

SLEAZE

SEPTEMBER 1986

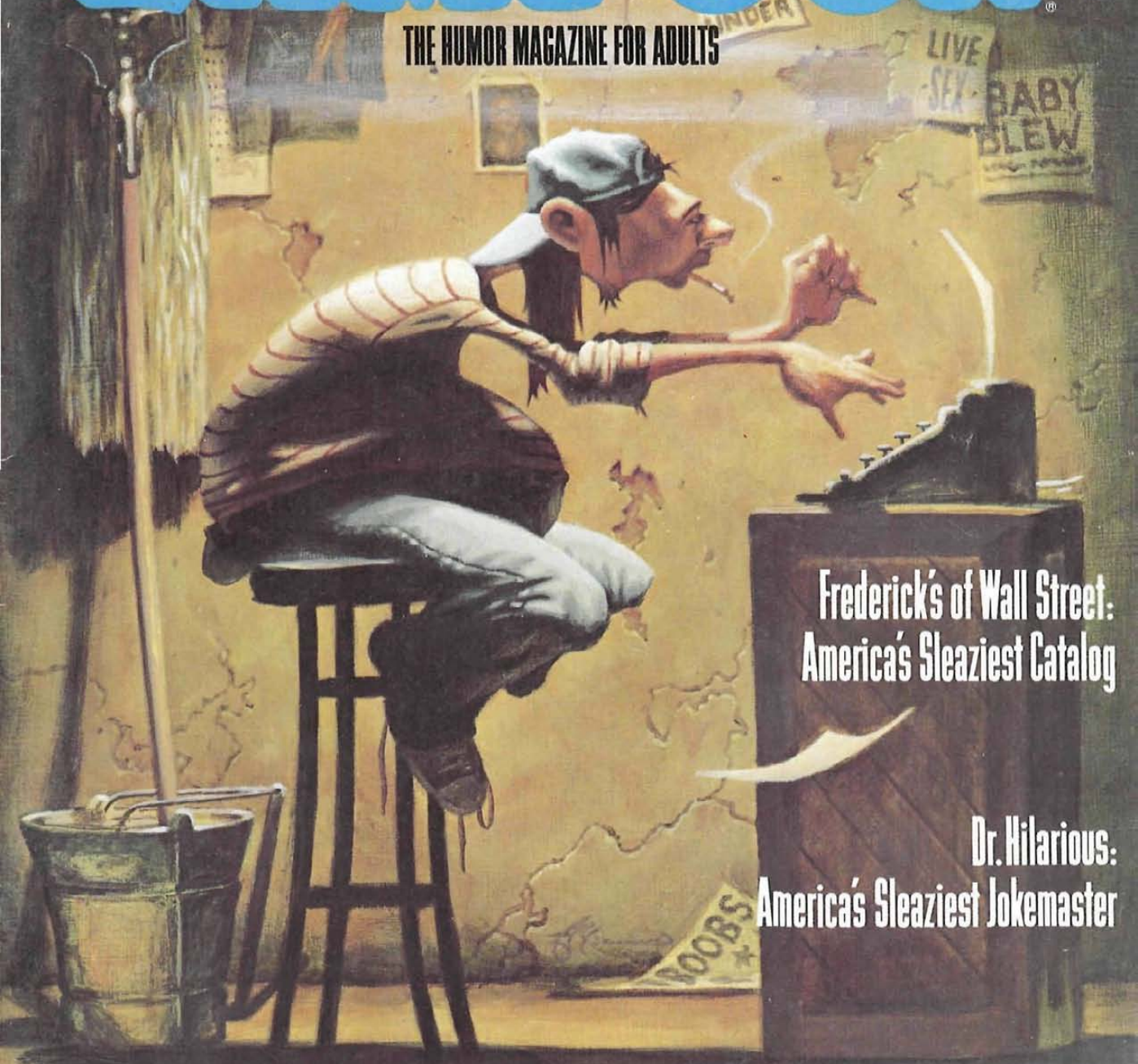
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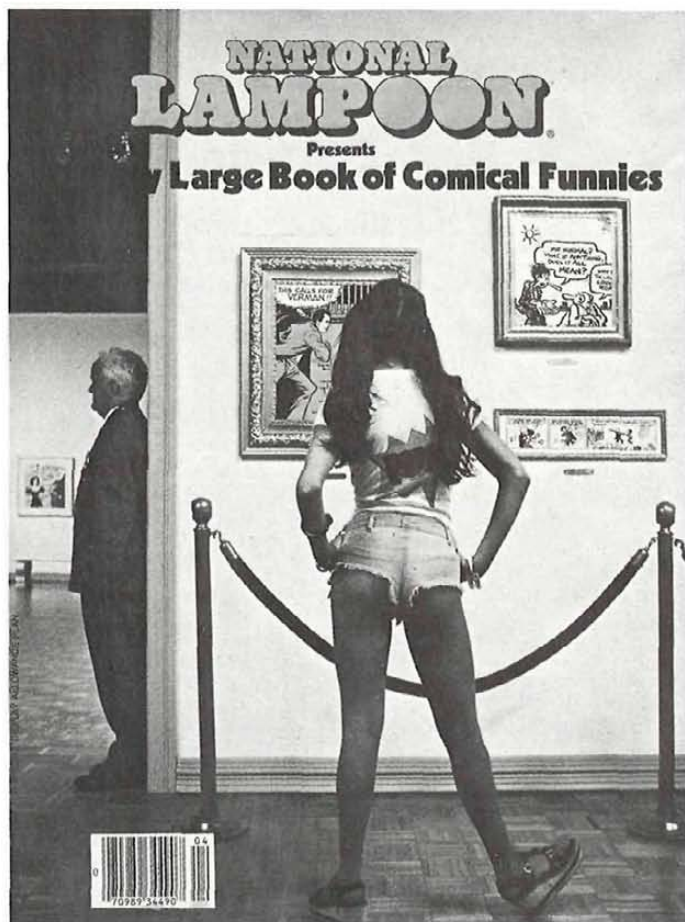
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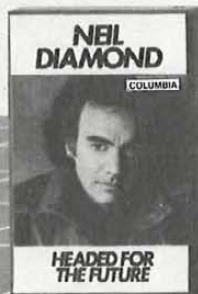
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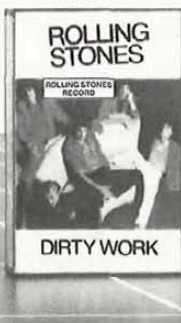
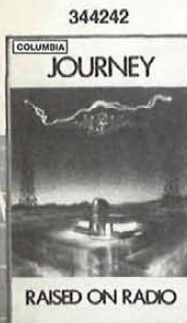
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EDITORIAL



Maria Bastione

National Lampoon executive editor Larry "Ratso" Sloman (right) welcomes our new issue editor. "I've loved this guy all my life and it's a real privilege to be working together on the same team," Sloman commented. "I'll do anything for these *National Lampoon* guys short of preparing lunch," the new issue editor said. "After all, I am not a cook."

To our readers: The article entitled "My Friend, Marvelous Marv" published in the May 1986 issue of *National Lampoon* was a parody involving the *National Lampoon* character Bernie X. The statements made in the article concerning "Marvelous" Marvin Hagler were not intended to be taken as true or factual. *National Lampoon* regrets any misunderstanding we may have caused.

Cover: The cover this month was painted by James Bennett. One of the editors modeled for it. Guess which one. Nah. He's not *that* sleazy. **Special thanks:** Our special thanks this month go to Tommy "Let Me Just Suck the Ink Out of This Pen" Koenig, one of the stars of our hilarious off-Broadway show, *National Lampoon's Class of '86*, soon to be seen on Showtime and available on Paramount Home Video cassette. You can see Mr. Koenig portraying the sleaziest businessman in the world, Izmir Kebob, on p. 44.—P.K.

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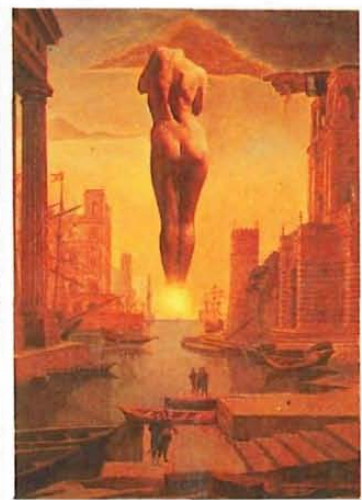
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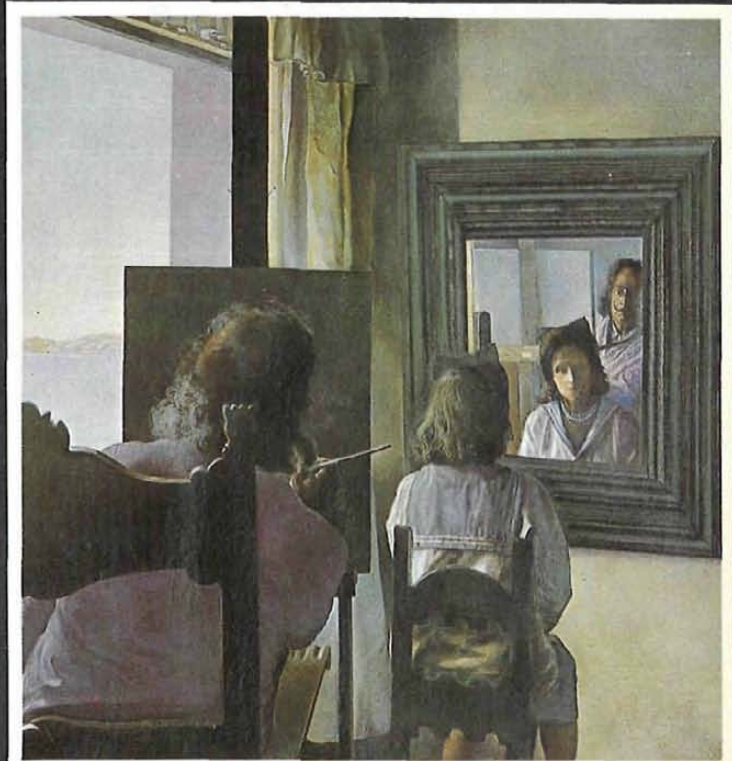
Dali



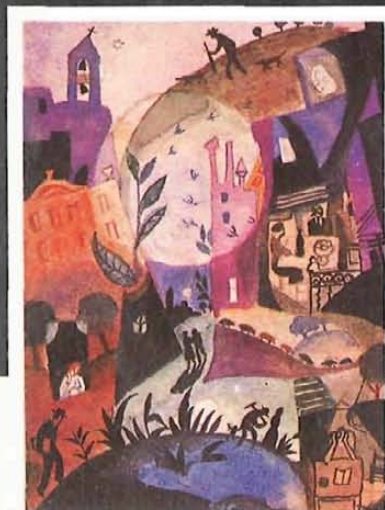
SPI Self-portrait (26x34)



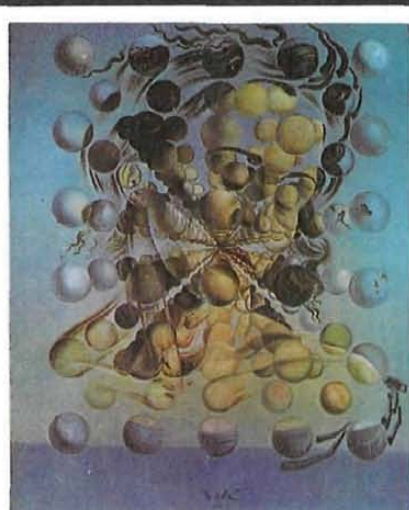
DH Dali's Hand (24x35)



SP2 Stereoscopic Portrait (24x26)



NP Nightly Promenaders (24x35)



GE Galatea of the Spheres (24x30)



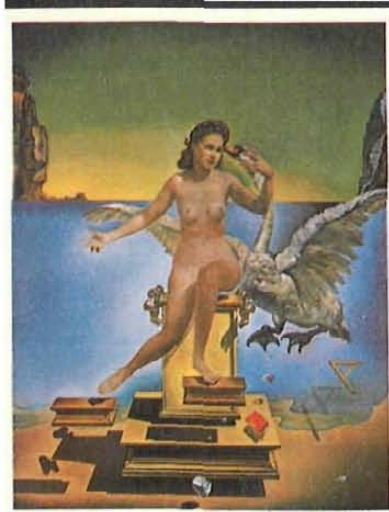
LW Gala Watching the Sea (28x40)

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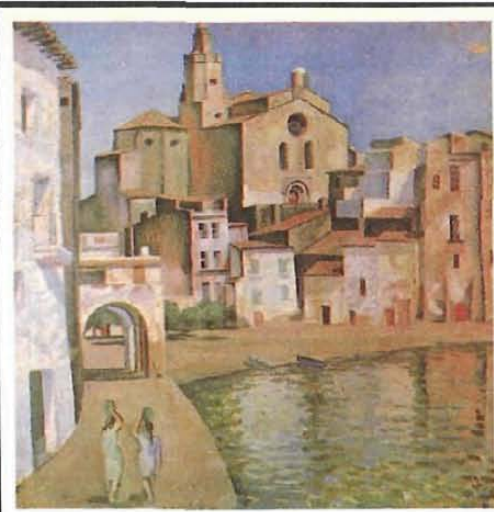
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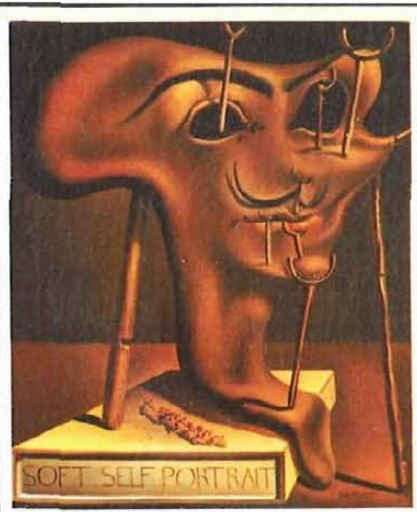
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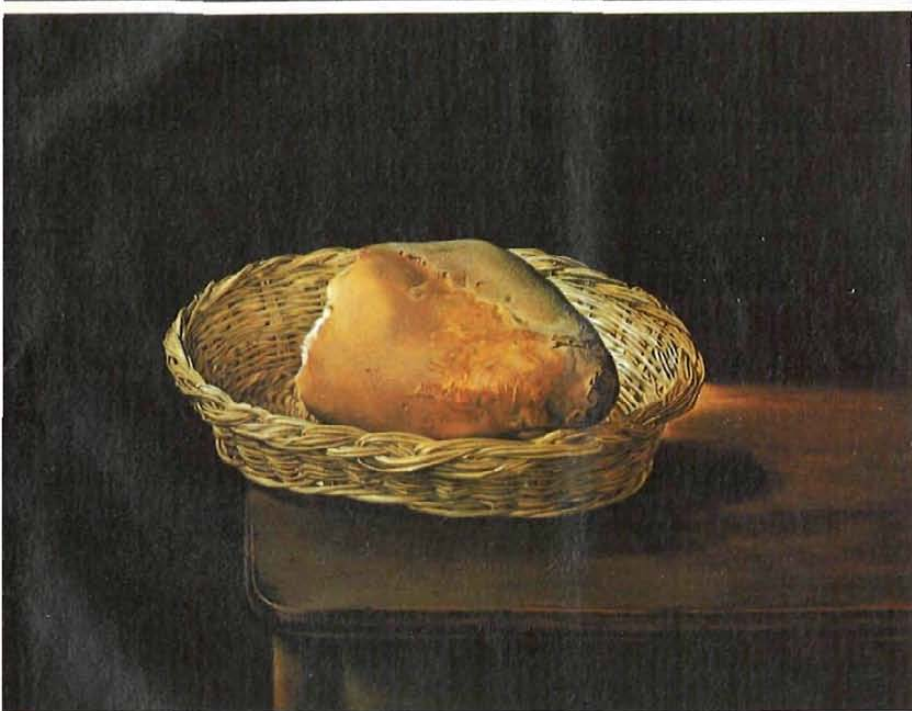
LA Leda Atomica (24x32)



PA Port Alguer (24x26)



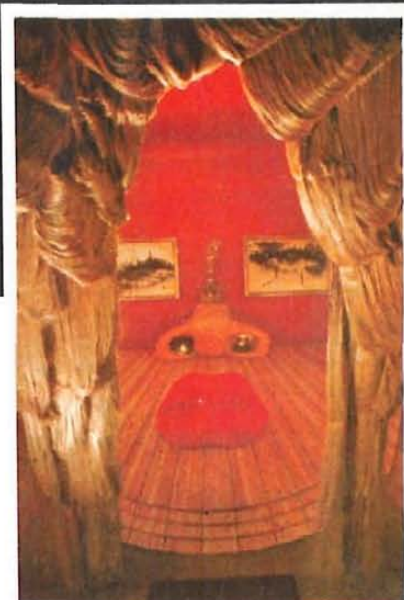
SS Soft Self portrait (26x33)



BB The Basket of Bread (26x26)



BC Bacchus's Carriage (27x32)



MW Mae West (24x40)

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LETTERS



Sirs:

Everybody rallied when Corazon Aquino continued her dead husband's work. So tell me why nobody comes to my concerts.

Yoko Ono
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Because you don't look like him, you fucking bitch.

Julian Lennon
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Well, you may look like him, but you don't sell tickets either!

Your Agent, William Morris
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

What if rats were squirrels? You'd find squirrel poison in the supermarkets. Buildings would have problems with squirrels in the basements. There would be squirrels in the subways. You'd hear Jimmy Cagney say, "You dirty squirrel." You'd have Squirrelso Rizzo. It's freaky.

George Carlin
Deep in thought
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Herb's a big fat faggot.

Ronald McDonald
California

Sirs:

How about this for the next new righteous vigilante film? A baby, abandoned by his opportunistic mother, grows up, gets flying on a megadose of crack, and hacks the old bitch into shrapnel with a grapefruit knife while her aged lover looks on helplessly. Sounds like one I'd stand on line to see.

Brigitte Nielsen's Child
Prune, Denmark

Sirs:

So long, suckers!

Halley's Comet
Dim Sum
The Universe

Sirs:

Take mah wife, please. Bitch be all stretched out.

Yenny Hungman
Phallusaid's Park, N.J.

Sirs:

I'm sorry to tell you, but James Joyce is not surviving the test of time.

Elizabeth Garner, a Student
on Page 543 of *Ulysses*
Princeton, N.J.

Sirs:

You know those Negroes who walk around with a comb stuck in their hair? Well, I just want to take this opportunity to say I don't like that.

Jayne Kennedy
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Sirs:

How about a switch? We'll put the Palestinians in symphony orchestras and the Jews in filthy little coffee shops. Frankly, I don't think either of them will be able to stand it. So often the solution lies right in front of us.

Eric Sevareid
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Can I please be in the Sleaze Issue? I wipe my ass with my hands, blow kangaroos, and sell Herbalife.

Mavis "Brown Fingers" Zimmerman
Milwaukee, Wis.

Sirs:

What ties you up, whips you till you faint, and never stops smiling?
The Marquis de Happy!

Thomas Paine
Las Vegas, Nev.

Sirs:

*This old man, he got fucked,
He played slow-down with my truck.
With a knick-knack paddiwack,
Scrape him off my grille.
This old Teamster's driving still.*

Jackknife Kerouac
On the Road, U.S.A.

Sirs:

Women? You give them an inch, they want six more.

Billie Jean King
Elizabeth, N.J.

Sirs:

Who says liberals don't punch black men?

Phil Donahue
Gleason's Gym
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

When you see how these young celebrity fuck-ups like Sean Penn and Prince behave, kinda makes you faggoty-assed, left-leaning, New York intellectuals miss the draft, doesn't it?

General Westmoreland
Warroom, Utah

Sirs:

Okay, okay, so what if I threw rocks at the Von Trapp Family Singers? You didn't have to be a Nazi to hate them!

Kurt Waldheim
President
Former Nazis of the U.N.
Shtitzburg, Austria

Sirs:

Not to say that I'm one big Italian, but the last time I was in Rome, the pope slept on the couch!

John Gotti, Sr.
Angelo's State Prison
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

What if cows could fly? I mean, most people get mad when they have to wipe a little birdshit off their windshield. But if you got hit from a flying cow, your whole car would be totaled. "Hey, what happened to that vet you owned?" "Oh man, a cow shit on it." Or you'd be walking along with your friends when suddenly you saw a whole herd. "Get out of the way, a herd of cows is coming... Ahhhhhh." Duummmmmpppp. "Oh, shit."

George Carlin
Still deep in thought
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Just goes to show you, you work with shvugs, you get treated like one.

Steven Spielberg
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

You're telling me!!!

Whoopi Goldberg
Alzo Ran, Calif.

Sirs:

So don't work with them! I don't.

Eddie Murphy
Palm Beach, Fla.

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.



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Drinking Tips and Other War Stories

by Michael Simmons



"I'm not an alcoholic, I'm a drunkard."
—Jackie Gleason

In these days of secondhand smoke, Women Against Pornography, Mothers Against Drunk Drivers, Jerry Falwell, Andrea Dworkin, the Meese Commission, the raising of the drinking-age limit, and AIDS, we fun-loving free spirits have a lot going against us. Used to be you could get plastered, pick up some anonymous cutie, and proudly proclaim the next day that you "gave at the orifice." In 1986 this same activity gets you a bar tab as big as humanitarian aid to the contras, a drunken-driving arrest, or, if you're lucky (or unlucky) enough to make it home, a social disease that'll kill within one to five. Let's face it, AIDS makes herpes look like the best friend you haven't seen since childhood.

But, hey, you've heard all about that contagious little foe of your immune system. Today we're here to talk about Public Enemy Number One of every self-respecting drunkard in America: the New Prohibition. Notice I said "self-respecting drunkard" and not "alcoholic." No matter what Alcoholics Anonymous would have you believe, there is a very big difference.

To begin with, drunkards (or drunks as they are commonly referred to these days) don't need alcohol. They drink because they find it infinitely more entertaining than staying home and watching Bill Cosby or Ted Koppel on television. Drunks enjoy the first drink, the hint of something better to come. By the third or fourth cocktail it's like you're personally involved in some thrilling adventure. And your chances of getting the girl seem greatly enhanced.

Drunks never hide the bottle in the basement, like those guilt-ridden souls from A.A. Drunks make sure that the entire family, all their friends, their spouse or mate, and hopefully the press are assembled before they get plowed

and make utter fools of themselves. Drunks may perfunctorily apologize the next day for goosing your wife or urinating in the ladies' room sink. But they never really mean it. They just use that convenient age-old excuse, "C'mon, I was drunk." Short of murder, that little catchphrase always works, as well it should.

Drunks rarely drink at home and never by themselves. Drunks like big crowded barrooms with a lot of fellow drunks doing the same rude things they're doing. This cuts down the number of aforementioned perfunctory apologies one has to make. "Listen, Jimmy, I'm sorry I smeared the jalapeño dip all over your sister's dress last night," says Jack. "Oh really?" says Jimmy. "I have no recollection of it."

Heavy drinking allows you to suffer fools gladly. To quote Jackie "The Great One" Gleason once again: "Drinking removes warts—not from me but from whomever I'm with." Intelligence quotients rise mysteriously under the influence. Common, everyday dopes become great philosophers in the eyes of the drunk. And likewise it matters not how many times the drunk repeats a newly acquired "truth"—the drunk knows that you'll want to hear it again

and again and again.

The drunk always speaks his mind when necessary. There's nothing worse than saying to yourself, "Gee, I wish I had punched that old lady's lights out when she so rudely bumped into me yesterday." Drink loosens the tongue and, as we all know, loose lips build great big aircraft carriers. Lady Astor, the British aristocrat who was the first woman to run for Parliament, once went up to Prime Minister Churchill, a legendary imbibor, and soundly admonished him. "Winston, you are drunk!" she proclaimed loudly. Churchill calmly replied, "Yes, madam, I am drunk. And you are ugly. But in the morning I shall be sober."

Naturally one should not drive while intoxicated, even though there are the occasional road demons who somehow manage to avoid mowing down children while stewed. Take Beat deity Neal Cassady, for example. He drove the Merry Prankster bus for years while on various substances without a single blot on his driving record. But it's better to be safe than sorry. I've personally overcome the problem by never bothering to get a driver's license. I'd rather drink and not drive than drive and not drink.

In conclusion, don't listen to the do-gooders, the Carrie Nations, the New Prohibitionists. While it may not always be good for you, excessive drinking is also not always bad for you, either. There can be an almost spiritual purification that one experiences after a good three-day binge that leaves one with the ability to continue the fight against the demons of modern-day living. As Jimmy Buffet sang, "It cleans me out/So then I can go on." And Willie Nelson wrote, "There's more old drunks/Than there are old doctors/So I guess I'll have another round." Anyway, the sanctimonious, self-righteous purveyors of public morality invariably turn out to be closet child molesters. They can point their crooked little fingers and rant and rave about public decorum and the morals of our youth all they want.

And in the morning I shall be sober. ■





We hope you'll have a sip of our oldtime Tennessee whiskey sometime soon.

A TRIP TO THE WAREHOUSE is the quickest part of the slow, slow way we make Jack Daniel's.

With a knowledgeable driver (and some husky barrelmen) we can put this whiskey to rest right quick. But then it will take years and years to reach maturity. And prior to all this, it will have dripped in unhurried fashion through room-high vats of tightly tamped charcoal. Getting Jack Daniel's to the warehouse is the fastest part of all. But, we assure you, it's the only step where any hurrying is allowed.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED FOR SMOOTHNESS

TRUE

F A C T S

Edited by John Bendel

Police Corporal David Gnoth of South Bend, Indiana, faced a disciplinary hearing before the South Bend Board of Public Safety over charges that he had farted over the police radio.

Gnoth admitted farting over the radio, but denied that he had broadcast his farts between "one and ten times," as noted in a confession he had signed. Instead Gnoth claimed to have farted on the radio "probably no more than four times."

According to the *South Bend Tribune*, authorities charged that Gnoth's farting "constituted deliberate neglect of duty, an act of incompetence, and an act dangerous to other police." (contributed by Mark Baldwin)

Australian businessmen David Robertson and Stefan Panylyk paid \$10,000 for a 1959 linocut Picasso print called "Trois Femmes," then announced plans to cut it into 500 pieces to be sold for \$135 each. A newspaper ad for the art fragments read: "Yes, your own beautifully framed Picasso piece, in the most original and exciting offer in the history of Australian art. And you can own a piece of the work yourself."

"Had I known what he was going to do, I would never have sold it," said art dealer

David Cook, who sold the Picasso to one of the partners.

"If this thing takes off, we may buy other masters as well and give them the chop," said Robertson.

