

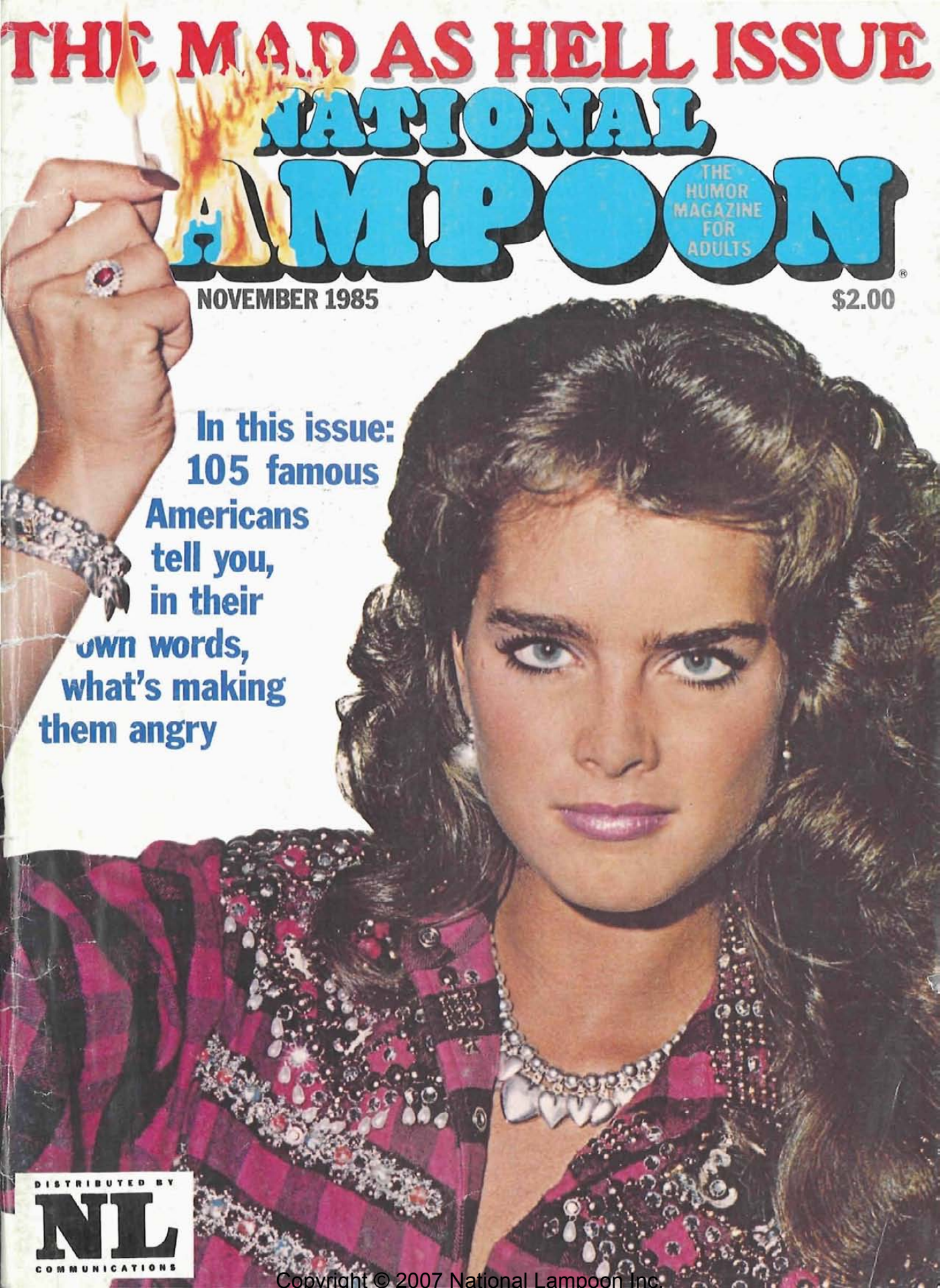
THE MAD AS HELL ISSUE

NATIONAL LAMPOON

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS

NOVEMBER 1985

\$2.00



In this issue:
105 famous
Americans
tell you,
in their
own words,
what's making
them angry

DISTRIBUTED BY
NL
COMMUNICATIONS

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Winston. America's Best.

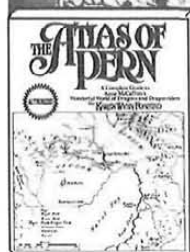
Excellence.
The best live up to it.



LET YOURSELF ROAM

through time...through space...

through other dimensions of
mind and matter...



1586 Pub ed. \$19.95



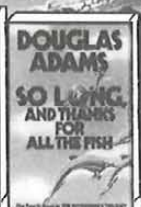
1362 Pub ed. \$14.95



0901 Pub ed. \$14.95



*1164 Spec. ed.



1685 Pub ed. \$12.95



*9597 Pub. ed. \$16.95



0802 Pub ed. \$15.95



3533 Pub ed. \$15.95



0109 Pub ed. \$16.95



1776 Pub. ed. \$12.95



1701 Spec. ed.



0380 Spec. ed.



1446 Pub ed. \$16.95



*0463 Pub ed. \$16.95



0356 Pub ed. \$17.95



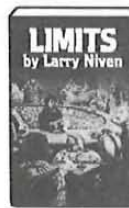
1503 Spec. ed.



1552 Pub. ed. \$14.95



*1834 Pub ed. \$19.95



1453 Spec. ed.



1768 Spec. ed.



1297 Spec. ed.



0992 Dragonsong; Dragonsinger; Dragon drums. Comb. pub. ed. \$38.85



1719 Pawn of Prophecy; Queen of Sorcery; Magician's Gambit. Spec. ed.



1669 Castle of Wizardry; Enchanter's End Game. Spec. ed.



1461 The Goblin Tower; The Clocks of Iraz; The Unbeheaded King. Spec. ed.



1784 The Space Merchants; The Merchants' War. Comb. pub. ed. \$25.90



1420 Includes the First, Second, and Third Books. Spec. ed.



0869 Dinosaur Planet; Dinosaur Planet Survivors. Spec. ed.



1495 King's Blood Four; Necromancer Nine; Wizard's Eleven. Spec. ed.



0877 Darkchild; Bluesong; Starsilk. Spec. ed.

Take any 5 for \$1

FREE carryall with membership



with membership

How the Science Fiction Book Club® works:

You'll receive your choice of any 5 books on this page for only \$1 (plus shipping and handling) after your application for membership is accepted. We reserve the right to reject any application. However, once accepted as a member, you may examine the books in your home and, if not completely satisfied, return them within 10 days at Club expense. Your membership will be cancelled and you'll owe nothing. The FREE carryall will be yours to keep whether or not you remain a member.

About every 4 weeks (14 times a year), we'll send you the Club's bulletin, *Things to Come*, describing the 2 coming Selections and a variety of Alternate choices. In addition, up to 4 times a year you may receive offers of special Selections, always at low Club prices. If you want the 2 Selections, you need do nothing; they'll be shipped automatically. If you don't want a Selection, prefer an Alternate, or no book

at all, just fill out the convenient form always provided and return it to us by the date specified. We allow you at least 10 days for making your decision. If you do not receive the form in time to respond within 10 days and receive an unwanted Selection, you may return it at our expense.

As a member you need buy only 4 books at regular low Club prices during the coming year. You may resign at any time thereafter or continue to enjoy Club benefits for as long as you wish. One of the 2 Selections each month is only \$4.98. Other Selections are higher, but always much less than hardcover publishers' editions—up to 65% off. The Club offers more than 300 books to choose from. A shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments. Send no money now, but do mail the coupon today!

NOTE: Prices shown are publishers' edition prices.
* Explicit scenes and/or language may be offensive to some.

COMPLETE AND MAIL THIS COUPON TO:

Science Fiction Book Club®
Dept. AS-339, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

I want the best SF in or out of this world! Please accept my application for membership in the Science Fiction Book Club. Send me the 5 books I have numbered in the boxes below, and bill me just \$1 (plus shipping and handling). I agree to the Club Plan as described in this ad, will take 4 more books at regular low Club prices in the coming year, and may resign any time thereafter. The FREE carryall will be mine to keep whether or not I remain a member. SFBC offers serious works for mature readers.

1.	2.	3.	4.	5.
Mr. _____				
Ms. _____ (Please print)				
Address _____				Apt. # _____
City _____			State _____	Zip _____

If under 18, parent must sign.

The Science Fiction Book Club offers its own complete hardbound editions sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save you even more. Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Offer slightly different in Canada.

84-S226H

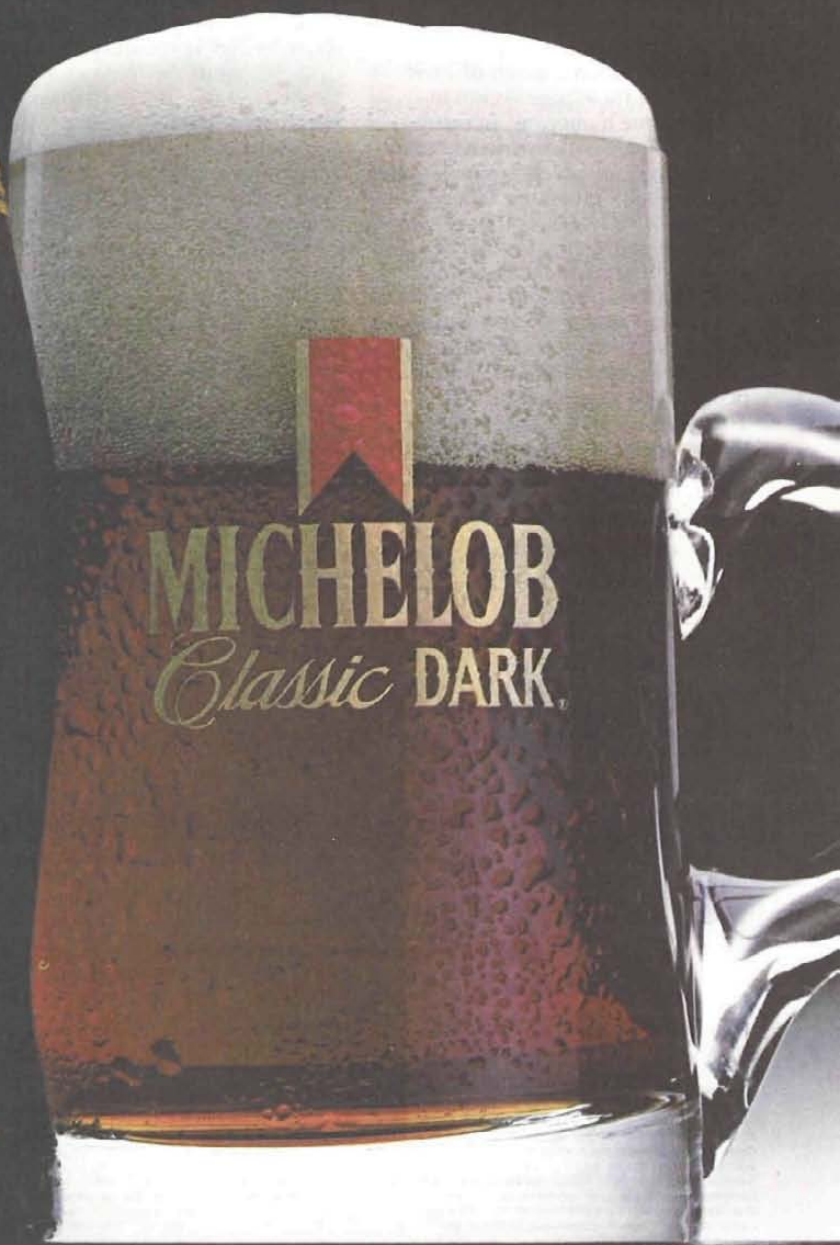
CONTENTS

- 6 Editorial
- 8 Mario M. Cuomo Mirrors
- 10 Jeff Greenfield The Collapse of Civilization
- 12 John D. MacDonald Exploitation of Grief
- 13 Howard Fast Our Race Toward Extinction
Julie Simmons-Lynch Names
Leonard Stern Disruptive Ads
- 14 Professor Irwin Corey This Is Ridiculous
- 16 Phyllis Diller Phone Conversations
- 18 Cleveland Amory Servants
- 20 Doc Pomus Stealing My Songs
- 22 Wendy O. Williams Crotch Grabbers
- 24 Charles Bukowski putrefaction
- 26 Chuck Barris Johnny Carson
Dr. Joyce Brothers Traffic Cops
Way Bandy Friends
Mickey Rooney Complacency
Dina Merrill Gum
- 28 Roxanne Pulitzer Trumpets
Don Gould Car Alarms
Ted Nugent The Liberal Press
Robin Leach The Rich
- 29 Marilyn Beck The Spago Syndrome
Red Buttons Getting Mad
- 30 Eli Wallach Politicians
Rich Little Nightclub Drunks
Dee Wallace Stone Promises
Henny Youngman Dirty Jokes
Harold Prince Trivia
Phyllis Newman Sunday in New York
- 31 Tim Matheson Advice
- 32 Judith Jacklin Belushi Portrait of an Angry Artist
- 36 John Waters Hatchet Piece (101 Things I Hate)
- 38 Harvey Fierstein Homophobia
- 40 Harry Dean Stanton Left Turns, Etc.
- 41 Edward I. Koch Striped Bass
- 42 Buddy Hickerson Mr. Vengeance
- 43 Drew Barrymore Grown-ups
John Stewart Attacks on Christians
Tim McCarver Stupid Questions
Brooke Shields Grabbers
- 44 Susan Scidelman Late-Night Reruns
Brandon Tartikoff Television
Kal Rudman Disc Jockeys
Anita O'Day Flight Attendants and Waitresses
- 45 Lamb Chop Violence, Etc.
Holly Johnson (Frankie Goes to Hollywood) Critics
Cliff Robertson People Who Are Mad As Hell
- 46 Fred Willard Out to Lunch
Erich Segal Snobs, Etc.
Tovah Feldshuh Terrorists
Seka Odds and Ends
- 47 Thomas R. Short I Hate Cute
- 48 Ron Barrett Politicnessman
- 49 Stephen Furst The Person In Front Of Me
Marvin Mitchelson Reluctant Spouses
Elmore Leonard Attitudes and Objects
Chevy Chase Cheap Magazines
- 50 Ed Subitzky Mad As Hell Comics!
- 51 Francesco Scavullo My Driveway
Fred Gwynne Just Plain Mad
Jane Alexander Noise
Dick Clark Idiots Who Write on Rocks
Gilbert Gottfried Assorted Things
- 52 Gahan Wilson I'm Mad As Hell at the Following Types
and Think They Should Be Taken Out and Shot
- 54 Mark Green AIM and Tax Reform
- 55 Nat Hentoff Misguided Liberals
- 56 Howard Jarvis Uncontrolled Government
- 57 Allen Ginsberg The Moral Majority
- 58 John Weidman George Steinbrenner
P. J. O'Rourke Milk Carton Kids
William M. Gaines City Garages
- 59 Zoc Tamerlis A Lot
- 60 Larry "Bozo" Harmon Running for President
- 61 Dick Gautier The S.A.M.G.
- 62 John A. Keel Public Toilets
- 63 Al Goldstein Air Travel
- 64 Tuli Kupferberg America You Love Me (A Satire)
- 65 David Brown Unfavorite Things
- 66 Roger Price Human Arrogance
- 67 Michael York Junk Mail, Etc.
- 68 Eileen Fulton Nipples
- 69 Andrew M. Greeley People and Priests
- 70 Shary Flenniken Trots and Bonnie in a Huff
- 72 Paul Krassner Suppression of Humor
- 74 Nat Lehrman Assorted Complaints
Cindy Adams My Husband
- 75 Albert Shanker The Lot of Teachers
- 76 Sandra Bernhard The Little Things
- 77 Roy Cohn Phone Companies and Air Travel
- 78 Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw Mad Infinitum
- 84 Maureen Stapleton Line Jumpers
A. Wayne Carter Dust
Richard Belzer Hulk Hogan and Mr. T
Sherry Coben Ronald Reagan
- 85 Nancy K. Austin Airline Courtesy Clubs
Bruce Herschensohn World War III
- 86 Rita Rudner Closing the A&P
- 88 Tom Clancy Lawyers
- 91 Mel Tolkin The Ten Most Hateful Men in America
Blanche Knott Issues Like This
George Mazzei New Inventions
Helen Gurley Brown Nothing
Jay Johnstone Hotel Switchboard Operators
- 98 Ronald Reagan Meanwhile, Back at the Ranch...

THE RICHNESS OF DARK BEER.
THE SMOOTHNESS OF MICHELOB.[™]

Michelob invites you to enjoy an exceptional dark beer. Michelob Classic Dark.

It's a rare combination of the robust flavor of dark beer with the classic smooth and mellow taste that comes from one beer alone. Michelob. WHERE YOU'RE GOING, IT'S MICHELOB.



EDITORIAL

This issue of the *National Lampoon* is completely different from any other issue of the magazine published in its more-than-fifteen-year history. It has, first of all, basically been written by guest contributors, most of whom are not humorists. Second, much of what appears on these pages is not intended to be humorous. In many cases, the text is an expression of absolute anger, or, at least, pique. Other "mad as hell" pieces are indeed written humorously. It's a mixture. And it's a fascinating first for this or possibly any other national magazine.

You will read reflections here from governors and mayors and actors and authors and rock stars and directors and other celebrities, and some from people who are not celebrities. They're just "mad," and, we think, they express that anger interestingly. Why have we done this?

Maybe because there is so much to be mad about these days. Maybe because we're all so well informed, so exposed to so many things because of television, we've learned to react—good or bad—more than we ever have before. It's healthy to be "mad as hell" about things you think are wrong. Apathy is a dangerous lack of a state of mind.

Why this departure from an editorial policy which is always all-humor and usually mostly fiction? Because we think it's an idea that works, and innovation is mostly what we're about.

And anyway, we took a vote of the entire staff. There was one vote for doing the issue, and nineteen votes against it.

So I won.



Matty Simmons
Editor in Chief

PLEASE NOTE:

Everything you will read in this issue is authentic. Not one word has been written by the staff of the *National Lampoon*. What follows on these pages is an outpouring of emotion, sometimes ironic, sometimes outraged, sometimes caustic, sometimes tongue in cheek. We have gone to great lengths to provide a balance of viewpoints in this issue. You most certainly will not agree with all of the celebrated voices featured on these pages. We hope you will agree that they are all voices worth hearing.

Editor in Chief: **Matty Simmons**

Executive Editor: **Larry "Ratso" Sloman** Editors: **Andy Simmons, Michael Simmons, Peter Kleinman**

Copy Editor: **Diane Giddis** Editorial Associate: **Carol Epstein**

Production Art Director: **Chris Howland** Art Administrator: **Jodi Sh. Doff**

Art Associates: **Sheryl Cooper, Liz Grace**

Contributing Editors: **John Bendel, Lance Contrucci, Josh Alan Friedman, Mark Groubert, Tony Kisch, Ed Subitzky, Gerald Sussman, John Waters, Patrick Weathers, Ellis Weiner**

Contributing Artists: **Ron Barrett, M. K. Brown, John Caldwell, Shary Flenniken, Drew Friedman, Rick Geary, Sam Gross, R. G. Harris, Buddy Hickerson, Randy Jones, Angus McKie, Rick Meyerowitz, Bob Rakita, Charles Rodrigues, Marc Taffet, B. K. Taylor**

Publisher: **George S. Agolia**

Advertising Production Director: **Howard Jurofsky** Production Assistant: **Sandy Perez**

Chairman and President: **Matty Simmons**

Chairman, Executive Committee: **Leonard Mogel** Executive Vice-President: **George S. Agolia**
Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales: **Howard Jurofsky** Controller: **Walter Garibaldi**

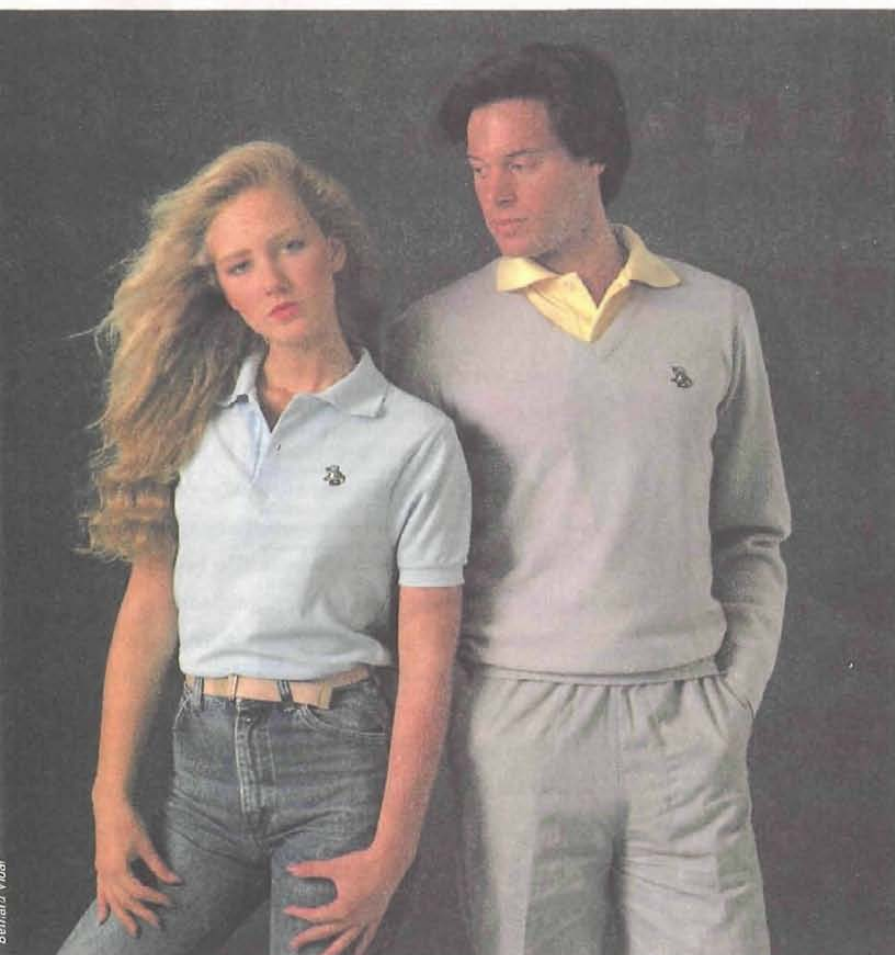
Advertising Offices, New York: The Patts Group, 1 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, (212) 686-8400. Les Kent. **Midwest:** The Guenther Company, River Plaza, Suite 4509, 405 N. Wabash, Chicago, Ill. 60611, (312) 670-6800. Joseph Guenther. **West Coast:** The Patts Group, 1800 N. Highland Avenue, Hollywood, Calif. 90028, (213) 462-2700. Craig Rexford. **South:** Brown & Company, 5110 Roswell Road, Marietta, Ga. 30062, (404) 998-2889. Byron Brown. **Eastern and Midwestern Canada:** Carveth Advertising Sales, P.O. Station "F" Bag 598, Charles Street, E. Toronto, Ontario, Canada, (416) 921-7598. Arthur Carveth.

National Lampoon Magazine (ISSN 0027-9587): Published monthly by NL Communications, Inc. "National Lampoon" is a registered trademark of NL Communications, Inc. The Lampoon name is used with the permission of The Harvard Lampoon, Inc. Copyright © 1985, NL Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. **Subscriptions:** \$11.95 paid annual subscription, \$17.95 paid two-year subscription, and \$24.95 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$5.00 outside territorial U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

Change of Address: Subscriber, please send change of address to Subscription Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. **Postmaster:** Please address changes to: Subscription Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. **Advertising Information:** National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 686-4070. Exclusive of the *National Lampoon* True Section, all incidents, situations, and products depicted or described in the editorial pages of *National Lampoon* are fictional, and any similarity, without satiric intent, of characters presented therein to living persons is coincidental. The editors of *National Lampoon* accept reader submissions of photos, clippings, and other items for inclusion in the *National Lampoon* True Section. Upon receipt these items become the exclusive property of *National Lampoon*. Other than True Section submissions, *National Lampoon* does not accept any unsolicited material of any kind.

Now Offering Shirts and Fine Sweaters from

FROG



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

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

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

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

FROG

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

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

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

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

GRAY: small medium large
 BLACK: small medium large
 CAMEL: small medium large
 BLUE: small medium large

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

I enclose \$ _____ to:

National Lampoon, Dept. 1185
 635 Madison Avenue
 New York, N.Y. 10022

New York residents, please add 8¼ percent sales tax.

Polo shirts available in:



White



Blue



Yellow



Green



Gray



Camel

Sweaters available in:



Gray



Black



Camel

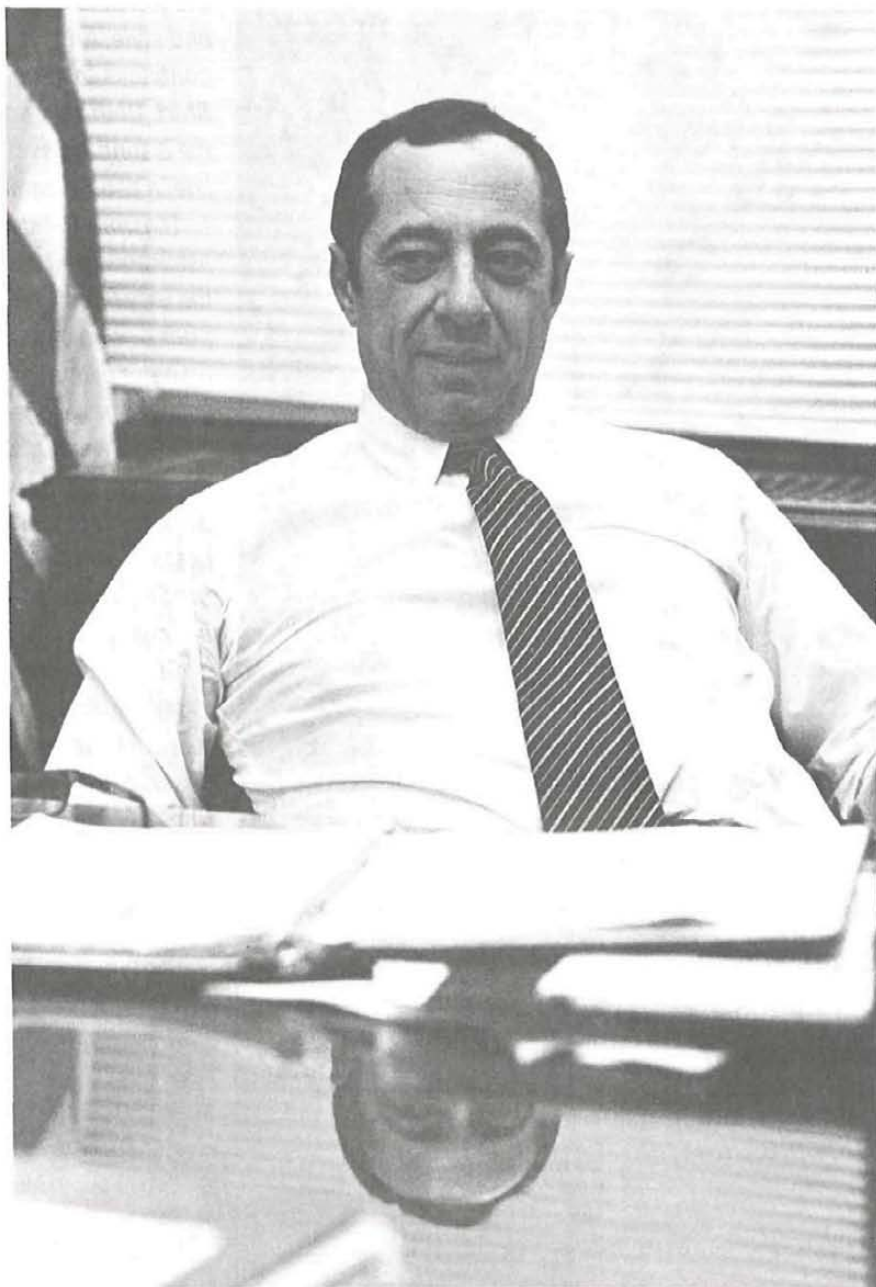


Blue

Frog logo
 by cartoonist
 Sam Gross

MARIO M. CUOMO

Mirrors



I am mad at mirrors. They are multiplying obscenely, confronting me at every turn...with myself.

At my age, mirrors serve only as a reproach. They magnify the retreat of my hairline, the breadth of my nose,

the size of the bags under my eyes.

I don't need them reflecting my every wrinkle in lobbies, elevators, and restaurants, or creating the illusion in cramped rest rooms that I am sharing space with a stranger.

Such ubiquitousness compels the kind of self-scrutiny once reserved only for my soul.

That is bad for my image.
Mario M. Cuomo is governor of the state of New York.

W

hat is it? Come on, guess. Pick the magazine up and turn it over and over and shake it gently to see if it rattles. "Hmmm..." you say, "what could it possibly be?" Give up? Why, it's *money!* Yes, fabulous, wonderful money—secret treasure of the moderns. Isn't it nice? We knew you'd love

it. It goes with everything, and it's always in good taste to have plenty of beautiful, fashionable money. Don't you think so? Say thank you.

What? What's that? You say you don't see any money? Well...to tell the absolute completely honest truth, we aren't giving you any money after all. What we're giving you is a gift certificate. And all you can get with it is a five-dollar discount on a subscription to the same magazine that gave it to you. Some treat, huh? Oh well, at least it's *sort of* like money. I mean you can buy something with it. *Part of* something, anyway. Well, part of *one* thing, actually. If you were prettier, it might have been a nice brooch.

Okay, now, fill in your name, address, and anything else asked for in the certificate, write out a check for the term of subscription to the *National Lampoon* you would like (one year, two years, or three years), subtracting *five dollars* from the amount listed for each of those periods. For example, if you want a one-year subscription, which normally costs \$11.95, subtract five bucks and write out a check for \$6.95. If you have no check of your own, get a money order or bank check. You still get the five-dollar savings. If you have a checking account but there's no money in it, don't—let's repeat that—don't send it to us. Send it to *Playboy*.

Now, you get the same five-dollar savings for a two- or three-year subscription; merely deduct the five dollars and send in your payment and the gift certificate.

When we get your money, we'll rush down to the post office and mail you your first copy of the *National Lampoon*. If you don't like the magazine, write to us and we'll return your copy of the gift certificate to you.



A SPECIAL GIFT FOR OUR READERS

Thank you, Mr. Publisher, for giving me \$5.00 toward a subscription to the *National Lampoon*. You're a hell of a sweet guy! I've checked off the term of the subscription I want, so rush me my first issue.

Make all checks payable to:
National Lampoon Dept. NL 1185
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

One-year subscription \$11.95 (Deduct \$5.00) Two-year subscription \$17.95 (Deduct \$5.00)
Three-year subscription \$22.95 (Deduct \$5.00)

For each year, add \$5.00 for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.
All checks must be payable within continental U.S. or Canada.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

JEFF GREENFIELD

The Collapse of Civilization

Innocent passengers are plucked out of the sky by gun-waving lunatics; frail old women are mowed down on city streets by taxicab drivers for whom a red light is a signal to shift into overdrive; on public newsstands, magazine covers display what were once called private parts with the clinical detail once confined to gynecological encyclopedias; on television, million-dollar-a-year mannequins pollute the morning airwaves with banalities suggesting that the sparkle in their eyes is coming from the holes in the backs of their heads.

All around us are the unmistakable signs of the collapse of civilization as we know it. Daily, from editorial pages, pulpits, and the sides of milk cartons, prophets of doom demand that something, anything, be done to halt the accelerating descent of humanity into hell in a handbasket.

Where did it all begin? And what can be done?

It began, I have recently discovered, not with the birth of modern totalitarianism, nor with the birth of nuclear weapons, nor with the invention of the first batch of processed cheese-food. No, the first clear bellwether of terminal decay occurred on January 1, 1928, at the Bijou Theatre in Rapid City, South Dakota. There, during a showing of *The Jazz Singer*, Mrs. Mabel Snupp turned to her husband, Waldo, in the middle of the heart-wrenching confrontation between father and son and said in a piercing voice, "Do Jews really wear those funny hats, Waldo? Don't their horns get in the way?"

With that astute observation, Mrs. Snupp became the first person known to have interrupted crucial dialogue of a motion picture in order to utter an inane, intrusive, utterly irrelevant observation with no regard whatever for the other moviegoers. Then and there was born the spirit of obnoxious indifference to the rights of others that has come to characterize our time.

Now it may be that I am unusually sensitive to the practice of chattering away at the movies; indeed, I happen to know, as a matter of indisputable fact, that I was, at birth, placed on a list of victims to be tortured by a



group of Cinema Terrorists each and every time I go to see a movie. It doesn't matter whether I am at a theater in the heart of downtown Manhattan or at a cozy movie house in upstate New York. Oh, sure, the comments change: at the Loews Herpes Simplex, or whatever they call the urban movie theaters now, the comments tend to be more, ah, earthy. ("C'mon, chump! Put it to the bitch! Tighten her up!") Rural Americans, by contrast, tend to the more ingenuous ("Say, Elmo, is that London?" "I think the Eiffel Tower is someplace else, Esmé.") But the intention—to deprive me of my sanity—is the same.

I once came close to evading those tormentors by buying a seat during a movie premiere designed to raise funds for Gallaudet College for the Deaf. The Cinema Terrorists discovered my ruse, however, and contrived to have me seated directly in front of two deaf-mutes who signed to each other by snapping their fingers throughout the screening of *Citizen Kane*. For years I believed the last word spoken by Charles Foster Kane

was "rowboat."

As I have matured, however, I have come to realize that the practice of talking during movies has had a far broader effect than to destroy my evenings of pleasure. It has, I am convinced, spawned most of the more horrendous affronts to civilized existence in the last quarter of the twentieth century.

In the first place, the habit has been picked up by otherwise decent individuals who have no proven connection with the band of Cinema Terrorists originally organized to make my moviegoing experiences a fit subject for the files of Amnesty International. These dupes, I now believe, have come to be afflicted by the disease of solipsism: the philosophical belief that holds that all existence is nothing more than a series of perceptions created by a single mind. In other words, nothing outside the single individual exists.

How else explain the utter guiltlessness of the moviegoer who, chomping down a package of pork rinds, turns to his companion in the midst

of a murder mystery set in a country house and says, "Say, that's a terrific house. I bet it costs \$150,000, maybe \$200,000." His companion, also a solipsist (never mind the philosophical contradiction here), replies, "Are you crazy, Murray bought a home in Kent last year that went \$275,000 easy."

How explain the complete lack of concern on the part of a filmgoer who, watching the chase scene in *The French Connection*, tells her spouse, "You know, the car's been making some funny kind of noise lately when I put it in reverse. You know, *chukka, chukka, ping*. I'll take it to Sid's on Friday."

"Sid!" her husband will scream, prompting three unfortunates in front of the couple to spill out of their seats. "The man's a thief! Two hundred bucks for a lube job? He'll die before I go back to him!"

These people have suffered no form of retribution; they have never been hurled bodily out of a movie theater; they have not had their tires slashed by outraged cinema citizens. And so they have taken the lesson learned in the movie palaces and brought those lessons out into the world.

If it is appropriate to behave in a movie theater as though no other human beings existed anywhere in the world, then why not run the car through a red light? Who cares about the mother wheeling her baby in a carriage across the street? They don't really exist, either. Who cares about the shopkeeper turning over the day's receipts to a gang of hoodlums at gunpoint? He isn't any more real than the people who sat in abject silence during the film; blow the turkey away!

Second, and much more important, America is the cultural colossus of the globe. Across the planet, people who never heard of America drink our soft drinks, eat our hamburgers, and devour our television shows and—most significant—our movies. It is by now clear that the practice of our Cinema Terrorists is the key explanation for the outbreak of other forms of terrorism around the world.

What, after all, is the difference in moral terms between hijacking an airliner, thus depriving passengers of their travel expectations, and "hijacking," if you will, a film, thus keeping moviegoers in the grip of frustration and anger? While there have been no conclusive studies, it seems to me utterly clear that the international thugs who now blow up airport lockers and embassies first experienced the perverse thrill of sadistic torture at the local camel drive-in many years ago. Perhaps it was during a showing of *The Devil and Daniel Webster* that

There may be Walkerschnappers right in your neighborhood.

they first began disrupting the theaters with cries of "Down with the Great Satan!" Maybe it was in the middle of *The Ten Commandments* that they yelled back at Charlton Heston, "God is great!"

Whatever the exact words, I believe that it was in the darkened dream palaces of the Third World, in the casual yammerings of Shiite, Druse, and Maoist, that the specter of international terrorism was born.

Here, then, is the answer to the dilemma that has bedeviled such internationally prominent windbags as Henry Kissinger, Alexander Haig, and Margaret Thatcher. While these worthies urge the West to bomb Iran's Kharg Island or the Bekaa Valley, while world-class wimps such as Ramsey Clark tell us to cede Montana to the Hezbollah and sing folk songs to turn away wrath, the genuine answer to the scourge of terrorism is right in front of our noses.

A small band of cinema counter-terrorists should be placed in every movie theater, large and small, all around the world. As soon as a movie-talker is spotted, the techniques of undercover retaliation should be instantly deployed. There must be no pantywaist restraint here:

poisoned popcorn, silent pistols, explosive plastique disguised as chewing gum under the seats, voice-activated bombs, all are appropriate, measured, proportionate responses to these malefactors.

