

A Letter from Mayor Koch, a Paranoid Cahan Wilson,
A 30-Second Tour of the South Bronx, The Bag Lady District,
Sewer Fishing, Times Square: Disease Center of the World

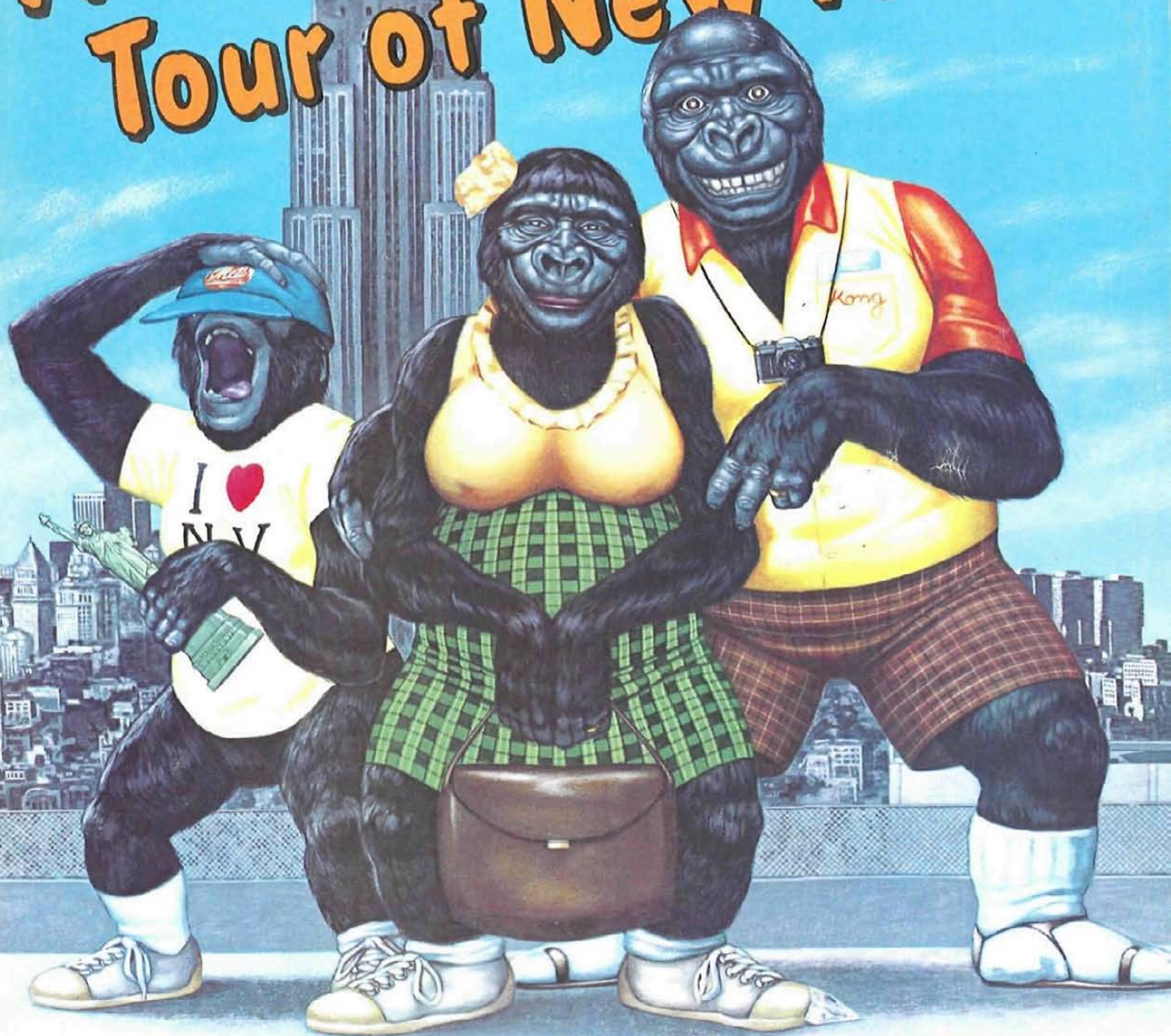
February 1985

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NATIONAL LAMPLOON

A Misguided Tour of New York

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CONTENTS



- | | | | |
|-----------|--|-----------|---|
| 6 | Editorial | 46 | The Shaving District
By Gerry Sussman |
| 8 | A Letter from Mayor Ed Koch | 48 | Little Italy
By Gerry Sussman |
| 10 | The Lincoln Center Wholesale Bag Lady Market
By Gerry Sussman | 52 | A Survey of the Hottest Upper East Side Singles Bars
By Gerry Sussman |
| 12 | Letters from the Editors | 59 | Harlem
By Gerry Sussman |
| 14 | Foto Funnies | 62 | Little Cambodia in East Harlem
By Gerry Sussman |
| 16 | My Favorite Things About New York
by Gerry Sussman | 64 | Soho
By Gerry Sussman
Photographed by Martin Jackson |
| 18 | Official Manhattan Subway Map
By Ed Subitzky | 68 | The History of New York
By Ron Barrett |
| 20 | The Top Five Tourist Attractions
By Gerry Sussman | 70 | Greenwich Village
By Gerry Sussman |
| 24 | What's Free in New York
By Warren Leight
Illustrated by Gil Eisner | 74 | A Walking Tour of the South Bronx
By Gerry Sussman |
| 27 | Times Square, Disease Center of the World
By Gerry Sussman
Illustrated by Randy Jones | 76 | The Upper West Side
By Richard Liebman-Smith |
| 33 | The Lower East Side, or "Loisaida"
By Warren Leight | 80 | A Paranoid's Guide to New York
By Gahan Wilson |
| 36 | The Wholesale Anchovy District
By Gerry Sussman | | All photographs by Peter Kleinman unless otherwise stated. |
| 39 | Chinatown: A Sketchbook
By Rick Meyerowitz | | |
| 43 | Chelsea: Gateway to Yesteryear
By Danny Abelson | | |

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

EDITORIAL

The preparation of a guide such as this requires the assistance of many people. New York is a big city, a dynamic city with both old traditions and constant change. It is arguably the most complex, frustrating, exciting place in the world. In order to get the real picture, the authentic New York scene, we received an enormous amount of assistance from our correspondents, friends, and various city officials.

I would like to thank Elsie Dubrovnik, Mya Puce, George Dearth, Ben Downe, Irving Rapport, Dick Izinya, Chaim Yankel, Count Treyf, Chief Big Sky, the Norbert Twins, Barney Google, Sammy Glicke, and Darnell Jefferson of the Mayor's Tourist Commission.

From the Museum of the City of New York, I would like to thank Brenda Bubo, Seymour Hare, Whoo Flung Dung, John Tush, Wendy Tush, Michael Mouse, Miniver Mouse, T. Worthington Jones, Gabe Latka, Theresa Amaretti, Silas Marner, Bruce Wayne, Dick Grayson, Billy Batson, Mona Veneris, A. Kugelman, Van Dodge, Sonny Weathers, Milo Tourniquet, Vagina Sperma, and the Strunz brothers.

For their invaluable advice and editorial assistance I want to thank Pearl Onion, Tim Gherkin, Bruce Deckel, Brad Wurst, Mango Chutney, Caesar Salad, I. C. Berg, Albert Broccoli, Waldo Salt, Art Pepper, Rosemary Sage, A. White Rice, Tbfu Curd, Claude Balls, Dick Hurtz, I. P. Daley, Swami Krishna Kashavarnishkes, Apple Brown Betty, Nina Upwilling, Nastassia Krinsky, Nicholas Verboten, Walter "Red" Herring, John and Nancy Kosher, Benno Spazma, Boris Pulka, Israel Palestine, Anatole France, Marvin Greenland, Judy Chicago, Nathan Detroit, John Denver, and Georgia O'Keeffe.

For their special expertise and infinite patience, I must single out Kevin Bacon, Nick Carraway, Paul Kummel, Ira Zinfandel, the Merlot Brothers, Beau Jolais, Ginger Snapp, Barbara Popover, Daniel Defoe, and Dario Fo.

For their inspiration, their ideas, and their steadfast faith and confidence in our project, I must offer my sincere thanks to Sonny Wisecarver, Nathan Loeb, Dixie Dugan, Ella Cinder, Hester Prynne, Murray Piranha, Rabbi Steve, Paul Mitterand, F. Brown Rice, Manny Cotti, Lawrence Kasha, Zack Wheat, A. Green Bean, Porter House, Les Izmore, Jerry Bilt, Marlin Bass, Bishop Pike, Dizzy Trout, Red Waggoner, Baldwin Steinway, Tungsten Filament III, Van Heusen, McDonald Burger, Pinky Lee, Rollie Fingers, Tom Thumb, Learned Hand, Jim Palmex, Edith Head, Paul Chin, Maurice Cheeks, Wally Butts, Gordon Lightfoot, Timothy Bottoms, Fonda Peters, Miriam Colon, Adam Apple, Louis Lipps, John Deare, John Doe, Fawn Brown, Wolf Mankowitz, Dick Tiger, Willie "The Lion" Smith, Seals and Croft, Nubby Tweed, Glen Plaid, Lord Cardigan, Lord Raglan, Burr Berry, Jock Strap, Leonard Silk, and Leonard Carment.—G.S.

Cover? It sure beats the heck out of our other winners. You know, the Statue of Liberty with a pie in her face cover idea, the Ed Koch as the Statue of Liberty cover idea, the Ed Koch climbing the Empire State Building cover idea, the nude female tour guide with the subway map tattooed across her tits cover idea, the girl with two big apples instead of tits cover idea, the alligator coming up from the sewer biting Ed Koch's head off cover idea, the gang of Puerto Ricans, Jews, and blacks raping and killing each other while a

group of white businessmen from Connecticut look on cover idea, the Statue of Liberty committing suicide by jumping off the Empire State Building cover idea, the Ed Koch's head on Arnold Schwarzenegger's body with a beautiful sexy girl holding his bicep cover idea, the family from out of town looking at the skyline of New York except it's upside down cover idea, and the brilliant concept that Matty and Ratsos had about the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse raping the four horses that pull the carriages through Central Park. Yep, the old Kong family postcard from New York cover idea sure whacks the piss out of those other sillies. Thank God that Roger Stine went to art school; otherwise he would have had to hire someone else to do the painting that he signed his name to on the cover.

And speaking of God, we'd like to also thank some of His creations as well.

First of all, many thanks to simply the best eating and drinking establishment in the entire world (meaning N.Y.C., of course), Mary Lou's on Ninth Street. Tommy Sr., Tommy Jr., and Peter Baratta made our models and crew most comfortable, and they make a hell of a cup of coffee. Next, there's good ol' Sal over at Philbee Cleaning Corp. Sal's a clean guy, the only kind we associate with. Of course, who can forget the Mexican magic of Bandito's? Their burnin' brand of bean burritos will leave you tooting your own horn. And the waitresses are delicious, too. And let's hear it for William Hunrath Co., Inc., and specifically for main man Ed Baldwin, who laid a toilet seat on us just for mentioning that. How about Big Dave over at The Wooden Indian? What a guy. And girls, he's single. The list goes on forever, but the page ends here.—P.K.

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LET'S
SEE, WHO'S
AUDITIONING
NEXT?!





THE CITY OF NEW YORK
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10007

January 15, 1985

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

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to serve notice to the National Lampoon that the use of my name, my picture, and my introductory remarks has been done without my permission, and is totally unauthorized and uncalled for.

As Mayor of the greatest city in the world, I will not be used as the "official host" of this nasty, totally inaccurate little guidebook. And furthermore, I've just about had it with all the homophobic innuendos and attacks on my personal life.

Therefore, I am suing the National Lampoon, its officers, board of directors, editors, and writers for libel and defamation of character. I am also suing myself for allowing this piece to be written under my name. I should allow myself to be dragged into the gutter, wasting my own precious time even recognizing this subject? My private life and sexual preferences are my own business, not the business of some fourth-rate gag writers-- I ought to be ashamed of myself for even answering them.

And the same goes for all those blacks, Hispanics, and other so-called minority groups who claim that I ignore their needs. Where were they when I needed them? All they know is "Gimme, gimme, gimme." When they can stop looking for handouts, when they can own their own condominiums and drive a decent car that gives them good gas mileage, when they can send their kids to decent schools and wear clean, sensible clothes and talk intelligibly and smell nice...that's when I'll listen to them.

To get back to my personal life for a moment...

I think this is finally the time to introduce the rest of the world to my loved one, my dear companion, my lover of thirty-nine years, my wonderful wife, Estelle. I've never wanted her to be dragged down into the muck and mire of the political arena but I now realize it's the only way I can shut up my critics and enemies once and for all. We keep a little apartment in a nice middle-class section of Brooklyn which is just a quick ride to my office in City Hall. She is a great cook (I taught her how to make Chinese food), has a wonderful sense of humor, and is a great lay. Does that answer all your questions? Can I get back to work now?

Sincerely,


Edward I. Koch
MAYOR



My wife Estelle

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

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

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

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

Features that won't sound portable.

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

coming between you and your cassettes.

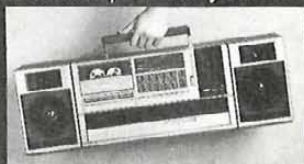
The AM/FM receiver has a 5-band graphic equalizer so you can shape the sound to your ears.

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

Power to take it anywhere.

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

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



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

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THE LINCOLN CENTER WHOLESALE BAG LADY MARKET

Every time a bag lady fishes out a pair of broken scissors, a dead battery, or a piece of blue and green liverwurst (at least six months old), chances are she bought or traded for it at the Lincoln Center Wholesale Bag Lady Market, or simply "Lincoln Center," as most people call it. Every day over 50,000 pounds of assorted items, ranging from food to color TV sets, change hands at this central buying and distribution area for the city's estimated two million bag ladies. "The day of the independents, the wildcat bag ladies, is coming to a close," says Myra Kornbluth, president of the Lincoln Center Bag Ladies' Merchants Association. "In the old days every bag lady filled her bag her own individual way, going from garbage can to garbage can. Potluck was the name of the game, and every day was an adventure. Nowadays there's just too much competition for the good stuff, too many ladies on the streets. The fun is gone. Lincoln Center is the only solution. A bag lady comes here and picks out stuff that we get from all over the country, from Europe, Asia, everywhere, at the lowest prices. She's guaranteed a decent selection without going through the risk, the anxiety of finding it all herself. If she still wants to look around the old-fashioned way, from garbage cans, she can do it, but she knows she can always start with a full bag."

The Wholesale Bag Lady Market is sprawled out over a fifteen-block stretch of land from Sixtieth to Seventy-fifth streets behind the Lincoln Center Music Complex. It's dotted with small and large stalls (mostly collections of shopping bags) that sell anything and everything, as long as it's old and



Alice Gumley, head buyer for the Chelsea Bag Lady Co-op Association, buys the contents of thirty huge garbage bags, sight unseen, purportedly from a luxury condo on the Upper East Side.

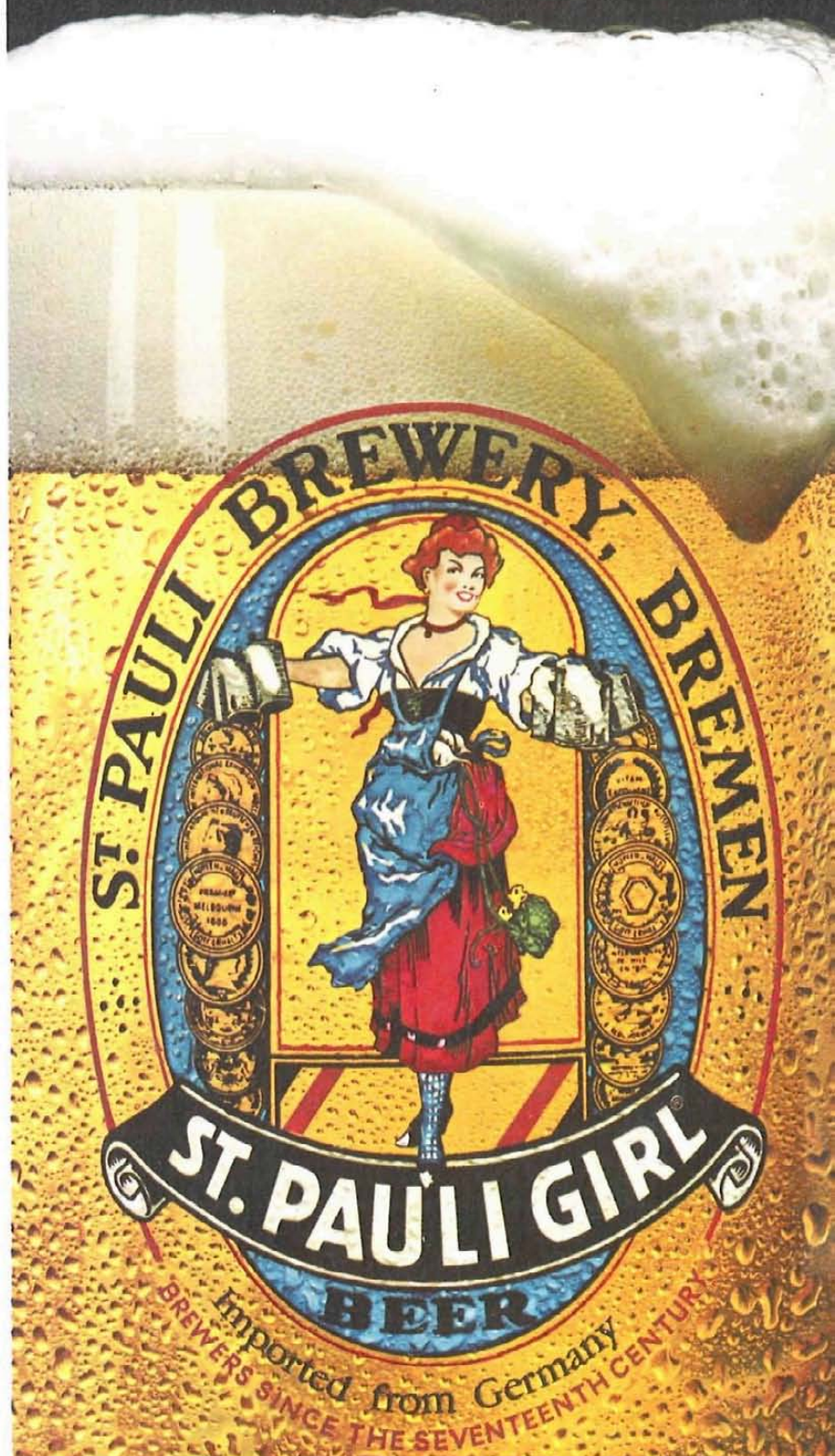
doesn't work. Every morning is a madhouse as hundreds of thousands of our most eccentric New York characters descend on the merchandise. The bargaining is intense, because most of the buyers have no intention of paying for their wares. Only the cooperatives, who buy for an entire group of ladies, actually pay the going prices. Alice Gumley, a buyer for thirty-nine bag ladies who live in Chelsea, is usually at the market at 4 A.M. to get the best selection. She shops for quality and price, especially price. "Last week there was a run on broken hair dryers. I got 'em for a nickel

apiece. Today they're in short supply, and the wholesalers want ten, fifteen cents for them, so I don't touch 'em." The prices are determined on the spot, depending on the individuals, their gullibility quotient, the attractiveness of the item, and so on. No one ever pays more than fifty cents for anything (although an occasional article of clothing can fetch as much as two dollars).

"There's enough adventure and fun right here in Lincoln Center," says Myra Kornbluth. "What with the fights and screaming and such, who needs the old-style garbage-can scrounging?"

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PRIL ISSUE—I
T'S A LOT CHE
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ICE THE FUN!

You never forget
your first Girl.



CARLTON SALES COMPANY, N.Y., N.Y.

LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS

Sirs:

Ah's settin' on mah bench in dah middle of Allen Street, as oosual, wipin' cheap ratheads' windshields fo' chump change, when Ah swear on the ulcers on mah funky laigs dat dis giant *chariot* (yeah, a *real* chariot, wit' horses an' shit, plenty o' shit) screeches up in front of mah ass, tosses me some funky brushes, an' screams, "Nubian! Groom my steeds at once!" Figgerin' dis cat Noobean be snoozin' an' losin', Ah gits to polishin' his pampered pair o' Seabiscuits, den spit-shines they hooves and all till they the bes'-lookin' thangs standin' an' shittin'. Den the big armored white dude trow me a coin and goatskin o' some fiiiine grape! Onliest problem, anyone know where Ah can break a hunnerd-drachma piece? Huh? Look, Ah be serious now, blood....

Nappy Taxi
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

We here in Duluth think that calling your city "The Big Apple" is a great way to encourage popular empathy and tourism. We have thought up a few more nicknames for other cities to follow in your illustrious footsteps. How about "Birmingham, the Big Watermelon" or "San Francisco, the Big Cucumber" or maybe "Miami, the Big Coca Plant"? And how's this—"Detroit, the Big Lemon"? Hope you appreciate all this work.

The Duluth Citizens Group for
Nicknaming America's Cities and Towns
Duluth "The Big Jello Mold," Minn.

Sirs:

Ah nevah, to the best of my relocation, referred to the great city of New York as "Hymietown." What Ah did call it was a Jew-jammed, synagogogue-stuffed, knish-clogged matzoh ball of a shiny sheeny Big Appleberg... that is, to the best of my relocation.

The Reverend Jesse Jackson
Noalition, S.C.

Sirs:

I want to go to *sleep* in a city that never sleeps, so could you please stop clanging those goddamn garbage cans?

Frank Sinatra, Jr.
Chelsea Hotel

Sirs:

I have just been informed that there is talk of hiring more gay policemen for the New York police force. This is a great idea. There's never a queer around when you need one.

Berny Bluestine
Christopher Street

Sirs:

Here's what's "in" in '85: Ink stains on your pockets; bow ties that spin; nine-volt-battery licking; being 86'ed from restaurants; loads in your pants; campaign pins with no shirt; celebrity juries; "Duhhh!!"; Michael Jackson walking forward; three-legged dogs; things you can drive nails into; traffic safety workshops; Arnold "Healthy Body, Healthy Mind" Schwarzenegger; and parties where you are blindfolded and somebody sticks your hand into a bowl of peeled grapes and tells you that it's eyes.

The Arbiters of Taste
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

It's just not true. We never said we would force people out of their homes on the Lower East Side and push them into the East River so we could hike up the rents for the younger crowd. It's just not true. What we said was that we would blow up all the buildings on the Lower East Side and then build on top of the charred, fragmented bones of the old Ukrainian and Puerto Rican tenants. Thank you for giving us the opportunity to set the record straight.

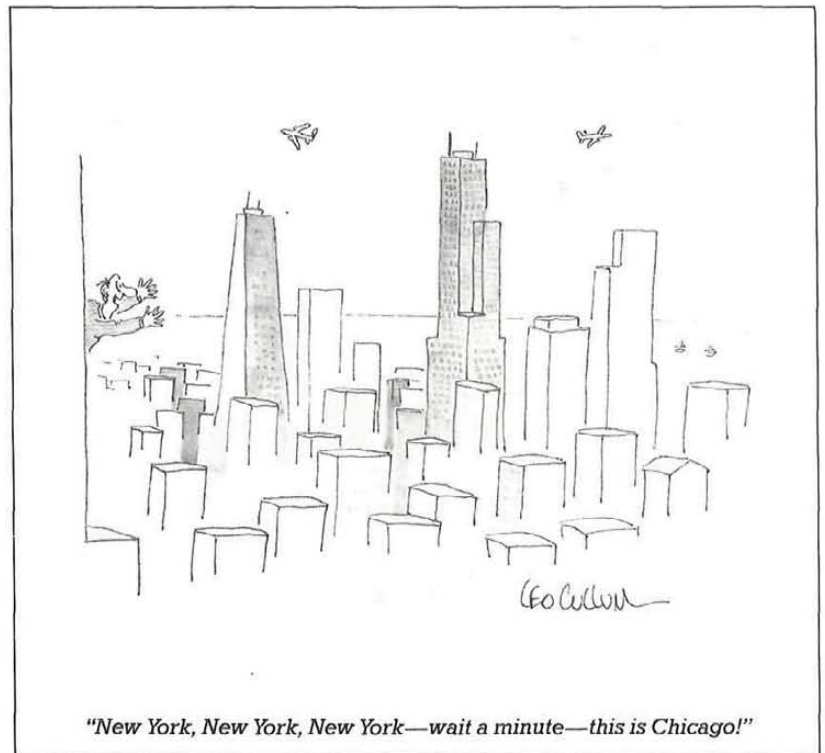
Donald Trump
Trump Towers
Fifth Avenue

Sirs:

While there is no *country* where I am considered a genius, there is one district in New York where they think so. It's right on the corner where Little Italy meets the Bowery.

Dean Martin
Las Vegas, Nev.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15)



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.

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PHOTO

PHUNNIES



START SPREADING THE NEWS, I'M LEAVING TODAY....



I WANNA BE A PART OF IT, NEW YORK, NEW YORK....



-I WANNA WAKE UP IN THE CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS....



MY LITTLE-TOWN BLUES...

PHOTO



... ARE MELTING AWAY....



IF I CAN MAKE IT HERE, I'LL MAKE IT ANYWHERE....



IT'S UP TO YOU, NEW YORK, NEW YORK!

Sirs:
 Now that I've been reelected by an overwhelming majority—a mandate, if I may be so bold—I'm gonna do whatever the hell I want, starting with the city that never sleeps and never goes Republican! Now, uh, you kids who go to P.S. 190 in Bedford-Stuyvesant—brown-bag it, baby!! You'll never see a red cent for ketchup sandwiches again!! What's that, mothers? Winter is here and you're freezing your fat asses off (asses made fat from the gin you bought with our food stamps)? Warm your hands over the burning carcasses of your kids, grannies!! You'll never get another piece of coal from me! Excuse me? You say you've just lost half of all your Social Security and Medicare benefits? Move to Miami!!! Or die! As far as I'm concerned, I'm not going to do another damn thing for your lousy city again—at least until 1986, when my friend Al D'Amato is up for reelection. But before that, NOTHING!!! I hate you!!!!!! We begin bombing in five minutes. Heh-heh. Suck on that big one.

Ronald Reagan
 Washington, D.C.

Sirs:
 Heh-heh-heh. The president was just kidding. Heh-heh-heh. He didn't mean what he said. He didn't know his pen was on. I think what you have to do is read between the lines. That's right, look very deep between the lines. Just between the black ink, lost somewhere within the shiny white gloss of the paper, is what he really meant. Wait, just let me read this for a second.... Hm... Yes... that's right... very interesting.... Well, after having read between the lines, I can categorically state that things are looking pretty great for the great city of New York!

The Committee to Reelect Al D'Amato
 Nassau County, N.Y.

Sirs:
 For nearly one hundred years I've had to wave "Yoo-Hoo!" to every manner of human vermin you can imagine, everything from gonorrheal ginzos to lice-encrusted Laotians. And what do I get in return? Not even a spray of something nice under my rusty pit, or a quick wipe of industrial-strength vinegar where it would do the most good. But I've got a surprise for these alleged well-muscled welders and workers whom everybody's suddenly trying to raise the kale for. If you cheapos ever manage to cough up the shekels before I collapse altogether, they're gonna get a whiff of what one hundred years of femal neglect can do! I'll be waiting.

The Lady
 Liberty Island, N.Y.

