

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED SWIMSUIT PARODY

NATIONAL

LAMPPOON

The
Humor
Magazine
for
Adults

The
Million-
Dollar
Kid—
Soon to
Be a
NL Movie

WPS 34490

May 1986

\$2.00



ALL-STAR

SPORTS

ISSUE

10 10 10



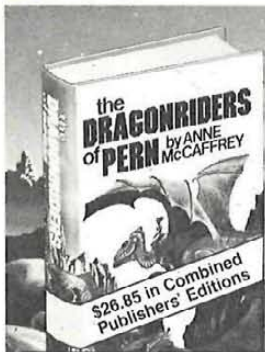
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Winston America's Best.

Excellence.
The best live up to it.



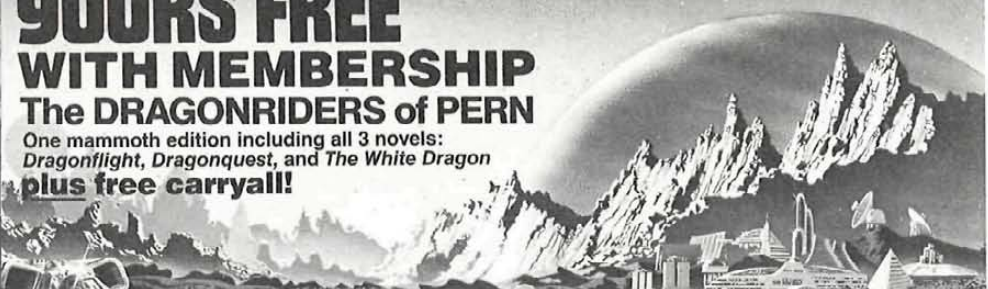
16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



YOURS FREE WITH MEMBERSHIP

The DRAGONRIDERS of PERN

One mammoth edition including all 3 novels:
Dragonflight, Dragonquest, and The White Dragon
 plus free carryall!



ROBOTS AND EMPIRE GARY KURTZ 1743 Pub. ed. \$16.95	FOOTBALL 1883 Pub. ed. \$17.95	THE BOOK OF LOST TALES PART ONE J.R.R. TOLKIEN 1362 Pub. ed. \$14.95	THE WISDOM OF SHAMBHARA 1933 Pub. ed. \$18.95	TRUMP OF DOOM THE NEW AMERICAN BOOK BY ROGER ZELAZNY 0901 Pub. ed. \$14.95	DARK FORCES THE NEW SERIES OF STRANGE AND SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS 19597 Pub. ed. \$16.95	GORDON R. DICKSON'S GREAT FINAL ADVENTURE 1800 Spec. ed.	Frederik Pohl BLACK STAR RISING 1917 Pub. ed. \$15.95	MASTERPIECES OF TERROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL 3533 Pub. ed. \$15.95
---	--	--	---	---	--	--	---	---

THE 1985 ANNUAL WORLDS BEST SF 0380 Spec. ed.	THE SUMMER TREE GUY GARDNER 2048 Pub. ed. \$15.95	LANE MORRIS' FUTURE WORLD BEYOND SANCTUARY 1966 Pub. ed. \$15.95	The Hugo Winners 1970-71 1693 Pub. ed. \$18.95	THE HARPER HALL OF PERN Anne McCaffrey 0992 Dragonsong; Dragonsinger; Dragon drums. Comb. pub. ed. \$38.85	TERRANCE DICKS The Further Adventures of TOMORROW 2022 Doctor Who and the Deadly Assassin; Doctor Who and the Face of Evil; Doctor Who and the Robots of Death. Spec. ed.	JOEL ROSSBERG Guardians of the Flame: THE WARRIORS 5520 The Sleeping Dragon; The Sword and the Chain; The Silver Crown. Spec. ed.	MICHAEL MOORCOCK THE ELRIC SAGA Part I 0752 Elric of Melniboné; The Sailor on the Seas of Fate; The Weird of the White Wolf. Spec. ed.	THE ELRIC SAGA PART II by Michael Moorcock 1172 The Vanishing Tower; The Bane of the Black Sword; Stormbringer. Spec. ed.
---	--	--	--	---	--	--	---	--

THE PROTEUS OPERATION 1801 Spec. ed.	THINNER RICHARD BACHMAN 1818 Pub. ed. \$12.95	A Stainless Steel Rat is Born Harry Harrison 2089 Spec. ed.	MYTHAGO WOOD ROBERT HOLDSWORTH A NOVEL 1974 Pub. ed. \$14.95
--	--	--	--

THE INCA ADVENTURE BY ANNE McCAFFREY 0869 Dinosaur Planet; Dinosaur Planet Survivors. Spec. ed.	THE TRUE GAME by Sheri S. Tupper 1495 King's Blood Four; Necromancer Nine; Wizard's Eleven. Spec. ed.	ALAN DEAN FOSTER SEASON 2 SPELL SONG *1925 Spell Singer; The Hour of the Gate; The Day of the Dissonance. Spec. ed.	FRED BARBERHAGEN The Complete Book of Swords 1420 Includes the First, Second, and Third Books. Spec. ed.
--	--	--	---

TAKE ANY 4 FOR \$1 WITH MEMBERSHIP

and get *The Dragonriders of Pern* FREE plus a FREE carryall!



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

How the Science Fiction Book Club® works:

You'll receive your choice of any 4 books on this page for only \$1 (plus shipping and handling) and a free copy of *The Dragonriders of Pern* and a free carryall 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 book and 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 Selections or Alternates during the coming year. You may resign 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 400 books to choose from. A shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments. Send no money now, but do mail the coupon today!

Science Fiction Book Club®
Dept. AF-201, Garden City, N.Y. 11535

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 4 books I have numbered in the boxes below, plus my free book and carryall and bill me just \$1 (plus shipping and handling). I agree to the Club Plan as described in this ad. I will take 4 more books at regular low Club prices in the coming year and may resign any time thereafter. The FREE book and carryall will be mine to keep whether or not I remain a member. SFBC offers serious works for mature readers.

FREE BOOK #2543	1.	2.	3.	4.
-----------------	----	----	----	----

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. Canadian members will be serviced from Canada. Offer slightly different in Canada.

85-S230G

CONTENTS

Editorial, 6

Letters from the Editors, 8

I Ever Plagued the Game, 10

By Lance Contrucci

Drinking Tips and Other War Stories, 14

By Michael Simmons

Illustrated by Drew Friedman

Surprise Poster #185

Great Moments in Sports:

Keith Hernandez's Urine Sample, 15

Illustrated by Bob Brown

Foto Funnies, 16

Dumb Records, 18

Compiled by Tuli Kupferberg

My Friend, Marvelous Marv, 20

By Bernie X., as told to Gerry Sussman

Illustrated by Earl Keleny

Handicapped Sports, 25

By Rodrigues

Ratso's Hockey Clinic, 29

By Larry "Ratso" Sloman

Photographed by Chris Howland

The Million-Dollar Kid, 30

By Andy Simmons

Illustrated by Adam Kubert

True Facts, 37

Edited by John Bendel

Sports Hallucinated, 41

By the Editors

Photographed by Peter Kleinman

A Game of Words, 52

By Will Jacobs and Gerard Jones

Photographed by Reuven Kopitchinski

Joan of Arkansas, 56

By Patrick Weathers and Sid Bartholomew

Illustrated by Sidney Jackson Bartholomew, Jr.

Bad Sports, 59

By Buddy Hickerson

Great New Sports, 63

By Rick Meyerowitz

Funny Pages, 69

By Gahan Wilson

Ron Barrett

Mark Marek

Robert Neubecker

Shary Flenniken

Drew Friedman

M. K. Brown

Rodrigues

Surprise Poster #186

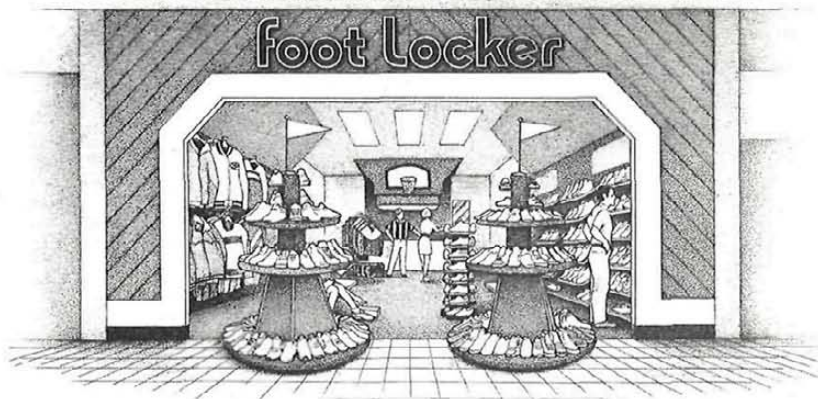
Great Moments in Sports:

The First Female Globetrotter, 76

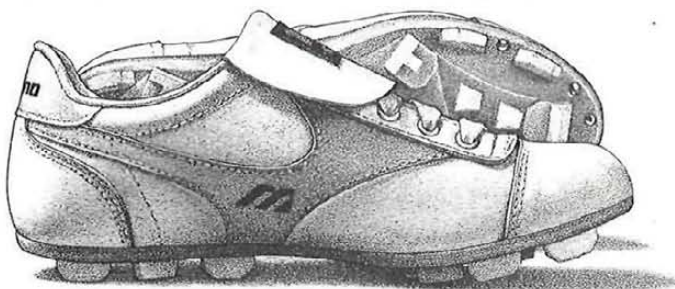
Illustrated by Linda Bergman



This season,
step into the most popular
baseball and softball shoe store.



And the most popular
baseball and softball shoes.



No one sells more
baseball and softball shoes than Foot Locker.® And
the shoes they sell more of are Mizuno.

No wonder. With their exclusive dual density poly-
urethane outsoles and abrasion resistant cleats,
Mizuno shoes are designed to go the distance. And
then some. And Mizuno shoes are comfortable, too.
With stylish new upper designs in nylon or leather,
and comfortable cotton liners that conform to your

feet. So come see
the guys who wear the stripes — your local Foot Locker
store. And try on a pair of Mizunos.

Then take your first step toward a winning season.

Mizuno Shoes
at Foot Locker.

Mizuno shoes are available at selected Foot Locker stores.

◀ Marketed and distributed exclusively by Easton Sports, Inc., 860 Stanton Road, Burlingame, CA 94010 (415) 697-6420

EDITORIAL

My favorite month has always been May. The fact that my birthday is in May and I tend to get more presents in May than any other month has no bearing on my love of the month.

Anyway, that's neither here nor there. (It's May 11. Send all presents to me care of *National Lampoon*.)

May is a beautiful month because the baseball season really gets going. Nothing else matters. Everything is secondary to what goes on in "The Game." For example, 1941 is a year that will live in infamy not because of Pearl Harbor, but because Joe DiMaggio was named MVP over Ted Williams, who batted .406!

I guess it's because of my love of "The Game" that I'm so tired of hearing sportswriters vilify athletes just because they're shooting up in the clubhouses. Everyone knows that pen jockeys get all their juiciest gossip while sipping the bars' best, then popping black beauties so they can stay awake while putting their acidic snipings on paper. Ball-players, as a whole, seem like pretty nice guys. The writers don't. I mean, athletes

actually go to malls, not to shop but to shake hands. They do interviews and are generally polite, even after a game is lost because they saw three balls due to a small ingestion of hallucinogenics.

We know what athletes do on and off the field. What do writers do? Have I ever run a sports clinic for poor children? No! What right do journalists have to talk about athletes that way when I haven't done a damn thing! I don't do anything. Sure, I could sit by my old IBM Selectric II and spit out half-truths 'cause I was too lazy to finish my research. Have you ever seen an athlete take a half swing or lope after a fly ball because he was too lazy?!? All right, I've seen it too. But I saw it from the comfort of my easy chair, napping between innings. Players being scrupulously studied on TV can't snooze. Sure, they may feign injury, then rest their heads in their gloves and catch forty winks. But that's only because they were up all night doing drugs and chasing women. Get off their backs! They're tired!

I just know what I know. Baseball's a great game, whether the players are fucked up or not. Weren't you happy

when you found out Mickey Mantle and Whitey Ford drank beer and everything else? Weren't you ecstatic when the Mick admitted he smoked a joint with Joe Pepitone? The diamond God had feet of clay. It made his feats seem even more grand. Hitting home runs while suffering a physical disability like a hangover, or stealing a base when you can hardly stand. Let's see Rambo do that.

Andy Simmons

Cover: This month's cover was a veritable Olympic trial for ace photog Peter "Are You Sure This Strobe Won't Electrocute Me" Kleinman. Our model Donna rose to the occasion, as did our judges, who headed straight for the cold showers.

Plugs: Thanks to David Spindel for the ugliest wallpaper ever donated to a photo shoot (see p. 43). And more thanks to the Catalina Swimwear Company for the beautiful threads in the bathing suit piece. And Rats would like to thank Steve Johnson of Koho for the wonderful *free* Pierre Larouche sticks. Eat your heart out, CCM!

Editor in Chief: **Matty Simmons**

Executive Editor: **Larry "Ratso" Sloman**

Executive Art Director: **Peter Kleinman**

Editors: **Andy Simmons, Michael Simmons**

Copy Editor: **Diane Giddis**

Production Art Director: **Chris Howland**

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

Art Administrator: **Jodi Sh. Doff**

Editorial Associate: **Carol Epstein**

Contributing Editors: **George Barkin, John Bendel, Lance Contrucci, Josh Alan Friedman, Mark Groubert, Will Jacobs, Gerard Jones, Tony Kisch, Ed Subitzky, Gerald Sussman, John Waters, Patrick Weathers**

Contributing Artists: **Ron Barrett, M. K. Brown, John Caldwell, Shary Flenniken, Drew Friedman, Rick Geary, Sam Gross, R. G. Harris, Buddy Hickerson, Randy Jones, Rick Meycowitz, Robert Orzechowski, Bob Rakita, Charles Rodrigues, Marc Taffet, B. K. Taylor, Gahan Wilson, Jeff Wong**

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**

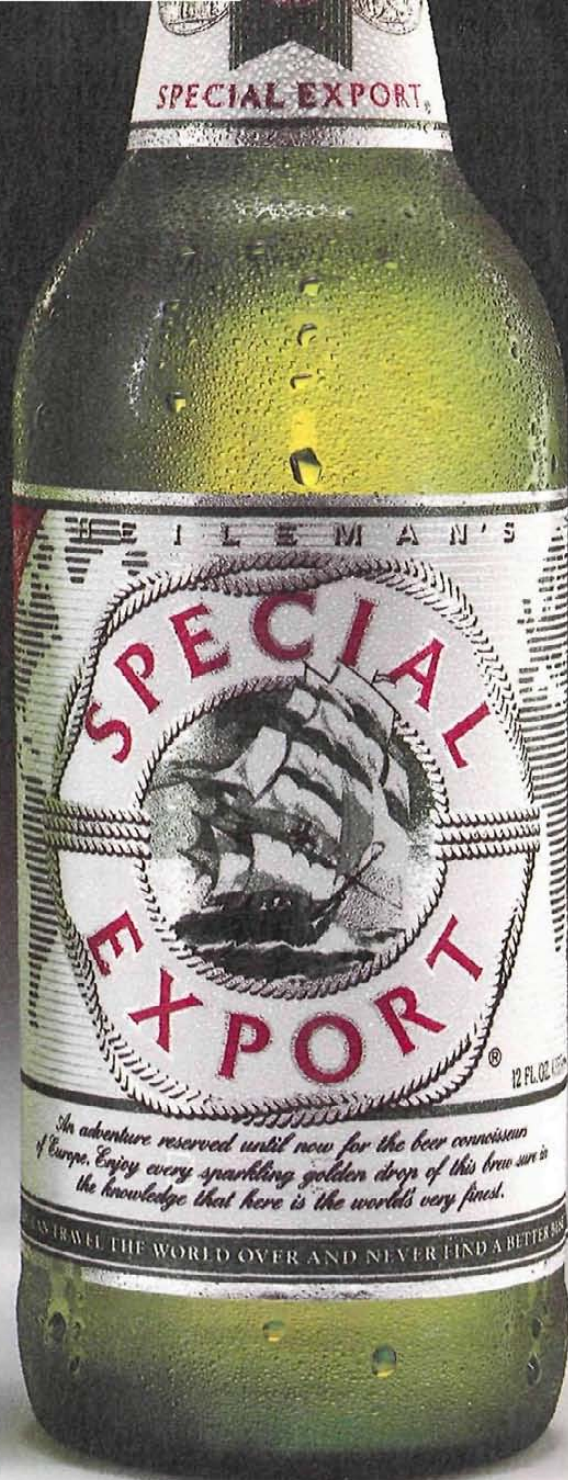
Vice President, Subscriptions and Product Sales: **Howard Jurofsky**

Controller: **Walter Garibaldi**

Advertising Offices, New York: 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, (212) 688-4070. Barbara Lindsay, National Advertising Manager; Foster Tennant, Alcoholic Beverages Manager. **Midwest, Chicago Office:** The Guenther Company, River Plaza, Suite 4509, 405 N. Wabash, Chicago, Ill. 60611, (312) 670-6800. Joseph Guenther. **Detroit Office:** The Guenther Company, 790 Colonial Court, Birmingham, Mich. 48009, (313) 540-0622. Chris Guenther. **West Coast:** J.F. Publishers Representative Company, 6855 Santa Monica Boulevard, Suite 200, Los Angeles, Calif. 90038, (213) 467-2266. Jay Eisenberg. **South:** Brown & Company, 5110 Roswell Road, Marietta, Ga. 30062, (404) 998-2889. Byron Brown. **Eastern and Midwestern Canada:** Carvel Advertising Sales, P.O. Station "F" Bag 598, Charles Street, E. Toronto, Ontario, Canada, (416) 921-7598. Arthur Carvel.

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 © 1986. 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) 688-4070. 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.



“On second thought, I’ll have a Special Export.”

We make Heileman's Special Export with only the finest barley, Bavarian hops and pure artesian spring water. Then we Kraeusen our beer,

or brew it twice, for a naturally smoother flavor. Is the famous beer from Holland made this way? Come to think of it, it isn't.

Heileman's Special Export.

You can travel the world over and never find a better beer.

LETTERS



Sirs:

As part of the research for my new novel, *Disneyland Babylon*, I am looking for any characters who were on the same methadone maintenance program as Goofy during the early sixties.

Kenneth Peeved
Gossip Junction, Md.

Sirs:

Do you think my biggest hit was "His Way," or was it "I Gotta Be Him"? It's just that Dad and I were playing Trivial Pursuit, and he said if I was right I could maybe get a new name.

Frank Sinatra, Jr.
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

*First trimester fetuses are red,
Unoxxygenated babies are blue,
Good Lord, see fit to pre-abort
Your northeastern Commie symp
liberal Jew.*

Jerry Falwell
Lynchburg, Va.

Sirs:

If I see the Sixth Fleet anywhere near my border, I will dispatch a group of trained terrorists to blow up Jack Lord's hair.

Qaddafi Duck
Lybia Lybia Lybia

Sirs:

Does anybody know what I can do with a warehouse full of Day-Glo sixteen-foot hemp, jute, and rattan vulvas? A week before my business manager shaved her head and went to Holland to stick her finger in a dyke, she told me to sink it all into women's art. Maybe just a list of upcoming folk festivals...

Tara Rabumdecay
Steinem, Ms.

Sirs:

As promised, here are my predictions for the first hundred days of 1986.

—A team from Chicago will win a major sporting event.

—A large vehicle, either a spaceship or a school bus, will kill a schoolteacher.

—Two world leaders will suddenly retire and move to more pleasant

surroundings.

—It will rain a lot in California.

—The new *Saturday Night Live* show will improve substantially and will be hailed by critics as the greatest thing since ABC's *Fridays*.

I'm sorry for the delay with these, but my secretary was out sick.

Mavis Davis
*Formerly, "National Star"
Before that, "National Enquirer"
Prior to that, "Mungo's Green Sheet"*

Sirs:

I tell ya, I like this prime minister of Israel, Peres. But what I want to know is, why did they have to go to Mexico to find a spic to run a Jewish nation?

Bob Bradfield
Aspen, Colo.

Sirs:

So I screamed out, "Hey, bitch, c'mere and give me a massage!" And she did it. Maybe she's not so bad after all.

A. Massagonist
Burning Bed, Va.

Sirs:

I grew up in a tough neighborhood. The milk came with a missing kid in each carton.

Nino Perdido
Nowheresville, N.Y.

Sirs:

Psst...wanna see the parts of the Heimlich maneuver they won't show you on *Live at Five*?

Woodward Bernstein
Bladderwort, Miss.

Sirs:

You say potato and I say pirogi, you say statutory rape and I say an innocent evening of loving companionship that just happened to involve a thirteen-year-old, some Quaaludes, and a bubble bath.

Roaming Polehandski
Canzel, Czech.

Sirs:

Last year I enlisted. I wanted to find out what "being all I can be" meant. They wake me up at five-thirty, I run around all day dressed in green, scream-

ing, then I go to sleep. Deep inside, I'm hoping that all I can be is more than that.

Pvt. Mark Bickson
*U.S. Army
Fort Dix*

Sirs:

Whatever sick and demented uses people come up with for our product we have no control over. By the same token, we're all very happy that on the average the human anus is too small to properly facilitate an erect penis, and masturbation without lubrication is more painful than it is pleasurable.

The Makers of Vaseline
Greasy Point, Mich.

Sirs:

Good thing I renounced my bisexuality before all these strange social diseases came to be.

David Bowie
London, England

Sirs:

Another year. Twelve new pictures and still no Oscar nominations. Hey, what gives?

John Hughes
*Writer/Director/Producer
Cameraman/Casting Agent
Creator of the Brat Pack
Leader of the Free World
The "Orson Welles" of the Eighties
Chicago, Calif.*

A NOTICE TO OUR READERS:

In light of the growing social problem of drug abuse, a specter that is haunting our society, we at the *National Lampoon* have decided to implement a new policy of daily drug testing of our readers.

Female readers should congregate in the publisher's office each morning at nine A.M. where they will disrobe and await further instructions.

Male readers can forward a bottle of their urine directly to their local Drug Enforcement Agency office.

Thank you for your cooperation.

George S. Agolia
*Publisher
"National Lampoon"*

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: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

I Ever Plagued the Game

by Howard Cosell
As told and told and told
to Lance Contrucci

I have spent the last thirty-two years of my life faithfully covering professional sports, always putting my best foot forward, and (as my critics have it) sticking it right in my great big mouth. Which is to say, if I may elaborate, that I have been kicked in the proverbial balls so often that it's a wonder I don't sound like one of those raucously resonating rodents, the incomparable Chipmunks, perhaps Alvin. But the fact of the matter is that I covered the game like a plague, forever getting in people's hair, always digging up a story, searching, indeed, under every jock.

In these thirty-two years, I have learned a lot about professional athletes. Take, for example, the different ways that players prepare for a game. The gigantic Bubba Smith wasn't mentally ready until he killed something—a bird or a dog, it didn't matter. Earl Campbell, the exceptional running back, liked to chew on a pair of old tennis shoes the night before a game, and the ferocious Dick Butkus couldn't play on Sunday unless he had, of all things, gone to the ballet, though he went there to set it on fire.

When I first started covering sports, I believed that the games were sacrosanct, imbued with a truly marvelous blessing, worshiped by common men as well as kings, and yes, the "stuff" that dreams

were made of. I looked at the game in a romantic light, even though no one ever even asked me out on a date. But now that I have been booted out of the business by a fledgling group of unprofessional hacks known as sportswriters and television critics, I have come to see that my beliefs were wrong in many ways. These contests, I'm sad to say, are far from sacrosanct (a big word that you'll note I am familiar with and can use several times in the course of a paragraph). These contests are not truly blessed, nor are they, indeed, the stuff that dreams are made of. What are they, then?

Actually, they're just shit.

I call to mind two splendid examples of the way that the world of sports has changed in this country, and I leave my readers to draw their own conclusions. (And if you can't draw your own conclusions, why not draw a life-size portrait of me, Howard Cosell, and send it to my lovely bride of forty-one years, Emmy?)

Allow me to begin with the funeral of Vincent Lombardi back in 1970. Vince was known as a man whose feet were firmly planted on the football field; fittingly enough, on this particular day the rest of him was planted in his beloved Green Bay stadium. In keeping with the Lombardi tradition, the priest who led the service made us run five laps around the field, do some blocking drills, and practice gang tackling. It was indeed a memorable occasion. As the casket was lowered, the priest eulogized, "Living isn't everything, it's the only

thing," and Vince was lowered beneath the turf for a first down, just in front of the fifty-yard line, a position he always enjoyed being in.

Contrast this to the 1979 funeral of Carroll Rosenbloom, hard-headed, hard-hearted hedonist and owner of the L.A. Rams. Rosenbloom had been a dominant voice in the NFL, even if, in fact, he only sang soprano. It was well-known that Pete Rozelle, czar of the NFLsky, was afraid of the omnipotent Carroll, whose Rose (and here I am being poetic) was always In Bloom.

His funeral was not held in a football stadium, it was held at a Burger King. There was no priest in attendance; there were, of all things, *emcees*: those well-respected football geniuses, Carol Channing and Jerry Lewis. There were dancing girls, pornographic movies, and a few hundred movie stars as well. I have known Carroll Rosenbloom's wife for several years and will be the first to say that she is a charitable, warm person. That being said, I would like to add that she is also a cheap, talentless hussy, a gauche gold digger, if you will, who has been to the altar more times than I've been to the head. She was not only four hours late for the ceremony, she not only wore a bikini, but she failed to recognize the corpse with his clothes on.

Well, that was enough for me. My lovely bride of forty-one years, Emmy, and I left that ceremony and tried to drown our sorrows in martinis. And when that didn't work, we went out to the pool, where I tried to drown Emmy.

Well, you can judge for yourself. (And if you can't judge for yourself, why not go to your local record store and judge my bestselling album, *Cosell Recalls the 50 Greatest Football Games!*.) On the one hand there was a private ceremony mourning the sad passing of perhaps the greatest coach who had ever lived, certainly the greatest who had ever died, with all in attendance trying to withstand the awful blow of his loss. On the other hand, just nine short years later, there was a guttural gathering of West Coast Willies whose only blow (and here I am showing you that I'm no square when it comes to language, and can easily employ the lingo of the "younger" generation, i.e., those born after 1940) was in lines on mirrors.

Monday Night Jaws

When Monday Night Football was first introduced to the American public, it climbed straight to the top of the charts, and once there,

stopped, looked around, smoked a cigar, and climbed back down. After a while it became obvious that the reason it climbed back down was because its muse, its talent and driving force, had left. But why did it climb to the top of the charts right from the beginning? There are three reasons for this phenomenon: H. Cosell, Howard Cosell, and Cosell.

Why? How? Perplexing one-word questions. How could a man who never really played the game build such a monumental sports program as *Monday Night Football*? After all, Gifford and Meredith were the ones with all the sports background. I was merely a well-educated former lawyer with insightful comments and a mind like a steel trap. Yet I knew right from the beginning that I was destined to make the show work, because I was *not* some dumb jock. The fact was, I plagued the game with good taste.

Many are the critics who claim they turned off the sound of the TV and listened to the radio when we were on. I believe the opposite is what transpired. Yes—most people turned off their *picture*, sat back in their favorite easy chair, closed their eyes, and listened to me in much the same way they would enjoy their favorite piece of classical music, so relaxing was my voice, so intriguing were my stories. In a word: I had charisma, character, hilarity, and a wonderfully witty way of saying things.

Of course, my fellow broadcasters could not, or perhaps would not, see this. Consider one Frank Gifford, at one time a very close and dear friend to me. (And if you don't want to consider Frank, why not consider petitioning Budweiser, as I have been doing, to manufacture a light but filling lager with a great head, and naming it *Howard Beer*?)

The fact is, I have always admired and deeply respected Frank, who was known to some as the fair-haired boy at ABC. That being said, I may also add that he is unequivocally one of the biggest idiots I have ever met. Call him a lowbrow broadcaster. Nor is he a fair-haired boy, he is merely a fair-toupéed boy.

When Frank first joined me in the booth, he was excited and anxious to please, *but* he had little control. I mean that in the most visceral sense of the word; Frank pissed his pants before every game. And from the kickoff on, he spoke in a true hodgepodge of contradictions and repetitive redundancies, the kind that are repeated several times, always reiterated, rehashed, and said again.

Frank's inability to cope was well illustrated by the time we covered a cross-

state rivalry, Dallas at Houston. The hype for the game had been incredible: the whole previous week, fans from both cities had been dousing themselves with gasoline and setting themselves on fire. Busloads of schoolchildren were pushed over cliffs. It was Texas madness, perhaps the sporting event of the year, but Frank Gifford couldn't rise to the occasion. Shortly before kickoff, Gifford threw himself on the floor and wept like a baby. I calmly and coolly did the play-by-play in what turned out to be an exciting game, highlighted by the spirited Houston linebacker Robert Brazile, who missed most of the second quarter when his spine was severed on one play, but came back for seven tackles in the second half to lead his team to victory.

I had no way of knowing, of course, that he, the Gif, would turn on me after I had rescued him in situations like that. And then there was Don Meredith, who only made matters worse. I think that Meredith, despite his crude exterior, is actually a charming, kind person. Let me add, though, that the man is also a cultureless ignoramus, a pagan panderer with a piccolo pecker; in essence, a hardly shy shithead. By that I mean this: he would pull out his penis from his trousers (he called it "Li'l Abner") and

continued



"I think he could have made it through the entire decathlon if he hadn't switched to boilermakers during the hammer throw."

continued from page 11

let it become his alter ego. He even had a face tattooed to the head of his penis, and later in that season, he gave it a little cowboy hat to wear. Eventually he started saying things like "Well, Li'l Abner thinks they should punt right now, isn't that right, Li'l Abner," and then he would shake it up and down, as if his one-eyed friend were responding. Before long he wanted us to interview Li'l Abner on camera.

As far as I was concerned, reality had reared its ugly head, and its name was Li'l Abner.

Of course, both men could only speak in hackneyed phrases. How many times have you heard a broadcaster say, "They dodged a bullet on that play"? Well, such ridiculous clichés were beyond me, and instead of saying something like that, I would dramatically intone, for example, "Well, gentlemen, remarkably enough, we have seen yet another inspired group of athletes take evasive action from a rapidly propelled piece of metal."

Eventually things got hot in the booth. It was no secret that Gifford hated me because I was so much better-looking than he, and, by the same token, Meredith was jealous of my ability to be folksy and friendly, and of the way my dynamic diatribes appealed to the common man. Gifford and Meredith became good friends, and soon they had a social life together that excluded me: I was never invited along to the drive-in on Saturday night, or to their Friday-night beer blasts at the Elks Club. I was left out in the cold, sometimes for hours on end until they opened the door.

Gifford began to complain about me, and told many people that I suffered from some sort of disease that made me keep talking, on and on, forever, endlessly, about any number of subjects, frequently throwing in a little Latin to show off my education, as if there is something wrong with a quid pro quo agreement to balance their uneducated utterances with my own expertise. I grew to see their writing on the wall, which read, in part: "Get the fuck out, Howard."

In spite of my imminent departure, these were memorable years, and I had gotten the inside scoop on many big stories. Case in point: the time that I exposed Lance Rentzel, although I still maintain that he exposed himself.

I was also the first to break the story that coach Tom Flores put his bad-guy Raiders on a bean diet the month before the Super Bowl; hence, they in essence farted their way to victory over Washington. I smell it like it is. On another

memorable occasion, I grilled Thomas "Hollywood" Henderson, a Cowboy linebacker who had stated that Terry Bradshaw could not spell the word "cat," and discovered on national TV that Henderson himself could easily spell "cat" but had difficulty counting how many legs a cat in fact has.

Honky Business

All my life I have been just crazy about black athletes. *And no*, it was not, as my critics charged, so that I could look at them in the shower. It was because many of them were creative, articulate, and rich—they were practically white. I was heralded as a great friend of Ali, Curtis Flood, and Sugar Ray Leonard, and virtually every other black millionaire who was with the in crowd. And not just *those* blacks: I can honestly say that some of my best butlers have been Negroes. *And yet*, suddenly, with one quick burst of a sentence spoken by me in well-modulated tones, I became the racist of all time! The Adolf Hitler of the broadcasting booth. I threw up my hands, *and later*, my lunch.

Why? How? Again, two penetrating, provocative one-word questions.

What happened was simply this: One night when we were covering the Cowboys vs. the Redskins, I was extolling the ability of a certain player, and called him a "little monkey." The reaction from the media was perhaps the worst of all time. The way they castigated me you would have thought that I had said that the government should bomb Harlem, or wherever else it is black people are living these days. Thousands of blacks protested on my lawn. The president of the United States sent me a telegram that read, in part, but not in whole, nor word for word: "Oh, Howard!" This was a very upsetting time for me; I had severe stomach problems and a horrendous bout of tennis elbow, which is nothing compared to the extent of the damage that it did to Emmy, my beloved bride of forty-one years, who does not have one prejudiced bone in her body, and has had a warm and friendly relationship with Alice, our black maid, for years.

How did all of this happen? Well, we hired Alice and they got to talking, the way girls do, in the kitchen. How did this other business happen? Why was this my fault? I searched my soul for the answer. *And when* I found none, I searched my thesaurus as well, but still found nothing. It is simply not my fault that

many black people happen to look like a four-legged primate that is particularly adept at climbing trees and eating bananas. Is it also my fault that many members of that particular race have no gift for the English language, and have a rhythm to their walk? Eventually I decided where the fault lay, and sent this memo to ABC Sports:

To: Roone Arledge
From: Howard Cosell

Roone, I searched my soul, and indeed, when I found no answer there, looked in my thesaurus, to discover who is at fault, what person, what organization or sponsor, in this terrible "honky business." Roone, I did not, could not have, and would not have made blacks look like monkeys. Then, you may ask in that great penetrating mind of yours, who did, in fact, make blacks look like monkeys?

Roone, I think it was the work of divine intervention. *God*, if you will, made blacks look like that. *If people believe that I made them in this image*, Roone, then they must believe that I am, in fact, *God*.

I will accept this role as best as I can and our lawyers may work out the details of the new contract stating that I am, in fact, *God*, but Roone, you and I both know that I wasn't *God* at the time blacks were created.

Sincerely and unquestionably yours, at least until I start writing books,

God

Eventually, like all good things, the melee provoked by what had been said in the booth died down, and all of those hacks in the print media just went back to hating me for non-bigoted reasons. But how was I, stripped of my role as *God*, to know that my persecution complex was to be retrieved yet again? That a man whom I had supported for years, whom I personally taught not only how to talk and enunciate in the booth but cut back on a wideout and accelerate past a trap block, would eventually turn on me as if I were merely a coffee table and he were a top? That man was O. J. Simpson.

I had become good friends with O. J. early in his career, while he was a dashing young halfback at USC and I was the most popular man in the country. When he came to New York to pick up his Heisman, he asked if I would take him to the famous Bachelors Three, the club owned in part by Joe Willie Namath, then still a mediocre quarterback with the New York Jets. Indeed, we visited that establishment, and we were snubbed by Joe Willie, who refused to kiss O. J.'s posterior the same way that I always had. Calm nerves on the part of the Juice, however, held. He said to me: "Howard, don't worry... someday that guy too will be kissing my ass." Call it fate, call it destiny, but indeed, watch *Monday Night Football* now, and you'll call it ass-kissing.

And so eventually the Juice joined us

in the broadcast, after a long cold career in the snows of glory at Buffalo. Juice had several things going for him and several things going against him, so that by the time he actually started appearing on the air, he hardly knew if he was coming or going, leaving or entering, arriving or departing. *It was true* that he had also earned a considerable amount of monetary gain from flying around in airport terminals, but it was war in the trenches on *Monday Night Football*, as on live TV they weed out the bad seeds like a demon gardener. On the good side, the Juice was one of those attractive black men who always look like they're moving at a hundred miles an hour even when they're taking a wizzeroo in the rest room. He also had a deep and provocative football knowledge that came from so many years of running around the football field like a little monkey.