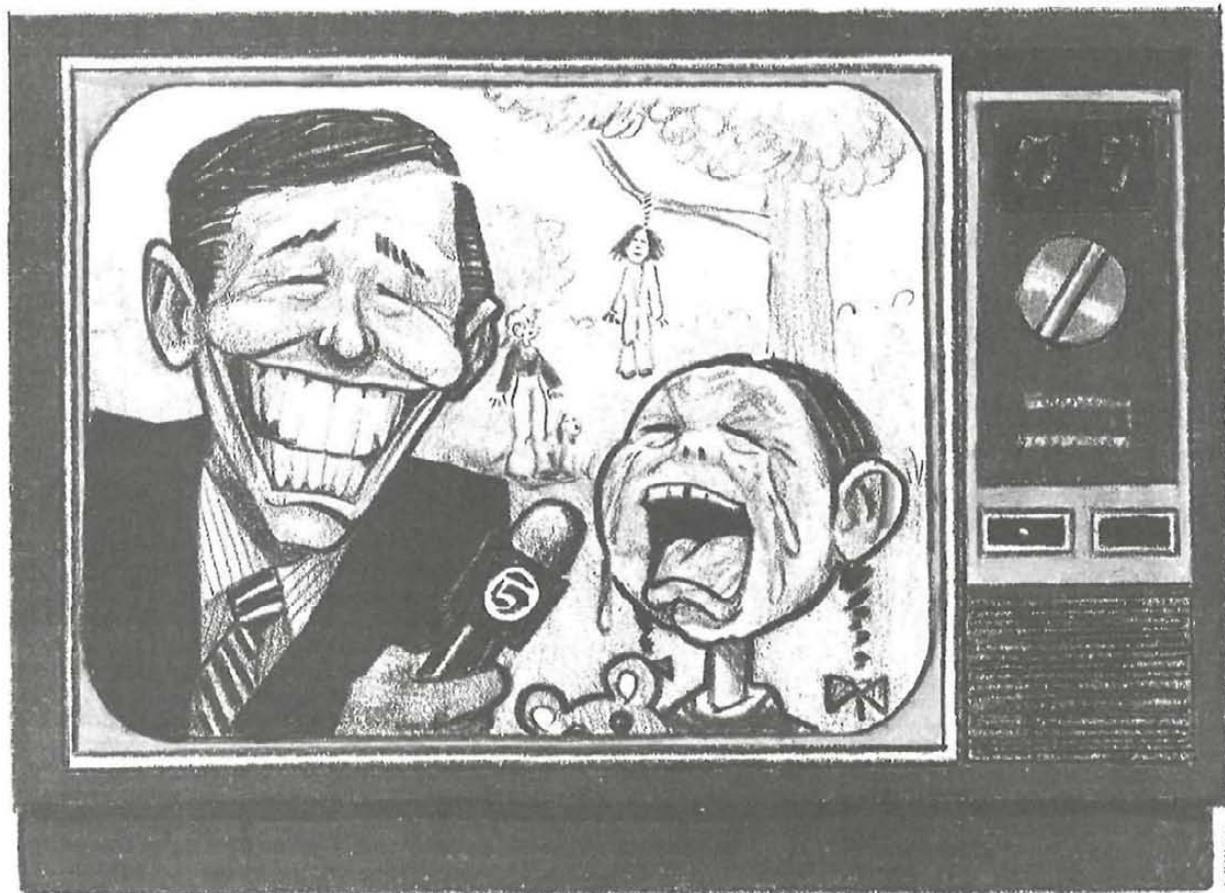
A few choice liquidations and we shall begin to see a measure of hesitancy—even fear—clutch the voiceboxes of these barbarians. Within a few months movie audiences here, and then around the world, will be able to divine the plot lines and character twists of films. From that experience will emerge genuine, rapidly mounting outrage at the other forms of terrorism in our midst. And when passive tolerance of these acts stops, so will the acts themselves.

The cost will be high; the hour is late; the job immense. But the reward will be a safer world, a world in which the innocents among us can wander free; a world in which children are not made the pawns of fanatics; and yes, a world in which we will be able to hear who killed Norman Bates's mother the very first time we see *Psycho*.

Jeff Greenfield is an ABC News analyst and syndicated columnist. He is a former contributing editor to the National Lampoon.

JOHN D. MACDONALD

Exploitation of Grief



Jeff Wong

Charlie, here's what you do. The kid is like seven years old, named Karen, I think. Anyway, you get her out of the house and into the backyard, and you, Jake, you get her in the right light with the tree in the background. *The tree, understand?* Then, Charlie, what you ask her is this, in a nice warm voice, you know: 'Karen, honey, how did you feel when you came home from school and found your daddy hanging dead from this tree here?' Jake, I want an extreme close-up. And you guys, dead silence after the question. Give the kid a chance to break up for the camera."

As a confirmed news junkie, watching local news and, whenever possible, at least two of the networks, I am increasingly furious at the trend in local and national news for more and

more invasions of the privacy of grief, and the jackass questions the young Airedales use to prime the tear ducts.

"Mrs. Brown, what did you think when the hurricane smashed your home?"

"Mr. Collins, what was your reaction to the death of your newborn quintuplets?"

"Miss Green, what was your thinking when they arrested your brother for the murder of his wife?"

All these people in crisis condition have watched a lot of television. Now the lights and lenses are on them. In their genuine shock and grief they have no one to emulate but those gilded, glossy, improbable, two-dimensional actors in the soap operas, empty people who make a living giving dramatic and inaccurate imitations of reality.

And so the lens comes in tight and

close to capture thirty-two seconds of an imitation of an imitation of pathos.

Grief is one of the strongest emotions we can experience. It is personal and private and wrenchingly solitary. Moving into this area of the human heart with jaunty boob questions is damned bad manners and damned tacky television, akin to the sob sister features in the tabloids of long ago. And one senses the gross callousness of both the questioner and the person aiming the camera.

Let us band together and give those Airedales some striking shots of the backs of our mourning heads, and no words at all.

John D. MacDonald is one of this country's premier mystery writers. He is the author of more than seventy novels, including A Flash of Green and A Key to the Suite.

HOWARD FAST

Our Race Toward Extinction

I am madder than hell about a lot of things, but mostly about the ghosts of Adolf Hitler that have taken up residence in Washington. When I hear the president of the United States talking about Nicaragua, a tiny country of three million poor people, in precisely the same terms that Adolf Hitler used to varnish his invasions of Poland and Czechoslovakia, I exercise the right to be madder than hell.

Mad? Who has a better right to be madder than hell than any decent American citizen who watches his country bled dry by crooked armament manufacturers with their ex-Pentagon executives. Millions are underfed. Our cities crumble. Our railroads are put on hold, and our educational system doesn't educate; but goddamn it, we make the best atom bombs the world has ever seen. We have enough atom bombs to wipe out the entire population of the earth fifty times over, because believe me, there are big bucks in making bombs and all the munitions makers would go broke if we stopped making guns and such; and if that doesn't make me madder than hell, I don't know what would.

Russia: Can you imagine what would happen if there were no Russia? All those freeloaders in Washington might have to turn out and do a day's work for their daily bread, instead of running a lunatic race toward annihilation. Think of it—a whole city of overpaid semi-cretins, living year after year on the money you and I pay in taxes while the country goes to ruin, and if that doesn't make me madder than hell, I don't know what would.

I am mad, and nervous too, because the hand on the button belongs to a semiliterate old man, unread and uneducated, a man without memory or compassion, a man who cannot separate fantasy from reality or myth from history, and what makes me madder than hell is the fact that in the entire country there is no major newspaper, magazine,* television network, or "independent" station that will say what I have said here, in simple words, without crapping around and without all the mounds of bullshit

*Excepting the *National Lampoon*, if this sees print.

Your office could be crawling with Walkerschnappers.

that decorate the euphemisms they feed us as the "truth."

So I am madder than hell. Not that it does much good, but at least it's an antidote to closing one's eyes and brown-nosing the establishment while we all of us ass-lick our way toward extinction.

Howard Fast has written numerous novels, including Citizen Tom Paine and the recent The Outsider.

JULIE SIMMONS- LYNCH Names

I get mad as hell when science fiction writers give their characters supposedly futuristic names like Metalor or Microchipatina or Illuminéc. What are they, crazy? Whatever happened to Skippy...or Abe...or Joyce? Do sf writers think that once we hit the twenty-first century, our children's children will don these ridiculous names? Will Dick, Jane, and Spot be replaced by Klunk, Lunor, and Nip-

nip? Pleasant middle-of-the-road names have been a mainstay in this world thus far, and as long as I'm of child-producing age, I'm sticking to the norm. Like Moon Unit.

Julie Simmons-Lynch is the editor in chief of Heavy Metal magazine.

LEONARD STERN Disruptive Ads

Haven't we been victimized long enough by magazines and newspapers which edit stories with only revenue in mind?? We cannot allow them to continue their practice of forcing the reader through a maze of advertisements by having him or her turn page after page in order to finish

(Continued on page 5)

Leonard Stern is an award-winning writer, director, and reluctant producer whose credits include Sergeant Bilko, The Honcymooners, The Steve Allen Show, Get Smart, and McMillan and Wife. He is also the author of the forthcoming humorous collection of letters, Dear Attila the Hun.

PROF. IRWIN COREY

This Is Ridiculous



When I was first approached to give my pet peeves and write about what I really disliked, and what annoyed me, and what upset me, it was not so much the question that seemed to permeate not only the train of thought, but the entire direction it was headed. Now, what is hate? A lot of people ask the same question. To get an answer would be only to go into detail, to explain the periphery and also the content, which is the most important part of any answer. Now, hate is very important. Many people feel that love is desired more, but let's face it, love

and hate are two different emotions based on the same thing. For instance, love is thin and withers away, but hate endures. And without hate, revenge would mean nothing! Now, what do I hate?... Ballroom dancing! Let's face it, the ballroom dancer takes his partner, or her partner, whichever it might be, and twists her over his head, and then throws her on the floor like an apache dance team, I mean this is ridiculous! Not only ridiculous, but it is fun! Not for those couples who are going to get hit, however, by the people who are flying around in the air after they've

been tossed away by their partners.

There are other things that really burn me up. I voted for Reagan four times. Now, that was the first time he ran. The second time he ran I figured, well, nobody has to vote for him, he's gonna get in on the basis of the overflow from the last election, where there were so many votes he didn't need that he said he'd use 'em later and he put them in the vote bank.

I love to hate, and that's one of the things I appreciate your concern about. I loved hate right from the very beginning. It's a wonderful thing to hate, and it's very American. It

gives you strength, and it gives you a reason to yell, which is very important, for it allows the bile to be secreted through the pancreas.

Animals in the zoo, I hate. In fact, I hate the entire animal kingdom. Not one is unemployed, not one is on welfare, not one does anything. They just walk around and eat. It's true, I wouldn't eat the stuff they do, but they don't have to pay for it. In fact, there's more pet food produced in America than the entire allotment to poor people on food stamps. And that's another thing I hate. The glue on the food stamps tastes terrible!!! That was Reagan's doing. I remember, years ago, they had strawberry, they had licorice....

Another thing I hate, you have to contribute more to Social Security than you get back. And I hate when Reagan says the war budget is only 25 percent of the total. He's including Social Security, which is not part of the revenues. It is an independently funded entity. Completely apart from the budget or the deficit. Another thing I hate is Reagan's union-busting tactics. Ronald Reagan told the Polish people, go out on strike, and he would help them, support them, encourage them, and even finance them, and then he turns around and fires the entire PATCO union. I thought they were part of Solidarity.

I hate the Supreme Court when it gives an opinion of 5-4. If there is a shadow of a doubt, that means it must be reviewed again. I hate split decisions. Either he's a good fighter or he's not. One guy can't say he fought better and two guys say he fought worse. It shouldn't work out that way. Another thing I hate is boxing! After all, God has given us the temple to house our souls. And we can't fuck around with it. You can touch it a little, but you can't hit it. You can pat it, you can kiss it, but you can't punch it. Remember, Thou Shalt Not Punch was the first commandment. They didn't know anything about killing in those days, 'cause there was nobody, just Adam and Eve, and they just fucked around, they didn't kill anybody.

And I hate people who don't believe Mengele's dead. He's dead, he's dead! I mean, when he came out and personally identified all those bones, I mean, who should know those bones better than himself. He's lived with those bones, I mean, for sixty-nine, seventy-two, seventy-three, and seventy-five years. Now, hasn't he paid enough? He may have been responsible for the deaths of millions, but he himself has died nearly half a dozen times!!!

And finally, the last thing I hate is

Your best friend may be a Walkerschnapper.

you cheap bastards. Twenty-three cents a word! You know how long it took me to learn the words, to learn the English language? The syntax alone is worth another 8.25 percent. The verbal anomalies, the adverbs, the conjunctions, the juxtapositions, the diphthongs, you gotta remember all these things, and you're giving me a lousy twenty-three cents! You might use this article to show the difference between private ownership of the means of words and the words that get paid for it. For instance, twenty-three cents a word. Look at a word like "kakistocracy." Huh? How many people you know even know that

word? Do you know what I had to do to find this word? Many people thought I made it up. Well, actually, some parts of it I did make up, like *kako*, from the Greek, meaning bad, or from the Yiddish *kaka*, meaning shmutz, and *kratia*, meaning we're run by a shit government of the worst people. And you only want to give twenty-three cents for that word. That word alone is worth thirty-eight bucks! Look at it. Examine it. If you don't like it, send it back after ten days and we give you another word, okay?

Irwin Corey is "the world's foremost authority."



PHYLLIS DILLER

Phone Conversations

I want to talk about the telephone, its use and misuse. People who allow small children to answer the phone should get *the chair*.

It's a real thrill to be late for an airplane and call a business associate from a pay phone where every few minutes you have to deposit another coin to keep the thing going and you have Susie on the line saying, "Hi..."

"Put your daddy on the phone, dear."

"Dada gumba lot ak founa."

"What's your name, honey?"

"My nima fa rou al unna las an to."

By the time Daddy gets on the phone I've popped a vein in my head, had three strokes, and blown a fuse.

Another heinous phone crime is the know-it-all who calls your number and says, "Is this Heidi?" I say, "Who's calling, please?"

He says: "Is this Ingrid?"

"No. Who's calling?"

"Is this Phyllis?"

"You called me. You invaded my privacy and you refuse to identify yourself. Why should you know who I am if you won't tell me who you are?"

"Who is this?"

This is when I hang up. To hell with them!

Proper phone etiquette when you are the caller is: "Jane Snoghook calling Jasper Pippingoose." This simple salutation comprising all the facts saves eighteen unnecessary sentences and prevents high blood pressure.

Another egregious error callees make is not to have pad and pencil *by the phone*.

I once called a friend whose maid, who barely spoke English, said, "Wait till I find a pencil." I waited. I was calling long-distance.

She came back and said, "Now I've got to find some paper."

She was gone from the phone so long I felt she must have gone to the store for the paper.

While I waited I wondered if she expected to memorize all messages that came in while her employer was out, including lots of complicated numbers and addresses.

I wish people who hire help who



Peter Klarrman

are going to answer the phone would take into consideration that most people calling speak only English in this country.

One day I called and said, "Phyllis Diller calling Joe Dunlap" and got "*Yo solamente trabajo aqui viernes y yo no se quin vive aqui.*"

On another occasion I called my friend Bob Hope and got a crisp, breathy 調加上晚上 問：這兩 個詞

It is rude to call someone and start out "Is this Joe?" It's none of your business who has answered until you have identified yourself.

Then there's your drunk friend who calls at 3:00 A.M. the night before you're arising at 5:00 to catch a plane to London. He loves you more at 3:00 A.M. than he has ever loved you before and he tells you and tells you and tells you.

"I was just sittin' here thinkin' 'bout you and I thought I ought to call ya and tell ya how much I love you. You know, I really love you. I

have always loved you and I will always love you. You know that, don't you? You and I have somethin' wunnerful. It's because I love you and I keep thinkin' 'bout how I love you..."

Then we deal with the long-winded airhead who suffers from an advanced case of telephonitis. *You* are busy but he has nothing to do. He is going to go on and on ad infinitum.

I have a little electric push bell by my phone, and after a decent two minutes of senseless prattle I ring it and say, "Excuse me while I get the other line." Then I come back and say, "I have a call from Japan that I have to take. I'll call you back." Then I *leave* for Japan.

Another way to handle the long-winded caller is to have magazines and books by the telephone. One time during a call from my dear friend Helen Hopkins, I finished *Gone with the Wind*.

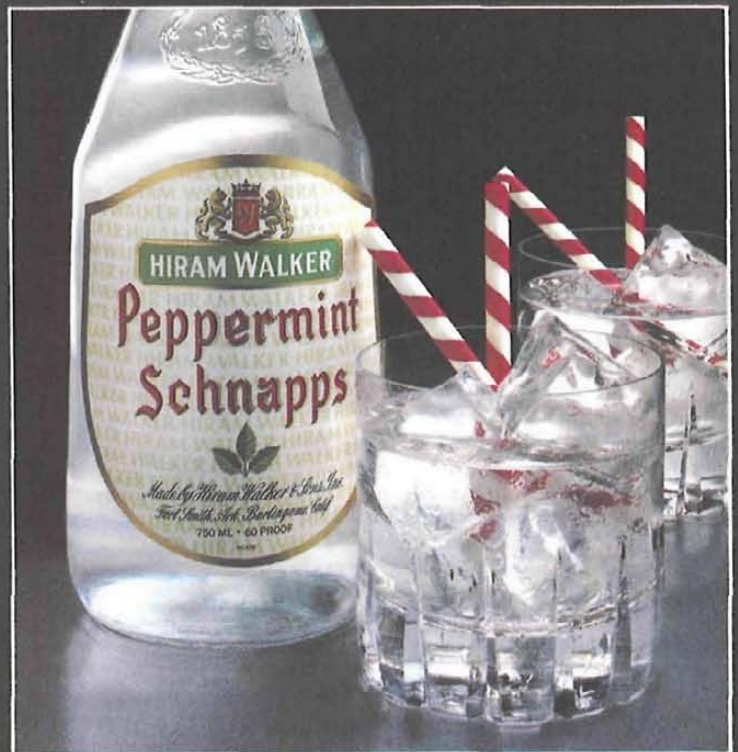
Phyllis Diller is one of America's leading comediennees.



COMING NEXT MONTH: OUR YEAR-END GALA VIOLENCE, MAYHEM, REVENGE, AND MERRY CHRISTMAS ISSUE, FEATURING: OUR CHRISTMAS GIFT LIST! A CHRISTMAS CAROL IN HARLEM! *HOUSE PITIFUL* MAGAZINE! DREW FRIEDMAN'S MILK-CARTON HOPEFULLY MISSING CELEBRITIES! REAGAN'S SECRET FOREIGN POLICY REPORT! WHY I LOVE CHRISTMAS BY JOHN WATERS! HOW TO HUNT YUPPIES!, AND, LAST BUT NOT LEAST, THE RETURN OF *NATIONAL LA MPOON'S FUNNY PAGES*. HO HO HO HO HO...

You can be a Walkerschnapper too.

Just grab a glass of Hiram Walker Peppermint Schnapps and join the fun.



CIDER MILL APPLE · ORCHARD ORANGE · WILD STRAWBERRY
HAZELNUT · SNAPPY APRICOT · SPEARMINT · CINNAMON SCHNAPPS

HIRAM WALKER
Taste the difference.

48 & 60 Proof Liqueurs. Hiram Walker Incorporated, Farmington Hills, MI ©1985

CLEVELAND AMORY

Servants

Rome had 400,000 slaves! Just think of it. Of course, not all of them were happy, and there had to be rules. If a slave killed his master, for example, the law required that all the other slaves of the same master be put to death—but anyone can see the point in that. It's also true that here and there there were abuses. A fellow named Vedius Pollio, for example—he was apparently a well-known gourmet of the day—well, he used to breed huge fish for his banquets in his own tanks, and he made a practice of feeding them with unsatisfactory slaves. Now no one can condone that as a general thing. But compare it to what happens today when you get unsatisfactory service. You have absolutely no recourse except to sit and take it. The whole thing has just gotten completely turned around. Why, I had a piece of fish in a restaurant the other day, and it was so terrible I had to call the waiter over, and then he was so arrogant that I couldn't help thinking of old Vedius Pollio. But what can you do? Today your hands are tied.

I've always said that I don't like to go into a restaurant where the waiters are citizens of a country that is actually at war with us at the time I enter. And nowadays, that's no joke. You walk in and sit down and that's it—you sit. There are plenty of waiters around, but if you ask one of them for anything, he'll say it's not his station. What does he think I am—a train? In the good old days, of course, there was such a thing as a station in life and people knew their station. Mother, if you remember, was a bear cat on station. She believed in giving presents to servants, of course—at Christmas, kerchiefs for the maids and handkerchiefs for the menservants, that sort of thing. "But never," she used to say, "give a gift that excites beyond the station."

Where was I? Oh, waiters. Well, speaking of waiters, what do you think is the derivation of the word "waiter"? It's "wait here," of course—from the Dutch. And when was the last time you saw a waiter wait anywhere, except out of sight when you want him and have run out of



something.

But just imagine what it must have been like in Rome when all the waiters were slaves. And remember, it wasn't just the shops and the restaurants that had slaves in Rome. You had your *servi publici* as well—your public slaves. Doesn't it make your mouth water? Instead of all these idiots we have today who call themselves public servants (and they're most of them no more public servants than I'm a scarlet tanager), back in the great days in old Rome, your *servi publici* did all the manual and clerical

work in the government—all the damned bureaucracy—and it didn't cost the taxpayer a single denarius. And remember, they were *your* slaves. If they talked back or were unsatisfactory in any way—well, just think of Vedius Pollio. I tell you, we'd get a much better class of public servant today if there were at least the *threat* of feeding them to the fish. *Cleveland Amory is an author and lecturer and is president of the Fund for Animals. His latest book is The Trouble with Nowadays.*

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

You've got what it takes.
Salem Spirit

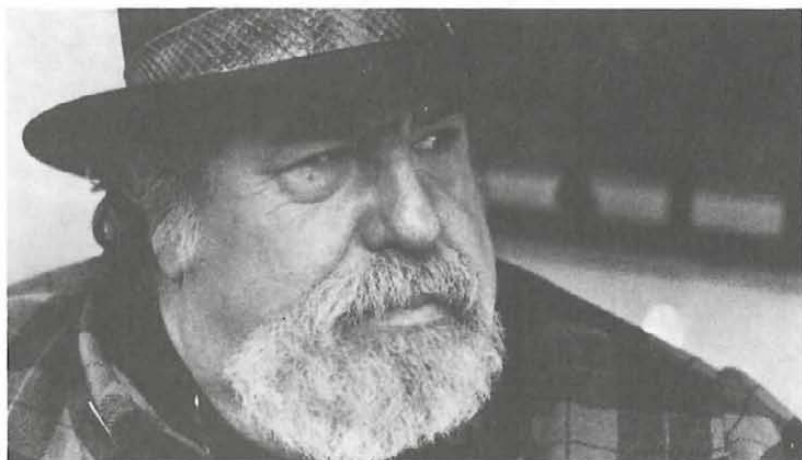
*Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.*

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**



DOC POMUS

Stealing My Songs



I'm mad as hell because every time I get an idea or a title for a song, some creepo so-and-so steals it. I'm not talking about run-of-the-mill, lame, third-rate songs—I mean heavy, top-of-the-chart monsters. I'm starting to think that there is some character or characters out there who've hooked up some kind of a recording device in my apartment and nail my ideas or titles every time I hum or sing or even whisper them. Or maybe he or she is romancing my maid and gets her to steal my notes, or maybe there's some kind of psychic who's reading my mind and knows exactly what's going on or what is going to go on in there. This has been happening to me for years and years, and I'm mad as hell and getting madder every minute!

It started when I was a child of the thirties. I got an idea for a song that I called "Stardirt," and the next thing I knew Hoagy Carmichael came up with the immortal "Stardust." I figured it was a coincidence, but around the same time I thought of the title "Shocking Pink," and Radioland (there was no MTV at that time) became saturated with a huge hit, "Deep Purple." Well, it started me thinking a little bit. But what's a song to a songwriter...so I kept on chug-chug-chugging along. Then I began to notice, as my songwriting proficiency grew and I was writing more and more and better and better, that the

ratio of successful thievery worked hand in hand with my new upper-echelon creativity. Now one out of every ten of my efforts (and always a wonderful idea or title) was filched—I'm talking five or six hits a year stolen from me. My "Sitting Adjacently" became "Side by Side," "It's Time to Go Home, Zelda" was turned into "Good Night, Irene." And this went on and on, and etc. and etc. It was becoming diabolical, like sneaking paintings out of the Louvre, or pilfering gold bars from Fort Knox. By the time King Elvis came on the scene, I was getting robbed with painful regularity, and the stolen hits were one endless stream of misery. My "Junkyard Mongrel" became "Hound Dog," "Cute Koala" became "Teddy Bear," "Entirely Trembling" was recorded as "All Shook Up," "Prison Roll" was changed into "Jailhouse Rock." That one, incidentally, became the title of a hugely successful movie.

Then Willie Nelson got into the act. My "Sundown Living" became his "Night Life," "Traveling Willie" emerged as "On the Road Again." After that, Kris Kristofferson did it to me. "Irish Robert and Myself" became "Me and Bobby McGee"; "For Drunken, Drug-Filled Days" was turned into "For the Good Times." It kept keeping on and keeping on. Tears on tears. Heartbreak after heartbreak. "San Antonio Telephone Repairman" became "Wichita Lineman"

and "When I Arrive in Brooklyn" was turned into "By the Time I Get to Phoenix."

These days I've still got my finger on the pulse of the hand of the American music lover. I really know what he or she wants. And I keep giving it to the person or persons who keep on stealing it from me. My "Whack It" became Michael Jackson's "Beat It." My "Like I Never Got Laid Yet" became Madonna's "Like a Virgin."

Then came the capper. The pièce de résistance of abject, lowlife plagiarism! I had this wonderful idea about getting all the superstars together at the same time. I mean *all* of them, from Bruce Springsteen to Tina Turner to Bob Dylan to Huey Lewis to Billy Joel—in the same studio, at the same time, for free—to record a live album, no overdubbing, the proceeds of which were to go to the victims of anorexia nervosa—all those poor unfortunate souls who starve themselves. The next thing I know, somebody, or something, used this idea and got all the same superstars together in one studio, for free, no overdubbing, and did this benefit with all album proceeds going to the starving people of Ethiopia! It has become one of the top sellers of all time. Now you know why I'm mad as hell and keep getting madder all the time.

I know if there's any justice in the world, there is some hidden tape recorder somewhere, or some promiscuous maid somewhere, or some psychic somewhere, who's getting ready to do in the person or persons who are tuned into me, and he or she or they will steal from the thief or thieves who are stealing from me, and the thief or thieves will get madder than hell, and...and...and...

In addition to the above songs, singer-songwriter and record producer Doc Pomus has written or co-written, among many others, "Save the Last Dance for Me," "Teenager in Love," and more than twenty songs recorded by Elvis Presley. In 1981 he won a Grammy for "There Must Be a Better World Somewhere."

from the finest malts
grain and selected hops
CONTAINS NO ADDITIVES
OR PRESERVATIVES

PURITY



MILLER CONTAINS
NO ADDITIVES,
NO PRESERVATIVES.
MILLER BEER. PURITY
YOU CAN SEE, QUALITY
YOU CAN TASTE.

**THAT'S THE
AMERICAN WAY.**

© 1985 Beer Brewed by Miller Brewing Company, Milwaukee, WI



Wendy O. Williams is a well-known conceptual heavy-metal rock artist.

WENDY O. WILLIAMS

Crotch Grabbers

Everywhere I go I see men making this gesture. Are they trying to say something? What does this form of body language mean? Is this some kind of a primeval Neanderthal signal?

Do they do this to their wives when they get home at night? Why am I unimpressed with this type of behavior? Why does it make me want to spit in their faces?



Wendy O. Williams

**You have the Return of the Jedi drinking glasses!
 You have the Superman jockstrap!
 You have the Tootsie bra!
 You may well have the original
 National Lampoon's Vacation T-Shirt.**

NOW

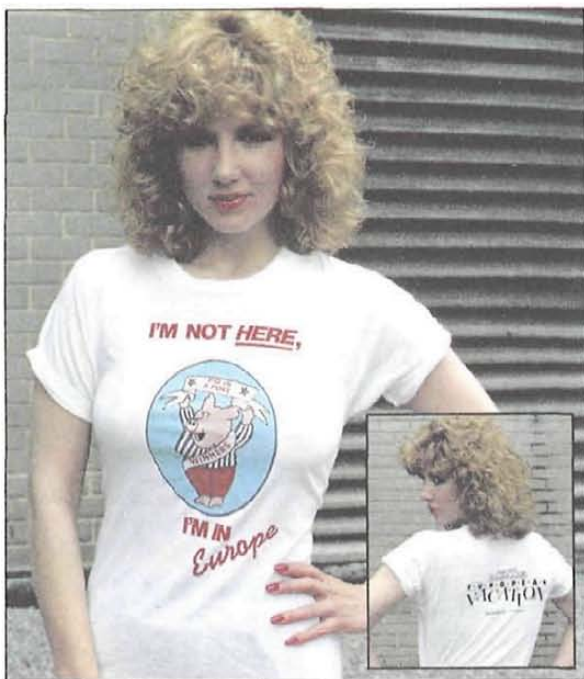
you can have the new
 National Lampoon's
 European Vacation T-Shirt!

Going to Europe? Coming from Europe?
 Been dining on European dishes?
 Perhaps your grandmother was born in
 Europe? No matter. No T-shirt collection
 would be complete without this one,
 adorned, as it is, with the movie logo
 and a picture of the "pig in the poke"
 that got the Griswalds to Europe.

Comes in mind-blowing white, with
 art and letters in bright barnyard
 colors. Small, medium, and large sizes.

If you liked the first Vacation shirt or
 the new movie or your grandmother,
 you'll probably like this shirt. The only
 shirt that can say "National Lampoon's
 European Vacation" and "I'm not here—
 I'm in Europe!"

And, if you don't have



National Lampoon's
 Vacation T-shirt
 or



National Lampoon's
 Animal House
 T-shirt
 or



National Lampoon's
 Animal House
 Baseball Shirt



you can order those, too!

National Lampoon, Dept. 1185
 635 Madison Avenue
 New York, New York 10022

Please send me:

- SM MD LG NL European Vacation shirts @ \$6.95 each
 SM MD LG NL Vacation shirts @ \$6.95 each
 SM MD LG NL Animal House Delta shirts @ \$5.95 each
 SM MD LG NL Animal House baseball shirts @ \$7.00 each

Please add \$1.00 per shirt for postage and handling. New
 York residents, please add 8 1/4% sales tax.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

CHARLES BUKOWSKI putrefaction

of late
I've had this thought
that this country
has gone backwards
4 or 5 decades
and that all the
social advancements
the good feeling of
person toward
person
has been washed
away
and replaced by the same
old
bigotries.

we have
more than ever
the selfish wants of power
the disregard for the
weak
the old
the impoverished
the
helpless.

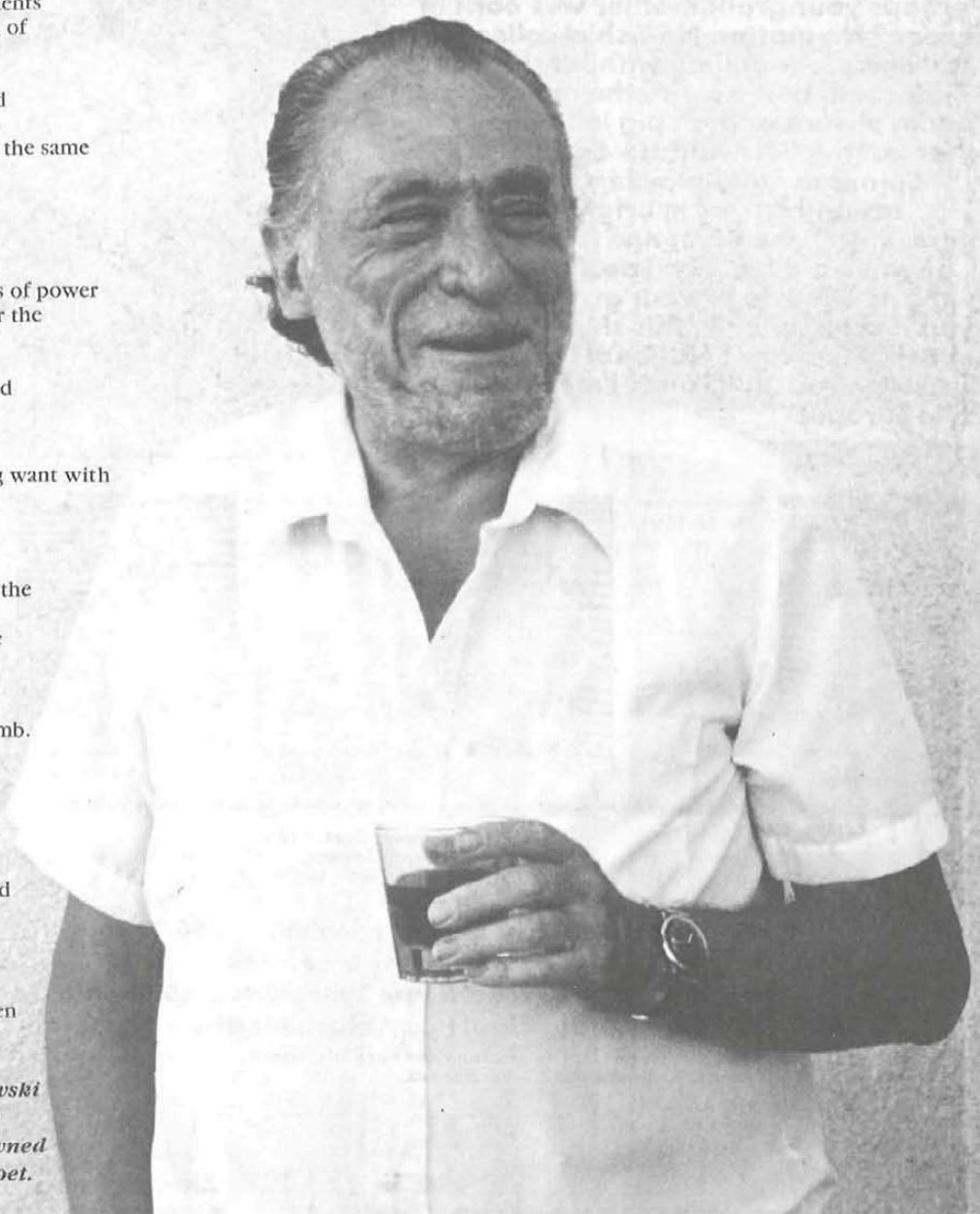
we are replacing want with
war
salvation with
slavery.

we have wasted the
gains
we have become
rapidly
less.

we have our Bomb.
it is our fear
our damnation
and our
shame.

now
something so sad
has hold of us
that
the breath
leaves
and we can't even
cry.

*Charles Bukowski
is an interna-
tionally renowned
author and poet.*



Judy Levy



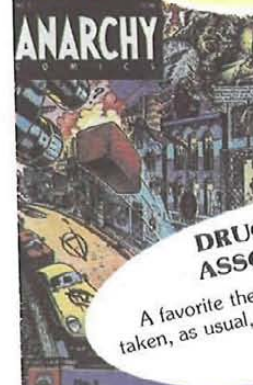
NOT FOR THE TIMID!

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



DIRTY COMIX ASSORTMENT
See how the underground cartoonist gave a new meaning to the word "perverted".
11.50

HUMOR COMIX ASSORTMENT
From biting social satire to a brand of lunacy never before experienced by the art world.
7.50



DRUG COMIX ASSORTMENT
A favorite theme of the underground taken, as usual, to the limits of good taste.
8.50

NEWEST COMIX ASSORTMENT
Get a sampling of the most recent titles being published by the original publishers.
12.00



NEW SEXY COMIX ASSORTMENT
Sexually provocative themes presented in cartoon form with nothing left to the imagination.
11.50

Send to: **Heavy Metal Magazine**
Department NL 1185
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

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

- ___ Dirty Comix KGPAC2 11.50
- ___ Humor Comix KGPAC3 7.50
- ___ Drug Comix KGPAC4 8.50
- ___ Newest Comix KGPAC5 12.00
- ___ New Sexy Comix KGPAC6 11.50

Please add \$1.00 for postage and handling. All checks must be payable within the continental U.S. (New York state residents, please add 8 1/4% sales tax.)

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

CHUCK BARRIS on Johnny Carson



Jeff Wong

Carl Kirkus and Johnny Carson are bullies, and bullies make me madder than hell. Carl Kirkus punched my front teeth out. I was twelve at the time. Carl was thirteen, and fourteen times bigger than me. Just before the fight he sneaked a pair of brass knuckles over the fingers of his right hand. Using his left arm, he held my head in a headlock, and with his brass knuckles punched my front teeth out. Viola Blair and Nancy Ketterer laughed. They were my age and I had a major crush on Nancy. I was mortified by the beating. The mortification hurt worse than my cut and bleeding mouth. And there was nothing I could do about it. All I could do was spit my teeth out and walk away.

Johnny Carson's a bully. He's the founding father of a new breed of bully: the media bully. Carson's a world-class media bully. Carson stands there with a microphone hanging over his head and TV cameras pointed at him, and tells millions and millions of people snide, petty, sometimes hateful, and often malicious tidbits—disguised as “jokes”—about other human beings he doesn't like, or cause him to be jealous, or envious, or whatever it is that bothers him. And it's an easy laugh. Crowds of people will always laugh at someone else's expense. They're relieved it's not them that's being made fun of. Carson's brass knuckles are his microphone and TV cameras. And like the guy who is fourteen times bigger than you, you can't get back at him. If you

don't have a television program of your own that's seen by millions and millions of people, or a coast-to-coast radio show, you're sunk. You can write a letter, but what good will that do? All you can really do is spit your teeth out and walk away.

Chuck Barris, game-show producer, was the creator and host of The Gong Show.

DR. JOYCE BROTHERS Traffic Cops

When I am driving my car and I'm in a line and three lines are being intersected by a cop and the car in front of me gets to go and I have to stand still for five minutes, I get mad as hell.

Noted psychologist Dr. Joyce Brothers is a syndicated columnist, bestselling author, and talk-show host on the Disney Channel.

WAY BANDY Friends



David King

It makes me mad as hell when my friends come to take me to a big party and they awaken me from a coma before they do my hair and makeup. Then I have to sit through two boring hours when I could still be in a coma. To top it off, they don't put me back in the coma after the party (which usually isn't so big after all) until they have undressed me, cleaned my face, and brushed my hair—more wasted time out of coma when the nurses could have done all the cleaning up after I was back in coma.

And another thing: It makes me mad as hell that I only want to be friends, but everyone wants to have sex with me! I just want to keep it simple, keep it light, friendly, but sex always rears its ugly head. I just want to be friends.

It makes me mad as hell when I change my unlisted telephone number because too many people have it, and inevitably, people ask me for my new unlisted number. Don't they realize that I may have changed it because of them? I just want to be left alone. *Way Bandy is one of the world's foremost makeup artists.*

MICKEY ROONEY Complacency



People aren't mad enough about improving things—about themselves or our country.

A sixty-year veteran of show business, Mickey Rooney has been in innumerable films, including The Black Stallion. He last appeared on Broadway in Sugar Babies.

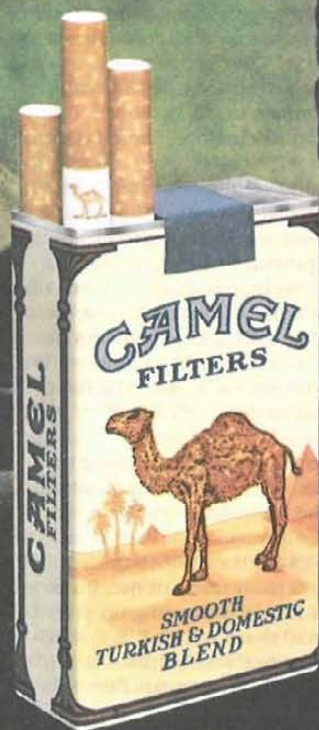
DINA MERRILL Gum

People who chew gum noisily with their mouths wide open. We are taught as children that when we chew our food, we do it with mouths closed—why should gum be any different? Chewing gum with the mouth open sounds just like walking in sticky mud—not very attractive when you're sitting next to someone on an airplane or in a movie theater. Yuck!

