

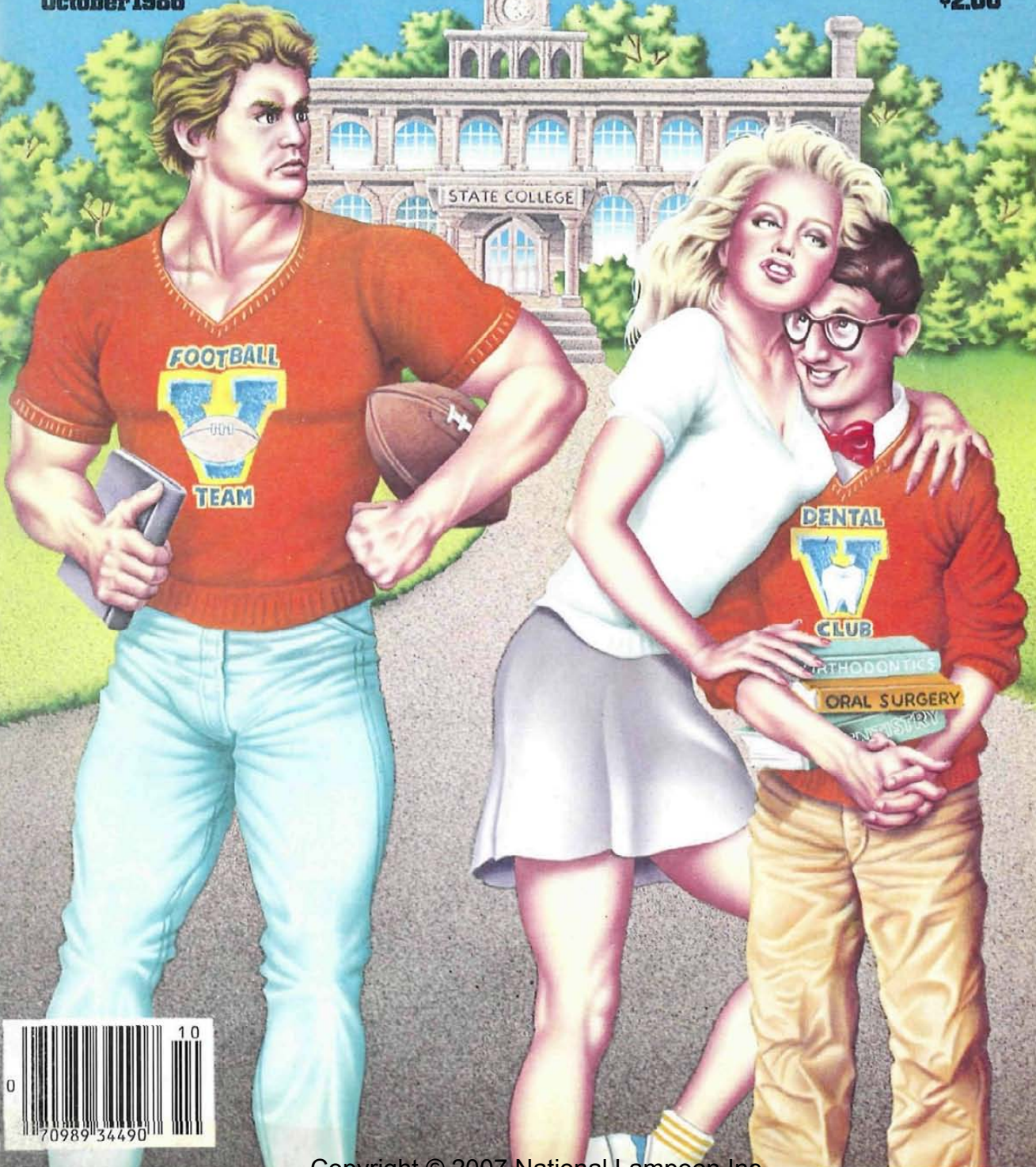
BACK TO SCHOOL NATIONAL LAMP⁰ON

The
Humor
Magazine
for Adults

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October 1986

\$2.00





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NOTICE TO OUR READERS

National Lampoon to Be a Bimonthly

There's an old, and probably untrue, story about a friend who went to visit aged motion picture actor Edmund Gwenn at an actors' retirement home. Gwenn was down to his last few hours and he knew it. The friend consoled him: "You're taking it well, Edmund," he said. "Dying is tough."

The old man nodded. "Yes," he agreed, "but comedy is tougher."

I have published, in my some 400 odd years in this business, several dozen magazines, most of which I have edited and written for. None created as much challenge or was simply as difficult to produce on a month-to-month basis as the *National Lampoon*. In the business of writing there are many fine talents available. In the business of writing comedy there are few.

Because of this we have considered in recent years the idea of reducing the number of monthly issues of the world's most widely read adult humor magazine, making them bigger, funnier, and richer (in an artistic sense). The reduction of frequency would enable us to use only our best humor writers, cartoonists, and artists in every issue.

In the nearly seventeen-year history of the magazine most issues have been leap-frogged by our most popular writers and artists. In other words, if you write for September, you rarely have the time to do something for October, and thus you are more or less creating on a two- or three-month basis. This meant, quite frankly, that some issues simply weren't as good as others, because some issues might have had a preponderance of our very funniest people and others, some who were not quite as funny.

Beginning in November 1986 with our 200th issue, we will begin publishing a bimonthly humor magazine. It will replace the monthly you are now reading.

Each issue will, as I have said, be bigger and will feature the writing and art of our very, very

best humorists, writing and art that will not have been rushed into print, work that the creators will have had time to develop and redevelop and re-write with more care.

We believe that this is an answer to the lingering problem of consistency in humor.

No one—no one—is consistently funny. Richard Pryor, who is a true comedy genius, has had more flops on film and television than he has had successes. John Belushi, who started his soaring, but too quickly ended, rise to stardom with the *National Lampoon*, followed our *National Lampoon's Animal House* with a number of poorly received movies. Bob Hope, perhaps the most enduring comedy star of all time, is certainly hot and cold at best. The *National Lampoon* has produced a number of movies. Some have been blockbusters. Others have been pictures that we try not to mention in polite conversation.

The only answer to greater consistency in producing humor or comedy is to produce less of it and take more time to prepare it. That's exactly what we are going to do with the regular editions of the *National Lampoon*, editions which will retail at \$3.95 at newsstands, etc.

Subscriptions will, of course, be fulfilled, and current subscribers will receive six issues of the bigger, slicker, higher-priced new *National Lampoon* for each year of their existing subscription.

In addition to the bimonthly, we will, as usual, publish a number of special editions, such as *National Lampoon's Foto Funnies*, *All-New True Facts*, etc.

This is a daring move in an industry which doesn't dare much. In 1970 we dared to publish an adult humor magazine when no one had succeeded in doing so in fifty years. It worked. We believe that this will, too.

Matty Simmons
Editor in Chief

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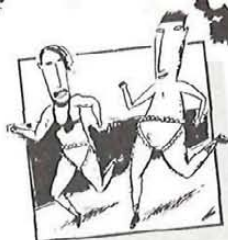
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EDITORIAL

A Message from the Secretary of Education of the United States of America

Dear American Students:

On behalf of the Reagan administration, let me extend a hale and hearty welcome to all you students returning from your summer vacations and a special greeting to our little Americans who are for the first time entering our fine education system.

As the great Greek philosopher Aristotle once said, "Educated men are as superior to uneducated men as the living are to the dead." That goes for you gals too, I might add. We of the Reagan administration, cognizant of the threat that worldwide Communism poses to our cherished American ideals, are de-



AP/Visc World

termined to equip all young Americans with a quality education to enable them to outperform and outthink their Soviet-bloc counterparts. To heighten public awareness of our educational cold war, the president has asked Mrs. Reagan to spearhead a "Better Read Than Dead" campaign. Mrs. Reagan will be crisscrossing the nation, dropping in at classrooms to underscore the need for a quality education. Be sure to drop by and say hi when she comes to your town.

Let me take up a little of the space that the *National Lampoon* has so graciously furnished me with to point out

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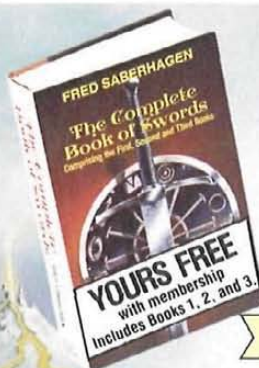
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They were forged by a god and anointed with human blood. One sword has the power to deceive an enemy's eyes. Another can destroy his soul. And now all 12 swords of power are going to meet in a fatal contest of wills. Get **The Complete Book of Swords** FREE. And witness a game so deadly, even the gods are trembling!

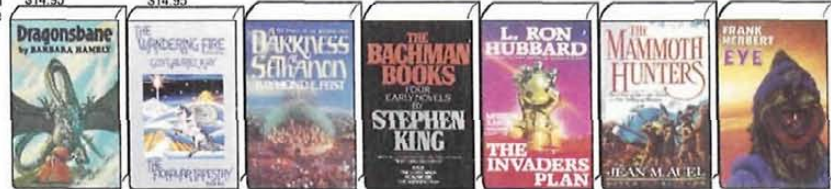
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IN NOVEMBER
AND DECEMBER
THERE WILL BE
MORE TO CELEBRATE
THAN MERELY
THANKSGIVING
AND CHRISTMAS.



There's the landing of
the Pilgrims in Newark,
New Jersey...
...Generalissimo Franco's
wedding anniversary...
Clay Pottery week in
Guatemala City...

and NATIONAL
LAMPOON'S
200TH
ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE:

a mad, hilarious, totally
stupid celebration that
means only that this idiocy
has gone on for 200 issues.
If you, too, have a loose bolt,
you won't want to miss this ish.

EDITORIAL

continued from page 6

some salient "learning blocks," or "rules of the road," as I like to call them. If you follow these simple guidelines, we will maximize the profit you can reap from your education while minimizing the pitfalls inherent in the so-called "liberal" education that Democratic presidents and Congresses have so single-mindedly foisted on the American public.

1. "Just Say No." The greatest stumbling block to a clear mind, which is vital if one desires to learn, is drugs. Cocaine, marijuana, "crack," and "angel dust" are flooding the nation, thanks to our "friends" in the Communist countries like Cuba and Nicaragua. Communists want our youths to fog up their brains so when the final "Armageddon" comes, we will be unable to resist the invading Red Armies. JUST SAY NO when anyone, even a trusted friend, offers you a hit off a marijuana cigarette or a "blast" off a "crack" pipe. They're trying to destroy your mind. And if you need independent verification of what drugs can do to you, just take a look at how your parents turned out.

2. "Take the Shortest Way." Sure, we all know the old fable of the tortoise and the hare. But consider the case of Rosie Ruiz, who won the New York City marathon by taking the subway from Brooklyn to Manhattan and then crossing the finish line in first place. Her all too rare display of Hispanic-American ingenuity is a fine example for you students. The Reagan administration has been able to get the job done here in Washington, the capital of Bureaucracy, by cutting corners. Whether this means fudging the facts on applications or *résumés*, using supplemental study aids like crib notes during exams, or showing your gratitude to teachers in advance for good grades, the end result is dynamic action that ensures that you will "get ahead."

3. "Don't Burn Out." On the other hand, too much aggressiveness and study can lead to what we call the "burnout syndrome." *Concentrated* work periods supplemented by long periods of mind-fortifying sleep are the best way to achieve your desired goals. Our president is a sterling example of a great achiever who is not an overachiever.

4. "Might Makes Right." Contrary to popular wimp-liberal beliefs, strong decisive action shows great strength of character. "Schoolyard bullies" are often budding leaders who lead by *example*. For proof of this axiom just ask your fellow students in Grenada.

5. "Neither a Borrower nor a Lender Be." After years of extravagant, wasteful

Democratic spending, we have finally learned that THERE IS NO FREE LUNCH. Government-subsidized student loans, hot-food programs, and the like sap individual incentive and lead to a reversal of the learning process. However, despite what it says in the radical-penned Declaration of Independence, we realize that all men are *not* created equal. Some people thrive on peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, some people need the red meat that a filet provides. If you must borrow to finance your future, do as we in the Reagan administration do. Borrow from your friends and neighbors. That way, someday you will be able to repay your supporters many times over, while having a clear conscience that you were never a "government freeloader."

6. "Put on a Happy Face." This is one of the most important lessons I can stress to you young people. Remember, life is complex; sometimes you don't and aren't expected to know "all the answers." In situations like this, the president has often told me that a smile can go a long way. Learning is a two-way street, and it is always easier to teach someone who is happy than someone who is constantly recalcitrant. "Learn, Baby, Learn," not "Burn, Baby, Burn."

Finally, one important announcement. I've saved the best for last. Due to budgetary restrictions, the Department of Education is shortening the school day to two hours, from 10:00 A.M. to 12:00 P.M. Even though you will not be in a restrictive classroom environment the rest of the day, we here at Education hope you will remember that, to paraphrase the great English writer Will Shakespeare, "all the world's a classroom." All right, now go out and bring home those A's!

Yours in learning,

William Bennett
Secretary of Education
Washington, D.C.

Cover: On campuses across America, women are shifting their romantic preferences from the old muscle-bound forty-eight-inch necker with a two-inch pecker to the more reliable, professional type herein depicted. This new breed of cheerleaders has been heard to exclaim, "He's really kinda thrilling/I love it when he's drilling/And even when he's filling/ It doesn't cost a shilling!" Thanks to Michael Kanarek for another great airbrush and egg tempura rendering.



If you haven't tried Mr. Jack's whiskey of late, we hope you'll do so soon.

JACK DANIEL'S OLD OFFICE is a good place to reflect on the oldtime art of whiskey-making.

Our founder—who perfected the charcoal mellowing method in 1866—worked at this rolltop desk up till his death in 1911. And we haven't changed this room by one brick or board from that day to this. You see, when it comes to smoothing whiskey you still can't beat his oldtime method. Sitting in his office reminds us of that. And, we believe, a sip of his whiskey will remind you.



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Dear Mom and Dad,
Guess what? Your daughter has become a brain. Suddenly,
I no longer have problems spelling. Or my thoughts.
I just dash off papers. And they come out Now, instead
of getting comments like scatter brained or confused, they say:
—“Original ideas, and very creative.” Which brings me to the
point of this letter. You said, if I got an A you'd buy me a
car. Does an A+ get me a gas credit card, too?

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STUDENTS

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Now what you don't know can't hurt you. Panasonic has typewriters that spell, correct, draw, even work with computers.

Have you ever lost points for spelling? For reports with more white-out than ink? Or for pie charts that look half-baked? Then get your hands on a Panasonic electronic typewriter.

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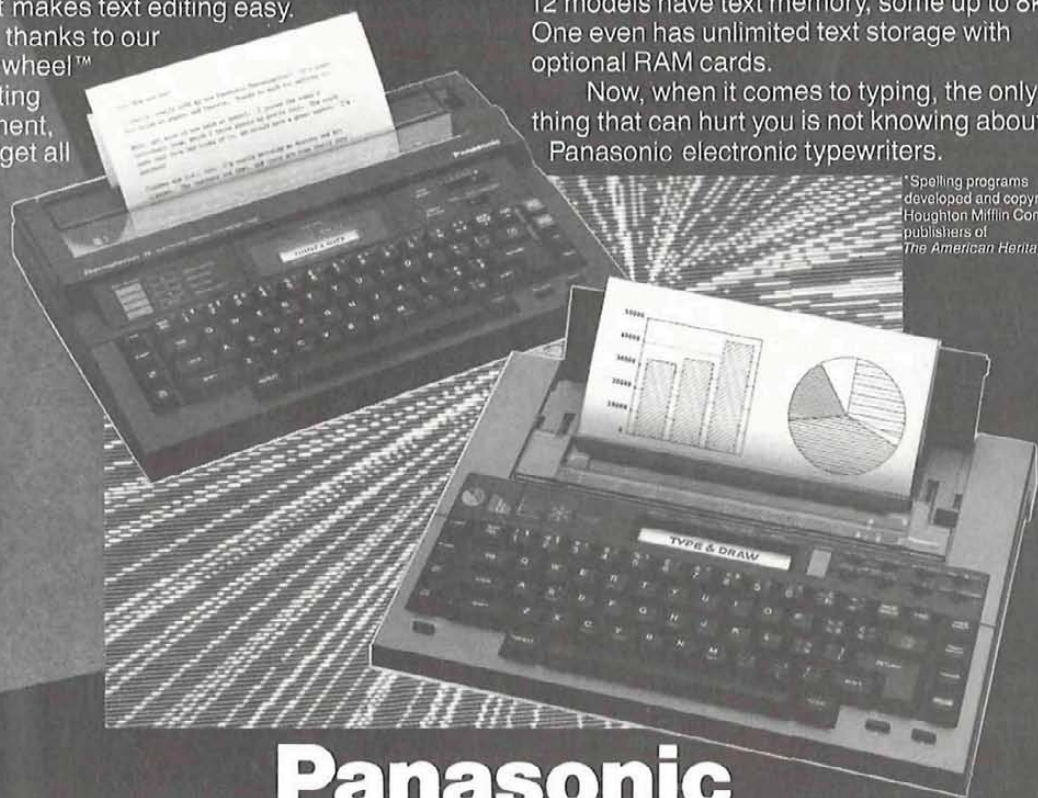
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*Spelling programs developed and copyrighted by Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers of The American Heritage Dictionary.