Sirs:
 The truth is, we would have treated the Barbara Mandrell accident story just as the *New York Post* did—great big banner headline and full-page photo on the front page, some long-overdue editorializing on traffic safety inside—if not for one publisher, who shall go nameless, who has a big stick up his ass.
 The Staff of the *New York Times*
 New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
 Now I'm warnin' all you turd boxes one last time! The Drekenblatt Fat-Rendering Exhaust Grate at Houston and Klein is *mine* for the duration of the winter. Last night I stumble home exhausted after a hard day of creative coaxing, and what do I find? Six of you rose petals glued together on my pad, and when I scream at your louse-bitten butts, you tell me to, quote, "hose it and hobble!" How six of you hunks of AIDS-bait managed to squeeze your putrescent carcasses onto my poor little grate is a mystery in the first place, but I'm *tellin'* ya, if I find any of you from the Night Train Generation there tonight, I got a Molotov cocktail that'll REALLY warm your asses up. So keep the fuck off. I mean, a man has his limits.
 A Scab-Covered Vagabond
 New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
 New York, New York—the city so vile they had to warn you twice.
 Abe Beame
 Brooklyn Men's Shelter, N.Y.

Sirs:
 If you're goin'
 To New York City,
 Wear a Panzer helmet
 In your hair.

The Holy Lefrak Rounders
 Pelham Bogs, N.Y.

Dear Customer:
 New York Telephone is pleased to announce a brand-new feature available to our Touch-Tone® subscribers in the metropolitan area, "Obscene Call Waiting." A series of short, raspy grunts interrupts your conversation, announcing the presence of an obscene caller on your standby line. Your new caller can then be plugged into your preexisting conversation by utilizing our other feature—"Add-A-Pervert." To obtain either of these services please call your business office representative between 9:00 and 9:14 A.M.
 Thank you for your patronage.
 New Idea Department
 New York Telephone Company
 (CONTINUED ON PAGE 23)

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



MY FAVORITE THINGS ABOUT NEW YORK

HENRY KISSINGER



- The lingerie department at Bloomingdale's
- Watching the girls come out of the Dalton School
- Dinner parties with celebrities and other important people
- Going to parties covered by *W*
- The lingerie department at Bendel's
- Trying on leather garments at Tan

- Your Hide
- Eighth Avenue and 44th Street
- Midnight Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral
- The curried baby iguana at Masta Rasta
- The intimate apparel department of Bergdorf Goodman
- Wearing a dog collar and running free

- in Central Park
- Hanging out with the new neo-Nazi crowd in Yorkville
- The chains-and-locks sections of downtown hardware stores
- The New York Underwear Building
- Dancing with strangers
- A nightcap at Humpty's
- The basement of "21"



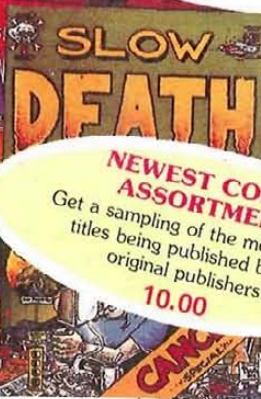
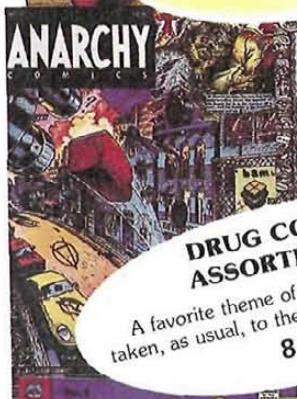
NOT FOR THE TIMID!

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.



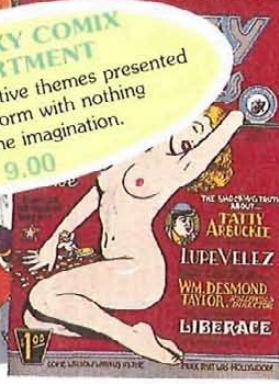
DIRTY COMIX ASSORTMENT
See how the underground cartoonist gave a new meaning to the word "perverted".
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From biting social satire to a brand of lunacy never before experienced by the art world.
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A favorite theme of the underground taken, as usual, to the limits of good taste.
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Sexually provocative themes presented in cartoon form with nothing left to the imagination.
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Send to: **Heavy Metal Magazine**
Department NL285
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

YOU MUST BE 18 OR older to order these comix! The packages contain at least 4 books with a retail value of at least the listed price.

- _____ Dirty Comix KGPAC2 8.50
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Please add \$1.00 for postage and handling. All checks must be payable within the continental U.S. (New York state residents, please add 8% sales tax.)

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OFFICIAL MANHATTAN SUBWAY MAP

This map is the property of the New York City Transit Authority and must be surrendered upon request. It will be used in any form without permission, and will be used only for clarification of subway routes and delays. Map users are advised that the map is not to be used for legal purposes. Replacement maps will be issued daily. Use only with erratum list 94207 and in conjunction with official Transit Passenger Guide of same day. New York City Transit Authority will not be responsible for routes, detours, line closings, union engineers who refuse to follow described routes, or for misinformation given out by token-booth personnel or by native New Yorkers who frequently try to impress out-of-towners by giving knowing sounding directions. On rainy days compare carefully with sewer map (document NYCS-11463) before taking subways.

Remember, this is your subway map. We have endeavored to make it the cleanest, safest, latest, quietest subway map in the world. Help us to help you by 'tidying' your subway map every day!

NEW YORK CITY TRANSIT PASSENGER GUIDE

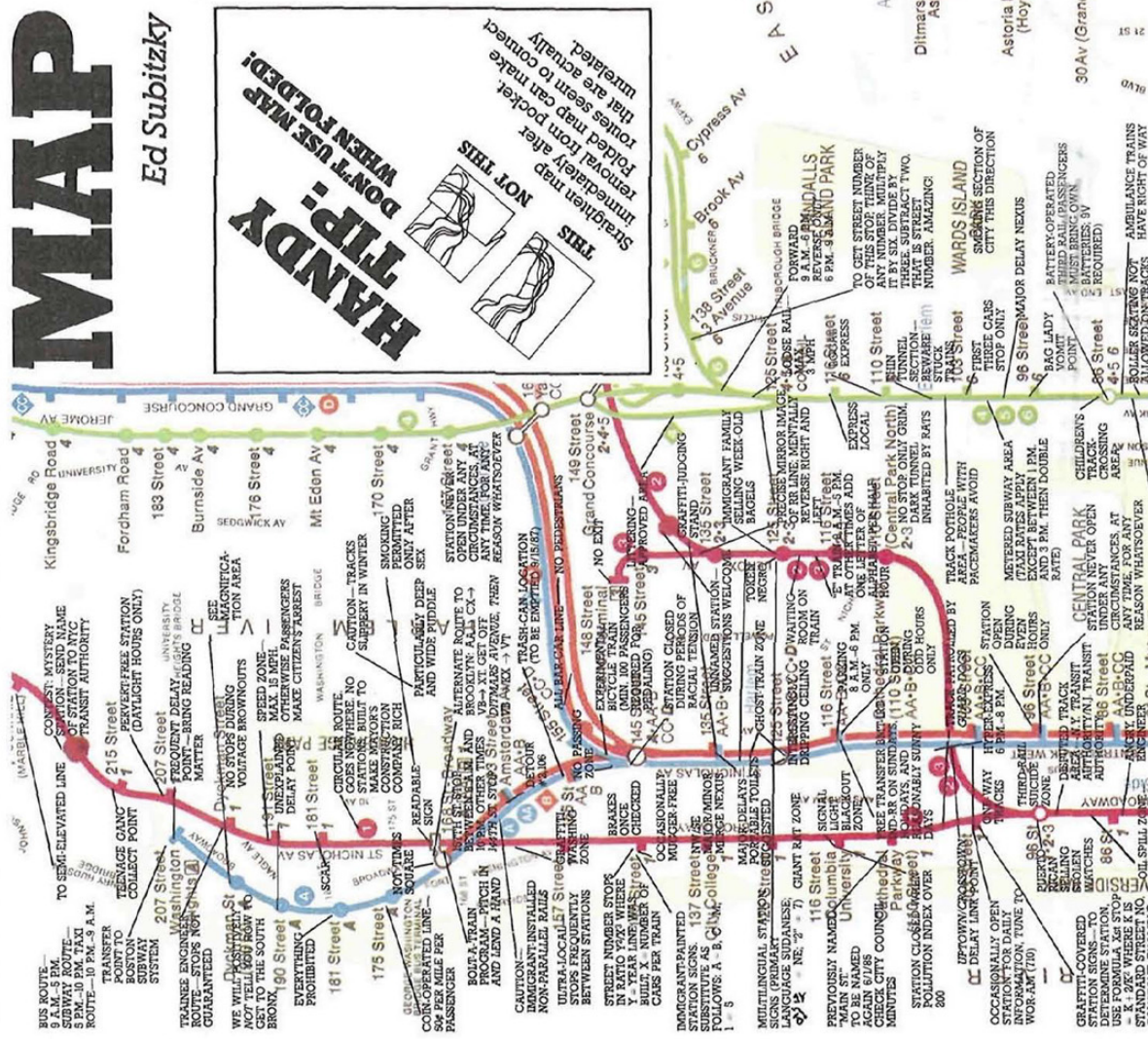
Please read thoroughly before boarding trains

- Map may be changed without notice, with notice, or with partial notice.
- Subway system is divided into 36 lines, corresponding to letters of English and Greek alphabets. Examples: IND, IRT, SVX, avb.
- Each subway line has between 11 and 17 branches denoted by combinations of letters and numbers, e.g., IND 7, 4c-4.
- Each branch has following numbers of subbranches depending on city economy of moment. Subbranches denoted by lowercase letters in following typeset styles: Caledonia, Century, Times Roman, Helveticus.
- Note: Boldface letters in above typeset styles denote minibranches (not important enough to be called subbranches) and microbranches (which go into bed, subbed, terrible, and awful neighborhoods).
- Minor nexus points indicated by 5-letter codes corresponding to Zip Code of northernmost stop. Minor nexus points indicated by 9 letter ZIP + 4 code of southernmost stop.
- Free transfers available between minibranches, subbranches, and major lines only at major nexus points, and every other place where no police are watching (especially during court hours of 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. daily).
- Microbranches and minibranches merge with commuter lines at commuter terminal points only when trains run simultaneously, and not on holidays.
- Rush-hour service provided between all branches in areas where population density exceeds 10 people per square yard. In other areas, non-rush-hour (pseudoeexpress) service applies.
- Express stops are relative. Local stops are absolute.
- MAP OUT YOUR ROUTE WEEKS IN ADVANCE. Free help is available from trained transit personnel! Call 555-7631 for destination is within longitude 42° 2', but latitude is not beyond 11° 47'5". Otherwise, call 1-800-555-7631 and ask for latest phone number.
- Names of stops depend on city council regulations, which may change at any time.
- Names of stops depend on time of day. Remember, street numbers are set ahead the last Sunday in April, set back the last Sunday in October.
- Crossed lines on map do not necessarily indicate places where trains will crash, although this sometimes happens.
- Times tables on angle of sun. As a rule of thumb, take first three letters of main branch and convert into number. Example: ABC = 123. Divide by sum of branch and subbranch. Multiply by angle of sun. Add to hour desired (for example, 5 PM). Allow 10 seconds extra time for crossing each nexus point from start of destination. This gives train due time. To get train departure time, subtract sum of nexus point waits by number of nexus points (weighted 20/80 major/minor), and add age of engineer North correction factor. If engineer is non-Caucasian, add 3 min. During evening hours use declination of North Star instead of angle of sun. If cloudy, obtain declination from free booklet available at token counters while supply lasts. Number of copies is population-dependent. Formula available on request. Avoid areas where branches meet in angles that have not yet been understood.
- Trains do not run during transit strikes. Probability of wildcat or major transit strike can be determined by multiplying current inflation rate by most recent transit-worker salary increase, corrected for number of relatives Mayor has among transit officials.
- All trains stop for pregnant women crossing tracks.
- Do not pull emergency-brake cord unless life is being threatened by roving teenage gang. When pulling emergency-brake cord, figure stopping distance = (mph) x V (mph)² - 2. IT IS ILLEGAL TO PULL CORD UNTIL AFTER YOU HAVE MADE THIS CALCULATION.

Ed Subitzky

HANDY TIP! DON'T USE MAP WHEN FOLDED!

THIS folded map can make removal from pocket immediately after. Straighten map first.



THE TOP FIVE TOURIST ATTRACTIONS

The results of the National Lampoon Tourist Poll:

(1) The American Wax Building

An optical illusion or what? As the temperature rises, this building, which is the world headquarters of the American Wax Company, seems to shimmer and "melt." Actually, it's a special silicone coating on the building that liquefies a little in warm weather and casts a fascinating, shiny "wet look." 623 E. 54th Street

(2) The Museum of Meat

World's largest collection of meat, both fresh and aged, with many rare specimens. Always has well-prepared, interesting shows. Currently showing "Lamb of New Zealand" and "Game Birds: Dressed and Undressed." 734 E. 57th Street

(3) The Pigeon of Freedom

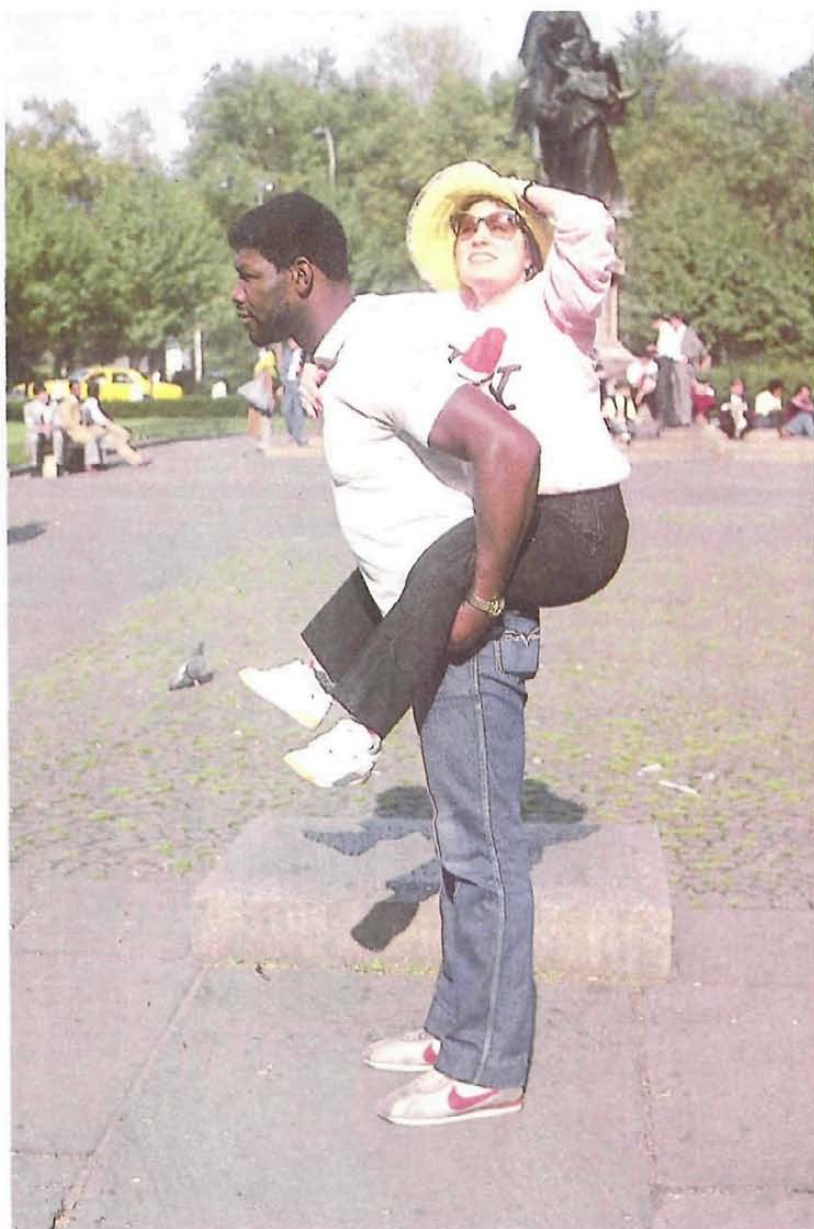
The world's largest statue of a pigeon, donated to New York by an anonymous group of Hungarians who escaped their country during the ill-fated uprising of 1956. (Note: Statue is covered with pigeons.) In Carl Bobka Park, 987 E. 8th Street

(4) Piggyback Tours for Adults

Young men with exceptionally strong necks and shoulders will carry you around the city for up to nine hours at a time. They go anywhere and will even run fast, if necessary. They're available at Central Park, the Columbus Circle entrance. Ask for Jo-Jo or Cowboy.

(5) The Museum of Lost and Found

The Lost and Found departments of all the major transportation systems of New York have pooled their resources to open this unusual museum of unclaimed clothing, accessories, and odds and ends, many of which have become collector's items. 909 W. 79th Street



The Piggyback Tour: the most relaxing way to view Central Park. Just hold on and let Jo-Jo do his thang.

CAMEL LIGHTS

It's a whole new world.



Today's
Camel Lights,
unexpectedly mild.

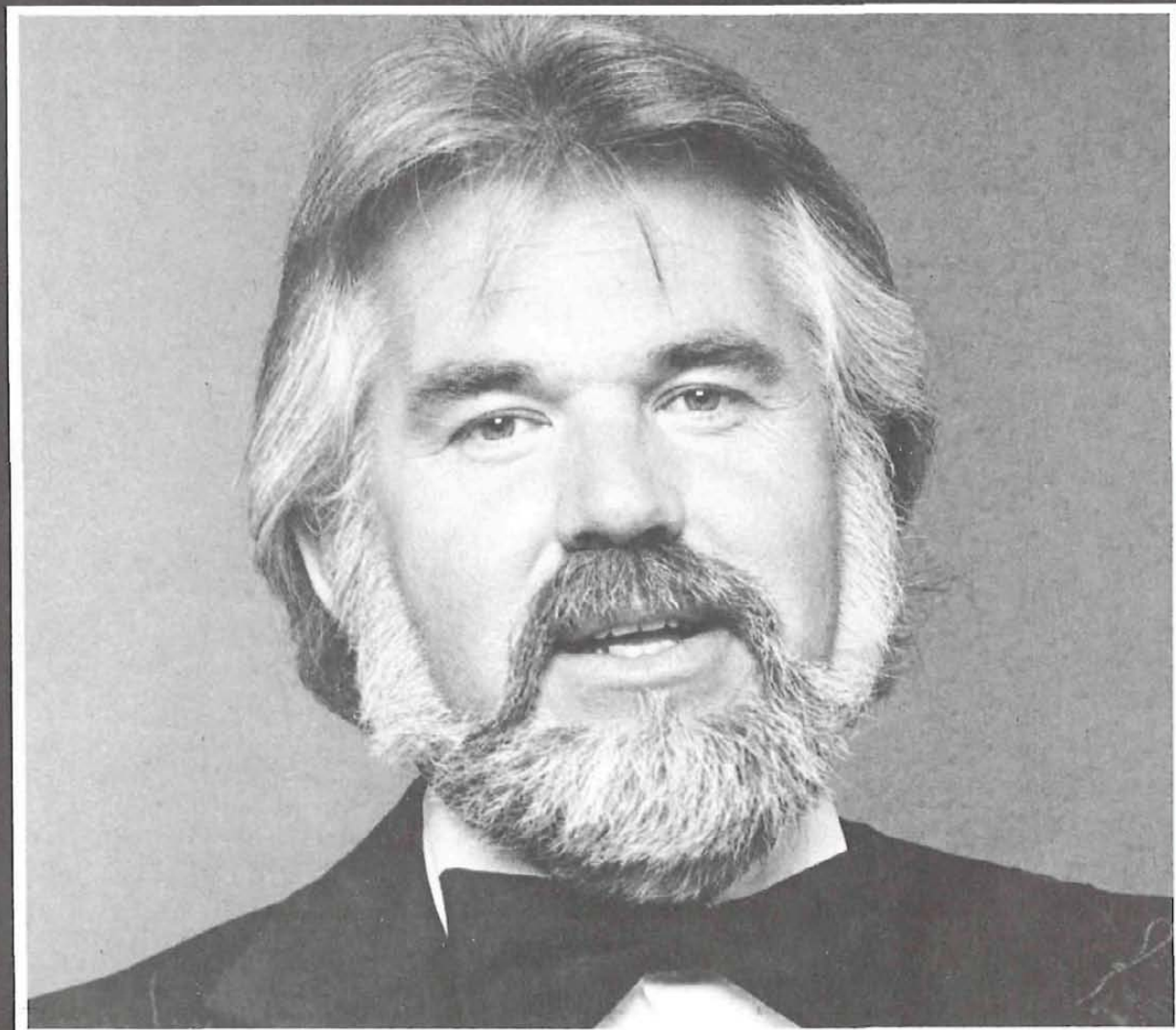
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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



MY FAVORITE THINGS ABOUT NEW YORK

KENNY ROGERS



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

- Getting laid at "21"
- The guys that push the garment trucks on Seventh Avenue
- 43rd Street and Eighth Avenue
- Anything I can pick up in Central Park
- Pier 48
- Backstage at *Oh! Calcutta!*
- A liquid lunch at the Blue Boy Bar
- The Adult Book Store on Broadway and 41st Street
- Getting blown at "21"
- The downtown scene at Fist's
- Buying nuts and raisins from street vendors
- Signing autographs at the Stiff Arm
- Mah-Jongg games in Chinatown
- Hanging around the main branch of the post office after midnight
- Punching out transvestites on Ninth Avenue
- A subway ride on the LL to the Gowanus Canal
- Buying rolling papers from street vendors
- Anything at "21"

Sirs:
Did you ever notice the amazing resemblance between Mayor Koch, Frank Perdue, and Howard Hunt? Did you ever stop to think that eyewitnesses in Dealey Plaza said that the three tramps that disappeared after the assassination were all bald? Did you ever see Koch, Perdue, and Hunt together? Food for thought, huh?

Mark Lane
Soho

Sirs:
I've been sending you guys material for months and you rat-fucks won't even look at it. Every day I, a comic genius, am forced to labor in a degrading excuse of a deli just around the corner from your digs on Madison Avenue. And every day I send hilarious stuff up to your offices along with the shitty sandwiches, the flat sodas, and the diuretic coffee. Well, if someone doesn't start looking at some of this magnificent, side-splitting, comedic gold mine, my greasy shlong is dabbing *everything* that comes out of this kitchen.... And don't rule out a stray drop of urine—when I'm *this* mad, sometimes I just can't control myself.

Moishe the Dabber
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
Listen, I make good ice cream. No preservatives. No air. So how come nobody's buying it? Is New York one big homosexual cesspool where everyone eats Tofutti and goes down on each other? What do I have to do—call my ice cream some effete European unpronounceable name and have it made by Puerto Ricans in the Bronx? Fuck that. I'll stick to my little factory in Yonkers. You can keep your mother-fucking Big Apple.

Tom Carvel
Yonkers, N.Y.

Sirs:
These little-town blues
Are bringin' me down,
But at least we ain't got
No big-town blacks.
Frank Snotrer
Falcon Fuck, Mont.

Sirs:
Mind you, this is only an observation. But if every rich kid in New York were to swallow a canister of orange paint that exploded a few moments after he was kidnapped, marking the kidnapper indelibly as well as tainting the value of the hostage... Keep in mind I'm not suggesting this. But isn't it interesting?

Mayor Edward I. Koch
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
I was sitting with all my shopping bags, minding my own business, in front of the CBS building on Sixth Avenue when a big black stretch limo pulled up. A Japanese fellow stuck his head out the back seat and said, "Excuse me, lady, do you know the way to the Sony Building?" I said, "You found Pearl Harbor, you can find the damn Sony Building." Fuck those Japs, anyhow.

Henrietta
Black Rock
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
Green Acres is the place to be, farm living is the life for me. Land spreading out so far and wide... Keep Manhattan, just gimme that countryside.

Eddie Albert
Green Acres

Sirs:
New York is where I'd rather stay, I get allergic smelling hay. I just adore a penthouse view.... Dahling, I love you, but give me Park Avenue!

Blah Blah Gabor
Green Acres

Sirs:
It's a real riot sittin' around a one-room "studio" apartment all day with occasional access to a heaping bowl of the very cheapest animal innards, then periodically being dragged by the neck around the block in the foulest weather and then forced to shit on cue on some soggy newspaper, and even then you don't get to finish the article you've started. Ah well, they eat you in China, so...

A. Pooch
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
You wan no whr t go in ny? Go t th emp st bldg obsv dk thn go t th sta libty th wrl tr cnt an th met mus art.

A clk
at th ny tms
want ad scnt
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
I gt m jb thru th ny tms.
th sm clk
at th ny tms
who wrte th last ltr
New York, N.Y.

DR. MCGILlicuddy's
IMPORTED MENTHOLMINT SCHNAPPS

"Schnapps
never tasted
so cool."

Product of Canada 80° Liqueur Imported by General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y., N.Y.

NO
STICKBALL
PLAYING

WOZZ
FREE?



by Warren Leight

Consult the local papers for exact schedules.

Programs subject to change without notice.

Pakistani Poets: Tawdri Fuwah and Ched Diapur read from their latest works. Ninety-seventh Street YMCA, 765 West 97th Street

Soviet Jewelry: Panel discussion on the rights of Soviet Jews to own their own rings, bracelets, and pins. Prof. Sidney Treyf, Igor Plitkin. School of Soviet Studies, Budwell College, 134th Street and Convent Avenue

Flog Dancing: The St. James Flog Dancers perform nonstop on the steps of Murphy Plaza. Amsterdam Avenue and 78th Street

Foot Puppets: The Bacon and Egg Players, New York's oldest foot-puppet troupe, perform *The Threepenny Opera* in Spanish. Performers Audition Society, 567 East 8th Street

Wheelchair Hockey: 15th Annual Regional Finals. Eighth Avenue Armory, Eighth Avenue and 39th Street

Salute to Spring: Palm reader Cynthia Morales, balladeer Kevin McCool, the Fringed and Gentle Folk Dancers. P.S. 23, Fifth Avenue and 22nd Street

Feminists in Jazz: The Music Here and Now group, the Alice Flatley Quintet, and Menstra. Liberation Hall, Broadway and 10th Street

Knots to You: Demonstration of knot-tying by Carlos Avenida. Eighty-ninth Street YMHA, 675 E. 89th Street

Bath Mats: Exhibition of the latest designs of the Funji Group of Japan. Nippon Fun Club, 876 E. 3rd Street

Art Bombs: New bombs and small explosives by Achille Dorki and Mario Zeppole. New Alternatives or What?, 678 W 4th Street

Phantom Walking Tour: Irving Sparrow takes you on a tour of streets and neighborhoods that were never built. Meets at the corner of Seventh Avenue and 8th Street

Black Gay Men Sing the Blues: Isaac Springer, Cisco Brown, others. Black Gay Church of the Universal Disco, 768 Grove Street

The Fighting Mensheviks: Documentary by Dimitri Pletzel. NYU Documentary Film Center, 1225 W 4th Street

Raising Kosher Lobsters: Barry Finke talks on the new techniques of raising kosher crustaceans. Solomon Hall, Broadway and 92nd Street

Third-World Advertising Graphics: New package designs, counter displays, shelf labels, and store signs from Africa. Mombasa Temple, Edgecombe Avenue and 156th Street

Pardon My Knish: Original comedy sketches and songs by the Pudsuckers, a gay improv group. Under the Underground, 897 Bleecker Street

Albanian Human Rights: What's left to fight for? Panel discussion with Prof. Henry Mole, Barney Gonnigle, Pauline Croup. Alice Tisdale Hall, Seventh Avenue and 14th Street

Music of the Sahara: Tito Gobi and his sand flute. Guest hummer: Sandra Tinsley, Grace Rogers Scully Auditorium, 909 E. 87th Street

White Elk Speaks: The daughter of Black Elk speaks out against her cruel father, Black. Harlan Skinner Hall, 678 Ninth Avenue

Folk-Clapping Lessons: Eric Rushmore gives lessons in the Peruvian folk clap. Humboldt Park, Broadway and 69th Street

The Birds of Brooklyn: Lecture and slide show by Norman Kipnis. Yetta Swirdlow Memorial Hall, 64th Street YMHA

Lesbian Saxophone Players Network: Expo of alternative lifestyles gay musicians. Church of the Divine Comedy, Third Avenue and 27th Street

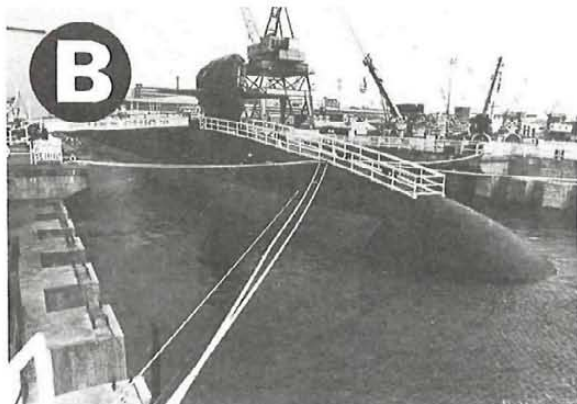
Lovemobile: Demonstrations of love-making techniques from many lands, by the Babkavicher Troupe.