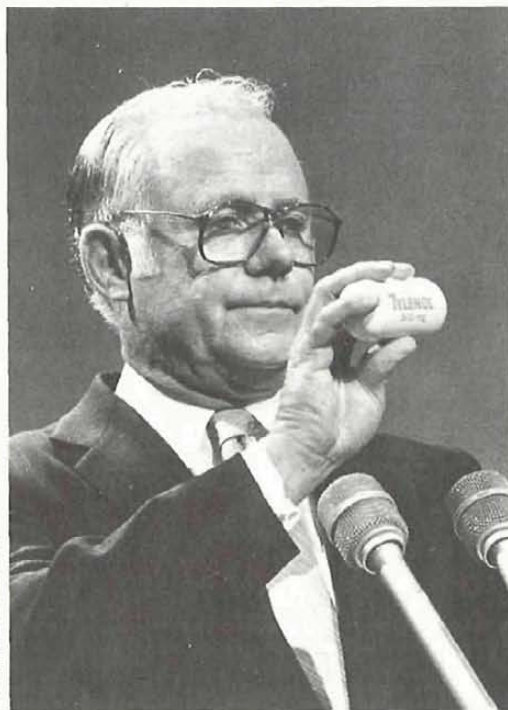
Robertson and Panylyk call their venture Subdivision Art. *Bangor* (Maine) *Daily News* (contributed by Earl Flaherty)

According to the *Arabian*

Times, a goat in Muscat, Oman, "gave birth to a kid with the face and voice of a human infant. The medical clinic at Shanas state is keeping the kid in a special room and giving it every attention."

The story ran under the headline "Kid with a Human Face." (contributed by Frederick T. Galvin)

One Caplet and a Bucket of Water, Please



UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos

Johnson & Johnson chairman James E. Burke displays Tylenol's new tamper-proof, hand-held storage tank. (contributed by C. J. Sedlmayr III)

Jim Brown and Greg Hudson of South Point, Ohio, leaders of a group called Psalms 150, held a "Music Awareness" seminar in which teenagers "sang religious songs and burned rock 'n' roll and country and western records, cassettes, and other music paraphernalia."

Among the "satanic" messages pointed out by the seminar leaders were the lines "Someone sung this song for Satan" and "The source is the devil." Both are allegedly audible when playing the *Mr. Ed* theme, "A Horse Is a Horse," backwards. *Tampa Tribune* (contributed by Herm Albright)

The Thirty-second U.S. Army Air Defense Command, stationed in Darmstadt, West Germany, were reportedly spending \$25,000 for 900 geese to stand guard around the base perimeter.

"You can't tell a goose to fetch, or sit, or sic," said one officer of the new security geese. *Stars and Stripes* (contributed by Lieutenant Duane K. Kuizema)

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A Corpus Christi, Texas, convenience store was robbed of fifty dollars by a suspect wearing a twelve-pack beer box over his head. (Corpus Christi) *Caller-Times* (contributed by Eric Rougeay)



front of an Indian temple with part of his brain missing. Police said local residents believe sacrificing a human brain brings good luck in Malaysia's popular weekly lottery. *Washington Times* (contributed by Roger Holberg)



Police in Seattle, Washington, have launched an experimental, street-level narcotics unit which dresses in "black uniforms, bullet-resistant vests, and protective steel helmets with face gear."

"It's like Darth Vader," explained Captain James Deschane, head of Seattle's narcotics unit.

In one of its first raids on a South Seattle house, the special unit so flustered suspects that they "tried to flush the money down the toilet instead of the drugs," according to Deschane. *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* (contributed by Sid Smith)

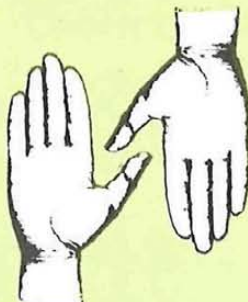
This item appeared in *Stars and Stripes*, datelined New York:

"A European furniture dealer paid \$1.56 million for an antique French commode, setting a record price in out-bidding five other people at Sotheby's, a spokesman for the auction house said." (contributed by Sergeant Al Muick)

This information appeared in the *Vancouver Province* sports column detailing the latest professional football trades:

"San Francisco traded first round draft choice to Dallas for Dallas's first and fifth round choices; traded Dallas's 1986 first round choice and its tenth round choice in 1987 to Buffalo for the Bills' second and third round choices in 1986; traded Buffalo's second round choice in 1986 to Detroit for the Lions'

second and third round choices in 1986; traded its second round draft choice in 1986 to Washington for the Redskins' tenth round draft choice in 1986 and first round choice in 1987; traded quarterback Matt Cavanaugh to Philadelphia for the Eagles' third round draft choice in 1986 and second round choice in 1987; traded Detroit's third round draft choice in 1986 to the L.A. Rams for Cleveland's fourth round choice in 1986 and Washington's fourth round choice in 1986, both owned by the Rams." (contributed by Ken Gregson)



An album issued by the China Record Company of Peking, China, called *Producing Oil for the Motherland*, contains these toe-tappers, among others:

"I Love the Oil Fields of Our Motherland"

"Oil Workers Are Men of Iron"

"A Woman's Oil Drilling Team"

"I Put Up the Silvery Cables for the Oil Field"

"In Industry Learn from Ta Ching"

"Faster Runs My Lorry with Oil from Ta Ching" (contributed by Eddie Gorodetsky)

According to police in Union City, New Jersey, an unnamed man from nearby

North Bergen sought help from M&R Art Works, fabricators of wrought-iron railings, when he was unable to remove a "chain and lock device" from his genitals.

The man claimed the device had been attached to his girlfriend while he was drunk the previous evening.

However, an M&R employee declined to work on the problem without a witness in attendance, so the police were called. Once there, Union City officers decided to call for help from the fire department. Firefighters arrived at M&R but found that their axes and prying tools were not appropriate for the job.

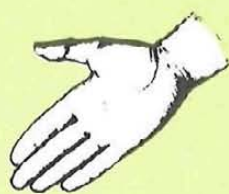
Finally, the North Bergen man was taken to the S-W Lock and Door Check Company, where the device was placed in a vise and broken open. *Jersey Journal* (contributed by Wayne R. Ricigliano)

This item from Tehran, Iran, appeared in the *Daily Oklaboman*:

"Iranian prisoners of war held in Iraq have been beaten, mistreated, and forced to watch sex films, Iran's war information headquarters chief, Kamal Kharrazi, said Wednesday. 'We have reports from released Iranian POWs that they were forced to watch sex films, which disturbed them,' Kharrazi said." (contributed by Charles Elder)



Police in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, reported the murder of Mohammed Kasim Ismail, thirty-two, who was found sitting upright in



Police in Anaconda, Montana, were searching for a burglar who had made off with a green Hoover upright vacuum cleaner wired to explode. The machine's owner, target of a string of burglaries, told police he had rigged the Hoover with two sticks of dynamite and a cap in anticipation of its theft. (Hackensack, New Jersey) *Record* (contributed by Danny Segal)



The city council in Roosevelt, Utah, voted to prohibit Linda "Worm Lady" Gilbert from catching night crawlers in the Roosevelt cemetery. Gilbert, who earns \$10,000 supplying 72,000 worms a year to stores, uses an electric probe to shock worms to the surface. The council charged that the electric probe "violated an ordinance against disturbing graves," but at least one Gilbert supporter with relatives buried in the cemetery claimed to appreciate Gilbert's efforts to reduce the worm population. *Washington Post* (contributed by Lisa Stahlheber)



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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.

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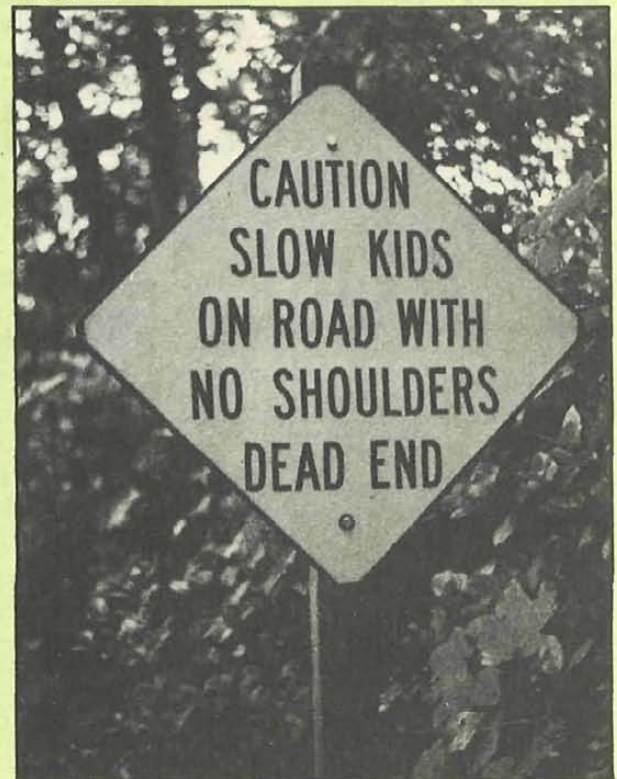
Terry R. Black



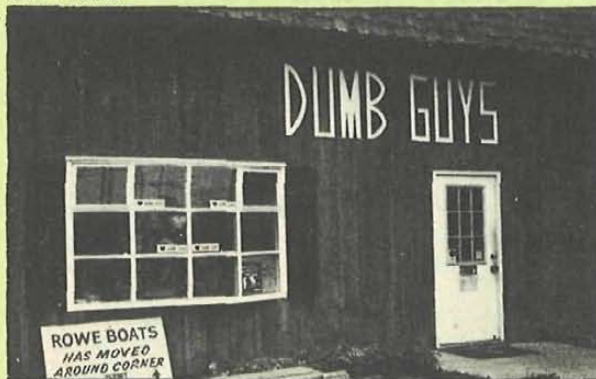
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SLEAZY SEX CARTOONS

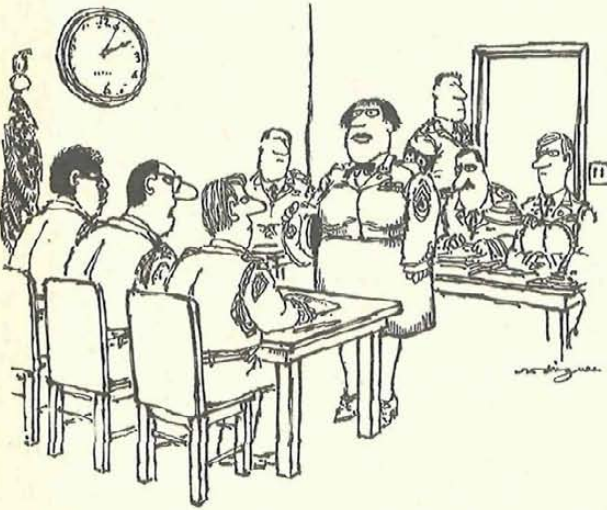
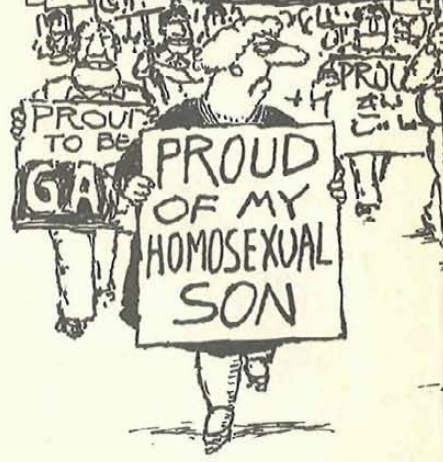
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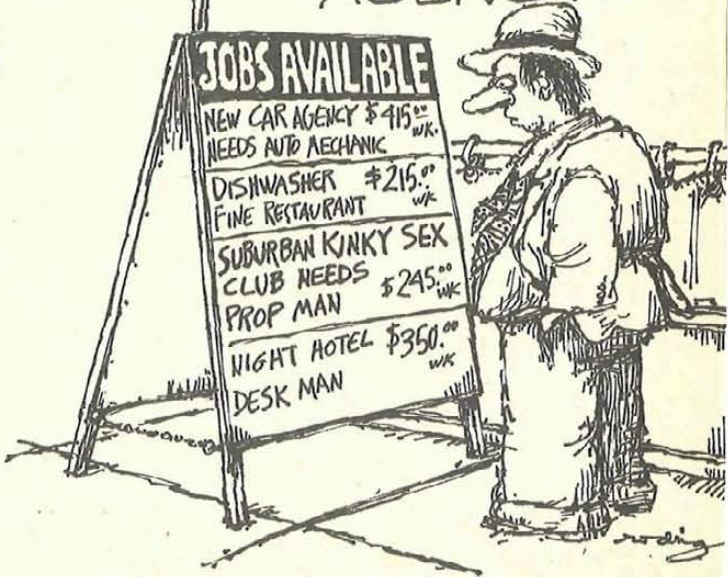


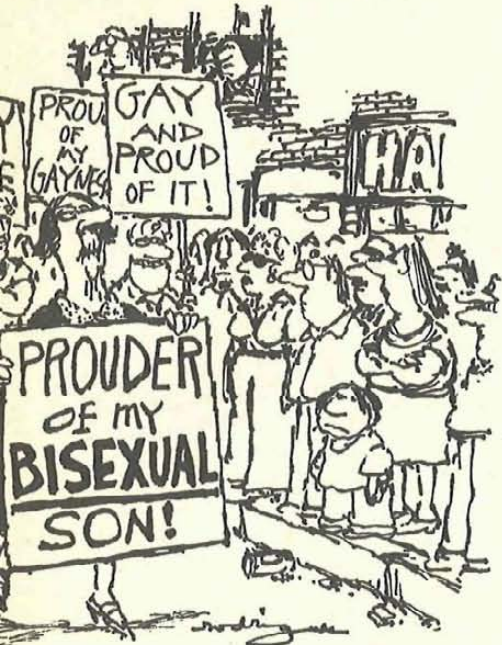
GAY PRIDE



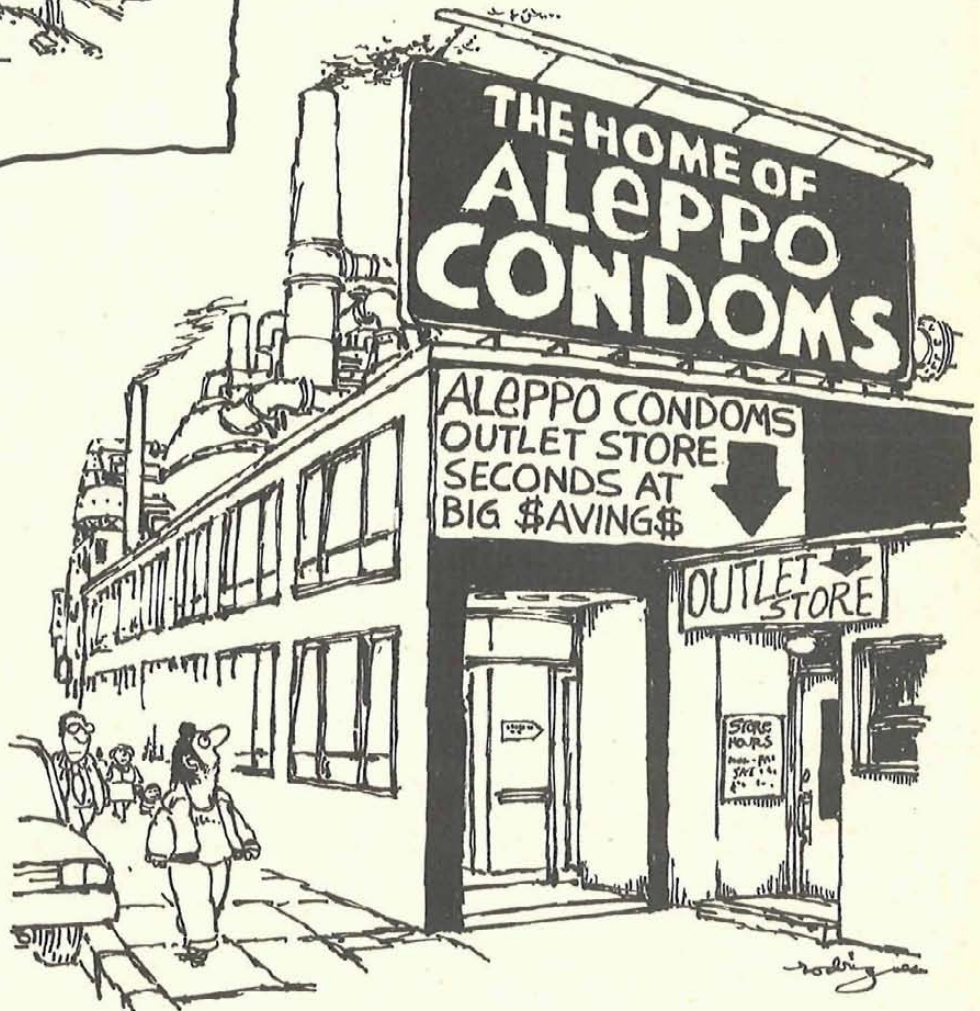
"Sergeant Grace Wilmot, this court-martial finds you guilty of performing a homosexual act with Corporal Hannah DeFore, and sentences you to fifteen days' imprisonment, forfeiture of three months' pay, confiscation of all your dildos, and a dishonorable discharge."

REGENCY EMPLOYMENT AGENCY



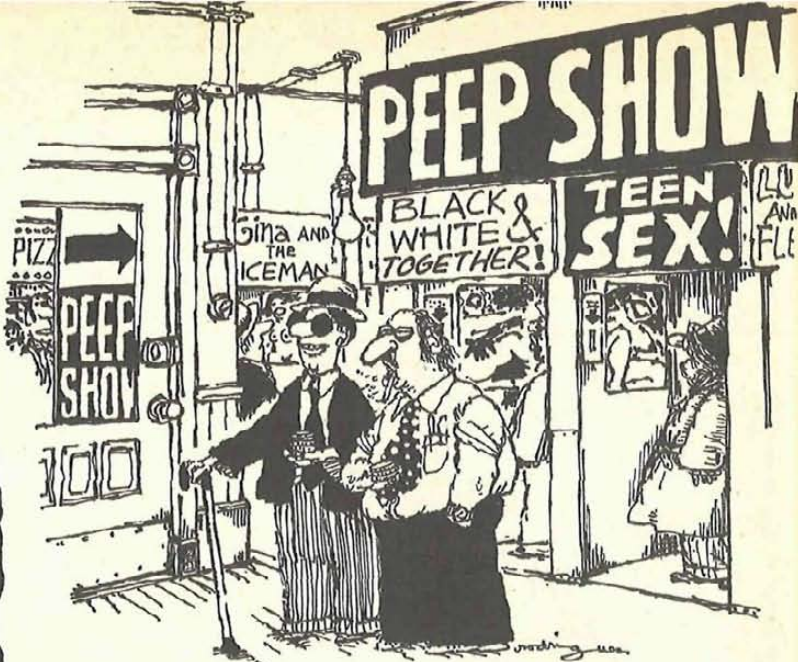


"We need more than *that*, Mullaney. Just because a guy is carrying a tube of vaginal gel lubricant doesn't mean we can prove he's the notorious 'Gentleman Rapist!'"



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BILINGUAL
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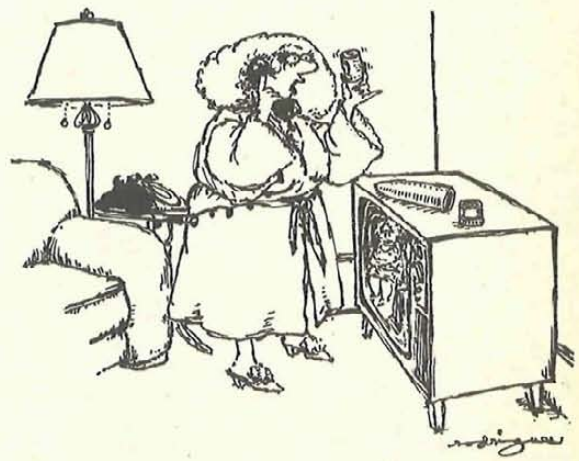
RURAL MEXICAN
SEXUAL TERM
FOR FEMALE
BREAST.....
NOTE: UNKNOWN
IN PUERTO RICO



"Here we are, I'll put in your fifty cents. Okay, here we go. Oh boy, this looks like a real sizzler. It shows this girl on a bed with only panties on—wow! What a pair of knockers on her! A guy is walkin' over to her and he's unzipping his fly, now she starts takin' her panties off and he..."

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TODAY
MALE
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MONEY INTO
PERFORMERS'
JOCKSTRAPS,
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"It's an Eveready general-purpose battery, Dr. Ruth, number 935, size C, 1.5 volts, and I bought it fresh this morning at K mart and my vibrator still doesn't work...."

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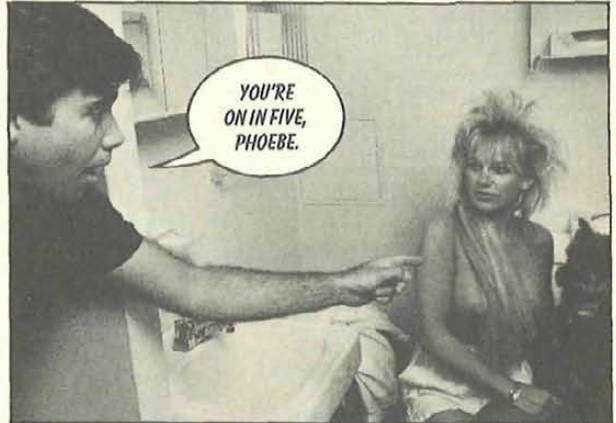
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OH SURE, AND THE ONE IN PHILLY WAS ONLY THE LIGHTING TECH. AND THAT SLEAZEBALL IN TOLEDO WAS ONLY THE BELLHOP. AND WHAT ABOUT THAT SHRINER THAT CAME BACKSTAGE IN CLEVELAND?



PHINNY, DO WE HAVE TO GET INTO THIS IN FRONT OF EVERYBODY?

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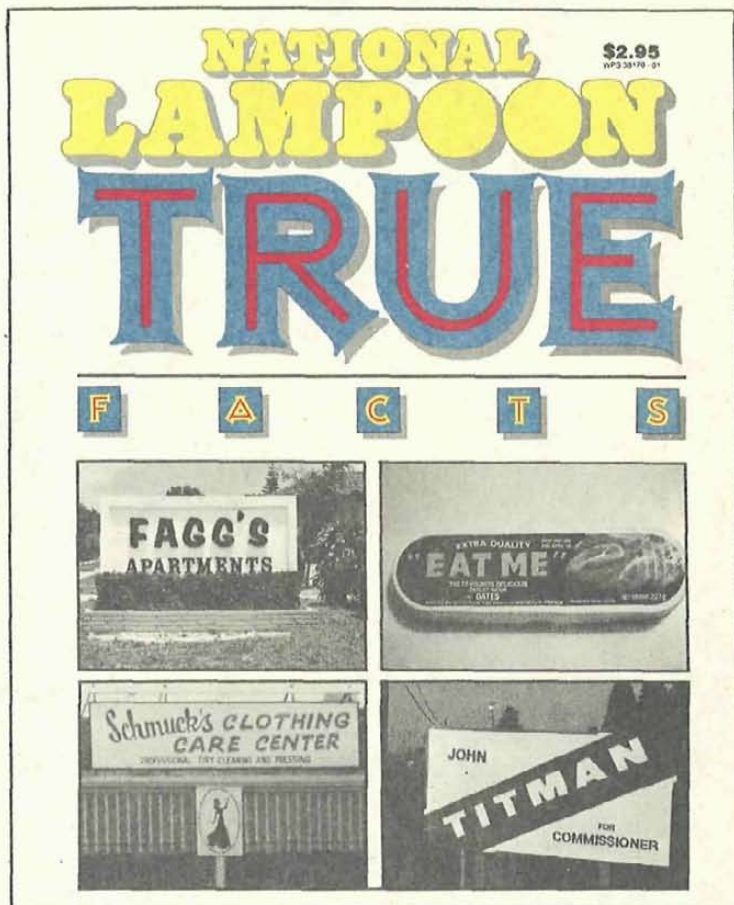
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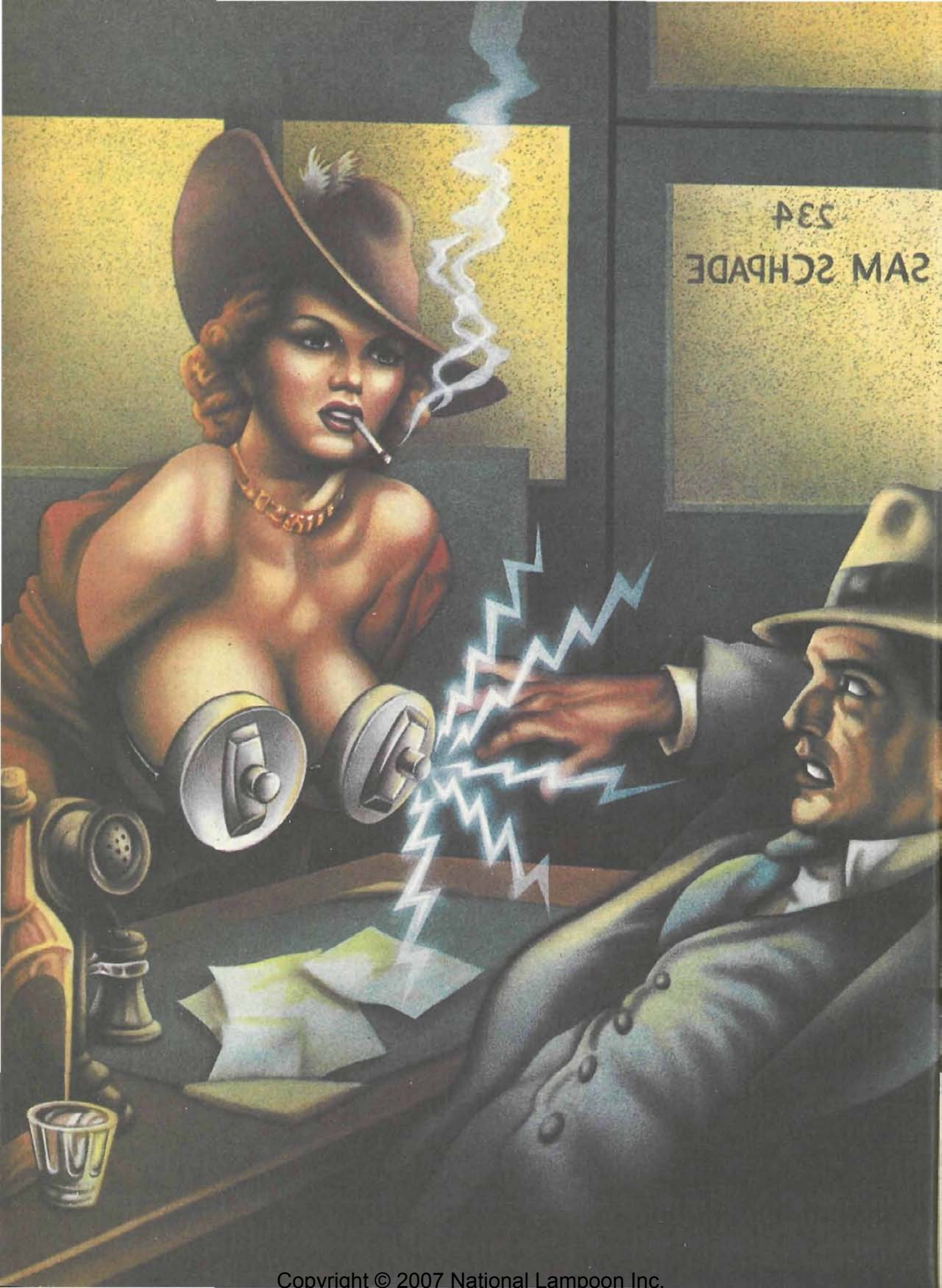


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534
SAM SCHPADE

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. HILARIOUS

by
Lance Contrucci

It was a roasting New York summer, the kind that only comes around once a year or so. Puppy dogs caught fire and burned on the searing streets. Parking meters melted into the sidewalk. I was trying to cool off at my office with some bourbon on ice, but it only made me sweat.

