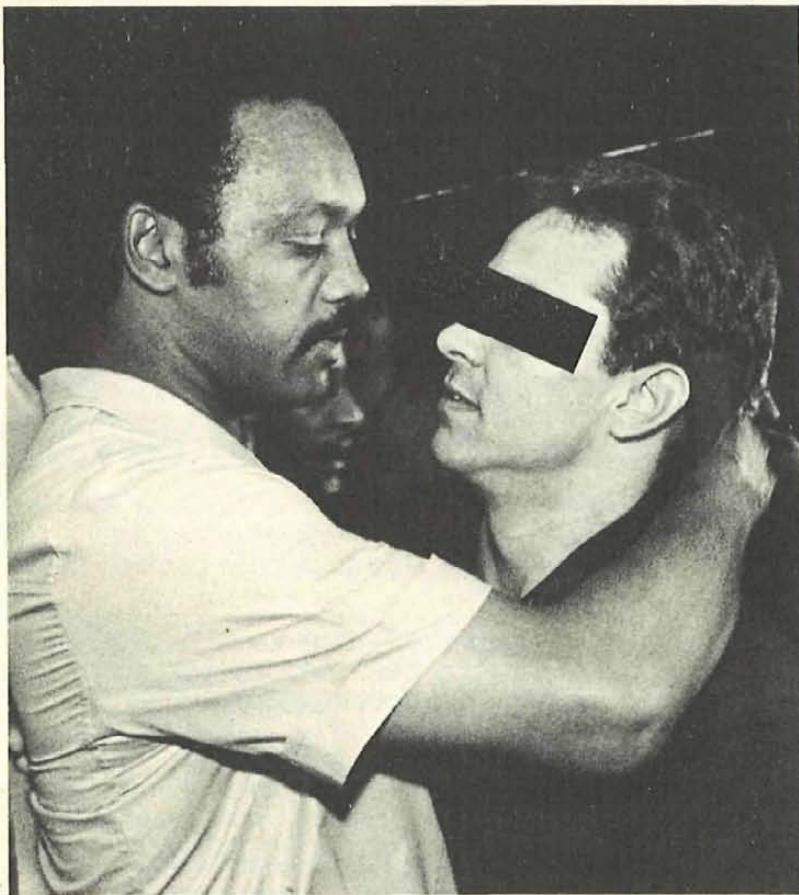
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# INFORMER



## X-RAY SPECS A FRAUD?

CONSUMER ACTION GROUPS HAVE ISSUED warnings about possible misrepresentation in ads promoting "visual aids that allow the wearer to see through stuff." They are concerned by the lack of any apparent X-ray apparatus on these devices and see this as an indication that the ads may not live up to their promises.

"It's a rip-off," says Johnny Bingstrom, a six-year-old who ordered a pair of the "X-ray" glasses through an ad in a comic book. "I tried to see through Sis's clothes and I didn't see nothin'."

Officials at the Department of Commerce feel the situation may have already gotten out of hand. Over thirty million pairs of these glasses have been sold since 1953.—*B. H.*

## Slut Defends Reputation

FORMER MISS AMERICA VANESSA WILLIAMS has defended the nude photos that led to the loss of her crown.

No one should judge her morals based on the sexually explicit pictorial that appeared in the September issue of *Penthouse* magazine, she told a group of Catholic war widows.

"There is nothing dirty or obscene about the human body," she said. "I just felt I could make an artistic statement by rubbing my steamy snatch on the quivering tongue of a big-titted white bitch."—*D. J. & M. C.*

## JACKSON PICKS UP LAVENDER FOR HIS RAINBOW COALITION

FORMER PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE JESSE JACKSON VISITED NEW YORK'S Christopher Street area several weeks ago, searching for victims of what he termed "the bondage syndrome."

While many of the youths contacted by Jackson declined his generous offer to free them from the restraints and constraints that bound them, others embraced him. A small group of boys called Jackson "our swarthy, thick, coffee-colored savior."

Jackson said he will visit the area regularly, in the hope of liberating other youths.—*F. G.*

# World Serious—That's Me!



**Fall Classic Dept.:** Hey, I don't usually wax sentimental—hey, I don't usually wax anything. But I remember my first Series. On the way in, Dad got in a wrangle with the parking lot guy. It got a little out of hand—I guess *technically* my second Series was my first Series. I remember the excitement of pulling up to Ebbets Field—can you imagine the astronomical chances of getting the *exact same* parking attendant? And having him remember my father? At least this time I had the sense to switch the game on in the car. The cops were nice, too, telling Dad, "Funny, I was in the 376th Lighthouse Neo-Panzers, but I sure don't remember you. . . ." And Dad saying, "Not in front of my kid, please, oh jeeez, jeeez!" I'd just go, "Bottom of the fifth, Dad."



Later, when everyone had gone home, Branch Rickey, the Mahatma himself, came out of the Dodger offices and took Dad away from the family that owned the parking lot, and led us through the dark stadium and out onto the field itself. I tell you, I was ready to burst with excitement.

Turning his stern visage to my father, Mr. Rickey said, "Now, son, if you're still alert you'll notice my diamond is covered with scorecards and hot-dog wrappers. It would cost me a pretty farthing to have this all spruced for tomorrow's contest, but, happily, you're going to do it for me at a fraction of the cost."

My dad was weeping. I knew why. A moment later, all the floodlights were extinguished.

I was out on the infield where Peewee, where Jackie. I could race into the outfield where the Duke.

And all because of my dad.

He'd given his boy a very special first World Series.



**This Is for You, Pa Dept.:** He died a couple of weeks later. "Complications," they said. Tell that to a tow-headed kid. All he knows is, no more getting to sleep in the home dugout in the middle of the night. Well, Dad took me onto the Dodger infield? I'm going to honor him by taking you, my loyal

readers, someplace equally privileged. The World Series press box.

Okay, we're here. Open a *window*, Jesus. It's only the second game, so the drunken songs and ritual ink smearings haven't begun in force. You'll have to imagine them. I love our "media sanctuary." Sometimes—oh go on, you'll laugh at me, but I almost feel I can see the shades of Granville "Granny" Rice, Ring "Grampsie" Lardner, or Jimmy "Cousin Stuey" Cannon tapping out stories in crisp, unreadable prose.

Here comes Dick Young, of the *New York Post*. I hate that bastard. I lure him into the doorway so he has a shoulder outside the sanctuary. Now I can use his name.

"Chick," he says. "You're a g.d. fool, always digging for fresh items. Me, I haven't written an original word since 1947. I just hunt up an old column by Ring or Granny, cut out the 'sports poetry,' change the names from the twenties to the eighties—do the dopes who read the sports section

know the difference? And you get paid by the word, right? Why not learn to pad, huh?"

Integrity, I shot back.

Boy, he really taxes my Rufus! Though I sure liked his new sports coat. Young fingered my off-the-racker. "Hmmm," he smiled. "No padding."



Olympic gold medalist Jeff Blatnick, the super-heavyweight wrestler who captured the hearts of all America by triumphing over Hodgkin's disease and then announcing his dream to be in a Lite Beer commercial, appears close to getting his wish. In an upcoming ad, Big Jeff drinks a case of Lite and gets cancer, "but then Rodney Dangerfield comes in and operates." Does Jeff survive? "Hell, I was laughin' too hard to notice" . . . . . Billy Martin's writing a "feminist novel." The first line: "Wilhelmina Martino peered across the table and said, 'I'm a dago, and I won't take no for an answer' " . . . . . Still unemployed, Billy's living in a cardboard box on Mickey Mantle's front lawn in Dallas. "Fuck you," says Herman Melville Martino. "So I put some colored lawn jockey

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

**HIRAM WALKER**  
 What a difference a name makes.

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

out of a job" . . . . . I asked Cincy outfielder Dave Parker why he always wore bowling shoes. Glared Parker: "Where else you get a good pair of shoes for a quarter?" . . . . .



**Stadium Needs Cleaning.** I got something on me. I thought it was mustard, or blood, so I just changed seats. But it was everywhere. No one else was complaining, but the pages of their scorecards were sticking together. Ushers said it was "dampness." Or "Indian summer stickum." Clean the park, George. This is the way *The Blob* started. Nobody notices except McQueen, but nobody believes him and then everybody notices and pretty soon they're trapped in that diner. Clean the damn stadium, George! . . . . . Steinbrenner says he's glad he wasn't a player, "because then I'd appear in box scores as St'br'n'r" . . . . . By the way, George's favorite drink is a pound of chopped meat mixed up with a quart of Gatorade in a blender. He calls it a Penis Extender.



*How far, how far, I have to ran./They test ye when ye join the Klan.* A "true Southerner" is Tyrus Raymond Cobb, so recently bowed out of the Tiger Nine, but newly risen 'neath the flag of Business. So successful is he that he finds time for naught but the punch lines of jokes. Yet doesn't he always turn that to his business advantage? He'll stand afore a fancy feed to growl, "A priest, a rabbi, a chimpanzee—thank you very much." To huge acclaim . . . . . Say, is the practice of saying "Sheesh!" getting out of hand? . . . . . Brisk trading on Wall Street in over-the-counter shares of Washington Senators' stock. The plate is out for Dame Fortune. But will she of it eat?



Bumped into Mean Joe Greene, who says the real world keeps him busier than his fifteen-year pro grid career. "Ever notice how every episode of *The Rockford Files* is the same as the next?" says Mean Joe . . . . . The Pioneer spacecraft that is being "reoriented" to analyze Halley's Comet when it enters our solar system in 1986 will also be reprogrammed to "steal the playbooks of football coaches on other worlds," at the request of Pittsburgh Steelers' honcho Chuck Noll . . . . . Errata: In my piece about the thirty-four-pound trophy trout and

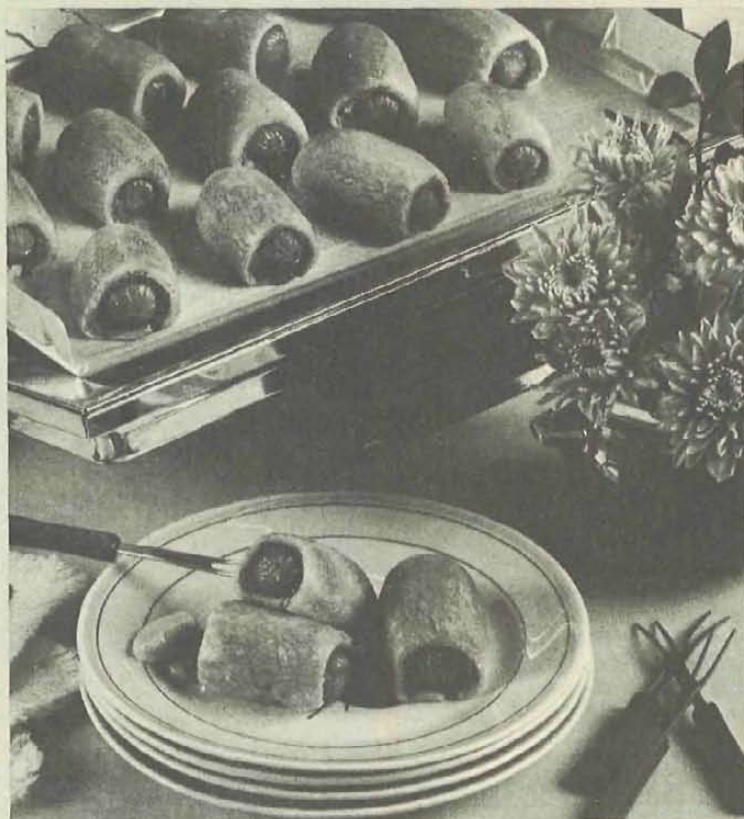
how it changed the lives of an entire community near Arcadia, Michigan, there was no trout. What happened was, they found oil under the Kresge's and everybody came over with a milk bottle and took some home and that's how they all got rich. You can see it was better my way, but the nitpickers will have their due.



**Li'l Bunts:** That irrepressible Tug McGraw. The other day he was imitating a Swedish bell. "Yingle, yingle," went Tug. He just cracks me up . . . . . Off-season plans start with Pete Rose, who's going to build his record collection . . . . . Wish I'd Said It of the Month Dept.: Ex-NFL playboy Hollywood Henderson, as they led him off to jail, "If a chick asks you if that's all there is, just tell her, 'Hon,

that's all you're *gettin'.*" Whoooo! Whoooo! . . . . . And you had to love reason advanced by Texas GM Joe Klein why Rangers finished so far back in A.L. West. "The Indians were poisoning the water," said Klein . . . . . Answer to last month's question: Rare, medium rare, rare, medium well, rare, burnt, well, medium rare, medium is how the '68 Cards' starters ordered their steaks . . . . . This month's question: What starting QB for the S.F. 49ers, who hates the press and once called me "carpet lice," currently embroiled in a messy divorce, left the following message on his wife's machine: "Talked to my lawyer. He says, you keep the kids, I'll keep the frozen salmon mousse from that party when you degraded me in front of people who thought I was God" . . . . . ■

## Crazy Reader Photo



Here's a crazy reader photo sent to the "Informer" by I. Freglander of Savannah, Georgia. Says "I": "This is my family. We dress up like cocktail franks all the time. Well, this isn't my whole family, there's some real cocktail wieners in there, too."

If you have a crazy reader photo, hold onto it. We'll contact you soon.

LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, KING: 17 mg. "tar",  
1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

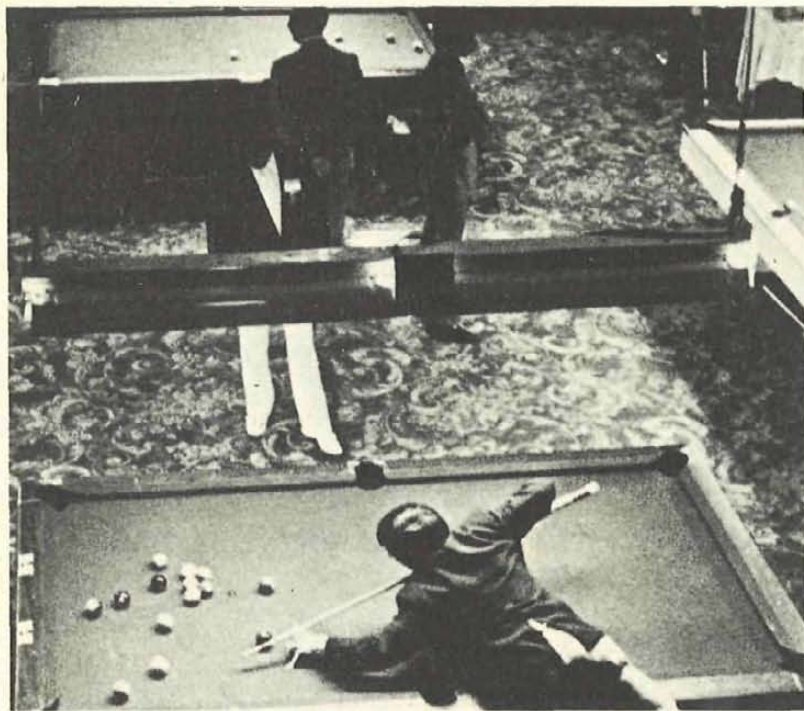
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*You've got what it takes.*

# *Salem Spirit*

*Share the spirit.  
Share the refreshment.*

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



Weather Bureau officials, enjoying the use of a pool table which they purchased with bribes received for "fixing the weather," according to Nader.

## Cure for Rain Suppressed by Big Business, Says Nader

**E**LMO "BUD" NADER, A SELF-PROCLAIMED CONSUMER WATCH DOG, CHARGED during an electrical storm recently that rain-gear and umbrella companies are paying off the United States government not to reveal a decades-old cure for rain that was developed as an offshoot of the Manhattan Project in the early 1940s.

According to Nader, J. Robert Oppenheimer, known to his assistants as "Professor No-rain," developed the cure while working in the lab late one night trying to decide which wallpaper pattern should be used on the first atom bomb. He had just settled on what Einstein called the "American Colonial Pattern" when he yawned and accidentally knocked over some bottles of chemicals. The chemicals combined and, suddenly, the rain stopped. The Acme Umbrella Company and Rednose Rain Gear & Sons caught wind of it almost immediately. They banded together to quash the cure.

Nader alleges that the pool table in the National Weather Bureau recreation room was paid for entirely with bribe money received from several major corporations, including the aforementioned, which profit from nasty weather. Nader further alleges that Oppenheimer had full use of the pool table, although only after everyone else went home, because he always had his pockets full of plutonium.

Says Nader, "The rain-gear industry is a multi-billion-dollar-a-year scam. I hope to blow the lid off it soon by revealing the formula for the cure to the public."

President Reagan could not be reached for comment, but Vice President George Bush replied, "We'll kill him if he doesn't back off. We'll kill him dead," as he shot the nine ball smoothly into the corner pocket.—C. K. & P.P.

## Mobile Homes Get New Image

IN AN ATTEMPT TO OVERCOME THE "tornado magnet" image that mobile homes have acquired in recent years, the National Mobile Home Association of America is lobbying the Ohio state legislature to give mobile homes a "state bird" status.

—B.H.

## WHAT YOUR SHADOW SAYS ABOUT YOU!

**R**ESearchers at the Ted Healy Institute of Interesting Filler have discovered an amazing link between you and your shadow. For example, your shadow varies with the shape of your body! It can be altered only when your body shape is altered by such phenomena as coats, shoes, or bulky head scarves. Another astounding finding is that your shadow is terrified of the dark. Regardless of coaxing, offers of sexual gratification, or threats of severe punishment, scientists were unable to get any shadows to enter a darkened room. The most significant discovery made by the institute was that shadows react to exactly the same stimulus as their human counterparts and no others. A naked woman pinching the nipples of her own breasts caused exactly the same response in the shadow of a nude human male as it did in the human himself. Accordingly, Mantovani records and the news that the Baltimore Orioles were moving to Indianapolis elicited nothing from either man or shadow.—B. H.



"... And here I am white-water rafting in Colorado."





**DATeline DALLAS**—THE jangling of my bedside hot line jolted me from a dark sleep like an aquavit sitz bath. It was that man in the Oval Office.

My Rolex showed two A.M., Saigon time. Of course that's about noon in Palm Springs, which is where I happened to be when I got the phone call, but I always keep my watch set to Saigon time. Guess it's just a habit I got into back in 'Nam.

The president said he needed my help in Dallas. The CIA had learned that a high-ranking Democrat might try to infiltrate the Republican National Convention. The president suspected it would be Jesse Jackson disguised as a janitor.

"If it is Jackson, you won't have any problem spotting him," I assured the president. "He'll be the only black person there."

But I was wrong. The president explained that certain of his advisers felt blacks and women should have a higher profile at the convention. For that reason they had appointed several blacks, women, and black women to key chairs, such as the Convention Cleanup Committee, the Balloon Releasing Committee, and, most importantly, the Entertainment Committee. The place would be crawling with potential Democratic spies.

"Sounds like you need an experienced undercover man to work that crowd," I told him.

"That's my feeling, Rip," he said. "Nancy and I want to put ourselves in your capable hands."

"You can count on me, Mr. President."

Five minutes later I was packed and out the door.

The chopper brought me in to Dallas Airport just after dawn, and as we hovered above the heliport I grabbed my gear, flipped myself out of the cockpit, tucked myself into a ball, and rolled out of the wash of the prop, the way they'd taught me in basic. The pilot gave me an odd look as he landed gently on the tarmac, but I guess old habits die hard.

I hopped in a cab and told the driver to just cruise the shadowy recesses of this great metropolis. He looked at me the way the chopper pilot had, but slapped the flag and roared off.

Next objective: find a lone Democrat infiltrator in a city full of Republicans. A tough job. What I needed was

an insider, a stoolie, a traitor—in short, another Democrat.

As the cab sped along, I sized up my surroundings. There was an American flag decal on the windshield and a plastic Jesus on the dash, but my sharp eyes spotted an ERA lapel pin on the driver's collar. Something didn't add up. I checked his face in the rearview. His cap bulged as though he had too much hair tucked into it. His chin was weak and looked as if it hadn't been shaved in more than an hour. Then I saw the name on his license. Goldbergstein!

I snapped a choke hold around his throat and said, "Who's your contact?"

"L-legs," he burbled. "The only name I have is Legs."

"Where?"

"C-convention Center," he whimpered. "Please, they'll kill me."

"Head there," I said. "And fast."

Within minutes we pulled up at the Convention Center.

I had been mingling just long enough to hear a stirring speech from the honorary Republican party chairman, Bob Hope, when I heard that silky voice I knew so well.

"Rip, what are you doing here?" She was in disguise, but I'd know that body anywhere.

"Gerry," I said, arching my eyebrow. "It's been a long time. Shanghai, wasn't it? In the back of a rickshaw? I've still got that hickey you gave me."

"Good God, after two years?"

She was trying to be cool, but I could see a pulse pounding at the base of her neck. The old Cleft magic was still there. So this was "Legs." I knew I had to get her out of there fast.

"This is no place for a Democrat, baby," I told her. "Let's caucus back at my hotel."

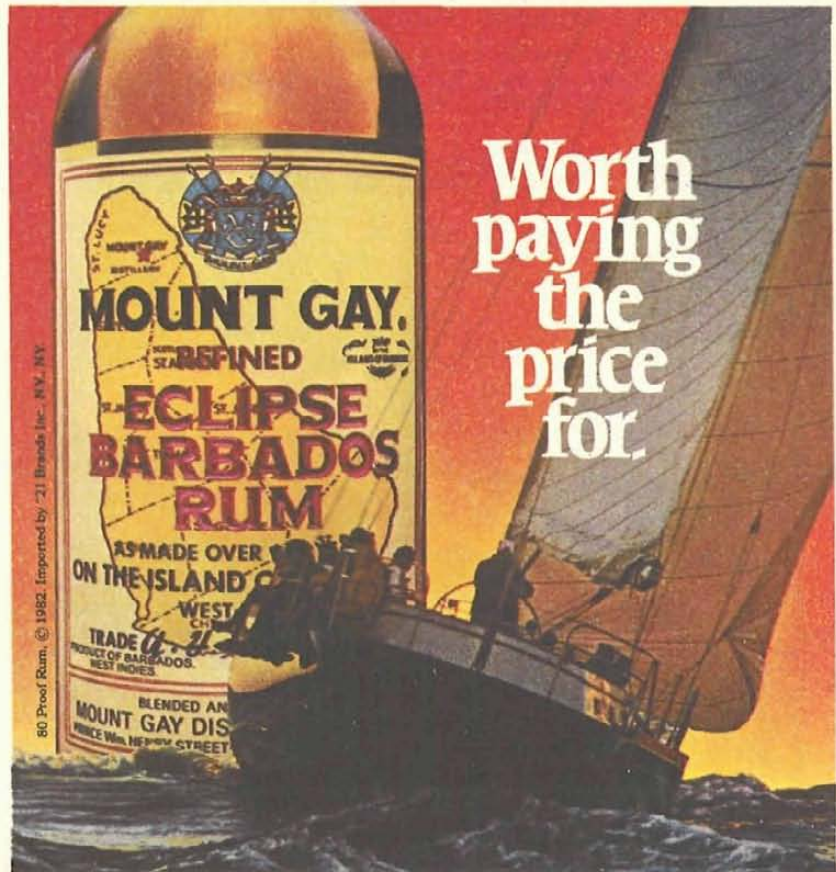
Minutes later we were back at my room. She was hot, as usual, but inexplicably, we seemed to be one vote short of a quorum.

"This has never happened to me before," I said as she pulled on her panty hose.

"Sure, Rip," she snorted. She grabbed her purse and headed for the door.

"I'll bet you never knew you had something in common with Walter Mondale," she said, slamming the door.

But that's where she's wrong. I'm not Norwegian. ■



## ROCK NOTES



**REELIN' AND ROCKIN':** Mick Jagger, Brian Ferry, and David Bowie all up for the role of Prince Charles in the ABC-TV Movie of the Week, *The Day He Popped the*

*Question.* Producer Aaron Spelling said, "Rock stars are today's royalty. This will make *Dynasty* look extinct." May we suggest **Prince** as Randy Andy?... **Grace Jones** shrugged when her video, a remake of *Rebecca*, was banned from English TV. "They objected to the nude scene," she said. "We felt it essential to the plot"... **Joni Mitchell** to compose sound track for a Tampax ad... **Sonny Bono**, after the success of *Bono Sings Como*, has his pick of projects. He's a strong contender for the lead in upcoming **Jim**

**Morrison** bio-pic, but first must finish guest spots on *The Love Boat* and *Fantasy Island*.

**NEWSBREAKS:** **Boy George** cracked up Carson when he called his hit cover of "When a Man Loves a Woman" "the ultimate in narcissism"... Art rocker **Eno** has completed his *Music for Dentists* album, which will be released in the fall. "Quite serious," he said, "and it's not for the patients. Dentists are bitter people, you know—high suicide rate, the whole bit. Most of them wanted desperately to be M.D.'s"... **Brian Wilson's** live-in shrink to take up the congas. "It was Bri's idea," Dr. Sterngarten said. "I hope to be ready for the Washington gig." "Countertransference," was Bri's comment... Look for *Debbie Does Dallas*, a new solo album by former Blondie **Debbie Harry**. Country-western with a sense of humor... **The Village People** have filed suit against Australian punk rockers **Men at Work** for mucho bucks. A spokesman for the VP said, "Men at Work... the clothes we wore... our entire image... Well, figure it out for yourself"... Speaking of lawsuits, **Van Halen's David Lee Roth**, our idea of a real man (despite **Veronica Lake** do), when asked about his paternity suit in Rockville, Illinois, said, "Rockville is a very dull town. The natives will do anything to amuse themselves." And what do visiting rock stars do for fun, eh Dave?... Move over, **Yoko Ono**. **Linda Eastman McCartney** to debut her solo album later this month. "It's tough being married to a rich, famous man," she said. "People don't recognize you for your own worth. I gave up a lot to marry Paul." "My Way," a reggae version of the song **Sinatra** made famous (and punk-suicide **Sid Vicious** massacred), will be the first single.

**RANDOM RUMORS:** You heard it first with us, though it may be slightly askew. Nevertheless, what, me worry, eh sport? Was that **Bob Dylan** seen chanting, in sari, on the Lexington Avenue rush-hour subway? "I gave him a quarter," said one stunned rider, "and then I realized who it was. Imagine. That man must be worth millions!" An *Eyewitness News* team arrived too late to capture the ecumenical star.—L. G.



**Bob Bozer, testing his new cure for terminal depression.** "Okay, now, I want you to tell me when it hurts," he tells the patient. "Even if you secretly believe that you deserve the pain."

## A Little Depression Is "Normal"

EVERYBODY GETS DEPRESSED ONCE IN A WHILE. BUT IN A SOCIETY WHERE "fulfillment" is a buzzword and every other book on the bestseller list is targeted at self-improvement, normal everyday depression is often looked upon as socially unacceptable behavior. Psychiatrist Bob Bozer is trying to change all that. In his new book, *Getting Bummed*, Bozer explains why you should probably feel bad about yourself in every single way.