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just slightly ahead of our time

LETTERS



Sirs:

*Life is a joke een Bo-li-vi-a,
Plenty of coke een Bo-li-vi-a,
Everything goes een Bo-li-vi-a,
Till Reagan sticks nose een Bo-li-vi-a.*
A Mule Named Maria
La Paz, Bolivia

Sirs:

By now it's a cliché, but I swear it's all true. The best thing about the music business is the intense sex. The women are unbelievably hot. I thank God I'm a musician. I make records, do television appearances, play gigs around the world. And I do it all for the pussy.
Artur Rubinstein
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Now that our social agenda has been accepted, I am changing the name of my *Newsweek* column to "Triumph of the Will."
George F. Will
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I'm glad it's all over. If I had heard another swarm of gooks sing "God Bless Amelica" I woulda barfed. And the subhumans crawling all over my ass wearing those dipshit hats! I mean, I know it says I'll take "wretched refuse," but this was all a bit much.
The Ol' Bag in the Harbor
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

*OOOHHH—sarcoma!
When the tubes go snaking up your
ass!*
Johnny Fagg
Broadway, N.Y.

Sirs:

Memo to All Franchises in Ghetto Areas: Feature free McPipes along with the "Big McCrack Attack" campaign.
Ray Krac
Suet, N.McM.

Sirs:

How come I know that John Madden is afraid to fly?
I resent the fact that I know that John Madden is afraid to fly. Why do I have to know this? I'm pissed. Maybe the space in my brain where that is sitting is preventing me from thinking of a cure for cancer. Whose fault is this? Boy, am I pissed.
Buddy Fwoofman
Rememburda, Maine

Sirs:

I was at a party last night, and I met a real hunk. He was real cute, with a great body. I went over to him and asked him if he would like to come back to my place and fuck my brains out.
He said he was too late.
Cher
Sberman Oaks, Calif.

Sirs:

What do you want? I'm supposed to play Rambo's father? Ally Sheedy's wacky principal? Second fiddle to one of Sheen's kids? Fuckin'-A right I'm selling cars.
George C. Scott
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

What do you call a retarded NASA exec?
An O-ring-utan!
Christa McAuliffe's High School Class
Manchester, N.H.

Sirs:

Beginning to go all blotchy on the John Thomas, old darling. Fergie claims she got it off Di's loo. Bit of hard chcese, eh what?
Andrew, Duke of Dork
Fungus-on-Dong, Northumbershell

Sirs:

It stinks! That beanpole John makes himself into a human pincushion, then lives to cough up a bestseller. Me, I gotta choke on a ham sandwich. Fuck it.
Mama Cass
Rock 'n' Roll Heaven
Portly Dept.

Sirs:

Okay, I'll level with you. I've always hated Jews, I'm glad Hitler killed a lot of them, and I helped as much as I could, but I lied about it so nobody would hold it against me. Now stop bothering me already so I can work for world peace.
Kurt Waldheim
Vienna, Austria

Sirs:

Please help me; I suffer from a severe leaning disorder.
Tower of Pisa
Pisa, Italy

Sirs:

I'm backing a *priceless* little drama off (way off) Broadway. It's called *Oedipus the Queen*, and it's about a guy who kills his mother, puts on her clothes, and marries his father.
Art C. Fartsy
Greenwich Village

Sirs:

Like I always say: "Life is short; Art is long."
Art Long
Long Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

The results of my national survey are in. Here is the final tally.
1. Gene Rayburn
2. Kitty Carlisle
3. Colitis
4. Peggy Cass
5. A constant grinding noise.
Harris Pole
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

I would like the world to know that I do not know nor have I ever met Len Bias or Don Rogers. I was, however, the exercise girl for champion thoroughbred racehorse Swale.
Thank you for your assistance in this matter.
Cathy Evelyn Smith
Los Angeles, Calif.

!NOW!

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

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

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



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

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



National Lampoon's
Vacation T-shirt
or



National Lampoon's
Vacation T-shirt
or



National Lampoon's
Animal House
Baseball Shirt



National Lampoon's
European Vacation
shirt



National Lampoon, Dept. 1086
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

Please send me:

- SM MD LG NL European Vacation shirts @ \$6.95 each
 SM MD LG NL Vacation shirts (A) @ \$7.95 each
 SM MD LG NL Vacation shirts (B) @ \$7.95 each
 SM MD LG NL Animal House baseball shirts @ \$7.00 each
 SM MD LG XL NL Vacation sweatshirts (A) @ \$16.95 each
 SM MD LG XL NL Vacation sweatshirts (B) @ \$16.95 each

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

TRUE

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

Edited by John Bendel

This item appeared in North Carolina's *Hickory Daily Record*:

"A Hickory woman reported that she was the victim of a flimflam Thursday in the parking lot of K mart on U.S. 64-70 East.

"Joyce Ancola Surrat said she was approached by a couple at approximately 7:20 P.M. According to a Hickory Police Department report, Ms. Surrat said the man moved his eyes back and forth, putting her in a trance. While she was in the trance, the man removed fifty-five dollars in cash from her purse and replaced the money with newspaper clippings." (contributed by Chrissy Bush)

George Beamon of Chesapeake, Virginia, was convicted of murdering his girlfriend in 1978, then, after his release from prison, of killing a second girlfriend in 1985.

Paul M. Lipkin, Beamon's defense lawyer in the most recent case, told reporters that a psychiatric evaluation showed no problems with Beamon's mental state.

"He just has a habit of knocking off his lady friends," said Lipkin. "Other than that, he's a regular guy." *Roanoke Times & World-News* (contributed by John Jordan)

Verna D. Copeland filed a \$10,000 lawsuit against the Michigan Ambulance Company after four of the firm's attendants allegedly dropped her while taking her to a doctor's office for treatment of a broken ankle. Copeland weighed four hundred

pounds at the time.

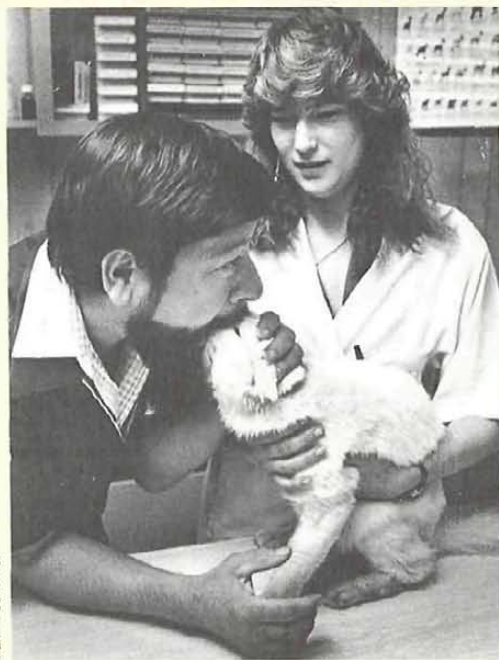
"This lady was never actually dropped," explained Jeff White of Michigan Ambulance. "She was so huge that her weight actually overlapped the stretcher. A patient that size is just too big for the ambulance equipment

made today." The company claimed it had assigned two senior ambulance crews to the job.

"I was terribly embarrassed," said Copeland. "I felt like a guinea pig on display. There must have been fifteen to twenty people there when they dropped me and I rolled off the curb. No one even said, 'I'm sorry!'"

Copeland has since lost thirteen pounds. *Detroit News* (contributed by David Kovl)

...And If He Dies, Eat Him



Mari A. Schaefer

This photo appeared in the *Arizona Daily Star* with a story about administering cardiopulmonary resuscitation to pets. Its caption reads: "Joe Samantiego shows Cheryl Paxton how to give CPR to her cat Pooter." (contributed by John M. Andresen)

A twenty-five-year-old man found hanging by one hand from a girder on the Golden Gate Bridge told his rescuers that he wanted to kill himself but was afraid the fall would be painful.

According to a California Highway Patrol spokesman, "The man had taken a large amount of drugs and stuffed his nose with deodorizer, and was waiting for the drugs to take effect before he let go of the girder." *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Brian Hagen)

Some interesting objections to mandatory seat-belt laws have appeared in the press recently.

The Virginia legislature passed a law requiring the use of automobile seat belts despite the objections of McLean resident David Denholm, who claimed that auto accident victims are a major source of organs for

transplant.

"If you save the life of an accident victim, you may cost the life of someone needing an organ," said Denholm. *Richmond Times-Dispatch* (contributed by David Singer)

Meanwhile, Claude E. Cooper, another seat-belt opponent, wrote this letter to the editor of *The State*, a South Carolina weekly:

"Now, I realize that seat belts provide some protection in head-on collisions, but only a part of the large number of collisions are head-on. Some years back, I lived near a busy highway. One morning, hearing a loud crash, I rushed to the highway to see what had happened. A woman had pulled out in front of a large truck loaded with cement blocks. Unfortunately, she was wearing a seat belt. Her torso was thrown some twenty feet from the accident. Her heart and other internal organs were scattered over the highway. Now, I don't mean to insinuate that she would have lived if she hadn't worn the seat belt, but surely she would have been all in one piece." (contributed by James Viard)

In Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Mayor Charles L. Smith scuffled with Councilman James R. McCaffrey during a town council debate over how to improve the town's image. *Albany* (New York) *Times Union* (contributed by John McGowan)

According to the *Washington Post*, a masked man in Burlington, Vermont, planted three-foot-tall evergreen trees in city potholes, telling a local radio station he was "taking vengeance against potholes" because he was tired of seeing cars wrecked.

A police spokesman said it was unclear what crime the tree planter could be charged with. "We could get him for blocking vehicular traffic," said Lieutenant William Luare, "but that's exactly what a pothole does, so we'd be hard-pressed on that one." (contributed by Lisa Stahlheber)

This item moved across the Canadian Radio News Wire Service:

"Police in Moncton, New Brunswick, are investigating what could turn out to be a grisly incident. Canada Post alerted them that someone may have mailed a dead baby from a funeral home in Summerside, Prince Edward Island. Deputy Police Chief Jack Lawlor says they're investigating whether the incident took place and, if it did, whether it's legal. All Canada Post would say is that it doesn't have specialized refrigeration to handle freight like that." (contributed by Michael J. Popil)

From the (San Diego) *Tribune*:

"Half of the New Orleans jurors who acquitted Governor Edwin Edwards of fraud and racketeering charges this month stole all the towels from their hotel rooms before checking out. The Avenue Plaza Hotel said two hundred dollars' worth of towels were stolen." (contributed by Tony Slad)

A court in Bavaria, West Germany, ruled that a mother may not name her daughter Seagull. The judges said the name was "degrading" and that it lacked "positive symbolic power." *Chicago Sun-Times* (contributed by Geri Angell)

In a report entitled "While Lying in the Road—The Prone Pedestrian," Dr. Lawrence S. Harris, a North Carolina state medical examiner, discussed the phenomenon of drunken pedestrians who lie down on macadam highways for warmth. The study cites 136 cases in Dr. Harris's home state of extremely drunk individuals who sought the retained heat of a rural highway surface, fell asleep, and were killed by passing motorists.

In an editorial on the subject, North Carolina's *Wilmington Star-News* noted: "It is painfully obvious that not all of the South will rise again." The editorial was called "Liquored Up, Smashed Flat."

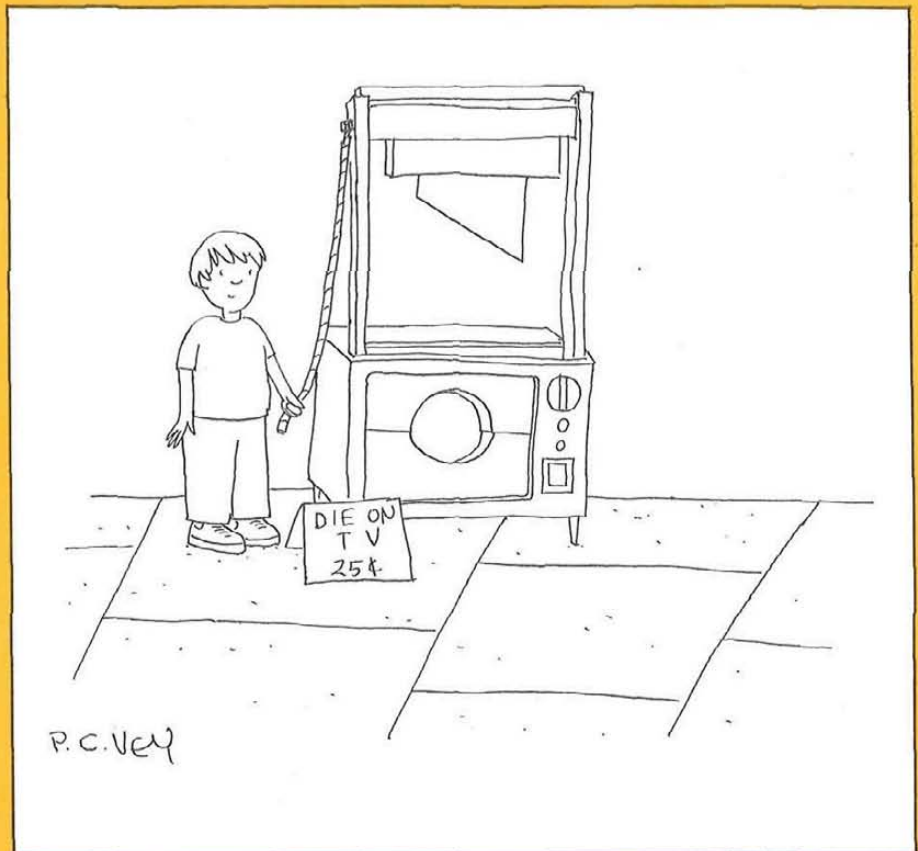
In his study, Dr. Harris

asked: "Are we taking the drunken drivers off the road only to turn them into drunken pedestrians?" *New York Times* (contributed by Duck Divet)

According to Alaska's *Anchorage Daily News*, "A small boy in search of a potty chose the wrong door and let loose on a telephone master console at the Suicide Prevention and Crisis Center Tuesday afternoon, temporarily extinguishing the crisis hot line and every other telephone in the office.

"The boy just walked in and peed on the [control] console," said center director Rosalie Nadeau. "I guess he figured it was as good a place as any." (contributed by Phil Nechvatal)

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

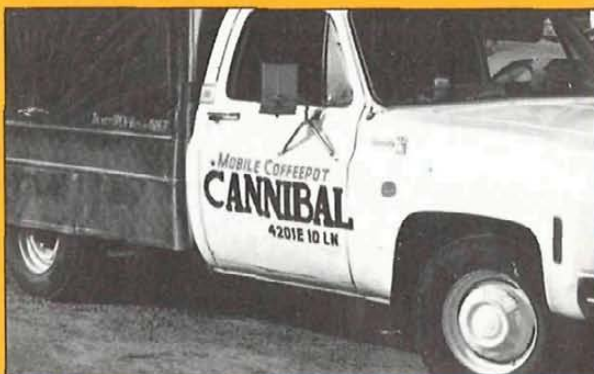


TRUE

S I G N S O F T H E T I M E S



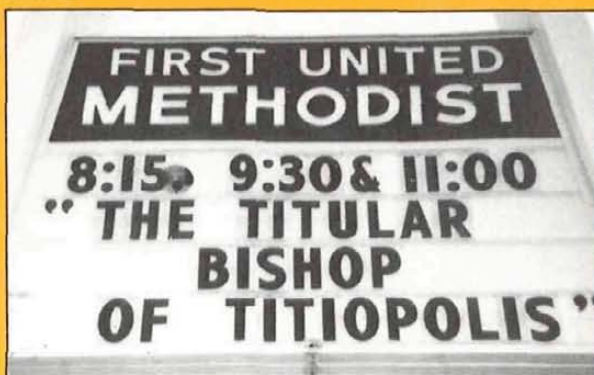
Ray Persoon



James Roth



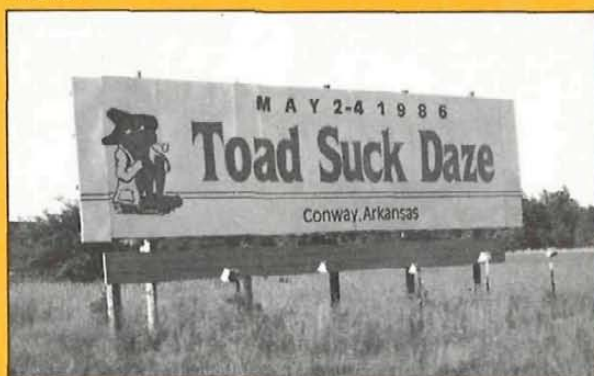
Scott Wyatt



R. Hamilton



Timothy Wiener



Mary Cal Hollis



James Roth



Mike Leonhard

**TWO THINGS NO WOMAN CAN RESIST.
MEN IN UNIFORM AND LÖWENBRÄU.**



The great beers of the world go by one name: Löwenbräu. Brewed in Munich.
Brewed in England, Sweden, Canada, Japan and here in America for a distinctive world class taste.

