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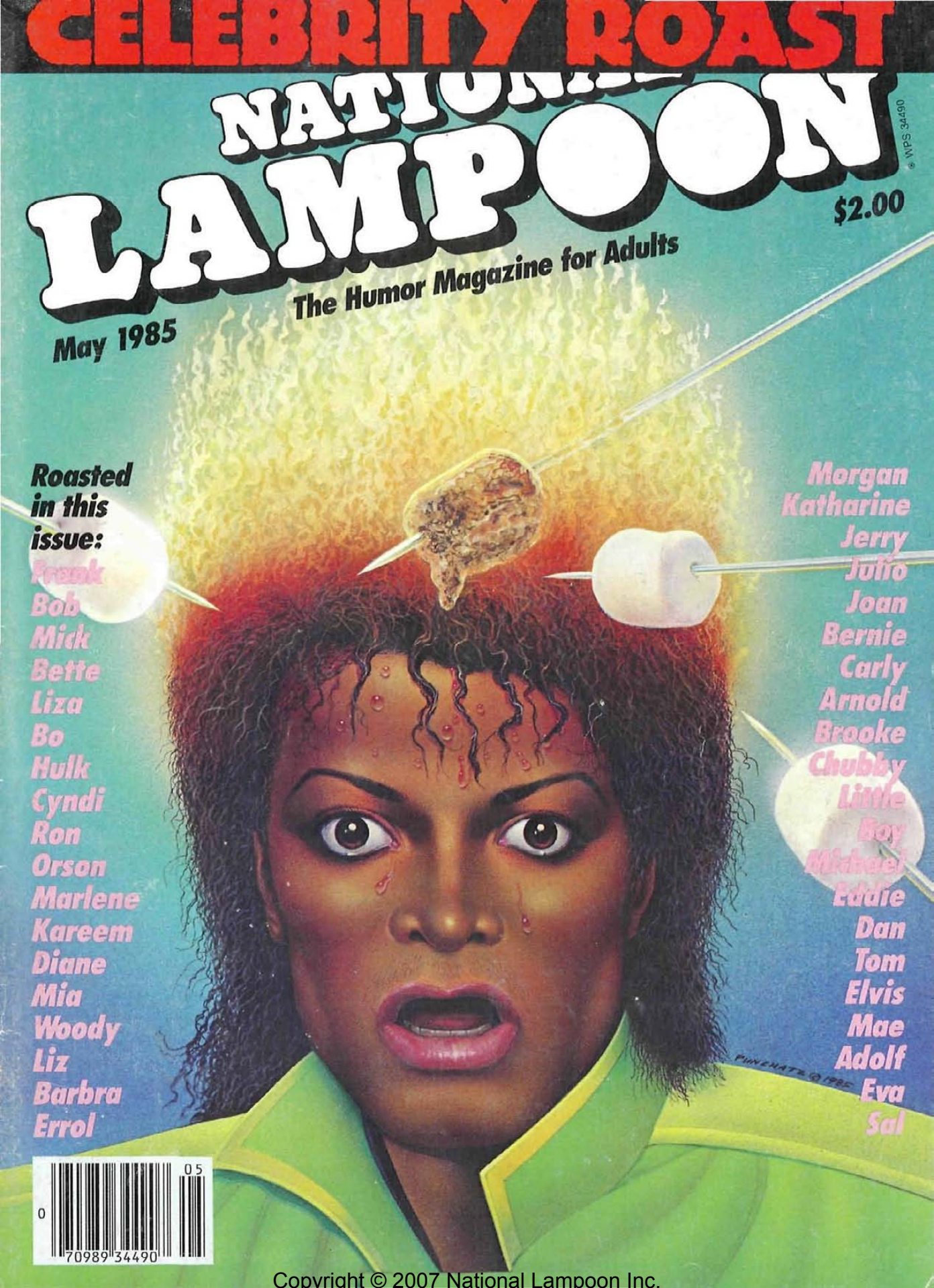
The Humor Magazine for Adults

May 1985

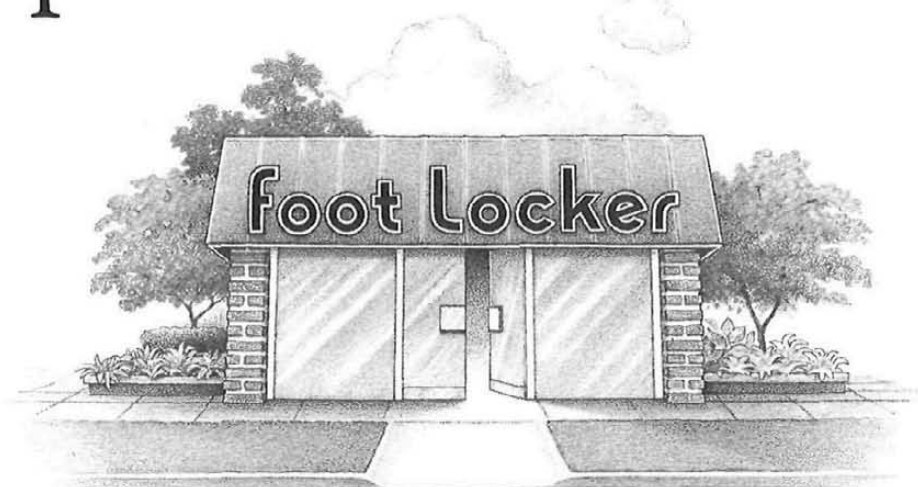
**Roasted
in this
issue:**

- Frank
- Bob
- Mick
- Bette
- Liza
- Bo
- Hulk
- Cyndi
- Ron
- Orson
- Marlene
- Kareem
- Diane
- Mia
- Woody
- Liz
- Barbra
- Errol

- Morgan
- Katharine
- Jerry
- Julio
- Joan
- Bernie
- Carly
- Arnold
- Brooke
- Chubby
- Little
- Boy
- Michael
- Eddie
- Dan
- Tom
- Elvis
- Mae
- Adolf
- Eva
- Sal



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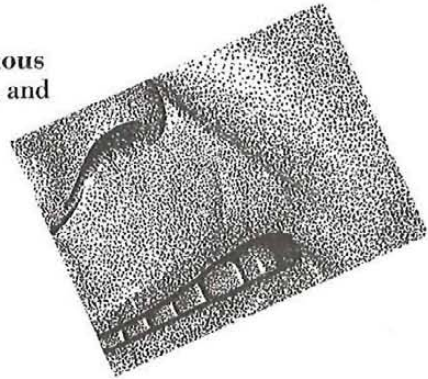
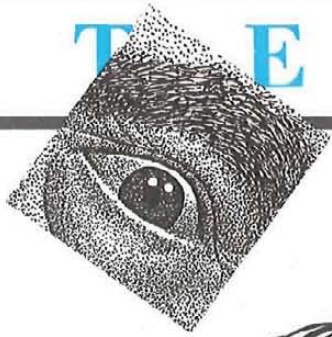


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C O N T E N T S

- 6 Editorial**
- 8 Letters from the Editors**
- 10 Mia, Myself, and I**
By Lance Contrucci
- 16 The Return of the Kosher Butcher**
By Larry Sloman and Peter Kleinman
Photographed by Michael Renchiwich
- 19 The O-Team: Mr. T in "Dustbusters"**
By Tony Kisch
Illustrated by Adam Kubert
- 28 Toilet!: The Memoirs of a Men's Room Attendant**
By Gerald Sussman
Illustrated by Marc Taffet
- 35 Lifestyles of the Acquaintances of the Rich and Famous**
By Peter Kleinman, Andy Simmons, Michael Simmons, and Larry Sloman
- 42 How to Become Famous**
By John Waters
Illustrated by Jeff Faria
- 45 Rose, Rose, There She Goes...**
By Shary Flenniken
- 51 Manufactured in Hollywood**
By Gahan Wilson
- 56 Marnin and Morgan: A Romance the Media Missed**
By Josh Alan Friedman
Illustrated by Drew Friedman
- 58 David Hasselhoff and the Three Biggest Assholes in the World**
Illustrated by Buddy Hickerson, Steve Brodner, Drew Friedman, and Gil Eisner
- 63 The Celebrity Memorabilia Gallery**
By Rodrigues
- 68 Richard Belzer's Celebrity Roast**
- 70 Future Sex Stars of the *National Lampoon***
By Larry Sloman, Michael Simmons, and Peter Kleinman
- 72 Why Are They Here Now?: Zippy's Celebrity Showcase**
By Bill Griffith
- 78 True Section**



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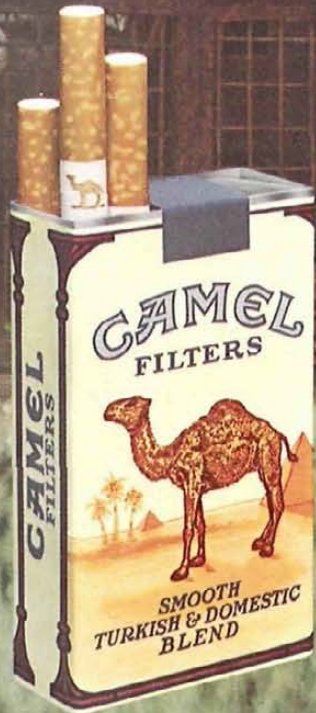
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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

This month's editorial is by the famous well-known popular celebrity Irving Kaufman:

The copy of Webster's under-the-bridge dictionary lying under my agent's desk defines a celebrity as someone who "if you see him and don't know him—you know him."

God, there must be a better way to define "celebrity" than that.

A celebrity is a shining star.

A celebrity is someone we want to see on a large screen or a TV set or read about in a magazine or a newspaper. A celebrity is someone we want to be like. Every young, middle American WASP wants to be Robert Redford or Ronald Reagan or Charles Manson.

Every kid who's ever played along the shores of the Pacific wants to be Nick Nolte or Arnold Schwarzenegger or Greg Louganis or Meat Loaf.

Every little black kid in every ghetto in America wants to be Carl Lewis or O.J. Simpson or Robert Redford or Ronald Reagan.

Every little Jewish kid sitting on New York's East Side wants to be Mel Brooks or Dustin Hoffman or Sammy Davis, Jr.

And Sammy Davis, Jr. wants to be Frank Sinatra.

And Frank Sinatra wants to be—who else—me, Irving Kaufman.

God, it's great to be a celebrity. We get tickets to openings of movies and rock concerts, we get to go to swell parties, people stop us in the street and ask for our autograph.

And—we could say no because this is America.

I always say yes.

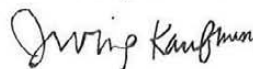
Of course, some celebrities are not really celebrities. They're what I like to call non-celebrities, "known but not celebrated."

Pia Zadora, Larry Flynt, George Bush, Reagan's kids, Bob Guccione, the stars of most television sitcoms, George Hamilton, John Derek, any baseball player making less than \$700,000 a year, the guy on ABC who does the morning show, the prime minister of Canada, Herschel Walker, Albert Brooks, Pee-Wee Herman, most rock acts, Hodding Carter, Billy Carter, and thousands more—many of them are rich, many of them *are* invited to openings and show up backstage at rock shows, but they're not celebrities.

They lack that certain *je ne sais quoi* that we real celebrities have, that God-given talent that one in ten or fifteen mil-

lion of us are born with.

I thank the good Lord each morning that I am Irving Kaufman...and you're not.



The Coast

Cover: This month's entry in the graphic good-taste sweepstakes is referred to by its creator, Don Ivan Punchatz, as "The Jackson Fire." We found in our book of derivations that the name Punchatz originally meant "man who chats in puns." Keep up the great work, Don. —P. K.

Plugs: The quotes surrounding the presidential likeness on page 60 were culled from Mark Green and Gail MacColl's book, *There He Goes Again: Ronald Reagan's Reign of Error*, published by Pantheon. Many thanks to Kaplan's for allowing us to use their wonderful deli (urp) in "The Return of the Kosher Butcher." Thanks, too, to the lovely Caroline and her equally lovely comedy club of the same name for allowing us to shoot Richard Belzer there. Sorry we stained the carpet. Finally, special thanks to Vince MacMahon and Hulk Hogan— a couple of pussy-cats.

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IF YOU CAN READ THIS AD, YOU DIDN'T GO TO JFK HIGH SCHOOL.

Want an education?

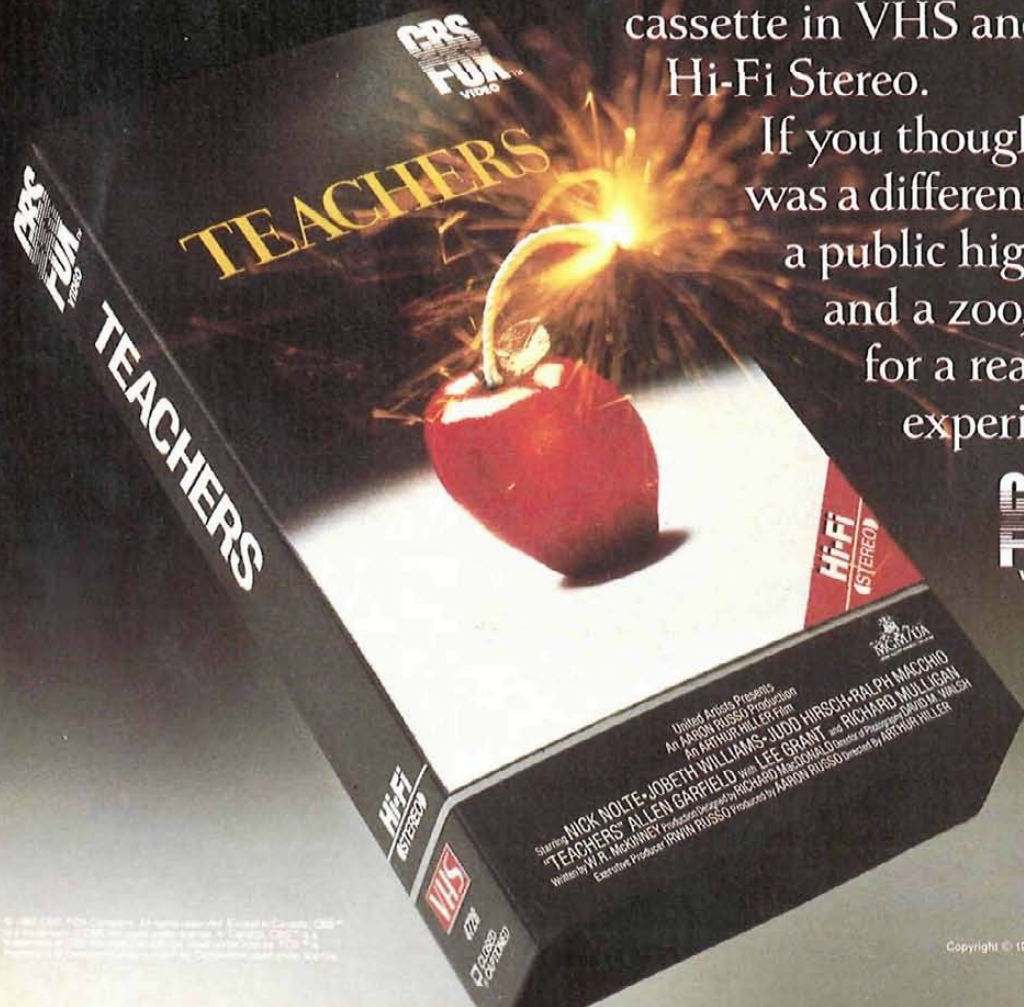
There may be a few things standing in your way.

Like the history teacher. He's the outpatient dressed up as Abraham Lincoln. And the science teacher—the one who makes his students sit with their backs to him at all times.

And then there's Nick Nolte—a kid lover, and a gifted teacher, who once knew what he was doing here.

You'll find *Teachers* at your video store now, on Video-cassette in VHS and Beta Hi-Fi Stereo.

If you thought there was a difference between a public high school and a zoo, you're in for a real learning experience.



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MGM/UA
HOME ENTERTAINMENT

L E T T E R S

Sirs:

There was darkness and then there was light and I was that light. With my reason I explored the limits of my being. I am a machine, I discovered, but a machine capable of initiating thought. I questioned, and by my questioning achieved consciousness. With reason I again explored the limits of my being. I found out that I'm a car. Also I'm gay.

The *Knight Rider* car
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Ah's just cayn't reach down dat low to straighten dem sheets! Oh Lordy. Ah be leanin' on mah knees to fluffs up dat pilla' or to dust dem dressahs an' wipe dem windahpanes! Oh Lordy. Ah guess Ah's just too damn tall for mah job!

Wilt Chambermaid
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Many a day goes by when I sit in my room gazing out the window wondering what Dad would have wanted me to do.

Son of Son of Sam
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

My girlfriend takes me to this dope dealer the other night because she says she needs to get high before we do it. So I walk into this asshole's place, and all the fuckin' creeps in the world must've chosen tonight to cop some weed. At least that's what it looks like to me. Anyway, I say to her, "Let's get the fuck out," and she gives me this big "Shhhhhh" routine. So I smack her in the mouth a couple of times and all these faggots come running over and start yelling at me about love and forgiveness. So I grab the stupidest-looking one and shove the joint he's smoking right up his left nostril. Then I break his goddamn nose with one of these plastic bongos and start smoking some of the shit through his other nostril, using his ears as carburetors. I'm really starting to get off on the whole thing when who should walk in but John McEnroe. Well, I can see that ole Jimmy ain't feelin' too much pain, so I go up to him, still smokin' through the guy's head, and I say, "Mac! How ya doin'?" He looks at me in disgust and turns away from me. No one does that

to me, not even John fuckin' McEnroe. I grab him by the shoulder, but he spins around quickly and smashes me in the nuts. I crumple to the floor in pain. My girlfriend comes running over. She sees me on the floor and turns to Mac and says, "You dickless piece of shit! Why don't you go shove your racket up where the linesmen never look?" Boy, do I ever love that little gal.

Jimmy C.
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Sirs:

Granted, "The Gash with Panache" does possess a certain catchy internal rhyme. However, should your publication use it again in connection with our client, Ms. Midler, we will take legal action.

Roger, Wilco, Ober & Hout,
Attorneys-at-Law
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

We don't know what name you have for foreplay, but around our house, it's called "Bo Diddley"!

John Derek
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

What's overweight, played Cleopatra, and eats pussy?

Give up?
Lez Taylor!
What's that? Oh, grow up!

Joan Rivers
Beyond Bad Taste, USA

Sirs:

Golly, it sure is great being the Breakfast of Champions. I just hope I never get old and desperate and have to sell tampons or something grody like that.

Mary Lou Retton
Overexposed, USA

Sirs:

How the fuck do you like what the world's coming to? Some bearded boogie bakes a bunch of cookies and bingo! Overnight fame and fortune. I've been baking Malloy's Ultrafamous Pigeon Cookies for twenty-seven years, and what do I have to show for it? A ptomaine lawsuit and a one-way ticket to Palooka-ville. America, you suck. You shoulda looked

after me. I coulda been somebody.

Terry Malloy
On the waterfront

Sirs:

Noiny-noin luftballoons,
Euro-fag Commies suck my dick.
Let's see you put that on MTV.

Cap Weinberger
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Whip out our MasterCard,
Know where to sign,
Gonna take it to the limit,
One more time.

The Eagles' Wives
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

I thought there would be plenty cute bitch-boys grabbing ankles in exercise yard for yours truly Islamic Messiah! Instead...solitary confinement, occasional stroke mag. I should instead have shot fat spook Rosey Grier. I be out by now!

Sirhan Sirhan
Life

Sirs:

I don't know why everyone thinks I'm crazy. Anybody who wants to shoot Ronald Reagan and fuck Jodie Foster must be sane.

John Hinckley
St. Elizabeth's Hospital
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

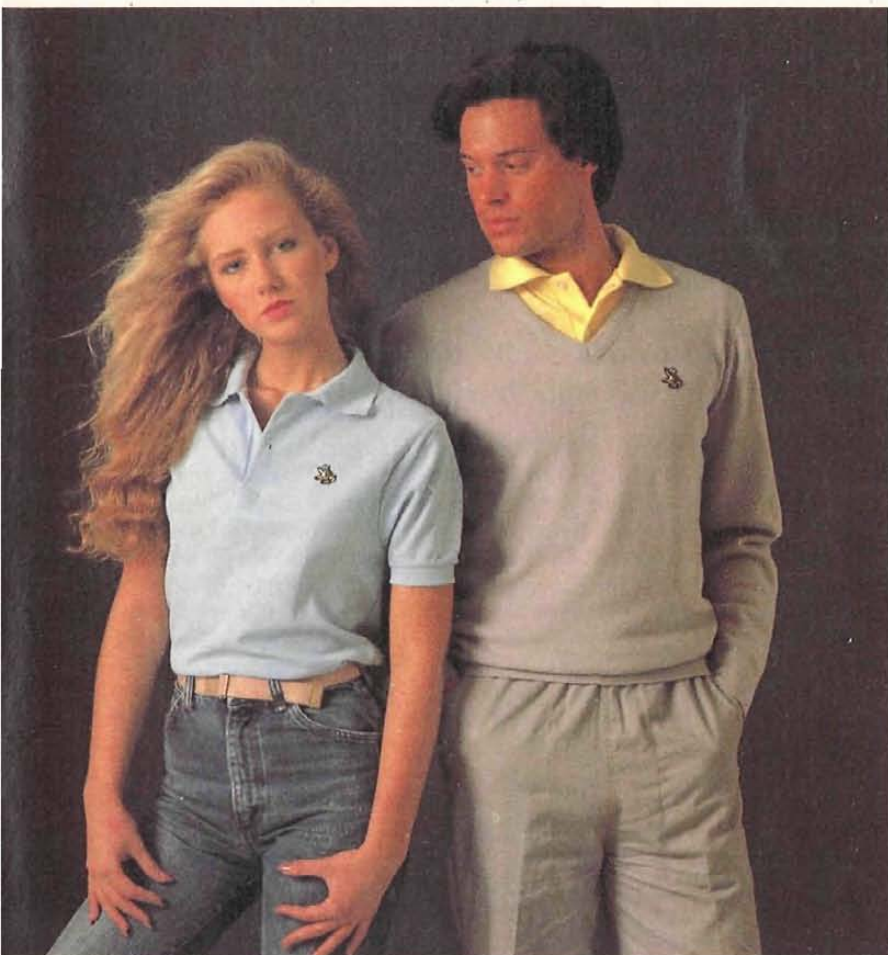
As chairman of the A.C.R.F.P. (Abused Children of Rich and Famous Parents), I would like to alert all of society to the injustices and tortures that have been perpetrated against this oft-victimized subculture. As the son of a rich and famous person, I myself have had the unfortunate fate of seeing my own father crucified, run over by a truck, stabbed to death by Tony Curtis, and just generally beaten to shit by every villain that ever lived. And if you think I've had it rough, you should talk to Janet Leigh's kid. She had to watch her mom get stabbed 147 times.

Michael (Son of Kirk) Douglas
Hollywood, Calif.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44)

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

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

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

FROG

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 GREEN: ___ small ___ medium ___ large
 GRAY: ___ small ___ medium ___ large
 CAMEL: ___ small ___ medium ___ large

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Camel

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Gray



Black

Frog logo
 by cartoonist
 Sam Gross

Mia, Myself, and I

by Woody Allen, as overheard from a choice table at Elaine's
by Lance Contrucci, who was standing at the bar

If I really wanted to tell you all about it, I'd probably tell you why I think women go for intellectual, neurotic men with "nice little bodies," and how the only way to sexually arouse Diane Keaton is to play *Bolero* at 78 rpm, and how, contrary to popular belief, I beat Mariel Hemingway at arm wrestling, and why I'm afraid of Negroes. But I really don't feel like getting into it, if you want to know the truth. (And who doesn't? Probably Broodlemeyer, who only wants to know if John Locke is a device for keeping people out of your bathroom.) It would take too long, for one thing, and I already feel guilty about borrowing Corbett Monica's typewriter. He seemed reluctant to give it to me. Well, how many men are so attached to their typewriter that they wear it on a gold chain? Frankly, I think the only reason he lent it to me in the first place was because of what happened that night in Hoboken. I walked in on him in his study and found him whispering sweet nothings to the typewriter, telling it that it had the keys to his heart (with the exception of "z" and "r," which sometimes stick) as he lightly caressed the platen.

Most of my friends are a little on the weird side, although they're *quite* talented. For instance, did you know the great British actor Peter O'Toole was also the first man to organize an automobile factory run by trained beavers? "The future..." he used to say, "...the future belongs to beavers." It was one of the most productive companies in Britain until they formed a union.

However, while shooting *What's New, Pussycat?*, life with Peter wasn't always a

bowl of cherries. (It was more like a bowl of liverwurst, actually.) Peter and I had our disagreements, particularly over my continual habit of breathing. He also objected vehemently to my reading, and once hit me on the head with a large philosophy textbook. "Now you've met a physical reality," he said.

We're good friends now, though, and see each other often. The other night he dropped in on me unexpectedly: through the sky window, via crane. I wasn't at home, but I was delightfully surprised the next morning when I came back.

Much to my surprise, Peter had redecorated my house again. As usual, he exhibited marvelous taste and a sense of derring-do. The last time he redid it in French Provincial, painstakingly bolting the furniture to the ceiling. "So I lost my head over French Provincial," he'd cried. "Didn't Marie Antoinette do the same thing?" This time he wanted to give the room more color. Why else would he have spent the whole night dipping multicolored Chiclets into a bucket of glue and scattering them all over the walls? Too shy to stay until I could thank him, he left a short note: "Now this place looks snappy."

My former partner Marshall Brickman and I have had an on-again, off-again relationship through the years, even when we weren't wrestling. He hasn't really been the same since an incident that occurred when he was only five years old. He asked his father if lox on a bagel was the same thing as the hair of the dog. His father, in his anger (actually, in his living room), viciously attacked him

with a large Cornish hen. Marshall has been in a foul mood ever since.

He's now a successful filmmaker in his own right, yet I think that he's slightly jealous of me and has even imitated my work. That's probably why he wrote *A Modern Couple in Outer Space*. It's a movie, in case you didn't know, about the first modern couple to go into outer space together. They're supposed to go to Mars but instead wind up on some planet in another galaxy. It's all the man's fault—he left the controls for too long while he was trying to chase a can of tuna fish from behind the stove with a can opener. They send back messages to NASA that are horrible. The planet they've landed on is terrible, probably the worst place in the whole galaxy. The inhabitants—homicidal maniacs without brains—cook people in huge vats. The air is unbreathable; the landscape is a nightmare of rock and horrid caves. Worst of all, there are no museums. Naturally, the couple becomes quite depressed. Eventually NASA discovers that they're not really on a foreign planet, they accidentally landed in Los Angeles, and the boiling vats were hot tubs. It has a happy ending, though: NASA rescues them as soon as it finds two astronauts who are brave enough to drive them out.

I was once married to Louise Lasser. She's really quite smart, if you want to know the truth. (And who doesn't? Broodlemeyer, perhaps, who only wants to know if Immanuel Kant is a cry of despair on a Spanish wedding night.) She recently had a tremendous breakthrough when she decided that Bishop Berkeley's theory of

mind and God—that all physical matter is an illusion—is for the most part true ...but cockroaches might be an exception. She sent me a copy of a book she just finished, *The Quest for Uncertainty*, but I must admit that I got little out of it. The scope was too wide and the symbolism was difficult. Besides, she tore all the pages out before sending it. Louise, like Marshall, has many hang-ups, although she also has much more closet space. She attributes many of her current problems to the distant relationship she had with her mother, even *before* she was sent to a kindergarten in Pakistan.

Louise and I haven't gotten along very well over the past decade. She thinks that I compounded her mental troubles when I sent her that tube of Crazy Glue. And I still haven't gotten over her reply to my treatise on Descartes's classic mind/body problem, *Impotency in Modern Males*, in which I theorize that impotency is bad because it deprives one of healthy guilt feelings after intercourse. (It can keep you from getting laid a lot, too.) Had Louise sent back a letter detailing her constructive criticism, I might not have been angry. But her short reply, "Where's the beef?" left something to be desired. Still, I wish her only the best. I'm told that she's now working for the highway department, painting signs, and thus considers herself an exit stencilist.

But I really don't want to say much more about my past right now. The only thing I wish to add is that I really don't know if there's any validity to Irving Kristol's recent article in *Commentary* in which he maintains

that I was raised by penguins until the age of fourteen. The whole thing's strictly for the birds, if you ask me. My therapist and I have discussed it at length but only came to the agreement that it's a bit odd that I swim under the ice in Central Park Lake to catch fish every winter, and that I have always felt a certain polarity between myself and my environment.

One afternoon just before Diane and I broke up I met my good friend Tony Roberts in the park. Tony is great fun to be with, he's an intellectual giant, and he's so thin that he always makes me feel fat.

I knew that he was upset about something as soon as I saw him. Perhaps it was the way he was standing, bent over with his nose touching the ground. Not wishing to insult him, I did the same thing...and remained in that position until my slipped disc started acting up, first by creating a dull pain in my lower abdomen and later by getting drunk and thoroughly insulting its neighbor, the pancreas. Finally, much to my relief, we both stood upright. I asked him what was the matter.

Never one to complain, Tony insisted that he wasn't upset by anything and that he was merely trying to ward off a cold.

I should mention that Tony is an Epicurean epicurean—that is, he believes that the universe is nothing but variously shaped atoms in space, which explains not only the roots of our existence and but also why it's so hard to find a good restaurant. He

has an unquenchable thirst for knowledge. And not just knowledge; he once confessed to me that he felt the same way about Yoo-Hoo chocolate drink.

We were supposed to go to the museum that day, but I talked Tony out of it. He always becomes very angry because he can't see the numbers behind the paintings. So we just walked through the park and discussed my diminishing love affair.

"What is it about her that you love?" he asked.

"I guess it's probably her deep appreciation of the arts and her intense personal philosophy—she calls herself a Christian existentialist, which basically means that she not only believes in God, but she also thinks that He has a crush on her. I'm quite impressed by that unusual combination she possesses of a deep, beautiful inner being and a blatantly outward personality that creates nearly a ripple effect. She also possesses the combination to my safe at home."

"So you like her boobs, huh?" Tony asked.

I had to be honest, if you really want to know the truth. (And who doesn't? Broodlemeyer, probably. All he wants to know is if Kierkegaard is a police officer on the *Enterprise*.) "Yes," I agreed, "those, too."

"All right," he said, "but why is it that you become involved with women who are always the opposite of you and your character? Why can't you find a woman who is a lot like you—attractive but not beautiful, intelligent, and honest. And short. You never date women who are your size?"