"A certain amount of depression is perfectly normal," says Bozer. "But people have been conditioned to believe that they should be happy about everything. That's just not right. Look at me—my last name is Bozer. Do you think I'm happy about that?"

Bozer says that it is perfectly normal to be severely depressed 95 to 98 percent of your waking hours.

"I'm a perfect example," says Bozer. "For example, my book hasn't been selling very well, so I'm depressed about it. Then I think about my marriage—the fighting, the impotence, the futility—and it gets me down. I wonder if someday I'll become a homo because of my wife. Of course, that might be better than no sex at all, but on the other hand, if you sink to that level... God, I hate myself. My life, book, these interviews... it's just not worth it. I'm going to electrocute myself. I've thought about it. I've planned it. My son has an electric train. I've rewired the transformer. It's at home. It's waiting for me. I'm really going to do it this time."—T. R.

## INFORMER

Editor: Fred Graver

Contributors: Mitch Coleman, Lynn Geller, Fred Graver, Bruce Helford, Dave Jaffe, Charles Kaufman, Paul Proch, Charlie Rubin, Terry Runte

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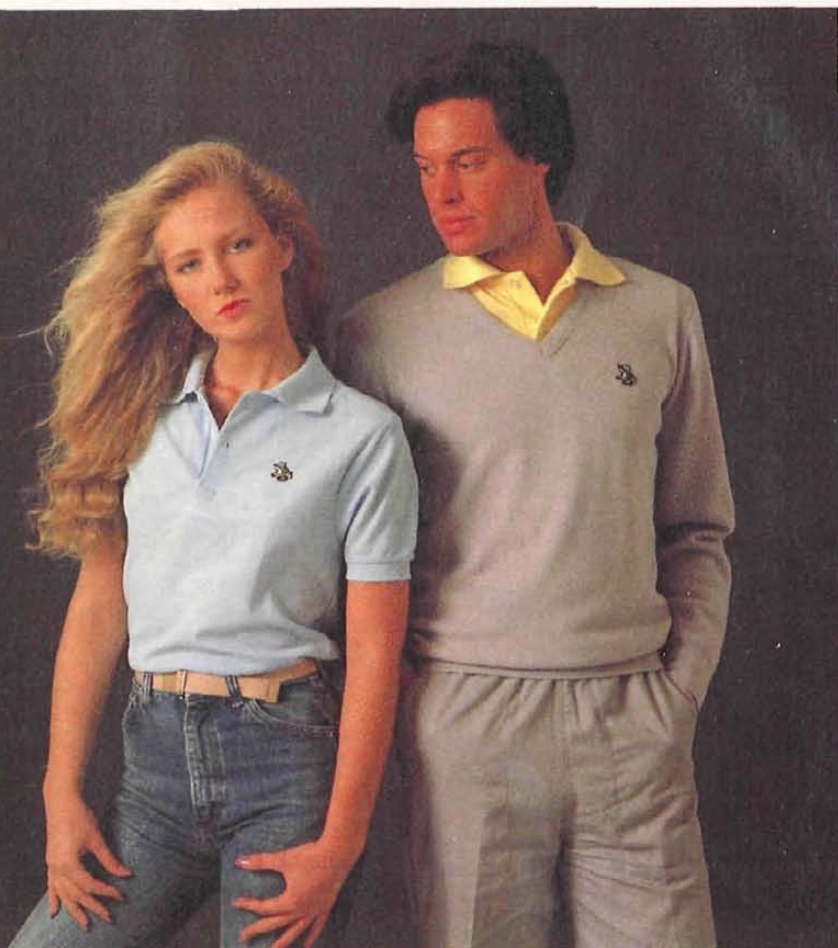
The Frog family of fine apparel is proud to announce the introduction of the **Frog Sweater**. The Frog Sweater comes in three sizes and is a legend for its softness, warmth, and style. And Frog Clothing continues to offer the **Frog Polo Shirt**. Both shirt and sweater sport the distinctive symbol of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

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Bernard Vidal



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# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

Sirs:

There's a lot of citizens who are rightfully offended by the brutal use of the electric chair as a method of capital punishment. Here's a possible solution: The night before the electrocution, have a guard bust the prisoner's head open with a Black & Decker bolt hammer while he's sleeping. The next day, electrocute a dummy. Now, does everybody feel better?

Eddie Scunzilli  
Paterson, N.J.

Sirs:

I'm insane. Loony. Toys in the attic. Out of it. Nuts. Wacko. Crazy. There, now that I've admitted it, can you let me out already?

Napoleon  
Camarillo State Hospital

Sirs:

Do you know all the republics of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics? Or the mailing address of the Federation of Historical Bottle Clubs? How about the presidential candidate favored by North Dakota voters in 1940? I do.

An Almanac  
Gathering dust on your shelf

Sirs:

I heard about all the problems at the Persian Gulf, and I think I have an answer. Tony Banudo's Gulf at Twenty-third and Crenshaw is moving oil with no attacks from Iranian or Iraqi war-planes. Can we reroute the ships through his Gulf as an alternative? It's a big station.

Benny "Do Something" Levarski  
Sacramento, Calif.

Sirs:

If William F. Buckley, Jr. is so rich, how come he has such bad teeth? Huh? Is it because his chewing on the poor rots his teeth? Well, huh?

Bad Socialist Comedian  
Club Proletariat  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Here's an amusing story I heard recently. A notorious cocksucker was caught going down on one of the Singer midgets. What do you think of that? What? What's the punch line? Are you kidding? You think there's a punch line that can top an opening line as great as that? You've got a lot to learn about comedy, fella.

Situation L. Humor  
Funny Boner, Ark.

Sirs:

They have "fun caps" on certain bottles of soda, right? How about "mean caps"? They could say "I hope this bottle of soda squirts in your eye like a clam," and "Fuck you!"

Ernest Moody  
Soda Pop, New Hump

Sirs:

We at ABC-TV are proud to announce a new prime-time soap opera, to be called *The South Bronx*. The show will follow the lives of two families: one that burns down homes in the South Bronx, runs a profitable prostitution business for their seventeen-year-old daughter, and supplies cocaine and heroin to much of the South Bronx, and another, more honorable family that is trying to better their lives by not getting in trouble. These people sit at home and spend their welfare checks on six-packs of cheap beer. We think we've got ourselves a winner here.

Anthony Thomopoulos  
President  
ABC Entertainment  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I read in my history book that Delaware is the first state in the Union. Is this according to AP or UPI?

Defensive Lineman  
Ohio State

Sirs:

I bought this fish tank and I put real plants in it. Then, so the plants would feel at home, I put in some fake fish. Let me tell you, it's a real conversation piece.

Mike Weston  
Seattle, Wash.

Sirs:

Fuck this reap-as-you-sow shit! We gotta look out for number one, too. So at night, when you and your family are sleeping, we all select our ripest tomatoes, string beans, cucumbers, etc., and then we gorge ourselves until we're damn near ready to puke. Then we all run to the nearest supermarket and break into the produce section, where we pick out the rottenest, moldiest, and soggiest of the ripe vegetables, and then we run back home and attach them to the appropriate plants. The next day, we stand still and try not to giggle.

Your Vegetable Garden  
In your backyard

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)



"The cultural exchange people know that we're unhappy, but they also say that Coco's parents are having some adjustment problems with our Hillary."



# NOT FOR THE TIMID!

It's true! These original, uncensored comix are **not** for those among us who might blush at the sight of skin or shy away from —shall we say— *unusual* situations. These comix are for those of us who have normal all-American red-blooded corpuscles! Those of us who can look a joke in the eye and **laugh!** The collections here are by the same *underground cartoonists* who set the comics world on its ear with their uninhibited humor and other-worldly visions.



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## SEXY ROBOTS

by Hajime Sorayama

Sorayama's striking, sexy robots have graced the covers of our own *Heavy Metal* as well as Japan's illustration magazine, *Manga*. The author's introduction best categorizes his style: "I try to combine robots and eroticism." About his pinups: "I like a firm build. The face, too. I feel that a bad woman type is more sexy. I draw the leg from the knee down long, too. Of course it's easier to draw them as clumps of fat, but I think it's sexier to see muscles." There's even a section detailing his technique in pictures. Text in Japanese. \$25.00 (plus \$2 for shipping).



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## LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28)

Sirs:

While most blueberries are edibly delicious, about 10 to 15 percent are poisonous and will kill you. Unfortunately, it is difficult to tell which are the good berries and which are not, so just to be on the safe side, don't eat blueberries.

A Blueberry Who Doesn't  
Want to Be Eaten

Sirs:

I see where they just signed Brad Hall to another year.

Henry "Scoop" Jackson  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

How would I hurt thee? Let me count the ways. I'd like to swat you on the side of the head with a croquet mallet. That's one. I'd like to knock that little bone that sticks out at your ankles with a ball peen hammer. That's two. I'd like to rap your knuckles with a tire iron. That's three. I'd like to poke you with a two-by-four at the base of your neck. Four. And let's see, I'd like

to pinch your head with a pair of giant ice tongs. That's it, a total of five ways altogether.

Morris Howard  
Vengeance, Tex.

Sirs:

I shall return.

Gen. Douglas MacArthur  
Coke bottle  
Safeway Supermarket  
New Jersey

Sirs:

Those countries I'm always writing about? Never been to any of them. Never will. Foreign countries have silly currencies, bad water, unusable toilets, and diseased prostitutes, all of which are connected in unhealthy ways. No, thank you. I'll sit right here in the travel section of the library, plagiarizing the good stuff and collecting my royalty checks. What the hell, the readers don't know any better than that shithead publisher of mine, the money's good, and there's a cute little restaurant close by where I can get Mexican beer. That's as fucking exotic as I

ever want to get.

Paul Theroux  
In the public library  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I've formed a new group to fight for a Palestinian homeland. It's called the AFL-PLO. We want better hours and medical benefits before we go up against the Israelis again. No more of this short-notice, middle-of-the-night terrorism stuff, got it?

Yasir Arafat  
Cairo, Egypt

Sirs:

My number in New York is 987-65432168380020. No wonder I keep getting so many wrong numbers.

987-65432168380020  
In New York

Sirs:

It takes a tough man to make a chicken.

Frank "The Wadd" Perdue  
Eggs, Md.

Sirs:

Knock-knock. Who's there? Son of a bitch. Son of a bitch who? Son of a bitch motherfucking asshole!

Dirty Ernie

Sirs:

I had just completed my Evelyn Wood class and I was at home reading the newspaper when suddenly I heard this siren outside. I looked out the window and, sure enough, there was a police car in my driveway. The policeman got out, came in the house, and said, "Lady, do you have any idea how fast you were reading that newspaper?" And I said, "Why, no, officer. Is there a problem?" And he said, "Lady, I clocked you at seventy-two miles an hour, and I'm giving you a ticket." And he wrote me up and I got a fifty-dollar fine. I swear this really happened.

Barbara Greenwald  
Reading, Pa.

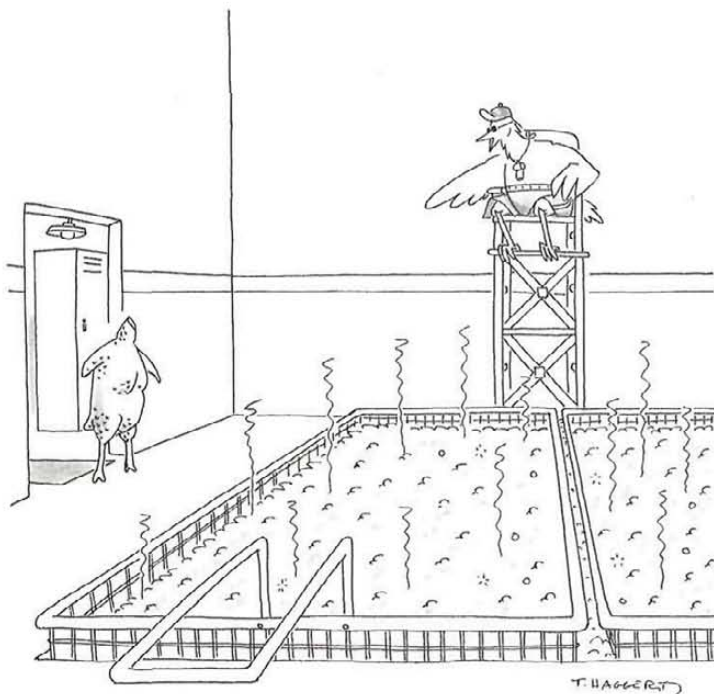
Sirs:

I'm Buster Brown. I live in your shoe. Here's my dog, Tige. He lives there too. So how about washing your feet now and then, huh?

Buster Brown  
Your shoe

Sirs:

What do the Joint Chiefs of Staff do on a Saturday night after they've had a few belts and are feelin' a little horny?



"Hey, you! Get back in there and flour up."



## LETTERS

Go lookin' for a little nukie!

Big Al Haig  
*Still funny after all  
these years*

Sirs:

People often ask us birds what we do when we go south for the winter. Mostly we just lie on our backs and get tan, but occasionally we get lucky with some legal secretary from the Bronx or a hairdresser from Ozone Park who comes down on some *Love Boat* cruise ship or maybe a Club Med vacation. Where do you think the expression "the birds and the bees" came from?

The Birds  
*Aruba, Jamaica, etc.*

Sirs:

The guy who invented the Twinkie must have a really low self-image, otherwise they'd be at least an inch or two longer.

Hugo Fenster  
*Rat River, Pa.*

Sirs:

We are happy to announce a wonderful new product which, we believe, is bound to completely replace the old "whistling" kettle. When our new, patented kettle reaches the boiling point, instead of whistling it tells jokes. We have models that tell family jokes, sports jokes, shaggy-dog jokes, and even downright filthy jokes! One of our surefire models finishes up a joke with the line "Well, if that's not your belly button, I suppose you should know this isn't really a banana." Who'd buy a whistling kettle when he can hear gags like that every time he wants a cup of coffee?

Jeffrey Gearloose  
*Creative Marketing Concepts, Ltd.*

Sirs:

To combat the problem of decreasing attendance at our major sporting events, I suggest that every sport be conducted in the nude. Particularly women's tennis, when Carling Bassett or one of those other teenage cuties is playing.

Lou Talbot  
*Boca Raton, Fla.*

Sirs:

I've got a really great idea for a movie. Let's have Hitler and some Nazis in it! And we'll have this big production dance number, only it'll be with Nazis! And then Hitler will come out! And then we'll have a funny joke depending on Nazis! And then we'll

have a parody of Hitler! And Anne Bancroft will be in it, and she'll be with Nazis, and later she'll see Hitler!

Mel Brooks  
*Tel Aviv, Israel*

Sirs:

Hippity-hop, hippity-hop, here I come with a basket full of tumors, you poor suckers.

The Cancer Bunny  
*Malignant Forest*

Sirs:

Nine ball in the NNNNYRGH! Nine ball in the side paugh! Paugh! Haggargh! Nine baaaaaaah! Nynceeeeeeeegh! Mphhhhhhhhh! Nine babababarrrrrrgh! Huggggggggarhghghghgh! Sorry about that. Nine ball in the side pocket.

Minnesota Fits  
*Atlantic City, N.J.*

Sirs:

At the Phillies' opener last season, Mike Schmidt fouled a ball into the box seats behind third base. Now, when you're home and you see this happen on television, there's usually a scramble for the ball, and the first fan to get it

and hold it high in the air gets to keep it. To TV viewers this is standard stadium etiquette.

Well, on opening day, what the television viewers didn't see, after the guy next to me held the ball up and the camera went back to the on-field action, was my challenge for the baseball. "Give it to me," I ordered, flicking open a switchblade. "Come and get it," he said, whipping out his own knife. He held the baseball out of reach and thrust at me with the blade.

We stood on our seats and parried at each other. The fans around us cheered. They took sides and bet on who would win the fight for the baseball. The guy was good, but I was better. I found an opening in his defense and sliced across his chest. As blood started from the wound, I swung my switchblade up and cleaved three of his fingers off. Naturally, the baseball fell from his bloody grip.

They never show this on TV. It's what is known as a lesson in stadium etiquette, and one of the reasons baseball remains our national pastime.

Miss Manners's Beer-Guzzling,  
Sports-Loving, Live-in Boyfriend  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)

DR. MCGILICUDDY'S  
IMPORTED MENTHOLMINT SCHNAPPS

"Schnapps  
never tasted  
so cool."

Product of Canada 60° Liqueur Imported by General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y., N.Y.

## LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

Sirs:

It was horrible. We were huddled together in the dark when they dragged us out and piled us into a truck. They had uniforms and they wouldn't tell us where we were going. Finally the truck stopped, and we were literally thrown off. Then they divided us up and sent us to different holding facilities. My group was packed like freight onto a crowded train car going God knows where. I'll be haunted by these images the rest of my life. And it was all because we were different. Never again.

A Letter  
*Somewhere in the postal system*

Sirs:

Are you thinking what I'm thinking? Because if you're thinking what I'm thinking I'm thinking what you're thinking isn't worth thinking about. So stop thinking what you're thinking or you might not be thinking at all, I'm thinking. Okay? Think about it.

Kreskin  
*Rodin, France*

Sirs:

Every day you read about another lawsuit, and you know you can't possibly keep up with the details of all of them, no matter how juicy they are, right? That's where me and my new magazine come in. It will be called *Who's Suing Who* magazine, and it will be must reading for everyone who wants to keep up with all the behind-the-scenes legal action of all their favorite movie stars, athletes, and rock stars. There's a helluva lot of great stuff

in every divorce, palimony, galimony, and breach-of-contract deal that never gets reported. Not until F. Lee Bailey got into the publishing business, that is.

F. Lee Bailey  
*Editor/Publisher*  
*"Who's Suing Who"*  
*New York, N.Y.*

Sirs:

The FBI Comedy Task Force is looking for America's Ten Most Wanted Jokes. The one about the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter dropped out of sight in 1974. The one involving a rabbi, a priest, and a minister disappeared in 1978. Please help us find these jokes. Reward available.

The FBI Comedy Task Force  
*Washington, D.C.*

Sirs:

How can you find an elephant hiding in the trees? Look for a big pile of elephant dung near a tree and look up.

Skip Lackster  
*Elephant Jokes*  
*for the Eighties*

Sirs:

Whoever named zucchini zucchini anyway? It doesn't sound like a vegetable. It sounds like what Italians yell when they jump out of an airplane.

Adolph Cabbage  
*Patchie Patchie, Del.*

Sirs:

What do we Tibetan sacred masters do for fun? You'd be really surprised at the clever, inscrutable practical jokes

we come up with. Like, there was this one master, Dali Babat, who had this terrible habit of snoring in our sacred cave. So one day a group of us shoved a sacred robe into his mouth. Unfortunately, he died as a result of this incident, but it just goes to show you that life among us Tibetan sacred masters is not just work and no play.

Tibetan Sacred Masters  
*Shangri-la, Tibet*

Sirs:

You Anglos think we Salvadoran maids are just uneducated peasants who have no skills and don't even speak a word of English, so it's okay to pay us slave wages to clean your toilets and vacuum your dens. Well, we've got a surprise for you. Most of us have advanced degrees from Central American universities, and the only reason we take the jobs is so we can take a complete inventory of all your possessions and make duplicate keys. Later, our brothers and uncles will break into your homes and steal you blind.

Salvadoran Maids  
*Surprisingly wealthy*

Sirs:

Do you ever have a sudden urge to hear parts of the Torah, or a translation of Leviticus into Hebrew, or just the answers to the four questions of Passover? Well, here's good news. Just call the toll-free number of Dial-A-Jew. And if you want to send us a shekel or two, that's okay, too.

Simon Greenberg  
*Dial-A-Jew, Inc.*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 80)



# Make two great kids happy this Christmas!



RONALDG. HARRIS

That's George and Howard up there. They are in charge of merchandise sales for *National Lampoon*. Make their Christmas a merry one by buying *National Lampoon* gifts this yuletide. They get a bonus if we sell a lot of these gifts, so really go crazy. In addition to making George and Howard happy, you'll make the recipient of such Christmas delights as the

*National Lampoon* baseball jacket, *National Lampoon* special editions, and other holiday traditions euphoric. *National Lampoon* gifts are Christmas! Like the hearth, the wreath, and the goose.

Make this Christmas a happy one ...  
For everybody.  
God bless you!

## National Lampoon Baseball Jacket

Say it ain't so, Joe!" with this all-new Black Sox jacket that celebrates the pathological liar, cheat, and scapegoat in us all. It's slick-looking, with a genuine silklike feel. Looks great while you're sitting on the bench watching everyone else play.

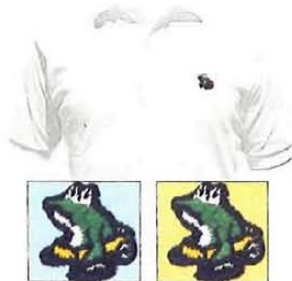


(TS-1030) ..... \$33.95

## National Lampoon Frog Shirt

These incredibly popular polo shirts sport the magazine's distinctive, distinguished symbol, a double-amputee frog.

This poor fellow is your guarantee that you are wearing the finest. Anybody can wear an alligator. You or the recipient of your gift will be very special with "The Frog." Available in white, yellow, blue, green, camel, or gray.



(TS-1035) ... \$14.95

**National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Deluxe Edition**

A collection of the best material from the first ten years of *National Lampoon*. Elegantly hardbound for your library or coffee table, to read, to show off.



(BO-1032) ... \$19.95

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Part One of a two-part series containing the very funniest *National Lampoon* material ever published.



(BO-1033) ... \$4.95

**National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume II**

Obviously Part Two of a two-volume series, containing the other half of the very best *National Lampoon* material ever published.



(BO-1035) ... \$4.95

**National Lampoon Presents Sex, Drugs, Rock 'n' Roll, and the End of the World**

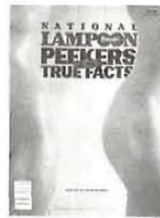
*National Lampoon's* latest record album, featuring "Mr. Reagan's Neighborhood," "Apocalypse Now," and more.



(A-1004)...\$8.98

**National Lampoon's Peckers and Other True Facts**

The latest special edition off the NatLamp presses. Here's a collection of the most hilarious, honest-to-goodness True Facts ever collected.



(BO-1038) ..... \$2.95

**National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Jersey**

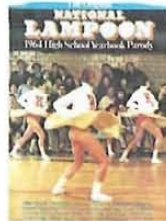
This good-appearing baseball jersey is a clean-made garment that is certain to give satisfaction. It is exactly the one worn by the famous *National Lampoon* Black Sox; yet it lacks the odor of use, as it is an entirely new product.



(TS-1027) ..... \$7.00

**National Lampoon High School Yearbook Parody**

The most popular American book of parody ever published. A must for anyone who ever attended high school.



(BO-1007A) Deluxe Edition ..... \$4.95

**National Lampoon Nightshirt**

Now take *National Lampoon* to bed with you, when you wear this one-size-fits-all *National Lampoon* Nightshirt. It's a great shirt to put on. An even better shirt to take off!



(TS1040) ..... \$7.95

**National Lampoon Foto Funnies**

If you love Foto Funnies, you'll want to give or keep this book of the best of that art ever published in the magazine.



(BO-1034) ..... \$2.95

**National Lampoon Frog Sweater**

This handsome, comfortable sweater is for those who want to look as if they went to Choate but actually went to a public school outside of Detroit. It's a looker, actually handwoven by machines. Available in gray and black.



(TS-1038) ..... \$20.95

**National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt** Since 1970, Mona Gorilla has represented *National Lampoon*. Only Mona has that gioconda smile. Identifies you or your giftee as a member of the literati. (TS-1019) \$4.95

**National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick" T-shirt** The amusing shirt favored by actors and artists involved in the touring theatrical production of the same name. Yet no one wearing this shirt will be ushered to poor seats in an eatery. (TS-1026) \$5.95

**National Lampoon's New Animal House Baseball Jersey** For fans of the film, and a terrific shirt to boot! (TS-1031) \$7.00

**National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody** The clearest example of fine drollery issued. A sequel to the High School Yearbook Parody, it resembles a small-town Sunday newspaper, the Dacron Republican-Democrat. Profusely illustrated. (BO-1021) \$4.95

**National Lampoon's Old-style Animal House Baseball Jersey** Traditional-style Animal House baseball jersey. Comes complete and entire, with no difficult sleeves to assemble, and in sizes that fit all but the enormous or obese. (TS-1028) \$6.95

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**National Lampoon's Animal House Book** Again, for fans of the film. Tells the whole story plus, and also has loads of photos and illustrations. From the biggest comedy of all time. (BO-1024) \$2.95, Deluxe Edition \$4.95

**That's Not Funny, That's Sick!** Phonograph album that includes Bill Murray, Christopher Guest, and other great talents on wax. (A-1001) \$6.95

**National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt** We have sold thousands of this very beautiful and finished garment. Shirt is durable and of superior value. Several worn one above the other give the illusion of physique and muscularity. (TS-1029) \$5.95

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Glow-in-the-Dark Polo Shirt**

Next time you play polo inside Madison Square Garden and the lights go out, no one will have any problems passing the ball to you. It's a great-looking long-sleeved shirt, 100 percent heavy cotton, that is masculine but cute and emblazoned with everyone's favorite nonjumping frog.



Great as a winter gift (hint, hint... wink, wink).

(TS-1039) ..... **\$10.95**

**National Lampoon's "Vacation" T-shirt**

If you liked the movie, you'll love the T-shirt. You'll be a standard-bearer for the funniest *National Lampoon* film since the one before the last two.



(TS-1037) ... **\$5.95**

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Remember how Fran the Scrambler looked in his *National Lampoon* football jersey? Well, you can, too. Just put the shirt on, toss the ball to the nearest girl, and tackle her in the mud. It's guaranteed you'll both love the shirt.



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SEE, SURE WISH I HAD SOME MONEY TO BUY DRUGS AND GET IN TROUBLE WITH.

WHY DON'T YOU GO DOWN TO THE SPERM BANK?! THEY'LL GIVE YOU FORTY BUCKS JUST FOR JERKING OFF. PLUS THEY GOT NURSES TO HELP YOU.



NURSES?

HI! I'M HERE TO GIVE YOU SOME SPERM.