Dina Merrill, who was last seen on Broadway in On Your Toes, has appeared in fifteen motion pictures, including Butterfield 8, Operation Petticoat, and A Wedding.

CAMEL FILTERS

It's a whole new world.



Today's
Camel Filters,
surprisingly smooth.

16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

ROXANNE PULITZER

Trumpets



Kevin K. Kelly

I am "mad as hell" at people who don't know what to do with their trumpets.

Roxanne Pulitzer's career as a housewife, divorcee, and playmate has been as widely beralded in the nation's press as her relationship with trumpets.

DON GOULD

Car Alarms

The man who invented the ghetto blaster will never be invited to my place for dinner. The Ayatollah Khomeini and the man who came up with the idea of an Internal Revenue Service will also have to look elsewhere for their evening repast. Lately, however, those three would be welcome guests in comparison with the jerk who made popular the automobile burglar buzzer.

The anti-theft alarm on an auto parked in front of my apartment building went off recently at 9:59 P.M. By 10:35, I was sufficiently annoyed to call the friendly officers at the seventeenth precinct. It may escape the history books, but the residents of midtown Manhattan were fortunate that hordes of locusts and other unwanted visitors were not attacking at that time. The officer in charge told me that only two cars were on duty. (All the other officers were apparently busy piling up the overtime watching five striking hotel workers walk a picket line on Lexington Avenue.) The officer apologetically informed me there was nothing he could do.

At 11:00 P.M., I went searching through my apartment for a stick of

dynamite, a can of spray paint, and an ax. What effect these items might have had on the piercing alarm was dubious, but revenge is sweet. Alas, and even alack, to my profound sorrow I found I was all out of dynamite, spray paint, and axes. I began to wonder how much damage could be done to a car by throwing a toaster on it from the roof of a building fourteen stories above. But since breakfast was now looming ever nearer, the toaster was spared and so was the offending auto.

By 12:01 A.M., the second day the residents of the area had been held hostage by this man-made marvel, the owner weaved out of a local establishment, got into the bellowing Buick, and finally left us with the shattering sounds of silence and no apology. May he rot in a monumental traffic jam on the Long Island Expressway.

Don Gould is a sportscaster for NBC News at Sunrise.

TED NUGENT

The Liberal Press



Jeff Wong

The toxic mentality, force-fed to America by the liberal press, is at the root of this country's wimped-out, spineless semiconsciousness. From "Mother Nature," brought to you by the Walt Disney school of stupidity, to the "turn the other cheek till your neuter little ass is rendered to subhuman debris" practice, these attitudes are a slap in the face of basic human pride. We can blame the *Washington Post* and Mayor Koch, with their herd of fellow goat-tick assholes, for not informing Bernie Goetz of the difference between rabbit ammo and some

good-quality, subway-proven hollow points.

Ted Nugent's new album is Assume the Position.

ROBIN LEACH

The Rich



Peter Kleinman

I get it all the time.

"The bathroom is over there—it's all gold, you know."

"May I show you around the estate? Perhaps my chauffeur should take us, as it covers 245,000 acres."

"Are you having your usual breakfast of champagne and caviar?"

"My yacht's being overhauled. Do let's take my jet."

And on and on.

The Rich and Famous never let up. They're relentless in trying to establish the supremacy of their holdings, their taste, their acquisitions. Don't they know when they buttonhole me at airports or banks, I can't always be working? There's a limit, chums. When I'm on my own time, the last thing I want to do is talk R & F.

So do me a favor, please, all you multimillionaires who are itching to come out of your sable-lined closets and into the television limelight.

Sit back. Sip your Dom Perignon. Nibble on a sweetmeat or two.

And if you must think of me, do it when your lawyer's drawing up your will. I'm mad that I'm not R & F, madder than a soldier who's drawn K.P. for his general on Christmas Eve.

But I could get over it.

Robin Leach is the producer and host of Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous.

MARILYN BECK

The Spago Syndrome



Peter Kleinman

I call it the Spago Syndrome, though it isn't limited to that aggrandized pizza parlor which hovers over the Sunset Strip. It is the practice of social segregation that flourishes at the so-called "in" eateries where one cannot be assured of courtesy or even entry sans celebrity status.

It doesn't matter to me that I am accorded respectable treatment at such establishments. It has always made me mad as hell to observe others treated with disdain—and nowhere is such a habit more in evidence than in many of the restaurants that curry the favor of the celebrity crowd.

When a friend phoned Spago recently for reservations, he was asked the names of the others in his party—so it could be determined whether the reservation would be accepted and where the group would be seated.

Other acquaintances who dined there were asked, before they had finished their meal, to vacate their table and move to the bar. When they refused, they were warned they would be "punished" the next time they tried to make a reservation at Spago.

It makes me mad as hell to know that these people will—without a doubt—attempt to patronize Spago again, that a masochistic tendency flourishes in this community; the worse people are treated, the harder they try to gain acceptance.

If there's any poetic justice to all this, it's that the celebrity crowd is fickle; what is today's hot restaurant is tomorrow's candidate for bank foreclosure.

When Ma Maison was new and the place to go, Patrick Terrail explained

This Toshiba has more features than most home sound systems.



You've got to hand it to Toshiba for creating the KT-4085. It's small but packs a full auto-reverse cassette recorder with Dolby® B NR, built-in AM/FM stereo tuner, detachable stereo mikes, plus a 3-band graphic equalizer. It can even record off its own radio. In fact, this tiny Toshiba is really tremendous. *TM Dolby Labs

In Touch with Tomorrow
TOSHIBA

Toshiba America, Inc., 82 Totowa Road, Wayne, NJ 07470

why he refrained from having the number of his restaurant listed in the phone book: he wasn't interested in attracting the patronage of the sort of people who wouldn't know the number.

These days, two-for-one dinner coupons at Ma Maison are available, and reservations are eagerly accepted—from anyone. It's become a fine place to eat; waiters are attentive, and the maître d' acts as maître d's should act, as if he is grateful for one's patronage, instead of expecting a patron to be grateful for the privilege of spending money within.

Ma Maison is now on the list of restaurants I recommend to "visiting firemen." Spago isn't. I don't frequent Spago or any of the other currently "in" restaurants where social discrimination flourishes. It also turns my stomach to see Spago's Wolfgang Puck fawned over, treated like a star for the sake of securing a table and decent treatment at his restaurant. I refuse to be a party to such games. And it makes me mad as hell to see others play them.

Marilyn Beck's entertainment column is carried in hundreds of papers internationally. She is also starting her third year as a celebrity interviewer for P.M. Magazine.

RED BUTTONS Getting Mad



Jeff Wong

You want to know what makes me mad as hell? It's getting mad as hell. Ah, the hell with it. *Red Buttons is a popular actor and comedian. He won an Academy Award for his supporting role in the 1957 film Sayonara.*

ELI WALLACH Politicians



Jeff Wong

What makes me "madder than hell" are the *politicians* who always speak out in the name of the people—who tell us lies about world tensions so they can march our young people into war ... and who are joined in concert with those fundamentalists who, having talked to God, are now the shepherds of our minds.... To quote E. Y. Harburg: we learn this after every war—that life is not worth dying for!

Eli Wallach is one of America's most respected stage actors, and is equally well-known for his roles in such films as The Magnificent Seven, How the West Was Won, and The Misfits.

RICH LITTLE Nightclub Drunks

Nothing is more irritating to a nightclub performer than a noisy drunk. For some strange reason, the noisiest drunks are always seated right up front, right under the performer's nose. Invariably, they will talk, yell, sing, and try to become part of the act.

Once in a Las Vegas club I had a guy who refused to quiet down. Several times a captain came to his table and asked him to behave, but he persisted. Finally two huge security guards asked him to leave. Drunk and oblivious to their size, he refused. They each took a side of his chair and carried him out, chair and all. Out through the casino, through the lobby, and into the street. He remained in the chair, continuing to shout out comments to passing cars.

The next day, I was sitting in the hotel's coffee shop and the same guy, now totally sober, came to my table. "Hey," he enthused. "You were

great last night! Best show I ever saw!"

Another time I was onstage and started a song in my own voice rather than imitating a performer as I usually do. A drunk, again in the front row, started shouting, "Who's he doing? Who's that supposed to be?" His wife tried to quiet him, but he kept on yelling as I kept on singing. Finally I stopped the song and said, "That's *me* I'm doing. Rich Little."

He thought for a second, then looked up at me and shook his head. "Never heard of him!"

Rich Little is one of our leading mimics, having mastered almost two hundred personalities ranging from President Reagan to Kermit the Frog. He is also a singer, writer, and actor.

DEE WALLACE STONE Promises



Peter Kleinman

People saying they're going to do something, promising you they're going to do it, and then not doing it and then not telling you they didn't do it!

I'm telling you, that makes me mad!
Dee Wallace Stone has appeared in many films, including E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial, Cujo, and Shadow Play.

HENNY YOUNGMAN Dirty Jokes

I'm really mad at all the new comedians who are using four-letter words to get laughs. They go for the cheap laugh, the easy laugh. Being dirty doesn't make the jokes funny. When

we played theaters we weren't even allowed to say "damn." If we did, a guy would turn off the microphone and they'd bring down the curtain and bring on the dog act.

But I'm really mad that after all these years nobody took my wife. Please!

Henny Youngman is the King of the One-liners and a terrible violin player.

HAROLD PRINCE Trivia



I'm madder than hell at all this trivia!

Producer and director Hal Prince's Broadway credits include Damn Yankees, West Side Story, Fiddler on the Roof, Cabaret, Sweeney Todd, and Evita.

PHYLLIS NEWMAN Sunday in New York

We all know about Sundays. I've never met one I liked. I realize that somewhere there are people who go to church, chat with their neighbors and friends, go home and have a fine big lunch with meat, read the papers, watch some sports on TV, snooze a little, dangle a grandchild, and are content with their Sabbath. Somewhere else there are young couples and their cute kids going to malls, buying things they can make, or wear, or eat, stopping off at a fast-food palace, driving home in the late sun, bedding down the kids, watching TV,

having a fight, and then making love. And I guess right here in New York there are people who, happily, sleep a little later, read the *Times*, take a shower (and sometimes forget to give it back), dress in appropriate Sunday gear—unisex full-length sneakers in an amusing color—have a nutritious, fun-filled brunch of astonishing ethnic variety, go to a late-afternoon movie, come out to an early-Sunday evening, take home a little Chinese takeout, put the leftovers together in one carton in the fridge, wash their own or each other's hair, smoke a joint, have a Lite, drink a Tab, put on a record, watch a little TV, wrinkle tomorrow's outfit, and call it a day. Okay, they're right—it's a day.

So why do I want to commit mass murder when my Sunday rolls around?

Let me tell you about last Sunday. It was a pretty nice day, actually, weather-wise. I made the bed, ate a bagel, read the *Times*...and stared.... "Oh, please, *do not* stare!" I said to myself in a voice loud enough for me to hear. "Go out, take a walk, avail yourself...avail yourself!"

I walked on my familiar Upper West Side, nodding to no one in particular, and thought maybe it would be pleasant to take in a hit movie....SOLD OUT....Never mind, I can rent a videocassette, hire a security guard, and watch a movie in my own bedroom. "Sorry, miss, we don't carry Betas, they're obsolete. Want to buy a VHS?...Leave me alone, have a nice day, stop whining!"

Basking in the glow of frustration, I decided to take the crosstown bus home and start again. So there I was on Seventy-ninth and Broadway—bright sunlight, people to and froing—when I saw a man squatting up against the bank on the corner....No, actually, first I saw what I thought was a man pulling his running pants down over his legs....Then I saw that he was squatting, bare-assed, but covered from his knees down....Then I saw him pull up his pants. You see, I didn't just keep looking at him. I was too embarrassed and shocked, along with everyone else waiting at the bus stop. I wanted to see....No, don't look....My head swiveled 180 degrees like Regan in *The Exorcist*. He gathered up his shopping bags, muttering all the time...and when I looked next, I saw a mound of hot bright orange-colored shit....That man doesn't like Sundays either...but at least he knows what to do about them!

Tony-award-winning actress for Subways Are for Sleeping, Phyllis Newman is well-known to television and musical comedy audiences.

TIM MATHESON Advice

It's hell being Otter....

In 1978, I appeared in a film called *National Lampoon's Animal House*. In it, you may remember, I played Otter, fraternity leader, planner of assaults on the establishment, but, primarily, womanizer par excellence. Certainly, this was a very special picture to me. I co-starred with John Belushi, who became a good friend, and I met and became very close to people like Tom Hulce, Peter Reigert, Bruce McGill, Kevin Bacon, Karen Allen, and the rest of that incredible cast and crew. The picture was one of a kind and I'll remember it with fondness and warmth and love—most of the time.

But sometimes I get pissed! Sometimes I get mad as hell!

I am not Otter. I am not the world's greatest, slickest, and most charming lover. I do not know how to maneuver every two-legged mammal who wears panties into the sack and...and...Listen carefully. I get mad as a son of a bitch when perfect strangers stop me in the street and ask for advice on how to get laid.

What I know—and it is little compared to the legend of Otter—is for me and only me. If you can't get laid, write to Hugh Hefner or Bob Guccione or Dr. Ruth Westheimer or Joe Namath or somebody who's more of an authority on meeting and shupping than I am.

No, I'm not shy. No, I'm not particularly modest. But I am Tim and I'm not Otter any more than Sly Stallone is Rocky or Christopher Reeve is Superman.

So. If you see me on the street or in a restaurant or in a movie house or at a bar or on a tennis court, interrupt if you will and ask me how my wife is or what's my next role or what did I eat for lunch, but don't ask me what to whisper in a girl's ear or which hand goes on which part of her anatomy or how do you get that certain look in your eye that says it all.

I don't know the answers to those questions, folks.

It was only a movie.

Well, maybe it was *somewhat* autobiographical.

Tim Matheson has appeared in many films besides National Lampoon's Animal House, including To Be or Not to Be and Fletch.

"LOST TREASURES"*



CLASSICS OF MODERN SCIENCE FICTION

"Fine hardbound editions... affordably priced."

—*Baltimore Sun**

Series Editor:
GEORGE ZEBROWSKI

Forewords:
ISAAC ASIMOV



New Titles

GREENER THAN YOU THINK
by WARD MOORE. A superb satire on government bureaucracy, the military, and creeping McCarthyism in which grass threatens to take over America. \$9.95

SHADOWS IN THE SUN
by CHAD OLIVER. An anthropologist stumbles upon the seemingly archetypical American town and must choose between the greatest scientific opportunity ever offered an earth being...and his loyalty to humanity. \$8.95

Now at your bookstore, or use coupon to order.

CROWN PUBLISHERS, INC., Dept. 570
34 Engelhard Ave., Avenel, N.J. 07001

Please send me the book(s) indicated below. I enclose my check or money order for \$_____ plus \$1.50 postage and handling charge per book. 10 day money back guarantee.

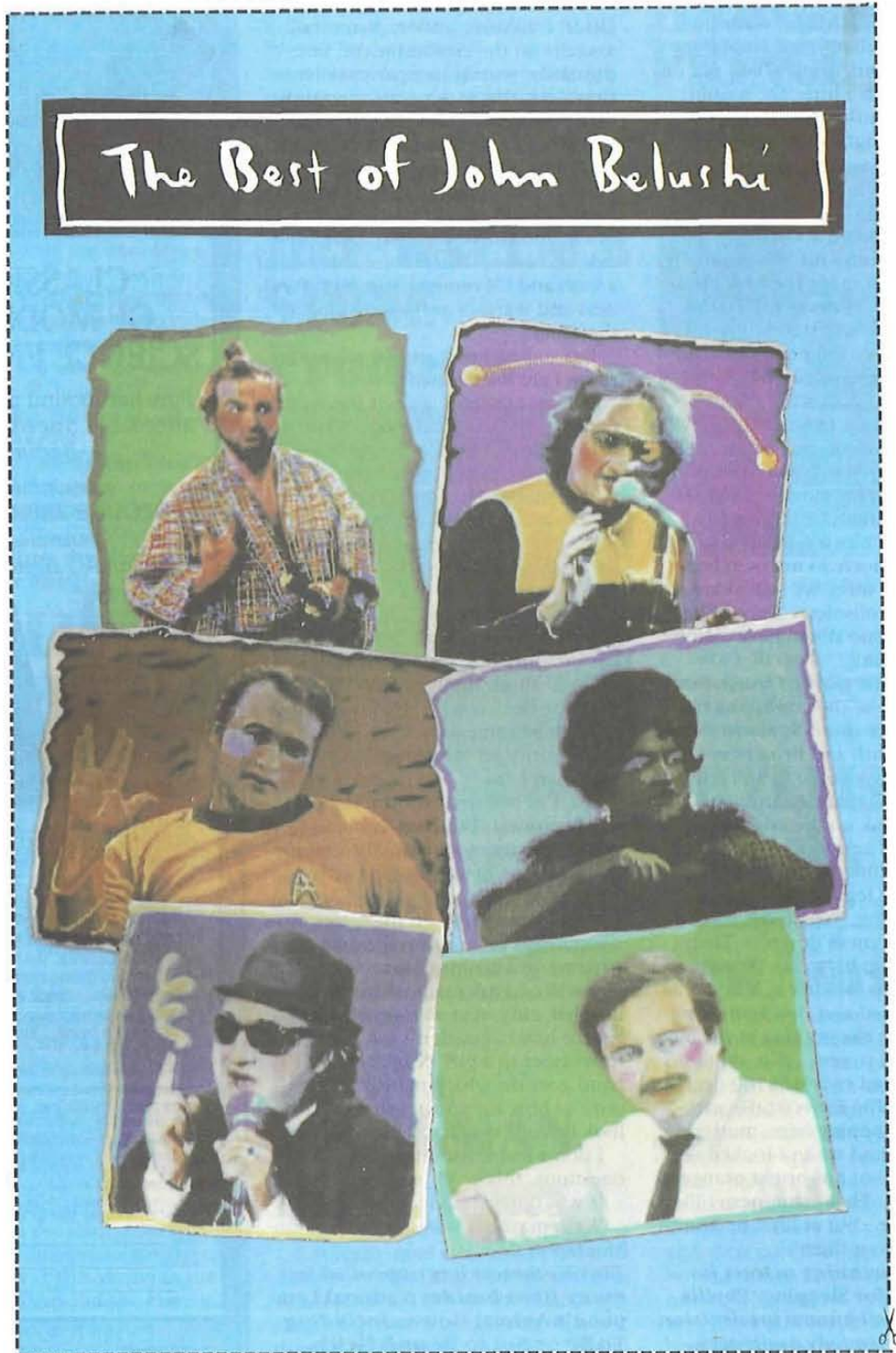
GREENER THAN YOU THINK. \$9.95
 SHADOWS IN THE SUN. \$8.95

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
N.Y. and N.J. residents, add sales tax.

CROWN PUBLISHERS Inc.

JUDITH JACKLIN BELUSHI

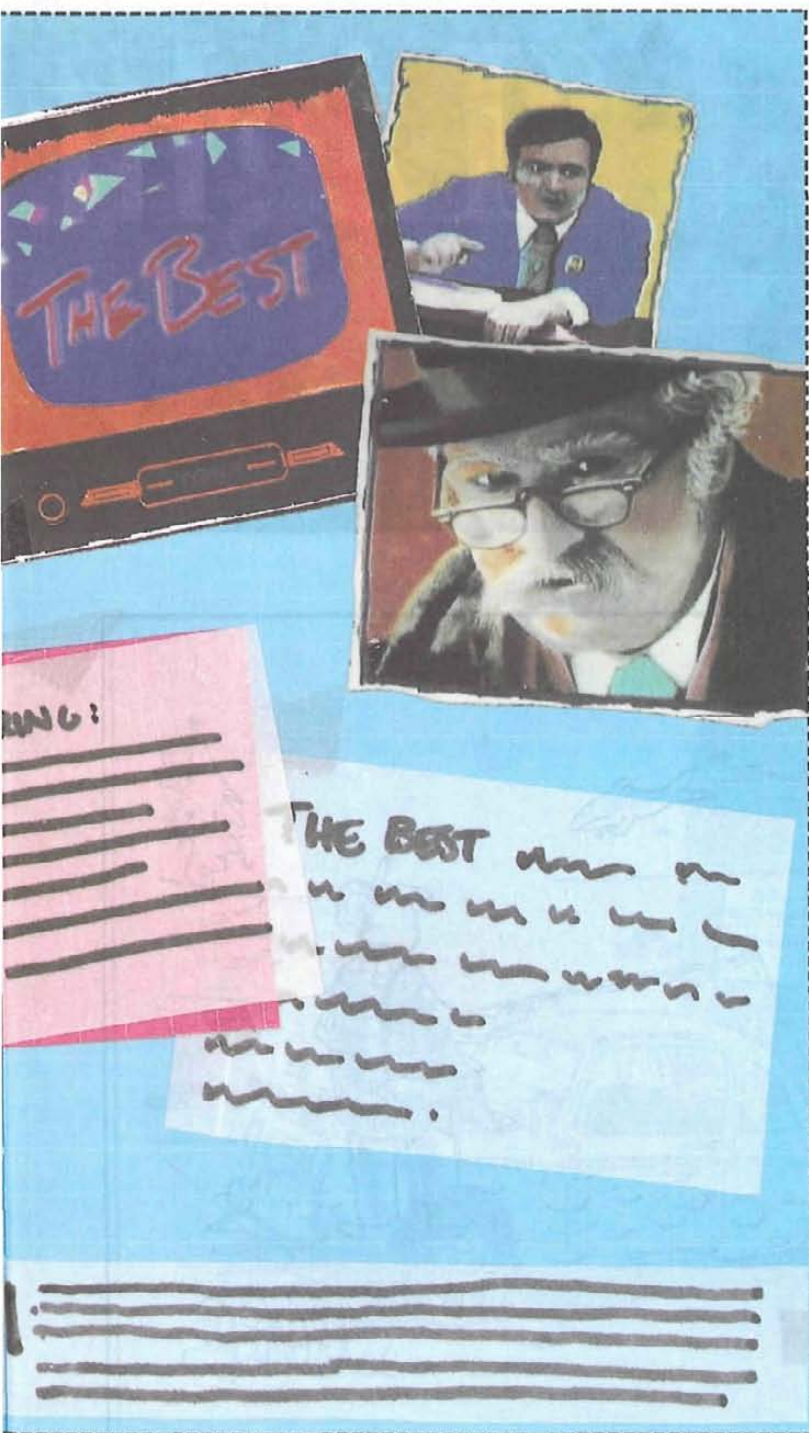
Portrait of an Angry Artist

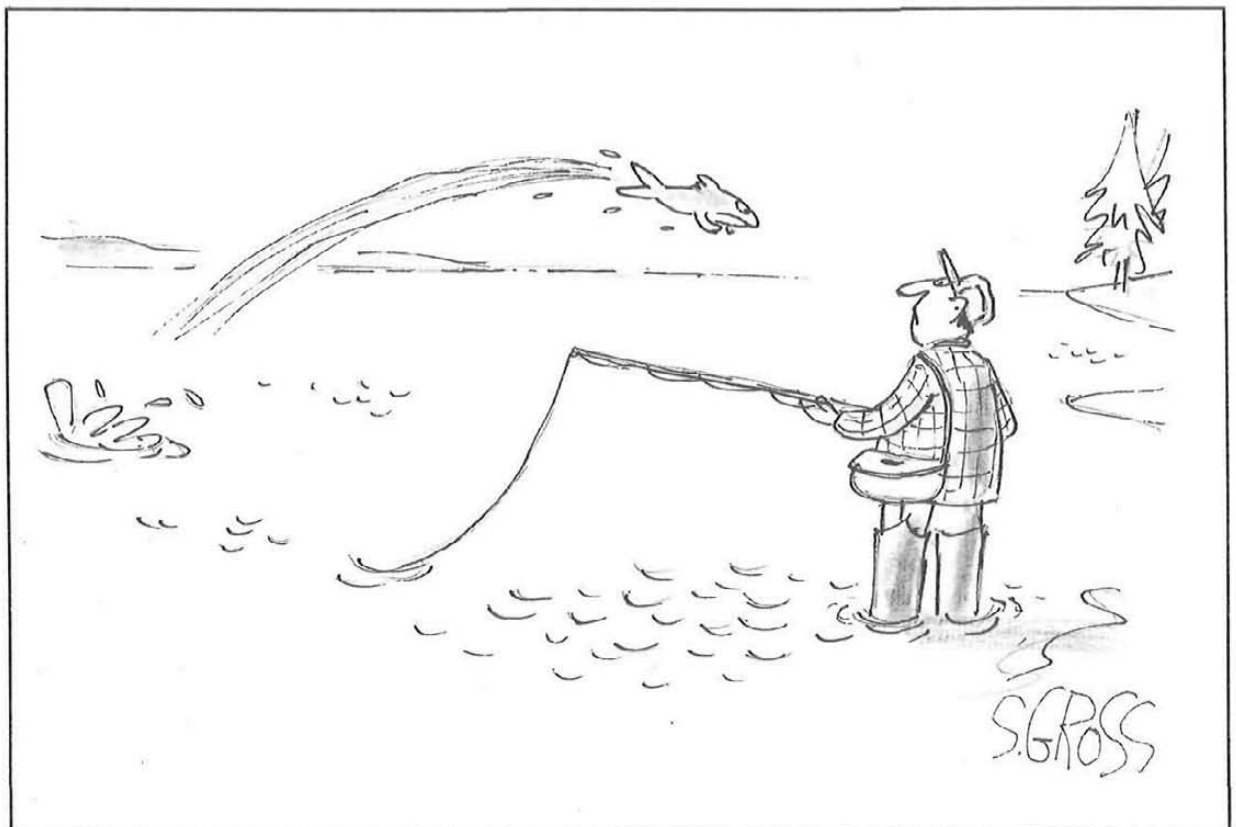
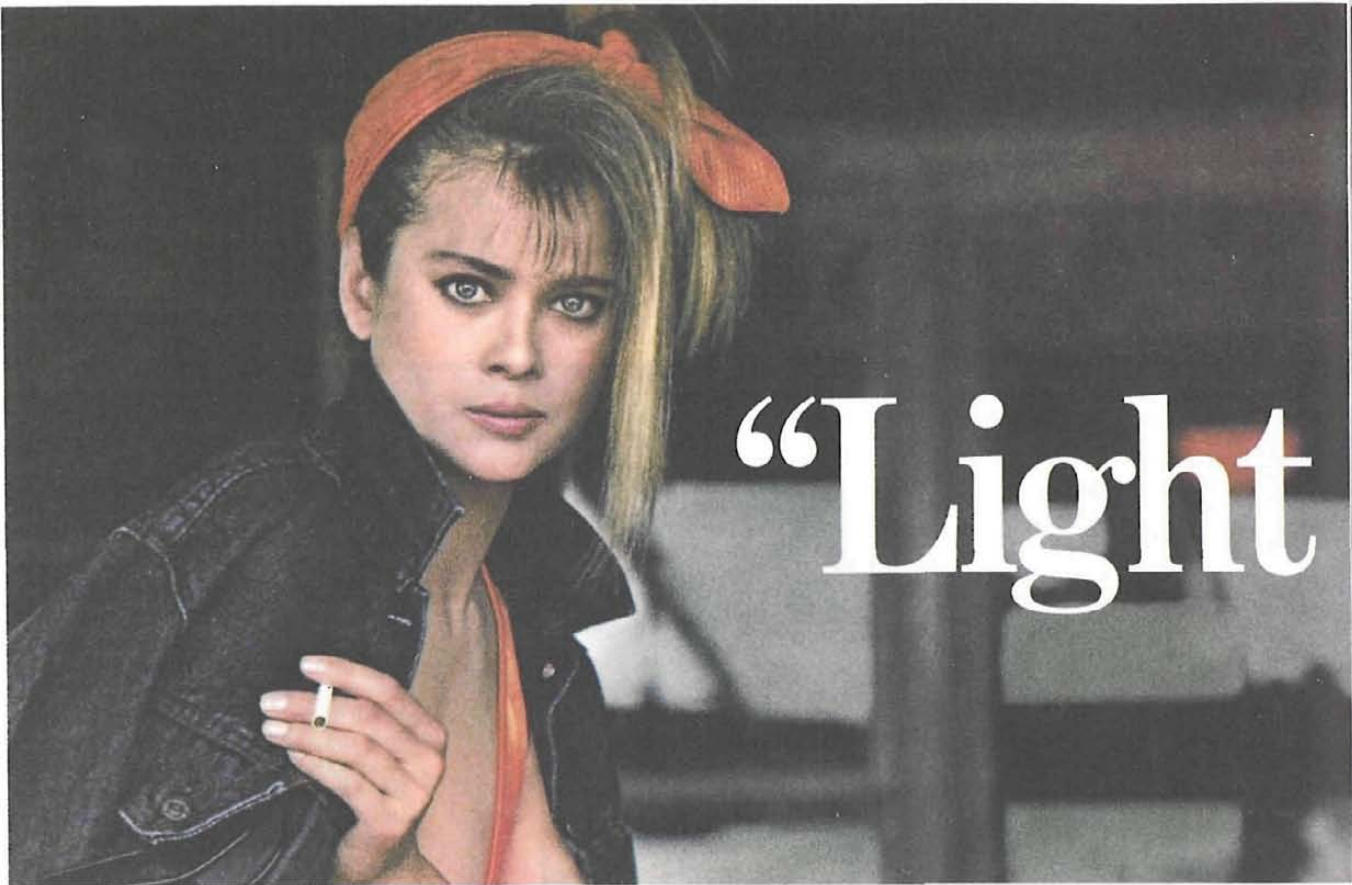


Ya know, I don't usually get angry over little things. No, I let those little annoyances stack up until I've got something really good to get mad about. Then I get red-in-the-face-I-don't-make-any-sense-anymore-mad! But it takes a certain kind of commitment on my part before the circumstances are such that I'll get *that* angry.

This past spring I got involved in a project that called for that kind of commitment. I produced a videotape of John's work from *Saturday Night Live*, so you can imagine how important every detail was to me. I was painstakingly involved, to the point of making the graphics myself. I made several portraits of John's various characters on a video computer called a paint box. And they came out great! I mean, I liked them. Other people seemed to like them. So naturally I thought the studio would think that they'd make a great cover for the videocassette package, right? Wrong. Now I'm dealing with a multimillion-dollar Hollywood art department, and they don't like them. They complained, "When you enlarge these for a poster you can see lines in them." What are they, fuckin' nuts? This is video art! Of course it has lines in it! What could be better for a video than video art, I reason. I mean, it's not like I'm some schmuck from the street. I am, I pointed out, an award-winning designer and illustrator. Well, that didn't seem to carry much weight, so I tried my muscle as the producer. I became adamant. I insisted! "No artist, other than Steven Spielberg, has final say on the artwork," I'm told. "Steven Spielberg," I muttered, getting red in the face. "We're talking about my late husband! My husband! I'm the widow! I want these portraits! I have a contract!!!" Now you'd think this kind of emotional breakdown would have touched their hearts and they would have let me have my way. But, nooooooo! This is the big time, kid, we're playing hardball. If you want the tape to be released, shut up and go count your quarters!

Well, I've counted my quarters and the video will be coming out. But I'm still mad as hell about the cover! So if you think I may be coming by your house or video store, I suggest you cut this cover artwork out and paste it on your *Best of John Belushi* box. It's the only way to avoid an ugly scene. *Judy Jacklin Belushi is an art director and co-author of Titters 101.*





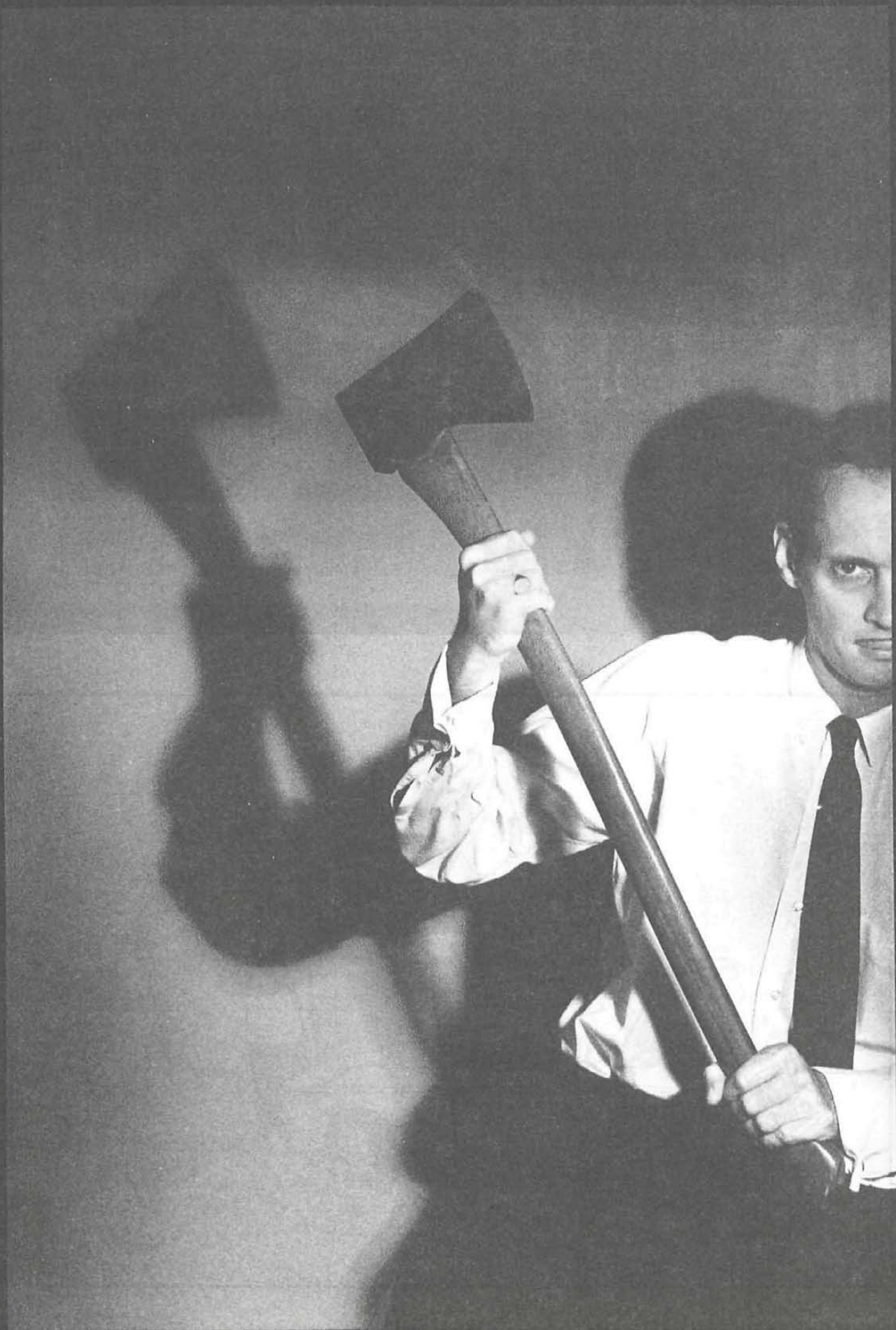
my Lucky."



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

Lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.





HATCHET PIECE

(101 Things I Hate)

by John Waters

I wake up on the wrong side of the bed and smoke my last three cigarettes. I know it's going to be a bad day. My hair hurts. That cloying voice of the FM disc jockey (1) has already gotten on my nerves subconsciously. I smash down the alarm button and realize the very air I breathe is not good enough. I've had it with being nice, understanding, fair, and hopeful. I feel like being negative all day. The chip on my shoulder could sink the QE2. I've got an attitude problem and nobody better get in my way. Before showering, I kick the furniture. I'm in a bad mood and the whole stupid little world is gonna pay!

I'm not even going to make the bed. The one rotten, suffocating set of polyester sheets (2) I still own is thrown in the garbage. I happily destroy the ozone by spraying on my favorite aerosol deodorant and sneer at the dumbbells who use the nauseating roll-on brands (3), the kind that retain stray underarm hairs from past use to remind you just how imperfect the human body really is. I get the newspaper from outside the door, hoping I'll catch the creep who sometimes steals it (4) when I oversleep, but throw it down in disgust when I see color photos (5) that never reproduce properly and look like 3-D comics without the benefit of glasses. Then the goddamn light bulb (6) burns out. Does General Electric think I'm made of money? I gotta get out of here. I think I'll just drive around town yelling insults at pedestrians.

On the way down in the elevator, I'm confined with an unattractive neighbor and his slobbering dog (7). I look away, grumbling, knowing that every time you make direct eye contact with these creatures, your IQ drops ten points. I don't see any cats (8), thank God. I assume they're all in other apartments sucking the breath out of babies or, worse yet, in heat, forcing you to use a Q-tip on their private parts to shut them up.

I check the mailbox, but naturally the mail's not there yet. I hate it when the mail is late (9)! Lazy bastard mail carriers are probably reading my postcards and leafing through my magazines at this very minute. At least it's not one of those stupid holidays (10), like Washington's Birthday or Columbus Day, that bring any work you might have scheduled to a screeching halt.

Outside it's hot and muggy. I buy a carton of cigarettes, ever bitter that I'm taxed so highly (11) on the one purchase that actually brings me happiness. They ought to tax yogurt (12); that's what causes cancer. A neighbor, who always seems too familiar for her own good, passes me and makes the mistake of saying, "Good morning." "Shut up!" I snap, making a mental note of her hideous tube top (13) and ridiculous Farrah Fawcett hairdo (14), so popular with fashion violators. And then I see it, a goddamn ticket on my car, even though the meter (15) has only been in effect ten minutes. I have to take my rage out on someone! I run toward this fashion scofflaw as

she gets into the most offensive vehicle known to man, "Le Car" (16), and yank her door open as she frantically tries to lock it. "Not so fast, miss," I bark. "There's a certain matter of this ticket you'll have to take care of—sixteen dollars for gross and willful fashion violations!" She gives me the finger and peels out, turning up the radio so I hear the voice of the worst-dressed man in music, Stevie Wonder (17), braying in my ears.