The name's Sam Schpade, Private Detective. It's a good job, but the work isn't exactly steady. Nothing remains the same, except maybe your socks. People change, often in front of you and with the lights on. And sometimes the dame that you're in love with winds up taking a bullet that was meant for you. It's happened to me countless times, and I don't know why. I only know that I am glad.

I've seen all types in this business. The meanest men in the world. Gangsters, hit men, and gunslingers. Guys who'd rob banks. Kidnap women. Torture hamsters. And they weren't all just mean, a lot were stupid. Guys who'd torture banks. Rob women, kidnap hamsters.

But I never met anyone as cruel as the fat man. He was an evil genius, or at least an evil guy who was smarter than average. He was the kind of guy who'd eat a rabbit dinner on Easter Sunday. Freely fart in church. Undertip in fancy restaurants. He was a monster. Inhuman. They called him Dr. Hilarious, yet he only had a master's degree.

It was pouring another three fingers' worth of Jack Daniel's when the door opened slowly. I went to draw my gun, but didn't have any sketching paper. A gorgeous brunette in a red, low-

cut dress waltzed in. Since hardly anybody waltzes anymore, I took extra notice. She had a pair of legs that wouldn't quit, no matter how much you bossed them around. I figured her dress was Halston, but it created so much fallout it could have been Chernobyl. It left little to the imagination, aside from imagining some great sex at your desk on a hot night. As she strode slowly over, her melodic melons beat a steady tunc. *Um-pab-pab*. She parked her perfect derrière on the edge of my desk and left the motor running.

"I'm in search of a private detective for hire," she intoned smoothly. "Is your name Schpade?"

"Sam Schpade. Who's asking?"

"Muffin, Marlene Muffin."

I'd never met a girl with the same first and last name. "What can I do for you, Ms. Muffin?"

"I'd like to ask you a question, Mr. Spade."

I lit a Lucky. "Go ahead, but I don't know if I'll answer it, Ms. Muffin. It depends on why you want to know and whether or not the information is confidential. You understand, of course, that I can't go around blabbing everything to a perfect stranger who's just walked—waltzed—in. But you can ask the question. All right, sister, go ahead—whaddya want to know?"

"Will you pour me a drink?"

"That was easier than I thought." I filled a glass to the brim and she chugged it down.

"I like a dame who can drink."

"That's what the boys in the fraternity say."

A college dame. It was the last thing I needed. I'd been that way before and knew the road well: somehow it always ends at Dead Coed City. I stared at her beautiful face like a dumb guy watching a good TV show. Her blue eyes were haunting, haunting enough to scare the pants off a man. She had high cheekbones that rose up like red rouge explosions from the edges of her moist red lips. Saying "bye-bye" wasn't going to be easy.

"Do you mind if I have another drink?" she asked.

I shook my head and she reached for the bottle. She leaned over in front of me: her gorgeous, ample breasts, mere inches from my face, fell out from her dress. She laughed good-naturedly and put the boys away.

"I'm very anxious to hear about your case, Ms. Muffin. Tell me about it."

"First, answer me this: What's the only kind of wood that doesn't float?"

"That's an easy one: Natalie Wood." Now, you take a dame like Natalie Wood; she had a pair of *cantaloupes* in her sweater.

"Good. And... what's the fastest animal in the world?"

"The Ethiopian chicken," I said. "My barber's asked me tougher questions than that." I had a very inquisitive barber.

"My point is this," Muffin continued. "Someone, somewhere, is responsible for those horrible jokes. As soon as something terrible happens, a whole slew of bad jokes is started. It's gallows humor, Mr. Schpade, and we've got to stop it. I want to find this person."

"I'd like to ask you why you're looking for this man, Ms. Muffin."

"I represent a wealthy client who will remain nameless, Mr. Schpade."

Usually I don't work for clients without names, but I made an exception. "I charge five hundred dollars a day," I said.

"Money is no object."

"I charge seven hundred and fifty dollars a day."

"I'll drink to that." As she reached for the bottle, her gigantic kajoobies jumped out of her dress like fat guys who had stepped on a nail. I got up out of the seat, strode to the door, and locked it. I walked back, poured a fresh drink, and embraced her.

"To our partnership," she intoned huskily.

"Here's lookin' at yours, kid." We clinked glasses and then I kissed her passionately.

I toured every joke joint in the city. It took a while to find the topical joke tellers. Most of the comedians I saw were just deadwood old hacks with the same tired routines, only they were sicker than they used to be. It's the joke slavery trade. They force these poor old shtick-up artists out of their homes and put them to work in the borscht belt.

Like the pathetic old guy I saw uptown one night. His delivery was as old and dirty as his plaid jacket.

"Hey, I just flew in from the Coast," he said, "and, boy, is my pecker tired. No, but seriously, what a goddamn rotten flight. On the way in the stewardess I was fucking asked if my dick hurt. I said, 'No, why?' She said, 'It's fucking killing me.' I'll tell ya, they don't make vaginas

like they used to. Take my wife's snatch—please!"

Nothing new there, so I went to the wild-and-crazy-guy comedy joints. I guess my first big lead came when I did Othello in high school. My first big lead in this case came one night at a yuppie joint on the Upper East Side called Le Humoria. I heard a guy telling what Muffin called "topical" jokes. I knew they were topical because he was wearing a Hawaiian shirt.

He was the typical young, aggressive, foulmouthed, skinny-tie comedian waiting for an HBO special. The first reports were just breaking about the Union Carbide factory tragedy in India, yet this guy was already making jokes about it:

"Hoo boy," he said, "talk about nasty gas! Hey—how'd you like to work in India! The last time I heard of such a tragedy from bad gas was when my uncle Herman tried Mexican food. He wiped out most of Flatbush!

"But hey—what I can't figure out is this: if that many Indians were working in this factory, who was running the newsstands over there?"

"But seriously, have you heard the Union Carbide song? 'One little two little three little Indians...'"

It dawned on me that maybe he was my man. And then I decided he couldn't be. I don't go for guys; I like dames. But then, maybe he had something to do with all of those jokes.

After the show I asked him where he got his material.

"You with the feds?" he asked nervously.

"No, private investigator. You had a lot of topical jokes, Mac, and I'm looking to find out where the jokes come from."

"Ahhh, I just, I don't know...I..." He was holding out on me, so I palmed him twenty bucks to make him sing. He sang, all right: Verdi, the Beach Boys, even a little Slim Whitman. But I didn't get any further than that.

On a hunch I telephoned an old pal in L.A. that night. There too, all over the City of Angels, comedians were telling the same Union Carbide jokes. They were all getting the same jokes at the same time. In turn the jokes were spreading around the country like a bad plague on words.

Marlene and I graduated from the client-detective relationship, graduated to something much better, and never even picked up our diplomas. We started a torrid affair. I was the only man who had ever satisfied her. Her gratitude was paramount, and in return she put on a show each night that was MGM. It was hot. Nothing could quell the flames of passion we fired on those evenings. We were tormented souls, constantly intertwined and spiritually bound. It was swell.

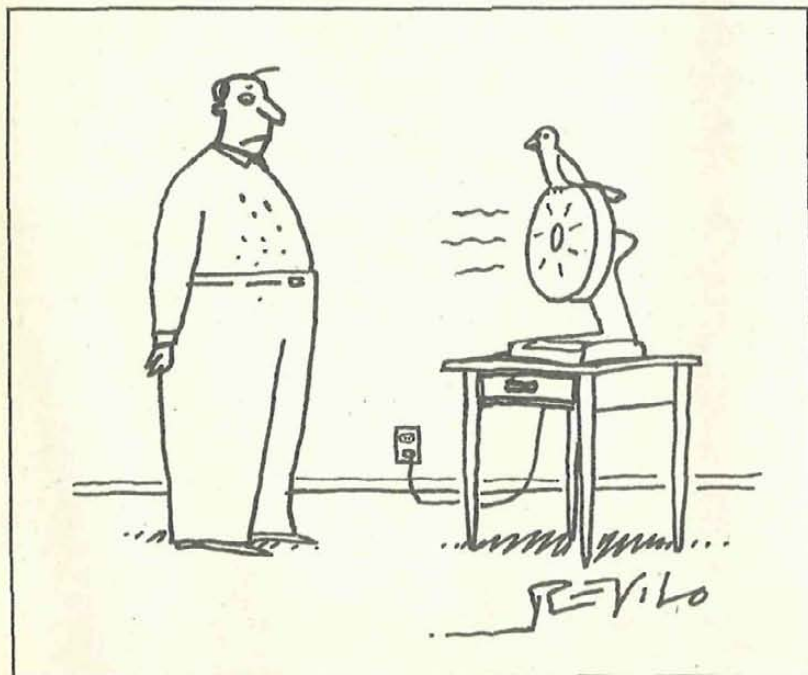
She had heard about a new comic in town, Chuck Chuckles, fresh from Hollywood, and thought maybe I should check him out. As luck would have it, Rock Hudson had just passed on to the great Homo House in the sky. Right from the start, Chuckles was all over Rock's ass, which isn't unusual for a guy from Hollywood.

"Well, hey!" he said. "I feel sorry for Rock Hudson. He didn't ask to be born that way, he was sucked into it. When he was a baby, his parents used to quiet him down by sticking a pacifier up his ass. And things didn't get any better when he became an adult. Hey!—he tried to become a stepfather but was turned down because nobody wanted to be reared by him."

"But Rock was a real man. If another homo picked a fight with him, they settled it by exchanging blows. I heard that Rock moved to Florida a couple of months ago...and now the whole state has Gator AIDS. The governor said, 'I'm giving you two hours to blow this state,' but Rock said he'd need at least a month."

"And hey—then he moved back to Hollywood. He loved all the people there, he had 'neighbors' coming out of his ass. In fact, he started his own cookie company, Famous Anus. After he got sick, a doctor told him to go to Mexico and drink lots of water, eat raw fruit and plenty of tacos. Rock said, 'Will this cure me?' And the doctor said, 'No, but it will teach you what your asshole is for.' By the way, did you know that AIDS stands for 'Adios, Infectious Dick Sucker?'"

continued on page 66





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FASHION REPORT

from Frederick J. Frederick, our chairman:

Preen into Green....You can look sexy and feel luscious at the office! I know, because my clients have been doing just that since we opened our doors more than *fifteen months ago*—when I lost my job as an analyst with Solomon Brothers and started this fabulously lucrative company....

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But of course, there's more to *comfort* at the office than just apparel. That's why we carry

the biggest lineup of toys for the office this side of the Kelly Girls agency. From Inflatable Computers (which look and feel just like the real thing) to our Executive Desk-Bed, nobody but Frederick's knows how to stimulate some action on the Board.... And guys, if you're having trouble staying firm at the firm, try our new *Stay Hard Cream*. (Allow six weeks for delivery, since Harrison Withers (203-555-9878) ordered a *whole case*, and we had to reorder.)

So Preen into Green with Frederick's of Wall Street. No one said it was going to be easy. But no one said it couldn't be hard.

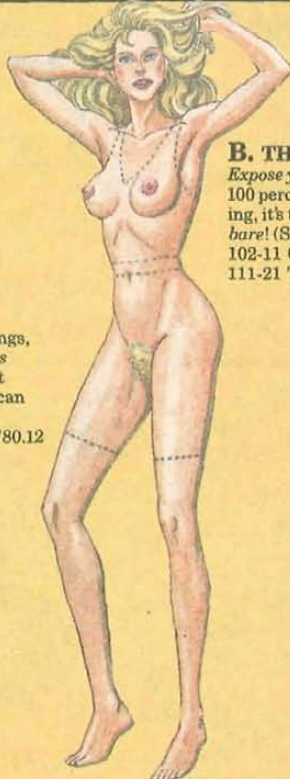
Frederick's. Selling erotic corporate apparel and merchandise for more than *fifteen months*!!!

Sincerely,
Frederick J. Frederick

LADIES' FASHIONS We Know What Women Really Want!



A. THE HOT SPOT
If you're into sweating out meetings, have we got a suit for you! It *looks* corporate and professional, but it feels as only 100 percent leather can feel. (Black only. State size.)
112-33 \$780.12



B. THE WHISTLER
Expose your talents on the job! This 100 percent-plastic suit is so revealing, it's the next best thing to being *bare*! (State size.)
102-11 Clear \$434.00
111-21 Transparent \$455.00



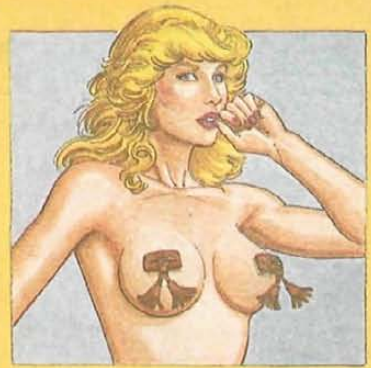
C. THE UGLY SUIT
Hideous bright pink and green, decidedly unfashionable outfit has built-in dirty spots, tears, and rips. No matter how bad your figure is, you'll look ten times better when you *take it off*!! Fat girls, have we done you a favor! (State size.)
102-14 Small \$20.20
Medium \$23.00
Large \$245.00
Extra-Large \$1500.01



D. NIGHT 'N' DAY

Two outfits in one! Night 'n' Day is the perfect combination of sexuality and professionalism. Ultra-conservative outfit is styled after suits worn by Margaret Thatcher. But come 5:00 P.M., turn it inside out and see what made Koo Stark famous!!! (State size.)

122-23 \$899.02



E. SEXY TASSELS

You've cherished those sassy leather tassels on your loafers for years. Through the ingenuity of our designing staff, we've moved them closer to your heart! (State color.)

112-22 Purple \$2.00
 Black \$30.00
 Brown \$30.00

MEN'S FASHIONS A Hard Man Is Good to Find!!!



A. EDIBLE BOXER SHORTS

Next time your boss roars, "Eat my shorts," he's in for a big surprise—you can eat your own! Our edible boxer shorts are perfect if you're into the kinkier things in life, or just looking for a great gag! In fact, either way you'll gag! (State flavor.)

101-22 Chocolate \$99.89
 Strawberry \$99.89
 Escargot \$122.91
 Pesto \$155.95



C. THE WICKED JUAN

If you play squash, try to remember your member is tender! Styled in a daring Spanish Inquisition motif, this stainless-steel jock is guaranteed not to rust, and easily unbolts in half an hour to give Mr. Happy rest and relaxation.

144-57 \$223.01



E. THE STUD—LEATHER BOXER SHORTS

A brazen combination of sexuality (leather) and raw masculine power (boxer shorts), The Stud is the epitome of what the American male should look like underneath it all.

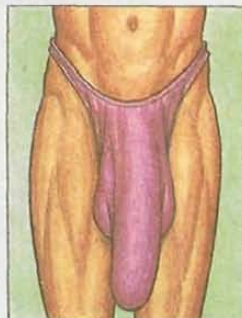
144-22 \$334.00



B. THE WIENER WRAP

If your giant sausage is of the gourmet variety, you've got to display it! Sexy Wiener Wrap Swimsuit is tasteful (if filling) and the best way to toast your buns at the beach. Not recommended for wear at barbecues.

144-68 \$133.98



D. POCKETFUL OF MIRACLES

This extra-extra-large jock is made for the Big Man on Campus, and can accommodate thirteen inches or more.

112-99 \$232.32



F. CROTCHLESS TENNIS SHORTS

The airy, flow-through design of our Crotchless Tennis Shorts permits more bounce to your balls, more play in your game. Color choice of conservative white, hot pink, or baby blue. Whether to impress the boss or "court" that special lady, you'll look and feel better when you "let it all hang out." (Specify color.)

122-33 \$220.23

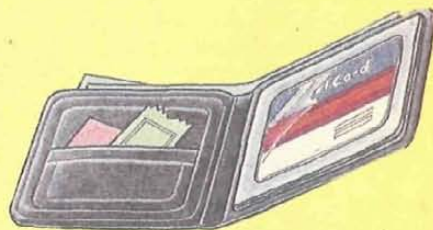
A WIDE SELECTION OF EROTIC TOYS FOR CLIMBING THE



LADIES' BROKER'S BALLS

These little gold balls have been known in the Orient, where making whoopee is synonymous with making money, for hundreds of years! When they're inserted and rubbed together they produce a wild, tingling sensation akin to the way you feel when the Dow tops 1,800! Simply insert them in the morning and massage yourself wherever you are, at any time during the day: at your desk, at the big meeting...or, if you're old-fashioned, in the rest room. Your hands will never be above the table again.

334-44 1 Ball \$44.00
334-55 2 Balls \$344.00



LEATHER WALLET

For those who are into leather *and* into money, we've combined the two! What better place to keep your crisp cold cash than in our sexy, steamy leather wallet? You'll achieve a small climax every time you pull a dollar out of it! Payday will never be the same!

232-46 Navy \$121.91
232-56 Black \$121.91

EXECUTIVE DESK-BED

If you and your client are working late some night, what better way to slip into something comfortable than to slip into our beautiful oak convertible desk-bed? Comes complete with mood-maker tape deck, vibrator, pen-and-pencil holder. 555-43 \$1,000



TELEPHONE MESSAGE PANTIES

"Telephone messages are a necessity!"—John D. Rockefeller. No matter where you are or what you're doing, you, the busy exec, need your telephone messages. Now, with Telephone Message Panties, no matter where you are or what you're doing (he says with a sly grin), you'll always get your messages. 101-22 \$23.00

CAMBODIAN OFFICE GIRL

A big-shot American yuppie executive who's on the move doesn't have time to argue with a modern secretary who thinks it's unbecoming to fetch his coffee. Our specially imported Cambodian Office Girl fetches coffee, buys anniversary presents for the wife, and isn't afraid to get down on her knees for some hard-on work. Costs only \$40.00 a month in food after initial purchase. All Cambodian Office Girls are guaranteed to be no older than thirteen years of age. After she turns fifteen, sell her and get a new one! (State size.)

889-22 90 lb. or less \$600.00
889-23 100 lb. \$1,200.00
889-24 A real fat one \$2,000.00



WHIP POINTER

Smart stainless-steel retractable pointer looks chic, professional at meetings. But attach the screw-on head, and you've got a tool that's fit for a meeting with the Marquis de Sade! Comes with an assortment of heads. 838-39 \$335.00



KNEEPADS

You've blown the big account and now you have to blow the big boss? Don't despair! Our cotton-and-rubber kneepads will help you get through those time-consuming jobs, especially if your boss is a real "stiff." And if you're the chairman, why not buy a case for the company? With these soft, sensitive kneepads, it won't be long till you have the whole board eating out of your lap. 848-19 One \$65.00
Dozen \$780.00

BOYS AND USEFUL MERCHANDISE CORPORATE LADDER!!!



SATIN SHEETS

Erasable Bond was never like this! Why hand out the earnings report on that nasty, coarse stuff that Grandpa used to use? These sexy, 100 percent-satin sheets feel oh-so-sensuous and look like a million bucks. Nobody will even notice what's printed on them! Guaranteed to be the hit of the meeting. Available in pink, white, or blue. 855-33 Box of 100 \$3,220.82

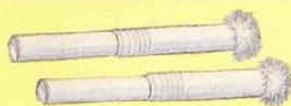


REAGAN ADMINISTRATION RUBBERS

No need to worry about the "trickle-down theory" when you put your dick inside one of the three biggest dicks of all time! These specially formulated latex rubbers were designed with practicality and fashion in mind. They come in the likenesses of three "stand-up" kind of guys: Ronald Reagan, Ed Meese, and James Baker! 103-41 Reagan \$55.00 per box
103-42 Baker \$55.00 per box
103-43 Meese \$185.00 per box

MARILYN MONROE PENCIL SHARPENER

What goes in must come out! If you're trying to get the "point" across to the sexy little manager trainee on the twelfth floor, just give her one of your own custom pencils. Your pencil may not be sharp, but boy, does this baby ever put a head on it! Electronic sharpener is a scaled-down replica of famous head of Marilyn that was hidden under the desk in the Oval Office for most of 1962. Model B makes baby-like sucking and gurgling sounds while operating. 860-62 Marilyn Sharpener.. \$350.00
860-63 Model B \$1,110.00



CASHMERE TAMPONS

These Cashmere Tampons will keep you dry and secure throughout your hectic day. And best of all, you'll feel all warm inside. 223-33 Dozen \$2,111.03



DOM PÉRIGNON SPANISH FLY

It looks and tastes just like a regular bottle of Dom, but put this one on the table and your client will "go to bed" in no time. Dom Pérignon Spanish Fly has been scientifically proven to make ad campaigns, stock deals, and money markets look overwhelmingly attractive instantly. Your client won't be able to wait to sign contracts—and you'll be "drunk" with power. 859-57 Dry \$348.00
859-58 Extra-Dry \$348.00

COMPUTER CORNER

INFLATABLE COMPUTER

Gosh darn it, why does it always seem like you're the only guy in the world who can't get his own computer?? Well, cry no more! Our Inflatable Computer has real expansion slots, an ever-so-sensitive keyboard, and an on-off switch! Feels just like the real thing, except it can't tell you that you're doing it all wrong!!!

443-56 IBM \$955.78
443-58 Macintosh \$3.35



Software

LOTUS-EATER 123

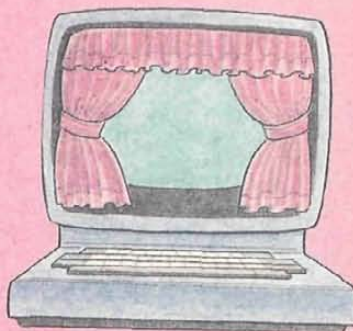
Take a scientific approach to your swinging! Lotus-Eater 123 offers a formulated spread sheet to help keep track of who's zoomin' who, which bars have produced the highest success rate, etc. 289-23 \$566.76

THE ART OF LOVEMAKING

A step-by-step manual that takes you through the entire process, from the best way to pick up your computer to turning it on to insertion of your program. Your one true love will love you forever. 332-43 \$223.22

DADDY BASE THREE

This thoroughly designed program features a step-by-step procedure to help you land your sugar daddy. 289-33 \$666.45



SILK VIEWING-SCREEN CURTAINS

A sexy, practical item that no computer should be without. Sexy because our genuine 100 percent-silk curtains are designed like those that appear in the best Parisian whorehouses! Oo-la-la! Practical because they provide a way to keep Peeping Tom competition from having a look at your private figures. Available in pink or deep red.

443-78 Pink \$422.09
443-79 Deep Red \$223.09

My Life at SexWorld: CONFESSIONS OF A MOP MAN

by Dave Hanson

You could have knocked them over with a feather at my twentieth class reunion last month. The last anyone had heard of me was right after high school when I was moving east to Tulsa to go into my uncle's laminating business, pasting foggy pictures of Jesus and sunsets and fluffy animals onto pieces of dark burnished wood and varnishing them till they were smooth and shiny.

Except for the dizzying stink of the varnish and the low wages, it wasn't a bad job, with good Christmas discounts and probably a better-than-average shot at absolution. Not that glazing italicized gems from Ecclesiastes and Eleanor Roosevelt under pictures of baby chipmunks was glamorous or exciting, but life was pretty good. I had a car, my uncle's basement to myself, and plenty of good home cooking. What more could a young man want? I was soon to learn.

I was doing some freelance work in the shop, and somehow a plaque with a hazy rendering of Jesus and his flock wound up with the caption "God only created women because sheep can't cook"; as luck would have it, the thing got shipped to St. Patrick's gift shop, and my uncle, a deeply religious man, disowned me. Uprooted and at loose ends, to say the least, I headed to New York, where life, with stunning quickness, would take on a thrilling new sheen.

After the deposit at the Twenty-third Street Y and a cheeseburger deluxe, I was Chapter 11, so I went right into the Help Wanted. My luck was unbelievable; while most people spend years immersed in either the Bible or LSD trying to find a life-altering revelation, I found mine in the *New York Times* classifieds in half an hour.

I didn't have any mopping experience and I'm usually not much of a liar, but

when I realized who the employer was and the fun this job could wreak, the fever of rebellion boiled through me. I would have sold my soul for that job. I told the Boss Man I'd been in the Navy, that I'd worked swabbing out the toilets in the Port Authority two summers in a row, and that I'd freelanced scrubbing out the Johnny-on-the Spots in Central Park both on St. Patrick's Day and after the All-Epileptic Beer Bash; I told him I could handle the quarter-stall gig no sweat. He was impressed and he hired me right off.

The pay wasn't any great shakes and the hours were long, but oh man, the perks! Imagine spending your lunch hour watching a luscious eighteen-year-old Puerto Rican girl who thinks you're a paying customer shake her tits at you and stick out her ass at you; imagine seeing all the loops for free. They were paying me \$4.20 an hour, but when I

James Bennett



factored in the gravy I figured I was making closer to eleven or twelve.

The day I started I was amazed to see all my co-workers run into the booths on coffee breaks to beat off—putting cream in your coffee, they called it—but I soon discovered that it was fine and healthy and legal and felt great, and if you didn't do it, your nuts would damn near implode. In fact, everyone wore gloves when they mopped, and not 'cause they were sissies but because, as they said, a guy working here with calluses is like a Mormon working for Budweiser, it's just a stone waste.

Man, this was living the way people live in wet dreams, and I never wanted to wake up. I saw as much sex in an hour as transpired in all of Oklahoma in three years, and I was almost sad to think how, but for the grace of God, I could easily have pissed away my life in the Bible Belt.