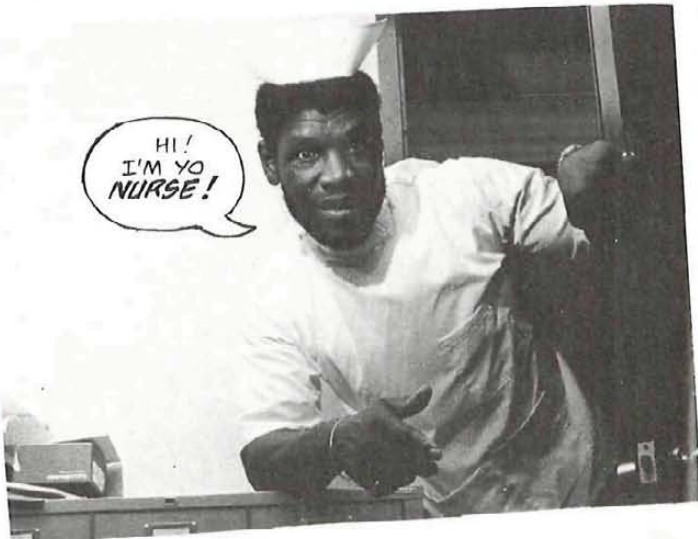


TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES AND WAIT IN THERE. A NURSE WILL BE IN SHORTLY.

OKAY, CUTIE.



HI! I'M YO NURSE!



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FEBRUARY 1980



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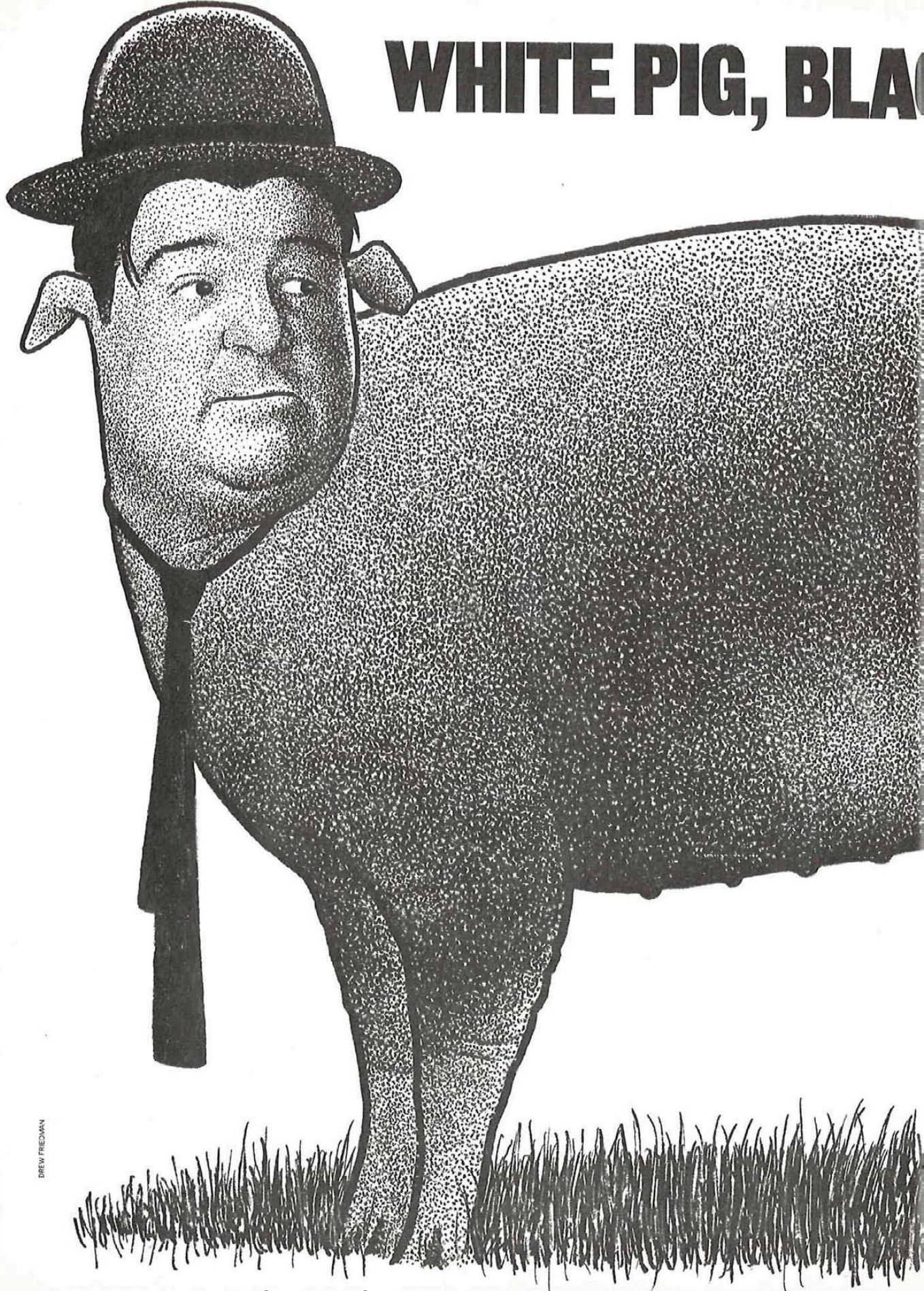
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# WHITE PIG, BLACK



DREW FRIEDMAN



CK PIG:

# THE MURPHY AND COSTELLO STORY

BY CHARLES KAUFMAN  
AND PAUL PROCH



**G**ET YOUR INCENSE HERE. INCENSE for sale! Lots of different flavors. Incense, incense, incense!" said the incense salesman. Oh, yes . . . he was black, black as they come. And many of them come very very very black indeed. (Not that it matters to us or anyone we know. We swear upon a stack of our mothers' graves.) "And do not laugh, you white trash, not that I or anyone I know, all of whom are black, would notice or care what color skin a man might have," he said to some white thug-like youths, all named Vito (although not meant to represent any particular ethnic group, only a small group of ruthless criminals from S\*c\*ely), who threw spitballs and flaming stones at him as they passed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 71)



# NEW CO

FOUR STORIES

1

## Oligarchy Airlines

"THANK YOU FOR CALLING OLIGARCHY Airlines. May I help you?"

"Yes. I'd like to make a reservation to St. Louis."

"Name, sir?"

"Ellard. Ben Ellard."

"Is this trip for business or pleasure, Mr. Ellard?"

"Uh. What's the difference?"

"It affects the rate, sir. Pleasure is cheaper."

"Okay, this trip is for pleasure."

"In that case, we can't book you to St. Louis. There are much better places for pleasure, sir. May I suggest Las Vegas?"

"Yeah, well, I really want to go to St. Louis, okay?"

"It's not 'okay,' sir. We're talking

pleasure here. You did say this trip was for pleasure, sir?"

"Oh yeah. Well, maybe not totally for pleasure. It's a little bit for business."

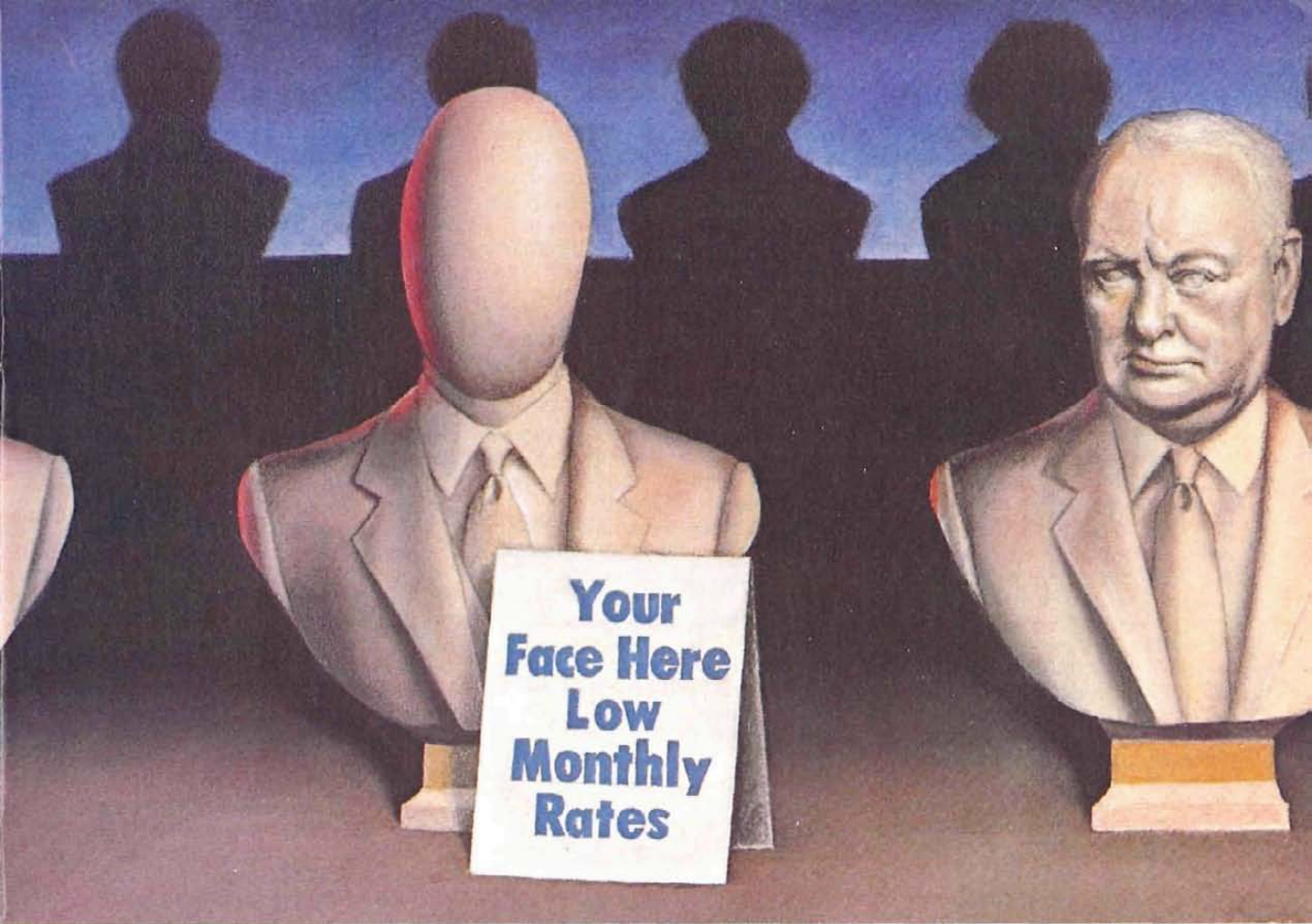
"Right, sir. What percentage would you estimate as business?"

"Oh, uh, say . . . five percent. Yeah. It's five percent business and ninety-five percent pleasure."

"Right, sir. I'm checking the Oligarchy Airlines computer."

"Checking the computer?"

MARC JAFFET



# THE MIMMERCE

BY JOHN BENDEL

"Here we are, sir. For a trip comprised of five percent business and ninety-five percent pleasure Oligarchy can ticket you to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, or Helsinki, Finland."

"Ha-ha. Yeah. Well, you see, I need to get to St. Louis. So maybe I'd better call someone else. . . ."

"I wouldn't do that, Mr. Ellard."

"Why not?"

"Well, according to the Oligarchy computer, there's an outstanding arrest warrant for Ben Ellard in Phila-

delphia. One hundred and twenty-three parking tickets. My, my."

"Yeah, well, what does that have to do with reservations to St. Louis?"

"Well, our computer has traced your call, and we could have a police squad car outside in less than three minutes. Are you already packed?"

"You'd call the cops for a couple of lousy parking tickets?"

"Of course not, sir. By the time they get there, I should have a computer analysis of your income-tax returns

within the statute of limitations."

"Wait a minute. Don't do that. I think we can do business here. How much is a ticket to, uh, say . . . Helsinki?"

"One year's salary, sir."

"WHAT? One year's salary!"

"It's a bargain, sir, especially if there's a scofflaw arrest warrant out on you. And who knows what else the Oligarchy computer is likely to find?"

"You've got a point there. Okay, I earn . . . six grand a year. That's right,

six grand! I'm a management trainee!"

"According to our computer, sir, you're executive vice president of Everett & Everett Mail Order Fun, Inc."

"Oh, that. Yeah, well. I got a promotion. Ha-ha."

"You made \$255,766.78 last year, sir."

"I did not! I did not! Not after you deduct my expenses!"

"The boat, sir?"

"Yeah, the boat!"

"And the Mercedes?"

"Yeah!"

"And the fifty-seven thousand for the church?"

"I'm a generous guy!"

"Wait a minute, Mr. Ellard. The computer says you're five years behind in child support payments in Eugene, Oregon. I'm sure your ex-wife would be glad to know about your success in the mail order business."

"Okay. Look, let's make a deal, okay? I'll give you fifty grand for a ticket to Helsinki. What do you say?"

"Will you be sitting in smoking or non-smoking, Mr. Ellard?"

## 2 The Job Test

"PLEASE SIT DOWN, MISS WAVERLY. NOW before we can hire you here at Universal Bumper Guard, you have to pass a little seven-question test, okay?"

"Oh, uh, sure."

"Miss Waverly, I'm going to be right up front with you. I don't like your shoes."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I just bought them. Maybe I can take them back. Oh dear."

"That's okay, Miss Waverly. I didn't really mean it. That was just a part of the test, to see how you handle insults. You're likely to get some of those as a receptionist here, you know."

"Oh. Ha-ha. I see. Part of the test . . ."

"I just have to check the 'yes' box here on the test form. . . . Apologizes for ugly shoes . . . YES. Okay, now, was your last period on time?"

"Oh my. Yes, it was. But I don't see that it has anything to do with being a receptionist. . . ."

"Okay, Miss Waverly. You're absolutely right. We have no business asking a question like that. I'm glad to see that you spoke right up about it."

"Oh, I think I see. Another little test?"

"Speaks right up . . . YES. You're

doing fine on our test, Miss Waverly, but you did say your period was on time, right?"

"Yes, I did. But you just said it was just part of the test. . . ."

"Last period on time . . . YES. You're doing very well, Miss Waverly."

"Oh, thank you."

"Now, please tell me in twenty-five words or less exactly why you want to work here at Universal Bumper Guard."

"Well, I've been out of work for a couple of weeks, and I've always wanted to be a receptionist, and I saw your ad in the paper, and you have a beautiful lobby here, and . . ."

"Talks and counts words at the same time . . . NO. Too bad, you were up to thirty words when I stopped you."

"I was?"

"Don't worry about it. No one ever gets a hundred percent on this test. All you need is the best of seven. Now, Miss Waverly, I want you to tell me what you think you have to offer Universal Bumper Guard."

"Uh, well, I can answer the phone, and I can help out people who come through the front door, and . . ."

"I see. And do you know who comes through the front door here at Universal Bumper Guard?"

"Oh . . . no. I guess I don't."

"Knows who comes through the door . . . NO."

"Uh-oh."

"Don't worry. You're still ahead three to two. But let me tell you a little about who does come through the door here. Salesmen. Lots of them. The sleaziest, slimiest, horniest salesmen in the world, and they all want to score with our receptionist."

"Oh my."

"And we get lots of job applicants too. The scum of the earth. Drug addicts, career criminals. We get muggers and murderers coming in here looking for work, and they'd all just love to get their hands on our receptionist."

"Oh dear."

"By the way, do you own any bulletproof clothes?"

"No, but I guess I could buy some."

"Owns bulletproof clothes . . . NO."

"I'm not doing so well, am I?"

"That's three and three, but you still have a chance. There's one more question, Miss Waverly. . . ."

"I need a job! Whatever the question is the answer is yes!"

"That's wonderful, Miss Waverly. You've passed the test!"

"Thank you. Ha-ha. I do need the

job. But . . . well, I was just wondering . . . what was the last question?"

"Oh, nothing to worry about, just a little question about fellatio on the job. Welcome aboard, Miss Waverly. I think you're going to be very happy here."

## 3 At a Theater Near You

"YA GOTTA RUN THIS MOVIE. HAL. IT'S got everything."

"This is Hackensack, Murray. Your movies don't do well here."

"But this movie's different. It's got everything."

"Like *The Big Kiss*? That one had everything, too. Remember?"

"That one needed more kisses. One big kiss won't carry a whole movie. We learned a lesson there."

"Yeah. And what about *Kisses of Power*? You also said that one had everything."

"It did, Hal! At least it had everything there was at the time!"

"Except an audience, Murray. My theater was empty for a week."

"So maybe it peaked too early."

"You said you were going to do some local advertising, remember? Graffiti on the railroad bridge isn't advertising, Murray!"

"Budget problems, Hal. But that's all changed this time. Now I've got the movie that's going to break all the records!"

"All right. All right. What's it called?"

"*The Kiss to End All Kisses*."

"That's what I was afraid of. Nice seeing you, Murray. Take it easy, huh?"

"Listen to me, Hal. We got Frank Sinatra in this movie. We're talking big box office!"

"You got Frank Sinatra?"

"Well, Franklin Sinatra, actually. Franklin Lopez Sinatra. Here's his glossy."

"He's funny-looking."

"So it's a comedy."

"And who's the co-star, Murray?"

"Zazu Peshke. Wait till you see her. What a gorgeous set!"

"Yeah, well, I don't think so, Murray. Your movies just don't make it in Hackensack."

"*The Kiss to End All Kisses* will score in Hackensack, Hal. This is a breakthrough movie!"

"Excuse me, Murray, but the popcorn salesman is waiting outside."

"We customize the entire movie for

every theater that gives us a week's run!"

"What's 'customize'?"

"We left gaps in the movie to splice in local footage! We'll even supply you with a twenty-foot marquee banner that says 'Filmed in Hackensack!'"

"What are you going to film in Hackensack?"

"How about a car chase right out in front of the theater!"

"Murray . . ."

"Come on, Hal! Franklin and Zazu are waiting in the car. We can shoot it right now!"

"Murray . . ."

"You don't mind if we borrow your car for a few minutes, do you, Hal? We need two cars for a chase."

"No car, Murray."

"Then how about a love scene? Franklin and Zazu can kiss right in front of your theater."

"Murray, I can't afford any more of your kissing epics."

"Okay then, they can have an argument. As long as they get to kiss at the end."

"No, Murray."

"I got it! How would you like to be in a movie, Hal? Maybe your kids, too. You call them up while I go to the car and get the camera, okay? It's a once in a lifetime opportunity, Hal!"

"I'd look stupid in your movie, Murray."

"Would you deny your kids a shot at fame?"

"Murray, I'll tell you what. I'll give you a Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. If anybody shows, we'll hold over for a weekend. Will you leave me alone now?"

"No Hackensack footage?"

"No, Murray."

"You'll have to show the Bayonne version."

"No problem, Murray. Now good-bye."

"You're not going to regret this, Hal! I'm telling you the truth, Hackensack figures very large in my marketing plan for *The Kiss to End All Kisses* . . ."

"Murray?"

"Yeah, Hal?"

"On your way out, tell the popcorn salesman to come in here, okay?"

like a tour?"

"I just wanted to look around. How much does a tour cost?"

"No charge, sir. Just follow me."

"It doesn't take long, does it?"

"No, sir. Not long at all. And it begins right here in our central rotunda of First-Degree General Fame."

"Are you going to ask for donations?"

"No, sir. No donations. Now, here we have a bust of Michael Jackson. He's a very famous fellow. And here we have John De Lorean and Pope John Paul II and Ayatollah Khomeini and Arnold B. Rogers and Ronald Reagan and . . ."

"Who's Arnold B. Rogers?"

"Why, it's right here on the plaque: 'Founder and president of Rogers Pipe and Flange Incorporated, three-time president of the National Association of Pipe and Flange Distributors.' Nice profile, don't you think? Anyhow, next is Ronald Reagan . . ."

"What's he doing in the Hall of Fame?"

"Why, he's president of the United States!"

"No, no. I mean Arnold B. Rogers."

"Oh! Of course! Actually, I'm glad you asked me that. You see, it's people like Arnold B. Rogers who have made the entire Hall of Fame franchise system possible . . ."

"Yes, but why is he in here?"

"As I was saying, Arnold B. Rogers helped make it possible by leasing this plinth here in the rotunda of First-Degree General Fame. You'll find a marble bust of Arnold B. Rogers in each of the two hundred and sixty-four Halls of Fame from coast to coast. Let me tell you, Arnold B. Rogers is now one heck of a famous guy. He bought himself the top package!"

"Oh."

"Getting back to the tour, we'll just go down the row here and into our Rotunda of Second-Degree General Fame. And on our first plinth we have Clifford Irving, followed by Margaret Truman, Howard Duff, Edward T. Everett, Buddy Rich . . ."

"Who's Edward T. Everett?"

"To tell the truth, I don't know. He was just inducted this morning. Let's check the plaque: 'Edward T. Everett, noted husband, father, and Chevrolet dealer.' According to this, Edward T. Everett's bust is in six other Halls of Fame in the metropolitan area. He's what you'd call a regionally famous guy."

"How come his bust is concrete instead of marble?"

"Oh, that's one of the ways in which

we help make fame more affordable. We call it our 'Bust for Every Pocket-book' program. Of course, we don't allow papier-mâché or plastic busts in our Halls of General Fame, but they're perfectly acceptable in our various Galleries of Specialty Fame."

"Galleries of what?"

"Let me show you. Follow me over here and you'll see what I mean. This is our Gallery of Good Grooming. There are lots of low-cost busts in here."

"These people look familiar. What are they famous for?"

"Good grooming. We just opened it last month, and already it's almost filled! The Gallery of Spry Ballroom Dancers used to be in here."

"Hey, that's Mrs. Wesley over there."

"You know Mrs. Wesley?"

"She lives down the block."

"Mr. Wesley leased this plinth a couple of weeks ago as a birthday surprise. We made a plastic bust from a photo in only ten minutes, and the entire package cost only two hundred dollars, plus fifty dollars a month for as long as he wants his wife to stay famous. Of course, she has to stay well-groomed, too."

"She's my neighbor! And hey! That's Ed McDougal over there! He lives across the street. I thought these people looked familiar."

"I'll bet you had no idea your friends and neighbors were so famous!"

"Or so well-groomed!"

"I hope you don't mind me saying this, sir, but you have a certain *je ne sais quoi*. Have you ever thought about fame?"

"Who, me? Oh, once or twice maybe."

"I have a feeling you could become as famous as Edward T. Everett back there."

"Oh, I don't know about that. He's pretty famous, isn't he?"

"Well, how about your neighbors here? I'm sure you could be at least as famous as they are. And as you can see, we have a number of desirable plinths available right in this gallery."

"Gee, do you think I'm that well-groomed?"

"I'd gladly lend you a comb, sir."

"I don't know. . . ."

"Perhaps you'd feel more comfortable in our Gallery of Punctuality and Perfect Attendance."

"That sounds great!"

"I'm glad you feel that way, sir. We at the Hall of Fame want everyone who walks in here as a total unknown to walk out a celebrity!"

## 4 The Hall of Fame

"GOOD AFTERNOON, AND WELCOME TO your local Hall of Fame. Would you

# FOTO FUNNIE<sub>S</sub>

YOU SURE THAT CAMERA AIN'T GOT NO FILM?



I ALREADY PROMISED YOU THAT.

YOU KNOW.....THOSE CHEAP TRASHY WHITE GIRLS THAT DO THOSE FOTO FUNNIES.....

WELL, AS LONG AS YOU GIVE YOUR WORD I'LL GET UNDRESSED.



I SWEAR ON MY HONOR AS A NICE GUY, THIS CAMERA ISN'T EVEN PLUGGED IN.



.....THEY MUST BE CRAZY, THOSE SLUTS.....



.....I MEAN, LIKE WHAT DO ALL THEIR BOYFRIENDS THINK...



.....WELL, THE ONE THING US PUERTO RICAN GIRLS GOT THAT THEY DON'T GOT.....



....MORALITY!!



Public Enemy  
#230,  
000,001



YOUR COUNTRY  
YOU, ASK WHAT  
YOUR COUNTRY

ARNET

ON THE AVERAGE DAY MR. ARNET could expect the mailman's visit to yield the following: four corporate letters thanking him for his "helpful" letters of complaint; seven letters assuring him that he didn't have a case; fifteen to twenty assorted magazines, consumer surveys, contest entry forms, and lists of contest winners; one conspiracy newsletter (why only one?); and twelve free product samples that included shampoo he didn't use, pamphlets he didn't read, and perpetual calendars (he was forever figuring out the first one). He often wondered what government conspiracy made it illegal for him to get free sample cigarettes in the mail. If he had been a smoker, he would have wondered this in court.

On the average day Mr. Arnet could expect his mailman to make the usual remarks: Mr. Arnet should get out and make friends more instead of relying so much on the mail; Mr. Arnet's was the last stop on his route after lugging his bag around all day; Mr. Arnet might appreciate the fact that (since March 15) his public servant was fifty-five years old.

On the crisp October day he delivered Mr. Arnet's trophy—solid marble and silver—the mailman added something new to his routine, something about (Mr. Arnet was trying to block it out) Mr. Arnet's asshole. On that day, Mr. Arnet added something new to his mailing list: the Bricks of Historic Ruins price list. Each brick weighed eleven pounds. If he held back on paying his rent again, he could afford to sign up for five a week. Mr. Arnet appreciated the fact that (soon) his servant would be toting an extra fifty-five pounds per week.

Within a month the first brick, from the foundation of Dorothy Kilgallen's birthplace, was delivered through Mr. Arnet's living room window, which was never open. And now, after eight years, six months, and twenty-six days without a break in his regimen, Mr. Arnet's average day included a trip to the post office to deliver and pick up his mail. His first letter would be to the postmaster general:

1. Fire my mailman.
2. Put a stop order on the bricks.

MR. ARNET, NUMBER SIX IN THE LINE OF six people at the post office, scanned the wanted posters on the wall, expecting the worst. There was none with his likeness on it, at least that he could

see. That was good. He hadn't done anything. And they weren't advertising the top victims yet.

He crossed and uncrossed his arms and blew a few gusts of theatrical air. Why were all these people ahead of him at *lunchtime*? Didn't anyone in the city eat *lunch* anymore? If they had fallen into line just to make *him* the snake's ass, the *postmeister* was doing a masterful job of suppressing his laughter. Mr. Arnet would not rule out the scenario. Though by now he was already number two.

He didn't care to be crept up on, either, but let it pass when a young woman joined the line. The radio in his parka was remembering the anniversary of John Kennedy's assassination, and it was putting him in a rare good mood. For a few moments he was able to shut out his many worldly concerns and muse on the massive web of international conspiracy that surely ruled the world. Total conspiracy would explain a lot about his not being privy to anything. It would make him pure. Suspiciously, there was no mention of conspiracy in the entire fifteen seconds of the Kennedy broadcast.

"Where were you when Kennedy was shot?" the young woman behind him asked. She caught Mr. Arnet off guard.

"Fuck you and your accusatorial tone," he shot back. "I've done *nothing* to have to give my whereabouts to you!"

During his eighteen-minute stay at the postal window Mr. Arnet felt for the wallet in his back pocket twenty-eight times. She hadn't gotten it.

That would explain her crying.