Theater of the Stupid: Three one-act plays—*Buried in Philadelphia*, *Yesterday's Child*, and *Buns*.

The Krash Club, 789 Charles Street
Water Fountains in the Public Parks ■

Smart sub shoppers! Compare and decide before you invest!

Which Sub Is the Better Bargain?



One year—a dozen fun-filled issues—of *National Lampoon*, the Free World's favorite adult humor magazine, costs only \$9.95! Two years, \$13.75...and just \$18.50 for three full years!

You can save more than \$53.00 over single-copy newsstand purchases of the fully guaranteed *National Lampoon* by subscribing now!

A single Trident nuclear submarine, which may or may not work—and if it *does* work, its only function is to blow away many people—costs more than \$1,500,000,000.00! Not even a congressional committee can estimate the price of a dozen of them—and they aren't even funny!

I'm no fool when it comes to buying subs. 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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- Three years** of *National Lampoon* at \$18.50 (save \$53.50 over newsstand price and \$6.45 over subscription price).
- A Trident** nuclear submarine, at \$1.5 billion plus overruns. (Cash only for submarine.)

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For ultra-fast service, forget the coupon and call toll-free **1-800-331-1750**. Ask for Operator #31. If you hate telephones but don't want to cut up this priceless publication, print or type all necessary info on a separate piece of paper and send it along with your check or money order.



MY FAVORITE THINGS ABOUT NEW YORK

SHIRLEY MACLAINE



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

- Leg-waxing treatments at Ollie's Hair City
- The lobby of the Bohunk Building
- Hanging around the male modeling agencies
- Eating red meat and drinking with Norman Mailer and Jimmy Breslin
- Just standing on Broadway and 48th Street at midnight
- Going on emergency calls with twenty-four-hour locksmiths
- Having a frank talk about sex with a stranger on the number fifteen bus
- Having my freckles counted by the blind beggar on Fifth Avenue and 52nd Street
- Stealing books that I don't really need from the New York Public Library
- Sneaking into the men's locker room of the 63rd Street YMCA
- Having sex in the hallway of a beautiful town house on East 64th Street
- Openings in the back room of the Museum of the American Mafia

Every visitor is entitled to a free shot of the all-in-one Uniserum, which will protect him against the Top 20 diseases in the area. Study the charts in the windows of the local stores for up-and-coming diseases that might break into the Top 20 at any time. They have a little bug next to their names.

Many visitors still think of Times Square as New York's sleaze and slime center, with its porn theaters, peep shows, live sex shows, tourist traps, hookers, hustlers, junkies, dealers, bunco men, pimps, narcos, transvestites, gun salesmen, blood donors, sadists, masochists, child molesters, child prostitutes, thieves, murderers, witches, warlocks, crazies, bums, wanderers, runaways, thrill seekers, delinquents, dirty old men, dirty old women, dirty young men, dirty young women, deadbeats, rape artists, sugar freaks, coke freaks, pill poppers, mainliners, down-and-outers, has-beens, nickel baggers, and various eccentric street folk. This may still be true, but the big attraction of Times Square is disease—the biggest, most varied collection of diseases in the free world. "You could combine the worst sections of Calcutta, Rio de Janeiro, and Jakarta, and you wouldn't have more than a fraction of the unusual diseases we get in Times Square," says Herman Spittsbroom, part owner of the Versailles Gourmet All-Night Deli on Eighth Avenue, which caters to the area's regulars. "Just a few minutes ago a guy keeled over right in front of me, still holding his Twinkies and Slim Jims. He turned dark blue and his nose fell off. He had a rare form of bubonic plague that has a side effect similar to leprosy. It's always show time down here."



RANDY JONES

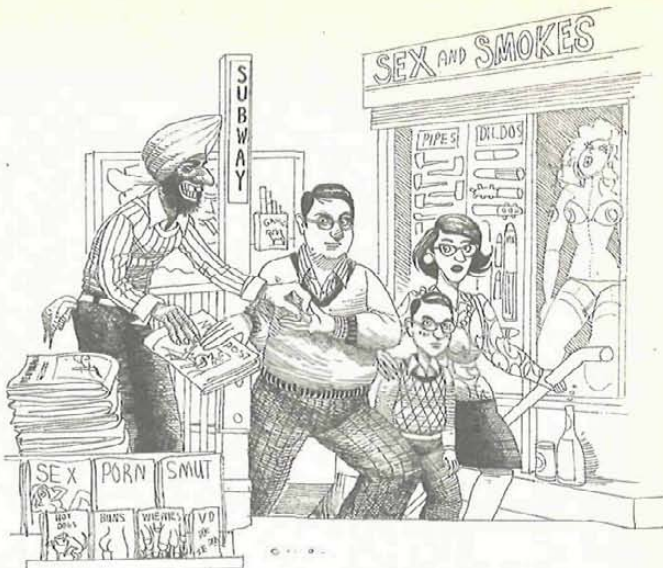
**DISEASE
CENTER
OF THE
WORLD**

**TIMES
SQUARE**

The Museum of Worldwide Diseases is the perfect introduction to Times Square—three floors of disease exhibits and educational films. On display in the lobby is the museum's latest acquisition, the West Indian Flu Bug.



BRANDY JONES



Pakistani newsdealers are notorious carriers of low-grade viruses that usually attack the stomach, producing severe cramps and diarrhea. So don't always think it came from something you ate. Disease experts also contend that certain New York newspapers are carriers, especially the *New York Post*, whose newsprint allegedly contains strains of beriberi and scarlet fever.

Young, attractive hookers like these are now transmitting a new sexual virus that infiltrates fibers and causes irremovable stains on synthetic and cotton-polyblend clothing.

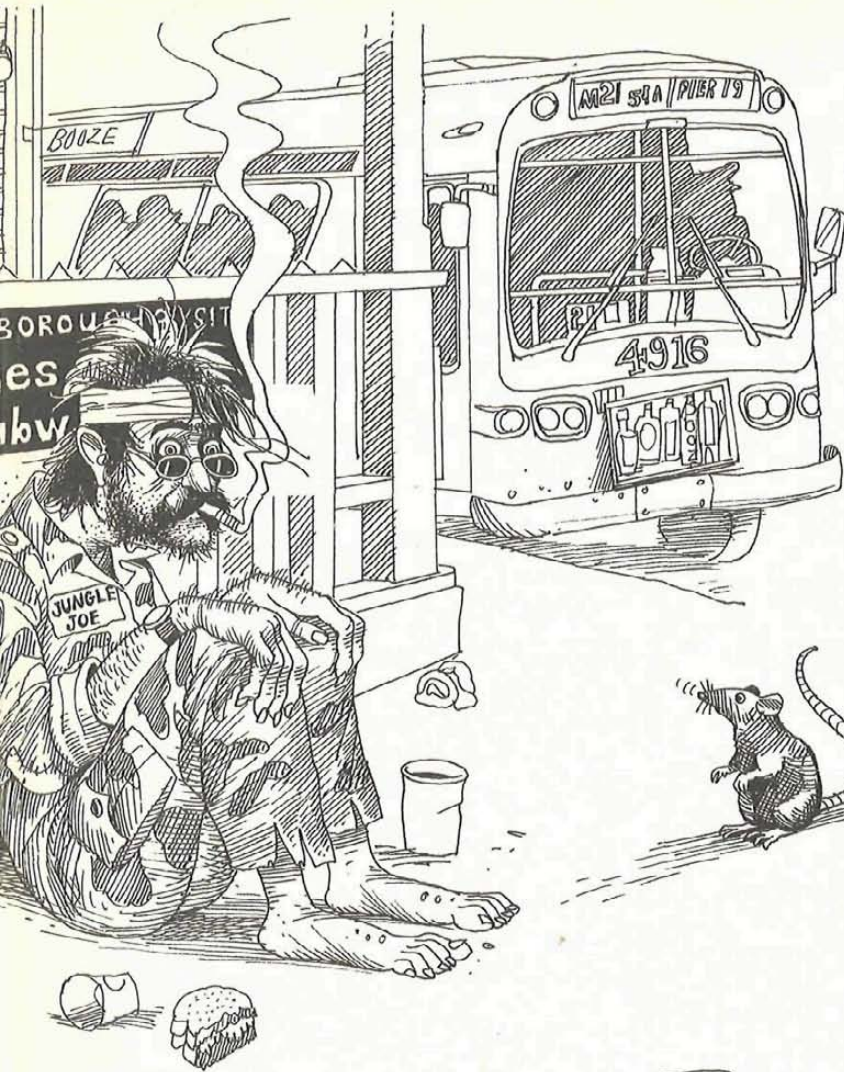
THE ALL-STAR TIMES SQUARE DISEASE TEAM

Watch for them... watch out for them



LINDA YEASTMAN

On the outside, a moderately attractive lady of the streets who looks as harmless as a sparrow. But internally she's alive with blooming organisms. The regulars can recognize her and avoid her like the plague (pardon the pun). "You could bake a loaf of rye bread inside her," says Herman Spittsbloom of the Versailles Deli. She may be difficult for a visitor to spot. One clue: her right breast is a bit smaller than her left.



JUNGLE JOE

King of the exotics. Claims to be a veteran of 'Nam, where he contracted his amazing collection of ailments. You want African Shrinking Penis? New Guinea Underarm Rot? Stichinosis, otherwise known as Black Butt? You can be the first on your block to contract chloremia, or Tiger's Revenge, a rare one from India that leaves big yellow stripes on your body. Definitely the most colorful carrier on the Square. He has a special twenty-four-hour-flu bug that can kill you.



TYPHOID MARY

The granddaughter of the original and most famous carrier of all time and far more sophisticated and deadly. Like The Breather, she's not easy to spot, because she always works in disguise. She can be a hot-dog vendor, a lady cop, a distributor of handbills for the local massage parlors (the perfect way to transmit any disease), and in this case, a blind beggar who will clasp your hand tightly in thanks for any contribution, handing you a nice case of terminal typhoid.

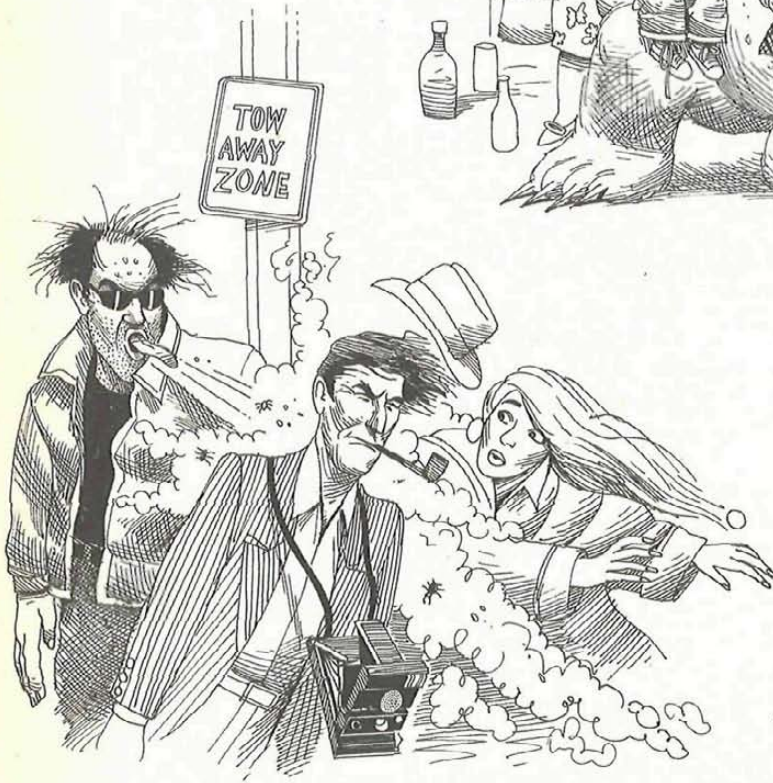
CRAZY BUBO

He dresses in a bear suit and happily dispenses bubonic plague. A warm, lovable, friendly guy who will prey on innocent families with children. Don't be fooled by his goofy charm and don't touch his suit, it's contaminated.



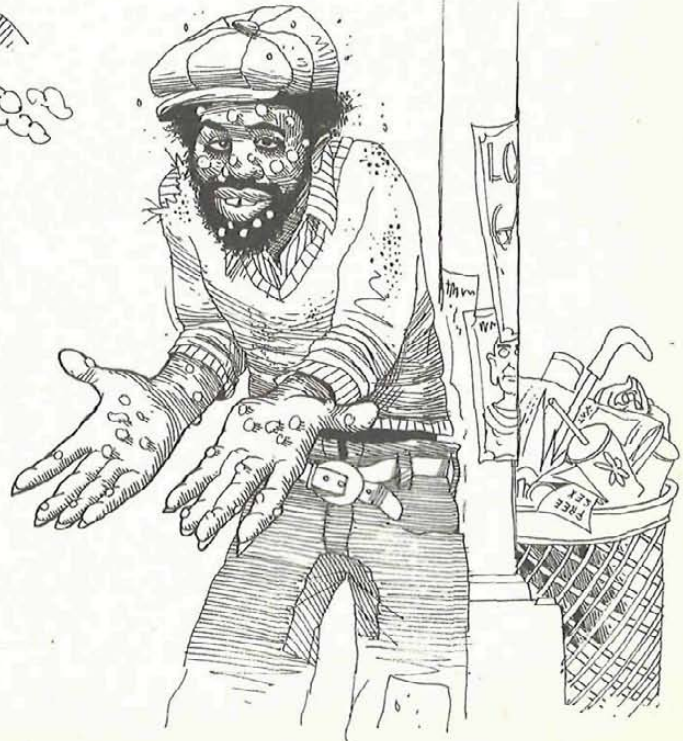
BOOKER T. "SPOTTY" JEFFERSON

You can't miss him. Spotty belies the old myth that blacks can't show up their disease marks to good advantage. Spotty always shows at least six major diseases on his face that look striking against his dark background. He likes the high-contrast look, breaking out in lots of reds, pinks, greens, electric-blues, and oranges. Among his many credits are Lumberman's Disease, Triaglia, Vertebago, Warren's Syndrome, African Hog Warts, and Belgian Zits.



THE BREATHER

If you feel a warm, slightly fetid puff of air on your neck or in your ear, you've just been attacked by The Breather, one of the most potent carriers in Times Square. He's one of those anonymous guys who blends in easily in a crowd and suddenly strikes without warning. If you're totally unprepared you might even get a shot directly in the face, which will cause instant eye infection. The Breather's repertoire includes: diphtheria, Krindleman's Syndrome, a rare form of polio that's catching on, Herpes Triplex, Double Ringworm, Austrian measles, spinal meningitis, and Lingle's Disease, an inflammation of the sweat glands that produces continual, uncontrolled perspiration.



The Lower East Side, or Loisaida

by Warren Leight

The Historic Lower East Side Drug-Dealing Village and Seaport, aka Alphabetland, Restored Drugsburg Village

History:

For a century the Lower East Side was just another pathetic slum where poorly dressed immigrants were stirred into the great American melting pot. From Avenue A to Avenue D (Alphabetland) millions of foreigners destroyed their lives so that their children might own station wagons, live in mortgaged tract homes, and chew Valium. The Lower East Side was America's waiting room.

Sadly, the Lower East Side outgrew

its usefulness. With the passage of time the original immigrants assimilated and left. In their wake was a new kind of wretched refuse: non-European immigrants without much hope of getting a slice of America's apple pie. The neighborhood was in grave danger of going downhill.

Then a new group of dreamers moved in to fill the void. These dreamers were men and women who were addicted to various narcotics, hallucinogens, cough syrups, and adhesives.

These "junkies," as they were called, were a proud people. Theirs was a rich and distinctive culture, and soon they made Alphabetland their turf. Here they fought "gang wars," committed "mass murders," and brought an exciting street life back to the good ol' neighborhood.

Soon the neighborhood began to draw tourists and shoppers from all over. Success came to the Lower East Side, and with it came tre-

mendous real-estate pressure. Original neighborhood junkies found themselves being cast aside by chic brokers, artists, and other junkies-come-latelies.

City officials learned of the plight of local residents and formed a commission to study how best to exploit the situation.

The Solution:

The city invited the private sector in and pasted together a very complicated package of tax write-offs, corporate give-backs, and eminent-domain demolition. The historic Drugsburg Village was born.

Today the Lower East Side has been set aside as a national urban landmark. It's run by the same company that rebuilt Baltimore's Seaport, South Street Seaport, and Boston's Faneuil Hall.

These gifted developers have turned the Lower East Side into a working drug village. A place where locals can still ply their crafts, but a place where outsiders can come to shop, browse, and experience this special way of life. It's more than just a tourist attraction, it's a way of preserving the dignity of the common dealer, the serenity of the stoop-corner junkie.

Today Drugsburg Village attracts more visitors than any other tourist spot in New York, including the United Nations. While it is estimated that 68 percent of the visitors come from New Jersey, the rest come from as far away as New England prep schools and the power corridors of Washington, D.C.

What to See:

Drugsburg Village has shops, factories, galleries, street life, tenements, and more. Some visitors prefer to wander around on foot, while others take guided tours on the so-called Mainline Bus Route.

Orientation:

It's easy to find your way in Drugsburg: avenues are called "arteries" and run north/south. Streets are called "veins" and pulse east/west. The arteries teem with commerce and trade, each with its own distinctive flavor.

As with any gentrified village, parts of Drugsburg have become too premeditated, commercial, and quaint. How many fishermen do you see in San Francisco's Fisherman's Wharf? How many real Colonial Pilgrims in historic Williamsburg? The same holds for parts of Drugsburg. If you'd like a safe, predictable visit, stick to Avenues A and B. These are fine places to come your first time around, but don't kid yourself into thinking you've seen the real thing. Those souvenir shops and malls and discos can be a lot of fun, but they are to the real Lower East Side what methadone is to heroin.

Here's what's where...

Scab's Drugstore (1350 Avenue A)—

This is it—the famous drugstore where many of the theater's greatest stars were discovered. For years pretty girls would sit at the counter, straws immersed in

coke, waiting for a big producer to notice them. The legend is hoary, but it may have more than a few grams of truth to it. Nowadays, Scab's Drugstore is a landmark. Eight-by-ten glossies with inscriptions of nearly famous stars line the walls. Occasionally, a well-known rock star or a "hip" comedian drops in for a quick pick-me-up or a late-night tab. Paco, the famous one-eyed speed-freak counterman, works his usual twenty-four-hour-a-day shift with his own special blend of skill and paranoid ranting. At the register old man Scab counts your change, twice, and still gets a kick out of saying "Go fuck yourself" as you leave.

As a special touch the Lenny Bruce Room features a unique ceiling composed entirely of inlaid celebrity razor blades, each one autographed for the old man.

Le Drugstore (1360 Avenue A)—Some people believe that Scab's has lost some of its luster over the years. That it's no longer "in." If that's the case, then Le Drugstore might be the reason. Here, in a stark minimalist setting, the beautiful people come to snort and be seen. At night the limos line up outside, the paparazzi push at the door like bulls at the gate to Pamplona Stadium. Inside all is dust and glitter. One word of caution—because the place is so popular it can be difficult to gain entry. A little runt named Steve stands outside the door, surrounded by bouncers in leotards. It is Steve who decides who's cool and who isn't. In fact, a lot of people prefer to stay outside and watch Steve.

By the way, don't order the house brands—regulars joke that little Steve so steps on his merchandise that even the packets actually have footprints on them.

The Mall at Loisaída (1200-1400 Avenue A)—This giant, two-block-long complex features over 180 galleries, shops, and boutiques, all under one roof. In the middle of the mall is a tropical atrium decorated with drug plants from around the world. Glass-enclosed elevators in the shape of syringes speed shoppers to the various floors. The space, part of the high-rent tourist development, has a series of ramps and escalators that seem to resemble intravenous tubes, veins, and arteries.

Mall Highlights: **Royal Fashion** (6th floor)—A specialty boutique that sells only Kansas City Royals souvenirs—uniforms, pennants, caps, hocked World Series rings, and the like. **Vein Glorious** (5th floor)—Everything for the well-dressed vein. Pick up syringes from all nations here. For a New York City keepsake, try the I LOVE NEW YORK syringe with the familiar heart logo.



"It's exciting to be a part of history. There won't be another pizza front through here for another 25,000 years."

The Opium Den (main floor)—This is one of the more popular restaurants in the entire restored drug village. Food is available not in pint or quart containers, but rather in nickel bags and dime bags. To order a drink, say "Let me have two c.c.'s of vodka in a dextrose solution." As a gimmick, waiters occasionally nod out or go into convulsions right at your table.

The Mall of Fame—All around the mall is this celebrated sidewalk. For over a decade now, some of America's most famous drug users have stopped here to sign their names in the cement. William Burroughs left not just his name, but a cement impression of the vein side of his left forearm. Connect the dots! Look for your favorite stars, ballplayers, politicians, and musicians.

O.K. Go Head Art and Shooting Gallery (1370 Avenue B)—The most prestigious of the Loisaïda gallery spaces. As in any "fringe" neighborhood, Loisaïda experienced some friction between artists in need of low rents and junkies in need of low rents. Rather than let the tension spoil the neighborhood's "vibe," some innovative Eurotrash came up with the perfect compromise: a space that could be used by art and dope dealers simultaneously. The O.K. Go Head Art Gallery set the trend when it opened, and sets the trends to this day.

Here you can walk past indoor stoops and browse for a painting or a nickel bag. O.K. Go Head brings together two normally separate segments of society. Junkies find themselves developing a taste for abstract expressionism and art historians find themselves vomiting and then nodding out.

The Cokery (1190 Avenue B)—This is the slickest and best run of the various drug factories in the neighborhood. First, you watch their thirty-minute film, *South American Adventure*—the story of every step of the fascinating cocaine industry. You see the "raw product" arrive on the back of an illegal Colombian immigrant, or "camel." Soon his parcel is cracked open and tested for purity. Then you watch skilled craftsmen go to work. In one room the product is weighed out, then workers add equal parts of amphetamine, antihistamine, baby laxative, and cold virus. Watch as these workers chop and seal and bag and stack. Over and over again. Where do they get their energy?! The rhythm is hypnotic. The pride these workers take provides a lesson for all children on the tour.

After the film tour members move to the Cokery's famous "snorting room." Here you can sample various blends and varieties. If you like, you can even

buy a twelve-gram case to share with your friends back home. The Cokery has abundant literature and brochures to help educate consumers about the origins of various blends—which regions produce the most mature plants; what vintages are best; how to store your cocaine.



Another starlet waits to be discovered at Scab's Drugstore—but is she up to snuff?

One small word of caution—the prices offered are not necessarily any better than Cokery products available in regular retail establishments. Feel free to buy, but don't expect a bargain.

Rodriguez Candy Store (1444 Avenue C)—At last we get to the heart of the Lower East Side. The Rodriguez Candy Store has been in operation for decades and remains unchanged despite its "historical" designation. For years the Rodriguez family has provided quality merchandise at reasonable prices. Today, the tradition continues. As you enter the little store, you'll notice that it sells no candy. Like speakeasies of old, the Candy Store's window was a front. While today such a facade is not necessary, the family prefers to keep the fake window, with its Jujubes and baseball cards, as a nod to the past.

Inside the store you'll find a brick wall with a small "push hole." Behind the wall the Rodriguez family prepares the various products for sale. On your side of the wall there is precious little space to stand. Customers must line up outside and enter one by one. The unfed Dobermans on tightly held choke chains help keep order.

Money is pushed through the hole and quickly grabbed. If everything is in order your wholesale-priced drugs are pushed out to you. Bring cash and know ahead of time what you'd like to buy.

Stores like this one harken back to an older, less commercial era. They deserve to survive.

Angie's (4646 Avenue C)—Perhaps the only store in the world to sell mannitol, nothing but mannitol. If you are looking for large quantities of Italian baby laxative... you're looking for Angie's.

Over the door is a little sign: "If you can step on drugs in the Lower East Side, you can step on drugs anywhere." It's all part of the neighborhood chauvinism. As the bumper stickers say, FEEL A RUSH OF PRIDE—SHOP THE LOWER EAST SIDE.

No-Name Shooting Gallery (1180-1186 E. 11th Street)—Here, in a row of abandoned tenements, is one of the most popular of the old-fashioned shooting galleries. You'll have to follow the street action to get here, because the place is entirely unmarked. Like the most exclusive restaurants, this gallery has no name and no listed phone number. If you want authenticity, this is where it's at.

Enter through a nondescript hole in the brick wall of building 1180. Occasionally a maître d', or steerer, will stand at the hole to welcome you. Once inside, walk your way through the pitch-black rat-infested sewage-covered interior hallway. Grope your way up the staircase and climb to the roof. Once there, cross over to the adjoining boarded-up tenement. If all this sounds a little inconvenient, remember that it was good enough for David Kennedy. Climb into the middle building and wind your way down. You've made it!

You now have your choice of several vacant apartments in which to watch night turn into day. All around you will be native junkies "preparing their fix," "shooting up," and maybe even "overdosing"! Bring a camera, because the folks back home will never believe you.

The Avenue D Theater Company (Avenue D, on the street)—Drugsburg teems with official and unofficial street theater, but for sheer excitement take a walk on the wild side—Avenue D. Here the streets once teamed with dealers and buyers twenty-four hours a day.

Now the action is scheduled—a forty-minute show every hour on the hour—but somehow the feeling of spontaneity remains.

The show begins with an out-of-state car pulling up to a traffic light. Swiftly, a disciplined repertory company of ex-dealers surrounds the car. Sit back in your fire-escape box seat—the show is under way. You'll see a drama that artfully reenacts the old-fashioned way of life on the Lower East Side. Watch colorfully garbed children hawk "ses, Thai, gold." Hear the lyrical local patois—you might not understand every word, but the spirit and energy speak a universal language. "Buy my wares," shout

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 67)

THE WHOLESALER



ANCHOVY DISTRICT



No trip to N.Y.C. is complete without a visit to the Wholesale Anchovy District. Truckloads of anchovies from many lands arrive at this colorful workplace, where the action starts at 2 A.M. and ends at noon the next day.