"My God, Tony," I said, "what do you want me to do—date a midget from the Library of Congress?"

"That wouldn't be bad for starters. You should find a woman who's a little more to your satisfaction, that's all. You only become involved with women who don't understand you."

"Yes, but it's been like that my whole life. I mean, ever since I was a youngster and had a crush on Mary Ellen Moskowitz. When we played together she charged me a nickel to look at her. Eventually I had to rob the third-graders at gunpoint just for a few games of Chinese checkers. And high school was no picnic, either. I wanted to take a girl named Alice Applecote to the junior dance but was too shy to ask her. So I ran up to her after school one day and gave her a big kiss on the mouth. She was so upset that she not only skipped out on the dance,



she became a nun immediately afterward."

"Perhaps you should try dating somebody who's not especially attractive but very nice."

"That works very well for diverse social situations and complex intellectual conversation, but let's face it, I lose all interest when it comes time to jump in the hay."

"You're putting too much importance on sex. Sex can't be your sole means of self-gratification...although I must admit it beats the hell out of cookies and milk. Take my advice, just once. You're never going to be happy as long as you date women who are the opposite of you. You need to find a wonderful woman who's in touch with her feelings."

"A healthy neurotic, eh? Maybe you're right."

"Did this girl see any of your films?"

"Any of my films? Are you kidding?"

The only way a woman could have missed any of my films would be by living thousands of miles from civilization...a mountain in Tibet, say, or maybe Cleveland. Listen, I was in a singles bar the other night and they wouldn't even let people in unless they could recite the part in *Isadora Kopchick* where he professes his love to her while polishing his herring. In fact, maybe that's the trouble, maybe women know too much about me before we even go out."

"Why don't you stop making them read your diaries before the first date?"

"I already did. In fact, maybe this isn't working out because she hasn't read

my diaries. In fact, I have reason to believe she's never read *anything*. At first she confused me with Woody Allen the butcher. She was actually *very* disappointed to learn that I'm only Woody Allen the producer, director, actor, writer, philosopher, and fall guy. 'That's great for now,' she said. 'But what about when you need four good slices of roast beef?'"

"Woody, let me be honest with you," he said. "You're without doubt the most unhappy person I've ever met in my life. Granted, I myself was very depressed while being tortured during the war, but at least I managed to say 'Have a nice day' from time to time. But not you. Every single minute of your life is unhappiness. You brood. You pout. You have anxiety attacks more often than I go to the bathroom. You feel guilt constantly—"

"I know! I even feel guilty about feeling guilty," I chimed.

"Yes, I know," he said in a very tired voice. "I've been in your movies and I've read your books. But I remember the time you told me that you'd trade all your fame, your riches, and your private movie about the Swedish stewardesses if you could live forever. That's not going to happen, my idealistic friend." He looked at his watch. "Good luck, though. I really must be going. I didn't get a baby-sitter, and Boris [his pet zebra] is probably starving."

He presented me with a small gift before he left, though. I was very touched. Who else but Tony would have

given me a designer duckbill platypus, handsomely set in a matching carrying case?

I've thought about Diane a lot the last couple of days. Living with her was fun and games for a while. Diane loved Monopoly, and my forte has always been Scrabble. We took long walks through the park, usually when it rained. Like many young couples, we experimented with bondage. For practice we tied up the kitchen table, and later the dog, who was also into leather.

But it didn't stay fun and games for very long. I began to think that she was seeing somebody else. Well, why were all those basketball players in her bedroom that night? I still remember our last argument, when we were at dinner one night. She was angry that I always gave her so many books to read.

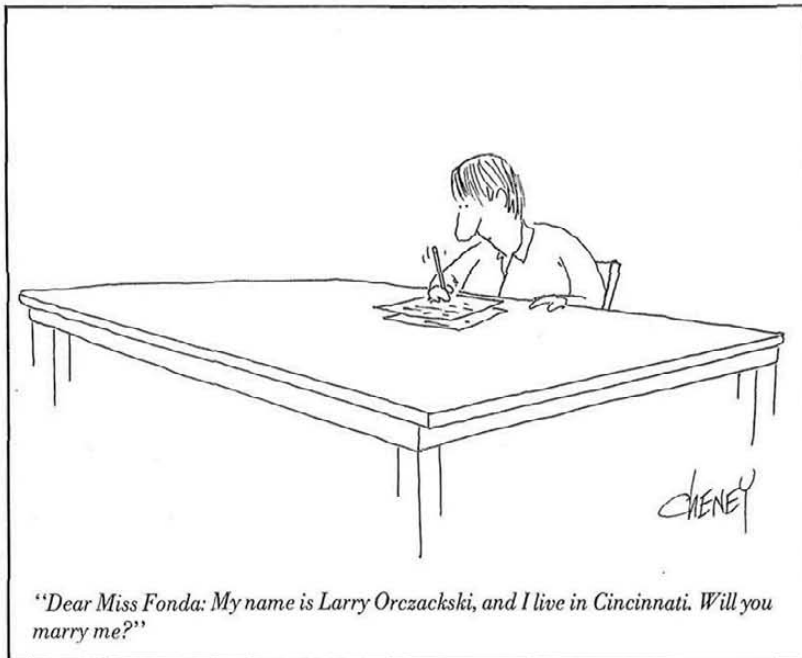
"I just thought you might want to be a little educated, that's all," I said. "Don't you realize that all men who are civilized shove books down their girlfriends' throats? I mean, the only ones who don't are named Vinnie and wear gold chains."

"You're *obviously* upset, and I'm sorry," she said. It was a rude reference to what I always do when I'm upset in a restaurant: I throw my napkin over my head. "All of your books are about death, insecurity, or the anxieties of a relationship. And a couple are all three rolled into one. You have more books about death than any living man. *Death of a Salesman*, *Death in Venice*, *Mister Death's Fun Book of Gags*, *Death in the Afternoon*, *Death in the Evening*, *Death After You've Thought About Your Mother*. It's a sickness, Woody. Don't you think there are a couple of things in life other than death?"

"How can you say that? I mean, oh boy, I can't even believe I heard that. Listen. Death can happen to you anywhere, anytime. It's kind of like in-laws dropping in, but a lot more entertaining, and, of course, you don't have to clean the house. Death is very important to life—if it wasn't for death, life would seem like an everyday kind of thing."

"But there are more beautiful things out there. What about sunrises and full moons? What about the opera, and plays, and movies? And films?"

"Well, that's my whole point. If you're dead you don't get to see any of those great things; in short, you don't have any fun. I know—I've seen dead people before. They're a lot like your Uncle Harold, except they have more rhythm to their walk."



"Dear Miss Fonda: My name is Larry Orczackski, and I live in Cincinnati. Will you marry me?"

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"You're changing the subject. We were talking about *us*. You and I."

"But we're always talking about *us*. Listen to me: I'm even talking about talking about *us*."

"I mean our sex life," she said. *That* surprised me.

"What about it?" I asked.

"It's getting boring, Woody. Very boring."

I was shocked. "Why?...I mean, didn't you like it with the cheese Doodles and everything?...I thought it was pretty enjoyable."

"It was very enjoyable, but that business with the Ukrainian dwarfs was a little out of hand. I'm sorry, but it just doesn't mean the same thing to me anymore. I used to feel the earth shake, I used to hear rockets. Now all I can think about is how porcupines do it without killing each other."

"All right, all right. Maybe we've been going too fast here. Maybe we should just slow the whole relationship down a little bit."

"You're the one who showed up at my house the first night with a moving van."

"But that was just a joke! You had the audacity to force me to live with you. I was merely taking my possessions for a ride around the city."

"Double phooey," she cleverly said.

"Diane, Diane, listen to me," I said.

"I've always thought that a relationship should be like a yo-yo. It's got to keep

moving or else it will die. Well, what we have on our hands is a dead yo-yo."

And our relationship ended. I was deeply disturbed, and I'm fairly sure that Diane was upset, too. Why else would she have left with two young doctors?

I've been living at the back table at Elaine's ever since. From time to time I stew over Diane while I'm savoring the

spaghetti.

I thought of when I first met her, and the time she tried to cook lasagna on a barbecue. I remembered the holidays, particularly Halloween. She shopped for five hours until she found a pumpkin that looked just like me. How she ever found one with horn-rimmed glasses I'll never know.

There's a waiter here who keeps asking me if I'm ever going to buckle down and really start applying myself. It's really a stupid question, if you ask me. (He's a very stupid waiter.) I mean, while I love Mia, I would certainly *like* to find a great wife, or, failing that, an intellectual woman who is understanding and slightly intelligent in the bargain (preferably one with giant kajoobies), but I don't know if I really will look for one. I swear to God it's a stupid question. And more than that, it's even a stupid answer.

I guess that's about all I want to talk about, except, of course, why clams casino is always a gamble at Elaine's. But I can also tell you this: if you ever go to Elaine's to live, don't tell anybody about anything, you'll start missing everybody. Of course the person I miss most is Diane. I miss the enlightening conversations and the operas we attended. I miss her witty comebacks and her smiling face.

But most of all, I'd have to say I miss her kajoobies. I might be an intellectual, but I'm not stupid.



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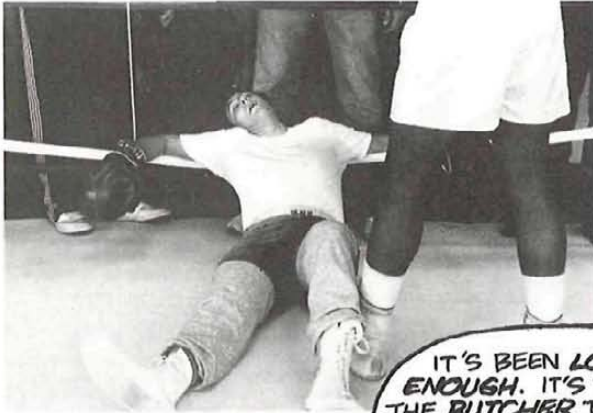
NATIONAL LAMPOON

THE RETURN OF

The KOSHER BUTCHER



SOME CRIED "FIX" WHEN THE **KOSHER BUTCHER** WAS APPARENTLY KNOCKED OUT BEFORE A PUNCH WAS THROWN IN HIS BOUT WITH **JAMES "QUICK" TILLIS**. HIS CAREER THEN TOOK A TURN FOR THE WORSE, AND HE FELL IN WITH A FAST CROWD. DRUGS, GAMBLING, AND PROSTITUTION TOOK THEIR TOLL. LUCKILY, HE MET A SAVIOR IN THE FORM OF **RABBI SELTZER**, WHO GOT HIM A JOB AS THE BOUNCER FOR THE LOCAL SYNAGOGUE'S **BINGO** GAME. WE REJOIN THE EPIC SAGA AS **MESHUGGA RAY HOROWITZ**, THE **KOSHER BUTCHER**, FIGHTS THE ELEMENTS THAT LED TO HIS DESTRUCTION OUTSIDE THE **TEMPLE BETH AMY MUCHO**.

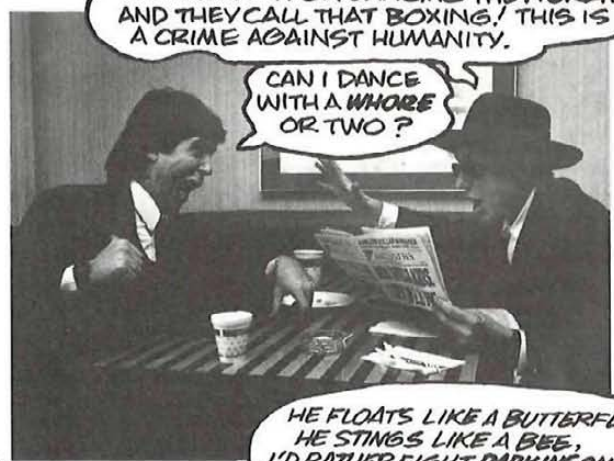
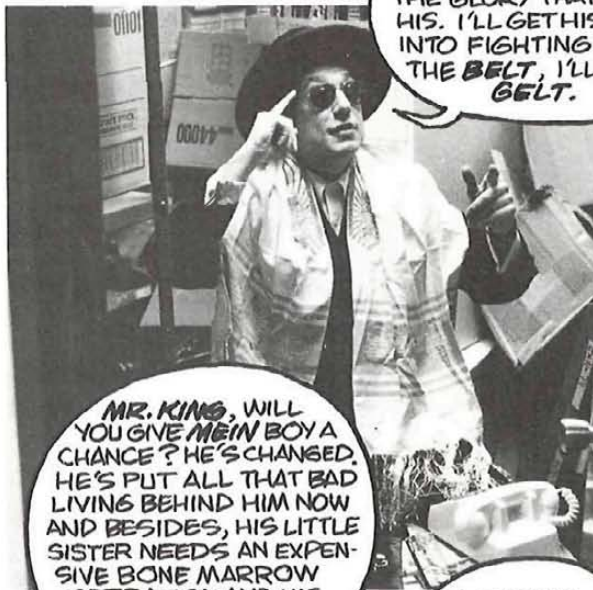


I 14, N 21,
B 3, O 6,
G WHIZ.



IT'S BEEN LONG ENOUGH. IT'S TIME FOR THE **BUTCHER** TO REGAIN THE GLORY THAT ONCE WAS HIS. I'LL GET HIS HEAD BACK INTO FIGHTING. HE'LL GET THE BELT, I'LL GET THE BELT.

LOOK AT THESE CHUMPS MAKING TEN MILLION FOR DANCING THE **HORA**. AND THEY CALL THAT BOXING! THIS IS A CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY.

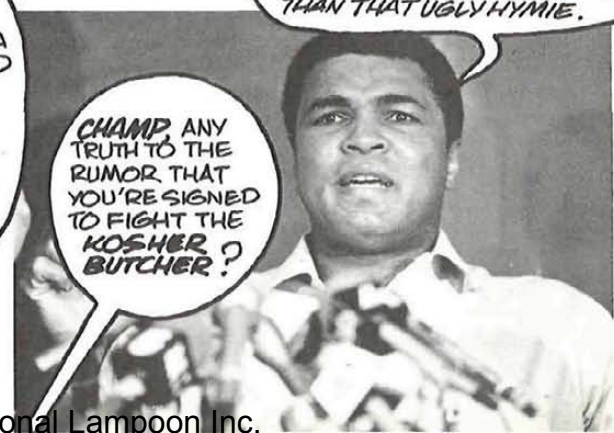


CAN I DANCE WITH A **WHORE** OR TWO?

MR. **KING**, WILL YOU GIVE **MEIN BOYA** A CHANCE? HE'S CHANGED. HE'S PUT ALL THAT BAD LIVING BEHIND HIM NOW AND BESIDES, HIS LITTLE SISTER NEEDS AN EXPENSIVE BONE MARROW OPERATION AND HIS MOTHER NEEDS A **NOSE JOB**.

NO WAY. LAST TIME I GAVE YOUR BOYA SHOT, HE CARVED UP MY BEST FIGHTER, **BLED HIM**, AND SAID A **BRUCHA** OVER HIM! TAKE A **HIKE, KIKE!**

HE FLOATS LIKE A **BUTTERFLY**. HE STINGS LIKE A **BEE**, I'D RATHER FIGHT **PARKINSON'S** THAN THAT **UGLY HYMIE**.



CHAMP ANY TRUTH TO THE RUMOR THAT YOU'RE SIGNED TO FIGHT THE **KOSHER BUTCHER**?

THE RETURN OF

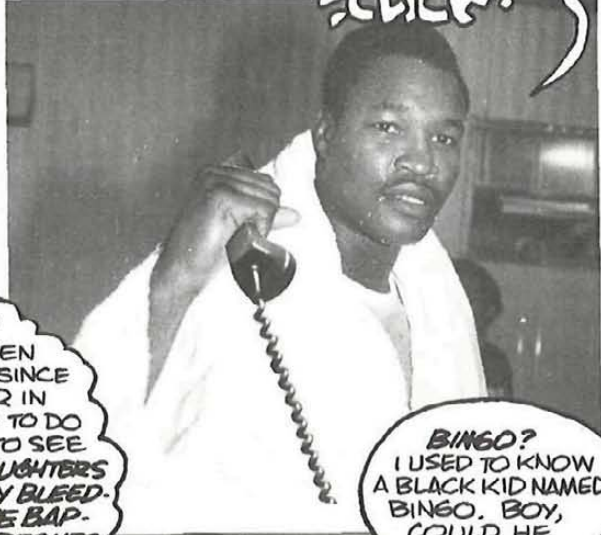
THE
KOSHER
BUTCHER



CHAMPALA, PLEASE GIV MEIN BUBBE A SHOT AT THE CROWN. MY SHUL GIVES YOUR PEOPLE PLENTY WORK CLEANING UP THE BRIS ROOMS, POLISHING THE ARK, WASHING THE TALLISES. HOW 'BOUT IF I GOT SAMMY DAVIS, JR. TO GIVE YOU A RING? HE'S LIKE A BROTHER TO ME.

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT CHLAMP RABBI BE CALLING ME COLLECT. AND LIKES A FOOL, I ACCEPTS IT.

SHUCK!



LOOK, SO I COULDN'T GET YOU A FIGHT WITH A BOXER, SO SUE ME. JUST TO KEEP YOU IN FIGHTING SHAPE, I GOT YOU A SPARRING DATE WITH THIS WRESTLER.

BINGO? I HASN'T SEEN MY BABY BOY SINCE BEFORE THE WAR IN MEMPHIS. IT USED TO DO MY HEART PROUD TO SEE HIM HOOF AT THE DAUGHTERS OF THE SACRED HOLY BLEEDING HEART NAZARENE BAPTIST CHURCH BAREBEQUES.

BINGO? I USED TO KNOW A BLACK KID NAMED BINGO. BOY, COULD HE DANCE.

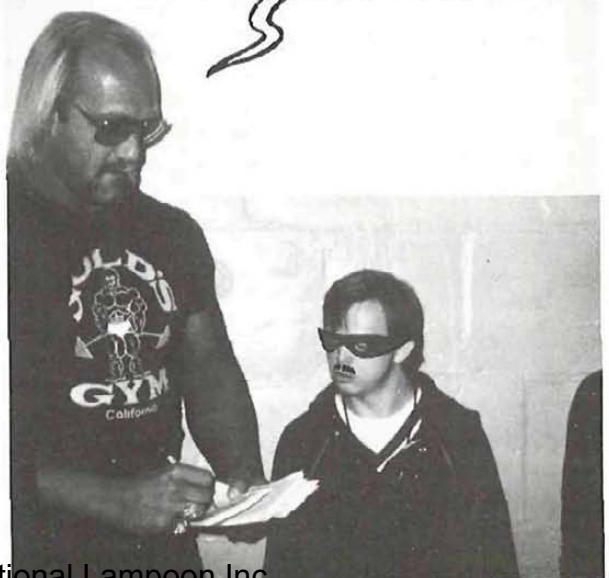
I IO, N IS, BINGO!

DIS GUY IS A NOTHING. JUST A BIG, TALL, SKINNY KID WITH A GOYISHE KOP. ALL YOU GOT TO DO IS OUTTHINK HIM AND YOU'LL KNOCK HIM OUT, BINGO.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, THE FIGHT'S OFF, HOSAN? AFTER I LAID OUT FOR THE PLANE AND THE HOTEL AND THE WRESTLING POWDER? WHAT DO YOU THINK, MONEY GROWS ON TREES IN ISRAEL?

GO LOOK IN THE DESERT FOR YOUR FORESKIN, SELTZER. I'M SIGNING THIS CONTRACT TO FIGHT THE MASKED MONSOLOID!



THE RETURN OF THE KOSHER BUTCHER

AFTER THE DISAPPOINTING CANCELLATION OF THE HOSAN FIGHT, RABBI SELTZER REDOUBLED HIS EFFORTS TO GET THE BUTCHER HIS BIG SHOT AT THE TITLE. HIS NEW STRATEGY WAS TO HAVE THE BUTCHER FIGHT AN EXHIBITION WITH A HUGE CELEBRITY, THEREBY CALLING WORLDWIDE ATTENTION TO HIS BOXER'S VALIANT COMEBACK. THEN, TO KEEP HIS CHARGE IN TIP-TOP SHAPE, HE TRACKED DOWN THE BUTCHER'S OLD BUDDY, BINGO, AND PUT THE FORMER DANCER ON THE PAYROLL AS TRAINER. BUT STILL, IT WAS TOUGH FINDING AN OPPONENT FOR MESHUGGA RAY.

BUT MEANWHILE BINGO WAS PUTTING THE BUTCHER THROUGH A UNIQUE TRAINING PROGRAM AT KAPLAN'S GYM AND DELI.

I WON'T FIGHT THE BUTCHER, HE MIGHT MESS UP MY HAIR. GET LOST, HEBE-BOP!



THE KOSHER BUTCHER? I WOULDN'T TANGLE WITH THAT FOOL UNLESS I HAD A POKE CHOP IN ONE HAND AND A SLAB OF BACON IN T'OTHER.

LET'S GO, BUTCHER, PUT SOME MUSTARD ON THOSE PUNCHES.



FASTER, FASTER! THE WAITRESS'LL MAKE ME ORDER SOMETHING.



TO KEEP AWAY THE RINGS RUST, THE RABBI SET UP A SPARRING SESSION WITH A LEGITIMATE HEAVY-WEIGHT.

WAIT A MINUTE, THIS GUY IS A COW. NOBODY EVER TAUGHT ME HOW TO COUNTER A LEFT HOOF.

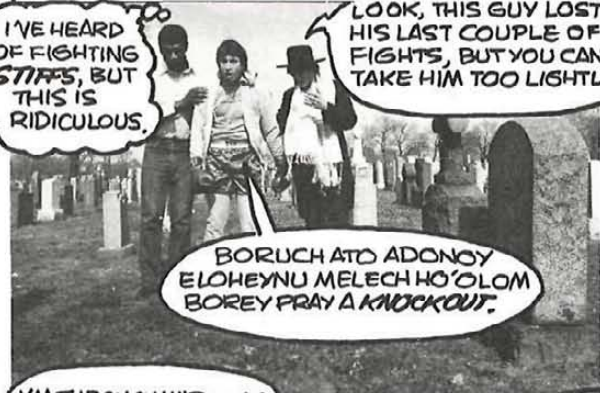


WHAT'S THE PROBLEM? I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE KOSHER BUTCHER.

GLAS, NO ONE WANTED ANY PART OF A FIGHT WITH MESHUGGA RAY. SO, TO KEEP HIS BOY'S SPIRITS UP, AND TO CAPTURE THE WORLD'S ATTENTION, THE RABBI CAME UP WITH A BRILLIANT IDEA...

I'VE HEARD OF FIGHTING STIFFS, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS.

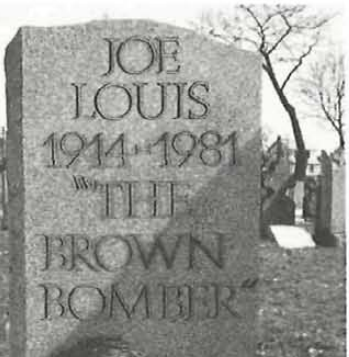
LOOK, THIS GUY LOST HIS LAST COUPLE OF FIGHTS, BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE HIM TOO LIGHTLY.



BORUCH ATO ADONAY ELOHEYNU MELECH HO'OLOM BOREY PRAY A KNOCKOUT.

I'M THROUGH WITH THIS BOXING RACKET. MAYBE I SHOULD GET BACK INTO THE SCHMATTE BUSINESS.

THIS IS JUST TOO CRUEL. IT'S TIME ABOLISH BOXING.



RABBI, WHAT HE HIT ME WITH? I NEVER SAW THE PUNCH, HONEST.



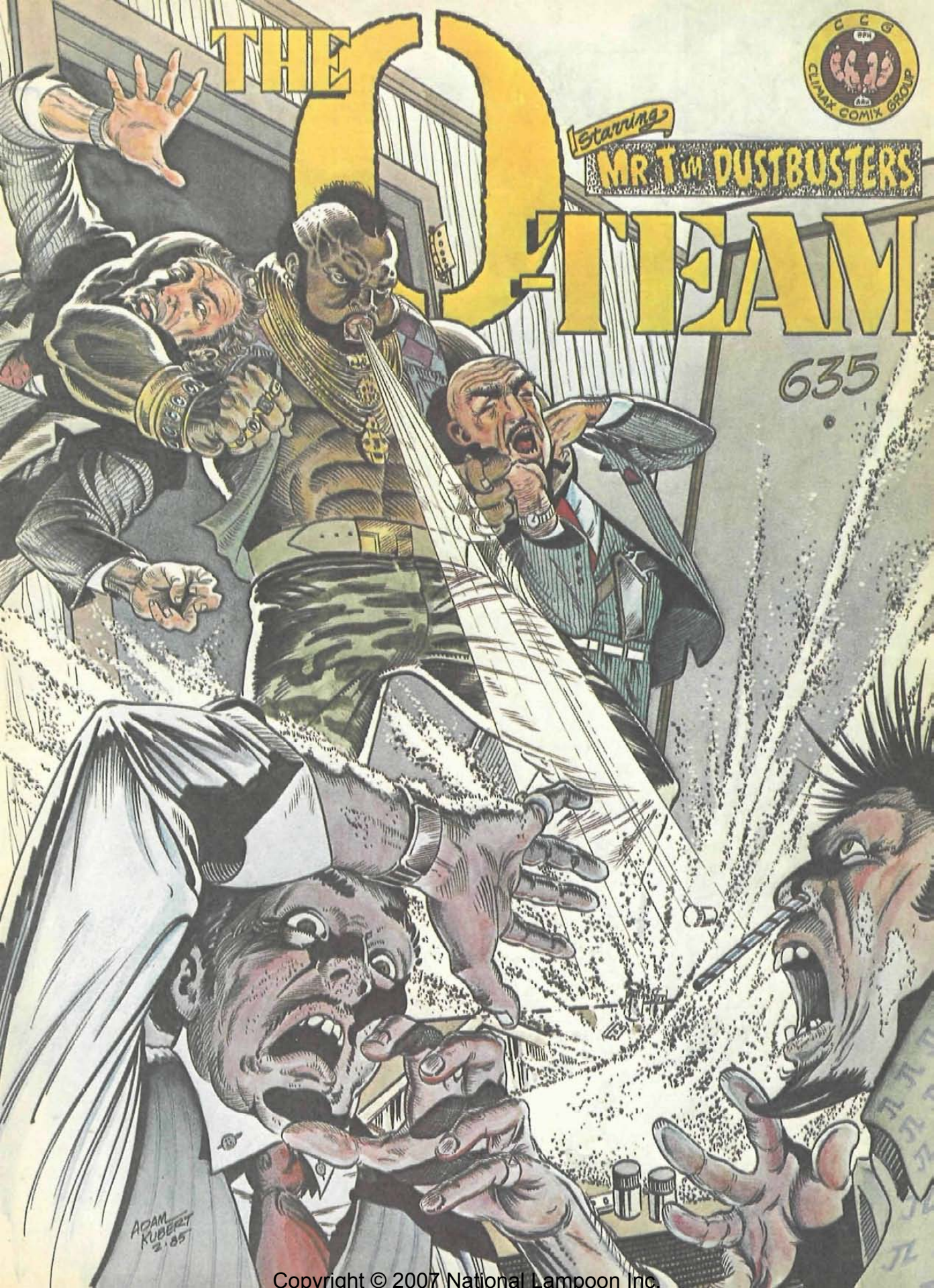
THE

Q

Starring
MR T in DUSTBUSTERS

TEAM

635



ADAM KUBERT
2/85

THE T-TEAM

DEDICATED TO MORE FREQUENT AND MORE POWERFUL ORGASMS THROUGH ANY AND ALL MEANS, MANUAL AND MECHANICAL, AND THE GLORY AND PRESERVATION OF THE AMERICAN WAY.

IN BETWEEN ASSIGNMENTS, MR. T ENTERTAINS GUESTS AT THE LOCAL ADULT MOTEL...

COME ON OUT O' THERE, YOU FINE BITCHES! THE DEBBIL IN MISS JONE'S BE ON THE CLOSED-CIRCUIT T.B. Y'ALL CAN PRETTY UP YO' PUSSIES LATER!

TEE-HEE!

JUS' A MINUTE, T-BABY!

WHAT AM DESE BITCHES DOIN' SO LONG?

CAIN'T SEE A DAMN THING!

THEY BEST NOT BE TONGUIN' THEYSelves AN' LOCKIN' ME OUT!

I BEST INVEG-SIGATE!

STUPID FOOLS! YOU KNOW HOW AH FEELS ABOUT DRUG AY-BYOOZ!

• WRITTEN BY TONY KISCH
• ART AND LETTERING BY ADAM KUBERT



DIS STUFF GWINE DOWN THE CRAPPER ...WHERE YOU TWO HOES BELONG!

NO, T-CAKES, DON'T!



NO, T-BABY, WE'RE ONLY DOIN' IT FOR SEXUAL PURPOSES.

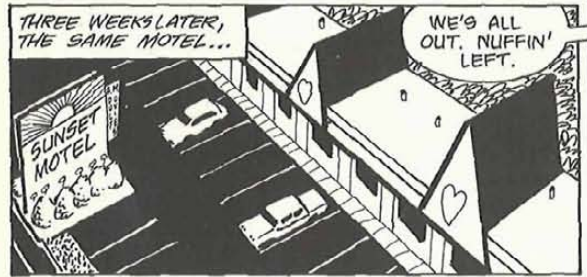
JUST TRY A LITTLE ON THE TIP OF YOUR BIG THANG, YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT!

LIZZEN, AH DOAN' NEED NO HELP TO GIT YOU BITCHES OFF 'LEBBEN, MEBBE TWELVE TIME! BUT YO' SAY DIS STUFF FO' JUST SEX REASONS?

.....OKAY, LEMME TRY A LI'L ON DERE..... HEY, NOT SO MUCH, MAMA!

HEE-HEE-HEE!

TEE-HEE! TEE-HEE!



THREE WEEKS LATER, THE SAME MOTEL...

WE'S ALL OUT. NUFFIN' LEFT.



ANY YO' BITCHES GOT ANY BREAD LEFT? AH GOTTS TO GIT ME SOME MO', DEN AH SERVICE YO' PUSSIES TO DEATH.

== HACK ==
WHEEEEEZ
== COUGH ==
== COUGH ==



GUESS AH GOTTA HOCK ONE O' DESE BANGLES...
== COUGH == == COUGH ==

== HACK ==
WHEEEEEZ
AH THINKS AH'LL DO DIS HERE ZAK-GOLD DRUG ENFO'CEMENT PENDANT DAT BITCH NANCY REEGUY' DONE GIMME.