HE SECURED THE DOOR INSIDE HIS apartment and pulled down by another half inch the shade that already covered the kitchen window. This would be well worth spending the afternoon on. From the mailing envelope he produced the PrintFinder/Home Detective Kit, and from the living room, the trophy. On the trophy's white marble base stood a large silver cup, and atop the cup rode a polo horse and rider. And on the horse's silver thigh trespassed a copper-colored thumbprint, which for the last several weeks had been branding its oily way through the horse's silver hide. Now, with the PrintFinder, he would be able to track down the thumb responsible, and at that time he would make a choice: he would either hit the thumb with a hammer or twist it back really hard. He knew firsthand how much

either one hurt.

"BOY, HOME DETECTIVE REALLY SAW ME coming," he explained into the phone-booth phone that afternoon. "The point is, what's the point of a kit that just brings out the *image* of a thumbprint, which I can already see? IF I COULDN'T SEE IT I WOULDN'T HAVE BOUGHT THE KIT!! What I need to know is *whose . . . it . . . is . . .*"

"Sir," the other voice on the phone asked, "where is your emergency?"

"The emergency is," Mr. Arnet said calmly, holding the trophy by its base and studying it, "what the hell am I supposed to do? Write back to the guy I bought it from and ask him for my three dollars back? What's he want with another trophy when he makes 'em?" He looked in horror as his breath revealed two fresh prints on the cup, two prints that looked exactly like the first one.

"Goddamnit," he whispered into the phone. "Goddamnit."

He slid to the floor of the phone booth and cried.

The police dispatcher on the phone was sure she'd heard the voice before. Was it from the Laundromat? The bank? The restaurant? The post office?

"HOWDY," HE CHIRPED, BEAMING HIS phoniest beam at the desk sergeant. "I called first. About the thumbprint? I'm not a criminal." He held his arms high above him to show that he concealed no weapon. With slow, deliberate movements he pulled a Polaroid snapshot out of his pocket and handed it up to the sergeant.

The sergeant saw in the photo what looked to be some kind of trophy. Possibly an ashtray. The photo had been taken from several yards away and was pretty blurry.

"Somebody steal this?" the sergeant asked.

"Not yet," Mr. Arnet said, opening up a shiny new can of worms to worry about. "I was hoping you could identify the thumbprint."

"This one?" the sergeant asked, indicating the print he had just introduced to the surface of the Polaroid when he grabbed it.

"Yes," Mr. A. replied, misunderstanding.

The desk sergeant held his glasses out in front of him and studied the photo. It was definitely an ashtray.

"Not a lot to go on," the sergeant said, shrugging his shoulders. "Can I hold onto it overnight?"



Mr. Arnet walked out of the station house with his arms still over his head, certain that the desk sergeant had put a tail on him.

Inside, the sergeant was in the dispatcher's office telling her about the nice young man he had just been talking to.

"But," she told him, "as a favor to your new friend, you should have the thumbprint on the Polaroid checked out right away."

THROUGH THE OPEN SPACE BETWEEN THE two lids of the dumpster, Mr. Arnet watched the clusters of stars intensify with the dark above him. After a while the clusters spelled out "\$24," the price of the PrintFinder Kit.

When he was sure he had shaken the gumshoes dogging him he headed for his apartment, brushing himself and shaking off bits of garbage as he walked. Was he just imagining that people behind him were laughing?

He ducked into a diner for a bowl of soup, but someone there smelled awful. "This isn't Bon Vivant, is it?" he asked the waitress.

His building superintendent was sitting on Mr. Arnet's front step when he got home, but played dumb about any strangers or mailmen he might have seen lurking around the building. Instead he turned the subject to baseball—a shabby try at testing Mr. Arnet's Americanism? The super wouldn't get any secrets from him: "Why'ncha get a crowbar if you want to pry into my ass," he snapped.

A blue plastic lei that was stuck to the back of Mr. Arnet's parka resembled a tail as he pushed past the super and into his apartment. The super could see now that baseball wouldn't do the trick. He would have to get on his tenant's good side in some other way before bringing up the back rent.

IF A HAND GRENADE CAME CRASHING through the kitchen window and came to rest at his feet, where would he dive? Could someone hide a razor in a walnut? Was the smell from the diner following him?

What had he done to get the whole world after him? Was it that he had lied about his income bracket (\$100,000 and over) on the consumer survey he got in the mail? Was it his belief once, never spoken, that maybe Vietnam was a mistake? Could he have been overheard to say that he didn't find Loni Anderson attractive? The time had come to start preparing his defense.

He ran through his mind his whereabouts on that terrible day in 1963, but he couldn't remember. He was only eight then, so probably he was in school. He would have to write away for the November 1963 attendance records to clear himself. This evidence would have to do.

In the morning he would mail his letters to J. Edgar Hoover Grade School and to PrintFinder/Home Detective's lawyers. He would refuse to accept his brick. From the post office he would go directly to the station house to retrieve his photograph. He was uneasy about having his name and address printed on the back of it. And he was about to give up finding the thumbprint's owner. He had heard on the all-news radio station about criminals having new prints grafted onto their fingertips. With technology advancing so fast, it was only a matter of time before they could do it to a thumb.

AT THE STATION HOUSE THE NEXT MORNING the desk sergeant went through the new material on his desk. Mistakenly filed among the arrest reports was a white envelope covered with thick, black smudge marks. This was always a sign that the fingerprint department wanted a raise. Inside the envelope was the Polaroid and a note to the sergeant that said, "You did it, Bud."

The sergeant copied the name and address from the back of the photo onto the envelope and dropped the photo back inside. He threw the note away. And when the dispatcher said she was making a morning run to the post office, he handed her the envelope to mail.

When she was gone he noticed the Polaroid crumpled in the garbage can. What had he put in the envelope?

MR. ARNET WAITED IN THE LINE AT THE post office, this time wondering why nobody ate breakfast anymore. The next time he came here it would be to mail the postmaster general a bill for \$100,000. Six minutes of his time at \$1 million an hour.

He was on his way out when he spotted the young woman from the day before on her way in. He smiled. It wouldn't be long before he could answer her charges with tactile evidence.

She didn't recognize him from the front and walked in undisturbed with the smudgy envelope pinched in her mitten. The fingerprints on the envelope caught his eye, and he studied it as she passed. "Arrest" was stamped

on it. His name and address were printed on it.

He braced himself against the stamp machine. *He had been a fool not to foresee that she would blackmail him.*

MR. ARNET WAITED FOR HER OUTSIDE the post office and followed her discreetly to the station house. How had she known this would be the next stop on his route? How much about him did she know? By the time he got inside the station house she was already settled back into her office and out of sight. Mr. Arnet, beaming his best, saw only the desk sergeant, who greeted him like a lost friend.

"Guess what, *amigo*?" the sergeant said. "That was my chop on the ash-tray."

Señor Arnet was positive that the sergeant was hiding her.

"Any word on the trophy?" he asked the sergeant as he tried to peek over the desk.

Through the door that separated her office from the sergeant's, the dispatcher heard the word "trophy" and got up to investigate. She recognized that voice. At the door she heard the sergeant yelp, and when she looked in on him she saw the familiar back. It was connected to an arm that was engaged in pinning the sergeant's thumb back to his wrist. The sergeant's mouth started yelling, "Uncle."

Running home, Mr. Arnet thought about how he could best use the two bricks he had already received to help turn his apartment into a bunker. Clearly the sergeant had been after him for months. The woman, he was certain now, was a member of the Warren Commission. Somehow the mailman was in on this, too. There would be no rest for him now, maybe never again. Every man on the force would be hounding him, anxious to make a name for himself with Mr. Arnet squirming safely under his thumb.

At the station house the dispatcher was reading Mr. Arnet's description into the all-cars microphone. "He's not dangerous, he's just a nuisance," she informed the force while the sergeant rubbed his thumb. "If you see him coming I'd advise you to head in the opposite direction."

THE SUPER WAS WAITING FOR HIM ON THE front step, dressed in a brightly colored polo outfit. His legs were cold—weren't they supposed to give him socks? While he waited he calculated the back rent that he was owed and  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 83)





# THE SELF-ABUSE BOAT

SCENES FROM

Act I, scene i.

*(Opens with Julie, perky and dedicated cruise director, greeting passengers as they board the ship. Enter Vicki, the personable captain's daughter.)*

**Julie:** Well, hello, there, slowpoke! It's about time you showed up—I've had to assign half the cabins myself!

**Vicki:** Sorry, Julie. It's just that . . . er . . . well . . .

**Julie:** Oh, that's okay, Vicki. *(Slyly)* After all, they don't call this *The Self-Abuse Boat* for nothing! *(Laughter. Enter Macho Guy and Nerdy Guy. Nerdy Guy is carrying all the luggage.)*

**Nerdy Guy:** Gee, Brad, do you really think this was a good idea—taking this cruise to meet foxy girls?

**Macho Guy:** Lenny, I'm telling you, it's surefire. Look at those two hot chicks right there—and that's just the crew!

**Nerdy Guy:** Wow—I see what you mean! But . . . don't you think they outclass us for sure?

**Macho Guy:** Lenny, I'm telling you, by the end of this cruise, I'm going to be using that cruise director in my fantasies—and if you play your cards right, so will you!

**Nerdy Guy:** Wow! You mean you think I could . . . I could . . .

**Macho Guy:** Jack off to that babe? No problema, amigo. Just trust me.

**Nerdy Guy:** Well, geez, Brad, that's what you said when we went to Las Vegas, and I ended up losing my car, remember? *(Laughter.)*

**Macho Guy:** Well, sure, but that was money. This is masturbation. It's a different story. Get it?

**Nerdy Guy:** I hope I will! *(Laughter. Exit Macho Guy and Nerdy Guy. Enter Old but handsome Man.)*

**Julie:** Hi, you must be Mr. Bates. Your cabin is on Deck C, room 432.

**Old Man:** Oh, thank you. Say, er, are the cabins here . . . private?

**Julie:** Oh, yes, of course.

**Old Man:** And, er . . . soundproof?

**Julie:** Yes, indeed.

**Old Man:** You see, I'm here by myself . . . alone. Sort of a second honeymoon, you understand.

**Vicki:** Or a second adolescence! *(Laughter.)*

**Julie:** Well, I think that's just wonderful. I'm sure you'll have a great time. But don't overexert yourself—we get enough cases of exhaustion from the youngsters! *(Laughter.)*

**Old Man:** Oh, I'll be careful! *(Exits, flexing right hand. Enter Shy Girl and Strict Mom.)*

**Strict Mom:** How do you do? I'm Barbara Griffin, and this is my daughter, Lisa.

**Julie:** Welcome aboard. My name is Julie, and this is Vicki. Your cabin is . . . let's see . . . Deck C, cabin 501. Right next to the vibrator and dildo shop—very convenient. *(Winks cheerily.)*

**Strict Mom (coldly):** I don't think we'll be patronizing that store, thank you!

**Shy Girl:** Oh, but Mother, all my friends' mothers let them masturbate . . . and I'm eighteen years old . . .

**Strict Mom:** That's enough, young lady! I don't care if all your friends' mothers let them . . . shoot up heroin! You're not ready to bring yourself to orgasm yet, and that's final! *(Exit both. Shy Girl looks downcast.)*

**Vicki:** Gosh, Julie, that seems a little out of line! That poor girl!

**Julie:** Well, it's none of our business, Vicki. I mean, would we ever meddle with a passenger's problem? *(Long pause, then both burst out laughing.)*

Act II, scene iii.

*(Macho Guy is eating breakfast. Enter Nerdy Guy in a great mood, looking satisfied.)*

**Nerdy Guy:** Hey, Brad! I just can't get over how right you were about this cruise. I mean, last night was indescribable!

**Macho Guy:** Oh, er . . . great, Lenny! That's just great!

**Nerdy Guy:** But I guess I don't have to tell you about it, eh? I mean, you must have your hands full yourself!

**Macho Guy:** Oh, uh . . . yeah, that's right! I'm ducking into my room six, seven times a day! This ol' hand's getting quite a workout, believe me!

**Nerdy Guy:** Yeah, I know what you mean. I can't believe I'm finally seeing as much action as you do.

**Macho Guy:** Well, actually, Lenny, all those stories I told, and all the boast-

ing I did . . . some of it might have been a little tiny bit exaggerated.

**Nerdy Guy:** Aw, get out of here! You're just trying to make me feel better because I'm not an expert like you.

**Macho Guy:** Yeah, you're right. *(Laughter. Cut to Old Man in jogging suit. Two sexy young girls pass by and see him.)*

**First Girl:** I didn't know this cruise included a fossil hunt! *(Laughter.)*

**Second Girl:** What can an old guy like him possibly be doing on a cruise like this?

**First Girl:** Like they say, hope springs eternal! *(They laugh and exit. Old Man has heard them and climbs morosely onto a bar stool. Isaac, the black and understanding bartender, is on duty.)*

**Old Man:** Isaac, no one seems to believe that a man of my years is still capable of . . . of . . .

**Isaac** *(whistles understandingly):* You mean, no one thinks that you still . . . that you, er . . .

**Old Man:** Yes, yes, exactly. In fact, all this doubt . . . why, it's affecting my performance! I hope you don't mind my telling you all this. . . .

**Isaac:** Oh, I've heard it all.

**Old Man:** Well, perhaps I am slowing down . . . I can't seem to . . . you know . . . be alone with myself . . . more than three times a day.

**Isaac** *(his eyes pop comically):* Three times a day! Mr. Bates, take it from the guy who's heard it all. You have *nothin'* to worry about! *(Laughter. Mr. Bates looks quizzical. Cut to Shy Girl and Strict Mother by the pool.)*

**Shy Girl:** Mother, everyone else is wearing bikinis. Why can't I?

**Strict Mom:** Now, Lisa, we've been through this before. Every young girl has hormones, you see, and if you saw yourself in a mirror in one of those skimpy bikinis . . . well, it just might make those hormones act up, and you might start something that you're not ready to deal with . . . and we wouldn't want that, would we?

**Shy Girl** *(dutifully):* I guess not. *(Enter*

**Vicki, Julie, and Doc.)**

**Julie:** Say, Mrs. Griffin, you look a bit peaked.

**Vicki:** Yes, you certainly do.

**Strict Mom:** Me? Why, I feel fine.

**Doc:** Hmm, let me take a look. *(Takes pulse, peers into eyes.)* Oh, dear, I'm afraid we'll have to quarantine you for a day.

**Strict Mom:** Quarantine? Is it serious?

**Doc:** No, no, it's just a mild case of . . . *parentus overprotectivus.* One day in bed should set it right.

**Strict Mom:** Oh, dear . . . Lisa, will you be all right by yourself?

**Shy Girl:** Oh, I'll be fine, Mother.

**Strict Mom:** Goodness! . . . I do feel a bit dizzy . . . I'd better get to bed. *(Exits.)*

**Shy Girl:** Doctor? Is my mother really sick?

**Doc:** No, Lisa. Someday you'll understand that little white lies are sometimes necessary.

**Vicki:** And big whoppers, too! *(Laughter.)*

**Julie:** Lisa, you're a lovely, healthy young woman. Now you have a day to yourself. Need I say more?

**Shy Girl:** Oh, thank you . . . all of you!

**Vicki:** We'll leave you alone now . . . after all, one's company . . . four's a crowd! *(Laughter. Exit, Shy Girl beaming.)*

Act IV, scene ii.

*(The crew is seeing the passengers off. Enter Nerdy Guy and Macho Guy. Nerdy Guy has gotten much cooler, and Macho Guy looks as if his confidence is crumbling.)*

**Macho Guy:** Geez, Lenny . . . you really made out on this trip. I wish I knew your secret.

**Nerdy Guy:** Hey, don't worry about it, Brad. Stick with me, study my tech-

nique, and soon you'll be wanking like a pro. *(Laughter. Exit Nerdy Guy and Macho Guy. Enter Old Man.)*

**Julie:** Hi, Mr. Bates. I'm glad to see you looking so fit and healthy.

**Old Man:** Oh, yes, this cruise was just what I needed. *(Enter the two sexy girls who laughed at him before. They look very tired.)*

**First Girl:** Gee, Sue, I guess I'm not as young as I used to be. This cruise really did me in.

**Second Girl:** Yeah, I know what you mean. I used to have fun with myself at least twice a day. Now I can't seem to do it twice a week!

**Old Man** *(calling to them):* What's wrong, girls? Can't keep up with an old fossil? *(Laughter. The crew all beam as he exits. Enter Strict Mom, who looks much more relaxed, and Shy Girl, who looks happier.)*

**Vicki:** I'm glad to see you feel better, Mrs. Griffin.

**Strict Mom:** Yes, I feel wonderful. You see, I discovered a wonderful remedy for tension—or rather, my daughter told me about it.

**Julie:** Really? What is it?

**Strict Mom:** Oh, just a local remedy. *(Just then, a vibrator falls out of her purse with a loud clatter. Laughter.)*

**Shy Girl:** Mother! You've been borrowing mine again!

**Strict Mom:** Well, you took mine last night! *(Exit, still arguing, amid general laughter.)*

**Julie:** I guess we really loosened up Mrs. Griffin . . . and we did her daughter a favor, too!

**Vicki:** Yes, and you especially, Julie!

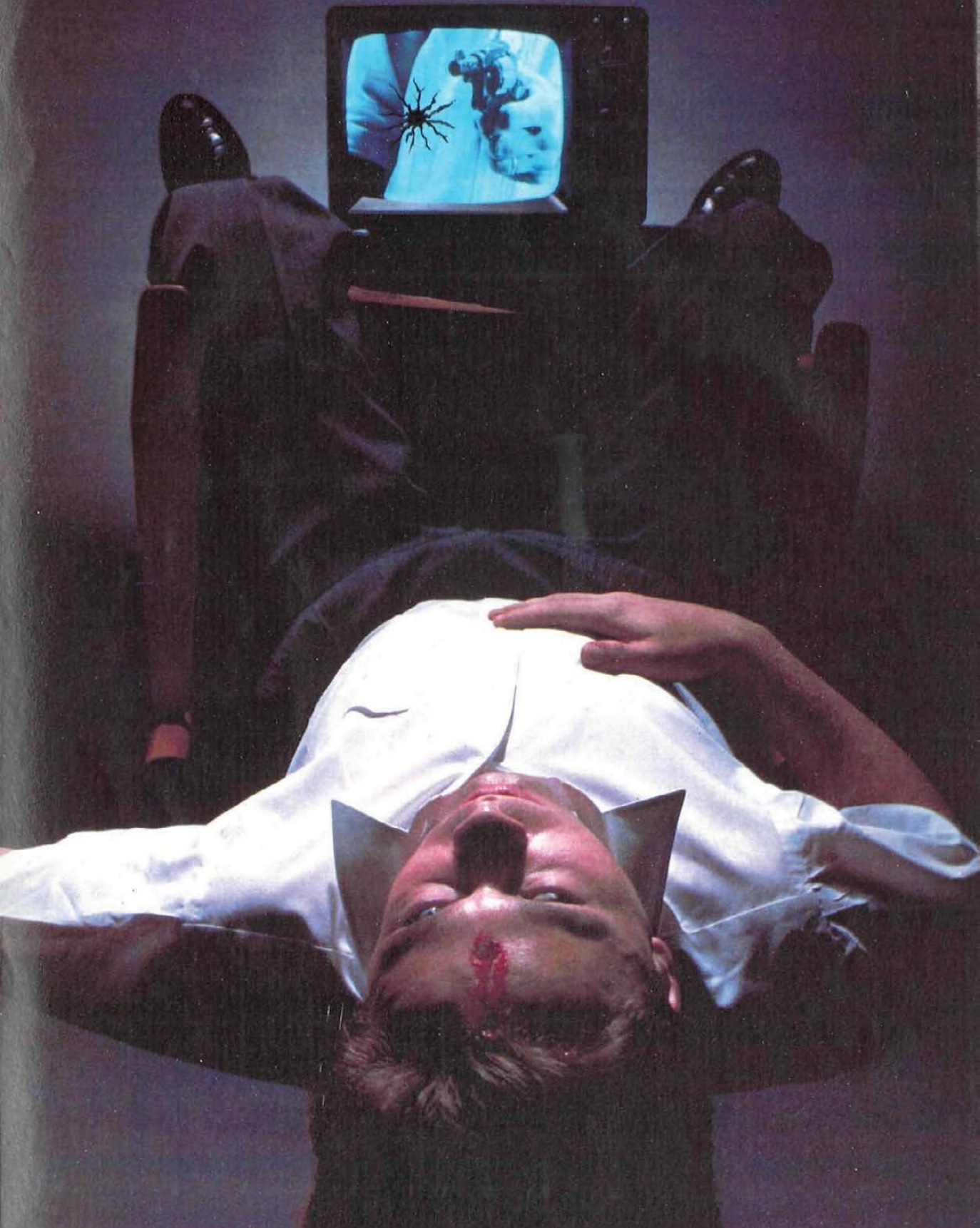
**Julie:** Why me especially?

**Vicki:** Well, remember that vibrator we gave Lisa?

**Julie:** Yes?

**Vicki:** It was yours!

**Julie:** Why, you . . . ! *(Laughter. Freeze-frame of Julie chasing Vicki.)* ■



# The Chester Sylvester Show

By Lindsay McKean

Starring  
Gale Gordon

as Chester Sylvester

Morey Amsterdam

as Humbert

Ed Wynn

as Spoonquist

with

Wally Cox

as Kirby Keever

and introducing

Rose Marie

as Sally Mergatroid

[Interior: A major metropolitan department store, F. W. Penny's, at ten o'clock in the morning. Kirby Keever stands behind the counter of the hosiery department, writing with a pencil on a clipboard. Department store bells. Enter Chester Sylvester. Audience applause.]

CHESTER SYLVESTER [authoritatively]: Mr. Keever, you have to move these hose. The January white sale didn't do a thing for them, and the company is sending down a rep from corporate headquarters to look into the matter. So you had better move some support hose by lunchtime today or . . . or . . .

you're fired!

KIRBY KEEVER: Don't worry, sir, I'll do my best.

CHESTER SYLVESTER: Your best isn't good enough! [Audience laughter.]

[Enter Humbert. Audience applause.] HUMBERT [to Sylvester]: Chester baby! I just received a shipment of shoe-

## THE CHESTER SYLVESTER SHOW

horns! How about helping me try them out? [Audience laughter.]

CHESTER SYLVESTER: Mr. Humbert, your insubordination grates on my nerves. If you would kindly consult the corporate organization chart, you'll notice that you, a lowly salesclerk, should address me, a department supervisor, as "Mister Sylvester," and never on a first-name basis. [Exits.]

HUMBERT [to Kirby]: What's eating the old crank this morning? [Audience laughter.]

KIRBY KEEVER: Ssssh! Don't upset him! He's a department supervisor! And he has some company representative coming to check up on me!

HUMBERT [leaning on the counter]: Representative?

KIRBY KEEVER: And all because I haven't been able to sell these support hose! It's not my fault, I tell you. Stockings with built-in runs just don't sell. [Audience laughter.] If only I had the nerve to implement my plan! Mr. Sylvester would be off my back forever, and I'd be rocketed to a prestigious position as department supervisor at last! Ssssh! Here he comes again!

CHESTER SYLVESTER: Hey, you two! Get to work! Do you think F. W. Penny's is paying you guys to loaf?

HUMBERT: Sure, how else can we take home the bread? [Audience laughter.]

KIRBY KEEVER [to Sylvester]: Don't pay any attention to him, sir! He's not feeling right today! Those new shoehorns

just arrived, and what with the last shipment being defective and all, he's probably just . . .

CHESTER SYLVESTER: Why, you wise-acres! You're lucky I don't report you to the store manager! Talking back to a department supervisor! It's not like the old days. No, not by a long run. Why, when I was your age, I sold hosiery ten, twelve, even fourteen hours a day. Good hosiery, too! Sometimes I even worked into the wee hours of the night, looking for that big sale. Times were hard, but I was willing to do the legwork. It wasn't long before my vaulting ambition landed me this position as hosiery department supervisor.

KIRBY KEEVER: Yes, sir. Your story has been an inspiration to us all. Why, just the other day I was saying to my wife, "Doris, that Mr. Sylvester is a giant in ladies' underwear." [Audience laughter.]

HUMBERT: Sir, it's true! I was there! [Audience laughter.]

CHESTER SYLVESTER: This is all very flattering, boys, but don't expect to gain my favor today. We have to be on our toes . . .

HUMBERT: Like I was saying, sir, I have a new shipment of shoehorns . . .

CHESTER SYLVESTER: That's all very good, Mr. Humbert, but we have to be sharper than sharp today with that company representative coming. Now straighten your tie. We can't compromise the company image.

HUMBERT: Why's that, sir? [Audience laughter.]

CHESTER SYLVESTER: Humbert! Keep your wisecracks to yourself! I'm going to take some inventory. You two get back to work. [Exits.]

KIRBY KEEVER: Yes, sir, anything you say, sir, absolutely, sir. . . .

HUMBERT: What a stick in the mud! [Audience laughter.]

KIRBY KEEVER: That did it. I've made up my mind. I'm going to implement my plan. By lunch hour today our Mr. Sylvester will be but a forgotten memory.

HUMBERT: How are you ever going to sell all those support hose by lunchtime?

KIRBY KEEVER: Once the details of my plan unfold, even you will be rendered speechless by the brilliance of my grand design!

HUMBERT: Well, count me in! What's the plan?

KIRBY KEEVER: I have a gun. We'll shoot Mr. Sylvester. [Audience laughter.]

HUMBERT: Isn't that dangerous? [Audience laughter.]

KIRBY KEEVER: Ssssh! A customer . . . [Enter Spoonquist. Audience applause.]

SPOONQUIST: So this is Hosiery. I hear you honchos have been hoarding hose! [Audience laughter.]

HUMBERT: Not me! I'm in Shoes with a surplus of shoehorns! Care to try on a pair of Hush Puppies? [Audience laughter.]

SPOONQUIST: Shoehorns? Sure shoot-in', but first . . .

[Enter Sally Mergatroid. Audience applause.]

SALLY MERGATROID: Is this the hosiery department?

KIRBY KEEVER [whispering to Humbert]: The company rep!

HUMBERT [whispering to Kirby]: Don't worry, Kirby, I'll dump this other guy like a truck! [Audience laughter. To Spoonquist] Excuse me, sir, but I also have Wallabees!

SPOONQUIST: Well, well, Wallabees! What a wevelation! [Audience laughter.]

[Spoonquist exits with Humbert.]

KIRBY KEEVER [to Sally]: Why yes, this is Hosiery. I haven't been able to move any support stockings, but it's not my fault! Honest!

SALLY MERGATROID: Why, with a hunk like you behind the counter, I'd think there'd be a run on stockings! [Audience laughter.]

KIRBY KEEVER: That's just the problem. As a man with a great future in women's hosiery . . . [Audience laughter.]