Glaring at anyone who dares look at me, I get into my own car (an American sedan) and purposely ignore those ridiculous seat belts (18) that make you look so stupid, so over-prepared, so paranoid. Who wants to be trapped in an overturned car about ready to explode, fumbling for the buckle? Oh Christ, I need gas! What else can go wrong? I pull into a gas station and, wouldn't you know it, they only have "self-service" (19) pumps. I don't *want* to know how to "fill 'er up," thank you. Humiliated at having to perform this unavoidable task, I see another motorist, who has tried to disguise his bald head by stretching his one remaining strand of hair over his skull in a misguided camouflage attempt (20). Ha! Does he think he fools anybody? "Have a nice day, baldy!" I shout as I sign the credit card slip and hop into my car. Pulling out, I swerve to miss a slightly overweight jogger (21). "It's not working!" I scream at this sweaty hog and then tell myself what any sane person already knows: the only time

continued on page 90

HARVEY FIERSTEIN

Homophobia



Peter Kleinman

What really gets me chewing bricks is when someone dares assume that I'm heterosexual.

Now, this obviously is not an everyday occurrence. In fact, I can go for days, even weeks, without being so identified. But every so often an ignomamus wanders out of the backwoods, and my blood pressure soars in disgust.

For example: I'm in a cab minding my own business, contentedly leafing

through the new Lillian Vernon gift catalog, and the driver starts to make seemingly harmless conversation. I say "seemingly" because conversation is usually two-sided, and I know all too well that as soon as I grunt out a word the guy's gonna comment on my voice: "Whaddya got laryngitis?"

Whereupon I'll say something like "No. This be my voice."

Now, I'm already pissed. First, because I hate talking to strangers; sec-

ond, because I hate explaining about my voice; and finally, because I know this ain't the end of the ride. No matter how intently I study the Bunny Potholders in the catalog, I know the driver is thinking of something to say about my voice to make me forgive him for thinking I had a cold.

"You got a real interesting voice there. Very sexy. Bet you get a lot of pussy with it."

Now, a remark like that would be

enough to make me stiff the jerk even if I were heterosexual, but for this know-nothing to assume that just because I'm a terrific-looking guy with an incredibly sexy voice I therefore am heterosexual...#?S@E&&@!(?*@!

And it gets worse! 'Cause then I am forced to put down my catalog and, as calmly as possible, explain that I am a perfectly well-adjusted, out-of-the-closet, militant (if not currently practicing) homosexual. This boredom so dispensed, I return to the Rabbit Tea Cozy on page 73 and await the inevitable....

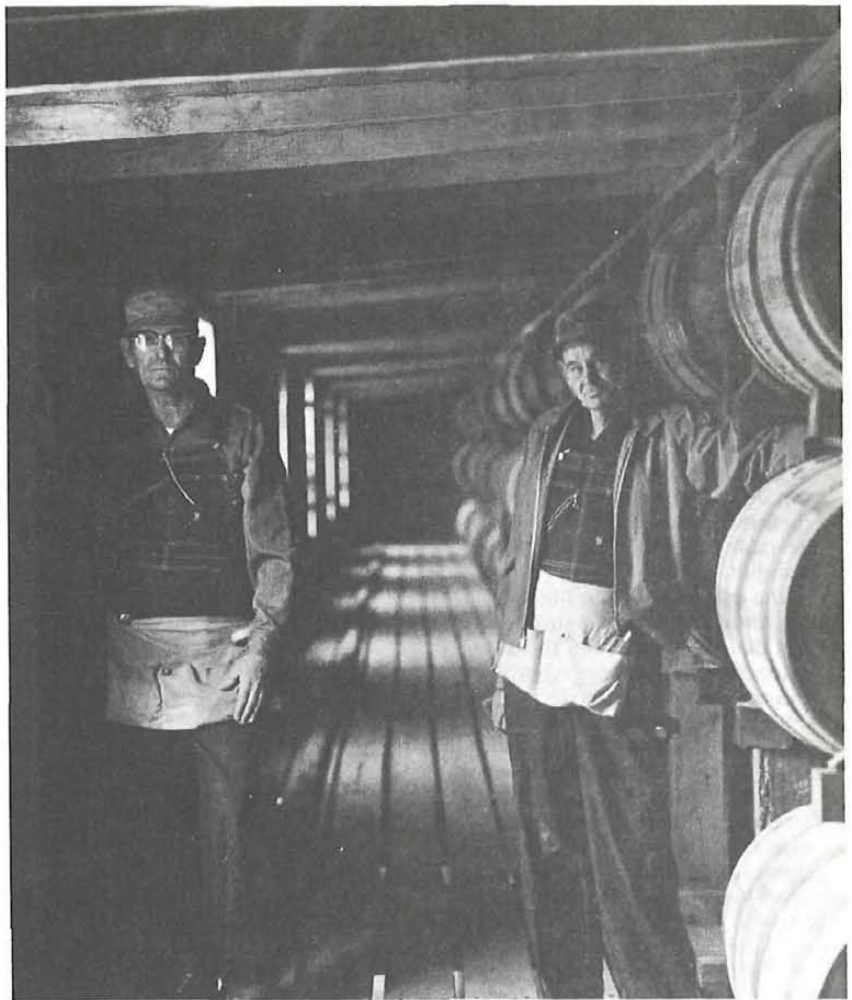
"You wouldn't do those things if you had a woman," he remarks. "You ever had a woman?"

"No," say I. "You ever have a man?"

This sends the asshole into a fiery blush and a peal of giggles. (On occasion it's been a fiery temper and a peal of abuses.) This is when I take a deep breath and begin my final monologue all about how difficult it is for any gay to come to terms with himself. How straights just accept the common, while gays are no less courageous than Christopher Columbus as they examine themselves without and within to find new continents of feelings, new galaxies of understanding. I explain that gay men and lesbians, no matter how low-placed or high-positioned, are ten times braver than any heterosexual for daring to be themselves in a world hungry for scapegoats. I pummel the fool with facts of gay contributions to society and the sciences. I name names from politics, history, Hollywood. I tell sad tales of persecution and misrepresentation. I cover blackmail, entrapment, harassment, and disowning. And as I arrive at my destination I leave the turkey with no doubt that gays and lesbians are more noble in every sense than any heterosexual that ever lived. I also leave him with a big tip. (Positive reinforcement. See Pavlov.) And I go off toward a brighter tomorrow knowing that the next time I get into that sponge-brain's car he will assume that I'm gay. Maybe even that the next guy's gay. Maybe even *he* will be gay.

Editor's Note: The above commentary should not be construed as a statement about all heterosexuals, the majority of whom are nice, well-meaning human beings, but rather as an example of the unthinking few who use being a part of the majority as a license for piggery. Thank you.

P.S. My mother made me add that. *Harvey Fierstein is the Tony-award-winning writer and star of Torch Song Trilogy and wrote the book for La Cage Aux Folles.*



If you're a Jack Daniel's drinker, let us hear from you sometime.

THESE MEN KNOW EXACTLY what's happening inside every barrel in a Jack Daniel's warehouse.

In the heat of summer the whiskey is expanding into the charred inner wood of the barrel. Come Halloween, it's starting to cool. And inching its way back toward the center. Over the aging period, this gentle circulation of whiskey is going on constantly. Of course, it can't be perceived by the human eye. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe you'll recognize its importance.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

HARRY DEAN STANTON

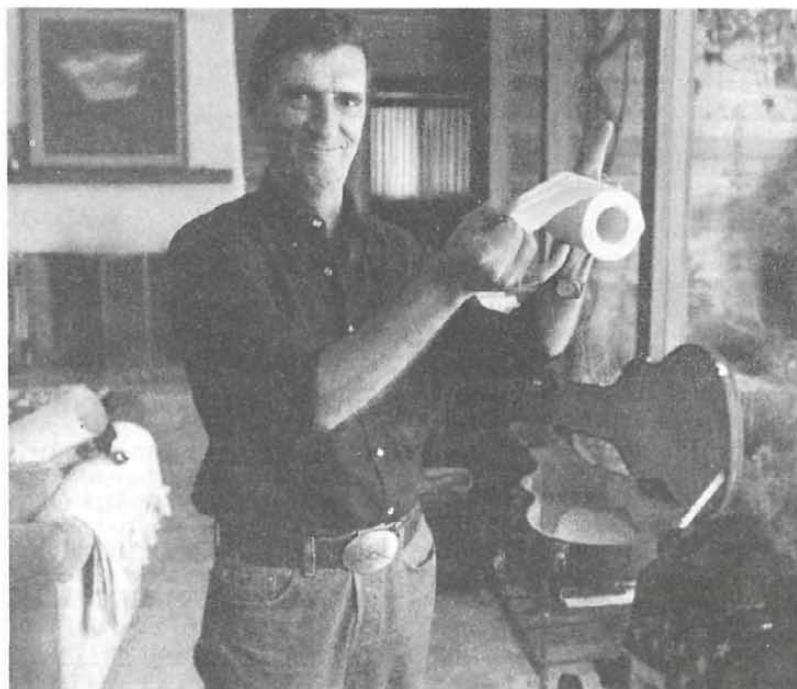
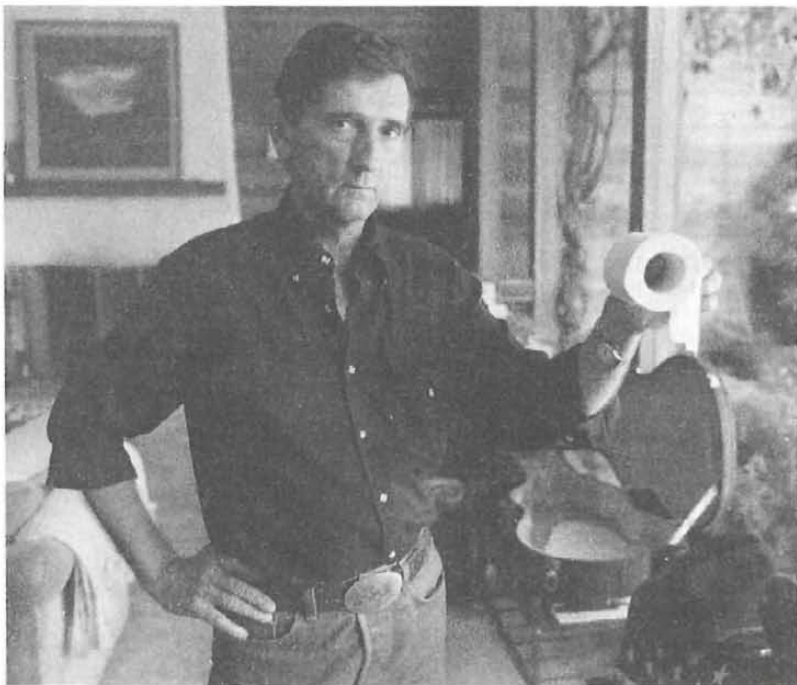
Left Turns, Etc.

All of my pet peeves involve simple lack of consideration for others, those little things people can do without taking any skin off their own noses and make life more bearable for others. You can understand the guy who doesn't swim out in the lake to save your life. He may not know how to swim or he may not feel like getting wet. But the refusal to extend simple courtesy is beyond reason and beyond forgiveness.

That is why my pet peeve is that selfish idiot who makes a left turn in front of you and refuses to move to the middle of the street so that at least one or more cars can make a left turn after him when the yellow light slows oncoming traffic. That really pisses me off. As I sit there fuming without any conceivable purpose behind the crosswalk, dealing with the fact that I will never make it through a light that God and the traffic engineers obviously intended me to make, knowing that each car behind me is going to be one light later than necessary, I know that this is the root evil of human nature.

This is such a golden opportunity. There's about a hundred little things that really get to me. People who refuse to insert a roll of toilet tissue or paper towels with the *end* of the roll on top. When the end of the roll is on the bottom or underneath one can *never* find the end. (See photographs.) The sound of vacuum cleaners. Loud disco music that makes you have to yell at someone sitting right next to you. Muzak in elevators (something you have no control over, and where *does* it come from—a master tape in Washington, D.C?). Air conditioners in hotels, labels people put on people—I could go on. But, while a lot of things piss me off, the one that really heads the list has got to be that guy in the car ahead of you who absolutely will not pull out in the intersection and let me and at least one or two other cars make the left turn.

Harry Dean Stanton has starred in Paris, Texas, Repo Man, Alien, and a host of other films.



Peer Keimman



EDWARD I. KOCH

Striped Bass

I have something of a reputation for speaking out on controversial topics, for telling both individuals and groups exactly what I think of them, with no holds barred. Nevertheless, close friends and advisers were alarmed to learn that I planned to lash out at a special interest group that, until now, has pretty much had its way in New York City. "They have powerful contacts in Washington," I was warned. "One word against them and you'll be pilloried on every front page in the nation."

Maybe so, but there comes a time when a man has to stand up and say what's on his mind. So damn the denunciations, clear the decks, and pass the ammunition! Ed Koch is going toe-to-toe with the striped bass.

Yeah, you heard me. Striped bass. The "Mr. Big" of the fish mob. Piscine tyrants who loiter in the Hudson

River, aching for a chance to mug a highway. You've probably heard the story by now. How the state and city of New York have been trying to build a highway called Westway along the West Side of Manhattan. You're probably just as outraged as I am that this important link in the interstate highway system has been delayed for years because the striped bass lobby convinced a judge their fishy friends would have no place to mate if we put a little landfill in the Hudson.

I tried to be nice about it. I explained that some of my best friends are snail darters. I even offered to build the bass a motel in Poughkeepsie. "No dice," the fishfaces replied. "Our delicate bass prefer the underwater charm of rotting piers and the organic ambience of sewer outlets." It seems hard to believe that such a Stygian species could sink any lower,

but lower they have sunk. The bass now have friends in New Jersey.

Well, t.s. for the stripers. Their dirty little secret is out. Their interiors are toxic. They are contaminated by chemicals with dangerous initials. New York State health authorities have banned the sale of striped bass caught in western Long Island Sound, but I have it on good authority that some of these aquatic chemistry sets are swimming east to get themselves hooked and netted.

Don't let them get away with it. Fight back now, or one day soon a judge may forbid us to clean up our rivers and streams. On what grounds? It's obvious. If they can't snack on toxic waste and sewage, striped bass just can't be themselves.

*Ed Koch is mayor of the city of New York and the author of the bestseller **Mayor**.*

MR. VENGEANCE

by
Buddy
Hickerson*



One morning, Mr. Vengeance hits a careless pedestrian and slowly emerges from his car.



Sure enough, there is a blemish on his WAX JOB! He decides to GET EVEN!!



First he substitutes his wife's BLOW-DRYER for a FLARE GUN....



Then he attends his cousin's bar mitzvah disguised as HITLER!



Then he surgically implants TESTICLES into MENUENDO and ruins their CAREER!



Then he forces DAVID LETTERMAN to perform a really stupid Pet Trick.



Then he wears an INTESTINE necktie to a White House party.



Then, while torching fat people at a nude beach, he is zapped by God and sent to HELL!



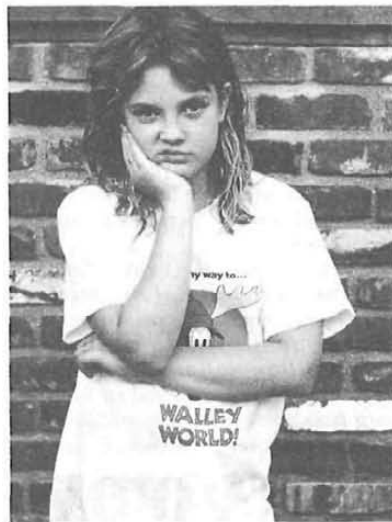
Then he gets REALLY MAD and makes Satan watch the "CARE BEARS" MOVIE!

*with help from
MIKE
STANFIL

Hickerson

DREW BARRYMORE

Grown-ups



Larry Stomen

I'm mad as hell at grown-ups who make a dangerous world that kids have to live in. Kids want to grow up without nuclear war. We're scared about it, and scared we might not get to grow up at all. Maybe grown-ups don't think we understand or that we even care. Well, we do.

I know that some of the people who have the power to make things better have kids, too. I wish they would ask their kids how they feel about things. I wonder if they care if their kids have a world to grow up in. I don't know.

Drew Barrymore is well-known for her performances in, among other films, E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial, Firestarter, and Irreconcilable Differences.

JOHN STEWART

Attacks on Christians

I'm sick of hearing people bad-rap somebody because that person decided to find God. I know born-again can be a real pain in the neck, gazing at you with those all-loving eyes, quoting from the Bible, and asking if you have found the Lord. Well, the same people who put them down are

the same ones who can't wait to let you know they have found cocaine and want you to go through their ritual of "doing a line," and God forbid you don't do it! They'll drive you crazy coaxing you into their bullshit religion as if it were a test of your hipness. Coke will make you crazy, broke, and ruin your sinuses. Agree with them or not, I've never seen a Christian frantically making calls at 2:00 A.M. to find a line of Jesus. For the most part Christians seem happy, healthy, and peaceful. Hard-core cokeheads and alkie friends can't make that claim. The concept that all this happened by accident is a little hard to swallow. So since the born-again just might have found the real thing and since they are no more of a pain in the ass than are junkie friends, GIVE THEM A BREAK.

John Stewart is a world-acclaimed singer-songwriter ("Daydream Believer," "July, You're a Woman," "Gold") and a former member of the Kingston Trio.



TIM McCARVER

Stupid Questions

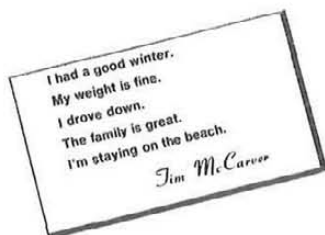
Oh, the sincerity reeks out of every pore during that blissful time of year called spring training! Some thoughtless, inadequate airhead will come up and ask, "How's the family, Tim? Did you have a nice winter? Did you drive down? Where are you staying? Gee, your weight looks good." Sometimes the questions won't be in that order—driving down, if you can believe it, taking precedence over your family. (Just think about it—a couple has a new baby and five minutes after his child is born, he runs into an old friend in the corridor of the hospital

and says, "Hi, Fred, guess what? I just bought a new Chevette, and, by the way, my new son was just born.")

Anyway, to alleviate all these senseless meanderings, I have made out cards that answer all those stupid questions.

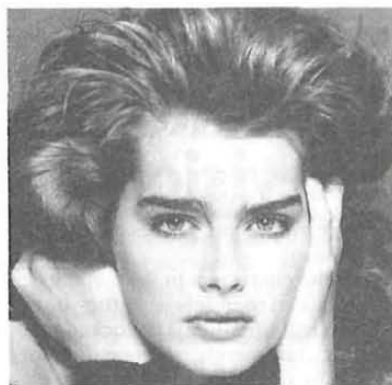
I am working on still more cards that will eventually eliminate all forms of boring conversation, and I look forward to the day when some idiot with seven name tags comes up to me at a cocktail party and I simply pull out the appropriate card upon hearing his first question, hand it to him, and leave. Utopia!

Tim McCarver, former catcher for the St. Louis Cardinals and various other teams and one of the few baseball players to play in the major leagues in four different decades (fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties), is sportscaster for New York Mets and Game of the Week games.



BROOKE SHIELDS

Grabbers



Patrick Demarache

I do really savor what little bit of privacy I have and guess my biggest hatred in the world is having people that I don't know run up and grab and pull at me and try to kiss me. One time, a guy came at me with a scissors and tried to cut a lock of my hair. *Brooke Shields is an undergraduate at Princeton University in New Jersey.*

SUSAN SEIDELMAN

Late-Night Reruns



John Clifford

Late-night television makes me mad as hell. Whatever happened to the great old movies that they used to run at two o'clock in the morning? Those B-movie classics that still aren't available at your home-video store. Today what TV stations call their "Late Night Movie" is really some rerun of an old (and not always too terrific) TV series. I'm sorry, but watching *McMillan and Wife* and *Baretta* at three in the morning will never replace the joy of staying up all night to catch *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*. TV movies just aren't the same thing.

Susan Seidelman is the director of Desperately Seeking Susan and Smithercens.

BRANDON TARTIKOFF

Television

Here are my pet peeves about television:

1. The characters in soap operas who talk to themselves. If they did this in real life, they'd be locked up. On TV they merely advance the plot.
2. The precocious kids in sitcoms who crack jokes they couldn't possibly have thought up. Kids sometimes say things that are funny, but when they do they usually don't know why.
3. The bad guys in TV crime shows—why are they such bad shots and such bad drivers? Perhaps we should impose aptitude tests for this line of work.
4. The program executives at other

networks who rip off our NBC shows. I know I can't get them to stop this. All I ask is that they use some creativity to disguise the larceny a little better.

5. The advertisers who refuse to put their commercials in compelling and controversial movies-for-television like *Adam* and *The Day After*, and then complain that network TV keeps offering "the same old stuff."

6. The Nielsen families that didn't watch *Buffalo Bill* and forced me to cancel my favorite show.

7. Finally, the Mr. Hyde side of me that put on such shows as: *Supertrain*, *Pink Lady*, *Manimal*, and *Mr. Smith*. If any of these show references seem a little fuzzy, consider yourself fortunate.

Brandon Tartikoff is president of NBC Entertainment.

KAL RUDMAN

Disc Jockeys



This is what makes me nuts: I am driving in my car, listening to the radio, when a song even I don't know comes on that I really like. I turn up the volume. As the song ends, I expect to hear the disc jockey back-announce the name of the artist and the title of the song. Instead, another song comes on.

This then turns into a 103-minute "bonus music marathon," and I now sit through another twenty songs just waiting to hear what the first song was. At the end, the DJ comes on and doesn't identify any of the records. He does manage, however, to mention what he saw on TV last night and what he's going to do on the weekend. By this point, I am enraged enough to pound my head against the dashboard and curse the birth of Marconi.

DJs have been placed in the universe for but one purpose. The DJ's reason for being on earth is to back-announce records so the listening

public will know what it has heard. This sensory-motor task is simple. The life of a DJ who fails to back-announce each and every record played is without meaning and substance, a formless void in an infinite sea of time and space. If this problem is not soon addressed, I believe we should return to the system of the 1940s, when leaders of the big bands announced the title and name of the vocalist at the beginning of the song. This, by the way, eliminates the need for DJs in the first place. The resulting group of unemployed radio personalities could then be retrained for more useful work, perhaps as cheese inspectors.

As publisher of the Friday Morning Quarterback, Kal Rudman has long exerted a considerable and profound influence on the multibillion-dollar music industry, and has pioneered in bringing pop/rock music to national prime-time television.

ANITA O'DAY

Flight Attendants and Waitresses



Two things make me mad as hell: flight attendants on domestic airlines who come on like a sergeant at arms, telling one what to put under the seat, what to put up above in the storage bin, what to take out of the aisle, when to put your seat up straight, when to buckle up (whether you're sleeping or not), when they will bring you your food, and when they will bring your drinks, and all with the attitude that they are terribly bored with the whole affair, and without a

smile whatsoever and usually with a holier-than-thou look, and this is first-class—I'm horrified to think of what the poor souls go through in coach. Yes, they make me mad as hell. (P.S. I have been flying for forty-two years, and I find international flights to be very pleasant.)

Second: A driving trip of several hours usually results in a stop for breakfast or lunch. The waitress invariably comes to my table and pours a cup of coffee, which I didn't ask for, and then she walks away when I try to give her my order. And she says, "I'll be with you in just a moment." The moment turns out to be six, eight, ten, or sometimes fifteen minutes. Mad as hell, you bet!

Anita O'Day, one of the premier jazz vocalists of our time, just marked her fiftieth year in show business.

LAMB CHOP Violence, Etc.



Me, I hate poverty, war, injustice, and anything to do with mint sauce.

I hate violence, too. In fact, recently I was doing a show at a children's hospital and a little girl who had just had an operation started telling me a story with violence in it and I had no choice, I hit her. She really made me mad.

Kids make me mad a lot. They're always trying to blow their little noses on me. It drives me nuts.

But what makes me madder than hell is that after every show there are always a couple of wise guys who ask Shari if they can borrow me for a few minutes. That really makes me mad. I hate that.

Shari Lewis, the creator of Lamb Chop, is a ventriloquist, puppeteer, author, and symphony conductor. She has just released her latest video, One-Minute Bedtime Stories, and her latest book, One-Minute Favorite Fairy Tales.

HOLLY JOHNSON (Frankie Goes to Hollywood) Critics

What makes me mad? Enduring frustration turns to mild neurosis. The Psychoanalyst rears his Medusa. Certification. Institutionalization. What makes me mad?

I'm writing this on a plane from Vancouver to Japan. The earlier flight had a bomb in the baggage hold! Another plane exploded over the Irish coast! Delays, luggage search, embarkation, a gift of navy blue flip-flops (with white flock of birds motif) courtesy of JAL, *The Karate Kid*, a good movie with a modicum of Zen and the American Dream. The people sitting behind think the Space Waitress is "offhand." Dealing with this scenario could indeed make somebody's blood boil. Me? I ENJOY life—honest.

This piece I was going to call "Journalism Without a License," pertaining to Bitch Brain critics, whom many creative people have to come up against in their careers. Create something, exhibit it, take it on the road, release it, and there you go. The work of our fictitious artist is now at the mercy of The Critic. A breed that will never have a statue erected in their honor! Some of them are bastions of honest, factual reporting, but very few. The ones that want to make a name for themselves, i.e., the Hedda Hopperettes, take pleasure in destroying the artist's baby in various ways: call the artist "fat," call the author's wife a whore, insist the singer is on too many drugs, or, at worst, tell the public "he's bad in bed."

A lot of people find great amusement in this form of exposé (including me). Do these journalists have a right to breathe? "DO YOU WANT TO GET LAID? GO CRAWL UP A CHICKEN'S ASS, YOU'LL GET LAID."

To recap on the terrorist situation, terrorism of this nature

MAKES ME SO MAD!

Oppressed they must be, if not plain psychopathic. We have a lot of it in England with the I.R.A. situation. A total embarrassment. Margaret Thatcher another embarrassment, but we all have our political-leader crosses to bear.

There is no easy solution (sic).

There would have to be a massive reorganization of the world as we know it. A redistribution of wealth and power and the destruction of prejudice in all its guises. Did Thomas More with his description of Utopia do us any favors? Of course he did. Hope springs eternal.

Holly Johnson is lead singer of Frankie Goes to Hollywood, the British rock group.

CLIFF ROBERTSON People Who Are Mad As Hell



Jeff Wong

I'm mad as hell and I'm not prepared to take any more inducing-seducing coercing-imploing asking-demanding or exhortations to write-type-dictate or block-print an essay-treatise-editorial-paragraph-sentence or word about what makes me "madder than hell" when the very expression is specious-ambiguous-vague and uncorroborated by any witness for the persecution below or above and begs the question: What right does anyone have to any other's irritations annoyances vexes or displeasures in a free and democratic society when the Constitution that guarantees free speech does not preclude free silence—a right that every American including this writer must defend with his last unpunctuated breath: which incidentally happens to be my "pet peeve."

Broadway and film star Cliff Robertson won an Academy Award for Best Actor for his performance in the film Charly.

FRED WILLARD Out to Lunch



My pet peeve is when you're trying to call someone and you're told they're at lunch and it's 11:30 in the morning. So you call back at 1:00 and they're still at lunch so you call at 2:00 and they're not back yet and about 3:30 you call and you're told they've left for the day. What's going on, eh? What kind of schedule is that? And then you leave your name and number real clearly and they never return your call. They must be mighty disorganized.

My other peeve is these pests who always want favors from you. You know the best way to handle them? Don't even let them get hold of you or you'll never get rid of them. Have someone tell them you're in a meeting or at lunch. If they keep it up just say you've left for the day. Then they'll leave their number, as though you don't have enough problems, and you'll have to call them. Forget it. *Fred Willard has appeared in a number of television shows, most notably Fernwood 2-Night.*

ERICH SEGAL Snobs, Etc.

I get mad as hell at:

Snooty establishments where even the most fashionable jeans are not permitted. Why is this particular garment so offensive to aristocratic sensibilities? Would they turn away Claude Lévi-Strauss?

Wine experts, wine waiters, wine phonies (sometimes incarnated in the same person) who, if they deign to speak to you at all, tell you what you *should* be drinking. And I have yet to

meet one who could just simply say, "It tastes great and has a nice kick to it."

People who stuff themselves with huge sandwiches topped off with a hunk of cheesecake, then flush it all down with Diet Coke because they are "watching their weight."

Undergraduates who fill my office hours with demands (not pleas) that I change their A-minus to an A on the heartrending grounds that they are premed and should not be denied the right to an office on Park Avenue.

Doctors who look at you compassionately, stroke their beards (real or imaginary), inform you that your malady is "idiopathic"—which is Greek for they haven't got the slightest notion what the hell you have—but assure you that "there is a lot of it around."

The same as above for garage mechanics. Also:

All agents.

All critics.

Erich Segal is the author of Love Story, Oliver's Story, and the current bestseller The Class.

TOVAH FELDSHUH Terrorists



I'm mad as hell about the hijackings and the non-value the terrorists place on human life. Funny how terrorism always strikes unarmed civilian victims. Whether it's a busload of Jewish children in Kiriyat Shmona, a TWA passenger plane, or Pope John Paul II, what terrifies me is not just the attack on an undefended target, but the insane values of the attackers. If this is what is meant by "survival of the fittest"—fanatics preying upon and murdering the weakest targets they can find—God help us all.

Film, television, and stage actress Tovah Feldshuh just appeared in New York in the venerable British comedy Springtime for Henry.

SEKA Odds and Ends



W is for the wimpy people in this world

H is for all the heinous jokes I've been told

Y is for the many Yiddish words which are used improperly

I is for the indignant way people sometimes act toward their fellow man

A is for the times I've had to abide by other people's standards

M is for making an X-rated film without first consulting Al Goldstein

M is for making plans with someone who doesn't show up

A is for accidentally stepping on discarded chewing gum and then bringing it into the house

D is for doing the best you can, and not being appreciated

A is for amateurs who try to be professionals

S is for sex with guilt

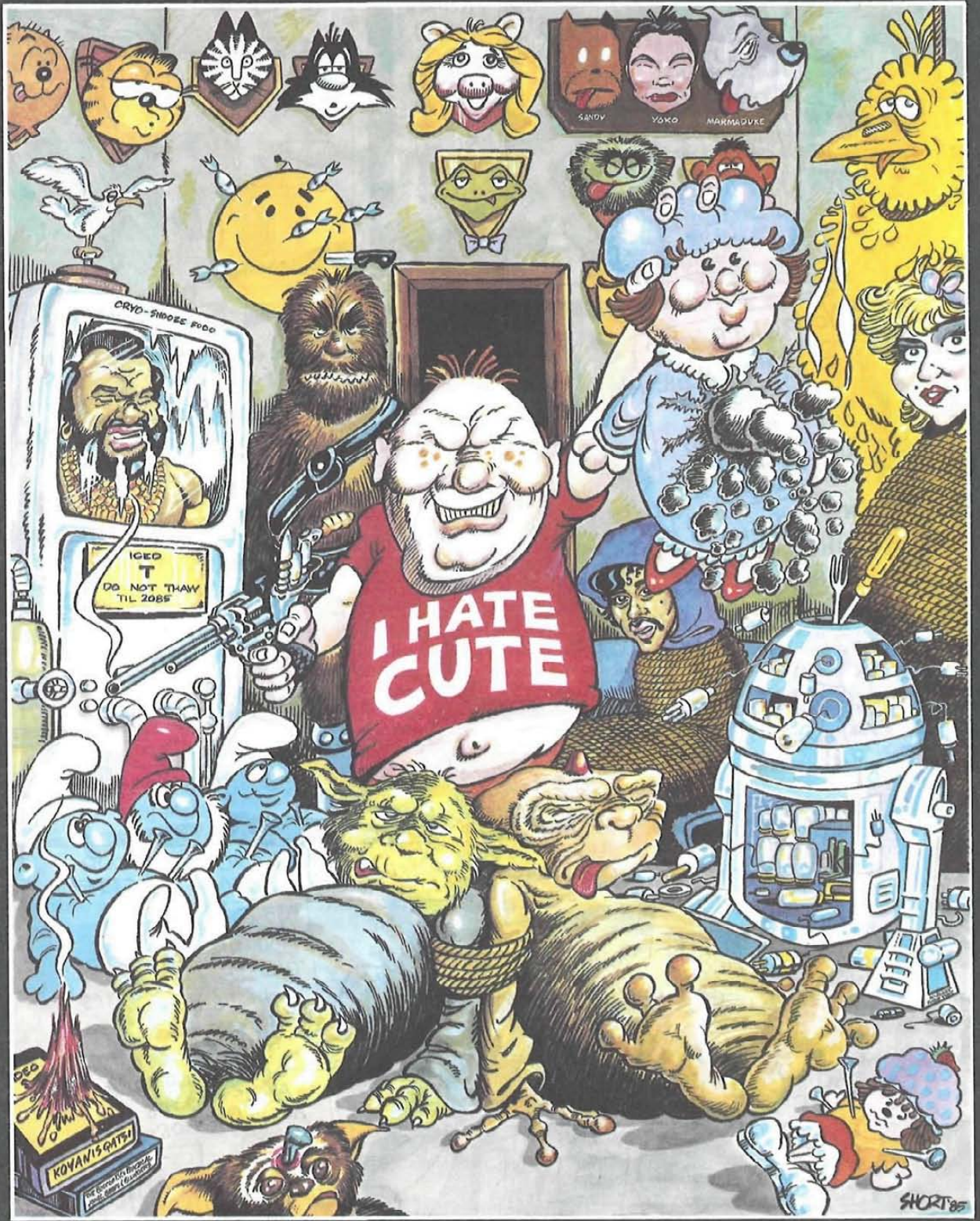
H is for head without feeling

E is for erotic, or so-called erotic, movies without a plot

L is for living beyond one's means

L is for leaving a Cubs game when they lose.

Seka, one of the biggest stars of adult films, owns her own mail-order business, Pearl Productions.





YOUR HUSBAND'S DEAD, HE'S IN THE TOMB, BUT SWEEP AWAY THOSE CLOUDS OF GLOOM AND JUST ENJOY THE EXTRA ROOM!

WE SEE YOUR PANTIES!

Of his sex-plaints he'd often boast, Now he's gone to a weenie roast!

She wanted a rock on her finger, but instead the rock she got is above her head!

HE WILL RISE AGAIN!

HE'LL WEAR A ROBE OF WHITE UP THERE IN THE SKIES, SO GIVE ME HIS ARMANIS AND ALL HIS POLO TIES!

This widdle birdie has come to say: "Your mommy has begun to DECAY!"

HE ALWAYS WANTED TO RIDE IN A BIG BLACK CADILLAC, HE FINALLY GOT HIS WISH, BUT HE'S THE GUY IN BACK!

Gramps is gone, that's tough luck, but here's the blonde he used to fuck. His dear dead dork she used to blow, and now she's gotten all his DOUGH!



YOUR LOVED ONE'S DEAD, AND YOU ARE VEXED, 'CAUSE YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE...

Please... DON'T FORGET YOUR DEAD-IQUETTE!

NO MATTER THAT THE MOURNERS ARE SCOFFIN', TUCK SOME CHOCOLATES IN HIS COFFIN, FOR EVEN THO' THE GUY'S A GHOST, HE SHOULD BRING A GIFT TO HIS HEAVENLY HOST!

**P
O
L
I
T
E
N
E
S
S
M
A
N**

by **RON BARRET**

STEPHEN FURST

The Person In Front Of Me



Peter Kleinman

What makes me mad as hell is going supermarket shopping. The worst thing is the person in front of you at the checkout line who says, "Oh, I forgot something." She runs at first (just to make you think she's in a hurry) but you see her twenty minutes later doing comparisons of the ingredients in granola bars. All the time she's gone you have a baby in soaking-wet diapers dribbling all over your groceries. She finally gets back to the line, checks out her groceries, and suddenly discovers that she only brought twenty-five dollars for sixty dollars' worth of groceries. Now we have to go through the process of her choosing which items to put back. Should it be the Oreo cookies or the Ban deodorant? I pray she makes the right decisions.

So, next time I decide to go to the trendy, *in* place to market. I am treated like someone just let out of Bellevue! My hands are slapped for squeezing the melons. I am told not to read the magazines while standing

in line. I don't have the heart to tell you what I had to do to write a check for my grocery order.

Stephen Furst, a regular on TV's St. Elsewhere, is perhaps best-known for his role as Flounder in National Lampoon's Animal House.

MARVIN MITCHELSON

Reluctant Spouses



Sy Preston Assoc.

Successful businessmen can make all kinds of deals, and some of them are losses. They accept them and go on with their business duties. However, in divorce battles the same men refuse to accept the fact that they will have to give up big money and property to their wives. Their attitude is what angers me most. They refuse to accept the fact that the marriage is over and in order for them to go forward, they will have to give their spouses what a judge or court or op-

posing attorneys deem fair and equitable. They will chisel and lie and do everything possible not to settle the divorce. Some will even threaten me physically because I have been hired to protect the interests of their wives. The same men who hire lawyers to get them the best deals they can.

Marvin Mitchelson, the celebrated divorce lawyer, has represented, among others, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Sonny Bono, Bianca Jagger, Mrs. Rod Steiger, Mrs. James Mason, and Michelle Triola-Marvin.

ELMORE LEONARD

Attitudes and Objects

There are attitudes that irritate me, often those expressed by doctors, insurance salesmen, wavy-haired television evangelists, our wavy-haired president and his country-club advisers... and there are inanimate objects I have trouble with, like phone-answering machines pretending to be people.

But nothing is more shattering to my serenity than to hear the opening bars of "Alley Cat" when I'm in a place from which there's no escape and realize—oh, my God—that I'm going to have to listen to that entire relentlessly boring song all the way to the end.

Elmore Leonard has been writing for more than thirty-four years and has twenty-three books and the screenplays of a dozen feature films to his credit. His latest book is Elmore Leonard's Dutch Treat.

CHEVY CHASE Cheap Magazines

Nothing pisses me off more than this cheap shit. Best Chevy Chase

Naturally, we cannot accommodate many of the well-known people who will be writing for this issue in the fashion that they are accustomed to financially, so we are offering our regular per-word price for this material as payment. All contributors will be paid the same forty cents a word. Contributors may write three sentences or a thousand words.

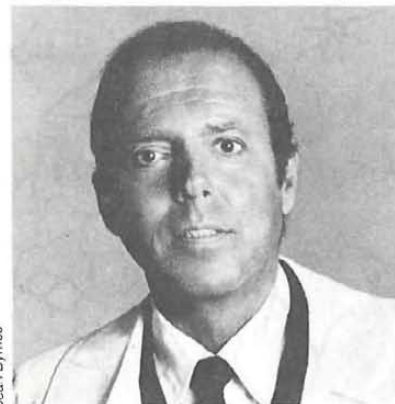
Among Chevy Chase's many films are National Lampoon's Vacation, National Lampoon's European Vacation, and Spies Like Us.

MAD AS HELL COMICS! BY ED SUBITZKY



FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

My Driveway



Sean Byrnes

I'm mad as hell when someone parks in front of my driveway, especially when I want to go away for the weekend.