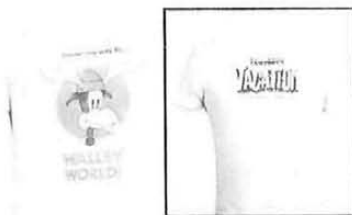
Anchovy handlers are a tough bunch—a small group of people who like to keep to themselves. They work long hours and the pay is not particularly high, but they take great pride in their work, though they may be a dying breed. Smart New Yorkers come here to buy their anchovies in quantity, at half the price. Homeless derelicts (pictured on this page) rummage through the discarded anchovy cans for any leftover bits and pieces. They're called "oilmen" because their fingers are always covered with olive oil from the anchovy cans. ■



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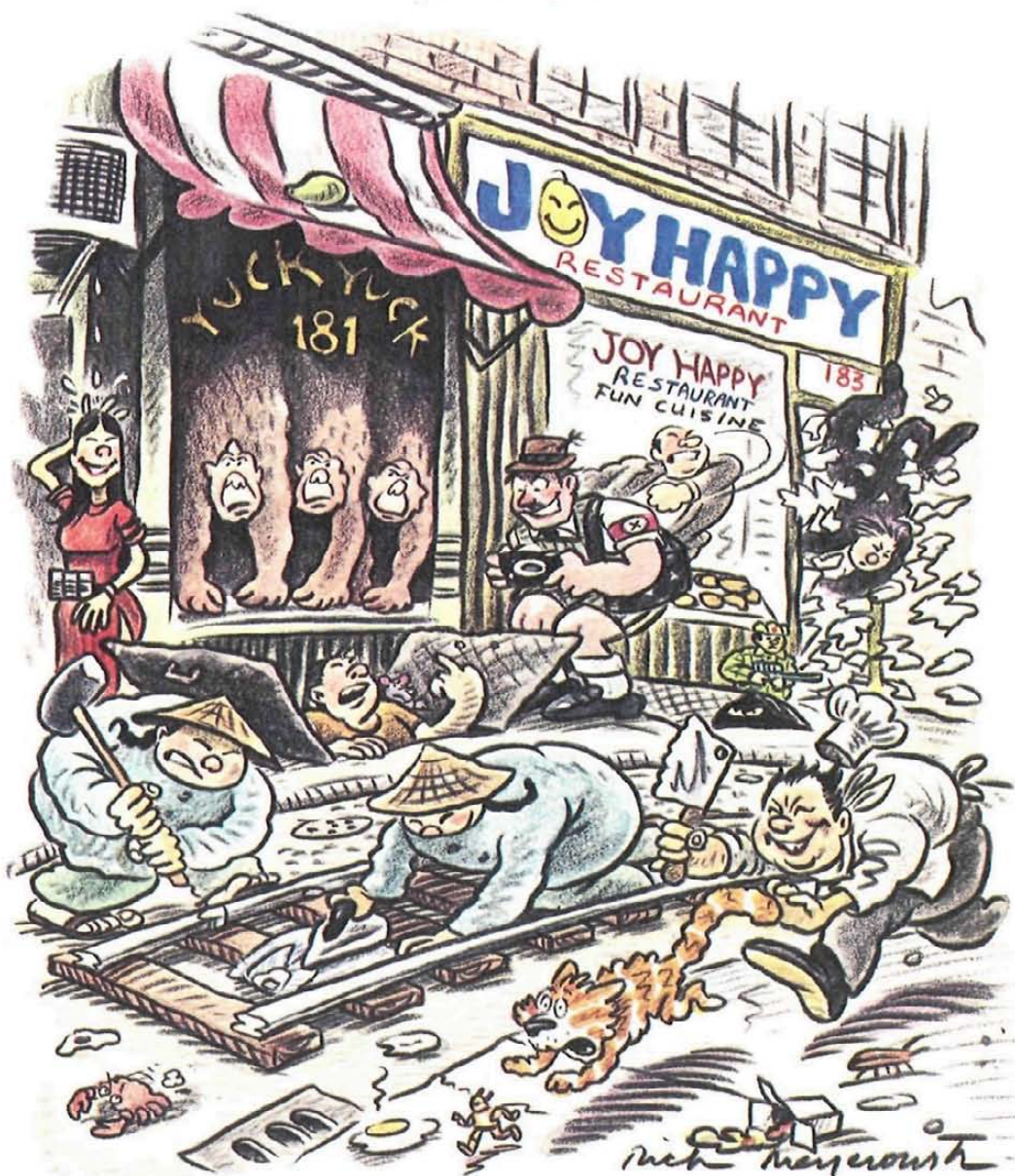
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NATIONAL LAMPOON

CHINATOWN: A SKETCHBOOK

by Rick Meyerowitz



The gourmet treat of Chinatown is the Peking Gorilla (gorilla, Peking-style). The gorilla is roasted, then pumped full of air with a bicycle pump until it is twice the normal size. The crisp fur is sliced first and served separately with rice pancakes, followed by the meat, and then the carcass is used in a gorilla soup. The

Chinese use a domestic gorilla raised on Long Island in the same area that spawns the Long Island duck. Only young, tender gorillas are used for this dish. It's expensive but worth it. Gorilla fanciers savor the snout, snout roe, the ears, and the earwax, which tastes just like lobster.

RESTAURANTS

Wing Wang's—The best restaurant in Chinatown is *Wing Wang's*. Others say it's *Ding & Dong's* or *Hung-low's*. Forget it. *Wing Wang's* is the quintessence of Chinese food—exotic, mysterious, haunting, delicious.

Fuk Yu Tu

The specialty of the house: Bronx River Blowfish, blown at your table, stir-fried, and flamed with chunks of bamboo and tree slugs.



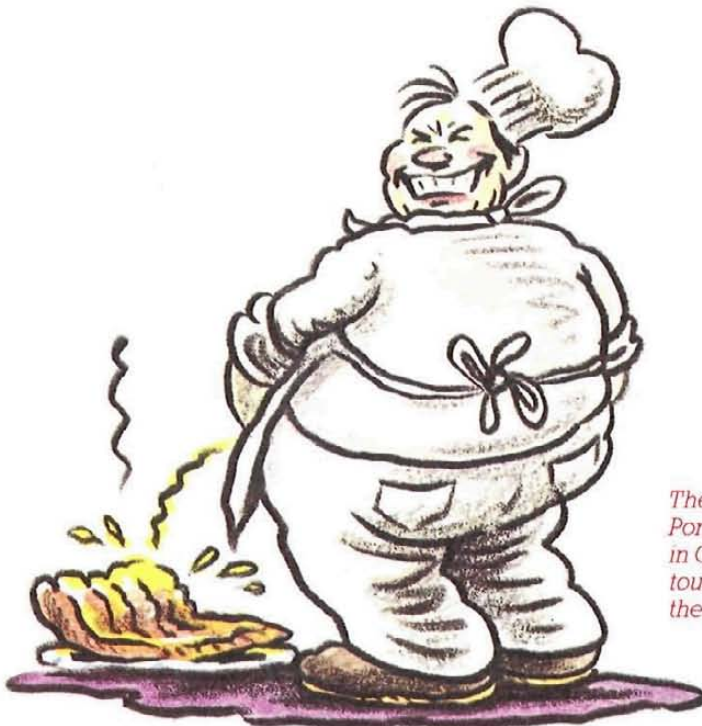
Bird Drop Soup

Again, you can eat *Bird Drop Soup* in a lot of restaurants, but the difference is in the birds. *Wing Wang's* imports its birds from the *Gong wa* province of China, where they've been force-fed on snails and rubbed down with German beer and Russian vodka. That's why you can taste the difference in the droppings.



Wing Wang's employs two full-time chewers. That's why their meat is so tender and has that melt-in-your-mouth goodness. Twice-Chewed Beef achieves its exquisite texture from being chewed for at least thirty minutes before it's plunged into the hissing sauce that

puffs it up and makes it crispy. The chewers have their mouths "spiced up" with garlic, coriander, peppers, soy sauce, and sherry so that the meat is also well-flavored through and through before going into the sauce.



The best appetizer on the menu is Golden Shower Pork—steamed and cleaned baby pork ribs drenched in Chef Loo's own essential juices as the crowning touch. A lot of places serve this dish, but it doesn't have the same sweet-sour quality as Loo's.

CHELSEA: GATEWAY TO YESTERYEAR

by Danny Abelson

Truly, Chelsea is an area where the past jumps up to hit one at every turn. The corner luncheonette at Fifth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, for example, is where a wild-haired young immigrant named Albert Einstein used to bus trays while he tried to break in to theoretical physics.

Later he would strike it rich with his theory of relativity, and his favorite customer, Noël Coward, would play him on the screen in the award-winning *Up and Atom* (directed, by the way, by Einstein's countryman Oscar Winner).

Just two doors down was Lady Day's, an expensive nightery run by jazz singer Billie Holiday. Contrary to popular myth, Billie was an astute and wealthy businesswoman whose advice was sought by the likes of financier Bernard Baruch and King Zog of Albania.

The cast-iron behemoths of Sixth Avenue are all that remain of the heyday of the great department stores. In Flugelheimer's Emporium, for example (at Twentieth Street), one did not merely purchase equipment for a tropical expedition, but actually went on safari, porters and gun bearers supplied by the management. The children might be allowed to ride the steam-powered elevators (then a great novelty), which were large and slow, and equipped with billiard tables and shuttlecock courts to ward off boredom between floors.

This was a time of great showmanship and competition for trade. When Flugelheimer's introduced a rooftop Governesses' Lounge, complete with Ukulele Orchestra and Orphans' Chorale, neighboring O'Reilly's countered

by arranging for the execution of the notorious Spittoon Sisters. Numerous spectators fainted from the excitement, and the Sizzling Summer Spittoon Sale ("Don't get burned anywhere else," "We really fry to satisfy" were among the tag lines) was a great success.

Today O'Reilly's is home to a varied assortment of smaller shops, many of them ethnic in flavor. Scottish merchants are represented by Kilt in Action and Kilt Chateau, both clothing stores, and The Pampered Tush features bathroom accessories by the hundreds, and boasts the slogan "Where your money goes right into the toilet."

The current quarters of the Manhattan Club Med is the former site of the 1946 New York, New York World's Fair. The World's Fair Hotel has been converted into the Big and Tall Men's Motel ("Catering to the extra-large traveler since 1947"), and unfortunately, only the Polish Pavilion has been preserved. Visitors today can still wander through the funhouse there, try their luck at games of one-card monte, or shoot at stuffed animals for prizes of little tin ducks in the shooting gallery.

Chelsea also has its quota of museums—the New York Rodent Museum and the Chelsea Museum of Unnatural History are two, but the very streets themselves are living history. The very games played by the children—from Kick the Kike to Trashball and Wino Bashing—hark back to an era when overhead canals brought whales to market and a richly varied populace of humans and animals and diseases gave Chelsea a flavor and a smell all its own.

TINY TOWN

Start your tour of this little-known mini-neighborhood at the diminutive Cathedral of St. Shorty the Adorable. The snug interior of this landmark structure on West Twentieth Street is filled with relics of St. Shorty, patron saint of mites and fleas. This is an architectural rarity—a Gothic structure adhering to the modernist dictum that less is more, and adults should be careful not to bump their heads on the vaulted cathedral ceilings.

Two doors down, and a flight of stairs below street level, you'll find the cramped quarters of the Cubby Hole Club. Jazz aficionados will know this as the famous spawning ground of the so-called small-band era. Portraits still hang of the many musicians who got their start here, from Shorty Rogers and Booker Little to Bobby Short and—when the place reopened as El Monaco—Tiny Tim and Little Richard.

Cross the road to visit Tiny Town's own neighborhood within a neighborhood, Little Little Italy. Pose for a picture on the Spanish Step, feed the pigeon, and sip a tiny cup of a Little Little Italy specialty, cappuccinini.

Stop by the area's own mini-miniature golf course and your tour will be complete. Sadly, this is the last public golf course left in Manhattan, both the East Side Links and the N. Y. and N. J. (No Jews) Golf Club having recently gone private.

A NEIGHBORHOOD PAINTED IN PROSE

Truly, Chelsea is a neighborhood whose essence has been best under-

stood by the writers and poets who have found their muse here. The famous writer Ernest Hemingway chose to make it the locale of his short story "Balls As Big As Cantaloupes":

"We had lunch at the Creek's place. We drank ouzo, and later, grappa. Afterwards we walked. The girl wanted to take the crosstown bus, but it was running late. We walked some more. Later the bus came. Down the street. I got mad and punched it right between the windshields. It felt good to punch the bus. 'How do you feel?' the girl asked me. 'Okay,' I said, and I meant it, because I was in New York and I had punched the bus and I had balls as big as cantaloupes."

O. Henry lived just across Fifth Avenue, and it was here that he wrote his famous description of the street:

"You set out nicely from your birthplace in Washington Square, but before you are past your Fourteenth Street birthday you get sad and sloppy and bosomy and beer soaked. The buildings blush as you stagger drunk into

the bushes of Madison Square Park and disgorge your guts, you alcoholic avenue, you barfing boulevard!"

The black poet Mofa X captured the anger and urban despair of street life in his moving poem "To the Honky on 14th Street".

"Watch out
Asshole.
'Cos I'm gonna blow your
fuckin' head off.
Yeah."

The tension of the often strained relations between different ethnic groups in the city was the subject of a passage in the Henry James novella "Cop Killer":

"A vague disquiet attended his journey northward from the house on Twenty-first Street, a shroud of a dark, ill-hued nature, at once menacing and diaphanous, cloaked his hurrying form, quite destroying the contentment of his perambulation. He strove in vain to recall what it might have been that so discoloured his expectations, what had cast such a dark shadow over...dark!...

colored! Was that not the very heart of the matter—his journey was taking him toward that region in which the Negroes dwelt, where a man with a vocabulary and costume such as his might meet with harm. It was gratefully that he turned back toward home, allowing to himself as how he had had what the writers of the vulgar press call a 'narrow' escape."

The poet Walt Whitman often walked up from Camden, New Jersey, to soak in the atmosphere of Chelsea street life:

"O street of street lamps
and street signs!
O electrified street cars and
electrified street strollers!
O street walkers!
O Henry
O Boy!"

Finally, it was Amelia Hart Transome's celebrated *Madison Square Quartet* which gave Chelsea its special place in American letters: "Evenings at Dinner Time," "A House of Manners," "The Purloined Sirloin," and "The Thin Man Gets Lucky"

In Flugelheimer's elevator, there's always a chance that a bevy of dancing girls might entertain you between floors.





One Chelsea department store boasts an authentic Ferris wheel on its third floor, great diversion for the kids while you shop.

CENTRAL CHELSEA

Cross Eighth Avenue, heading west on Seventeenth Street, and leave behind New York and the twentieth century. This is the heart of the original Chelsea, and it is every bit as British as its London namesake. From the Georgian houses on the north side of the street, with their crenellated cornice butts, to the charming little pub on the corner, Ye Charming Little Pub on the Corner, this is the nineteenth century preserved intact.

The pub, by the way, serves fish and chips and stout, trifle, bubble and squeak, bangers and mash, kippers and hair, and, for the intrepid diner, dog soup. Ask about the sign on the wall proclaiming this as "The Corner of a Foreign Street That Is Forever England" and you will be treated to the stories of

the escapades of Sir Winston Churchill, who masterminded the defeat of Adolf Hitler from the front table here.

Contrary to popular myth, the Great Warrior did *not* steadfastly refuse to leave London during the blitz, but was so petrified of being injured by bombs that he spent most of the war right here on Seventeenth Street, where the merest rumble of a passing truck was enough to send him rolling across the floor toward the safety of the bar.

The Tea Shop next door—another vestige of the Churchill era—has been replaced by the Greek-Style Coffee-shop, an establishment catering to a rather different population. But one can still make out the legend "Mrs. Selfridge's Tea and Sweet Shoppe: No Wogs Allowed" above the store.

The red brick building at number 248

houses the headquarters of The Blind Accountants Club. A small shield, bearing the club's insignia of a crossed white cane and pocket protector, is affixed to the imposing front door. If you're visiting the area during business hours you may wish to tour the club's unique second-floor Braille Museum of Addition and Subtraction.

Walking west and crossing Eighth Avenue will bring you to the only example of wood-stave architecture in the city, the Entirely Orthodox Church of the Holy Nation Croation. Built in the classic Slovenian style with blind side buttresses and castellated apses, the structure is topped with a garlic-shaped dome derived from Estonian bathhouse designs. Note the stucco-stippled facade and the small, richly ornamented pirogi—a particularly pleasing touch.

THE SHAVING DISTRICT

Milton's Shave-Mart

New stores come and go, but the real shaving buffs still hang out at Milton's Shave-Mart. Nothing fancy here, but just about anything you'll ever want for shaving is in this chaotic mess of a place. You want an English brushless lather in a tube made with avocado? Mexican after-shave lotion from Veracruz? An early version of Gillette Foamy? Milton's has them all—and Milton Weisenheimer, the seventy-six-year-old owner of Milton's, is the only man who knows where to find them. Milton now leaves most of the managing to his son-in-law, Abe, but he still takes an active role, scolding and harassing his son-in-law for any real or imaginary misdeed. In fact, one of the big attractions of Milton's is watching Milton and Abe argue.

The other major attraction of Milton's is its famous "patch shave"—a long counter that holds about fifty different shaving creams which can be sampled and actually used for shaving—with one of the store's razors. This is a great way to try out different brands, except Milton won't allow you to shave your entire face, just a small patch. No schnorrers, no freeloaders here. You like the patch, you buy the whole item.

Shaving buffs try to outwit Milton and Abe by using a lot of samples for "comparison testing" until they finish their faces completely. Sometimes it works, but don't do it too often or Milton will surely catch you and try to kick you out bodily—a major embarrassment for a true shaving buff. 1753 W. 27th Street

Electrics and Batteries

They're scorned by the regular shaving buffs, but they enjoy a certain popularity. The regulars like to drop into the electric-shaver stores and challenge the customers to a "face pat test"—regulars' faces vs. electric shavers' faces—as to which is the smoothest. Of course, it's no contest. "They're not shavers, they're gadget collectors," mutters a regular.

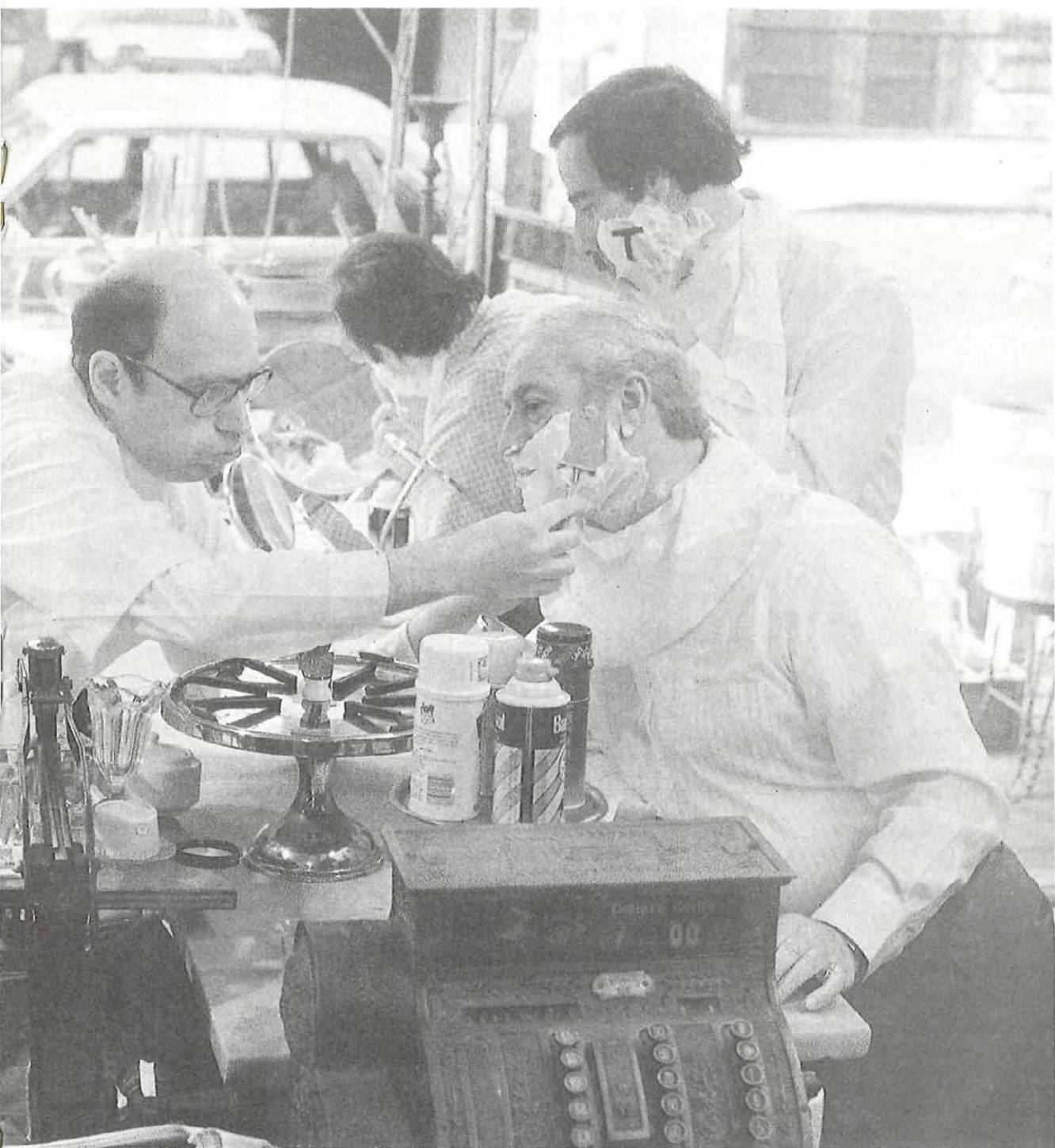
Estelle's—Smoothie's

The women have their own specialty shaving shops, and the loyalties are equally divided between Estelle's and Smoothie's. Estelle's is the Milton's of female shaving, except it has to carry all the electric and cordless models as well as the regular stuff (it has been rumored that Estelle was once Milton's mistress and used to shave him every morning).

Estelle's is also very hospitable



to serious transvestites and transsexuals. The saleswomen are older and a bit cranky, but they really know their stuff. Smoothie's is a chain-store operation with a high-fashion boutique approach. Lots of black walls and black decor to give women's legs a high contrast. The salesgirls are early punk, extremely laid back, and, underneath it all, quite dumb. Estelle's: 1899 W. 27th Street; Smoothie's: 1910 W. 27th Street



Street Vendors

You'd expect street vendors in the shaving district and their prices are right. The problem is: How do you know you're not buying used aerosol cans of shaving cream or "reconditioned" blades? You don't.

The Shaving Salon

A different kind of place. Strictly for state-of-the-art equipment and experi-

mental stuff that's not even on the market. If money is no object, this is the place you'll find the perfect shave.

This is where you can get a demonstration of the Baumgartner 1000, a gas-powered shaver that gets over 500 shaves per gallon in the city and 750 in the country. They've got the vacuum-cleaner shaver by Dozak, the laser-beam model by Shavetronics, and the controversial sound-wave shaver by

Sonar Quest II.

It's all demonstrated to you in private salons by courteous, knowledgeable salesmen (they'd rather be called "shaving analysts"). The prices are staggering, but remember—you only have one face. If you want to treat it to the best, say a Takamichi Molecular Dispersion shaver with built-in FM radio and cassette, then this is the place for you.
1620 W 27th Street

LITTLE ITALY



Marcello

Little Italy has not changed much from the turbulent '20s when Prohibition spawned the Mafia, that legendary consortium of criminals that soon became the ruling empire of the entire country. And it all started in this tiny enclave of downtown New York, two blocks wide and six blocks long. Ironically, not unlike the shape of Italy itself.

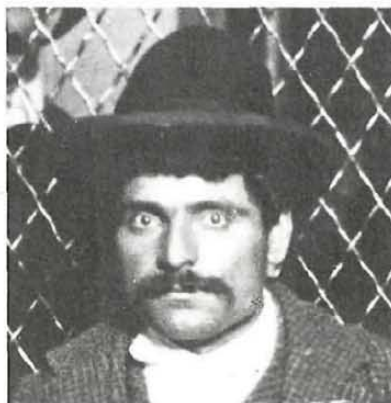
Sicilians may claim to have originated the Mafia, but most knowledgeable historians of crime trace it to the members of a small social club on Mulberry Street in Little Italy who became the most successful gangsters of their time. The name "Mafia" stands for their first initials—Marcello, Alfredo, Federico, Ignacio, and Angelina (they tried a few other spellings—"Amafi" and "Famia," but "Mafia" had the right feeling).

One of these infamous criminals was indeed a woman, but the other four never knew it because of her clever disguises and makeup. Not until Angelina DiBrodetto was slain in the Tontini olive-oil and vinegar warehouse and brought to the Sambucca Funeral Parlor was her true identity discovered. Marcello "Tommy the Putz" Abbandanda ruefully remarked, "She called herself Angelo. If we'd known she was really Angelina we would've been more social with her. Passed her the baked clams first, ate the salads with the right forks, little things like that. We can be gentlemen too."

Angelina DiBrodetto cut her hair short, padded her chest with gun holsters, and wore men's clothing. She was in charge of prostitution and did a good job of keeping the girls in line, according to Abbandanda. "The girls loved her. We never heard a peep out of them." From the available accounts of the period it was obvious that Angelina had the look and authority of a man and the sensitivity of a woman—a combination mother-father figure the whores found irresistible.

Two of the original Mafia members wanted to change the name of their flourishing crime empire to the "Mafi" when Angelina died, but they were overruled and the name stuck. The four survivors built an elaborate organization that soon took over every illegitimate activity in the city. The usual Italian flair for treachery, jealousy, hatred, and greed got the better of the four partners and they had to split up their organization. War was declared and went on uninterrupted for the next twenty years.

Another war, World War II, calmed things down, but the violence, vendettas, family feuds, bloodlust, and sheer meanness resumed again in the '50s on the same level. By the mid '70s Little Italy was nearly destroyed by the wars, though the tourists actually enjoyed visiting the area for the vicarious thrill of watching



Federico



Alfredo

multiple gangland slayings, mourning families, and lavish funerals. It wasn't until February 17, 1980, when 158 South Korean tourists were accidentally gunned down in the middle of another gang war on Broome Street, that the Mafia finally decided to call a truce. Emissaries from the Mafia and the Vatican made a trip to Seoul and worked a reparations agreement to compensate for the horrendous accident, which included long-term, interest-free loans to any Korean émigré wishing to start a fruit and vegetable business in New York.

"Maybe forty, fifty innocent bystanders would get hit every year, which was okay. But we got real careless with all those slants," said Ignacio Zuppa, Jr., son of one of the original founders of the Mafia.

Zuppa and some of his competitors finally sat down at the bargaining table and came up with an interesting idea—make Little Italy into a historical landmark area and convert it into a showplace for visitors. They hired the firm of Stronzoni, Puleo, and Googonz to design and renovate the area as a mixture of the old and the new—the Little Italy of the '20s and '30s and the gaudy, tasteless, contemporary Italian style of today.

"Even though a lot of our businesses

E ITALY



Ignacio

are legit, we have to keep the urban jungle atmosphere that the tourists love. But we don't want to kill them off. It's bad for everybody," said Zuppa. Most of the violence in the neighborhood is simulated, but some is not. As a precaution, visitors are asked to wear brightly colored clothes of an offbeat nature, such as punk fashions, or a costume, or even come in the nude, so they will stand out among the locals. "There's always a bunch of crazies that still enjoy killing people or squeezing their nuts in a garlic press," said Finocchio "Double Dip" Spungini, another member of the ad hoc Garish Italian Landmarks Commission.