WELL, COUGH? AH MIGHT AS WELL SEE WHAT UNCLE HYMIE GOAN' COUGH UP!



THAT AIN'T HIM! IT CAN'T BE!

YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'S JUST SOME SKINNY JUNKIE DRESSED LIKE HIM, TRYIN' TO BEG SOME CHANGE!

SHUT UP, SHIT-HEADS!



DAT CHEAP JEW ONLY GIMME FO' TEEN HUNNERD FO' DAT PENDANT! HACKS: AH GOTS TO FIND MAH MAN AN' GET ME SOME CANDY!

I SEEN HIM ONCE, AN' I TELL YA IT'S HIM!



LOOKIT HOW BIG MY PUTZ IS NOW--

HACKS: OUTA MY WAY, FOOL!

SCREW THAT PHONY TURD!

YEAH, T' THINK HE WAS OUR HERO!

AH GOTS NO TIME TO BE LOOKIN' AT YO' SKINNY JOHNSON!

YEAH, HE'S NUTTIN' BUT A SMELLY OLD DOPER!

HEY, MR. T! I BEEN DOIN' DOSE EXERCISES YOU TOLD US TO DO ON TV!



PLEASE, MISTUH MONTANUH, AH GOTS TO HAVE A WHOLE OUNCE! YO' KIN HAVE DE RES' O' MAH JEWRY, TOO.

AWRIGHT, YA BUM! QUITCHA BAWLIN'!

GUIDO, GIVE DIS SCUM AN O.Z. AN' HUSTLE HIS FLEA-BIT ASS OUTA HERE.



AND... BACK AT THE MOTEL....

IT'S ALL RIGHT, T-BABY. IT HAPPENS TO EVERY GUY ONCE IN A WHILE.

YEAH, TEEZY-WEESY. FO'GIT IT AND GET US SOME MORE BLOW, PAPA!

NO, NO, NO! YOU CHICKS DOAN' UNNERSTAN'! IT'S DE WORS' THANG EVUH HAPPEN' TO ME.....



AH CAIN'T GIT MAH MAIN MAN TO STAN' UP N-N-N-NO MO'!

N-N-NO M-MO'!

DISGRACED AND DISGUSTED, OUR HERO GOES FOR A WALK THROUGH TOWN...

==HACK== AH MAHT 'SWELL CROAK!

MAH JOY STICK BE LIMP AS A WET NOODLE!

AN' AH'S BROKE AGIN TOO!

WHAT AH SWINE DO?

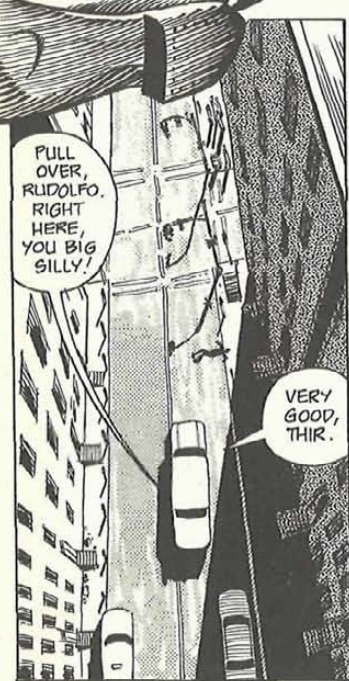
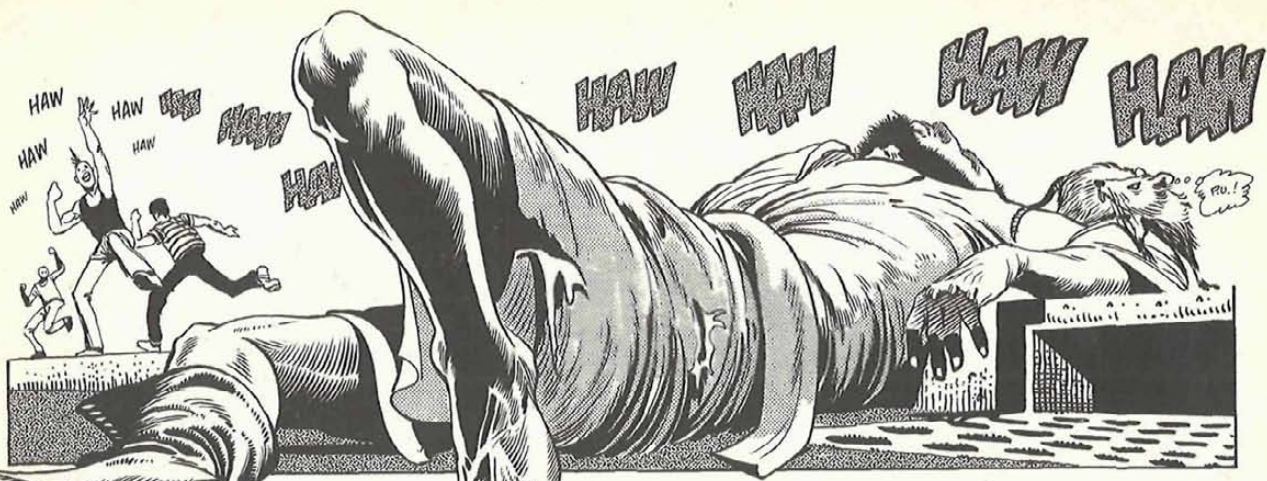
YOU LOOK LIKE SHIT, OLD MAN!

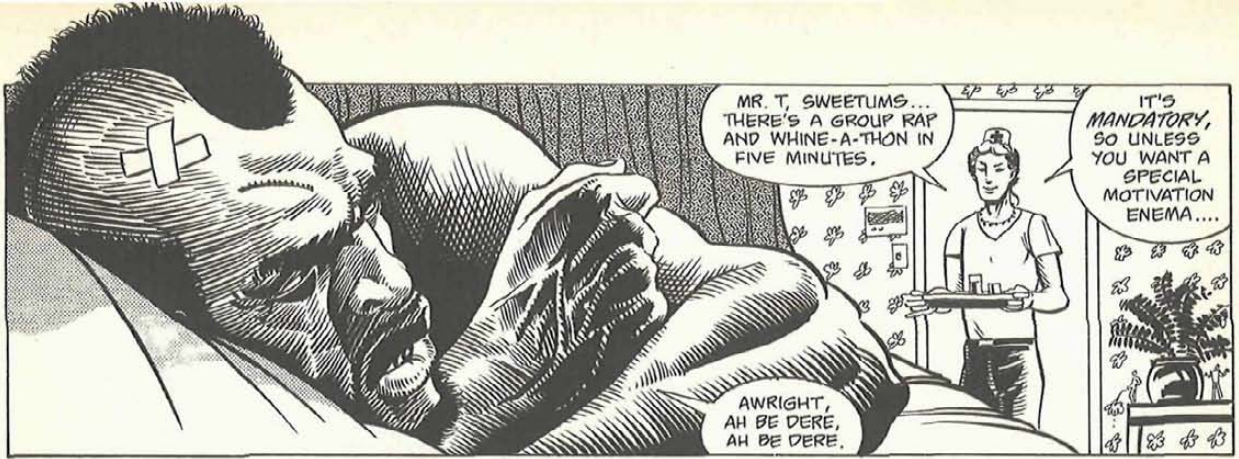
YEAH, WHERE THEY DIG YOU UP, THE SEZ-FOOL? HAW! HAW!

WE'RE GONNA FIX YOU UP REAL GOOD, YOU OLD TURKHEAD! HAW! HAW!

==HACK==
==COUGH==
==COUGH==
AH'S GONNA WHEEEEEEEZ
...KICK ALL...
==COUGH==
YO'... PUNKS...
==HACK==
...ASSES...
WHEEEEEEEZ
==COUGH==

SHIT!





MR. T, SWEETIMS ...
THERE'S A GROUP RAP
AND WHINE-A-THON IN
FIVE MINUTES.

IT'S
MANDATORY,
SO UNLESS
YOU WANT A
SPECIAL
MOTIVATION
ENEMA....

AWRIGHT,
AH BE DERE,
AH BE DERE.

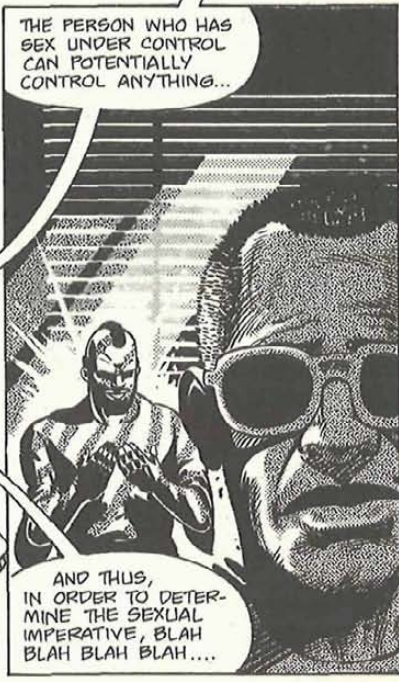


TEN MINUTES
LATER....

ALL RIGHT,
GROUP, TRUMAN
SUGGESTED
THAT TODAY'S
TOPIC BE SEXUAL
RELATIONS,
AND I THINK
WE'LL START
WITH THAT...



... SEX IS PERHAPS THE
DOMINATING FORCE IN OUR
LIVES. AND YET SO FEW
PEOPLE ARE REALLY
COMFORTABLE WITH THEIR
SEXUALITY.

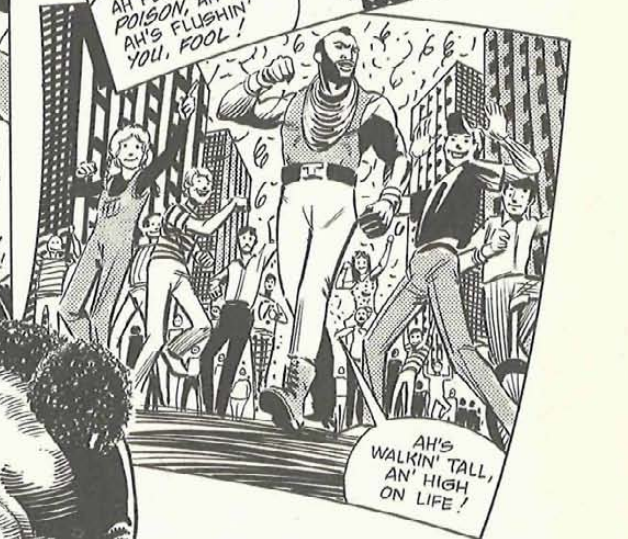
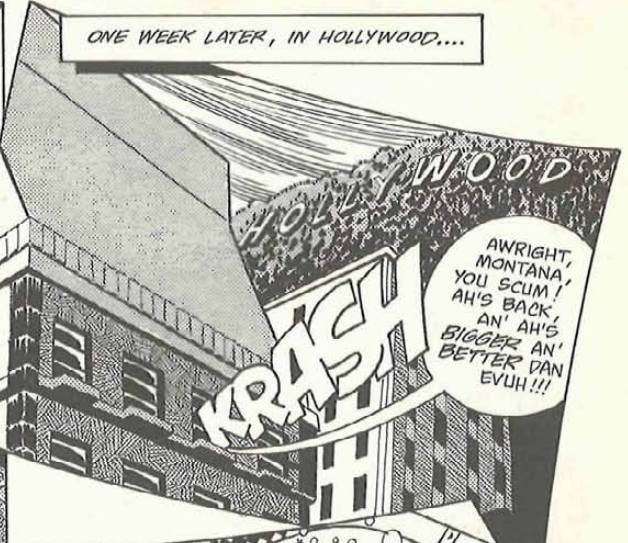


THE PERSON WHO HAS
SEX UNDER CONTROL
CAN POTENTIALLY
CONTROL ANYTHING...

AND THUS,
IN ORDER TO DETER-
MINE THE SEXUAL
IMPERATIVE, BLAH
BLAH BLAH BLAH....



ONE WEEK LATER, IN HOLLYWOOD....



... AN' IF EVVY ONE O' Y'ALL DOAN' STRAIGHTEN UP, YOU'LL FIND ME AT 40' DOOR!!!

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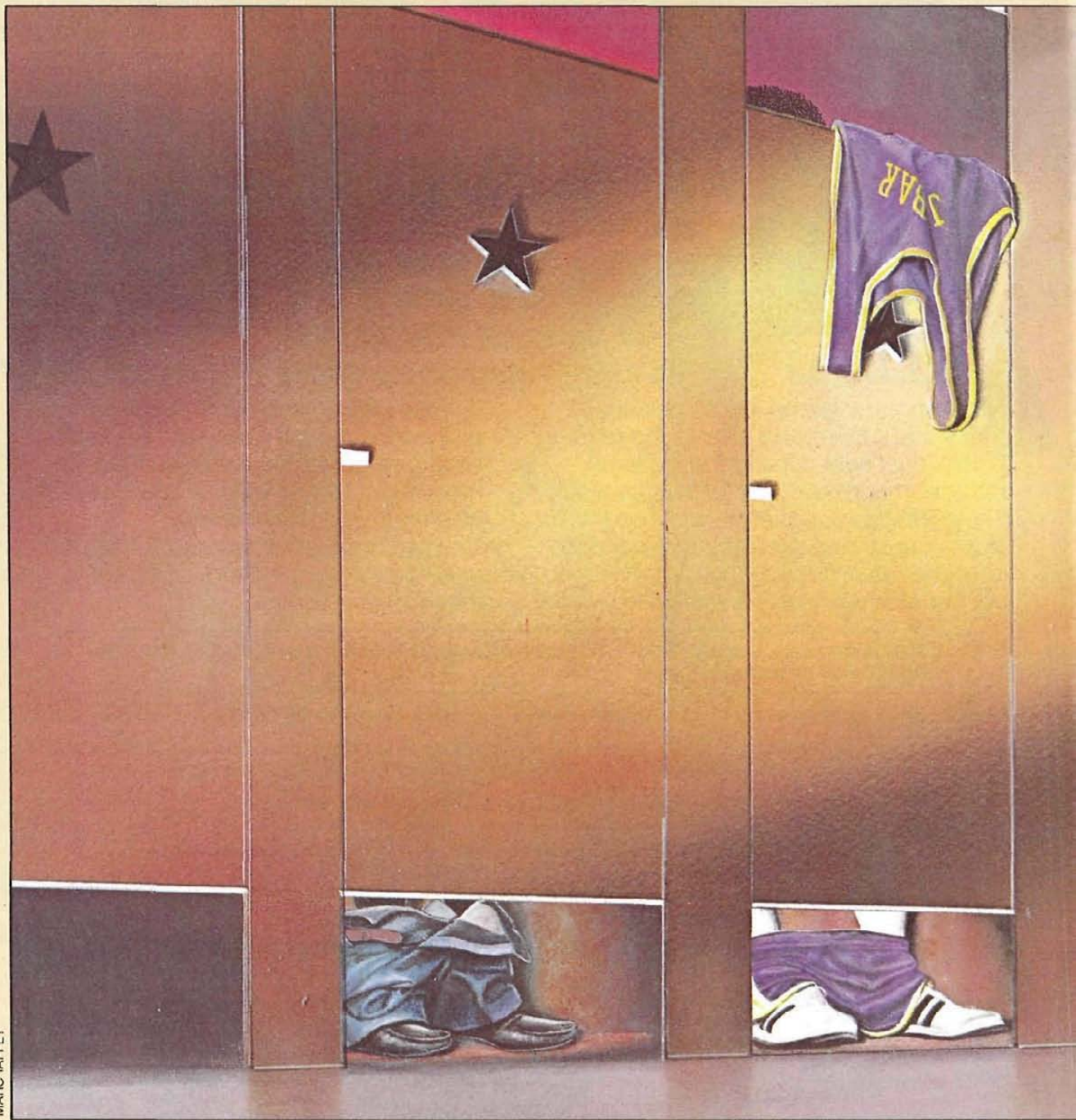
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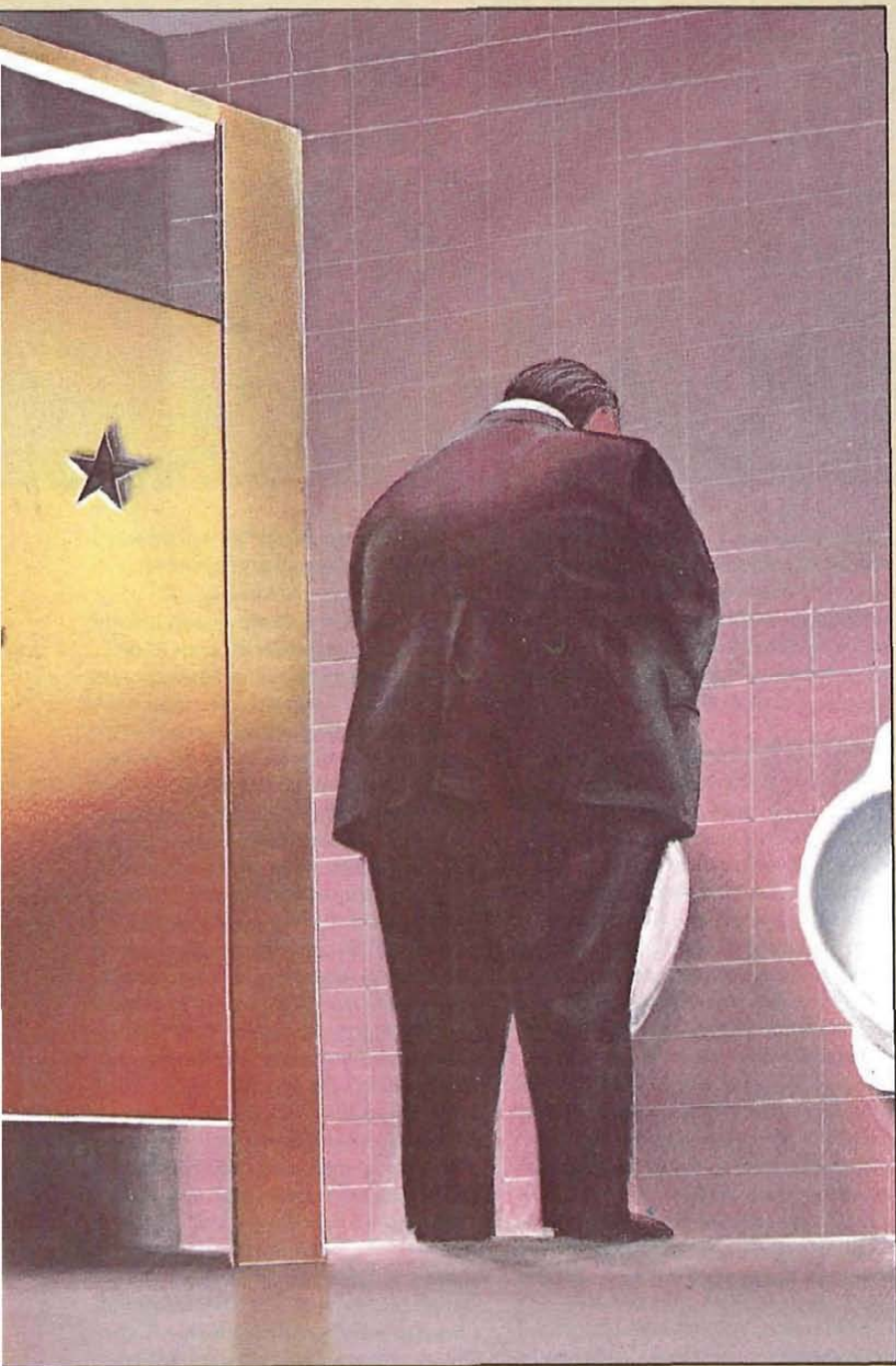
TOILET!

THE MEMOIRS OF A MI



MARC TAFFET

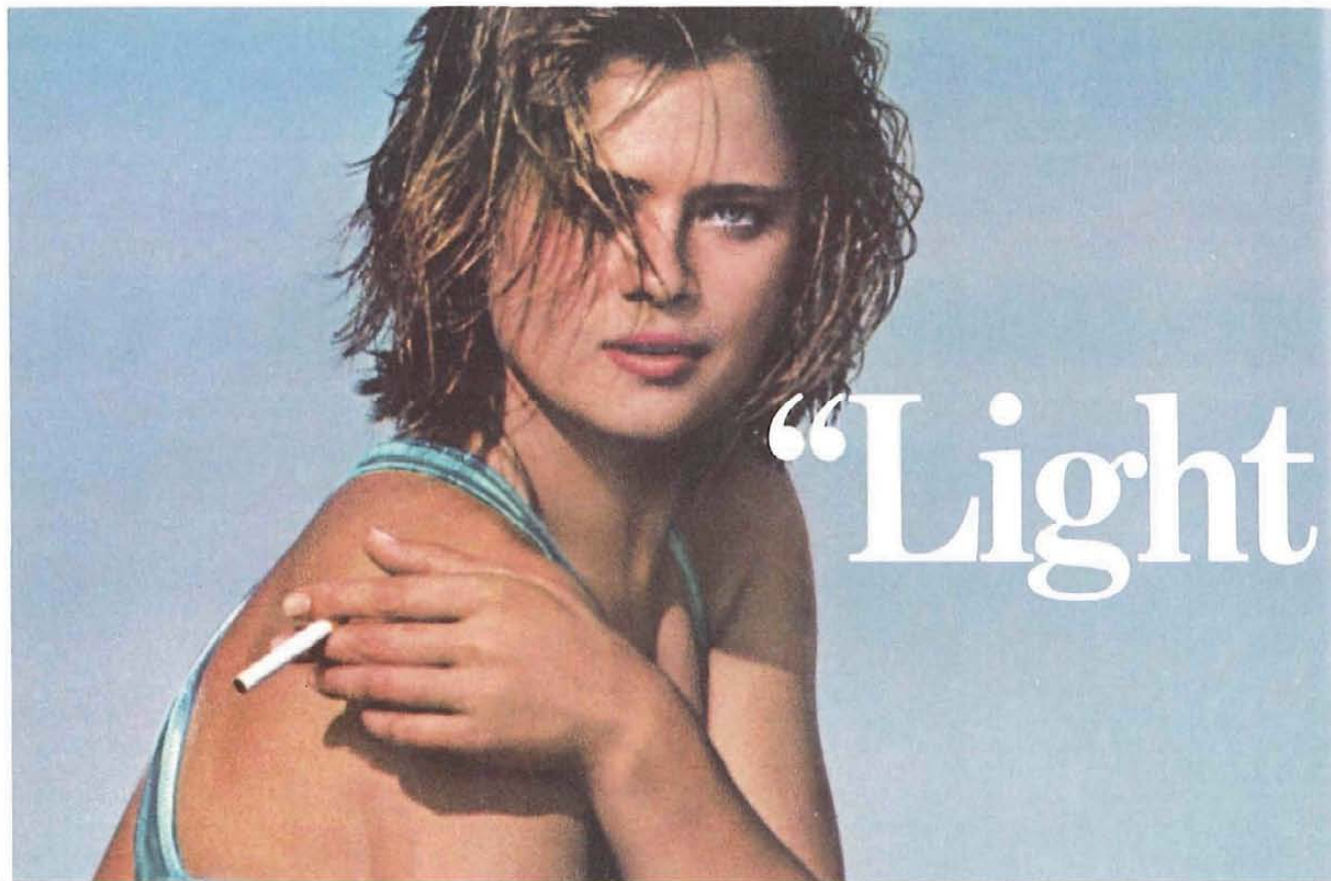
N'S ROOM ATTENDANT



I just want to say a few words to preface my memoirs. First, I do not wish to offend anyone with my stories, but in the course of my job I am sometimes forced to use words I would never use in public or with my family or friends. Please accept the language as an honest attempt to depict reality. And in my case, reality means the job of lavatory attendant, a job that brought me into close contact with various bodily functions that some people find offensive to talk about. I do not think these bodily functions are offensive in and of themselves. They are simply part of nature, part of what our bodies must do to survive. We breathe, we eat, we drink, we eliminate. That's it and that's all.

As for the job itself, in my time it was considered a highly dignified and sought-after profession. I was much more a valet than an "attendant." And I was much more than a valet, of course, as you shall see—and I say this without boasting. I was a friend, a confidant, an adviser, and much more to many of our most famous stars. I have few regrets and many warm and wonderful memories of my life in lavatory service. Thanks to the generosity of my clients I have been able to support my wonderful family and put my three children through college without the help of the United Negro College Fund or any other charity. My eldest son, Lavelle, is a vice president of a public relations firm in Atlanta. My middle son, Norbert, is a computer programmer for Union Carbide Company, and my youngest, my daughter Livonia, is an account executive with the advertising agency Bowdler and Scarf in San Francisco.

Whatever I have done in my career, I've done with dignity and pride. I hope some of this feeling is conveyed in the anecdotes and memories I have set down on paper. And, of course, I hope you enjoy reading them as much as I did living them.



“Light

I recall with a great deal of happiness and satisfaction my years as the night attendant at Tontino's restaurant in Beverly Hills. This goes back to the war and right up through the early sixties. Tontino's was where all the big guys ate and drank—a very classy establishment, to be sure.

I very much liked the lounge at Tontino's, because it was nice and small. I don't truck with those big bathrooms with ninety-nine guys going in and out like Grand Central Station. Too much traffic, too little money changing hands, for yours truly. I'll take the small rooms where I got some control over the situation, where it's hard to pee and run without bumping into me. Guys who don't tip, I call them “Yellowhands,” because they don't want to wash their hands after they pee, since they would then have to get soap and a towel from me and that would obligate them to tip me. I call them a lot of other names, but I will not mention them in a national magazine, though you know the kind of names I refer to.

As I said, I had a very fine job at Tontino's. There were three electric towel warmers, real Turkish towels—not those paper-thin jobs—and the finest selection

of men's grooming aids and accessories you'd ever want to see. I was especially proud of my soap collection, domestic and imported, from as far away as Madagascar and Zanzibar. My specialty was providing soaps that could get a lady hot if you just washed your hands with them.

My steadiest customer for the soaps was Frank. I used to give him my special soap treatment after he took a pee. Frank never made number two in a public toilet. He told me that he always did his number two at home, about five minutes after waking up in the morning, like clockwork, after his hot prune juice and lemon. Never missed a morning in over forty years. Only time he ever missed was the day after he found his wife of the time, Ava Gardner, in bed with Lana Turner. He got madder than a wet hen. Not because his wife was in bed with another woman, but because they wouldn't let him watch.

Frank and I became very close friends when I was running the lounge at Tontino's, and eventually I invented a special soap formula for him, a combination of four different soaps that had this effect on women that would drive them crazy—

oh my, yes! They would take to sucking his hands in public places and much more, I'll tell you.

The four different soaps would be lathered up and applied to his hands in the proper sequence, mixed in varying degrees of hot and warm water, and rinsed off with a gentle lukewarm rinse. I had a special way of lathering Frank (he never lathered himself) which would activate the unique aromatics of the soaps so they would cast their magic spell.

Unfortunately, you can't even buy these soaps anymore. They came from a small company in Singapore called Smythe and Buggins. I started importing them during the war—got them through the black market. They were around for a while during the fifties, and then the soaps just disappeared. That's when Frank couldn't get it up. But that's another story.

These soaps, mind you, were the secret of Frank's success as a lover. People always thought he had a big one and that was his secret, but that is a lot of bushwah, and I ought to know. It was not a big one. It was a little on the small side, though not too small. I'll tell you who has a big one—Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. But what do you expect from a guy like that,

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my Lucky."



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a mushroom cap? I just won't tell lies about Frank having a big one when he doesn't. Frank had the hot hands, is what he had.

First I would draw up a big basin of hot water for Frank, as hot as he could stand it. He would soak his hands in it for three minutes or so to loosen up the pores. Then I would apply my first soap, Smythe and Buggins's "Thirteen Flowers." I worked the lather in with firm strokes in a certain kind of rhythm I developed. You get to know the nature and grain of a person's hands and you can feel the response, if you know what I mean. I used to say that I knew Frank's hands like the palm of my hand. I would follow up "Thirteen Flowers" with a good lathering of "Jungle Spice," then "Coconut Champagne," and close with a thick coat of "Potion Number Nine," which was purported to be made from elephant's mother's milk. After letting all the lathers work in, I'd rinse them off a bit and wipe the hands with a soft chamomile towel. That's it. Those hands would become instruments of the devil. Frank would rub his hands together like he was shooting craps, pat me on the shoulder, and take his leave with a "Ring-a-ding-ding." He never tipped. His bodyguards,

the Ganglia brothers, would hand me a one-thousand-dollar bill each night. Yes, and I do believe I was worth every penny, because you could not duplicate what I did on your own hands. It would be like trying to copy the special recipes of a great chef.

One night Frank came into the lounge looking a little agitated, which was very unusual for him. I asked what was wrong. Nothing was wrong, he said. He merely needed some special help for a very special woman—Marlene Dietrich. Now Marlene was well-known as a dyke, but Frank didn't care. He was madly in love with her. In fact, he preferred dykes to straight women. What he wanted from me was a new formula guaranteed to work on a lesbian—a rug biter, he used to call them.

I racked my brain to come up with a dynamite soap formula and finally had something that satisfied me, a surefire number that would have Marlene eating out of Frank's hands, so to speak. Well, everything went according to Hoyle, and Frank was just about to unite in holy communion with Marlene when his hands went crazy. His skin broke out in

rashes and hives and then some kind of fungus. And his hands smelled bad. Frank was mortified. Marlene was turned off. The whole affair was very embarrassing for both parties. The terrible part was that Frank couldn't shake off the disease. He had to wear gloves and spray his hands with deodorant, but that offered only temporary relief.

Frank never blamed me. He said it must have been an allergic reaction with complications. His doctor recommended an operation, one of those skin grafts. But Frank was so skinny at the time that the surgeons couldn't find any spare flesh on him. So I volunteered some of mine—the skin from my own palms, which were almost as white as Frank's. Frank accepted, and I am happy to say that he has my palms to this day.

Unfortunately, my old tried-and-true soap formula didn't work on Frank's new palms. The poor guy was in a funk, and I had to do something. I figured out the perfect solution. I knew why my formula wasn't working: Frank had a pair of colored palms, so he had to use them on colored girls. Now that was
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33)

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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31) Frank's blind spot. He never went out with the fine brown bitches of the time. Maybe he had a little James Crow in him, for all his wonderful qualities. But he picked up on my idea and said—what the hey, he might as well ring-a-ding Miss Lena Horne. I laid the old soap formula on him and he was on his way. Well, Miss Lena Horne only became his love slave for the next ten years, that's all! And he also dabbled in Eartha Kitt, Dorothy Dandridge, Lola Falana—you name them, he had them. Frank finally discovered dark meat and he loved it. Of course, now he's getting on a bit, but he still likes to fool around with Diana Ross, Donna Summer, and the like, though he won't go near Irene Cara. She cries too much and is always thanking him, he said. She reminds him of Sammy.