Francesco Scavullo, famous portrait photographer, is author of the bestselling photography book Scavullo.

FRED GWYNNE

Just Plain Mad

I'm not mad as hell about anything. It takes too much energy to be mad as hell, and as I get older I'm starting to save my energy for more important things. Such as being (just plain) mad about a hell of a lot of things. There's a difference.

Fred Gwynne, best-known for his starring roles in the TV series Car 54, Where Are You? and The Munsters, has also acted in many films, including The Cotton Club and Simon.

JANE ALEXANDER

Noise

My pet peeve is noise. NOISE, NOISE, NOISE everywhere you go. You step in an elevator and this dribbly music invades the four walls; you make a call and a secretary puts you on hold and this saccharine junk or, even worse,

hard rock traps you while you desperately listen for the human voice to return.

You walk down the street and jackhammers or police sirens or ghetto blasters rip your eardrums. You visit the country and you share the hiking trails with motorcycles in summer and snowmobiles in winter.

There is no escape from airplanes. Their presence finds you in the densest city or the most remote wilderness, and they are proliferating faster than cockroaches on East Tenth Street.

I've not heard true silence in a very long time. My only escape is to situate myself near the ocean; somehow the roar of the surf shuts out the din of the world.

Tony-award winner for The Great White Hope and three-time Oscar nominee for The Great White Hope, Kramer vs. Kramer, and All the President's Men, Jane Alexander recently starred opposite Elizabeth Taylor in the TV movie Malice in Wonderland.

DICK CLARK

Idiots Who Write on Rocks



Jeff Wong

Idiots who write on rocks make me "madder than hell." The experts who study human behavior tell us that making your mark with spray paint is an indication of a person crying out for recognition. Defacing man-made structures is bad enough, but scrawling on nature's wonders should do more than get you recognized. Hopefully, a higher power will drop a rock on your stupid head!

Among Dick Clark's many ventures on radio and television are Bloopers and Practical Jokes and American Bandstand.

GILBERT GOTTFRIED

Assorted Things



Okay, let's start. I'm mad as hell at the following:

1. Alan Alda for calling himself a feminist. It makes me puke. I'd gain tremendous respect for him if he called himself a faggot.

2. Women who take offense at terms like dame, girl, broad, chick, or rubber hole. The other day I was at a party and I saw Gloria Steinem. I asked her, "What do you like to be called—Miss, Mrs., or Ms.?" "Oh, I don't know," she giggled. "Just call me cunt." We've been dating ever since. Which reminds me of a wonderful, charming old story by Dostoyevsky: A blind man is walking down the street. He passes the Fulton Fish Market and yells, "Hello, girls."

3. The Amish. That's right, the Amish—who do they think they are? They don't drink, fornicate, or use the phone. Sure they don't use the phone. What would they say to each other, "Gee, my beard looks fucking great!" or "Let's get together and not drink and not get laid!" So fuck the Amish! There, I said it and I'm glad.

4. People who talk to me knowing full well they have a big whitehead on the tip of their nose.

5. People who talk to me knowing full well I have a big whitehead on the tip of my nose.

6. People who talk to me.

7. Anybody involved in the making of *The Big Chill*.

Gilbert Gottfried was a regular on Saturday Night Live and Thicke of the Night and has just completed the movie Bad Medicine.

I'm Mad As Hell at the Following Types and



The scummy farmer who's turned one of the few honest ways to earn a living into just another cruddy racket by growing tough, tasteless fruits and vegetables which are depressing to eat and entirely without nourishment, but which will survive on the grocer's shelves without actually rotting until you finally break down and buy the goddamn things because nothing else is available.

The smug ninny who writes yet another book which pretends to explain Einstein's theories, but which only insults Einstein by reducing his insights to baby doo-doo, and infuriates the reader by conning him into buying yet another condescending, badly written rehash.

The slob taxi driver who lets you know he hates Puerto Ricans and everybody else not in his ethnic group immediately after he's turned on his meter, and then spends the rest of the ride trying to bully you into telling him he's really a broad-minded, loving guy.

Think They Ought to Be Taken Out and Shot

by Gahan Wilson



The nurse who thinks her doctor is God Almighty and who is openly disgusted with you for not showing sufficient gratitude to him (and her) for allowing a diseased wretch such as yourself to sit on one of his tacky waiting-room chairs and read his moldering investors' magazines hour after hour after hour.

The noxious clerk in the high-tech store whose sole aim in life is to demonstrate, as insultingly as possible, that he knows more than his customers do about widgets.

The mean sons of bitches who actually would, in real life, take all the above people out and have them shot.

MARK GREEN

AIM and Tax Reform

There are two canards that make me mad as hell and need to be defeated. Canard 1 is: *The media has a left-wing bias.*

A group called Accuracy in Media (AIM), which should be retitled "Accuracy in McCarthyism" based on its method of personal attacks, has made a career out of this charge. AIM's leader, Reed Irvine, notes that because most reporters voted for McGovern over Nixon, the media has a liberal slant. Recently, neo-conservative Midge Decter, as well as Russell Braley in his book *Bad News: Foreign Reporting at the New York Times*, have argued that the "liberal press" hurt America because it revealed a skeptical attitude (Decter's words) toward our involvement in Vietnam.

Journalists skeptical? Odd—I thought journalists were *supposed* to be skeptics, since those in power (a) can err and (b) try to cover up their errors. So it wasn't the left-wing press but the fittingly skeptical press who, applying truth to power, helped expose Democratic President Lyndon Johnson over Vietnam and Republican President Richard Nixon over Watergate. Ms. Decter may want the media to perform like seals swallowing fish thrown by the powerful, but that's not the way the Fourth Estate should, or does, operate.

If anything, the media, in my view, are not skeptical enough with President Reagan, whose unerring penchant for false statements marks him not so much The Great Communicator as The Great Prevaricator. For one of dozens of examples, at a February press conference he said that the Nicaraguan government "is not a government chosen by the people"—and no one in the entire White House press corps followed up to say, "But didn't 67 percent of Nicaraguans vote for them in that country's first secret-ballot election ever?" He ridiculed experts who said the U.S. couldn't grow its way out of the federal deficit—and no member of the media confronted him with the names of two such experts: Martin Feldstein, the past chair of President Reagan's Council of Economic Advisors, and Robert Dole, the Republican Senate majority leader.

Yes, it's true that most reporters in

a survey acknowledged voting for McGovern instead of Nixon. But this analysis selectively ignores the fact that 80 percent of newspapers also endorsed Republicans Nixon, Ford, and Reagan for president. Why? Perhaps because more Republicans own newspapers.

The myth of media bias in national elections should be interred by a comprehensive analysis published in *Public Opinion*, which is put out by the prominent and conservative American Enterprise Institute. Based on a review of 826 news pieces on network news shows, author Michael J. Robinson found that 97.5 percent implied neither a liberal nor a conservative bias, i.e., they were straight reporting. His conclusion: "There is virtually no ideological bias on evening news. There is no partisan bias on evening news. There is bias against incumbents and front-runners. But that is journalism, not partisanship."

Still, those who perpetuate the myth of liberal bias can put the media on the defensive. Thus, in May of this year ABC aired a special *Viewpoint* program on this topic, on which a stacked panel of critics at the U.S. Chamber of Commerce in Washington, D.C., heard eighteen of twenty questioners attack the liberal press. Here are some of the issues that didn't come up: How extensive is owner bias toward Republicans? Why is conservative George Will, of ABC News, the only regular commentator on all three network news programs? Does corporate sponsorship of PBS programs restrict the political range of these programs? Instead, we heard Phyllis Schlafly attack the press for being unpatriotic because it didn't promote President Reagan's "strategic defense initiative"—a.k.a. "Star Wars."

It is all too easy for conspiracy-minded conservatives to blame the failings of one's president, party, or policy on the wicked media. In fact, their view confuses partisanship with analysis. They remind me of the adage "All looks yellow to the jaundiced eye."

Canard #2 is: *President Ronald Reagan is leading a tax reform campaign for average Americans.* This propaganda is burdened by at least

three taxing ironies.

First, the president attacks the "special interests," saying that the "free rides" are over. Could he have forgotten that it was his own 1981 tax bill that legislated many of these free rides? It was his bill that created new tax shelters for realtors and commodities brokers, that reduced the share corporations pay, and that allowed the *sale* of tax credits. This last preference meant not only that GE owed no taxes but that the U.S. government owed *it* money. Today he's against free rides, but yesterday Mr. Reagan was their conductor.

Second, the president claims his tax reform plan is fair. Really? Is it fair to eliminate the deduction for families that adopt handicapped children, yet continue the deduction for oil companies that adopt the oil depletion allowance? Is it fair to cut the taxes of those earning over \$200,000 by an average of \$9,000, yet increase the taxes of two-earner middle-class families? Is it fair that a working couple under his plan would pay a tax of 35 percent on their marginal income while a big shareholder would pay half that, 17.5 percent, as he watches his stock climb in value because of a conglomerate merger? That's fair if your standard is J. R. Ewing rather than J. F. Kennedy.

Third, President Reagan two years ago called for a "new federalism" to push decision making down to the levels of government closest to the people, i.e., state and local governments. Yet by denying the deductibility of state and local taxes from federal tax bills, he implies that Washington has preeminent claim on our taxes, and he squeezes the ability of local governments to fund their services—which directly contradicts the new federalism.

We do need tax simplification and a tax code that is more than an instrument for the powerful. But Ronald Reagan's version is so unfair, inconsistent, and hypocritical that it's more tax deform than tax reform.

Mark Green is the president of the Democracy Project, a public policy institute based in New York. He is the author of the forthcoming book *The Challenge of Hidden Profits*.

NAT HENTOFF

Misguided Liberals

Nothing gets me madder, day by day, than liberals who condemn Jerry Falwell, Phyllis Schlafly, and the rest of the right wing for being censors, while those very same liberals do the same thing.

Item: The National Organization for Women (NOW) passed a resolution two years ago that prevents anyone from being invited to address the annual NOW convention if that person has any point of view that disagrees with any of NOW's policies. If Phyllis Schlafly's Eagle Forum had passed such a resolution, every member of NOW would chortle at those right-wingers showing again how rigid and narrow they were.

Item: *The Progressive*, a monthly out of Madison, Wisconsin, is one of the most exuberantly independent of all American political journals. It never caves in to anyone, least of all the government. *The Progressive* went through a long and very expensive battle to defy the Justice and Defense Departments when they tried to prevent the magazine from printing a piece on the "secret" of the H-bomb. (The intent of the article was to prove there are no secrets, and that the government claims the need for secrecy only in order to prevent the citizenry from knowing what the hell's actually going on as billions keep being spent to create more "secrets.")

Like most irreverent political journals, *The Progressive* is in chronic need of money. It's been helped, now and then, by the Funding Exchange, a consortium of foundations created by the "rich kids"—the scions of families with huge, rapaciously acquired fortunes who want to do good in penance.

On the question of abortion, the editor of *The Progressive*, like the staff, is pro-choice. But the editor believes that anybody who wants to talk to the readers in the advertising columns is entitled to, providing that



Martha Kaplan

what he's advocating is legal. A small radical pro-life group in Kansas City, Missouri, Feminists for Life of America, put a tiny ad in the magazine for three issues running. The ad showed an eight-week fetus and advised pregnant women to think twice or maybe three times before killing him or her. That's all she wrote. The president of Feminists for Life of America, by the way, has been busted both for protesting abortion and for protesting nuclear power plants. And she runs a magazine that is far more to the economic left than those rich kids with their foundations.

Well, the spokeswoman for the

rich kids' consortium—June Makela, executive director of the Funding Exchange—canceled the Funding Exchange's subscription to *The Progressive* and also said she and her staff would not help raise any more money for the magazine. To be "progressive" enough for the liberal rich kids, *The Progressive* would have to keep its pages utterly clean of anything deviating from pro-abortion orthodoxy.

That got me madder than Reagan going to Bitburg. Reagan is only one schmuck and he'll have to clear out in three years, but liberals who want to stifle ideas they find offensive go on

continued on page 82

HOWARD JARVIS

Uncontrolled Government

United States senator from Louisiana Russell Long is retiring at the end of his term in the Senate.

Senator Long has been either a Democratic congressman or senator for thirty-six years, and served for eighteen years as chairman of the Finance Committee of the United States Senate.

For years Senator Long authored laws to require most federal agencies to be reviewed by Congress at the end of their current designations to ascertain if they were functioning properly. The Long proposals were called "sunset" laws, but Congress refused to act on any of them.

After Proposition 13 was adopted by the people of California in 1978, I was invited to meet with the members of the United States Senate, including Senator Long.

The following is a word-for-word exchange between Senator Long and me:

Senator Long: This government is totally and completely out of control. We do not know what we are doing here. We do not know how much debt we have put upon the people, nor do we know what the various agencies and other government commissions are doing. We have created a gigantic bureaucracy that runs this government, and unless we act to control it, we will have a serious recession in the United States. [We had the recession in 1981.]

Mr. Jarvis: Senator, are you telling me our government is being run by bureaucrats who have never been elected and are known to only a very few people, and who run our government over and above the House, the Senate, and the president?

Senator Long: That is exactly what I am telling you.

Mr. Jarvis: Senator, in that case you do not have representative government in this country anymore, do we?

Senator Long: That is right. President Eisenhower once told us

the bureaucracy was powerful enough to sabotage almost every law designed to benefit the American people.

I am also mad as hell about this: A distorted history of the Vietnam War was recently aired by the Public Broadcasting System. To most knowledgeable Americans this PBS version of the history of the Vietnam War left out the most important parts of that history.

The real foundation for that war was laid in the inaugural address made by President John F. Kennedy, in which he said, "Let every nation know that we shall pay every price, bear any burden, support any friend, oppose any foe, to assure the survival and success of liberty."

These words brought resounding cheers from his enormous audience in Washington and across the nation.

Later President Kennedy sent 16,000 U.S. Marines to South Vietnam as the first combat troops to carry out his commitment to liberty pledged in his inaugural address.

Also not mentioned were the historical facts of the decisions by the Johnson administration to limit the targets in North Vietnam our military forces could attack, and to prohibit our military forces from taking actions to win the war.

Also not mentioned were the decisions by the Johnson administration that denied our military officers and forces in the field the right to make day-to-day battle decisions.

Also not mentioned was the action by Congress to cut off the funds for the military in Vietnam after the Tet offensive, forcing our forces to leave Vietnam, which made certain we would lose the war.

Many of those who applauded President Kennedy's inaugural address later turned away from the very policy they had formerly cheered so loudly for. So I am mad as hell about this.

I am mad as hell because Congress for nineteen consecutive years before Reagan voted for deficit spending every year.

I am also mad as hell because Congress would neither pay any attention to or even consider the Grace Commission Report, which detailed the enormous waste of taxpayers' money in some 2,500 government agencies.

The president appointed Peter Grace, a Democrat, to chair the commission. A staff of two thousand highly qualified accountants, computer experts, and experienced financial consultants worked two years to compile the commission reports.

I get mad when I read that the United States, since the establishment of the Marshall Plan, has given or loaned 147 nations some two hundred billion dollars, of which less than 1 percent has been repaid. Among those countries are Greece, India, Iran, Turkey, Albania, Hungary, Cuba, and the USSR. None of them friends of ours.

I get mad when 50 percent of high school graduates are functionally illiterate, and the waste of tax money in the public school system could well equal the waste in the military.

I get mad when I learn the Congressional Record is actually a lie and a fraud used by Congress to deceive the American people.

Because for ten years Congress has chosen to tear down both our internal security and our worldwide counter-intelligence agencies, including the FBI, terrorism is now a real threat to all Americans at home and abroad.

I am also mad as hell because so many Americans have forgotten that the people of these United States are rightful masters of Congress and the courts, not to overthrow the Constitution, but to overthrow those who pervert the Constitution.

If you are not as mad as I am about these undisputed facts, you should be. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. *Retired businessman Howard Jarvis is the executive director of the United Organizations of Taxpayers and led the fight for the property-tax-cutting Proposition 13 in California in 1978.*

ALLEN GINSBERG

The Moral Majority



The Bettmann Archive

Something evil about you Mr. Vigurie Mr. Falwell
Not evil but ignorance of the delights of the Boy
The 1920s have passed, corsets and chastity belts and whips
and the stake, humans aflame in the fire of your eyes
—Some old Demon the Satan in possession of your body
a thousand years old, two thousand that burned the parchments of Black Sappho.
I've seen God as much as any man, he doesn't look like you alone
He looks like me too, and all the homosexuals on earth,
in Congo, the Cities of North America, Barrios of Rio—
He looks like a lavender fairy, Paris salons 1890, the birds & the bees,
Like ambidextrous worms, male dogs coupling in the Alabama parkinglot.
Nothing wrong with Family, Mother Father & Buba.
Nothing wrong with the Babe.
Nothing wrong with Mr. Falwell except a little mean streak
that isn't god, just a jerk, talks too big for his britches,
inexperienced Bible Salesman
interprets words & letters, not Holy Spirit
ambitious politically, at expense of the poor,
the thwarted, & happy ruddy kids—
Find out Buddha, pray to Silence
Enter the great Silence, pass thru the needle's eye,
then come back happy, laughing, generous
big mouth full of good cheer, not money,
honey.

March 19, 1985

Allen Ginsberg is an internationally known poet and social critic.

JOHN WEIDMAN on George Steinbrenner



George Steinbrenner is an asshole. He also has an asshole. In fact, if you count Billy Martin, he has two. (He used to have three, until Reggie went to California, but that's history....)

What's wrong with George Steinbrenner? Marx and Engels could have told you. So could anyone who's ever been the parent of a two-year-old. I have a daughter who is almost three. What does she want? She wants ice cream. She *needs* ice cream. When she gets it, she is winning. When she doesn't, she is losing. And she *bates* to lose. She *has* to win. Not after her nap, not when we get to Grandma's—*now*. And when she doesn't win, she sulks and screams and bangs the wall. This behavior is infantile, self-centered, and embarrassing. But it's appropriate in a two-year-old. George is fifty-five.

But enough of these oblique, self-conscious family ramblings. Let's talk turkey. George Steinbrenner isn't just an asshole, he's a pig. An oafish, arrogant, self-pitying, self-important, pompous bully of a pig, who bought himself a ball club with the dough he had left over after bribing Richard Nixon. Why was this permissible? How did this happen?

It happened because money talks and bullshit (which in the marketplace is everything that isn't money) walks. Buy it, sell it, come and get it. A loaf of bread, a Chevrolet, a second baseman. Lay your money down, it's yours. The thing itself. Go on, pick it up, turn it over, *feel* it. Now take your

pecker out and piss all over it. You can! It's okay! Why? Because you *paid* for it!

George understands this. He understands that since he owns the team bus and the rain tarp and the fungo bats, he also owns the elegance, the embodiment of excellence (not winning, *excellence*), which is the New York Yankees. This is the part George likes to piss on. And he'll continue pissing on it until the Yankees have got as much tradition left as the New Jersey Generals or the Boston Lobsters.

And there's fuck-all anyone can do to stop him. The guy's got too much stuff. He's a competitor. He came to play!

So what the hell. Be merciful, George. Move the franchise to Las Vegas. Change the team name to the New York Sirloins. Enter Rickey Henderson in the Kentucky Derby. Crap it up, once and for all, with one bold, final gesture. Kill it quick. The Yanks deserve that much. What you deserve, George, is a weekend in the country with Bernard LeGeros.

John Weidman, a former editor of the National Lampoon, wrote the book for the award-winning Broadway musical Pacific Overtures.

P. J. O'ROURKE Milk Carton Kids

What makes me mad? Usually it's whiskey—whiskey in little shot glasses with a draft beer on the side. Give me fifteen, eighteen of those and I'm mad at everything. Last night it was Arthur Godfrey. I was pissed about the way he fired Julius LaRosa on the air. That and Lady Bird Johnson's goddamn Highway Beautification Program—you know, putting decorative enclosures around junkyards. America's just not America without junkyards all over the place. If she wanted to improve the looks of the countryside, why didn't she fence off her fucking daughters? But the rest of the time, like before noon, I'm not really mad at much of anything except those missing kids on the milk cartons. Why don't you call home, you little shits, and get your dopey faces off my breakfast table? Also, I keep worrying that my own picture is

going to turn up on one of those things:

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS ADULT?
BORN: November, 1947
MISSING FROM: Work
LAST SEEN: Pig and Shamrock, 4 A.M.

Which reminds me. Where the hell did all these twenty-three-year-olds in suits and running shoes come from? One of them came up to the bar last night and ordered a "Kir Royale." So I let fly and emptied the space between his Walkman earphones. That wuss.

P. J. O'Rourke is the former editor in chief of the National Lampoon. He is also a screenwriter and freelance journalist.

WILLIAM M. GAINES City Garages



I'm MAD AS HELL about the parking-rate structure in New York City. Ever study the posted rates? Fun reading in Fun City! The first hour or less costs \$10.50. Okay! Stay two hours, \$12.00. Three hours, \$13.00; eight hours, \$16.00; and twenty-four hours, \$21.00! I can live with all this! But stay *another ten minutes: \$31.50!!!*

All the NYC garages that I've parked in charge similarly. Instead of prorating after twenty-four hours, they charge the weighted hourly rate all over again!

SWINDLE, SWINDLE, SWINDLE! Who allows this? The nitwits at the Department of Consumer Affairs of the City of New York.

STUPID, STUPID, STUPID!
Arrrrggghhhh!

I could write lots more, but in ten minutes the rate changes, so...
William M. Gaines is the publisher of MAD magazine.

ZOE TAMERLIS

A Lot

I am mad as hell at people who aren't mad as hell. I am madder than hell at people who get off on being mad as hell instead of acting to change what they are mad as hell about.

Below, in random order of culpability, are some of the less obvious things I am mad as hell about. For me, they are not just mad-as-hell impotent ejaculations but guidelines for action. For instance, I am mad as hell at:

Those who think they can fight terrorism with anti-terrorism. America will cease to be the world's target only in the improbable case that Americans transform their legal and human constitutions and their impact on the world. This last chance for the American people to prove themselves is the dramatic wager at the root of *Curfew: U.S.A.*, the book and film I am presently working on.

People who *talk* revolution.

Feminists who potentially distract the revolutionary élan of over half the population by legitimizing a woman's existence by cunt alone.

Those humorists who laugh at *everything*. They are irresponsible and ultimately dull.

Those who have contracted a histrionic ontology. An actor *is* when he is *not*, he is *not* when he *is*.

Pretense.

Those whose conscience in action does not reach the extent of their consciousness.

"We shall overcome *someday*." Obscene as long as people are tortured, exploited, or bored. Doubly absurd in the nuclear age.

Those who believe that their life is a boon to do with as they please, and not a debt to others.

Most journalists, who follow reality instead of creating it.

Americans' belief in psychology, which has displaced character and lucid free will.

Artists who, in our times, when people are burning, "create" to cadge

eternity for themselves.

Tourists, for they expect to get something for nothing.

Educational TV.

People who believe that revolution is only a fight for more bread and not a fight for a different taste of bread in a man's mouth.

People who "like movies." As stupid as saying, "I like people."

Those who say, "Yeah, I useta be a revolutionary." If you ever were one for real, you'd be one now.

People who think Jane Fonda is politically serious.

People who get off listening to Beethoven. A peasant in San Salvador who will never hear the Ninth Symphony has the sole right to listen to it,

because he composes his own.

Ball-less professors who lecture on Prometheus but would never ignite.

Lack of irony.

Those who would call me utopian. If we were ever to reach a utopia, we'd stop. But if we were ever to stop reaching *after* utopia, we'd never move.

Criminals who are not political. Worse, "political activists" who are not criminals. Only by bringing both together can you distill madness into lucid action.

For more information regarding *Curfew, U.S.A.*, call Zoe Tamerlis, (212) 730-1188.

Zoe Tamerlis starred in the movies *Ms. 45* and *Special FX*.



© 1985 Stuart Chernoff

LARRY "BOZO" HARMON Running for President

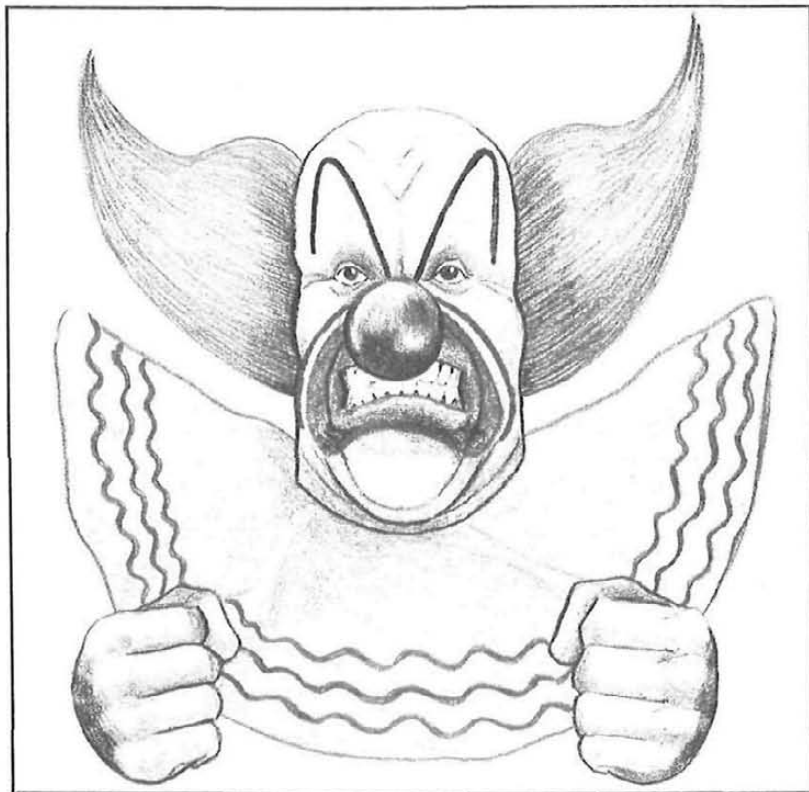
How would you like to be the president of the United States? Well, if you want to get madder than hell, run for it sometime as an independent write-in candidate and find out how easy it is to reach this emotion.

In 1984 I registered and ran as an independent write-in candidate against Ronald Reagan and Walter Mondale. But hell hath no fury like the majority of the states, who will do everything in their power to prevent you from registering, let alone running.

As long as you meet the presidential requirements of being born in the United States, being a citizen of the United States, and being thirty-five years or older, you have the same right as anyone else to run for the presidency. Of course, what they don't tell you is that if you are not the Democratic or Republican candidate you haven't got a prayer in hell.

Why? Because your first requirement is to get on the ballot. To get on with the Democrats or Republicans you need thousands of workers and millions of dollars to match them, and that's almost impossible. Your only choice is to register as a write-in candidate, but, ah yes, there's the first rub.

As a legitimate presidential candidate, I thought I would be able to register in every state in the Union. Wrong!!! Did you know that approximately 25 percent of the states in our Union forbid you to register as a write-in candidate? Many of the other states make it almost impossible for you to register. Every time you send in a requested, completed, notarized document, they make you send another and another until they tell you that the deadline for the registration has passed. Many states force you to take ads in their newspapers after they have already forced you to bring numerous registered voters all at one time to their state capitol building to swear out individual and collective



Jeff Wong

warrants of their backing and voting for you for president. The bottom line is that most of the states make it so impossible to register as a write-in candidate that you are disqualified before you are even qualified.

Just think about it for a moment. The United States is the freest and greatest nation in the world. But why do approximately 50 percent of the voters of our nation refuse to vote? Simple!!! They are not given any alternatives. It has come to the point in our history where we are voting for one of two parties rather than the best person in the nation to lead us in our future.

Although I did qualify in all the states that allowed a write-in candidate, I must say that it was a long,

hard, and almost impossible battle from beginning to end.

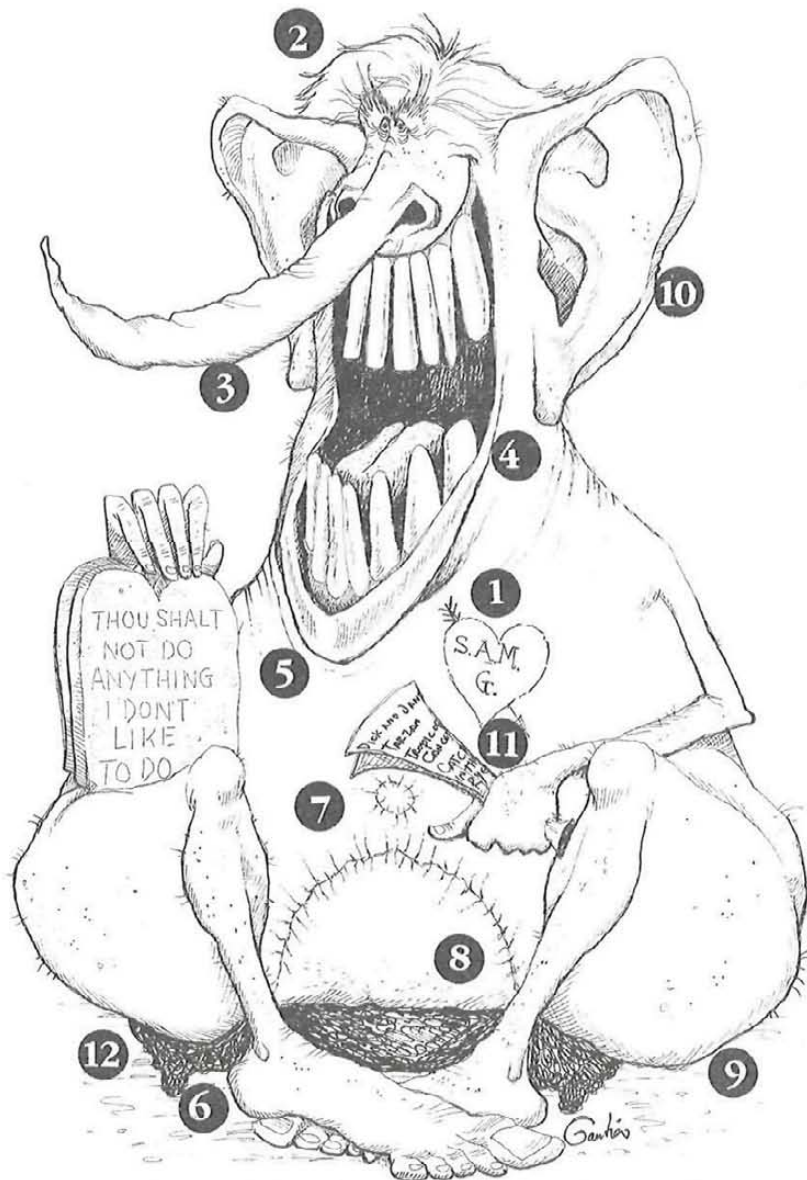
Don't you think it's about time we the people of the United States should take another look at the laws governing our choice for presidential candidates so that 100 percent of our voters will want to vote and elect the right person for this great and important job?

After all, if you went through what I did, wouldn't you be MAD AS HELL, too???

Larry Harmon created Bozo the Clown more than forty years ago and has been playing the character ever since. He also ran in and won the 1984 presidential election but was disqualified on a technicality.

DICK GAUTIER

The S.A.M.G.



1. SAM G (Self-Appointed Moral Guardian).

2. Close-set eyes for a narrow perspective of the world.

3. Nose perfectly shaped for sticking into other people's affairs.

4. Oversize mouth for mouthing platitudes and biblical non sequiturs.

5. Nice full lips for sucking up to the powerful, the rich, and the influential.

6. Huge feet for stomping out individual rights.

7. Navel surgically removed to establish holy birth.

8. Sexual equipment has been relocated for clandestine use.

9. Humongous ass, just the right size for sitting in judgment on others.

10. Enormous ears with fine-mesh inserts for screening out the truth.

11. Recommended burning book list.

12. His very own stool.
Dick Gautier, noted actor and comedian, has appeared on Broadway, television, and in the movies. He was nominated for a Tony for Bye Bye Birdie. His book, The Art of Caricature, has just been published.

JOHN A. KEEL

Public Toilets

That smell in the air isn't spring. It's the odor of an ocean of piss cascading out of the alleys and back lots of New York City in an ever-increasing flow. This is a town of eight million bladders, most of them bloated with beer and Kool-Aid, and this is the story of one of them—mine. There's no place to urinate anymore, and I'm really pissed off over the pissing situation. If somebody doesn't do something about it—and soon—we're all going to go down the toilet.

What has happened to the public rest rooms?

Where have all the urinals gone?

The old-fashioned public toilet is becoming as rare as whorehouse piano players.

If your prostate gland is overfilled with boiling semen you can find immediate relief on almost any street corner in the form of young ladies eager to squeeze your glans for a modest fee. Or you can visit one of the innumerable jerk-off parlors where you can sit in a private booth enjoying a scratched loop of movie film while you exercise your wrist. No problem.

But if your kidneys are pulsating and your bladder is the size of the thing the NFL kicks around, you may find yourself miles from a public comfort station and face an unesthetic choice: either piss into a convenient bush or kick a homeless bum off a sidewalk grating and give some unsuspecting subway patrons below a quick golden shower.

Back in the good old days (five or six years ago), there was a universal law requiring all establishments serving food and drink to maintain a public toilet. Today most fast-food outlets don't even have a convenient

sink, let alone a full-fledged john. In most major cities, ugly signs have appeared on the doors of every seedy barroom: "Rest Rooms for Patrons Only." It'll cost you the price of a beer to visit a smelly, unsanitary crapper!

How did we get into this mess? What happened to our holy American right to pee in private?

The Arabs are to blame.

Way back in 1973, the Arabs created an oil squeeze that mysteriously forced thousands of independent gas stations out of business and drove scores of small gas-station chains into bankruptcy. With them went that great American institution, the gas-station john. Almost overnight, the Arabs produced the current shortage of public toilets—and, incidentally, drove the price of gasoline up from twenty-eight cents per gallon to well over a dollar.

In the intervening twelve years, the remaining gas-station toilets have been converted into pigsties. Oil chains used to advertise the cleanliness of their toilets. Today half the public toilets in America have no seats on their commodes and rarely have a roll of toilet paper available. Roadside bathrooms are filthy holes proudly locked by the gas-station manager so you have to beg for a key to have your tush insulted.

France faced this problem many years ago, resulting in *pissoirs* on almost every street corner. A French gentleman with a belly full of wine can simply step behind a metal barrier and urinate into a gutter designed for that purpose. Most civilized. But an American with polyuria has to seek out an alley where, in all probability, a mugger is waiting to bash in his head before he can get his fly open.

The once pristine community crappers that adorned every public park, museum, subway, and bus terminal are now either permanently closed and padlocked or they are disgusting cesspools inhabited by all kinds of loathsome creatures ranging from cockroaches to cocksuckers. Only the biggest and bravest types with the most severe kidney ailments dare to venture into one of these places... some never to be seen again.

Until a few years ago, legendary Grand Central Station in New York City had one of the finest men's rooms in the world. It was the size of a basketball court, filled with gleaming marble. Here a transient could shave in comfort, get his shoes shined, and even change his clothes after a long train ride. Today a visitor to Grand Central faces all the pleasures of the facilities on a World War II German submarine (one tiny john for fifty men).

The museum scene is even worse. The great Metropolitan Museum of Art, one of the biggest museum structures in the world, which handles daily traffic of thousands of people, including many small children who need a toilet at least once an hour, has *two* rest rooms carefully hidden away on the second floor and always jammed with tap-dancing art lovers about to wet their pants. Modern architects seem to view toilets as totally unnecessary or things to be added to remote closets as an afterthought. Trendy restaurants often have diminutive dumpers that can only be reached after a long hike through basement corridors halfway into the next county.

However, one Manhattan disco, the Palladium, hired forty-two of the

continued on page 93

AL GOLDSTEIN

Air Travel

When actor Peter Finch bel-lowed out the first mad-as-hell speech, just before his heart seized up like a rusty chainsaw, he should have been leaning out the window of a jetliner. Not only could he have sidestepped his pending aneurism and died a painless death in a tremendous clap of cabin-pressure concussion, he would have made a statement about where lies the real aggravation of this our time on earth: in the sky.

A mad-as-hell speech is always more effective when made with blood boiling from your ears, and as someone who has endured the "luxury" of modern air travel enough to bloody whole boxes of Q-tips, I can refine a generalized bitch about the cold thighs of the stewardess and the cold coffee of the airline mess and pinpoint the very thing we are not going to take anymore.

Not that there isn't a whole fucking fleet of things to lose your grip about when cruising at 35K. A plane is one of the few places you'll ever be outside a John Waters movie where they actually expect you to puke. There it is, as soon as you wedge your mass into the Iron Maiden designated as your seat—a little doggie-bag-style puke pouch, ready to accept your Technicolor yawn in all its glory. With that brown bag vomitorium in front of you, your guts scissored by the seat belt and that asinine air-safety dumb show in play—yeah, you actually do feel like talking to the toilet.

And they know it! From the captain all the way down to the junior miss slut-monkey stewardesses! They all walk around with the glazed, plasticine smiles of accomplished sadists. You're already sweating, the jet stream is flipping you around like the Broadway local on its run down from the Bronx, you're gagging on the stench of the swines in the sties around you—and they're all smiling about it. Hope you're enjoying flying with us. Thank you. Have a nice day.

Then they unleash their next gener-

ation of gastrointestinal weaponry: the only food anywhere that looks as though it was tooled up in a carpentry shop. Desperately hoping some of it will lodge in your craw and thus hold back the bilge that is fomenting in your gut, you stab it again and again with your plastic fork and shovel it home. The four food groups here have dissolved into some primeval paste, but it doesn't matter! Anything to distract you from what's going on around you.

You could rear up and deliver that mad-as-hell speech right there and then, fueled by the bowel-loosening



panic brewing in your haunches. And I've thought about it more than once. But I've always concluded that a sudden explosion of tortured rhetoric from a Semitic-looking airborne asshole might set the airline employees off on a hostage drill, forcing the folks back home to trundle out those yellowing yellow ribbons yet again and bringing the sky marshals around my bleeding ears.

Forced to my feet by nausea and Shiite-style brainless anger, I suddenly realize the true monstrous intensity of their plan. Looking around for some enclave, some refuge from the Buchenwald of horror around me, I see

that they've provided only one place to go: that gas chamber of modern aviation, the airplane john. Here is the sublime peak of transportation aggravation. You thought it was the food, you thought it was the stewardess who wouldn't fuck you, but no—the nadir of your misery will always be the airplane john.

The engineers who designed these airborne tiger cages were instructed to think along the lines of straitjackets and one-hole outhouses. Watch the faces of people released from them—the anorexics and the midgets among them may be smiling, but everyone else is stricken with a pained terror. Trying to shit in these coffins is like playing that old game of dropping clothespins into milk bottles, and taking a piss isn't any easier—it's like cramming yourself actually inside the urinal to piss, your dick lathering up against the urinal cake.