But then, there were the negative aspects of the Juice, too. The most obvious case in point: his diction. He could only pronounce one word in the English language correctly. That word was "pussy." Night after night I tried to work with him on improving his language, which is, in essence, the veritable foundation of communication, but it was all to no avail. "Juice," I would instruct, "say, 'I think they should punt.'"

"Ah dink dey sho punt, Howard."

"No, no. 'I think they should punt, Howard.'"

"Ah dink dey sho kick Howard."

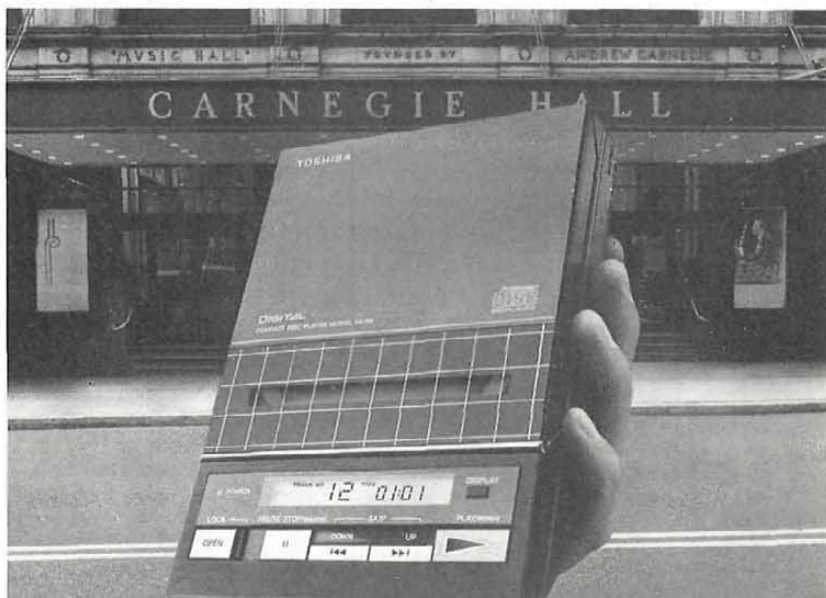
"No, first, say 'I.'"

"Ahhh."

Perhaps you could see what I was up against: a handsome black man with enough knowledge to make his broadcasting truly interesting, and yet he pronounced the pronoun "I" as one would if thoughtfully making a mercurial statement, such as "Ahhh, you know, the only real artists are sports journalists."

It was soon after that that the Juice turned on me, turned on me as if I were a dance floor and he were doing some barbaric ritualistic breakdance on my stomach. With utter lack of respect for me and my lovely bride of forty-one years, Emmy, he had the gall to announce that he would help me in the booth! From that moment on I decided I wouldn't even help that pickaninny pick his seat, which he frequently did when he wore tight pants.

My last Monday night game was at the Orange Bowl in Miami. As always, I arrived very early for the game, at six o'clock in the morning, after having spent the last seventy-two hours straight studying my notes, interviewing all concerned, and installing light bulbs in the



The best sound you can hear next to Carnegie Hall.

Toshiba's new CD player makes concert quality sound portable. Yet, hooked up to your stereo system it's a top of the line home CD player. Offering 16 program random memory, 3 beam laser pick up, even a wireless remote. Toshiba's XR-P9 is the complete, portable CD player. Outside of a concert hall nothing sounds better.

In Touch with Tomorrow
TOSHIBA

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

locker room. When I arrived at the booth I was greeted by something (*and here I am being sarcastic*) less than a hero's welcome. There was the Juice dancing a hootchy-kootch with my lovely bride of forty-one years, Emmy, as Gifford did the play-by! When Don Meredith stuck Li'l Abner's head in my hot chocolate at halftime, I left for good.

I have vowed never to return again. I wouldn't go back if they paid me. I would not set foot in that booth if they held their breath. There is no way I would ever go back again, and I mean it, except maybe if they'd personally ask me and offer some sort of monetary compensation, or at least bus fare to the stadium.

One Plight Too Many

I had been, for more than thirty years, the beloved expert of boxing at ABC, the lord of the ring. After all, it was I who had shown Muhammad Ali the ropes, even though (*and here I am being figurative*) I had no idea that with those same ropes he would eventually hang himself. I taught Sugar Ray Leonard how to eye his opponent, and personally chose Gerry Cooney's future opponents from a home for the aging. And surely my pugilistic

perspicacity, my hard-punching style, had properly earned me the title of Boxing Expert of the World, a trophy that my lovely bride of forty-one years, Emmy, made for me. Eventually I said goodbye to boxing, and noted that it did not wave back.

ABC had sent me to Houston, Texas, to cover a world-championship bout that I had known all along would be a lopsided fiasco. I went to the Astrodome with great misgivings, as well as a liver-wurst sandwich in my blazer pocket.

It was Larry Holmes vs. a virtually unknown but up-and-coming uppercut puncher by the name of Clarence Roach. Roach had style and he had speed, he had grace and indomitable will. But he didn't have legs. Five months before the bout, Roach inexplicably got his legs intertwined with a helicopter blade. I hurried his chutzpah, but predicted that the absence of legs would slow him down considerably.

And of course, I was right. The bout was a sham, a ridiculous fight, one that bordered on the absurd and wasn't too far from the cold hard plains of silly. Roach lasted fifteen rounds but took a merciless beating, though he was never

continued on page 79

Drinking Tips and Other War Stories

by Michael Simmons



to apply to my bleeding lip as Melody was dragged screaming from the bar. A pretty girl is like a Melody!

Eventually I got up onstage and sang "Brain Cloudy Blues" with McDermott's band. "Brain Cloudy" is a variation of the old "Milk Cow Blues." In my arrangement I usually close by leaping off the stage and screaming, "You treated me like shit, baby!" several times. It's a real audience grabber. This particular night I accidentally fell on top of Sundial. I worried for a second that I'd gotten her pregnant. Another friend, John Stewart, got up and sang a song he'd written for the Monkees, "Daydream Believer." Kinky sang "I'm Proud to Be an Asshole from El Paso" and the crowd went wild. McDermott closed with "Please, Lord, Don't Let Me Die in My Car."

It was two A.M., which is closing time in L.A. Tim and I stumbled into his borrowed movie-star-mobile and pulled out of O'Mahoney's. As he veered sharply to the right, I toppled over, falling into his lap. Now, L.A. is not known for having particularly liberal-minded officers of the law, whether it be Alhambra or Santa Monica. This is the land of the questionably legal choke hold, a technique used to subdue rowdy arrestees that often results in their demise. It wasn't long ago that the Beverly Hills cops would arrest you for loitering if you were doing nothing more than innocently strolling down the street. The blue knights of the City of Angels were waiting outside O'Mo's that night. They spotted us and, with sirens blaring, gave chase. Tim had to get up early in the morning for an audition at Paramount, so he nixed the idea of stopping to chat with the cops. With pedal to the metal and Waylon Jennings on the radio, we accelerated down the streets of Santa Monica. I looked behind us and noticed that not one, but five black-and-whites were on our tails. Tim was going through backyards, knocking over garbage cans and making new streets out of alleyways.

Compared to this scene, *The French Connection* looked like a soapbox derby. After twenty minutes we lost our would-be jailers and parked behind a deserted gas station. Tim called a girl he knew who'd once been an extra on *Happy Days*. She came to our rescue and parked across the street from where we were crouching under a take-out-sushi sign. We crawled into her car on all fours and disappeared into the night.

Hey, who says you can't have fun in the eighties? And by the way, Tim passed the audition the next morning. He got a juicy role in some *Star Wars*-type flick playing a spaceman who saves a colony of children from the evil aliens who've been pursuing them. Is there a moral to this story? Hell, yeah. Remember: Don't mix drinking and driving. But if you do, get drunk enough not to get caught. ■

Santa Monica, California is a section of Los Angeles County west of everything else except the Pacific Ocean. We used to joke that if L.A. ever got a smog-free day you'd be able to see Japan from Santa Monica.

It's a strange community made up primarily of sixties hippies and retired people. At night the retired people stay home.

O'Mahoney's Irish Whip was a bar on Main Street in Santa Monica that had been a neighborhood hangout for fifty years. Despite the name, it was not a haven for Gaelic sadomasochists. The clientele was made up of aging members of the generation that was going to change the world. There were always two sides to the Love Generation: one was idealism. In 1982 the barflies of O'Mahoney's were mainly concerned with the other side: hedonism. They were a mangy yet soulful pack of glutinous edge-dwellers. I was one of them.

I remember one balmy winter night (not a contradiction in L.A.) at O'Mo's. I walked in with a stage actor pal from New York by the name of Tim Phillips. He had come to Hollywood to make his fortune on the silver screen. Tim and I belled up to the bar and ordered a couple of beers. Another friend, Chuck McDermott, an old compadre from the East Coast country music circuit, was playing with his band at O'Mo's that night. McDermott came over and broke bread with us by ordering a Bud. At that point, one of the biker brains in the back decided to teach his philandering girlfriend a lesson by breaking a pool cue over his head. Not hers, mind you, but his own. Johnny, the lovable, middle-aged bartender who was born to be irascible, informed Joe Biker that the pool cue was going on his bar tab. "Mr.-Biker-to-you" thanked Johnny for not throwing him out by puking on the bar.

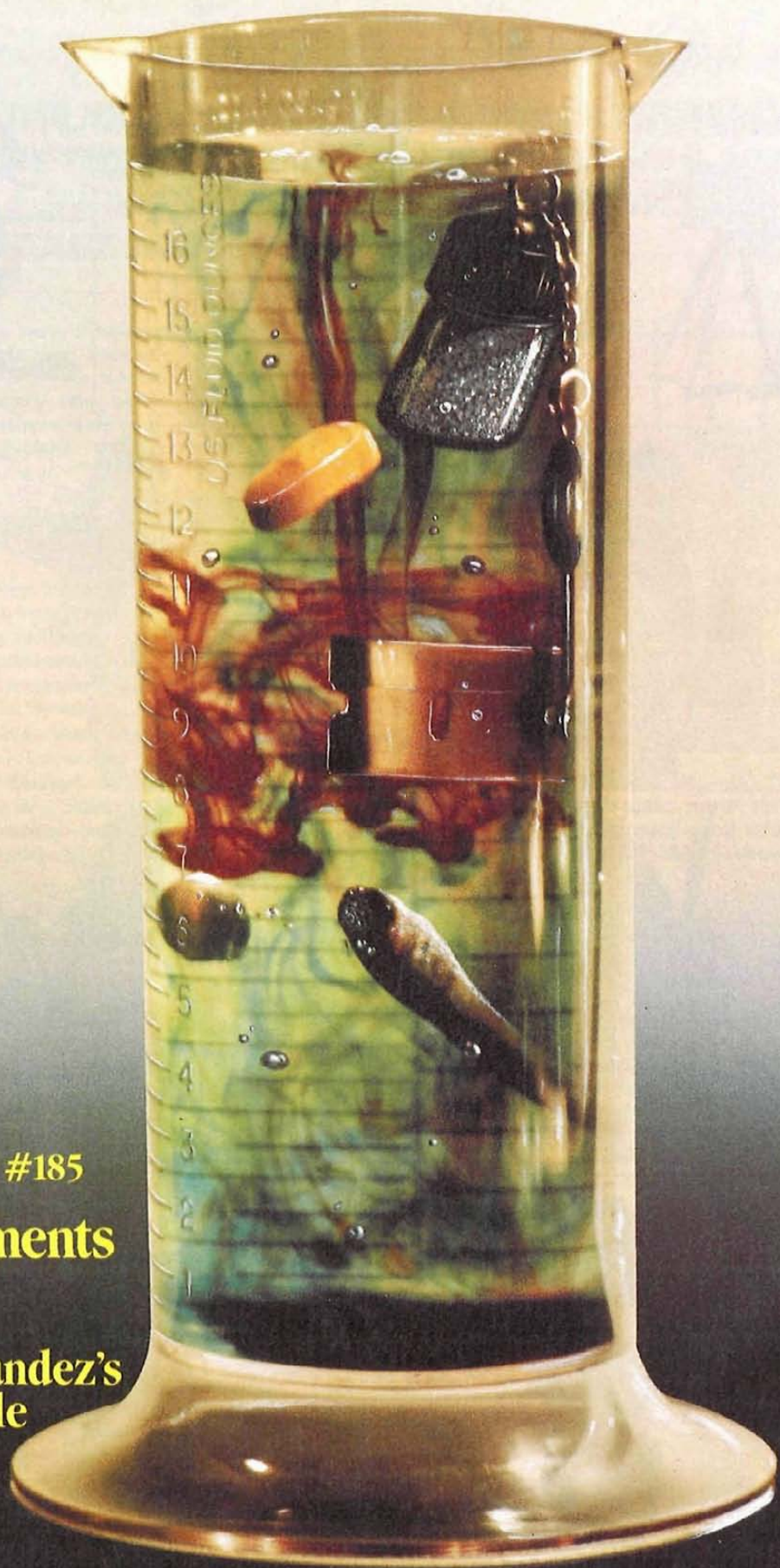
My attention was diverted by the entrance of a hip little blond beach bunny named Sundial. She was so named because of the belief that by positioning

her breasts in the sunlight you could tell what time it was. I introduced her to Tim Phillips. She proceeded to give him her standard "I'm so fertile..." rap. You see, ol' Sundial was twenty-two years old and already had five kids. She'd tried pills, diaphragms, I.U.D.'s, foams, gels, the rhythm method, rubbers, dishrags, even peanut butter. I guess she hadn't heard abortions were legal. I used to say she was the girl who wrote in to Ann Landers claiming to have gotten pregnant by swimming in a sperm-filled pool. While Tim and Sundial were discussing abstinence, something she had never considered, Johnny gave me the message that my buddy Kinky Friedman had called and was on his way over.

Kinky is a great songwriter known for his poignant ballads like "Sold American" and his satirical songs like "Get Your Biscuits in the Oven and Your Buns in the Bed." That tune related his heartfelt feelings on women's lib. We'd been slowly linking karmas (as he was fond of saying) for years. That sort of translates into drinking buddies.

While I was waiting for Kinky, McDermott's drummer, Dennis "Hurricane" Kenmore, walked over. The Hurricane was one half of the Booze Brothers; I was the other half. After our obligatory hugs we discussed an incident in which we had both linked karmas with the same girl at the same time. We were hoping not to run into her. She wanted to marry us both. At that moment Kinky walked in wearing a rhinestone-studded, gold lamé Nudie suit with the image of Jesus Christ embroidered on the back. Bob Dylan had given it to him sometime during the Rolling Thunder Revue. Kinky asked if Tim and I wanted a Jack Daniel's on the rocks. We did. We drank. We finished our drinks. He asked if we wanted more. We did. This went on for several hours.

At some point I vaguely remember seeing an old girlfriend, Melody from Kansas. She brought back the best years of our relationship by hauling off and punching me in the face. Evidently we'd had a date a couple of months before which must've slipped my mind. Darlene the waitress gave me a wet rag



Surprise Poster #185

Great Moments in Sports

Keith Hernandez's Urine Sample

FOTO FUNNIES



LAST YEAR I PLAYED LEFT FIELD FOR THE CLEVELAND INDIANS. I HIT .097 AND MADE FORTY-SIX ERRORS IN FORTY-ONE GAMES.



MY BASEBALL CARD IS THE BIGGEST-SELLING CARD IN HISTORY.



BIGGER THAN WILLIE MAYS'S CARD.



THIS YEAR I'M ASKING FOR A \$600,000 RAISE.



AND I WANT A LONG-TERM CONTRACT.



THEY'D BETTER COME ACROSS, OR ELSE...



I'LL START WEARING MY UNIFORM.

Now!

THE MOST POPULAR T-SHIRT IN THE HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL LAMPOON IS AVAILABLE AS A SWEATSHIRT IN TWO DESIGNS THAT WILL MAKE DISNEY CRINGE!

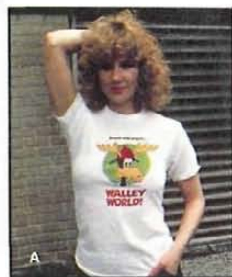
Introducing the new *National Lampoon's Vacation* Sweatshirt. On the left is the sweatshirt in precisely the same design as the enormously popular *Vacation* T-shirt. On the right is the new "Walley World" Sweatshirt as worn by the Griswalds in *National Lampoon's European Vacation*.

The demand for both these products has been unprecedented. Twenty million people in the United States and Canada saw *National Lampoon's European Vacation* in theaters, and we got more inquiries about the sweatshirts worn by "Clark" and "Rusty" in that picture than for any other such product in the sixteen-year history of our magazine and movies.



Now both shirts are available in dazzling white with full-color illustrations on the front. On the back it says *National Lampoon's Vacation*. (What were

you expecting—E.T.?) Also, still available and still selling ridiculously well are the other movie T-shirts shown on this page.



National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt or



National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt or



National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Shirt



National Lampoon's European Vacation shirt



National Lampoon, Dept. 586
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 (A) @ \$6.95 each
- SM MD LG NL Vacation shirts (B) @ \$6.95 each
- SM MD LG NL Animal House baseball shirts @ \$7.00 each
- SM MD LG XL NL Vacation sweatshirts (A) @ \$16.95 each
- SM MD LG XL NL Vacation sweatshirts (B) @ \$16.95 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 _____

DUMB RECORDS

Compiled by Tuli Kupferberg

The world altitude record of 72,178 feet was set on January 30, 1934 over Moscow in the balloon *Osoaviakhim* by Raul F. Fedoseyenko, A.B. Vasenko, and E.D. Luskin, all of whom died during the descent.

The world air-breathing deep-diving record of 396 feet was set in the Mediterranean Sea in 1947 by Lieutenant Maurice Farques of France, who, however, died during the ascent. His record was broken in 1953 in U.S. waters by Hope Root. Unfortunately, she died during the descent.

Joe Sprinz of the Cleveland Indians caught a baseball dropped from an airship at 800 feet in July 1931. The force of catching the ball broke his jaw and he lost four teeth when his glove hit his face.

The greatest recorded lifetime bag is 556,000 birds, including 241,000 pheasants, by the second marquess of Ripon. He himself dropped dead on a grouse moor after shooting his 52nd bird on the morning of September 22, 1923.

The greatest feat of brick breaking was performed in Seattle on September 18-20, 1971 by Bill Corbett, who broke 3,500 bricks with his hand in 13 hours. He cracked his left wrist and raised \$130.13 for charity.

Albert Deretz, 31, walked into a bistro in Paris and bet another customer he could drink a quart of kirsch. He finished three-quarters of the bottle, fell into a coma, and died.

Bob Kuechenberg of the Miami Dolphins mentioned on a Ted Koppel show on sports injuries that he had sustained the following:

- Broken big toes on each foot
- Broken metatarsals on each foot
- Ankle breaks: five in one foot, seven in the other
- Broken forearm
- Several fractured ribs
- Several fractures of the transverse processes of the spine
- Several concussions
- Broken nose, three times
- Broken neck

But he still "really loved the game" and hoped to continue playing for "as long as I can."

The face-slapping-contest duration record was set in Kiev in 1931 when a draw was declared between Vasily Bezborodny and Michalko Goniush after 30 hours of face slapping. The condition of their faces was not reported.

Charles Hudson made the first ascent of Monte Rosa. He died, however, on the Matterhorn in 1865.

Captain Hawthorne C. Gray (U.S. Army) rose to a world record of 42,470 feet in a hydrogen balloon at Scott Field, Illinois on May 4, 1927. He was dead, however, when he landed.

In the December 1940 Soviet expedition on Mt. Everest, 40 people were reported to have died.

Chares of Mytilene tells of a drinking contest in which Indians contended for cash prizes. Of the contestants 35 died immediately, six a short time later; the victor, having consumed 12 quarts of unmixing wine and received a talent, lived for four days before expiring.

In 1978, at a meet in Preston, Lancashire, 6,745 racing pigeons were released. Of these 5,545 were never seen again. Various explanatory theories were offered. Our favorite: The birds just went to the Devonshire seaside.

"Mr. Bojangles," Bill Robinson, in addition to being the world's most renowned tap dancer, holds three world track records:

- 50-yard dash: 6 seconds
 - 75-yard dash: 8.5 seconds
 - 100-yard dash: 13.5 seconds
- all for running *backwards!*

C.G. Wilson of St. Joseph, Missouri, aiming by means of a mirror, shot a crossbow over his shoulder, hit the trigger of another crossbow behind him, and that weapon shot an apple off his own head.

In Wimbledon on December 22, 1800, two exhibitions were held. In the first, Jerry Abershaw, a highwayman, was hanged from a gibbet. With his body still swinging throughout the match, Jem Belcher then boxed and knocked out Irish Andy Gamble for the bare-knuckle championship of the world.

The first baseball umpire to be killed as a result of an unpopular decision was Sam White, whose skull was bashed in by a bat at Loundesborough, Alabama in 1899.

Colin Jones, age 15, "headed" a soccer ball 3,412 times in 34 minutes, 8 seconds, at Queensferry, England on March 8, 1961.

In 1793, at Lyons, Gustave Rehard carried for a distance of 20 feet a billiard table on which two maniacs were dueling with knives.

Ray Chapman, star shortstop for the Cleveland Indians, was hit at bat two times in one day, August 16, 1920. The second time he was struck in the head and died several hours later. He was the only player (so far) to be killed playing major league baseball. There have, of course, been many fatalities in sandlot and school baseball.

The record year for football deaths in the U.S. was 1965. There were 53 fatalities. In the years 1931-1973 there was a total of 1,179 deaths. Each year there are 600,000 injuries in high school football alone.

Donald Campbell held the world speed record for motorboats of 276 miles per hour when he was killed while trying to make it 300 miles per hour in 1967.

During the 1920s Frank Richards of Los Angeles would accept into his stomach the firing at close range of a 104-pound cannonball from a 12-foot-long cannon.

Captain Matthew Webb became the first person to swim the English Channel on August 25, 1875. He then tried Niagara Falls, where he drowned.

Ching Johnson had had 685 stitches sewn on his body by the time he retired after 25 years of professional hockey.

Around 1900, William Pagel of South Africa carried a 1,000-pound horse up a set of two 12-foot ladders.

In a match for the lightweight championship of the South held in New Orleans on April 6, 1893, Andy Bowen and Jack Burke fought the longest fight in boxing history: 110 rounds to a draw (after the crowd had started singing "Home, Sweet Home" at midnight). The fight lasted 7 hours and 19 minutes. Spectators reported that the contestants' faces "looked like hamburger," and Burke had both his hands broken.

According to *Boxing Illustrated*, worldwide ring fatalities from 1900 to 1975 were about 500. (There was a 1953 high of 21). Another source counts 198 deaths from 1945-62 alone.

According to the *Toledo Chronicle*, during the central Iowa high school championship wrestling tournament, South Tama High ninth-grader Jeff Price was matched against Mike Siewert, of Indianola, in the 105-pound class. Siewert had suffered from diarrhea before the match, and in the middle of the first round had an accident which "left both grapplers with soiled uniforms and difficult wrestling conditions." Price lost, 5-3.

The longest stretch in baseball was by the Cleveland Naps, who lost 24 games in a row in 1899.

Bill Bergen at .170 has the lowest batting average of any (non-pitcher) player with more than 1,000 at bats.

Most-traded player: Bobo Newsom: 16 times.

Cy Young holds the world's record for most games lost: 313.

Vern Mikkelson holds the record for the most disqualifications in the NBA: 127.

Elvin Hayes has the most personal fouls in the NBA: 4,193.

The following all pitched only one-third of an inning in the major leagues:

- Art Goodwin, New York (AL), 1905
- Eddie Ainsmith, Washington, 1913
- Ted Cather, St. Louis (NL), 1913
- Jim Mosolf, Pittsburgh, 1930
- Marc Filley, Washington, 1934
- Frank Wurm, Brooklyn, 1944
- Joe Cleary, Washington, 1945
- Harley Grossman, Washington, 1952
- Fritz Fisher, Detroit, 1964

Tiger Williams is the all-time penalty leader for an entire hockey career: 2,700 minutes. Dave Schultz holds the lead for a single season: 472 minutes. For goaltenders, Billy Smith is first for a lifetime: 327 minutes; Gerry Cheevers leads for a single season: 62 minutes.

Rick Bowling and Richard DeWitt staged a Ping-Pong rally lasting 10 hours, 9 minutes at the YWCA in New Haven, Connecticut on July 26, 1963.

The worst-attended college football game in history took place on November 12, 1955 at Pullman, Washington. It was between Washington State and San Jose State and took place in high winds and a temperature of zero degrees. Total paid attendance: 1.

In 1977 140,000 people were admitted to hospital emergency rooms with skateboard injuries.

In 1905 Georgia Tech defeated Cumberland College in football by a score of 220-0. (The referee stopped the game midway through the third quarter.)

Mike King dove from a helicopter over Fort Lauderdale into the water from a height of 150 feet. He broke the record. Also two of his vertebrae.

In 1972 over 300 people died climbing the Alps. In 1971 alone, 41 died climbing Mt. Blanc. From 1935 to 1971, 21 people died climbing Mt. McKinley. As of 1977 over 600 people had died climbing Mt. Tamagawa, north of Tokyo.

In 1903, when autos were still a novelty, the first Paris-Madrid race was held. Thousands lined and stood in the dirt roads, looking for the cars. By the time the race had reached Bordeaux, 550 drivers and spectators had been killed and thousands more injured. The race was then called off, less than halfway through the proposed route.

Alvin H. Getz of San Francisco completed 2,000 volleys without a miss playing Ping-Pong *against himself*.

Tita Piaz of Cortina, Italy climbed the terrifying vertical 9,000-foot Winkler Tower with his five-year-old son strapped to his back.

The greatest recorded calamity to an audience occurred during the reign of Antoninus Pius (138-161): 1,112 spectators died when the upper tiers of the Circus Maximus collapsed on them while they were watching gladiators fight to the death.

Naphtali Kupferberg, Manhattan, was the first person to lose a chess game in 1938 when his cousin Alfred ("Boomic") Blaustein of Brownsville, Brooklyn checkmated him less than one second after the clock struck 12 midnight on December 31, 1937.

Roman Gabriel holds the NFL lifetime record for most fumbles: 105.

Reggie Jackson holds the strikeout record: 2,249 (through 1984).

Jim Rice of the Boston Red Sox hit into more double plays in one season than just about anyone: 36 in 1984.

Most errors in one season: proudly committed by John Gochnaur, shortstop (Cleveland, 1903): 95 errors in 128 games.



You've got what it takes.

Salem Spirit

*Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.*

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

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.**



MY FRIEND, MARVELOUS MARV

by Bernie X.

W

here you going? Madison Square Garden? You got tickets for the

Hagler fight? A great fighter, Marvin Hagler. Maybe the greatest. You don't know how good that kid was. I had 'im for a while. Oh, yeah. I used to be a fight manager. I taught Marvin most of what he knows. We got a little traffic jam coming up, so I'll tell you about me and Marvin Hagler.

There was a time in the sixties when I took a rest from driving a cab and went into managing fighters. I did a lot of boxing when I was a kid—I was known as Battling Bernard, the Hebrew Hellcat. I was a middleweight, with a lot of style and enough dynamite to put a guy in dreamland.

I had a nice string going—sixty-nine out of seventy-two, with two draws and one loss, a split decision to a guy named Sugar Ray Robinson. I was ready to hit the big time. What happened was, my seventy-third fight was my last. It was supposed to be a lousy little tune-up for a match with Fritzie Zivic, a contender from Pittsburgh. My manager, Dutch Hymie, got me a nice little boat ride with a pug named Pavel Cracow, the Polish Polecat. He got that name because he smelled so bad when he worked up a sweat. You had to wear nose plugs if you wanted to clinch with him. Cracow was a mean, dirty son of a bitch, like Fritzie Zivic, only without Fritzie's punch. Dutch Hymie told me to just dance and jab until the Polack's face looked like steak tartare.

Cracow's style was to take fifty or sixty punches to get one in. He had a right hand that came right out of Western Union. You could spot it coming about a minute away. So I put on my Fred Astaire act and tap-tapped the shit out of him. The crowd was getting restless. Cracow was the local boy and they

wanted him to destroy me. The Polecat was working up a terrible sweat, which I could smell even with my nose plugs.

By the fifth round I told Dutch that my hands hurt from hitting the guy so much. Dutch told me to hold my breath, get inside him, and put him away with a few combinations. I was a cocky son of a bitch and wanted to get the hell out of Yonkers. I had a date with Lena Horne that night. But that's another story. I slipped inside the Polack and went to work. But the harder I hit the more my hands hurt. Cracow tried to lace me and butt me, but left his face wide open. It was beginning to look like a pizza with extra tomato sauce. Finally I gave him my best shot, right from the floor. He went down for the count and my hands went down for the count. They were smashed.

It turned out that Cracow was hurt in a car accident when he was a kid and most of his head was rebuilt with steel plates. He didn't feel much when you hit him, but your hands did. I must have hit the one soft spot when I decked him. It was like fighting a fucking robot. My hands were so fucked up that my boxing career was over—down the toilet.

The years went by, but I never lost touch with Dutch Hymie. He was like a father to me, always with the free tickets, even to the end, when he was down on his luck. Dutch was an ace of aces. Not like most fight managers, who I wouldn't rate higher than a used Kotex.

One day I get a call from Dutch to meet him at Gleason's Gym. He's got a present for me. When I get there Dutch is watching a couple of guys in the ring. One guy I recognize. It's Tornado Turner, a ranking middleweight who can whip you or take a nap, depending on his mood. Today he's trying to whip this kid, who looks no older than eighteen. But the kid is doing all the whipping.

Dutch stops the massacre and turns to me. "This is your present, Bern. My new fighter. Wonderful Wally Wagner." It seems that Dutch is not feeling well. In fact, the doctor told him he is going to

die soon of an incurable disease. Dutch wants me to manage Wonderful Wally. Dutch feels he owes it to me after that Cracow fight that ruined my career. Wonderful Wally will be my meal ticket—a guaranteed champ. I'll never have to drive a cab again. Dutch is right. If this kid doesn't make it, I'll eat my uncle's *gotkes*.

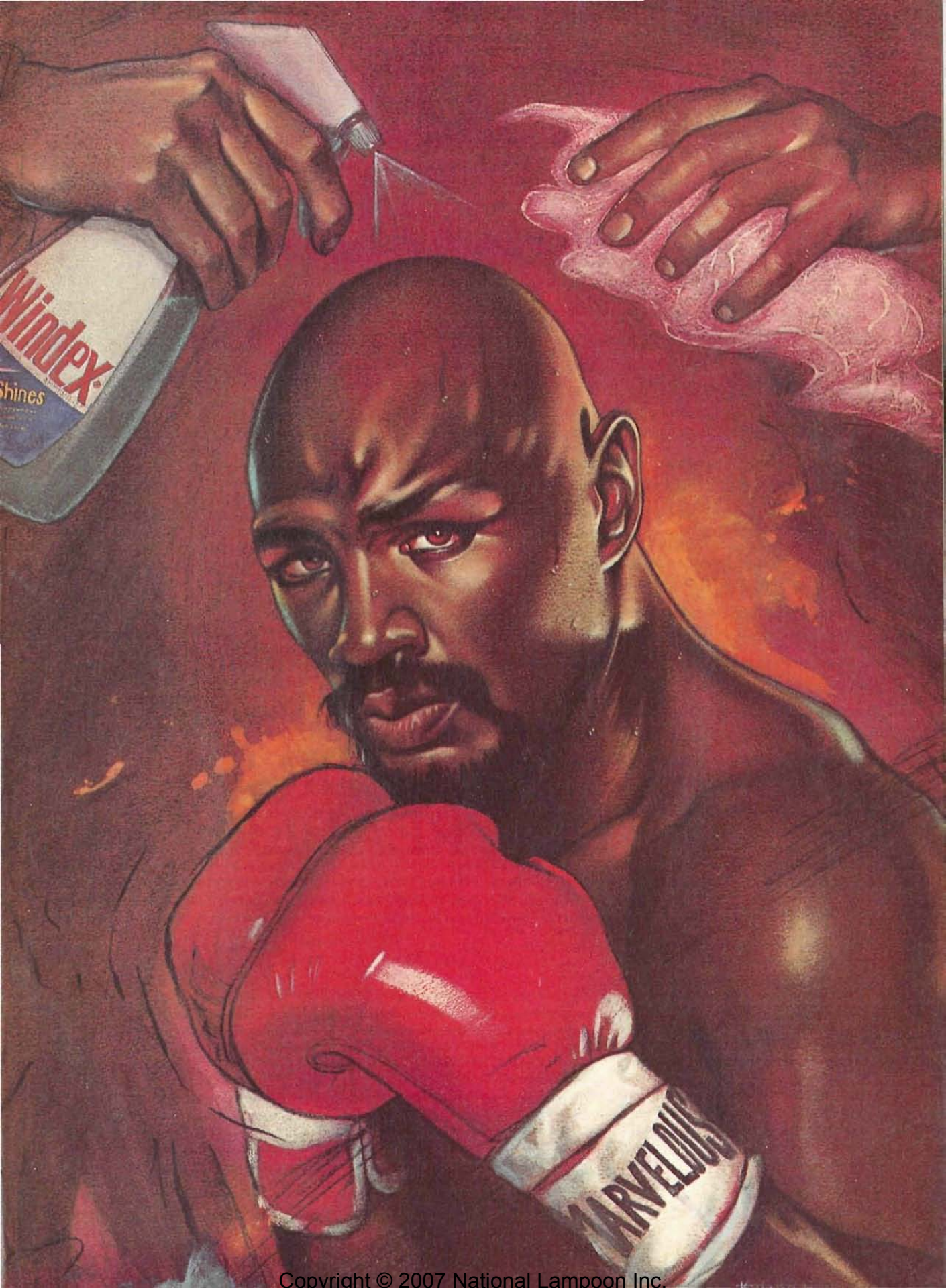
A few days later the legal paperwork is done and I am the new manager of Wonderful Wally Wagner. Only his real name isn't Wally Wagner. It's Marvin Hagler. He changed it because he thought Marvin sounded too faggy. It wasn't until years later that he changed it back to Marvelous Marvin. I didn't get it, but I didn't want to argue with the next champ.

This was about twenty years ago. Marvin is a lot older than you think. When a shvug shaves his head there's no way you can tell his age. Anyway, he was about eighteen when I had him—a big country boy with big hands, a big appetite, and, you guessed it, a big cock. In those days boxers were even more attractive to women, and Marv liked to show off in the gym for the girls. He had a fan club already. Six colored girls who wore satin jackets with "WWW" on them. They were his private harem.

The girls would travel as far as Pennsylvania and Ohio to watch their man fight. They'd sit at ringside and scream his name over and over—the name he was using at the time: "Wally! Wally! Wally! Kill, Wally! Kill!" Like they were cheerleaders. They were the wildest broads I ever saw—like young Tina Turners, only sexier. Marvin claimed that the girls gave him magical powers, that their energy was transmitted to him and gave him the power to destroy his opponents.

I got to admit that the girls were a good publicity gimmick, but I knew in the long run that they would destroy the kid with their pussy power. I gave Marvin a long lecture about the evils of fucking. I quoted him chapter and verse about the great fighters who had fucked themselves out of millions. Sexual inter-

continued



Windex
shines

MARVELOUS

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. NL586
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 20

course saps your strength, I told him. But he laughed. He was knocking the shit out of everybody, wasn't he? Nobody was getting hurt but his opponents. He just wouldn't listen.