# THE CHESTER SYLVESTER SHOW

SALLY MERGATROID: You really knock my socks off! [Audience laughter.] Maybe I could take some hose off your hands [winks], if you'd help me to my car. . . . [Audience laughter.]

CHESTER SYLVESTER [entering]: Good morning, miss. I hope you find our hosiery department well stocked with the finest support hosiery. Don't hesitate to put my good salesman, Mr. Keever here, through any test.

SALLY MERGATROID [blushing]: Oh, you don't mean that. [Audience laughter.] [Enter Humbert and Spoonquist carrying several boxes of shoes. Audience laughter.]

SPOONQUIST [to Kirby]: Haven't you handled any hosiery in the last half hour?

CHESTER SYLVESTER [to Humbert]: Sell this clown another shoehorn quickly! HUMBERT: Yes, sir! Right away, sir! [To Spoonquist] Anything else you need, sir?

SPOONQUIST: Sandals and sneakers sure sound swell. [Audience laughter.] [Humbert and Spoonquist exit.]

CHESTER SYLVESTER [to Kirby]: Show this lady our finest hosiery. We want to maintain our high company image. Right, Miss Spoonquist?

SALLY MERGATROID: Spoonquist? What are you talking about?

CHESTER SYLVESTER: You . . . you mean . . . you're not the company rep?!! [Audience laughter.]

KIRBY KEEVER: Oh my word! Then my future is in the hands of . . .

SYLVESTER AND KIRBY: HUMBERT!!! [Audience laughter.]

[Enter Humbert and Spoonquist with twenty boxes of shoes.]

SPOONQUIST [to Humbert]: . . . Perhaps Penny's panties perform poorly.

HUMBERT [to Sylvester]: Hey, Chester baby! Get a load of this sale! I got rid of all my shoehorns! [Aside to Sally] Even the defective ones!

CHESTER SYLVESTER: Humbert, you fool! She's not the company representative! He is!!!

HUMBERT: Looks like the shoes were on the wrong feet! [Audience laughter.]

CHESTER SYLVESTER [to Humbert]: This is a fine mess you've gotten me into. . . .

HUMBERT: I feel like such a heel! [Audience laughter. To Kirby] Time for that plan of yours, don't you think?

KIRBY KEEVER: Yes, you're right. [Takes out pistol.] At last, the moment I've been waiting for! [Fires pistol three times. Sylvester falls to floor.]

SALLY MERGATROID: I really get a bang out of you! [Audience laughter.]

CHESTER SYLVESTER: You treacherous

ingrate! When I took you under my wing you were nothing but a mere stock boy. And now this! True villainy hath reared its ugly head. Now I'm off to that great hosiery department in the sky. [He dies. Audience applause.]

HUMBERT: I wouldn't want to be in his shoes. [Audience laughter.]

SPOONQUIST [removing shoes from Sylvester's feet]: Tempting thought, Theodore. Let's try these terrific Top-Siders tout de suite.

SALLY MERGATROID [to Kirby]: Hey, handsome, how about trying these on for size? [She rips open her blouse to reveal her brassiere, thrusting her chest out toward him.]

SPOONQUIST: My, my! Marvelous milk machines, Miss . . . uh . . .

SALLY MERGATROID: Mergatroid. Sally Mergatroid.

SPOONQUIST: Hey, honey, how about a hot helping of Hush Puppies?

SALLY MERGATROID [unbuckling Spoonquist's belt and dropping to her knees]: Gee, fella, if you want a date, you just have to ask.

SPOONQUIST [his pants falling to the floor, revealing white boxer shorts printed with small red hearts]: My magic muscle moves mountains! Mind mounting my meaty morsel? [Audience laughter.]

SALLY MERGATROID: What a mouthful! [Audience laughter.]

HUMBERT [to Kirby]: He certainly seems to be rising to the occasion. [Audience laughter.]

KIRBY KEEVER: Not so fast, Spoonquist. What about my promotion?

SPOONQUIST: Promotion? Preposterous proposal, Pop-Tart!

KIRBY KEEVER [pointing pistol at Spoonquist]: It only takes one blow.

SALLY MERGATROID: Whatever you say! [Audience laughter.]

SPOONQUIST [to Kirby, as Sally obliges him]: Persuasive proposition! How's head honcho hit you?

KIRBY KEEVER: Me, Kirby Keever, head of hosiery. I can't believe it! At long last, the position's mine!

HUMBERT [eyeing Spoonquist and Sally]: Well, not quite. [Audience laughter.]

SPOONQUIST: Congratulations and kudos, Kirby Keever! Welcome to the wonderful world of women's wonderwear!

KIRBY KEEVER [to Spoonquist]: Just one more question . . .

SPOONQUIST: Shoot. [Kirby fires pistol. Spoonquist gasps and falls to floor.]

KIRBY KEEVER [to Sally]: How'd you like to work under me, Miss Mergatroid?

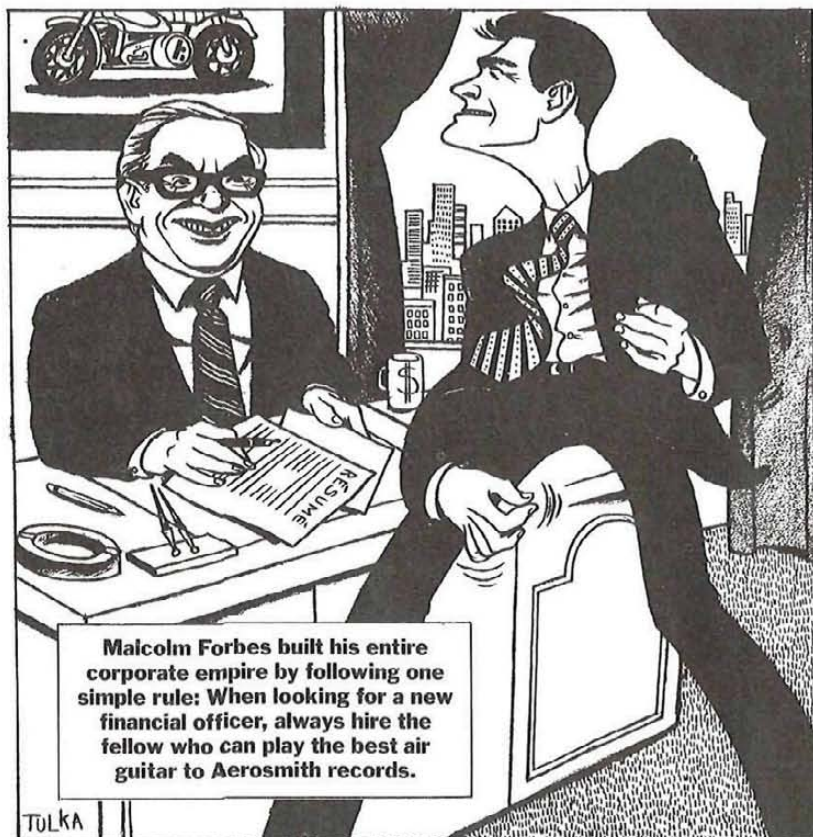
SALLY MERGATROID [embracing Kirby and pulling him to the floor]: I thought you'd never ask! [Audience laughter.]

HUMBERT [picking up boxes of shoes from the counter and carrying them off stage]: Well, like they say, if the shoe fits . . .

[Audience applause, closing theme, roll credits. Cut to commercial.] ■



# IT'S A FA



Malcolm Forbes built his entire corporate empire by following one simple rule: When looking for a new financial officer, always hire the fellow who can play the best air guitar to Aerosmith records.

TOLKA



If you go out with a girl for lunch and afterward she says, "Thanks for the lunch. It was like eating with a large, clicking beetle," then she probably has other plans for dinner.

No man who has nominated his wife, fiancée, or girlfriend as an "Ivory Girl" has ever attained a position in government beyond state senator.

New studies reveal that worry over cholesterol in your diet is ten times more damaging to your heart than the cholesterol itself.

Morgan Fairchild has absolutely no intention of seeking public office.

The Screen Actors Guild membership will never accept that proposal to merge with the Screen Goblins Guild.

That guy you met down at the corner bar last year has completely forgotten the two-hundred-dollar bet you made with him about the Yankees' pennant chances this season.

No one in Libya has any idea how to fix a VCR, and that includes the heads of their technical schools.

Nicotine alone is a very dangerous substance, but when combined with bourbon seems to do a great deal of good for your lungs, and adds a nice healthy glow to your complexion.

If you're planning a vacation to Connecticut, the state's ele-pass, which allows for travel on virtually all public elevators for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one days, is not necessarily a good deal.

No one else remembers who won the Oscar for Best Supporting Actress the year before last, either. Lighten up, Jim.

We can expect the Japanese economic miracle to grind to an abrupt halt in the near future, since their microchip mines are all but exhausted.

# ACT, JIM



**Searching for Daryl Hannah in men's missions on skid row is a mug's game, Jim.**

Surprisingly enough, an earthquake registering nine on the Richter scale has the same force as one pack of chewing gum dropped from a height of nine feet.

If you're out on the road late at night, you can almost always successfully avoid the threat of drunk drivers by driving on the wrong side of the road, since on-coming drunk drivers can be counted on never to be in their own lanes.

The situation in South America is very tense, but people sometimes forget the reassuring fact that the whole area is actually about the size of Hamden, Connecticut, and boasts a total population of just under three hundred, U.S. and Cuban advisers included.

No one has ever died in a quicksand drowning at the Plaza.

Carlos the Jackal has no interest at all in your plans for an extended summer camping trip with the family.

There's no way you'll ever have to take mandatory break-dancing classes to get really good jobs. It's just a fad, Jim.

If your face ever appears on money, you will have been dead far too long to worry over the fact that a lot of strangers are sitting on your face.

Anything you woke up in the middle of the night to write down on a piece of paper which you then couldn't make out in the morning was just gibberish from square one.

You look like you need a drink, Jim. Let's go.

# More Bumper Stickers

BY RON HAUGE

**MY OTHER CAR  
IS IN ESCROW**

*Honk If You're Jesus*

***SCHOOL'S OPEN:***

***DRIVE LIKE HELL, YOU'LL GET THERE!***

**I'D RATHER BE A  
HIGHWAY PATROLMAN  
--GOD BLESS THEM!!**

*Ask Me About My Grandchildren  
Now, While I'm Driving*

**THIS CAR STOPS  
AT ALL FREEWAY  
APPROACHES**

**MAFIA STAFF CAR:  
KEEPA U HANDS  
OFF THE INSIDE  
OF THE TRUNK**

**HONK IF YOU'RE DEAF**

**IF YOU LOVE JESUS...  
YOU'RE TOO DAMN CLOSE!**



# JESUS &



# DR. TARNOWER: Remarkable Coincidence or What?

## Jesus

Was Jewish.

Is dead.

Lived in Bethlehem.  
Bethlehem has nine letters.

Fed the masses with fishes  
and loaves.

Suffered the little children to  
come unto him.

Played God.

Made blind men see.

Made a practice of  
prescribing fasts.

Walked on water but had no  
pool.

Ministered to the well and  
healed the sick.

Died with holes in both  
hands.

Was crucified on the Cross.

Raised the dead.

## Dr. Herman Tarnower

Was Jewish.

Is dead.

Lived in Scarsdale. Scarsdale  
has nine letters.

Withheld fishes and loaves  
from the masses.

Suffered.

Played golf.

Made blind men thin.

Built a practice by  
prescribing speed.

Had a pool but couldn't walk  
on water.

Ministered to the well-heeled  
sick.

Died with a hole in one  
hand.

Was crucified by the press.

Raised his rates.

# FUNNY PAGES

**AM I RE-ELECTED YET?**

★ → ★ ← ★ → ★ ↑

**ZIPPY CAMP XIX '84**

★ ← ★ → ★ ← ★ ↓

• THE UNAUTHORIZED VERSION •

ZIP, YOU'RE SLIPPIN' IN THE POLLS... WE GOTTA DO SOMETHING!!

I COULD COME OUT OF TH' CLOSET & ADMIT I'M CYNID LAUPER!

OR I COULD CONFESS TO WRITING THE HEADLINES OF THE "NEW YORK POST" FOR THE PAST SIX YEARS!!

NO, NO... SOMETHING BIG... SOMETHING REALLY BIG...

I'M SO ASHAMED..

MEG TRE

MEGA TREND

NEXT DAY--

ZIPPY, HOW'S IT GOIN' WITH TH' PULASKIS?

I THINK WE STILL NEED TO SLIP IN A FEW MORE POLES. SHELF-LIFE!

...I GOT A BETTER IDEA!

LISTEN, I BROKE INTO THE MAIN GALLUP COMPUTER BANK & GOT TH' NAMES & ADDRESSES OF TH' 15,000 FAMILIES TO BE SURVEYED IN THE FINAL PRESIDENTIAL PREFERENCE

WOULD YOU SAY THAT AGAIN IN CROATIAN!

SOON, IN CINCINNATI--

ALL RIGHT, THIS IS TH' FIRST HOUSE. GIVE 'EM A DEEP CARPET SHAMPOO & A SHAKER OF BRANDY ALEXANDERS!

WILL THEY VOTE FOR ME IF I MOW THEIR DOG?

ZIP Mobile

Z88 MOBI

AND LAS VEGAS--

HERE, YOU TAKE OUT THEIR GARBAGE AND SAY HOW MUCH YOU ENJOY KENNY ROGERS!!

THEY'LL LOVE MY SHEKY GREENE IMPERSONATION!!

VOTE PIN

AND CHICAGO--

GO TO APARTMENT 3B! VACUUM BEHIND THE STOVE & OFFER THEM FREE DENTAL WORK--

OKAY, BUT I DON'T DO ROOT CANAL!

NAME YOUR PRICE

AND DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA--

THESE PEOPLE ARE HIGHLY EDUCATED. GIVE THEM YOUR CANDIDID OPINION OF THE SPINOZA-FREUD DEBATE. THEN CLEAN THEIR CUISINART--

NO PROB, S.L. I POSSESS AN EXTREMELY AROGANT BOUQUET!

TWO WEEKS AND 14,996 FAMILIES LATER--

IT WORKED, ZIP!! WE'VE GOT THE OTHER MAJOR CANDIDATES ON THE RUN IN SIXTEEN "MUST HAVE" STATES!

©1984 Bill Griffith

I ONLY PRAY I CAN LIVE UP TO THE EXPECTATIONS OF THE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WHO ACTUALLY WISH THEY HAD KENNY ROGERS'S LIFESTYLE!!

WHEN DO I GET MY FINGERLESS GLOVES?

**RESULTS of the LATEST SCIENTIFIC POLL:**

**ZIPPY vs. MONDALE**

ZIPPY

MONDALE

JAN FEB MAR APR MAY JUN JUL AG SP OCT NOV DEC

**ZIPPY vs. REAGAN**

ZIPPY

REAGAN

JAN FEB MAR APR MAY JUN JUL AG SP OCT NOV DEC

**ZIPPY vs. MORGAN FAIRCHILD**

ZIPPY

MORGAN

JAN FEB MAR APR MAY JUN JUL AG SP OCT NOV DEC

**ZIPPY vs. CRUSADER RABBIT**

ZIPPY

RABBIT

JAN FEB MAR APR MAY JUN JUL AG SP OCT NOV DEC

**ZIPPY vs. MR. T**

ZIPPY

"T"

JAN FEB MAR APR MAY JUN JUL AG SP OCT NOV DEC

**ZIPPY vs. KENNY ROGERS**

ZIPPY

KENNY

JAN FEB MAR APR MAY JUN JUL YEH POTZ ZEBIE !!!

YOU OUT THERE!! THIS NOV. 6TH IS YOUR CHANCE TO EITHER THROW YOUR VOTE AWAY ON THE REPUBLICANS, THE DEMOCRATS, OR

**ZIPPY..**

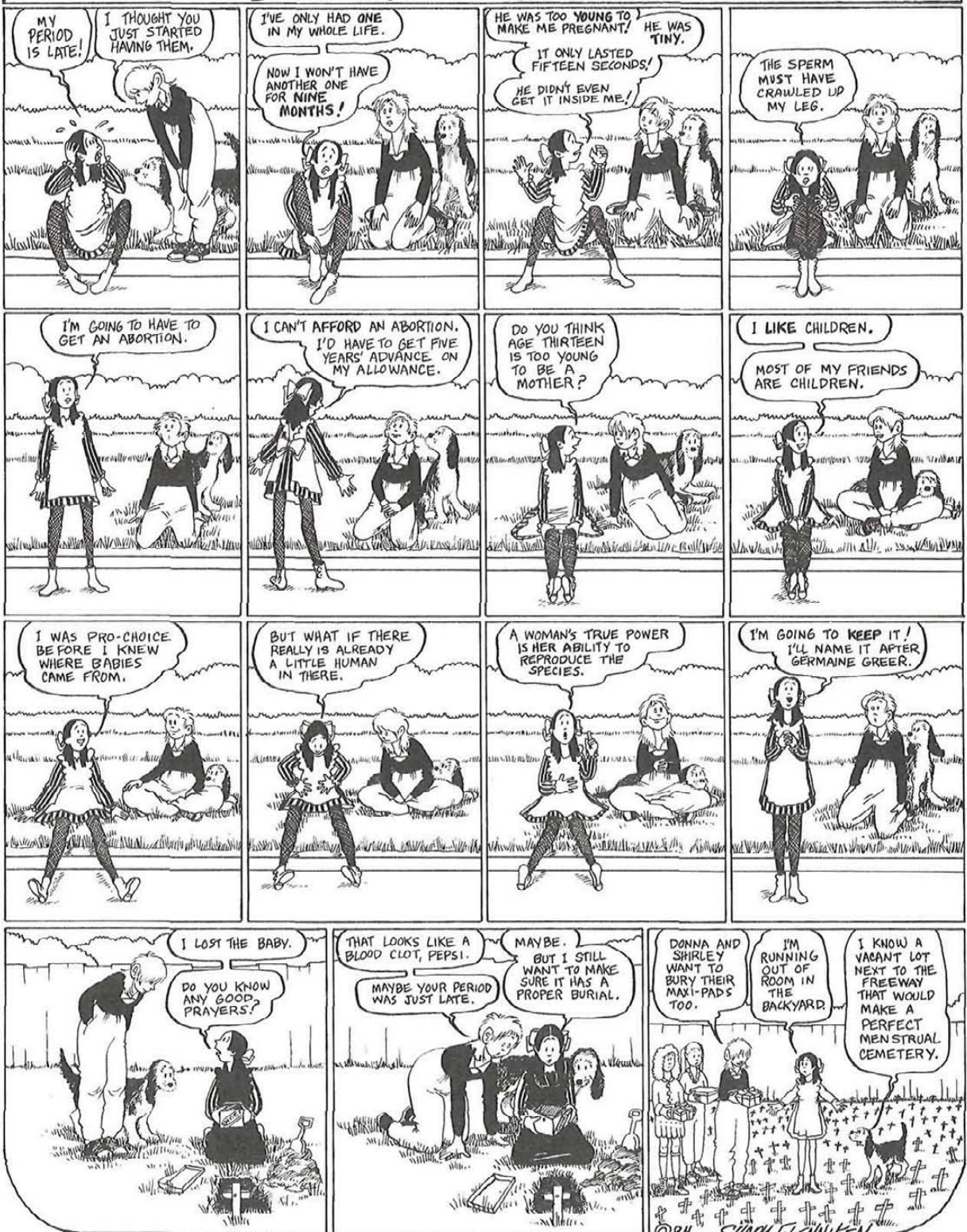
TH CHOICE IS UP TO YOU. VOTE EARLY AND VOTE OFTEN !!

FOR ME

U.S.A.

NEXT: TOTAL CHAOS!!

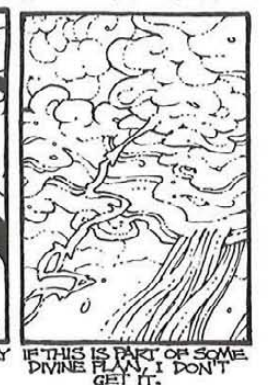
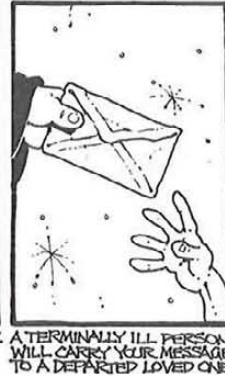
# TROTS and BONNIE



©84 SHARY FLENNIKEN



POPULAR PROBLEMS © 1984 RON HAUGE

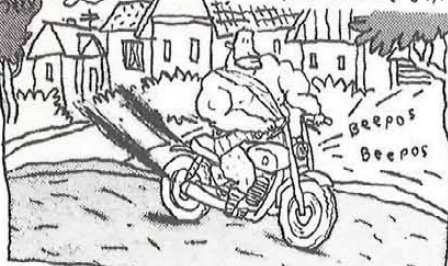


# THE ADVENTURES OF HERCULES AMONGST THE NORTH AMERICANS

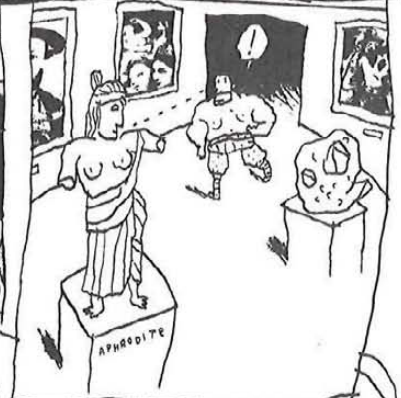
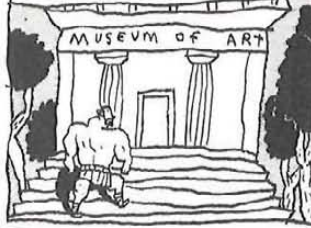
© 1984 Mark "CYCLOPS" MAREK



Listen, personas gratas, as I tell you once more of HERCULES...

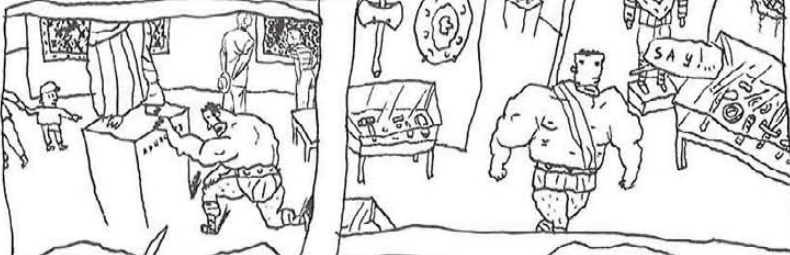


...noble citizen and man of culture



Hercules spots his old knife, last used in the battle of Korinthos

I was wondering what had become of this



GODDESS OF LOVE, LOOK FAVORABLY UPON ME SATURDAY NIGHT.

...and my spear...

...and my belt!

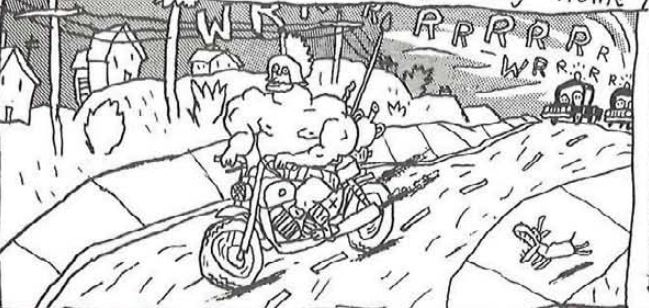
And this, my old helmet



I shall for the return on the morrow



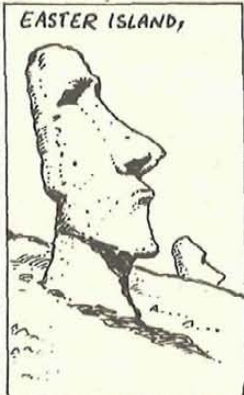
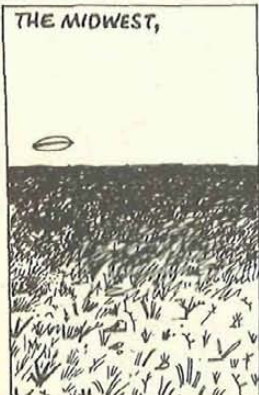
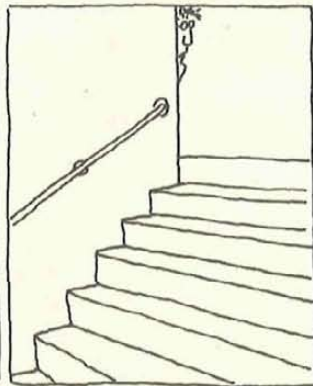
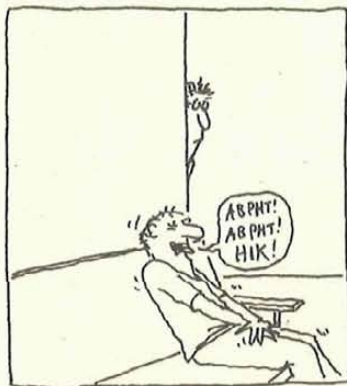
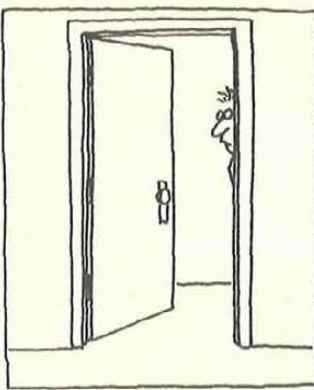
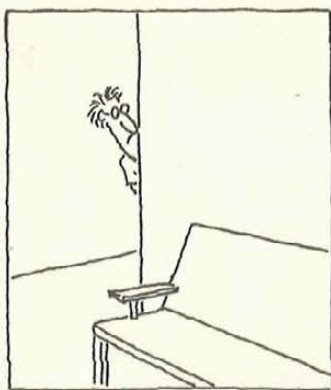
The din of a thousand ancient memories rings loudly and clearly in the mind of Hercules during his journey home



arriving safely, Hercules relaxes, a legendary figure from ancient times and yet a man in touch with today