There could have been one bright spot in this airplane-john chamber pot of horrors. The sanitary-napkin disposal chute has always fascinated me, a window of sexual possibility in an otherwise bleak landscape. I can't resist cramming my nose to it to take a whiff, peering down into it to see what treasures lie within. Some gauzy white panties, perhaps, discarded in the midst of a horrific menorrhagic flood, with maybe some short-and-curlies embedded in the lace fringe. If only I could wedge my fat little hand in far enough to retrieve them.... A vision of a sweating pig of a man, his sausage-like fingers snarled in menses-ridden panties, pushing the "To Summon Help" button because he is wedged up to the armpit in sanitary napkins—it's all too much. I can forgive the airlines of the world their puke bags, their food, their frigid personnel. But I'm mad as hell about the size of their minuscule fucking toilets, and I'm not going to take it anymore. *Al Goldstein is the publisher of Screw and Gadget magazines and is a First Amendment activist.*

TULI KUPFERBERG

America You Love Me (A Satire)

tune:
Danville,
C&W inc.
fiddle

Ten thousand years the Indian'
strove,
But what did they produce?
A mound of earth, a row of corn,
Lacrosse, and the papoose.

But then in 1942,
A new idea got born,
Americans started comin' 'cross,
They brag the Rifle & the Cross,
And on that rare star-splattered morn,
They brought this land to you.

tune:
Barnacle Bill

McDonald's towers, nuclear powers,
Democracy, Jordache jeans,
Orangeade & enfilade,
& soldiers in their teens.

Indenturees & Mellon wealth,
Also Morgan dollars,
Railroads tying up the land,
And cancering flea collars.

tune:
Danville

O Pioneers who tamed the earth
& milked the Land o' Honey,
& also taught them heathen blacks
The Godliness of money.

tune:
Barnacle Bill

On every rock, on every rill
We put a valid price,
Goddamn the fuckin' Communist [sic]
Who says that isn't nice.

America took guts to build,
& guts is what we got,
We kicked them Mexins in the balls,
Remember Winfield Scott!

tune:
Red River Valley

Remember Dewcy, Pershing 2,
Remember Ike Eisenhower,
& that Bold Rebel General Washin'-
ton,
In our high, hip hou(e)r of pow'r.

tune:
Barnacle Bill

We showed them redskin savages,
The Wogs, the Frogs, Canucks [rhyme
w "schmucks"],
We'll show them godless Russkies
too—
Don't start with us, you schmucks!

tune:
Blow Man Down

Well, we got the men & we got
the dough,
We got fair women too,
& if you lay a finger on 'em,
By jingo, we'll prick you through.

We got the guns & we got the men,
We got fair women too,
& if you lay a hand upon 'em,
By God, we'll bugger you too.

[musical bridge]

tune:
*This Land Is
My Land*

Well, this country's proud & this land
is free
For anyone to buy—who got the fee,
Yawannapreach—well, go ahead —
that sosh'list lie.
Well, you're free to talk & squawk—
& you're free ta die.

This land's no fair-y place—don't
want no wimps,
Don't need no "intellects," no nigger
pimps.
Now if you don't like it here, step to
the rear,
Go back from where ya came: *NO
COMSYMPHS HERE!*

Recitative

Why, where else can you be enter-
tained
With War Games on your sets,
& if you don't like *Midnight Blue*—
Well, you can curse the Mets.

Don't knock this country—boy, I'll
bet
That you would have a fit,
If ya cver went ta Asia
& you smelled how *Asians* shit!

tune:
Dixie
massed male
& female
chorus;
articulation of
Mormon Tab +
enthuse of
early Fugs

O Americay's the best damn place,
Invention of a Superior Race,
Look away, took away, look away,
God's Own Land!

O from lively lobsters up in Rocky
Maine
To jerked-off beef o' the Radiate'
Great Plain,
Look away, took away, look away,
God's Own Plan!

I'm glad I'm in the U.S. of A., of A.
Our Mom&PopCountry's way out
front,
To stay to stay to stay.
Fuck you, COMMIE RATS—you're
worster than a Nazi,
Hoo Ray Hoo Ray Hoo Ray for
'merican 'mockracy.
Fuck you, COMMIE PIGS—you're
worster than a Nazi,
[slow]

Hoo Ray Hoo Ray WAY UP OUR
GREAT DEMOCKRACY!

Tuli Kupferberg is a poet, cartoonist, and original member of the shock-rock group the Fugs.

DAVID BROWN

Unfavorite Things

If you want to live long, learn how to hate. Hate is the great rejuvenator. I'm impatient with friends who think I'm a nice guy or a great diplomat. Being a nice guy or a great diplomat is putting pressure on your heart, your colon, and your back. What's to be nice or diplomatic about? Life is rotten...but not nearly so rotten if you learn to hate *constructively*.

Many haters are unable to sustain their hatred. They forget too easily and too soon. They're not marathon haters—they can't stay the course. I have failed often in the hatred contest. I confess it. Otherwise, how could I now embrace my first wife's lawyer, who tried to destroy me thirty-five years ago? How indeed can I shake the hand of a former president of Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation who fired me and my partner and attempted to deprive us of our hard-earned stakes in the company? I became careless and forgetful. That's how. The bastards wanted to kill me and I'm still talking to them. Shame!

Living well is *not* the best revenge. *Hating* well is. It makes the adrenaline flow. It reduces the blood pressure, prevents ulcers and heart attacks. Sublimating hatred causes inner stress. If you want to live long and healthily, learn to hate.

There's one big *if*. Your hatred must be righteous. You can't be a nutcase. Haters of Jews, blacks, Catholics, Communists, the rich, the poor are mindless haters trying to feel superior. They don't live long because they're dumb and heartless. I hate them worst of all.

Let's talk about love. Love can put you in an early grave. It causes tension, heart palpitation, and terminal lapses of judgment. It can make you fat. Haven't you noticed that most haters are thin...and rich? Forget the *Love Boat*. Get aboard the *Hate Boat* and experience the pleasures of hostility, anger, and disapproval. Instead of being out of it (love is blind), you now feel alive and belonging, because you are in conflict with some son of a bitch who has wronged you.

Hate doesn't have to be cosmic. You don't have to hate a president or a secretary of state to get your juices flowing and give your body that "high" or "lift." It can be a taxi driver who won't turn down his radio or a waiter who brings you the wrong salad and then insists that you ordered it. The great thing about hatred is there's enough to go around. There's very little love to go around, but hate is democratic. The objects of hate are endless. If you search your psyche, you'll see what I mean. I'll make a little list of my hates. Never mind that they're petty. Petty hates serve the great cause of rejuvenation and personal health as well as big ones. Now to my list—to paraphrase Gilbert and Sullivan—of people and events who (that) won't be missed.

I hate—with a passion—nouvelle cuisine. Stunted vegetables served with slices of lukewarm duck are my idea of nothing to eat.

Spare me telephone operators who say, "Have a nice day" after giving me a telephone number I am too busy to write down. Invariably I can't remember the number after this idiotic exchange.

I would fire all middle management executives who can't reply to telephone calls and letters. Their bosses always have the time to do so.

I can't stand put-down artists who let you know how much money they have but never pick up a check. I can't stand them even when they pick up a check.

I loathe anyone who is unpardonably late for an appointment or keeps you waiting in his office letting you know his time is more valuable than yours.

I would place in soundproof cells all terminally boring people whose long-windedness either on the telephone or in person makes you want to scream. The effect of their voices is slightly more painful than the screech of jagged glass drawn across a blackboard.

Movie stars who travel with entourages and bodyguards are offensive. What makes them think anybody wants to mess with them?

Airline pilots who interrupt your sleep with an announcement that *downtown Bahrain can be viewed from the left side of the aircraft* should be downgraded to Piper Cubs.

Waiters who announce, "I am Ron and I'll be serving you tonight" should be banished in favor of those who say, "May I take your order" and then take it and leave.

I would decree capital punishment for anyone you don't recognize who says, "I'll bet you don't know who I am" and then leaves you grasping for the wrong name.

I don't like hotels with ice and Coke machines in the hallways. "Hate" may be too strong a word for them, but I'll stretch a point and say I hate them.

I have no problem hating companies that are run by committees. Committees are always holding meetings, and nothing is decided in a meeting except to take no risks.

Books to help you understand how to operate your home computer, including other books designed to make you understand the instruction manuals that come with the computer, are perfect objects of hatred—plus the fact that they usually come in those plastic bags that are impossible to open.

I am not fond of automobiles that talk to you when you haven't put on your seat belt and send you off with bells ringing when you start the engine. These are the same cars that require a flight engineer to open the doors and leave you locked in or out in an emergency.

I deplore charity dinners where pompous asses speak for hours with no regard for your time or bladder. A benefit should be given for all the victims of such events.

I denounce *every* bore who talks endlessly, not letting you get on and become a bore.

These are but a few of my unfavorite things. What are yours?

David Brown is the producer of such hit Hollywood movies as The Verdict, Jaws, The Sting, Cocoon, and Target.

ROGER PRICE

Human Arrogance

Man, it has been said, is the only animal who wears socks. And in this simple statement we find the essence of what it means to be human—*arrogance!*

Man wears socks to keep himself separated from the world. He thinks he is better than God's other creatures (including women). Every living creature is born with the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of whatever his phyletic memory prompts him toward. But does man recognize these rights? Certainly not. He has devoted the major part of his history to exterminating everything that is not human, and much that is. Modern science, of course, has merely given him more efficient methods of stamping out unacceptable life forms and destroying the ecological balance of nature.

Numerous species have already disappeared. How long has it been since you have seen a pterodactyl, a whooping crane, a diplodocus, an Edsel, a Rumanian, a polite waiter.

There are today fewer than four billion cockroaches in the United States.

Every hour, housewives, in the name of "sport" or "hygiene," set fiendishly clever poisons out for these, our little six-footed friends. The unsuspecting "roach" eats the poison, gets terrible cramps, and goes off to die behind the icebox, alone, uncared-for. Soon there will be no more cockroaches. Nature's ineluctable balance will be upset.

Cockroaches destroy garbage by having it for lunch. And dinner and breakfast. Without the helpful roach tons of uneaten waste matter would be hurled into the air, shoveled onto our streets, and dumped into our water, to hasten the time we will all be swamped in a tideless sea of refuse and pollution.

However, there is hope. A congressional grant of \$1,200,000 has recently been set aside for a cockroach preserve where these persecuted creatures can live in peace and tranquillity.

And there are many other species in all of the more popular phyla that can, with a modest effort on our part, be

preserved. For instance:

FREEDMAN'S GINK (*Ginkus regurgitatus*). An exceptionally useful thing that is often erroneously classified as an insect. It is probably a vegetable, and in England it is pronounced, along with numerous other things, "Wooster." The Freedman's Gink is very small, spends most of its waking hours in foreplay, and smells funny—except, of course, to Freedman.

STEREOPHONIC KVELL (*Humus portnoyus*). A small, fetid marsupial rodent of the family Phalangeridae, which lives near short people who work in pharmacies. It emits a soft, middle European, humming sound at



either, or both, ends. The purpose of this sound (its kvell) is unknown but it is supposed (by Leakey) to be the method it uses to attract food such as carbon paper and gum wrappers.

EXTEMPORANEOUS ERECTUS (*Extemporaneous erectus*). A defenseless creature which survives because of its ability to mimic a part of the human (male) body. Rated "X."

MONSTROUS LASANGA (*Lasangensis maronemia*). This easily recognized gastropod is thought to be a mutation belonging to the family Pasta. It is squarish in appearance and usually too thick. Except during the mating season it is covered with a

greasy red sauce. It seems to subsist on pot cheese and when cornered can be dangerous, causing acute bloot.

GODZILLUS TYRANNOSAURUS (*Apjay izardlay igbay*). This rather startling mutant is related, ontologically, to the K. KONG (*Unbelievablis cinematocratic*). It is, frankly, not the sort of reptile that one would invite to one's house. Or anywhere. It can be considered a catalyst for urban renewal, as its goal in life seems to be to stomp down papier-mâché cities and to chase badly dubbed Japanese up and down a beach. However, there is no accounting for tastes, and a group of conservationists have started breeding the damn thing somewhere in Queens.

AMARILLO BEDBUG (*Texas colossus*). This appealing, misunderstood insect is found not only in all parts of Texas, but in Louisiana, the Orkney Islands, and Turkey. On attaining its full growth at the end of eight days, it weighs eleven pounds and is equipped with razor-sharp pincers, which it uses to show affection. As many as three hundred have been found in one motel bed in East Fort Worth. Often these attach themselves to humans and are mistaken for large body lice or ticks. They are neither. They can be tamed (but not housebroken) and make unaffectionate pets if you are a Class 12 neurotic. They will eat anything. Or anyone.

The above-named creatures are, of course, but a few of the many that need our help. And we *can* help them; if we stand shoulder-to-shoulder and march forward (taking care not to tread on any squiggly or crawly things), we will reestablish God's own ecological balance.

Roger Price is a vice president of Price/Stern/Sloan Publishers and was a contributor to the first issue of the National Lampoon. He is also the inventor of the sub-art of "Doodles" and the "missionary position," a now-outmoded but once-popular method of achieving understanding between the sexes.

MICHAEL YORK

Junk Mail, Etc.

One thing that makes me absolutely M.A.H. is requests such as this one to contribute to a cause—albeit a worthwhile, life-enhancing, and possibly noble cause. Who needs it? Will I feel better off if I expectorate my opinions in print? Or will these be merely notes to bother the reader's eyes? Is this public breast-beating seemly? Is there not a danger that, in erecting a monument of *Scandenfreude* cloaked in clouds of negativity, the writer will be hoisted by his own malevolent petard?

This request from the editor was one that simply wouldn't go away. Of course everyone loves to grumble, and no one more so than the English, whose national pastime and means of intercommunication this is. I was tempted, but somehow was unmoved to put pen to paper. The invitation to do so lay there as infuriatingly irresistible as all those other letters from charitable institutions that presently choke my mailbox. Hey, how about this for openers: *I bate* junk mail! Once these envelopes, with all their external entreaties and blandishments, are opened, one is seized and karate-chopped by the poignant prose, and another reluctant check wings its way into the coffers of the bomb stoppers, ecologists, indignant politicians, and other noble causes that prey on my defenseless goodwill. Worst are those envelopes that emanate from some computer. You can tell these apart from the others because they will self-consciously mention your name in the gaps provided. "Yes, Michael York, open this letter, Michael, or you will never know what fortune lies within, Mr. York!" I have no qualms about seeing my name dropped, but not stuttered over with the phony charm of some ingratiating machine. There is a great deal of sticking of colored stamps and labels, as in a child's game: Caveat opener!

But to the cause at hand. Here I am the day before the deadline working myself into an artificial frenzy of demonic anger. Am I mad? I know a hawk from a handsaw, indeed, but am I sufficiently roused to rush to the

open window and bellow my displeasure to the yet unknowing world? Will it be cathartic or even enjoyable, as people with Irish tempers assure me their Celtic eruptions are? I doubt it. Like Professor Higgins, I'm an easy-going person, and yet, like him, there are things that do ruffle the placid calm. They are little things, like why do Americans, when writing the date, put the month first and then the day, against all apparent logic? This is almost as perverse as the French Canadians, who put "Arrêt" on their stop signs when the universally understood and accepted word is "Stop." Then there are those telephonists who mechanically thank you for calling their employer—as if one was kindly exercising a choice. What else? Oh yes, talking in theaters. It now seems that a whole new generation has been raised around that box before whose unblinking eye any amount of social intercourse—not to

mention the other kind—is acceptable. I'm tired of requesting people to cease their involuntary comments on what they are seeing. They are invariably witless and unentertaining. And no improvement whatsoever on the stage or screen object of our divided attentions. This aural pollution is even more offensive than smoking, which—now the subject has been broached—is a M.A.H. time bomb.

But enough! I'm already feeling better having purged these points. And so, into the mail with this packet of peeves before the clock stops ticking. Except, where the *bell* are the stamps!! What drives me really crazy is that you can never find one when you want one, and I'm damned if I'm going to stand in line, and who needs this article anyway!!!

Michael York has appeared in numerous films, among them *Cabaret*, *The Three Musketeers*, and *Something for Everyone*.



Greg Gorman

EILEEN FULTON

Nipples



I think it is amazing what has been accomplished during my past twenty-five years on *As the World Turns*. For example we (not the actors) have gone to the moon, transplanted everything, gone through sex changes, can have most of our extremities sewn back on and functional due to the miracle of microsurgery, and yet we have not conquered control of the air-conditioning at CBS!!!

Twenty-five years ago, we could not show cleavage on *As the World Turns*. If we were so endowed, it was hidden with a piece of lace. Now we can have it all and show it all, but sometimes we don't want to! It's fine to be natural (let your titties show through the material), but if you have to play a scene with your "mother-in-law," it just doesn't look right. But there're those damn air conditioners blowing

down your silk dress, no sex or lust, just plain *COLD!!*

I have read how in porno films they strive to get the little nipples to poke out just right. They use ice cubes, ethyl chloride, *anything*, when all they have to do is rent a studio at CBS.

You see, **THIS IS WHAT REALLY BUGS ME!** Before going out on the set it's only natural to want to warm up your boobs (especially if you are to appear in a courtroom scene with a woman judge). We stand backstage and hold our boobs, rubbing them fiercely, or, when nobody's looking, blow down our fronts and grab them quickly while the hot air is still there.

The most devastating thing is to hear some of the stagehands who've seen us do this say under their breath while sneaking away on tiptoe, "Don't get carried away or you'll go

blind," or "Look out for the hair on your palms" (giggle, snicker).

I have even put Band-Aids across them, but if it's unusually cold, I find it terrible to look down during a scene and see two little rectangles sticking out—not to mention the skin you take off later!

I refuse to wear a padded bra, because when I go into my dressing room it is much too hot and I'll sweat away what I have "developed."

So I will stick to the natural look. I will continue to hold my titties, rub them, and blow down my front unless I have a wonderful, sexy scene, and then I won't care. I'll get a great lover (on the show, that is) and just wait—then CBS will fix the air-conditioning! *Eileen Fulton stars as Lisa Coleman-McColl on the CBS serial As the World Turns.*

ANDREW M. GREELEY

People and Priests

I'm madder than hell that they won't let priests be members of the human race.

You can see the snide look creep into the reporter/interviewer/reviewer's eye: "Okay, Father, what do you know about sex?"

I'm tempted to say it's really none of his damn business. Of course, it's a perfect no-win question to fire at a priest, because either you don't know anything about sex and therefore you shouldn't be writing novels in which sex appears, or you do, and then you've been false to your vows as a priest. It does not seem to occur to the idiots who ask these questions that a book ought to be judged on its own merits and the sexuality and eroticism in the book evaluated in literary terms. This would be the case if the book were written by a real member of the human race. They try to pry into the private life of the author only when he's a priest.

There are two answers. The facetious one is "That's my affair," and the serious one is "A priest is a male member of the human race with the requisite hormones and fantasies. Literary creation is an imaginative, not an experiential, exercise."

An Irish reporter interviewing me on the BBC raged, "You pretend to be a priest, but you write novels, you jet around the world, you make money, and you haven't seen the inside of a parish for twenty years." The truth was that he was simply speaking falsely. In fact, I do weekend parish work in Tucson, where I teach at the University of Arizona. Moreover, where was it ever written that the only kind of work that priests do is parish work?

A third of the priests in the country are on the faculties of high schools, colleges, and universities and engaged

in other non-parochial activities. Is it required that the priest who does something bizarre (seemingly) like writing novels has to be in a parish to establish the validity of his claim to being a priest? The answer is that he has to do that because he's not really a member of the human race and doesn't have the rights and freedoms that other members of the human race have, no flexibility in the way he exercises his vocation.

Who excludes us from the human race? Reporters, interviewers, reviewers, Protestants, Catholics, Jews, agnostics, atheists, cardinals, men, women, and all other types who know no history and whose psychological needs require precise and impenetrable boundaries between social roles, thus isolating the clergyman from the rest of the human condition.

Historically priests have been and done everything in their exercise of the role of religious leadership—they have been tent makers, philosophers, kings, ascetics, explorers, politicians, theologians, sociologists, husbands (only a few), psychologists, administrators, hermits, poets, painters, parents, industrial workers, farmers, astronomers, generals, biologists, seismologists, geologists, storytellers, revolutionaries, peacemakers. Anyone who has read five minutes of history knows those facts. Unfortunately, in contemporary America you can't expect all that many people to have read five minutes of history. Hence, the position of the role of priest and novelist is profoundly scandalous not merely to the pious Catholic, but even more so to the pious agnostic (the pious Catholic perhaps knows a little bit more Catholic history and may be less shocked than the pious agnostic). Novels, by the way, have been written by cardinals—Newman,

Weisman, and Spellman—and monsignors—Ronald Knox and Robert Hugh Benson—and even by parish priests—Rabelais (though I'm not sure we should be all that enthusiastic about some of his Rabelaisian techniques).

There is nothing, then, in the history or the theology or the psychology of the priesthood that requires that the clergyman be rigidly excluded from all other human activities except those centered in the parish rectory. The problem is not in the priesthood but in the perceptive mechanisms of those who would wall us out of the human condition.

Their personalities require what Max Weber, the great sociologist, would have called the "routinization of the charisma." When they lock a priest up in his rectory, restrain him within the boundaries of a parish, compel him to do things that only most narrowly can be defined as priestly, they reduce him to being pretty much like Bing Crosby in *Going My Way*. Then you don't have to worry about a priest making trouble. You have prevented him from disturbing you, even though his mission was designed to shake you up. You don't have to take a priest seriously, in other words, if you've tossed him out of the human race.

Well, guys, you can keep on trying, but I'm not leaving. I'm gonna hang around and bother you. And when you try to get rid of me it makes me madder than hell!

Father Andrew Greeley, sociologist and educator, is the author of many books, including *Friendship Game and The Denominational Society: A Sociological Approach to Religion in America*. Among his novels are *Thy Brother's Wife and The Cardinal Sins*.

TROTS AND BONNIE





@85 SHARV FLENNIKEN

PAUL KRASSNER

Suppression of Humor

I've been trying to figure out exactly who it is that I'm pissed off at. I mean specific individuals. In general, I'm mad as hell at the suppression of humor. For example, if I want to make jokes about hijacking at an airport, that freedom ought to be protected by the First Amendment. Of course, I can still make jokes at an airport about robbing a bank, and I can make jokes at a bank about hijacking a plane, so all is not lost. But anybody who's actually planning to hijack a plane is extremely unlikely to utter any related wisecracks while passing through the metal detector.

My point is, bad taste is the risk of democracy.

Item: A cartoon, "The Far Side," depicted a dog being encouraged to run into a boarded-up doggy door. The Los Angeles Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals complained: "We are dedicating our efforts to the prevention of cruelty and to humane education, attempting to teach that animals have feelings too. A cartoon of this type certainly undercuts our efforts and in no way can be considered humorous. It should not be allowed where readers, and especially children, could be influenced to do something that may cause injury to a pet."

Item: An advertisement for a \$1,500 bottle of perfume featured Hasidic rabbis. The Anti-Defamation League received several complaints. National director Nathan Perlmutter stated, "I don't consider it to be the end of the world, but I think it's a stereotype and in bad taste. I don't think it's intended as an anti-Semitic slur, but it's insensitive. I think the



Jeff Wong

purpose of selling Bijan perfume could have been better served."

Item: A fraternity at the University of Rochester advertised a social event with a poster reading: "For the price of feeding an Ethiopian village, you

can go to a party at Sigma Chi." Famine victims were pictured, with the caption "We're going to a party at Sigma Chi." The Inter-Fraternity Council ordered the frat to write formal apologies to the Black Student

Union and the American Red Cross, both of which were involved in raising famine-relief funds on campus.

These are matters of taste, not law. My concern is censorship in the guise of editing. The fear of libel has begun to permeate our culture.

Oakland attorney Michael Ashburne has recently been awarded \$500,000 because Richard Pryor said in his *Live on Sunset Strip* film, "I used to have a black lawyer... he took me for hook, line, and sinker." Ashburne was once one of Pryor's lawyers. He admitted that the remark was really directed at Pryor's former manager, but that people believed Pryor was talking about *him*. During the trial, nineteen witnesses testified that when they heard the remark, they assumed it referred to Ashburne.

In San Francisco, radio personality Alex Bennett played John Fogerty's record "Zanz Kant Danz." Fantasy Records had already sued Fogerty for defamation of character, claiming that the name of the purloining pig in the song was too close to the name of Fantasy president Saul Zaentz. To compound matters, Bennett introduced the song by saying, "I love this record. This is for all the people who have been sued by Fantasy Records, and I know several personally." Zaentz demanded a retraction and apology from Bennett. "So that there is no mistake," wrote Fantasy attorney Malcolm Burnstein, "neither Mr. Zaentz nor Fantasy, Inc. has stolen money from John Fogerty or anyone else. Neither will 'steal your money' nor 'rob you blind.' Neither can be compared to a porcine-like creature, nor to a four-legged (or two-legged, for that matter) thief."

Recently, *Hustler* magazine ran a full-page takeoff on the Campari liquor ad which features mini-profiles of celebrities. The subject was Reverend Jerry Falwell, founder of the Moral Majority. The ad portrayed him as confessing that he "always got sloshed" before preaching and that his first sexual encounter had been an incestuous one with his mother. At the bottom of the page, there was this note: "This ad is a parody—not to be taken seriously." However, Falwell did indeed take it seriously. He instituted a \$45,000,000 libel suit. He testified that he was angry, hurt, and "felt like weeping." He told the jury of his close and respectful relationship with his late mother.

Edward Condren, professor of English and medieval literature at UCLA, testified as an expert witness. He insisted that the ad was an obvious fake and could not be taken seriously. He said that the fake ad provoked "abrupt

surprise and contradiction of expectation," which is part of what makes it a parody. "I don't mean to imply that all surprises are funny," he added. Publisher Larry Flynt testified that the ad was designed "to give people a chuckle" and that it was too absurd to be taken seriously. "If you really want to hurt someone, you put down things that are believable." He pointed out that readers "know it was not intended to defame Reverend Falwell or any member of his family, because no one could take it seriously."

Flynt's attorney, Alan Isaacman, maintained that "only statements of fact, not parody, can be defamatory." So, whereas it used to be that truth was the best defense against libel, now parody has replaced truth as a defense. Sometimes, that is. In my own preface to *Best of "The Realist,"* I included the following paragraph:

"Those sixteen years of editing *The Realist* must have had their effect on me. I now have a strange affliction. I keep thinking that I'm making up the news. Did the NAACP really cancel a large order of Kellogg's Corn Flakes because the boxes featured a picture of the dethroned Miss America, or was that merely a sketch on *Saturday Night Live*? Did Nancy Reagan actually sit on Mr. T's lap and kiss him on the cheek, or was this one of those doctored photos in the *National Enquirer*? Did Gerald Ford truly deliver his State of the Union address with an arrow through his head, or was that simply a Johnny Carson one-liner? Was I only dreaming when I saw Phil Donahue ask the long-awaited question, 'What does the Bible have to say about vibrators?' Did I just imagine I heard a young boy call the Alex Bennett radio show and discuss the taste of chocolate pubic hair? Was that dog pulling her bathing suit off the young girl and exposing her buttocks on the Coppertone billboard obedience-trained at the McMartin pre-school?"

I realized that one question had been omitted: "Did I merely hallucinate Dr. Ruth Westheimer advising David Letterman that his girlfriend could vary their foreplay by tossing French-fried onion rings onto his waiting erection?" I complained to my editor at Running Press, Tam Mossman, a literate and sensitive man. He responded:

Dear Paul—

Ann Landers repeated it best: Truth is stranger than fiction. And since I don't stay up late enough to watch Letterman and don't really follow Dr. Westheimer, there's no way I could tell that the onion-ring erection

stunt was not *your* invention.

This isn't the only instance in which an authorial aside from you would definitely have dampened my editorial paranoia and kept things in that otherwise look risky.

God knows, I'd rather have a fact than a factoid any day, because facts are wilder than factoids. But legally, facts are like items you're taking through Customs—if you don't *declare* them as facts, they're apt to get confiscated....

I could understand, all right. If I hadn't actually seen Dr. Ruth on that particular *Late Night*, I would've thought I made it up myself. But it was frustrating to be the victim of somebody else's fear. Consider the implications of this incident. Suppose I had invented a factoid. Can you imagine a libel suit possibly resulting? I would love to cover that trial, even though I would be the defendant.

"Now, Dr. Westheimer," the prosecutor would say, "please tell the jury how you felt when Mr. Krassner wrote that you had advised David Letterman that his girlfriend should toss French-fried onion rings onto his erection."

"Well, I was humiliated and held up to public ridicule. But I would *never* give such advice. Everyone knows that fried foods are not good for you...." And freedom of satire would be drowned out further by the sound of her cackle.

Dr. Ruth and David Letterman are public figures, and being poked fun at goes with that territory. But I still couldn't be sure who to be angry at. Maybe if I didn't know and like the folks at my publishing house, I could more easily direct my hostility at them. The issue we are dealing with here is nothing less than the substitution of fear for creativity. That chilling effect is brought about by the likes of one Republican candidate who sued the *Charleston Gazette* in West Virginia over an editorial cartoon showing him as an elephant tamer. He claimed in his lawsuit that the cartoon portrayed him as a practitioner of bestiality. He was probably the only reader who made that connection, save perhaps for a jilted elephant or two.

In November 1984, *Doonesbury* creator Garry Trudeau replied to critics who had expressed doubts about his sense of humor and patriotism in response to his biting satirical jabs at Reagan and Bush during the presidential campaign. In a rare appearance before journalists, he said, "Satirists are not supposed to be balanced. They are

continued on page 82

NAT LEHRMAN Assorted Complaints

As a card-carrying, 100 percent enrolled, 1940s liberal, it makes me mad as hell to see how we have pissed away our franchise and allowed centuries-old social and economic thought to take over the eighties.

It makes me mad because we've all helped strangle our humanism by turning over its care and feeding to the airheads and bureaucrats. For example:

I knew equal opportunity was in trouble when the feds got hold of it and turned it into affirmative action. Somewhere there must be a shrine to the turkey who figured out that the way to lick discrimination was to invent reverse discrimination.

Still in reverse, the only thing that makes me madder than black anti-Semitism is Jewish anti-blackism. Whatever happened to good old mutual self-interest?

Left-wing anti-Semitism disguised as anti-Zionism makes me just as mad. But I get even madder when the Israelis behave like the *k'nockers* that have persecuted Jews for centuries.

I get mad to the point of tears when I see how shabbily our veterans of the war in Vietnam are treated. I opposed the war from its first to last day, but it never occurred to me that my fellow liberals would treat that conflict's soldiers with contempt. These men were the *victims* of the war, not the perpetrators. They were heroes, not villains. Why do we need a caricature like Rambo to remind us?

On the other hand, nothing makes me madder than to have to defend the fact that I'm an American. I got mad when I went to Sweden, a country that virtually collaborated with the Nazis, and had to explain that the war in Vietnam didn't make *all* Americans bad. I got mad when I had to teach my French friends that this country's racial problems were not unique—particularly in view of France's treatment of North African Arabs. And I get madder still when I see hysterical bigots burning the American flag on network television. Did our own children set the example in the sixties?

As a veteran of the sexual revolution, it piques me to see these same children growing up and taking sexual freedom for granted. Kids today should be

taught that masturbation will make them crazy, will put warts on their genitals, will grow hair on their palms. Then they'd *really* enjoy sex.

It makes me especially mad to see the lunatic fringe of feminism attempting to censor pornography because it "degrades women." This is like saying the sexual act degrades women (which may be what they mean). And why is "sex object" a term applied only to women? If both genders are interested in sex, why can't the expression go either way?

I am infuriated when middle-aged and prosperous yuppies (more accurately, grumpies—"grown-up upwardly mobile professionals") grouse about the destruction of the environment while they are enjoying all the luxuries whose production helped contribute toward that destruction. Sad tales about the souls of whales bore me, and I'd bear arms against the puritanical environmentalists who would close a factory and put two thousand people out of work to prevent a nearby stream from being sullied.

Many of us marched shoulder to shoulder, protesting nuclear fallout, nuclear proliferation, and the like. But what drives me bonkers is that the habit hung in for many of the marchers, who continue to protest the *peaceful* uses of nuclear power. Was the building of the Tennessee Valley Authority protested because the dams might burst and flood the valley?

The flood of bilingualism in this country makes me mad as hell. When I board a bus and observe official signs in two languages, I also note that the advertisements are in English only. If the advertisers, who are usually pretty savvy about their markets, felt that they could communicate better by using two languages, they would surely make all their ads bilingual. So what do the city fathers know that the advertisers do not know?

It is even more vexing that English is taught as a second language in many public schools. If newcomers to our shores are pampered in their own tongues at an age when they learn best, how will they *ever* learn the national language? Perhaps we're envious of the Canadians, who have one more subject to fight about than we have—language.

The clock keeps turning backward at a maddening pace. And whom do we have but ourselves to be mad at? *Nat Lehrman, former president of Playboy's publishing division, is now a consultant to Playboy and other companies. He is the author of many Playboy interviews as well as the book Masters and Johnson Explained.*

CINDY ADAMS My Husband

What makes me madder than hell is when my husband, Joey, whom I have loved dearly for thirty years, begins acting like a card-carrying schloomp.

Joey goes through periods. Like when the moon is full or something, he welds himself into one suit. Not for anything will he change it.

Take the time he wore a black mohair steadily. That is, it looked like a black mohair. It was dark and shiny. Its original state had been gray serge. My darling Joey wore this to the office, to black-tie events, to the incinerator. To physically remove it from his bones would have required surgery.

I couldn't even get it off him to clean it. The pants legs were now round, like tree stumps. A knife-crease was something you only dreamed about. And, from the constant wear, the hem of the right cuff was now hanging under the right leg. In addition, long silk threads from the jacket lining were dangling, sort of in a fringe effect.

When we'd go out at night I'd wear one of my classy numbers, and Joey, as usual, would emerge in his black mohair with the round hanging right leg and fringed jacket. We looked like The Odd Couple.

It became his security blanket. As though his life strength was in that suit. As though if we wrenched it off him, he'd lose his vital force. It was sort of a Samson syndrome.

One morning I woke up possessed. I had a mission in life. I latched onto our scrapbook scissors. I tore into his closet while he lay asleep and hacked off one leg, the right leg, at the knee. Being the neat type, I then folded the trousers back over the hanger and went about my duties, whistling while I worked.

Poor Joey rose, and from the bedroom came a curdling scream. I kept working and whistling. There followed a long, ominous silence from deep within the bedroom. Maybe ten minutes later, out of the bedroom, through our apartment, past the foyer, and out into the elevator walked my dear husband in a Turnbull & Asser shirt, Hermès tie, cufflinks bearing the presidential seal, and the black mohair suit—with one leg cut off at the knee.

I never did such a thing again. But dear Joey's schloomp periods still do make me madder than hell.

Cindy Adams is a syndicated entertainment columnist.

ALBERT SHANKER

The Lot of Teachers

Back in 1922 a young cub sports-writer named Paul Gallico decided that he had to learn more about the events that he was writing about. To get the "feel," as he put it. So, with more ambition than wisdom, he decided to put on the gloves for a round or two with the reigning heavyweight champ, Jack Dempsey. A few seconds after he crawled through the ropes, Gallico found himself on the canvas with a goofy smile on his face and a thousand rockets going off in his head. It turned out that Dempsey was an excellent teacher, and, in one round, he taught Gallico all anyone would ever want to know about the fear, pain, and weariness of professional boxing.

In this case the schooling was extreme, but the principle is sound. People ought to have the "feel" of what they're talking about, particularly if they presume to pontificate in public. And what gets me madder than hell is reading or hearing a prescription for the teaching profession offered by someone who hasn't stood in front of a class since, decked out in his Prince of Wales outfit, he recited "Jabberwocky" in the sixth grade, and who hasn't the foggiest notion about what a public school teacher goes through in an average workday.

Anyone who thinks that it's possible to "coast" in a classroom full of thirty or more active youngsters should take over a teacher's program for just one day. I know of a successful trial lawyer who once tried it. He went to a Queens high school to speak to two "career" classes. After his second lecture he saw that he still had some time to spare, so he volunteered to talk to a

third group. That was a mistake. After he finished, he collapsed into a chair, utterly exhausted. "Do you do this every day?" he asked his host teacher, a mixture of disbelief and awe in his voice. The real joke was that the teacher still had two more classes to teach. But the lawyer got the "feel," or at least part of it.



Teachers across the board deserve a lot more money because of the important job they do and because we need better salaries to recruit the best people we can to meet the growing vacancies in our nation's classrooms. But, quite frankly, they need no incentive to try harder. The imperatives of dealing with young people demand the maximum effort at all times. I've seen high school teachers near the end of the day resting in the faculty lounge before their last period. When

the bell rang, they rose like boxers going out for the last round, prepared to draw from some reservoir of energy that at that moment they weren't sure they had.

If anything, the gig is getting tougher. Because public schools have lost much of the authority over students they once had, the teacher is more than ever on his own. If he or she survives, it is almost entirely by an imposition of his or her will and personality, with, it hardly needs saying, the enormous expenditure of physical and psychic energy that this demands.

In the same way, I see red when I hear someone ensconced in an editorial office or in a legislative chamber or wherever, safe from spitballs and paper planes and the slings and arrows of the wisecracking rowdy in the back of the room, suggest that if a few dollars were judiciously spread around or dangled before their eyes teachers might try a little harder. The only suitable eye-opener for such a person is to whisk him, for example, to an eighth-period freshman high school English class, say on a Friday afternoon, where thirty-five kids are squirming more than usual, preoccupied with thoughts of cookies and milk or with the problem of getting a head start out the door to get a seat on the bus home. Try then to generate a discussion of *The Light in the Forest* or to get across the difference between "effect" and "affect." Just try. But most of all, just try to take it easy for forty minutes.

Albert Shanker is president of the American Federation of Teachers and of its New York City local, the United Federation of Teachers.

SANDRA BERNHARD

The Little Things

There are so many things that make me mad as hell that it's hard to know where to begin. I guess the first thing is that things don't make me quite as mad as they used to, and that really pisses me off. There was a time when I would flip out over anything. When I pulled up to a Hollywood studio I would invariably have a huge fight with one of the obnoxious guards at the gate: his attitude was that he was guarding Fort Knox or something. Like Barry Diller personally sat him down and said, "Look, I'm depending on you to protect all the 'special' people, costumes,

and sets on the lot, so be very careful when you let anyone through this gate. Love you. I'm counting on you. Gotta go." Now I sort of ignore them and understand they have nothing in their lives, so being exposed to all those big stars gives them a complex.