I didn't like the idea of watching my million-dollar baby go down the toilet, so I had to do something major. I made a bet with Marvin. Since he liked to fuck so much, I bet that I could outfuck him, that I could last longer than him in a fucking match. If I won, he had to promise me never to have sex while in training. If he won, he could do whatever the fuck he wanted. Marvin looked at me like I was a matzoh ball that he would swallow without chewing. He couldn't believe my bet. We were on.

The next night Marvin introduces me to his cheerleaders, his Harlem Harem, his "fine brown bitches," as he calls them. They're all knockouts, all built with the AA, the African Ass, the ass that curves out so far you can balance a drink on it. For an all-nighter, a fuck-a-thon, your best bet is a shvuggie. They're like the best ballplayers. They've got the stamina, they've got the heart, and they never get dry. They must have been born with lifetime lubrication. Once I get over their body odor I like them better than anybody. They smell like chicken soup and vinegar.

I've been through these sessions many times and I've never lost one. Marv is just a happy-go-lucky kid having a good time. He can't believe his own manager can outfuck him. But I did. It took twelve and a half hours and my special Tibetan yoga trick, where I take my shvantz right out of my body and suspend it in a state of *krama*—which means it's unconnected to my mind. I can use it like a hammer, for as long as I want, without coming. I just go all night until everyone finally collapses—and then I come.

Marvin had a lot more respect for me after the fuck-a-thon. He was a good sport and promised he would never have sex before a fight. The fuck-a-thon opened his mind to what I was trying to say.

The next couple of months were spent in cleaning up all the opposition, as Marvin trained hard and lived clean. The problem was, we were running out of opposition. If I wanted to play ball with the Mob I could've gotten some decent fights, but if you do that you lose your fighter. They just take over and cut you out. Maybe even cut you up. So I had to take Marvin outside the country, where there are no questions asked. We hit Panama, Mexico City, Santo Domingo, and then the fight capital of Asia—Manila. I signed Marv to fight a guy in Manila named Buzo Ramaki.

Manila was a crazy city in those days—a little like Havana before Castro,

but more dangerous. Marcos was running the country, but he wasn't as rotten as he is now. All Filipinos think they are fighters. They're tough, wiry little fucks who can take a lot of punishment. I'll take one Filipino in an alley fight over six of those faggy karate experts.

We get to Manila about a week before the fight so Marv can do a little last-minute training in the gym. One morning a bunch of soldiers walk into the gym while Marvin is working out. They make remarks about him in the Filipino language and laugh a lot. In the middle of the soldiers is this little guy. He tells me he wants to put on the gloves with Marvin. It's Marcos.

If the president of the country wants to spar with Marvin, he can spar, no matter how stupid he looks. Marvin was really puzzled. He never fought a dictator before. But I told him to take it real easy and make the president look good.

The bell rang and Marv let Marcos hit him in the body. Marcos was dancing all around like a rooster, flicking his little punches. In the next round Marvin got a little careless and let Marcos hit him in the face. It was a light punch, but it seemed to sting Marvin. He had to hold Marcos and clinch out the rest of the round. When he got back to my corner I saw what had happened. The old ammonia trick. Marcos had some on his glove. He was trying to blind my man. I spilled a bucket of water over Marvin's face and managed to get most of the sting out of his eyes. The scumbag wanted to win and turn Marvin into a blind man. I lost my cool and told Marvin to finish him. In the next round Marvin decked Marcos with a left hook that nearly rearranged his face. Before we could escape the soldiers grabbed us and took us back to the presidential palace with their leader, who was out cold. Now we were in big trouble.

Marcos came around in a little while and he seemed to be okay. But there was one catch. He couldn't remember who he was or where he was. He had amnesia. A dictator with amnesia is really no fucking good for running his country. Sooner or later he might come around, but right now the man was in Palookaville.

Imelda, Marcos's wife, took charge. She was a smart, tough broad who probably ran the fucking country anyway. Imelda called me into her office and told me about her plan. She was ready to offer me a hefty sum to pose as her husband until he recovered. I was about the same height and weight and I had a nice tan. I could wear a general's uniform and dark glasses. I didn't have to say a word, just wave a lot and smile. She would invent some excuse for my silence. The most important thing was to put up a good front until her husband got better.

A lot of people were plotting against him, she said. A lot of people wanted to kill him. If they knew he had amnesia there would be a revolt in a matter of minutes and the whole country would be fucked up. I wouldn't want the country to fall into the hands of the Communists, would I? Besides, the Philippines had all these American defense bases. I would be helping my country. She kept urging me to do it, but it wasn't any of her bullshit that helped me make up my mind. It was when she said she would cut off my balls, roast them, and eat them in front of me that I said yes. The next thing I knew I was wearing a general's uniform and dark glasses and Marvin was put in some room with a couple of guards.

I got through the first day as the president of the Philippines with Imelda's help. People were giving me queer looks, but I just smiled and waved a lot. At night I still wasn't excused. I had to go through with my Marcos act all the way. I had to sleep with Imelda. The woman was a bundle. She hadn't been laid in years. Her husband liked to watch dirty movies but he couldn't get it up. He had a diggle about the size of a button mushroom. But she couldn't cheat on him because if he ever found out he would kill her very slowly. That's how they are down there. But while he was having amnesia and I was posing as him, why couldn't I perform my normal duties as a husband and lover? Jesus! I couldn't believe what I was getting into! Why couldn't I fuck her? Why couldn't I fuck a crocodile or suck a female gorilla? Why did I always have to end up fucking some strange person in a strange place? Why?

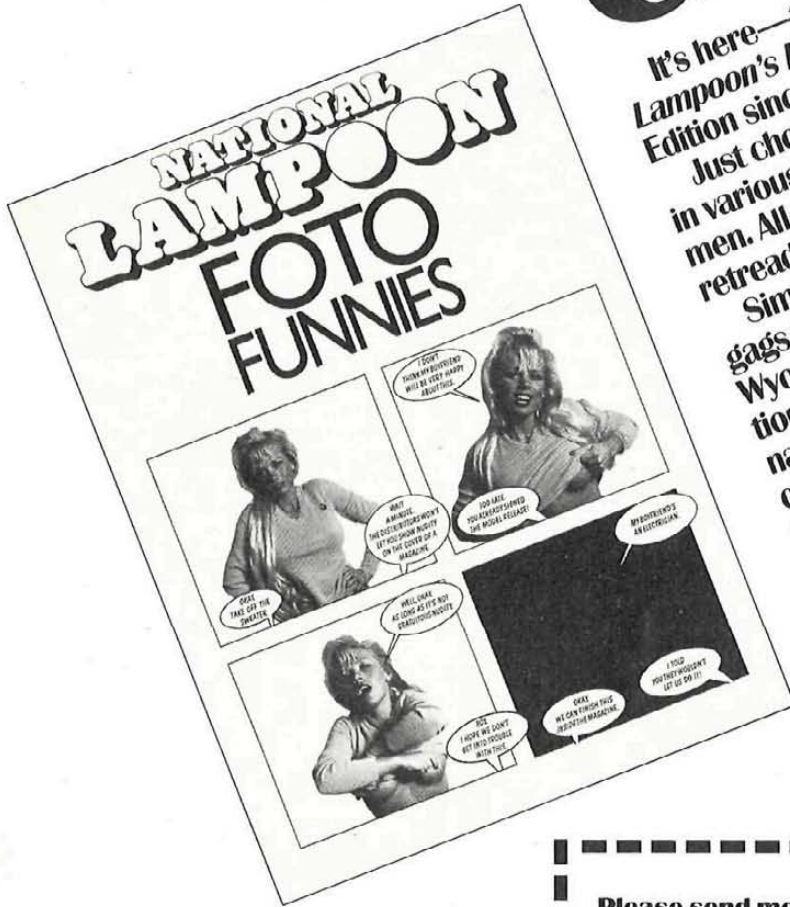
Anyway, when Mrs. Marcos posed the question to me, it wasn't really a question, it was an order. I had to do it, or my balls would be separated from the rest of me. In those days she wasn't a bad-looking broad, and being who I am, I had to throw her a decent fuck, whether I agreed with her politics or not. Call it integrity or whatever the fuck you want, but a man's got to do what he's got to do.

Meanwhile, the Filipino doctors were working on Marcos, trying to bring him back. They weren't getting anywhere, so they brought in their special surgeon. The surgeon opened Marcos's head, stuck his hand inside, and squeezed the president's brains. Then he sewed him back up. The guy was supposed to be a healer. I hoped he washed his hands before he went in.

The last thing I needed was the wife of a crazy Filipino dictator falling in love with me, but that's what happened. It was my own fault. Even when I give someone a simple fuck it's 99 percent better than anyone else's best shot.

Filipino women like to bite when they
continued on page 40

COMING... COMING... CAME!!!



It's here—the first National Lampoon's Foto Funnies Special Edition since the last one. Just chock-full of beautiful girls in various states of undress, plus men. All-new Foto Funnies. No retreats or reruns. Simply loaded with hilarious gags about sex, strip-mining in Wyoming, sex, customs regulations, sex, an explanation of the national debt and its consequences to future generations, sex, and interplay between the male and the female. A truly hilarious book. To read one is to laugh. Order here...now...

Please send me _____ National Lampoon's Foto Funnies at \$2.95, plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.

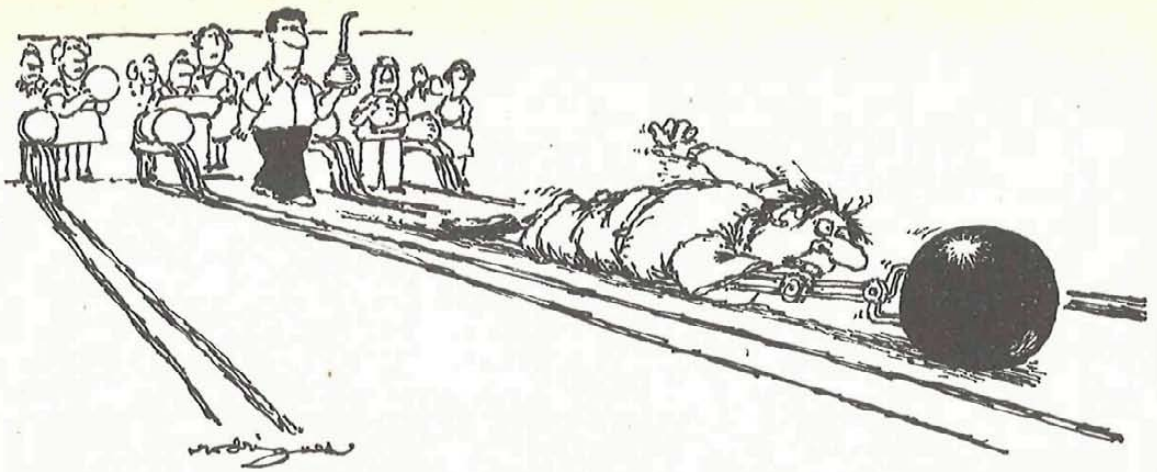
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I enclose \$ _____ to:
National Lampoon
Dept. 586
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

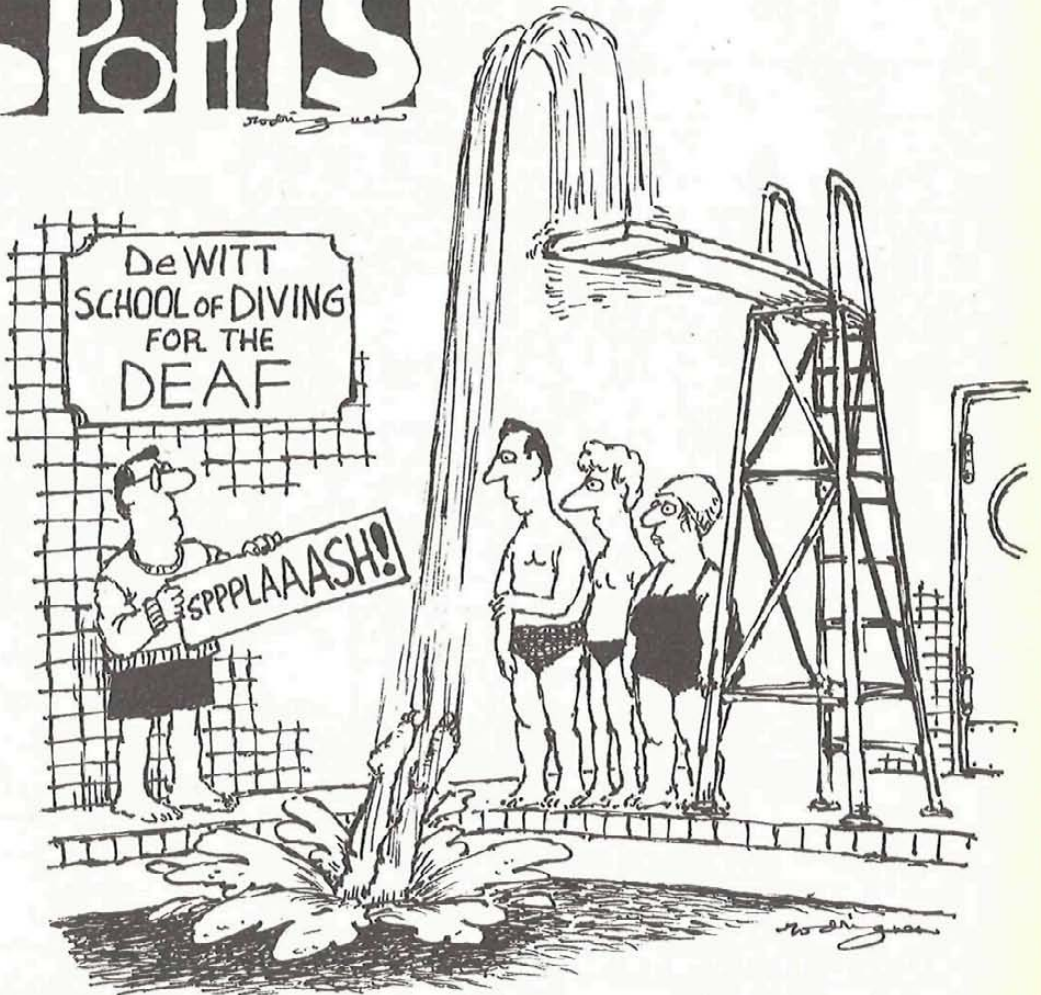
New York residents, please add 8¼% sales tax.

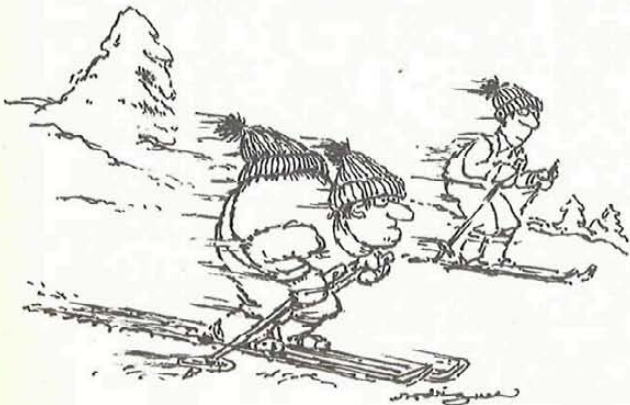
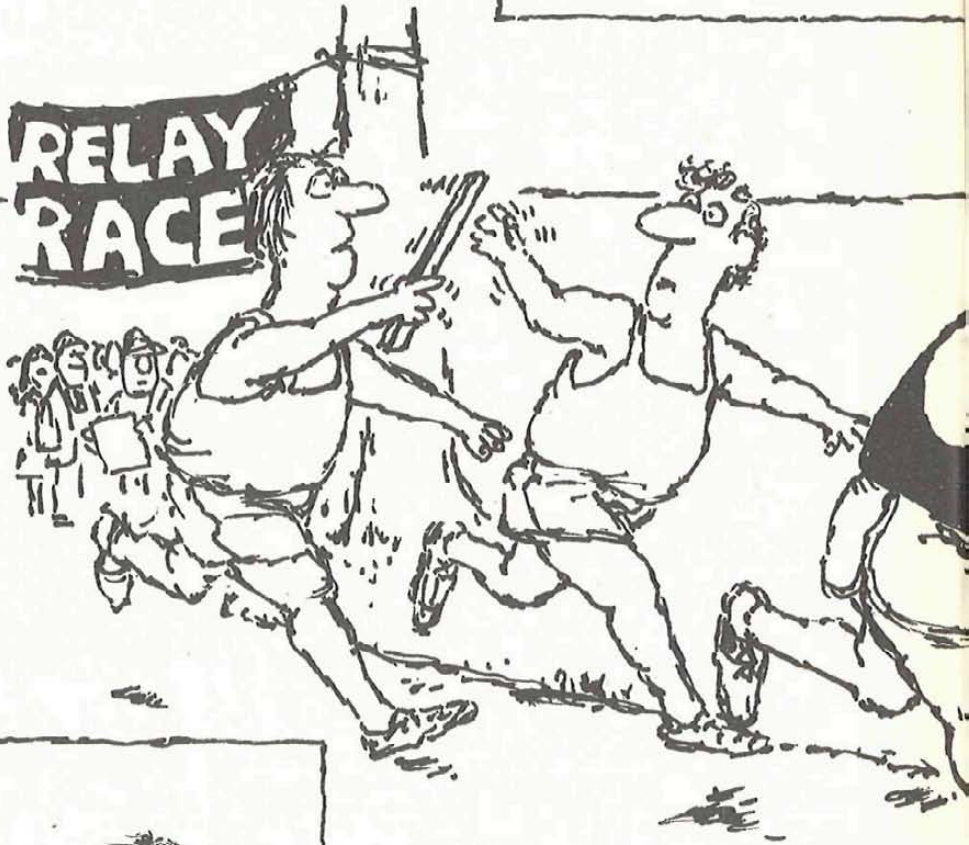
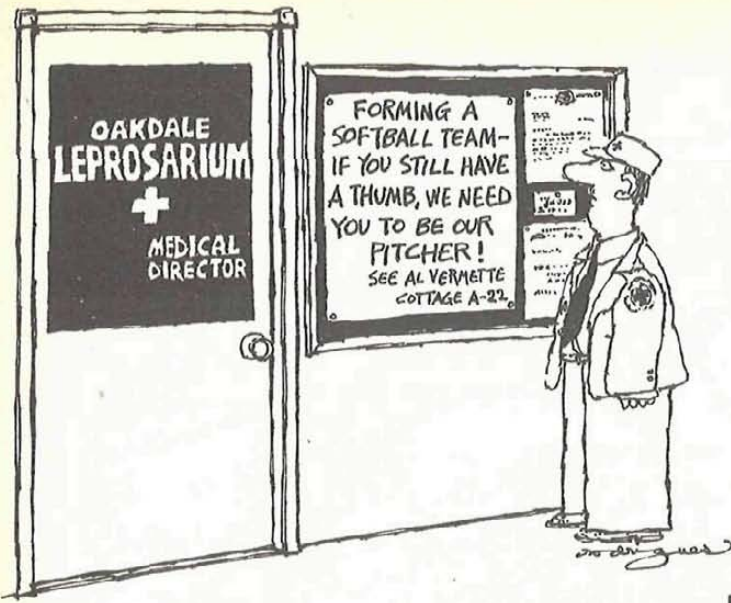


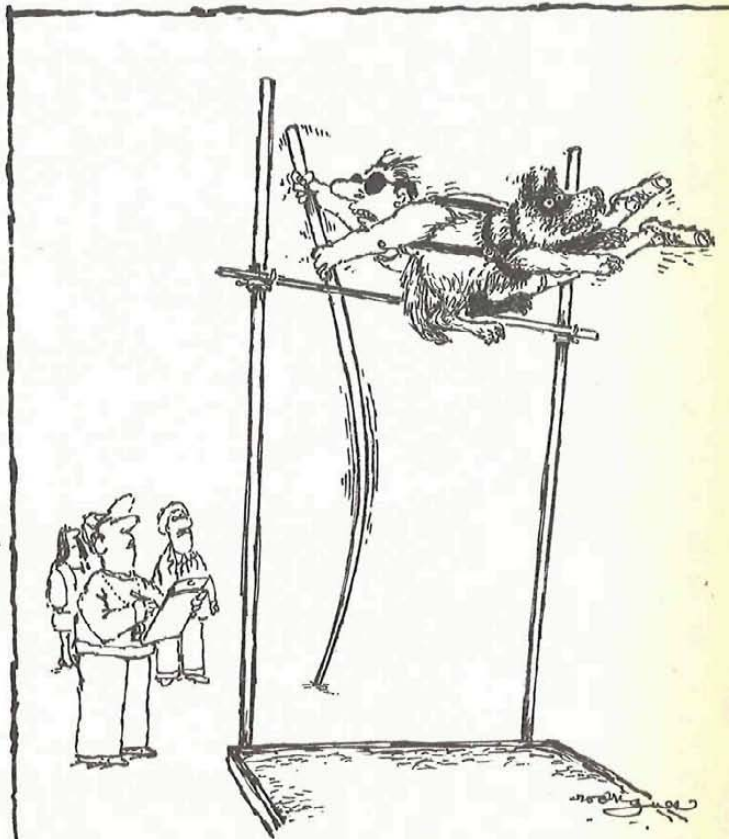
HANDICAPPED SPORTS

© copyright 1986

Rodriguez







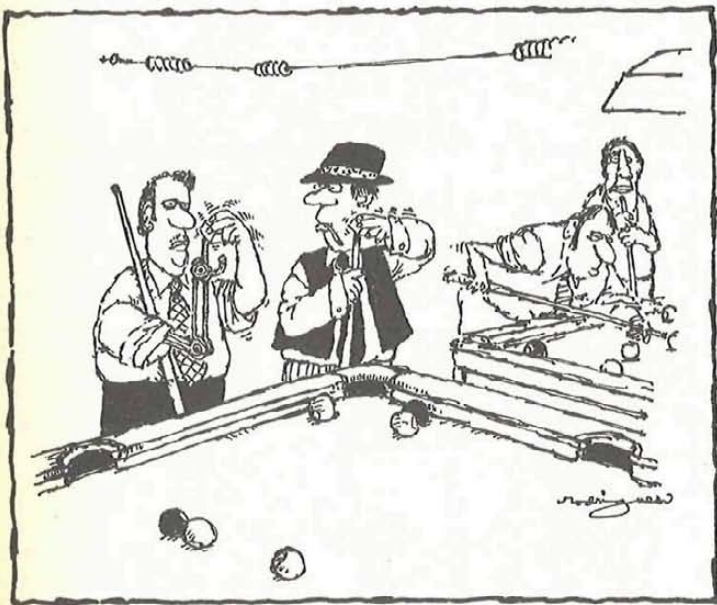
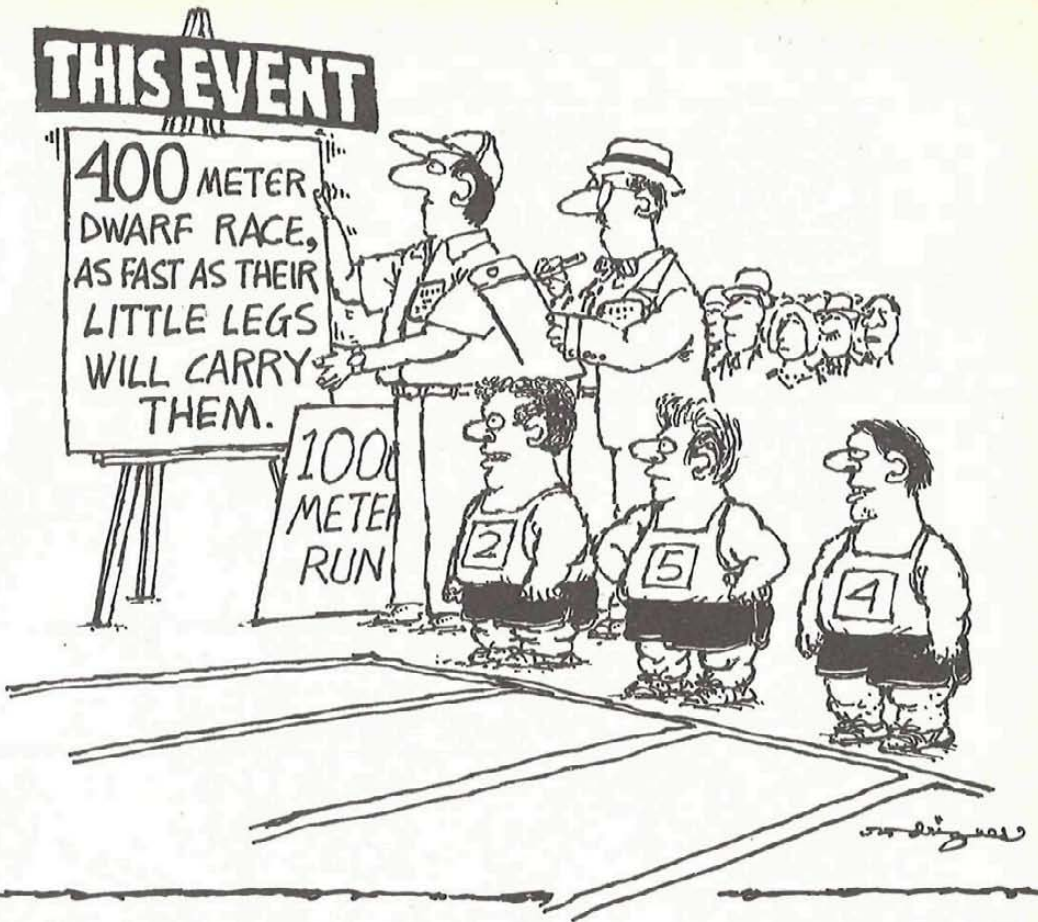
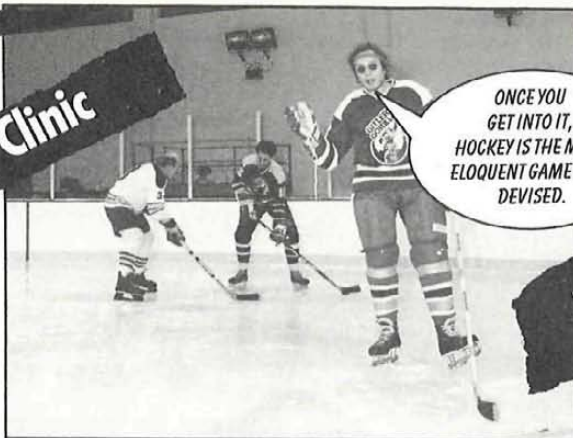


FOTO FUNNIES

Ratso's Hockey Clinic

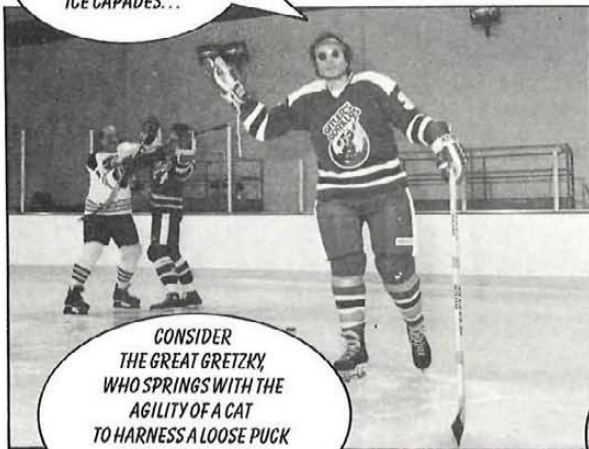
IT'S POETRY
IN MOTION, COMBINING
THE GRACE OF
ICE CAPEDES...



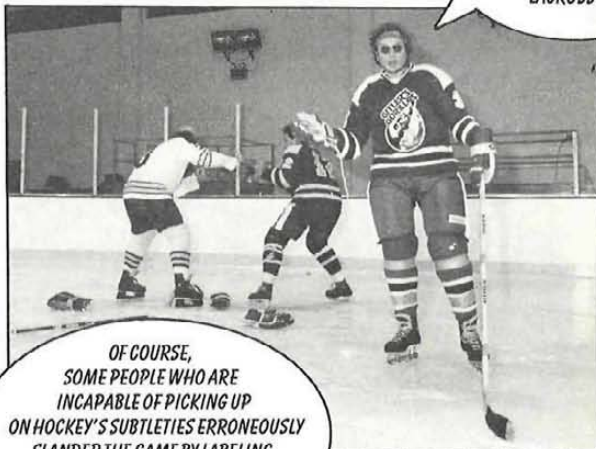
ONCE YOU
GET INTO IT,
HOCKEY IS THE MOST
ELOQUENT GAME EVER
DEvised.

Lesson #1: The Aesthetics of
Ice Hockey

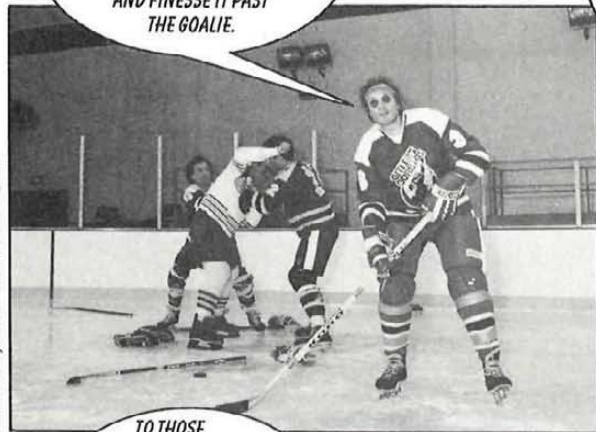
...WITH THE
COMPLEX HAND-EYE
COORDINATION OF
LACROSSE.



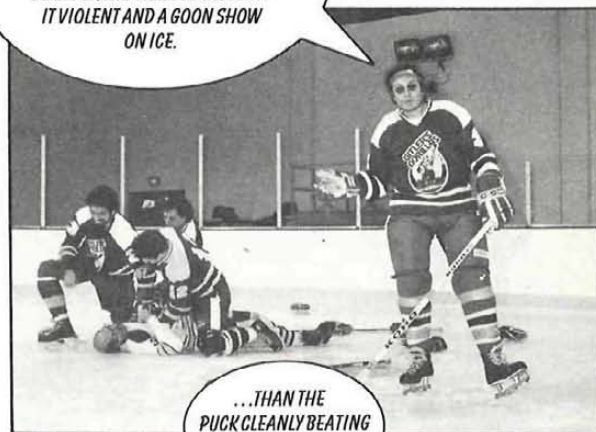
CONSIDER
THE GREAT GRETZKY,
WHO SPRINGS WITH THE
AGILITY OF A CAT
TO HARNESS A LOOSE PUCK
AND FINESSE IT PAST
THE GOALIE.



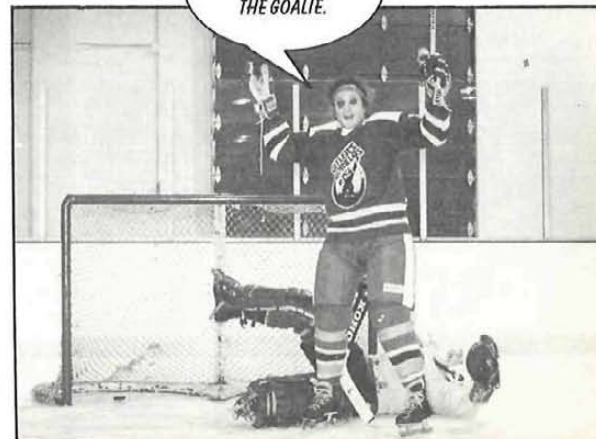
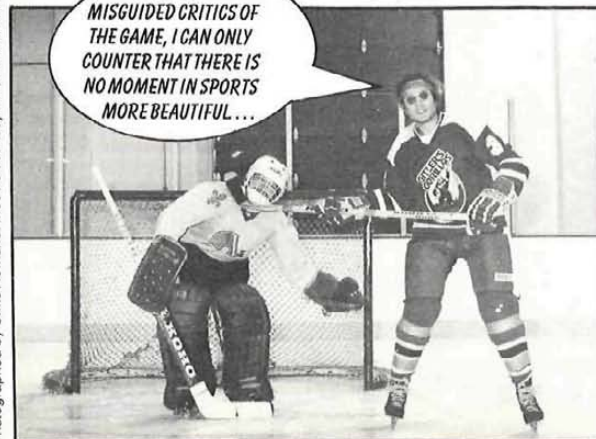
OF COURSE,
SOME PEOPLE WHO ARE
INCAPABLE OF PICKING UP
ON HOCKEY'S SUBTLETIES ERRONEOUSLY
SLANDER THE GAME BY LABELING
IT VIOLENT AND A GOON SHOW
ON ICE.



TO THOSE
MISGUIDED CRITICS OF
THE GAME, I CAN ONLY
COUNTER THAT THERE IS
NO MOMENT IN SPORTS
MORE BEAUTIFUL...



...THAN THE
PUCK CLEANLY BEATING
THE GOALIE.



Next month: Ratso teaches Wayne Gretzky how to stickhandle.

THE MILLION-DOLLAR

by Andy Simmons



I thought I saw a flying saucer over my head. It was a bright silver and moved rapidly in the sky. Then it spun down and hit me in the head. When I came to I learned it was a beer can. That's what it was like playing baseball in Stone Mountain, Montana. Women in the stands would throw things at the players on the field, and if something hit a guy no other woman could claim that man. You knew you were a good catch if you had a lot of beer cans or hot dogs littering the grass around the position you played. By the time that beer can hit me, you couldn't find second base. I knew then I was good.

Baseball was fun, and if it meant getting smacked on the head once in a while, I didn't mind. We were 2-28 on the season, but I didn't care about that either. I liked Stone Mountain, and there were five of us who were real tight.

There was Footsy, the one-armed outfielder, so named because no one had the heart to call him Lefty. He was actually a nasty kind of antisocial guy until one day I broke out some of my bonus money and bought him a new arm. He could do some great things with that arm.

It was like a Swiss army knife, with appliances coming out of everywhere, and all with interchangeable heads. He had knives, forks, screwdrivers, corkscrews, eggbeaters, everything. He was great at parties and cookouts.

Then there was Tiny, our 6' 5", 265-pound power hitter. Tiny had only hit one homer so far that season, because he struck out all the time. But that one homer really flew. They say it traveled over 600 feet, which didn't mean much to Tiny, who couldn't count higher than the number of fingers and toes on his hands and feet—twenty-two.

Our catcher was a pothead named Curly. Curly had long blond hair and used to eat marijuana-and-cheese sandwiches. He was smarter than Tiny, which is like saying the Cleveland Indians are a better team than the Texas Rangers. Whitey was the fourth in our group. He'd come to Stone Mountain by way of Harlem. He was traveling with the road show of *Eubie!* as an understudy when he read an ad for a pitcher in the *Butte Clarion* and stayed on. A great showman though a lousy pitcher, he also sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" before the games and did the public address announcements from the dugout. If he was pitching and the other team brought in a pinch hitter, he'd run into the dugout, introduce the player, and run back to the mound. He never lasted more than an inning or two, so it didn't really wear him out. His record at this point in our story was 0 and 8.

My name is Mickey Blake, shortstop. I was an All-American college player the year before, and was the number-one draft choice in the country. Thanks to my agent, a guy named Swifty, I was signed by Dallas to a million-dollar contract, \$50,000 down and the rest when I reported to the big league team. Swifty was great. His office was in an airplane. Anytime we had business, he'd pick me up at the airport and we'd fly around. I signed my contract over the Grand Canyon. Swifty was very big on the natural beauty of the West and on making his clients lots of money.

Yeah, baseball was great in Stone Mountain. But this isn't so much a story about baseball as it is about becoming rich and famous and reaching a plateau where the air is thin and tends to do funny things to the 10 percent of the brain you use. I found all this out when Footsy and I got called up to play with the Dallas Marauders, the major league equivalent to Stone Mountain. I was hitting .386 and leading the league in everything, including getting hit by beer cans. Footsy was hitting .223. It wasn't easy saying goodbye to our buddies. Tiny grabbed us both and begged us not to go. He told us that money and success and fame weren't everything. But they were, so Footsy and I jumped into my new pickup, which I had bought with my bonus money, and headed for Dallas.