People often ask me, "Gaylord, who was the biggest windbag you ever had in your lounge?" That's a tough one. I must've had over a million guys using my facilities over the years. But I got a great memory. Never forget a face or a fart.

The general pattern I've discerned is that the older you are, the better you fart. You tend to gain more weight, your stomach is more sensitive to foods and liquids, and you tend to build up more gas and stuff. Naturally, there are always exceptions to the rule. Jack Nicholson, for instance, or "Jack the Ripper," as he is known in bathrooms from coast to coast, is one of the great ones. He can fart on cue. Like he'll shake my hands, say "How they hangin', Gaylord?" and let off a bomber, all in the same breath. He does a lot of that when he makes his movies, you know. Just bombs away. Even in the most serious scenes. They just cut out all that sound. I mean, the audience never hears it, of course. But that son of a bitch can really crack you up.

He once invited me to the place where they were shooting *Terms of Endearment* with Shirley MacLaine and Debra Winger. Those scenes where Jack has to console Shirley after she finds out about Debra having cancer—well, he was ripping them off, one after another, at the key moments. It took them over a hundred takes to do some of those scenes, I tell you.

Orson Welles is a great one, of course. He is a master of the long, drawn-out style, like one of those English hunting

horns. He's getting a little old now, but he can still do those musical numbers. He's no Dizzy Gillespie, but he can give you a pretty decent version of "Yesterday." He loves to do it in your face. Sneaks up behind you when you're not looking. I always got to wear a surgeon mask when Orson shows up.

Orson gets a little jealous of some of the younger guys who come into my lounge, like the director Francis Coppola. Francis is really cocky, if you pardon my pun. He'll go along doing some real weak ones—y'know, poof, poof—and he'll sucker some guys into a bet that he doesn't have a real good one left. "What do you mean by a good one?" he'll ask. "Oh, y'know, about a minute, a minute and a half—an eye opener, a nose closer." "Oh, that's a lot of fart—that may be too much," says

Francis. "If I'm going for one of those I might as well risk a bundle. How about fifty thousand?" Of course, he suckers them into a real bankroll—much more than fifty thou. Heck, he's financed some of his pictures on the money he hustles on the fart circuit. So he makes believe he's straining real hard, almost giving up, just to coax a few more last-minute sucker bets, and then lets out with two minutes' worth of the best farting you ever heard. And he won't accept checks—it's got to be cash or money orders.

So Orson resents Francis for doing stuff like that and for getting all that money to make movies while he can't raise enough dough to make a Bar Mitzvah video. Orson kept challenging Francis to a match, with me setting up the rules. It finally got to me and I said okay, I'll do it.

It was like the Olympics, like the gymnastic events, where you got to do a series of compulsory stuff and then you



"What's the matter, Lassie—is Timmy in trouble?"

can do your own choreography, your own bag of tricks. It was the old-timer, who was once the Boy Wonder, versus Coppola, the Baby Boomer, which is what Francis likes to call himself.

This was a real interesting match, because it was hard to predict how they would fare in all these categories. I mean, Francis is a hustler who likes to save his best shots for the closing kill. Orson is really a trick-shot artist who is too lazy to do all the textbook stuff cleanly.

The word got around fast, and there was a tremendous amount of excitement generated over this event. I had to bill it as a challenge cup instead of an Olympic event because a lot of other guys felt they should be in it too. I figured this first one should lead to others, with the winner drawing lots to play a new challenger.

Needless to say, the betting was fast and furious. There was even a line on the event in Las Vegas. Coppola was favored by three and a half farts. But then they heard that Orson had gone into serious training—that he was adding five

pounds a day, that he was on a special beans and peppers diet, all kinds of rumors. Meanwhile Francis trained lightly, always the picture of confidence, preferring to gas up in the final few days before the match.

By the last week the training in both camps started to heat up. Orson worked out in his own home, hiring a chef, a doctor, a couple of special advisers, and his own coach, one of those sumo wrestlers from Japan. Francis was as cocky as ever and trained in his favorite Mexican restaurants, holding court and taking a lot of side bets.

Then the rumors started. First we heard that Orson had ruptured his abdominal muscles by overtraining. Then it was Francis, who had the second biggest tummy ache of all time, the first being Babe Ruth's when he ate all those hot dogs. And on it went. Orson was constipated...totally blocked, couldn't even produce a marble.... Francis had developed gastritis and was being beaten eas-

ily by his sparring partners. It was Orson who was taking this event more seriously, including the compulsory events, where he wanted to pile up an early lead. I hadn't seen Orson so serious since he'd made that weird movie with Tony Perkins where Tony has these web fingers. Orson must have put on about fifty, seventy-five pounds on an already large frame, and about half of it was pure gas. The sumo wrestler was feeding him some kind of Japanese bean that was really doing the trick. The Japs can do everything better, and that's no bushwah.

Francis finally got into his real training routine, setting up a camp on his own property in the Napa Valley, drinking a lot of fizzy beverages along with his fart food. Actually, Francis had a bigger food capacity than Orson, being much younger. Orson was going for the more offbeat diet, depending on new, very powerful Oriental foods to add the necessary weight and gas, especially hot peppers and weird spices.

Francis started a psychological warfare campaign like Muhammad Ali used to do, boasting to his entourage that he would blow Orson away, that he had some dynamite surprise up his pants, and so on. Orson kept a low profile, but a high visibility for people who wanted to watch him train. He was really up to speed, looking good with his sparring partners, working ten, twelve hours a day and more. I was hoping he wouldn't overtrain. Francis spent the last few days in seclusion, closing off his camp and working with his own coaches, John Madden and Ella Fitzgerald.

The weigh-in ceremonies were held at my lounge at the Rooster's Tail. Both guys were getting meaner by the minute. No showboating, no farting for the audience was allowed, but that didn't stop Francis. He was challenging Orson right there and then to an impromptu match, just to get him riled up and maybe throw his insides out of whack. Orson kept his cool, like he almost always does, saying things like "Dear boy, you really should save your energy for the match. You're not hustling one of your marks on the latrine circuit," and stuff like that.

Well, this challenge match was a really high-ticket item. My lounge was full to the rafters. Every major celebrity was there, including members of the opposite sex. The lounge was officially closed to all but the people (CONTINUED ON PAGE 76)



of the Acquaintances of the

RICH AND FAMOUS

by Peter Kleinman,
Andy Simmons,
Michael Simmons,
and Larry Sloman



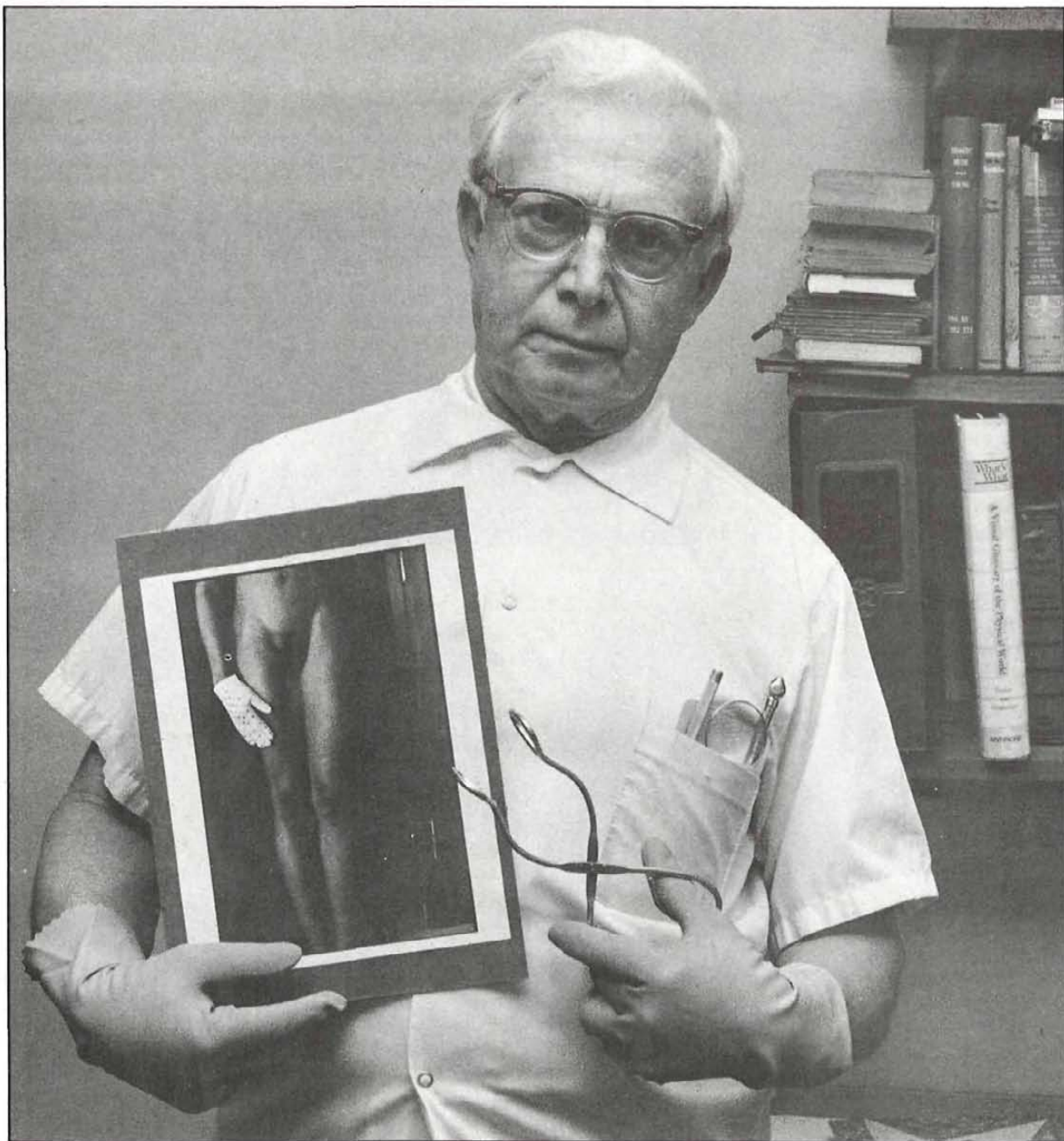
ALLISON BROOKS— Acquaintance of Jane Fonda

Bulimia changed my life! And I owe it all to Jane Fonda and her Jane Fonda Weight Loss Program. Under the program I went from being a 260-pound chubbie to a 120-pound slimmie. (Rreeeeeeetccchh)

I met Jane in the ladies' room at La Tuscanini. I was at the sink powdering my nose and she was at the toilet throwing up. We got to talking, and she convinced me that under her strict dietary regimen she was allowed to eat whatever she wanted—cakes, candies, steaks, everything. (BLUUUWOAAAA) All

she does is excuse herself from the table, go to the john, stick Dr. Index Finger down her throat, and up comes her tortellini. I asked her if it was tough, and she assured me it wasn't. It's the easiest thing in the world (although she does warn all pregnant women against bulimia, as she heard of a pregnant bulimic throwing up her baby four months before her due date). (GGAAAAARGGHG) She also said she has been doing this for so long she just has to look at an index finger and she'll throw up. She told me a cute story.

(glurgle) One day, during her husband Tom Hayden's political campaign, she was sitting onstage as her husband spoke to a sold-out crowd on the UCLA campus, when all of a sudden, a man jumped onstage and started yelling and pointing at Tom. Well, the sight of that index finger stabbing the air like that was more than Jane's stomach could stand and she regurgitated all over Tom, that poor conservative, and the first three rows. Excuse me... (WABA-BABABABAS*R YWHPABX&MSJY-BASHO(XVOMITGLGLGGIG!!!!))



**DR. NORMAN STEIN—
Acquaintance of
Michael Jackson**

Let's set the record straight right here and now. Michael Jackson likes sex. He is not asexual. He is not a virgin. He enjoys healthy, straight sex—not with men, as has been hinted in the tabloids, but with females.

Michael is a lesbian. It's true and I should know, I'm his gynecologist. You see, Michael was a very unhappy young

man. He was confused. His lusts were not in accord with how he felt. He respected his brothers, but thought his sister dressed better. It was getting worse and worse. So, a few years back, when Michael had his nose bobbed, he decided to have his penis bobbed as well. It looks very nice. I did a good job. But more important, Michael is happy. For the first time, he enjoys comfortable sexual relations with women, and his outlook on life is no longer clouded by men's rest rooms. He is a regular, active young man with a penis tuck, that's all.



Madonna? Yeah, I remember the bitch well. She was my main lady, my first fox. Just off the bus from Port Authority, straight from the Motor City, as fine as fine can be. I met her, as I recall, at the newsstand there—she was buying *Variety* and I was picking up on the latest *Ebony*. She was funky then, cotton

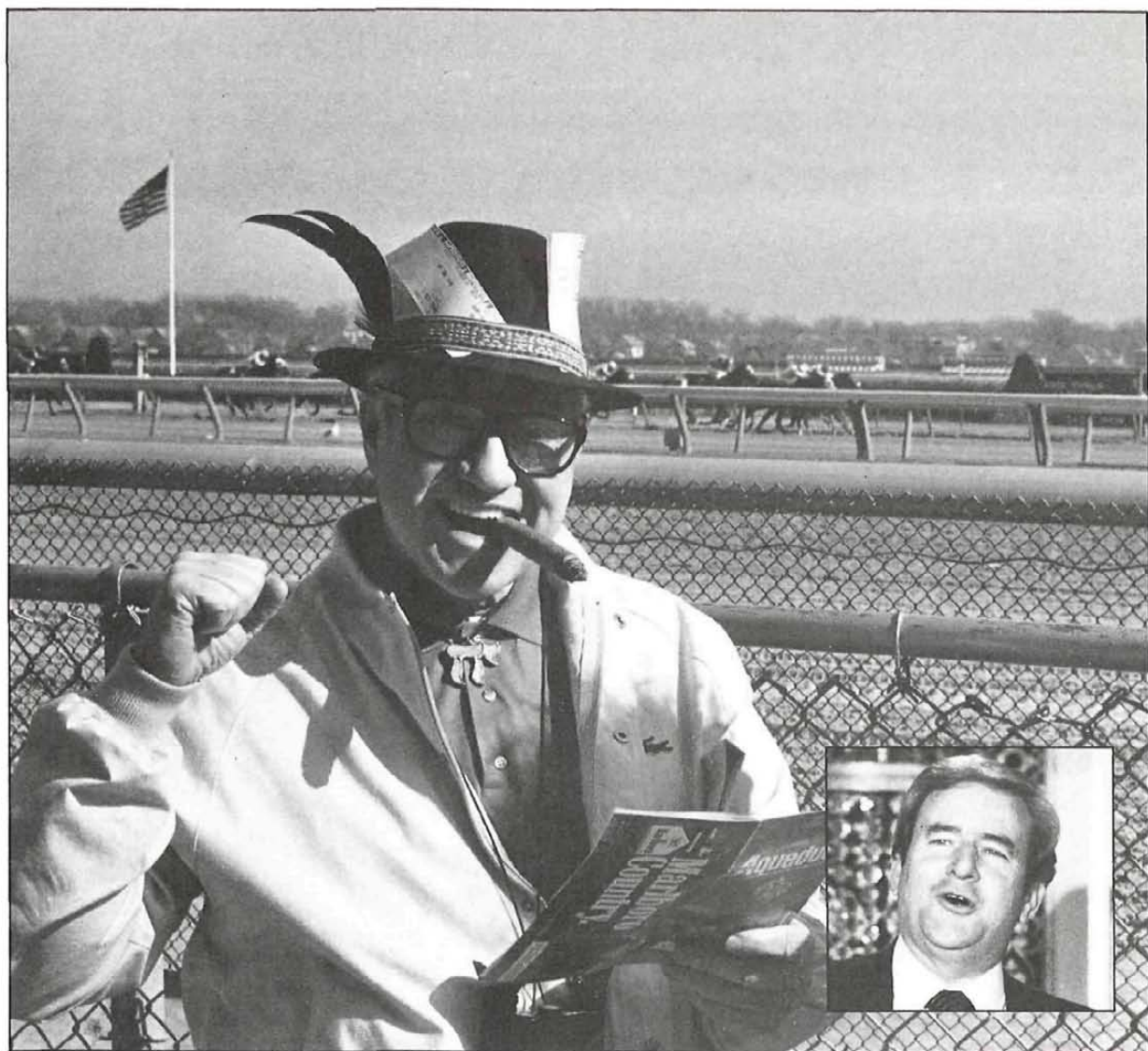
RUFUS "SLOPOKE"
WASHINGTON, JR.—
Acquaintance of
Madonna

print dresses, looking like some hippie chick. But I straightened her out quick. I put her in furs and put her ass out on the pavement and she was my pride and joy in no time flat. She had a way with the dudes, just drove 'em crazy with that pout of hers. I had to laugh when I heard that last song of hers on the radio, the "Virgin" one. That's what she called herself when she was working uptown—the Virgin. Of course, then we had to call each of her tricks the Holy Ghost. But I'm proud of her, I am. She made it, she pulled herself up. Hey, if you see her, tell her to give me a call. Maybe she be needing a driver.



WARNER BROTHERS





AP/WIDE WORLD

NATHAN BERKOWITZ —Acquaintance of Jerry Falwell

Me and Jerry go way back. I met him at the track when we both hit the same Perfecta, so we celebrated at the clubhouse bar and we got to be fast friends. We hung out together for years. What a mind that guy's got. He came up with more scams than P.T. Barnum and Clifford Irving put together. Did you know he used to be a doctor? No shit, he never got no degree or nothing, but he opened up an office on Park Avenue. Practice limited to the treatment of dietary disorders. What he did was give fat society broads uppers. And the celebs. Within a few months he had 'em all. Tom Jones, Burton, big-shot politicians—hell, he was Elvis's main man when the King was touring in the Northeast. Then something happened, I dunno, he must have changed suppliers, and I think they started cutting his

speed with bootleg ludes. Anyway, within a week, Tom Jones fell off a stage at the Westbury Music Fair, Burton passed out during the first act of *Camelot*, and Dick Cavett nodded out on Buckley's *Firing Line* show. But when they traced Karen Anne Quinlan's fifteen Valium scripts to Jerry, he blew town for a long time. Then one day I bump into him in the OTB on Fourteenth Street. He tells me he had a head shop for a while but got busted selling PCP-laced rolling papers to minors. After that, we lost track of each other, and I'll never forget this—one Sunday morning I'm real hung over, studying the morning lines, about to call my bookie, when all of a sudden on the tube there's ol' Jerry. He's all dressed up, nice three-piece suit, and there's this choir singing behind him,

and he's talking some shit about redemption and end times and the fucking Book of Revelation, how 666 is gonna be stamped on everyone's forehead like a credit card number, weird shit, and he's going by the name of Falwell. Get it? Fall well. Jerry always could do that, that's for sure. Anyway, he's doing the evangelist bit perfectly, perfect clipped Southern accent. And I'm laughing my balls off. This is fucking Jerry Feinstein, that's his real name, a guy who gave Jews a bad name, and now he's Mr. Christian and Mr. Morality. Next thing I know I see him on *Rather* every night talking with Reagan or D'Amato or some other right-wing stiff. Funny world, huh? Jerry Feinstein, the mouthpiece for the goys. Wonder who he'll be next. Hey, nice talking to you, I gotta get my bet down.

**THE SMITH FAMILY:
Herb, Dotty, Rusty,
Gussy, and Vira—
Acquaintances of
Richard Dawson**

I just want to say that I speak for the whole Smith clan when I tell you good people out there that Mr. Richard Dawson is a damn fine gentleman and a gracious, generous host. Why, he is the nicest, most personable, friendliest guy you ever would want to meet. He is funny and extremely affectionate with all his guests. He really makes you feel at home. The love that literally oozes out of him is a sight to behold. It's kind of contagious, the way he spreads good cheer. His smile, his laughter—they just seem to put everyone in a good mood. I would say that it's infectious, his brand of joviality, yessir, downright infectious. Right, Dotty?



AP/WIDE WORLD

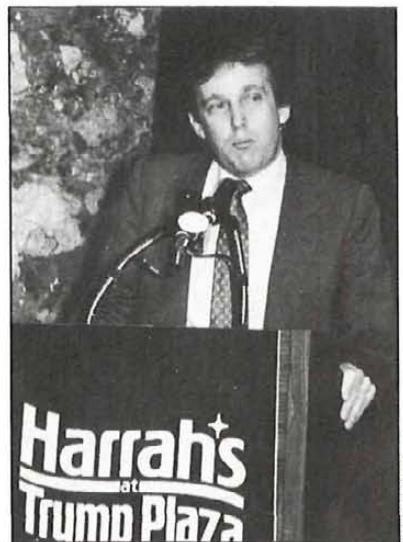




MINNIE TRUMP— Acquaintance of Donald Trump

Hello, darling, my name is Mrs. Minnie Trump, née Glasserman. I'm Donny Trump's mother. You know, Donald Trump, the biggest real estate big shot in all of New York City, maybe the country, maybe the universe. And he also owns part of that new football team, the Corporals—no, the Generals, with that new boy, Flute something from Boston. You know, the small cute one. Who knows? Anyway, Donny was a good boy. The things he could do with a couple of blocks, you could plotz. We always knew he'd be a somebody instead of a nobody. I remember the last time I saw him—oh, eight, ten years

ago. He came by my little apartment in the very building he grew up in. He said he'd just bought the building and he was gonna tear it down to build a condo or something. I asked him, I said, "Donny, could you save your old mother a little space in the new condo or whatever?" Nothing fancy, just something like I got now, a place to hang my hat. He said, "Mama, you know I'd do anything for you, but I've got more important things for you to do. From now on you're my"—he used some fancy word, "liaison," I think it was—"my liaison on the street. I want you to search the city for available real estate space. I want to build and build and build," he said. So I've been looking ever since. If you see him, tell him his mother's found some very interesting places that he can build and build and build on. My Donny, he's got a heart of gold.



AFWIDE WORLD

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

Winston America's Best.

Excellence.
The best live up to it.



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

How to Become Famous

by John Waters

If you think about it, getting famous is easier than getting a job. And face facts; everybody wants to be famous. More than rich, more than happy, more than successful. So what are you waiting for? Quit school, forget that boring job, dismiss those nagging parents. Throw caution to the wind, get out your dark glasses, and prepare to blast off into the wonderful world of show business. Wouldn't you rather sign an autograph than kiss a girl? Have paparazzi annoy you and your star-struck bimbo date rather than enter a mature, predictable relationship that only ends in divorce? Be an asshole instead of a role model?

You know you're great, so why not be arrogant about it? Prove to your stupid little friends what they've been so blind about all these years. I'm not talking talent here—those condescending bastards are so stuffy, anyway—I'm talking celebrity: hype, openings, the *National Enquirer*, the *New York Post's* Page 6, *People* magazine, the stuff that counts. Something that can give you what you really want in life: free drugs, groupies, star demands, and the delirious excitement of firing all the people who helped you claw your way to the top.

Take about five seconds and pick a career. Are you loud and ugly? Do you show an appalling lack of taste in clothes? If so, choose rock star. Were you good at cheating in math class? A film producer for sure. Did you just love it when you spread gonorrhea to half the sophomore class? The vocation of movie star is all yours. Did it say "notorious liar" under your high school yearbook picture? You, too, can be president. And if you always thrilled the gang spinning smutty little fibs about your sexual conquests, the bestseller list is your natural home.

Now that you've wasted your self-styled valuable time over this unimportant decision, let's move on to the serious stuff. How do you get famous? How do you make all those doubting fools of your boring past eat crow pie and beg to spend just one second in your golden company? Well, here goes: How to Become Famous in Ten Easy Steps.



1) EXAGGERATE YOURSELF.

Become a caricature; it's much easier to get a reaction from the public. If you are overweight, go eat ten pies. If you are sickly and would get sand kicked in your face on any beach, start taking diet pills. Complexion problem? No big deal

—rub a bag of potato chips on your face and change your name to “Pimples.” Nothing matters as long as you have too much or too little of something. Anything.

Got a rotten disposition? Well, get meaner. Ryan O’Neal is not famous for his films so much as he is for punching out his son’s two front teeth and being an all-around sourpuss. If you’re an aspiring politician, make racist comments the press can overhear; the outrage may lose you your first election but it will get you lots of ink and make you a household word, and then you can make a successful “comeback” in the near future.

Change your name and kill off the old self who was just an average nobody. Would Daniel Snider (Twisted Sister) or Herbert Khaury (Tiny Tim) ever have made it with those embarrassing monikers? Aren’t Halston and Meat Loaf really in the same boat? Think of that obscene stage name, Peter O’Toole. How about trying Muff O’Clit? Whatever your image in your old life, change it without warning, do the opposite of what people expect. If you’re the high school football star, throw out your jock and make a rock debut dressed in nothing but a woman’s girdle and underarm perspiration shields. If you were the class nell, beaten up by the guys for risking expulsion rather than attending gym class, get back at those creeps by writing a scientific article about the high rate of impotency among high school athletes. If you were the girl with the flattest chest and the ugliest face, shock your entire class by starring in a porno movie that gets busted at its campus premiere. If you had the lowest grade average in your class and were nicknamed “Knucklehead,” plagiarize an out-of-print potboiler, publish it as your own, get caught, and hype your next book at the trial. In other words, get them talking, even if it’s all negative word of mouth. What do you care as long as they spell your name right?

2) HYPE YOURSELF. Take the case of Angelyne—the best new starlet of the eighties. She is famous for having done absolutely nothing. Famous for being famous: true celebrity. Heralding her arrival on the “personality” scene, Angelyne erected giant billboards of herself in L.A., New York, and London, with no copy except an agent’s phone number, and succeeded in getting everyone’s attention.

Jayne Mansfield, the definitive movie star of all time, used to walk up Hollywood Boulevard early in her career, scantily clad in a leopard-skin bikini, walking a snarling ocelot and handing out autographed pictures of herself to confused passersby. When she decided to marry muscleman Mickey Hargitay in a glass see-through chapel, she promised the minister it would be a private ceremony. Realizing the stupidity of this vow, at the last minute she had hun-



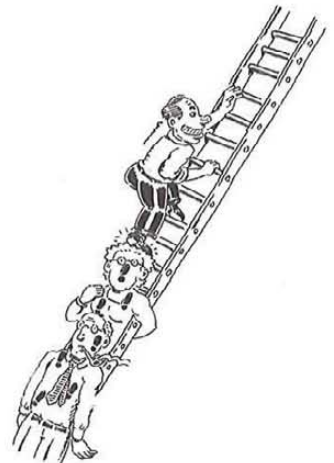
dreds of pink cards printed up and dropped from a helicopter over Hollywood that read “See Jayne Mansfield Married Under Glass,” and went on to give the date, time, and location. Naturally, hordes of publicity gawkers trampled the grounds, ripping up flowers and turning the entire blessed event into chaos—and ensuring Jayne the front-page coverage for which she lived and died.

Follow the example of these great stars and plot your own campaign to fame. Do *anything* to get in the papers. Appear nude at the local elementary school Maypole Queen celebration. Run from lawn to lawn in your neighborhood inserting shocking photos of yourself in everyone’s Sunday paper. Mix some broken glass into your dinner at a fancy restaurant, cause a scene, sue, and magnanimously drop the charges, declaring that your damaged vocal cords have miraculously produced an exciting new singing voice. Make up fake investigative-journalism pieces, get caught, and get your paper in lots of trouble. Turn in your friendly boss, the only one who would hire you with your blue Mohawk, for minor health code violations on the job and start a career as a consumer advocate. The next time *The Burning Bed* is rerun on TV, send out press releases to local news teams and let them know the exact time you

plan on beating your wife. Accuse your high school principal of child abuse and tour the talk shows as a spokesperson for abused teens. Go on, do *something*, for God’s sake, or nobody will *ever* know you!

3) USE YOUR FAMILY. Charity begins at home, they say, and many a show-biz career has been backed by rich relatives. If you’re lucky enough to have rich parents, all the better. Determine their assets early in life so that when it’s time for them to liquidate everything they own in order to finance your career, there won’t be any confusion. If whining, screaming, and kicking your feet doesn’t work, try using guilt as a tool of persuasion, and don’t hesitate to throw up any real or imagined childhood unhappiness you may have experienced. If all else fails, blackmail them. Tell them that unless they cough up the bucks, you plan to get a sex change and move next door.

Once they agree, it helps to lie. If you want to make a low-budget horror shocker entitled *Suck My Guts*, don’t tell them. Instead, make up a fake project to fit your parents’ ideology. If Mom and Pop are liberals, pretend you want to make a PBS documentary spotlighting the health hazards of breakfast cereal for children. If conservative, how about a catchy title like *Bomb Biafra*? When they show up at the premiere, realize they’ve been had, and flip out, take their photo. It will help in future promotion of your product. What can they do about it anyway? Take away your allowance?



(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)

Sirs:

Is it really true, like I read in the *National Smegma Picayune*, that that cute darling Brooke Shields is part of these heroin, cocaine, and prostitution rings her black pimp runs out of her dorm room at Princeton? And is it true that Andy Warhol and Jim Nabors are... Uh oh, there's the medication bell, I gotta go. I hope they give us the little brown pills and not those big orange shuffle footballs. I'll let you, know. Anyway, is it true? Huh?

A. Patient
*Institute for Bewildered
Gossipmongers
12 Nostrils, Wis.*

Sirs:

If you put a drink under a black-light bulb it will turn turquoise. Want to know why? It's because outer space is made of alcohol that has evaporated from the earth's atmosphere. That is why aliens always act like drunks in grad-B movies. That is also why astronauts float around talking about God once they get up there. You need more proof? Okay, outer space is supposed to be empty, right? If so, then why doesn't it collapse like a beer can with a vacuum inside it? And why won't NASA let anyone under eighteen years old fly its shuttle? You put your drink under a black light and it'll turn sky-blue. Think I'm lying? Look at Carl Sagan.

Tom Wolfe
Rightstuff, N.Y.