There was a time when if I heard about someone who "used to be beautiful and had everything going for her and then got messed up on drugs," I'd be furious. How dare she fuck up with all those natural resources. I had to get a look together, work on my looks, yet always managed to keep it together. Now I un-

derstand that along with beauty comes the pain and hurt of only being taken on that surface level. God, it must be so hard having everyone after you—totally digging you, giving you gifts, taking you on trips to Europe. It would be enough to get me hooked on smack. I don't know about you, but that's heavy stuff, and I've lightened up on my judgment of those kinds of people.

Here's a pet peeve of mine: young boy actors who think it's cool not to shower. This seems to be a very hip thing right now, but I'll tell you, if I'm going to spend the evening with a young boy, you can bet I'll want him smelling fresh as a daisy. No excuses here.

Here's something I really love: those samples of really funky perfume on strips of paper you peel back in magazines. It's usually Giorgio of Beverly Hills. It permeates an entire magazine, and you can't read it because you keep thinking that some really rich obnoxious woman just walked into the room.

Perhaps you'll relate to this gem: other people's pubic hairs in the laundry room of your apartment building that stick to your towels. You have to pick them out and throw them in the garbage pail in the hot dustball laundry room.

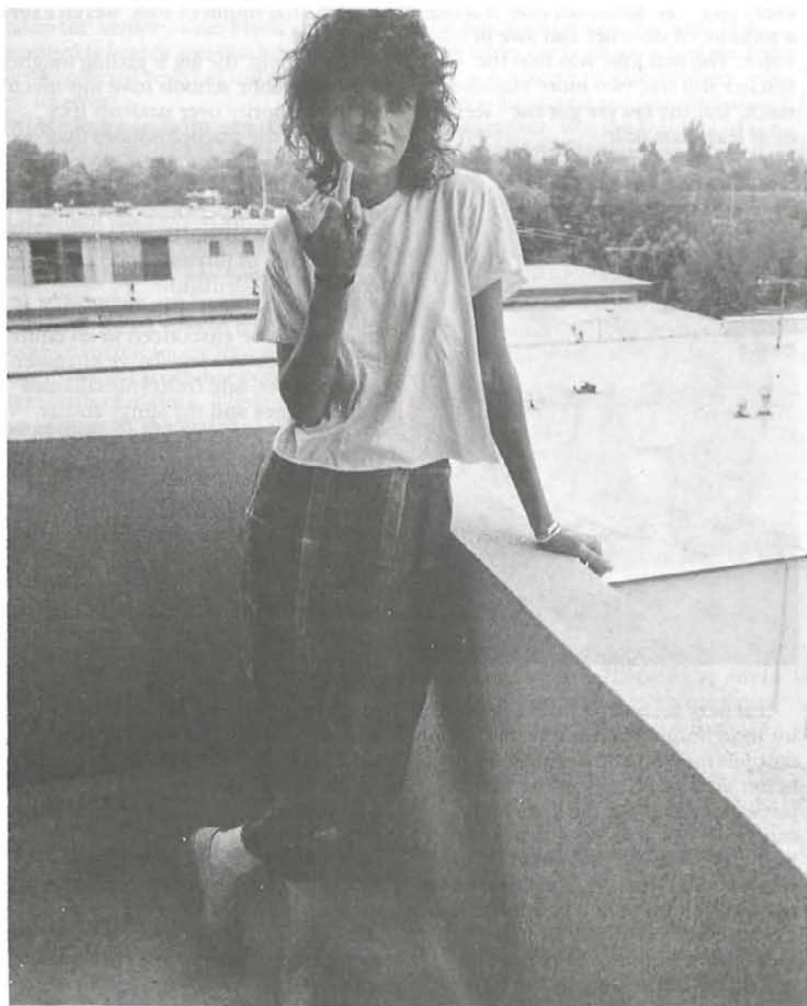
It drives me insane when I have to take the top of the toilet off and rehook the chain that makes the toilet flush—that and plunging the toilet after someone else has used it.

Generic-brand toothpastes are enough to put me over the edge, like the Thrifty brand. I use two squeezes per brushing and it still doesn't foam in my mouth.

How about unwaxed floss when it breaks and gets caught in your upper back molar.

Just writing this article has gotten me mad as hell, but I'm glad because I never want to be too relaxed or happy.

Sandra Bernhard is an actress, comic, and singer. Her new album is called I'm Your Woman, and she appears in the "Sesame Street" movie Follow That Bird.



Peter Kleinman

ROY COHN

Phone Companies and Air Travel

What are the banes of my existence that have come into my life recently, whether I wanted them to or not? Graphically illustrative is the current war between the courts and the phone companies, the public and the phone companies, and the phone companies and the phone companies. Apparently it all started over a desire by the phone companies, many of which have been ripping off the public for years, to rip them off some more with extra charges and unnecessary and unwanted services. Of course, to lend artistic verisimilitude to these rip-off schemes, what better place to turn to than Federal Court in Washington—which is still staggering under Carter's philosophical equalization plan, the hub of which is to find a pool of the most incompetent candidates for federal judgeship available. This done, to further confuse the public, appoint a slew of them to the federal bench who have the same last name—so that confusion will be even more rampant. Although three Browns or Bryants apparently could not be found (why didn't they try Cohens or Cohns—I might have made it), they did come up with three Greens—Judith Henz Green, Joyce Green, and Harold Green. The Carter Justice Department quickly came up with a Green solution. It obtained judicial approval by some Judge Green of the system.

Did the breakup diminish the monopolistic practices and cut phone rates? Of course not. The charge-back to the customer, documented on



reams of unnecessary paper that make each monthly bill resemble a volume of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and the confusing explanations as to how rich the customers are becoming, are hardly supported by the facts.

Take an example. In its first quarter under the new rules NYNEX (the New York/New England Telephone Company) only made a paltry quarterly profit of ONE BILLION dollars. What they won't do for capitalism. And if you don't like their abysmal service, just yell back and tell them what you think. Of course, they won't hear a word you say, as you are connected to a recording—why should the manager miss his golf game? The recording does thank you for using AT&T—but fails to list another choice. Unfortunately there is none.

With deregulation of air travel, you

have the added privilege of missing your flight even though you are on time, being substantially overcharged, and denied the airport protection and assistance that used to go with the purchase of your ticket. When you consider the prospect of some terrorist's gun in your mouth, the "odds" factor just barely gives the edge to flying over hitchhiking. Of course we must deal with all this gingerly, as we are taught that terrorists just love to be killed—I'm one of those softies who would immediately oblige them.

And the ordinary obstructionists in, for example, France and Italy don't strike—they just obstruct. I was with four friends who arrived at De Gaulle Airport in Paris to claim our dividends by paying the outrageous Concorde rates in order to gain a day's work back home—the concept is fine, if it ever gets beyond the conceptual stage. This particular morning the baggage handlers called not a strike, but a "slowdown." We got all our bags up to the plane. There was a slight delay of two days in our departure because the baggage handlers considered the fact that we carried our own luggage an anti-Socialist infraction.

I'm still waiting for an apology or explanation from Air France—which did nothing to alleviate our plight. I can't wait to swipe a bunch of ashtrays from Maxim's.

Roy Cohn, renowned lawyer and influential political figure, first became known as an assistant to Senator Joseph McCarthy.

DURK PEARSON and SANDY SHAW Mad Infinitum

You Bet Your Life

Durk Pearson: Which is more deadly, a nuclear power reactor or a nice clean ecological hydroelectric dam? The dam is a damn site worse. The historical catastrophic failure rate of major dams is between 0.1 percent and 1 percent per year, far higher than that of nuclear reactors. Moreover, the maximum credible accident death toll is much higher for the damn dams. For example, if an earthquake takes out the relatively new Oroville, California, dam, the best estimates of the expected death toll are about 200,000 to 250,000. Incidentally, there have been a couple of earthquakes at the dam site that were probably triggered by simply filling the reservoir. Dams can definitely cause earthquakes; reactors definitely don't. The Los Angeles area nearly had such a disaster during the San Fernando Valley earthquake a decade or so ago when the Van Norman reservoir dam above the Valley was only about twenty seconds' more shaking away from complete collapse.

In general, media people do not know how to assess relative risks.

Nothing is perfectly safe. The relative safety of the alternatives should be compared to each other, and no time should be spent bemoaning the fact that something or other is not perfectly safe. The *New York Times* had a big headline "INDIAN POINT NUCLEAR REACTOR LEAK OUT OF CONTROL." The *total* leak had less radioactivity in it (and of a less dangerous kind) than ONE PINT OF WATER FROM THE FAMOUS HOT SPRINGS AT BATH, ENGLAND. (But that headline wouldn't have peddled many papers.) People have been using that spring for bathing for thousands of years, and its neighborhood is not a hotbed of cancer. I have lived downwind of a nuclear reactor. It didn't bother me a bit. I won't live downstream of a dam.

What about Three Mile Island? Well, what about it? The ill-trained operators did everything wrong, but nobody was injured. The total radiation release from the partial meltdown was far less than the radiation released from the coal since burned to produce replacement power. It's a fact: Burning coal releases more radiation of a more dangerous kind per kilowatt-hour than even a relatively dirty old 1950s-style nuclear reactor.

All coal contains uranium, thorium, radium, polonium, etc., and the fly ash that you breathe carries it.

You want a really huge radiation release? Try Mount Saint Helens. Its big volcanic eruption (about ten megatons TNT equivalent) of a few years ago released dust containing at least 100,000,000 pounds of uranium and about 200,000,000 pounds of thorium and lots of radium, radon, and other radioactive-decay products. According to the geophysicists, the initial ejecta was hotter than uranium mill tailings. When it comes to being really dirty, man can't yet match nature, and has apparently become too sensible to try.

Major newspapers and the TV networks are putting out a lot of irresponsible bullshit because there are no scientists overseeing their news editors. Worse yet, they completely miss really serious hazards such as radioactive radon gas and carcinogenic nitrogen oxides building up in tightly sealed energy-efficient homes to levels that would give an Occupational Health and Safety Administration inspector immediate emergency authority to shut down a uranium mine or chemical factory.

continued on page 87

Make two great kids happy this Christmas!



RONALD G. HARRIS

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

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

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

National Lampoon Baseball Jacket

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



(TS-1030) \$33.95

National Lampoon Frog Shirt

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

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



(TS-1035) \$14.95

National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Deluxe Edition

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



(BO-1032) ... \$19.95

National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume I

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



(BO-1033) \$4.95

National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume II

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



(BO-1035) \$4.95

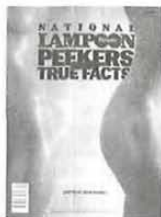


"National Lampoon's European Vacation" T-shirt (A-2003) A fine garment, in full color, glorifying the hit film with a similar title. It bears the inscription "I'm not here, I'm in Europe." \$6.95



National Lampoon's Peckers and Other True Facts

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



(BO-1038) \$2.95

National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Jersey

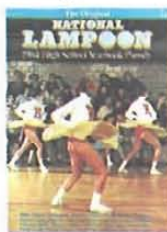
This good-appearing baseball jersey is a clean-made garment that is certain to give satisfaction. It is exactly the one worn by the famous *National Lampoon* Black Sox; yet it lacks the odor of use, as it is an entirely new product.



(TS-1027) \$7.00

National Lampoon High School Yearbook Parody

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



(BO-1007A) Deluxe Edition \$4.95

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

National Lampoon's Animal House T-Shirt Has the pictures of Otter, Bluto, Flounder, D-Day, and the others on the front. — S — M — L (TS-1029) \$5.95

National Lampoon Sweatshirt Specially crafted so that you sweat and laugh at the same time. Available in navy with white lettering, white with red lettering, and gray with black lettering. (TS-1034) \$13.95

National Lampoon True Facts A lot of funny stuff that actually happened, printed on smear-resistant shiny paper. (BO-1036) \$2.95

Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print The most complete and authentic collection of diverse vulgarities, scatologies, misogynies, etc., ever released. (BO-1030) \$2.95

"I Got My Job Through the National Lampoon" T-shirt (A-2002) It's a dirty job, but someone's gotta do it. Maybe that special someone is you. You'll dig this fine product. \$6.95

National Lampoon Nightshirt

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



(TS1040) \$7.95

National Lampoon Foto Funnies

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



(BO-1034) \$2.95

National Lampoon Frog Sweater

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



(TS-1038) \$20.95

National Lampoon Hat Simply and marvelously a piece of headgear, sort of like a baseball hat only not worn by any players anywhere. (TS-1032) \$6.95

The Best of National Lampoon #5 1973 and '74 were vintage years for the humor crop. Some of the great jokes in this fine volume are only just now reaching the fullness of their maturity. (BO-1008) \$2.50

The Best of National Lampoon #7 Contains the best humor satire of the years 1975 and '76. Some of the guffaws in here have been classified as sizable by men who build large ships. (BO-1014) \$2.50

The Best of National Lampoon #8 Recently published, this collection is held by professors and the clergy to be the epitome of humor collections. (BO-1025) \$3.95

National Lampoon Good Parts (1978-1980) (Best of #9) Our latest collection of ribaldries, drolleries, and everything you need to perform the natural functions, with the exception of toiletries. (BO-1026) \$3.95

Son of Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print II—A Sequel (A-2001) Like father, like son. Not for the squeamish or sensitive. Vulgarities from the great NatLamp cartoon department. \$2.95

**"Save the Frog"
Glow-in-the-Dark Polo Shirt**

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



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

(TS-1039) \$10.95

National Lampoon's "Vacation" T-shirt

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



(TS-1037) .. \$6.95

National Lampoon Football Jersey

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



(TS-1036) \$13.95

National Lampoon Binders (Vinyl binders with metal rods) (BN-1001) \$5.50 each; \$9.00 for two; \$12.00 for three.

National Lampoon Binder (BN-1003) with all twelve issues from 1975. \$20.00 each.

National Lampoon Binder (BN-1004) with all twelve issues from 1976. \$20.00 each.

National Lampoon Binder (BN-1005) with all twelve issues from 1977. \$20.00 each.

National Lampoon Binder (BN-1006) with all twelve issues from 1978. \$20.00 each.

National Lampoon Binder (BN-1007) with all twelve issues from 1979. \$20.00 each.

National Lampoon Binder (BN-1008) with all twelve issues from 1980. \$20.00 each.

National Lampoon Binder (BN-1009) with all twelve issues from 1981. \$20.00 each.

National Lampoon Binder (BN-1010) with all twelve issues from 1982. \$20.00 each.

National Lampoon Binder (BN-1011) with all twelve issues from 1983. \$20.00 each.

National Lampoon Binder (BN-1012) with all twelve issues from 1984. \$20.00 each.

Give the gift of merchandise this Christmas.

Please indicate what *National Lampoon* products you would like us to send for Christmas. Enclose check or money order. Place in envelope and send to:
National Lampoon, Dept. NL 1185
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

MY NAME IS _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Circle items desired

Circle one:

- | | | | | | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|--------------------------------|---|---|---|----|
| (A-2001) \$2.95 | (BN-1001) \$5.50 each; | (TS-1019) \$4.95 each | S | M | L | |
| (A-2002) \$6.95 | \$9.00 for two; | (TS-1028) \$7.00 each | S | M | L | |
| (A-2003) \$6.95 | \$12.00 for three | (TS-1029) \$5.95 each | S | M | L | |
| (BO-1021) \$4.95 each | (BN-1003) (BN-1004) | (TS-1026) \$6.95 each | S | M | L | |
| (BO-1007A) \$4.95 each | (BN-1005) (BN-1006) | (TS-1027) \$7.00 each | S | M | L | |
| (BO-1030) \$2.95 each | (BN-1007) (BN-1008) | (TS-1030) \$33.95 each | S | M | L | |
| (BO-1038) \$2.95 each | (BN-1009) (BN-1010) | (TS-1031) \$7.00 each | S | M | L | |
| (BO-1024) \$2.95 each; | (BN-1011) (BN-1012) | (TS-1034) \$13.95 each | S | M | L | XL |
| Deluxe Edition | \$20.00 each | Color: _____ | | | | |
| \$4.95 each | (BO-1032) \$19.95 each | (TS-1035) \$14.95 each (white) | S | M | L | |
| (BO-1014) (BO-1008) | (BO-1033) \$4.95 each | Color: _____ | S | M | L | |
| (BO-1025) \$3.95 each | (BO-1034) \$2.95 each | (TS-1036) \$13.95 each | S | M | L | |
| (BO-1026) \$3.95 each | (BO-1035) \$4.95 each | (TS-1037) \$5.95 each | S | M | L | |
| (CB-1001) \$6.95 each | (BO-1036) \$2.95 each | (TS-1038) \$20.95 each | S | M | L | |
| (TS-1032) \$6.95 each | (TS1040) \$7.95 each | Color: _____ | | | | |
| | | (TS-1039) \$10.95 each | S | M | L | |

Please enclose \$1.50 for postage and handling for each order under \$5.00 and \$2.00 for orders over \$5.00. New York State residents, please add 8 1/4 percent sales tax.

Redistribute the humor with a gift subscription.

Please read the gift coupon carefully and fill it out according to the directions. If you want to send more than one gift subscription, please type or print the information and send it along with the coupon and the required payment. As soon as we get your order, the recipient(s) of your gift will get a Christmas card from the *National Lampoon* telling them that you have sent them a gift subscription. Soon after, they'll get their first copy of the magazine.

TO: National Lampoon Gifts, Dept. NL 1185, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Please send the National Lampoon subscription indicated to:

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

MY NAME IS _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Enclosed is my check money order for \$ _____ in payment for:

One-year subscription to *National Lampoon* \$6.95

Two-year subscription to *National Lampoon* \$12.95

Three-year subscription to *National Lampoon* \$17.95

For gift subscriptions to Canada, Mexico, and all other foreign countries, please add \$5.00 per order.

Thank you, Mr. Publisher, for giving me \$5.00 toward a subscription to the *National Lampoon*. You're a hell of a sweet guy! I've checked off the term of the subscription I want, so rush me my first issue.

Make all checks payable to:
National Lampoon Dept. NL 1185
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

One-year subscription \$11.95 (Deduct \$5.00) Two-year subscription \$17.95 (Deduct \$5.00)

Three-year subscription \$22.95 (Deduct \$5.00)

For each year, add \$5.00 for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.

All checks must be payable within continental U.S. or Canada.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



continued from page 73

supposed to be unfair." He added, "Humor is what allows Art Buchwald to have lunch with those he writes about. Satire is deadly serious."

In May 1985, Trudeau drew a half-dozen strips satirizing a controversial anti-abortion film, *The Silent Scream*, but Universal Press Syndicate was reluctant to distribute them, afraid that newspapers and readers would be offended. "After some discussion," stated their official explanation, "Trudeau agreed to withdraw the strips." Only by grace of the *New Republic* printing the series were readers able to learn about *Silent Scream II*, wherein, "through the miracle of fiber optics," viewers could witness the termination of a twelve-minute pregnancy. "Let's call him Timmy," says the commentator. Timmy is represented by a dot. "While his main preoccupation at this point is cell division, in most respects Timmy is as human as you or I."

Then, in June of this year, came the infamous *Doonesbury* strips dealing with Frank Sinatra's relationship with members of the Mafia. The syndicate—that is, Universal Press Syndicate—decided to distribute this series, while individual newspapers chickened out of publishing them. A Dallas paper which subscribes to the *New Republic* printed the abortion series instead, presumably more willing

to offend right-to-lifers than Sinatra.

The *Los Angeles Times* published this announcement: "On the advice of *Times* attorneys, the...*Doonesbury* panels dealing with Frank Sinatra will not appear." The *L.A. Weekly* called the syndicate about the possibility of printing the censored strips, but was turned down because the syndicate could not give another paper in that city market rights without permission from the *Times*. The *Weekly* called the *Times*, which would not grant permission.

The fear of libel has infiltrated *The Tonight Show*, too. Johnny Carson was doing a bit about still photos from motion pictures. There was a shot of nuns looking through telescopes. Carson said it was from a new Walt Disney film where noses grew longer every time they said it was their first time. Carson quickly added, "Disney didn't make it. That's just a joke. We don't want to get sued." When Shelley Winters was a guest on the show, she commented that a certain product tasted like "saccharine and chalk." Carson warned her, "Don't mention the name." And when he used a line that "McDonald's still has the original half-pound of hamburger meat, and billions later they haven't used it up yet," he asked the unseen producer, "Will that be a problem with McDonald's? We're only

kidding." Ah, but when Carson did a line about Frank Sinatra, and mock-nervously added, "Just kidding, Frank," it was quite clear to the audience that he was not talking about a libel suit by Sinatra so much as the style of physical retaliation as practiced by the mob. Frank Sinatra has become a generic joke reference to the Mafia as much as Orson Welles has become a generic joke reference to obesity.

Sinatra is no more likely to sue Johnny Carson for an obvious joke than he is likely to sue Garry Trudeau for an obvious truth. If Trudeau had written an editorial containing the same material he used in his comic strip, there would be no problem. What *Doonesbury* has done is to blur the artificial distinction between fact and fantasy. And that has finally enabled me to understand exactly who it is that I am so angry at. Librarians! It is librarians who perpetuate the myth of separation with their Fiction and Non-Fiction categories. I am mad as hell at them. Nor is it enough merely to point out the insidiousness of librarians. We must silence them. **Paul Krassner, noted humorist, is again publishing *The Realist*, a newsletter of social and political satire (twenty-three dollars a year, Box 14757, San Francisco 94114).**

continued from page 55

and on. Especially if they're rich. And they go on pretending they're the ones who are truly open to dialogue—by contrast with Jesse Helms and Oral Roberts.

Then there are those librarians who, while they defend the books in their libraries from outside censors, do a pretty mean-spirited censoring job of their own. Some will not order "controversial" books—a foolproof way of ensuring that they won't get into trouble with pressure groups in the community.

Others create their own system of banning books that have somehow gotten into the library. Consider a library center in upstate New York that provides books to school libraries in Albany, Schenectady, etc. This is the advice the hip, liberal librarians in upstate New York give to their colleagues in the schools:

"Place a warning label on biased material: WARNING: IT HAS BEEN DETERMINED THAT THESE MATERIALS ARE SEX-STEREOTYPED AND MAY LIMIT YOUR SENSE OF FREEDOM AND CHOICE."

That's a hell of a turn for librarians to take—labeling books as "bad" for readers. And who determined

that those materials are "sex-stereotyped"? By what criteria? (Which novels by Faulkner, Dostoyevsky, and Mark Twain will have to be burned in the schoolyard?)

And what is this about limiting my sense of freedom and choice? Just who is doing that? Could it be these liberal librarians?

But let me show you what gets me maddest of all in this ceaseless abundance of liberal hypocrisy:

A political science professor at the State University of New York at New Paltz invites to his class one of South Africa's representatives to the United Nations. The professor wants his students to hear and to test the real thing—a true believer in apartheid. The professor figures they'd learn more from an exchange with someone in the racist South African government than from simply reading about that government.

The South African was never able to say a word to the class. An integrated mob of fifty students made it impossible for the rest of the 150 students in the auditorium to hear the visitor. They so yelled and screamed that the South African had no choice but to leave. The students who had been

waiting to ask him some very sharp questions about his government had been silenced just as effectively as had the South African.

As the South African left the campus, a student yelled: "Let the story go out that students would not allow a racist to speak on this campus!" That's only part of the story that got out. The rest of it was that some American students, like the government of South Africa, do not permit views to be heard that are contrary to their own.

But I'm sure the students who prevented the South African from speaking consider themselves to be authentic liberals. There's a term—"liberal"—that used to have some integrity to it. Increasingly, though, liberals lust to censor just as fervently as reactionaries. And just like reactionaries, liberals deny that's what they're doing.

Nat Hentoff is a staff writer for the *Village Voice* and *The New Yorker*. He also writes a weekly column, "Sweet Land of Liberty," for the *Washington Post*. Among his books is *The First Freedom, The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*.

PRICELESS COLLECTOR'S ITEMS FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON

BOOKS

- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Volume I** Half of our best tenth anniversary book ever—and the first half. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Volume II** The sequel is even better. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary, Deluxe Edition** This one is hardbound, for painful dropping on one's foot. \$19.95
- National Lampoon Foto Funnies** Funnies told through fotos. Funny. \$2.95
- National Lampoon High School Yearbook Parody** Critically acclaimed across America, this one still has its surviving writers chuckling. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody** A sequel to the *High School Yearbook*, though the two have nothing in common. \$4.95
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 5** The best stuff from 1973-1974. \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 7** Encompassing 1975-1976. \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 8** Jokes started getting more expensive in 1976-1977. \$3.95
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 9** But we managed to hold the line on prices during 1978-1980. \$3.95
- National Lampoon's Animal House** The full-color, illustrated book on which the movie was not based. This came later. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Deluxe Edition of Animal House** Carbon-dating has proven this edition's longevity to be worth an extra two bucks. \$4.95
- Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print** Not in the magazine, anyway. Disgusting. \$2.95
- Son of Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print II: A Sequel** Even worse than the first. \$2.95
- National Lampoon True Facts** The original, uncensored work, now available in English. It all happened. \$2.95
- National Lampoon's Peekers and Other True Facts** All true, all new. To be without one won't do. \$2.95

MAGAZINES

\$5.00 EACH

- MARCH 1972** / Escape!
- JUNE 1972** / Science Fiction
- JULY 1972** / Surprise!
- AUGUST 1972** / The Miracle of Democracy
- SEPTEMBER 1972** / Boredom
- NOVEMBER 1972** / Decadence
- 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
- 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
- SEPTEMBER 1976** / The Latest Issue
- OCTOBER 1976** / The Funny Pages
- NOVEMBER 1976** / Is Democracy Fixed?
- DECEMBER 1976** / Selling Out
- JANUARY 1977** / Surefire Issue
- FEBRUARY 1977** / JFK Reinaugural
- MARCH 1977** / Science and Technology
- APRIL 1977** / Ripping the Lid off TV
- JUNE 1977** / Careers
- JULY 1977** / Nasty Sex
- AUGUST 1977** / Cheap Thrills
- SEPTEMBER 1977** / Grow Up!
- OCTOBER 1977** / All Beatles
- NOVEMBER 1977** / Lifestyles
- DECEMBER 1977** / Christmas in December
- JANUARY 1978** / The Role of Sex in History
- FEBRUARY 1978** / Spring Fascism in Preview
- MARCH 1978** / Crime and Punishment
- APRIL 1978** / Spring Cleaning
- MAY 1978** / Families
- JUNE 1978** / The Wild West
- JULY 1978** / 100th Anniversary
- AUGUST 1978** / Today's Teens
- SEPTEMBER 1978** / Style
- OCTOBER 1978** / Entertainment

\$4.00 EACH

- APRIL 1979** / April Fool
- MAY 1979** / International Terrorism
- 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
- JANUARY 1981** / Excess
- FEBRUARY 1981** / Sin
- MARCH 1981** / Women and Dogs
- 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
- 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

\$3.00 EACH

- 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 Except for 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** / A Misguided Tour of New York
- MARCH 1985** / The Best of 15 Years
- APRIL 1985** / The Best from Europe
- MAY 1985** / Celebrity Roast
- JUNE 1985** / The Doug Kenney Collection
- JULY 1985** / Youth at Play
- AUGUST 1985** / All-New True Facts
- SEPTEMBER 1985** / Lust Issue
- 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

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 _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed \$ _____

Tear out the whole page with items checked, enclose check or money order, and mail to:
National Lampoon, Dept. NL 1185 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

MAUREEN STAPLETON Line Jumpers

People who get in line front of me—waiting for a bus, in the supermarket.

You're waiting and some son of a bitch comes in. It's ill-mannered. That's about it. Other than that, life is perfect.

Stage, screen, and television actress Maureen Stapleton is a two-time Tony winner (The Rose Tattoo, The Gingerbread Lady) and an Academy Award winner for Reds.

A. WAYNE CARTER Dust

You know what makes me mad as hell? Dust. Here in Los Angeles it's not going to be the Great Earthquake that rumbles us to our doom, it's going to be the dust that it stirs up. The dust in our green carpeting. The dust on top of our refrigerators and on our shelves. The dust on all our unread books (because only in Los Angeles is it status to have shelves and shelves of books without ever having read any of them). The dust on top of our cars. Why do you think car washes here do such business? It's because every week there is a new layer of dust on our cars. This dust is a conglomeration of everything that is in the air in Los Angeles: particles of lead gasoline, palm-tree pollen, sulfur dioxide debris, hair spray residue, unsorted cocaine, blow-dryer asbestos, sand from the desert, ashes from the Neptune Society crematorium, Orson Welles's belly-button lint, and pancake-powder makeup. Dust. It's a disgusting part of a life that is too laid back to sweep it away. Mexican twenty-dollar-a-day maids sweep it away. But it keeps coming back. Librarians blow it off textbooks and classical literature, but it keeps coming back. It is the only certainty about living in Southern California. The only sure thing. You can bet on it. The sun will be up today. The dust will be cruising your neighborhood. It creeps into your life like nasal plague, filling your lungs and nose hairs with toxic chemicals and powders that settle there like the dust on those shelves. Our insides are like little internal dust

bombs waiting for that trigger to set them off. In most parts of the world, the scientific community has determined that the human body is 70 percent water. In Los Angeles it is 55 percent dust. Settled dust. And there are only two ways to unsettle that dust and stir it up out of your system: a) an aerobic workout with Jane Fonda, or b) a big motherfuckin' earthquake.

A. Wayne Carter is co-screenwriter of two yet-to-be-produced National Lampoon projects as well as of the upcoming movie The Roundhouse.

RICHARD BELZER on Hulk Hogan and Mr. T

The Belz is mad as hell and he's not gonna take it anymore. Enough already with the mindless glorification of violence that has become endemic in our country, and the aberrations of what the idea of masculinity is: namely Mr. T (Lawrence 'Iero)—who now charges four dollars an autograph, by the way—and Sterling Golden, a.k.a. Hulk Hogan, the bleached, mustached creature who did not become a wrestler because he flunked out of Harvard. These two pathetic men are so obsessed with appearing masculine or not wimpy that they have distorted the meaning of maleness and fashioned it into their own paranoid cartoon of reality.

All this would be fine in an America that allows for individuals to freely express themselves. But the reason the Belz is mad as hell is because the mindless, indiscriminate use of violence has spilled out of the ring and into the real world, namely my fucking head, and I'm pissed that these two Cro-Magnons with their knuckles scraping across my studio floor storm-trooped their way into my heart and the hearts of my viewers. People ask me if the incident on my talk show *Hot Properties* was real when the Hulk put me in a chin lock, knocked me out, and let me drop to the floor, splitting my head open and forcing me to take eight very real stitches. It was real. It was cruel, it was done intentionally and without remorse. This I cannot forgive. I just want to alert my fans and friends and whoever else will listen that beneath the ve-

neer of entertainment, pro wrestling has become an insidious metaphor for the Reagan-era mindless macho insensitive violence-prone nature.

Richard Belzer is a stand-up comedian and actor who hosts Hot Properties, a talk show on the Lifetime Network.

SHERRY COBEN on Ronald Reagan



Susannah Gold

It makes me mad that Francois Truffaut dies while Chuck Barris lives, that Kennedys are fatally shot while Reagan takes his assassin's bullet like some B-movie cowboy. Listening to Reagan speak makes me especially livid. Reading transcripts of his press conference ramblings is the same perplexing experience as reading sub-standard free verse.

If Reagan were a teacher at a non-prestigious junior college, he'd be denied tenure. The man needs to drop bread crumbs on his way into sentences so he can find his way out again. (Remember his driving-up-the-Pacific-Coast-Highway allusion of the first presidential debate?) While syntax may not be everything, it does bespeak a troubling muddlement of faculties when the "Great Communicator" cannot construct a simple sentence.

Not to mention Grenada. Lebanon. Nicaragua. Nuclear proliferation. Star Wars. The plight of the elderly and other disenfranchised. The Reagan presidency makes me long for Carter. For Ford. For (gasp!) Nixon! Which makes me maddest of all. *Sherry Coben is the creator of the CBS television series Kate and Allie.*

NANCY K. AUSTIN

Airline Courtesy Clubs

Recently all my cash and credit cards were stolen, a frustrating experience at best. Every card was replaced quickly and courteously but one: my membership card to an airline courtesy club. Since I fly a lot, that card is important to me. But frustration mounted. First I was sent a form to fill out to obtain a new card. Along with the form was the requirement that I send along a fee of ten dollars, a tariff none of the other card companies demanded. I penned a comment on the form: "Do you know that you're the only outfit that has charged me to replace a stolen card?" About two weeks later I received a page-and-a-half-long letter from the airline telling me in exquisite, logical detail why the fee must be levied. In

particular, the airline wanted to make it absolutely clear to me that these fees comprise the clubs' only livelihood; that costs are rising; that the clubs' services must be subsidized, on an individual basis, by those customers who use them. And now it's not so much the ten bucks that burns me. It's that letter.

The airline managed to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory by writing to me to "set me straight." Their reasons for the fee are doubtless rational, but I didn't care a fig about those just then. I'll eventually forget about the fee. But the letter I'll remember.

*Nancy K. Austin is the co-author, with Thomas J. Peters, of the best-seller **A Passion for Excellence**.*



Andree Abecassis

BRUCE HERSCHENSOHN

World War III

I'm "madder than hell" that too many fail to recognize that we are in World War III.

It's not a prophecy, it's a fact, and its battles have been fought in Europe and in Africa and in the Mideast and in Asia and in Latin America. The territory already conquered by a force of hostility and expansion is greater than in any war before it. But we mask the war with the word "peace," and we believe it because we want to believe it.

It is, in fact, "The Great War of Peace" authored by the Soviet Union. To call this period "peace" comforts us, and we can ignore the cause of it, the root of it, the seed of it. And when faced with its battles we can excuse them one by one as being sepa-

rate, apart, and unconnected to any whole. No world war. Just ask:

- "El Salvador?"
- "Its root is poverty."
- "Vietnam?"
- "It was a civil war."
- "Afghanistan?"
- "The Soviet Union was invited in by the government."
- "Nicaragua?"
- "A rebellion against the dictatorship of Somoza."
- "Angola?"
- "A remnant of colonialism."
- "Yemen?"
- "It's tribal. Old, ancient conflict."
- "Ethiopia?"
- "A popular revolution against oppression."
- "Cambodia?"

"Our incursion of 1970 did that."

A hundred excuses. But always the same victor.

None of the excuses are accurate. None of them. And World War III continues as more and more nations fall to what we call "separate circumstances." No. No separate circumstances. The circumstance is not plural. The circumstance is the Soviet Union. We don't want to recognize that.

We will.

Someday we are going to have to recognize that.

The longer we wait, the higher the cost.

Bruce Herschensohn is a news commentator for KABC in Los Angeles.

RITA RUDNER

Closing the A&P

This may not seem important to you, but this has changed my life and I'm very angry. Before you read this piece, keep in mind that I live in New York City, so this is not just a matter of driving a little further. We're talking walking here. Walking on streets that are filthy, dangerous, and above all extremely uneven.

The A&P near my apartment has closed. There was no warning that the A&P would close. The last time I shopped there it was not well stocked, but I just figured a lot of people in the neighborhood were having a party at the same time. As the weeks eroded (that is what weeks do in New York City), I began to hear old people talking about a big food sale. Then one day in my elevator I caught the name of the store. (Keep in mind, I used proper elevator etiquette and did not react while I was in the elevator. I pretended I wasn't listening, and it wasn't until I got out of the elevator that I became shocked.)

My first thought was that maybe I could get some rock stars together and they could cut a record and raise enough money to keep it opened. Rock stars are good at raising money for food. Sixty-ninth Street being closer than Ethiopia, they could see immediate results. But problems at home are never as glamorous as problems abroad. The only person who expressed any interest was Gary Lewis.

After a few days of fretting (I like to fret), I meandered (I like to meander) over to the alleged site. It was true. "Closed"—that is what the sign said. Not "Closed for renovation," not "Reopening under new management." Just "Closed." So final.

My options are so grim. I can shop at a gourmet grocery store around the corner from me if I want to pay the same price for a box of baking soda as



I would for a piece of fine jewelry. There is another grocery store about seven blocks away, but I can't lug my grocery cart that far. I also can't have groceries delivered because I saw the movie *Death Wish*, and I'm a woman who lives alone. There is another great grocery store very near me that is very reasonable that I can never go to because my old boyfriend works across the street from it and I hate him and if I ever see him again I don't want to be shlepping a grocery cart. I

want to be in a gown on the way to a gala.

I'll figure this out eventually. In the meantime, I'll diet.

P.S. Since I wrote this piece the A&P has announced plans to reopen, so I feel a little stupid.

Popular stand-up comic Rita Rudner has appeared frequently on Late Night with David Letterman, at hotels in Atlantic City, and at comedy clubs throughout the country.

The Soviet Union

Sandy Shaw: It makes me mad that people can't leave the Soviet Union. No matter what the Soviets and their friends may say about allegedly better conditions there, just ask if people can freely come and go. If the USSR is so great, why won't they let people leave? Why do they have to keep people in with walls, machine guns, and attack dogs?

In fact, living conditions in the Soviet Union are known to be seriously deteriorating. A recent paper in *The Gerontologist* entitled "Negative Trends in Life Expectancy in the USSR, 1964-1983" (April 1985 issue) explained that the Soviet census of 1970 registered a decline in life expectancy and that since 1970 the USSR has not released any new official figures on life expectancy. Before they stopped publishing figures, the life expectancy of men there had already dropped by ten years! If it had improved, you can be sure that the Soviets would be publishing the data. Analysis of population information made available by the Soviets reveals an increase in infant and older people's mortality, as well as an increase in the differences in life-span expectation between men and women, especially between the ages of twenty and forty. It makes me mad when people are taken in by Soviet Union disinformation and believe that its new leaders are more liberal or that human rights are improving there or that the Soviets are no longer pursuing a policy of imperial territorial expansionism (remember Afghanistan).

Eco-scapegoats

Durk Pearson: Quick quiz: What is made out of metal and plastic, weighs over a ton, burns gasoline, and creates less air pollution than a pine tree, a palm tree, or a suburban lawn? Answer: Your new car. And it costs you about one thousand dollars and about 20 percent more gasoline as compared with the much more reasonable early-1970s control requirements, which had already reduced automotive emissions so much that 100,000,000 cars of that type would produce about as much pollution as all the cars in the U.S. in 1922.

Congress's regulation of automotive emissions is based on populist politics, not ecological science. Plants, as well as automobiles, release hydrocarbons into the atmosphere, which create photochemical smog. The Great Smoky Mountains and the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia were named for the smog that has

been hanging over them since long before the first white men arrived on the scene, let alone Henry Ford. Los Angeles will never be able to meet the EPA's ambient-air-quality standards—set by Washington bureaucrats, not residents of Los Angeles. If all automobiles were banned and all industry and power plants shut down, it still wouldn't do it. What would it take? Enough Agent Orange or paraquat to kill every tree, shrub, flower, and lawn in the L.A. air basin. This is ecology?