Angelina

FESTIVALS

Every day of the year is celebrated with a different festival in honor of a different saint. But the one we recommend the most is celebrated by Jews, called The Slayers of Christ Festival. Hundreds of guilt-ridden Jews, including many millionaires who own and control the media, march in this festival, doling out large sums of money to Christians while they flog themselves and mourn the death of the Savior their ancestors sold down the river. The festival concludes with a human sacrifice to atone for this monumental sin. The first-born son of a media mogul is selected by lot to have the privilege of being put to death.

OTHER ATTRACTIONS

The designers of the new Little Italy have given this neighborhood an earthy vitality combined with a sophisticated "theme" atmosphere. There's danger and excitement in the air, and a simple walk through the streets has been turned into a fun-filled simulation of the Little Italy of old. You might be "kidnapped," witness a gangland massacre, or be the "victim" of a stickup, all simulated for your amusement. (In 82 percent of the cases your money is returned.)

On weekends you can play "Find the Body." Various parts of real bodies are hidden throughout the neighborhood. If you can find all or most of the matching parts and put them together you'll win a free dinner for two at Mama Scumbaggi's.

NOTE: A half-block section of Mulberry Street, between Grand and Broome streets, is also known as the "Little Vatican." Most of the tenements have boutiques that sell relics, artifacts, and mementos of the Vatican City in Rome. A small, fanatical religious cult gathers here to worship Vatican City itself and what it stands for. Its leader is a man who calls himself Pope Bob.

Most of the restoration work has been completed and visitors who are properly dressed can enjoy the gory and glorious heritage this neighborhood offers in abundance.

MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN MAFIA

The showplace of Little Italy. Your tour should begin here, providing you can get into the building, which is heavily guarded and has no windows and no visible means of entry. The trick is to know the password phrase of the day, which is usually offered to you by many street people "in the know" for a reasonable fee. Just ask around and use the phrase that seems to be the consensus version. The last we heard, it went something like:

"Knock, knock."

"Who's there?"

"Argo."

"Argo who?"

"Argo fuck yourself."

A door slot will open, a pair of eyes will size you up, and you will be let in by a large bodyguard type who will frisk you. If you look okay, you can enter and enjoy the exhibits.

Some of the Highlights

"The Eyes of Rosa Fabrini" Skip the obvious stuff, the cement shoes and overcoats, the personal handguns of the stars, the tuxedos with bullet holes, and go right to the first floor, where you'll find a lovely little glass case with a velvet-lined box containing the "eyes" of Rosa Fabrini. The story goes that the eyes were delivered in the velvet box by Marcello "Tommy the Putz" Abbondanda to Nunzio "Kosher Pickle" Fabrini, son of Rosa Fabrini, and a hated rival. The message in the box said that Nunzio would receive another part of his mother every day for a month. When Nunzio saw his mother's big brown eyes looking at him he went berserk, which is exactly what Marcello wanted. Unaccompanied by his gang, the hotheaded Nunzio stormed into the Mafia Social Club, where two thousand rounds of machine-gun bullets were fired into him until there was nothing left but his tie clip and a belt buckle. Marcello had tricked Nunzio. Mother Fabrini was actually still alive and well. Marcello bought her a Seeing Eye dog and she lived to be ninety.

"The Last Supper at Gumbazzo's Restaurant" A huge oil painting depicting the famous Gumbazzo Massacre, when forty-two members of the Frittata mob dropped dead simultaneously from eating doctored veal rollatini. The killer simply substituted poison mushrooms for conventional ones normally used in the sauce.

Replica of the Original Mafia

Social Club A model room that is an exact re-creation of the club where the Mafia was born. The club had no name. It was simply called "the place." It contains eight metal folding chairs, a card table, a hot plate, a drip espresso coffee maker, and some cups and saucers. The walls are bare and there are no personal mementos anywhere. A small black and white alley cat is allowed to stay in the room.

But visitors flock to this exhibit as if it were the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem. There is something almost holy about this room. Something in the drabness, the anonymity, the worn furniture, excites the imagination. An old Italian guide conducts a short lecture every hour, telling stories and anecdotes of the legendary quintet who met here. "Ah, here is where Alfredo 'Petey Pimples'

Bumbasti sat and cut his big toenails with a fruit knife. And this is the cup that Ignacio Foongatsa used, the one with the chip. Ignacio's idea of a joke was to put two scorpions down your shirt and watch you dance and scream." The old man accepts tips.

"The Mafia Kiss" Lifelike figures made of wax illustrate the various forms of the Mafia Kiss ritual—the kissing of a don's ring, the kissing of a don's watch (when he doesn't wear a ring), the ritual kiss of the hit man before he goes out on his assignment, and the wet, passionate kiss reserved for Mafia weddings.

A very touching exhibit is the "Grave of the Unknown Soldier," an actual grave containing the body of an unidentified Mafia soldier who was totally mutilated in one of the bloody wars of the '30s.

RESTAURANTS

Mama Scumbaggi's—Now going into its seventy-fifth year and still going strong. Started as a tiny storefront on Kenmare Street by a Russian émigré couple who called it "The Russian Tea Room. But in 1913 Guglielmo Scumbaggi, a young upwardly mobile thug,

became a partner with 100 percent ownership of the restaurant, and he gave it to his mother for her birthday because her own little stove had broken. Since then Mama Scumbaggi's has expanded considerably and is now jointly owned by the family and the Nestlé Corporation, the gigantic Swiss cartel. Nothing else has changed much except the prices. Pasta is served in 106 different ways, including *Pipi Con Brodo* ("little penises" in yellow broth), *Mussolini* ("little dictators" in a heavy sauce). Other specialties: *Clams Pacino*, *Mussels Stallone*, *Chicken Incognito* (chicken cleverly disguised as lobster with hot butter, lemon, and tiny light bulbs). Complete twenty-two-course dinners are \$75. No one is allowed to leave until they clean their plates. 989 *Kenmare Street*

Titi's—A small, narrow restaurant with all the tables against the back wall. Reputed to be a Mafia hangout. Hard to report on the quality of the food because the chefs seem to change at the whims of the customers. Chances are it's very good. Seats nine. No reservations accepted. You simply wait in line outside until the dons and their families are finished. 1012 *Broome Street*



Sal of Sicily—A one-man restaurant. Sal does all the shopping, cooking, and waiting on tables. Sal is a true-blue Sicilian. He doesn't trust anyone and wants to keep all the profits for himself. Sal had a reputation as a good cook in Sicily but has a problem in New York. He tends to overcook or undercook everything because he can't stay in the kitchen all the time. A visiting Texan

jokingly told Sal to "burn me one of them veal scallopinis," and of course that's exactly what he got. *1412 Grand Street*

Stringutsa's—Carmine Stringutsa discovered a marvelous way to serve good Italian food and make tons of money. He coerced his neighboring restaurant owner, Barry Bambilini, to do all the cooking for nothing. Bambilini's cuisine

is considered the best in the area. Carmine simply sends all his food orders to Bambilini's and gets the dishes back through a connecting underground tunnel with hardly a moment lost in the transfer. Carmine keeps a small, rudimentary kitchen and a skeleton staff for "show." In exchange for this service Barry is allowed to live. *1456 Mulberry Street*

You never know what might turn up when you play "Find the Body Parts" in Little Italy. These lucky tourists came up with a stray hand, redeemable for a complimentary hot antipasto appetizer at Mama Scumbaggi's.



A SURVEY OF THE



UPPER EAST SIDE

HOTTEST



SINGLES BARS...

NAME OF ESTABLISHMENT	AMBIENCE	WHOM YOU'LL MEET	SEXUAL TEMPERATURE	FEMALE REACTION
DINGLEBERRY'S II <i>3907 Second Avenue</i>	Early '60s soft-core modern	Junior execs from loan and insurance companies, upscale messengers	Steambath	
SCREWBALL'S <i>6543 Third Avenue</i>	Late '60s hard-core porn	Parking-lot attendants, outpatients from fancy sanitariums, college girls out on a spree	The fixtures are melting	
BARF'S <i>7123 Third Avenue</i>	Cozy basement rec room; bowling trophies, easy chairs, Barcaloungers, color TV	Subway motormen, park-bench sitters, municipal workers	Buns in the oven	
UPSCALE'S <i>6540 First Avenue</i>	Chairs, tables, lamps, the works	Aspiring Yuppies, Guppies, Pippies, Treppies, Snuffies, and Snippies	1000° Fahrenheit	
DR. MONSTROSITY'S <i>6150 Second Avenue</i>	Lots of chintz, pinstripes, polka dots, hunting prints, flower paintings, stuffed animals	Hunchbacks, religious fanatics with money, pretty women who like small, meaningful orgies	Be prepared for the time of your life	
NIPPLE'S <i>7280 Second Avenue</i>	Weimar Republic with touches of Jewish-grandmother modern	International polo set, superintendents, video-cassette salesmen, underage girls	Wacky high-voltage place with lots of biting	
PIGGIE'S <i>7690 First Avenue</i>	Used to be a collection of pig stalls, now renovated. But still has a nice, tangy aroma	Nice mix of young doctors, lawyers, coke dealers, horny suburban matrons, and ex-cons	Sticky-finger time	
P. J. SCROTUM <i>6325 Second Avenue</i>	YMCA locker room—benches, radiators with damp socks drying—deep, rich smells	Big jock hangout, a few creeps and fingermen	Heart-attack time after midnight	
ZIT'S <i>6897 Second Avenue</i>	Chinese pub with nautical touches	Hard drinkers, high-priced hookers, senators, congressmen, judges, ex-presidents	Slow boil, but heats up after 1 A.M.	
BOOGER'S <i>6987 First Avenue</i>	Hawaiian plastic; some flourishes of S & M modern	Art and theater crowd, runaway girls, bisexual delivery boys	Dante's Inferno	
HOOLIGAN'S <i>6342 Third Avenue</i>	Rustic log cabin, twig furniture, raccoon heads on the wall	Good place to see rich old men make fools of themselves over Puerto Rican teenagers	Hot enough	
T. J. WHIPPERSNAPPER <i>6587 First Avenue</i>	Lots of chicken wire, big slabs of mutton hanging from the ceiling	Horny models, pretty young actresses who will do anything for a part, celebs who are "just folks"	If you can't stand the heat you better get out of this kitchen	
STARFUCKER <i>8860 Second Avenue</i>	Converted rabbinical academy	Music-biz heavies, sumo wrestlers, kosher butchers, great-looking lesbians	Strip for action	
THE BUGGERY <i>5620 Second Avenue</i>	Like being in the middle of a Viennese mushroom garden	Farmers in for a holiday, horny bank tellers, dental hygienists	Scorching	

MALE O	THREADS	SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS	FAVORITE DRINK	MOST MEMORABLE PICKUP LINE
6-3	Anything, even a jockstrap and a bow tie	The Special of the Day is usually Patti, Maxine, Mona, Georgette, uh... you get it.	White Wine Milkshake	"My monkey says he wants to fuck you."
4-2	Pajamas, bikinis, raincoats	Happy Hour starts at 8 A.M., never ends. All drinks 50¢	Irving Wallbanger (vodka, rum, Scotch, Pernod, a squirt of Freon)	"Shut up and finish my rim job."
3-1	Pants required	Live turkeys mingle with the customers	Frozen "6 & 6"	"Let's trade underwear."
5-2	Lots of mufflers, socks, no shoes	Raffle every Thursday and Friday—winners get free blowjobs	Cement Mixer (gin, malt liquor, Amaretto, kosher salt)	"I seem to have lost my clitoris. Can you help me find it?"
8-2	Anything, as long as it comes off fast	Murphy beds in every room	Boilerplate (rum, bourbon, crème de menthe, and Yoo-Hoo)	"If you really want to burn my ass, put some pepper on your tongue."
7-5	Turtlenecks, ski masks, tuxedo jackets	Indoor fireworks every Wednesday	Best ice water in town	"Your place or your place?"
6-3	Cowboy, sweat clothes, formal, you name it	More flies per square inch than any bar in town. Three swatters per table	Humpty Dumpty (Spanish brandy, Irish coffee, seltzer, a touch of chicken fat)	"What do you say to a little fuck?" "Hello, little fuck."
2-1	Loose- or tight-fitting attire	Swimming pool in the middle of the floor for anyone who wants to skinnydip	Lonely Widow (sweet vermouth, Tia Maria, blueberry brandy, food coloring)	"If you won't sit on my face, can I sit on yours?"
4-3	Fancy dressers. Some of the men wear makeup	Every hour the lights go out and you have to grab the ass of the person next to you	White Mouse (ouzo, coconut milk, beef broth, white wine)	"I'm the best fuck in New York and it won't cost you a cent."
5-3	Wear anything, but keep your genitalia uncovered	A cute pony is available for anyone who wants to fuck it	Rusty Knocker (bourbon, grapefruit juice, gin, vodka, soy sauce)	"My monkey would like to fuck your monkey."
2-1	Nothing unusual, though some of the girls like to wear fluffy bathrobes	Real slave auction every Friday	Hand Grenade (beer, vodka, bourbon, rum, Scotch, red wine, sherry, and vanilla extract)	Written on a slip of paper: "I'm blind, but I can sense that you want to fuck me."
9-4	Wear your best stuff, even though it may get torn off by the end of the night	Old-fashioned minstrel show every Tuesday	Bull's Belly Button (vodka, gin, raspberry vinegar, fresh basil, cranberry juice, maple syrup)	"You're crazy about me, but you're too shy to admit it, right?"
3-2	Easy does it, but no jeans, please	Nude underwater ballet show every Tuesday	Tough Titty (vodka, white wine, skim milk)	"If you don't want to try sixty-nine, how about a sixty-eight?"
6-4	Semiformal	A real gorilla comes in nightly, picks up the prettiest girl in the place, and fucks her in the back room	Log Breaker (Scotch, plum brandy, Collins mix, a dash of Pepto-Bismol)	"Hi, I'm a fuckaholic."

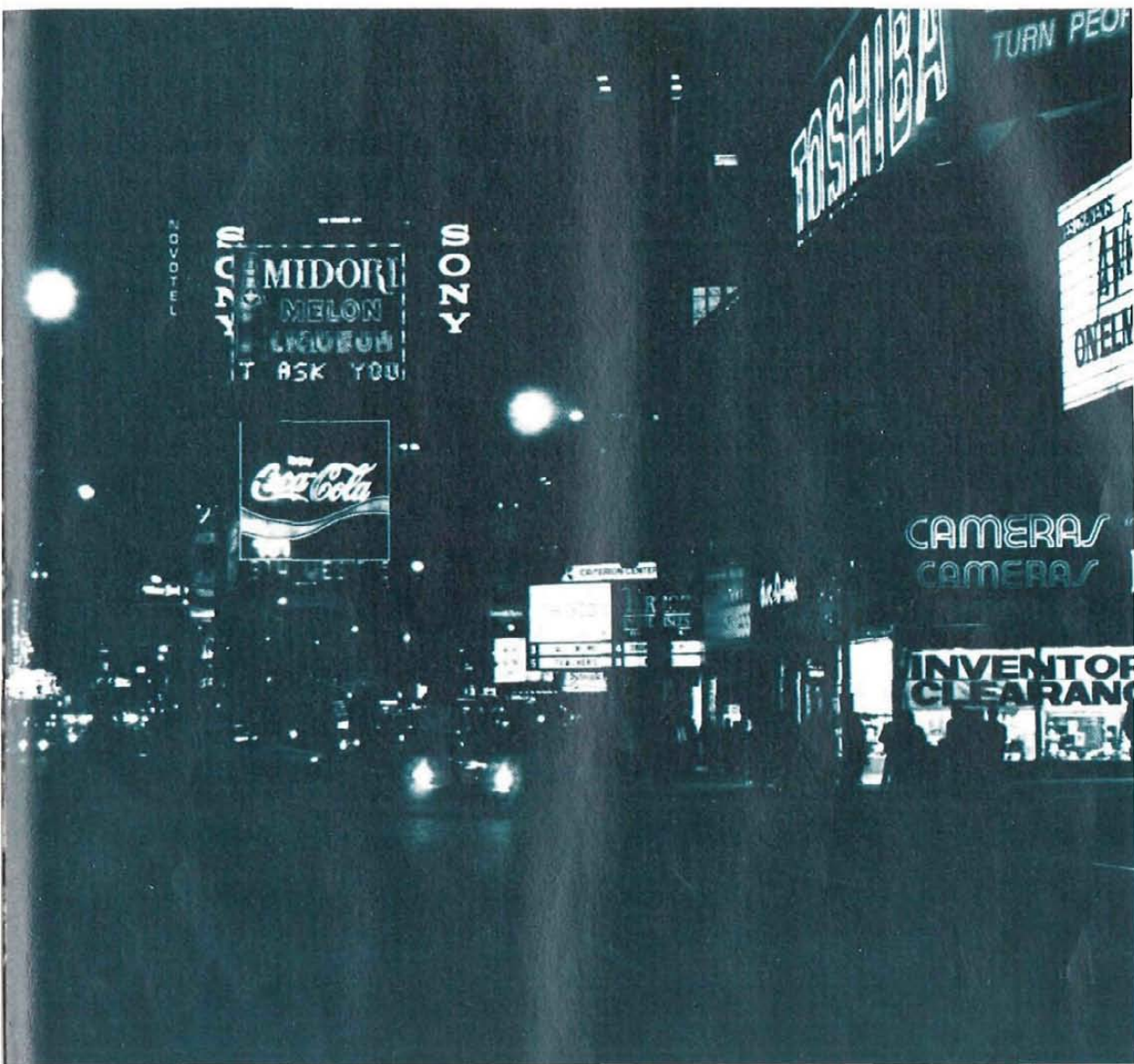
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HEAVY METAL

HARLEM

Harlem is back. Just like it was in the good old days. The civic leaders of this community finally realized that the only way Harlem was to prosper and become a great tourist attraction was to make it like it used to be—the legendary Harlem of the '20s and '30s.

Today you can journey uptown and feast your eyes on mocha-hued chorines, listen to hot jazz, and mingle with raffish characters in after-hours clubs. The shoeshine boy is back, and he's singing and dancing on the streets. The dance halls are full of jitterbuggers and shufflers jumping with joy. Restaurants and clubs are everywhere, with the happy sound of colored music and the deep, mournful sighs of the blues. Close your eyes and you can swear you hear Fats Waller at five in the morning, still going strong, with a big glass of gin on the piano and a grin as wide as his waistline. Harlem is back, and it's ready to meet and greet you.

The funding for this big facelift is being supplied by every major source—federal, state, and city governments, private industry, private-venture capital, and Third World money. "It seems like everyone wants Harlem to return to those good old days," says Perry Braithwaite, deputy director of SHVUG (Save Harlem Values Under God). "I've never seen so much money pour in for a neighborhood project in my life. When we asked for new schools or hospitals, we'd never get a dime. The Lord must want us to do this, or we wouldn't be so blessed with money."

Many of the biggest corporations were "thrilled and delighted" to contribute to the project. The federal government passed a special bill to provide matching funds and "extra money for unforeseen expenses and cost overruns," a polite way of padding the pockets of the various project directors.

In a speech before the Funding Committee, the president of the United States urged the blacks of Harlem to become a shining example to their brothers everywhere, to "do what you do best and don't try to aim too high." The result is a burgeoning job program for the unemployed blacks in the new Harlem, which of course is really the



Perry Braithwaite (center) and two associates from SHVUG conferring after HEW promised matching funds for Harlem's gala Lincoln's Birthday week-long celebration.

old Harlem, but bigger and better.

No expense has been spared in recreating the sunny, sweet-chocolate atmosphere and style of those good old days. Today, blacks and whites alike are not afraid to call Harlem what it really is and what it was always meant to be—Nigger Heaven.

Your best bet is to get off at Harlem's main thoroughfare, 125th Street, and walk your way through. There are so many hot spots, so many things happening, that you can just amble into any club or café and boogie and jive all night.

(NOTE: The same policy applies today as it did in the good old days. In the big, fancy clubs, no blacks are admitted as paying customers. They can only

work as entertainers or in service jobs. In the small clubs the clientele can be mixed, but service to whites comes first and foremost. In the smaller after-hours clubs the same policy applies but the atmosphere is a little more casual and egalitarian. If you yearn for the old servility, stay with the bigger clubs. If you want to really "mix" and "change your luck," try the clubs that are off the beaten path. Don't worry about violence or bodily harm. Every establishment, both large and small, has full security and police protection.)

RECOMMENDED: The Swell Club

There's a fabulous house band led by

Spencer Poole, some choice tap dancing by Hump and Dumpty, and the comedian Webfoot Pinkham can really tickle your funny bone, but everyone really comes here to see the Jungle Bunnies, arguably the most beautiful line of chorus girls in the world.

The Jungle Bunnies were created by Carmichael Stokes, their director and choreographer. They were chosen not only for their physical beauty but for their skin tones. The trademark of the Jungle Bunnies is the incredible skin-color range they present, from coal-black to near creamy white, with every color in between. Picture a line of fifty incredible girls, seminude, who look like a Benjamin Moore color chart, and you've an idea of the visual effect of the Jungle Bunnies.

The girls dance and cavort with that sinuous style and grace that only colored girls have and bring the house down with their Busby Berkeley-inspired choreography (fifty fast-moving buttocks creating anything from flower arrangements to faces of famous black Americans).

Free salad and chicken-wing bar. Complimentary cocktail for the ladies. 7687 Lenox Avenue

THE BATTLE OF THE NEW TEXTILE CLUBS

There's a running battle between two establishments on 125th Street as to who will be the rightful successor to the grand old Cotton Club (although the



The Savoy is back, and Harlem's friendly blacks are waiting to make your visit uptown one that you'll never forget.

Swell Club comes close at times). The clubs are directly opposite each other and they try to outdo each other in who can be more authentically and outrageously colored. Of course, the paying customer reaps the benefits of this kind of spirited competition. If you've got the stamina, it's a good idea to go to both places on the same night.

The Acrylic Club

Owned and operated by the Washington sisters, Darnel and Arnel, this place is just good, dirty fun. The chorus girls aren't as beautiful as the ones at the Swell Club, but they're a lot more down to earth. A word to the stage-door Johnny: For a small price they will go even further than down to earth. The girls are really hot and sassy here and like to eat with the customers, sitting on their laps and feeding them snout fritters and deep-fried hog lips. 2768 W. 125th Street

The Man-Made-Fiber Club

Owned and operated by another pair of sisters, Polly and Esther (formerly the Synthetics), who are trying to be even more vulgar, sassy, and raucous than their rivals across the street. Polly and Esther like to stage mock lovers' quarrels that culminate in gunplay, and use what they claim are "genuine Nubians" as waiters: "Each one with a minimum of sixteen inches on display, if asked." The waiters may not really be from Nubia, but their endowments are genuine and provide a never-ending source of fascination and wonderment to the white-only clientele. 2767 W. 125th Street

Jive at Five

That's 5 A.M. That's when the action really starts at this after-after-hours club, which is usually open only to black musicians and their friends. But you can get in if you know the password. The one that never fails is "Here's a ten-spot." (Don't worry—the money will be re-



Swing to the sounds of Tubby Walker and His Bottle Babies at the Acrylic Club nightly

turned to you when you leave.) Actually, the place is loaded with whites who like to mingle with the "in" crowd of black performers. This is the place where you're likely to meet some of the Jungle Bunnies after they quit work, as they relax and unwind with a drink and some reefer, and where Harlem's hottest jazz musicians congregate for world-famous jam sessions, or "jumpin' jive," as they call it. At any given moment you can listen to the likes of Tubby Walker, Bahama Smith, Nanny Compo, the Hubberly Brothers, and singers Thorna Tate, Big Mama Papa, Brown Bill Blue, and many more.

Your hostess is none other than Nicolette Noone, better known as "Venus Flytrap" for her famous French

New York. A small colony of Negro Scotsmen live in northern Harlem and play their own form of jazz bagpipe. A pleasant place to eat Scotch smoked salmon and enjoy the sounds of Fats MacTavish and Count Dundee.
6723 W. 144th Street

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

(NOTE: Because New York usually has very cold, snowy weather in February, the month Lincoln was born, this holiday is celebrated on July 12 instead of February 12 in Harlem.)

You can talk about your Martin Luther Kings and Jesse Jacksons, but the one man that all Negroes still revere the most, their main man, is Abraham Lin-

coln Look-alike Award. Each contestant reads the Gettysburg Address or tells a few Lincoln yarns.

Uncle Tom's Cabin

The Negro's passion play. It still brings a tear to the eye, and now it's performed by an all-star cast of black actors, including special guests Richard Pryor and Eddie Murphy.

Reenactment of the Lincoln Assassination

An even bigger catharsis, which never fails to bring shouts, wails, and moans of despair from the audience. Parallels to the assassinations of the Kennedys, Malcolm X, and Martin Luther King are inevitably brought up. A time when both



The Jungle Bunnies sandwich Carmichael Stokes, their director and choreographer. Don't miss their famous Busby Berkeley-esque Buttocks Ballet.

kisses. Nicolette was Josephine Baker's arch rival in the '20s for the title of "Toast of Paris." She still sports a pair of water buffalo as pets and they roam the club freely, keeping perfect time with the drummer.

When everyone is just about played out, it's time for breakfast, and chef Albert St. Paul, formerly of De Maupas-sant's of New Orleans, whips up his specialties—yawfish stew, battered biscuits with curdled gravy, mounds of hot, crusty *foujou*, the Cajun version of mutton cracklings, and oyster bellies on a bed of "filthy rice." All you can eat for \$1.75. 3115 W. 135th Street

The Black Watch

The only Scottish-Negro jazz club in

coln, the man who freed them from bondage and started them on the road to regaining their dignity and identity as equal members of the human race.

The week of July 12 is one big party in Harlem, a combination of Mardi Gras, Carnival, and religious frenzy as Negroes celebrate with unabashed joy. Everything you've always wanted to do in Harlem is done right on the streets, from shoeshine boys singing and dancing to ancient mammies urging you to eat their homemade jiminy grits and mew-maws. Here are some of the highlights:

Lincoln Look-alike Contest

Hundreds of Negroes in stovepipe hats, frock coats, and beards vie for the Mr.

white and black people share their grief.

Original Lincoln Song Contest

Open to everyone, professional and amateur. The judges come from the music and theater world. The prize: \$25,000.

The Lincoln Bowl

A summer football game between Grambling and Morgan State, at Yankee Stadium.

The Lincoln Parade

The big extravaganza with gigantic Lincoln-inspired themes created by the local Lincoln clubs, with prizes for the most imaginative floats.

LITTLE CAMBODIA IN EAST HARLEM

War-torn refugees from Cambodia have flocked to this area because it reminds them so much of their homeland. Assimilation is easy, even though there is an acute language problem. Cambodians are remarkably adaptable and resourceful, need very little space for living quarters, and can do an enormous amount of back-breaking physical labor, especially the older women.

What is even more remarkable is how quickly the Cambodians have regained much of their ethnic identity. The wounds and scars have healed. The past is buried, and these handsome, wiry people are smiling once again as they enjoy their weekly *h'ai pok*, the family banquet that features the national dish, *mee gob*, sweet-and-sour grilled cat. Cambodians are the best cat catchers in the world, either by hand or with traps. The *h'ai pok* is the stabilizing force that keeps the Cambodian family together. Friends and neighbors drop in to each other's *h'ai pok* and news and gossip is exchanged.

This is also where the custom of *ko-tung*, or "wife swapping", takes place. The Cambodians are monogamists, but believe in variety. And when it comes to bargaining for a new wife, the Cambodian is a tough horse-trader who can give a New York real-estate developer a good run for his money. In Cambodia many *ko-tung* were done in the restaurants. Wheeling and dealing for wives was a public activity, much like a Turkish bazaar. It was a major attraction for foreign visitors.

Today, in New York, public swappers, with their colorful bargaining and shouting, cannot be duplicated until the Cambodians build their own restaurants. But since they still live in an open style, improvising their habitats out of the bombed-out buildings of the area, you can still watch the proceedings and follow them quite easily.