The first person we met when we finally arrived at the Bull Bowl was the manager, J. P. O'Toole, who had been in the game for over sixty years. He had a lot of great stories and told us all of them that first day.

I then met the team owner, William Rockwell, a skeezy, wild-eyed real estate speculator who had bought a once-

successful baseball team and promoted and schemed it to ruin!

At the press conference announcing our arrival, Rockwell handed me a sealed envelope, the contents of which he said contained the balance of my million-dollar bonus. The TV cameras and newspaper photographers all recorded the event. Later, when I opened the envelope, I found an IOU and two tickets to the opening night of a play Rockwell was producing, *Lifeboat—The Musical!*

Rockwell tried to bolster the lousy attendance at the Bull Bowl by coming up with all kinds of weird stunts. The first one I remember was when he held a "Ladies' Day" and had all the players wear dresses. I can still see our center fielder, Willie Day, his skirt hiked up to his knees, racing after a fly ball. He never did get the ball. He tripped over his pocketbook and broke an ankle. The league fined Rockwell ten grand for having the team play out of uniform. Willie was out for the season.

That was the kind of man Rockwell was. The players hated him. The fans hated him. One of the highlights of any Marauders game was to watch Rockwell in his box seat and count how many times he got hit by flying objects. In any given inning, you could turn to where Rockwell was sitting and see fans throwing peanuts, hot dogs, beer, little Marauder dolls. Someone once threw a kid at him. The fans in Section 16 gave an award to the fan who hit him most frequently in nine innings. After he was sidelined, Willie Day won the award for six consecutive games.

By the time I came onto the scene, Rockwell began taking it all in stride. There he'd be, having a nice chat with a flunky or some politician, and a hot dog



would land in his lap. He might choose to throw it away or leave it there for a late-inning snack. Whatever, he would continue talking.

That, to mark my first game as a Marauder, he came up with a special welcoming ceremony didn't increase his popularity with the team. He had all the players on horses facing each other, making two lines wide enough apart for me to ride my horse through military-style under an awning of baseball bats. What got the players pissed off was not the actual stunt, but the horses he came up with. It might have worked with horses like soldiers or policemen use. Instead he rented horses from the local dog-food cannery. They looked terrible, as if they knew that their fate was to fill up a can of Alpo. All were old, most were sway-backed, a few so badly the taller players could touch the ground with their feet as they rode. Two players were bitten, one having to be taken to the hospital for rabies shots. One horse died of a heart attack, and another one, who had no teeth, choked on a carrot. The rest were shitting and pissing all over the field. The game was delayed for three hours while the groundskeepers tried to clean the field.

Anyway, we won the game and I played pretty well, driving in the winning run after the Atlanta outfielder slipped on some horseshit. After that, I really started hitting, and the team looked almost competitive. We were still losing, but now we were losing by fewer runs. Rockwell was so happy he told the press that I was the star the team had been waiting for to lead them out of the cellar. He put Lily Banning, his PR director, on my case. The first time I'd met Lily, I'd fallen in love with her. She was in her thirties and beautiful. Her job was to market me. Sell me as the "New Marauder," sort of like the "New Chrysler." She dubbed me a "yubpie"—"young urban baseball player"—to attract younger people. She took me everywhere—supermarket openings, bar mitzvahs, retirement homes, little league games. I even posed for a poster wearing only baseball pants and kissing the barrel of a bat. It sold well in gay bars.

All of it was fun: the autographs, the mobs, the attention. And, most of all, Lily. A mature, attractive older woman for an immature young guy like me.

At a ceremony that marked the opening of a large Rockwell complex that included a theater, a shopping mall, and an apartment house, I was handed yet another envelope, which was again supposed to contain my million-dollar check. Again the photographs and TV cameras recorded the event. Again it was another IOU and two more tickets to the play for my parents, as well as bus fare for one. But I did feel a little more con-

fidant after this one, because with the IOU was a photograph of my check. After the ceremony my agent, Swifty, called me from ten thousand feet over Yellowstone Park. He told me not to worry.

In July, Rockwell announced that my legs had been insured for a million dollars! With a lot of pomp and even more photographers than usual, they made a cement imprint of my legs in the sidewalk for the cameras, like that Chinese guy in Hollywood did with Betty Grable, saying they were the most valuable in baseball. When the reporters and cameramen left, I was still stuck in the sidewalk. A security guard had to get a jackhammer to break me out.



Rockwell had a lot at stake in the complex. The baseball team had put him in the hole pretty bad. Unfortunately, things weren't going too well with the real estate either. Due to undetermined construction flaws, the escalators only went down; the acoustics in the theater were set up so that you could hear the audience but couldn't understand a word the actors were saying; and, probably most bothersome, the only way you could turn on the lights for the entire mall was to go to Apartment 8C in the attached apartment house and switch on the wall lamp in the bedroom.

Meanwhile, my batting average was up to .356 and the team was winning some

games. Footsy had yet to play an inning.

While all this was going on, Rockwell closed down the Stone Mountain team to save money. As I heard it, Whitey was one out away from notching his first win ever when bulldozers started to tear down the left-field wall. Left field was immediately occupied by a farmer who had bought the land and a herd of cows. Whitey freaked out. He started winging in pitches as fast as he could so he could get the game over and get that win. He got so upset he hit five batters in a row and lost the game.

Tiny, Whitey, and Curly were understandably aggravated and they wanted revenge. So you know what those assholes decided to do? They decided to kidnap me! They figured I was a famous, rich traitor, I could afford to be kidnapped if it meant helping out a few poor buddies. Now, I don't mind being kidnapped if it's for a good cause, like "Save the Children." But they were really pissed off and they also wanted to get back at Rockwell for selling the team in the middle of a game. They decided to drive to Dallas immediately.

The team flew to Pittsburgh for a three-game series. On the road, my roommate was first baseman Paul Gordon. When I'd first joined the team Paul had told me he didn't like me. He said no kid should get a million dollars, even if I still hadn't gotten it. He said I should have to work my way up to a million dollars like he did, by hitting .248 over his first seven years in the bigs.

But now Paul wanted to buy me a drink, so he dragged me down to the bar, where we sat down at a table along with Lily and a girlfriend of hers. They were already drinking, so Paul ordered a Jack Daniel's, and since I got carded and my I.D. was in my room, I ended up with a Dr Pepper. But Paul would have none of that. He took my Dr Pepper, poured half of it on my shoes, then filled the glass with his Jack Daniel's and ordered another for himself.

Now, baseball is a drinking man's game. Wherever you find baseball players, you'll find booze. You'll also find pot, coke, and Demerol, but mostly alcohol. And that's part of the romance. That may also be part of the reason why the Marauders usually lost.

Lily pulled out a clipping she'd found in a newspaper. It was a test to see if you were an alcoholic, and she started asking Paul some of the questions.

"Have you had problems connected with drinking in the past year?"

"Yes," admitted Paul. "I keep missing my mouth."

"Do you have blackouts?"

"I don't remember."

"Have you felt your life would be better if you did not drink?"

"Only if I had all the drugs I wanted."

Soon we were joined by J. P., Footsy, and some of the other players. They were all drunker than a worm in a mesal bottle. All, that is, except maybe J. P. He was just naturally that way. They entered the bar in flight formation, buzzing like engines. They "flew" around the bar, evading tables as if they were mountain peaks, yet never broke formation. They landed at our table and "filled their tanks." Footsy produced his own bottle of ouzo, poured half of my Dr Pepper and bourbon on my shoes, and filled my glass with ouzo. My drink was getting progressively worse. When asked why they were buzzing around like that, J. P. claimed he had been thinking about his old girlfriend, Amelia Earhart. He positioned himself behind a bowl of pretzels and a beer bottle to show us how Amelia used to fly. He flew us around Pittsburgh and western Pennsylvania. After we all took turns behind the pretzels and beer, he showed us how to crash-land. First he screamed into the swizzle stick, "Mayday! Mayday!" He

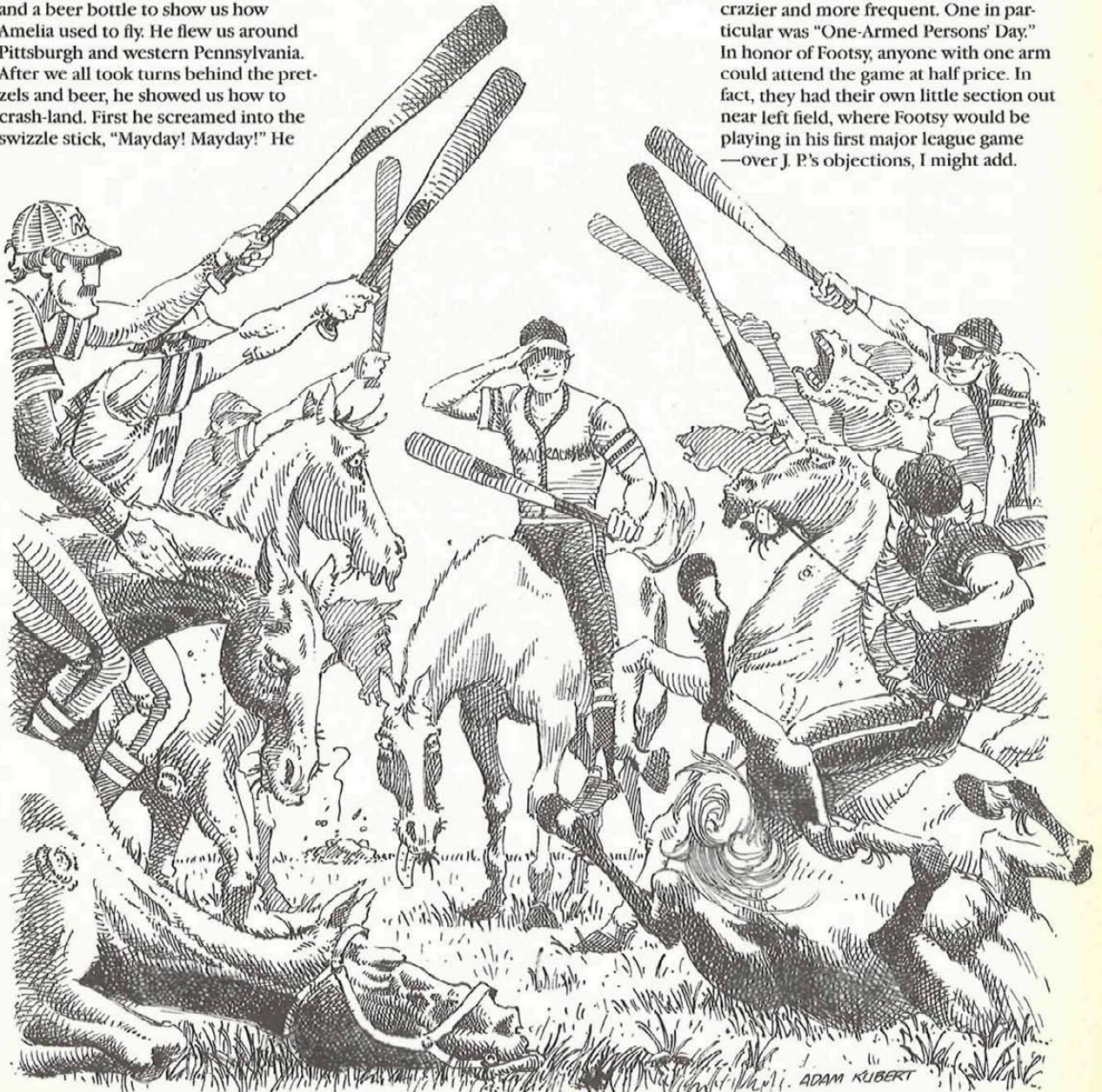
pulled up on the pretzels and feverishly shifted the throttle, sending drinks everywhere. When it was obvious he was going to crash, he threw the table over, poured ketchup on his face, set a napkin on fire, and commanded one and all to "evacuate." Then he passed out.

While I was "flying" around Greater Pittsburgh, Whitey, Curly, and Tiny were heading for Dallas. When they got to the ballpark, they sat and watched the game. After five innings, they realized they were in San Diego watching the Padres play the Cardinals. They couldn't understand why neither Garry Templeton nor Ozzie Smith looked like me. After the game they got back into their car and started on the road again.

We won six of our fourteen road

games, which meant our winning percentage jumped. We bought a case of champagne and poured it over our heads in celebration as the feeling grew that maybe we could leave the cellar and climb to fifth place for the first time since Rockwell had taken ownership of the team. I also had a chance to spend more time with Lily. I don't know which I enjoyed more, winning those six games or doing interviews with Lily by my side.

Rockwell wasn't sipping any champagne. He was in hock up to the twentieth floor of his apartment building. The show he was producing, and which I had, up to this point, about twenty free tickets for, was well over budget, and the team's attendance was still low. As a result, promotions grew crazier and more frequent. One in particular was "One-Armed Persons' Day." In honor of Footsy, anyone with one arm could attend the game at half price. In fact, they had their own little section out near left field, where Footsy would be playing in his first major league game—over J. P.'s objections, I might add.



Now I have to admit I love Footsy, but I never did understand why they brought him up to the majors, him having only one arm and all. Neither did J. P., who had previously only used him as a bottle opener. If he were a bowler I could see it. But in baseball, sometimes you like to use that other arm. But Rockwell had heard that during World War II there was a major leaguer named Pete Gray who had only one arm and that, for a while, he was a real draw.

Anyway, I forgot all about his inadequacies as a ballplayer when I looked into my friend's eyes. He couldn't have been more excited. He even had the old artificial arm I'd bought him sanded and varnished. And when he ran out to left field, legions of uni-armed people waved their stumps in salute to Footsy.

When Rockwell saw Footsy take the field with two arms, he went into shock. He was also hit by a hot dog and an Orange Crush. He called a flunky over. "How many arms does our left fielder have?" he asked.

"Two, sir."

"Goddamn it!! I hired him with one arm! I can get any two-armed player who can bat .150!"

Rockwell calmed down when in the first inning and with a man on base, Footsy threw the ball back to the infield with the arm still connected to it. The event was made even more interesting when the third baseman who caught it fainted. The runner never stopped. I ran over and grabbed the arm, which still clutched the ball, and chased him around the bases toward home. We both dove, my arm, as well as Footsy's arm, fully extended, and I tagged him out. The crowd went wild.

Even Rockwell was impressed with the incredible theatrics of the play. In the next week, Footsy's arm must have flown off seven or eight times on orders from Rockwell.

After the game, another crazy thing happened. Whitey, Curly, and Tiny, who had just arrived in town, kidnapped J. P., thinking it was me. It seems J. P. got into my truck by mistake and they threw a blanket over his head, tossed him into their car, and headed for Fort Worth. When they got there and pulled the blanket off they turned around and drove back to Dallas. J. P. didn't mind. He started telling old baseball stories, like how he had shared hot dogs with the Babe, or how he had copped feels off the Bambino's favorite whores.

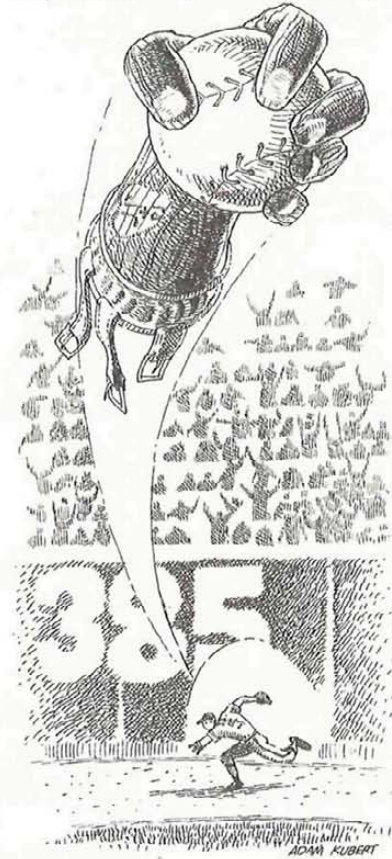
Anyway, by the time they were back in Dallas they were all asleep from listening to J. P.'s stories, and J. P. was driving. J. P. didn't know Texas too well, being a Brooklyn boy, so he drove back to his home and let the boys sleep in his garage.

This wasn't the only screwed-up kid-

napping attempt they pulled. They also kidnapped a cop, the team caterer (with all his food), three cheerleaders, and a mannequin. At one point, Tiny and Whitey even kidnapped Curly.

I was enjoying Dallas. I liked the faster pace and meeting new people. I often thought of Stone Mountain and the people there. It was a nice place. I guess I'll go back at some point, maybe to die. But Texas suited me just fine. And I liked my teammates. I was lonely for a steady girl, though.

Paul Gordon knew all the groupies, so he set me up on a few dates. The first girl he introduced me to was Heather Gale. Only sixteen, she was beautiful, sweet,



and the star of her basketball team. She was also an uncontrollable sex fiend. After milk and cookies with Heather and her parents, the two of us left to go to a movie.

"So," I said as we drove to the theater, "you like ballplayers."

"Oh, God, yes," she answered. "I love 'em. They're so strong and sexy. They can fuck all night. Last week I took on the entire Chicago bullpen."

I blinked.

"Not during the game. In the locker room."

"In the locker room?"

"Actually, in the shower."

I narrowly missed a Volkswagen parked in the driveway of a small

private home.

"Remember Rinaldo Wheymeyer?" she asked.

"Oh, sure."

"He's the best. The greatest. He once had eleven orgasms in one night. Mrs. Goldstone, my phys. ed. teacher, says that's a lot of orgasms. He could do anything with his thingle. He could throw curves with it. Fastballs. Mostly spitters. It was really something."

I wiped the sweat off my brow and swung the wheel as a blind man and his Seeing Eye dog came within inches of my right fender.

"You know Babe Wallace?"

"Probably not the way you know him."

"He likes to do it in restaurants. He's so cute about it, too. He pours chocolate ice cream all over me, then licks it all up."

"I like ice cream, too." I took out a line of garbage cans and sent them spinning onto a long row of bushes. I swung the wheel and moved off the sidewalk.

"I gave my first blowjob when I was fifteen."

I was collecting baseball cards at fifteen, I thought as I flew over a divider, going eighty. "Did you like it?"

"Of course. I helped him win the batting title. But I like infielders best. You're a shortstop, aren't you?"

I developed a twitch that still haunts me every time I make a speech at a high school.

That's how it was all night. At dinner it was a White Sox shortstop who gave her a warm enema. At the movie (we had to see *Fantasia* because she was too young to see the R-rated film) it was a Red Sox pitcher who had sex with her in a department store elevator.

After the movie I brought her directly home, laughing when she suggested we stop to get ice cream. We said goodnight to her parents, then it was into her room for sex! But I got cold feet. I was totally intimidated. I confessed I wasn't nearly as experienced as she. Not put off at all, she pulled down a medical diagram from her wall of a naked man and woman.

"This is a man's penis and this is a woman's vagina. As you can see they are different. Now..."

"I know that part."

"All right, what we need to do to put you at ease is some foreplay. Stay here while I get a basketball."

Heather's idea of foreplay was playing one-on-one Nerf basketball in the nude. Not only was sweating sensual, she claimed, but it cleansed the pores. We started playing, and immediately she stole the ball from me. She was great. She could shoot from the outside but could also control the boards. After losing the first game of a four-out-of-seven series, I decided to leave. I never did see Heather again.



Paul came up with yet another date. Her name was Gilda. She was a pretty girl and a big fan of mine, Paul told me with a smirk. I called her. When I told her who I was, she got all excited. She knew all my stats, even my fielding average, which even I didn't know. She also knew my height, weight, and shoe size. And she told me she was in love with me and that she'd pick me up the next day and we could go for a drive in the country.

The next day there was a knock on the door. When I opened it, there was Gilda, who was great-looking, and her brother Glen, who, she told me, was such a big fan of mine that he had insisted he join us. Gilda, Glen, and I had a nice drive. He showed me where he first learned how to spit tobacco juice and where he and his friends used to gang-bang Heather Gale. He then asked who the toughest pitchers to hit against were, the best fielders, all the standard questions.

At the end of the day, Glen dropped Gilda off, then drove me home.

All the other dates Paul set me up with were also bombs: the waitress, the wrestler, the chicken lady from the circus. All busts. The best date I had was with Lily.

After a night game, we visited the stadium organist, Raven Chaplin, at his perch high up in the stands for some champagne. Raven was a funny little man in his fifties. He rarely played baseball songs during the games. Instead he played Rodgers and Hart or Stephen Sondheim. When Rockwell insisted on his playing baseball tunes at least once in a while, they always sounded more like songs from *West Side Story* than "Take Me Out to the Ballgame." When Lily introduced us, he had already been drinking. He took my hand in a viselike grip and said with an elfin smile, "You know why my name is Raven? 'Cause I'm a Raven homosexual!"

He and Lily laughed so hard I thought they would fall out of the stadium. I smiled and used the organ as leverage to free my hand.

After a few bottles of champagne had gone by the wayside, along with a few joints, we were all giddy, and I let Raven hold my hand. I also autographed a copy of my nude-to-the-waist poster he had hanging over his organ. We were having lots of fun as Raven played song after song and Lily sang along. Then she and I found ourselves on the field dancing. Raven's music filled the air. Raven's mind was off somewhere, probably Carnegie Hall, playing his organ for Liza Minnelli or Bette Midler. I was just happy to be in Lily's arms. We danced around the bases and from right field to left. We invented a new game, Eskimo Baseball, where we had to keep the ball between our noses while crawling around the bases.

Finally, I asked Lily to marry me. She declined but did accept my invitation to come to her place for a drink. We waved farewell to Raven and walked home through the park.

When we got there we finished the champagne. She walked over to me, grabbed me by the shoulders, and kissed me lingeringly on the lips. Then she pushed me away.

"You shouldn't have done that," she said.

"I'm sorry," I said.

She turned and walked to the other side of the room.

"I'm seeing someone I care very much about, Mickey. But I do like you. Maybe I'm too old for you."

I shook my head. "No," I said. "You're not!"

I could see her eyes shine, and I just waited for her to toss a beer can at my head.

"Oooohhhh, you sure make it real tough for an old broad to stay off her back, boy." I could see she was fighting herself, and for a moment I felt like I was losing.

"I'll make you a drink," I volunteered. I walked toward the bar. Like a flying Santini Brother, she leaped through the air and flipped me on my back, sending me crashing to the ground. We rolled around the floor, knocking over chairs, tables, and fish tanks, ripping at each other's clothes. Then we rolled into the kitchen and grabbed a bottle of wine and rolled back into the living room.

Suddenly she looked at me, horrified, jumped to her feet, and screamed.

"Don't do that!"

"I didn't do that!"

"No one has ever made love to me like that."

"I haven't done anything yet."

"Oh, yes you have. Your gentleness and sweetness are more than I'm getting now. I could really fall for you if I weren't

on my toes." She paused and looked me up and down, her fingers playing with the hairs on my chest.

"You're handsome, strong, kind, cute, speak in a funny accent.... I could love you so many ways." She had a mischievous smile as she walked her fingers up my chest. "As a mother... a sister... a lover.... It could be fun. Change your diapers. Would you like me to change your diapers?"

"Yes, please." I was hypnotized.

"Spank you when you're bad. Kiss you when you're good. Hold you when you're frightened."

She grabbed me and kissed me passionately over and over again. Suddenly she flung me violently over the couch. The woman was strong as hell.

"NNNOOOOO!!! No! You're just a baby! A beautiful hunk of a baby... but still a baby." She stood over me. I looked feebly at her, her breasts now bared from all the ripping and tearing. I gave her my last pitch.

"Are you a virgin?"

She melted. She picked me up and carried me to the bedroom. She was even more beautiful totally naked.

I came before I took my pants off. But it was all right, because she said it was. And I came again and then again until I finally got those pants off!

The night belonged to love... as did most of the morning.

Meanwhile, Rockwell was losing his

shirt on every front. The banks were calling in his loans. The loan sharks sent him a video of *The Elephant Man* with the title changed to *This Is You If You Don't Pay Up!!* He began making frantic phone calls. But nobody would talk to him. He finally reached his lawyer. He asked about the million-dollar insurance policy on my legs.

The lawyer checked his research book.

"If the legs are incapable of playing, or don't show up to work, you can collect."

The next call was to a guy named Dominic.

"I want you to kidnap a player of mine, Mickey Blake." There was a long pause at the other end.

"But Mr. Rockwell, he's hitting .350." At least I had one fan. I now also had two sets of kidnappers after me.

It was opening night at the Rockwell Theater. Rockwell was dressed to the nines in white tie and tails. By his side was Lily, in an evening gown and looking more gorgeous than ever. Even though he was laughing and smiling to one and all, I could see he wasn't happy, particularly when he sat in his seat and some of the theatergoers, out of habit, threw their programs and containers of orange drink at him.

The production was a musical version of Alfred Hitchcock's classic, *Lifeboat*. Right off the bat, the play was in trouble. It took place entirely on a lifeboat on the

ocean during a torrential storm, resulting in the audience being soaked every time a wave rolled across the stage. The acting was terrible and the music even worse. One good part, though, was when the waves were pumped out so hard they knocked the captain into the first row. He fell across the lap of two elderly ladies, unconscious. His understudy had to "swim over from a passing boat" to replace him.

The stage manager panicked and turned the water off. Then he couldn't turn it back on when Rockwell stormed backstage.

Rockwell grabbed a fire hose and flooded the stage. Actors were flying in all directions.

By that time it didn't really matter. The audience began leaving for the nearest bars. I looked for Lily. I was walking down an aisle, against the tide of people and water, when a man with a gun approached me.

At that moment, the stage manager turned the water back on. It jetted out into the audience, knocking the guy with the gun over a man in a wheelchair and onto the captain and the two elderly ladies. I ran out of the theater. The gunman got up and pursued me.

Remember I told you Curly, Whitey, and Tiny were kidnapping everyone from J. P. to Madame Chiang Kai-shek? Well, they did it again. Trying to grab me, in the confusion they instead tackled the guy with the gun. They stuffed him in the trunk of their car and drove off to Fort Worth.

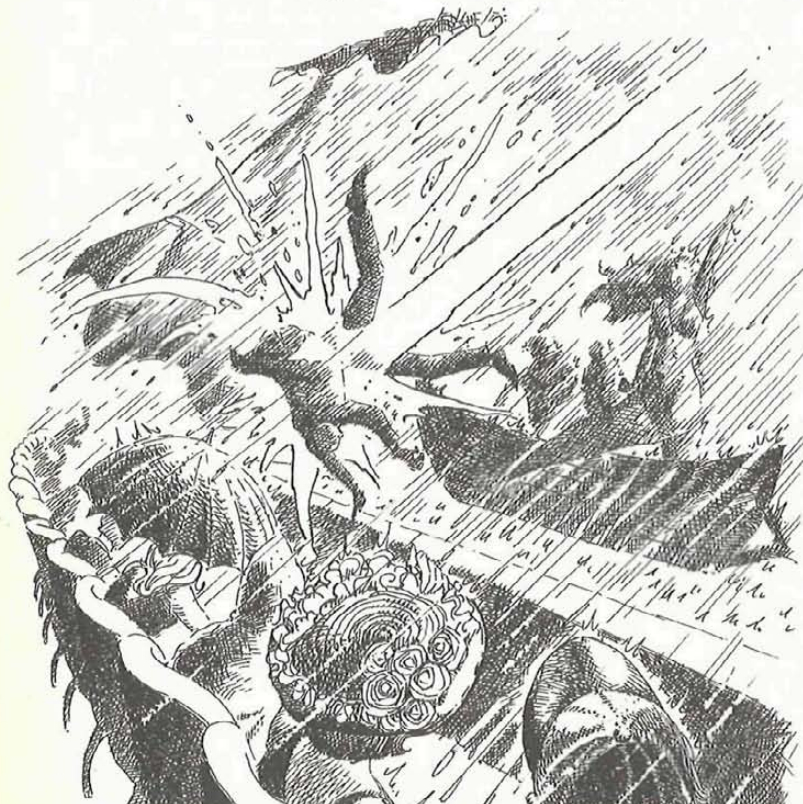
By now I had an idea somebody was up to no good. I ran through the mall and hid out in Apartment 8C in the apartment house in the complex; that's where you turned the lights on at the mall. The Levys were a nice couple, so we sent out for Chinese food. I tried calling Swifty, but an overseas operator told me his plane had made a forced landing in Pago-Pago. I stayed a few hours, then left for Rockwell's. I thought he could help me through this thing.

When I got there, he handed me a drink and said he would handle everything. Then he excused himself. He wanted to get out of his wet tuxedo.

While he was gone, I walked around his home. It was big and with many terrific works of art. One statue of a beautiful naked woman struck me in particular. I stared at it, wondering where I had seen that face and those breasts before. Suddenly, I knew. It was Lily. I draped my jacket over her nude bosom and stuck a plant in front of her crotch. I had to think this one over. Since I saw no statues of me or J. P., I figured this had nothing to do with business.

When I got to my place, Lily was already there. She hugged me. She had

continued on page 58



TRUE

F**A****C****T****S**

Edited by John Bendel

At a town council in Newington, Connecticut, attendees stood to pledge allegiance to the flag, but the flag had apparently been removed. So they faced a former councilman wearing a flag lapel pin and saluted him instead. *Hartford Courant* (contributed by Warren A. Cohen)

Two black women sued a Baltimore amusement park, claiming they were harassed and insulted by a park employee dressed as a tree. The tree allegedly told one woman she would appear on the cover of a "food stamp magazine."

"It was a Halloween exhibit the Sunday before Halloween involving a haunted tree that was supposed to be sarcastic," said the women's attorney, "but the tree went overboard." *UPI* (contributed by Mike Schif)

The following letter signed "Eva Butler, Virginia, U.S.A." appeared in the "Action Line" column of the *Toronto Sun*:

"I was attending a wedding in Toronto a few months ago with my two traveling companions, Sam the teddy bear and his sister Brunhilde.

"Yes, I am an older lady and I do travel with two stuffed bears. We have traveled across the United States and

Canada and have been welcomed everywhere. When we attended dinner at a well-known Toronto restaurant they even received a round of applause.

"On this particular trip to Toronto, the three of us were staying at the downtown Ramada Hotel. One morning we decided to have breakfast in their café. Well, the host refused to seat us at a table where the three of us could enjoy our breakfast. I became very upset. Sam and Brunhilde are very quiet and well liked.

"Would you be able to have an apology sent to the three of us? I was deeply hurt."

Editor Terri Williams replied: "Action Line" contacted the Ramada Hotel and an immediate apology and explanation were offered to Butler and her bears. . . . When Butler and her two bears arrived at the Café Vienna there was a lineup. She was offered a table for two, but insisted each of her bears have a seat. She was told they would have to wait until other customers were seated. Butler did not like this idea and made 'a scene which disrupted the other guests' If the café hadn't been so busy, the Butler party would certainly have been seated at a larger table. Unfortunately, the other guests were not as comfortable with her bear friends and felt more entitled to the seating available."

(contributed by J. W. Bannister)

The Chinese *Workers Daily* reported that an actress with a troupe of entertainers "used unhealthy movements" to stimulate an audience of miners during a tour of Anhui province.

"Our well-loved and serious song 'If There Was No Communist Party There Would Be No New China' was distorted by being sung in a flippant tone and style," said the report, adding that shocked workers stormed out of the suggestive show. (Wellington, New Zealand) *Evening Post* (contributed by Kevin Roberts)

Because his mother contributed heavily to their organizations, computer specialist Edward Johnson of Atlanta, Georgia, was angry with television evangelists in general and the Reverend Jerry Falwell in particular. "She's easily taken in by these people," Johnson explained. "She almost gave the family farm away."

So Johnson had his computer call Falwell's toll-free telephone number for contributors every thirty seconds for eight months. Each of the estimated 500,000 calls to the *Old Time Gospel Hour* cost Falwell's organization as much as a dollar each. *Indianapolis News* (contributed by Herm Albright)

Officials in London, England, launched an inquiry after a shipment of frozen

Christmas turkeys was discovered being stored in a mortuary freezer alongside rows of human corpses. *Reuters* (contributed by A. E. Rubin)

According to the *Detroit News*, Michigan state representative Ethel Terrell "was absent from the legislature for more than six months, during which time she continued to appear at political functions in the Highland Park district, generate news releases, and collect her \$1,340 biweekly paycheck."

At one political function at the Polish Century Club, Terrell presented the annual Casimir Pulaski Award, named for a hero of the American Revolution. During her speech, Terrell reportedly asked that Pulaski step forward and be recognized. (contributed by Chris Harbowy)

This item appeared in the (New York) *Daily News*, datelined Richmond, Virginia:

"The Fourth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals yesterday upheld the right of officials to search a baby's diaper prior to the child's visit with his convict father." (contributed by J. Bernstein)

Contributors: We'll pay ten dollars for every item used, twenty dollars for photos. Send to True Facts, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

TRUE

F A C T S

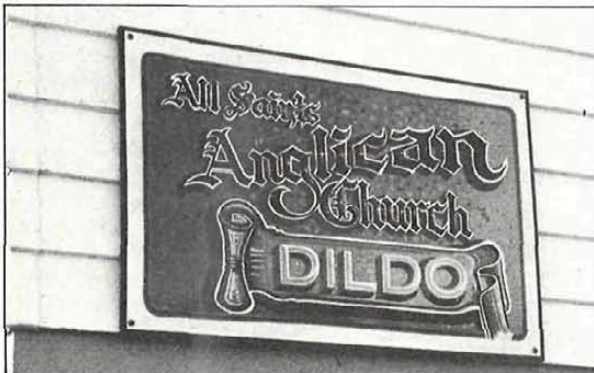
Signs of the Times



Sam Hondros



Peter Lorenz



R. H. Beharriell



Amy MacDonald



Robert B. O'Rourke



Kathy Lander



Lawrence Annis



John Catanearo



Break away to refreshing taste.

COME UP TO KOOL

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.

MY FRIEND, MARVELOUS MARV

continued from page 23

fuck—bite, punch, scratch. The more they like it, the more they beat the shit out of you. They're just as vicious as the men. And when they really get hot they scream. Imelda was a good screamer. I hadn't even put my thing in halfway when she let out a scream that made my ears pop. I nearly had a heart attack.

The sound must have carried right through the palace like a fire alarm, because the next thing I knew the door opened and Mr. Marcos himself ran in. His memory was back. He knew who he was. He knew who I was. He knew who his wife was. He knew what we were doing and he didn't look like he was getting a kick out of it.

Imelda was in a world all her own. She didn't even notice her husband. She had my joint in a vise grip and I couldn't pull it out. Marcos was going crazy. We seemed to be fucking right in front of his eyes. I apologized and explained that his wife was going to cut off my balls if I didn't do what she said. Marcos pulled out a gun and was about to blow my brains out. I begged him to pull me out first, to shoot me like a man, standing up, fully dressed—not in this position.

The guy fancied himself a man's man, so he wrapped his arms around me and tried to pull me out. I was really stuck. Imelda had a grip like epoxy glue. It was a fucking tug-of-war, me and Ferdinand against Imelda, and she was winning. I could feel my wing-wang going in deeper. I knew if I didn't do something fast Marcos would crack and attack me. I thought of the worst thing he could do right before shooting me. He could separate us with a knife and leave part of me in her. I thought of it, and so did he. He ran for one of those giant knives they use down there to cut sugarcane. By the time he came back I had a hard-off just thinking of what would happen. My wee-wee shrank to the size of a little rabbit's foot like the kind you see on a key chain. But Marcos didn't see it. He was just about to come down with his blade when I pulled out. He missed my wee-wee by about a millionth of an inch, but he did shave a few stray hairs off Imelda's big black bush. God, I'll never forget the picture. A madman with a knife almost as big as him... a screaming woman who just woke up out of her wet dream... a bunch of black cunt hairs on a white sheet. I still get nightmares thinking about it.