THIS WORLD CALLS FOR LÖWENBRÄU.

FOTO FUNNIES

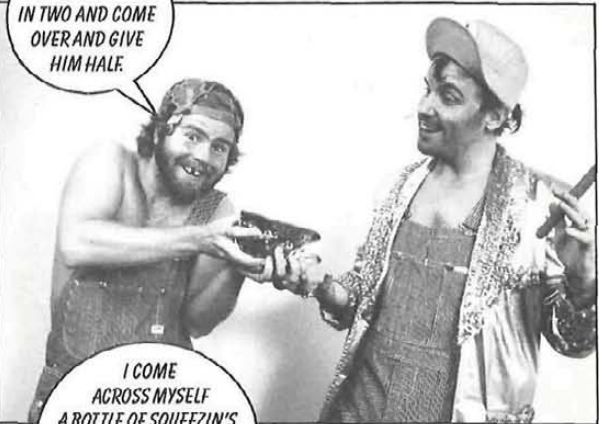


WE ARE BEST BUDDIES.

AND COMMUNIST, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT COMES TO WOMEN.



THE OTHER DAY I CAUGHT ME A PERCH ABOUT YAY BIG...



...SO I CUT IT IN TWO AND COME OVER AND GIVE HIM HALF.



I GOT ME A BUSHEL OF FRESH CORN, SO I COME OVER HERE AND GIVE HALF OF IT TO MY BUDDY.



I COME ACROSS MYSELF A BOTTLE OF SQUEEZIN'S. I COME OVER HERE AND I GIVE HIM HALF... NIC NIC!



WHEN UNCLE DELOE BLOWED HIS BRAINS OUT, HE LEFT ME HIS BUICK. I LET HIM DRIVE IT EVERY OTHER TIME.



AND IF WOMEN WEREN'T MEANT TO BE SHARED...

...THEN HOW COME THE GOOD LORD GIVE 'EM TWO OF THESE?

Why you should subscribe to the *NATIONAL LAMPOON* as a bimonthly

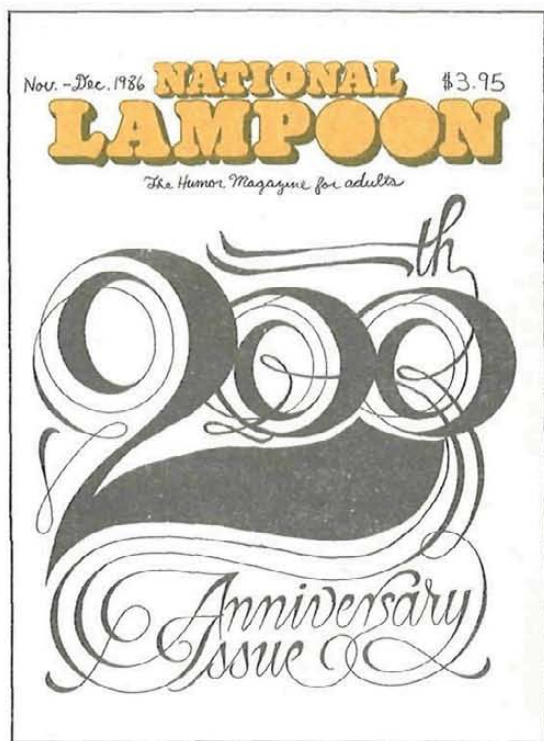
Beginning with the November-December issue, the *National Lampoon*, the world's most popular adult humor magazine, will become a bimonthly. It is being changed from a monthly because the management and editorial staff of the magazine feel that with lesser frequency we can provide the reader with a bigger and funnier magazine.

Funnier, after all, is what it's all about.

Because it will be a bimonthly, the *National Lampoon* will be harder to find at your favorite newsstands or bookstores. Therefore, we urge you to subscribe now to what will be the most carefully created and talent-rich humor magazine ever published. Not being a monthly, we will be able to put our very best into every issue.

Many of the wonderful writers and artists who have come to be synonymous with the *National Lampoon* will continue to appear on these pages: Chris Miller, Rick Meyerowitz, S. Gross, Gerry Sussman, John Weidman, Shary Flenniken, and some of the new young humorists who have emerged in recent years.

We feel that you will have a maga-



zine to be savored and collected and kept for years.

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The *National Lampoon* will be bigger and better and more colorful and simply more hilarious than ever.

A magazine created for people with wit and a sense of humor.

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GIFT
FOR OUR
READERS**



Thank you, *National Lampoon*, for giving me \$5.00 toward a subscription to your magazine. I understand that if I subscribe now, you guarantee not only continued delivery of the magazine, but publication of same even if the entire editorial staff is in prison.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FRIEDMAN BROS'
NIGHTMARE GALLERY OF

MENTALLY DISTURBED TEACHERS

SCRIPT: JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN
ART: DREW FRIEDMAN

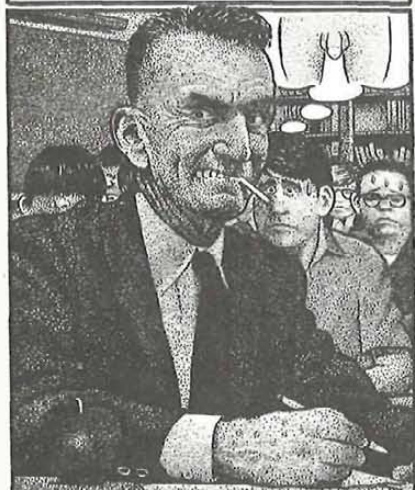
©1986

MOST OF THE FRIEDMAN
BROS' PUBLIC SCHOOL
TEACHERS THROUGHOUT
THE 1960'S WERE PRO-
FOUNDLY DISTURBED
INDIVIDUALS. YET THEY
WERE THE MOLDERS OF
YOUNG, IMPRESSIONABLE
MINDS, LIKE THOSE OF
JOSH AND DREW. HERE
ARE BUT A FEW....

IN GRADE SCHOOL, MISS DOROTHY HICKS
HAD TO BE PHYSICALLY RESTRAINED WHEN
SHE SNAPPED DURING AN AUDITORIUM
SCREENING THAT CONTAINED DANCING LEGS.
THE MOVIE: SINGIN' IN THE RAIN.



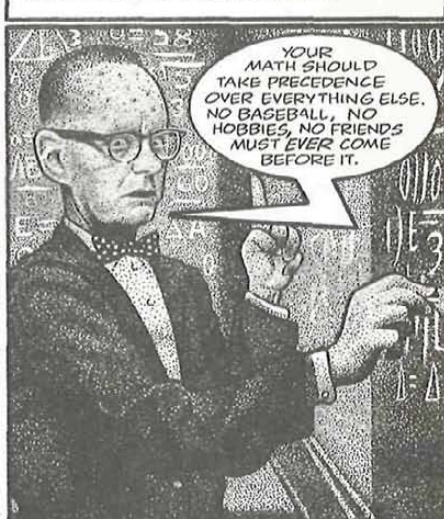
MR HALE WAS A HUMORLESS CLOSET
HOMO. WITH DANDRUFF-BESPECKLED
BLACK SUITS. HE WAS A CHAIN-SMOKING,
10 CUPS-OF-COFFEE-A-DAY, SHRIEKING,
CHILD-HATING CIVIL SERVANT.



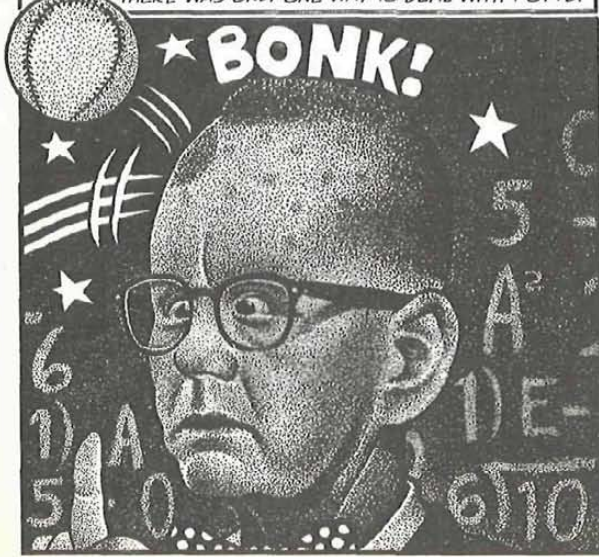
COACH YOHALEM GAVE THE SAME
ANSWER TO ALL QUESTIONS.



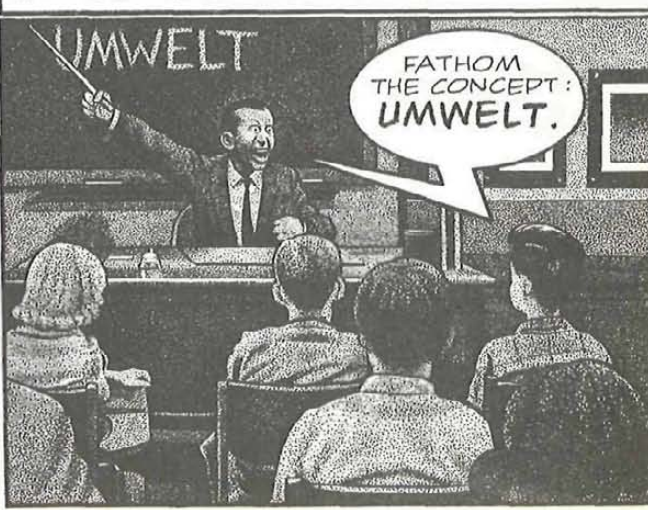
DR. FLOYD PEABODY POTTS WAS ADAMANT
ABOUT ONLY ONE THING IN LIFE.



THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO DEAL WITH POTTS.



JR. HIGH SOCIAL STUDIES WACKO MR BERKSON SPENT THE ENTIRE
FIRST SEMESTER STUDYING SOMETHING CALLED "UMWELT." NO
BODY EVER HEARD OF IT BEFORE OR SINCE. NOR DID THEY
HAVE THE FAINTEST NOTION OF WHAT IT WAS.



WOLFGANG CHANG, MUSIC TEACHER FROM HAWAII, FORCED STUDENTS TO PERFORM "WE'RE GOING TO A HUKILAU" ON UKULELES.

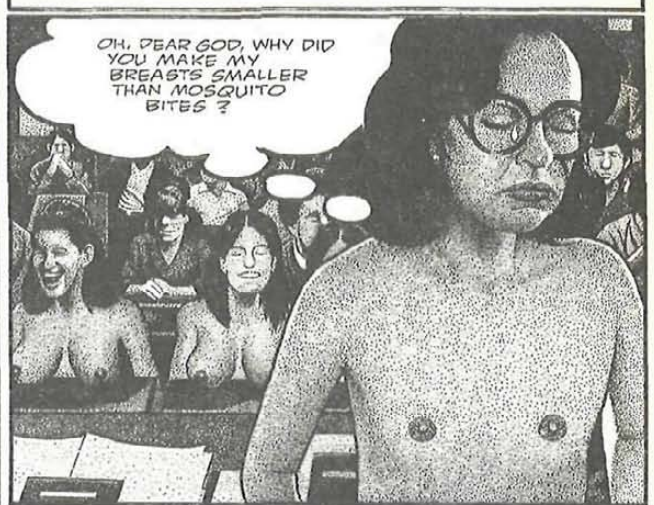


CAN'T WE LEARN ABOUT HENDRIX?

NO, YOU ALREADY KNOW ABOUT THAT. I WANT TO EXPOSE YOU TO EARLIER MUSICS.

BUT CLASSICAL MUSIC REALLY, REALLY SUCKS.

THE ONLY SCHOOL-SANCTIONED "ROCK" LYRICS INVOLVED THE STUDY OF "TURN, TURN, TURN" AND "SCARBOROUGH FAIR," THE TEACHER WHO TAUGHT ENGLISH FELT FEROCIOUSLY INSECURE.



OH, DEAR GOD, WHY DID YOU MAKE MY BREASTS SMALLER THAN MOSQUITO BITES?

MR. KNAPP WAS A ONE-MAN DRUG ENFORCEMENT AGENCY IN 1969. HE POPPED OUT OF LOCKERS TO STRANGLE PERPETRATORS UNTIL THE COPS ARRIVED.



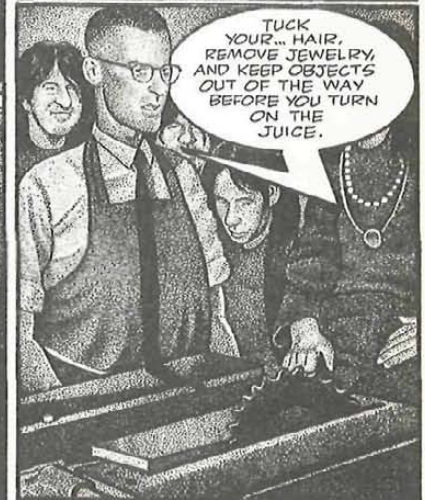
HASH IS A NARCOTIC. YOU LITTLE PRICKS'LL GET TEN YEARS!

PRINCIPAL DR. BIXHOEN REPEATED THE SAME MOTTO FOR YEARS.

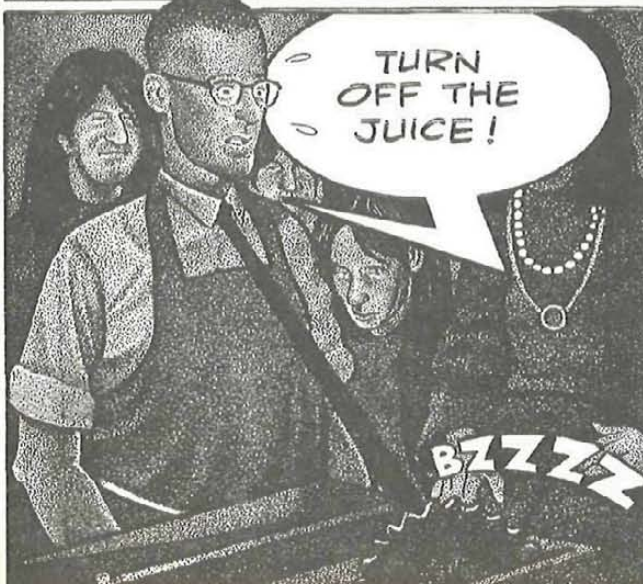


MUTUAL RESPECT BETWEEN TEACHER AND STUDENT.

POOR MR. DISENBAUM BEGRUDGINGLY DEALT WITH CHANGING MALE ATTITUDES IN SHOP CLASS.



TUCK YOUR... HAIR, REMOVE JEWELRY, AND KEEP OBJECTS OUT OF THE WAY BEFORE YOU TURN ON THE JUICE.



TURN OFF THE JUICE!

BZZZZ

THE GENERAL SCHOOL POLICY WAS EPITOMIZED BY MR. JOHNSON, A SICKO ENGLISH TEACHER WHO GAVE DAILY PEP TALKS TO SELECT STUDENTS.



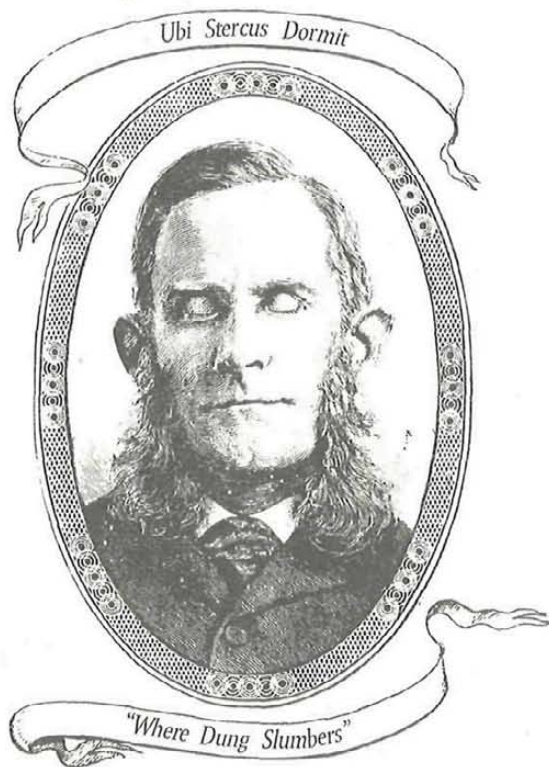
LISTEN CAREFULLY: YOU ARE A FAILURE. YOU HAVE NO CHANCE IN LIFE. YOU'RE SO HOPELESS, YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER TO TRY. YOU DESERVE STRAIGHT F'S

END

BLAND UNIVERSITY

ORIENTATION MANUAL

Compiled by Professor Dave Hanson



William Belfers Bland, 1821–1908, our namesake and an enduring symbol of our college and its spiritual heritage yesterday and today. The college was named posthumously in honor of the colorful Knotts County farmer who served as a congressman from 1869 to 1891. Most famous for his landmark Yam Act and his support for technologically progressive farm machinery, Mr. Bland is also fondly remembered for his legendary penchant for consuming egg creams and subsequently napping. As tradition dictates, his great-great-grandson, although discernibly brain-damaged, holds an honorary seat on the board of trustees.