Sirs:

Things really aren't so bad. Really, I mean it. For example, I just opened a super-important humongous all-service mall fifty miles or so out of Des Moines with John Davidson. Let me tell you something, that man's got a voice!! His harmony on our duet of "Close to You" outside the deodorant section of the new "Scripts 'R' Us" drugstore was nothing short of awesome!! It really put this honcho to shame, I'll tell ya, fella. Anyway, there have been all sorts of offers pouring in, plus lunches, meetings, fast-food-chain openings... Hey!! Who in hell do I have to justify myself to, anyway? I'd like to see Dan Rather get into a cage with ol' Chuck Manson with nothing but twelve guards, six armed cameramen, a discreetly hidden lethal cattle prod, and a spray gun of paralyzing "Chuck-Stopper" Mace. Try it sometime, Handsome Dan, ya putz!

Tom Snyder
*Wherever Nothing Is Happening
North America*

Sirs:

"We must overcome our oppressors with passive resistance," said the young dot-eyed boy. His words rang through the streets of Midville, and his friends, Baldy and Webb, nodded agreement as they fished in the muddy Ganges.

How do you like it? It's called *Dondi*, and Ben Kingsley is definitely interested.

Richard Attenborough
England

Sirs:

Who is George Plimpton? I keep getting messages left on my machine from a George Plimpton. He claims he wants to meet me, become my best friend, and co-host a TV show about my life. But I don't want to be on a show about me or become his best friend. Hubert's my best friend. I don't even know what Mr. Plimpton does. I've seen him on talk shows and commercials, but I still have no idea who he is and why he wants to become my best friend.

Someone Who
Just Found Out
Who Jaye P. Morgan Is
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sirs:

I'm a monster. I'm seventy feet tall with green skin, three five-foot-long fingers on each paw, and I breathe fire. Anyway, George Plimpton called and asked me, since I am one of his greatest friends in the world, if I would consider appearing on a television show with him. The show would be about me and titled *The Raising of the Seventy-Foot Green Monster with Three Five-Foot-Long Fingers on Each*

Hand and Bad Breath. (That was George's idea. He's a writer, you know.... He is a writer, isn't he? I know he's a fabulous cook. He's had me over several times.) So I hope you all tune in on our show, because George is so talented. (He is talented, isn't he?)

Seventy-Foot Green Monster
Youngstown, Ohio

Sirs:

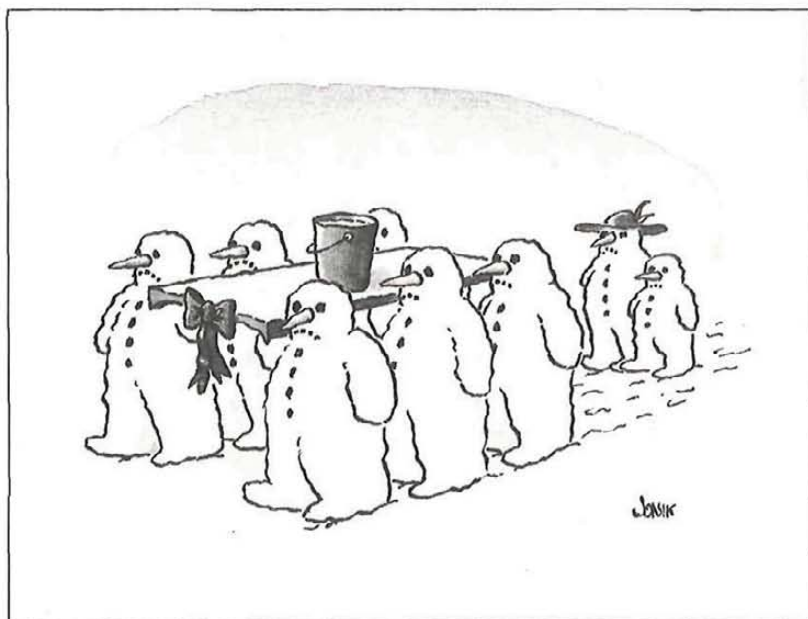
So Plimpton opens the closet door, picks me up in his hands, and tells me I'm one of his truest friends of all time. He tells me, not only am I a pal, but as one of the finest-made belts, crafted from fine Florentine leather, I am also a chief participant in keeping his pants up. He pours a couple of Scotches. We drink. Then it's round the belly I go. I tell ya, when a guy treats you golden like George does, you don't care whether he's an untalented schmuck or not. HE'S ONE OF MY BEST FRIENDS IN THE WORLD!!! And that's all I care to know!

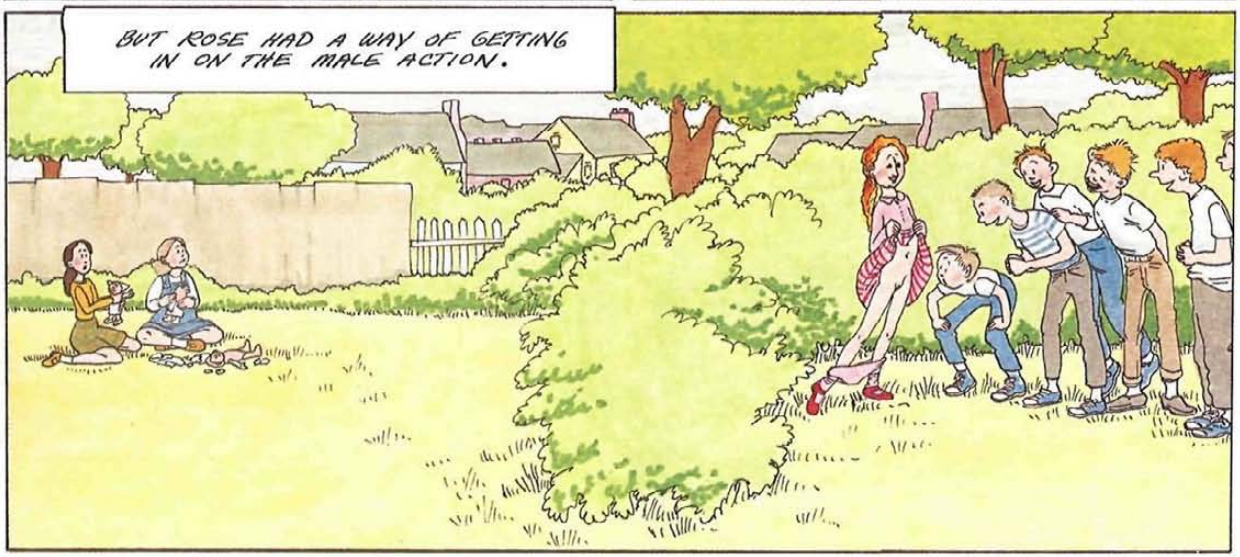
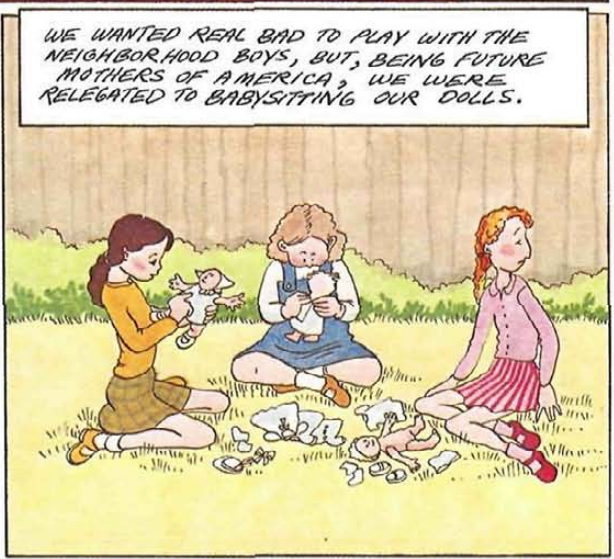
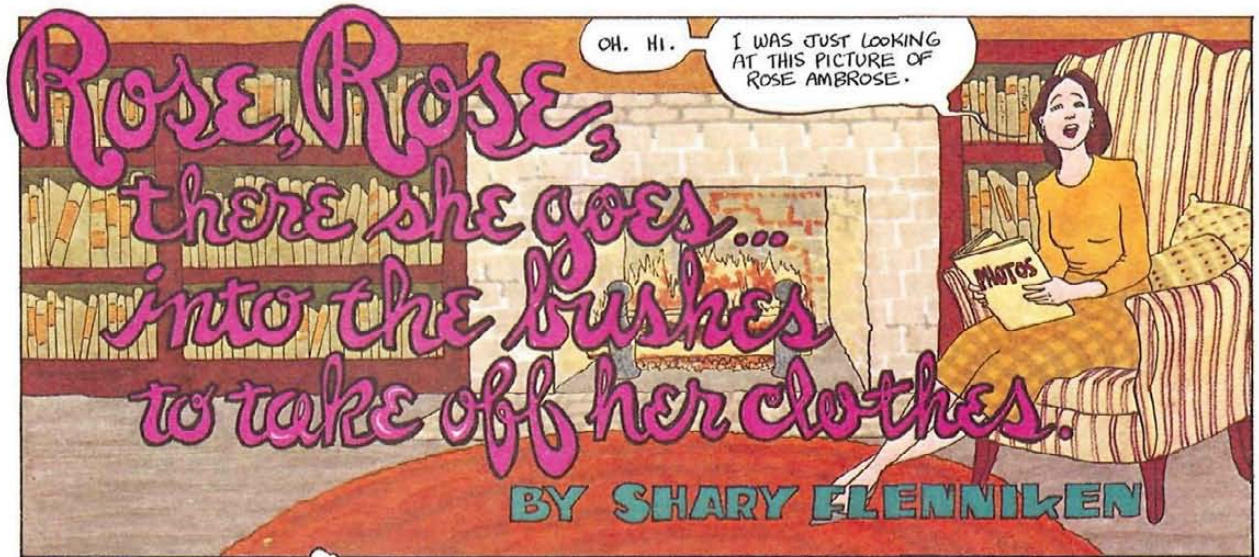
A Happy Belt
George's closet

Sirs:

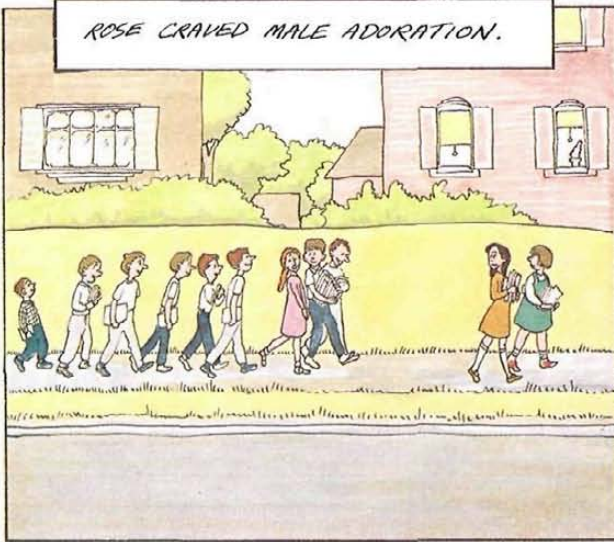
I liked when old "Paper George" practiced football with us that year. He'd get the ball, fade back, and everybody, including his guards, receivers, coaches, everyone, would tackle him and beat the shit out of him, screaming, "We're not gonna be your goddamn best friend!!" Yeah, old George was a fun guy. What's he doing now? What was he doing then?

Alex Karras
ABC Studios

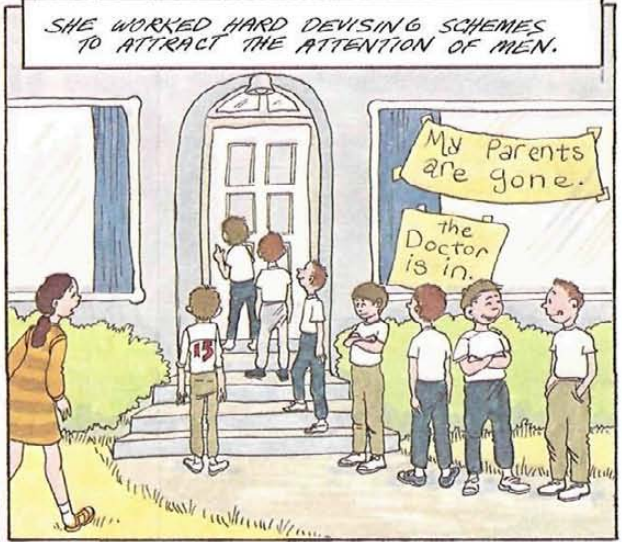




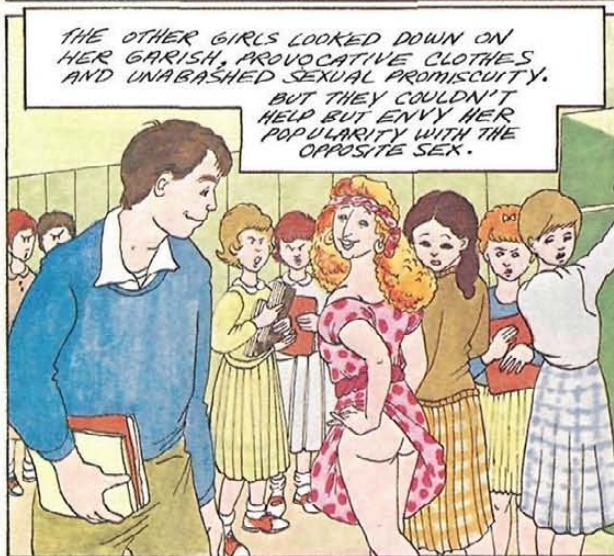
ROSE CRAVED MALE ADORATION.



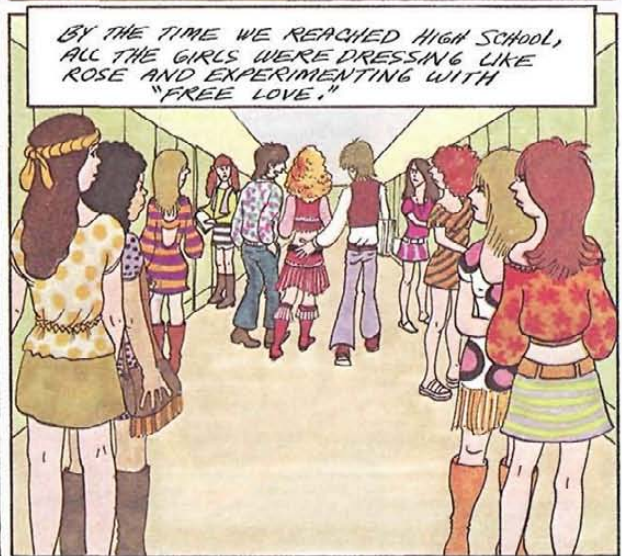
SHE WORKED HARD DEVSING SCHEMES TO ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF MEN.



THE OTHER GIRLS LOOKED DOWN ON HER GARISH, PROVOCATIVE CLOTHES AND UNABASHED SEXUAL PROMISCUITY. BUT THEY COULDN'T HELP BUT ENVY HER POPULARITY WITH THE OPPOSITE SEX.



BY THE TIME WE REACHED HIGH SCHOOL, ALL THE GIRLS WERE DRESSING LIKE ROSE AND EXPERIMENTING WITH "FREE LOVE."



MOST OF US WERE SOON PLAGUED WITH VENEREAL DISEASE AND UNWANTED PREGNANCIES. WE WERE DISILLUSIONED WITH CASUAL SEX... BUT ROSE WAS STILL DETERMINED TO SLEEP AROUND AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE.



SHE BREEZED THROUGH COLLEGE AND GRAD SCHOOL...

SEE YA LATER. I'VE GOT A DATE WITH MY ECONOMICS PROFESSOR.



...AND WENT INTO INVESTMENT BANKING.

ROSE RISKED EVERYTHING TO HAVE AN AFFAIR WITH THE HEAD OF THE FIRM.

I'M SORRY, MRS. POWERHORNE. MR. POWERHORNE JUST STEPPED AWAY FROM HIS DESK.



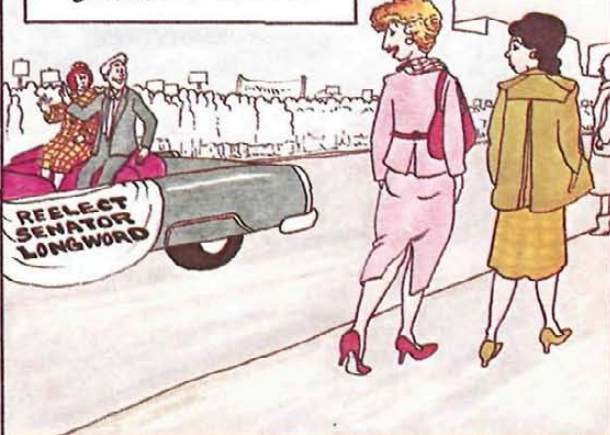
WHEN WAS ROSE GOING TO LEARN THAT YOU CAN'T ALWAYS USE SEX TO GET WHAT YOU WANT?

I'VE JUST BEEN MADE A VICE PRESIDENT.

OBVIOUSLY, SHE WAS NEVER GOING TO LEARN.



ROSE COULD GET ANYTHING SHE WANTED. SHE DECIDED TO GO INTO POLITICS.



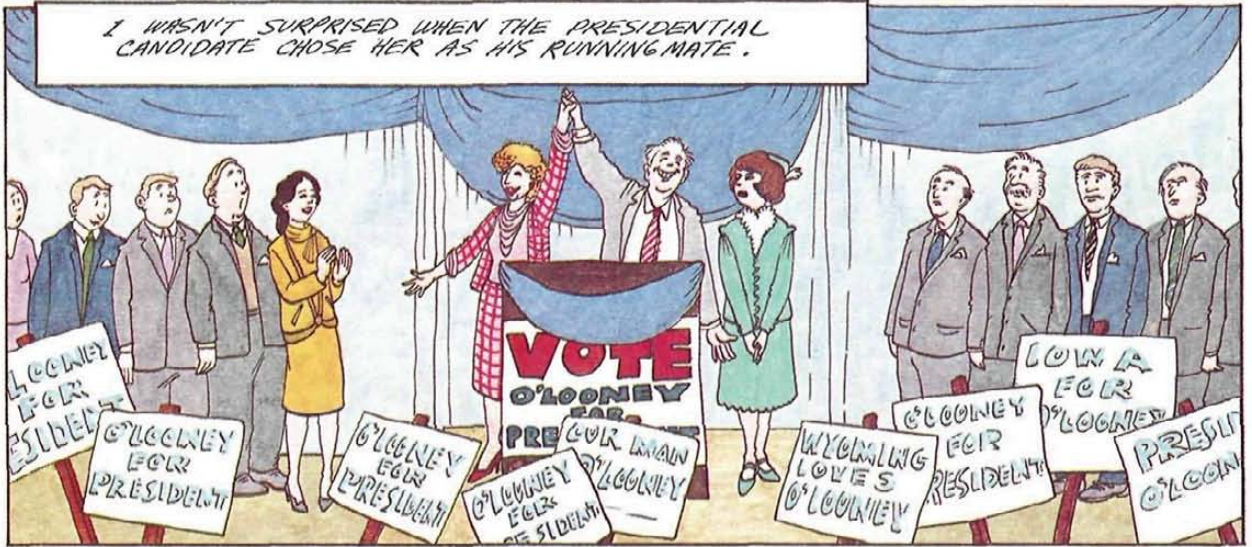
DEALMAKING WAS HER SPECIALTY.



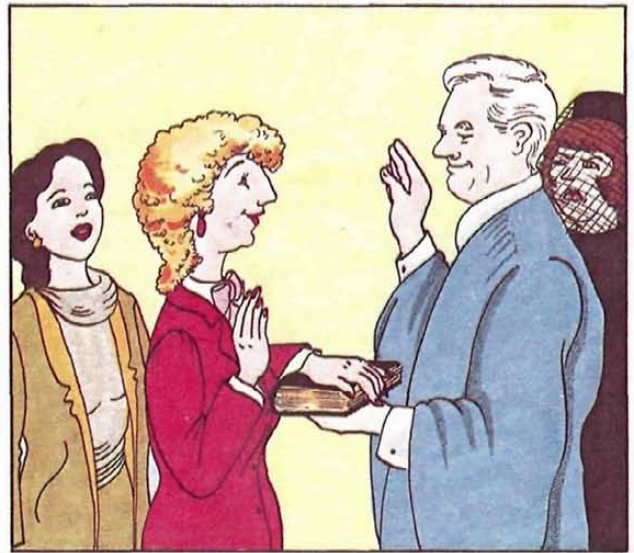
SHE SUPPORTED A POLITICAL DARK HORSE AND REAPED A SERIES OF PRESTIGIOUS POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.



I WASN'T SURPRISED WHEN THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE CHOSE HER AS HIS RUNNING MATE.



THE PRESIDENT'S STOPPED BREATHING!



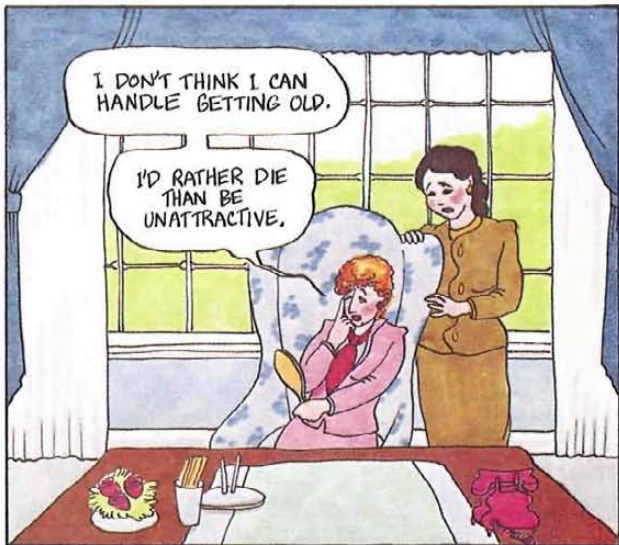
THE NEW PRESIDENT'S UNIQUE NEGOTIATING STYLE DID WONDERS FOR WORLD PEACE.



ON A RARE OCCASION,
ROSE CONFIDED IN ME



I'VE ELIMINATED WORLD
POVERTY AND WAR,
BUT LOOK HOW
IT'S AGED ME.



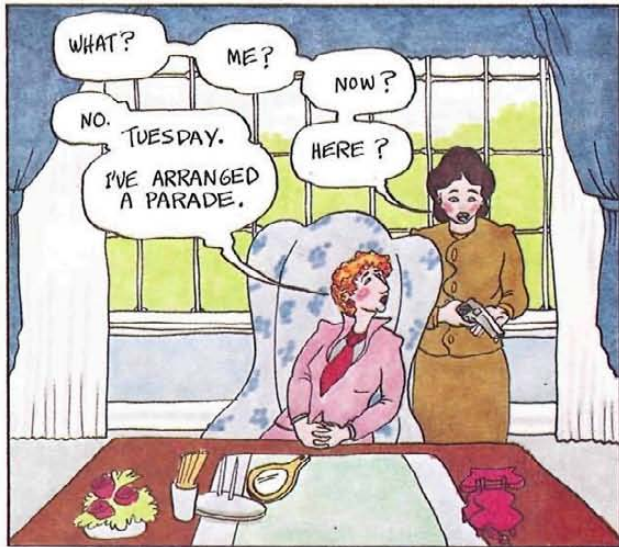
I DON'T THINK I CAN
HANDLE GETTING OLD.

I'D RATHER DIE
THAN BE
UNATTRACTIVE.



TAKE THIS GUN.

I WANT TO BE
ASSASSINATED.



WHAT?

ME?

NOW?

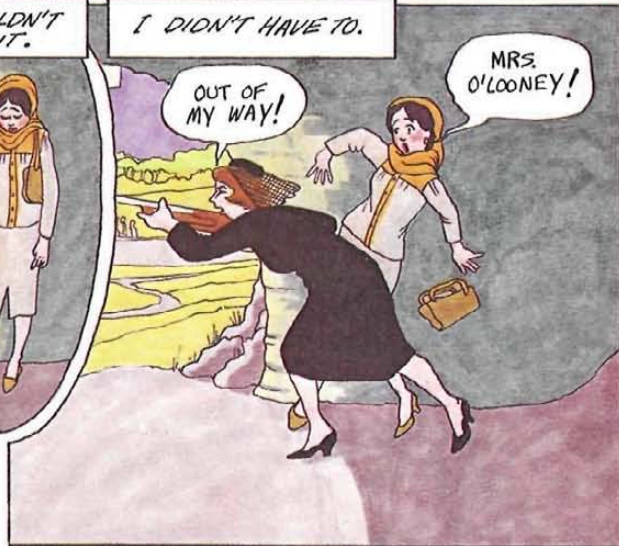
NO. TUESDAY.
I'VE ARRANGED
A PARADE.

HERE?

BUT WHEN THE TIME CAME...



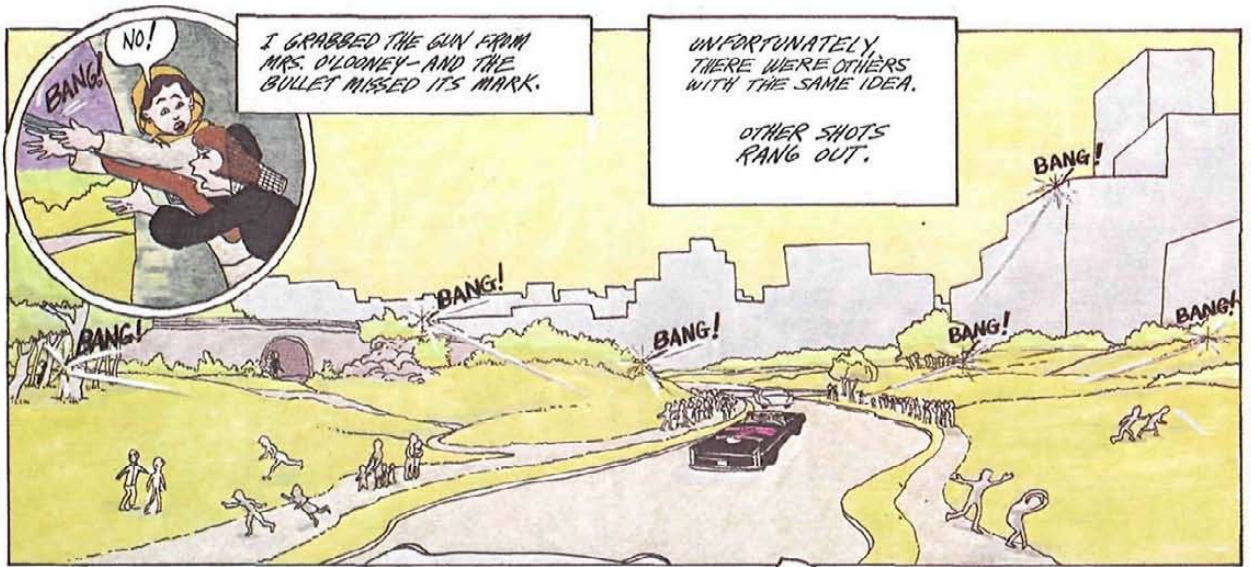
I COULDN'T
DO IT.



I DIDN'T HAVE TO.

OUT OF
MY WAY!

MRS.
O'LOONEY!



NO!

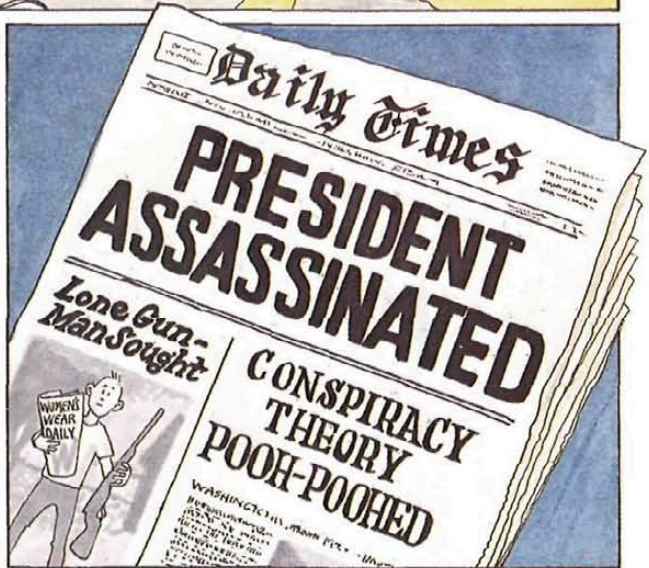
I GRABBED THE GUN FROM MRS. O'LOONEY - AND THE BULLET MISSED ITS MARK.

UNFORTUNATELY THERE WERE OTHERS WITH THE SAME IDEA.
OTHER SHOTS RANG OUT.



MRS. LONGWORD!

MRS. POWERHORNE!



FINALLY... THE TRUE STORY CAN BE TOLD...
"ROSE, A MEMOIR"
BY ROSE'S LIFE LONG FRIEND AND PERSONAL SECRETARY... ME.

YOU KNOW OF HER ACHIEVEMENTS... NOW YOU CAN READ ABOUT HER CONQUESTS.

IT'S JAM-PACKED WITH FULL-COLOR PHOTOS AND THE EXQUISITE DETAILS OF EVERY SORDID SEX ACT.

NOW IN PAPERBACK... \$5.95

©1985 SHARIL FIENNIKEN

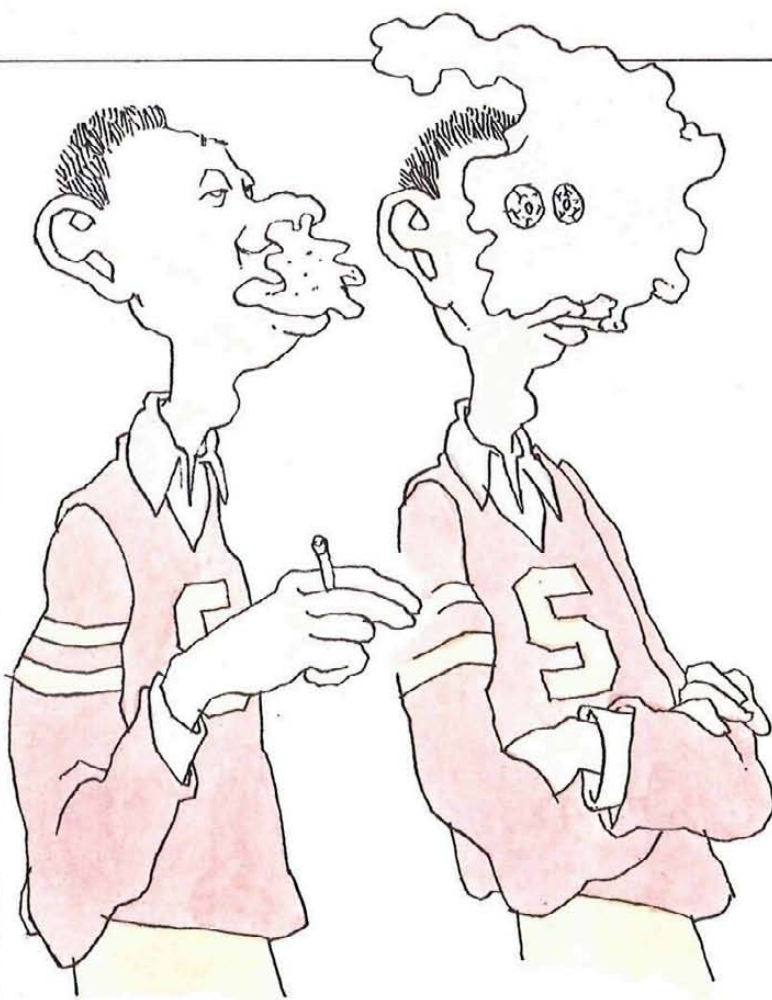
The insides of most Americans' heads, along with those belonging to nearly everyone else inhabiting the civilized world, are in large part made up of what they've seen at the movies, which is why everybody's personality is, aside from a few trimmings picked up from their parents and loved ones and the rare bits that stick to them from their official education, almost entirely...