I didn't know what the crazy Filipino would do next, whack off me or his wife. He went for his wife first. I had one good hand left, ready for my last good round-house right. I faked the scumbag out of his underwear and gave him my last good one, and I put him right back in

never-never land. Amnesiaville.

This time Imelda acted a little more humble. But I had had enough. I had to put an end to her craziness. I asked her to free Marvin. If it was fucking she wanted, she was going to get it in spades. Or one spade. I took the kid aside and told him what he had to do. I know it meant breaking my iron rule, but this was a national emergency. He had to do it for his career, his country, and for our safety. I told him to jump on Imelda and fuck her until she was nearly dead. Marvin got so hot he almost cried. He was hornier than two dozen minks.

I went into another room to get some sleep, but in a few minutes I heard the familiar Imelda scream, so I ran back and gagged her. Marvin didn't care. He was going to prove that he was still a better fuck than me. He'd go for twenty-four hours. That was fine with me. Marvin turned that poor woman into a piece of shredded coconut. When she finally passed out we slipped out of the palace.

The next few days we got ready for the fight. Marvin didn't look too bad, considering. His wee-wee was a little sore, so he kept it in a Vaseline bandage. By the time of the fight he was ready.

The arena was filled with screaming Filipinos fighting each other. Guns were going off everywhere. They were drinking some kind of local whiskey made of rubber. I looked across the ring at Buzo Ramaki. He was tall for a Filipino—very lean and muscular, with scars all over his body. He looked like he would bite your tongue off if your mouthpiece fell out. I had a bad feeling about this fight. The whole place was beginning to spook the shit out of me.

When the fight started I knew I had every reason to be spooked. Ramaki wasn't a regular boxer, he was one of those kick fighters. Not only did he punch, but he flew around and kicked you anywhere he wanted. The fucking guy was going to cripple Marvin for life. No one had bothered to tell me that Ramaki was a kick fighter. And he looked like a pretty fucking good one. Marvin was trying to wade in and set up for some good punches, but Ramaki was too fast. His feet were going around like bullets. He was kicking the shit out of my boy. At the end of the round I gave Marvin a shot of brandy to revive him and I looked around ringside at the crowd. Right next to me was a Filipino couple snorting what looked like a pound of cocaine. They used it in public in Manila in those days. Before anyone could stop me I jumped out of the corner and grabbed the biggest handful of coke I could hold, jumped back up, and shoved it all up Marvin's nose. Marvin had never touched the stuff before. But he had a very sensitive system, because the coke started working on him in about a min-

ute. Just as Marvin looked like he was going to get creamed he sidestepped and gave Ramaki a good one in the mid-section. I could hear two sets of ribs crack, and they belonged to Ramaki. Marvin started hammering him, and it looked like his punches were going right through Ramaki to the other side of his face.

What happened next is no bullshit. Marvin was so hopped up that he knocked Ramaki's head right off his neck. The crowd was going nuts. Marvin ran right through the ref like a football player, sending him into the sixteenth row. He jumped into the seats and started working over the fans. Men and women alike. They're flying off his body like hailstones. Bones were cracking. The cops couldn't hold him down, either. But he was just about to be shot when a bunch of soldiers arrived and shot the cops instead. Suddenly me and Marv were pulled out of the way and hustled out into a limo. Surprise. Guess who was waiting for us? Imelda had her bags packed. She was flying back to the States with us so Marv and me could fuck her forever. Marv was still on a high, so Imelda sat on his face to calm him down. It seemed that we were going to sneak out of the country in some fancy government plane and land in Taiwan. From there we would get a plane to America.

We were ushered into this two-engine plane, the kind they used to fly in the forties. The whole thing was now getting way out of hand. We had to figure how to get away from this crazy woman. She had her own bodyguards watching us as we took off. Then, for the first time, we got a little lucky. I found a gun in my seat pocket. It probably belonged to Marcos. My plan was simple, and I whispered it to Marvin.

Marvin slipped behind Imelda and gave her a very fast left hook to the jaw from a very short distance. She was out like a mackerel. I grabbed the gun and put it to her head. Now we had a hostage. I kept the gun on her while Marvin got her into a parachute. I ordered all her bodyguards to put on parachutes. When they were all ready I ordered them to jump out of the fucking plane. I pulled the cord on Imelda's chute just as she jumped and it opened. Now we could fly to Taiwan in peace.

That was the end of the fight game for me. It was too much. It wasn't worth the aggravation and the wear and tear on my hands. I tore up my contract with the kid and got him the best handler I could find and wished him luck. We would always be fucking buddies to the end of our days. In a few years he changed his name back to Marvin Hagler. Marvelous Marvin Hagler. You probably know the rest. It's history. ■

Sports Hallucinated

MAY 5, 1986

\$2.25

**DRUG USE
IN THE NBA:
A NEW HIGH**

**Bummer
in the Summer—
Our Annual
Swimsuit Preview**





High Fashion

Photographed by Peter Kleinman

This is the premier issue of *Sports Hallucinated*.

Why is a magazine like this necessary?

It's obvious. We all know that the big story in sports in recent years has been drugs. Drugs in baseball, drugs in basketball, drugs in badminton, drugs that affect championships, drugs that affect champions.

So *Sports Hallucinated* herewith presents its High Fashion Bathing Suit issue. Savor these photographs—models have short careers and these models have shorter ones than most.



Ellie floats into the new season displaying the latest swimwear from Needlepark Fashions. An avid swimmer, Ellie can keep her head underwater for up to three hours before the autopsy. Bathing suit (\$49), Ellie (\$45—an hour), Syringe extra.

Beverly and Monica are members of the smart Hollywood party crowd. They hold the world's indoor record for time spent in the ladies room—over three hours. Their suits are from Yves St. Cocalne (\$100 each), Necklaces and spoons extra.

Concept by Heidi Berg
Makeup by Jodi Sh. Doff

HOSPITAL FOR JOINT DISEASES
ORTHOPAEDIC INSTITUTE

SAMUEL H. GOLDING BUILDING



Mary Jane is mellow as a cello as she shows off the latest in swimwear from the Lady Sativa line (\$59.95). Loose joint: price varies by location.



From the Ricky Nelson Crack collection comes this lovely original two-piece suit worn by Jackie (\$25 each piece). It's perfect for a night of heavy hitting.



Lovely Lilly poses lewdly as she pops her top getting ready to doze off. Swimsuit by Pharmy 744 Fashions (\$75). Beware of boot-leg versions.







Wearing a street-smart bikini that draws attention (so she can't be missed by her connection), Eva is shown here early in the evening as a local merchant helps her prepare for a high time. Swimsuit by Feelgood Fashions (\$58).

Lovely Billie takes a holiday on the floor of her toilet, surrounded by some of her idols. Suit from Speedball Swimwear (\$78). Toilet bowl by Lenny Bruce Porcelain, Ltd. Spoon courtesy Tiffany's of Bayonne.

Sports High-Lites of 1985

Nineteen sixty-nine: the miracle year of the Mets and the Jets; 1976: the year of the breathtaking Thriller in Manila; and now, 1985: the year of the dealer—a banner year in snorts.

AP/Wide World Photos



January: After New York Nets star Michael "Sugar" Ray Richardson's sudden mysterious disappearance, federal agents examined the contents of a sports jacket discovered in his locker. Two weeks later, Richardson called in to explain that he had taken a wrong turn on the Jersey Turnpike.

AP/Wide World Photos



March: The St. Louis Cardinals decided to reseed the outfield. The Cardinals said that the current terrain being used (see above) would probably be replaced by an artificial surface.

The Bettmann Archive



May: Major league players elected Irving Kaufman the new president of the players' union. "I have a dream," Kaufman said.

The Bettmann Archive



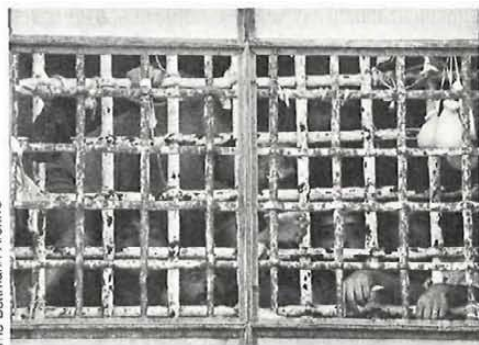
February: The management of the Pittsburgh Pirates announced that spring training would be delayed. Officials of the National League team said that a number of the players had requested that training begin in April and that the season commence in June. Their only explanation was that they had pressing commitments. Their request was backed by the players' union.

AP/Wide World Photos



April: New York Nets star "Sugar" Ray Richardson disappeared again. (A Federal agent is shown here examining unidentified substances discovered in one of Richardson's sneakers.) A week later, Richardson sent in a postcard explaining that he had missed the plane to Chicago and wound up in Bogotá.

The Bettmann Archive



June: The Pittsburgh Pirates erected a new bullpen. "This'll hold 'em," said the team prexy.

The Bettmann Archive



July: New York Nets star "Sugar" Ray Richardson disappeared again, but the season was over, so no one noticed. Richardson sent a telegram to the team owner anyway, explaining that he was in economy-class on a steamer to Lima.

AP/Wide World



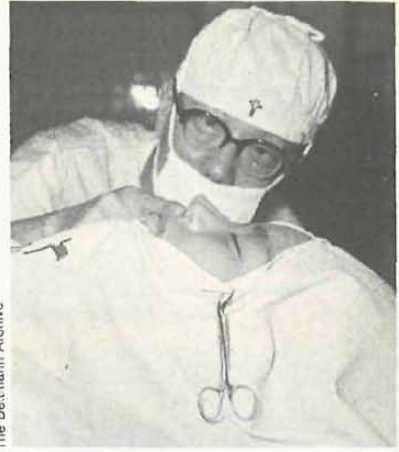
September: The basketball season started and New York Nets star "Sugar" Ray Richardson was missing. A *60 Minutes* researcher discovered an unidentified substance sewn into Richardson's jersey. The following week Richardson returned to the team, explaining that he had fallen asleep in front of the television set.

AP/Wide World Photos



November: A scene in the Boston Patriots locker room as the coach phoned the garage to request removal of the car driven into the locker room by a defensive tackle.

The Bettmann Archive



August: An unidentified San Diego Chargers player had his nose reconstructed.

The Bettmann Archive



October: An unidentified substance was named the National League's Most Valuable Player of the year.

Peter Kieranman



December: New York Nets star "Sugar" Ray Richardson disappeared. The New York Nets disappeared. The National Basketball Association disappeared.

PRODUCT BARGAIN BONANZA

Unisex sports apparel from world-famous

NATIONAL LAMPOON

— authentic styling and fit and brilliant, eye-catching graphics. Buy them now before your favorite store sells out.



TS 1050—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. \$26.95.

TS 1049—AUTHENTIC FOOTBALL JERSEY. Same as above, but made of 50 percent nylon plated 50 percent cotton, specifically designed with cotton inside next to your skin for comfort and absorbency. White. \$20.95.



TS 1059 National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt It's the T-shirt that everyone's talking about (everyone at National Lampoon, that is), and they're all saying the same thing: "My, what a nice T-shirt." It's great for a number of uses, including wearing. So get yours soon!
\$6.95 each



TS 1045—ACRA HOODED SWEATSHIRT. The pockets 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 Crelan® 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. \$18.95.

TS 1047—ACRA SWEATPANTS. A fitting companion to the Acra hooded sweatshirt. A fleece warm-up pant made of 50 percent Crelan®/50 percent cotton. With drawstring waist and elasticized ankle. In navy, with a yellow Mona Gorilla on the left leg. \$14.95.

TS 1046—ACRA SWEATSHIRT. Same specs as the hooded shirt, but without the hood. In navy with yellow lettering. \$13.95.

TS 1048—MARATHON 80 SHORTS. The Cohabitation Team wears these with the Acra sweatshirt for quick takeoffs. 100 percent nylon trikot running short with matching liner and inside key pocket. Doubles as bathing short. In navy, with yellow National Lampoon imprint. \$9.99.



TS1029—National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt Has the pictures of Otter, Bluto, Flounder, D-Day, and the others on the front. \$5.95

TS1034—National Lampoon Sweatshirt Available in navy with white lettering, white with red lettering, and gray with black lettering, this product is available in a veritable trioka of color schemes. \$13.95



TS1031—National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt Celebrates the funniest National Lampoon film since the first one. \$6.95.



TS 1057—OVERSIZE HEAVYWEIGHT TSHIRT. 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. \$10.95.

TS 1052—OVERSIZE HEAVYWEIGHT TSHIRT. 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 100 percent cotton. Deep armholes, extra body length and fullness. Women can wear it as a short dress. White. \$10.95.

TS 1053—OVERSIZE HEAVYWEIGHT TSHIRT. A great conversation piece. Ed Sussitzky's Risque Comic Strip with a great punch line. In full color, and the same specs as the Mona Gorilla shirt. White. \$10.95.



TS1019—National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt This gorilla looks more like a gorilla than a pair of socks does. \$4.95



TS1026—National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt This is the shirt preferred by fans of the live theater and the criminally insane. \$5.95



TS1027—National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Team Jersey The same item worn by our own team before management said we couldn't have any more. \$7.00



TS1036—National Lampoon Football Jersey With the famed V neck coveted by persons with triangular heads everywhere. \$13.95

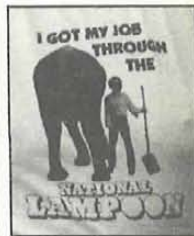
TS1038—National Lampoon Frog Sweater If it looks like quality, that's because it's handwoven by machines. With frog by cartoonist Sam Gross in gray or black. \$20.95



TS1028—National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Jersey Says "We can do anything we want, we're college students" on the back. And with 3/4 length sleeves, you can keep more of your arm clean when you slide into second. \$7.00

TS1032—National Lampoon Baseball Hat To own one of these is to own a hat. \$6.95

TS1040—National Lampoon Nightshirt Fun to wear. More fun to take off. \$7.95



TS 1058 National Lampoon's European Vacation T-shirt 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. **\$6.95 each**

TS1041—"I got my job through the National Lampoon" And you can get your T-shirt through the *National Lampoon* as well. It's our newest T-shirt and it's awful nice! \$6.95



TS1035—National Lampoon Frog Polo Shirt Cartoonist Sam Gross has lent his double-amputee frog to the spot above the left nipple on this fine product. In white, blue, camel, green, gray, or yellow. \$14.95



TS1039—"Save the Frog" Glow-in-the-Dark Jersey Cartoonist Sam Gross's famed legless frog can now be seen in the dark, though not by blind people, on this 100 percent heavy cotton long-sleeved thing. \$10.95



TS1030—National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket Famous satinesque jacket with real cotton lining, now sporting a striking new logo. Get it? Striking? \$33.95



TS 1043A • TS 1044B National Lampoon's Vacation Sweatshirt. On the left is the sweatshirt in precisely the same design as the enormously popular *Vacation* T-shirt. On the right is the "Walley World" Sweatshirt as worn by the Griswalds in *National Lampoon's European Vacation*. \$16.95 each.

TS 1019 \$4.95	—S_M_L	TS 1035 \$14.95	—S_M_L	TS 1045 \$18.95	—S_M_L_XL
TS 1026 \$5.95	—S_M_L	COLOR _____		TS 1046 \$13.95	—S_M_L_XL
TS 1027 \$7.00	—S_M_L	TS 1036 \$13.95	—S_M_L	TS 1047 \$14.95	—S_M_L_XL
TS 1028 \$7.00	—S_M_L	TS 1038 \$20.95	—S_M_L	TS 1048 \$9.50	—S_M_L_XL
TS 1029 \$5.95	—S_M_L	COLOR _____		TS 1049 \$20.95	—S_M_L_XL
TS 1030 \$33.95	—S_M_L	TS 1039 \$10.95	—S_M_L	TS 1050 \$26.95	—S_M_L_XL
TS 1031 \$6.95	—S_M_L	TS 1040 \$7.95	—S_M_L	TS 1052 \$10.95	—S_M_L_XL
TS 1032 \$6.95	—S_M_L_XL	TS 1041 \$6.95	—S_M_L	TS 1053 \$10.95	—S_M_L_XL
TS 1034 \$13.95	COLOR _____	TS 1043A \$16.95	—S_M_L_XL	TS 1057 \$10.95	—S_M_L_XL
		TS 1044B \$16.95	—S_M_L_XL	TS 1058 \$6.95	—S_M_L
				TS 1059 \$6.95	—S_M_L

Indicate the products you wish to purchase, enclose check or money order, place in envelope, and send to:

NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. 586, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

Please enclose \$2.00 for postage and handling for each order; New York State residents, please add 8 1/4 percent sales tax.

Check items desired and circle size.

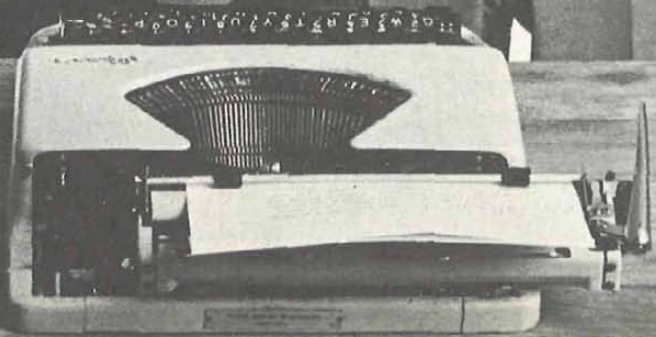
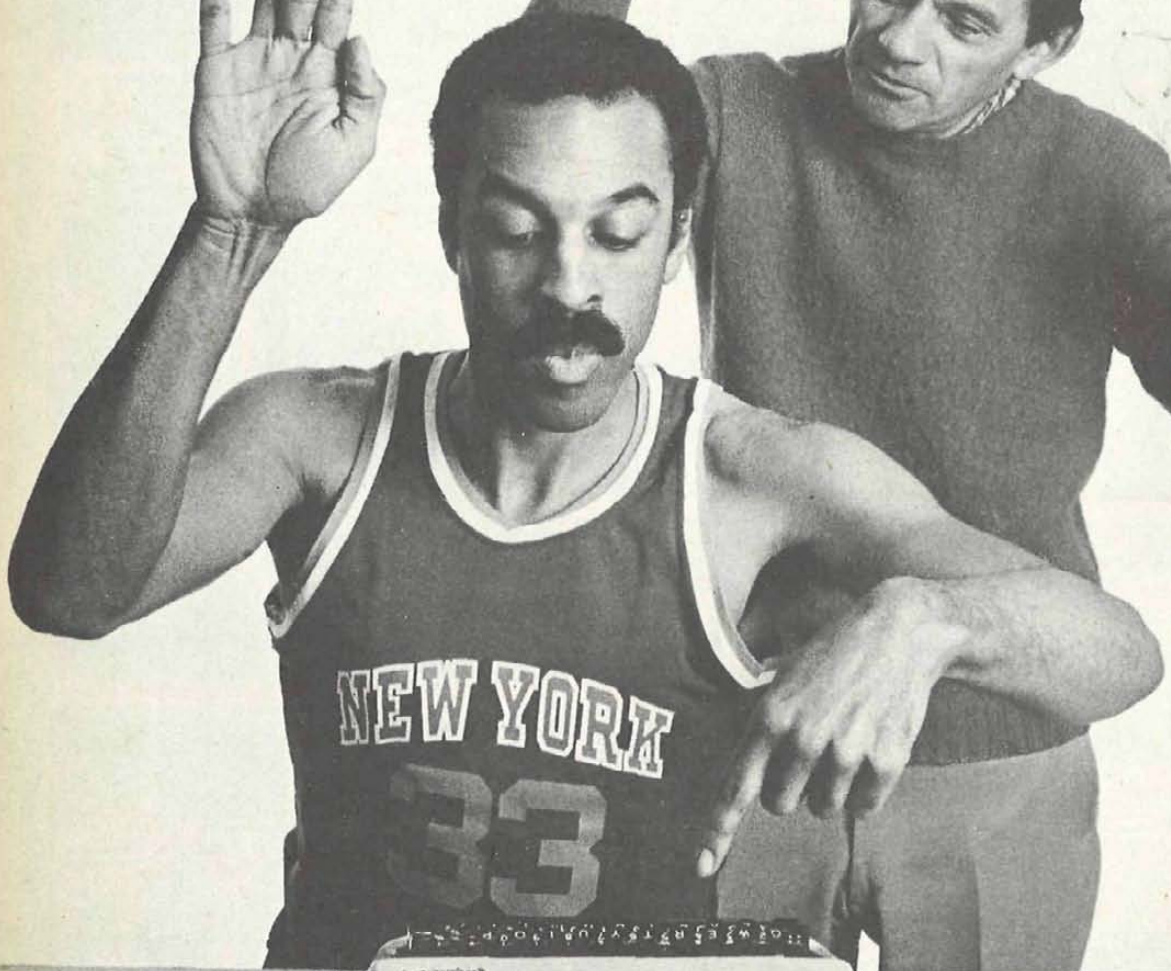
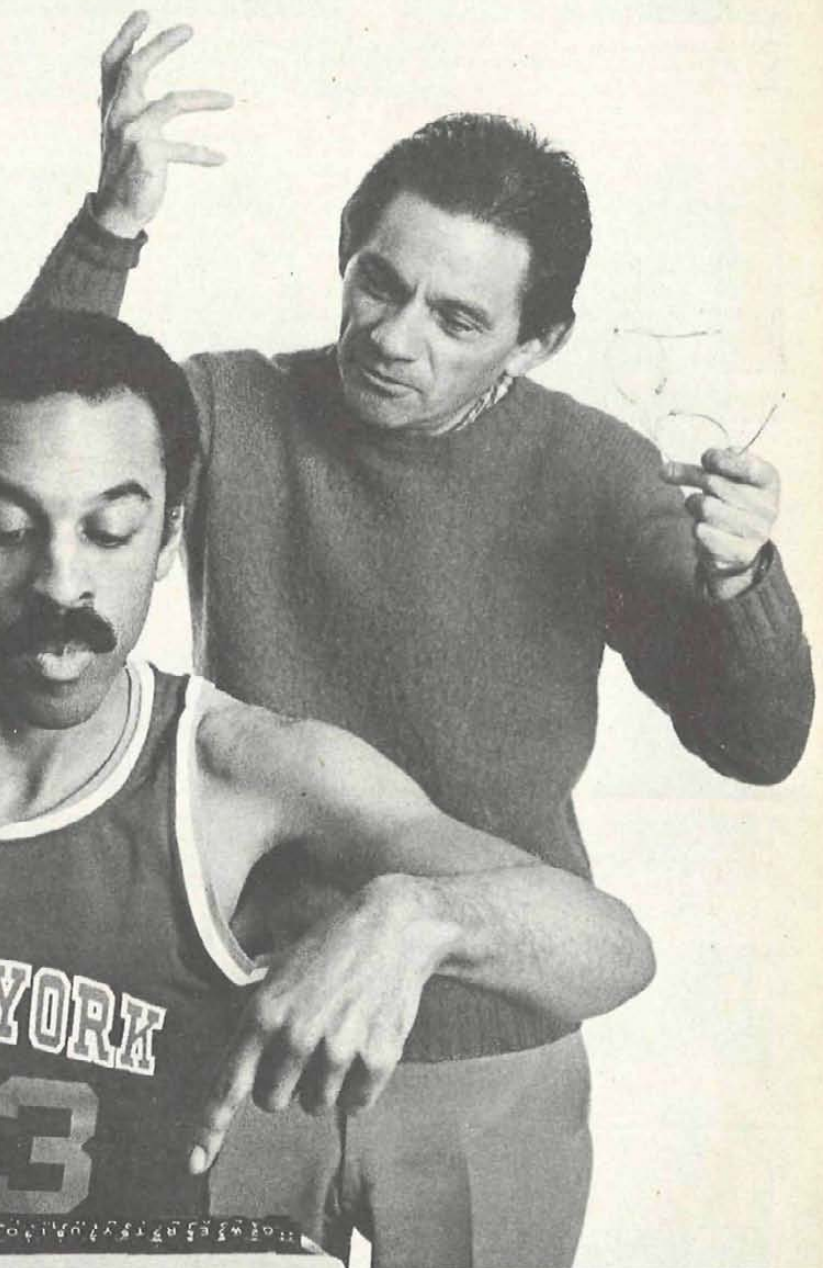
Name (please print) _____

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.



A Game of Words

by Irving Lescher
As told to Kareem Free Lunch
with Will Jacobs and Gerard Jones

It is not every day that an autobiographer openly acknowledges his ghostwriter. But having been so pleased with our collaboration on his life story, I Dunk, Therefore I Am, basketball great Kareem Free Lunch has done me the great honor of requesting to ghost my story in turn. At first, I will admit, I had my misgivings. I feared that the great differences in our ethnic backgrounds, educational levels, and social indoctrination would make it difficult for Kareem to capture the essence of my life, not to mention my literary style and speech patterns. But, to my great relief and delight, Mr. Free Lunch turned in a marvelous job, as the following excerpts will testify. Never again will I scoff when a television sportscaster remarks of a great player, "He did it on athletic ability alone."

—Irving Lescher, New York, 1986

you get an A."


Lenny, man, he pick *Othello* to read. So I take it home an' I reads it. That Othello be one bad soul brother. I know I's just a little white Jew boy, but I likes readin' 'bout the brothers. So it come Sunday night an' I knows I gots to get physical and write that whole repo't before tomorrow. 'Cause they ain't no tomorrow. Tomorrow Monday an' the repo't be due. It be a must-write situation, but shit, Irving Lescher he thrive under adversity.

I so tired next morning I get to school on athaletic ability alone. Lenny be happy when he read that book repo't. He go, "Man, this repo't inspire my ass. I gonna work out all off-season, and next year I gonna come back. Next year gonna be my year. Barring injury, I's gonna be number one!"

ready to play, Mr. C., I ready to play!" But what they give you? *Bull*-shit. That's what they give you. They give you *bull*-shit. The man go, "You got to work up to it, boy. You got to work on yo track record." Track record, shit. Irving Lescher be ready to play right there. He in condition. He ready to do his job. He got intensity. Y'all know it.

So I get down in SoHo town. If a man wants to grapple, he gots to get to the Apple. I moves to a garret an' I writes with merit. I write till I can't write no mo', but it don't keep me from bein' po'. You hear me? I just standin' in the shadows of litrature.

Now I got to get my style down. You gotta be smooth if you gonna move. I start wearin' glasses, little wire-rim fuckers, an' I get my ass this tweed coat with motherfuckin' patches on the elbows—you believe it?—an' I wears it over this black turtleneck shit. But I be a little Jew boy, so I likes the way I looks.



t

hey was this boy in my seventh-grade class, real dumb. Name was Lenny Weinstein.

Dude be *dumb*! Dude got no motivation. English teacher she say, "Lenny, you be doin' yo book repo't this weekend, you hear?" But Lenny go home, read comic books. Dude don't do shit. Now my own self, I finish my repo't on *The Red Pony* Friday night. I sit down, put pen to paper, boom! I got a repo't.

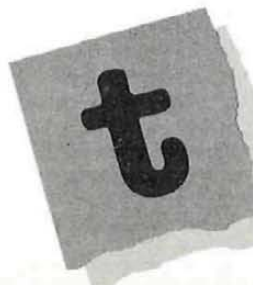
So then Sunday I see Lenny at the park. So then he go, "Irving, how you do it, man?" So I go, "Lenny, you gots to rebuild, Holmes. You gots to make a fast break. Can't be in a slump yo whole fuckin' life." So he go, "But I got no motivation, Slim." So I gets a brainstorm. I sees dey game plan in my head. I go, "Lenny, how many 'Fantastic Fo's' you gimme if I write yo repo't?" He go, "Shit, bro. You save my ass like that I give you ten." So I go, "I tell you what, bro. I tell you what. You throw in the first appearance of Galactus, I won't just *write* the motherfucker, I guarantee



S

works up this parity system an' the kids with the F's get me first. I's the man they come to when they need that extra inch. I help them dudes *rebuild*, Jack. They build they whole academic offense around me. So by the end of the year everybody in my class gettin' A's an' I got my ass a complete Marvel collection.

So one mornin' in the eighth grade I wakes up an' I *know*, Holmes. I know what Irving Lescher gonna be. Why fight when I can write? Don't hit the dude in the nose, hit him with some prose. Fuck the right hook, I gonna write me a book.



t

his writin' game got one mother of a farm system, bro. You come right at them editors an' you go, "I

o Lenny become a Cinderella story, an' pretty soon every student wanna draft my ass. So we



S

o now I gots my attitude an' I gots my equipment an' I gots to put a team together. I gots to get me a celebrity team, 'cause y'all can't be no ghostwriter less'n you got celebrities to be ghostwritin' on. Like they say, it take two to make a book come true. Trouble be, I don't know what kinda players to get. I don't be knowin' then that athaletes make the best books outta *all* kinda people. Athaletes, they got stories 'bout motivation an' 'bout comebacks an' 'bout drug problems. *Nobody* got lives like athaletes, Jack. But I be just a rookie then, I don't know no better. So I draft me McLean Stevenson for my books. I draft me Regis Philbin an' Desi Arnaz, Jr. an' Joey Ramone. Now maybe we don't got athaletic ability like some ghostwritin' teams, maybe we don't got the size an' the power, but we got *character*. When we go to the typewriter, we go there to *write*, bro. Believe it. Thing be, you can't win it

continued

continued from page 53

all on character. I mean, I can take a idea on the rebound an' I can take it down court an' I can pass it to my man, but we can't score, you hear? We can't dunk it, we can't stuff it, we can't get off a shot. Lemme put it in a simple way. Nobody publish my books.

Can you believe dat? *My Time Shall Come*, by McLean Stevenson (with Irving Lescher). *Babaloo Doesn't Mean I Love You*, by Desi, Jr. (with Irving Lescher). *Two Lives, One Mind*, by Joey and Regis (with Irving Lescher). These be good books, Jack. I mean, what more you want from a book? Don't know what some ofay bullshit editor want. Editor don't know shit. Motherfucker.



ll the time in art and literature an' shit you got mentors. They be a dude, just a rookie writer, he got a

load o' talent but he goin' no place, an' he hook up with some veteran dude, maybe he washed up thinkin' on retirement in his mind, an' he teach everything he know to this rookie dude an' this rookie dude be better'n bofe of 'em. It happen all the time in art an' literature an' culture an' shit. Like Alavin Dark an' Willie Mays.

Well, that's the way it be with me an' Jacob.

Time comes I find me a agent, dig. So I asks her about them editors. I go, "Sweet mama, what do it take to win their contracts for me?" An' she go, "Baby, ain't nothin' I can do for a rookie boy like you, but you find yoself a littery shack, that's where it's at." An' I go, "What that be, pretty baby?" An' she tell me about the best fuckin' writers' workshop in lower Manhattan. "Commercial, that's what those writers is," she go. "Commercial." She be one fine agent, that Rachel Sternberg. Got a nice big set o' white titties on 'er.

So I goes there, I open up the door an' I look at what's inside. An' they's writers everywhere. Everybody was autobiography-writin'. They style was fast as lightning. They paced with expert timin'. I tell you, it was quite enlightenin'. Well, one of 'em look up an' he goes, "Do you like good writin'?" I go, "Yeah, yeah." He go, "That sweet art writin'?" An' I go, "Art! Huh! What is it good for? Absolutely nothin' at all!" Then the dude holler, "Say it again, y'all!" An' then I knows. This dude gonna be my main man, gonna be my mentor, gonna be my ink-brother. No shit. I know if I reach out he gonna be there. Then I find out he be Jacob Sugarman, the biggest baddest ghostwriter in Hymietown.

Now 'round 'bout this time Jacob he be workin' on Ken Stabler's book, *Winning Isn't Everything, but You Can Buy a Ferrari with the Bonus*. So he let me come in an' sub for him on special situations, an' I commence to be learnin' his moves. Every day we be workin' out hard on the book together, me an' him, an' once when we towelin' off afterward he tell me somethin' I remember to this day. That be why I be writin' it down now. He tell me, "Irving, my man, I hear tell you be ghost-writin' all kinda autobiographies. All kinda movie star and musician an' politician an' shit. Am I right?" An I go, "Yeah." So he lay it on me. "Ain't but one kinda celebrity you wanna write on, soul brother. Ain't but one. Ath-a-letes. You hear me, boy? Athletes got the complexion and the connection to give you direction. Athletes got the physique and the mystique to be at the peak. Athletes got the tribulation and the motivation to give you inspiration. Check it."

So after that I only got two things on my mind: athletes and athletics. I jump on that Stabler book an' I floatin' like a little white butterfly an' I stingin' like a little Jew bee. An' Kenny, he look at my chapters an' he go, "My man, it's the same ol' book, but it's a different style since you come along. Next time I go score some snow from my man Curtis I gonna tell all the dudes in that basement that you got the spark an' you got the mark to be more than a lark. What I say!"

An' that's when it start. One minute the littery community see this little white rookie comin' at 'em, next minute all they see is Irving Lescher's back.

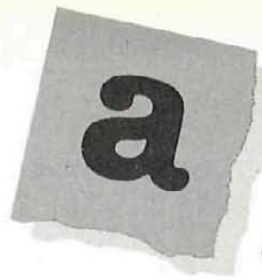


ou know when you a success? It ain't when yo books be climbin' the charts.

It be when some rich Jewish mama take a shine to yo ass. It be when she decide to show you off at her big cocktail party. You know you won the fight when you become a littery light.

White folk got strange parties, Holmes. They don't fry no fish or barbecue no ribs or pass around dey jug. They don't even get down. They just stand aroun' an' drink they cocktails an' talk they littery talk an' shit. But I likes that kinda party 'cause you know what I is.

They be this little fat ofay with his hair combed over his pink scalp rappin' with this hawk-nose skinny bitch. He go, "If Gabe Márquez didn't have the whimsy, his fuckin' books they all be flimsy." An' the bitch go, "You ain't zoomin', Slim. That *Hundred Year of Solitude* fill me full of lassitude."



n' they be these two bull-neck dyke-cunts talkin' 'bout Rita Mae Brown. One go, "Rita tell it like it

be—woman gotta be free!" An' the other go, "Sho nuff, sister. Through a woman's soul she do trek, an' all the time she be politically correct."

I be eavesdroppin' on them motherfuckers when my she-patron come up an' she go, "Baby, don't you just stew an' hate. 'Bout time you circulate." So she steer me over to this clot o' white ofay maggots an' she go, "People, now you listen up—this boy be goin' to the top." An' I almost say, "Don't call me boy, bitch," but then I remember I a little white Jew boy an' it don't matter none.



o one dude go, "Hey, blood, don't you think you be demeanin' yo intellectual capacities by

writin' on athletes an' TV ce-leb-ri-tees?" An' I go, "Say what? Yo mama, Holmes. The book may suck, but I get the buck. When you just write a chumpbook, it be overlook." So then this other motherfucker he go, "Boy, you just be a lackey an' a toad. An' because o' you the litracy erode." An' I go, "Say what? You be welcome to yo high horse, me I just pass you in my Porsche."

So I be gettin' real bored, but just then James Baldwin strut in. An' he see me an' he go, "Hey, blood, what be comin' down?" An' I slap him a high five an' go, "Hey, brother James, what you be tellin' on the mountain these days?" An' he go, "Hey, brother, you notice they be a hoop out there in the garage?" An' I go, "No shit, Slim. I got me a ball in the trunk o' my Porsche." So he go, "Let's shoot some hoop, blood. Let's shoot some hoop." An' I go, "Right on, brother!"

But o' course, none of that shit really happen, 'cause I ain't a soul brother. I be just a little white Jew boy, so when brother James walk in, I just ignore him like everybody else in the room.

So I be bored pretty bad till later my she-patron take me up to her boo-dwar. She go, "Boy, look like you be the next Thomas Wolfe." An' I go, "Baby, you can have yo web an' yo rock, I just want you to suck my little pink cock. An' if you sit on me an' spin, baby, I never go home again." So we had us some fun an' shit.