Animal Rights

Sandy Shaw: It makes me mad when some people look upon humans as less important than animals. It is not rational policy to attempt to prevent the extinction of every species of mammal, bird, reptile, amphibian, or fish. There is a high cost to the achievement of such goals. While there are limited funds with which to achieve goals, there is always an unlimited supply of goals to pursue. Of course, animals require resources, but people may also have uses for those resources. To my mind, the snail darter, object of such frenzied, expensive rescue attempts by animal chauvinists, has no particular importance whatever. Animals, either as individ-

uals or as species, have no rights. Instead of expensive public programs, I would prefer to see private projects such as the one in which fertilized eggs of endangered animals are frozen in liquid nitrogen for safekeeping. Let those who are especially concerned about maintaining various animal species be required to use their *own* resources to do something about it. Then we'll see just how enthusiastic they really are about their cause. (It's so easy to find "good" uses for other people's money.)

Wood-Burning Pseudo-ecologists

Durk Pearson: The EPA has some interesting, though not widely publicized, news: One wood-heated temperate-climate home will produce about as much carcinogenic emissions as ten thousand automobiles. Think about it. And think about the absence of crocodile-tear terror-journalism handwringing over this very real and serious threat.

Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw are research scientists and co-authors of the bestselling *Life Extension Companion* and the upcoming *Life Extension Weight Loss Program*.



TOM CLANCY

Lawyers

What do lawyers do? Important question, this, since there are roughly half a million of them, and the money they make translates to about five hundred dollars extracted invisibly from every family of four in America. As I write this, my family consists of 4.5 members, so I am about to incur even more expenses. How do we classify lawyers?

The Public Defender

The Public Defender is perhaps the most egregiously misnamed member of the legal profession. His job, funded by the public, is mainly to ensure that criminals are released to prey further on the honest citizens who pay him. To the Public Defender, the victim is the one with the knife (gun, club); the liar is the one with the stitches. Or his survivors. Since this is an "entry-level" assignment, however, (for law school graduates who lack the intelligence for better-paying work), the many mistakes made by the Public Defender do serve a legal purpose. So it is with most of the legal profession.

The Criminal Attorney

A redundancy, though often a truthful one. Unlike the Public Defender, this experienced professional limits his practice to the release of the rich, successful career (or wealthy amateur) criminals to prey upon the public. Many Public Defenders hope to graduate from their "underpaid" status to this one, allowing them to live safely in the suburbs, away from the criminals whom they release (criminals are not always grateful) to prey upon the general public. As with the Public Defender, the best way for the Criminal Attorney to generate business for himself is to release the *guilty*, who will commit more crimes, requiring further legal services. Hence it is in the interest of both to foil "The American Legal System" to the greatest possible extent. A criminal at large is an income-generating asset for the Criminal Attorney.

The Prosecuting (or State's) Attorney

The adversary of the Public Defender and the Criminal Attorney, this individual represents the state—therefore (in theory) the victims of crime. The sincerity and dedication of Prosecuting Attorneys can be measured most accurately by the fact that in almost all cases their tenure in this post serves as state-sponsored training for nascent Criminal Attorneys (both use the same tricks). There is much more money to be made in defending vicious felons than in prosecuting them.

The Ambulance Chaser

Whiplash Willie, so brilliantly portrayed by Walter Matthau in *The Fortune Cookie*—think he was a fictional concoction? He was; by current standards Whiplash Willie was relatively honest. Anyone who wonders why insurance rates are so high should understand that a significant percentage of those premiums go to attorneys—not to *claimants*, to *attorneys*. No injury is too slight for Whiplash's attention, and he is often allied with Dr. Feelbad, almost always to be found in the suite right upstairs to certify that a hangnail is a permanent total disability. (The good news here is that Dr. Feelbad, while evaluating uninjured people, is unlikely to hurt anyone who is genuinely sick.) Unlike the Public Defender, who is paid a salary, or the Criminal Attorney, who gets his cash up front (he knows he might lose), the Ambulance Chaser derives his income from a percentage of the settlement. Of every million-dollar settlement to the gravely injured victim, as much as half goes to the Ambulance Chaser's condo at Hilton Head Island. For this reason, the best (and worst—*anyone* can outsmart an insurance company!) legal technicians eventually fall into this class.

The Corporate Attorney

A close brother to the corporate accountant, and often a man with an M.B.A. added to his L.L.B. There is

therefore virtually no limit to the damage this man (or woman) can inflict upon his parent company. The only good news is that if someone attempts to save the American economy by blowing up the Harvard Business School, either a Public Defender or a Criminal Attorney will seek to save him, in the former case with money paid in corporate taxes. The lesson here is that while there may be honor among thieves, there *cannot* be honor among lawyers. It would violate the Canons of Ethics.

The Public Interest Lawyer

Often styled a "Crusader," a title that is altogether accurate. The Public Interest Lawyer has about as much in common with the Public Interest as the Crusaders had with Christianity. That so many of these live in the Washington area is hardly surprising, since this locale has as much in common with the United States as Bitburg has with Tel Aviv. As with professional environmentalists (who live principally on Central Park West and Sunset Boulevard), here we have a professional who has thoroughly insulated himself from whatever issue he has chosen (at random?) to rail against. Do you think that *they* ever drove Corvairs? Ever hear about a toxic-waste dump in Georgetown?

The Settlement Attorney

A close ally to the probate specialist. It's bad enough that some lawyers charge one hundred dollars per hour. Not this guy. His fee is based on a *percentage* of the value of the property being transferred (or the estate being probated). Do you really think that a \$100,000 house (estate) is harder to settle upon than a \$50,000 house (estate)? Is the check any heavier? Is the paperwork any longer? (Don't bother asking the lawyer. His secretary does all the work—ask her.) Of course, this type of lawyer does provide entertainment for his fee. A house (estate) settlement is a religious ceremony, right up there with a pharaoh's funeral. And about as expensive.

MEL TOLKIN

The Ten Most Hateful Men in America

If cold-blooded hunger for personal power qualifies a man to be distrusted;

If bombing the shit out of cities even as you speak peace is, to put it mildly, uncivilized;

If selling your soul to some filthy-rich family and a disgraced president are two no-no's;

If defending some of the most murderous dictators who pollute the world is in questionable taste;

If conniving, ass-licking of the establishment, general skulduggery, and total lack of scruples practiced with a smile are yucky behavior; *and since it is almost impossible for reasonable men to even imagine that these sickening qualities can reside in one human being*, then the following ten humanoids deserve our collective undying anger: KISSINGER KISSINGER KISSINGER KISSINGER KISSINGER KISSINGER KISSINGER KISSINGER KISSINGER *Mel Tolkin was head writer on both Your Show of Shows and Caesar's Hour. He is the recipient of one Emmy, seven Emmy nominations, four Writers Guild Awards, and a Humanitas Award.*

BLANCHE KNOTT

Issues Like This

What makes me madder than hell is magazine issues like this one. Why do you have to bother busy people like me with such an inane topic? Can't you people come up with your own text?

Has your staff run dry of ideas? Need some fresh topics to lampoon? Okay, how about a special issue on South Africa, with articles like "Rambo Meets Sambo," "You Do That Tutu That You Do So Well," "Home Cooking of the Homelands," and "Divestiture: Who Cares?" Come on, you guys, get it together.

To add insult to injury, you have the gall to offer only the "standard" forty cents per word. How dare you pay Mailer, Bellow, and me such a pittance? Well, I, for one, don't need it. I don't, I don't, I don't, I don't, I don't. (Do contractions count as one word or as two?) Make that I do not, I do not, I do not, I do not, I do not. That's two dollars extra right there.

I bet you people won't (will not) even print something that shows you up as unoriginal cheapskates. You really piss me off. *Blanche Knott is the author of the bestselling Truly Tasteless Jokes book series.*

GEORGE MAZZEI

New Inventions

The thing that really makes my blood boil is that every time they come up with something that's supposed to make your life better, it makes your life worse. Like plastic lenses. My old glass lenses I could wipe clean all day long on my necktie and never worry. Does anyone know a way you can clean plastic lenses without scratching them within three hours of paying for them? No.

And word processors. When I was in high school I had an old Royal portable typewriter. I was typing with it on my bed one day and my dad came in and yelled at me for using it that way. He said he'd take it away from me if I couldn't use it right. I threw the typewriter at him. He ducked and it hit the wall. I picked it up, put it back on the bed, and finished my thesis. I'd like to see you throw a PC at your dad and still be able to finish a thesis with it.

And safety belts in cars. I'd like someone to tell me why it's safer to drive a car with a web of nylon straps tightening like a tourniquet around your nuts every time you hit a bump, and causing a claustrophobic suffocation reaction around your chest. Why is it safer to drive while you're aggravated?

I'm also mad about the fact that recent phone-answering machines can't cut it the way my old Phone Mate from fifteen years ago can; the fact that new improved refrigerators require parts replacements amounting to \$125 a year; the fact that I can no longer have a phone conversation without hearing the squabble of ten

other conversations on the line when I'm being told that my phone service is better than ever. I am also upset about the fact that you used to go to a doctor to get cured and now you get sicker from the medicines than from the disease; and that man-made fibers make me itch, something that never happened with cotton; but I think I've made my point....

George Mazzei is the author of the bestsellers The New Office Etiquette and Moving Up.

HELEN GURLEY BROWN

Nothing

I'm not "mad as hell" about *anything!* I have spent years in therapy trying not to get mad any oftener than possible and squashing it right out when it happened. (Do you suppose that's why I have those splitting headaches!) The time I spend not getting mad I use for hiding under tables, ducking into doorways, not answering the phone in a heavy effort not to have much to do with *other* people who are mad. They *really* give me a headache.

Helen Gurley Brown is editor in chief of Cosmopolitan magazine.

JAY JOHNSTONE

Hotel Switchboard Operators

Nothing makes me more "mad as hell" than when you place a long-distance phone call to a hotel and the operator rings the room but then just leaves you hanging if no one is there.

It can ring for ten minutes and she still doesn't come back to the phone to take a message or at least say nobody is there.

Some of the worst hotel switchboard operators are in New York, but they are bad all over the league. *Jay Johnstone is an outfielder for the Los Angeles Dodgers.*

Ironically, there's a "No Littering" sign (49) on this very corner. Running to the trunk of my unit, ignoring the blast of horns honking behind me, I retrieve an industrial trash bag from my apartment that I save for just these occasions. Proudly and unashamedly, I dump the contents directly onto the street. Take that, no-littering nitpickers! I feel virtuous, confident that I have created a job. Every time I throw something down, someone will have to be paid to pick it up. It's only common sense.

Cruising along once again in this cesspool known as life, I realize that it is too late to make a detour. I will have to pass the anti-abortion pickets (50) outside of Planned Parenthood. Nothing gets on my nerves more than these pro-lifers. Not even astrology enthusiasts (51), Hermann Hesse (52), or computer games (53). Look at these fools parading up and down! "Mind your own business," I yell. When one of these busybodies (a man, yet) approaches my car with literature, I lose control and scream, "I wish I was a girl so I could get an abortion!" Trembling with rage, I realize I'd better calm down before I get beat up, but can't resist one last taunt—"I hate the pope" (54), I yell to no one in particular.

I have to escape human beings, so I

rush into one of those awful twin theaters (55), figuring I can sneak into the other side if this one feature is as awful as I imagine. At least they're not showing boring classics (56), such as *The African Queen* or *The Philadelphia Story*, or, even worse, science fiction (57). I get an overpriced tub of popcorn and forget to tell the lum-mox behind the snack bar to hold the nuclear butter (58) that ruins a perfectly good snack. I never order a Coke (59), because they smell bad. I take my seat, take one bite, and throw the whole mess on the floor. More jobs. I paid my admission, how dare they ask me to use the trash can? Some short subjects (60) come on, but at least they aren't arty computer films (61) that could drive me to theater vandalism. Where are film censors when we need them? Oh, good. Here come the previews, which they ruin by showing an upcoming film with the most offensive star in the world, Sylvester Stallone (62). I bet he has pimples on his ass. The feature is *Witness* (63), and the two elderly ladies behind me start *talking* (64), of all things. "It's gotten great reviews," one says. "Yes, I bet it will be up for Academy Award nominations," the other opinio-nates. "Would you SHUT UP!?" I scream as I turn in my seat with a menacing look in my eyes.

"You're not in front of your TV, you know," I add smugly. It does the trick. They are so appalled at my outburst that they don't even dare to clear their throats for the next half hour. But as the film unfolds, I begin to wish the entire audience would start screaming. It's about Amish people (65). Why on earth would Hollywood make a film whose heroes are a group of people whose religion forbids them to attend the movies? Halfway through this cinematic abomination, there's an Amish barn-raising scene, backlit with a sunset, that is so nauseating I wish they had given out vomit bags. "Beautiful," says the satisfied ticket buyer to her companion, and I finally reach the breaking point. Leaping from my seat, I rip off her wig, throw it in the aisle, and rush from the theater, screeching vague threats into the darkness.

I hide in the other side of the twin, but not for long. *Mask* (66) is playing. It stars Cher, who was okay in *Chastity*, but under the direction of that whining Peter Bogdanovich (67) seems to be getting good reviews for *not* wearing Bob Mackie outfits. It's about a kid with a deformed face who is not only ugly, he's an asshole to boot. His mother is supposed to be a biker, but her Hell's Angels friends are about as threatening as the Seven Dwarfs. Naturally, this Elephant Man, Jr. falls in love with a gorgeous blind girl and, in one scene, tries to tell her how beautiful the sky is. "But I can't see. I don't know blue," she protests. Never at a loss for a sickening solution, Old Ugly heats up rocks to different temperatures, puts them in her hand, and says, "This is blue!!" "I see it! I see it!" the girl moans, and I went temporarily insane, slashing six different movie seats with my car keys and bellowing out to startled viewers that Dorothy Stratten should feel lucky she was murdered—anything was better than a life with Peter Bogdanovich.

Escaping the theater just before the police arrive, I hop into my car and turn on the radio, hoping to hear news of World War III—anything to get my mind off those films—but instead hear an oldie but baddie by those honkie Beatles (68) who ruined rock 'n' roll. It's all too much. How much can one man take?! I pull over to the side of the road and start sobbing. Uncontrollably. Please, God (69) (I hate you, too), let me get back to my apartment without being committed.

Maybe I should get out of town. I could go to New York, but I know I'll have a breakdown seeing those liberals ostentatiously holding their ears in the subway station (70) every time

continued on page 96



continued from page 62

world's greatest plumbing geniuses to solve the problem. They invented a large unisex rest room, thus eliminating the need for two separate facilities for ladies and gents. The place is always filled with men, women, and a variety of unidentifiable genders milling around, yanking zippers and dropping pants, vying for use of the mirrors and toilet stalls fiendishly equipped with doors that can't be closed. Some of the more timid customers find this a bit disconcerting but... what the hell. When you gotta go, you gotta go. The broads will just have to learn to piss standing up at the men's urinals. It's the wave of the future. Unisex johns save expensive space and can lead to some beautiful friendships.

With their smaller bladders and their historic need for frequent trips to the powder room, the female sex has been suffering noticeably—and loudly—from the disappearing-restrooms phenomenon. In theaters, restaurants, and all public places, the lines around the ladies' rooms have been lengthening. The traditional act of "freshening up" now takes longer than swimming the English Channel and is twice as arduous.

Let's face it. We are *all* mad as hell over the crisis, and we're getting tired of taking leaks in empty bottles and out of windows. When you consider how the pissing situation has degenerated in the last few years, you don't need a crystal ball to see what the future holds. In another five or ten years, you'll have to wear rubber underwear, because the public toilet will be a thing of the past. If you are old, or have a diseased urinary tract, you'll have to stay home, close to your own john.

History is repeating itself, according to Professor Toynbee. Ancient Rome, he tells us, abounded with public baths, fancy vomitoriums, and assorted spas. But the Romans neglected to build enough pisserias, and they didn't take care of the ones they did have.

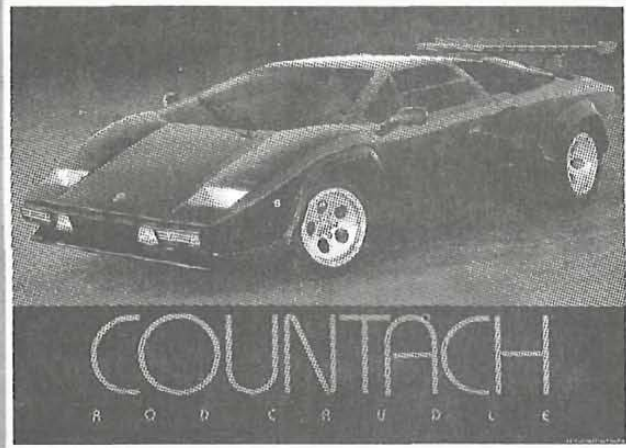
Soon the gutters of the streets of Rome were overflowing with urine, and, ultimately, they pissed away the Roman Empire.

We have been warned. The Mayans and the Aztecs did not have enough johns. They pissed in the jungle, and eventually the jungles overran their cities.

Give us back our public toilets before it is too late.

John A. Keel has written numerous books, screenplays, and television shows and is the world's leading authority on flying saucers.

THE ATLANTA GALLERY OF AUTOMOTIVE ART



003

Edition of 4500

24" x 33"

BUY A LAMBORGHINI FOR \$25.00!

Elegant six color lithograph signed and numbered by The Gallery's Director. Catalog is free with order. Send \$25 U.S. (or \$15 for unsigned copy) plus \$5 handling/UPS. Include your street address and mail to:

PLCC • Box 420024 • Atlanta, Georgia 30342
VISA/MC TOLL FREE 1-800-241-6753 EXT. 519



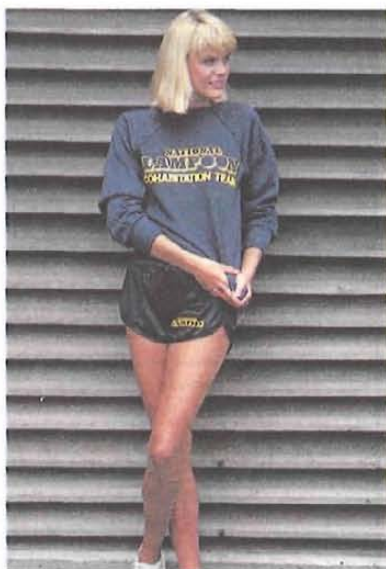
**"'Sususudio' all fucking day! 'Sususudio' all fucking night!
You want some 'Sususudio,' you asshole? I'll give you some
goddamn 'Sususudio!'"**

THE PEOPLE WHO BROUGHT YOU THE MAG THE RADIO SHOWS, THE BOOKS, THE COMI NOW GIVE YOU THE ONE THING YOU REALL

Unisex sports apparel from world-famous

Champion

—suppliers to the NFL and colleges— authentic styling and fit and
brilliant, eye-catching graphics. Buy them now before your favorite store sells out.

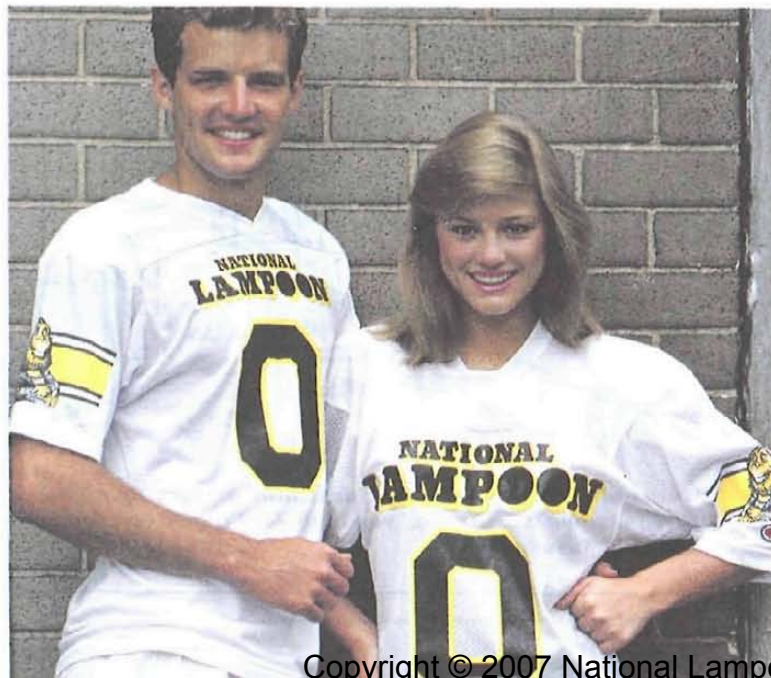


C100-ACRA HOODED SWEATSHIRT. The jocks will sweat with envy when you wear this extra-warm sweatshirt with pockets. Wearing it signifies you won your letter on the infamous *National Lampoon Cohabitation Team*. Exceptionally high quality. Made of 50 percent Creslan® acrylic fiber/50 percent cotton. Raglan sleeves, convenient center pouch pocket, double-thickness hood with drawstring, and ribbed knit cuffs and waistband. In navy, with yellow lettering. S-M-L-XL. \$18.95

C101-ACRA SWEATPANTS. A fitting companion to the Acra hooded sweatshirt. A fleece warm-up pant made of 50 percent Creslan®/50 percent cotton. With drawstring waist and elasticized ankle. In navy, with a yellow *Mona Gorilla* on the left leg. S-M-L-XL. \$14.95

C102-ACRA SWEATSHIRT. Same specs as the hooded shirt, but without the hood. In navy with yellow lettering. S-M-L-XL. \$13.95

C103-MARATHON 80 SHORTS. The Cohabitation Team wear these with the Acra sweatshirt for quick takeoffs. 100 percent nylon tricot running short with matching liner and inside key pocket. Doubles as bathing short. In navy, with yellow *National Lampoon* imprint. S-M-L-XL. \$9.50.



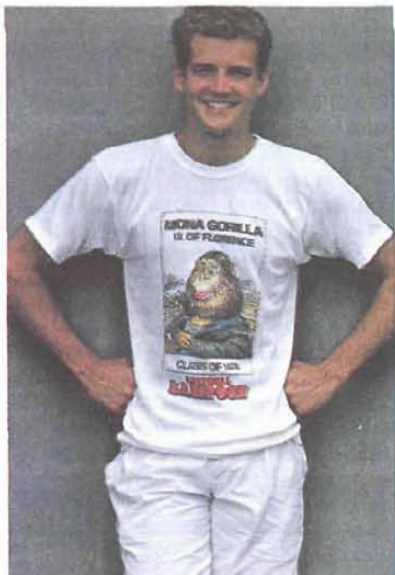
PF 74DS-AUTHENTIC FOOTBALL JERSEY. You'll look like Joe or Josephine Montana and be able to throw the bomb when you wear this 100 percent-nylon-mesh authentic football jersey, the same one used by most NFL teams. Ours is more distinctively styled with our logo on the front and the famous *Mona Gorilla* in full color on both sleeves. White, in sizes S-M-L-XL. \$20.95

VPP63HS-AUTHENTIC FOOTBALL JERSEY. Same as above, but made of 50 percent nylon plaited/50 percent cotton, specifically designed with cotton inside next to your skin for comfort and absorbency. White, in sizes S-M-L-XL. \$26.95

MAGAZINE, THE MOVIES, MUSIC ALBUMS... YOU SHOULD NOT DO WITHOUT... CLOTHING.



C77QSB-OVERSIZE HEAVYWEIGHT T-SHIRT. The return of our *National Lampoon* superhero, Politenessman, in one of his most famous adventures. In full color, and with the same specs as the Mona Gorilla shirt. White, in sizes S-M-L-XL. \$10.95



C77QS-OVERSIZE HEAVYWEIGHT T-SHIRT. We predict this will be the hottest item of the year. But then we predicted Carter would beat Reagan. It's our authentic sports practice shirt with our famous Mona Gorilla in color and her college and graduation date. Made of 88 percent cotton/12 percent rayon. Deep armholes, extra body length and fullness. Women can wear it as a short dress. White, in sizes S-M-L-XL. \$10.95



C77QSA-OVERSIZE HEAVYWEIGHT T-SHIRT. A great conversation piece. Ed Subitzky's *Risque Comic Strip* with a great punch line. In full color, and the same specs as the Mona Gorilla shirt. White, in sizes S-M-L-XL. \$10.95

Check items desired and circle size.

- | | | | | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------|----------|-------------------------------|--------------|----------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> PF74DS | \$20.95 each | S M L XL | <input type="checkbox"/> C100 | \$18.95 each | S M L XL |
| <input type="checkbox"/> VPP63HS | \$26.95 each | S M L XL | <input type="checkbox"/> C101 | \$14.95 each | S M L XL |
| <input type="checkbox"/> C77QS | \$10.95 each | S M L XL | <input type="checkbox"/> C102 | \$13.95 each | S M L XL |
| <input type="checkbox"/> C77QSA | \$10.95 each | S M L XL | <input type="checkbox"/> C103 | \$ 9.50 each | S M L XL |
| <input type="checkbox"/> C77QSB | \$10.95 each | S M L XL | | | |

Indicate the products you wish to purchase, enclose check or money order, place in envelope, and send to:

**NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. 1185, 635 Madison Avenue,
New York, NY 10022.**

Please enclose \$2.00 for postage and handling for each order; New York State residents, please add 8¼ percent sales tax.

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I have enclosed a total of \$ _____

If you don't want to cut up this publication, print or type all necessary information on a separate piece of paper and send it along with your check or money order.

continued from page 92

a train pulls in. And get into fights with rude cabdrivers who can't even speak English (71). How about the beach? Are you crazy? What would I do, go sailing (72)? Just thinking of those idiots ducking inconveniently every five seconds and yelling, "Come about" for no apparent reason is enough to give me heartburn. And besides, there are too many convertibles (73) at the beach, those showboat vehicles that scream, "Look at me," and accomplish nothing but making your hair tangled and filthy. I can't even go to the local park for fear of seeing third-rate academicians puffing on pipes (74) and playing the most boring game of all games, chess (75). Maybe I just better go home.

I run from my car to my apartment and double-bolt the lock. I'm shaking, but I'll try to relax. The mail is *finally* here, but it's always a trauma to open it. What makes me think today will be any different? Oh, my God! Someone has sent me a dreaded greeting card (76). Can't those stupid relatives ever think of *one* sentence to write instead of running off and giving Hallmark seventy-five cents for a line that they'll never have the nerve to say out loud? Of course, there are bills. But none so annoying as American Express (77), the worst credit card of all—highest yearly fee that gives you

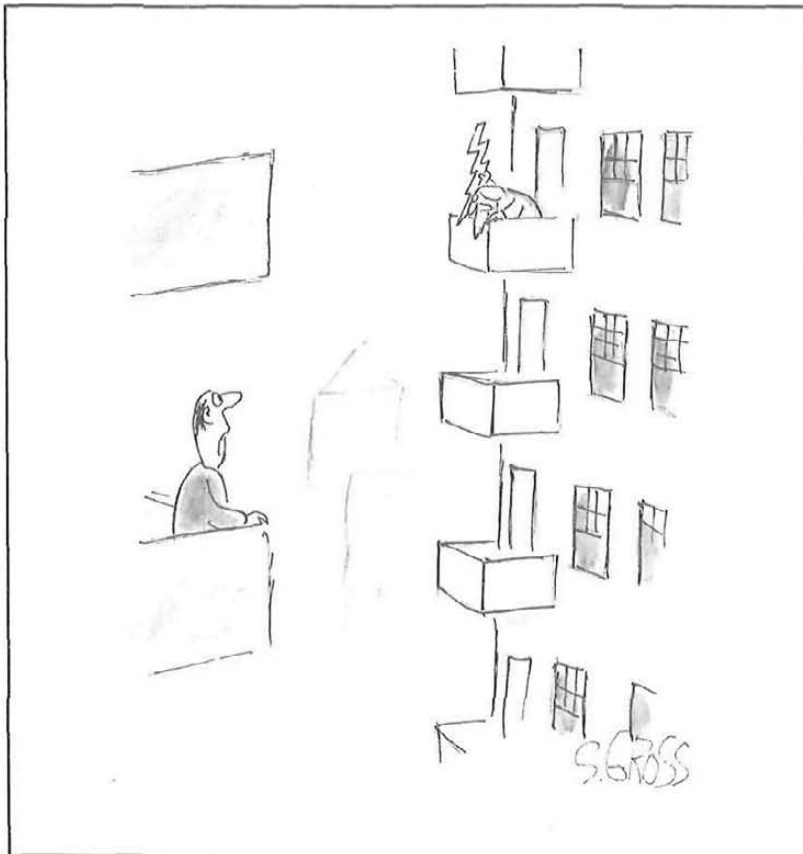
the privilege of an endless supply of junk mail. And, to top it off, you have to pay the *entire* balance every month, so what's the point? All credit card bills stink, because you have to tear off the change-of-mailing-address flap (78) before sealing the envelope, and it's yet another second of your day wasted on forced tasks. I even try to look through a magazine I subscribe to, but immediately toss it aside when I see articles about that big slob, Mr. T (79), who hangs around child-molester trials for publicity, and Bette Davis's fat, Jesus-freak daughter (80), who thinks we'll be scandalized that her mother mistreated her. Ha! It's a wonder she didn't kill her! I notice that one of those nerve-racking subscription cards (81) has fallen into my lap and rip it to shreds, vowing to cancel this magazine, but decide to continue mailing in bill-me-later orders to foul up their subscription department.

I should know better, but I turn on the TV (82), that ugly piece of furniture where the dots are too big for proper viewing. I hear a laugh track (83) and actually scream in the privacy of my own home. Frantically switching the dial, I catch the tail end of the news and glimpse the local weatherman (84), the only public-service announcer who, for some

unfathomable reason, feels he must act like Bozo to hold my attention. At least it's summer, so he doesn't mention the ridiculous term "wind chill factor" (85), a hype to disguise the fact that the temperature is exactly what you'd expect for that time of year. Must I commit suicide to escape this drivel?

I call a fellow "hater" and he, too, has had an awful day. I make the mistake of asking him if he'd like to go out for a drink. "Are you kidding?" he rants. "We'd probably go to a bar and order a martini and they'd put it in the wrong kind of glass (86). Then some creep with an ape-drape haircut (87) would give us a coke-rap (88) on some boring subject like the theater (89). "You're right!" I scream, picking up the bitch ball while it's firmly in my court. "Maybe even experimental theater, the very *worst* kind, where hambones actually go into the audience and try to involve mortified ticket buyers in their nonsense." Continuing on his tangent, my fellow griper starts shouting, "I hate wrestling (90), that one okay sport now ruined by Cyndi Lauper, but even more I hate folk music (91), and street fairs (92)." Foaming at the mouth, I drop the phone and, in a frenzy, start hollering so loudly the neighbors begin banging on the walls. "I hate strobe lights (93), rotten performance artists (94), and"—remembering my buddy on the other end—"to be honest, I HATE YOU, TOO!" I know he's hung up on me because I vaguely hear the dial tone in the background of my harangue, but fuck him. Friends (95) are all assholes! I stagger around the apartment, flailing my arms, screeching like a banshee for the whole world to hear. "I'll get you, Geraldo Rivera (96), and you, too, Bob Dylan (97), and all the other public jackasses who are plotting at this very minute to get on my nerves!" I collapse on the bed, and, to top it off, I get a nosebleed! And I hold directly responsible Bo Derek (98), *The Hobbit* (99), Rod McKuen (100)...and...gag...oh, my God, I've actually regurgitated from the mere act of thinking of these subjects. Finally, spent, I manage to fall asleep for a minute or two, but is there any relief? Of course not. I have some stupid dream. But I'll *never* tell you what it was. Because more than *anything* in the whole world, I HATE people who confide, "I had the weirdest dream last night..."(101).

John Waters is a contributing editor of the National Lampoon and the director-writer of a slew of film cult classics, including Pink Flamingos and Polyester.





Knots to You

Hey, you...yeah, you—the one reading this ad. C'mere, I wanna talk to you. Take a good look at yourself in this mirror here. Like what you see? Of course you do. But just think how much more you'd like what you saw if you saw yourself wearing one of these brand-new, never-been-worn-before, 100 percent-material-guaranteed-quarantined-knottable-portable-fashionable-noticeable **NATIONAL LAMPOON TIES!!!!**

Each tie has been tested by our panel of experts, and the results were staggeringly in our favor. You don't want to look like a slob for the rest of your life, do you? Well, do you? Of course knot. So what are you still reading this for? Order a dozen, for crying out loud. Geez, some guys really make me work for a sale. Okay, fill out the form and send in a check, yeah, yeah, thanks a lot...

Hey, miss...yeah, you reading this magazine. How about a nice tie for the hubby?...

Send \$8.00 per tie plus \$2.00 for shipping and handling to:
National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10022.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____
 Number of ties _____
 Color: Red Blue
 Amount enclosed \$ _____

AT LAST! — all the way from ENGLAND

FARTS

ONLY \$6.00

STEREO CASSETTE OF APPELLING FLATULENCE

The Real Mc Coy!

HOODID XMAS GIFT
(OF ren. add sales tax)



send check or money order to — PETER PRODUCTIONS
 BOX 218, STRATFORD, CT 06497

RESEARCH PAPERS HOT LINE

SEND \$2 FOR CATALOG OF 16,000 TOPICS OR CALL TOLL FREE 800-621-5745 FOR INFORMATION IN ILLINOIS CALL (312) 922-0300
 Authors' Research Rm. 800-L, 407 S. Dearborn, Chicago, IL 60605

CAN YOU EARN \$10,000 A MINUTE WRITING FUNNY CARDS?

Of course not! But we pay \$150 for each funny, innovative card we buy. If you're funny, can spell and like money, send SASE for details: Editor, FWNL, P.O. Box 37311 Cincinnati, Ohio 45222

SCREW YOUR HEARTS OUT!

FROM THIS... I ♥ my DOG TO THIS I ♡ my DOG



The screw kit has 42 round screw stickers (2 sizes). Have fun covering only the heart ♡ of your bumpersticker. Also includes a wacky instruction booklet!
 Only \$6.00 postpaid!
 SCREW KIT
 BOX 20782
 SAN DIEGO, CA 92120

Celebrate Death!

With an official "Doll Patch" Death Certificate! Each certificate comes with our "Dead Vegetable Patch" logo, official seal, and a place for the doll's name plus date and cause of death. Invent your own or choose from our menu of "Patch Diseases" (Also included are "official" burial requirements ("incinerator, sanitary landfill, or toxic-waste dump"). The perfect gift!
 Send \$300 per copy to:
 MISA LTD., P.O. Box 872, Nashua, N.H. 03061

Have an exciting, indispensable product? Sell it through

NATIONAL LAMPOON

Call (212) 688-4070

TERM PAPER BLUES?

Term Paper Assistance
 Catalog of 14,278 research papers



Order Catalog Today with Visa/MC or COD
 Toll Free Hot Line **1-800-351-0222**

in CA (213) 477-8226 Mon-Fri., 10am-5pm (Pacific Time)

Or send \$2.00 with coupon below

Our 306-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 14,278 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Footnote and bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years.

Research Assistance also provides custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of 75 professional writers, each writing in his field of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs.

RA since 1970

RESEARCH ASSISTANCE
 11322 Idaho Ave. • Suite 206 NS
 West Los Angeles, Calif. 90025

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is \$2.00 to cover postage

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

101 SEXUAL POSITIONS

That's right! Over 100 illustrated sexual positions (would you believe 12 variations of the missionary position alone?) are included in this all-new photo book of sexual love. In *101 Sexual Positions*, you will learn techniques handed down through the ages and lavishly illustrated in dozens of never-before-published photos. 176 pages. Introductory price, only \$4.95.



KAMA SUTRA

The exclusive new Illustrated Kama Sutra is a picture book of sexual positions you will never forget! The erotic work of the ages — banned for over 70 years, now in a new illustrated edition. One of the most important works of erotic literature. Dozens of explicit photographs. Just \$2.98 (money-back guarantee).

CONTRACEPTIVES BY MAIL!

Your choice of the best men's contraceptives, including Trojans, ribbed Texture Plus and NEW DOUBLE PLAY, the revolutionary new condom that stimulates both inside and outside. For men who prefer a snugger fit, we offer Slims — the condom that is 5% smaller. Choose from 36 brands of condoms including natural membrane, textured, and colored. Plain attractive package assures privacy. Sample pack of 21 condoms, \$6.00.



THE GRAFENBERG GUIDE

A manual devoted solely to information about the G-Spot — the famous Grafenberg Spot. There are diagrams to help you locate the G-Spot and photos of couples who show you the best positions to use to reach it. Find out how to achieve the most intense, unique sensations with a power never before thought possible. An Adam & Eve exclusive for only \$3.50.

Adam & Eve P.O. Box 900, Dept. NL-73
 Carrboro, NC 27510

- Please rush in plain package:
- #2K 101 Sexual Positions \$4.95
 - #K1 Kama Sutra \$2.98
 - #C4 Special Condom Sampler \$6.00
 - #B9 The Grafenberg Guide \$3.50
 - #R17X All 3 Books \$8.50
 - #N24X All 4 Products \$9.95

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON ALL ITEMS

Meanwhile, back at the ranch...

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

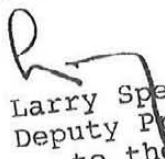
May 16, 1985

Dear Mr. Simmons:

Thank you so much for your letter and the request that the President or some administration officials participate in the November issue of National Lampoon.

Unfortunately we will be unable to participate in this. But nevertheless we do appreciate the invitation.

Best regards,


Larry Speakes
Deputy Press Secretary
to the President

Mr. Matty Simmons
National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022



COME UP TO

NEW KOOL BOX

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.

Introducing three times the power* and three times the control of ordinary car stereo. The new Panasonic component car stereo system.

Powerful. Ingeniously designed. That's the new Panasonic component car stereo system. It's an AM/FM stereo/cassette and seven-band graphic equalizer/power booster. All in the space normally taken by many ordinary car radios.

The heart of this system is a Panasonic AM/FM stereo/cassette player. With digital electronic tuning to seek and lock in stations with uncanny accuracy.

The high-performance cassette section gives you not only superb sound reproduction with Dolby** noise reduction. But it also gives you the convenience

of auto-reverse. Plus metal tape capability.

The companion component is the Panasonic CY-SG60 graphic equalizer/power booster. Beyond ordinary bass and treble tone controls, it lets you shape your sound precisely over a seven-band range. And to bring all that sound to life, the CY-SG60 is also a power booster. To boost the power of your system to 25 watts per channel.†

So get yourself a system that gives you three times what an ordinary car stereo gives. **Panasonic**®. From Panasonic. just slightly ahead of our time.



THE PANASONIC LAS VEGAS PRO-AM.
APRIL 30-MAY 4, 1986. CALL 1-800-722-GOLF.
SEE IT ON NBC.



*Based on 1985 industry average 7.46 watts per channel. **Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories. †2 X 25W (total 50W) maximum power output at 1kHz.