About Bland

Unlike many educational institutions, Bland is not simply a few buildings set alongside a playing field; rather, it is in many ways a functional microcosm of the larger world beyond, a universe unto itself but for the absence of full-scale economic and familial structures. Founded and built in 1921 by maverick dung maven and canasta visionary Charles Heaven on what was then Indiana's third-largest dill farm, Bland is situated on a sprawling 476-acre tract, 400 acres of which are a working farm. The campus adjoins the fabled Carraegeenan Valley Ranch and is on the outskirts of charming Dingleton (pop. 11,349), which is nestled in the center of world-famous Knotts County (pop. 61,230).

At the north end of the campus is Bland Center, the mammoth superstructure containing academic classrooms as well as administrative offices and faculty office space. Adjacent to this building are faculty living quarters and, just east, the oldest and most majestic dormitory, Felcher Hall. There are several other smaller dorms, not as historically rich but new and attractive, with vending nooks on each floor. One of these newer buildings, Groper Hall, houses the college fraternity, Phi Epsilon Pi. Membership in the fraternity and concomitant residence in Groper is available to male students who can endure the rigors of Heck Night, a toned-down version of Hell Night implemented in 1984 in answer to nationwide paternal concern over the rash of disembowelments suffered during fraternity initiation hazings.

Other buildings on campus include the wood shop, which, along with the agriculture complex, is generally considered the nerve center of the Bland campus. Bland's wood shop is home to six wood lathes, more than any other college wood shop in Indiana, and the agriculture complex contains three greenhouses and ten full-size incubators, along with a complete germination center and a dry-mulch humidior.

Slightly to the west lies Fudgepacker Field, where during almost any season you will find athletic students engaging in some form or other of athletic endeavor. Last year, both Bland's men's and women's archery squads finished in the top ten divisionally in the state; Bland students also participate extensively in intramural sports, including flag football, soccer, chess, backgammon, and whiffle ball as coached by sports legend and successful insurance salesman Bill Mazeroski.

Perhaps the area's "hottest" attraction of all, though, is the Dingle Hall Concert Arena, newly rebuilt after tragedy and a potentially crippling lawsuit were narrowly averted at a spring 1985 Wham! concert at which a slab of Z-Brick facing was torn loose by a strong wind and came within centimeters of undoing singer George Michael's costly cosmetic dentistry. The new and improved arena features an all-new speaker system and a gaping orchestra pit, and can seat 925 people on new, plumply pillowed Dacron/acrylic 50/50 seats.

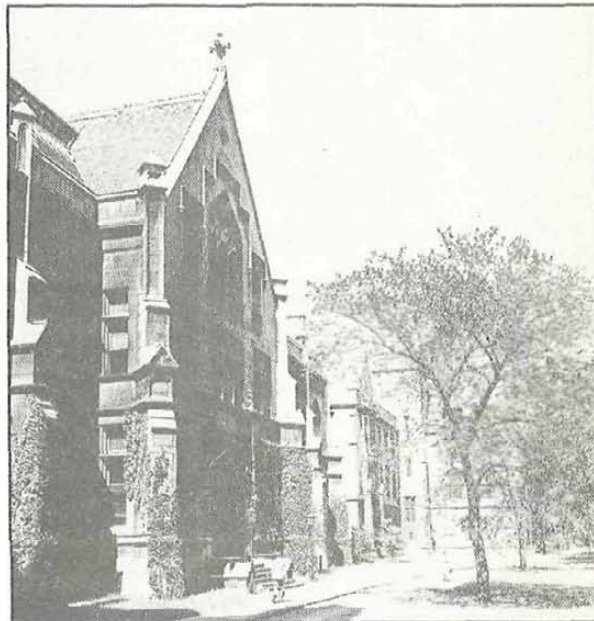
Right around the corner is the Dining Hall, which hosts community bingo consortiums on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and the newly constructed pub, at which students can play arcade games or Foosball and get to know each other a little better over a soft drink or an ice-cold glass of Ovaltine (10 percent discount with student ID).

The Community

As beautiful and diverse as Bland is, though, no campus is an absolutely self-contained universe. The same way a neighborhood affects a home, a college's environs, or epistemological outskirts if you will, ultimately influence the college. And here Bland students thrive.

Though Dingleton is primarily renowned for its exports of dung and carraegeenan gum, it is also at the helm of a flourishing industrial dynamic and the home of the world's third-largest zinc mine. Zinc is a key ingredient in many critically acclaimed alloys and, when ingested, a vigorous thwarter of unwanted male growths. Zinc received two citations at the International Mineral Conference in Helsinki, Finland, this past February, which Otis Guano, the mayor and fire chief of Dingleton and a Bland grad ('39), collected in person.

And neighboring Esasky, the county seat so rich in lore, features the fourth-largest trailer court in the world. Ornate in design yet scant in floribunda, capacious Esasky Gardens plays host to the largest Zen Winnebago community in the free world.



A testimony to the synergistic genius of Bland students: since Indiana's often volatile climate can hamper the growth of ivy, a special task force of agriculture, home ec, and art students has developed a durable Naugahyde ivy look-alike that can be affixed with Velcro to suitably dignified buildings. Next year at this time, Bland Centre (above) will be the only ivy-slathered college tower in northeast Indiana.

Knotts County in general is a showpiece of agricultural opulence, site of the world's largest man-made greenhouse and, for four of the last seven years, producer of the nation's largest pumpkin as recognized by the *National Enquirer*, the capper being last year's Moby Jeff, raised and harvested by Farmer and Mrs. Gerry Markham of DuPont and weighing in at 262 $\frac{1}{4}$ pounds.

The county as a whole is also a bastion of crime-free living, with the lowest crime rate in Indiana. There have been only four killers since the inception of the county in 1878, the most recent being "Slobbering" Al Marios ('31), the entrepreneur and necrophile who warehoused nearly two dozen dead Eagle Scouts in his beet cellar. Since his celebrated execution in 1938, there has not been a single homicide arrest in Knotts County proper.

Students also benefit from a rich and diverse local culture, which includes the storied Knotts County Grange Fair. On the second weekend of every October since 1891, farmers have traveled from as far away as Evansville to flaunt their wares against a massive field of rival farmers and 4-H-ers, vying for bragging rights in the highly competitive poultry shows and clamoring for a chunk of the lucrative dung concession. The festival is a glistening icicle of lush bovine pageantry, as "Hollywood" as dairy gets.

Bland students themselves also play a key role in the fair. For seven of the last eleven years they have won blue ribbons in 4-H science competitions, including last year's winning entry in the chemistry division, which was submitted by sophomore Mike Morris. Entitled "The Great American Roommate Incrimination Kit," it enables students to safeguard their personal foodstuffs from light-fingered roommates through a simple but sophisticated deflection process. A flavorless, harmless compound is mixed into the edibles in question; without the harmless but secret antidote, anyone ingesting the affected foodstuffs will turn a glowing shade of fluoride blue for a period of forty-eight hours. Morris plans to develop the project into a variety of applications; with one planned formulation, a single annual injection will cause the glowing reaction to be triggered by the use of illicit narcotics, sparing athletic organizations the high cost of repetitious drug testing. Morris hopes to eventually develop a potion that will assure husbands of their wives' fidelity, and, to aid agriculture, a formula that can be injected into poultry which will make gluttonous poachers glow in the dark and hence be easy targets for violated farmers.

The Knotts County vicinity also plays host to several other inspiring, 4-H-affiliated events throughout the year. Coinciding annually with commencement season is the Rhubarb Harvest & Bake-Off; to captivate freshly matriculated students and welcome the others back from summer, the traditional corn-dog gala and tomato fry in September; and Dingleton itself annually hosts Cream Cheese Friday, a day of parades and banqueting to honor the dairy spread for its extensive reliance on carrageenan.

None of this, however, is meant to imply that the campus itself lacks for fun and excitement—nothing could be further from the truth.

Campus Activities

The Student Activities Committee (SAC), largely in affiliation with the Home Economics Department, is the lifeblood of Bland's bustling social calendar. Last year the committee co-sponsored, in tandem with the Fred MacMurray fan club, a number of exciting events, including a student/faculty tug-of-war and Egg Night, an evening of egg eating and lore in celebration of last year's record cash egg crop. This year, several exciting events are already on tap, many coeducational:

- *Carl Sandburg night, featuring videotaped readings of his sonnets by actresses Angela Lansbury and Vanessa Redgrave (co-sponsored by Metton's Mesopotamian Meer-schaum Shoppe, 10 percent discount with student ID)
- *Chinese food weekend (please bring a covered dish)
- *Square dance festival, featuring the zesty incantations of the ageless Jed Margiselle
- *Cheese night, featuring a cheese-tasting party and guest lecture on mechanical rinding by Murray Kraft, vice chairman of Kraft International (10 percent discount on Kraft products with student ID)
- *Videogame night, with leading Atari spokesman Sahito Mokarahu outlining plans for future videogames, including Monsignor Pac-Man, Pac-Man-san, and Viscountess Pac-Man. Translated by Language Department chairman Dr. Jules Om
- *An evening of poet Rod McKuen reading selections from the autobiography of Burl Ives (co-sponsored by Milton Marion's Head Cheese Hideaway & Carrageenan Gully Gift Shoppe, 10 percent discount with student ID)
- *Driveling journalist George Plimpton lectures on spending an action-packed hour as a troubleshooter in a dung mill (co-sponsored by Marty's Mulch 'n' March, 10 percent discount on bulk purchases with student ID)



The winner of last year's "Florence Henderson at 20" Look-alike Contest, co-sponsored by the Home Ec Club, is the daughter of Dingleton mayor Otis Guano, Jackolynn "Chickie" Guano. Handsome young men traditionally vie for the affections of the chosen lass by regaling her with a panoply of music, poetry, and homegrown root vegetables. Miss Guano was also given a special citation for her thousand-word essay entitled "Ten Ways I Use Wesson Best."

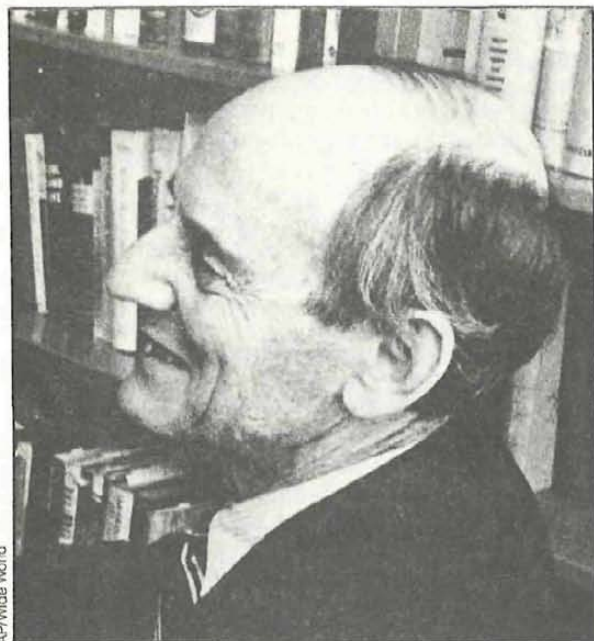


Any Indianan angler worth his weight in night crawlers knows that May is Bait Month—and hey! does Bland know how to kick off the festivities! Shown here: Bland history professor and local grubbing legend Merreck Donna throwing out the first fly of the new season. Later the party moves to the Dingleton Creek Commons for a visual bait smorgasbord and split-fried carp 'n' cornbread grill.



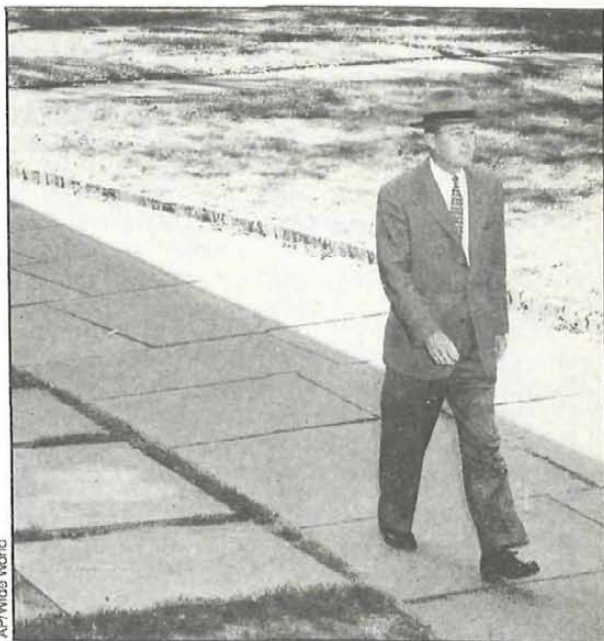
"Mideast is Mideast, and Midwest is Midwest, but ne'er the twain shall meet." That maxim is tossed to the wind all through the Home Ec Club's International Week, during which a sumptuous array of international cuisine is sampled. Shown here: students celebrating Rag-Head Night, at which a tempting variety of Syrian grain and goat dishes is featured. Students who dress in the attire of the nation du jour eat for free; others are asked to make a small contribution.

Bland Faculty



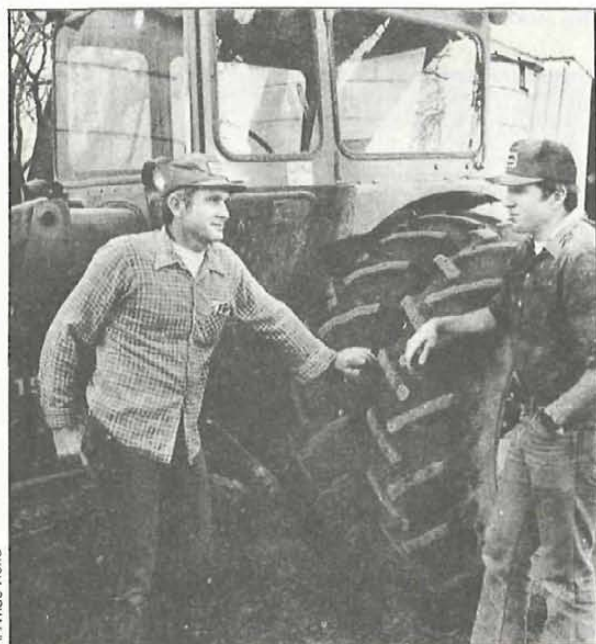
AP/Wide World

Dr. Gordon "Melonhead" Sutherland (Bland '58), professor of practical sciences. Dr. Sutherland, a renowned chemist as well as a vivacious lecturer, has gleaned considerable fame and fortune from the sale of several patents, including one for the stiffening agent used in the manufacture of puffed-cheese products. Dr. Sutherland is currently on sabbatical researching a speculative link between narcolepsy and the sleep habits of veal.



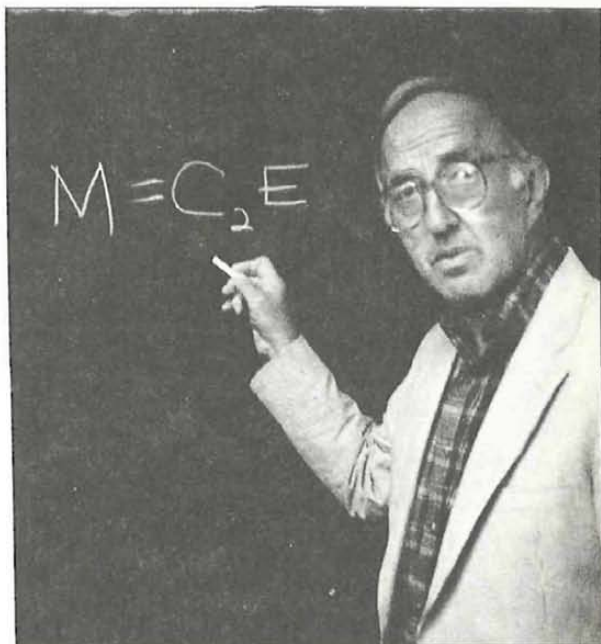
AP/Wide World

Dr. Jonathan Gurney (Bland '50), professor of applied medicine, is not only a respected area doctor but also a well-known local radio personality. He hosts a popular weekly medical program on campus radio entitled *Rumors on Tumors, Answers on Cancers, Reasons for Lesions, and Lists of Cysts*. But the showman within him doesn't stop at medicine—Gurney also hosted last year's Glen Campbell retrospective at the opening of the Dingle Hall Arena. He is currently at work on a vaccine for halitosis.



AP/Wide World

Dr. William Fester Coles (left), chemical agriculture professor and the inventor of the world's first nuclear-powered hoe, is internationally acclaimed for his "Star Wars" approach to agricultural apparatus. He is currently in the process of perfecting the hydroelectric rayon gin, and one day hopes to implement a henhouse fueled exclusively by atmospherically discarded ozones.



Initially hired under Indiana's get-tough equality hiring laws banning discrimination against dyslexics, Professor Ewdadr Willaims (Bland '59) has been a pleasant surprise as chairman of the Chemistry Department. In his spare time, Professor Willaims has patented such inventions as combustible chalk and a powder which, when ingested, induces ducks to betray their normal patterns of migration.