Ko-tung is done in a disarmingly casual manner at the beginning. The spectator has to be alert in catching the first signs of a possible deal between two husbands. It could be as normal as one husband offering another man's wife a small choice of cat or a sip of his beer. If the male Cambodian starts brushing the hair of a woman who is not his wife, we have a recognized signal that he is interested in her and wishes to swap. If the other husband is willing, a spirited bargaining session begins, combined with a physical inspection of the wives. It looks like the barbaric custom of slave trading, but the truth is that the women like the idea of *ko-tung*, which translates roughly as "changing your luck." In the final bargaining session the woman has a strong say and her needs will be satisfied. There seems to be no anger or pettiness in the custom of *ko-tung*. Instead, the Cambodians enact a round robin, a *ronde* of husband and wives which stimulates and enhances their relationships and brightens up their lives. The children are also happier with this kind of arrangement. The custom is centuries old. It seems to work for the Cambodians, who are like one big happy family.





UPPBEITMANN ARCHIVE

SOHO

Soho was once just another sleepy semi-industrial backwater of southern Manhattan. It was originally called Kensington Gardens. But when the salmon were discovered, they made such an impact on the area that its name was officially changed to Soho, which stands for "Salmon of Hudson Origins." Today the Soho salmon is second only to the Columbia River variety in yearly production and consumption. The local chamber of commerce proudly calls Soho the "Salmon Capital of the East."

No one is sure how it all started. According to Prof. Paul Armbruster of the Museum of Natural History, salmon were somehow spawned under the streets of Soho, swam to the Hudson as their normal habitat, and then completed their life cycle by returning to the underground sewers of Soho to lay their eggs. How they got to Soho is still a mystery.

What we do know is that a group of pop artists who were living in the area kept hearing strange noises and splashing sounds in the sewer openings of the street corners. When they finally opened the grates and looked down, they saw an unbelievable sight thrashing about. "It was like something out of the Pacific Northwest, only dirtier," said Lee Scheldenhale, a minimalist and one of the original discoverers of the fish.

The discovery created a big stir in the neighborhood and soon everyone was dropping a fish line or a net down a sewer manhole. This laissez-faire attitude didn't last very long when more powerful, organized groups started taking over territorial rights to the street corners. Local residents fought each other and outsiders over who could fish at the best spots. It was the beginning of the Salmon Fishing Wars, which lasted through the '60s, a long, agonizing period that took many lives and ruined many others.

It took the combined efforts of the police and the National Guard to put an end to the Salmon Wars, and by that time both sides were growing weary of

the conflict. A peace conference ended in a formal truce. A special Salmon Commission was formed to determine how the territories would be divided.

In 1968 the mayor awarded seventeen salmon-fishing franchises to "qualified fish purveyors and enthusiasts with a record of dedication to environment protection and public service."

The awards resulted in a great public outcry accusing the mayor of political favoritism in awarding the franchises, especially in the case of Anthony Abbantando, a labor racketeer who was indicted for extortion, income tax evasion, and murder. A citizens group got an injunction that prevented Abbantando from using his salmon franchise. Abbantando's company countersued the city for damages and reparations. The franchise was still on hold as this guidebook went to press.

As is customary in New York City, the furor subsided and the salmon power brokers took over. The gentrification of salmon was inevitable. What was once a simple neighborhood pastime has now become "Salmon Row"—block after block of high-chic salmon enterprises. Today the buses unload thousands of salmon-hungry tourists every day who adore the salmon boutiques, restaurants, clubs, and cultural events. It's slick and well run, but most of it lacks the earthiness, the good-natured fun of the early days.

SALMON ROW

There's a lot of bad food, junky products, and meaningless nonsense that passes for art along Salmon Row. But there are some very interesting things to look for if you know where to look.

Salmonella's

Salmon goes Northern Italian Nouvelle, one of the last countries to try its hand at this nearly outmoded cuisine. Here you can have salmon with rhubarb and arugula, salmon with unripened white olives and gorgonzola, and salmon with veal birds. The owner, an ex-baron from Tuscany, is reputedly a fortune hunter. He can be seen every night plying his

trade with the best female catch instead of serving his customers. *1560 Prince Street*

Soho Salmon Museum

Contains the earliest salmon artifacts dating back to the John Lindsay era, including nets, the salmon magnets used by Columbia University students, early bait and tackle, and raingear. On the second floor there is a photography show called "The Shame of the Salmon Wars," with text by Arthur Miller. On a more upbeat note, there is a 3-D film, *Soho Adventure, 1897 West Broadway*

In the Pink

Young American designers Binky Flaviano and Ric Tushay work only in Soho salmon pink, either cooked or raw. Their hot number is a raw-pink sweater with flecks of real salmon-skin appliques. *1290 West Broadway*

The Holly Salmon Gallery

Holly Shapiro decided to open a gallery of salmon sculpture and then changed her name as well. Recently she's been showing the works of Richard Topo, Byron Cantwell, Lee Isotope, and Milos Tundra. *1580 Greene Street*

Dukatsu Salmon Kabuki Theater

The legendary Japanese fish theater is now in semipermanent residence in New York. Men play both male and female salmon roles. Not an easy art form to comprehend, but the salmon costumes and the sets are magnificent. The performers rely on swimming movements to mime their stories. Haunting musical accompaniment on wood-block rhythm instruments. *1890 Broome Street*

There are also many salmon street performers doing their things on weekends. Keith Pincus, a juggler of salmon, is especially appealing to young and old and gets well-deserved applause for his barbecued-salmon finish.

A comedy improvisation group, Salmon Janet Evening, entertains from Thursday through Sunday at Fishbone's, a salmon-oriented cabaret. *1678 Crosby Street*



PRICELESS COLLECTOR'S ITEMS FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON

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- MARCH 1972/Escape!
- JUNE 1972/Science Fiction
- JULY 1972/Surprise!
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- NOVEMBER 1972/Decadence
- DECEMBER 1972/Easter in December
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- OCTOBER 1977/All Beatles
- NOVEMBER 1977/Lifestyles
- DECEMBER 1977/Christmas in December
- JANUARY 1978/The Role of Sex in History
- FEBRUARY 1978/Spring Fascism Preview
- MARCH 1978/Crime and Punishment
- APRIL 1978/Spring Cleaning
- MAY 1978/Families
- JUNE 1978/The Wild West



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It is imperative that I acquire the items checked above in order to keep my home humor collection complete. I am enclosing \$1.50 in postage and handling for my order if it's under \$5.00, and \$2.00 for said charges if the order totals more than \$5.00, a small price to pay for U.S. postal delivery. If I'm a New York State resident I'm adding 8 1/4 percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

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- AUGUST 1984/Unofficial Olympics Guide
- SEPTEMBER 1984/Fall-Fashions
- OCTOBER 1984/Just Good Stuff
- NOVEMBER 1984/The Accidental Issue

DECEMBER 1984 Aside from issue Number One, this may well become the rarest "old" National Lampoon of all. It's the last issue in the familiar National Lampoon format which remained intact for nearly fifteen years. The issue after this introduced the new, one-of-a-kind format. \$4.00

- National Lampoon Binders Vinyl binders with tough metal "rods." \$4.50 each, \$8.00 for two, \$10.50 for three. — Quantity
- National Lampoon Case Binder Fits many types of magazines. \$6.95 each — Quantity
- National Lampoon Binder With all twelve issues from a given year. Well, not exactly given.

— 1975	— 1979	— 1983	— Vinyl binder
— 1976	— 1980	— 1984	— Case binder
— 1977	— 1981		\$24.00 each
— 1978	— 1982		

the children. "Might I examine them first?" reply the customers. We will not spoil the drama for you—go!

Between shows there's a small line of break-dancing junkies—the world-famous "Drugettes." Try to spot the transvestite—dollars to doughnuts you can't tell.

Corsican Museum (1987 E. 12th Street)—A tribute to the beautiful people whose lives were perhaps best captured in *The French Connection*. Photos, switch-blades, scales, and more.

Free admission for policemen.

So what else: As in any restored drug-dealing village, you may encounter con men and other unsavory types. While the city does its best to crack down on this kind of behavior, in the end only your common sense can save you. If someone offers you a bargain that's just too good to be true—think before you buy. Look for city licenses and Historic Drugsburg Membership Certificates. You may pay a few dollars more, but you'll be assured of a safe and healthy adventure.

East of Avenue D—The Devil's Bladder—Just east of historic Drugsburg there's a portion of Manhattan that is much less talked about, much less explored, and much less civilized than the rest of this ultra-sophisticated borough. Local cynics, of which there are many in New York, have taken to calling the district "Dregsburg." Its true name sounds just a bit more romantic: the Devil's Bladder.

Most guidebooks simply ignore the Devil's Bladder in the hope that it will go away. It is an oddly shaped, tumorlike district that juts out into the cold, condom-filled waters of the East River. While some people believe the neighborhood is built on landfill, in fact it was formed slowly by the accumulation of water-borne sewage and wind-borne debris.

Each year the Bladder gains a few more feet in its fight with the raging river's water. By the year 3000 the Bladder may actually span the river and link Manhattan to Brooklyn.

The Devil's Bladder is spiritually and geographically cut off from the rest of

New York. It is a neighborhood in which packs of wild dogs are afraid to roam the streets; a neighborhood that rats avoid; a neighborhood without cable TV.

Avenue E—Gateway to the Bladder—As you walk east to Avenue E, you will begin to feel ooze and sludge soak through your shoes (do not wear espadrilles). If possible, suck on a few gamma globulin pills. At the corner you'll see clusters of barbarians, mucus-chewing members of the subprole world. At first glance these tribes will remind you of the bad guys in *The Road Warrior*. Upon closer inspection you'll find these guys make *The Road Warrior's* barbarians look like Yuppies from *The Big Chill*.

These groups belong to a caste that Bladder denizens call "the pussies." They dare not enter the heart of the Bladder. Instead, they forage for their lives on the western edge. It is a good idea to bring along Hostess Twinkies, or airplane glue, to give away in exchange for safe passage. It is a bad idea to bring along your fifteen-year-old daughter.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 83)



The History of New York



1524-PUERTO RICANS LAND ON MANHATTAN ISLAND AND, AFTER FULFILLING RESIDENCY REQUIREMENTS, GO ON WELFARE.

1609-JEWISH VACATIONERS, SEEKING THE SHORTEST ROUTE TO THE CATSKILLS, RUN AGROUND AT DELANCEY AND ESSEX STREETS.



1625-26 WALL STREET LAWYERS NEGOTIATE WITH INDIANS FOR SALE OF MANHATTAN. INDIANS AGREE TO BUY THE ISLAND FOR 240 MILLION DOLLARS.

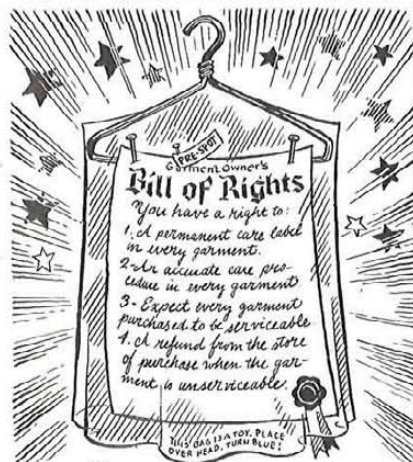


1627-INDIANS DEFAULT ON FIRST MORTGAGE PAYMENT AND ARE MOVED TO RESERVATION UPTOWN.



1610-DUTCH GAYS FROM FIRE ISLAND COLONY COME ASHORE ALONG HUDSON RIVER AND ESTABLISH LEATHER TRADE.

1765-THE NEW YORK FLEA PARTY. COLONISTS DRESSED AS INDIANS THROW DOGS INTO HARBOR, REBELLING AGAINST PET TAX.



1791-NEIGHBORHOOD CLEANERS ASSOCIATION ESTABLISHES GARMENT OWNER'S BILL OF RIGHTS.

1803-STREETS ARE PAVED WITH GOLD



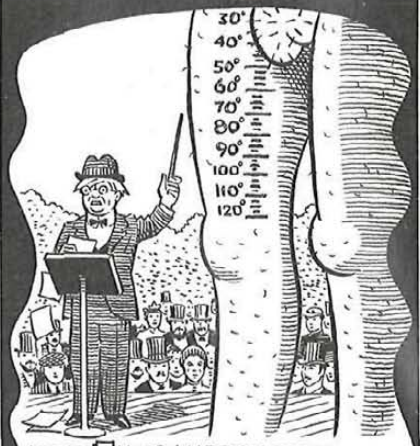
1812-FIRST RECORDED SIGHTING OF HUDSON RIVER WHITEFISH AND EAST RIVER EELS.



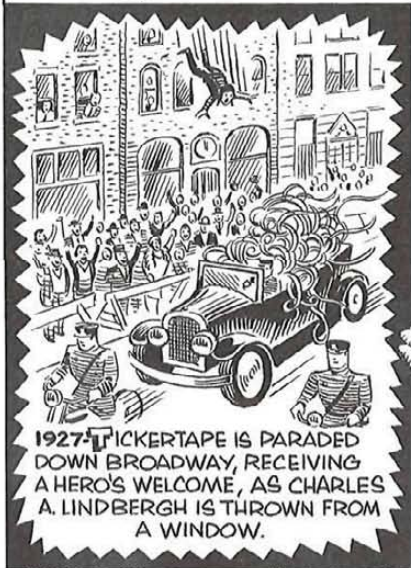
1836-LOOTING OF GRANT'S TOMB. GENERAL GRANT'S BODY LATER FOUND IN BEDDING DEPARTMENT OF B. ALTMAN.

1896-STATUE OF LIBERTY, FRANCE'S GIFT TO AMERICA, UNCRATED AND FOUND TO BE PERFORMING SEXUAL ACT WITH TORCH HANDLE. RETURNED FOR REVISION.

1900-JACOB RIIS'S PHOTOS OF THE SQUALID LIVING CONDITIONS OF THE POOR ARE HEARTILY ENJOYED BY THE RICH.



1903-IN GRAMERCY PARK, THOMAS EDISON DEMONSTRATES THE USE OF A MAN'S SCROTUM AS A THERMOMETER.



1927-PICKERTAPE IS PARADED DOWN BROADWAY, RECEIVING A HERO'S WELCOME, AS CHARLES A. LINDBERGH IS THROWN FROM A WINDOW.

1939-AT CLOSE OF WORLD'S FAIR, ANIMAL HUSBANDRY EXHIBITS ARE MOVED TO 42ND STREET TO BECOME CITY'S FIRST LIVE SEX ACTS.

PARADISE
DIRECT FROM QUEENS
COWS IN HEAT!
Plus
DONKEY DOES IT!



1952-UN OPENS. HOLDS FIRST BAKE SALE.



1960-LAST LEGAL PARKING SPOT OCCUPIED.



1969-AS MAN FIRST SETS FOOT UPON THE MOON, DOG SHIT REACHES THE LEVEL OF SECOND-STORY WINDOWS ON NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE.

1978-? NEW YORKERS TRY TO FIGURE OUT THE SEXUAL PREFERENCE OF THEIR MAYOR.



1981-ROOFS ARE PAVED WITH GOLD, WHERE THE POOR CAN'T REACH IT.

GREENWIC

Greenwich Village got its name from its first settlers, who came from Greenwich, Connecticut, to New York in 1760 to look for "freedom of expression and a more open, liberated nightlife." "The Village," as it was called even in those days, was always a haven for artists, ne'er-do-wells, outcasts, and other raffish types.

In the late eighteenth century Greenwich Village became the center of the drug traffic in New York, which was legal at the time. Dealers in the Village supplied many of our famous political leaders with opium, hashish, and an obscure drug called *khifa*, derived from a Mongolian desert plant which included the sensation of sexual orgasm without coitus or ejaculation. It was a favorite of Thomas Jefferson, a workaholic who was always engaged in five or six projects at once.

The baffling maze of streets that is now the trademark of the Village was the deliberate design of Frederick Van Willig, a prominent lawyer and city planner who was also a powerful drug dealer. Van Willig laid out the streets to confuse his competitors in the drug trade. The term "street smart" was first coined to describe Van Willig because he was one of the few men who could navigate from one end of the neighborhood to the other without getting lost.

The character of the Village was established in the '20s and '30s as the famous Bohemian element moved in. Painters, writers, and composers from Bohemia, the western section of Czechoslovakia, descended on the Village and established their own little neighborhoods.

Milan Praha, Berko Spasma, Boris Vasata, Milos Kadar, and Leo Dubious were just a few of the artists who lived, worked, ate, drank, and laughed during this period. Bohemians were prodigious laughers. Boris Vasata was once reputed to have laughed at a pun for sixty-two minutes without stop.

The Great Depression and the language barrier became insurmountable problems for the Bohemians, and by World War II they had disappeared into the fabric of Manhattan society, taking odd jobs, going to night school, even migrating to other boroughs. Nothing of their influence remains in the Village.

In the '50s Greenwich Village once more welcomed a group of immigrants

from the Old World—this time from France. They were a group of Parisians calling themselves the Zaza. The Zaza were the first people who fled from persecution because of their decorating beliefs. They believed in using only three colors—purple, orange, and hot pink. Their ideas were considered so offensive by the reigning arbiters of taste that they were forbidden from buying furniture, fabrics, paint, and accessories anywhere in France—conditions which made it impossible for them to earn a livelihood.

The Zazas still live and work in the Village, adhering to their beliefs. Many of them are forced to sell souvenirs, posters, and novelties to supplement their meager incomes as decorators.



A shot of an early Bohemian Halloween parade in Greenwich Village.

The Sissification of the Village

The character of the Village was largely shaped in the late '60s and '70s when the sissies moved in. Sissies liked the relaxed atmosphere, the friendly restaurants and shops, and the smaller scale of architecture that reminded them of a rural town, but with all the necessary amenities of sophisticated living. Most important, the sissies could afford the expensive town houses and co-ops that lined the quiet streets.

Sissies were primarily in the money-making professions—lawyers, stock-brokers, real-estate developers. They tended to be overweight, well-dressed, and slightly effeminate. They were far more interested in the arts than in sports. Their homes were tastefully fur-

nished and many of them had summer homes on Long Island. Sissies are preoccupied with dining in expensive restaurants and buying expensive take-out food. Very few have children.

The sissy paved the way for the inevitable takeover by the homosexual. From the late '70s to the present, the gays have virtually resettled most of the west and central portions of the Village, from Third Avenue to the Hudson River and from Houston Street as far north as Fourteenth Street.

Only a few heterosexuals remain in the Village—some young families and especially single women who prefer it to the "swinging" Upper East Side because they do not have to fight off predatory males. Some restaurants and bars still cater to heterosexuals. Others are fairly tolerant. Most places prefer their own kind and if you are straight you will be asked to leave. But there are also a good number of gay attractions that welcome tourists of all stripes and persuasions.

DA VINCI THEATER

Movie house specializing in films by well-known stars who are acknowledged to be gay whether they admit it publicly or not. The series that gets the most requests: "A Cary Grant-Chevy Chase Retrospective."
721 LaGuardia Place

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS UNIVERSITY

A special test is administered to ensure that only bona fide gay students will be admitted (many young students who are desperate to gain entrance to a reputable college have changed their sexual preferences just to enter this fine school). TWU offers a full range of undergraduate studies with outstanding departments in the performing arts, decorating arts, fashion, and the newly constructed Edward Koch School of Real Estate Management and Procuring. A funky and colorful student bar-disco is open from 10 P.M. to 4 A.M., Friday and Saturday, with lots of crashers and poseurs. *Buildings throughout Bleecker and West 4th streets*

SONS OF HARVEY MILK SYNAGOGUE

Highly reformed house of worship in a

H VILLAGE

recently renovated town house. Most of the original moldings, ornaments, and fireplaces have been restored. Luxurious bathrooms with original Victorian fixtures. Upper two floors and roof are a duplex penthouse, housing a secret love nest owned by Jeremy Irons and Christopher Walken. *754 Washington Square*

FIST'S

One of the oldest and most popular gay bars in the Village. Still features a gay fashion show every Wednesday at lunchtime. The walls are lined with hundreds of photos of celebrities' fists, some actually caught in the act. Though its name denotes a tough, no-nonsense atmosphere, Fists is actually quite open to straights and tourists of all types. Extensive sandwich menu named after its famous clientele, many of whom don't drop around much anymore. But every once in a while you can see Tommy 'l'une eating "'l'ommy 'l'une," a six-foot-high sandwich stuffed with Velveeta cheese and popcorn. Well-heeled, non-aggressive clientele at lunchtime. Same crowd at night, when it becomes a people-watching paradise. *812 Washington Square*

LARRY OF ARABIA

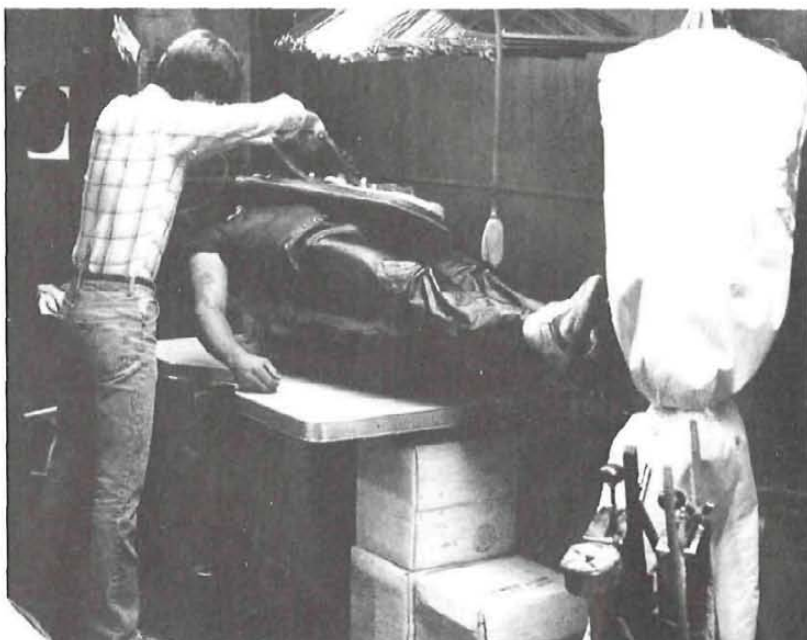
A fantasy world—a clothing shop designed exactly like the tent of an Arab sheikh. Salesmen are young, doe-eyed Arabian boys no older than fourteen. The overall look is actually postmodern Arabian. Features exemplary caftans, robes, burnouses, Berber saddles, and whips. Free Mideastern hors d'oeuvres. *908 University Place*

MOUNT MUHAMMAD GAY MOSQUE

Formerly the Loew's Mecca, a garishly designed quasi-Moorish temple, now redecorated and painted in somber tones of gray and eggplant. Seats 1,200 to accommodate the growing gay Moslem population of the Village. Friday-night services are followed by a reasonably priced fish supper, Arab-style (no knives or forks). Saturday night is "Movie Nite," with the latest police torture films smuggled out of Turkey. *876 W 13th Street*

VISHNAMURTI GAY ASHRAM

A tiny retreat in the middle of West



The Lee Dong Laundry, where "rice queens" love that little extra personal touch of hand ironing.

Tenth Street for gay Buddhists and the like. Not as strict as the conventional retreat (it's sometimes jokingly referred to as the "assram"), its novitiates and visitors are allowed to meditate together in the nude. Vegetarian food and one red-meat "Pig Out" on Saturday night. This place could use a little more supervision and discipline. Sometimes we think Buddha might be spinning in his temple if he saw what goes on here, but the locals love it. *768 W 10th Street*

WILD OSCAR'S

The gay discount stereo-video-record shop in the Village. Owned by Oscar Palladino, who formerly worked for Crazy Eddie. Oscar gives huge discounts on famous-brand electronic equipment, records, tapes, and the like, and even bigger discounts to his close friends. It's easy to become one of Oscar's close friends. Just tell Oscar you want to become a close friend and he'll show you what to do. *890 W 9th Street*

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU

A big restaurant with a dance floor where male impersonators and "fag hags" hang out and do their thing at the mock singles bar area. A male imper-

sonator is a gay who likes to dress and behave like a straight, the kind of straight who comes from New Jersey or Long Island and has a layered razor-cut mustache and designer jeans. The fag hags are straight women who prefer the company of gay men because they like their inherently charming, witty, *au courant* style. The fag hags dress in revealing blouses and designer jeans as well. The scene is a caricature of a straight singles bar with the male impersonators "picking up" and "scoring" the fag hags. It's great fun, and some male impersonators will even indulge in a bit of sex with their pickups gratis or for a reasonable fee. A great place for an asexual woman to get an occasional bout of sex without being degraded or feeling guilty. A big dance floor for spirited performing. Live bands on weekends. Decent if not inspired food in the Continental manner. *1034 W 12th Street*

ST. FRANCIS OF KEY WEST PET HOSPITAL

Named after the patron saint of the wounded seashore birds of the Florida Keys. The only hospital and clinic for gays and their gay cats and dogs. The

doctors are highly expert in dealing with homosexual animal ailments and diseases. Accepts Blue Claw, the gay-animal medical insurance plan. A good but expensive toy-animal boutique in the lobby. 1987 Greenwich Avenue

PRINTS CHARMING

As the name implies, prints, paintings, woodcuts, lithographs of the gay life. Always a good collection of nudes available, including some rare "secret" paintings of well-known gays that the owner, Bob Buck, keeps in the basement. The secret paintings are usually not for sale but can be viewed if Bob is in a good mood. 924 Perry Street

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Lively bar for lesbians. A cross section of types ranging from hard-core butch to radical feminists to single mothers. Just drinks and good talk. No food, no fooling around. 880 W 10th Street

THE GOLDENROD

The gay bar for allergenics. Immaculate, dust- and pollen-free surroundings. The latest electronic air ionizers and humidifiers everywhere. Every table has its own "Dustbuster" for the patrons. A carefully selected menu offers the safest foods and drinks. Anyone who breaks out in hives or sneezes more than three times is given a free meal. Free antihistamines and inhalers at the bar, and there's usually a gay allergist from nearby St. Vincent's Hospital around for emergencies. Courteous, gentle, caring staff. A haven from the outside world. 807 Jane Street

LEE DONG CHINESE LAUNDRY

The neighborhood hangout where gays get their laundry done and do a little gossiping. Lee Dong and his three attractive sons are right in the thick of the action, their nimble fingers wrapping shirts in brown paper and the barest minimum of string (ever notice how little string the Chinese need to wrap a batch of shirts?). "Rice queens" (gays who love Orientals) congregate here and do their best to pick up Billy, Bobby, and Bradley Dong, who seem to be bisexual, making them even more exasperatingly attractive. Dong's is also a bit of a fashion birthplace. This is where the heavily starched collar came back (for that redneck look). The boys also do hand ironing (of you as well as your shirts, if you wish). Dong's has become so successful that a new dry-cleaning establishment is opening next door which will also serve espresso, cappuccino, and pastries. 909 Horatio Street

MCKEESTER'S

Once an old-fashioned Irish bar. Now a

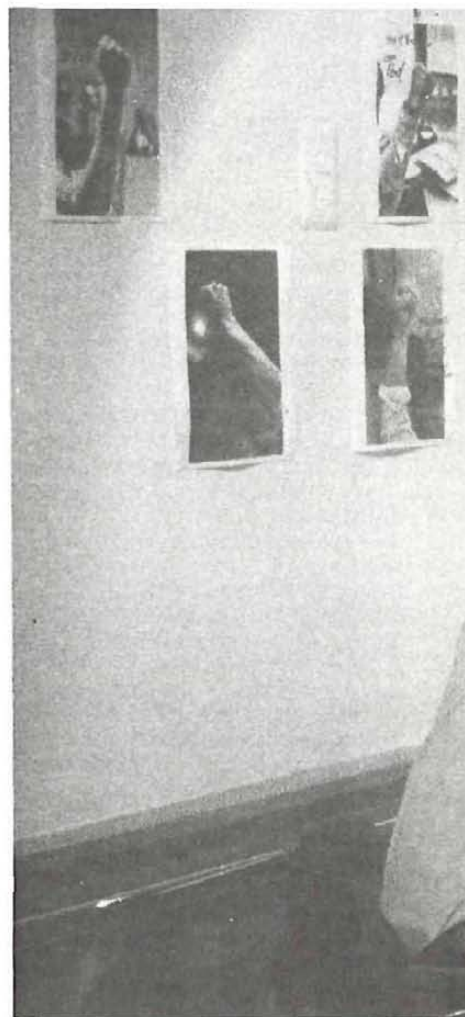
new-fashioned Irish bar. For straights. A lonely outpost in the Gay Village. Cable TV features all the home games of the Knicks, Rangers, and Islanders. Resident bookie, decent bar food. House softball team meets here every Saturday. A good place for people who have taken a wrong turn and are lost in the Village. 986 Horatio Street

THE PINK PUSSY (also known as Girls! Girls! Girls!)