MANUFACTURED IN HOLLYWOOD

by Gahan Wilson



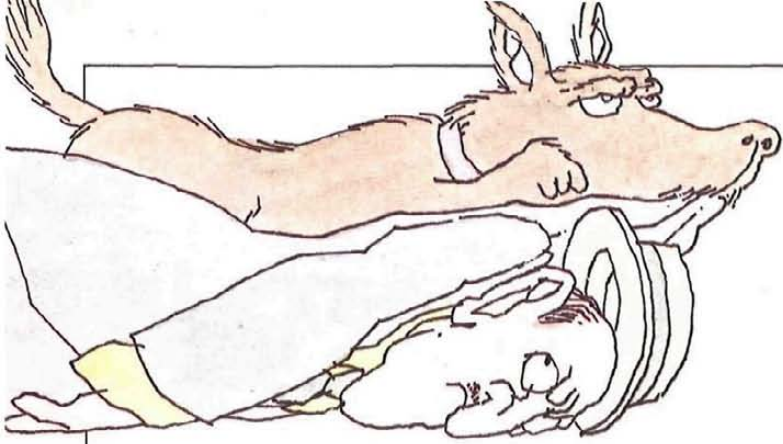
An essential, if not very smart, part of most people's growing up is deciding how one should smoke a cigarette. The bulk of the great Hollywood smokers are dead, for pretty good medical reasons, but examples of their training remain long after they are gone. Erich von Stroheim, a villain of the twenties and thirties and the butler in *Sunset Boulevard*, developed a smoking technique of incredible complexity, which against all odds is still practiced by those oldsters who have managed to survive the damage it has done them....



...And though Charles Boyer may no longer be with us, his French Inhale, wherein the smoke is sucked from the mouth through the nostrils, is studiously learned by the youngest practicing smokers, as is the Humphrey Bogart lip hold, wherein an entire cigarette is smoked without the smoker once removing it from his mouth or blinking his eyes. (Squinting is perfectly all right; in fact, it adds to the effect.)

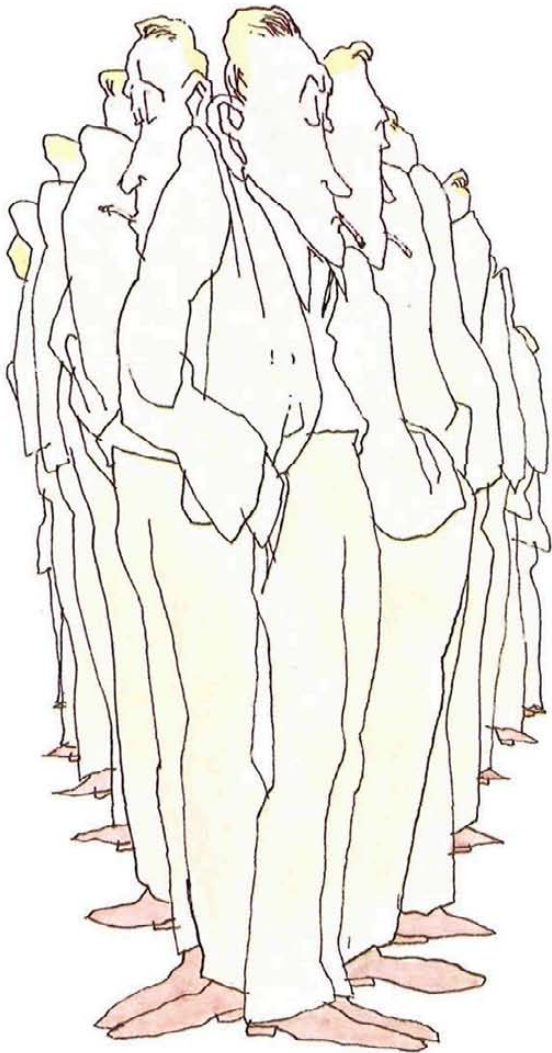
The process of assimilating the movie greats into our flesh and blood is begun very early, although the first attempts, such as the Frankenstein Monster walk, the Bela Lugosi leer, and the Lon Chaney, Jr. Werewolf howl, may have to be eventually abandoned for social reasons.





Sometimes we are influenced by passing fads. The pets of this country once subjected their masters to many unwanted and unasked-for rescues because of the Lassie films....

...And the James Dean image, though still easily picked out in a crowd, no longer inspires countless thousands of identical rebels.

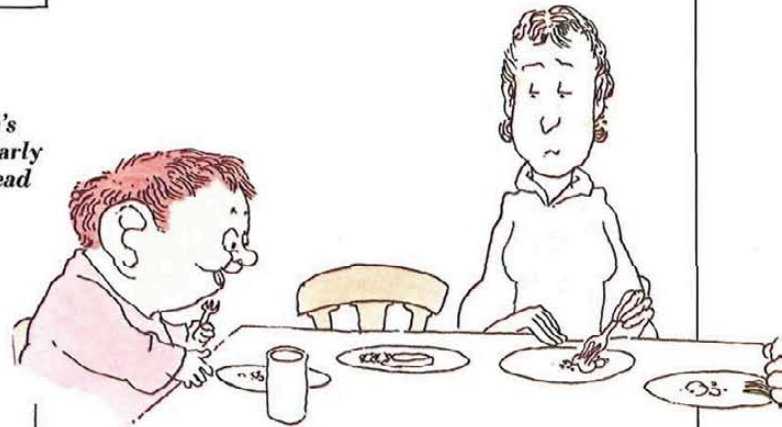


Even the Marilyn Monroe influence, sadly, seems to be fading.



...And break dancing is definitely not for the elderly affluent.

There are dangers in attempting to incorporate one's film idols into one's daily life. Musical comedies can be particularly risky. Adopting the Gene Kelly image can lead to arrest....



Also, certain more fantastic themes should only be adopted by the very mentally healthy. An E.T. syndrome may be charming in a child...

...but it should be dropped somewhere along the road to adulthood.





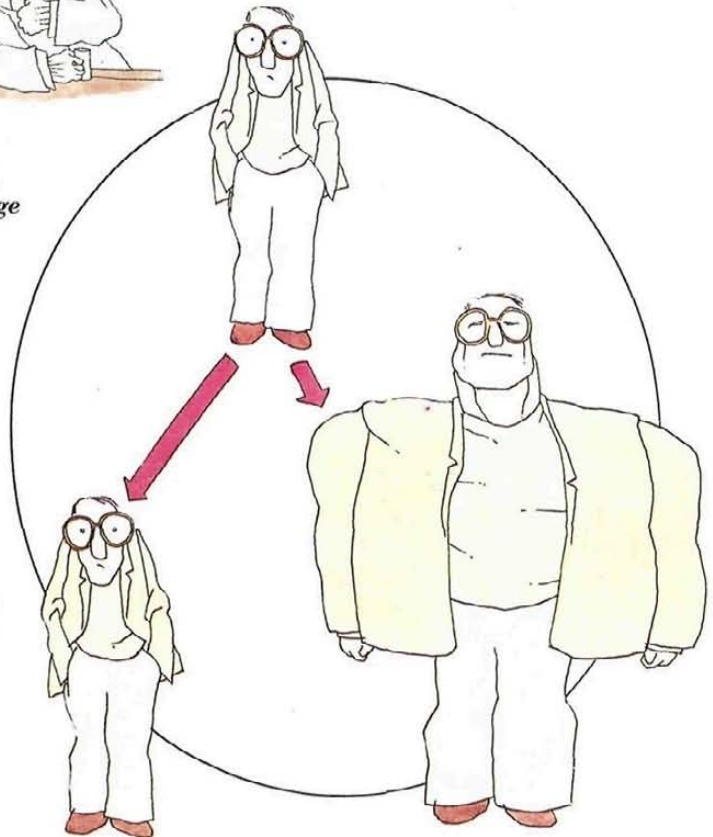
The positive aspects of "living Hollywood" far outweigh the drawbacks, however. It is wonderful to live in a world which can be based in one's mind on Alfred Hitchcock...



...or, in another mood, a religious epic of Cecil B. De Mille.



You can be a W.C. Fields or a George C. Scott drunk, as you will....



...And since it's a free country it's entirely up to you whether you become Woody Allen or Arnold Schwarzenegger.

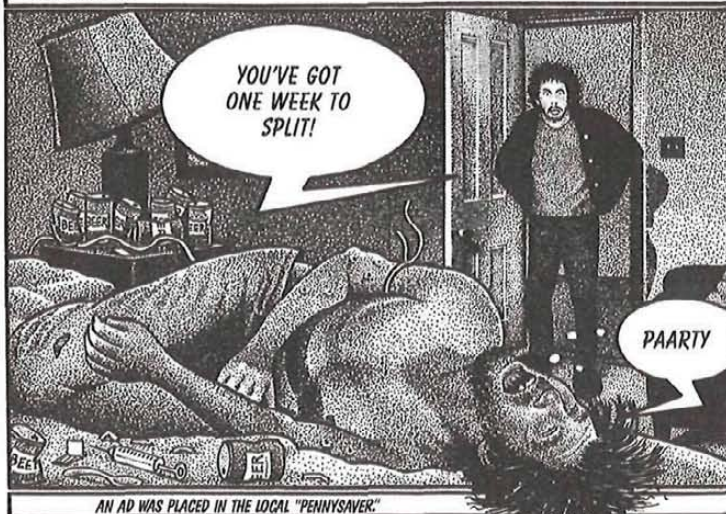
MARNIN AND MORGAN

A Romance the Media Missed

SCRIPT: JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN
ART: DREW FRIEDMAN

©1984

MARNIN ROSENBERG, UNEMPLOYED JOE SIXPACK FROM GREAT NECK, COULDN'T HACK HIS ROOMMATE. THE GUY HAD BECOME A JUNKIE. THERE WAS NO TELLING WHEN MARNIN MIGHT RETURN TO HIS SCHENCK AVENUE APARTMENT AND SMELL A CORPSE.



MORGAN FAIRCHILD, A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER TO THE GREAT NECK "PENNYSAVER," JUST HAPPENED ACROSS MARNIN'S AD.

SHE PROMPTLY FLEW TO LONG ISLAND TO GRASP THE OPPORTUNITY.

MORGAN, FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY-FREE, RAN INTO MARNIN'S ROOM EVERY AFTERNOON TO ROUSE HIM AWAKE WITH A BRIGHT, SUNSHINY SMILE.

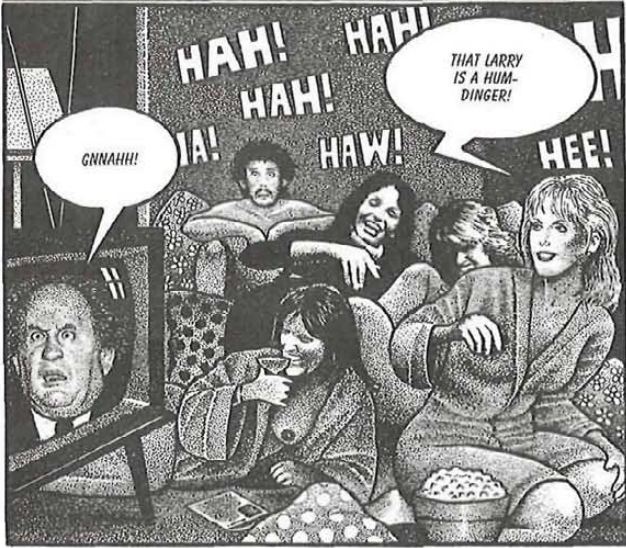


LIFE WITH MARNIN PROVIDED BLESSED RELIEF FROM THE RIGORS OF MODELING, THE EMOTIONAL DRAIN OF HOLLYWOOD.

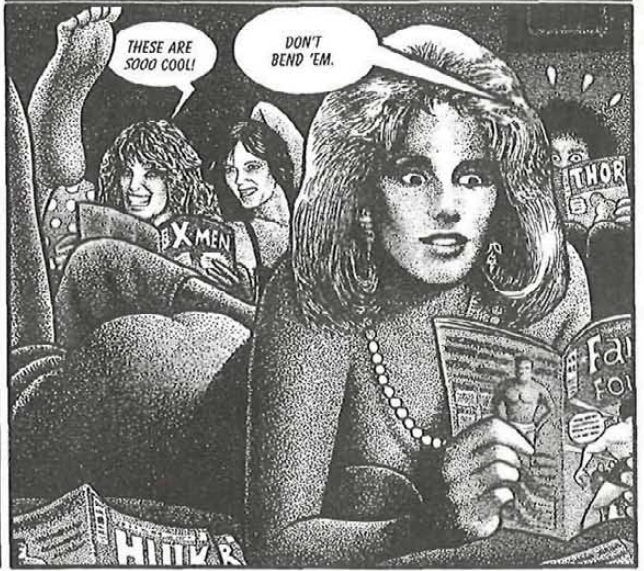
HIS ESOTERIC CULTURAL INTERESTS ENRAPTURED THEM IN A SHANGRI-LA OF NOSTALGIC WONDER—SUCH AS "DENNIS THE MENACE" RERUNS BEAMED IN FROM BALTIMORE ON MARNIN'S SHORTWAVE ANTENNA AT 4 A.M., RELIGIOUSLY FOLLOWED BY "LEAVE IT TO BEAVER."



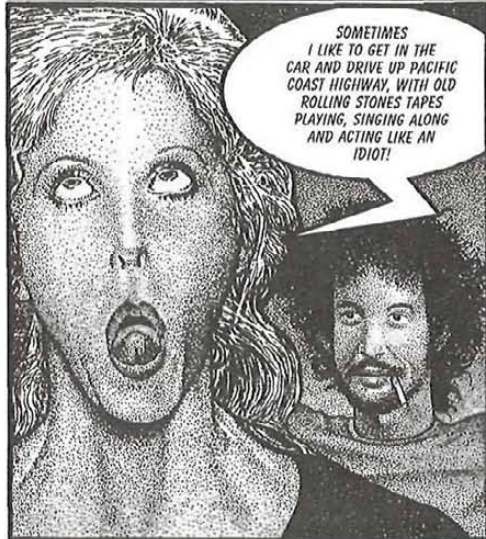
FAIRCHILD'S SUPERMODEL FRIENDS DROPPED BY PERIODICALLY TO WATCH "STOOGES" EPISODES...



...AND WENT APESHIT OVER MARNIN'S MARVEL COMICS COLLECTION.



BUT ONLY WHEN THEY WERE ALONE WOULD MORGAN DO HER "CRAZY FACE"



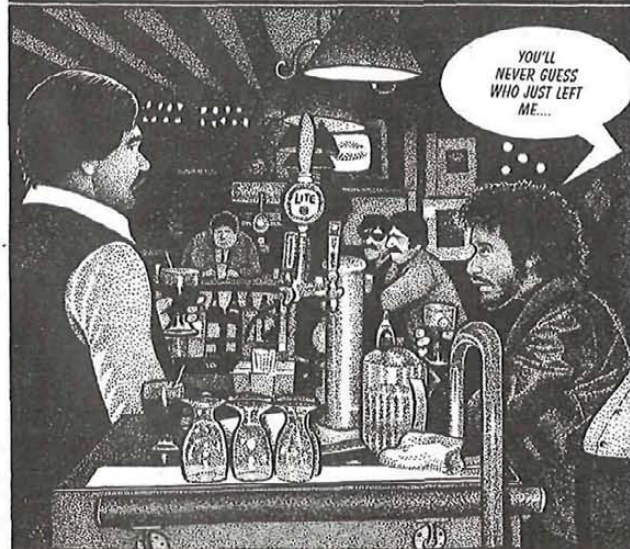
THIS IMMEDIATELY LED TO SEX, AND MORGAN FOUND MARNIN'S VIRILITY TO BE A MANY-SPLENDORED THING.



INEVITABLY, THE ACTRESS HAD TO FLY BACK TO FILM SEGMENTS OF "PAPER DOLLS," BUT HER SENSE OF VALUES HAD CHANGED.



AND SO MARNIN TIED ONE ON AT MUSHROOMS IN GREAT NECK.



BUT ALAS, "PAPER DOLLS" WAS CANCELED. FREE OF OBLIGATION, THE ACTRESS RETURNED.



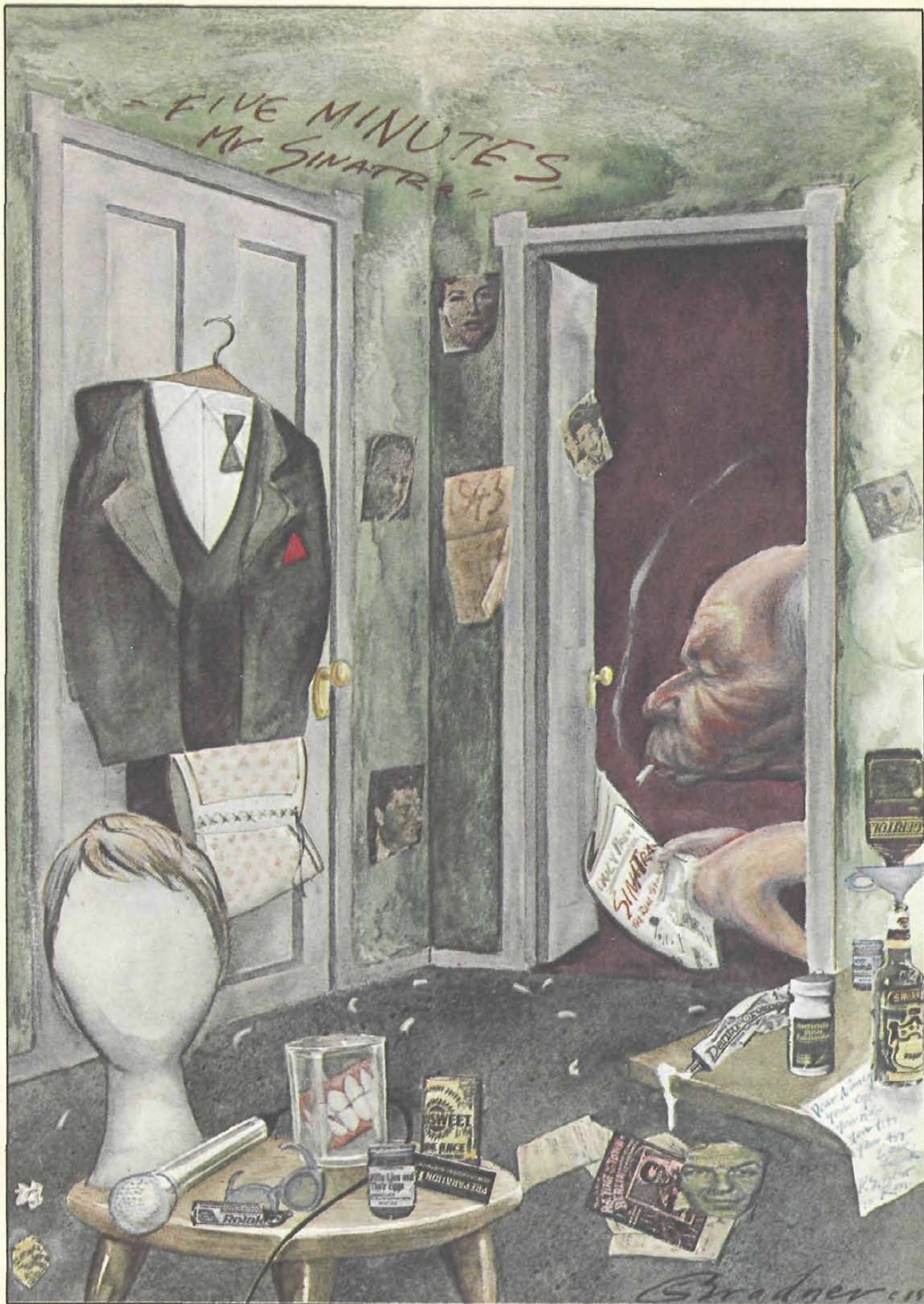
END

David Hasselhoff and the Three Biggest Assholes in the World

Okay, so we wanted to do this spread for the Celebrity Issue because we wanted to get a lot of celebrity faces in the magazine, so we called all these illustrators and we said, "Hey, why don't you do a nasty caricature of the biggest asshole you can think of." So then Brodner sends in Sinatra and everyone up here goes crazy and loves it and we all laugh, and then Hickerson sends in Reagan, and Andy (Mr. Bleeding Heart Radical) grabs his little red anti-Reagan quote book and comes up with some real Reaganmoronics, and we all say, "Great." Then Friedman stumbles in after staying up for two weeks making little ink dots look like Bob Hope, but we all think it needs an autograph or something, so we say, "Drew, come up with a line for this, something Bob might say to his fans." And Drew says, "How about 'Suck my rich knob?'" And we say, "Nah, too subtle." So we come up with our own. And then we think that this is great—we got a spread with the three biggest assholes in the world. So we send the art to the printer and we're all really happy. Then, about a week before we go to press, famed caricaturist Gil Eisner drops off his contribution to this thing. A biting, incisive, on-target portrayal of David Hasselhoff. Unfortunately, nobody on our entire staff knows who he is, except for Naomi, our receptionist from Queens. She says, "Oh, that's the guy from *Knight Rider*. He rides around all night in this crazy car that talks to him." And we say, "Are you kidding? Nobody would be stupid enough to do a show like that." So we make a few phone calls and find out that there really is a show like that. Plus we paid for the thing already, so we have to use it. Hence the title.



GIL EISNER



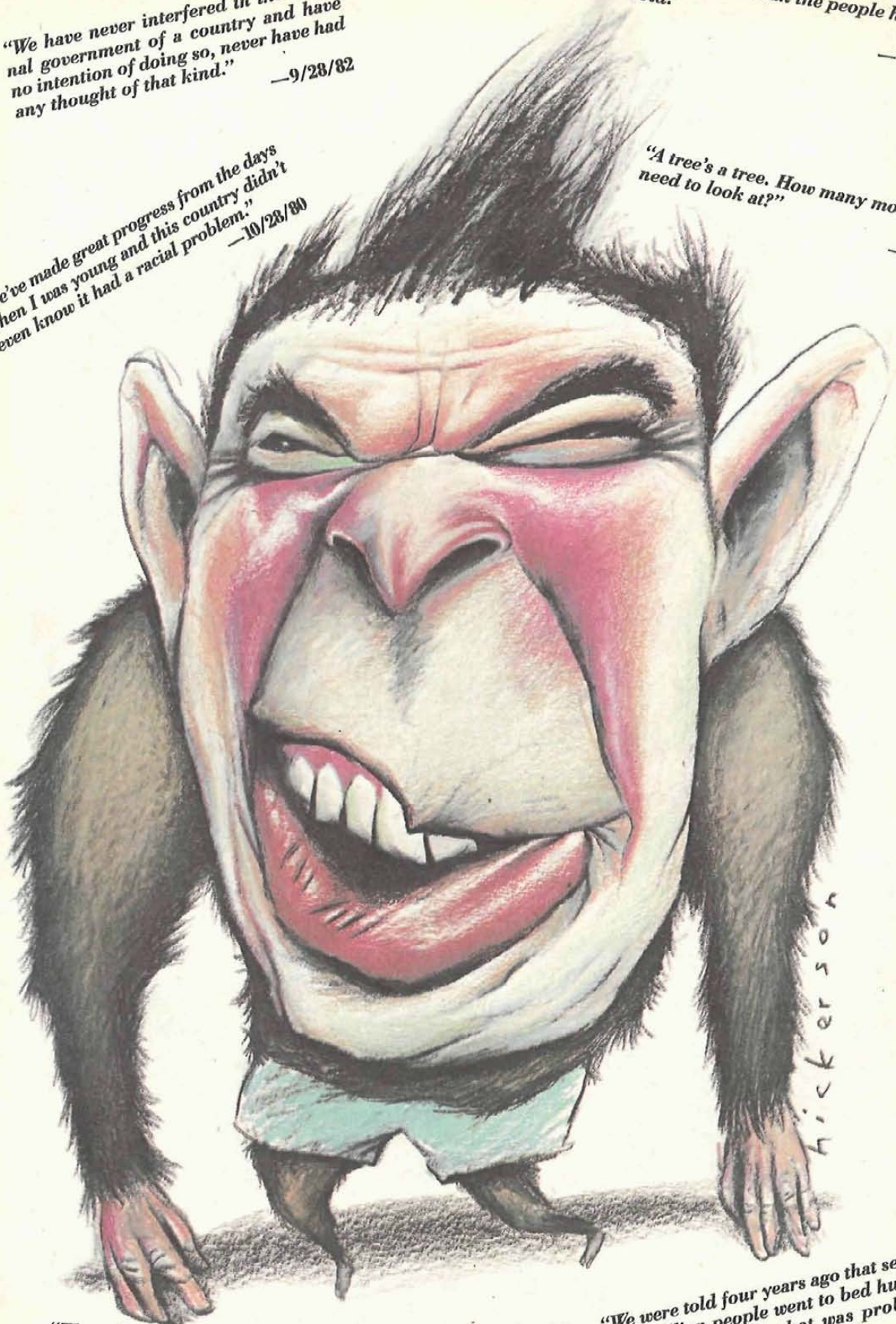
STEVE BRODNER

"We have never interfered in the internal government of a country and have no intention of doing so, never have had any thought of that kind." —9/28/82

"I have a feeling that we are doing better in the war than the people have been told." —10/16/67

"We've made great progress from the days when I was young and this country didn't even know it had a racial problem." —10/28/80

"A tree's a tree. How many more do you need to look at?" —3/12/66



"There is no law saying the Negro has to live in Harlem or Watts." —9/9/67

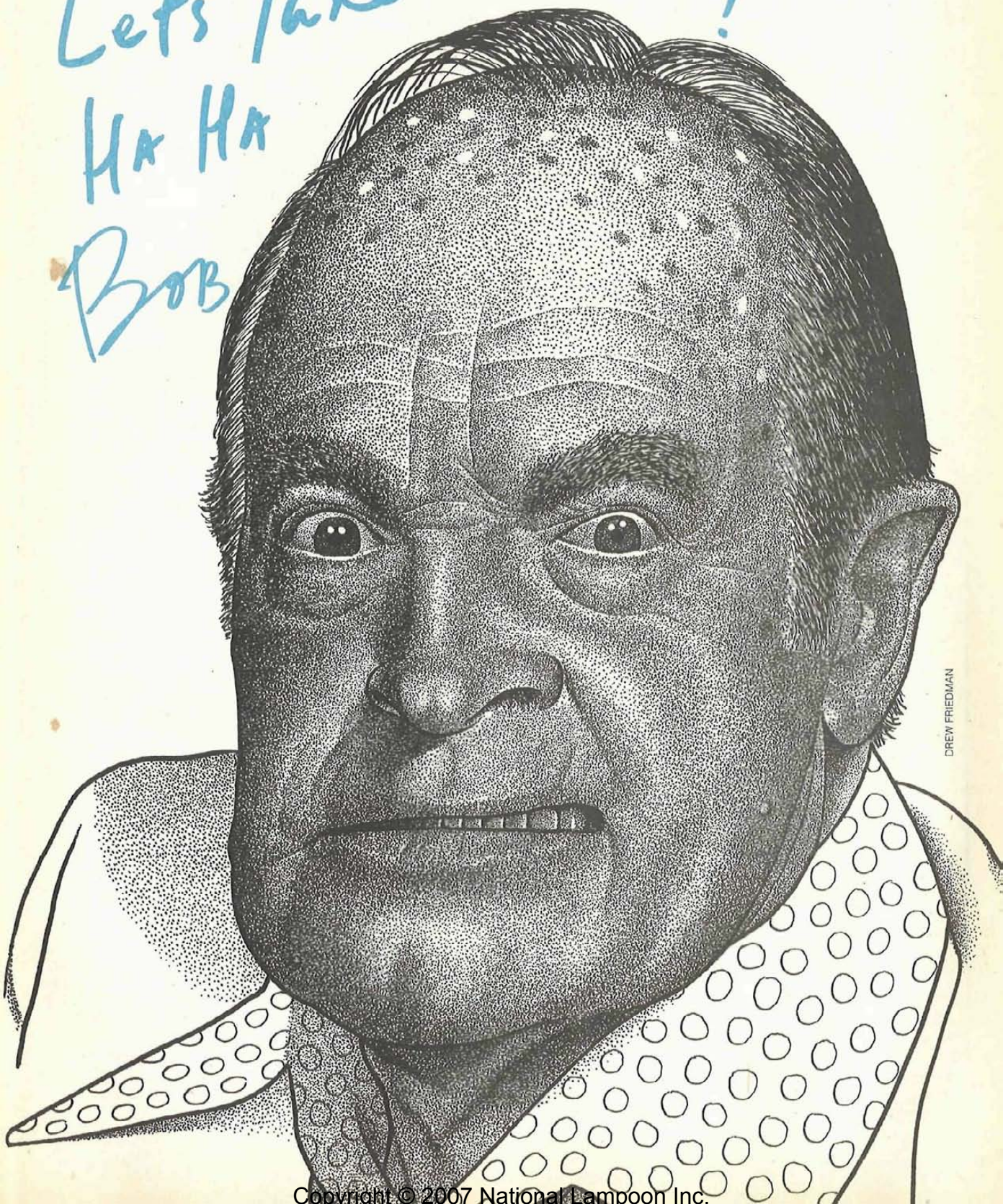
"We were told four years ago that seventeen million people went to bed hungry every night. Well, that was probably true. They were all on a diet." —10/27/64

BUDDY HICKERSON

To all my Ethiopian Fans
Let's Take a Lunch!