**WARD**  
by CHENEY

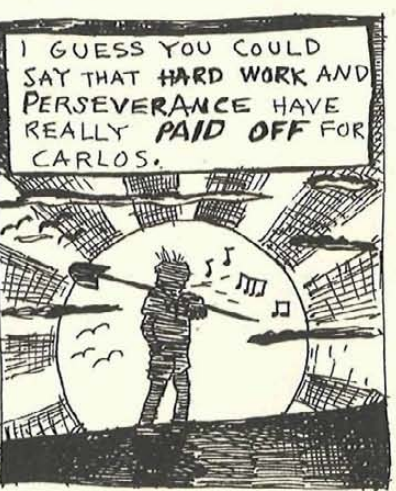
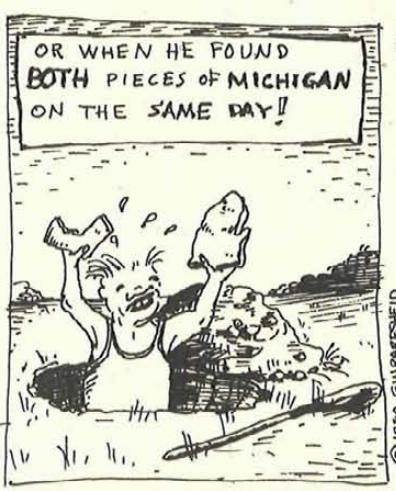
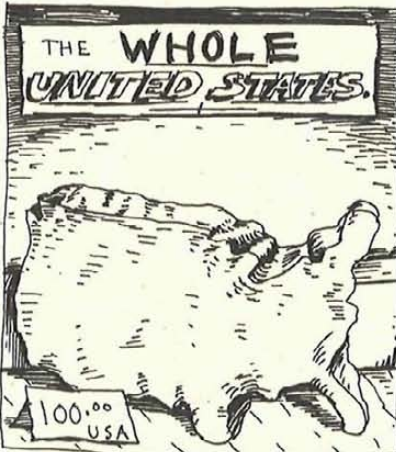
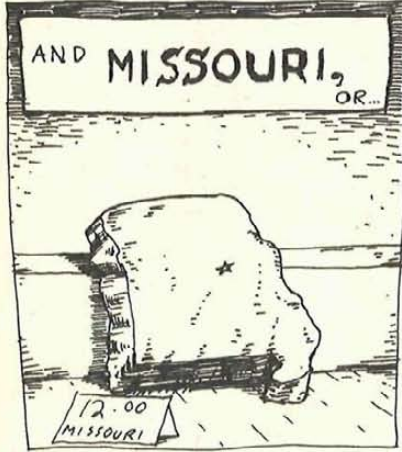
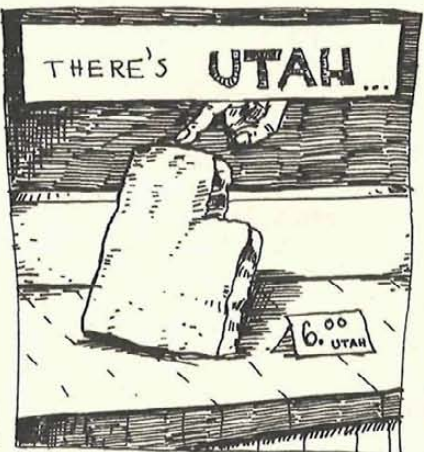
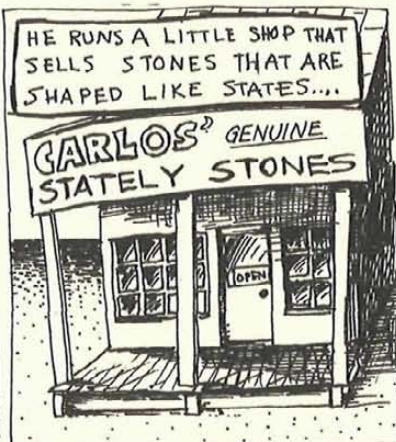


NEXT MONTH: SHEPHERD'S PIE

# SUCCESS STORY

BY

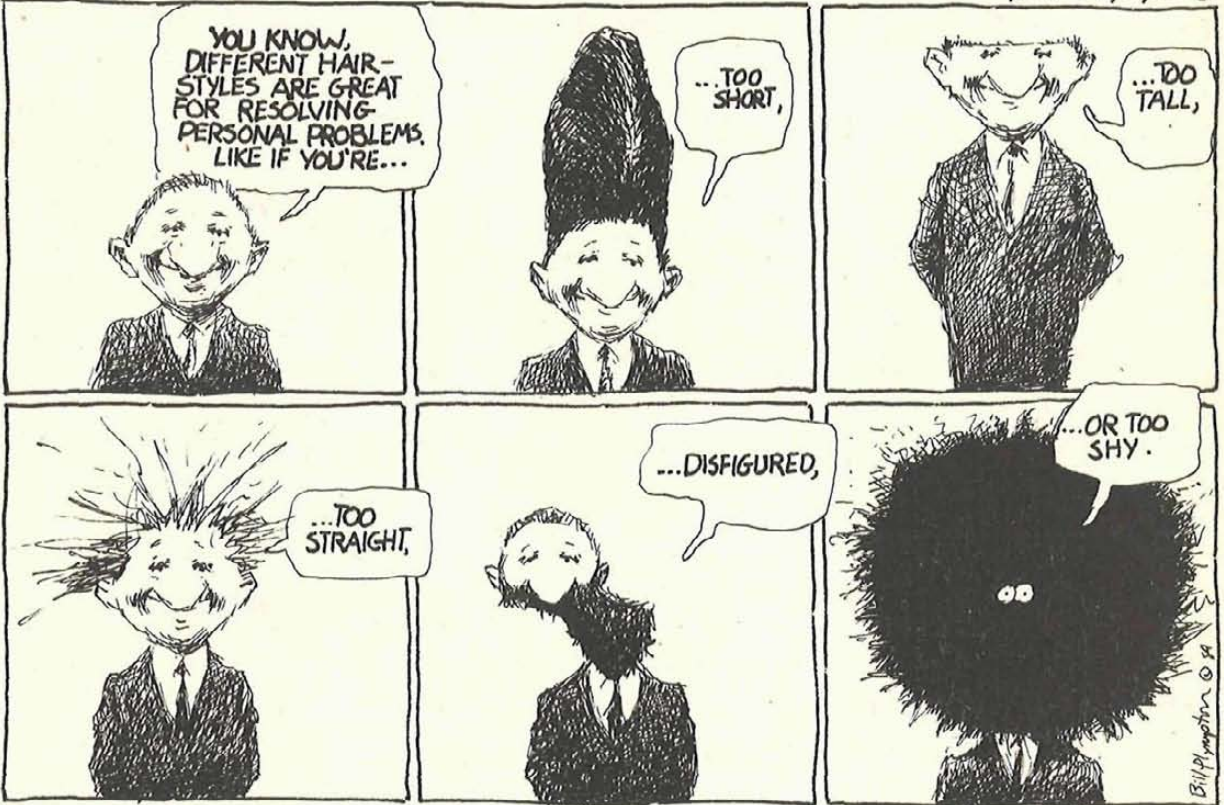
G.W. RARESHEID



© 1980 G.W. RARESHEID

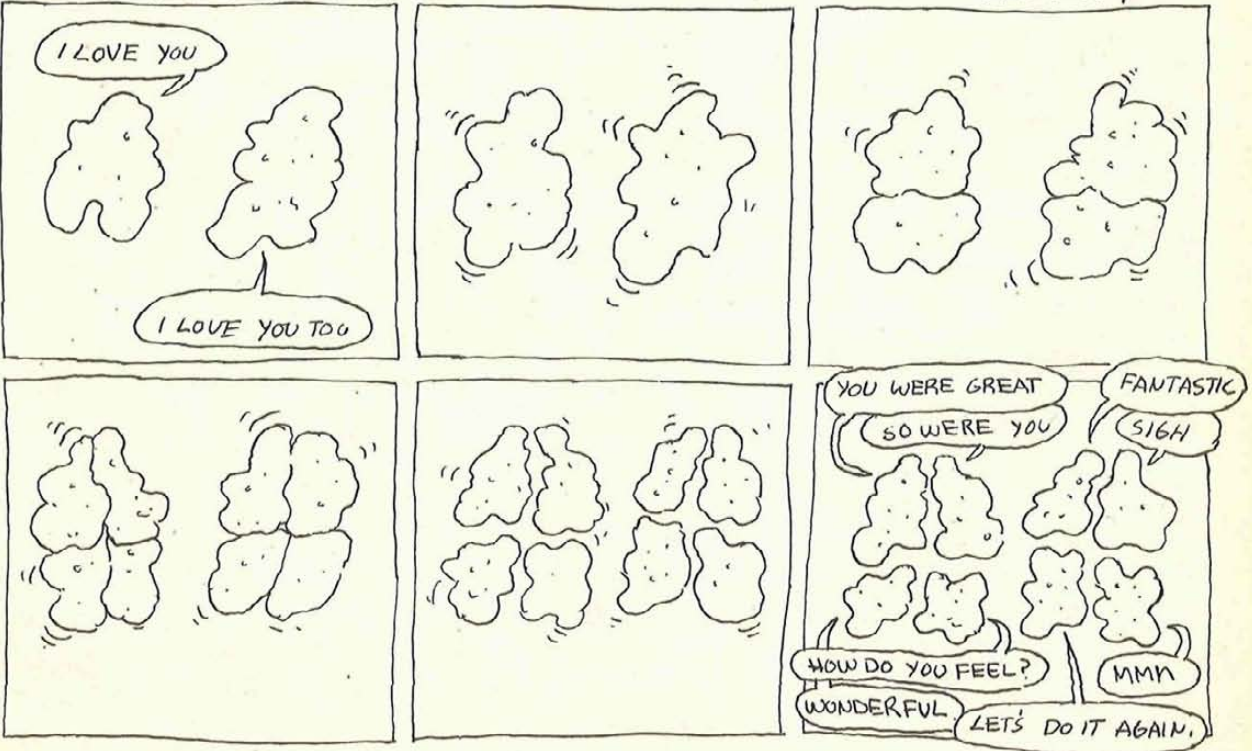
HAIRSTYLES

Bill Plympton



THEORETICAL BIOLOGY

P.C. VEY



# THE APPLETONS

A Saga of an American Family



by B.K. Taylor ©1984



## WHITE PIG, BLACK PIG

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

"Perhaps I did not have the advantages that others might have had," he called to them. "Perhaps I have had to work at incense selling since I was seven to support my mother's habit, which was licking her finger before turning the pages of a newspaper. But that is nothing to be ashamed of. It is an honest living. Which is more than can be said of most men, black and white, but more white than black, and in particular your small group of ruthless fathers and their olive oil import—ha!—businesses. There are, remember, both white pigs and black pigs in this world. Of course you remember the horrible affair of Costello's soul. No? It was reported in all the radical underground Black Muslim mimeographed, therefore splotchy and hard to read, leaflets or, when they fold them in half, pamphlets. Or, when collated and stapled together, booklets. Look, here's one now. Read it, then call me *Mister Incense Salesman Tibbs*."

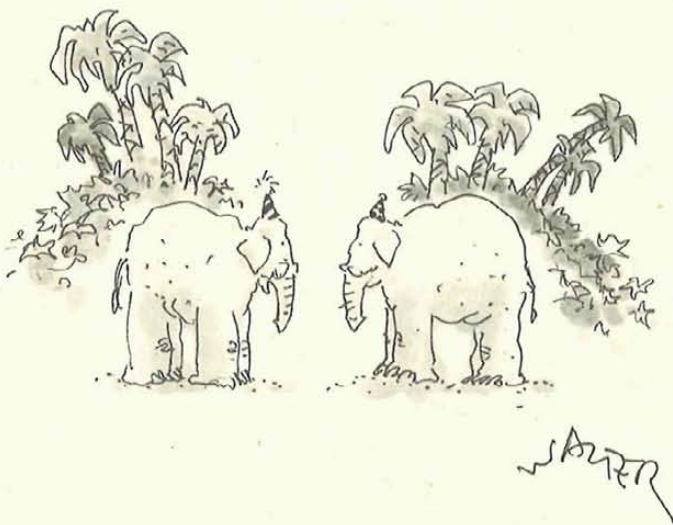
And, throwing a final flaming stone at him, the boys sat down curbside to read. . . .

### MURPHY AND COSTELLO . . . COMEDIANS OR COMEDIAN?

BY

NIPSEY RUSSELL.

a.k.a. CASSIUS PLAY-DOH



*"I can't remember when I've had so much fun. Of course, that's just a figure of speech."*

THERE ARE WHITE PIGS AND BLACK PIGS. That is, there are, in this world, evil men who are white, and evil men who are black. Sometimes they are one and the same. But not often—sometimes only once in a zillion years, sometimes more, sometimes less, sometimes exactly. It depends on the zillion years in question!

In this particular zillion years, this interracial synchronicity of evil only occurred once, in the case of Costello and Murphy. It all began in ancient Egypt, where a certain soul had just separated from its first mortal body, that of Sam the Sham, a.k.a. Cleopatra, but only in the privacy of his own home, a.k.a. pyramid. The Sham had been killed instantly, a consequence of throwing a spear at a chariot of the gods, which he had mistaken for a cylindrical glowing fleeing Jew.

Upon the death of Sam the Sham the soul was free, by virtue of its highly evolved state of purity, to ascend directly to the House of the Lord and bypass the chain of reincarnation necessary for most souls. But the disembodied soul of Sam the Sham saw that dwelling in the House of the Lord, at the side of the Divine Light of the Universe, meant being low man on the totem pole, whereas on earth one could be a very big noise, indeed.

Therefore his soul sought out the nearest glowing red light, which meant

rebirth and one good time after another. And after many hundreds of years and many dozens of lives, that soul became adept at finding the nearest and reddest of glowing lights, in its decadence turning more and more to evil and greed and selfishness. The better the time it had in one body, the better the time it wanted to have in the next.

In its incarnation as the hellish Harriet Beecher Stowe, it enjoyed a life of ultimate pleasure at the expense of millions of starving children in India, until Stowe was killed instantly in the act of throwing a bomb at the touring car of Archduke Ferdinand of Austria-Hungary, mistaking it for a cylindrical glowing fleeing Jew. And thus it was that the soul was once again free, and in its freedom delighted at the discovery of the nearest and reddest of all the glowing lights it had ever seen.

"Oh boy," said the soul, plunging into it. "This one's going to be a pip!" And it was. Weighing in at a remarkable eighty-five pounds seven ounces, Lou Costello was born.

AS THE FAMOUS COMEDIAN LOU COSTELLO, the soul achieved new heights of evildom. Gone were the restraints imposed upon a woman in the Victorian era. And not having to write so many books left more time not to write books, but to have fun. Fun with a capital Plenty Of It. Harmless fun, yes, but mostly at the expense of those who trusted him most: that is, his friends, family, and Bud.

Ah, Bud . . .

The man Louella Parsons dubbed, in her column, "The Philosopher King." The man Bertrand Russell, a philosopher king himself, referred to as "The Philosopher King's Philosopher King."

Ah, Bud . . .

The driving force behind the formation of the League of Nations, the Red Cross, the Boy Scouts of America, and the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. The man Father Flanagan called "Father Flanagan."

Ah, Bud . . .

Oooh, Lou . . .

Child porn star under the name of Jackie Coogan Wadd. Schoolyard bully with his own portable iron maiden. Armchair vivisectionist at the age of ten; full-time, highly paid professional by the age of thirteen. Hit boy for the Mob.

He learned how to use a gun before he learned how to talk, and when he learned how to talk his first words were

"Please pass the cartridges."

Costello once shot a man for snoring too loud. Soon afterward he shot a man for not snoring loud enough. Still another time he shot a man for snoring at just the right temperature.

Costello killed men the way other men killed ants—by stepping on the hills in which they dwelt.

He never went to college because "college is for men without guns." Instead he traveled from town to town in the Midwest selling specially printed Bibles in which the word "God" was removed from all passages and replaced with the words "Lou Costello."

Costello met Abbott in Kansas City when, during one of Abbott's epileptic fits, Costello mistook him for one of those hoses that ring when you jump on them in a gas station, and ran over him thirty times trying to get some service.

"Ding," Abbott finally said. And vaudeville was born. A year later it died when it fell into Costello's swimming pool, an accident for which Costello never forgave his wife.

"What do we do now," said Abbott, "now that your wife in her allegedly drunken stupor has let vaudeville die?"

"You said 'now' twice," said Costello. "What are you, one of those optical illusions?"

"Will you never stop razzing me? Just because my head in profile sometimes looks like half a lamp, other times like a head in profile?"

Shut up, Abbott, I'm thinking, thought Costello. Optical illusions . . . movies. That's it! We'll go to Hollywood, get a contract with Universal. Then, after fourteen of the most low-brow pictures ever made, all with Bobby Barber, our popularity will wane. And after three more feeble attempts to regain the love of millions of postwar dopes, we will be sent packing by the studio bigwigs. Then we will become estranged and do a television show, the first season of which will go down in entertainment history as the second-funniest television series ever produced starring performers with some combination of the names Bud, Lou, Abbott, and Costello. Our second season, on the other hand, will be fatally marred by the inclusion of a plot in each episode, and by a crack in the camera lens that will run all the way up Abbott's right leg and halfway across the lighting grid, a crack to be caused by my eccentric insistence that two teams of six horses harnessed with chains be employed to constantly pull the set apart.

Then I will die, and you, Abbott, will have your picture taken reading about my death in a newspaper. . . . Oh, yes; Harvey Korman will play you in the movie, and Buddy Hackett me, damn it! Why couldn't it be the other way around? Why why why? Then you will die, before the movie, actually. But after the stilted Saturday morning cartoon, for you must supply the voice of Abbott. And on this ultimately humiliating note, your life will end.

Abbott tapped Costello on the shoulder.

"Speak up," he said. "What do you think I am, a brain reader?"

"All in good time," Costello said. "First we must hock your clothes and the ring your mother gave you on her deathbed—no, do not deny it, I know it is in your left shoe underneath the Odor Eater, hand it over—and buy two train tickets to California, one first-class, and one for the baggage car. You cannot expect to ride in first-class naked, can you? Now let's go!"

And they did. And it all came true.

On his deathbed, Costello was visited by the entire cast of *The Abbott and Costello Show*, except for Abbott, who had said he would have nothing to do with Costello's death except maybe have a picture taken of himself reading about it in the papers. But only maybe. And only if the photographer said, "Please, Abbott."

"Louie, we hardly knew ye," said Stinky, weakly.

"Thank God for that," said Mr. Fields. "With that kind of knowledge I think we would all become madmen, madwomen, and madchimps. But not necessarily in that order," he concluded, glaring savagely at Gordon Jones, as Mike the Cop.

"What are you extenuating?" Jones grimaced.

"Simply this," said Fields. "If I were to remove the gun from your holster and replace it with a banana, it would not be at all ironic."

"Oh leave him alone, Fields, you big slumlord, you," said Hillary. "Even if Mike were twice the chimp he is now, he'd still be only half the chimp you are."

"That means," Stinky said sadly, "that Mike is only one-quarter the chimp that Mr. Fields is now. We studied that in math today."

"Ha! See?" said Hillary. "And what about that leaky pipe I asked you to fix last week?"

"I only have two hands," said Fields.

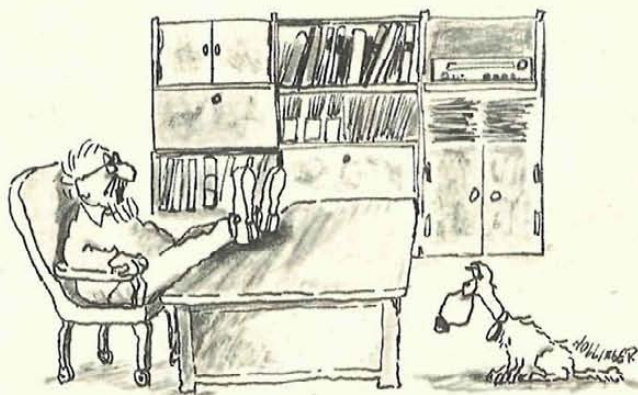
"Well, use your feet. I'm sure they have thumbs on them."

"Stop it! Stop it!" cried Melonhead Fields, played by Mr. Fields in a toupee. "Costello's the man we should be hating; not ourselves."

"You're right," said Gordon Jones, as Mike the Cop. "Why doesn't he die? I wish he would die already."

"We all wish he would die," said Hillary. "He has always brought new

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76)



"You know, Rex, I can't very well go on calling you 'The Wonder Dog' if you're going to continue urinating in the kitchen each and every night."



# TRUE FACTS

## Strange Bedfellows

**S**OME PARENTS COMPLAINED when Chamblee High School in Atlanta, Georgia, issued its 1984 "Atomic Yearbook." According to the *Abuquerque Journal*: "The cover of the yearbook has a huge orange mushroom cloud and the back has a civil defense symbol. The yearbook, which glows in the dark, also has an X ray of a human head and pictures of students and teachers in helmets and gas masks."

One parent called the yearbook "a tasteless attempt to treat nuclear warfare as something humorous." But a school official dismissed the charge, explaining, "It's just to show how our school is full of explosive spirit." (contributed by Stephen V. Schroats)

THIS ITEM APPEARED IN LONDON'S *DAILY Mail*:

"The accent, apart from anything else, gave Irishman Brendan Maloney away when he tried to cash a Giro cheque made out to Abdul Khaliq. A birth certificate with 'Maloney' crossed out and 'Khaliq' written in didn't help. At Birmingham yesterday, he was fined one hundred pounds." (contributed by Steve Johnson)

"BUSINESS RIVALRY" WAS BLAMED FOR A brawl in Soweto, South Africa, in which nine people were stabbed. The brawl erupted at a funeral between competing undertakers. *Winnipeg Free Press* (contributed by Gerry Normand)

DISHWASHERS WERE IN THE NEWS recently.

According to the *Chicago Tribune*, dishwashers are good for cooking fish. "Put the foil-wrapped fish in the top of the dishwasher, the part that usually holds cups and glasses," advised an unbylined food column. "Then turn on the dishwasher (without soap, of course) and run it through the full cycle." (contributed by Christine Lorge)

And in Berkeley, California, police said that twenty-three-year-old Carolyn Matsumoto carefully stacked the



RHONDA BILIC, MIAMI SHORES, FLA



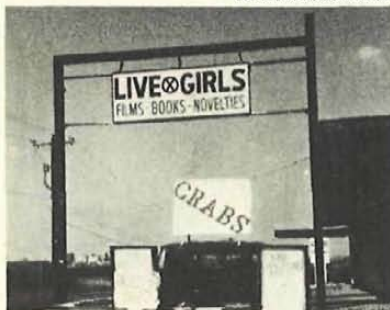
STEVE HESS, REHOBETH, DEL



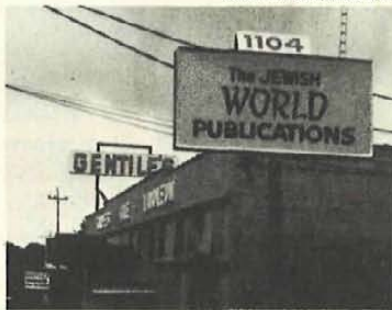
LEE TAPLINGER, RICHMOND, VA



ROBERT H. WOODY, AUGUSTA, GA



RUSSELL MEYER, BRIDGETON, N.J



ROBERT LIPMAN, ALBANY, N.Y



JOSEPH R. LEDERER, MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIF



NED HORTON, PORTLAND, MAINE

interior trays of her dishwasher and some personal effects on the floor next to the machine, then climbed inside the top-loading dishwasher, which started automatically when its door closed, and suffocated. Her death was being treated as a suicide. *New York Post* (contributed by Eve Cohen)

JAPANESE NATIONAL RAILWAYS HAS ISSUED its annual report on items left on passenger trains. This year's list includes 500,000 umbrellas, \$18 million in cash, twenty-nine small dogs, one snake in a bag, and 150 sets of false teeth. In addition, fifteen passengers left behind urns containing the ashes of dead relatives. *CP* (contributed by Gary Raymond)

THIS STORY MOVED OVER THE UPI WIRE: "Ashington, England—Safety engineers checking the emergency braking system on a 480-foot mine-shaft elevator said they had no idea two miners were trapped inside during the bouncing tests.

"I never want to get back into a pit cage as long as I live," said Mark Hetherington, who was bounced up and down inside the elevator for two hours.

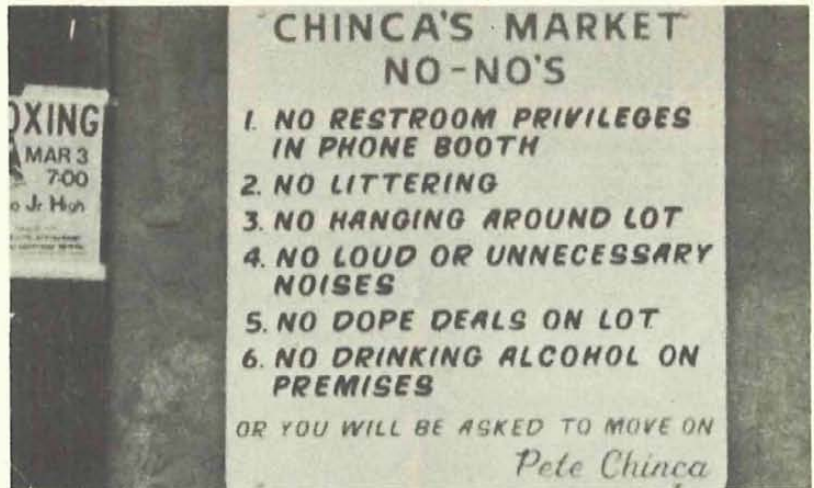
"The elevator was raised to the surface and then sent into a free fall four times to test the braking system before safety engineers realized the two men were inside." (contributed by Mark Silberger)

AFTER DOCTORS AT KINGS COUNTY HOSPITAL removed 1,203 pieces of hardware from her stomach, Mabel Wolf, of Brooklyn, New York, confessed that while employed in the hardware department of a large department store she had eaten a huge collection of tacks, nails, screws, pins, beads, wire, glass, and bolts. Asked why, Wolf replied, "I guess I did it to be funny." *International Herald Tribune* (contributed by Nina Coleman)

THIS ITEM APPEARED IN THE MEMPHIS *Commercial Appeal*:

"A Wales hospital is being sued because the man who sat silent and cross-legged on the floor watching the birth of a boy was not the child's father—but the mother's guru. 'We all thought the chap on the floor was the husband. We were all amazed to find out he wasn't,' said a member of the maternity unit. The father is suing because he had asked to attend the birth but was not informed when his wife went into labor." (contributed by Charles Peck)

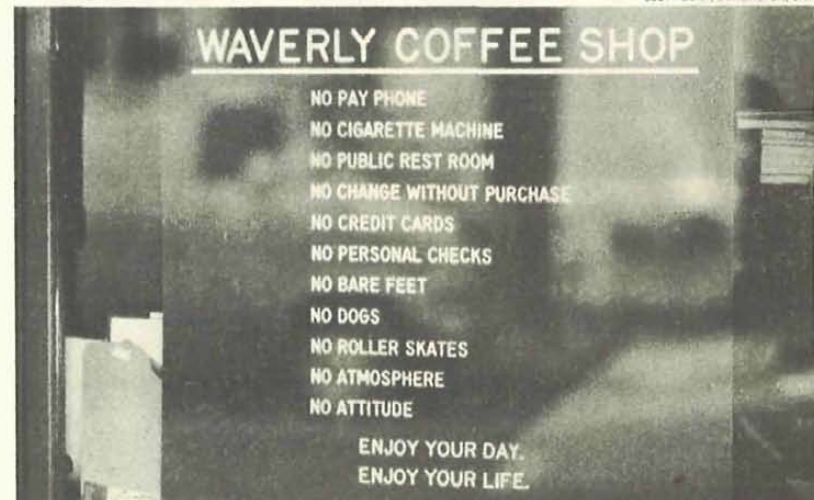
## The No-No Report



MIKE TROY, CHICO, CALIF.