...WE'RE BACK...

128. I CAME, I SAW, I TOOK DRUGS.
129. STICKS AND STONES MAY BREAK MY BONES, BUT WHIPS AND CHAINS EXCITE ME!
130. PLEASE DON'T SMOKE AND I WON'T FART.
131. I FEEL GREAT AND I DON'T KISS BAD EITHER.
132. WHO FARTED?
133. NOISEY LITTLE FUCKER, AREN'T YOU?
134. THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO SAY I LOVE YOU, BUT FUCKING IS THE FASTEST.
135. COCAINE IS GOD'S WAY OF TELLING YOU HE'S MAKING TOO MUCH MONEY.
136. LIFE'S TOO SHORT TO DANCE WITH UGLY WOMEN.
137. REALITY IS AN ILLUSION PRODUCED BY AN ALCOHOLIC DEPENDENT.
138. I REFUSE TO HAVE A BATTLE OF WITS WITH AN UNARMED PERSON.
139. YEA, THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH, I SHALL FEAR NO EVIL, CAUSE I'M THE NEAREST MOTHER FUCKER IN THE VALLEY.
140. IF I HAD WANTED TO HEAR FROM AN ASSHOLE, I WOULD HAVE FARTED.
141. YOU CAN'T BE THE FIRST, BUT YOU CAN BE THE NEXT.
142. THERE'S A PARTY IN MY PANTS - AND YOU'RE INVITED TO COME.
143. LEAVE ME ALONE, I'M HAVING A CRISIS.
144. IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO HAVE A HAPPY CHILDHOOD.
145. YOU'RE PERVERTED, TWISTED AND SICK. I LIKE THAT IN A PERSON.
146. I'M ALWAYS IN TROUBLE BUT IT'S SO MUCH FUN.
147. FOR THIS I WENT TO COLLEGE.
148. ALL THIS AND BRAINS TOO!
149. YOU'RE UGLY AND YOUR MOTHER DRESSES YOU FUNNY.
150. TRUST ME, I'M A DOCTOR.
151. JUST VISITING THIS PLANET.
152. I'M SURROUNDED BY IDIOTS!
153. LIFE'S A BITCH AND THEN YOU DIE!
154. DON'T TELL ME WHAT KIND OF DAY TO HAVE.
155. IF YOU LOVE SOMEONE, SET THEM FREE. IF THEY DON'T COME BACK, BUNT THEM DOWN AND KILL THEM.
156. WE'RE HAVING GREAT FUN NOW!
157. I NEED SOMEONE REALLY BAD...ARE YOU REALLY SAD?
158. YOU'RE AN UP PERSON
159. HUNK UP
160. I LOVE EVERYBODY AND YOU'RE NEXT.
161. I HATE TO ADVOCATE DRUGS, VIOLENCE AND INSANITY, BUT THEY'VE ALWAYS WORKED FOR ME.
162. HOW CAN I LOVE YOU IF YOU WON'T LIE DOWN?
163. SAME BULLSHIT, DIFFERENT GAY!
164. D.A.M.M. - DRUNKS AGAINST MADD MOTHERS.
165. I ♥ TO FART.
166. NUKE THE GAY WHORES FOR JESUS.
167. PRETEND IT'S CANDY.



124. I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO WALK A STRAIGHT LINE, BUT I CAN SHIP AS HELI SNORT ONE!
125. TOURIST GO HOME...BUT LEAVE YOUR DAUGHTERS.
126. LIQUOR IN THE FRONT, POKER IN THE REAR.
127. NUKE THE PROTESTORS.
128. I PROMISE I WON'T COME IN YOUR MOUTH.
129. MY REPUTATION RESTS IN YOUR MOUTH.
130. WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT, DICKANUSE.
131. I DON'T LOVE YOU SINCE YOU ATE MY DOG.
132. LOST IN SPACE.
133. I - THE EXTRA TESTICLE.
134. NOT GAY.
135. EAT SHIT & DIE MOTHERFUCKER.
136. YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO SIT ON MY FACE.
137. I HAVE TROUBLE REMEMBERING NAMES. - CAN I CALL YOU ASSHOLE?

110. SEX HAS NO CALORIES.
109. I MIGHT NOT ALWAYS BE RIGHT, BUT I'M NEVER WRONG.
108. THE MORAL MAJORITY SUCKS.
107. I'M NOT AS THICK AS YOU STONED I AM.
106. IT'S SO RUCKY 'N GREAT TO BE ALIVE.
105. LIFE IS LIKE A SHIT SANDWICH, THE MORE BREAD YOU HAVE THE LESS SHIT YOU HAVE TO EAT.
104. HAVE A NICE DAY. FUCK SOMEONE.
103. DON'T FUCK WITH MY REALITY!
102. REALITY IS FOR PEOPLE WHO CAN'T HANDLE DRUGS.
101. MY MOM THINKS I'M AT THE MOVIES.
100. TOO DRUG TO FUCK.
99. HAVE A SHITTY DAY.
98. EAT SHIT & DIE.
97. I DON'T NEED LIFE, I'M HIGH ON DRUGS.
96. SHIT FUCK DAMN PISS HELL.
95. DRUGS SAVED MY LIFE.
94. ONLY SLEEP WITH THE BEST!
93. I WOULDN'T FUCK HER WITH YOUR DICK.
92. I'M SO HAPPY I COULD JUST FART!
91. SEX IS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE HORNY.
90. GO SUCK A FART!
89. I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, LET'S TRY IT.
88. CAN I BUY BACK MY INTRODUCTION TO YOU?
87. DROOP YOUR PANTS, I THINK I KNOW YOU.
86. IF YOU ARE TRYING TO ACT LIKE AN ASSHOLE, YOU ARE DOING A GREAT JOB.
85. TELL ME NOW BEFORE I WASTE \$10.00 ON DRINKS.
84. I SEE ME.
83. FEEL ME.
82. TOUCH ME.
81. EAT ME.
80. HUMPTY HUMPTY WAS PUSHED.
79. SEX WITH ANIMALS IS BETTER THAN THE CHICK YOU'RE WITH.
78. AN ELEVEN IS A 10 THAT SWALLOWS.

76. HOW CAN I SAY I LOVE WHEN YOU ARE SITTING ON MY FACE?
75. WHEN I WANT YOUR OPINION, I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU.
74. HOW DO YOU SPELL RELIEF? F-A-R-T.
73. FUCK OFF & DIE.
72. I'M THE KIND OF GUY YOUR MOTHER WARNED YOU ABOUT.
71. YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO GO FUCK YOURSELF.
70. THE WORD OF THE DAY IS LEGS, HELP SPREAD THE WORD!
69. LIFE IS A BED OF ROSES, BUT WATCH OUT FOR THE PRICKS.
68. FUCK OFF.
67. I MAY NOT GO DOWN IN HISTORY, BUT I'LL GO DOWN ON YOUR LITTLE SISTER.
66. I'M SO HORNY, EVEN THE CRACK OF DAWN ISN'T SAFE.
65. AS LONG AS I HAVE A FACE, YOU HAVE A PLACE TO SIT.
64. I'M NOT GOTTER DRAGGING THAT YOU'VE GOT HANGING.
63. MY FACE IS LEAVING AT NINE, BE ON IT!
62. GIVE ME HEAD 'TILL I'M DEAD.
61. SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME.
60. IN BUTTERSFACE, NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU FART.
59. FUCK YOU IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE.
58. I HAVE A NICE GAY ASSHOLE!
57. GAVE OUR BEACHES. HARPOON A FAT CHICK.
56. HEY LITTLE GIRL, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
55. PARDON ME, BUT YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEBODY WHO GIVES A SHIT.
54. I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM.
53. DRINK.
52. I GET DRUNK.
51. I FALL DOWN.
50. NO PROBLEM.
49. BEND OVER I'LL DRIVE.
48. I'M NOT WEARING ANY UNDERWEAR. FILM AT 11.

MAIL TO:
GUCCIONE ENTERPRISES
 Dept. NL56
 1070 S. Cypress, Bldg. H
 La Habra, California 90631

HOTLINE - To Use Your Credit Card Call: **1(800) 321-RUDE** (Cont. US, Alaska, Hawaii)
ORDER # (800 #'s for ordering only) **1(800) 322-RUDE** (California Only)
 All other information use our local #: **1(714) 879-4103**

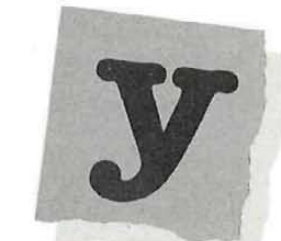
NO C.O.D.'S U.S. FUNDS ONLY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
 Foreign Countries add an additional \$3.00 per item. (WE SHIP AIRMAIL.)

LIST OF MORE SAYINGS TOO RUDE TO PRINT INCLUDED IN EVERY ORDER RECEIVED.
 HAVE IT YOUR WAY TOO, 100% COTTON OR 50/50 PREMIUM WEIGHT T-SHIRTS.

B.B. HATS		T-SHIRTS			
STYLE	COLOR	100% COTTON OR 50/50		100% COTTON	50/50
STYLE	COLOR	STYLE	SIZE	100% COTTON	50/50
		COLOR	COLOR	COLOR	COLOR
		INDICATE			
		SHIRT			
		COLORS			
		BLACK			
		NATURAL			
		YELLOW			
		RED			
		MAROON			
		WHITE			
		LT. BLUE			
		GOLD			
		NAVY			
		ORANGE			
		BLACK			
		TAN			
		ROYAL			
		WHITE			
		SIZES			
		SIZES			
		S/M/L/XL			
		S/M/L/XL			

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Send _____ T-Shirt(s) @ \$8.99 \$ _____
 Send _____ Baseball Hat(s) @ \$6.99 \$ _____
 TOTAL AMOUNT _____ \$ _____
 California people add 6% sales tax _____ \$ _____
 Shipping/Handling _____ \$ 2.50
 Foreign Countries add \$3.00 per item _____ \$ _____
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED (U.S. FUNDS ONLY) \$ _____
 Send Check / M.O. or charge my Master Card Visa Am. Exp.
 Credit Card # _____ Exp. Date _____
 Driver's License # _____
 Signature _____

A GAME OF WORDS



complacent, Slim. When the line kick back, the quarterback get sack. Man gots to stay on his toes if n he don't want the woes.

Maybe that will happen to me. For years my books be makin' number one. For years I be walkin' 'round with my index finger stuck up. So finally I gets complacent. An' not just dat, but motherfuckers be gunnin' for my ass. Suddenly everybody gots theyselves a revenge motive. You know, Norman an' Gore an' Truman. All them guys who be always dey bridegroom but never dey bride.

So when I come out with *My Life in Johnny's Shadow* by David Brenner (with Irving Lescher) motherfuckers rip me up. Motherfuckers say I be paradin' myself. You know. Like when Papa wrote *Across Dey River an' into Dey Trees*. Motherfuckers say he be paradin' hisself.

Like when the Juice get old. O. J. starts runnin' so much like hisself, the dudes know where he gonna cut. You know? So they tackle his ass. That what happen to me, Holmes. I be paradin' myself.

o then nobody want to fuck with Irving Lescher.

Lance Rentzel get somebody else to

write his book. Totie Fields get somebody else. Even Bill Gaddis get Tom Pynchon to write his'n. Look like Irving Lescher be losin' momentum. Look like Irving Lescher be down for the count, Home.

But fuck that. I jumps up at the count o' nine an' goes to Spain. I know it be time to be trainin' again. So I gets me a fancy hotel room an' orders up a goatskin o' wine. That shit be good, Jack. I be drinkin' that shit on the patio, watchin' the mamas go by. Them Spanish ladies got black hair, but they skin be white as a brother's teeth. I'm talkin' fine.

An' then I goes to the bullfights. Hang out with Bill an' Jake an' Brett. The bulls remind me of my own self. An' then on weekends we go fishin'. We talk about writin' a lot, but I's a little white Jew

intellectual, so I likes that. We even drive all 'round Europe lookin' for a war so we can be drivin' ambulances, but we can't find none. After three months of that shit I be ready to write again. Sometime you gotta train, so you can limber up the brain. I be ready, Home. All's I hadda do now was meet the right mother who want they autobiography writ.

ater on, the editors of *Life* say they was a little nervous 'bout approachin' me with a

new project. They say my last few books was a parade of my own self, an' they afraid I can't regain my former glory. Hallelujah. They decides they take a chance. They hears I just be back from Spain an' shit, an' they knows a dude be ready to write, be back from Spain. They go, "Lescher, you solve our worries if you be the one to launch our series. We know you won't try to soap us, but try to write yo magnum opus."

Every great artist need his masterpiece. Rembrandt gots his *Mona Lisa*. Tolstoy gots his *Brothers Dostoyevski*.

continued on page 82

JOAN OF ARKANSAS

A Modern-Day Football Fable

by Patrick Weathers and Sid Bartholomew



Cradled just west of the Mississippi River, in the southern portion of the U.S.A., lies the great state of Arkansas. It is an untamed land of endless beauty, where deep in the forests of the Ozark Mountains one might slip upon the droppings of a beast of mythological proportions—a wily and powerful swine and the namesake of that Arkansas football dynasty, the Razorbacks.

"WOOOOO—PIG! SOUIE!"

The legendary gridiron powerhouse had fallen upon bad luck, manifested in a long and exhausting losing season. Player and fan alike slumped beneath a cloud of despair that hung over the Arkansas hills like a deep, impermeable fog.

The Big Red hapless Hawgs were engaged in a grueling contest against their arch rivals, the Texas Longhorns. Even with the Longhorns' third-string players on the field, the game still looked like a rout.

"...Well, here we are in the midst of the second quarter and the Longhorns are leadin' it by a WHOPPIN' SIX TD'S and a safety. Coach Hatfield just can't seem to muster a rally from his once mighty Pigs."

To add to the humiliation of the Razorbacks, the Texas coach began substituting alumni members and Longhorn cheerleaders for his regular players, saving them for "a more worthy opponent." Hard-bellied young women and fragile-boned elderly gentlemen were seen suiting up on the Texas sidelines.

"Now, to attempt the extra point for the Longhorns, distinguished Texas alumnus and past president of the Southwestern Proctological Association, Dr. Charles R. Jenkins... AAAANNDDDD... THE KICK IS GOOD!"

What had begun as a festive collegiate event was beginning to resemble a cruel hoax.

At halftime, a weary Coach Hatfield cowered in the locker room with a horrified Arkansas team.

"Well, men, only one thing can save the Razorbacks from the embarrassment of a total defeat,"

said the coach as he sweated like a whore in Sunday school. "Do any of you know what that might be?"

The players looked at one another as they searched for the answer. "A steak and baked potato?" "A trip to the Little Rock girlie show?" "NO, MEN! ONLY A MIRACLE!" exclaimed the coach. "FROM HEAVEN!"

Meanwhile, high in the Arkansas bleachers, in the clarinet section of the pep band, sat a quiet, unassuming young coed named Joan.

As the lowly Pigs took to the field once again, the band director lifted his baton in an attempt to extract a dose of spirit from the little orchestra. Suddenly Joan became detached! An unearthly chill encompassed her frail frame. She could no longer focus on the tiny notes of music before her. For a moment she felt as if she might faint or suffer a massive discharge. Joan scanned the heavens as if to engage in a mind-lock with the deities. A luminous aura surrounded her as the heavens opened and belched out her name.

"JOAN! JOAN! JOAN OF ARKANSAS!!!"

The language was football, the message was

winning, and the voice was that of the late, great COACH PAUL "BEAR" BRYANT (only the winningest coach of all time).

Joan knocked the silly hat from her head and, brandishing her expensive clarinet, boldly cut a path to the Arkansas

sidelines.

The voice of the "Bear" thundered from the sky. "NOW LISTEN HERE. YOUNG LADY! GO FORTH AND WIN THIS FOOTBALL GAME!"

"But how, Coach Bryant?" Joan earnestly inquired.

"HELL! PULL THE OLE 'STATUE OF LIBERTY' ON 'EM, YOUNG LADY. HEE! HEE! HEE! THE BASTARDS WON'T KNOW WHETHER TO SHIT OR FALL BACK IN IT!"

"Pull the 'Statue of Liberty' on them?"

Coach Hatfield, overhearing the girl's words, dropped his headset and exclaimed, "That's not a bad idea, little lady!"

As Joan donned the armor of the modern-day crusader, the Razorbacks knelt reverently around her. Then she called the play.

"Give me the 'Statue of Liberty' on HUTT!"

The ball was snapped and Joan received the hike. She gracefully dropped back into the pocket, cocking her dainty arm as if to pass. Culsadac Williams, the Arkansas scatback, grabbed the ball from Joan's hand in a perfect exchange and poured on the steam to pay dirt. Joan called a quarterback keeper for the conver-



sion and the Razorbacks had light points on the board.

Joan self-assuredly led the team to a kickoff formation, where she gingerly toed the ball for a perfect onside kick. Razorback tackle Elijah Handy fell on the ball. The crowd was astonished!

Joan quickly called a huddle and assembled her enthusiastic teammates for the next play. Joan crouched, pressing her eager hands between the ample thighs of "Smilin'" Romanitious Calhoun. Then she barked the signal.

"...Thirteen...fourteen...JAILBAIT... HUTT! HUTT! Sixty-nine!"

It was the "flea flicker" on sixty-nine. Arkansas fans roared as Console Murphy took the flick and squirted through the Texas defense like shit through a goose. The Razorbacks were on the board again.

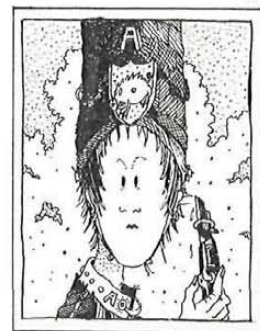
Play after play the visionary clarinetist-turned-quarterback led the Hawgs in a relentless rally to overtake the Longhorns. When the final gun sounded, the scoreboard read: Arkansas 63, Texas 44. The crowd went wild.

The next day every major publication in the nation ran headline stories heralding the miraculous win in Arkansas and the young woman who had led it.

The Arkansas fans were a story unto themselves. Razorback fever was at such a pitch it made Hiroshima look like a dress rehearsal. The game's outcome and Joan's performance had been so miraculous, Arkansas Catholics were prompted to call for canonization by papal authorities.

Joan readied the team for their trip to Dallas and the all-important game with the Mustangs of Southern Methodist.

She led the men through grueling practice sessions with messianic intensity. After her sweat-popping, soul-developing workouts, the men would hoist Joan upon their com-mo-dious shoulders and shuttle her to the showers. Here flesh and spirits were lifted in a hand-holding, heart-thumping, com-





tail," Joan sought refuge by squeezing beneath a stall door. Her narrow nostrils immediately flared. She was not alone.

"Yo! Does you remember me?" said the Arkansas center, regally ensconced on the toilet, attempting to pinch a loaf. "My name is Lamar Germaine Calhoun, but peoples calls me Bommanitious. Manitious be I. G., which stan' fo' Lamar Germaine."

Through this sensual onslaught, Joan managed to look relaxed and attentive. "Bommanitious is a lovely name," she

gushed. "But I am afraid I'm a bit absentminded. I can't seem to remember what position you play."

"Sho nuff?" said Bommanitious, the ole metaphorical light bulb appearing above his head. "Maybe dis will help you remember." Lifting his enormous bulk off the seat, Bommanitious turned backwards in the stall (no mean feat in itself) and assumed his bent-kneed, head-up, hands-down position. "Center!" gasped Joan before falling speechless at the entrance of the athlete's poop chute.

Finally, the day of the big game arrived. Joan opened the festivities standing erect on the fifty-yard line, wailing the national anthem in an impeccable impression of Frankie Valli at bay. The crowd went wild!

Joan opted to sit out the first quarter, sending the Razorbacks blindly into battle against a Mustang team "hell-bent" on victory.

The opening kickoff resembled the collision of two locomotives. It was anybody's ball, but when the whistle blew, the Mustangs had recovered deep in Razorback territory. A moment later the Mustangs



munal rendition of "Kum-ba-yah."

This fervent piety was followed by a raucous, good-natured towel fight, a high-spirited display of male bonding and sphincter hijinks.

To avoid the potential sting of a well-rolled terry-cloth "rat

led it by seven.

Joan sat alone on the Arkansas bench in a state of complete meditation. By late in the second quarter the Mustangs had chalked up a sizable lead. In desperation the Arkansas fans began to chant.

"JOAN! JOAN! JOAN OF ARKANSAS!" She opened her eyes, tossed aside her warm-up blanket, and sprang to her feet. Again the men kneeled in reverence. Again she crouched and pressed her wanting hands inside the substantial thighs of "Smilin'" Bommanitious Calhoun. Joan barked the signal.



like minutes, then began a downward arch into the competent waiting hands of all-American candidate Indelible Worthy.

"JOAN! JOAN! JOAN OF ARKANSAS!" Joan led the Razorbacks through a record-breaking second half and to another decisive victory. The final score was a stunning 83-21.

Joan shyly waved to the crowd as her teammates carried her atop their considerable shoulders from the gridiron to the showers.

Since the unforeseen arrival of Joan, the Razorbacks had turned a disastrous season into a Bowl bid against the nation's number-one independent, Notre Dame.

The nation was abuzz with football fever, but talk was turning to turmoil as the Catholic university, Notre Dame, was faced with the option of combating "Saint" Joan. The Cotton Bowl was beginning to resemble a cow pod—the longer you stirred it, the more it stank.

Refusing to supply any fuel to the rumor mills, Joan turned down all requests for interviews, preferring instead to spend her spare time in the athletic dorm assisting her teammates with their studies.

New Year's Eve, and the Razorbacks arrived in Dallas by bus. The "miracle" team was greeted by hundreds of enthusiastic supporters and curiosity seekers.

The Fighting Irish arrived in confusion. It seems the Irish's center, Terrence "Squirts" O'Grady, had circulated a bogus papal doctrine disclaiming Joan of Arkansas and labeling her a heretic. The players began to chant.

"BURN HER! BURN HER! BURN HER!" As usual the first series of downs was played



board they poured on the pressure. In the first half of play, Notre Dame leaped ahead 46-3.

If the first half had been tough on the Arkansas players, it must have seemed like purgatory compared to the hell the Irish dealt to them early in the second, as they continued to dominate the game.

Late in the third quarter of play, the Arkansas fans interrupted Joan's spiritual odyssey with the now famous chant.

"JOAN! JOAN! JOAN OF ARKANSAS!"

Joan opened her eyes and once again rose to take the helm. Again her teammates kneeled in reverence as she called the play.

"GIVE ME SAUSAGE DOWN THE CHUTE ON THIRTY-THREE!"

Joan slowly but confidently slid her sainted hands between the thighs of "Smilin'" Bommanitious Calhoun. As if on cue the Notre Dame fans began to chant.

"BURN HER! BURN HER! BURN HER!"

As she barked the signal the entire Fighting Irish defensive line jumped offside, and in a turbulent surge, scrubbed Joan of Arkansas the entire length of the field.

Joan was whisked by ambulance to the Dallas Burn and Trauma Unit, where she was treated for severe carpet burns she had received from the abrasive Astroturf.

The Fighting Irish trounced the Razorbacks that day, 63-3.



without the guidance of Joan. The Razorbacks found themselves in a fourth-and-fourteen situation. Naturally, they punted. Danny "Suds" Mc Carthy caught the ball and scampered in for the touchdown.

Once the Irish were on the board they poured on the pressure. In the first half of play, Notre Dame leaped ahead 46-3.

If the first half had been tough on the Arkansas players, it must have seemed like purgatory compared to the hell the Irish dealt to them early in the second, as they continued to dominate the game.

Late in the third quarter of play, the Arkansas fans interrupted Joan's spiritual odyssey with the now famous chant.

"JOAN! JOAN! JOAN OF ARKANSAS!"

Joan opened her eyes and once again rose to take the helm. Again her teammates kneeled in reverence as she called the play.

"GIVE ME SAUSAGE DOWN THE CHUTE ON THIRTY-THREE!"

Joan slowly but confidently slid her sainted hands between the thighs of "Smilin'" Bommanitious Calhoun. As if on cue the Notre Dame fans began to chant.

"BURN HER! BURN HER! BURN HER!"

As she barked the signal the entire Fighting Irish defensive line jumped offside, and in a turbulent surge, scrubbed Joan of Arkansas the entire length of the field.

Joan was whisked by ambulance to the Dallas Burn and Trauma Unit, where she was treated for severe carpet burns she had received from the abrasive Astroturf.

The Fighting Irish trounced the Razorbacks that day, 63-3.

Editor's note: Joan of Arkansas would never again pick up the pigskin. Today she is gainfully employed as a diamond distributor for the Amway Corporation. She lives near Fayetteville with her husband, Bommanitious. They have one child.

THE MILLION-DOLLAR KID

continued from page 36

seen the guy with the gun at the theater. I didn't want to talk about that. I came right to the point. She didn't deny it. How, I asked, could I sleep with my boss's girlfriend? He owed me a million dollars! We started arguing. I can't handle conflicts, so I did what I always do when I argue—I cleaned my apartment. It was a good, long fight, so I got a lot done. I took out the garbage, did the dishes. I even had time to repot a plant and shampoo the rug. By the time I was out on the ledge doing the windows, she was gone.

She went home, packed her things, called Rockwell, blabbed everything in a fit of hysterics, then left Dallas. Rockwell, in turn, made a phone call to his lawyer and asked one question: "Do they pay if he's dead?"

On reflection, I don't think he was the guy I should have gone to for help.

After my three friends drove back from Fort Worth and released the gunman, they came up with a plan. This time they would make sure the body they snatched was mine. Tiny would sit in the very top row of the stadium and signal Whitey, who would look for the signal, then run in and tell Curly, who would be in the runway waiting for me when the game was over. The two of them would grab me. It seemed simple enough.

It was the last game of the season. We had a chance to capture fifth place. As a result, the stadium was packed. Even the commissioner was there. Going into the

ninth it was a tie game, thanks in part to Fotsy, who only lost his arm twice. With one out I hit a ground ball to short. The ball came to first a few feet ahead of me, but the ball never made it. I heard a whizzing past my ear. In midair the ball rose and flew up the right-field line. I was thinking, What a funny thing for a ball to do, when I heard the whizzing sound again. This time I had a bullet hole in my sleeve. The first baseman gave me one of those what-the-fuck-is-going-on looks. Two more whizzes hit the dirt in front of me. I turned and saw a flash come from high atop the stadium. Someone with a rifle. I began to run. I didn't know where to go, but my baseball instincts sent me to second. I rounded second and headed for third, juking all the way. I rounded third. I figured as long as I was on the field I'd try to win the game. The throw to home beat me by a mile, but it didn't matter. The catcher got shot and dropped the ball. I was safe. We won the game! We were in fifth place!

All the pent-up frustrations of the last few days suddenly erupted. I grabbed a bat and stormed up into the stands toward the guy with the gun. The rest of the team had flattened to the ground when the shooting started. Now they were mad. They followed me, brandishing bats. Fans were falling all around us as Rockwell's sniper shot blindly. Shrieks of terror filled the stadium. Fans were in the aisles sobbing and praying. A stadium cop ran over to Rockwell. "Boss!" he screamed. "The fans are getting killed!" Rockwell shrugged. "Fuck 'em! They didn't come to one damn game

all year and now they're crying!"

There was sheer pandemonium as fans were climbing over each other trying to get out while others stormed the field in celebration of our capturing fifth place. It was a sea of humanity, pushing every which way, and though we were cutting a path with our bats through that mess of humans, it took forever. Even with Raven's stirring organ rendition of Cole Porter's "Begin the Beguine" urging us on.

At my side I found a hysterical Rockwell. I thought he was there to help me, so I handed him a bat. Instead he pointed at me and screamed up to the sniper, "Not the customers! HIM!!!" Suddenly he fell backwards, and a dark red stain oozed from his shirt. I thought he was shot. But he wasn't. He had been hit in the stomach with a jelly doughnut thrown by a fan.

Meanwhile, upstairs, Tiny hadn't realized a thing, like why forty thousand frantic people were suddenly in a panic. All he felt was a tickling sensation under his armpit. When he finally looked down, he saw to his surprise a gunman hidden behind his seat, using him as a shield and firing a rifle. He nonchalantly told him to stop it, and when ignored, followed it up with a smash to the head with his binoculars, knocking the gunman out, saving the day, and finally ending the season.

Well, as you can imagine, it was pretty crazy. Lily came back to the stadium and searched the ruins. She found Rockwell where the fans had left him, under a pile of half-eaten hot dogs, peanuts, pretzels, and beer. She cleaned him off and then they hugged, swearing they'd never part, even if he had to go to jail. Rockwell eventually got out of the baseball business and into the bogus-medical-degree business. Eventually the two of them got married. So did J. P. and Heather Gale. I didn't even know they knew each other.

You might think I was bummed out by all this. Well, I wasn't. You see, who should I bump into in the stands but Gilda. She was leaning over her brother Glen, who had been shot but was still shouting happily, "We're NUMBER FIVE!!!" We got to talking, and she said she had never seen a locker room before. So we left Glen, and I took her down through the tunnel, where we were both kidnapped by Whitey and Curly. When we got to their car, Tiny joined us. The five of us drove to Montana, where I married Gilda. The three of them acted as my best man.

After my honeymoon, I received an envelope from the new owner of the Marauders. Because of the great year I'd had, he'd doubled my bonus. Included in the envelope was an IOU for two million dollars.