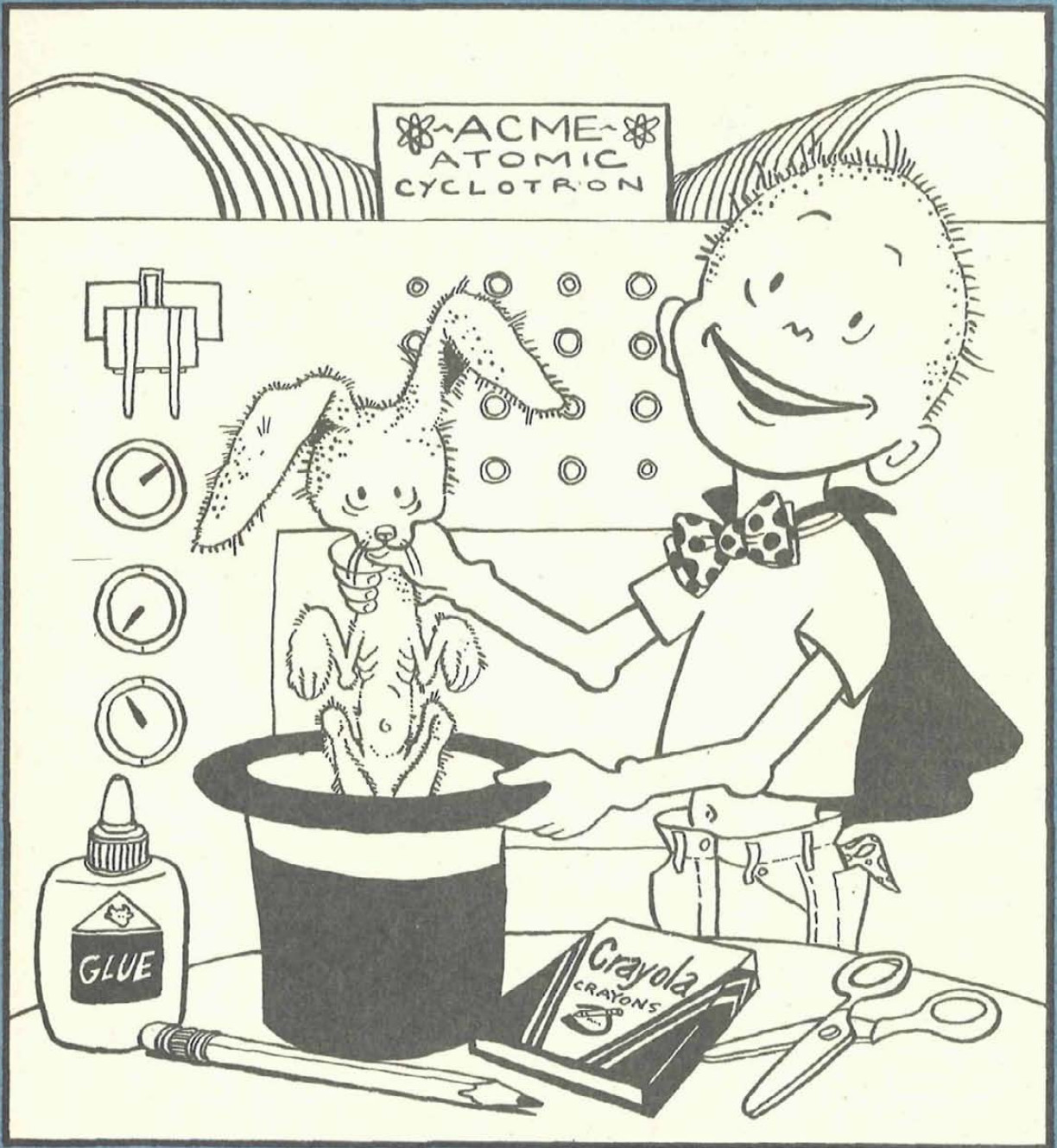
It's not just the wall-to-wall sex that makes this job great, though, it's also the people I've met, like Bob Guccione. When I started at SexWorld he was also working as a swab, but he wasn't looking to stay there forever, he said, he'd just taken the job so he could learn the sex business from the inside out, it was an investment in his future. He used to tell me how his goal was to start a magazine that would challenge *Playboy*. Gooch talked constantly about how he hated Hefner, said how could a red-blooded guy really get it going without seeing some pink gleaming meat, so he wanted to start a magazine that wasn't chickenshit, that had some real class, some real style, and would allow its readers an incisive glimpse into a ripe young woman's vaginal canal. Gooch fumed when he talked about the lack of twat shots available to the regular guy looking for a good hearty pull; he reasoned that

if men could buy pictures of girls displaying their tits under the guise of craving the important literature within the pages of *Playboy*, why shouldn't he, Gooch, be able to offer photos of women shining the canary's guts under the façade of responsible investigative journalism? And, he said, once his magazine was acknowledged as a legitimate publication, the beauty of the women would advance commensurately. At that time, if a man wanted to glimpse a snatch other than the one that had given him a son, he had to stake his reputation by venturing into a sleazy and shameful area of town—and for it all, the beaver he saw would be as vile and threadbare as a galley boy's bung.

While Gooch was learning the business, he saved his money for the day when he would be ready to take on Hef. He was always watching, always scheming, doing things

continued on page 65

THE FUN WITH AIDS BOOK!



A great "going away" present!

by David A. Wielgus

Illustrated by Shary Flenniken

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Foreword

C'mon, don't just *lie there*, Sleepyhead!

Don't let a lethal, incurable disease give you a case of the "mopes"! We're going to take that slim new you and turn that frown upside down!

This book is *scientifically designed* to be more fun than an accordion or even an ant farm! And the fun will last as long as you do!

Can't you just feel your blue mood (and let's face it, your immune system) weakening?

What You'll Need to Fully Enjoy This Book

A sharp pencil

A pair of scissors

Paste or glue

An electrostatic generator, cyclotron, or other type of "atom smasher" that accelerates charged subatomic particles for research purposes

Crayolas, or colored pencils

Enough time

Hope

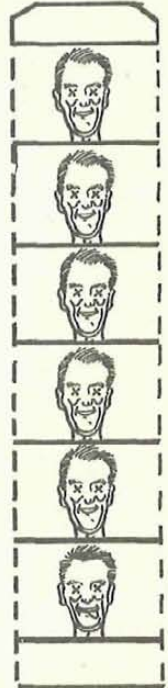


The Show Must Go On!

Welcome to your own private movie screen! Where you are the director, the projectionist, and the audience all in one!

Cut out the screen and the film strips at right. Make slits along the dotted lines on the screen. Then start the movie by moving the film through the slits! That's it! Everything you need to make your own movie except the popcorn (which, frankly, would have made this book pretty difficult to shut).

Today's Feature: "Speak to Me, Rock!"

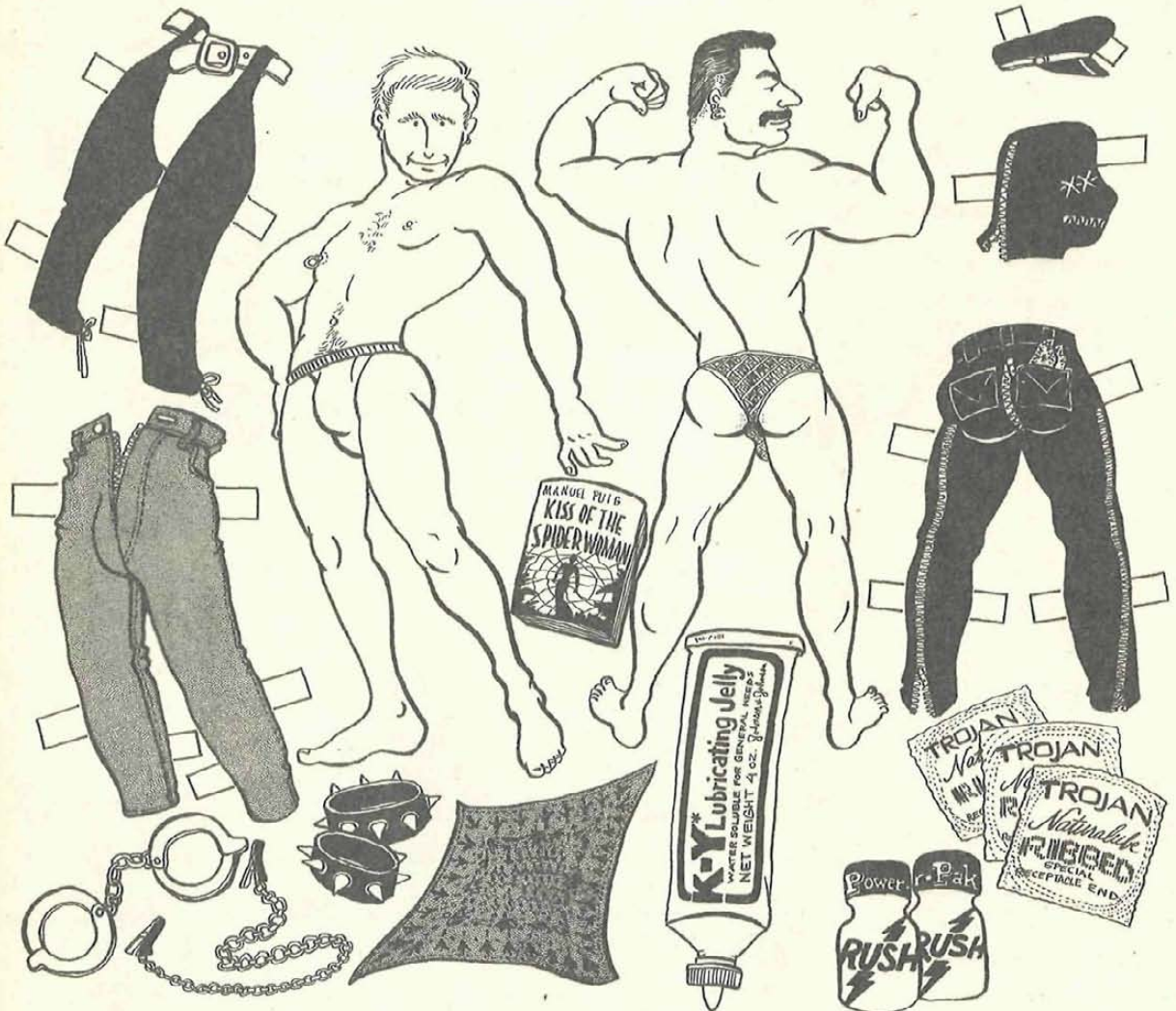


Wacky Wordplay!

Fill in the spaces with the words of your choice. Then read the zany, nutty story you've written!

"Oh Benjamin, you're my (noun) and I don't know how long we've shared (noun), and I don't know how to tell you this, but the clinic tells me I've caught (noun) off a (noun) and I've only got (noun) to (verb). If only Biff hadn't convinced me to (verb) at Captain Buck Naked's Tower of Beef!"

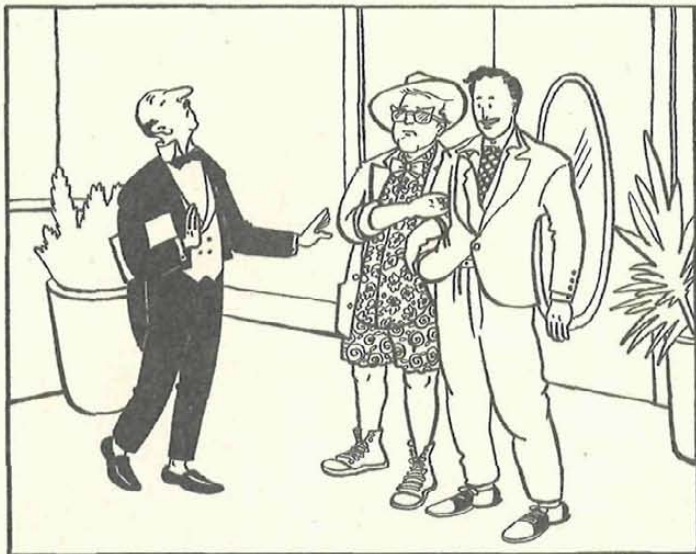
Those Crazy K-Y Kidz!



Those crazy K-Y kidz are at it again! Can you outfit those two groovy guys for a dash to the cappuccino café, a sojourn to the Leather Boutique, or a steamy session of "safe sex"? (HINT: Remember those condoms, fellas!)

Bisexual Blunders!

Elton John and Errol Flynn entered a *fabulous* restaurant, but just couldn't get a seat! How should they tip the headwaiter?



A. Back just far enough so they could get him entirely into their mouths.

Your Friend's A-Wastin'!

This is a great party-time fun game! Hold up a picture of your friend, the AIDS victim, taken in his "better days." Guests must guess how much weight (s)he has lost since the date the photo was taken!

For Your Matchless Friends!

Arrange 24 matchsticks to form 9 squares, as shown below. Removing only 23 matchsticks, can you create a replica of Rock Hudson as he looked in *Dynasty* (1985)?



Rip-Roaring Rebus!

Can you read this secret message?



R

U

?



U



m



moonshine-making apparatus

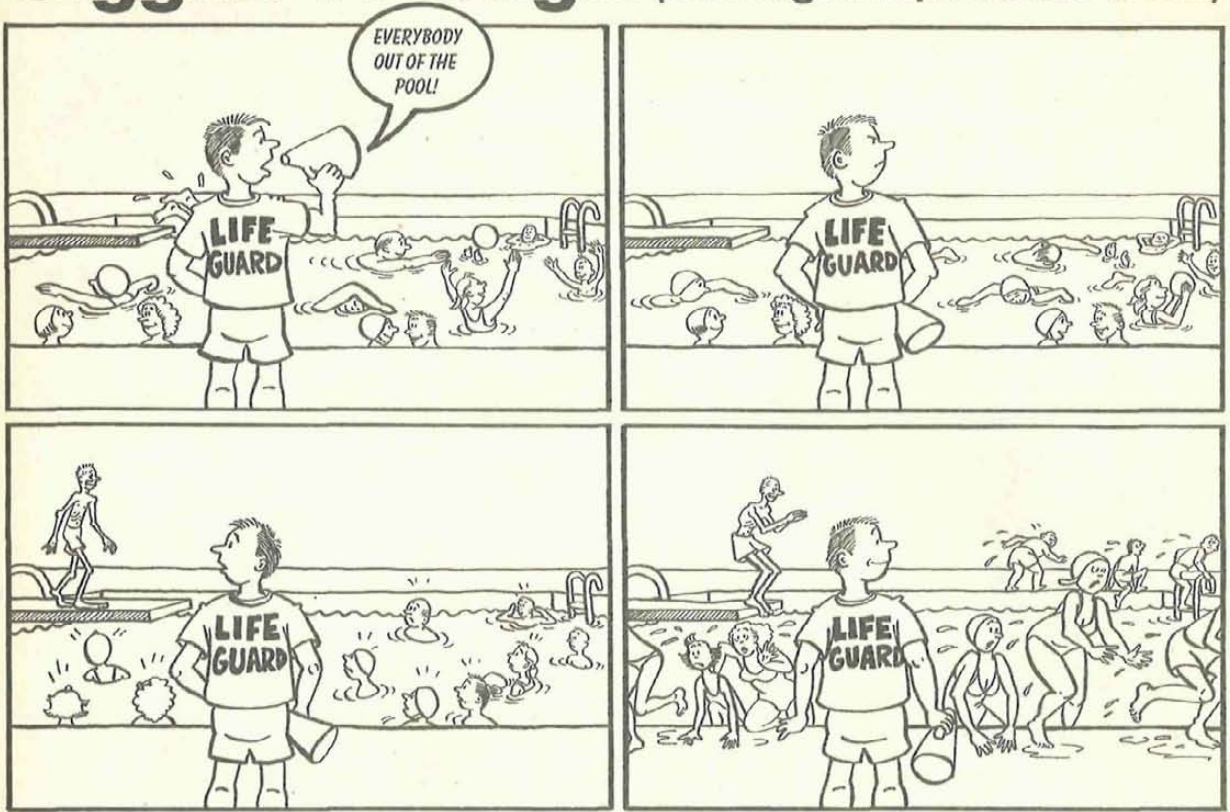


+TH+



A. How are you? Can you believe it? I'm still breathing!

Giggles 'N' Gags! (starring Artie, the AIDS victim)



Color by Numbers

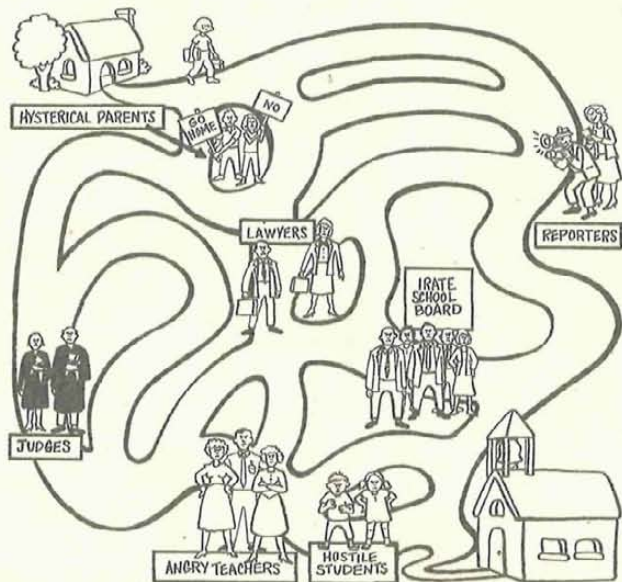


LEGEND:

- 1 = purple
- 2 = red
- 3 = ashen-gray
- 4 = brown
- 5 = black

School Daze!

Help little Billy, diagnosed as having AIDS and still infectious, get to his public school classes.



Transylvania Tee-Hees



Falling for Each Other!

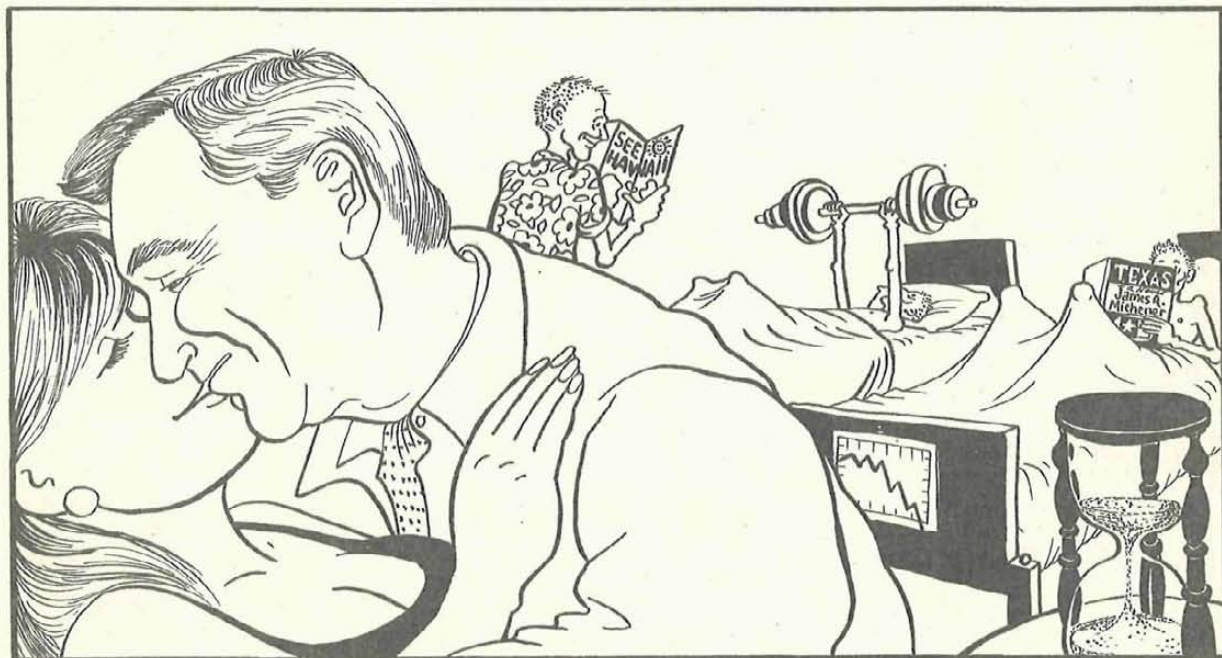
You might need your calculator or protractor for this one, gang!

Suppose that those two incurable (in more ways than one) romantics, Stuart and Stanley, leap off the top of a building 300 feet high. If the magnitude of the initial upward velocity is 64 f/s, what is the resultant implosion? (Take g as exactly 32 f/s².)

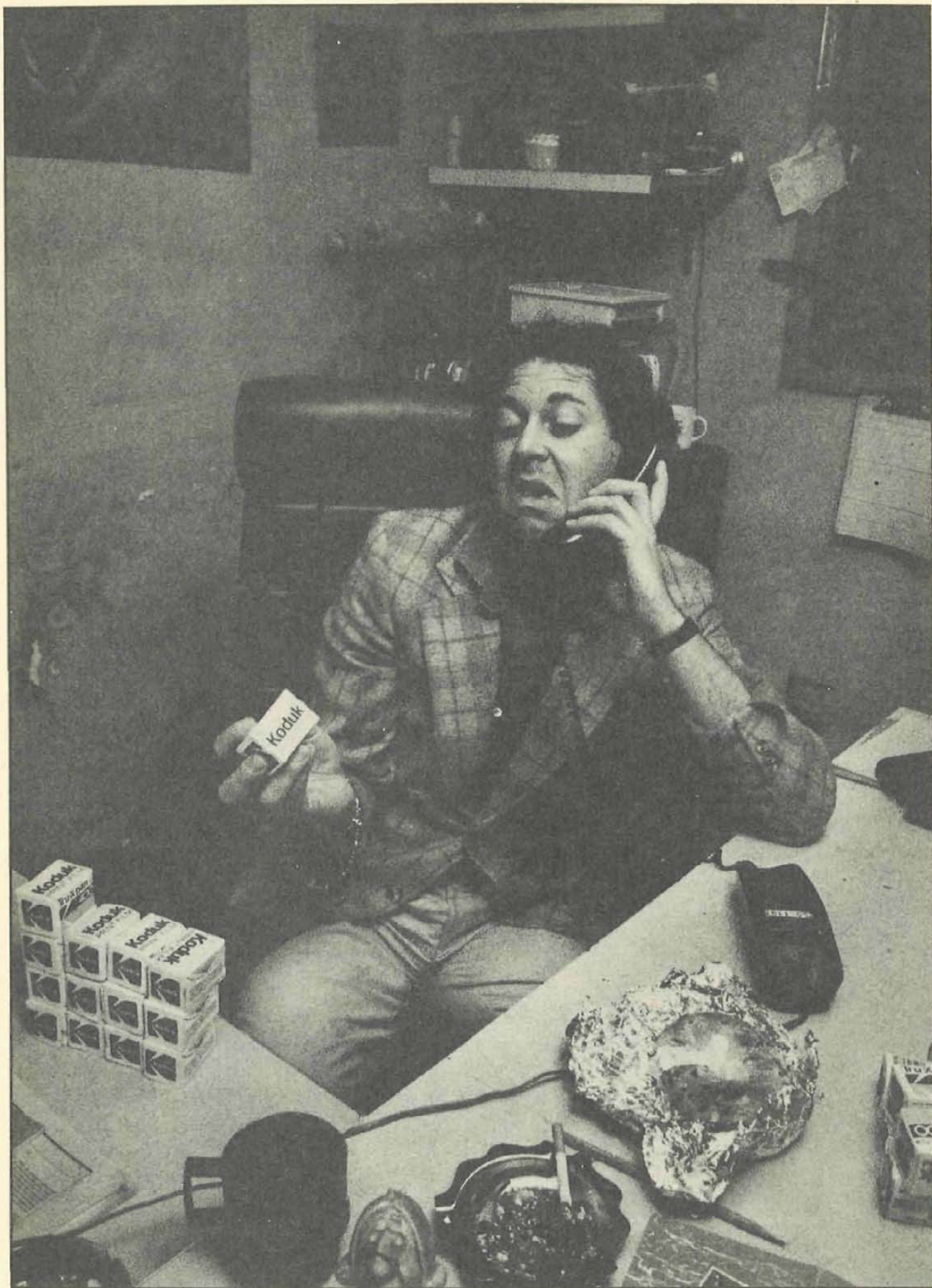
A. A big bloody puddle of AIDS—47 feet wide.

But It Would Be Wrong!

There are five things wrong with this picture. Can you guess what they are?



- A. 1. Rock kissing actress on Dynasty set.
2. AIDS victim bench-pressing 300-pound barbell in bed.
3. Hourglass still has sand running.
4. Patient will never finish Michener's Texas.
5. AIDS victim is making plans for summer vacation.



Check him out, check him out!

A Day in the Life of Entrepreneur Izmir Kebob

by Gerry Sussman

(reprinted from *Dirty Business Week* magazine)

Izmir Kebob, the entrepreneur and venture capitalist, put down the phone, looking pained. He winced, sighed, and shrugged. He was stuck with a lot of questionable merchandise, or "merch," as he called it.

"What kind of merchandise?"

He sighed heavily and uttered softly, almost inaudibly, "Prophylactics... condoms."

"A superb opportunity to carve out a nice little piece of change," he added. "Do you know the condom business?"

"Not really."

"Neither did I. But I investigated. I went to the drugstore. Amazing. There is every kind you can think of. What was missing? Why did I think it was an opportunity?"

"Why?"

"They were too expensive. Too much money to pay for getting laid, yes? If you like to do it a lot, you could spend twenty dollars a week, more, on condoms. If I could produce a good, cheap condom I could sell it for half the price and still make a fortune. I saw a multi-million-dollar business. Fill a need, sell it cheap. But always make the brands people want—Trojans, Ramses. I always make the finest."

What Kebob meant was that he always makes the finest labels. He is a leading member of the "Famous Label Group," the entrepreneurs who create copies of well-known brands, using the same label, package, or trademark, then sell them for half the usual price. In most cases the label is far more important than the product.

"My nephew, Kemil, who deals in this kind of merch, found a condom factory that was almost too good to be true. a factory in Afghanistan," said Kebob.

"They could make the condom for one penny apiece. The condom is one of the biggest items they make in Afghanistan, you see. There are many sheeps, lambs, in Afghanistan who have exactly the right kind of skin for the condom. They said that you could use the Afghanistan condom ten, fifteen times and it would not break. After the mountain people finished with one they would patch it up and use it as a small water bag. Amazing merch. The highest quality."

"And then the Russians invaded Afghanistan. One of the first things they did was to take over the condom factory. The Russians really use the condom. They are very brutal to it, very abusing. The test of a condom is if a Russian can't break it, it is the best in the world. The Russians could not break this condom."

"So what was the problem?"

"The Afghans broke it. It was not our fault. It was bad timing. We did not know that the Afghans hate the Russians. Especially the ones who work in the condom factories like slave labor. So they spoiled the merch, just for spite."

"You mean sabotage?"

"Exactly. Sabotage. Tiny holes. So small they could not be seen except by microscope."

"How did you discover the problem?"

"My wife did. She became pregnant after I tried one. So I knew there was trouble. I tested one, two more. They did not even make good water bags. Still,

I could not throw away millions of condoms, yes? The way to solve the problem was to sell the merch very cheap—twenty-nine cents for package of six, maybe for package of twelve. Then I thought of one of the great ideas to save the merch. Tell the customers to use *two* instead of one. Even three. Do you see? It is still much cheaper than buying the expensive ones and using only one at a time."

"The layered look."

"Exactly. Take what is the weak spot and make it strong. I said to my retail organization, 'Tell the customer that if he is well-built, he should use two or three at one time. Make him feel good about his sex equipment.'

"But first I always do the market research, the testing. In this case, I worked a corner on Times Square, near Forty-second Street."

"You mean street-corner retailers?"

"Exactly. Very essential to my business. It was how my beloved father got started in the old country... in the bazaars. I told my people to sell the condoms as the layered look, as you say."

"How did the test work out?"

"My salespeople on Times Square are very good—the best. They winked at the men and told them that this was the way the movie stars liked to do it now, that it was the latest thing. But we were not getting good sales. The double-condom idea is still too big, too advanced for most people. The average person cannot make the leap of the mind to see the advantages. I am still ahead of my time."

Izmir Kebob started his business in 1979 in a tiny basement on East Third Street and Avenue B on New York City's Lower East Side, or "Alphabetland," as it is called—a bombed-out, boarded-up section that houses some of the city's finest junkies, pimps, punks, creeps, and people who call themselves "performance artists."

Today Kebob is still in the same basement. Unlike most high-powered entrepreneurs, he does not need luxurious offices, a battery of assistants and secretaries, limos, and lunches at the Four Seasons. All Izmir Kebob needs is a telephone. Kebob doesn't like to talk about his phone, however. "It's a hookup. I have an arrangement with someone. It is not the concern of the telephone company. They are big enough to get by without my money."