A Final Word from Bland President Chatham Banal on the Way We Teach and Why

The purpose of education has always been to prepare students for the "real world"...and getting students ready for today's exciting world is like preparing them to be dropped from a helicopter onto a fast-moving roller coaster. That's why today you need more than just a classroom education, you need an education that will teach you to think like a grown-up. To us at Bland, that means making you do the lion's share of the thinking, and making you an inherent part of the decision-making process.

Consider, for example, our reaction to the recent switch from the Dewey decimal system to the Library of Congress system. We promptly picked up the tab for a large contingency of Library Sciences majors to journey to Washington, D.C. to research the repercussions of this momentous change, and we eventually allowed those students to be influential in both the adaptation and implementation of the system. We think that's education at its most exciting:

Consider the way we approach agriculture—the way a farmer would. It is not pessimism but realism to say that the best way to prepare for something is to prepare for the worst. That's why in our agriculture program, graduating means surviving a series of simulated setbacks, such as droughts, tomato mange, locust and slug infestations, and weevil blights. Consider also the way our Agriculture Department dealt with the recent surge in the demand for live gerbils in keynote tunneling-oriented regions like San Francisco, Fire Island, and Christopher Street. Immediately, we launched an extensive program in the area of gerbil farming. And Pro-

fessor Dendrick Moore, a passionate if sensitive animologist, further suggested that, in light of the recently reported sky-high rapid-asphyxiation rate of gerbils, Bland biology students pre-develop a hybrid which will combine the primary and burrowing traits and charismatic scrambling of a gerbil with the respiratory stamina of a blue whale. And, anticipating the demographically kinetic propulsion of the gerbil market concentrics, we are foreplanning progressive majors in the mass breeding of hamsters, possum, wolverines, water buffalo, and bread trucks.

This type of progressive approach is not unique to our agriculture program, but, rather, is typical of all our programs. We're fully aware that whether your major is English or agriculture or humanities or carpentry or biology, the more applied experience you have, the more proficiently you will perform in your career. That's why we require our agriculture students to study computer programming along with meadow muffins; our English students to read Shakespeare along with Sidney Sheldon. And our faculty are among the most qualified in northeast Indiana. All told, our professorial staff boasts a combined thousand-plus years of teaching experience, and a thousand-plus years of practical occupational experience. Many are among Knots County's leading farmers, intellectuals, scholars, and literary figureheads.

Where better to acquire an education than in such an environment of reality and dynamism? We can't think of any place.



AP/Wide World



AP/Wide World



AP/Wide World

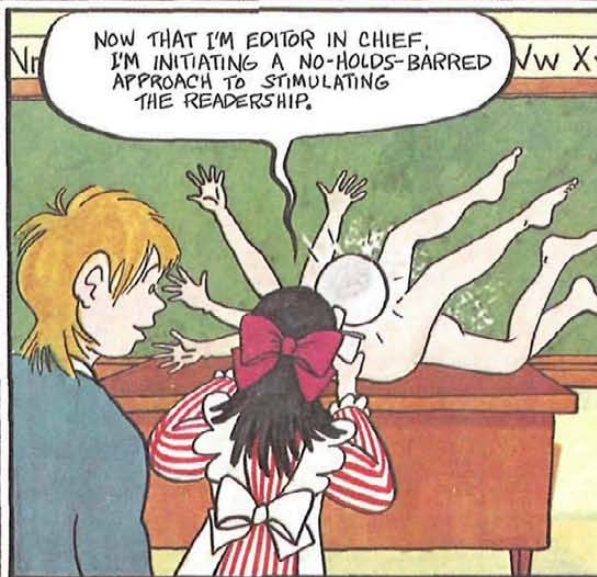
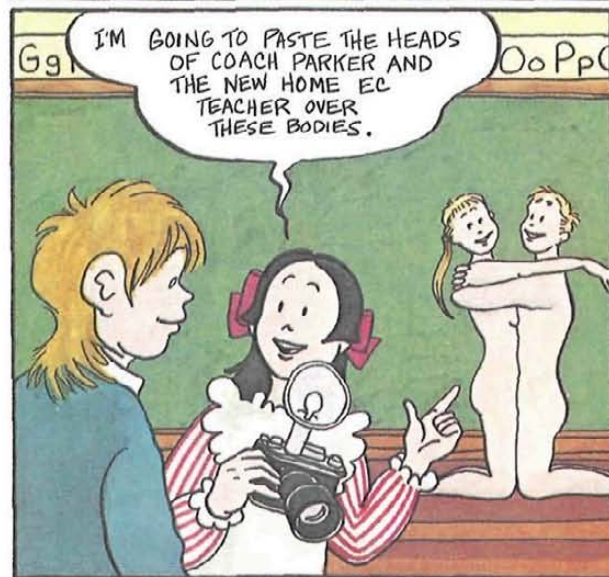
Future Farmer of America Derek Fred ('87) analyzes the staggered decomposition of ginkgo compost mulch tables. "My father," shudders Derek, speaking of Bland grad Dirk Fred ('51), "used to get all kinds of vile shmarg caked on his boots this time of year. Mom made him take a bath in bleach before he could sit down to dinner." Derek, at the vanguard of the new generation of "button-down farmers," hopes to eventually go into business as a free-floating mulch consultant.

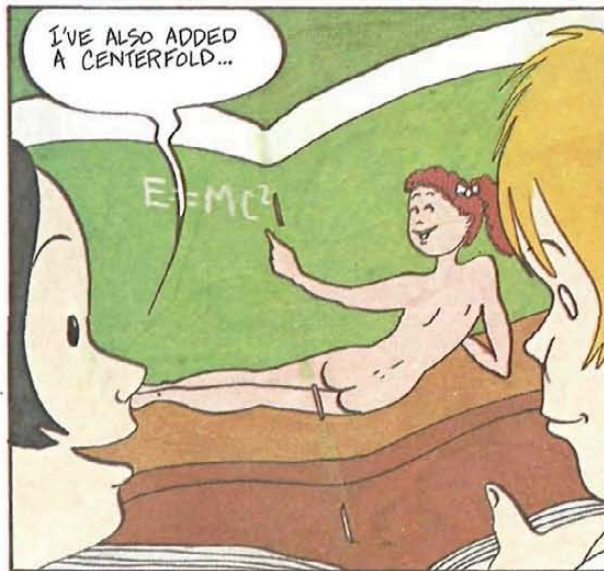
Pig Day 1985: Students share a laugh at the always uproarious weight-guessing contest. Co-sponsored by the Agriculture Department and the Student Activities Committee, last year's Pig Day featured speakers Senator Merkin Jasper, musician John Sebastian, and Billy White, photographer and the brother of Vanna White.

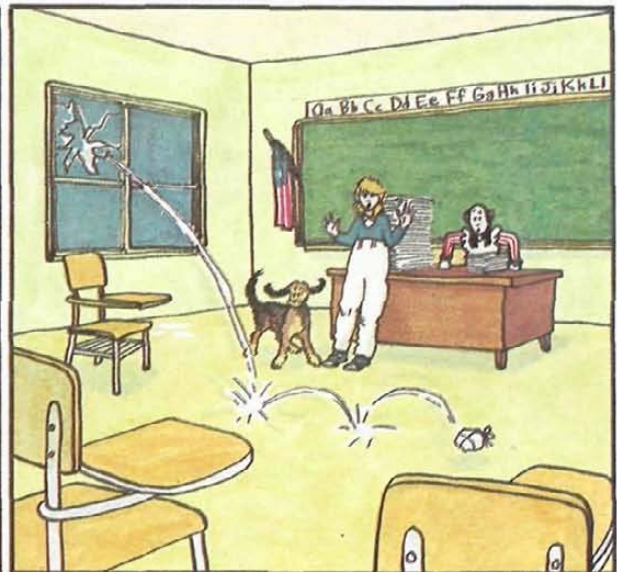
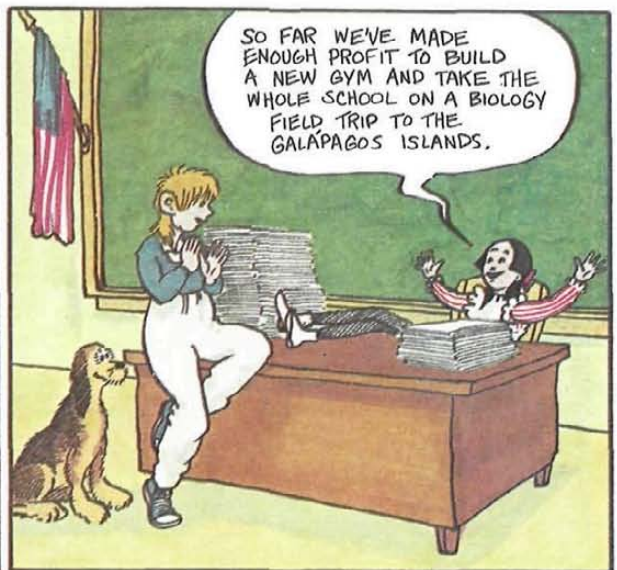
How much mulch would a moo-cow make if a moo-cow could make mulch? This poor freshman is about to find out there are laughs by the bucketful during pledge week at Phi Epsilon Pi, Bland's campus fraternity. Other events leading up to Heck Night include: no wearing of socks all week; no shaving; and, blindfolded, each pledge must kiss an unknown girl. Last year, pranksters slipped a Joggenburg goat in place of a lippy lass. This year, knowing pledges are insisting that, regardless of genus, their counter-smoocher go extra heavy on the Binaca.

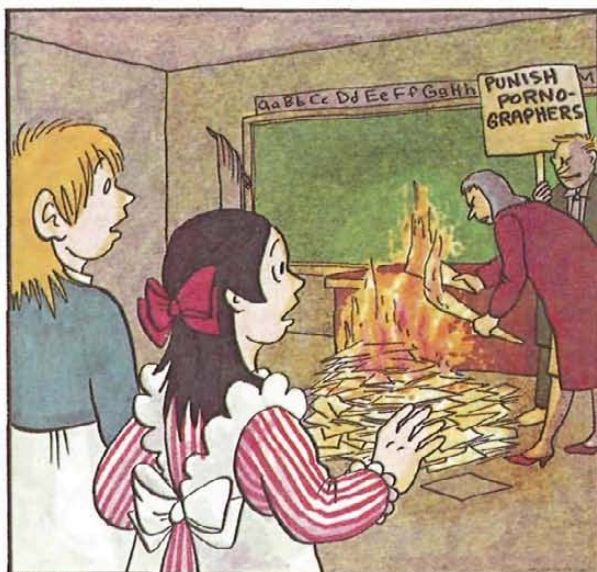
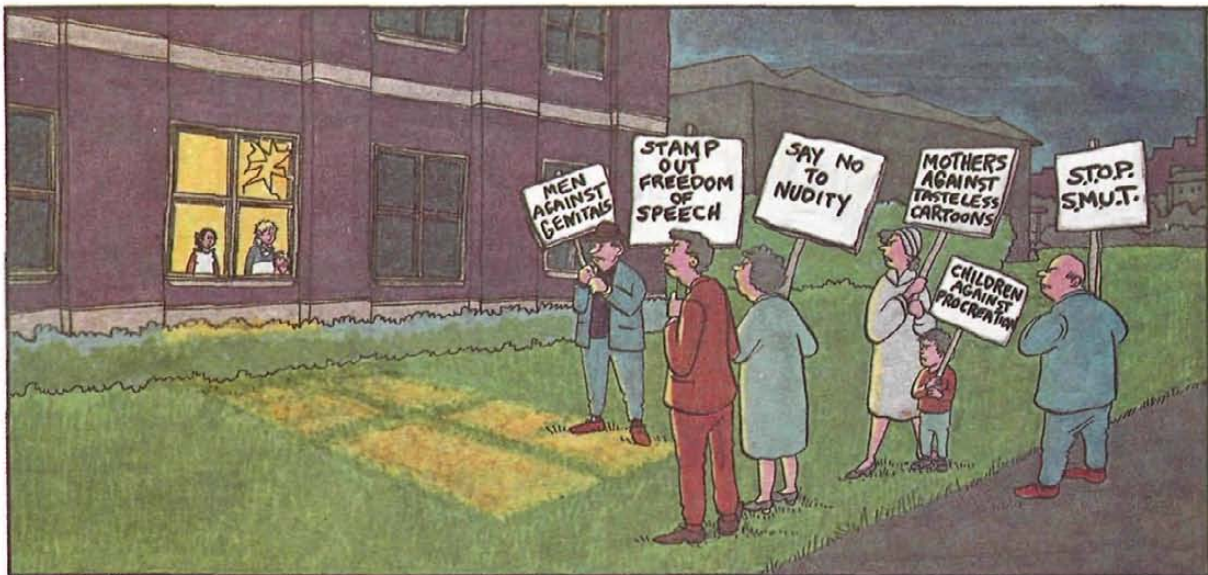
Trots and Bonnie Out of Print

By Shary Flenniken









THE
REHNQUIST
COURT
IN

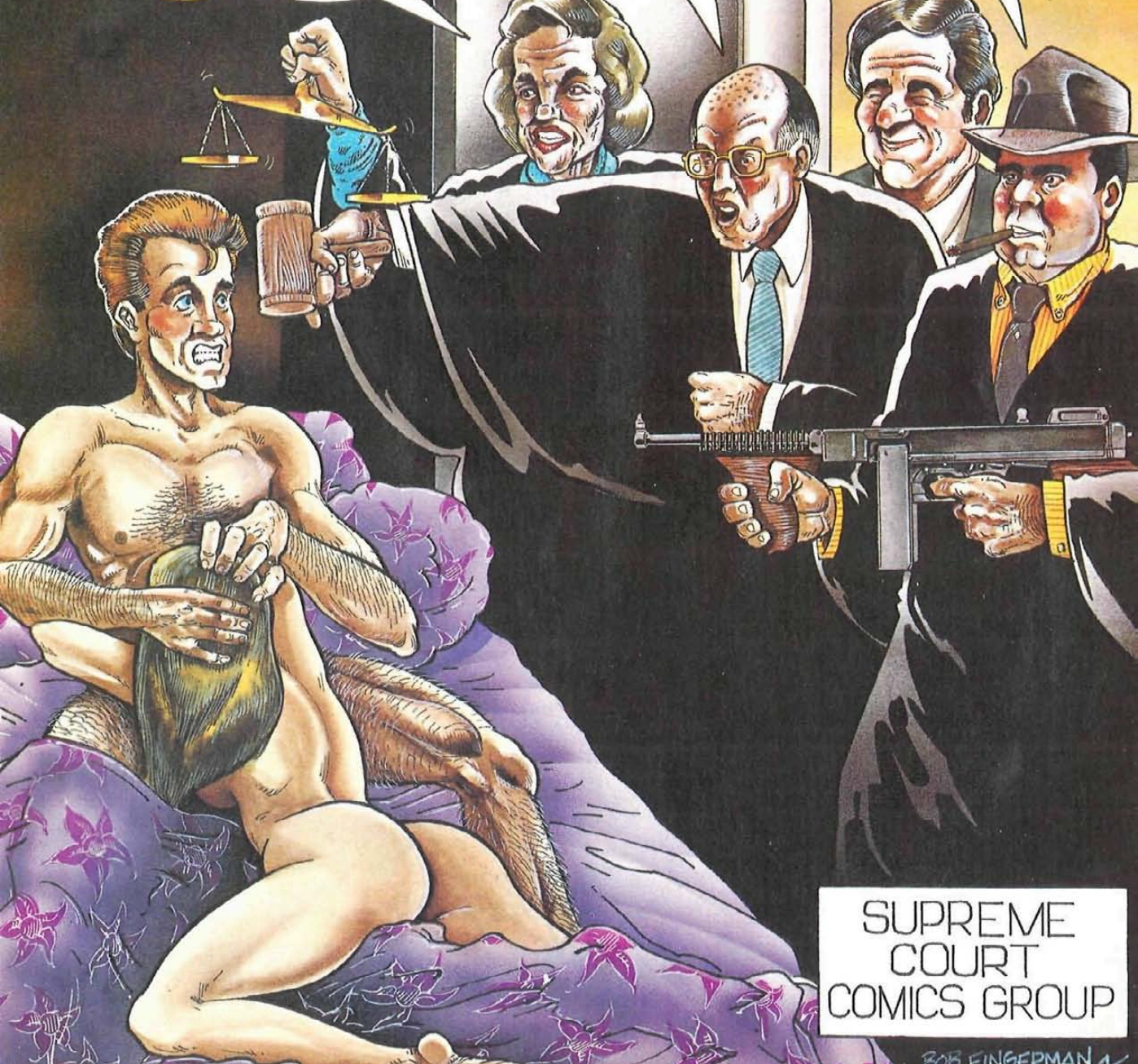
SUPREME JUDGMENT



ALL RIGHT,
YOUNG LADY,
TAKE THAT OUT
OF YOUR MOUTH!