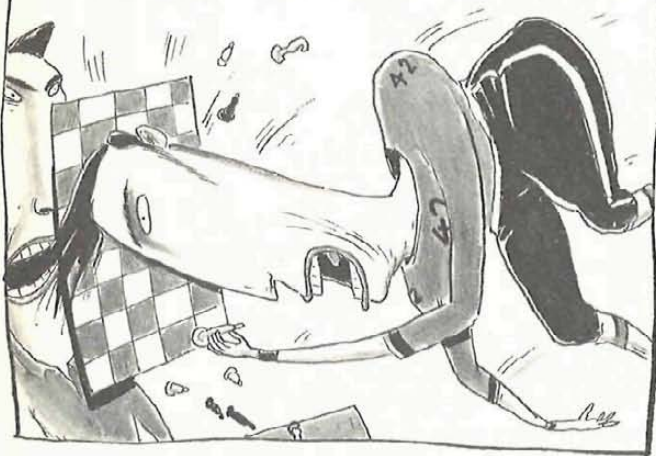
You gotta love the game! ■



Bad Sports

by buddy hickerson

1. Full-Contact chess



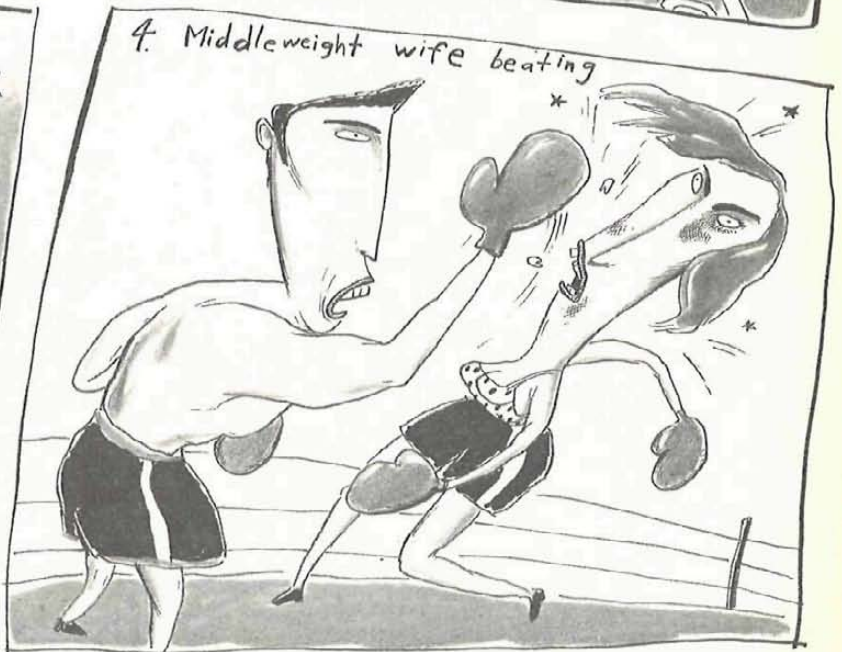
2. Lesbian Football



3. Skydiving at night



4. Middleweight wife beating



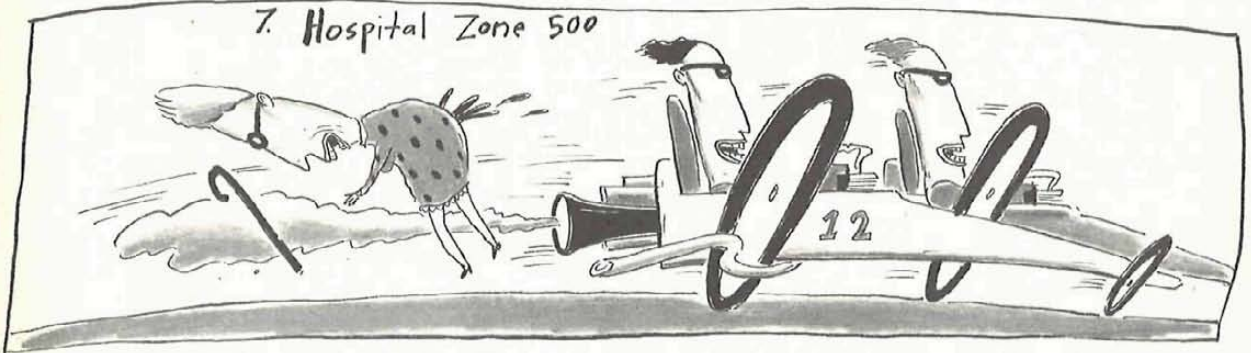
5. French kissing for depth



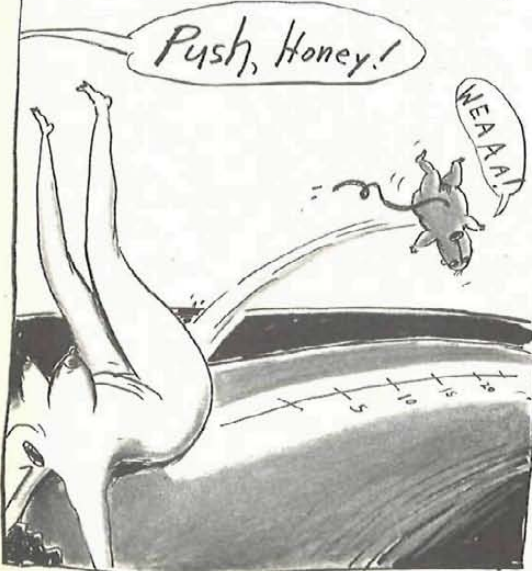
6. Windsurfing



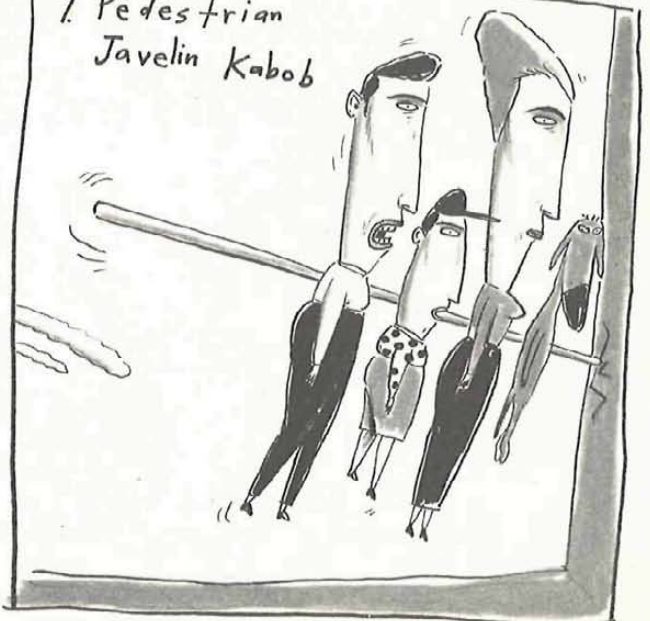
7. Hospital Zone 500



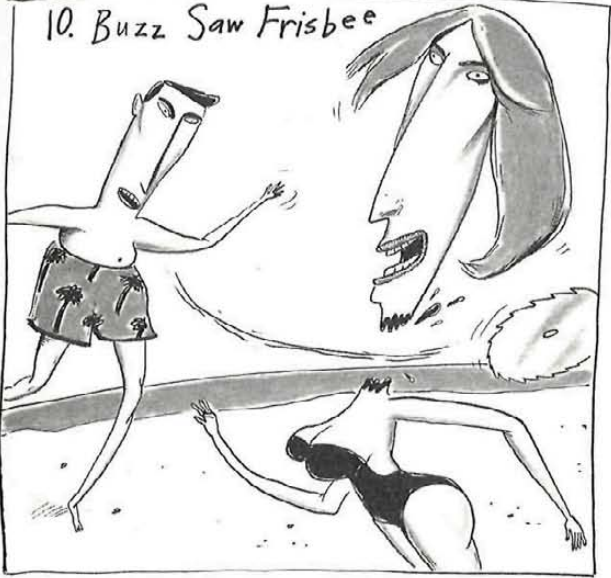
8. Giving birth for distance



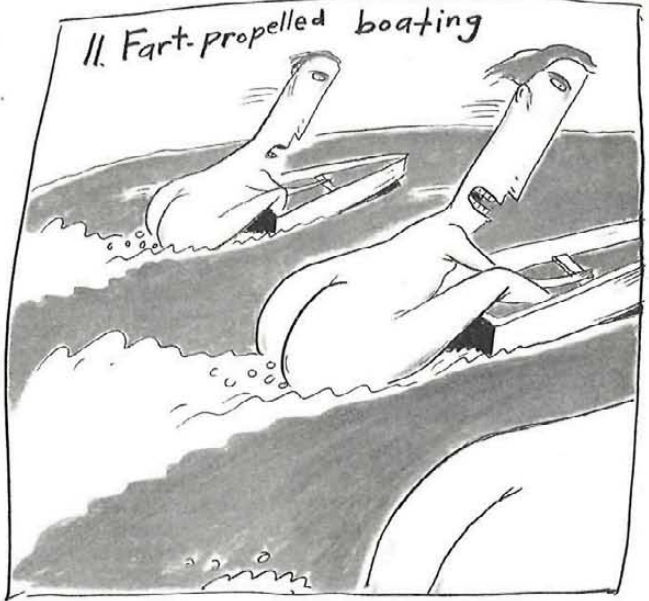
9. Pedestrian Javelin Kabob



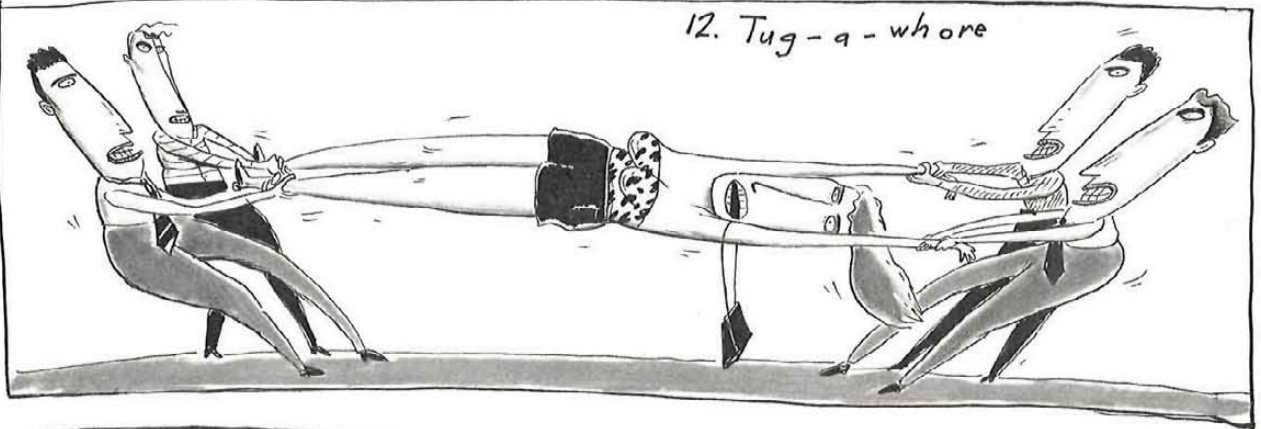
10. Buzz Saw Frisbee



11. Fart-propelled boating



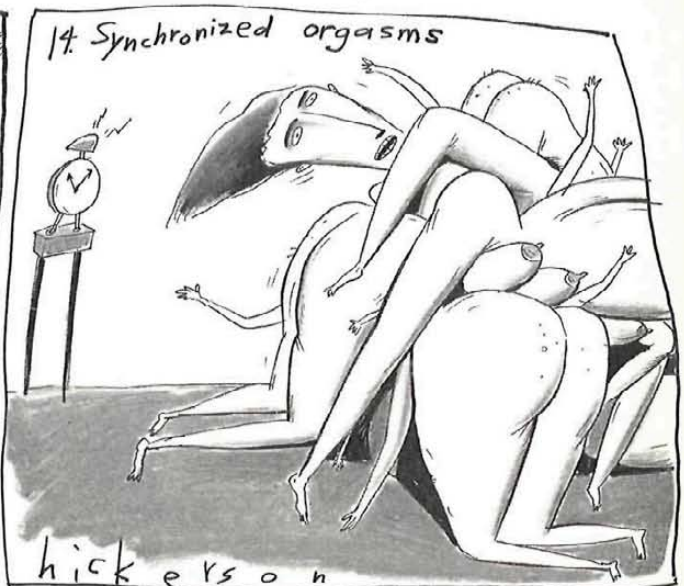
12. Tug-a-whore



13. Knife Blade Slalom



14. Synchronized orgasms



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 drooping on one's foot. \$19.95
- National Lampoon Foto Funnies** Funnies told through fotos. Funny. \$2.95 No. 1 1980
- 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. 4** Just the good shit from 1972-1973. \$2.50
- 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 Comics** Not the stand-ups, just the lay-downs. \$2.50
- National Lampoon Dirty Joke Book** The filthy, the funny, and the farmer's daughter. \$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
- OCTOBER 1972** / Those Fabulous Sixties
- 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

- NOVEMBER 1973** / Sports
- DECEMBER 1973** / Self-indulgence
- JANUARY 1974** / Animals
- 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
- MAY 1975** / Medicine
- AUGUST 1975** / Justice
- SEPTEMBER 1975** / Back to College
- OCTOBER 1975** / Collector's Issue
- NOVEMBER 1975** / Work
- DECEMBER 1975** / Money
- JANUARY 1976** / Secret Issue
- FEBRUARY 1976** / Artists and Models
- MARCH 1976** / In Like a Lion
- APRIL 1976** / Olympic Sports
- MAY 1976** / Unwanted Foreigners
- AUGUST 1976** / Summer Sex
- 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
- DECEMBER 1979** / Success
- 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
- NOVEMBER 1980** / Potpourri
- DECEMBER 1980** / Fun Takes a Holiday
- 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
- APRIL 1983** / Swimsuit
- 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** / The last of the old *NL*
- JANUARY 1985** / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1985** / A Misguided Tour of New York
- MARCH 1985** / The Best of 15 Years
- 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
- OCTOBER 1985** / Music Issue
- NOVEMBER 1985** / Mad As Hell
- DECEMBER 1985** / Reagan and Revenge

- 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 — 1985 — \$24.00 each — 1978 — 1982

If issues in any given year are not listed above, please select replacements for missing issues.

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

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed \$ _____

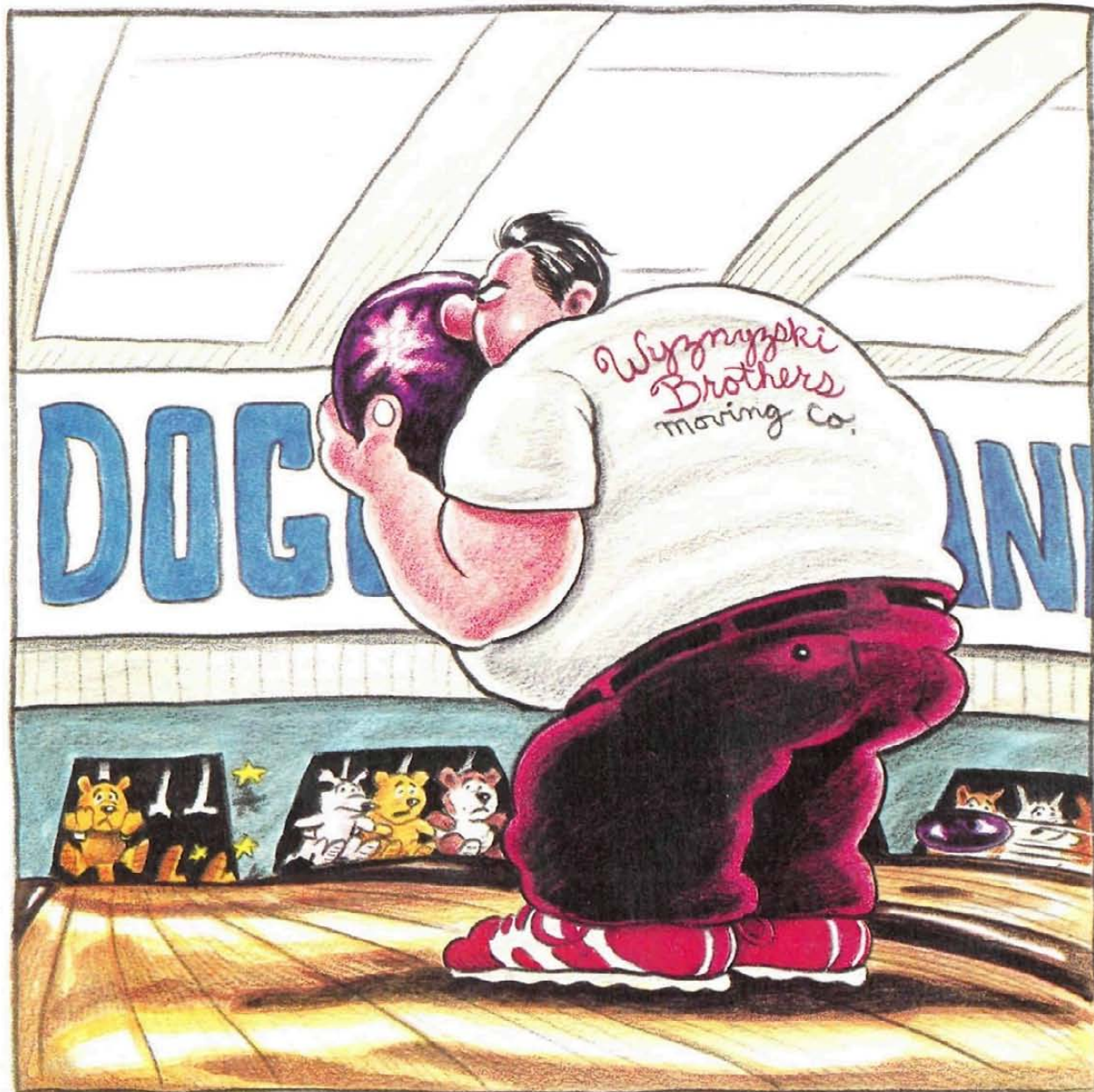
Tear out the whole page with items checked, enclose check or money order, and mail to:
National Lampoon, Dept. 586, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Are you tired of the same old sports? Do you know that most sports are older than Ronald Reagan? Do you turn on the tube and wish for something a little more exotic? Well, then you're probably ready for...

GREAT NEW SPORTS

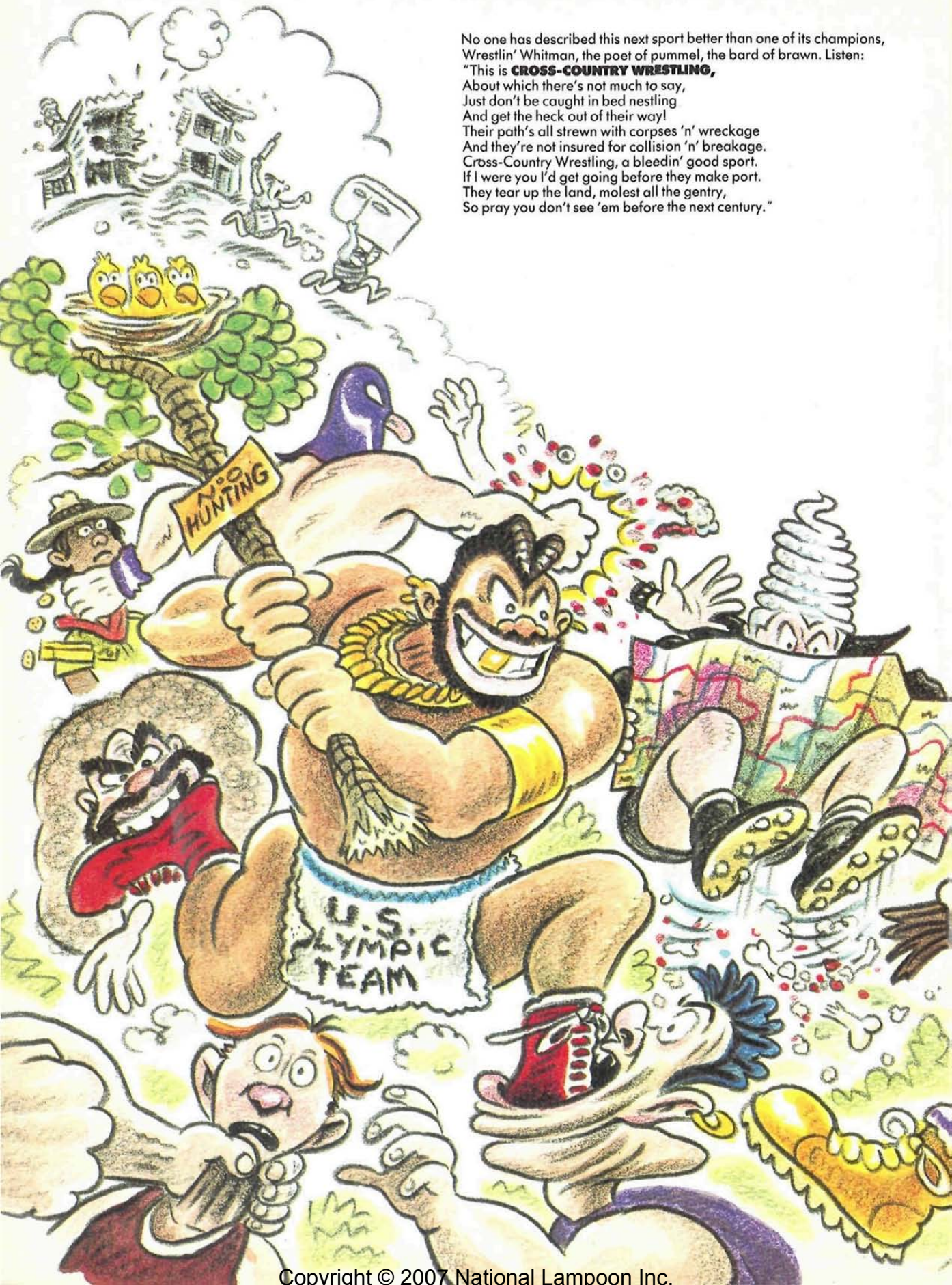
Eight, to be exact.

by Red Meyerowitz, sportswriter



BOWLING FOR DOGGIES debuted at Livestock Lanes in Dallas last year with much fanfare and clamor by fans of canine carnage. Sadly, the tournament broke up when bowlers complained about the disparity in dog sizes and when one very large, very angry St. Bernard named Rambo ran amok in the vending area.

No one has described this next sport better than one of its champions, Wrestlin' Whitman, the poet of pummel, the bard of brawn. Listen: "This is **CROSS-COUNTRY WRESTLING**, About which there's not much to say, Just don't be caught in bed nestling And get the heck out of their way! Their path's all strewn with corpses 'n' wreckage And they're not insured for collision 'n' breakage. Cross-Country Wrestling, a bleedin' good sport. If I were you I'd get going before they make port. They tear up the land, molest all the gentry, So pray you don't see 'em before the next century."



In the rough-and-tumble world of **UNIBOXING** it helps to have more than one personality. The best of these schizo scufflers have a dozen or more maniacs hidden inside them who they imagine work in their corner, go for cigarettes, and shout encouragement while they pound themselves senseless in a padded ring.

Just who would care to see such a thing is not yet clear. But business seems good, with each spectator buying two or more tickets.



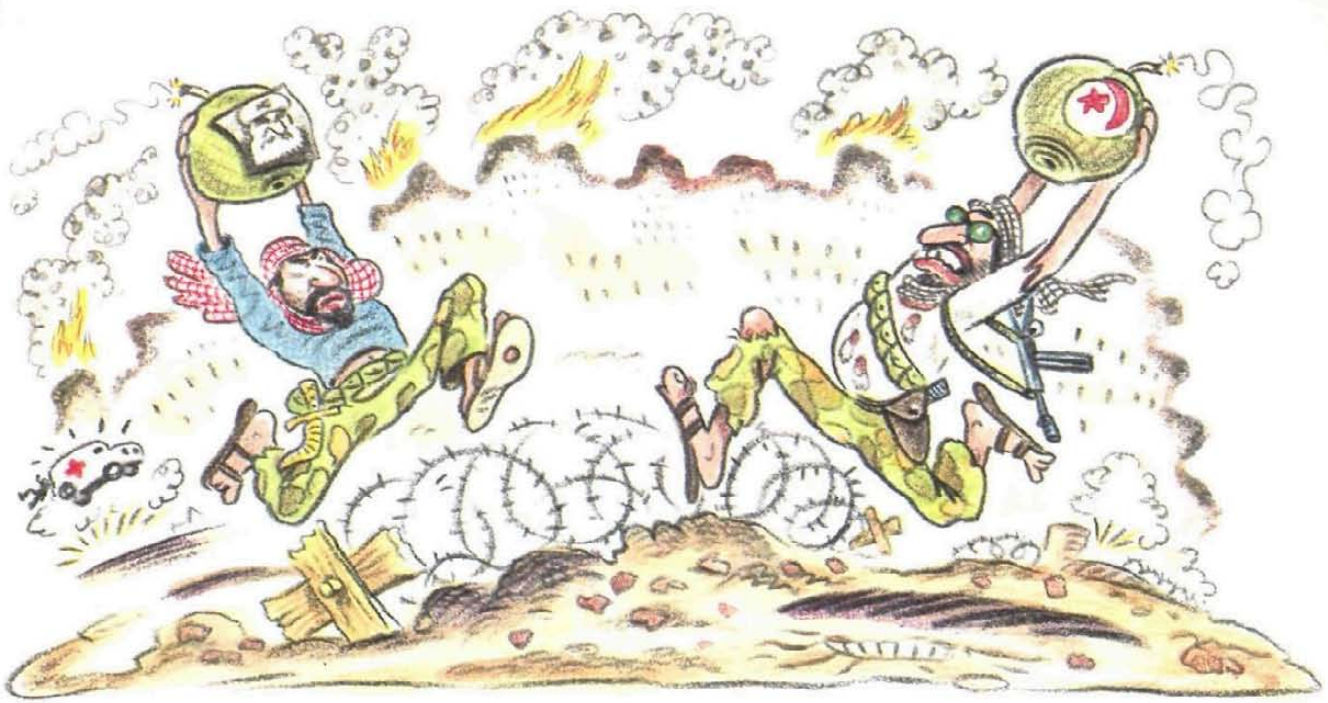
POLISH VAULTING is no joke and is a little hard to explain. To play you need at least twenty people and a ham in a big pile. You need a pole and you need a Pole with the mentality of a bowling ball. It is said that when it comes to Polish Vaulting, Lech Walesa, Wojciech Jaruzelski, and the pope all agree: "Gonad Karushka"—"We love it!"



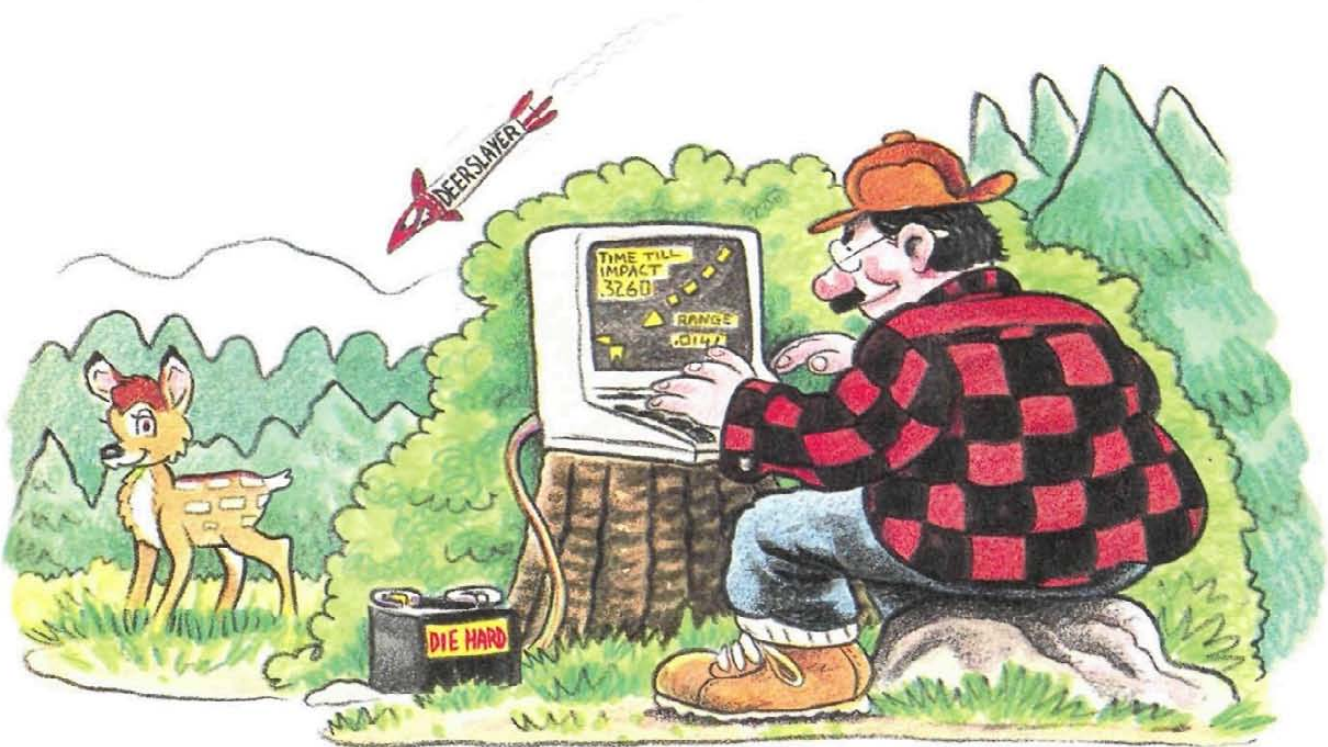
Under General Secretary of the Party Gorbachev, those who wish to emigrate from the Soviet Union are allowed to do so. However, they don't just leave, they are literally thrown out. To do this the Commissar for Sports and Heavy Industrial Greases has created a new sport, **THE SOVIET PEOPLE'S THROW**. There are plenty of rules.

TUBA DIVING. Virtuoso divers have reached a depth of two hundred feet, hitting bottom just as they hit their lowest note. So what if returning to the surface with a tuba filled with water presents some difficulty? So what if one's last oom-pah-pah coincides with a visit by a school of music-loving mako sharks? So what if diver and instrument are packed away in the lunch box of a whale? Without challenge life is not worth living. Alas, having faced this challenge, many brave artists have tooted their last submarine symphonies among the flounder in farewell concerts, center stage, at Davy Jones's Hall.





VOLLEYBOMB Arab-style is so popular in Beirut that the Third World Cup has been held there for the last ten years. Players from rapidly changing sides run toward each other shouting appropriate slogans about mothers and pigs and carrying the explosive of choice. Although this game appears pointless to sane people, it has attracted many ardent practitioners all over the Arab world and is now played by them in airports and shopping arcades in Western Europe. Next year's cup match will be in Teheran. May Allah give them much ammunition and bless them with good aim.



COMPUTER HUNTING. To know the thrill of hunting by computer, to kill with the press of a key, to always be within range of a tasty little doe, a noble stag, even a stupid little porcupine is now possible with new software available to Computer Hunters. Using the newest technology, a hunter in the field need only stand up occasionally, to run like hell. Still, when all the bugs are worked out and those small towns in Vermont are rebuilt, we know that this is the sort of sport that will really take off. We hope it lands in the right place, that's all.



FUNNY PAGES



OLIVER WHACKO LAND

OH, BOY--NOW THAT OLIVER'S BEEN FITTED WITH NEW HANDS AND FEET, HE'S READY TO WORK!

... BUT WHERE WILL THE ASSIGNMENT ROBOTS PUT HIM?!

HE'S TOO STUPID FOR SECTION #5A.

YEAH, AND HE'S TOO WEAK FOR SECTION #2 R.

SO, LET'S PUT HIM IN #3Z.

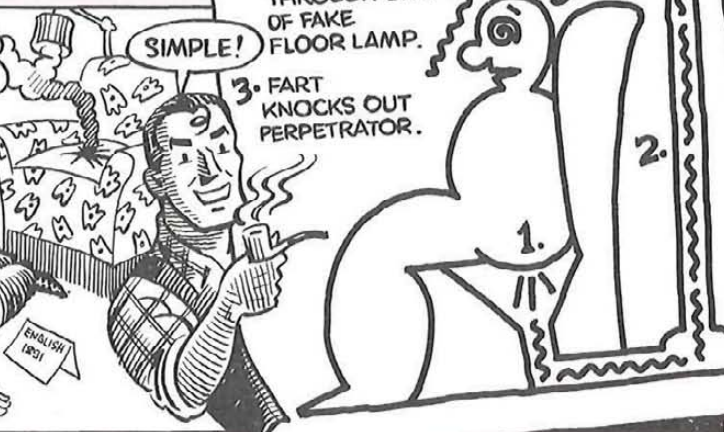
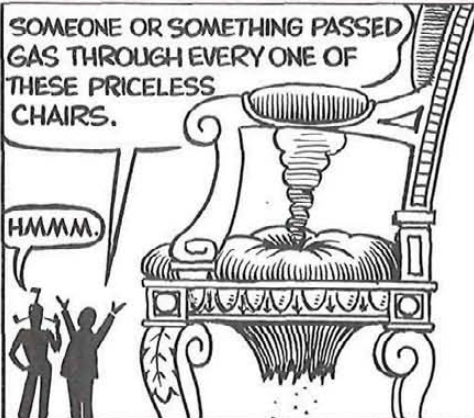
#3Z? OH, THE POOR SHIT!!!



SAAAY-- IT LOOKS LIKE OLIVER'S HAVING A HARD TIME GETTING THE HANG OF HIS NEW JOB!



LOOKS LIKE A WHOLE NEW DEAL FOR OLLIE!



By RON BARRETT / LETTERED BY NED SOMNAG

DIRTY FATHER HARRY

PRIVATE CELIBATE DICK

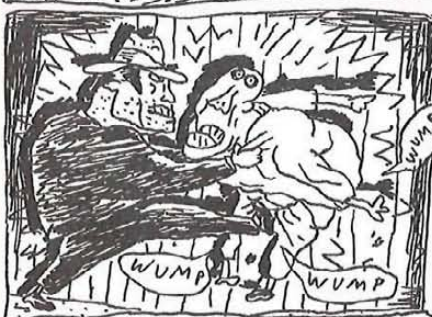
THE CITY - A SPRAWLING MASS OF DISMAL GRAY CONCRETE SEETHING WITH VICE AND WICKEDNESS. THEY SAY THAT EVERY 15 SECONDS A MORTAL SIN IS COMMITTED IN THE CITY.



A SCREAM PIERCES THE STILLNESS OF THE VIRGIN NIGHT AIR.

What can I say? I'm a Sap for a dame in distress.

WHATTA I GET?! A SOCK IN THE PUSS.



No one would ever accuse Father Harry of being too forgiving.

The maverick Dirty Father Harry may, indeed, be alone in his belief that the Hand of the Lord wears brass knuckles.

© Mark Cyril Marek, 29

Take your pic.

Take the lens on the left. It's our 35-135mm One-Touch Macro f3.5, a dramatically clear, all-purpose zoom that's a mere 3½ inches long.

Or take the Cosina 35-200mm One-Touch Macro f4.0 on the right: everything you need in a zoom, packed into just 4½ inches.

Like all Cosina lenses, both are backed by a phenomenal 10-year limited warranty. So you can choose either one, and you'll know you've picked a winner.

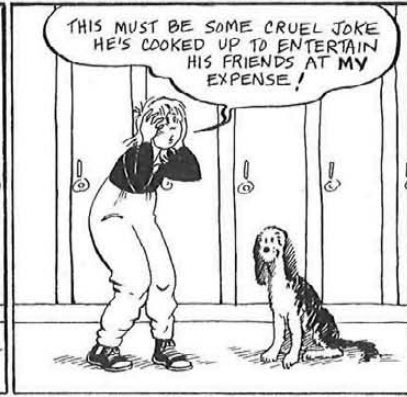


Cosina America Inc., 1480 N. Lakeview Ave., Anaheim, CA 92807. For more information, call 800-821-0186. In California, call 800-228-2392 or 714-779-7751.





TROTS and BONNIE



©86 SHARY FLENNIKEN

ENTERTAINMENT FREAK

ART: DREW FRIEDMAN SCRIPT: JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN ©1986

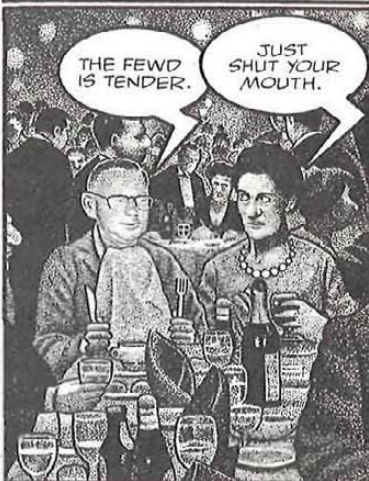
IN JUNE OF 1961, DAVE AND MIRIAM GROUSE SPEND THEIR SPRING GETAWAY WEEKEND IN THE BORSCHT BELT.



IT WAS ENTERTAINMENT THEY WANTED, AND ENTERTAINMENT THEY GOT. THAT NIGHT DAVE BROKE IN HIS FINEST BAGGY PANTS TO THE JUNGLE RHYTHMS OF CUGAI!



FROM THERE, THE FUN COUPLE LAND A FRONT TABLE REZ FOR THE DINNER SHOW AT GROSSINGER'S.



STUFFED TO THE GILLS, ENGAGED IN THE DIGESTIVE PROCESS, DAVE'S HAMMY BUTTOCKS SINK COMFORTABLY INTO HIS SEAT. THE TENSION MOUNTS.



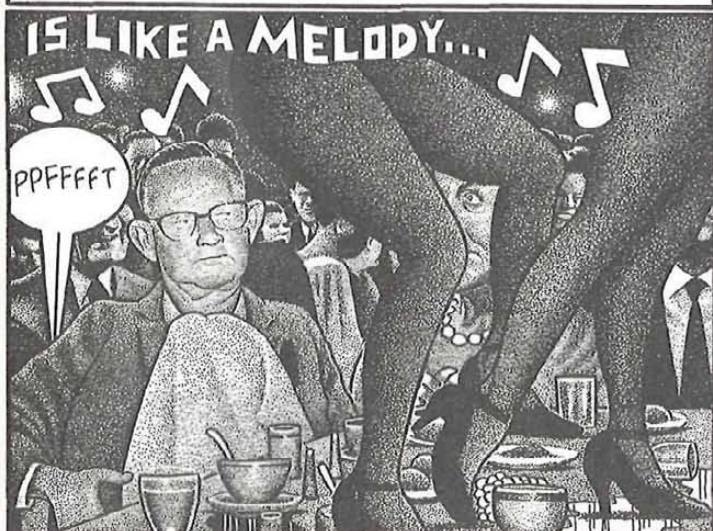
EUREKA, THE GROUSES ARE IN LUCK! OPENING THE SHOW ARE SANDLER & YOUNG, ROMANTIC SONG STYLISTS.



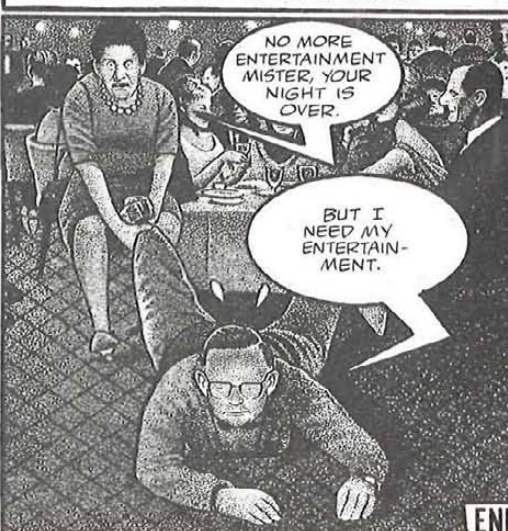
THE ENTERTAINMENT STARVED COUPLE SOAK UP THE GLAMOUR.



BUT THEN, THE ENTERTAINMENT GOES PERHAPS A TAD TOO FAR.



DAVE'S LOVELY WIFE, MIRIAM, CUTS THE EVENING SHORT.