"Izmir was born with a telephone stuck to his ear," his brother Fawzi, also an entrepreneur and venture capitalist, told me. "When he was a little boy of nine or ten he would make his own phone calls and try to imitate our father, who conducted most of his business at home, also mostly on the phone. Izmir would open the Yellow Pages, find the name of a company that looked interesting, and call them to see if could make a deal—like his father did. He was always calling someplace like Acme Steel Tubing or Apex Hospital Supply

and imitating his father, saying that he had arranged for 500,000 cases of cotton balls to be shipped to Iran or something like that. He had a deep voice for a child and made a lot of big deals."

Kebob is short, plump, and has the classic look of the Middle Easterner, somewhere between Nehru and Omar Sharif, the Egyptian actor who was in *Lawrence of Arabia*. He could be from Turkey, Syria, Lebanon, even Israel. Or he could be Greek or Pakistani. Actually, he was born in Newark, New Jersey. He is deliberately vague about his background. He likes to change his origins according to the needs of the deal. He perspires freely, winter or summer, and is always popping a Tic Tac to sweeten his breath.

Kebob keeps his business empire entirely in his head. Nothing is on paper. His phone has six extensions, one for each of his corporations, none of which are legal in the strict sense of being registered. A handshake is sufficient for him to start a new corporation. He simply shakes his own hand and starts another company. Kebob is known as Kebob International, Sheik Fashions, Olympus Enterprises, the Khartoum Group, Phyllo, Ltd., and the Bobek Company, which is Kebob spelled backwards.

"What I like about Izzy Kebob is that he'll make a deal on anything, whether he has the money or merchandise or

not. Money is no object because he rarely has any and he never uses his own," said Zelig Ben-Yeshiva, a venture capitalist who works with Kebob on various consumer electronic and photographic deals. Ben-Yeshiva, whose real name is Mickey O'Haggerty, dresses and talks like an Orthodox Jew to gain access and influence into the byzantine world of retail electronics, cameras, film, and home computers, a field dominated in New York by the shrewd, aggressive members of the ultra-fanatic religious sect known as the Hasidim. Ben-Yeshiva wears the full Hasid regalia—black suit, black coat and hat, long beard, and curly sideburns known as *payess*. He speaks fluent Yiddish and prays to himself when not making a deal. At night he reverts to his normal self and tends bar at Hooters II on the Upper East Side.

I accompanied Kebob and Ben-Yeshiva to one of their famous label makers, where they were to approve the packaging for their new photographic-film venture. The label was the familiar yellow and black box that houses Kodak film. The label maker was an old family friend of Kebob. "His father and my father did much business together in the old country," said Kebob.

The label maker was a squat, swarthy man with a droopy mustache and sad eyes, a Turk. For some reason, Turks are experts in this line of work, Ben-Yeshiva said. The Turk showed the two men his creation, a perfect replica of the Kodak box in every detail. The only flaw was the spelling of the name. He spelled it "Koduk." The Turk explained that "koduk" means "big wolf" in Turkish, which he thought was a very good name for the company. Kebob smiled but explained that "Koduk" didn't have that meaning for most Americans, whereas "Kodak" stands for good film. The Turk apologized and changed the spelling with a felt-tip pen.

I asked if all this elaborate work wouldn't be considered counterfeiting—creating forgeries, fakes, fooling the public. Kebob saw it differently.

"I am small peanuts compared to the big companies. I am in the same position they were maybe fifty, one hundred years ago when they were first starting. I have to scratch for what I can get. Like they did when they started.

"I am selling perfectly good film made in India at a tiny amount of what you pay in a store for Kodak film, you see? Kodak has a monopoly and can charge whatever it wants. I am on the side of the consumer who is sick of paying the high prices. But I also want the consumer to feel secure. He feels secure when he sees the genuine Kodak box. If I sold him my Indian film with an Indian name on it, like Wogga Wogga, would he buy it? Don't be a shmekelpuss—of course not!



"You go tell round-eye, faggot Yankee he just have to wait for his hot and sour soup!"

But the yellow and black box with the name Kodak—now you are talking business, a rare opportunity to make millions. I am tiny. The big companies are big. They should not be angry because I use their package. They should be flattered. What am I? I am just a mosquito on the anus of the elephant."

Ben-Yeshiva did not entirely share Kebob's confidence in Indian film. "I thought the film would be made in Mexico," he said. "The Mexicans know more about film manufacture. The last shipment of Indian film we sold a few years ago shrank in the developing tank." Nevertheless, ten thousand cases of Indian snapshot film would be shipped to Honduras, flown to New York, and trucked to a small factory outside of Pittsburgh that did offbeat packaging. So far, no one had seen the new film.

Izmir Kebob was hungry. He had charge accounts with hot dog vendors all over the city, but today he wanted a real lunch. We went to his favorite Greek diner. It was the height of the lunch hour, but Kebob managed to get a table for four, though there were only two of us. Ben-Yeshiva had another engagement. It had been a long, busy morning. The leaky condoms remained unsold. Kebob was beginning to worry about the Indian film ("I don't want to know about it. I just want to sell it in my beautiful Kodak boxes. That's it and that's all").

And there were other problems. The chocolate bars he had sold to the Korean army for their PX's were turning moldy and green. His contact, Wat Mun Dung, a small Korean in a dark blue suit who always traveled with a very large Korean in a dark blue suit, was very displeased. Green chocolate bars did not sound like little treats for Korean soldiers. Dung's government was holding 300,000 cases of the bars, already paid for. They had inspected about one-third of the shipment, and most of the chocolate bars had a layer of green fuzz on them. They wanted their money back.

I wondered aloud where Kebob could have found chocolate bars in such a decrepit state. He gave me his familiar wince, sigh, and shrug, which stood for "Ouch, that hurt," "I've got to get out of this mess," and "What the hell, it's only money, not the end of the world."

"Such a nice deal—chocolate bars to the Korean army. How could anything go wrong, I asked myself."

"Where did they come from?"

"Korea. They were originally made in Korea and shipped out by accident on a Greek freighter going to Uruguay. The freighter never made the delivery and the chocolate bars were left in storage for a long time."

"How long?"

"Please do not ask. Something hap-

pened to the chocolate bars in that ship. I am not a sailor. I don't know what goes on in the bottom of a Greek freighter. All I know is I was selling the Koreans their own chocolates. They forgot about them. I got them from the cousin of the man who owned this diner, sight unseen, for one hundred dollars cash. The chocolates have no labels. They were meant to be put into packages, like the way I am doing with the Indian film. Hershey bars, I was going to make. With nuts. But they never got that far."

"You mean they were not even wrapped?"

"Exactly. There was no need for them to be individually wrapped. They were meant for the army. The army is not fussy. We are not talking about Godiva Belgian candy in gold foil. We are talking about a piece of chocolate, a munchie."

"What are you going to do about Mr. Dung and his large bodyguard?"

"I offered him half the Indian film deal. He is considering it at the moment."

"Does Ben-Yeshiva know he could beaced out of his share?"

"One thing at a time. Zelig and I will have to make our own deal."

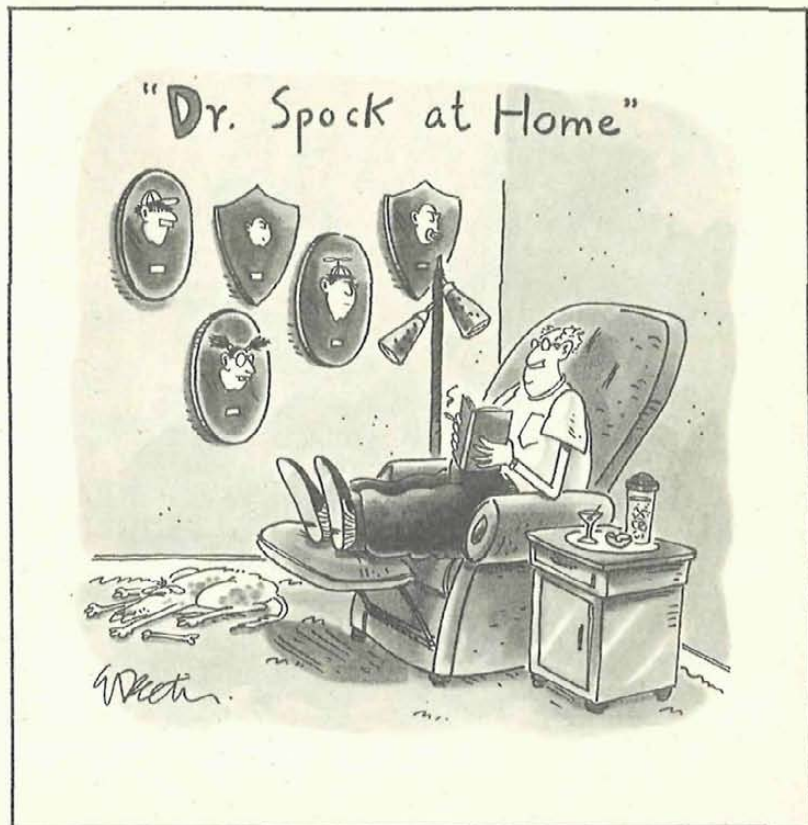
Kebob ordered a bowl of pea soup, *pastitsio*, a Greek version of lasagna, a salad, and rice pudding for dessert. His soup and main course arrived at the same time, which was fine with him. He attacked both. The food was good and made him feel better. Neither of us saw

his mistress arrive until she plunked herself down at our table. She was also of Mideastern background. Long ago she had surely been a sexpot. Kebob had told me that she was a very popular belly dancer—now her belly was a bit too prominent for serious dancing. She was in her forties, with big bushy eyebrows, a large nose, coarse frizzy hair, a hint of a mustache, and a large mole on her left cheek. Her name was Sultana and she was all business. Her rent was three months overdue. So was her utility bill. She was going to be evicted. Evidently Kebob paid most of her living expenses and was falling far behind. Sultana's breasts were her finest feature. They were so large that when she leaned over to make a point they dipped into the pea soup.

Kebob went into his wince, sigh, and shrug, without the shrug. Sultana kept up a steady line of chatter. Then, without warning, Kebob's wife, Medusa, appeared. People seemed to have a way of materializing in front of Kebob. He was like a magnet. Medusa was dark and homely with lines of suffering on her face that belied her age. She was only forty-one.

The kids needed shoes, she said. The boy wanted Michael Jordans, the girl, pink Reeboks. Kebob knew he could not deny her or she would stab him right in the diner, even though it was right in

continued on page 57



How TV Is Made

by J. D. Brancato and Ted Newsom

UNITED NETWORK FOR CREATIVE TALENT
502 Sunset Boulevard Los Angeles, California 90028

June 8, 1984

Morris Lower
The NKW Company
5746 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, CA 90028

Morry:

Thanks for the tip about Jihad at Humberto's M-8 Repeat. My 280SE runs like a wet dream. I owe you.

Listen, Mike Gordon's got what I know is a megabucks idea. I think it could be even bigger than "From Clutter." "Corilla Warfare" has balls, Morry. It's "The Rogers" with the wallop of "M-A-S-H." Read it and tell me I'm right. I see Bert Convy as George, and any blimbo with the bluesy-but-huggable landford? (see attached). Jack Albertson as the suck it.


Tell Joyce I love her. Ring me, Morry.

J.A.

LA/JP

Mr. [unclear]
Mrs. [unclear]
Miss [unclear]
Mr. [unclear]
Mrs. [unclear]
Miss [unclear]
Mr. [unclear]
Mrs. [unclear]
Miss [unclear]

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-555-6511
TUNE (2)
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NIGHT PLYSICIST!



AM TUNING
NIGHT PLYSICIST!

resume enclosed

DATE: _____

GUEST: _____

ROOM: _____

50593

DATE: _____

TIME: _____

ROOM: _____

GORILLA WARFARE
 A Totally Hilarious Situation Comedy
 screen treatment by Michael Gordon

WHAT HAPPENS when a female computer clerk to dress up like a gorilla for national security reasons? And what if that computer is in love with the file clerk? And jealous of the clerk's beautiful girlfriend, who is a nuclear scientist and part-time go-go dancer? The answer is--GORILLA WARFARE!

Hidden in the basement of an atmospheric brownstone in Cincinnati, CINDI (Computer Interface for National Defense Intelligence), a female-voiced ultra-high-tech electronic brain, protects America from her enemies. Her electronic secret file clerk; LEO JONES, a coarse-but-gentle engineer who doubles as the building's superintendent; and the president of the United States.

CINDI detects possible spies and security leaks in the Ohio area, but her accuracy rate is only 50 percent. This means George and Leo never know if they're going on a wild-geese chase or preventing nuclear holocaust. CINDI is also mad for George, causing a beautiful atomic physicist who, because of government cutbacks, is forced to moonlight as a scantily clad go-go dancer.

MORE!



JAYNE SMYTHE
 representation: UNCT Agency
 (213) 555-1950
 cute phone message: 555-6516
 height: 5'7" weight: 120
 hair color: natural blond
 (or brunette)
 birth date: can play 15-65

CREDITS:
 Dallas, crowd scene
 Quincy, corpse
 Lusty Young Ladies II, lead

EDUCATION:
 Yale Drama School applicant, '82
 Actors Studio visitor, '83
 Knott's Berry Farm (with parents) '84

MEMBER:
 SAG, GEMCO



GORILLA WARFARE
Pilot Episode--"Monkey Business"

CINDI orders George to don a 250-pound gorilla costume and go undercover as a dentist. George and Leo argue with CINDI that wearing a gorilla costume might make George conspicuous, but CINDI replies that if George ignores her order it could start World War III, and the president calls George and pleads with him to wear the gorilla suit for the safety of the American Way of Life. Unable to reveal his duties to Susie, George explains that a trained gorilla has moved in next door and minds his apartment while he's away. Susie, however, is allergic to gorillas, and sneezes whenever the "gorilla" is around. Hilarity ensues.

The climax features a zany scene in the dentist's office, when George (as the gorilla) discovers a microwave transmitter in the molar of a suspiciously German patient, and the transmitter plays "The Ride of the Valkyries" in code. George manages to extract the spy-tooth, and thus saves America, and is convinced to keep wearing the ape costume for further assignments. Leo, in an unaccustomed display of heartfelt emotion, hugs George, causing CINDI to keep jealously.

FUTURE EPISODES could include George as the gorilla dressing in a G-string to be a go-go dancer at Susie's club; George as a candidate for vice president; George as a zoo trainer, where a real gorilla falls in love with him; a touching episode in

MORE!

FROM THE DESK OF
MORRIS I. LEVITER
CHIEF OFFICER PROGRAM DEVELOPMENT

I ♥ it!

Buy and
develop in-house

MIL

George
Further episodes
in sufficient,

OPINION: CORILLA WARFARE is a slightly unlikely but certainly wacky comedy, different from yet similar to "The Man from U.N.C.L.E.," "Every Which Way But Loose," and "Abbott and Costello Go to Mars." The go-go dancer will never get past Standards and Practices, but the Gorilla is a tour de force, and there might be an ensemble-like feel reminiscent of "The Jeffersons" at its apex.

RECOMMENDATIONS: Perhaps we might consider purchasing this property, although we might, on the other hand, not.

Abel H. Warner
Dele H. Warner
Story Editor

NEW INTER-HOUSE MEMO

FROM: Brian Goetz, comedy development

Morris Lester

February 7, 1985

"Gorilla Warfare" - it smacks of gimmickry. The gorilla suit,

however, let's kill the female computer--it's too cutesy. As witnessed by such

spy bit doesn't wash either, nor the title, which is too cutesy. "I

however, has proven comedic--and dramatic--potential, as witnessed by such

cult classics as "Morgani," "Where's Poppy?" and "Gorilla at Large." I

feel we should bring up the glamorous mystery angle of the ape at a Monte Carlo

casino, or perhaps shooting skeet with a well-known guest star such as

George Flumpkin. I propose a rewrite along the following lines:

George Flumpkin. I propose a rewrite along the following lines:

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George Flumpkin. I propose a rewrite along the following lines:

George Flumpkin. I propose a rewrite along the following lines:

George Flumpkin. I propose a rewrite along the following lines:

*Brown - the book
is this? ME
SF ME
MIL*

November 8, 1985

Baron Spelling Productions
101 North Formosa Avenue
Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

Spelling:

All, I accept your offer of a role in "The Ape Weeps for Us" in a "John Forythe, or maybe Bert Conyfish, sort of" part. In addition, my Minister of Truth assures me that playing "Leo Scheisskopf" may be a solution, perhaps me that playing your population, with a certain vociferous sub-volk of I expect residuals from all ancillary markets, Percentage of commercial tie-ins, and a dressing room next door to Miss Vanessa Redgrave's.

Yours in Victory,

Kurt

KW/ab

P.S. Hey, and what about all my years at the U.N. huh? Remember those little orange "Trick or Treat for UNICEF" boxes I invented? They certainly didn't kill any Jews, did they?



Herr Doktor
Kurt Waldheim
666 Ringstrasse
Vienna, Austria
(NOT Germany)

...OR US ALL"--4th revised draft
...MEN/WOLFF
...1986

then Hymie runs down a narrow ghetto street. Behind him, the Nazi Panzer bursts into flames. He clutches his mezuzah and peels a banana.

INT--WARSAW NOVEL--DAY

Hymie rushes in. He whips off the head of the gorilla suit, sweating profusely. SUSAN MICHAELWITZ, Hymie's girlfriend, crosses toward a test tube in one hand and wears rimless glasses. She carries

Hymie! The gorilla suit--don't tell me you're--
Yes, Susan. I've joined the Resistance. There is a shipment of heavy water coming into Warsaw tomorrow.

Don't be a fool! We can never stop the Nazis by ourselves!
But we must. Then again...

Hymie, sensing something, looks around the tenement room. Suddenly, the GHOST OF UNCLE LEO appears. He is 60-ish, stern-but-fair, and see the ghost. Hymie drops his bananas, aghast.

What, have I died in vain? Hymie, you can be such a cripple!
Oy, with the ghosts again?
No--uh, I was just talking to the bananas.

(filter) LEO
Uncle Leo--but, but, you're dead!
Oy, with the ghosts again?
No--uh, I was just talking to the bananas.

What, have I died in vain? Hymie, you can be such a cripple!
Oy, with the ghosts again?
No--uh, I was just talking to the bananas.

What, have I died in vain? Hymie, you can be such a cripple!
Oy, with the ghosts again?
No--uh, I was just talking to the bananas.

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VARIETY

February 15, 1985

SPELLING INKS NOBEL WINNER FOR 'APE' GOETZ GONE, GETS 'GAUGHAN'

BY TED PHILLIPS

A spokesman for Aaron Spelling Productions announced yesterday that noted novelist Isaac Bashevis Singer's first venture into script programming, "The Ape Weeps for His All," Spelling, best Bos. "Fantasy comedies" ("Lowon series" ("Most Island" and action "Cas" told V. Wanted. "B.A.D. Cas" told V. erty. "I reached out and struck my eye the moment I saw it. I never considered show. Spelling for that matter, they're a team tucked up the "Gorilla Warfare" treatment tiffed from NRW by Michael Gordon with "Bob and Productions, along "Bob and the Negro," a police drama, a sitcom. "Gigi and the Bunnies," a sitcom Nobel, winner the original stories NYU, provided the original stories "Dent," a gory transvestite Prof. about a vengeful transvestite call surgeon. "Lent," a moralistic libel allegory in which a lowly sweet pea disguises the Barbra legume; and "Ment," in production. Stream and sequel now in production in which she plays Singer cross-dressing outpatient. Singer has publicly disavowed the last of the "Ape Weeps for His All" is slated for US. ABC's "MOW" turn-of-century Pole seeking mystical enlightenment in ape suit in order to work in traveling circus to feed starving Warsaw family.

MAX CALDWELL HIT

Hollywood... self-exam...

...the... be the... gov... ann... yet...

McDonough's

WHILE YOU WERE OUT

abc Standards & Practices

TO: Aaron Spelling
 PROGRAM: "Ape/Weeps"
 DATE: April 19, 1986

- 1) Page 72. Susan prostitutes herself to the Nazi colonel to gain access to fissionable material. UNACCEPTABLE. Have her perform a seductive go-go dance instead.
- 2) Page 98. Machine-gun pit sequence, UNACCEPTABLE. Have her perform a or gas chamber scene instead (see note, below).
- 3) Page 109. The gorilla suit transforms Hymie into the Messiah. UNACCEPTABLE, and will cause us grief in the Bible belt. Make it on special effects.
- 4) Page 38, 65, etc. Uncle Leo is a friendly ghost. IDIOTIC. Make him a nasty bearded lady.

P.S. Aaron, our accounting department says re-creating Warsaw the standing "Holocaust" set on the backlot. And past Nielsen indicate that death camps get the numbers we want. A word to the wise?



Nepco's Guide to TV Movies

THE APE MAN (1969) 84m. Low-~~cost~~ case chiller with Lugosi. A flourish for Wallace Ford. Minor va Uweal. Love-~~case~~ case changes into half-ape. Ned in cheap sets and cheaper story as scientist who half-ape. Average buffy delly.

THE APE WEEPS FOR US ALL (1967) C-84m. TVMA. Dr. Richard. Rita Danoo. Associate producer. Dick. Jay. E. Hoops. A case as the man who half-ape. Average buffy delly.

A BANG COMBATO AND A REPTILE WHO WILL WIN A WORLD PREMIERE EPIC! (1967) C-84m. TVMA. Dr. Richard. Rita Danoo. Associate producer. Dick. Jay. E. Hoops. A case as the man who half-ape. Average buffy delly.

THE APE WEEPS FOR US ALL (1967) C-84m. TVMA. Dr. Richard. Rita Danoo. Associate producer. Dick. Jay. E. Hoops. A case as the man who half-ape. Average buffy delly.

THE APE WEEPS FOR US ALL (1967) C-84m. TVMA. Dr. Richard. Rita Danoo. Associate producer. Dick. Jay. E. Hoops. A case as the man who half-ape. Average buffy delly.



close up

ADDRESS

THE APE WEEPS FOR US ALL (1967) C-84m. TVMA. Dr. Richard. Rita Danoo. Associate producer. Dick. Jay. E. Hoops. A case as the man who half-ape. Average buffy delly.

The Life and of Max K

With the recent rise to fame of dissipated Los Angeles poet Charles Bukowski, it is criminal that Max Kleinman, a poet who not only exceeds Bukowski in literary talent but whose life makes Bukowski's look like an episode of *Family Affair*, continues to be ignored by all but a few critics and winos in his adopted home, downtown San Jose, California.

To understand the work and soul of any poet it is of course not necessary to know his appearance, but wait'll you hear this. Anaïs Nin said of Kleinman, "Although his words are exquisitely dressed as if for a night on the town, his personal attire is repulsive." And she liked him. We don't. Get what he was wearing when we met him: striped heringbone stretch pants, scuffed-up black

loafers with no socks, a tattered golf sweater over a cowboy shirt, and an imitation suede jacket with a K mart label. He had a three-day growth of stubble on his chin, and the hair on top of his head stuck up like a crest. Due to a war injury, he holds his head to one side on a thick neck that's perpetually jerking and regards you out of the side of his face through one filmed-over eye. He doesn't stink, exactly, but you could pick him out of a stockyard blindfolded. Even if you're upwind.

None of us wanted to talk to him long enough to find out his life story, but we were able to piece together some details by talking to his probation officer. Kleinman drove a tank in Korea, where he picked up the moniker "Hatch." He feels he should have received the Purple Heart for wounds he claims were incurred in battle. The poetry collections *The World Through Cross Hairs*,

The Sky Is Whistling, *Dead Gooks and Empty Pages*, and *Fivebombs for Mother Teresa* grew out of his war experience.

After his discharge from the Army he traveled extensively and was arrested repeatedly on charges he refuses to divulge. From this period emerged his collections *Roses Are Red and So Is Blood* (1958), *Lipstick for My Shrapnel* (1958), *Up Against My Shorts* (1960), *The Gospel According to Kleinman* (1961), *Kleinman on the Rocks* (1962), *Kentucky Nun* (1962), *Metal Soup* (1962), *Dead Boots* (1962), *Strap-Ons* (1962), *Long Barrels and Short Comings* (1962), *It's Only a Muscle Spasm* (1962), and *Wedge It In* (1966).

In 1967 Max Kleinman entered the seminary. Three years later he exited the convent. He took to the road again, traveling less extensively and being arrested less repeatedly. In 1972, drawn by San Jose's semi-demolished buildings, whore-infested street corners, and profusion of half-wits (not to mention a one-way Greyhound ticket that expired there), Kleinman chose to make it his permanent home. From that city have come such recent popular collections as *A Taste of Bilge*, *Kleinman Sticks His Neck Out*, *Angst Made Easy*, *Rutless and Toothless*, *Shaking Off the Drops*, *A Genius Is Dying*, and *Gumming Up the Works*. His forthcoming collection will be *Kleinman, Abridged at Last*.

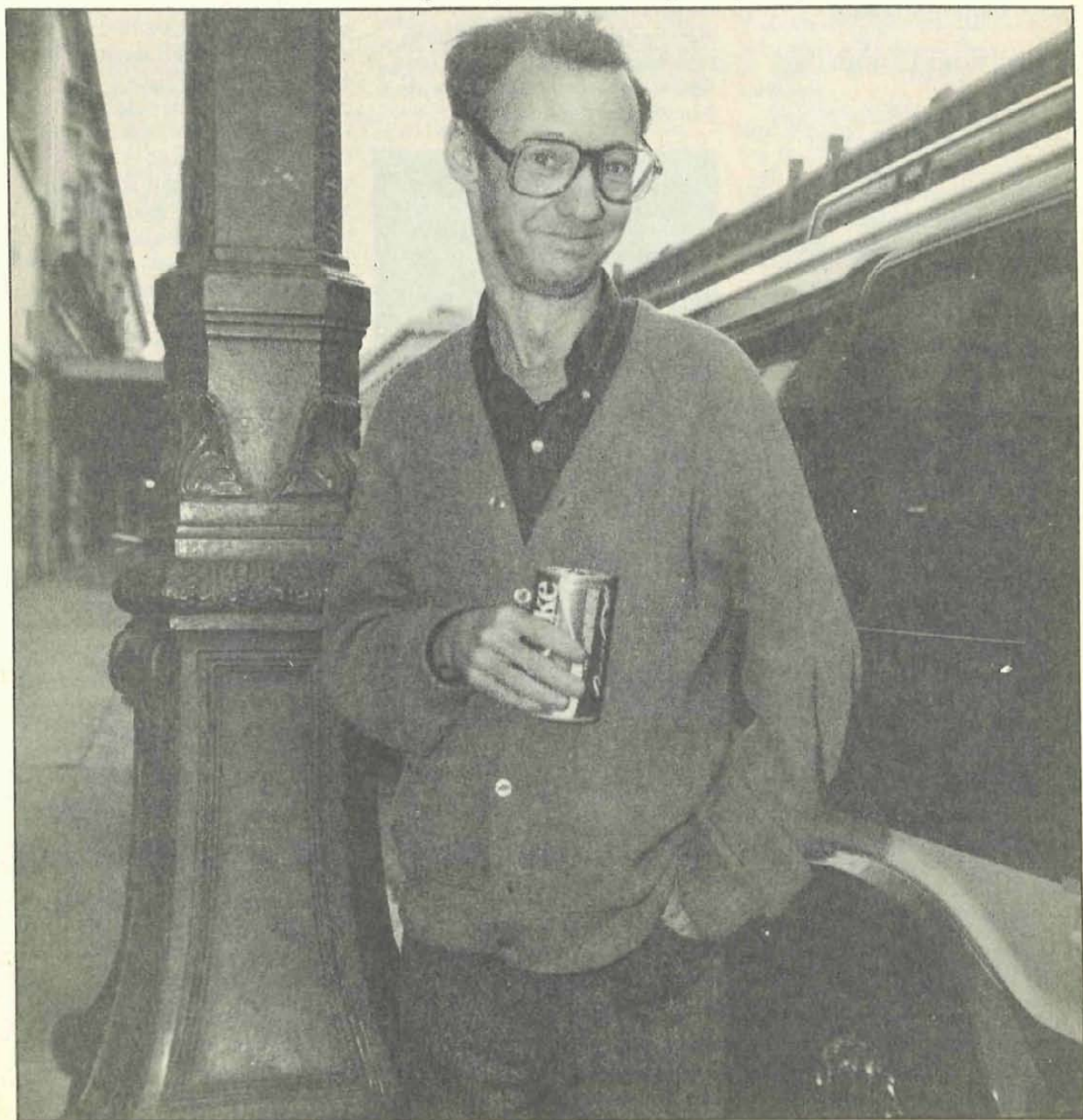
Kleinman describes his work routine as follows: "I wake up at 10:32. Gargle at 10:34. Swallow at 10:36. Massage my neck until 10:42. Breakfast on cauliflower and Cheez Whiz until 10:59. Watch the game shows until noon. Sometimes till half past. Read the Burroughs brothers, William and Edgar, until 1:00 sharp. Change pouch, rinse, lubricate. Sit down to write at 1:34. Change pouch at 1:44. Rinse, lubricate. Hit bar at 2:00 P.M. Return home at 2:00 A.M. Final rinse. Hit sack at 2:32.