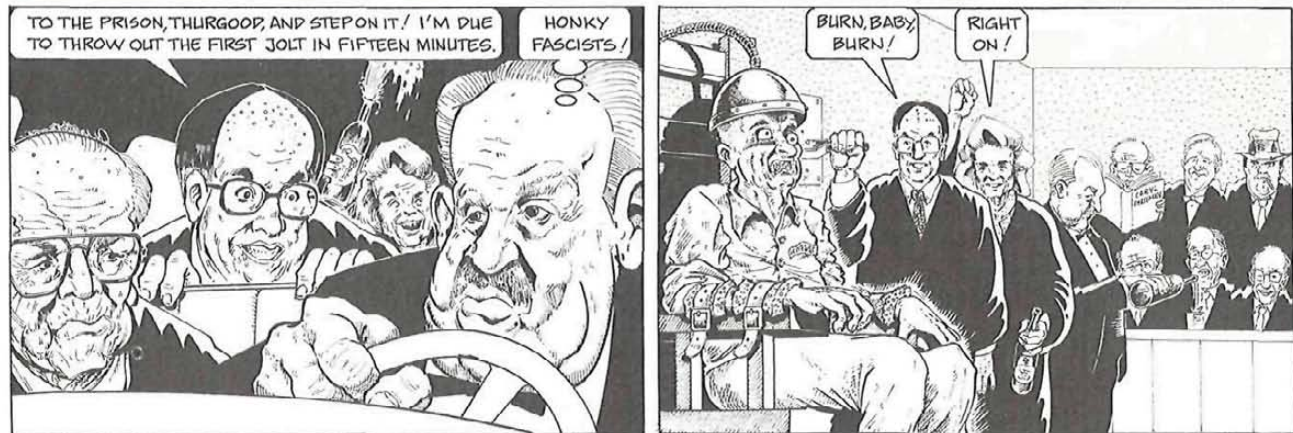
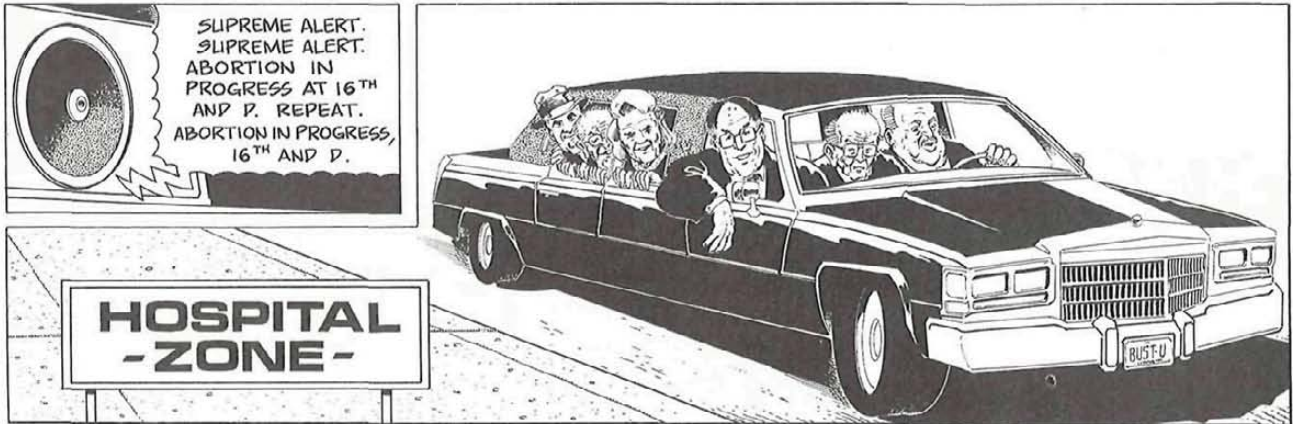
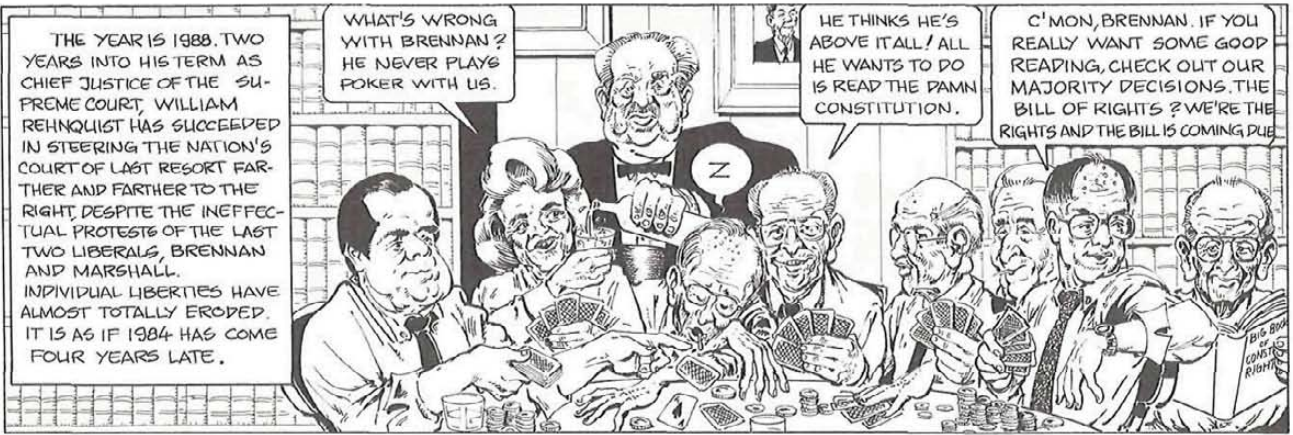
SODOMY !!!
THAT'S A CRIME AGAINST
NATURE AND THE REAGAN
ADMINISTRATION. LET
'EM HAVE IT, HITMAN !

SURE
T'ING,
BOSS!



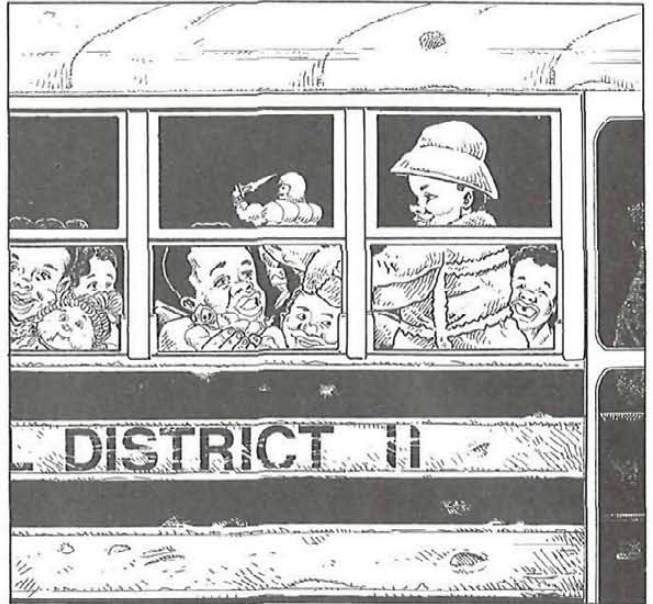
SUPREME
COURT
COMICS GROUP

BOB FINGERMAN
© 1986



EARLY NEXT MORNING...

THEY SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW.



QUICKLY, NINO, THE TIRES!

SHOO, BOSS!



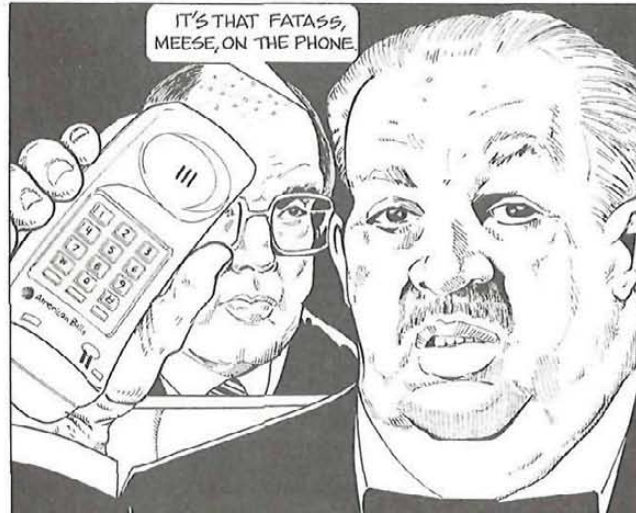
BACK TO YOUR OWN SEPARATE BUT EQUAL NEIGHBORHOOD SCHOOLS, AND MAKE IT PRONTO, BUCKWHEAT!

BUT, MIZZUS, HOW CAN WE GETS BACK? IT'S TWENTY MILES BACK AND YOU-ALL TOOK OUR BUS.

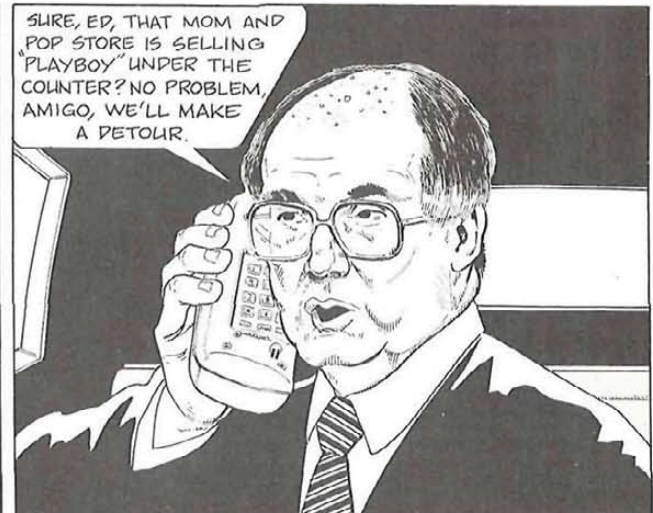
JUST LINK ARMS AND MARCH. IT GOT YOUR KIND TO SELMA, IT'LL GET YOU BACK HOME.



IT'S THAT FATASS, MEESE, ON THE PHONE



SURE, ED, THAT MOM AND POP STORE IS SELLING 'PLAYBOY' UNDER THE COUNTER? NO PROBLEM, AMIGO, WE'LL MAKE A DETOUR.





A FEW HOURS LATER.

UH, BILL, I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT THE PRESIDENT WANTS TO READ YOUR MINORITY DECISION ON THE POLICE ELECTRIC-PROD INTERROGATION CASE. WHY DON'T YOU RUN IT OVER TO HIM ?



OH, AND MEESE WANTS TO SEE IT TOO. HE'S OVER AT JUSTICE AND HE NEEDS IT IN FIVE MINUTES.



OH, I FORGOT, YOUNGBLOOD OVER AT THE DEPARTMENT OF INDIAN AFFAIRS WANTED TO SEE IT TOO.



THIS GUY'S A LITTLE TOO OLD TO BE JOGGING.

POOR GEEZER, DIDN'T HE KNOW THAT BLACK ABSORBS HEAT ?



NOW ALL OUR PLAYERS ARE IN PLACE.

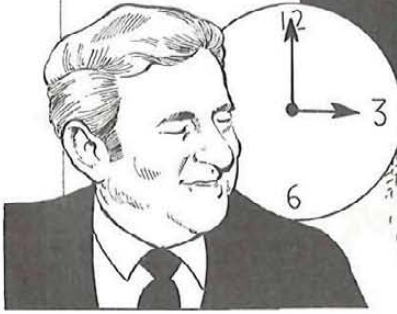
WHAT WE LIKE ABOUT THIS GUY IS THAT HE SUPPLIES HIS OWN ROBES. THAT GOES DOWN WELL AT THE HILL, WHAT WITH GRAMM-RUDMAN.



NOW THE REAGAN-REHNQUIST REVOLUTION WAS UNLEASHED IN ALL ITS FURY.



THEN THE ULTIMATE CORNERSTONE OF THE RIGHT'S SOCIAL PROGRAM WAS FINALLY INSTITUTED - MANDATORY PRAYER THROUGHOUT THE NATION AT THREE P.M.



THE NATION'S PRAYERS CASCADED UPWARDS, AND POURED INTO HEAVEN IN A TORRENT.



GOD HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO ACT ON THE PRAYERS OF HIS CREATURES...



AND GOD SENT DOWN A HOST OF PLAGUES THAT TORMENTED THE JUSTICES....



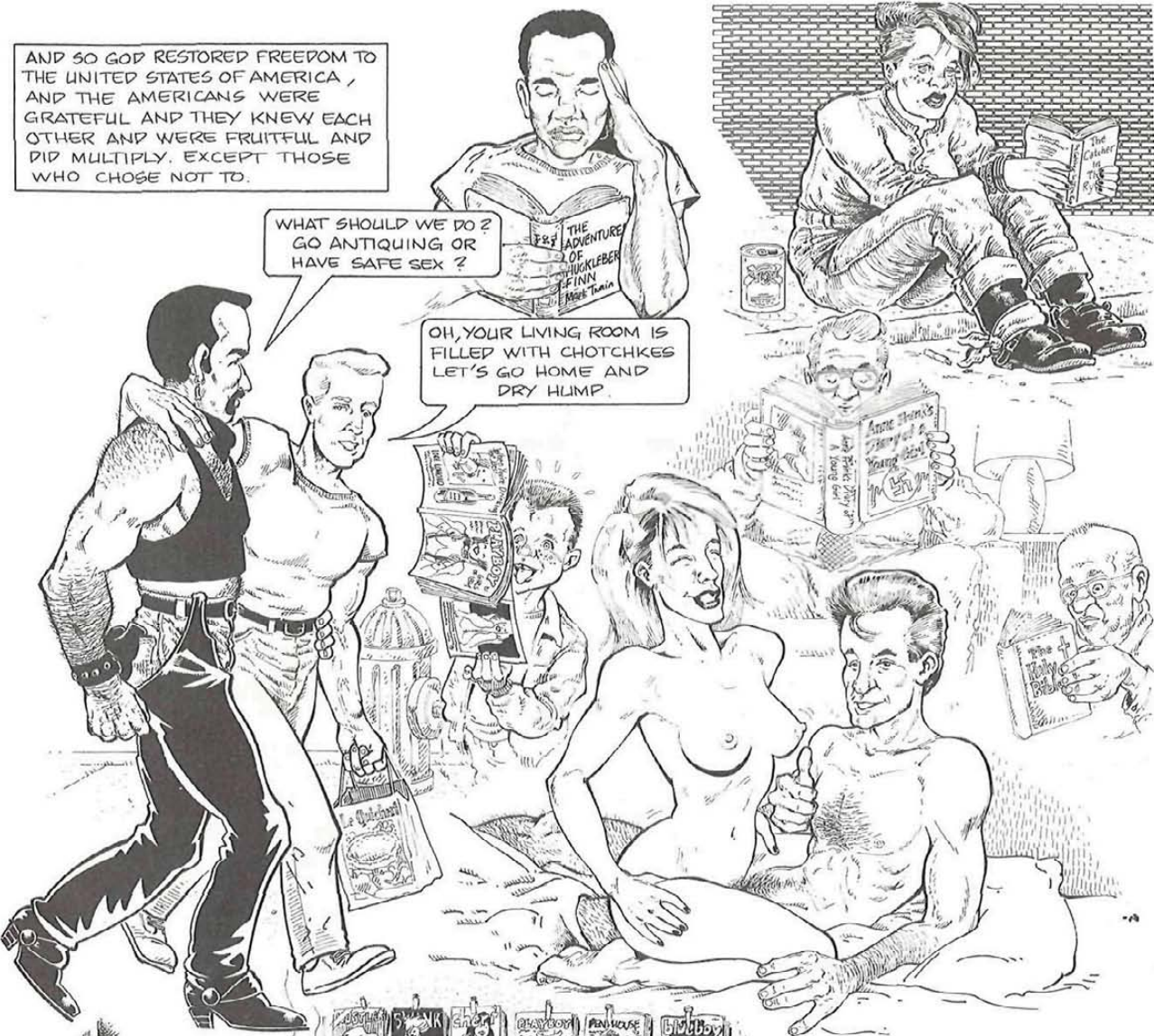
LET MY PEOPLE COME, OR GO, AS THEY PLEASE!



AND SO GOD RESTORED FREEDOM TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AND THE AMERICANS WERE GRATEFUL AND THEY KNEW EACH OTHER AND WERE FRUITFUL AND DID MULTIPLY. EXCEPT THOSE WHO CHOSE NOT TO.

WHAT SHOULD WE DO? GO ANTIQUING OR HAVE SAFE SEX?

OH, YOUR LIVING ROOM IS FILLED WITH CHOTCHKES. LET'S GO HOME AND DRY HUMP.