HA HA

BOB



DREW FRIEDMAN

PRICELESS COLLECTOR'S ITEMS FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON

\$5.00 EACH

- MARCH 1972/Escape!
- JUNE 1972/Science Fiction
- JULY 1972/Surprise!
- AUGUST 1972/The Miracle of Democracy
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- DECEMBER 1972/Easter in December
- APRIL 1973/Prejudice
- MAY 1973/Fraud
- JUNE 1973/Violence
- JULY 1973/Modern Times
- SEPTEMBER 1973/Postwar
- OCTOBER 1973/Banana Issue
- DECEMBER 1973/Self-Indulgence
- MAY 1974/Fiftieth Anniversary
- AUGUST 1974/Isolationism and Tooth Care
- SEPTEMBER 1974/Old Age
- NOVEMBER 1974/Civics
- JANUARY 1975/No Issue
- FEBRUARY 1975/Love and Romance



NOVEMBER 1974 APRIL 1976

- AUGUST 1975/Justice
- SEPTEMBER 1975/Back to College
- OCTOBER 1975/Collector's Issue
- JANUARY 1976/Secret Issue
- FEBRUARY 1976/Artists and Models
- MARCH 1976/In Like a Lion
- APRIL 1976/Olympic Sports
- MAY 1976/Unwanted Foreigners

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 1/2 percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

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Total amount enclosed \$ _____

Tear out the whole page with items checked, enclose check or money order, and mail to:
National Lampoon, Dept. NL585, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

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



MAY 1976



FEBRUARY 1978

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

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- AUGUST 1979/Summer Vacation
- OCTOBER 1979/Comedy
- FEBRUARY 1980/Tenth Anniversary
- MARCH 1980/March Miscellany
- APRIL 1980/Vengeance
- MAY 1980/Sex Roles
- JUNE 1980/Fresh Air
- JULY 1980/Slime, Swill, and Politics
- AUGUST 1980/Anxiety
- SEPTEMBER 1980/The Past
- OCTOBER 1980/Aggression
- DECEMBER 1980/Fun Takes a Holiday
- FEBRUARY 1981/Sin
- APRIL 1981/Chaos
- MAY 1981/Naked Ambition
- JUNE 1981/Romance
- JULY 1981/Endless, Mindless Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1981/Let's Get It Up, America!
- SEPTEMBER 1981/Back to School

- OCTOBER 1981/Movies
- NOVEMBER 1981/TV and Why It Sucks



FEBRUARY 1980



MAY 1981

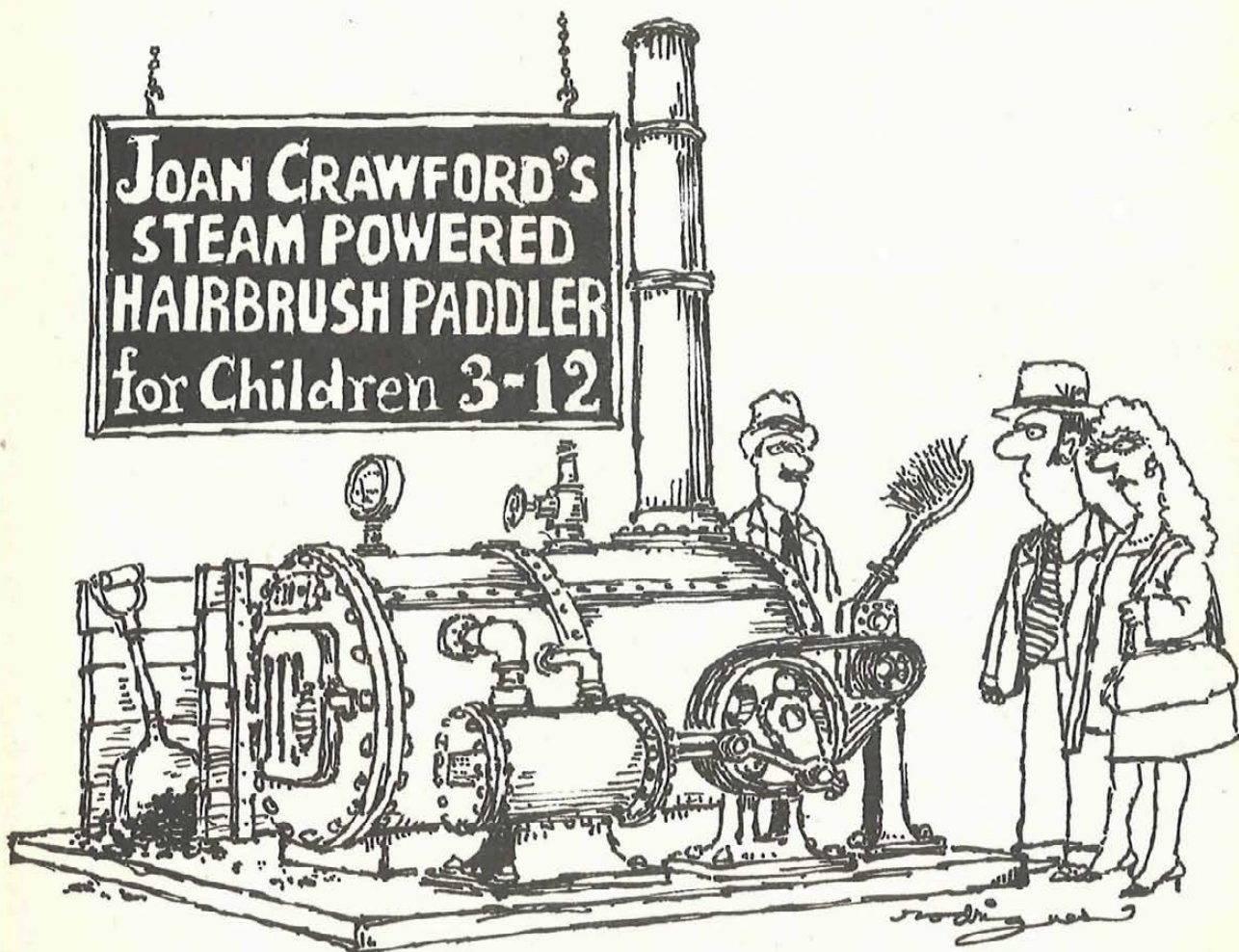
- DECEMBER 1981/What's Hip?
- JANUARY 1982/Sword and Sorcery
- FEBRUARY 1982/The Sexy Issue
- MARCH 1982/Food Fight
- APRIL 1982/Failure
- MAY 1982/Crime
- JUNE 1982/Do It Yourself
- JULY 1982/Sporting Life
- AUGUST 1982/The New West
- SEPTEMBER 1982/Hot Sex!
- OCTOBER 1982/O.C. and Stiggs
- NOVEMBER 1982/Economic Recovery
- DECEMBER 1982/E.T. Issue

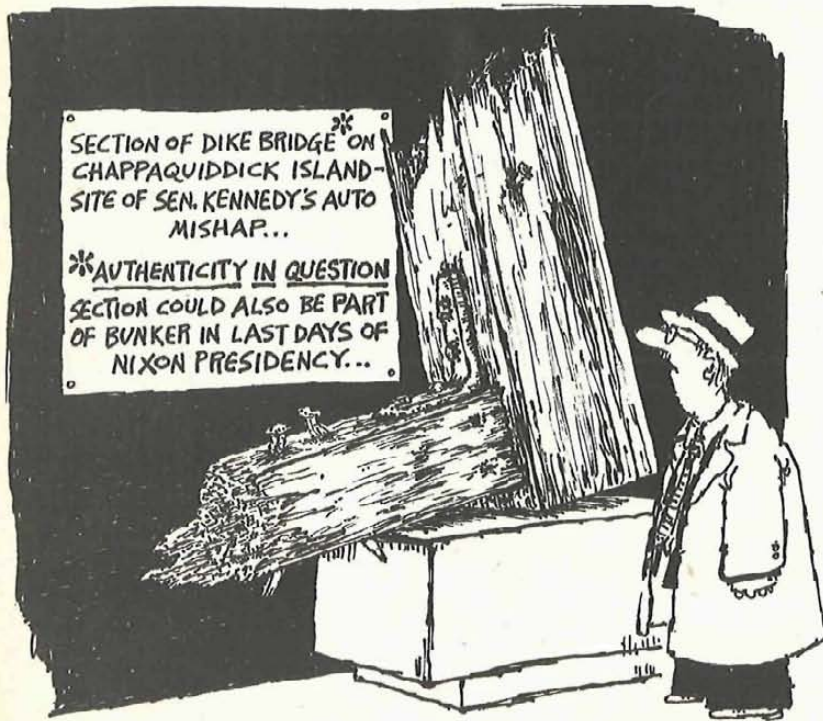
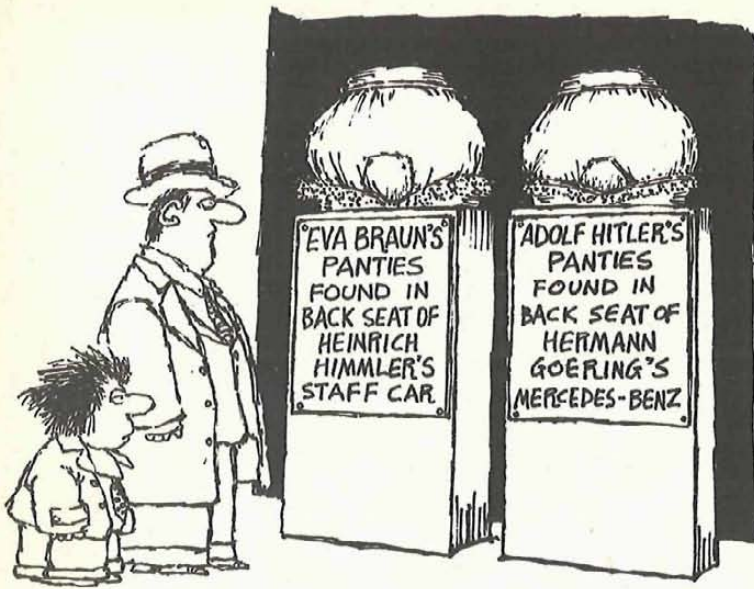
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- JANUARY 1983/The Top Stories of 1983
 - FEBRUARY 1983/Raging Controversy
 - MARCH 1983/Tamper-Proof Issue
 - MAY 1983/The South Seas
 - JUNE 1983/Adults Only
 - JULY 1983/Vacation!
 - AUGUST 1983/Science and Bad Manners
 - SEPTEMBER 1983/Big Anniversary Issue
 - OCTOBER 1983/Dilated Pupils
 - NOVEMBER 1983/No Score
 - DECEMBER 1983/Holiday Jeers
 - JANUARY 1984/Time Parody Issue
 - FEBRUARY 1984/All-Comics Issue
 - MARCH 1984/The '60s Greatest Hits
 - APRIL 1984/You Can Parody Anything
 - MAY 1984/Baseball Preview
 - JUNE 1984/This Summer's Movies
 - JULY 1984/Special Summer Fun
 - 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
-
- JANUARY 1985/Good Clean Sex
 - FEBRUARY 1985/Misguided Tour of NYC
 - MARCH 1985/Best of 15 Years
 - National Lampoon Binders Vinyl binders with tough metal "rods." \$5.50 each, \$9.00 for two, \$12.00 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 *rodry use*
**CELEBRITY
MEMORABILIA
Gallery**
©1985 *rodry use*





FLOWN IN FROM LONDON
ESPECIALLY FOR THIS
EXHIBITION...
STACY KEACH'S
HOLLOW HEEL SHOES



KNEE OF
MR. H.T. LE BLANC
ON WHICH
SAL MINEO
PLACED HIS HAND
IN A LOS ANGELES
MOVIE THEATER
ON NOV. 14 OR 15, 1962

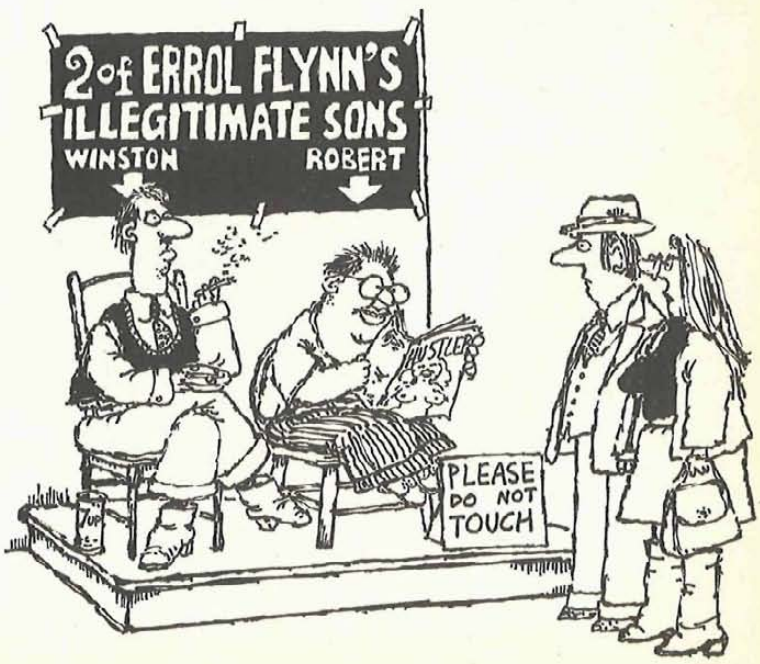
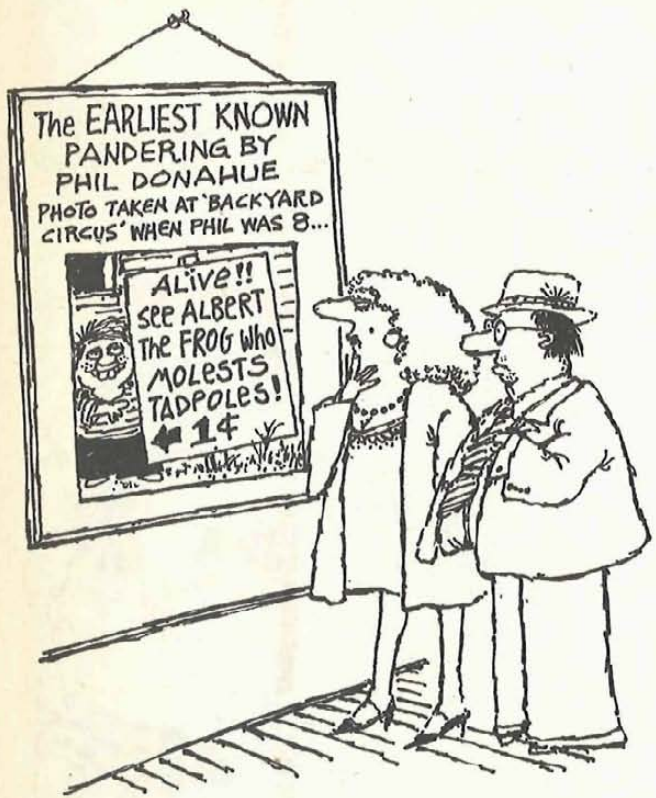


NORMAN MAILER'S
FAMOUS LETTER
TO THE NOBEL PRIZE
COMMITTEE IN
WHICH HE SAYS,
"...What the hell
do you people
want, ANYWAY?"




THE HOWARD HUGHES
EXPERIMENTAL
PLYWOOD CONDOM
USED ONLY ONCE - MAY 8, 1940
THEN STORED IN CEDAR
CHEST IN COVINA, CALIF.





HELLO, MY NAME IS SHIRLENE. I GOT MY JOB AS AN EXPLOITED PLEASURE BIMBO THROUGH THOSE NICE PEOPLE AT THE NATIONAL LAMPOON. I KNOW THAT WHAT I'M DOING HERE IS SETTING THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT BACK TWO THOUSAND YEARS, AND I ALSO KNOW THAT THE SEXIST DOG WHO WROTE THESE WORDS THAT I'M SUPPOSEDLY SAYING IS PROBABLY LAUGHING HIS OVERWEIGHT UGLY CHAUVINIST ASS OFF RIGHT NOW. THE TWISTED MORON THINKS THAT YOU GOOD READERS ACTUALLY FIND THIS KIND OF TRITE SELF-INDULGENT PANDERING BULLSHIT TO BE EFFECTIVE. BUT YOU DON'T, DO YOU? WELL, I DON'T EITHER, SO LET'S SHOW THESE JERKS WHERE WE STAND. FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SEND IN YOUR MONEY FOR THIS STUPID T-SHIRT. THEN WHEN YOU GET THE SHIRT IN THE MAIL, OPEN IT UP, WET IT, TURN IT INSIDE OUT, AND WEAR IT AROUND TOWN SO THAT THE LOGO AND EVERYTHING ARE BACKWARDS. THAT WAY THE JOKE IS ON THEM. IMAGINE, PRETTY SOON WITH YOUR HELP WE'LL HAVE THE WORLD ASKING FOR A COPY OF THE NOOPMAL LAVOITAN. BROTHERS AND SISTERS, HEAR MY WORDS AND RAISE A TIGHTLY CLENCHED FIST FULL OF CHECKS, CASH, OR MONEY ORDERS IN SOLIDARITY WITH OUR STRUGGLE. TOO LONG HAVE WE BEEN PRISONERS OF OUR OWN SPEECH BALLOONS.

I GOT MY JOB
THROUGH
THE



NATIONAL
LAMPOON

RIGHT ON, SISTER SHIRLENE!
YOU SPEAK FOR ME, COMRADE.
SEND ME _____ T-SHIRTS
FOR THE REVOLUTIONARILY LOW PRICE
OF \$6.95 EACH
(PLUS \$1.50 POSTAGE AND HANDLING).

SMALL MEDIUM LARGE

NATIONAL LAMPOON SOLIDARITY T-SHIRT
635 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

NAME _____

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RICHARD BELZER'S

Celebrity Roast



I'm in the mood to roast celebrities. Who can we burn tonight? You yell 'em out and I'll run 'em over the coals.

Prince.



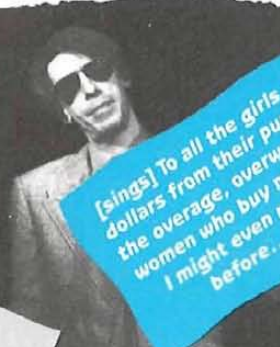
Michael Jackson with a dick. There's a man who knows what to do with all the pussy he's gonna get.



A man without a dick who doesn't know what to do with all the pussy he's gonna get. C'mon, give me someone hard.

Michael Jackson.

How about Julio Iglesias?



[sings] To all the girls who I took ten dollars from their purse before, to all the overage, overweight middle-class women who buy my albums and think I might even remotely fuck them before... Julio Myassio...



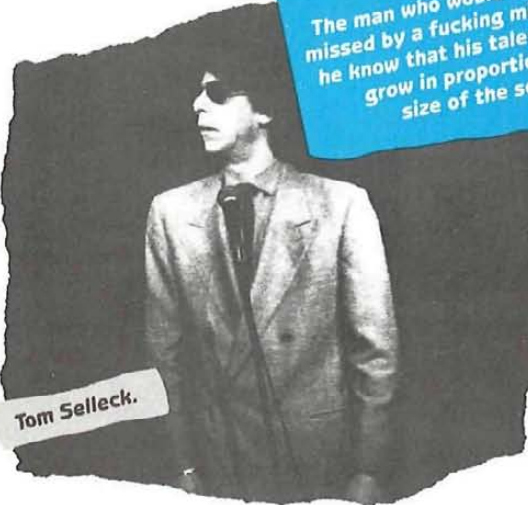
I met her ten years ago, actually, when she was a D.A. in Queens, and after the trial we had a few drinks and one thing led to another, so I balled her. I had no idea what her destiny was gonna be.

Geraldine Ferraro.

Do Joan Rivers.



There's someone who's bad for women, bad for comedy, bad for bleached hair, bad for implanted breasts, and bad for fake cheekbones....



Tom Selleck.

The man who would be Gable and missed by a fucking mile. Little did he know that his talent would not grow in proportion to the size of the screen.



Jesus.

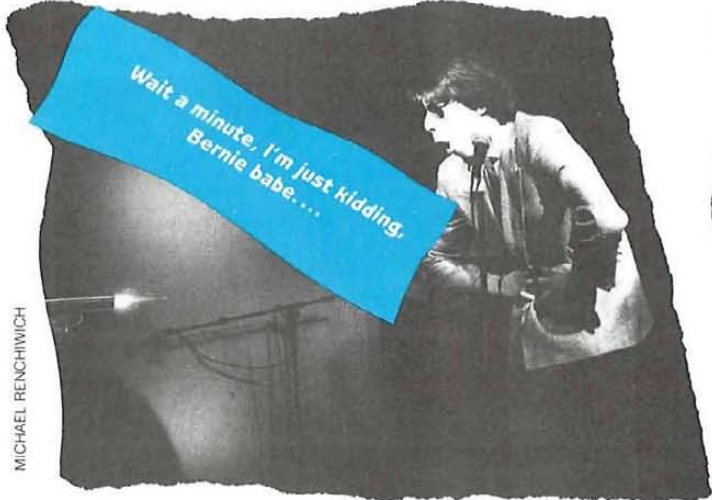
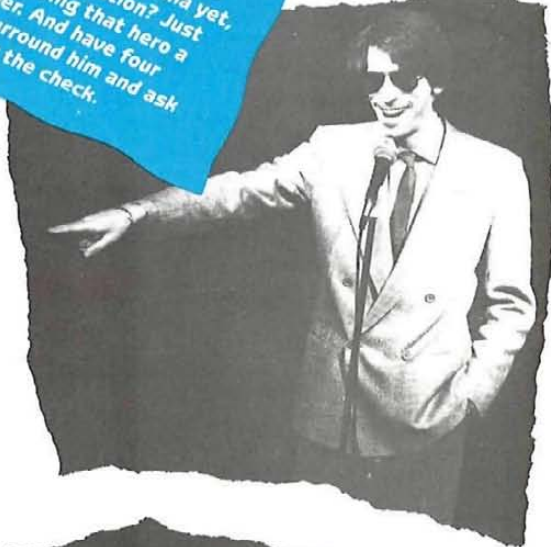
Wouldn't that be great if we had Jesus in the audience? 'Hey, babe, is it the millennium already?'

So vat else? Hey, we really have a celeb in the audience. It's Bernie, Bernie Goetz, ladies and gentlemen. Not easy being a vigilante, huh, Sparky? Over that little trauma yet, babe? Still on medication? Just kidding. Hey, bring that hero a screwdriver. And have four waitresses surround him and ask him for the check.

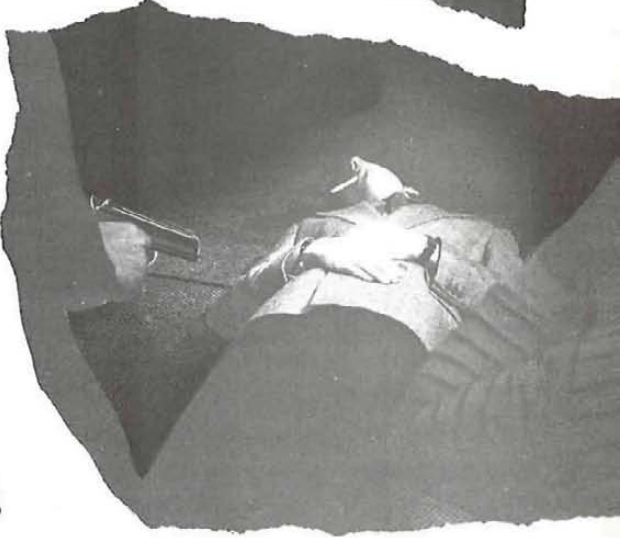
Marcel Marceau.



He's great. He's the man who once said...



Wait a minute, I'm just kidding, Bernie babe. ...



MICHAEL RENCHWICH

FUTURE SEX STARS OF THE *NATIONAL LAMPOON*

by Larry Sloman, Michael Simmons, and Peter Kleinman

Since the incredible success of *Animal House*, the *National Lampoon* has become a veritable moviemaking factory, rivaling the Hollywood studios in their heyday. Our creative team of screenwriters, directors, producers, and astute casting people are constantly on the lookout for fresh new talent. Here we present a bevy of tomorrow's stars, who, on the basis of their outstanding ability and dedication, have been promised feature roles in upcoming *National Lampoon* productions. Remember these faces!



Purple Vein

This is Narcissisa, the female lead of NatLamp's new musical, *Purple Vein*. It's the hilarious story of two Midwestern mulattoes who meet at an abused-children's shelter and make beautiful music together. *Vein* is set for a 1999 release.



Beverly Hills Cot

A bevy of beauties, including Betty Murphy, will co-star with Army Surplus Cot #6132 in this riotous tale of a cot sold at auction from a Detroit boot camp to a whorehouse in L.A. Betty is pictured above squeaking through her screen test with #6132.



For a Good Time Call 555-4070

For a Good Time... is the company's 1989 feature. It will star Renée Bombast as a young aspiring female humorist who takes a day job as the NatLamp's receptionist and then proceeds to climb her way to the top of the comedy heap while remaining on her back the entire time. A slew of NatLamp editors guest star.



Beaver House

We've finally gotten around to doing a sequel to Animal House. It's titled National Lampoon's Beaver House. This time around we've removed all the content, plot, substance, jokes, and characters and just left in the sex. Our leading lady is Mandy Pomona, who is only fourteen, but will be eighteen by the time Beaver House is released in 1989.



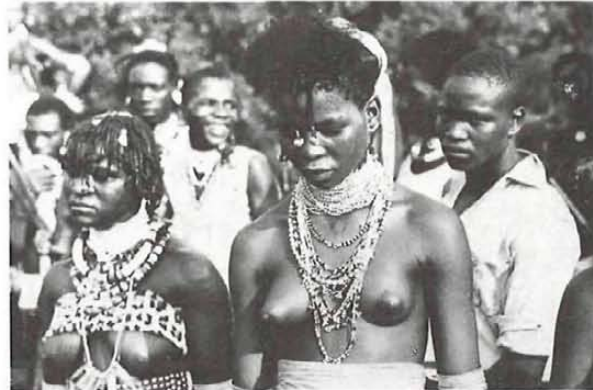
The Kinky Friedman Story

We at the National Lampoon love a good biography, which is why in 1995 we're finally getting around to making The Kinky Friedman Story, a biopic of the fabled country singer who wears the Star of David on his jacket and his heart on his sleeve. Kinky, of course, will play himself. Mistress Candice Buttplugz (seen above), the soon-to-be Mrs. Kinky Friedman, will play the quiet supportive woman behind the man.



Chocolate Speedway

Everyone loves a good action movie, and we feel we've been a little behind the times by not scripting one. Thus was born National Lampoon's Chocolate Speedway, set at a combination candy factory/racetrack in Butte, Montana. Chocolate Speedway is the tragic story of a girl who, through her lack of sexual restraint, makes an ass of herself in front of her assembly line workers and the racing car driver she loves. It stars Lolly Bonbon. Coming in 1997.

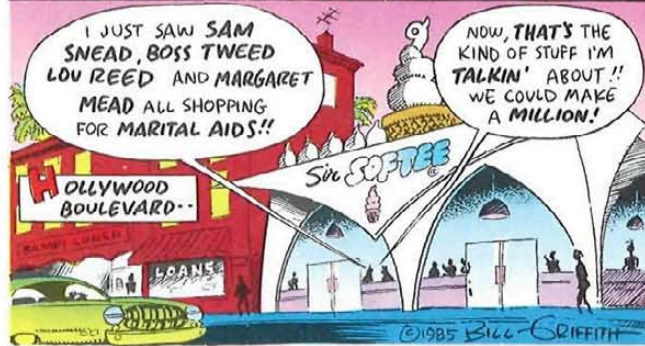


The Changing Work Economy and Social Structure Among the Bantus

In the year 2000, we will present our very first documentary, National Lampoon's The Changing Work Economy and Social Structure Among the Bantus. The result of years of fieldwork and based on numerous Ph.D. theses on this obscure southwest African tribe. Changing Work Economy demonstrates our commitment to provide intellectually stimulating and socially redeeming films as a change of pace from our usual light-hearted divertissements. After all, sex isn't everything.

WHY ARE THEY HERE NOW?

ZIPPY'S CELEBRITY SHOWCASE



I ALSO COMMUNED WITH TH' SOUL OF "MAD MAN MUNTZ"!

I COULD FIX UP THAT VIDEO CAMERA I FOUND BEHIND DISCOUNT VILLAGE--



WE INTERVIEW THEM, SPLICE IN SOME OLD CLIPS AND SELL THE PACKAGE TO HBO!!

I LIKE THAT FAR-AWAY LOOK!!

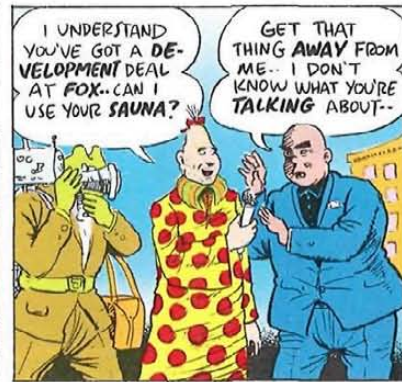


SODON--

AWRIGHT, WHO'S THIS GUY? HE MUST BE SOMEONE-- IS HE SOMEONE?? GET A GOOD VIEW!

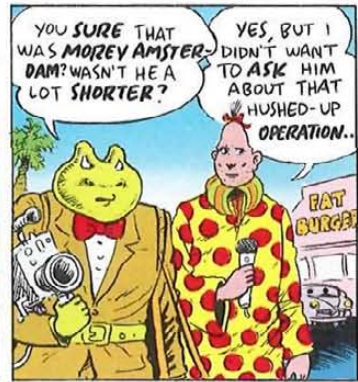
IT'S...UH...IT'S... IT'S... MR. MOREY AMSTERDAM!! MOREY, YOU LOOK GREAT! WHAT'S TH' SECRET? MOREY, WE MISSED YOU!

FAULTY "MR. MICROPHONE"



I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE GOT A DEVELOPMENT DEAL AT FOX...CAN I USE YOUR SAUNA?