SCOTT BUIST, BURLINGTON, ONT.



ROBERT SALVO, NEW YORK, N.Y.

## Those Darned Senior Citizens

**W**ILLIAM JOSEPH KAYES, seventy-two, of Springfield, Virginia, was arrested by Maryland State Police after driving his pickup truck down the wrong side of Interstate 70, running some seventy other vehicles off the road into ditches and median strips. Kayes tried to ram three police cars pursuing him, and he kept driving after officers shot out his tires. He stopped only after police managed to shoot out his truck's radiator. *AP* (Joe Rydholm)

PAMELA MEGGINSON, SIXTY-ONE, WAS sentenced to life in prison for beating Alex Hubbers to death with a champagne bottle while they were having sex at his apartment in Cap Ferrat, France. Megginson was incensed to learn that the seventy-nine-year-old Hubbers had taken up with a younger woman, Nicole Arnaud, thirty-nine. (New York) *Daily News* (contributed by J. Mulvena)

JAMES BARNES, NINETY-SIX, WAS CONVICTED of swindling five Brooklyn, New

York, women out of \$6,000 and sentenced to jail. Barnes, whose criminal record goes back to 1929, told investigators he has a twenty-four-year-old wife and an eight-month-old son. *National Examiner* (contributed by Joseph Forbes)

MARGIE MOELLER, SEVENTY-EIGHT, of Muskogee, Oklahoma, shot and killed her husband, Albert Moeller, eighty-five, after a night-long argument over last wills. The elder Moeller succumbed to two .38-caliber gunshot wounds to the chest. *Tulsa World* (contributed by Jerry Scott)

ABEL PALMEIRIM, SEVENTY-FOUR, AND Stanislaw Pereira Lopes, seventy-three, were caught in the act of burglarizing the home of a São Paulo, Brazil, accountant. According to Police Inspector Osvaldo Jesus da Silva, the accountant was returning home "when he saw his house all lit up and heard Lopes yelling at Palmeirim to hurry up. But Palmeirim, who doesn't hear very well, just took his time and kept up his leisurely pace. He was still busy stealing when we arrived. Lopes tried to

escape, but his varicose veins slowed him down, and he was caught quite easily."

Explaining that both burglars had extensive criminal records, da Silva added that "they wanted to relive the good old days when both had reputations as being among the city's most skillful burglars." *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Jeff Beck)

ALEANDRO POLVERARI, EIGHTY-SEVEN, staged his own funeral over the objections of local church officials, who refused to offer a funeral mass for the occasion. Polverari, who led nearly two hundred cars full of friends and mourners behind his empty coffin, explained that he "wanted to see who would come to my funeral and what it would be like." (New York) *Daily News* (contributed by J. Mulvena)

FLOYD YULLIE, SEVENTY-TWO, KING OF the Fourth Irregular Prune Parade in El Monte, California, failed to appear at the event after he became ill from eating too many prunes. (Pasadena, California) *Star-News* (contributed by James Sullivan)

MARY ANA MELLO, SEVENTY-SEVEN, WAS arrested and charged with beating and torturing her eighty-year-old husband, Carlos Mello, in their New Bedford, Massachusetts, home over a three-day period. Though confined to a wheelchair, Mrs. Mello hit her frail mate with a cane, a glass vase, and other objects. According to a policeman on the scene, "Mr. Mello also said that his wife did not allow him to sleep during this same period, and when he tried, she grabbed his genitals and pulled, squeezed, and twisted them until he could not stand the pain any longer and he would just stay awake."

The policeman added that Mr. Mello's genital area was "swollen to the size of a small balloon." *Great Falls (Montana) Tribune* (contributed by Teri Mackey)

WILLIAM DELANO, SEVENTY-SEVEN, DIED in Warsaw, Virginia, after he was struck by the falling rubble of a concrete wall that had been hit by a car. The car was driven by Delano's elderly wife, Dorothy, who was taking her driver's license test at the time. *Montgomery Journal* (contributed by Bill O'Neil)



Virginia McMartin, seventy-six, expressed her feelings for photographers after she pleaded "not guilty, period" to charges that she and four others had molested children at a California preschool center she owned.

## WHITE PIG, BLACK PIG

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72) meaning to the phrase 'vile devious crumb.'"

"Listen," said Bingo the Chimp. "He speaks. He speaks to us of the red light. He must mean the one described in the *Bardo Thodol*."

"What's that?" asked Fields.

"The Tibetan Book of the Dead, Mr. Fields. It says that for a soul to enter a light that is red means rebirth, and nothing but."

"Oh yeah," put in Stinky. "I read that once for my humanities class at the local community college."

"I'm gonna kill that kid," said Mr. Fields.

"I'll have to confiscate you if you do," said Mike the Cop.

"Now I must die!" screamed Lou at the top of his lungs. And he did.

And everyone was happy, and peppy, and bursting with love. Everyone, that is, except Bingo, who was pensive and handsome.

"Costello reborn?" Bingo worried aloud.

"God help us, everyone," wept Stinky, throwing away his crutch. He would not be needing it anymore. For Lou Costello, dead, would never again break his legs every day as a practical joke.

Stinky rubbed his chin. *Or would he?*

ON A COLD, COLD JANUARY NIGHT IN OCTOBER of 1960, somewhere in the steamy, teeming, slum-like ghetto that is Long Island, a child was born unto the world. Three wise addicts from the east, where the pool hall was, brought him gifts of basketball shoes, the laces of which were not for tying, a baseball cap with stripes around it, a little too small for his head, a belt buckle with a space for his name if he ever got one, and myrrh.

The unlicensed midwife said, "I've never seen a black child look so much like Lou Costello."

"What about Gary Coleman?" said the least wise of the wise heroin addicts.

"He is yet to be born," said Mrs. Murphy, the unnamed, and possibly unnameable, child's mother.

"We must go now," said one of the wise addicts, "and take all of your belongings with us." And they did, but not before messing up the joint.

"I have a dream," said Mrs. Murphy, "that someday my son will be the kind of addict that can support his habit honestly."

"Dream on," said the unlicensed

midwife, tying off her arm.

"Let us pray now, that the babe will grow up to be an honest hardworking man," said Mrs. Murphy.

"I have a better idea," said the unlicensed midwife. "Let's go down to the bodega and play the numbers."

And they did, leaving the hungry infant an unopened can of RavioliOs and a pint of Peach Ripple. But not before messing up the joint some more.

And for fifteen years the child was left on his own.

"I will call myself 'Eddie,'" he decided one day. To make it legal he went down to the smithy, where, if you were black, you could have your name engraved on your belt and bet on the razor fights "While-U-Wait."

While Eddie Murphy watched men slice each other to ribbons with straight razors, a voice echoed in his head: "I used to do this to Stinky." He did not know the meaning of the words. All he knew was that if he could find this "Stinky" and cut him to ribbons he would be a much happier man. Then it came to him. It did not have to be "Stinky" and it did not necessarily have to be a razor. It could be to all white people and it could be with jokes. Better yet, to all people everywhere and with verbal abuse.

Lou Costello's soul was awakened. And it wasn't long before Eddie Murphy was richer and crueller than Lou Costello and Harriet Beecher Stowe put together.

MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE IN A PRISON, somewhere in Kansas, somewhere in the United States, the mutant offspring of Bud Abbott sat, stewing not in his own juices, but in those of his cellmate. Jack Henry Abbott stewed because of the humiliation Lou Costello had caused his father, Bud Abbott. On his deathbed, Bud Abbott said to little Jack Henry this: "Daddy's partner was an evil, evil man. His soul had inhabited many, many bodies before that of your uncle Lou. By the time you grow up, he will have been reborn. He will surely be more terrible than your uncle Lou ever was. You must promise me to seek out and destroy this . . . this New Costello, if you will. And before he dies, you must place him in a lead box and seal it tightly so that his soul can never escape. You will recognize him by the sign of the belly of the beast on the top of his pointy little head. The sign is this number: Alexander-2222. Good luck, good night, and may God bless."

Then he died. No watch, no nothing.

"If I ever get my hands on the numbered head of that reconstituted Lou Costello," thought prison barber Jack Henry Abbott as he shaved the head of the new death-row prisoner. "I will surely kill him and then blame it on society. Then I will seal his body up tight in a lead box and drop it into the deepest ocean in the world, which is in Egypt. And I will blame it on my father, who commands me from beyond the grave, with the power of many remote-controlled garage-door openers aimed at my entirely self-educated-past-the-second-grade, ask-me-anything-about-the-existentialists-type-brain . . ."

"Ouch," yelled the prisoner, who was black and Eddie Murphy to boot. "Watch my ears! You tryin' to kill me?"

"Shut up," Abbott said. "I am white, and therefore superior. Remember, my good invisible man, there are no white pigs in this world, only black ones. Now bend forward so I can get the nape."

"If I were white, you wouldn't be talkin' to me this way," Eddie Murphy whined.

"If you were white," Abbott heckled, "you would not be facing execution for a parking violation; namely, parking where a white man might have wanted to park, had one been in the neighborhood."

"Too true, too true," wept Eddie Murphy, bowing his head to expose his nape to the white man's razor.

Scrape scrape scrape, cried the razor as it slid effortlessly across the black man's pointy little scalp.

It was then that Abbott saw it. There, etched across the dome of Eddie Murphy's skull-like head, was the number. The ACCURSED NUMBER foretold so poignantly by the expiring elder Abbott so many years ago.

"Cazart!" cried Jack Henry, rubbing the number with an ink eraser to make sure it was not just some broad's telephone number that Joe Piscopo had scrawled on Murphy's head one night in lieu of scrap paper.

"You racists cannot get rid of us that easily," said Murphy. "We may be the invisible men, but we are also the indelible men."

"Here, let me help you escape," said Jack Henry, fondling the double-barreled shotgun he had cleverly disguised as a belt. "Now comes the supreme test of your acting abilities, my high-priced Desmond Wilson. The success of my plan depends upon the guards believing that you are prison laundry. Emote or be executed."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 78)

# THE KING BISCUIT FLOWER HOUR

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PRODUCED BY DIR BROADCASTING

## WHITE PIG, BLACK PIG

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76)

Instantly, the prison barber chair was filled to capacity with dirty prison laundry.

This man is a director's dream, thought Jack Henry, impressed. He is certainly the greatest actor who has ever breathed. Laurence Olivier played laundry, but never like this.

Exclamation point, thought Jack Henry.

"Now I will carry you to the laundry truck, and place you in the lead-lined laundry cart. Then, disguised as the prison laundry washer extraordinaire, I shall spirit you away to Egypt, where the prison laundry is traditionally washed on the shores of the deepest ocean in the world."

The laundry wept with gratitude.

"Don't start the rinse cycle yet," said

Jack Henry Abbott. "Do you want us to be caught?"

The laundry did not, and they weren't. They made their escape without a hitch.

Soon they found themselves in mysterious old Egypt, a land older than both men put together, even end to end. Jack Henry parallel-parked next to a pyramid and put a dime in.

"Now," said Jack Henry, taking the pile of laundry from the truck, "you must die, both body and hellish soul. The joke is finally on you. Wherever he is, Bud will finally rest in peace."

As Jack Henry aimed his shotgun at the laundry, the real Eddie Murphy, laundry no more, sneaked out the back of the truck and began his ascent up the biggest and brightest pyramid of them all, the one known affectionately

among the locals as the "ten-thousand-dollar pyramid."

"The joke is not on me, after all!" screamed Eddie Murphy. "For, you see, you forgot the one thing every convict knows. Prison laundry carts lock only from the inside! I have done it to an Abbott again."

"I'm coming after you, Murphy," Jack Henry screamed as he began to climb the pyramid.

Murphy laughed like a banshee from the fifty-dollar level of the pyramid, then threw his wallet down on top of Jack Henry Abbott, knocking him back to the ground.

Jack Henry fired his gun, blowing a hole in Murphy's stomach the size of the basketball he never had as a child.

"Okay, I'm dying," said Murphy. "But what are you going to do about my soul? I'll find another body. Perhaps the body of your yet-to-be-born son Peter Abbott."

Murphy slid down the side of the pyramid and into the laundry cart. Jack Henry climbed in with the dying comedian and locked the cart from the inside. Then he climbed out and hurled the cart into the wine-dark sea of green, the Sea of Egypt.

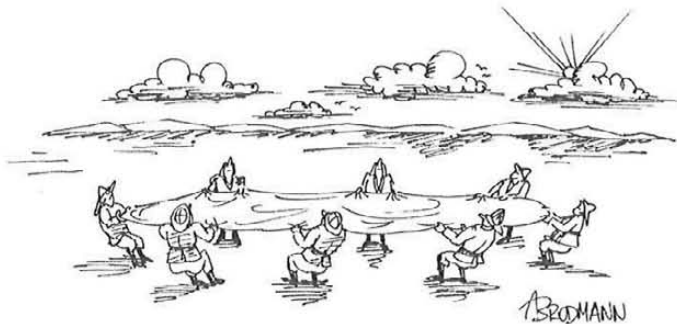
Then, knowing he could never return to prison as he knew it, he collapsed onto the sand, where he slept for forty years and forty nights.

As for Murphy, he died. As for the laundry cart, it eventually plummeted to the ocean floor, where it upset and punctured (which upset it even more) a metal canister of toxic and radioactive waste left behind by a band of gypsies called Alan's Father's Shoes. The radiation, in turn, contaminated a pregnant fish.

For, you see, the laundry cart in which Murphy was entombed had been fashioned not of true lead, but of pencil lead, which, as everyone knows, is made not of true lead, but of graphite. And, as every child knows, graphite is as tissue paper to a determined soul looking to get through it.

Years later, the radiated fish gave birth near Tokyo to a monstrous thing seventy stories high and twice as ugly. And this thing, which ravaged Japan many times over before going on to the rest of the world many times over, is the creature we call . . . Coztilla!!!!

"I SEE YOU BOYS—AND REMEMBER THERE are both white boys and black boys—have finished reading this most incredible but true article." It was the incense seller, chastising the boys for reading too fast. "Do you want to get



ABROMANN

cramps?" he demanded.

"But Murphy's alive and the world has not ended," said one of the boys, smugly.

"So says the capitalist, bourgeois, white-supremacist press. But look around you. Look at the rubble, the barren wasteland that was once New York City. Coztilla's radioactive footprints are everywhere you look. What are you, blind as well as Sicilian?"

"You look around you," countered the boy. "See the thriving metropolis that is New York? Even you, in your infinite blackness, can see the veritable hustle and bustle that is also New York."

"It is nothing but ashes!" the incense seller spat.

"It is nothing but the utmost in civilization as we, the white man, know it!"

"You are wrong!"

"You are wrong!"

"You are wrong!"

"You are wrong!"

They argued like this for hours. Finally, tired and hoarse and ragged, the white boy said with disgust, "Demon black man, begone! You are like all your people who are all like you."

Realizing the futility of his arguments, the incense seller slumped against the wall.

"Yes," he said sadly, "you are right. We are all alike. But so, too, are all white people."

Then a magical thing happened. Without really understanding what the black man had said, the white boys knew that he was right. His few simple words had brought them closer to a more complete understanding of the human condition in all its tragic beauty. They saw that the condition was the same not just for whites, not just for blacks, but for some of the yellow hordes as well.

One by one, they shook his hand, then stood before him and, in unison, in a single voice both unafraid and reverent, they called him Mister Incense Salesman Tibbs.

Then they bent to kiss the hem of his dashiki, but it was too late, for he was already as dust, and a small mound on the sidewalk.

"He . . . he was just an apparition," said the Sicilian boy they called "The Poet."

The one they called "The Leader" pushed The Poet up against the wall and said through gritted teeth, "They don't like to be called that anymore."

The Dust smiled. . . .

And there was light. ■

# One flew over the animal house



The scene: American Megaversity  
—The Big U.

The time: fall semester enrollment, 1984 or thereabouts.

Overage freshman Casimir Radon is up to his neck in red tape, two of his dormmates engage in stereo warfare (heavy-metal vs. fugues), a "worm" eats away at the crucial computer system, "The Airheads" (♀) battle "The Terrorists" (♂), and the rest of the campus has become a hotbed of cults, mutant rats, Crotobaltoslavonian freedom-fighters, radioactive waste, educational theory, drugs, Dungeons & Dragons . . .

You have only two ways to find out what happens. Transfer to American Megaversity. Or read THE BIG U. It's a novel.

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# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)

Sirs:

Remember the Korean airliner that was shot down over the Sea of Japan several months ago? Well, it was my fault, and I'm really sorry about it. I was just toying around with my Apple II, you know, when I accidentally logged onto the Soviet Air Defense Command in Kamchatka, and I saw this blinking light on the radar, you know, and I figured, hey, this must be one of those MIG-23's, and I'd really be helping things out if I shot it down, so I moved the cursor over to the blinking light and hit the erase button, you know, and the light broke up into little fragments like Defender and shit—I mean, *really wow*, but then the next day I found out it was a Korean plane and shit, you know, and I felt really bad—I mean really, really bad.

If I'd known it was a Korean plane, I just would have strafed them.

Hey, I'm sorry.

Name Withheld On Request  
Box 103  
Stanton, N.J. 00885

Sirs:

We are tired of people trying to sneak over the border to immigrate to our country and steal jobs from the hardworking citizens of the Soviet Union. First there were those foul-smelling peasants from Afghanistan, so we finally had to send troops there to keep them out. Then there was that Korean Airlines plane that tried to crash our borders with 269 defectors, so we had to shoot it down. Listen, if you want to immigrate to the Soviet Union, you fill out an application and you wait, and if you don't go by the book you're going to pay the consequences.

Immigration Dept.  
Moscow, U.S.S.R.

Sirs:

What in God's name makes people imagine that we stock market analysts make our predictions after observing the length of women's skirts or men's hair? Do they seriously think that Harvard graduates with M.B.A.'s would gamble enormous capital on the

basis of such fickle, senseless "indicators"? Ridiculous! Actually, we watch the increases in Robert De Niro's hat sizes, the drinking ages in several small towns, and the ages of the boys Joan Collins pays to shag her. Finally, we watch which stocks people are interested in. Those are probably pretty good stocks, otherwise why would anyone lay out good money for them, right?

Brian Feldstein  
*Go Figure It Marketing, Ltd.*

Sirs:

It's sad to see winos hovering around Main Street, pathetically guzzling their pints of Thunderbird out of a brown bag as they lie on a cold, dirty sidewalk. So I have formed an organization to see that these men and women can enjoy at least one week out of the year. Every summer, we sponsor a group of these unfortunates on an excursion to the Plaza Hotel in New York City. There they dine in fine surroundings and drink some really classy vintage wines out of silver goblets. After the week, of course, it's back to Main Street, but at least they have their memories. All contributions should be sent to Winos at the Plaza, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Thank you.

Rebecca Sims  
Decatur, Ill.

Sirs:

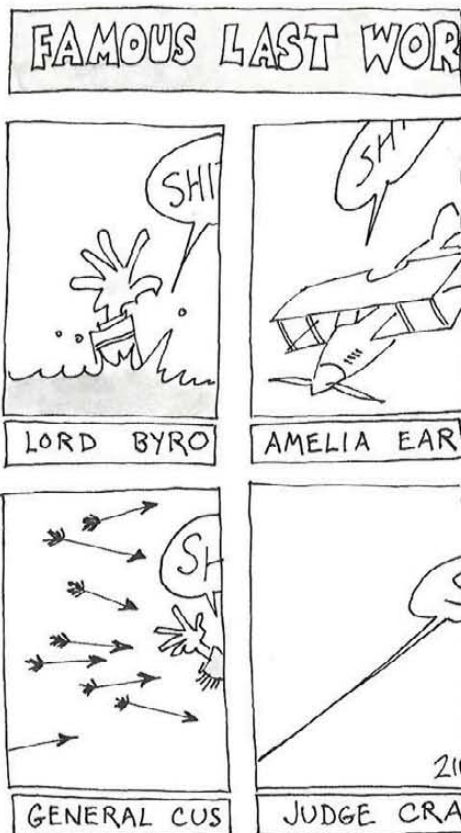
I'm not what you would call the most religious guy around. To me, even around Christmas time, the name Bethlehem makes me think of big steel companies.

Fred Fink  
Dayton, Ohio

Sirs:

I got into the habit of carrying around one of those little notebooks so I could jot down little notes to myself and use them later. Occasionally when I get to reading the notes they don't seem to mean as much as they obviously did when I wrote them down. Maybe you can help me. Can you make any sense out of: "the names of flavors," "Wichita minus Denver equals non-nutritive sweetener," "a list of dolphins," "monks, washers, clove, a box of sugar, a hatpin," "Don't forget this number," "That's the difference between stencils and," "Postage increase 10W40 ixnay on the oxway sapping detergenttaxableincomeexitrampop-pom"?

Jules Grey  
*I'm not sure*





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.



CAN HELEN

# 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).
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## LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80)

Sirs:

Did you hear about the sheikh who was so poor that he could only afford flying remnants? See, a remnant is part of a carpet, so instead of flying carpets he could only afford flying remnants. Well, I guess you had to be there.

A Bad Comedian  
% "Star Search"

Sirs:

Can you think of anything—any object at all—that should not be made out of white chocolate? We need to know, because we're trying to diversify out of the Easter bunny market. Shoes? Notebooks? Cocaine?

The Chief Magistrate  
of White Chocolate Bunnies  
Candyland, Calif.

Sirs:

The Supreme Court and others are always trying to figure out exactly what we meant when we wrote the Constitution. Damned if we know. We were so roaring drunk most of the time we had no fucking idea what we were doing. We did have one hell of a good time, though.

The Founding Fathers  
Dead and buried

Sirs:

We are the foods swallowed by Joan Rivers's mouth. We live in silent protest, enslaved by an unfeeling system of organs and digestive juices who use us to fuel the Rivers Thing in its drive to make America sick. We write this letter knowing we will be persecuted by the Rivers Thing, but our lives are such that even the further humiliation of revealing our identities to the world seems but a small price to pay if it will keep the other foodstuffs from falling under the monstrous tyranny of that immense maw. It has been our fate to rot in the rat-infested gastrointestinal tract of a decaying hack comedienne. But perhaps our children will learn by our mistake. Foodstuffs of the world: kill yourselves before it is too late.

Federation of Foods  
Rotting Inside Joan Rivers  
Las Vegas, Nev.

Sirs:

They say there's no such thing as a dumb question, but here are a few: Why don't golfers stand on their heads while putting? Why doesn't anybody bring snorkeling equipment to Mount Everest? Why do cars have wheels?

A Dumb Guy  
Stupidville, Ohio

Sirs:

Want to scare the bejeezus out of a termite? Threaten to force-feed a copy of *Rolling Stone* down its gullet. Add an article on Jackson Browne's new look to a gallon of Chlorodane and you'll have the termite on all six of its knees.

Jann Whiner  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

It's no picnic being a pickle. First of all, we're stuck in this jar with about twenty other pickles, some of whom have horrid skin conditions. Second, we can barely breathe in this slimy green water they pack us in. Third, we're living about six inches away from a moldy Gouda cheese that is starting to stink up the neighborhood. So don't think it's just fun and glory for us pickles, because it's not.

A Pickle  
In your refrigerator  
Second shelf

Sirs:

Freud asked, What do women want? Lots of jewelry would be nice. Also a large kitchen with hanging plants, a new china closet, some fashionable footwear, and a rich husband who will give us multiple orgasms and won't fool around with other women. There you have it.

Women  
Everywhere

Sirs:

Barbara Walters.  
David Brenner.  
Truman Capote.  
Daffy Duck.  
Sylvester the Cat . . .

*The Book of Lisps*  
\$29.95

Sirs:

In accordance with the Truth in Advertising Act of 1982, I am hereby ordering the alteration of the McDonald's sign to the following: "Over 45 Billion Served—Minus 20."

Ronald McDonald  
McDonaldland

Sirs:

As the former record-holding fast-food franchise, Bob's Big Boy hereby challenges the McDonald's fast-food chain to a McMassacre Contest. We held a record on fast-food massacres, and, by gum, we'll hold it again.

Bob's Big Boy  
Los Angeles, Calif.



"If it makes you feel any better, your wife was a lousy lay."

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

weighed it against the rental cost of the outfit. If this worked it would be worth it, and the odds were in his favor—for he knew something of his tenant's interests. He had seen the polo trophy on the few occasions when he had broken into Mr. Arnet's apartment in search of rent money. No money in the cup, but at least he'd learned something valuable from it. His only regret was that he could not find a lei to tape to the back of his pants.

His tenant, sprinting toward him, had no idea what a polo outfit was. What the super was wearing didn't remind him at all of the blob on the cheap trophy. And it wasn't silver. Still, he figured it might be best to stop for a few moments and make conversation: the super was carrying a mallet.

"I like polo," the super announced. "How's 'bout you?"

Desperately Mr. Arnet scanned his racing mind for polo-related small talk.

"Somebody planted some great big thumbprints on my polo trophy," he said, his eyes trained on the mallet. "It was worth about a hundred thousand dollars, according to one consumer survey."

The super turned pale. His tenant had no reason to suspect him yet, but already he was calculating how long he would do time for ruining such a valuable trophy. He hid his hands behind him. He was respectable now, he thought, scratching his butt with the mallet. He didn't want to go back to jail. It would be better not to say anything about the thumbprints or the rent. Better just to avoid the tenant from now on. He pushed back his helmet with an oily finger.