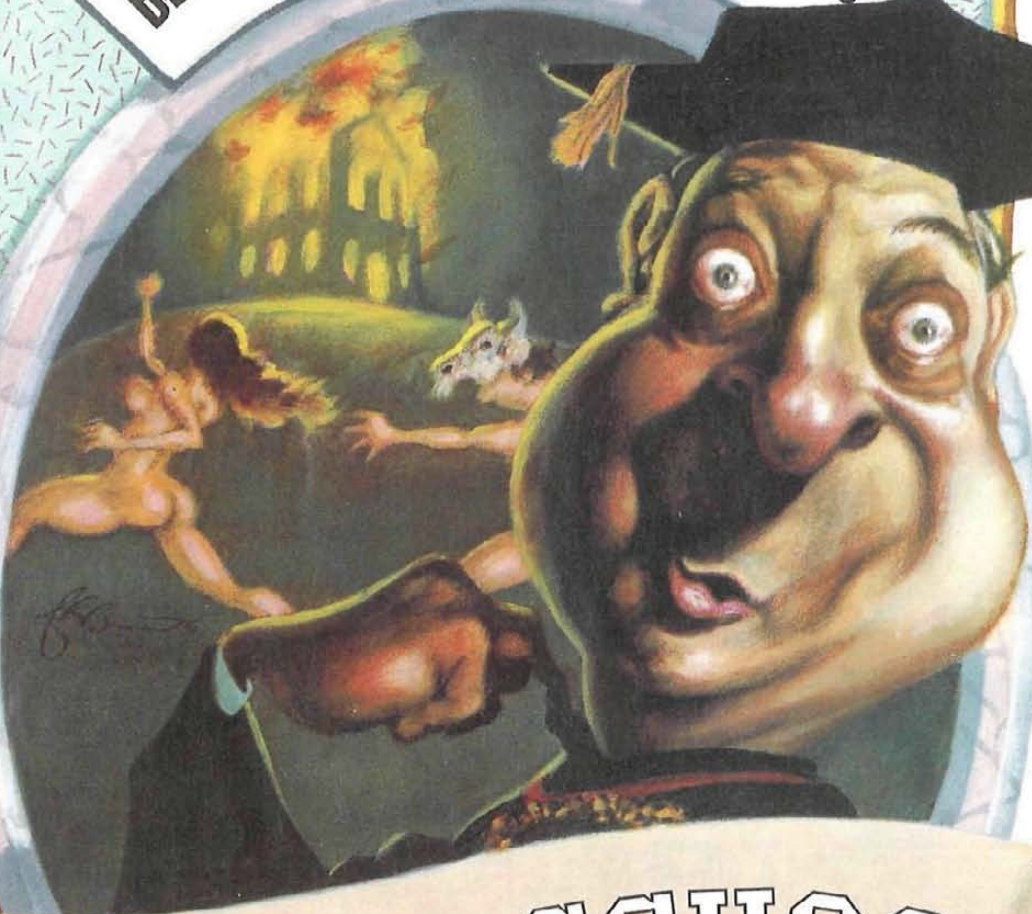
LA CLICARACHA LA CLICARACHA



STORY: LARRY SLOMAN
ART: BOB FINGERMAN
LETTERING: OVI HONDRO

THE END

STARRING
BERNIE X and RODNEY DANGERFIELD



BACK TO SCHOOL

FOR REAL

As told to
Gerry Sussman

You want to go to LaGuardia Airport? The shuttle to Boston? You got it. You going on business? Visiting your kid in college? That's nice. I just went to college myself. I did one term. Everybody is always crying about how hard it is to get into college. Fuck that. If you know the right people you can get in anywhere. I'll tell you how it happened.

About a year ago I picked up Rodney Dangerfield—the comedian—in my cab. We got to talking about this and that and he told me the story of his latest picture, *Back to School*. You know, the one where he goes back to school to help his kid and really cuts up. Rodney and me were bullshitting a lot about life and it turned out we had both jumped on some of the same broads. So we hit it off right away and he invited me to watch the shooting of the last big scene of the movie, which was funnier than a pair of wet cats screwing on a bed of pancake flour. I laughed until my *kisbkes* hurt. But Rodney was kind of sad after they finished shooting. He wanted to talk to me alone, so we went to one of his deli hangouts for coffee and Danish. Actually, Rodney always eats this sandwich named after him—pastrami, cream cheese, and tuna with a fried egg on top, on an English muffin.

I figured Rodney was sitting on top of the world with his new movie and everything, but no... he confessed that he felt empty inside. I told him it was just the normal letdown you feel after you work your ass off on a project. Also, I know that comedians are the most insecure people in the world. They need applause all the time. You know why, don'tcha? Making you laugh is how they get your love. They're all little children who want the love of their substitute parents, the audience. I could've been a psychiatrist.

But it was more than that with Rodney. There was something missing in his life. "Bernie," he said to me, "what I really want to do is go back to school. For real."

I laughed. Rodney Dangerfield in college for real? It was a great movie idea. But this was serious.

"Now that I've finished *Back to School* I realize what I've been missing all my life," said Rodney. "Which is why I really get no respect. It's because I have no education. Shit, I dropped out of school in the sixth grade."

I told him that I'd dropped out in the fifth.

"I was playing Italian weddings and cheap bar mitzvahs when I was fourteen," he said, "so I never got a chance to learn anything. I put my kids through college and I'm still walking around like a dummy. I lack intellectual range and cultural references. I got to broaden my horizons. Now I want to go back and do

it right. I tell you, kid, I won't die poor, but if I don't go back to school, I'll die ignorant."

So right then and there he decided to go back to school. I confessed that I had a yearning to go back every now and then myself. "Why not go with me?" he said. "We'll be roommates. We'll live together, study together, help each other. We're birds of a feather."

Rodney was right. He'd be lonely in college by himself. He needed a roommate like me. Not some eighteen-year-old shmendrick.

So he took a little time off from show business and I loaned someone my cab and we became real college students. Rodney told me not to worry about the tuition fees. He'd gotten to know some real big-shot professors who were consultants on his movie. They had a lot of influence at their school and could get us in with no trouble. I'm talking about a major Ivy League school.

Rodney wanted to add a little spice to the idea. "I'll bet you fifty thousand bucks that I end up with better marks than you at the end of the term," he said.

Fifty thou was a bit steep for me, so he made it a gentlemen's bet—ten thousand. I took him up on it even though I didn't have a pot to piss in, or a window to throw it out of. But I figured I could always raise the money at the track if I had to. It also never occurred to me that I would lose.

We got to the school about a week before classes started to get prepared. I'm not a big clotheshorse, so I had just packed my usual shit, but Rodney really threw himself into it. He schlepped me to a place called Brooks Brothers. Rodney went for the whole works—tweed jackets, blazers, flannel pants, penny loafers, and those big button-down shirts that fit like tents. Only on Rodney they were tight. Nothing ever fits right on Rodney. He's built like a yam. But he was crazy about the button-down shirts. Now his collars wouldn't stick up and he could keep his tie in place. He bought a pipe and one of those little tweed hats you can roll up and stick in your pocket. He turned himself into a cute little preppy. Me, I just wear the same jacket all year round that I bought in Chinatown off a guy in the street—a tan windbreaker. It goes with everything. Besides, women are not interested in my clothes.

When you get a celebrity like Rodney Dangerfield enrolling in your school you get a little publicity, like Princeton did with Brooke Shields. Rodney tried to play it down and make out like he was just another student, but it was impossi-

ble. After a couple of days the assistant dean called him into her office. Her name was Letitia Quincy Adams. She kind of ran the school. The head dean was more like a token. Rodney was a little nervous and asked me to go with him.

Letitia and I took one look at each other and I knew that I was in for trouble. She was a big woman, over six feet tall, with silver hair, and she wore one of those dark business suits. She told me to leave and wait in the hall—her business was with Rodney, not me. I gave her my best "fuck you too" look and went out in the hall. I knew I had just made an enemy. I also knew that Letitia Quincy Adams was not one of those broads who turns to jelly and becomes a wild animal in bed. I'm never wrong in these matters. This woman used a bed for sleeping. That's all.

Rodney came out all smiles. "Dean Adams is a wonderful person," he said. "She just wanted me to feel comfortable and not get nervous, even though I'm a movie star. She wants me to realize my full potential as a student and work hard. I assured her that I will."

"I don't know, Rod. She looks like her cunt was frozen by Birds Eye," I said.

"Jesus, Bern, you got to stop judging every woman as if she was a cunt. Letitia is a warm, sensitive woman with a brilliant mind, a very dynamic person who is going to change my life."

"Oh, now it's Letitia. I knew it. She went down on you, right? Then she gave you a fast rim job."

Rodney actually blushed. Not just from embarrassment—he was mad at me. I had insulted him and the dean. I apologized and told him I was only kidding. He accepted the apology.

Rodney explained that Letitia was going to take a special interest in him because he'd been away from school for so long and was so serious about his work. She wanted to see him two or three times a week for advice and consultation. She wanted him to be an inspiration for all the students.

Rodney and I enrolled in the same courses—English, history, biology, and sociology. I figured all the courses to be a snap. In English you just read the books and write about them. History is just memorizing names and dates. Sociology is about how different kinds of people behave, which I know plenty about. And biology... shit, I *invented* biology.

Rodney was like a little kid on his first day of school—y'know, excited but scared. And when he's nervous everything is thrown a little out of whack. His penny loafers started to fuck up his feet. They were too tight in the front and too loose in the back. His gray flannel pants were scratchy and his inner thighs were

getting painful rashes. Even his button-down shirt wasn't working right and the collars started sticking up.

But the real problems were the courses. The poor guy just didn't know what the teachers were talking about. He thought Henry James was Jesse and Frank's brother. He thought Herman Melville was a booking agent for William Morris who supplied acts for the Poconos. He had a lot of trouble getting his facts straight. It was easy to fake it in his movie with guys like Kurt Vonnegut, but this was real life. He'd been away from school for forty-five years. He'd gotten his education in Vegas and the toilet nightclubs. Whereas I was always exposed to a much more sophisticated world. A lot of educated people got into my cab and became good friends of mine—Norman Mailer, William Buckley, Carl Sagan, Jack and Bobby Kennedy, even Kurt Vonnegut. They used to recommend books for me to read because you got to be sharp to hang out with those guys and know what the fuck they are talking about. A lot of people think I'm nothing but a cocksmith. Wrong. A man can't live by his dick alone. Not even me.

So Rodney soon realized that he was in a little over his head, but he was going to get A's if it killed him. This is when life imitated art—he needed a little outside help, like in his movie, but on a smaller scale. First, he had to have a stenographer to take down all the stuff the teachers were saying, and second, he needed a tutor.

Rodney hired a guy he could actually understand, a guy who knew how to communicate—Alistair Cooke. Cooke always wore his TV makeup—a dark tan with an orange tinge. Cooke never looked at you when he talked. His eyes were always a little over your head, as if he were looking at one of those TV prompters. He liked to sit behind Rodney's big antique desk and tell him the backgrounds and plots of all the famous novels he discussed on his TV series. Rodney loved it. It made him feel very intellectual, very English. The problem was that Cooke only knew about the books he covered on his shows. Otherwise he never read much, except for some Harold Robbins and Jackie Collins, which were not on our reading list. I tried to tell Rodney that although Cooke was a nice guy and very enlightening, we were not taking a course in *Masterpiece Theatre*. So Rodney finally fired him.

The next tutor was David Susskind. Susskind reads everything and has a lot of insights and big concepts. He has to keep up with the latest ideas because he might get a new talk show at any time.

Susskind interviewed Rodney about his schoolwork as if he were doing his own talk show.

Susskind tried to teach Rodney how to discuss great works of literature, but he would always get exasperated. He would plead with Rodney in that pained voice and say, "Why can't you understand the significance of the *whiteness* of Moby Dick? It's a big whale. It's all white. How can you not understand the philosophical symbolism of an all-white whale? Are there a lot of white whales in the ocean?" Rodney would nod his head, then change his mind and shake it. He wasn't sure. Susskind was a tough teacher.

Rodney was a bit too slow for Susskind. He couldn't get the hang of certain kinds of literature, especially poetry. Susskind would try to explain the modern poets like T. S. Eliot, W. H. Auden, Ezra Pound, guys like that, and it would drive poor Rodney crazy. He couldn't understand a fucking word of it.

Whereas I always liked those guys. I used to get all the poets in my cab when they were alive and in New York. Eliot used to look me up and show me his latest stuff for my reactions. We used to write each other all the time. For some crazy reason Eliot loved Puerto Rican girls. We used to go out on double dates to these dance clubs and do the cha-cha and the mambo all night. The guy was a maniac on the dance floor, with his three-piece suit and little glasses. He used to do splits. The PR's thought he was from another planet. Then we'd go back to his place and fuck the spickerinos until their hair fell out. He was a nipple man—if you read his poems you can tell.

At this point Dean Adams came to Rodney's rescue. She found one of those guys they call nerds, like the ones you see in the movies, with the penholders and the shirts with sweat moons under the arms. His name was Norval. Norval was a certifiable genius and could teach anything. He idolized Rodney. He begged Rodney to teach him some of his old comedy routines in exchange for the tutoring. He didn't even want to get paid.

My only problem with Norval was his body odor. As I said, he was a great teacher, but Rodney had to spray him with Glade air freshener every ten minutes or the kid would've spoiled in a heated room. I couldn't take it. He smelled like something between stale chicken soup and the inside of a marathon runner's shoe. And no matter what Norval ate, his breath always smelled of garlic.

Rodney's work picked up with Norval. His friendship with Letitia Quincy Adams, or "Tish," as he was now calling

her, also picked up. She would invite him to her place for tea. He took her to dinners, concerts, the ballet. He was buying opera tapes, art books, even poetry. I asked him what he was getting out of it. I couldn't resist.

"How is she in bed?"

"You're out of your mind. We have a platonic relationship. Something you obviously never heard of."

"Don't you ever get bare tit? Bare lip?"

"What I get from Tish goes far beyond anything physical. I get something much more beautiful."

"A handjob."

He ignored my last remark. "I get a fantastic mind, a woman who can turn me on to literature, to art, to music... to other fields of knowledge."

I could see that Rodney didn't even know when I was teasing him.

"She wants me to take the accelerated program so I can go directly for my Ph.D.," Rodney said.

"Ph.D.? In what?"

"Intellectual history—the relationship between the various arts and disciplines in the historical context of their times."

"She's mind-fucking you."

"She says I have the potential to be another Jonathan Miller. You know, that guy on public TV who goes from science to Shakespeare. She says my mind is capable of making daring leaps, linking diametrically opposed ideas into a brilliant thematic unity."

"Rodney, I got to admit, you almost sound like you know what you're talking about."

"It means I can take a novel by Saul Bellow, a Beatles song, and a theory of physics and show you how they all have the same common roots, how they all express the ideas of our age."

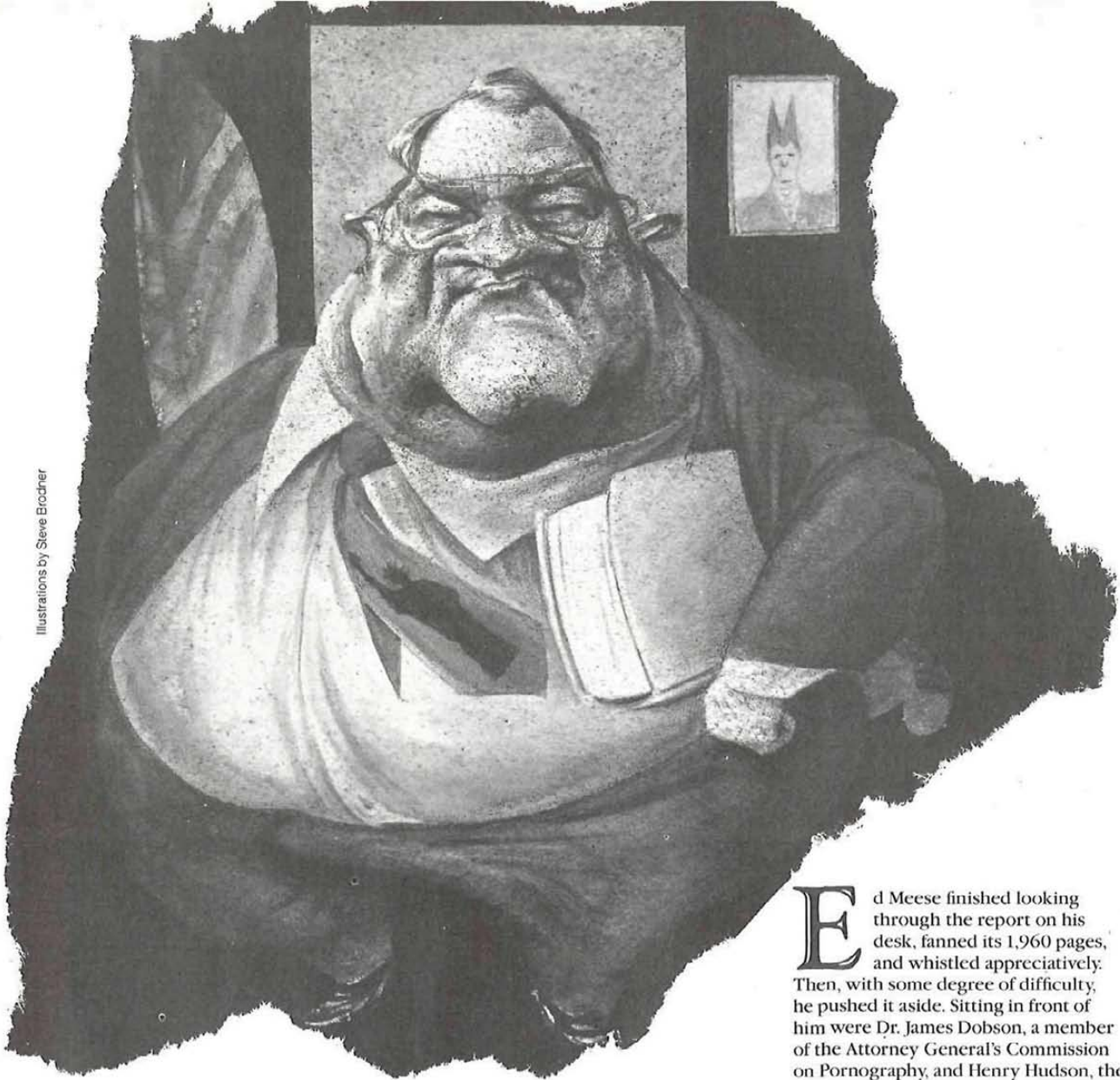
"She's putting some strange shit in your tea, Rodney."