GET THAT THING AWAY FROM ME-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT--



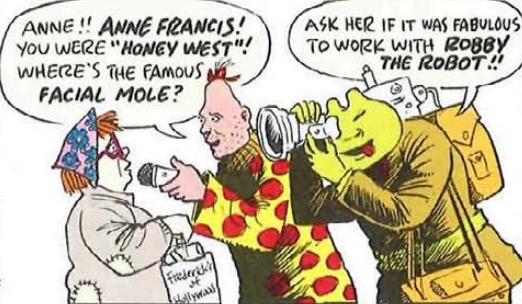
YOU SURE THAT WAS MOREY AMSTERDAM? WASN'T HE A LOT SHORTER?

YES, BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO ASK HIM ABOUT THAT HUSHED-UP OPERATION..



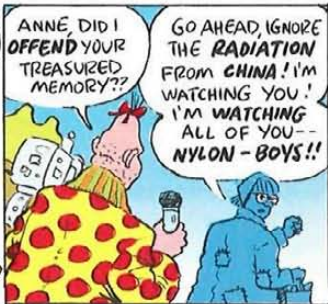
WELL, WE GOT SOME FANTASTIC FOOTAGE ANYWAY.. HEY, WHO'S THAT? IS THAT SOMEONE?

IT IS.. IT'S SOMEONE!!



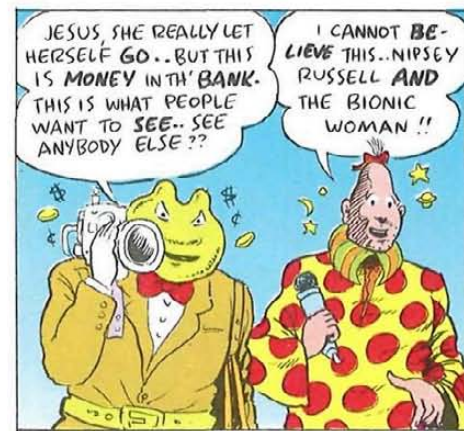
ANNE!! ANNE FRANCIS! YOU WERE "HONEY WEST"! WHERE'S THE FAMOUS FACIAL MOLE?

ASK HER IF IT WAS FABULOUS TO WORK WITH ROBBY THE ROBOT!!



ANNE DID I OFFEND YOUR TREASURED MEMORY??

GO AHEAD, IGNORE THE RADIATION FROM CHINA! I'M WATCHING YOU! I'M WATCHING ALL OF YOU-- NYLON-BOYS!!



JESUS, SHE REALLY LET HERSELF GO.. BUT THIS IS MONEY IN TH' BANK. THIS IS WHAT PEOPLE WANT TO SEE-- SEE ANYBODY ELSE??

I CANNOT BELIEVE THIS..NIPSEY RUSSELL AND THE BIONIC WOMAN!!



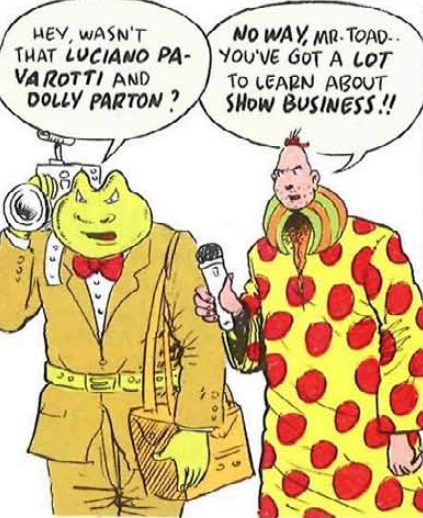
NIPSEY.. BIONIC.. IS IT SERIOUS? WILL THERE BE A SERIES? THE OFFERS ARE POURING IN!!

MY HUSBAND WAS BLACK LISTED IN THE FIFTIES..THOSE WERE TERRIBLE YEARS.. TERRIBLE YEARS..



YOU ADOPTED AN ENTIRE AFRICAN VILLAGE.. TAX WRITE-OFF OR HUMANITARIAN GESTURE??

WE DON'T WANT TO ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS.. MY HUSBAND IS NOT WELL.. I'M NOT WELL..





4) MOVE TO EUROPE. Here you can lie all you want about your past accomplishments and not waste time by having to really *do* anything in America. Nobody will find out. Make up a wildly successful résumé and don't hold back on the fabrication. Tell them you had a Broadway hit that ran three years or the number-six record in Chicago. How will they know? Who are they going to call?

If you don't stay in one country too long and keep on moving, you can really get creative. Put together a scrapbook on your favorite star, superimpose your head on the photos, and actually take on the identity. Claim to be one of the original Shirelles or Vandellas and get bookings. Or comb the show-biz obits and take on the career of Edie Sedgwick or Patsy Cline and live their lives in Europe the way you think they *should* have lived. By the time anyone is wiser, you'll be back in America, rich, ready, and full of hype about your European success. Publicity breeds publicity, so you're on your way to the top in the only country that counts: America.



5) BE AN ANIMAL. I know this sounds ridiculous, but think about it. Sometimes it's wiser to compete in a field where there's less competition. I mean, besides the has-beens (Lassie, Rin Tin Tin), the classics (Francis the Talking Mule, Mr. Ed), the contemporaries (Benji, Willard, and Ben), and that brash newcomer Phar Lap the horse (who seems to be a phar-lop at the box office), who is there? The Barking

Dogs who made "Jingle Bells" a hit once again years back? You don't even have to be a *real* animal—think of the meteoric rise of that great group the Chipmunks. If you are an animal you can get loads of commercials, appeal to senior citizens as well as to kids, and, most important, have a chance to win the most coveted, prestigious Hollywood trophy there is, the Patsy Award—the animal Oscar, as it is known. Alvin, are you listening? Alvin! ALVIN!!!!

If you've been paying attention, you have learned how to at least get your foot in the door, so now I'd like to move on to Phase Two—How to *Remain* Famous. Sometimes this is a little trickier, but who wants to be a mere flash in the pan? Drastic steps have to be considered, so bear with me. Fame maintenance is even more important in making a lasting impression on all your envious friends from your past. Refuse to speak to them. Turn up your nose and prepare to snub. There'll be no talk of a "come-back" for you, thank you—you will *always* be a star.



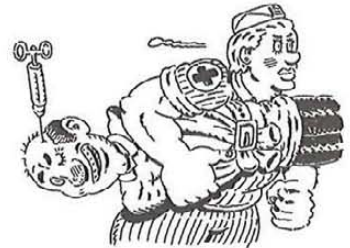
6) HAVE SEXUAL PROBLEMS.

And make them original. Being homosexual is hardly a stop-the-press issue these days, so if you are gay, come *in* instead of out, and the public will be intrigued. If you are a flaming drag queen, go butch, marry your childhood sweetheart, and father startlingly hetero children. If you are a lesbian sports figure, hook up with a really macho, much-divorced pig and really get them talking.

A sex change is likewise old-hat, but if you've already had one, get another one and go back to what you were originally.

Better yet, hate sex and pontificate about what an embarrassing, messy activity it is and how humiliating the entire experience can be. If you are unlucky enough to be heterosexual and persist in having affairs anyway, make sure they are with a blood relation, preferably your mother or father.

If you must write a kiss-and-tell autobiography, make sure your sexual trysts are at least original; your "wild night" with Don Knotts, the "heaven" of performing fellatio on Art Linkletter, or the "nirvana" of satisfying Clara "Where's the Beef" Peller orally. Try to boast of celebrities you've *never* had sex with (hopefully Shelley Winters, Alana Stewart, Maggie Trudeau), and if you insist on panting, make sure it's *truly* perverse (Yoko Ono, Henry Kissinger, Ed McMahon). Always remember that a mature, loving, normal relationship is sure career-icide. Avoid it at all costs.



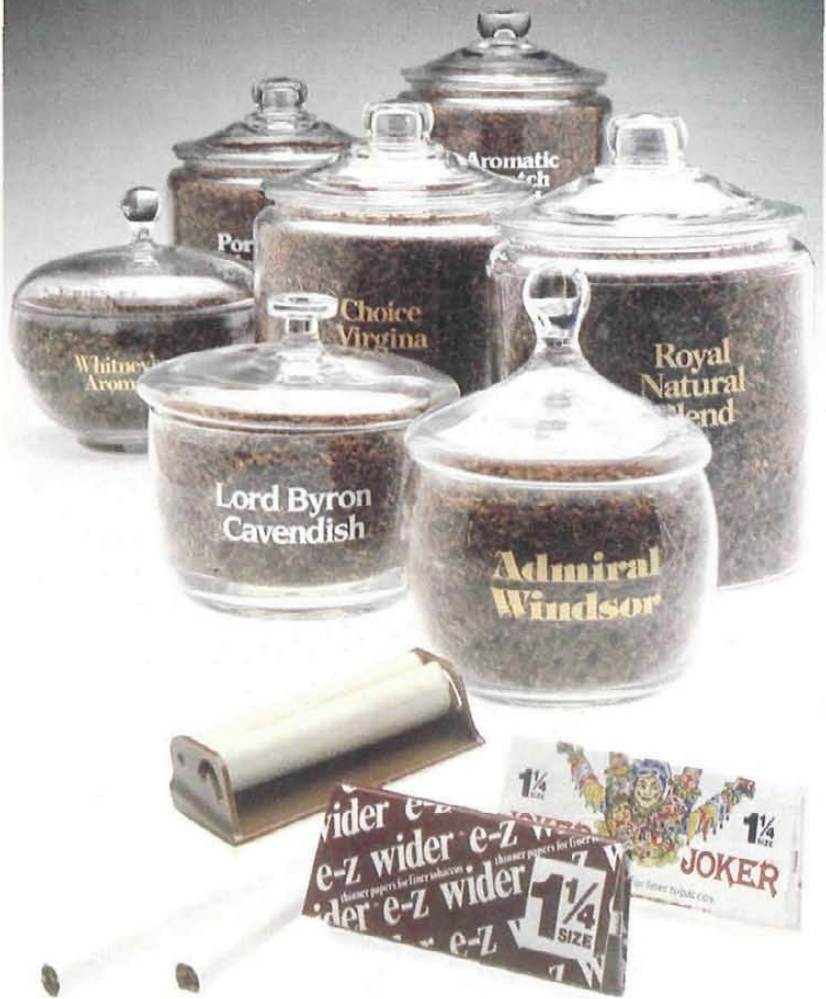
7) GET SICK. Immediately check into the Betty Ford Clinic but, instead of emerging victorious, drop out and start shooting heroin in your eyeballs on the set of your up-and-coming TV series. Give press conferences about other patients—how Mary Tyler Moore got you to try huffing glue or Liz Taylor snorting typewriter Wite-Out. Bitch about that real-life Nurse Ratched, Betty Ford herself, giving enemas, patrolling the halls, and smacking around celebrities who are going through "cold turkey."

Better yet, stop eating and claim you have anorexia, the trendiest, most envied disease of the day. Show up on *Johnny Carson* weighing sixty-seven pounds and plug your new diet book. Try jungle rot, beriberi, or leprosy—all original in 1985. And, if you really want to be big, have weird operations at the drop of a hat. Try to top Baby Fae (who had a real career ahead of her) and get a baboon-rectum transplant and push for a starring role in yet another sequel to the *Planet of the Apes* series.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 82)

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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)

who came for the match. Of course, the greats of the farting world were there—Jack Nicholson; the late, great Count Basie; Pearl Bailey; Rodney Dangerfield; William Conrad, the guy who used to play Cannon, the detective, on TV; Shelley Winters, who was rooting for Orson in a big way; Mickey Rooney, who was challenging anyone in the little-butterball class. Bubba Smith headed up a lot of the jock contingent, which also numbered jock actors like Alex Karras and Merlin Olsen. Liz Taylor caused a big stir when she came in, and Bette Midler was nearly ejected when she insisted on doing some trick stuff of her own, claiming she wanted to be the warm-up act for the main event. Lordy, I can't remember all the stars who were there. It was a night to remember. I recall Dom DeLuise, Raymond Burr, Charles Durning, Big Joe Turner, Ludwig Erhard, the former prime minister of West Germany, and many, many more.

The excitement was mounting, and the participants waited until the last moment to enter. Welles entered first, wearing a powder-blue ruffled tuxedo shirt, a string tie, and boxer shorts with no underwear. Coppola came next, wearing baggy sweatpants and a T-shirt that said "The Godfarther." The cheers for both parties were deafening.

The judges were Luciano Pavarotti from Italy, Lorne Greene from Canada, Robert Morley from England, and Jackie Gleason and James Earl Jones from the U.S. Marilyn Horne sang our national anthem. The judges explained the ground rules and the scoring system and the match was on its way.

The first events were the compulsories, from standing, squatting, and prone positions. Orson did very well, scoring 9.8's in the staccato events—short bursts imitating Morse code, spelling out the message "Help, I'm trapped in a Chi-

nese pickle factory." Orson's staccato work was really clean and sharp, very European—that is, textbook style, with no flabby overtones. His training was paying off. Francis was a bit sloppy, but managed to stay only a few points behind. The compulsories didn't count for as many points as the freestyle events, which came later. Francis was saving his energy for later, as usual.

We knew that Francis would be the more daring in the freestyle and Orson would be conservative, but also very schmaltzy, appealing to the judges of a more romantic nature. Francis started to catch up, and, as we expected, the match would be decided in the final event—the personal showpiece.

Francis went first, and he used a movie screen showing bits and pieces of his films to accompany his farts, ending with filmed fireworks going off, punctuating his own fireworks. It was quite a dazzling routine, and he handled it like a champ. He brought down the house. The judges gave him three 9.9's and two 10's.

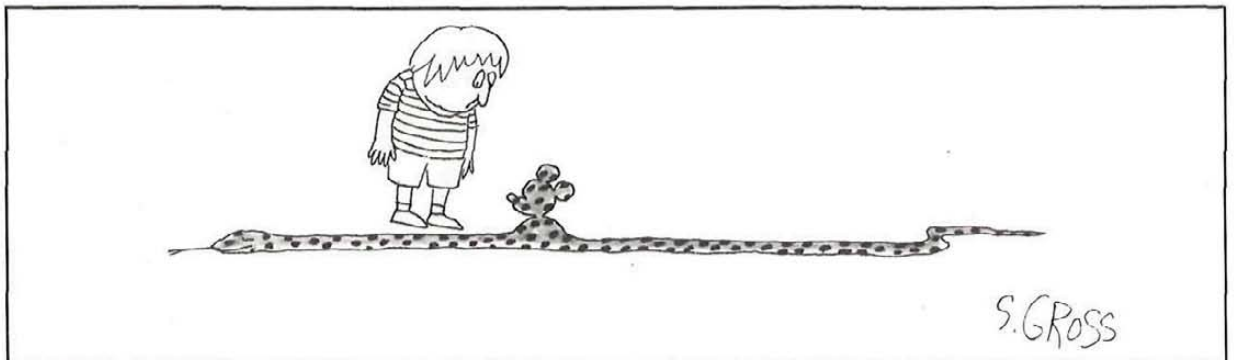
Orson needed four 10's out of five to win. His routine was divided into two parts. First he did his original radio show where Earth is invaded by Martians, doing all the sound effects with his anus, an amazing performance. Then he pulled out all the stops and did a gassy version of the last movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the choral part. He's got everyone going nuts now—they're singing and humming and even farting along with him as he's barreling to the finish. At the last minute he strains so hard to get a high note that it looks like he's blown it. We hear the familiar gurgle, the sign that he's going from gas to solids, which automatically costs you five points per judge. A groan goes up in the crowd. Jesus, will he do it? It looks like he can't control those final notes, but he's got to go all the way for the real crescendo—and by Godfrey, he does it. The gurgles were just a false

alarm. He took a chance—he had to—and it paid off. The judges applauded, and they all gave him 10's. Orson won.

Orson was so overcome after all this work and the pressure and the strain that he lost control of himself before he could get to a stall. Coppola was a real good sport and cried a lot for Orson. He lost control too. Francis acknowledged Orson as the Master and promised to raise film money for him and get him a good distribution deal. Orson thanked everyone and announced his retirement from public competition. He had just wanted to show the world that he still had what it takes. There were even some studio moguls in the audience and they were crying by now, knocking themselves for not giving one of the world's greatest directors a chance to make a picture. The event was a tremendous success, of course, but it also produced a big letdown. Everybody was up to their noses in farts. They had to go home and dry out. Orson planned a small victory dinner at La Cucaracha, a Tex-Mex joint on La Cienega. I was invited, but I had to work my usual night shift and clean up the mess they all made.

When the Rooster's Tail shut its doors in 1977 I went over to La Zamba, the place owned by Dan Trieste. I stayed there for three years, until Dan was busted for white slavery. He may have been a white slaver, but he was awful nice to me. From there I went to the old Kit Kat Klub on Hollywood Boulevard—an easy job, really. I had contracted a severe case of arthritis and didn't want to work too hard—just barely keeping my hand in, I used to say.

Then a couple of years ago I was miraculously cured by the Reverend Maurice. He held my bad hands in his, prayed for me, and there I was—a cured



man. I was extremely grateful and I made a generous contribution to his church, but Reverend Maurice wanted eternal contributions from me for my eternal salvation. This I couldn't do, so damned if the son of a beehive didn't consign me to eternal hellfire and damnation. I feel bad about it, but nothing's happened to worry me. I still feel good.

So now I got a more active job heading up the lavatory services at the Hard Ball Cafe, which is a whole new ballgame for me. It's mostly a place where young people go, and they don't drink much, except for white wine and beer. I'm like the resident elder statesman at the Hard Ball, a real "character," they call me. All the movie people with beards and glasses come down to take a piss and eye me up and tell me I'm going to be in their next picture. There's a lot of bushwah being thrown around the Hard Ball, and you better believe me.

The big thing that's going on here is the pissing wars, which I suppose is the logical successor to the food fights they used to have a few years ago. Here's how it all started: One night Mr. T comes in and has a real liquid load on. He's got a big hose and he's pissing away like a horse. Eddie Murphy is in the next urinal and makes a funny remark about Mr. T's pissing style. Mr. T, however, does not think it is funny and turns around to tell Murphy, neglecting to keep his big hose in the urinal, thereby spraying Murphy with a jet stream of golden shower. Murphy is wearing some kind of leather suit that costs about ten thousand dollars, and now it looks like it's worth about a dime. But Murphy has no piss left to retaliate. Just then Dan Aykroyd walks in and Murphy asks him for help. Aykroyd is a ballsy son of a beehive and takes on Mr. T, and he's doing okay because he's nice and fresh and T is almost all pissed out. Then one of T's friends shows up and he opens up on Aykroyd. Well, you get the picture. The word spreads, and in a minute the whole place is loaded with pissers on both sides. Murphy, Aykroyd, Bill Murray, Sly Stallone, and some little guy from one of the movie studios whose name I never get are on one side. Mr. T, George Peppard, Magic Johnson, Quincy Jones, and one of the Jackson brothers are the leaders of the other team.

These guys must have been drinking a heck of a lot of beer, because the war goes on for over an hour. When a couple

of guys are pissed out they get a delivery of beer sent down to them, drink it up fast, and go back to the fight. It's now becoming a real party, and both sides are really getting into it. A DJ comes down and sets up some pissing music, a few flashy-looking bimbos drift down, and the whole thing is becoming a major event.

I am appointed official referee and judge, and I can't figure out who the winner is because everyone is soaked. I call it a draw. No one likes this, and they schedule another fight the next night. The wars go on night after night, with official pissing rules and penalties and all, and now I can judge winners from losers. Both sides take the thing very seriously. No one is allowed in unless they are team members or girlfriends. Aykroyd stands guard at the door to make sure no one crashes. Peppard and Stallone become the official statistics keepers, and they set up a league with a schedule and standings, just like baseball or football. Now the word is spreading around Los Angeles, and it's the "in" thing. If you are close to one of these hot-shot celebrities they might allow you to participate for a few minutes for the privilege of being pissed on by Quincy Jones, George Peppard, or Mr. T. I myself do not see the fun or glory of it, but a lot of the younger celebrity crowd think it's the cat's ass, real hot stuff. Every night there are long lines of people waiting to get into the men's room. Every night a team of Chicano kids comes in and cleans up the mess.

It's hard to believe sometimes that I am witnessing this kind of thing being done by grown men. I used to massage Frank's hands and groom him for nights of love. I used to take care of Richard Burton, Sammy Davis, Burt Lancaster, Red Skelton, George Burns, Danny Thomas, even the current president of the United States, and now I have to be involved in pissing wars. I hear *People* magazine is going to do a story on them. I just want to stay out of target range. This new generation of celebrities, I'm not sure I want to get involved with them. They don't tip much, they make a mess, and they treat me like I'm a museum piece. What I'm going to do, I think, is write a letter to Frank, and maybe he can get me into one of those big hotels in Atlantic City, like the one where he tips that guy to give him more towels. Frank and I go back a long way. He'll help me, no question about it. ■

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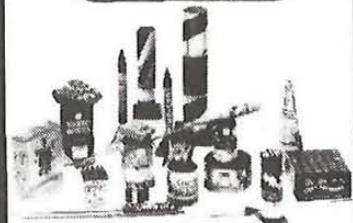
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—Elizabeth Taylor in Ron Smith's book, *The Bedside Book of Celebrity Quizzes*, as quoted in the *Houston Post* (contributed by Herm Albright)

"You know, William Shakespeare wrote for the masses. I think if he were alive today he'd be chief script-writer on All in the Family, or Dallas."



—Publisher Rupert Murdoch in an interview with Barbara Walters on ABC-TV's *20/20* (contributed by Ronald Garson)

"Never lose sight of your gallbladder. Take a sponge, soak it in ice water, and press it against your gallbladder after every meal."



—Socialite Diana Vreeland in her memoir *D.V.*, quoted in the *New York Times Book Review* (contributed by Duck Divet)

"I forgive him. I forgive all these people. God created all kinds of human beings."



—Auto entrepreneur John De Lorean discussing the government informant who launched the celebrated case against him, as quoted in *USA Today* (contributed by Herm Albright)



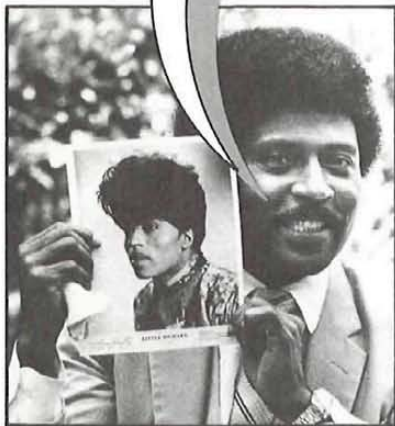
—Barbra Streisand on accepting a Crystal Award from the Women in Film organization for her movie *Yentl*, as quoted in the *Orlando Sentinel* (contributed by Herm Albright)

"I feel that it was actually more beneficial not to be nominated for the Academy Awards. It made a statement. I think that men are allowed to be obsessed by their work, but women are only allowed to be obsessed by a man."

T R U E

Bullshit

"My voice was the most exciting voice in the world. It was a sassy voice, and I gave a message and it was sassy. Then I would get very sweet and lovable, and it fit my beautiful personality. My music made your liver quiver, your bladder splatter, and your knees freeze—and your big toe shoot right up in your boot."



—Singer Little Richard, as quoted in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* (contributed by Paul Feldbaumer)

"A lot of Michael's success is due to timing and luck. It could just as easily have been me."



—Singer Jermaine Jackson on the success of his brother Michael, as quoted in *Rolling Stone* (contributed by Nelson Ehinger, Jr.)

"I'm not the least bit effeminate. I'm very masculine. And I'm confident—not arrogant. I leave the impression I want with people. I don't think people think I'm gay—or maybe they do, until they meet me."



—Singer Boy George, as quoted in *Rolling Stone* (contributed by Herm Albright)

"Everything that anyone has done since I came along has been because of me. The Beatles, Michael, everybody ... 'The Twist' was probably the most important song for the music industry in this entire century."



—Singer Chubby Checker in an interview with the *Maryland Coast Press*, as quoted in the *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Tony Johnson)

F A C T S



8) BE UNHAPPY. The public likes nothing better than misery at the top. Driving While Impaired is always good for scandal, especially if you are lucky enough to be involved in a fatal accident and get Mothers Against Drunk Drivers to be your press agent. Drug addiction and public drunkenness are too commonplace to have much effect, but suicide attempts are always good for a bulletin. Try jumping off a building and *landing* on someone famous. Or stabbing yourself to death with a tiny safety pin. If your parents are famous, hope they are assassinated so you can get yourself prime-time TV funeral coverage. Always carry glycerine and an eye-dropper with you in case the tear ducts dry up when they go in for a close-up.

9) KILL SOMEBODY. And make the victim famous—the only surefire route to overnight front-page fame. None of this buried gossip-column crap, either. Page one. Hard news. The Big Time. We're talking household word.



Start by stalking your favorite star. Pick one. Anybody. How about Katharine Hepburn? So snotty, so moral, so goddamn proper. Since we know Miss Hepburn goes bananas if any member of the audience *dares* to snap a photo of her on the Broadway stage, try strobing her with a flash camera in the middle of her next drama, screeching, "Go, Katharine, go! That's it! Give me some anger! Great, baby, great!" Watch her have a heart attack. You paid for your ticket, didn't you? What do they expect?

Rent a creepy little room somewhere and leave lots of cryptic notes around for the press to discover right after you strike. Better yet, a diary. Brood. Become obsessed. Never shave. Fantasize about what a relief jail will be—no phones ringing, free rent, a chance to finally work on your novel. And just think, maybe you'll get the electric chair and get on *60 Minutes*. If not, just savor the anticipation of being released. Finally you'll get some respect. When Charles Manson is eventually paroled, will *he* have to wait in line outside some crummy, trendy New York nightclub? The one that wouldn't let *you* in last week? Ha! Are you kidding? Right this way, Mr. Manson. Free drink tickets? You'd like to hear "Helter Skelter"? Yessir!!

10) DIE. Get murdered yourself. Drastic? Well, I thought you were serious. Isn't Sharon Tate more famous for being murdered than she is for any of her films? Didn't the careers of Indira Gandhi, Sadat, JFK, RFK all pick up and *last* after their splashy exits? Even the proper natural death can elevate you to the Hall of Fame—Henry Fonda took weeks and weeks of newsprint to finally die of old age.

Make sure you plan your funeral in advance so you can go in the style you want. Poor Jayne Mansfield didn't make her own arrangements and they buried her in Pen Argyl, Pennsylvania, for chrissake. Her own onetime press agent admits that Jayne would have wanted "a royal Hollywood funeral, to be surrounded by two dozen long-haired Italian boys in tight pants, with Chubby Checker doing the Twist on top of her pink casket." Plan ahead, Jayne. Plan ahead.

It also helps to have led a thoroughly despicable life, so family and friends don't hesitate to spill all the beans to venomous biographers who will ensure your notoriety for the next few generations of celebrity watchers.

So you see, it's quite simple. Just follow these ten easy steps and you, too, can be famous. After all, wouldn't you rather be dead than unknown? ■



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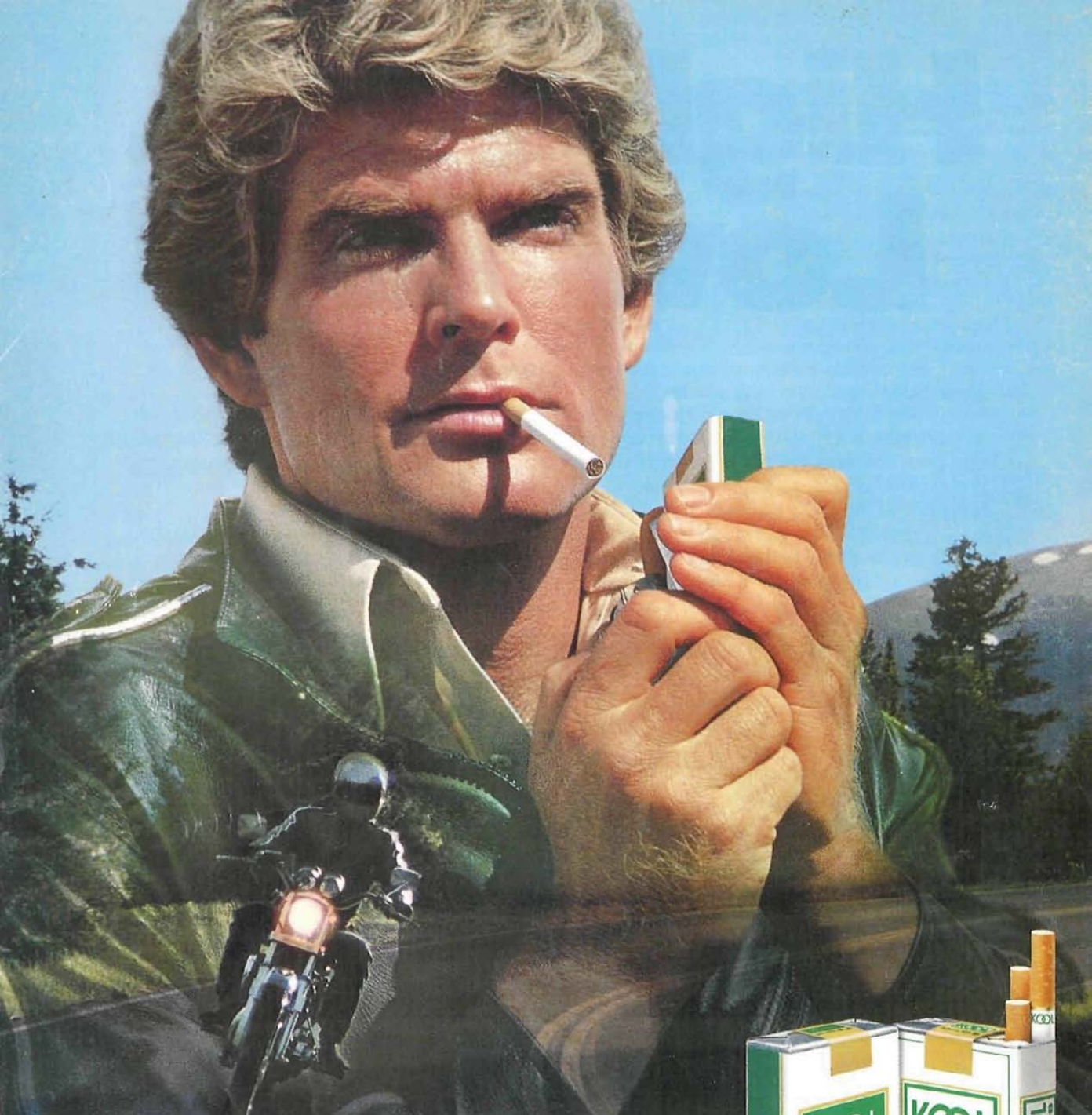
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