"For relaxation I hang out in bars, drink, shoot pool, play the jukebox, dance a little. I know a great little bartendress with a forty-two-inch bust who



nd Sleaze leinman

by Will Jacobs, Gerard Jones, and Jim Zook



reads Rimbaud and Artaud. When I start feeling a little too entrenched in reality I get my ass back up to my room and read a little Hume to restore my fundamental sense of angst."

Thanks to a steady income from military disability checks, Max Kleinman continues his prolific poetic output despite the disdain of an ignorant world and the discomfort of a twisted neck. He claims to be the author of 25,000 poems. Here are a precious few of them.

MAX'S GREETING CARD

Come on the run with me along the sea
When dusk sits on your face
And search with me, for beers are free
And treasures hide in skirts.

SHE WORE CAMOUFLAGE

oh Jesus could she weep
and swallow at the same time
she never lost her virginity
she never missed a trick
the sound of metal grinding outside
the sound of liquid flowing inside
her dress was pale
her skin was pale
she was already gone
before she left my room.

NO THEMES IN THE GUTTER

hardened theses
and withering paints
echo-chamber massages
and toothless critiques
swirl by in sulphurous swill
like tampons tossed down the vent
bearing host-blood stains
on their cotton supplicants.
Hail menses, mother of blood,
and blessed is the ooze of thy womb
Kleinman.

Swilling by in sulphurous swill
bearing symbolism
like the Band-Aids
that soak up the blood of the lamb
that courses down the gutter
that you can only drink
if you lie on your side.

SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN

Woman can live forty days without
food
and eight days without water
And six minutes without air

But only one second
Without Kleinman.

BULLDOZE THE MOON #1

The red wine sparkled on her fingers
Like blood
From a swagger-thighed
Trucker-humping
Dope-blowing
Mississippi dyke's
Lipstick-plastered white-powdered ass.

"Bulldoze the moon," she said

The words hung like come
On the lips of a
Gardenia-haired
Musk and sweat and lilac-smelling
Lapis lazuli-lidded
Whore-nigger
From Amsterdam and 122nd.



"What?" I said

The air was dead between us
Like a smack-smacking fag
With his nose in his own vomit
Like a tree root in water
With green moss hanging
Like flags on St. Patrick's Day
In the slums smelling sharp
With human blood and come
Like a slaughterhouse for dykes.

"It has craters," she said

"Oh," I said

I poured her more wine

MY CROSS, HER NAILS

drive 'em in, baby,
I love the sound that they make
when they go through bone.

LADIES WELCOME

daughter's naughty urge
is flaring
and the sweet piece niece stares
asswise
off the cover to my
hot throbbing heart.
dimension is dimension
size is size
but size is a bend
on the universe curve.
are big black tits and asses
big at the speed of light?
are they black in the void
that reaches from
Linda's loving lips and
Trudy's teasing tongue and
Thelma's thumping throat and
Wendy's wonderful windpipe and
Lucy's lurching lungs
in the void that reaches
from the eight ball
from Kant's clock tower
from Nietzsche's hammer
from Descartes's oven
where only Lao-tzu floats alone?
did Plato like butter buns?
and is Mom's hot bed hot
when the end is come?

BAD HABIT

Her habit's become a habit
The habit she inhabits
She used to be inhibited
Now she's uninhabited.

PREMATURE EUTHANASIA

Down that narrow street
Away from my life
Away from my money
Away from my teeth
Her skirt is raised in anticipation
Hiding her heart
Hiding her birthmark
Hiding her blue-eyed soul
She turns the corner
As a priest races to the rescue
With an act of extreme unction
Trailing from his mouth

A DAY IN THE LIFE

continued from page 47

front of his poor, deserving mistress. He did another elaborate wince, sigh, and shrug, followed by a double sigh and a short wince. He pulled out a greasy wad of bills and peeled off two fifties. His face becomes ravaged with pain when he has to hand out real cash.

Sultana and Medusa knew each other and were on surprisingly friendly terms. They exchanged pleasantries and decided to stay for lunch, much to Kebob's annoyance. They ordered chef's salads and spaghetti and meat balls. The two ladies did not recognize the girl who walked in and sat down on Kebob's lap. Kebob tried to ignore her, hoping to convince his wife and mistress that the girl was at the wrong table. It was, however, his current girlfriend, a girl of no more than sixteen, a Madonna look-alike with a bad complexion. Her name was Zorba.

Zorba ignored everyone and put her tongue directly into Kebob's mouth, despite the fact that it was filled with food. She claimed in a fairly loud voice that she was horny. "How about like we stuff some of that white stuff up our noses and bang our brains out, okay?" Kebob turned a soft shade of beige tinged with green. The girl had no idea who the other women at the table were, but was

polite enough to ask Kebob which one was his mother and which was his grandmother.

Sultana, Kebob's mistress, got in the first blow—a plate of *pastisio* right in the girl's face, which turned into a mélange of chopped meat, tomato sauce, noodles, and melted cheese. Before the girl could react, she got a bowl of pea soup down her neck, courtesy of Medusa. But the girl was no sissy and fought back with the rice pudding and a large broiled bluefish from another table.

In a minute the food fight escalated into a war right out of *Animal House*. The patrons took sides, sensing a dramatic love triangle with Kebob somewhere in the middle. When the police finally arrived the scene resembled a thirties screwball comedy. The owner assured them it was all under control and offered them free lunches. Kebob and I managed to escape with minor clothing stains, but Kebob knew the women would find him again eventually. This was another of his rules: *Eventually they will all find you out. But until then, do what you must.*

Throughout the day I had noticed that Kebob was getting increasingly distracted and worried. Sometimes a look of fear and panic crossed his swarthy visage. I asked him if there was anything wrong. He insisted he was fine, but after

the food fight he broke down and confessed.

"About a month ago I was involved in a business transaction with China—a marvelous opportunity; the ground floor to millions. The Chinese wanted to import gourmet cheese—for the Chinese yuppies, the high government people who have been exposed to Western-style food. The Chinese do not make their own cheese, you see. They wanted French cheese—Brie and Camembert. They wanted to have wine-and-cheese parties. You can see the potential. China is a big place.

"I called my cousin Gimmel, who is a cheese expert. He could get me French Brie for a ridiculous price, because it is made in Colombia. It seems that a lot of Frenchmen have settled in Colombia to make cheese—up in the mountains where they grow the coffee. Gimmel says most of the French Brie comes from Colombia.

"So we arranged for 175,000 cases of Brie to be sent to Peking. We received payment. A nice profit. A few days later I read in the paper about Libyan terrorists being arrested as they were about to set off bombs in Budapest, Hungary. How were they caught? It seems that the smell of cheese gave them away. Where were the bombs? In the cheese, of course. Whose cheese? Mine, of course. What was my French Colombian cheese doing in Budapest? There was a convention of American dental hygienists in Budapest. The cheese was served to them at their hotel. Inside this cheese is the plastique bomb. It is like putty, like a cheese spread. The person picks up a cracker, spreads the cheese with his knife—bingo bongo, his face is blown to bits. Simple, yes?

"The Chinese were the buyers, but only the middlemen. They were buying for the Libyans, who wished it to remain secret. The Libyans had this plan to bring the cheese everywhere—very harmless-looking—with the bombs inside. *My* cheese. How did I know it would end up in Libya? How did I know my cheese would kill people? With Qaddafi, everything you sell him, he makes a bomb out of it."

"How did the police find out about it?"

"The smell of the cheese was so great that the dental hygienists could not eat it. They sent it back to the kitchen. The kitchen people were scared to touch it, so they called the police, who at the same time had been informed that a group of Libyan terrorists were smuggled into the city. The police investigated the cheese and discovered the plastique. They set a trap for the Libyans and caught them."

"All because your cheese had a strong smell?"

"Exactly. Too ripe. My cousin should



"My wife and my best friend. How could I have been so blind?"

ATTENTION,
ALL
READERS:
COMING
NOVEMBER
THE
200th
ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE

A DAY IN THE LIFE

continued from previous page

have asked for a sample before buying it. He assured me that it was perfectly good Brie that had matured early. So my cheese got the terrorists captured. Qaddafi vowed revenge on the person responsible. He traced the sale of the cheese back to me and Gimmel. We are now marked men. Even in the U.S., Qaddafi has people—mercenaries who will kill me for ten dollars. That is why I am so nervous.”

Talking about the Libyans did not exorcise Kebob's fear. It got worse. He did not want to go back to his office for fear that a bomb might go off. Instead he invited me to accompany him on a tour of Kebob Industries in operation. On Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street, in front of Macy's department store, he talked to Magique (pronounced "Majeeek"), a tall, bony West Indian with a shaved head and a small beard who was referred to as his "sales manager."

Magique gave Kebob a briefing on the day's sales so far. Batteries and blank videotapes were selling briskly. The hairpiece kits were starting to move. This was a new item Kebob was marketing—a complete hairpiece set for bald or partially bald men with colors and sizes for every head, from tiny patches to full toupees. "It is not human hair. It is a marvelous synthetic material made from beef tallow and nylon. It is better than human hair. It is waterproof, very easy to take care of, and it comes with glue and a full set of instructions," he said.

Magique was also pushing another Kebob idea—precooked steak. "The precooking burns out all the harmful bacteria," said Kebob. "All you have to do is pop it in the microwave for a minute and it is done. I had to do the precooking because I bought the meat from Spain. Spanish meat is not always refrigerated properly, but I got a very good price. So I had to cook it up a bit to make sure it was safe."

Magique thought the meat would sell better if he added food coloring to it. It looked too gray. Brown was better for semi-cooked meat, he said. Kebob agreed. He was going to test a new aerosol-spray food coloring that would give the steaks a nice juicy brown look.

Kebob felt better after conferring with Magique and getting a generally good sales report. Another associate entered, an Italian who did not want to be introduced. He ushered Kebob into the entrance to Macy's, where they conferred in whispers. Kebob returned and looked even happier.

"That was my dear friend, who does not want to be introduced. He has much influence downtown. He says my Nigerian wine is ready to be cleared by

the customs department." Kebob has been trying to import a new wine from this emerging African nation, which he will sell for less than a dollar a magnum. He knows it will be a major seller.

"It is a wonderful wine—for Nigeria, of course. It is not to be compared to the French, but it is very smooth and tasty. The wine has a very positive effect on you."

"You mean you get high?"

"No, no... better. You get very excited sexually. It has in it the means to make you hot. Very hot."

"You mean it's an aphrodisiac?"

"Exactly. 'Afro' is very appropriate. I like that. The Nigerians use the testicles of the rhino, beaten into a fine powder and mixed with the native herbs and God knows what, and put it into the wine in the tiniest amounts so the taste is not changed. There are no bad chemicals, like the Italian wine that kills people. One glass of Nigerian wine and you will feel like a bull in a vegetable shop."

As Kebob was outlining the guaranteed success of his Nigerian wine, a heavyset man in a black windbreaker was talking earnestly to Magique. Magique was agitated and pointed a finger at Kebob. The man showed Kebob his business card—a badge. He was an undercover detective. Magique had just implicated Kebob in a police investigation.

At the station house a group of angry men immediately fingered Magique as the perpetrator. Some of them even recognized Kebob. All the angry men were wearing hats, even though it was warm in the police station. One of the men almost got to Magique before the police restrained him.

"That's the motherfucker who sold me the hairpieces! I got a fungus infection on my head that is eating me alive!"

The others echoed the same complaint. That was why they were all wearing hats. Kebob and Magique were booked for selling a dangerous product that could cause a citywide epidemic. Kebob was warned that he could be imprisoned and fined a lot of money. He seemed outwardly calm. He was used to these "minor interruptions" in his day. The one phone call he was allowed to make would produce his lawyer, Mitch Falafel, who would handle the case in his usual smooth manner.

Magique was not convinced and started to cry. He'd been much better off with jewelry, handbags, ties—good, reliable merchandise, he said. Now his career was ruined. Pretty soon the meat would come back to haunt him, as well as the hairpieces. Kebob winced, sighed, and shrugged. "The police might be very interested in my Nigerian wine," he said. ■

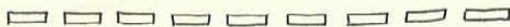


FUNNY PAGES



DOTTED LINE COMICS

THE WISE OLD LAMA



ALL RIGHT, HERE'S A REALLY SWELL COMIC STRIP WHICH OUGHT TO WORK OUT GREAT! WE'LL GIVE IT A TEST RUN, BUT I'M SURE IT'LL BE FIRST-RATE. SORT OF LIKE THE SHADOW, BUT DEEPER!

IN A SWANK PENTHOUSE ATOP ONE OF MANHATTAN'S MOST LUXURIOUS PARK AVENUE CONDOMINIUMS LIVES THE MYSTERIOUS WISE OLD LAMA...



WHEN HE WAS A CHILD IN TIBET HIS MOTHER AND FATHER AND UNCLE HERBERT WERE KILLED BY PROHIBITION GANGSTERS AND HE VOWED TO USE HIS MYSTIC POWERS TO FIGHT EVIL DOERS.

WHAT ARE WE DOING IN TIBET, ANYWAYS? LOOK, DON'T ASK ME!



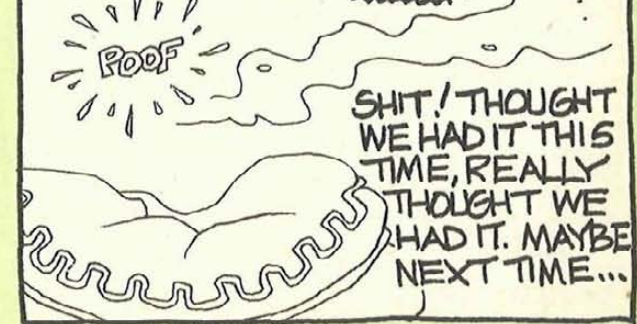
AS OUR STORY STARTS, THE WISE OLD LAMA SITS IN CONTEMPLATION...



SUDDENLY...



DAMN IT--HE'S GONE! HE ACHIEVED NIRVANA AND HE'S GONE!



DIRTY FATHER HARRY

PRIVATE CELIBATE DICK

I'd gone over every page with a fine-tooth comb. My suspicions were confirmed....

rub squint

It was indeed a counterfeit Bible

It wouldn't have fooled a Sunday School dropout.

Bible bootleggers are a scurrilous lot, passing off their unauthorized editions on unsuspecting senior citizens looking for some quick salvation

I traced the bogus copy out to the "Missionary" district. It seemed like only yesterday that I'd brought the Lord's Word to this uncivilized out post.

It was a million-dollar business and I was determined to put a stop to it if it was the last thing I did before the weekend

who sent you?
John the Baptist
I played my bluff

TRULY A DEN OF UNINTEGRATED INIQUITY. I STUCK OUT LIKE A HARD-ON IN A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

He's got balls

Yes, yo' jelly roll is sweet and yo' gravy can't be beat

I went straight to the back room

All right, hands up!

A bust!

SHIT

It was a counterfeiting ring, all right. But they were printing up phony "Watch Tower" pamphlets. Hardly something that would hold Holy Water in court.

I had to do something, so I threatened to close down the joint on a decency code violation

Better lay off the "jelly roll," "gravy" metaphors if ya know wuts good for ya, see

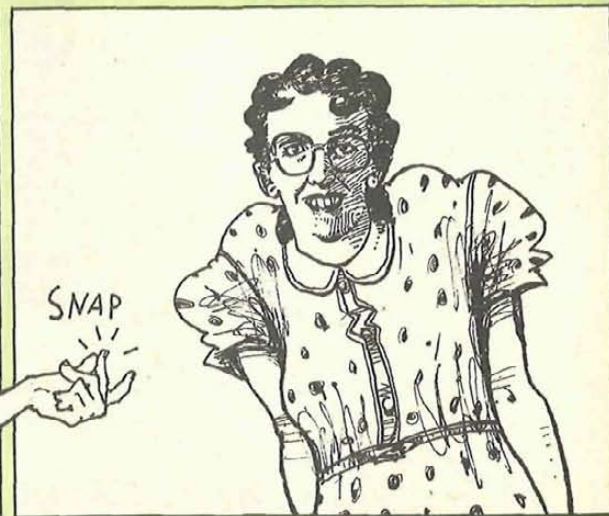
Their conversion was something less than complete

WOMP

Dirty Father Harry best take care or he may find himself seated with the Heavenly Hosts sooner than he might have preferred.

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LET'S DO THE WHITE GIRL TWIST (LIKE WE DID LAST SUMMER)



NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

THE DISCOVERY
OF OXFORDS

Rick
GEARY
©86



FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, SHOES
WERE MADE WITH LITTLE
REGARD FOR COMFORT.



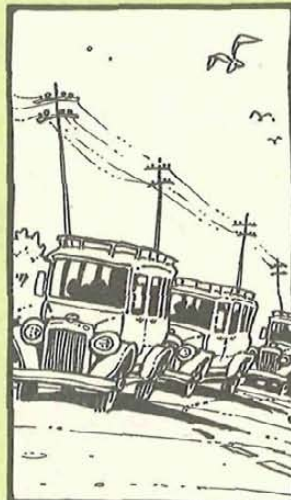
(HERE ARE SOME EARLY
STYLES.)



BUT A HANDFUL OF VISIONARIES
FORESAW A NEW KIND OF
SHOE.



IT WAS AN AGE OF
EXPLORATION!



ONE PARTY SET OUT TO FIND
THE "NORTHEAST PASSAGE"
BETWEEN IOWA & NEBRASKA.



THE LANDSCAPE WAS BLEAK
AND FORBIDDING.



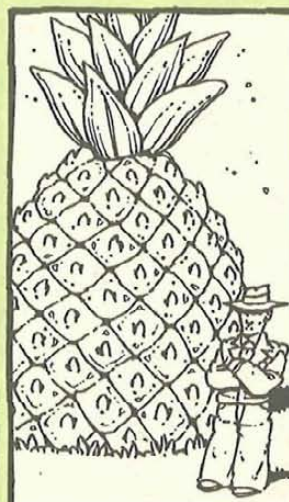
BY CHANCE, SOMEONE
LOCKED BEHIND A ROCK.



OUR GREATEST DISCOVERIES,
IN FACT, WERE MADE WHILE
SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING ELSE.



FOR INSTANCE, THESE MEN
TRIED TO DEVELOP AN
ANTIDOTE TO TELEVISION.



BUT FOUND PINEAPPLE
INSTEAD!

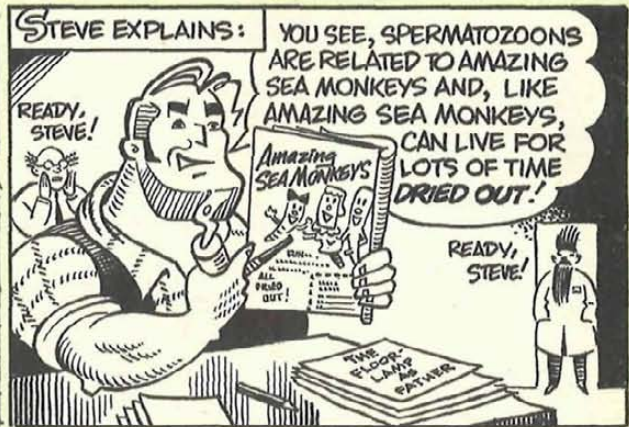
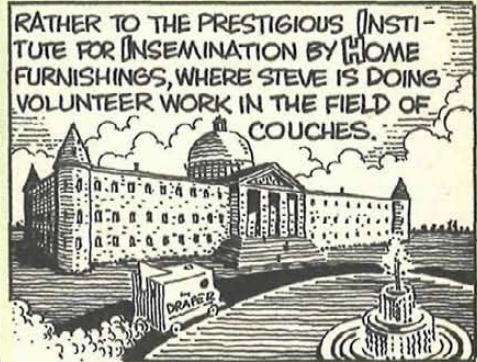
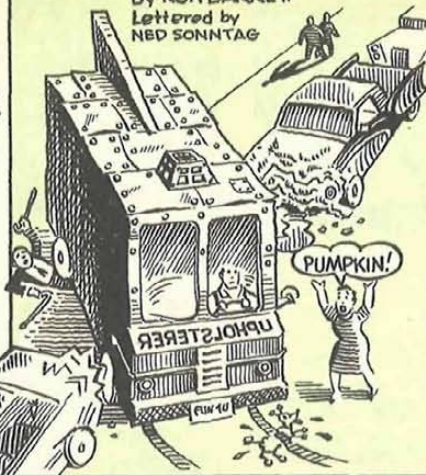


AND TODAY, THE U.S. LEADS
THE WORLD IN SHOE
PRODUCTION.

A CALL SUMMONS STEVE DRAPER TO THE SANITARY ESCORT SERVICE.

LUCK IS WITH HIM AND HE FINDS A CONVENIENT PARKING SPOT...

by RON BARRETT
Lettered by NED SONNTAG



CLIP N' SAVE

STEVE'S STAIN REMOVAL CHART

My secret? Sure! Simply apply to a stain the thing that goes with it, and the stain will go with it.

COFFEE: Rub with any good donut.

WINE, RED: Red wine is complemented by red meat. Wipe affected area with rare roast beef sandwich, turning regularly.

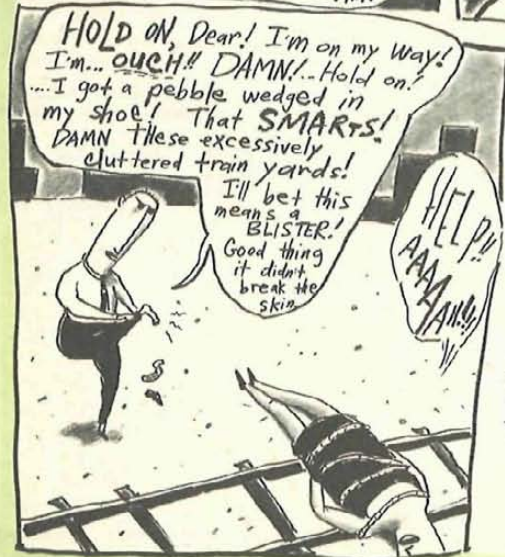
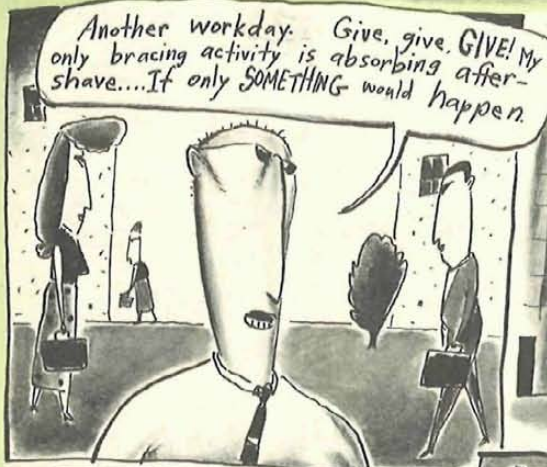
OIL: Apply vinegar, herbs, and lettuce leaf.

EXCRETA: Here use any national-brand laxative: DOO-NOR, NO-GRUNT, SQUATALOT, ROTORECTUM, PLOPFAST.

VAGINAL DISCHARGE: (This stain appears only on period furniture.)

Mr. Vengeance

by hickers



like scooping Vaseline off the floor and hawking it to the customers for fifty cents a fistful. Then one week he was trying to get guys to pay five bucks to see the pictures he'd taken of his sisters naked in a boathouse. No one wanted to, 'cause we already saw more stuff for free than we had the time or metabolism to beat off to. But he insisted, he told us he'd taken them from underneath the boathouse, up through the slats, so there was raw beaver. Finally, when he whittled down the price to thirty-five cents, a couple of guys took a look. The girls were pretty but the pictures were misty, like there were subconscious goobers on the lens or something. That's when Bob revealed to us that girls were never as beautiful to him as in peep shows through the cream-smearing windows, so he'd taken out the filter on his camera and blown a wad in it. To this day, he claims his fen-like imagery—actually not unlike the stuff I used to glaze—is the secret of his remarkable success. Gooch was always right there with us in the booths during coffee breaks, and we just assumed he was getting his jollies like the rest of us, but all the while, that sly fox, he was honing his artistic consciousness.

Anyhow, all of Bob's scheming eventually bore fruit, and through scrimping and saving and a beauty of a scam, he was able to raise the cash he needed. Ed Sullivan was in his heyday at that time, and a regular at SexWorld, almost every Friday between 7:00 and 7:30. He wore dark shades, but we could always recognize him. Now, having cleaned up after Ed many times, I can tell you—well, let's just say that his spectacular disgorgings had earned him the nickname Ol' Bucketballs. Anyhow, one night he was in his usual stall watching the show with the Standard Poodle and the Milkmaid Wearing Galoshes, and just as he hits the brink, his quarter runs out and some fathead yanks open his stall door. The shocked entertainer whirls around and, unable to stave off his orgasm, shoots his wad wild out into the hall. He hadn't been in for a couple of weeks, and it was a real lake. And get this: Gooch, thinking quick, pretends to slip in it and hurt his back. Naturally, the stone-faced TV host was only too eager to settle handsomely out of court, to the tune of twenty grand, which Gooch used to start *Penthouse*. Unfortunately, we lost Ed's business after that, but it was worth it to see Gooch get his start.