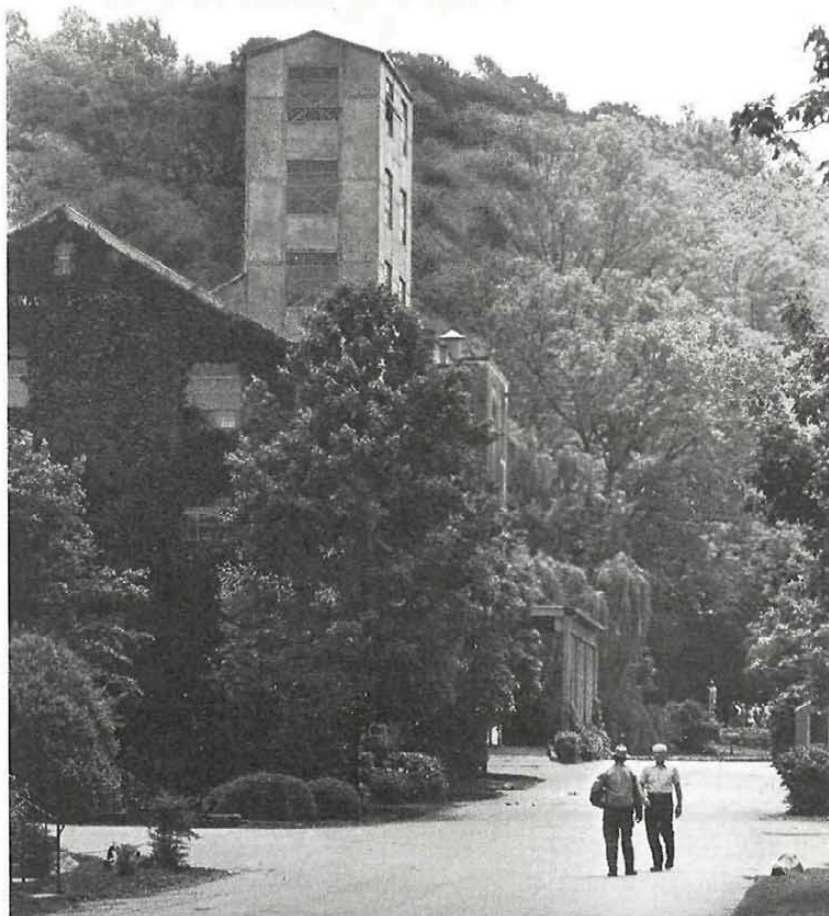
His tenant excused himself and went into his bunker. He realized that he was in trouble about the rent and that now the super, too, would be bothering him for the rest of his life.

THE PRINCIPAL OF J. EDGAR HOOVER Grade School looked over the letter from her former student. "I remember that kid," she told her secretary. "He's trouble. Don't send him anything, because I don't want him writing back."

"What should I tell him?" her secretary asked. "I have to write back something."

The principal glanced at the November 1963 date mentioned in the letter.

"I don't know," she said. "Tell him all our records for that month have been subpoenaed by the FBI." ■



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WE MAKE EVERY DROP OF Jack Daniel's Whiskey in this old stillhouse all but buried in the Tennessee hills.

And we watch over it as carefully as Mr. Jack Daniel would have watched it when he worked here more than a century ago. You see, Mr. Jack said it was better to make a jugful of great whiskey than a barrellful of just good. We've always held to that old-fashioned notion. And, we believe, so have the folks who enjoy Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey.



CHARCOAL  
MELLOWED



DROP



BY DROP

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# DEEP THOUGHTS

IF A KID ASKS YOU WHERE RAIN COMES from, I think a cute thing to tell him is "God is crying." And if he asks why God is crying, another cute thing to tell him is "Probably because of something you did."

WHEN THIS GIRL AT THE ART MUSEUM asked me whom I liked better, Monet or Manet, I said, "I like mayonnaise." She just stared at me, so I said it again, louder. Then she left. I guess she went to try to find some mayonnaise for me.

I WONDER IF DRACULA EVER HAS TICKS.

HE WAS A SPY, ALL RIGHT, AND HE KNEW it. He would walk into a room and people would go, "Who the fuck is that guy, a spy?" He'd laugh to himself, and maybe pull out his gun and show it to the person, to kind of impress him (but not to show off).

Sometimes spying was dirty work. Sometimes he'd kill a guy, then paint

a clown face on his face. Nobody said he had to do that, but he did it anyway. So, dirty work.

I BET IT'S HARD TO BREAK FARMERS OF the old superstitions, like "Tornado got Old Yeller, stay in the cellar."

I DON'T GUESS I'VE EVER BEEN AS SCARED as when I was waiting in the principal's office. Finally he came in and sat down. He didn't say anything, he just looked at me. Then he pulled a copy of *Playboy* out. "Is this yours?" he said.

"No," I said, "is this yours?" And I pulled out my penis.

I guess I wasn't as scared as I thought.

BLOW YE WINDS,  
Like the trumpet blows;  
But without that noise.

IF ALIEN WAS MY FRIEND, I'D LIKE TO BE with him when he went to the dentist.

When they started drilling, he'd probably go nuts and start eating everybody. That Alien!

WHY DO THERE HAVE TO BE RULES FOR everything? It's gotten to the point that rules dominate just about every aspect of our lives. In fact, it might be said that rules have become the foot-long sticks of mankind.

I HATE IT WHEN PEOPLE SAY SOMEBODY has a "speech impediment," even if he does, because it could hurt his feelings. So instead, I call it a "speech improvement," and I go up to the guy and say, "Hey, Bob, I like your speech improvement." I think this makes him feel better.

MANY PEOPLE THINK THAT HISTORY IS A dull subject. Dull? Is it "dull" that Jesse James once got bitten on the forehead by an ant, and at first it didn't seem

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 86)



The "European Plan" you've heard about, read about, wanted to find out about!

# THE TANNING PILL™

*Now you can have a handsome natural-looking tan without the sun.*

**Y**ou know how much better you look with a tan . . . and you've always wanted a healthy looking tan that lasts all year round without harmful rays from the sun. Friends compliment you on how healthy and relaxed you look. Men and women are drawn to your athletic appearance. Strangers envy you, wondering how you have the time and money to vacation while everyone else is pale.

But you have to pay a high price to get a tan from the sun (or in a "tanning salon"); your skin will age faster, and you may increase your chances of getting skin cancer!

Now you can have a perfect tan without aging your skin or risking your health. Just do what millions of Europeans do. Use The Tanning Pill™. They take two 30 mg. tablets, twice a day, to produce an absolutely safe, deep, golden tan. They maintain their tans with two tablets daily.

## Startle, Impress Your Friends . . .

Use The Tanning Pill for 14 days, and your friends will think you just came back from the French Riviera! The tan you get is golden bronze, the kind you see on top magazine models.

Since it comes from **inside** your body, your tan will be deep and even all over. No one will be able to tell you got your tan from The Tanning Pill. And if you can keep a secret, no one will ever know.

## If You Think You're Too Light-Skinned to Tan . . .

If you're the type who always "burns" instead of tanning, The Tanning Pill is probably the answer for you. Since it works by actually changing the color of your skin, the beautiful golden tan you get does **not** depend on your body's natural reaction to the sun.

So, if you've always gotten red instead of golden bronze, try The Tanning Pill . . . at our risk (see the guarantee, below).

## Better Than Safe . . . It's Actually Good For You! . . .

The active ingredient in The Tanning Pill is canthaxanthin. This substance is used extensively in the foods you eat and is approved by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration as a food coloring. It is widely used by millions in Europe and Canada to get a beautiful tan without the sun, and is approved for that purpose by the European and Canadian equivalents of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration.

**But there's more.** Read what internationally known life extension specialists Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw say about canthaxanthin in their book *Life Extension* (Warner Books, 1982):

What do you do if you want a suntan but don't want UV [Ultra-violet] damage to your skin? One solution we've found is to take canthaxanthin . . . Canthaxanthin, taken over a period of time, will yield a beautiful bronze color to the skin that looks like a suntan. This approach to a "sun" tan is much safer than the use of either the real sun or a UV-A tanning booth (Pgs. 97-98)

And more:

"Mr. Smith" says that there was a 'real dramatic'

effect when he used canthaxanthin. . . He began using about 120 milligrams of canthaxanthin per day [equivalent to 4 tablets of the Tanning Pill] then went to the same dose every other day. He looks as if he has a beautiful golden-bronze sun tan (P. 743. More cases on pgs. 756 and 771.)

## Accept This No Risk Trial and Create Your Own Tan . . .

We know you'll be amazed and pleased with the results of The Tanning Pill. So our guarantee is simple: Order a bottle today. **If you are ever dissatisfied for any reason at any time, return the bottle and we'll refund your money in full.** We'll even refund your postage for returning the bottle! You can't lose.

## Order by Toll-Free Phone and Be Beautifully Tanned 3 Weeks from Today

Call toll-free 800-228-3776 operator 340.

Operators are on duty 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Give us your Mastercard, Visa or American Express number, we'll ship your Tanning Pills within 24 hours . . . and you can be beautifully tanned 3 weeks from today!

## YES I want a glorious tan 3 weeks from today...

Please rush me The Tanning Pill™. If I am ever dissatisfied, for any reason, I may return the empty bottle for a full refund, including postage.

• For fastest service, call toll-free 800-228-3776 operator 340, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84)

like anything, but then the bite got worse and worse, so he went to a doctor in town, and the secretary told him to wait, so he sat down and waited, and waited, and waited, and waited, and then finally got to see the doctor, and the doctor put some salve on it? You call that dull?

SOME FOLKS SAY IT WAS A MIRACLE. ST. Francis suddenly appeared and knocked the next pitch clean over the fence. Other folks say it was just a lucky swing.

I THINK SOMEONE SHOULD HAVE HAD the decency to tell me the luncheon was free. To make someone run out with potato salad in his hand, pretending like he's throwing up, is not what I call hospitality.

I THINK ONE REASON I COULD BE A GOOD playboy is I would be willing to spend the time required to really fix up my "pad."

TO ME, IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO ALWAYS carry two sacks of something when you walk around. That way, if anybody says, "Hey, can you give me a hand?," you can say, "Sorry, got these sacks."

I THINK A GOOD GIFT FOR THE PRESIDENT would be a chocolate revolver. And since he's so busy, you'd probably have to run up to him real quick and hand it to him.

OF ALL THE TALL TALES, I THINK MY FAVORITE is the one about Eli Whitney and the interchangeable parts.

IF THERE WAS A TERRIBLE STORM OUTSIDE, but somehow this dog lived through the storm, and he showed up at your door when the storm was finally over, I think a good name for him would be Carl.

I'D RATHER BE RICH THAN STUPID.

IF YOU WERE A POOR INDIAN WITH NO weapons, and a bunch of conquistadors came up to you and asked where the gold was, I don't think it would be a good idea to say, "I swallowed it. So sue me."

IF I HAD A MINE SHAFT, I DON'T THINK I would just abandon it. There's got to be a better way.

I THINK MAN INVENTED THE CAR BY INSTINCT.



"Miss Crissdale, I've decided to adopt the belief that everything I perceive is merely an illusion created by my subconscious. If anyone calls, tell him he doesn't exist."

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? PARDON ME BUT YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE WHO GIVES A DAMN? GREAT SPIRITS HAVE ALWAYS ENCOUNTERED VIOLENT OPPOSITION FROM MEDICINE MINDS (EVEN TEEN! PARDON ME BUT YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE WHO GIVES A DAMN? IF YOU LOVE SOMETHING SET IT FREE IF IT DOESN'T COME BACK TO YOU HUNT IT DOWN AND KILL IT & TIME FLIES WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING? I USED TO BE DISGUISED NOW I'M JUST ADMIRING & WELL GET ALONG FINE AS I DOON AS YOU REALIZE I'M GOOD & AGE AND TREACHERY WILL ALWAYS OVERCOME YOU! I AM SMALL & WE ARE THE PEOPLE OUR PARENTS WARNED US ABOUT! IT'S MINDLESS TAKES ITS TOLL! I DON'T CARE I DON'T HAVE TO! I'M NOT PLAINING HARD TO GET I AM HARD TO GET! I LEAD ME NOT INTO TEMPTATION I CAN FIND IT MYSELF! YOU CAN GET MORE WITH A KIND WORD AND A GUN THAN WITH A KIND WORD! I BE DONE SO MUCH WITH SO LITTLE FOR SO LONG THAT NOW I CAN DO ANYTHING WITH NOTHING! I'M HOW MUCH I CAN GET AWAY WITH AND STILL GO TO HEAVEN! THERE IS INTELLIGENT LIFE ON EARTH BUT I'M JUST VISITING! THOSE OF YOU WHO THINK YOU KNOW EVERYTHING ARE VERY ANNOYING! TO THOSE OF YOU WHO DO 20 QUESTION AUTHORITY 21 50? 22 THE TORTURE NEVER STOPS 23 ASK ME IF I CARE 24 WHY LOOK HERE FOR THE JOKE 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 FORWARD THROUGH THE FOG 30 NEVER KICK A MAN UNLESS HE'S DOWN 31 WE ALWAYS BE CRAZY BUT IT KEEPS 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 SHOT 35 THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IS SINCERITY ONCE YOU CAN FAKE THAT YOU GOT IT MADE 36 I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU OUT WHICH WAY DID YOU COME IN? 37 EVERYONE NEEDS TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING I BELIEVE I'LL HAVE ANOTHER BEER 38 HOW CAN I LIVE 39 IF YOU WON'T LIVE DOWN? 39 I'D RATHER BE PISSED OFF THAN DISRESPECTED 40 I'M NOT NUMB YOU'RE NOT THAT GREAT 41 DO MY BEST TO BE JUST WHO I AM BUT EVERYBODY WANTS ME TO BE JUST LIKE THEM 42 THERE IS NO GRAVITY THE EARTH SUCKS! 43 YOU CAN FIND SYMPATHY BETWEEN SHIT AND SYMPATHY IN THE DICTIONARY 44 DON'T GIVE ME ANY SHIT 45 WHAT THE FUCK OVER? 46 WHEN I WANT YOUR ADVICE I'LL BEAT IT OUT OF YOU 47 I'D LOVE YOU TO WORK AT MY BODY PARTS OR DOES IT COME TO YOU NATURALLY? 48 ONLY THOSE WHO ATTEMPT THE ABSURD CAN ACHIEVE THE IMPOSSIBLE 49 I'M NOT DEAF I'M IGNORING YOU 50 WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH THE TOUGH GO SHOPPING 51 YOU DISGUST ME BUT I LIKE IT 52 WHATEVER IT IS I'M AGAINST IT 53 I'M THE PERSON YOUR MOTHER WARNED YOU ABOUT 54 IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ME I JUST LEFT 55 HOW CAN I TELL YOU I LOVE YOU WHEN YOU'RE SITTING ON MY FACE? 56 REALITY POLICE 57 IT'S NOT WHETHER YOU WIN OR LOSE IT'S HOW YOU LOOK PLAYING THE GAME 58 SHIT UP AND DANCE 59 I'M ALWAYS IN A FREE BOTTLE IN FRONT OF ME THAN A PREFRONTAL LOBOTOMY 60 I HATE IT TOO IMPORTANT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY 61 LET'S GET DRUNK AND HAVE SOMEBODY 62 I CAN TELL YOU'RE LYING YOUR LIPS ARE 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 I FALL DOWN NO PROBLEM 65 IT'S HARD 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 DIE 68 I'M REALLY ENJOYING NOT TALKING TO YOU! LET'S NOT TALK AGAIN REAL SON OF A B!TCH 69 OBVIOUSLY THE ONLY RATIONAL SOLUTION TO YOUR PROBLEM IS SUICIDE 70 I'M ALWAYS IN TROUBLE BUT IT'S SO MUCH FUN! I DON'T WANT TO KILL ME MAKES ME STRONGER 71 I'M NOT TRYING TO SUICIDE I'M TRYING TO LIVE 72 I THINK I COULD FALL MADLY IN BED WITH YOU & TAKE ME TO THE ZOO 73 I USED TO BE LOST IN THE SHUFFLE NOW I JUST SHUFFLE ALONG WITH THE LOT 74 WHATEVER YOU DO YOU DRINK I FALL DOWN NO PROBLEM 75 I THINK I THINK THAT YOU DID (GANDHI) 77 SEX IS THE MOST FUN YOU CAN HAVE WITHOUT LAUGHING 78 I'M NOT TRYING TO SUICIDE I'M TRYING TO LIVE 79 I WISH YOU WERE A BEER 80 LOVE YOUR ENEMIES I'LL MAKE 'EM CRAZY 81 REFUSE TO MAKE A BALE

OF WITS WITH AN UNARMED PERSON 82 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 WHO BE PERFECT PARANOIA IS PERFECT AWARENESS 87 BETTER DEAD THAN MELLOW 88 SEEMS TO ME YOUR ANTENNA DOESN'T BRING IN TOO MANY STATIONS ANYMORE 89 IT'S BEEN REAL AND IT'S BEEN FUN BUT IT HASN'T BEEN REAL FUN 90 WE THE UNWILLING LED BY THE UNKNOWN ARE DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE UNGRATEFUL 91 NEVER ATTRIBUTE 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 I MUST I DO WHAT I GET PAID TO DO 95 THE ONE WHO DIES WITH THE MOST TOTS WINS 96 BE DIFFERENT ACT NORMAL 97 IF YOU DON'T GIVE A SHIT I DON'T TAKE ANY 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 I USED TO BE AN IDEALIST BUT I GOT MUGGED BY REALITY 102 THIS TIME IT'S LOVE NEXT TIME IT'S 520 103 IF YOU KEEP AN OPEN MIND PEOPLE WILL THROW A LOT OF GARBAGE 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 HURT SO GOOD 107 WHEN THE GOING GETS THE WEIRD TURN PRO 108 SEX IS LIKE SHOW YOU NEVER KNOW HOW MANY INCHES YOU'LL GET OR HOW LONG IT'S GOING TO LAST 109 I REMEMBER 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 FUCK YOU VERY MUCH 117 JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE WINNING THE RAT RACE ALONG COME FASTER RATS 118 IF GOD HAD MEANT FOR US TO CARE AND IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE 123 HEAVEN DOESN'T WANT ME AND HELL'S AHEAD I'M GOING TO TAKE OVER 124 EXPERIENCE IS WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU DON'T GET WHAT YOU WANTED 125 SAME BULLSHIT DIFFERENT DAY 126 IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO HAVE A HAPPY CHILDHOOD 127 YOU CAN TELL THE MEN FROM THE BEATS BY THE PRICE OF THEIR TOYS 128 I USED TO BE AN ADULT BEFORE I GREW UP 129 IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS 130 I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW 131 DON'T ASK ME ANY QUESTIONS I JUST MIGHT TELL YOU THE TRUTH 132 ASSUME NOTHING 133 EARTH IS THE INSANE ASYLUM OF THE UNIVERSE 134 IF YOU CAN'T DAZZLE EM WITH BRILLIANCE YOU CAN TELL THE MEN FROM THE BEATS BY THE PRICE OF THEIR TOYS 135 ONLY A BITCH LIKE HER 136 ONLY A BITCH LIKE ME COULD LOVE A BASTARD LIKE HIM 137 SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME 138 HARD WORK MAY NOT KILL ME BUT ONLY TAKE CHANGES 139 WHATEVER I BEAT ME MAKE ME WHITE BAD CHECKS 140 FOR THIS I SPENT ALL THOSE YEARS IN COLLEGE? 141 GOD IS DEAD AND I WANT HIS JOB 142 I'M NOT ON DRUGS I AM DRUGS 143 WHEN CHOOSING BETWEEN TWO EVILS I ALWAYS LIKE TO TRY THE ONE I'VE NEVER TRIED BEFORE 144 YOU'RE NOT FROM EARTH ARE YOU? 145 I HATE THIS FUCKING SYSTEM BUT THIS SYSTEM LOVES FUCKING ME 146 IF YOU THINK YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON YOU'RE PROBABLY FULL OF SHIT 147 GOOD GIRLS MAY GO TO HEAVEN BUT BAD GIRLS GO EVERYWHERE 148 I DON'T THINK YOU'RE A SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK 150 AVOID HANGOVERS STAY DRINK First Quality 100% cotton HANES t-shirts or 50/50 domestic V-neck sleeve sweatshirts. Directly hand-dyed, screenprinted. NO CHEAP TRANSFERS! Six colors available: BLACK, NAVY, RED, WHITE, LIGHT BLUE, YELLOW, S/M/L/XL. \$17.95 \$19.95 plus shipping. TAKE 1 MARCH 21. 10% OFF! FREE WITH EVERY 4 YOU BUY! (NOTE: 1 sweatshirt - 21-shirts. For example, buy 1 sweatshirt and 21-shirts and take another t-shirt free.) CA people add 6% sales tax. US orders only. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. BE SURE TO SPECIFY SIZES AND COLORS. (IMAGE) CATALOG OF OVER 500 STATEMENTS \$1 (FREE WITH ORDER) PLEASE DESIGNS, #1141-NL11, 2000 CENTER, BERKELEY, CA 94704.

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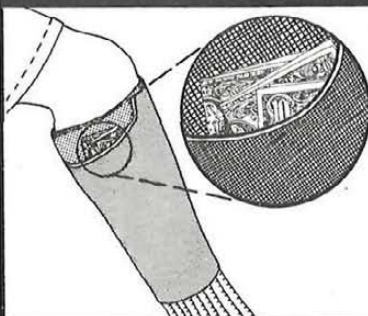
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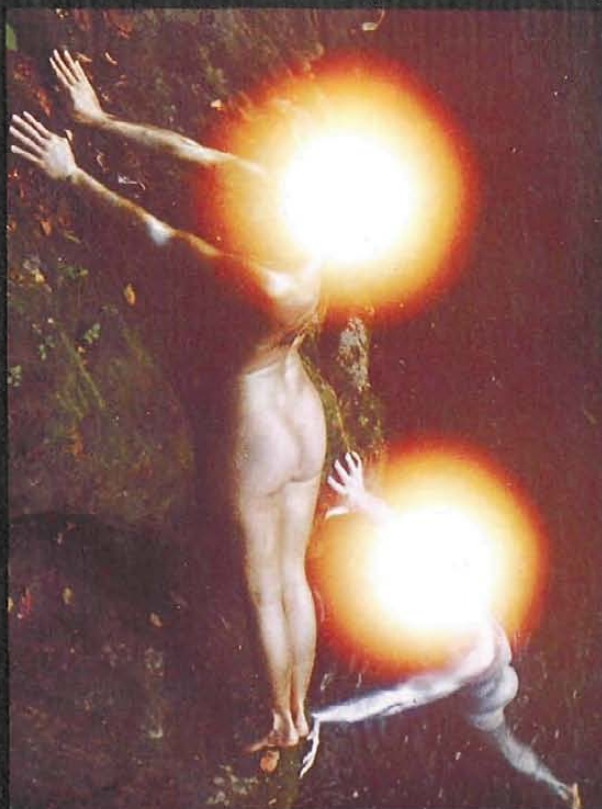
ceived, the editors found it nearly impossible to choose a winner, but, after seventeen ballots, wisps of white smoke from the tip of Glenn Eichler's cigarette signified that a consensus had at last been reached. The victor: Jim Kelley, of Long Beach, California.

We thought it only fair to make the

winning entry, along with three runners-up, available to our readers, and in some form that would be not only decorative but useful. Designs were submitted for Bendel key chains, pen-and-pencil holders, wall plaques, and even disposable underwear, but we finally settled on this attractive, assemble-it-yourself paper-clip container. All you have to do is cut it out and put it together with glue or tape. In addition to the various artistic renderings of Bendel on each of its sides, there is an actual photo of the man on the container's bottom. Amuse yourself and your friends by trying to decide which of the four drawings most closely resembles the real thing!







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**CENSORED** by the National Enquirer  
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|--|--|---|--|--|---|---|
| <b>SEPTEMBER</b>   |  |   |  |  |   |   |
| <b>2</b><br>Check the children for possible hernias.                             | <b>3</b><br>The class sings along with the song "I'm a Little Teacup," featuring the lyric "Here is my spout." | <b>4</b><br>Cookies and milk and discipline.                                    | <b>5</b><br>Lesson on setting fire to Raggedy Ann's face, and what'll happen to you if you tell your mommy anything. | <b>6</b><br>Check the kids for hernias again, just to be real sure.  | <b>7</b><br>Take lots and lots of pictures for the school's "yearbook." | <b>8</b><br>Show and don't tell.  |
| <b>9</b><br>The children get to play "Father, May I?"                            | <b>10</b><br>Bible class, especially the part about bondage in Egypt.  | <b>11</b><br>Class picnic to a wooded area, and maybe a return home.            | <b>12</b><br>Lesson on frog vivisections, and what'll happen to you if you tell your mommy anything.                 | <b>13</b><br>Things the children can do to earn "Brownie points."  | <b>14</b><br>Rodeo day.   | <b>15</b><br>Triple-checking for hernias.   |
| <b>16</b><br>Making home movies in class.  | <b>17</b><br>Touch football.   | <b>18</b><br>Playing "Cops and Robbers," where the robbers get to plea-bargain. | <b>19</b><br>Arts and crafts and leather.  | <b>20</b><br>Lesson on sticking a puppy in the microwave, and what'll happen to you if you tell your mommy anything. | <b>21</b><br>Naughty boys and girls get spanked.                        | <b>22</b><br>Good boys and girls get spanked.   |
| <b>23</b><br>Teachers get spanked.   | <b>24</b><br>Measure children's inseams, and order new school uniforms.  | <b>25</b><br>Measure the children's inseams again, just to be sure.             | <b>26</b><br>"Make a Wish Day." Children get a wish granted.   | <b>27</b><br>"Make a Wish Day II." Teachers get a wish granted.  | <b>28</b><br>Man-boy leapfrog.  | <b>29</b><br>Lesson on electrocuting the class goldfish, and what'll happen to you if you tell your mommy anything. |
| <b>30</b><br>"Make a Wish Day III," for the teachers who wished for more wishes. |  |   |  |  |   |   |

# Break tradition.

Drink a Ronrico Rumkin instead.

Look, Halloween is as good a time as any to try something just a little bit different; something like a lively, luscious Ronrico Rumkin.

After all, Ronrico is the spirit of Halloween. It's light and smooth, with a distinctive flavor that more than holds its own.

Just stir it up with orange juice and a splash of grenadine.

You'll find your only regret will be that Halloween comes but once a year.

**RONRICO  
RUMKIN™**



1 oz. of Ronrico Rum  
Orange juice  
Dash of grenadine  
Pour Ronrico Rum into a highball glass with ice cubes. Fill glass with orange juice. Add a splash of grenadine. Stir lightly.



# RONRICO RUM



## Technics Linear Tracking and Quartz Drive. If your next turntable gives you less, you're settling for less of a turntable.

To create a turntable with either linear tracking or quartz drive is an achievement in itself. But to create a turntable with both linear tracking and quartz drive is pure Technics.

A Technics turntable with linear tracking gives you a tonearm that moves straight across the record. The way the record was originally cut. So you get none of the distortion or tracking error that are so common with conventional turntables.

Quartz drive is the most accurate drive system in the world. That means the wow and flutter that plagues conventional turntables is inaudible.

So Technics turntables, with both linear tracking and quartz drive, deliver performance few turntables anywhere can match.

The new Technics SL-J2 offers completely automatic operation: automatic speed selection, automatic disc size selection, automatic start, stop, return and more. There are front-panel controls. Including a digital display of the track number you're listening to. And all of this technology has been placed in a turntable about the size of a record jacket.

Technics turntables also feature the innovative P-Mount plug-in cartridge system. For optimum tonearm/cartridge performance and ease of cartridge installation.

So why settle for less. Explore the entire line of Technics turntables at a dealer near you.

**Technics**  
The science of sound