Some of the most beautiful girls in New York hang out here and there's an outrageously sexy group of go-go girls who perform every night. But it's strictly "Don't touch" if you're straight. This is the Village's hottest lesbian bar. Men are tolerated as long as they look and behave themselves. And you'd better behave yourself or a big butch type with a Ph.D. in karate will crack you like a pretzel. But back to the girls... the cream of the gay population of New York, rich and poor, smart and dumb, ready to party all night in a wide-open semicowboy-style place. Everyone dresses sexy-western. The go-go girls mingle with the customers, the dancing and everything else is uninhibited. Diesel dykes like to arrive late (the small parking lot is jammed with their trucks). Wednesday night is "Deb Night." Lots of famous actresses and models can be seen here but may be hard to recognize without their makeup. 1230 West Street, at the waterfront

THE WATERFRONT

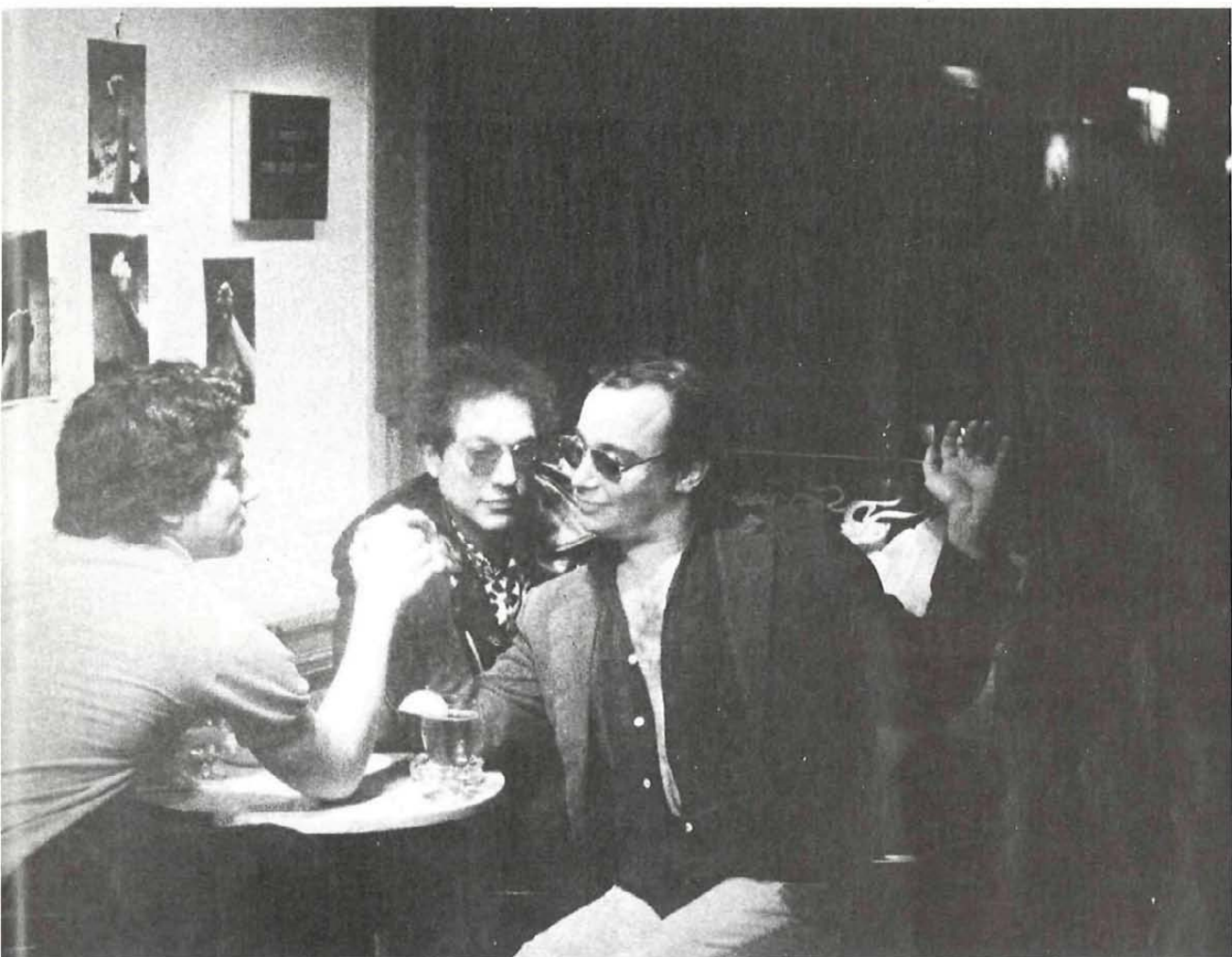
The waterfront area is studded with gay bars from the Battery to the George Washington Bridge. But the West Village still offers the best scenes. Some of the best: *Beefcake Charlie's*—for the physical-fitness freaks. The body-lifting contest on Tuesday nights is a must. *From Russia with Love*—caters exclusively to the gay Russian émigrés—a big hangout for horny cabdrivers. Good pickled herring in cream sauce. *Assbuster's*—the name says it all. *Yeshiva Boy*—Orthodox Jewish gays with cookie-size yarmulkes mix it up with un-Orthodox, non-kosher, non-Jewish goys. Lots of virgins, near-virgins, acne, pimples, bad breath, bad clothes, and sincerity. Closed Fridays. Open Saturdays and all day Sunday. *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary*—lesbo hangout favored by the more naughty literary and publishing crowd. Erotic poetry readings, intimate '20s decor. *St. Somewhere*—bar that resembles a seedy hospital in Boston. Specializes in hemorrhoidectomies. Patrons wear surgeon outfits and rubber gloves. Fancy lab equipment for barium enemas, rectal probes, catheter treatments. Lots of oxygen tanks, K-Y Jelly, and illegal drugs.



Fist's, the oldest and most popular gay bar in the

RAMROD HILL RETIREMENT VILLAGE

Designed by the firm of Sullen and Moody, Ramrod Hill is a truly civilized attempt at giving the gay senior citizen a happy environment for his golden and platinum years. Instead of a series of identical units, the firm offers seven residential styles to choose from: English Country Cottage, Chic New York Duplex-ette, Kitschy Ranch House, Space-Age Astrodome, East Hampton Geometric, Cape Cod Weatherbeaten, or California Mission, all scaled down to Manhattan space proportions. Interiors are designed by Wally Whimsey and Pierre Mornay. There is beauty and charm everywhere, from the lifelike miniature schnauzers (they are toy replicas—no dogs are allowed) to the big, handsome policemen who maintain security on the property. Ramrod Hill is completely self-contained, with supermarkets, gourmet food stores, clothing shops, theaters, bars, restaurants, houses of worship, and countless other



Village. You can spend a quiet, intimate evening sipping aperitifs and trying to identify those familiar-looking fists on the wall.

services. In fact, you're not permitted to leave the premises. There is even an adjoining cemetery. Ramrod Hill covers six blocks, from Fourteenth Street to Bank Street under the West Side Highway.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

by Billy Martin

The truth about nostalgia is that no one gives a damn about it. I don't give a damn about other people's nostalgic memories, only my own. I have a lot of old memories of the Village before the gay gentry took over. I was one of the early settlers, even before the sissies arrived, when you had to walk a mile for a gay bar as well as a Camel.

We'd all go to a place called The Wet Spot, a kind of all-purpose watering hole and cheap-thrill hangout where you could be yourself and talk to your own kind without some straight-ass dummy looking at you cross-eyed. No one was "gay." The word didn't exist. We

had real pansies in those days—people who minced words and lisped and used wonderfully florid gestures. Not queens, mind you. Not costume freaks and show stoppers. No, my friends were not egomaniacal third-rate theater people who secretly dreamed of playing in the Broadway Show League. They were the old-fashioned homos you don't see much anymore, the kind who used just a little lipstick and eye shadow. They hated Ivy League clothes. Purple was their favorite color because everyone else hated it. And they wore bandannas. How they wore bandannas! Real silk ones in hot colors. We teased each other a lot, but in good fun. No one liked getting his nipples cut or having a tire iron rammed up his ass. Once in a while we'd hear about some guy who went too far, but that wasn't our fantasy. Paul Newman, Marlon Brando, Jimmy Dean, maybe a little Sidney Poitier for those who like it chocolate-flavored—but not that sicko masochistic, terminally insane scene today's kids call sex.

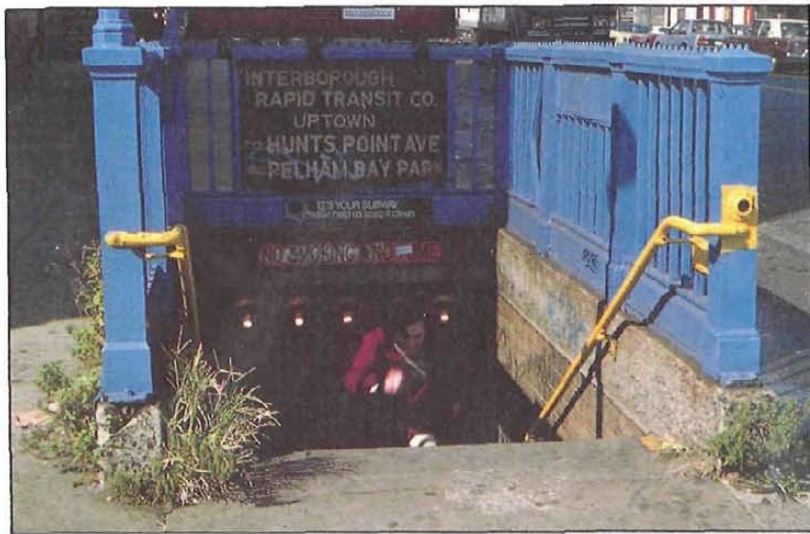
Dancing in those days meant the fox-trot, the rumba, the cha-cha, and the lindy. The lindy is back, sort of, as a campy kind of thing. But when we did it, it was serious. We danced close because we meant it.

Of course rents were cheap, food was cheap (we didn't have fancy gourmet take-out shops and cutesy restaurants where gussied-up chicken breasts cost \$18.95), and good, clean sex was free.

I still live in the Village but The Wet Spot is gone. In its place is a bar called Hot Wires that specializes in electrical shocks and features a real electric chair for the "terminals." My rent is now \$1,400 a month for a studio apartment with walls so thin I can hear my neighbor's burps. A pair of bikini briefs at Next to Nothing costs \$45. They used to cost about three bucks.

Why am I complaining? If I don't like it here I can move to the Upper West Side or Brooklyn or Russia. Well, I don't like it much here anymore, but I wouldn't dream of living anywhere else. ■

A WALKING TOUR OF



1.

Our tour begins at the exit of the 138th St. stop of the IRT subway. The IRT subway was built at the turn of the century and was completed in 1914. In its time it was hailed by critics and historians as the single most impressive achievement launching this country into the twentieth century.



2.

It is advisable to run or leap up the steps briskly at least two or three at a time.



3.

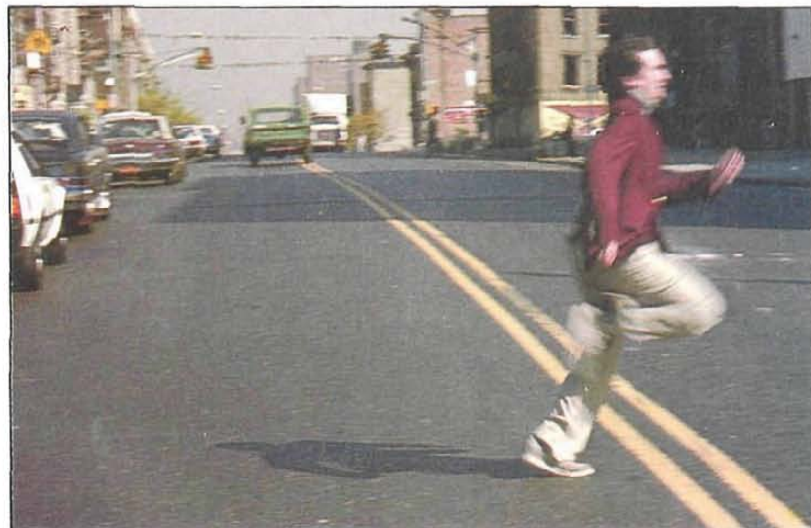
At the corner of 138th St. and Jackson Ave. the panorama of the South Bronx unfolds. There is much to absorb and see, but do it while staring straight ahead.

THE SOUTH BRONX



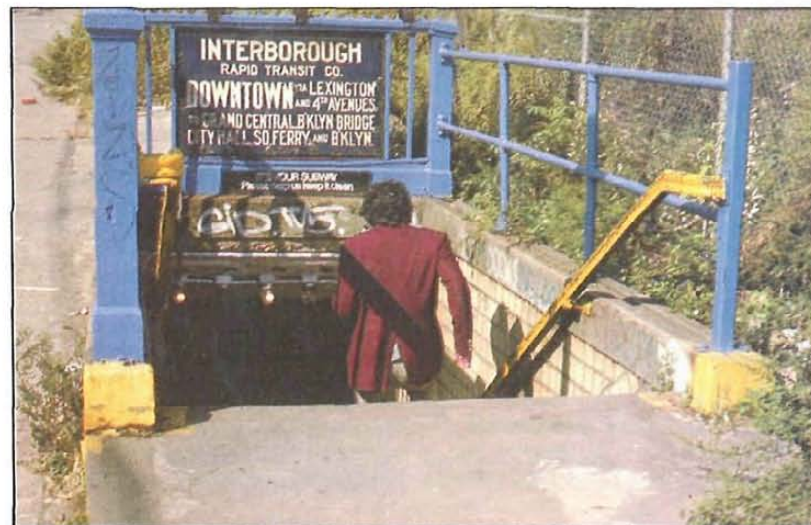
4.

Many years ago this street had a junior high school, a greengrocer, a small supermarket, a paint store, a dry cleaner, a Laundromat, a candy store, a locksmith, three Chinese restaurants, a jewelry store, a shoe repair shop, and a boutique featuring intimate ladies' apparel.



5.

If you own a camera with a motor drive and some high-speed film you can get some fine pictures.



6.

Your tour is over, but the memories of this justly famous section of New York will surely remain with you for minutes to come. Have a token ready for the subway and make sure to enter a well-populated car.

THE UPPER

by Richard Liebman-Smith

Visitors to New York often feel that everyone in the city is crazy, and indeed, virtually any part of town can be counted upon to provide the occasional loon. But it is only Manhattan's Upper West Side, the area bounded roughly by Roosevelt Hospital to the south and St. Luke's to the north, that has earned the nickname "The Bin." This colorful quarter has been hailed as the back ward of the world, for here the visiting psychiatry buff can stroll for hours trying to distinguish hebephrenia from toxic psychosis from organic brain syndrome. Just about anything that can go wrong with the human mind can be seen on the streets of the Upper West Side, and you don't have to be a psychiatrist to appreciate the show.

But the real flowering of Manhattan madness didn't occur until the 1960s. It was during that innovative decade, inspired by the fact that SRO stands for both Single Room Occupancy and Standing Room Only, that the National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH) and the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA) joined bureaucratic forces and began funding outlandish behavior as an art form.

Word traveled through the mental-illness community like an electric shock: If you can decompensate here you can decompensate anywhere. The Behavioral Arts movement, with its epicenter on a traffic island at 78th Street and Broadway, became an instant mecca for maniacs from all over the country. Off the subways and off their medication they came, each hoping to put together that elusive mélange of inscrutable ethnicity and florid symptomatology that would catapult him from the common chorus line of psychosis to the very front ranks of the back ward.

By today's standards the early works of Behavioral Art—some of which can be seen currently in revival—were often obscure and repetitive to the point of inaccessibility. In 1967 a pioneer loon known in the neighborhood only as Mucus Mike mounted a fifteen-hour spectacle titled "Electronic Rockefellers Eating My Brain." It closed after a single performance. Only slightly more successful was Willy the Wombat's "The Laughing Vacuum Cleaners, Oh, No, the Laughing Vacuum Cleaners." It ran for almost a week before being shut down by a local youth gang.

Indeed, critical response to the new art from all quarters was cool at best. In a scathing review under the headline ACADEMY WARDS: NEW YORK'S CRAZIES TAKE CENTER STAGE, the *Times* characterized the movement as "bedlam on Broadway," insisting that "it works neither as theater nor as mental illness." The drama critic of the *American Journal of Psychiatry* called it "clinically depressing."

It was only with the arrival on the scene of Stan S. Slavsky, M.D., that the Behavioral Arts movement began to fulfill its promise. Slavsky, a psychoanalyst and director who made ingenious dual use of his couch—for therapy and casting—founded the T-Group Theatre in 1968. Its maiden production, exploring its members' own experiences with shock therapy, was produced by Slavsky under the title *Morning Becomes Electric*. It introduced to the upper Broadway arena such now-legendary loons as The Invisible Son, M. Pigeon, The Tongue Lady, and Steve, whose show-stopping cameo consisted of claiming that everyone but him was Napoleon.

Working closely with Slavsky and the T-Group was Stella Zine, the renowned insane acting coach. Zine's contribution was to stretch the talents of the local crazies by encouraging them to tackle plays adapted from the traditional theatrical repertoire: *The Madwoman of Chaillot*, *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*, *Diary of a Madman*, and *Strange Interlude*. Proclaiming "There's method to my madness, and vice versa," Zine set out to combine the best of the Freudian and Shakespearian worlds. In her landmark production of *Hamlet*, for example, fully two hours of the two-and-a-half-hour adaptation were given over to Ophelia's mad scene. Her whimsical version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* played with a companion piece by Slavsky, *A Midsummer Night's Interpretation*.

With the successes of Slavsky, Zine, Mucus Mike, and others, the "crazification" of the Upper West Side began in earnest. On many blocks the traditional quiche bars, sidewalk cafés, high-tech furniture shops, and gelato emporia that gave the neighborhood its familiar character gave way to a dazzling array of new establishments serving the Off-Bellevue theater crowd. Elegant turn-of-the-century town houses



Toilet Tom and The Invisible Son, a Picasso canvas stalwarts are always "on."

were converted to the newly fashionable single-room-occupancy digs favored by the demented. Boutiques catering to schizophrenic sartorial tastes stocked up on old newspapers, Christmas ornaments, and Keds. Everywhere the look—and smell—of insanity transformed the Upper West Side.

And all of this ferment and psychotic energy has begun attracting the attention of leading figures from the legitimate, or "sane," theater. Visitors to New York in the coming season will have the pleasure of experiencing at least two landmarks in the history of the Upper West Side: avant-garde director André Gregory will be opening his long-awaited dinner theater, and *Marat/Sade* creator Peter

WEST SIDE



come to life, chatting after a rare collaboration on West 79th Street. Relaxing or performing, on or off the street, these Behavioral Arts

Brook will begin work on a gigantic "street play" to run from just above Lincoln Center (spurned by Brook as "too commercial") all the way to 96th Street. This extravaganza, which will run nonstop day and night for an entire year, will feature all of the area's resident loons, all of Brook's own repertory company, and a special guest appearance by screen star Jodie Foster.

LONG RUNS

The most exciting part of the Upper West Side Behavioral Art experience is that the bill is always changing—from season to season, day to day, and minute to minute. Every street corner and park bench is alive with the possibility of suddenly finding yourself in

the midst of an intense theatrical and personal drama you could never have expected, or even imagined. Yet there are also a number of long-running spectacles the tourist can always count on. These perennial treats are listed below, but always check current theater listings and hospital admissions to avoid disappointment.

The Schizophrenicks The longest-running musical in the neighborhood. A whimsical, tuneful look at major mental illness. Boy meets girl. Boy loses girl. Boy becomes girl. Best songs: "Try to Remember," "I Love Vegetables," "Why Do the Kids Put Beans in Their Ears?"

Rose Garden Theatre Psychiatric social worker Rose Garden, M.S.W.,

directs the musical *Promises, Promises, Promises*.

Follies Berger Psychiatrist David Berger, M.D., trots out his troupe of incurables for a delightful evening of singing, dancing, and "acting out." Frontal nudity, prefrontal lobotomy.

A Kaufman Retrospective "The Man Who Came All Over Dinner" and "You Can't Take Him with You" alternate in repertory, directed by analyst George Kaufman, Ph.D. Zany, fast-paced—but avoid those front-row seats.

Gilbert & Sullivan The best of W. S. Gilbert and Harry Stack Sullivan brought together in the charming operetta *Patients*.

Wilde and Crazy Theatre Homosexual alcoholic schizophrenic Willy the Wombat pulls out all the stops in his breathtaking one-man production *The Importance of Being Ernest* and *Julio Gallo*.

Psychoanalytic Revue *New Faces of Eve*.

CRAZY CHIC

Upper West Side insanity is more than a state of mind. It's also a carefully cultivated look, and no visit to The Bin is complete without browsing in the area's numerous boutiques catering to lunatics. Here the smart shopper can spot the latest in paranoid trends and bring home some eye-catching garments—if they let you back.

Pierrot le Fou Pierrot has been called the Yves Saint-Laurent of the garbage-can look, and no self-disrespecting psychotic would dare take to the streets without an outfit designed by the Upper West Side's craziest couturier: Whether it's something only vaguely inappropriate or completely deranged, Pierrot provides the look—and the smell—of the unfulfilling deck. Like to dress in flags and old *Sports Illustrateds*? Pierrot's got *les drapeaux* of all nations and magazines going back to the early '70s. Or, if you're in a rubber-hipboots-and-torn-underpants kind of mood, Pierrot will deck you out for instant admission to any major metropolitan hospital. Prices are steep but the quality's there.

Dementia Home of the layered look—summer togs over winter outerwear—and the Upper West Side's most complete selection of Hefty Bags and dry-cleaners' plastics for those rainy—and sunny—days.

Straight Jackets 'N' Crooked Ties This is the brash new boutique credited with popularizing the formal/informal look that has caught on among the area's fashion-conscious manic-depressives. Mix-and-match tuxedo jacket with shreds of the *New York Post* to create an eye-catching, offbeat effect that spells psychotic at three blocks. The prices are enough to drive anyone crazy, but that's true all over town.

RESTAURANTS

Out to Lunch—The original crazy restaurant, serving a complete menu of food for thought disorders: nuts, crackers, fruitcake, bananas. The world-renowned dessert specialty, half-baked Alaska, doesn't live up to its press. Try instead the Plum Loco if it's in season. 1650 W. 78th Street

Napoleon's—This is not, as you might assume, a place for pastries. It is another smoked-seafood restaurant, run by a man who, rather conventionally, believes that he's the emperor of Europe. 1807 W. 81st Street

Napoleon's Too—Different guy, same delusion. And don't trust the whitefish.

1808 W. 81st Street

The Snake Pit—Barbecued reptiles are the specialty at this offbeat establishment. You'll need a strong stomach to tolerate the food—and the clientele. 1471 W. 99th Street

ACCOMMODATIONS

No visit to the Upper West Side is complete without an overnight stay in one of the area's famous single-room-occupancy hotels. These charming establishments provide the visitor with a refreshing contrast to the antiseptic sameness of the so-called real hotels on the well-beaten tourist path downtown.

The Insomnia This exquisite *Belle Époque* structure, renowned for its ornate Wizard of Oz architecture, its port windows, domes, and turrets, has been called the Queen of SRO conversions. All the once-huge rooms have been brilliantly reduced, darkened, and odorized to satisfy the most demanding psychotics. Hot plates and dripping water in every room. Inexpensive. 1480 W. 71st Street

The Pitts SRO at its scuzziest. No heat, no water, double rats in each room. A highly underrated fleabag. Inexpensive. 1225 W. 83rd Street

The Bellevue Named for the famous hospital downtown, this hotel actually boasts no view at all. In a triumph of SRO architecture, virtually every room opens onto a dark airshaft. The authentic feces-smearred walls recall the great madhouses of Europe. 1381 W. 86th Street

The Scumbag A luxury SRO harking back to the halcyon days of the '60s. With its authentic turn-of-the-decade facade and spacious front stoop, it provides the perfect setting for guests to sit for hours yelling incoherently at passersby or simply hallucinating quietly. Inexpensive. 1409 W. 87th Street

The Benches Not exactly hotels in the traditional sense (i.e., walls, plumbing, room service), these sturdy wooden structures will comfortably seat six or sleep two. The ultimate in alfresco accommodations. Very inexpensive. 1601A W. 92nd Street

NIGHT SPOTS

Bonkers This lively bistro is the hottest spot for behavioral artists to see and be seen. Not only are the patrons among the top psychotics in the neighborhood—Mucus Mike comes here regularly to hock a louie on the piano player—but



the establishment is staffed by the most gifted of the up-and-coming young nuts in town, all waiting tables and tending bar while they develop their symptoms. (Rumor has it that John Hinckley did a stint as a busboy at Bonkers, and the excitement among patrons that the next presidential assassin might be clearing their tables is palpable.)

If you're lucky enough to get a table at Bonkers in the late evening, you may get to see some of the young talent show its stuff. Hardly an evening goes by without some of the kitchen or floor personnel "freaking out" in the hopes of impressing the famous shrinks and directors who frequent the bistro. 1806 W. 108th Street

Crazy Eddie's This club is a flagrant rip-off of Bonkers. Tourists beware. The performing staff here is barely even neurotic. Most are simply out-of-work "straight" actors so desperate to perform that they come in and "act crazy" by flicking their fingers over their lips or yelling "Boogety boogety!" 1240 W. 100th Street

Crazy Freddie's Even worse than Eddie's. The staff all wear straitjackets and Napoleon hats and serve their drinks with pat "crazy" lines like "One and one is three," and "Paris is the capital of England." 1241 W. 100th Street

Crazy Neddie's Neddie's is a legitimate crazy club, but the manager and staff are all catatonic. Service is poor. 960 W. 79th Street

The Asylum One of the best after-hours spots on the Upper West Side. The decor is authentically clinical and the entertainment features the vocal stylings of the Ink Blots, a quartet of black schizophrenic brothers who dish up wacked-out versions of classics like "Crazy over You." 985 W. 73rd Street

Voices The attraction at this Bin bistro is not the singers, who are only mediocre, but the clientele, which is heavy on auditory hallucinations. 808 W. 72nd Street

HOT BLOCKS

W. 79th Street What Mott Street is to Chinatown and 125th Street to Harlem, 79th Street is to The Bin. Here you'll find a higher concentration of crazies than in most major state hospitals, most of them hanging out around Three Christs from Ypsilanti, the original insane appliance store. The Three Christs (Jesus, Don, and Louis) offer a complete selection of blenders and air conditioners that plug directly into your brain, controlling your thoughts. Best time for strolling is during

the full moon.