Lots of other famous guys came to SexWorld too. Jack Lord was famous for being quick—my supervisor would say, "Hold a stall for Jack from 7:01 to 7:03, 'cause he's staying for the afterglow." And Milton Berle, who's hung like he has antlers, one time got stuck in a glory hole and was late for his show.

There were other politicians too, all who you think are squeaky clean, but they gobble up the peepers like anyone else. Rockefeller was in there all the time, and once he got incredibly worked up over these fat Chinese triplets, and then suddenly he's grabbing his chest and screaming. Turns out it was only gallstones, but can you imagine the scandal if the ol' gov went belly up gaping at a pastie show? His memory was checked enough by dying with a stranger's blond hairs on his boxers in his own damn bed.

It's also not widely known that SexWorld is where Sean Penn and Madonna first met. Before their careers blossomed, she did some dancing there, the

**"I saw
as much sex
in an hour
as transpired
in all of
Oklahoma
in three
years..."**



same hot dances she does on MTV now, but back then she didn't have the lingerie on. Sean was working as a swab there, and I'll always remember the first time he saw her dance, his jaw was damn near scraping the floor. "Damn," he said, "if you tattooed her on Rusty Staub's buttocks I'd want desperately to stick it in him."

Well, if that isn't love!

Sydne Biddle Barrows, who eventually became known as the Mayflower Madam, used to come in all the time and offer the dancers free-lance work. It was funny, though, 'cause she came in twice a week, always real businesslike, but then she'd always go

over and watch this one loop with a transvestite going at it with a black guy who was hung like Mr. and Mrs. Ed's marital aid. One time she spent close to fifteen dollars in quarters watching that damn movie. None of the dancers ever went with her, but I'm sure it was all considered a tax-deductible business outing.

Roman Polanski, the film director, used to come in all the time too, and became so obsessed with this one dancer the manager realized she must be underage if he liked her that much. Sure enough, they ran a check on her and the only way she was eighteen was in dog years. He told her he was sorry for all the trouble he'd caused and she wound up moving in with him until she turned eighteen, when he kicked her out because now she was old enough to drink and he didn't want to risk living with an alcoholic.

Through all the celebrities and bim-bos, though, the most lordly acquaintance I ever made at SexWorld is Pete Zcyvzryvc, the man who was my supervisor for twelve years. Pete lived like we all should, with no guilt, no agita, no hypochondria, no fear of retribution in the afterlife, in a world in which it's okay to be attracted to a woman just because you like the way her nipples are situated. Pete once said he never once let a boner go to waste, and I believe him. If there were no women around he'd proudly flog the dolphin, but if there was a woman around—well, hell, Pete's been with more women than any five guys I know combined. He was without a doubt among the ugliest men in the world—his face was like ground chuck, his nose a canned ham, his hair combed back in thick deep rows with some kind of wet, low-viscosity grease, and his halitosis was legend. But he had more stories to swap than *Penthouse Forum*. And I'm not talking about just at SexWorld, but anywhere we'd go he'd nail just about any woman he wanted.

His secret, he claimed, was low standards, but it went beyond that. Nobody could figure it out. His reputation as a man with a voice full of expectorant and a foreskin like old bacon was widespread, but the most luscious women we saw—blond hardbellies thirty, forty years younger than him and the ones everyone in the bar was drooling over—went to him like sheep to the slaughter. And not only did he get them, he did all he wanted to them. I mean, of all the blow-dry boys who put on cologne and shaved down their zits on Saturday nights, it wasn't one of them, it was Pete who banged a Marilu Henner look-alike with a cue stick under the pinball machine and made her scream-cream like the Bloody Virgin. And it was Pete

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DR. HILARIOUS

continued from page 30

Chuckles disappeared when he finished his act. I hadn't even known he was a magician. I had to find out where these young punks were getting their material. There were many mysteries to be solved. Where did the guy operate from? How many comedians were in on it? Who really hired Muffin?

I sat down and thought about it and only came up with...more mysteries: How come the water from the bathroom sink is always colder than the water from the kitchen? If Jesus was a Jew, how come he had a Hispanic name? And how come you never see a baby pigeon?

Whoever it was, he was getting even faster. I heard the first jokes about Leon Klinghoffer before I even heard the news about what happened.

It was at a punk place in the East Village called Fuckin' Comedians. Some fruitcake in a Mohawk, who thought that his cheek was a pincushion, was having the time of his life.

"You know what the problem with the terrorists is? They're just jealous of the Jews. Jews can be circumcised and terrorists can't, because there's no end to those pricks! And speaking of their pricks, did you hear about the Libyan prostitute who liked to cream in her

Qaddafi?" he said, laughing. "She went to a doctor and found out that she had the clap. Only she didn't know what it meant. The doc said, 'It's a disease of the privates,' and the girl said, 'And that son of a bitch told me he was a colonel.'"

"But hey, you know the terrorists think of themselves as macho men and, in a way, I agree: they're made of raw nerves. Anybody who kills an old man in a wheelchair and thinks he's macho has to have a lot of nerve! And not just that, the guys are stupid too. What do you call a terrorist with an IQ of 195? A battalion. Okay, you're so smart: What do the sharks call Leon Klinghoffer? Give up? Meals on wheels! How about the Leon Klinghoffer cocktail? Two shots and a splash of water!"

The audience burst into laughter like the *Hindenburg* burst into flames. He continued, "But do you know why Leon decided not to shower on the ship? He figured he'd just wash up on shore! Still, that's more washing up than those Libyans do! Hey—how many terrorists does it take to screw in a light bulb? Terrorists don't screw in light bulbs, they screw in filthy dirty hog pens!"

"You probably already know that PLO means 'Push Leon Over,' but I hear Reagan has started a new foreign policy that's also called PLO: it means 'Piss Libya Off.' If that doesn't work, he's pledged to help the Libyans in every way possible, and has even asked Union Car-

bide to build a factory over there."

He walked off the stage and I made my move. I wanted to grill this kid until he was well-done. I went to pull my rod but it was not time to go fishing. He must have been tipped off, because he beat it. He slipped out the back door, but got up and started running. I chased him for blocks, to the docks by the Seaport. He must have been a real Mohawk, because he jumped into a canoe and paddled across the East River.

But I struck it lucky after all: he dropped a pack of matches while he was running; they turned out to be very illuminating:

Need a Nasty Joke in a Hurry?

Call Dr. Hilarius

Convenient offices right in
Grand Central

Phone (212) 555-3321

I called the number from my office, but it was as dead as Elvis. I decided to pay the good doctor a visit. Before I was about to leave, Marlene stopped by. I filled her in on the case, but wanted to fill her in on the couch.

So, smiling seductively, she coquettishly hiked her dress up to her waist. With the ease of a silk feather she gently lay down on the sofa, even though I'd told her a hundred times she didn't need a silk feather to lie down. She looked ready, willing, and able, yet something told me that she didn't really want me.

That something was a .38 special held right at my crotch.

That a gun in your hand or you just glad to see me?" I said.

"Sorry, Sam, but I'll take the case from here," she said. "Hilarious is mine. Unless the man is stopped cold, we'll be a nation of cruel sadists. What we need in this country is good old-fashioned humor. You don't make jokes about a famine in Ethiopia, a rampant disease that kills homosexuals, and the senseless death of a poor old man."

"What should you do about it?"

"Nothing, like we've always done. If sick jokes become any more popular, it will be nothing but hell on the networks, and on all the old-style humorists."

"Such as?"

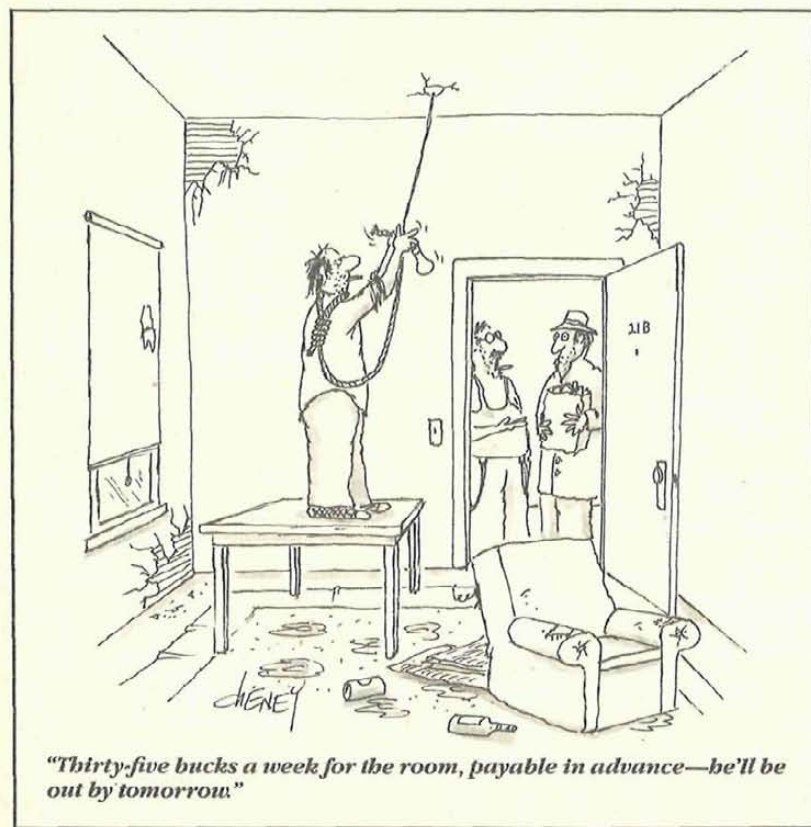
"My father—Bob Hope."

I'd figured as much all along, but didn't want to say anything because I thought I ought to surprise you.

"So they're putting your old man out of business, eh? I understand why you feel that way, darling. I can't imagine poor Bob launching into a shtick about Rock Hudson on a network special."

"Exactly. Already his breed of humor is dying, Sam. Dying. These days he doesn't even get a laugh if he makes a joke about

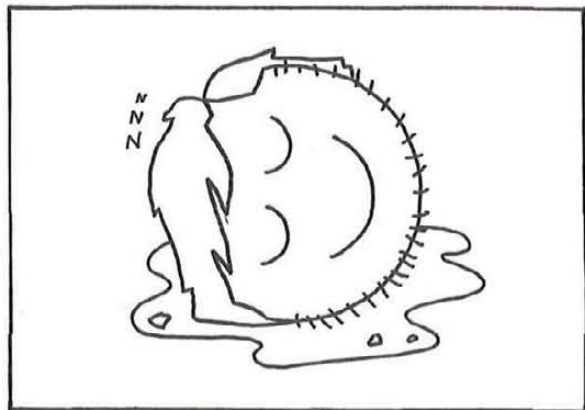
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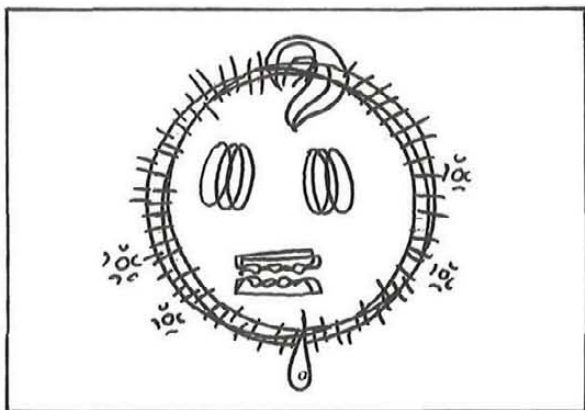
"Thirty-five bucks a week for the room, payable in advance—be'll be out by tomorrow."

SLEAZE IS...

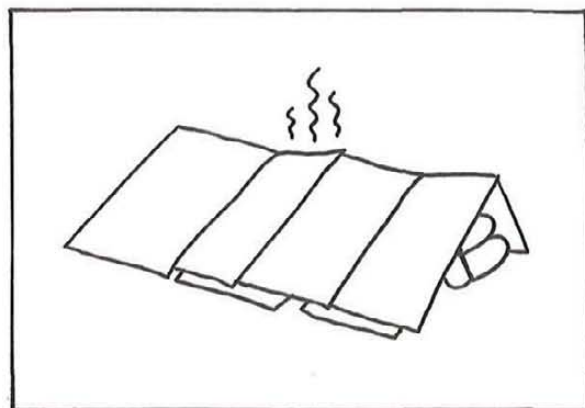
by Will Jacobs and Jim Zook Illustrated by Jim Zook



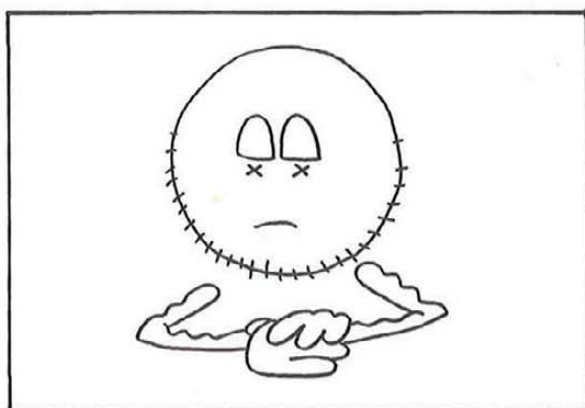
SLEEPING IN YOUR BUDDY'S VOMIT BECAUSE IT'S WARMER THAN THE PAVEMENT.



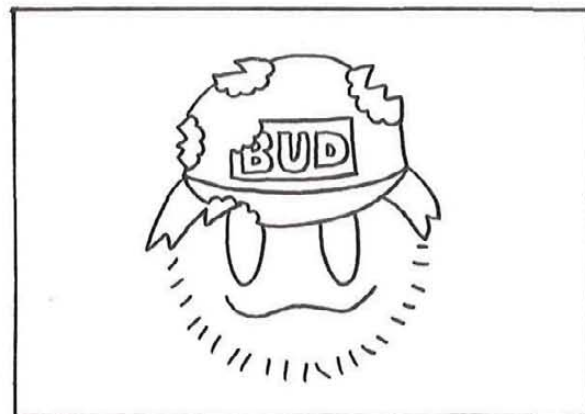
WHEN YOU GARGLE WITH BEER TO FRESHEN YOUR GUMS.



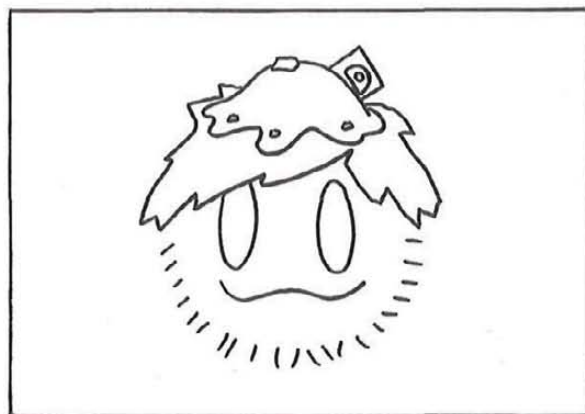
SHITTING WHERE YOU SLEEP BECAUSE IT'S TOO COLD TO CRAWL OUT FROM UNDER THE NEWSPAPERS.



WHEN YOUR VEINS COLLAPSE BEFORE BREAKFAST.

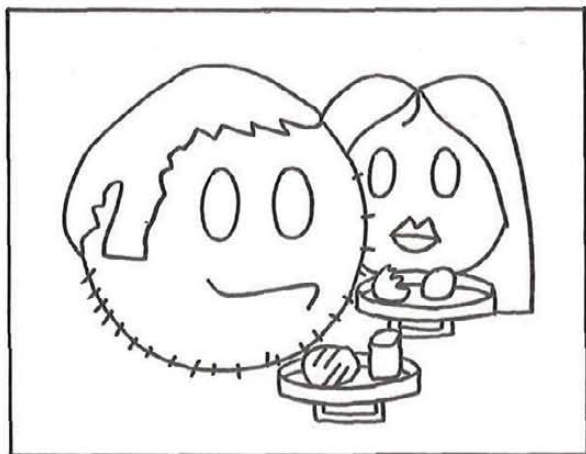


WHEN YOUR HEAD LICE EAT YOUR HAT.

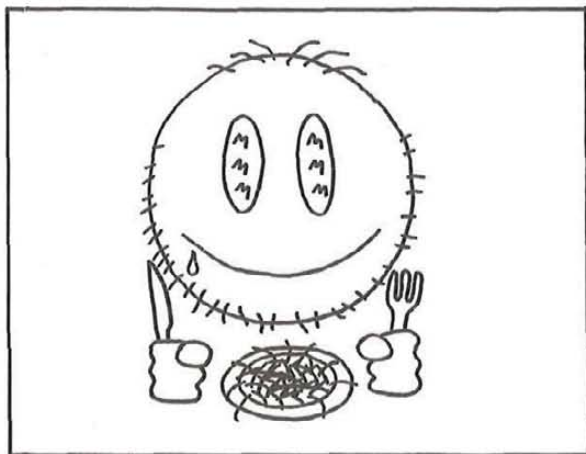


WHEN YOUR HEAD LICE THROW UP YOUR HAT.

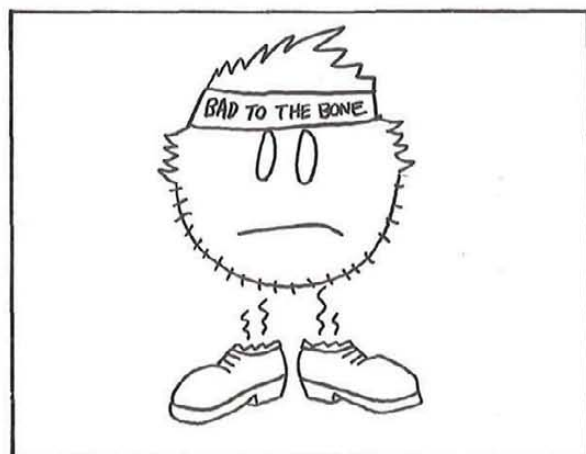
SLEAZE IS...



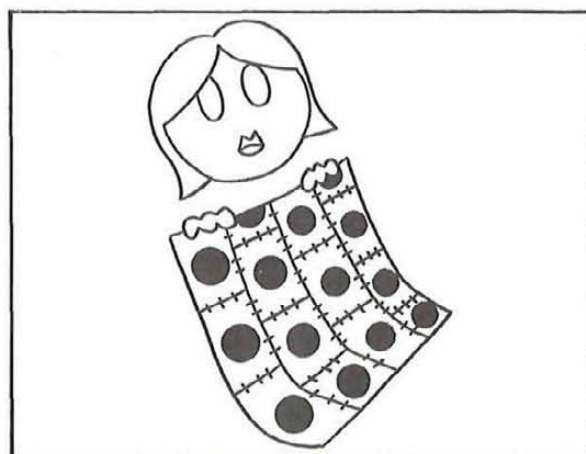
FEEDING A GIRL OUT OF A TRASH CAN ON YOUR FIRST DATE.



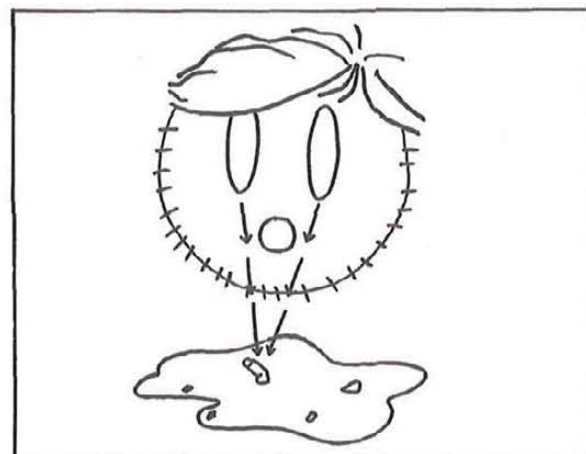
WHEN YOU BREAKFAST ON THE HAIR OF THE DOG THAT BIT YOU...LITERALLY.



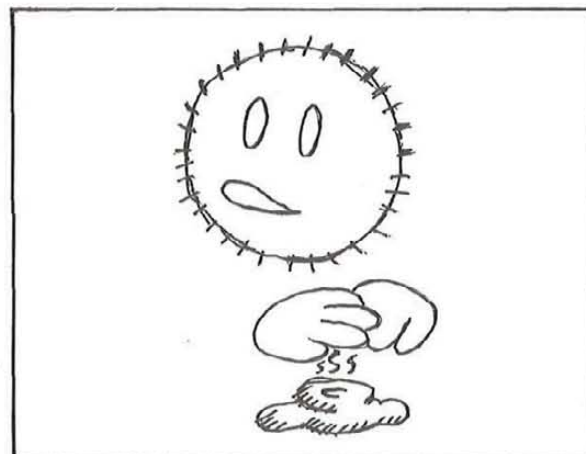
WHEN YOUR URINE FINALLY EATS AWAY YOUR SOCKS.



MAKING A QUILT OUT OF YOUR USED KOTEXES.

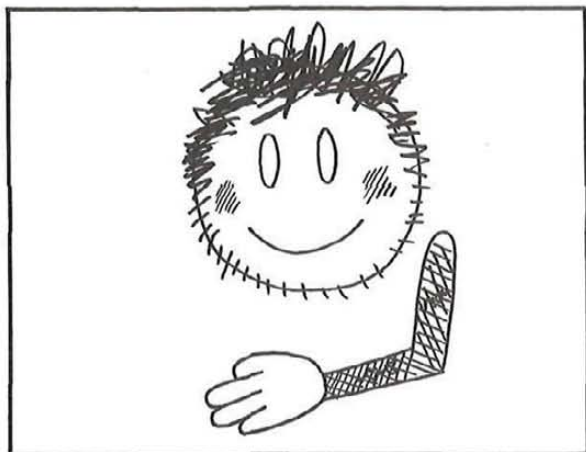


PICKING THAT BUTT OUT OF A PILE OF VOMIT...EVEN IF IT IS YOUR BRAND.

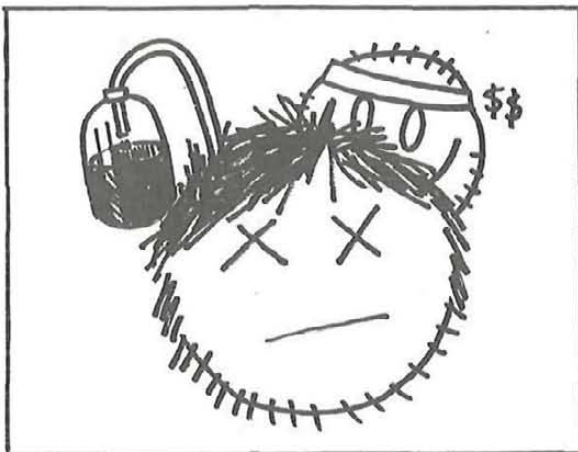


WARMING YOUR HANDS ON THAT NICE STEAMY DOG TURD.

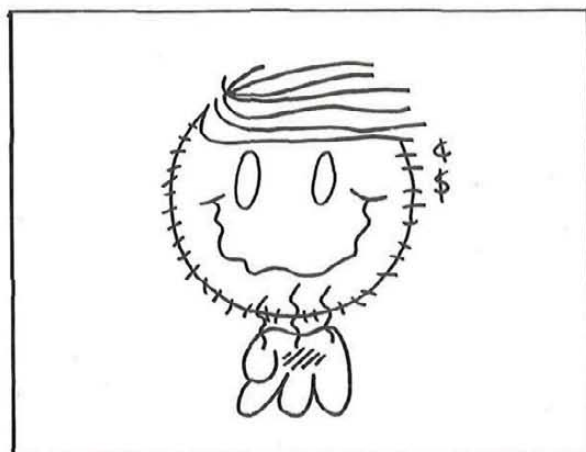
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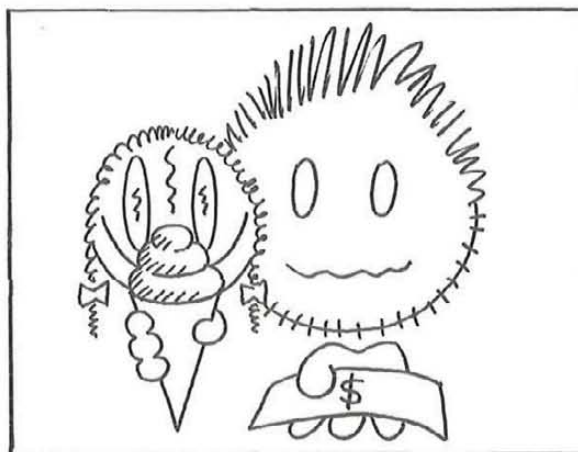
WHEN YOUR TATTOO FINALLY DISAPPEARS UNDER THE DIRT.



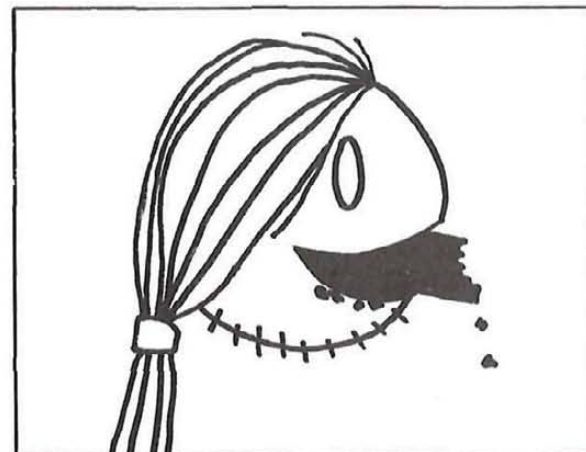
DONATING BLOOD... YOUR BUDDY'S BLOOD.



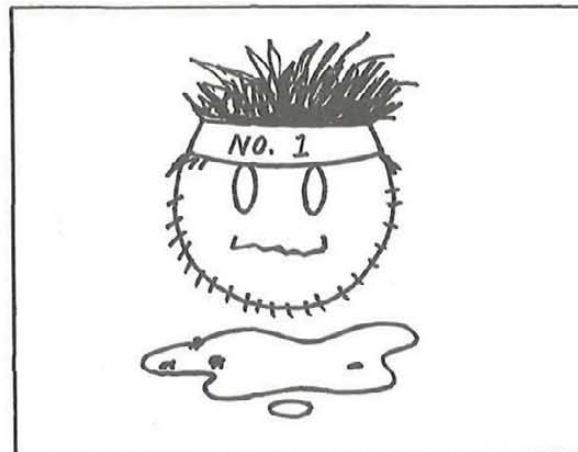
PANHANDLING WITH THE HAND YOU WIPED YOUR ASS WITH.



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KARL LORIMAR
SCOTT WEINER

with a sign that read "Dr. Hilarious, Quick Sick Jokes for All Occasions." I busted the door down.

It was a huge madman's laboratory—complete with stone walls and fireplaces. There were telex machines and TVs. On the mantels of the fireplaces was a collection of madman's trophies. There were blackboards with scientific diagrams, as well as a schedule of the Hudson line. Grand Central was an ideal spot to have his office. The stone walls kept out all the sound, and besides, he commuted from Scarsdale every morning.

Dr. Hilarious was sitting at a gigantic desk, monitoring the telex machines. He was about sixty years old, fat and bald, and smoking a cigar. He was casually dressed in a sports shirt and Bermuda shorts.

"And who might you be?" he asked.
 "Name's Schpade. Sam Schpade."
 "Spam? Vat kind of a name is dat?"
 "I said, 'Sam.'"
 "Ham?"
 "Sam! Sam Schpade!"
 "Sam's paid for vat?"
 "I didn't catch your name, Mac," I said.
 "I'm a doctor. Dr. Hilarious at your service."