END

EASILY THE BEST



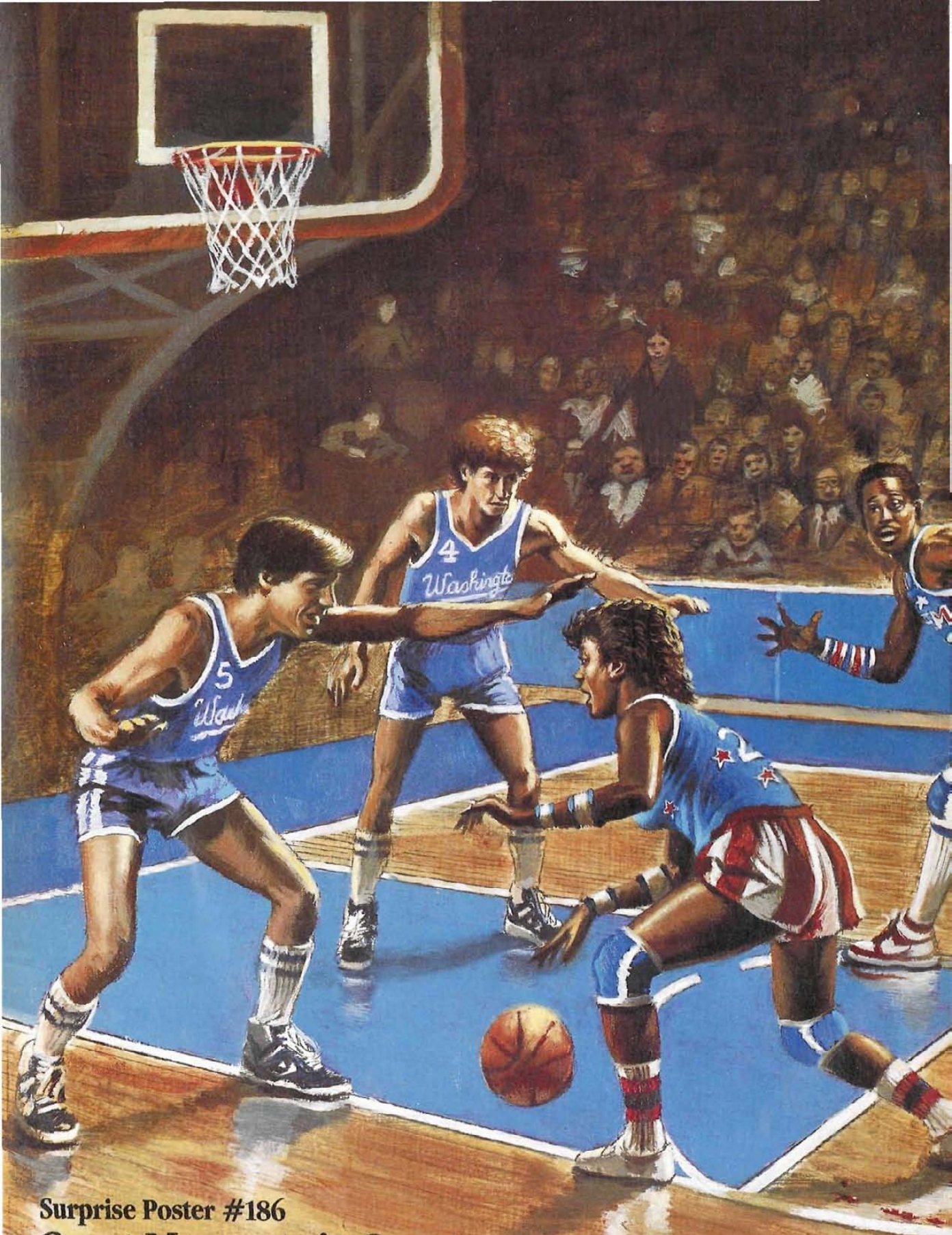
e-z wider
er e-z wider
ider e-z
der e-z

You'll be e-z'ly the best with a newly designed e-z wider t-shirt (50% polyester/50% cotton). Send \$6.95, and you'll receive a three-booklet sampler **absolutely free!** Send coupon to: Rizla U.S.A., Inc., P.O. Box 1046, West Caldwell, NJ 07007-0829. NL86

Size	Quantity	<input type="checkbox"/> Check/Money order	<input type="checkbox"/> MasterCard	<input type="checkbox"/> Visa	(Minimum credit card order is \$10.)
Small	_____	Card # _____	Expires _____		
Medium	_____	Signature _____			
Large	_____	Name _____			
X-Large	_____	Address _____			
	City _____	State _____	Zip _____		

New Jersey residents must add sales tax. Offer is limited to U.S. Please allow 6-8 weeks delivery. All rights reserved © 1986 RBA



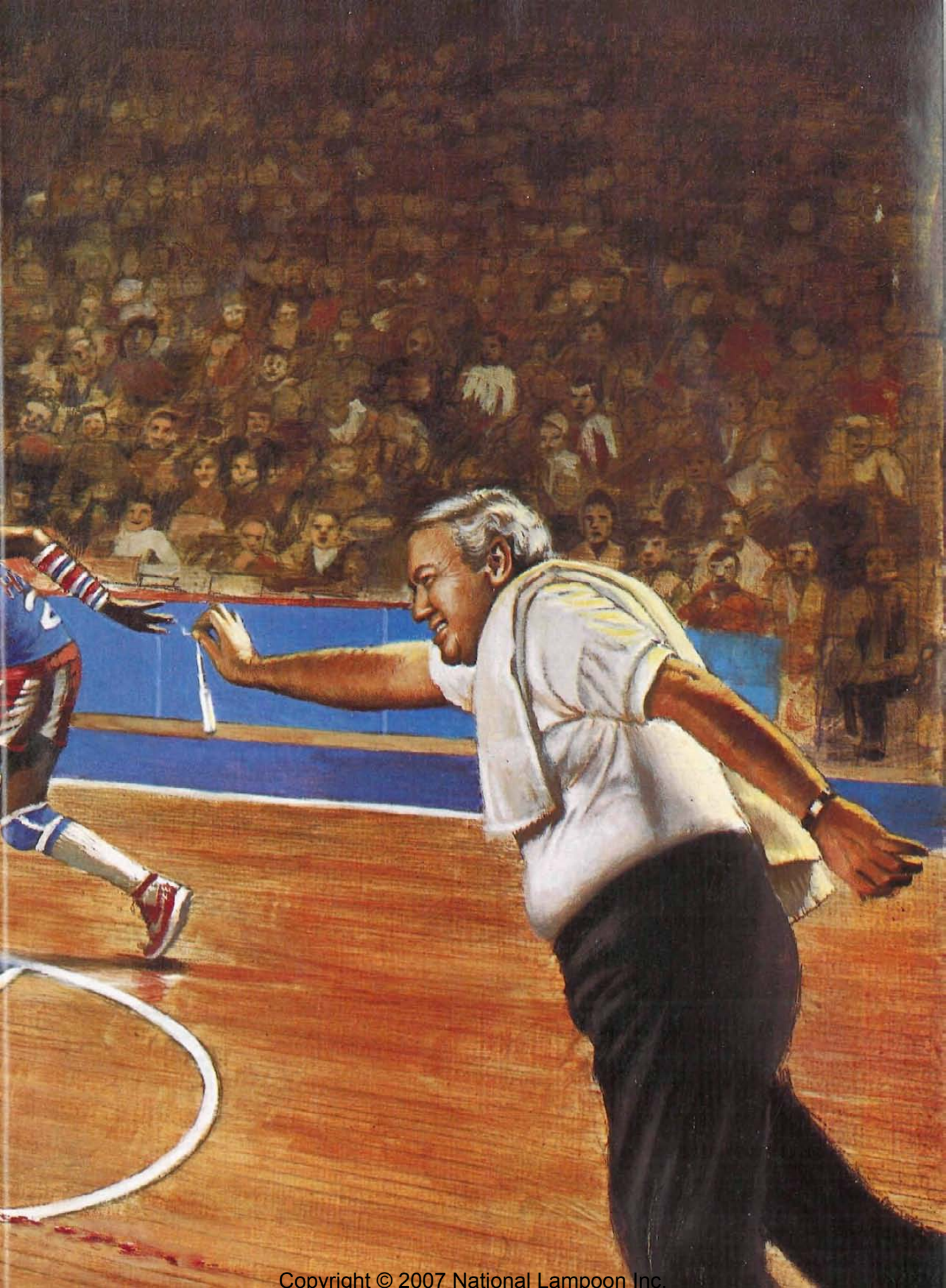


Surprise Poster #186

Great Moments in Sports

The First Female Globetrotter

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.



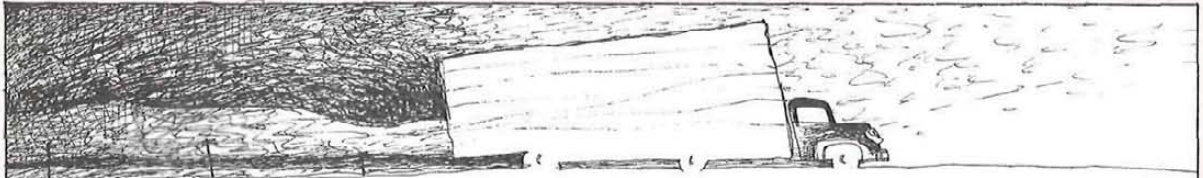
HOW TO JACKKNIFE YOUR BIG RIG

A TRUCKER'S LAMENT

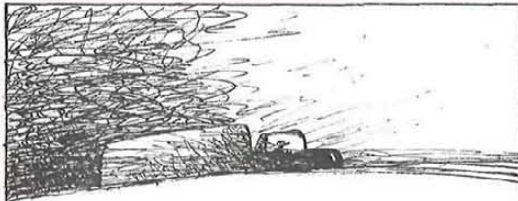
© 1986 M.K. BROWN



T'WAS A DORKY, SMARMY NIGHT, NO RESPITE IN A DENNY'S BLINTZ,



NO REST STOPS RISING 'MIDST THE FOG, THE C.B.'S SHOT, THE HEATER'S JINXED,



ON HIGHWAY 5 HE HEARD IT FIRST,
A TINY VOICE INSIDE THE CAB —

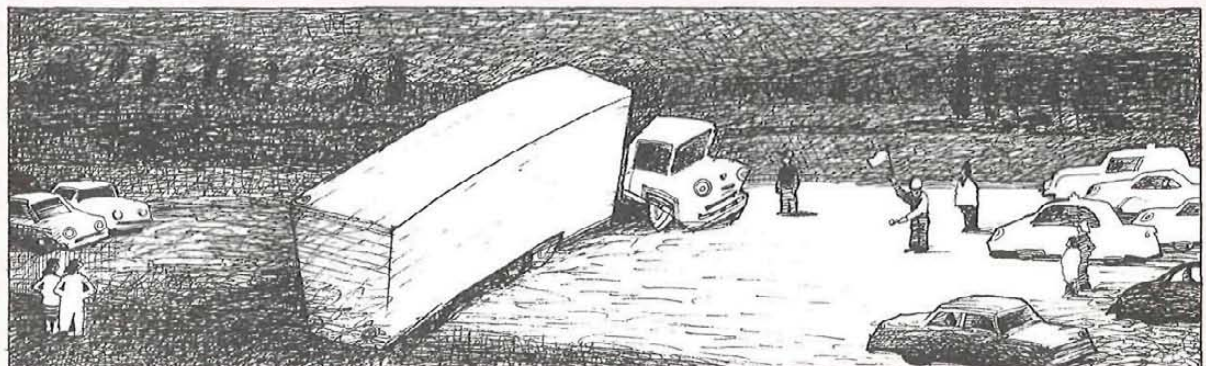
Yoo Hoo!
This is
your
other
self!



Boo!
Hi!
Vat's new?
VAT'S
HAPPENINGST?



LOOK
OUT!
Ha Ha
Ha
Ha Ha
Ha



I EVER PLAGUED THE GAME

continued from page 13

once punched in the abdomen. He managed to tag Holmes frequently, shouting, "You're it!" each time. After witnessing that destructive melee, that footloose, or perhaps (*and here I am being witty again*) one should say *footless*, exhibit of fisticuffs, I threw in the towel, washed my hands and part of my arms of the whole thing, and quit boxing. Let the readers be the judge of this reasoning.

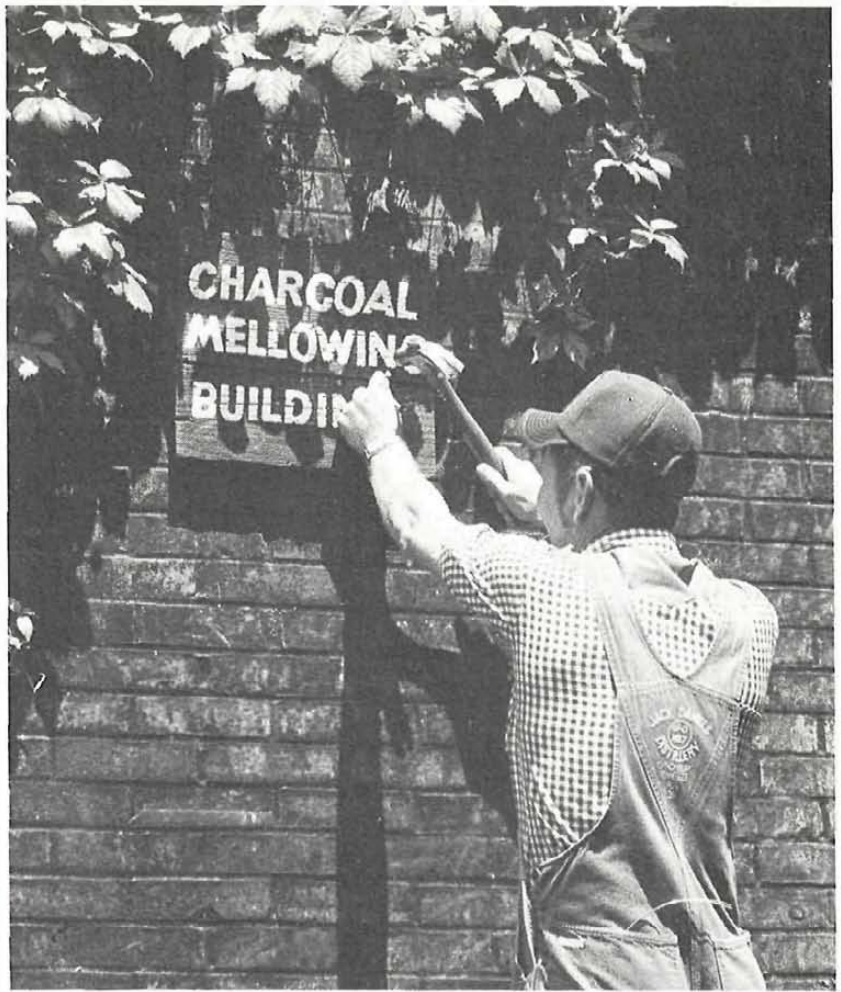
Another reason I felt compelled to leave the ring was the deterioration of a man I had regarded as my best friend, Muhammad Ali. One punch too many had left him bloated, slow-moving, unintelligible. When you think about it, it's amazing what one punch can do. I last saw Muhammad at a benefit in Los Angeles and he was a mere shadow of himself, a shadow that was bloated, slow-moving, unintelligible. He hugged me and said, "Now I'm at the bottom, Howard, but you're still on top." I hung in there and listened to him, though it took ten minutes for him to speak that sentence. I was shocked, deeply touched, indelibly moved by what he had said. "Muhammad, don't you ever say that," I said. "Since when did you stop calling me 'Mr. Cosell'?"

Crowing My Way

No doubt you, like every other person in the nation, have spent the last year wondering what I'll do now that I've retired. After all, since I've already accomplished more in my life than most Nobel Prize winners, what can be left? I have thought of going on to become a great educator, as at one time I taught a highly respected course at Yale: "Sports: Things That Are Played." I have also considered running for office; no doubt if I ran for president I would win by a landslide, so immense is my popularity.

In closing, I would have to say that of all the things I've read about myself through the years, I most enjoy reading the last paragraph of an article that my lovely bride of forty-one years, Emmy, wrote about me for the *Westchester County Suburban Shopper*:

"I know that many people have been losing sleep wondering how he's doing, and personally I pity those who turned the sound off when he was on *Monday Night Football*. They were missing something more than just the game: they were probably missing their sleep. Look at how much rest people are losing since Howard stopped plaguing the game." ■



If you haven't tasted our charcoal mellowed whiskey, we think you'll be pleased when you do.

THERE ARE THOUSANDS of buildings in Tennessee. But only one with such an unusual name.

At Jack Daniel's we call it the "Charcoal Mellowing" building. Because here's where our rickers bring hard maple charcoal, tamp it tight in room-high vats, and use it to smooth out our whiskey. No other distiller mellows their whiskey in such an unusual manner. Which explains why no other distiller has a building so named. Or, we believe, a whiskey so smooth.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED FOR SMOOTHNESS

NATIONAL LAMPOON 79

SAM DE GROOT

THE FREE WORLD'S ONLY PRIVATE DETECTIVE IN AN IRON LUNG MACHINE!

The Story:
EIGHT YEARS AGO, BILLIONAIRE LUDWIG VAN BUREN UNEXPECTEDLY ARRIVED HOME AND FOUND HIS GAMEKEEPER, ANGUS, INSIDE THE CHAMBER OF HIS WIFE'S IRON LUNG HAVING AN ADULTEROUS AFFAIR WITH HER. FOR THIS TREACHERY, HE HAS KEPT ANGUS A PRISONER IN THE CHAMBER EVER SINCE! THE 8-YEAR CONFINEMENT HAS DRIVEN HIM MAD!

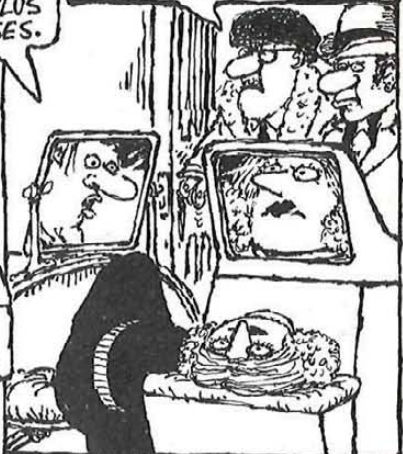
MRS. VAN BUREN HAS CALLED ON SAM TO HELP HER...
MRS. VAN BUREN, IN ALL MY YEARS IN THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE BUSINESS, I'VE COME ACROSS SOME BAD PEOPLE, BUT NONE AS MEAN AND VINDICTIVE AS YOUR HUSBAND!

YES, I'LL TAKE YOUR CASE, MRS. VAN BUREN. MY FEE IS \$25 A DAY PLUS EXPENSES.

...THAT'S FOR MEDICAL CARE, RIGHT, DE GROOT? YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT BEFORE I FINISH WITH YOU!



THEN YOU'LL HELP ME, MR. DE GROOT?



VAN BUREN, YOU'VE KEPT THAT POOR GUY PRISONER IN THERE FOR 8 YEARS-THAT'S KIDNAPPING! YOU'LL GET 20 YEARS FOR THAT!

DON'T BE TIRESOME, DE GROOT-HERMAN, OPEN MRS. VAN BUREN'S CHAMBER!

RIGHT, MR. V.B.!



COME OUT OF THERE, ANGUS!

...MR. VAN BUREN, SIR, I WAS TELLING MRS. VAN BUREN THAT WE SHOULD PUT IN 3 OR 4 DOZEN PARTRIDGE FOR THIS YEAR'S HUNT.....

YES, YES, ANGUS, WE'LL DO JUST THAT. HERMAN, GET HIM CLEANED UP-GIVE HIM A HUNDRED DOLLARS-PUT HIM IN A CAB, AND TELL THE DRIVER TO LET HIM OUT DOWN BY THE PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL...

LIKE I WAS TELLING MRS. VAN BUREN, SIR, PHEASANT AND GROUSE ARE IN GOOD SUPPLY THIS YEAR.....



YOU'VE STUCK YOUR NOSE IN MY BUSINESS, DE GROOT, AND NOW YOU KNOW TOO MUCH, AND I CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE YOU GOING TO THE POLICE ABOUT THIS.

HERMAN, I HAVE TO GO TO MACAO. AFTER YOU TAKE CARE OF ANGUS, PUT DE GROOT INSIDE MRS. VAN BUREN'S CHAMBER, AND DON'T FORGET TO GIVE HIM \$25 EVERY DAY PLUS EXPENSES-HEE, HEE, HEE!

HAW, HAW, HAW! GIVE HIM \$25 A DAY! THAT'S A HOT ONE, MR. V.B. HAW, HAW, HAW!

I'M SORRY THINGS TURNED OUT THIS WAY, MR. DE GROOT, AND I KNOW THAT UNLIKE ANGUS, WHO IN HIS 8 YEARS OF CONFINEMENT, LET NOT ONE DAY PASS WITHOUT SATISFYING HIS ANIMAL DESIRES, THAT YOU'LL BEHAVE LIKE A TRUE GENTLEMAN!



...LIKE I WAS TELLING MRS. VAN BUREN, SIR, IT'S...



OKAY, DE GROOT, GET OUT OF THAT LUNG!



...YES, MRS. VAN BUREN...

...DAMMIT! THAT MEANS NO SLOPPY SECONDS...

CONTINUES

©COPYRIGHT 1986 RODRIGUEZ

NEW CATALOG

Embroidered satin jackets, patches, T-shirts, JERRY LEE LEWIS, CHUCK BERRY cans, albums, buttons, photos, illuminated signs, new 100 record "classic-style" jukeboxes, & more!!



Send \$1 (refundable) To: Rock & Roll Beer Co.
6504 Delmar Suite 3000
St. Louis, MO 63130

BLUE ANGEL FIREWORKS

LARGEST SELECTION OF CLASS C FIREWORKS IN AMERICA!



WIN A TRIP FOR 2 TO NEW YORK CITY IN BLUE ANGEL'S MISS LIBERTY SWEEPSTAKES

INCLUDING: Fountains • Firecrackers • M.G.'s • Missiles • Power Rockets

FREE 1986 GIANT 32 PAGE COLOR CATALOG KIT

Please send me your FREE 1986 GIANT COLOR CATALOG KIT

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
BLUE ANGEL FIREWORKS P.O. Box 26, Dept. 76259, Columbus, Ohio 43069 ZIP _____

ORDER YOUR CATALOG TODAY AND RECEIVE FREE BONUS COUPONS 1,000's of ITEMS !!

BLUE ANGEL FIREWORKS P.O. Box 26 COLUMBIANA, OH 44408

MISS LIBERTY SWEEPSTAKES Details and Entry Blank Included With Your 1986 CATALOG. Don't Miss Your Chance At Seeing The World's Largest Fireworks Display! Write or Call: 1-800-KABOOMS, 1-800/522-6667 or 216/746-1064

SCREW YOUR HEARTS OUT!

FROM THIS... I ♥ my DOG TO THIS I ♡ my DOG

WITH THIS!



The screw kit has 42 round screw slidders (2 sizes). Have fun covering only the heart ♥ of your bumpersticker. Also includes a wacky instruction booklet!

order now! Instant Delivery!

Only \$6.00 postpaid! SCREW KIT BOX 20782 SAN DIEGO, CA 92120

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. 600-L, 407 S. Dearborn, Chicago, IL 60605

★MOVIE SCRIPTS!

NOW AVAILABLE! Scripts from your favorite Movies & TV Shows. From Gone w/ the Wind to Ghostbusters! Over 3000 titles!! Send \$1 (refundable) for huge catalog... Receive FREE offer!!! SCRIPT CITY, 1785 N. Highland, #760N.L., Los Angeles, CA 90028



Video Services

Brochure \$3.00
Sheena St. John
1716 Ocean Ave., #206
San Francisco, CA 94112

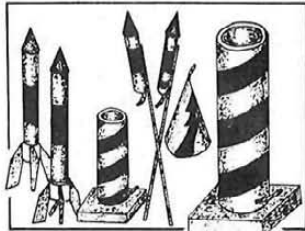
HILARIOUS BUMPER STICKERS

BEAM ME UP SCOTTY THIS PLACE IS SCREWED!! DO YOU MIND IF I SMOKE? NO, DO YOU MIND IF I FART?

ONE FOR \$2.00 OR BOTH FOR \$3.00 PLEASE SEND A SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE AND A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO HILARIOUS PRODUCTIONS 1878 N. CHATEAU FRESNO FRESNO, CA 93711



FIREWORKS FIREWORKS FIREWORKS



FREE

DELUXE COLOR CATALOG

BOTTLE ROCKETS with every purchase of fireworks

Send to: NEPTUNE FIREWORKS CO.
P.O. Box 398 DEPT. D5 DANIA, FL 33004

1-800-835-5236 in FL: (305) 920-6770

Void where prohibited.

MADONNA MAKES ME SICK! PRINCE MAKES ME SICK! & Others!

The T-Shirt (3 color design) that tells it like it is! Tell us who makes you sick. Your choices: Madonna, Prince, MTV, Lawyers, Yuppies, Preppies, The Cowboys. Colors: White, Blue Sizes: S, M, L, XL Price: \$10.50; 4/\$38.00 Ship: \$1 per item Average American Inc. 9 Wilson Drive Poquoson, VA 23662



DAVID LETTERMAN FAN CLUB. JUMBO package, newsletter, free surprise—just \$5. Send today to: Bannergram, 118 Reed Blvd., Dept. A, Mill Valley, CA 94941.

AMERICAN TARGET T-SHIRT

Let the world know that no one can terrify Americans (except, perhaps, an American man's own wife)! 100 percent cotton T-shirt in gray or blue S, M, L, XL. Send \$9.95 (\$8.95 each for two or more) to: E.I.T. Co., P.O. Box 2891, Norman, Ok. 73070



EDIBLE PANTIES! Now you can have yours and eat it too! Specify women's panties or bra, or men's briefs. Choose cherry, banana, peppermint, or passion fruit. Send \$7.00 each to: Sycamore Enterprises, P.O. Box 905(NL), Pacifica, CA 94044.

3 STOOGES RUBBER STAMP Send \$4.95 plus \$.50 postage to Uptown Rubber Stamp, Box 2147, Ft. Collins, Colo. 80522. Allow 10 days. VISA/MC ORDERS CALL 800-821-4322 (COLO. 800-732-7322)

SexPot CookBook 75 Lusty Recipes Send: \$6.95 to Liz Hunter Books 301 N. Harrison Ave; Bldg. B-297 Princeton, NJ 08540

RESEARCH PAPERS EXPRESS

Send \$2 for 432-page catalogue Berkeley Research 2385-E Ocean Ave., S.F. CA 94127 (415) 586-3900 333-3969 Toll Free 800-446-4462. Ext. 585858

Earn incredible incomes part-time while enjoying substantial savings off retail prices. For details write P.O. Box 35, Mountlake Terrace, WA 98043-0035.

NEW CLASSIFIED RATES

Want to reach 2,895,000 hot prospects? Well, we've got them. Rates are just \$4.00 per word, one time, twenty-word minimum, standard type. P.O. Box is two words; phone number, city, and state are one word each; and zip code is free. One column inch is \$250, one time. Check must accompany order. Call or write: Howard Jurofsky, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, (212) 688-4070.

A GAME OF WORDS

continued from page 55

Beethoven gets his *Flight of the Bumblebee*. An' Jackie Robinson hit in fifty-six games in a row. Sometimes a buck ain't enough, man's got to pen the right stuff.

But to do that, he got to find the most fascinatin' brother in the world. Who, I asks myself? Sammy Davis? No, he a Jew. O. J. Simpson? No, he don't talk like a brother. Louis Armstrong? No, he sweat too much.



n' then it come to me. Only one man got all the right moves.

An' you know who that be before

I even tells you. Who else but Kareem Free Lunch? Think on it. The man got the style. The man got the charisma. The man got the wardrobe an' the ladies. The man

got the big pretty dick. The man gets it all, Holmes.

When *I Dunk, Therefore I Be* come out, it set the world afire. Even the critics pick up they flags. I won the triple crown: Pulitzer, bestseller list, an' *Tonight Show*.

Who can ever forget the last line? Kareem done spent sixty minutes containin' the biggest center in the NBA. But the rest o' dey team be like sharks, Jack, they be like Sharks pickin' away at 'em. In the end, Kareem's team lose, but not they pride. When Free Lunch go to bed that night, he be dreamin'.

"Free Lunch be dreamin' about the Lakers."

Now that you have enjoyed the excerpts from our forthcoming book, I must enter a caveat. The astute reader familiar with my life and work will note that, in transcending mere verisimilitude, Mr. Free Lunch may have departed in some small measure from my story as I dictated it. Although it is the duty and privilege of the author to transform reality to suit his artistic vision, I feel compelled to clarify certain details.

For example, my non-academic class-

mate in the seventh grade was not Lenny Weinstein, but Wally Weinstein. And the specific issue of "Fantastic Four" which I demanded of him was not the one featuring the first appearance of Galactus, but that of the Silver Surfer. 'Nuff said.

Further, in my SoHo garret days, I never once sported a black turtleneck. Kareem clearly mistook my navy-blue crewneck for the garment he specified. In addition, although I have often conversed with Mr. James Baldwin on the craft of writing, I do not recall ever having fantasized about "shooting some hoop" with him. I did, however, once suggest that we box a couple of rounds at the Y.

On the subject of my speech patterns, I must note that I was grossly misquoted in one instance. I never said, "When you just write a chumphook, it be overlook." Rather, on that occasion, I distinctly recall remarking, "When you just wanna self-indulge, yo wallet never gonna bulge."

And finally, it should be noted that, although my dick is pink indeed, it can in no way, without question, by any recognized authority, ever be regarded as "little," Jack. ■

COMING NEXT MONTH

T

he back door to the office creaked a bit as the nocturnal visitor gained entrance. Who, or better yet *what*, was it? It was large and black with eyes that burned with obsessional intensity. It wasn't the cleaning lady, that was for sure. Slowly, the phantom made its way down the hall. In the office to its right, Subitzky was working on his piece. The creature paused and continued down the dark corridor. In the art room, there was unusual activity for this late hour. Gahan was hovered over a drafting table putting the finishing touches on his horror piece. Bartholomew and Weathers were with Peter, conjuring up new terrors for their Tragedy-land theme park. Latimer was scribbling away art notes for his

"Star Wars" blueprints. The specter peeked in, then turned toward the editorial offices. Kisch was in the spare office, typing away at his Amityville horror-house parody. A tempting target, this hulk of a man, but the ghoul continued down the hall. The young Simmons, Andy, was editing his plane-crash tome. Barkin was in Michael's office, writing the script for the "Haunting of George Bush" comic. Joe Bob Briggs turned the corner, his Cocaine Bears story complete at last. The intruder darted behind the Xerox machine, unseen. One more office, he thought. That's where they'll be.

In the large, well-appointed office, Matty and Ratso were conferring. They were pleased with their alien comedy; they could already see it as a smash summer big-screen blockbuster. Matty leaned back in his chair and lit up a celebratory cigar. When he saw the visitor standing in the doorway, he turned pale.

"Who the hell are you?" he stammered. Ratso froze. He couldn't tear his eyes away from this strange phantasm, this harbinger of unspeakable terror and horror and macabre fantasy.

"Who are you?" Matty repeated.

The creature sat down and put his large webbed feet on the editor in chief's desk. "Relax, Matty," he said, smiling. "I'm your June issue."

ROCK AND ROLL. BORN AND BRED IN THE USA.

WRAPPING IT UP AT THE ROCK HOTEL, NEW YORK, NY.

Miller

MADE THE AMERICAN WAY.

Contains no additives or preservatives.

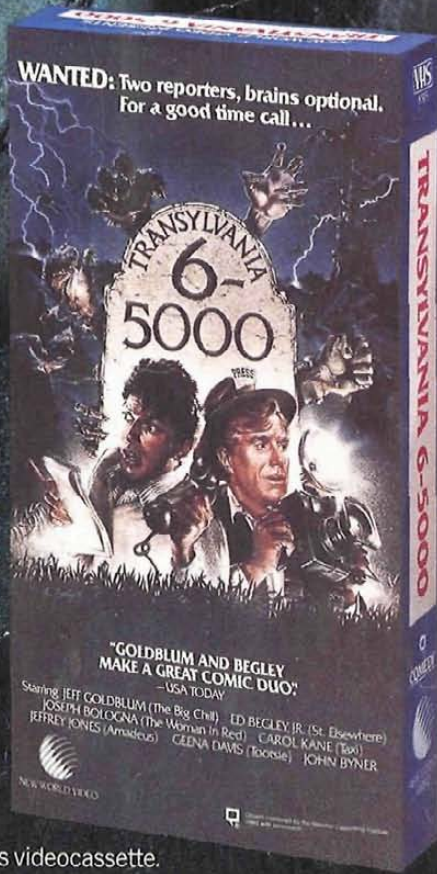
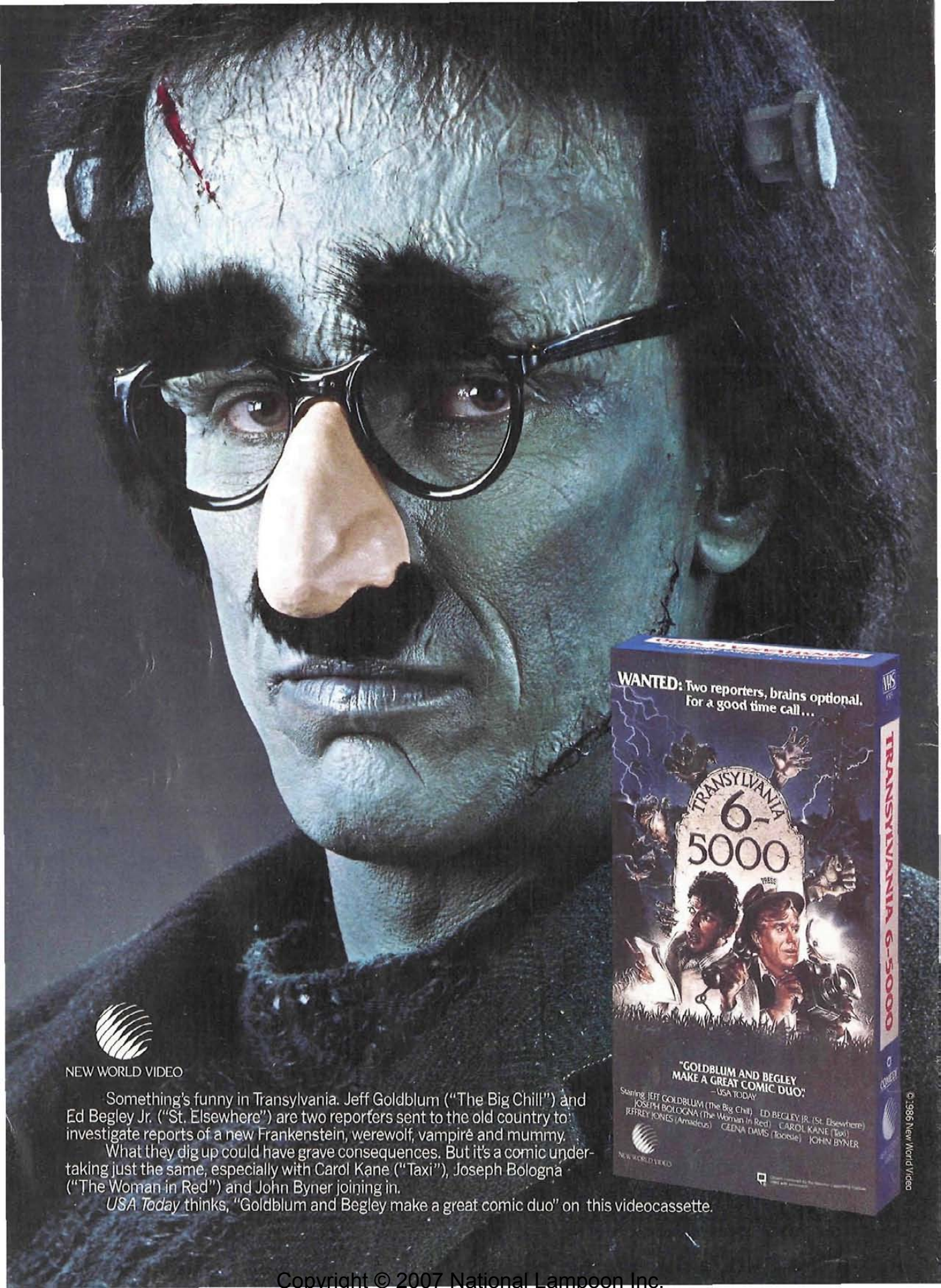
EXIT

THE METROS

4 & 6 PACKS
24-42 OZ
BOTTLES

Miller
The Champion of Beer

Contains
No Additives or Preservatives



NEW WORLD VIDEO

Something's funny in Transylvania. Jeff Goldblum ("The Big Chill") and Ed Begley Jr. ("St. Elsewhere") are two reporters sent to the old country to investigate reports of a new Frankenstein, werewolf, vampire and mummy. What they dig up could have grave consequences. But it's a comic undertaking just the same, especially with Carol Kane ("Taxi"), Joseph Bologna ("The Woman in Red") and John Byner joining in.

USA Today thinks, "Goldblum and Begley make a great comic duo" on this videocassette.

Starring JEFF GOLDBLUM (The Big Chill) ED BEGLEY JR. (St. Elsewhere)
JOSEPH BOLOGNA (The Woman in Red) CAROL KANE (Taxi)
JEFFREY JONES (Amadeus) GEENA DAVIS (Tootsie) JOHN BYNER



© 1986 New World Video