W. 96th Street Here the action centers around The Funny Farm, a not-to-be-missed West Side landmark specializing in organic vegetables and organic brain syndrome. It's a gathering place for the truly vegged out who come to try out new routines among the broccoli and kohlrabi, from which they are often indistinguishable.

FOR THE CHILDREN

While much of the Behavioral Art of the Upper West Side is geared to adult concerns and tastes, a few of the area's best performers work strictly for the young—and the young at heart! There's less of an audience/performer distinction with these artists—it's everybody into the show!

The Doody Man Some parents will find this fellow's obsessive screaming of "Doody! Doody! Doody!" begins to wear thin after the first half hour, but the three-to-five set can pass a happy afternoon with him.

Toilet Tom Dressed as an authentic toilet, complete with toilet-seat cap and yards of toilet paper (most unused) for clothing, Tom is a favorite with local kids and out-of-towners who have had Disneyland up to their little ears. Pull his chain and he makes a real flushing sound.

Mrs. Shit For older children only, but a real treat. The theme of her work is that all of us are made of fecal matter, but that only she is aware of it. The abstract imagery of her monologues is positively breathtaking.

TIPS FOR TOURISTS

Visitors to other parts of New York City are usually discouraged from engaging in eye or body contact with strangers. But the insane behavioral artists of the Upper West Side welcome direct, even intimate, contact. Upper West Side theater is participatory theater. It depends on you.

Talk back The popular myth that crazies talk "to themselves" is nonsense. They are talking to and for you. Enter into a dialogue with them. Ask pointed questions about their families, their eyes, the Devil. Propose solutions. Propose marriage.

Take direction Although most behavioral artists are not themselves directors in the strict theatrical sense, many like to direct vehicular and pedestrian traffic. Go with the flow.

Imitate This is always the most sincere form of flattery. Try to mimic the posture, gestures, speech patterns, and facial expressions of your favorite crazies. Remember, insanity is a lonely business; if you can get together a party of three or four fellow visitors for a mass mimicking, you will be showing your appreciation far better than with mere applause. ■



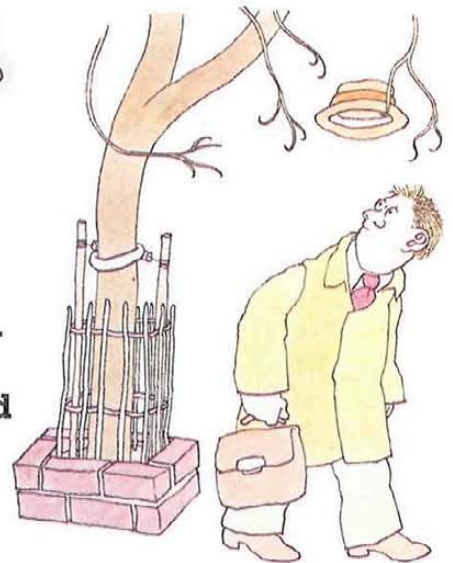
A PARANOID'S GUIDE TO NEW YORK CITY

by Gahan Wilson

There are a lot of foolish rumors about New York that often cause would-be visitors needless nervousness and worry. One typically misleading story is that the many snakes and alligators living in the city's sewers are dangerous; nothing could be further from the truth. They are entirely harmless, and their unfailingly affectionate greetings to strangers and locals alike constitute one of the most heartwarming features of a stroll through the city's streets.



Do be careful of the trees of the Upper East Side, however. Wary New Yorkers have always carefully fenced them in, and with good reason!



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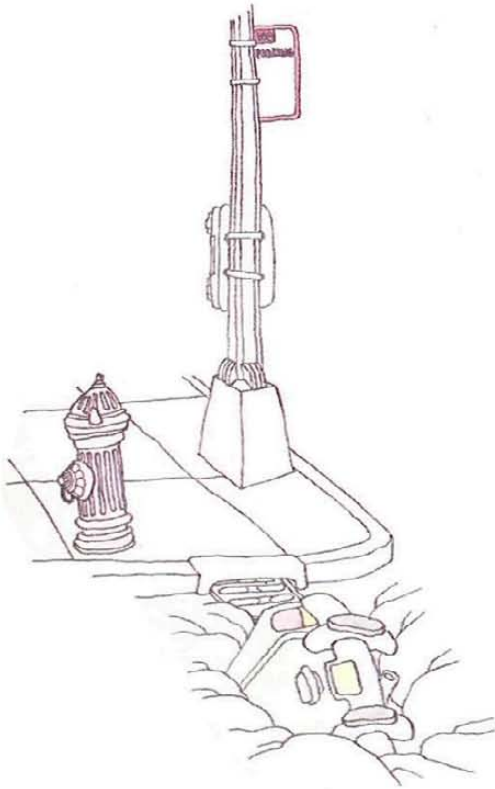
Gray



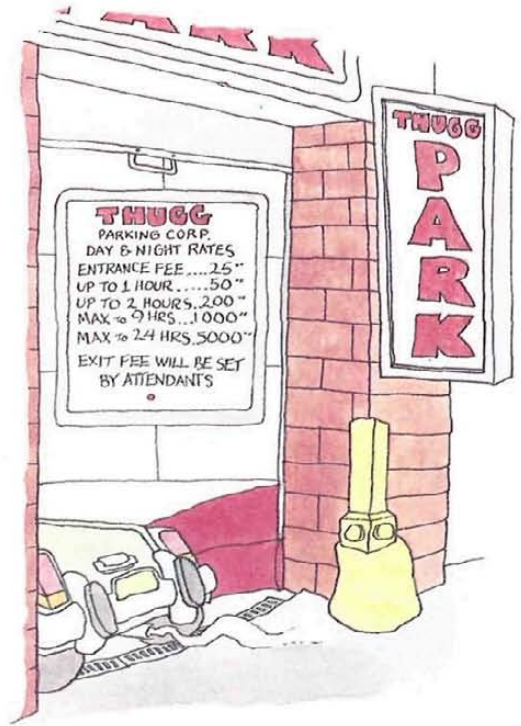
Black

Frog logo
 by cartoonist
 Sam Gross

A PARANOID'S GUIDE TO NEW YORK CITY



One feature of the town that has not been exaggerated by legend is its potholes....



... And newcomers will be well-advised to exercise reasonable caution in dealing with its sophisticated businesspeople.



Public transport is nowhere near as bad as the more sensational news media make it out to be, but the graffiti artists are always on the lookout for fresh, unmarked surfaces....

What to See:

The Land of Discarded Industrial Pizza Ovens (Avenue F from 12th Street to 14th Street)—How did these pizza ovens get here? Who arranged them in their peculiar monolithic pattern? What is the significance of their strange circular configuration? Could they possibly be left over from a different, alien civilization? No one knows how "Barihenge" was made. Each year it grows, and with it, the mystery that surrounds it. Some scientists, including Carl Sagan, theorize that it is all some sort of bizarre Mafia burial ground and calendar. Some cynics believe its only purpose is to attract much-needed tourist dollars. Others believe that Barihenge, like Stonehenge, was created by BBC documentary filmmakers who enjoy slipping an occasional parody-doc onto the airwaves.

The truth may never be known. For now it is enough to come and watch the play of dark and shadow on stainless steel. Walk around this neolithic hell and imagine the heat that once emanated from within these ovens. Hear voices from the past that seem to say, "Yo, Frankie, lemmegetta stromboli an' two wid anchovy for my girl Angie." Visit Barihenge—a valley that will not forgive.

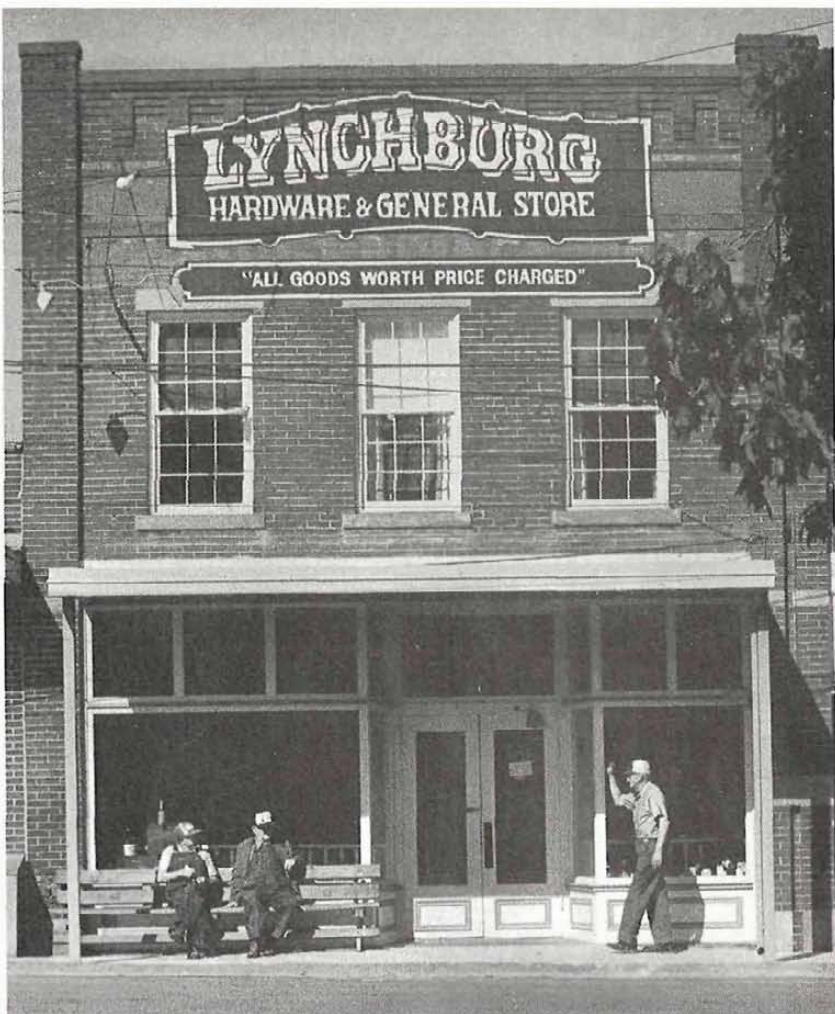
Tetanus (Avenue F and 7th Street)—The most celebrated of the after-hours hardware stores. The mutilated mechanical guts of a thousand stoves, sinks, and televisions.

Rickey's Believe It or Go Fuck Yourself Museum (Avenue F and 8th Street)—Perhaps the world's rudest museum, it contains wax reenactments of various crimes committed daily in the Dregsburg neighborhood. There's a whole floor devoted to sodomy, and an interesting retrospective on the lives of various career criminals. Skip the Goat Porn section, the staff has let it go to hell.

Patty Duke Astin Theatre (Avenue F and 3rd Street)—This little theater plays nothing but Patty Duke movies, twenty-four hours a day. The city has tried to shackle it for years, and even the local gangs have demonstrated against it, but nothing can be done to wipe out this festering wound.

Park and Strip—The Great Hot Way (Avenue G'way)—This is it, the famous car-stripping strip celebrated in film and song. By now the legend is so well known it has become part of the vernacular: G'way, where there's a stolen tape deck for every headlight, where a thou-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 85)



If you'd like a catalog of items from the Lynchburg Hardware Store, write Joe Eddy Swing, Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352.

REGULARS at the Lynchburg Hardware Store know why Lem Motlow got it started in 1912.

Mr. Lem (who was Jack Daniel's nephew) opened this store after Prohibition closed the distillery. But his first love was making Tennessee Whiskey like his Uncle Jack had always taught him. And after Prohibition was repealed, that's exactly what he went back and did. Hardware customers were sorry to see Lem leave. But after a sip of his whiskey, you'll be glad he gave up the store.



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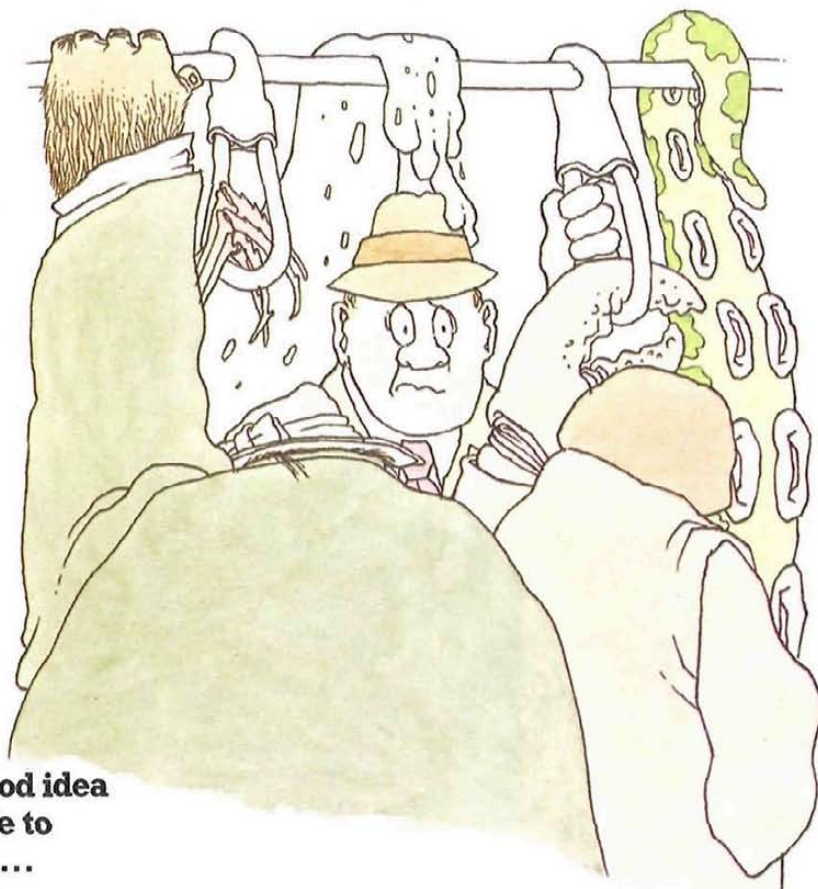


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A PARANOID'S GUIDE TO NEW YORK CITY



... And it is a good idea
whenever possible to
avoid rush hours....



... But anything is better than the city's deadly taxis.

sand acetylene torches dance as one. Sure, some people say G'way isn't what it used to be. That the quality of car stripping has declined. That the auto thieves play it safe, that they no longer can afford to take risks. But the truth is, people have been knocking G'way for years but it's still the only game in town. Sure, there's Off G'way, and Off-Off G'way, but you ask any car thief where he wants to be and just by the look in his singed corneas, you'll know: The Great Hot Way.

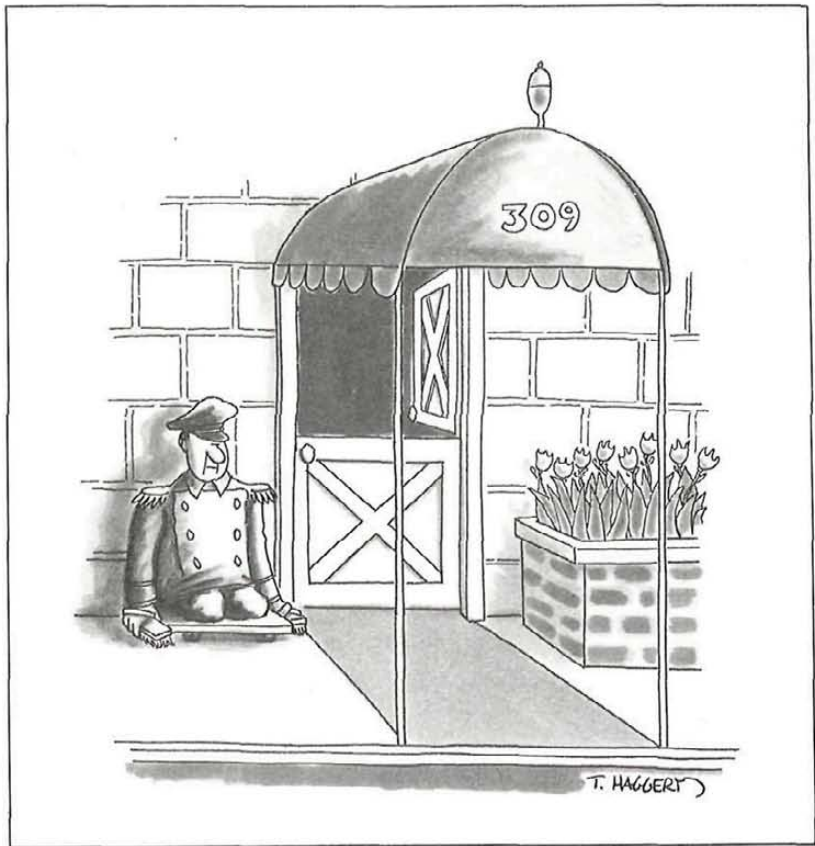
Most of the body shops are run by one of two families—the Shubertini or the Neanderthalers. As you might expect, the premier shops are booked up way in advance. But sometimes there are last-minute cancellations. Drive on down and you may just get lucky enough to see the world's most skilled craftsmen steal, mount on crates, and strip your car. Watch that BMW disappear before your eyes. Watch one Corvette turn instantly into a thousand and one spare parts. G'way is alive and well, no matter what the critics say.

Garden of Biblical Diseases (Avenue H and 9th Street)—A local cult began this tranquil garden over forty years ago. Their desire was to build a small and peaceful garden where every disease mentioned in the Bible could thrive. Some bacteria were planted in petri dishes, or on used toilet seats or exposed, rusting metal.

Now the garden has spilled over onto adjoining property, and even the staff has lost track of how many different viruses, plagues, and pests it harbors. Most diseases are labeled with appropriate biblical references. Be sure to bring home a disease or two for your friends!

O'Nan's Terrace (H Avenue and 10th Street)—A pleasant enough outdoor café just off the Disease Garden. Here you can enjoy a drink or two, served by one of the famed "masturbating waiters."

Scar City (H Avenue and 4th Street)—Owner Julio Benzidrene runs this little storefront with the pride his people are famous for. He began as a street slasher—good with a blade and fast on his feet. But Julio had a dream. He was tired of chasing after clientele. He scraped together the savings of many old ladies and opened up this little corner store. Today, Julio and his assistant will give you a scar in exactly the size, shape, and pattern you desire. Choose through a book of Polaroids until you come across a scar that appeals to you. Julio will do the rest. Fast.



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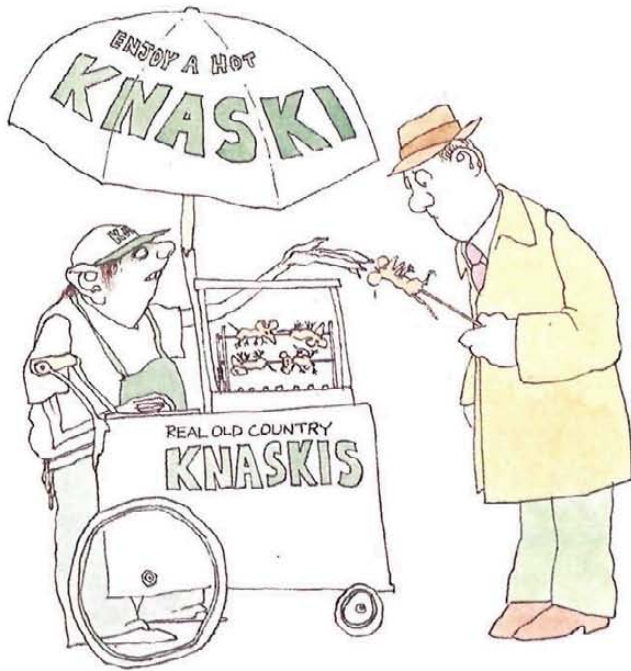
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Food is something of a problem. The street vendors should be avoided unless one's taste is entirely urban....



... Exotic restaurants are notorious for amusing themselves by serving out-of-towners disgusting food on purpose....



Do not stare too long at fashionable displays in the windows of the more exclusive department stores, as you will not only seem to turn short and ugly and fat; you will actually do so.



You may have read in the newspapers that falling objects invariably maim or kill visitors from out of town. Be advised.

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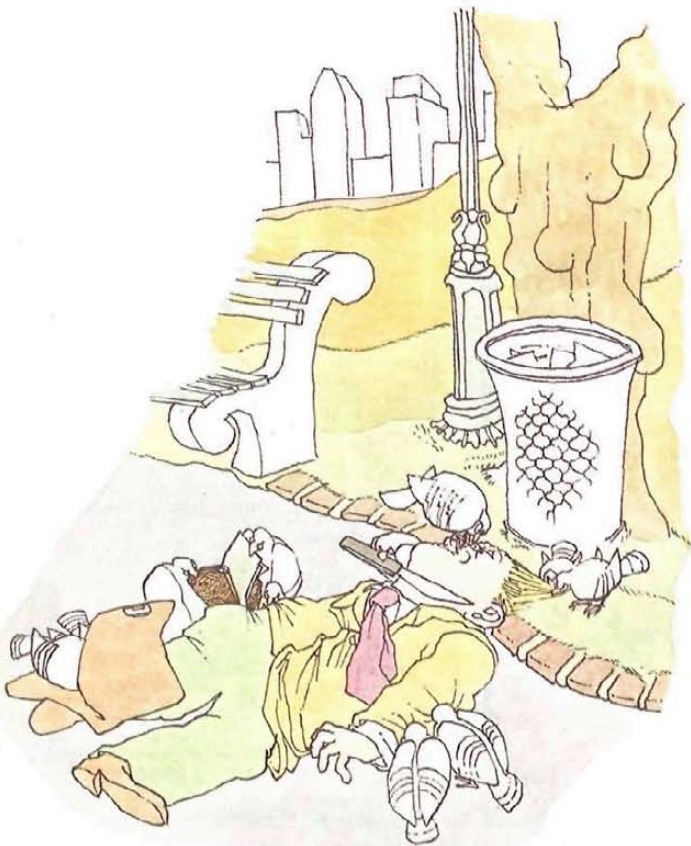
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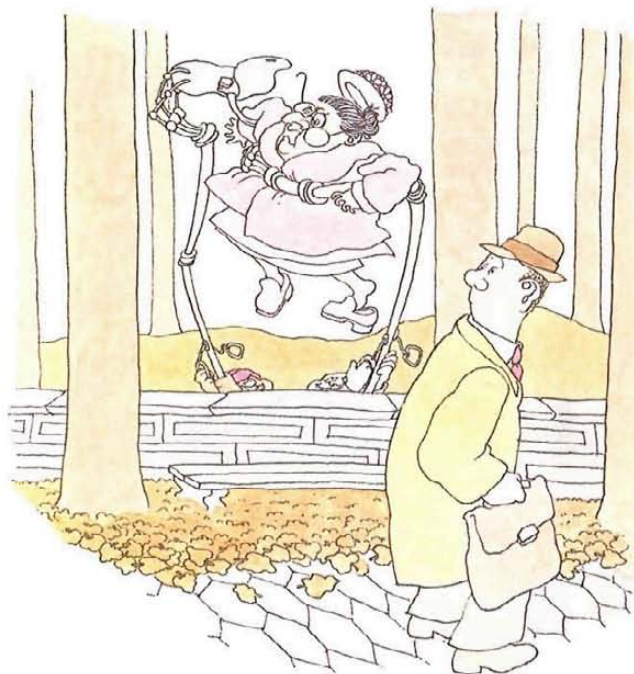
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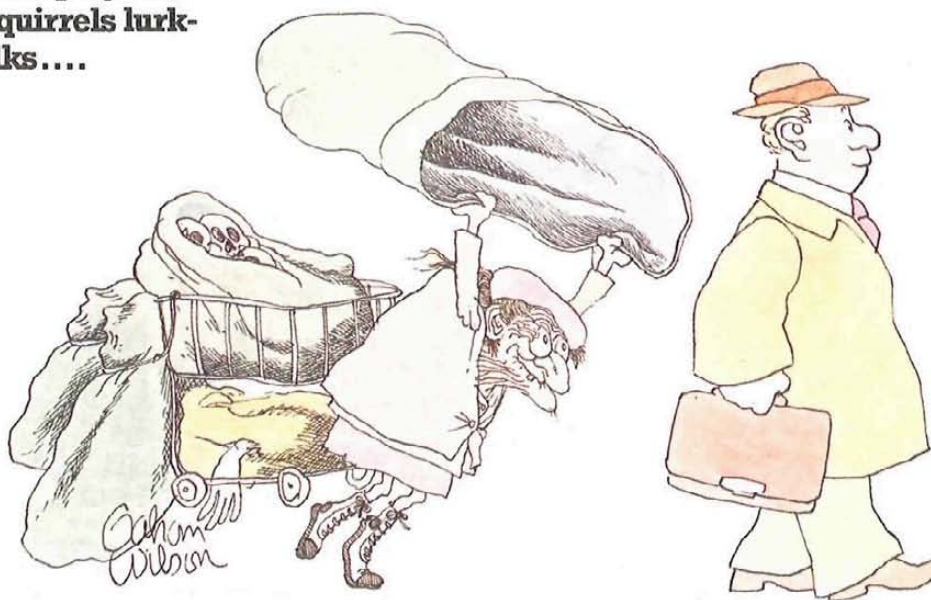
A PARANOID'S GUIDE TO NEW YORK CITY



Central Park should, of course, always be avoided. If you do have to enter it, always keep a sharp eye on the many pigeons and squirrels lurking on its lawns and walks....



...But understand you do not have to enter it to be mugged.



And always watch out for bag ladies. ■

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CLIP AND SAVE

THE WORMS PARTY GUIDE

Uno – INVITE

A surprising invitation fetches the right people! Give 'em a reason, any reason. *Worm Independence Day* (the day you let the Worm out of the bottle). *Macho Monday* (celebrated any day). Be creative!



Dos – DRINK

The easy part. Serve Monte Alban. For purists: the Classic. A lick of salt, a shot of Monte Alban, and a bite of lime. Or—Monte Alban over the rocks. For impurists: mix with any citrus juice, Bloody Mary mix, or use your imagination!



Tres – EAT

Mexican food goes best. Order it in, defrost it, fix it up



yourself. Or, anything else with spice goes nice—from pizza to chili to barbecue. Eating something interesting while drinking something interesting keeps parties interesting!

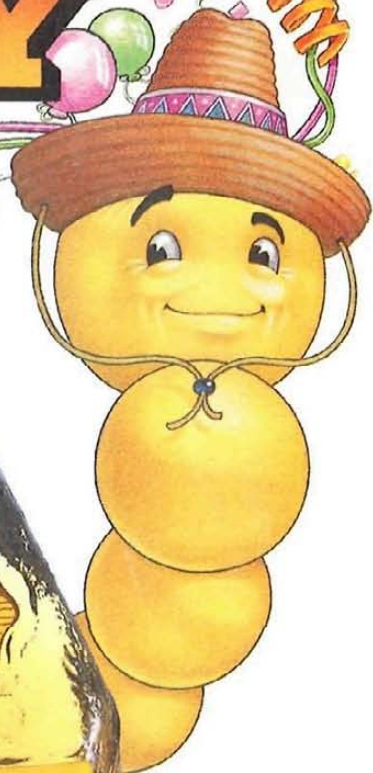
Cuatro – PLAY

Steady! We mean music and games. Music from Baja to Alpert. But hey, anything works, reggae, rock or rhythm-and-blues. As for games, you'll have ideas but here are three that work. *Mexican Barbecue*. It's a roast and every time you burn a roastee you both get a Monte Alban. *Federal Express*. That's Post Office for grown-ups. And for the laid-back—*Photography*. Just turn out the lights and see what develops.



Cinco – ENJOY

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