"Who's Hilarious?"
 "I am. And you're paid?"
 "That's right."
 "Paid for vat?" he asked.
 "Are you trying to be funny?"
 "I'm Hilarious."
 "Hilarious?"
 "Yes. And you're paid?"
 "Who's paid?"
 "You are, but for vat? Perhaps being funny? Ya, you are a comedian and you're looking for material to buy?"
 "Do you think you're funny?" I shouted.

"No, I'm Hilarious."
 "And who's getting paid?"
 "You are."
 "For what? Being funny?"
 "Hilarious," he said.
 "Cut the crap, Hilarious," I said. "I know who you are and I'm taking you in." I pulled my heater out, even though it was already plenty hot in there. "How many clients do you have, Hilarious?"
 "About a hundred on the East Coast, four hundred on the West Coast. Two or three in Cleveland," he said.
 "How do you do it? How do you make those bad jokes so quick?"

"I monitor all the TV stations, I read the papers.... I keep abreast and I even read *People* weekly," he said. "Thus, when a tragedy strikes, say, Ethiopia, it is me who comes out with lines like 'What do Ethiopians call window blinds? Bunk beds!'"

"So you're the one, when the Egyptians accidentally killed the hostages
 continued on page 80

DR. HILARIOUS

continued from page 66

the Democrats. I can't see his humor die. I'd rather see Hilarious die, Sam. It's better for everybody."

"Better for who?"

"Better for me, better for the country at large, certainly better for Rock Hudson. In fact, it's better for everybody but Dr. Hilarious and you."

"Me?"

"Yes, darling." She frowned. Tears fell like wet diamonds from her misty blue eyes. "I hate to leave you, but I must. And before I do, I'm going to have to put a hole through your head that a baseball could fly through." She burst into tears.

"I hate to tell you this, sweet tomato, but if that's true, it means you and me are over. You'll lose the one man who knows how to kiss underneath your ear and blow his hot breath down the nape of your neck until goose bumps pop up on your naked flesh like alerted insurance salesmen of love, and the hot throes of passion grab you like a pair of needle-nose pliers."

"Oh Sam, don't!" she gasped. "Don't torment me this way."

"The kind of man who undoes your brassiere with the expertise of a safecracker and caresses your jugs with the tenderness of a milkman, until you

feel like there's a madman working the controls of your strumpetlike sexuality."

"Oh God, darling, don't, you're killing me," she said, unbuttoning her dress.

"The kind of man who squeezes your bottom and then lightly kisses your thighs and makes you scream with pleasure."

"Darling, I can't stand it, take me, take me now," she shouted. She stripped away her dress as if she were on fire.

I wanted her, but duty had to come first. It wasn't surprising, since I never came first. "No thanks, angel. I'm walking out that door."

"Don't, don't... please don't leave me this way," she cried. Her tone grew venomous. "I'll use this gun."

I looked her dead in the eye. "Then use it," I said. "On yourself."

She curiously examined the gun, running her finger up and down the long hard barrel. As I walked away, soft moans of ecstasy erupted like an erotic coffee-pot behind me.

But that Smith & Wesson had two things that she didn't: a handle on the situation, and a hair trigger. I was on the second-floor landing when the explosion rocked the building.

I searched the bowels of Grand Central like a proctologist with a bum patient. Finally I found a door

THE FOUR BIG LIES

by Gahan Wilson

Of course you've long suspected that everything you've been taught in school and learn from the papers and TV (including sports, contemporary physics, and the weather) is fabricated or at least distorted in order to support or cover up some cheap scam, but very few of you know that most of these frauds and misrepresentations are usually connected to—when they're not actually based on—what corrupt insiders jokingly refer to as the Fundamental Four Falsehoods.

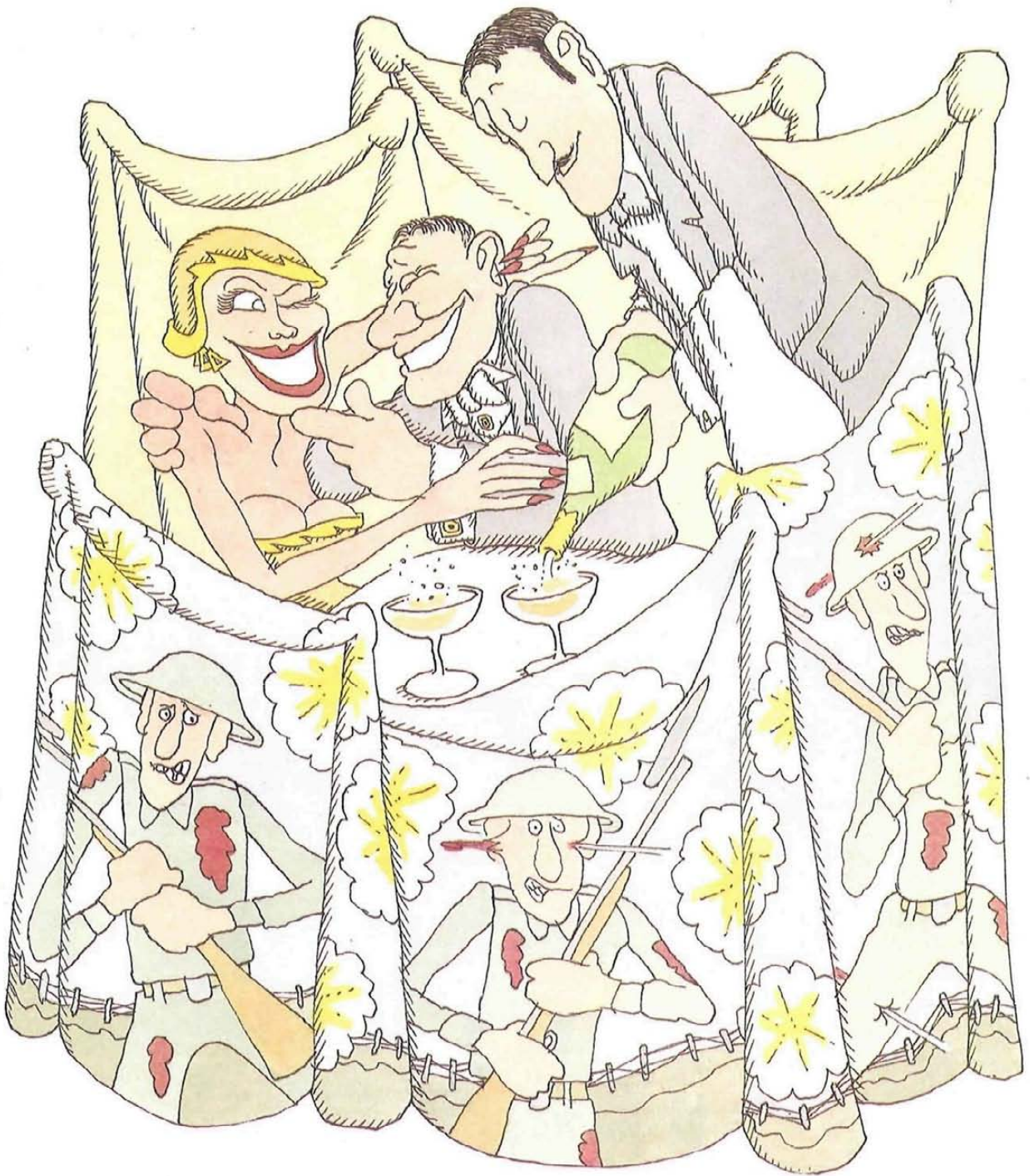
Your reporter for the *National Lampoon*, at great personal risk and very little profit, has decided to reveal them to you here and now, and go so far as to illustrate them, even if he knows in his heart of hearts that it'll all be a waste of time. He knows you'll think he's just making up another one of his little jokes and that you'll go right on being taken for all you're worth by the hidden groups who have exploited you all your life. But what the hell, that's your lookout, and the editors will give him money for the following. You've got to take it where you can get it in this world, I'm telling you.



The world is only 127 years old. It was built in 1859 by Chinese coolies, Italian laborers, and Irish bricklayers who were all delivering at least 90 percent of their wages in kickbacks to corrupt New York politicians. That is why you never see anybody around over 125 years old and why the East Coast runs everything. Think about it.

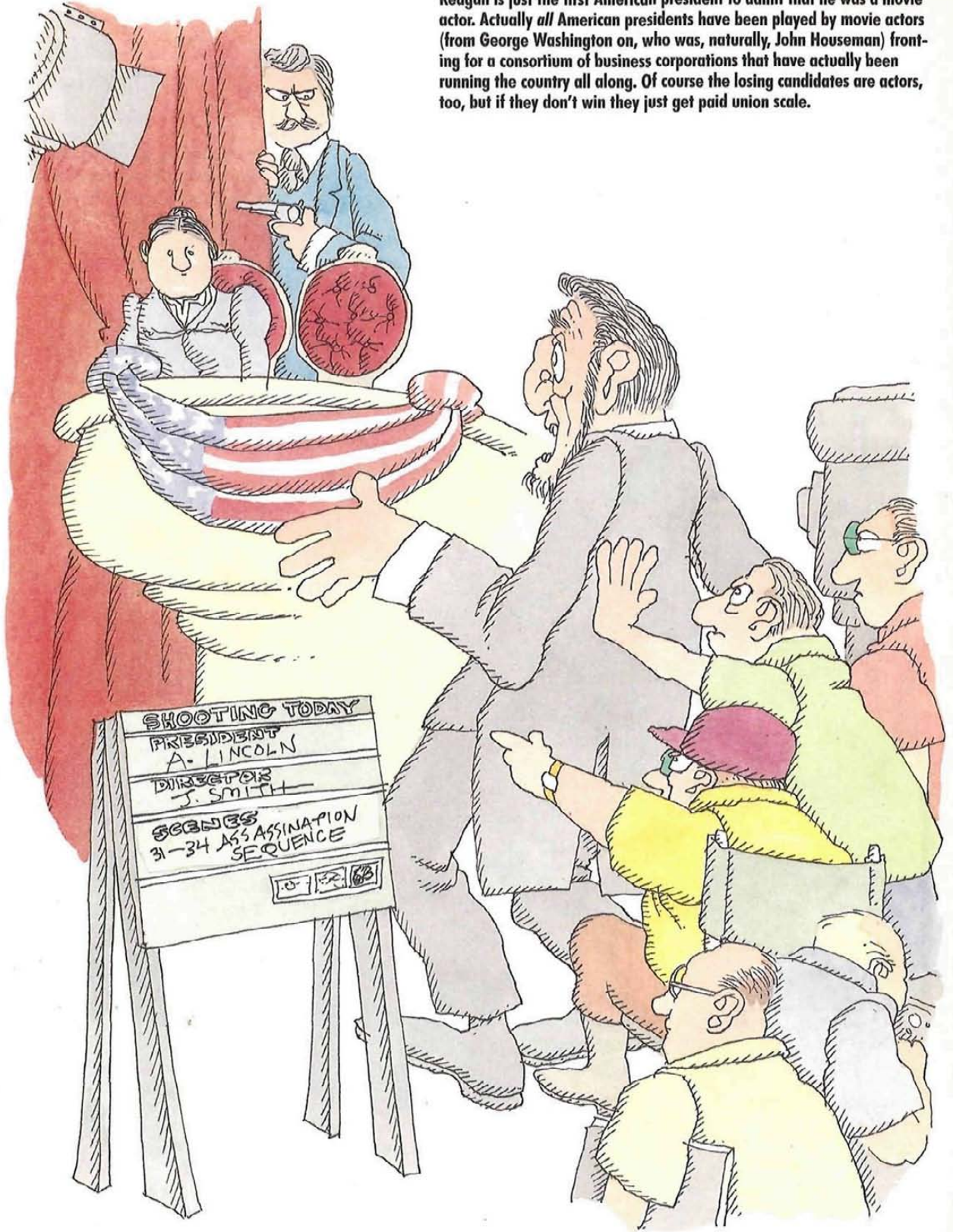
All history actually took place in the twenties in New Jersey, where Mafia thugs in the employ of Hollywood studio tycoons forced the local natives to do it all in order to supply scriptwriters with story ideas. That's why most of it doesn't make much sense.





There never was a World War I or II. They were both made up by a bunch of smart people who had figured out a way to escape school or their jobs or marriages for a couple of years and have a swell time in Europe or the Far East. Unfortunately the next generations were completely taken in and actually fought the Korean and Vietnam wars as a result.

Reagan is just the first American president to admit that he was a movie actor. Actually *all* American presidents have been played by movie actors (from George Washington on, who was, naturally, John Houseman) fronting for a consortium of business corporations that have actually been running the country all along. Of course the losing candidates are actors, too, but if they don't win they just get paid union scale.





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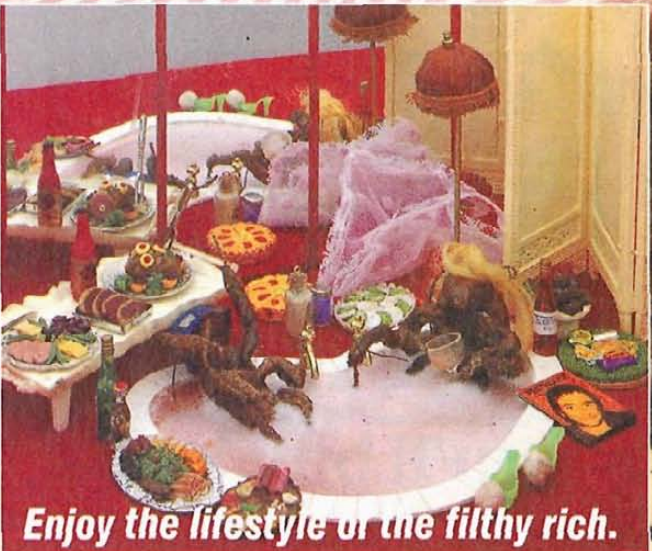
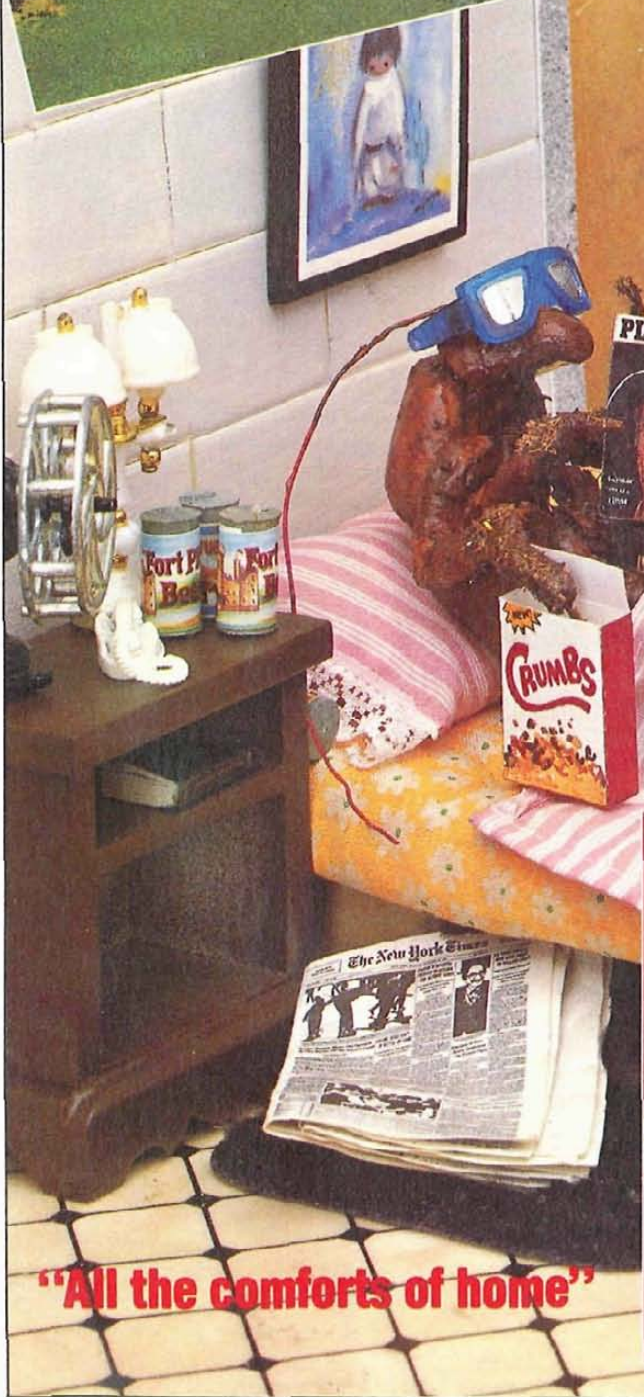
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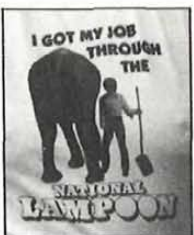
TS1038—National Lampoon Frog Sweater If it looks like quality, that's because it's handwoven by machines. With frog by cartoonist Sam Gross in gray or black. \$20.95



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

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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.

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TS 1026 \$5.95	—S—M—L	TS 1036 \$13.95	COLOR _____	TS 1046 \$13.95	—S—M—L—XL
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DR. HILARIOUS

continued from page 70

they rescued..."

"What's the only thing worse than being kidnapped by the PLO?" he said. "Being rescued by the Egyptians!"

"But how do you get the jokes out to them so quickly?"

"We use computers," he said. "In this business, you have to get the product out fast."

"Hilarious, you're a sick man," I said.

"It's a sick world," he replied.

"American yuppies tell jokes about starving Ethiopians over drinks and hors d'oeuvres. It's not my fault."

"But if you didn't make up those jokes..."

"If I didn't, somebody else would, and they'd take the money!"

"So that's it," I said. "Money is the bottom line?"

"You want it should be the top line?"

I'd heard enough. "All right, put your hands up, Hilarious, I'm taking you in."

"What's the charge?"

"Mans laughter."

He came forward. "Congratulations, you caught me," he said, extending his hand. I shook his hand and yelped in pain. I'd fallen for the old Joy Buzzer trick, and he grabbed my gun.

"I'm sorry, but I don't want to go to prison right now," he said. "I must put a hole in your head that a golf ball could fly through."

It was better than a baseball, but I had to think fast.

"Say," I said, "did you happen to hear the one about the guy whose wife thought she looked good in something long and flowing, so he threw her into the Mississippi?"

"Oh, that's a terrible joke," he said, wincing.

"And then there's the Polack whose bird dog wouldn't fly, so he shot it."

"Oouch. Terrible joke, terrible delivery," he said, doubling over in pain.

I slapped him in the face. "When I tell jokes you'll take them and like them! Two drunks are on a corner and they see a Doberman licking itself. 'Boy,' says one drunk, 'I wish I could do that.' His buddy says, 'Looks like a pretty big dog, you'd better ask it to dinner first.'"

"Ahhh," Hilarious shrieked, falling over.

I roughed him up with a couple of bad JAP jokes and then picked up the gun. The case was closed.

Marlene Muffin survived the accident. I saw her a few times afterward but it wasn't the

same. It felt like something was missing. Hilarious got ten to fifteen. I was surprised to receive a note from him last January:

January 29, 1986

Dear Sam Schpade,

I am writing to tell you that I have mended my ways, and who knows, maybe when I'm done with that I'll fix my trousers, too. I am not crazy about prison life, as the food is uneatable and the jokes here are untellable, but I have to remember that I'll be out in only ten or fifteen years.

In many ways I am glad that you brought me in. What I was doing was wrong. I was a schmuck. It is good that I am paying back my debt to society, although personally I wish I wasn't paying on the installment plan. Was it really me who was making so much money off the misfortune of others? It certainly looked like me.

I would like to see you again when I get out. Let's do lunch. In fact, let's have brunch. Noonish, around 2000—1996 at the earliest.

Sincerely,

Dr. Hilarious

P.S. Did you know that NASA drinks Sprite because it couldn't get seven up? ■



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MOP MAN

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again who got a BJ from two French girls on foreign exchange while he played Space Invaders, and it was Pete who nosed the barmaid on the counter at Gianni's go-go in Paterson while he wormed a longneck up her heinie. Pete had teeth like logs on a rotting wharf and breath like a bull farting garlic grass—one of his old girlfriends told me that kissing him was like frenching a half-full jar of horseradish being used as an ash-tray—but he said it worked to his advantage because there's plenty of other more fruitful terrain south of your face to occupy their lips and this way you don't have to put out your cigarette.

The most amazing thing about Pete was that, through all the beautiful girls he jammed, he faithfully maintained his low standards. He could seduce a winsome young blonde with tits like soccer balls one night and, without flinching, bag some old broad who looked like Yogi Berra with mascara and red lipstick the next. Pete always had the same explanation. "Ay man, you don't fuck their face."

One night Pete and I were drinking at

his place and I told him I was horny enough to fuck a dog dead from leprosy, and he said hey, let's go out and find a couple of female equivalents and fuck them till their cars bleed. We drove down near the Bowery and saw a couple of old broads cowering on the stoop of a burned-out building, and Pete told me to stop the car. After he rapped to them a little, we threw their bags in the trunk, stopped for a gallon of dago red, and headed down to the pier.

Soon as we drank the wine my chick was all over the old hot sausage. I knew I had a primo piece on my hands, and I could tell by the noises in back Pete did too.

Then we really got down to business. After I took off her pants, dresses, shirts, and sweaters, I felt her up, rubbing her tits, which had nipples like White Castle hamburgers, only round. She panted hard, and it really got me hot.

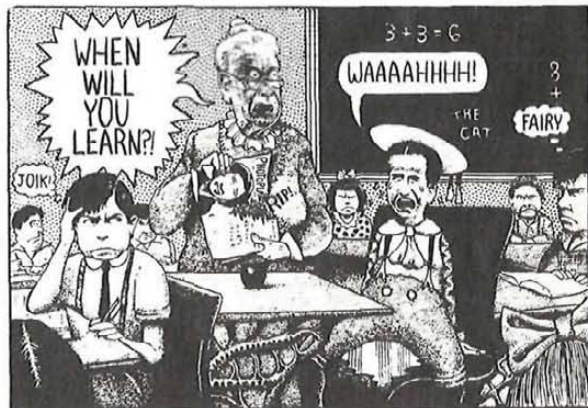
I knew she was ready for the bone, 'cause her cunt area was all slimy, even the bush, like the glaze spaghetti leaves on a colander. When I slipped her the old gigglestick, she went just about nuts. She turned out to be a good lay, even though I had to breathe through my mouth, so after Pete finished up we gave

them a ride back to their stoop.

People sometimes ask me why I've kept this job so long and when will I grow up and I think hey, maybe they're right, SexWorld's pension plan is not all it could be, it doesn't offer dental coverage in its retirement package. But then I think hell, what is Chernobyl's retirement package to the world? And I love my fucking job, man. When I go to work I go to a sea of breasts and buttocks and thighs and calves and ankles and waists and hips and arms and bushes and necks and hair and smooth full firm skin moving like a thousand serpents on fire and I go in the booth and yank my crank and it feels so good it's like the Grucci Brothers choreograph every orgasm. People say, what am I doing with my life, and I think of that twentieth class reunion and I think no, I don't have the biggest house or the biggest car, but damn, I have the biggest grin and damn, isn't that what life is really all about? I think so. With any luck at all Andy Rooney will come to SexWorld, take in a really hot show with dwarves and nuns, have a massive coronary, and get the fuck off the TV screen. It's a lot to ask, I know, but I sure do owe the world something. ■

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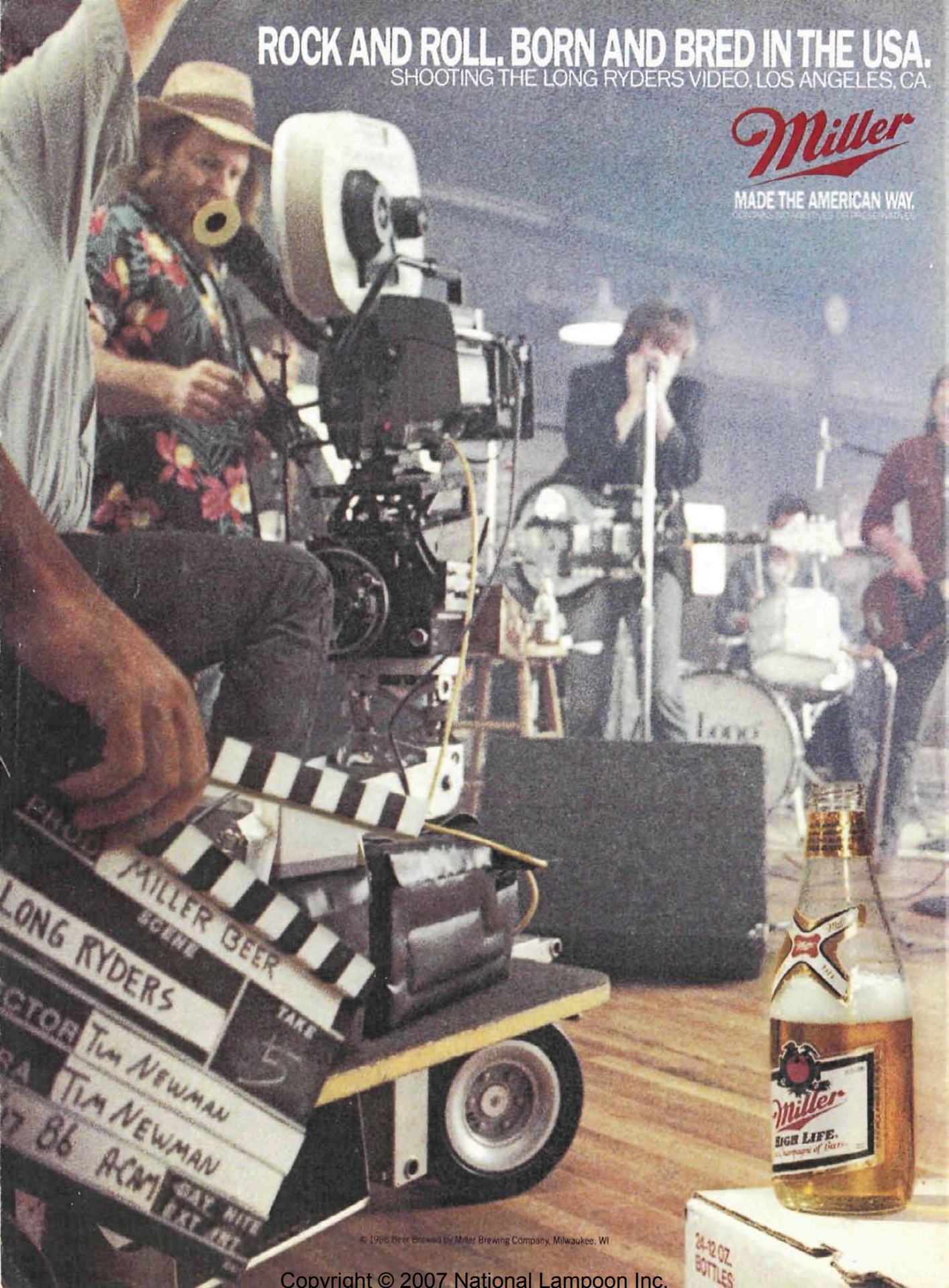


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