"Bernie, I like you as a person. You're a regular mensch. But you don't have the background or the mind to appreciate what Tish is doing for me."

Isaw fucking well what Tish was doing for him. She was setting him up for the kill. She was working her own con game, giving him a mind massage, a blowjob to his ego to set him up for a big contribution to the school. She wanted Rodney to feel like he was a genius. The longer he was at school, the more money he would donate. Poor Rodney couldn't see it because it was right under his nose. But if that's what he wanted, it was no skin off my ass.

While Rodney was hitting the books I discovered that college was a lot more than book learning—college was where you met people from all walks of life, where you made your lifetime contacts and friends, and, most important, where

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To Kill a Shocking Word

by Lance Contrucci

Ed Meese finished looking through the report on his desk, fanned its 1,960 pages, and whistled appreciatively. Then, with some degree of difficulty, he pushed it aside. Sitting in front of him were Dr. James Dobson, a member of the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography, and Henry Hudson, the chairman of the commission.

"Now, let me get this straight," Meese said. "This goddamn ten-pound, \$500,000 report—which is so poorly written it's unreadable—fails even to *define* pornography?"

"Well, uh, you could say that," Hudson said nervously.

Meese grinned so broadly that his cheeks puffed up like pale tennis balls. "Fellows, you've accomplished just what I wanted. Congratulations."

Hudson and Dobson sat back with relief. Ed took a bottle of Jack Daniel's and three glasses from a desk drawer and poured a round. He handed out the glasses, loosened his tie under three double chins, and proposed a toast: "To the death of pornography: 'It's hard to find a good man, and good to fine a hard man!'" All three laughed raucously, clinked their glasses together,

and chugged down the bourbon.

"Boys," Meese said, refilling their glasses, "this report proves that the system really works. You get eleven people who are against pornography to write a report about it and, miraculously, their report will be against pornography, too."

Dobson was flushed with pride. "You know, Ed," he said, "everybody always wonders what's constitutional, but nobody asks what *Jesus* wants. Jesus doesn't want any of this First Amendment shit." Dobson knew about more than just what Jesus wanted. He also knew what Satan wanted: to drive him crazy. He suspected that Satan had possessed his home ever since he joined the commission.

"By the way, is the devil still after you?" asked Meese.

"Sure is. I saw the devil in Miss Jones, and then saw the devil in my living room!"

"I think I'd rather put up with the devil than that idiot Alan Sears," Meese said. "Boy, did that little bastard get me in the cooler with Ron."

"Did he bawl you out?" Hudson asked, pouting.

"And how," Meese said. He turned his attention to Dobson and explained: "That little asshole Sears, your commission's executive director, went and sent a letter to the 7-Eleven chain. He told them that if they didn't get *Playboy* and *Penthouse* off the shelves, they'd be listed as distributors of pornography."

"Well, those Commies in the American Civil Liberties Union got all over Ron's ass, and he got all over mine." He paused a moment and reflected. "In fact, it's kind of funny when you think about it. We made them get rid of *Playboy*, and then when the report comes out, you fellas say that it isn't even porn *in the first place!*" The fat man, along with his friends, laughed heartily.

"We shouldn't have stopped there," Dobson cried, wiping tears from his eyes. "We should have made them eliminate burritos, hot dogs, and whipped cream!"

"Burritos and hot dogs? Goddamn," Meese laughed. "Those 7-Elevens are just regular dens of sin."

After the laughter had died down and Meese had poured another round, Hudson said, "Anyway, the commissioners couldn't agree on anything. Tex Lezar felt that breasts of either sex should remain covered, Judge Garcia said that feet should never be exposed. And Father Ritter wanted to see that polar bears at the zoo are required to wear bathing suits."

"And as far as I'm concerned," Dobson added, "pornography is anything that gives you a boner, except your wife and secretary."

"So," Hudson went on, "since everybody had a different idea of what pornography is, we just went ahead and recommended that everything be banned."

"So I noticed," Meese said. "Even the Sears catalog!"

Dobson polished off the last of his glass. "Just the underwear section, Ed," he said.

"And *National Geographic*?"

"Native tits," Hudson frowned. "Kids all over the country are looking at big brown native tits."

Meese thought that one over as he stirred his glass. "You know, fellows, we've got a lot of groups supporting us. Either of you know how many?"

"Besides my group, Focus on Family," Dobson said, "there's Falwell's Liberty Foundation, Covenant House, the Union of Orthodox Rabbis of the United States, the Union of Catholics Who Never Look at Themselves, Ronald McDonald's Eunuch Society, and the city of Atlanta."

"I've been thinking, boys, we can't let any of them down. We've got to do something to follow up on this report. Quickly."

"How about a book-banning case?" Hudson cried. "We've already got dozens of cases all over the country. Let's have one *big* one!"

"The Supreme Court will just about shit," Meese frowned. "We'll need a clever approach. Which books are being

banned?"

"The usual biggies," said Dobson. "*Huckleberry Finn*, *The Catcher in the Rye*, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, and Anne Frank's *Diary of a Young Girl*."

"How about this? We usually bust the book's author—this time let's bring the *characters* of the books to trial!"

Dobson looked grim. "Sounds tough, Ed," he said. "I mean, one of them is dead, and the others never really existed. How can we get them to court?"

Meese waved his hand. "Don't worry about it. Anything can happen these days if you're a Republican and you pray a lot. Let's get these smut hounds into the courtroom. For chrissake, have the trial somewhere in the South, someplace where they're sure to turn in a guilty verdict."

Dobson was hot on the idea. "Maybe in Tennessee, in the same courtroom where the Scopes Monkey Trial took place. When they're found guilty, they'll be banned forever!"

"The only trouble I can see is the defense," Meese replied. "Sure as hell you can bet that these characters are going to get that Atticus Finch, the lawyer in *Mockingbird*, to defend them."

"Yeah," Hudson said, "but we've got Falwell's best lawyer, R. B. Fanbelt. He'll eat the son of a bitch alive."

"How does the title *President* Ed Meese sound to you?" Dobson asked.

Meese smiled and took a drink.

"You little slut,
who do you think you are?"



"Doesn't sound bad at all, does it?"

"Who knows," reflected Dobson.

"After Fanbeldt rips into Huckleberry Finn, that Holden Caulfield guy, and Anne Frank, maybe we'll go after the underwear section of the Sears catalog."

R. B. (Robert Bob) Fanbeldt stood in the front of the courtroom with an air of confidence. To the partisan Southern crowd, he cut a handsome figure in a blue polyester suit, white patent leather slip-ons, and a fourteen-karat-gold belt buckle that spelled out "Jesus Saves." Fanbeldt wore his wardrobe proudly. He knew that if Jesus were alive today, he'd dress the same way. (And vote Republican, too.)

He gazed toward the middle of the courtroom where Meese, Hudson, and Dobson sat, quietly eating peanuts. Victory probably meant an appointment in Washington. Smiling contentedly, Fanbeldt watched Atticus Finch go over last-minute preparations. Finch was tall and handsome—the spitting image of Gregory Peck—but Fanbeldt was unconcerned. The law books had changed quite a bit since Finch's last case.

The handcuffed defendants entered the courtroom to a rousing chorus of jeers and boos. An empty bottle of beer landed next to Holden Caulfield, who murmured, "For chrissake, what do they think this is, a goddamn *wrestling* match?" They walked to the front of the courtroom and took their seats at the defense table with Atticus.

"All rise," said the bailiff. "The Honorable Judge Wilbur J. Slocum will preside."

Slocum fancied himself a "country judge," a good old boy who still liked his brew and good times. The brew gave him more than just a good reputation with the people, it gave him a big belly that protruded like a beach ball from under his robe.

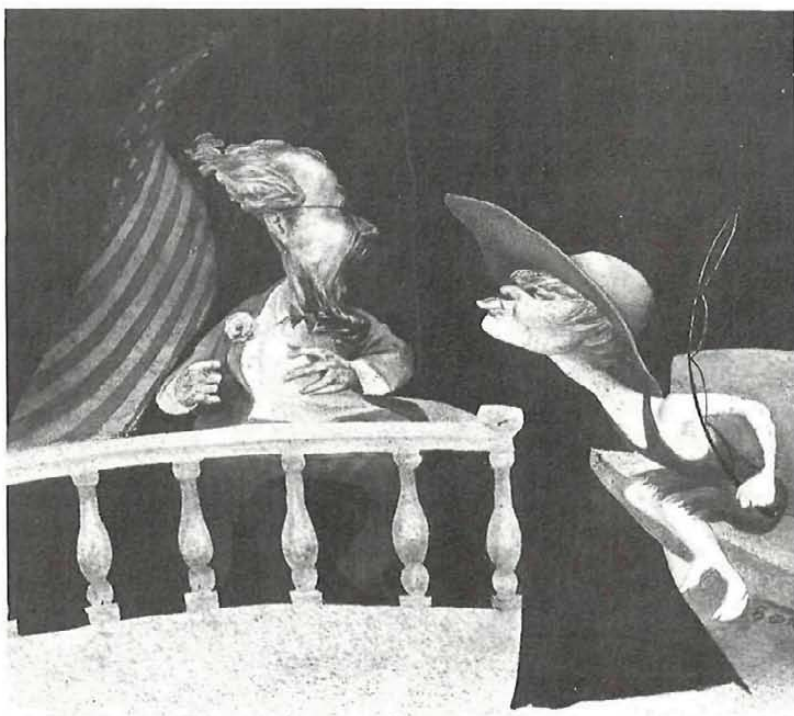
He sat down and pounded his gavel. "Court is now in session," he said. "The state of Tennessee versus Caulfield, Finn, and...hey, where's Frank?" Anne had disappeared.

"She's jes' down yonder," said Huck Finn, pointing under the table. "Ya oughtta come on up now, I reckon the judge wants to see you."

"Get that lady out from under there, Bailiff," said the judge. The bailiff pulled her out from under the table and sat her down in a chair.

"I see that we're off to an interesting start," said the judge. "Miss Frank, I'd be much obliged if you could stay where I can see you. Prosecutor, you may make your opening remarks to the jury."

The only two women on the jury sat in the front row and fanned themselves dramatically with copies of the *National*



"The way that young hooligan talks about the slave Jim..."

Enquirer: The men sat quietly with their arms crossed, their red faces expressionless beneath baseball caps. They wore white shirts and bib overalls, chewed tobacco, and freely scratched when necessary. Three of them had black eyes from an earlier fight over who got to sit with the girls.

Holden Caulfield stared at them for a few moments. "Where did they get *them*?" he whispered to Finch. "The goddamn set of *Hee Haw*?"

Fanbeldt entered the middle of the courtroom like a Shakespearean actor making an entrance. He paused a moment to lean on the banister, and then began: "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the case that we are trying today is not an ordinary one by any means. On the surface, the defendants look just like any other three juvenile delinquents. But scratch the surface and you'll see these aren't three average lawbreakers. No, they're much more sinister, much more evil, much more uncivilized than that. At least we can keep pornography from our children and out of our library! But these three enter our houses like your son's or daughter's dirty friends, the kind

who will convince them to steal your cigarettes and then steal your money, and eventually kill you in the dead of night and join labor unions.

"I'm sure that by the time all of the evidence has been turned in, you'll agree with that judgment."

He paused a moment to smile broadly and held up one finger. "I'm sure you'll agree because two of you are my sisters and the rest of you work on my farms."

The courtroom chuckled as Fanbeldt walked back to his seat. Finch, stern and serious, walked up to the jury.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury," he said, "the young people assembled before you today have committed no crimes except for being themselves and expressing what they feel. If you'll examine the evidence, I think you'll find it proves that they're hardly a social menace.

"I thank you," Atticus somberly added, adjusting his tortoiseshell glasses.

"Very well," said the judge. "Prosecutor, you may call your first witness to the stand."

"Thank you, Your Honor," replied Fanbeldt. "The court would like to call Miss

Anne Frank to the stand." The bailiff dragged Anne to the stand and swore her in. She dove to the floor and stayed there, cowering behind the witness stand. The bailiff went to remove her, but the judge, perplexed, said, "Leave her alone for now. At least this way we know where she is."

Fanbeldt walked to the witness stand like a leopard after its prey. "Good morning, Miss Frank," he said.

"Good morning, sir," she replied meekly from behind the stand.

"How are you this morning?"

"Oh...ever have one of those days when you just don't want to be seen?"

Fanbeldt laughed lightly, said, "Yes, of course. But why don't you come up and see all the nice people? They won't hurt you." The courtroom saw the wide-eyed adolescent poke her head up from behind the stand, inch by inch. "There," said Fanbeldt.

He took a deep breath and then roared, "You little slut, who do you think you are?" She dove back to the floor lickety-split.

Fanbeldt continued, though he couldn't see her, "Did you or did you not say in your diary that you wanted to hit your mother...that you once kissed a girl and wanted to feel her breasts, and got a humdinger of a feeling when you saw the Venus de Milo? Did you or did you not contemplate which boy would 'break through the armor' to 'satisfy my longings'?"

"Yes," a teeny voice squeaked from behind the stand.

"And why did you write it?"

"It's a diary."

"Didn't you know it would become an international bestseller?"

"No."

"A lying little tramp," fumed the prosecutor. "*The Diary of a Young Girl!* They ought to call it *The Diary of a Horny Jewess!*"

"Objection!" said Atticus.

"Objection sustained," the judge said. "That's all, Judge," Fanbeldt said.

Atticus adjusted his horn-rimmed glasses and walked over to the stand. In a quiet, soothing voice he said, "You may come out now, Miss Frank." For the second time, the little girl slowly rose from behind the stand.

"There, that's it, come up a little more so that we can see you. Fine. Now, let's talk about your diary, Miss Frank. When you spoke of having feelings for a girl, and feelings for a boy, do you think that this was unnatural for a girl of your age?"

"No, I guess a lot of my friends were like that."

"And you and your mom—do you think most of your friends had the same feelings about their mothers?"

"No, they didn't. But I said that they didn't. I was jealous."

"And you also said that you felt bad about the way that you fought with your mother, isn't that right?"

"Yes, sir."

"I see. So, don't you think that a person like me, reading your diary, would be missing the point if he were to dwell on the sexual element and the arguments?"

Isn't the real point to the story that you were a girl like any other girl, only you had to go into hiding from the Nazis during the best years of your life?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you. Is there anything else you would like to add?"

"One thing, sir," she said, and then shouted, "Try being cooped up with your family for two years and see how you feel!"

"Thank you," said Atticus. "You may step down."

She stepped down from the stand and sat between Huck and Holden. The judge instructed Fanbeldt to bring forth his next witness.

"Your Honor, I would like to call Professor Julian Hobbes to the stand."

Hobbes looked to be about fifty-five and had an overall unkempt appearance. He wore a tweed jacket with patches at the elbows, corduroys, and Dingo boots. His hair was long, his scraggly beard needed trimming.

"Good morning, Professor Hobbes," said Fanbeldt. "I note before the ladies and gentlemen of the jury that you are a professor of sociology at Tennessee College for Learning Things, and that you are very active in the community. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir. I belong to more than twenty-three organizations at the moment."

"Such as?"

"Save the Whales, Wolves, Dolphins, Eagles, Condors, and Beagles. The Take a Black Guy to Lunch Bunch. The Buy Him a Drink Afterwards Organization. There are many others."

"I see," said Fanbeldt. "And are you, for the most part, opposed to book banning?"

"Yes, sir. I am completely against book banning and pride myself on that feeling, unless of course the book in question happens to offend my idea of good taste."

"Have you come across such a book? A book that you feel should be banned?"

"Yes, sir. *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. I would like to add, however, that I find nothing offensive in *The Diary of a Young Girl*, and nothing offensive about that young lady—" He pointed at the defense table. "Hey, where did she go?"

They looked under the tables, benches, and chairs until finally they found her in an old closet to the left of the bench. The bailiff dragged her out again and told Holden to watch her.

"Sure, I'll watch her," he said. "I'll watch her climb under the goddamn table again. Next time she'll tunnel to Switzerland."

Fanbeldt continued with Hobbes, asking him why he found *Huckleberry Finn* offensive.

"The treatment of blacks, sir. The way that young white hooligan, Huckleberry

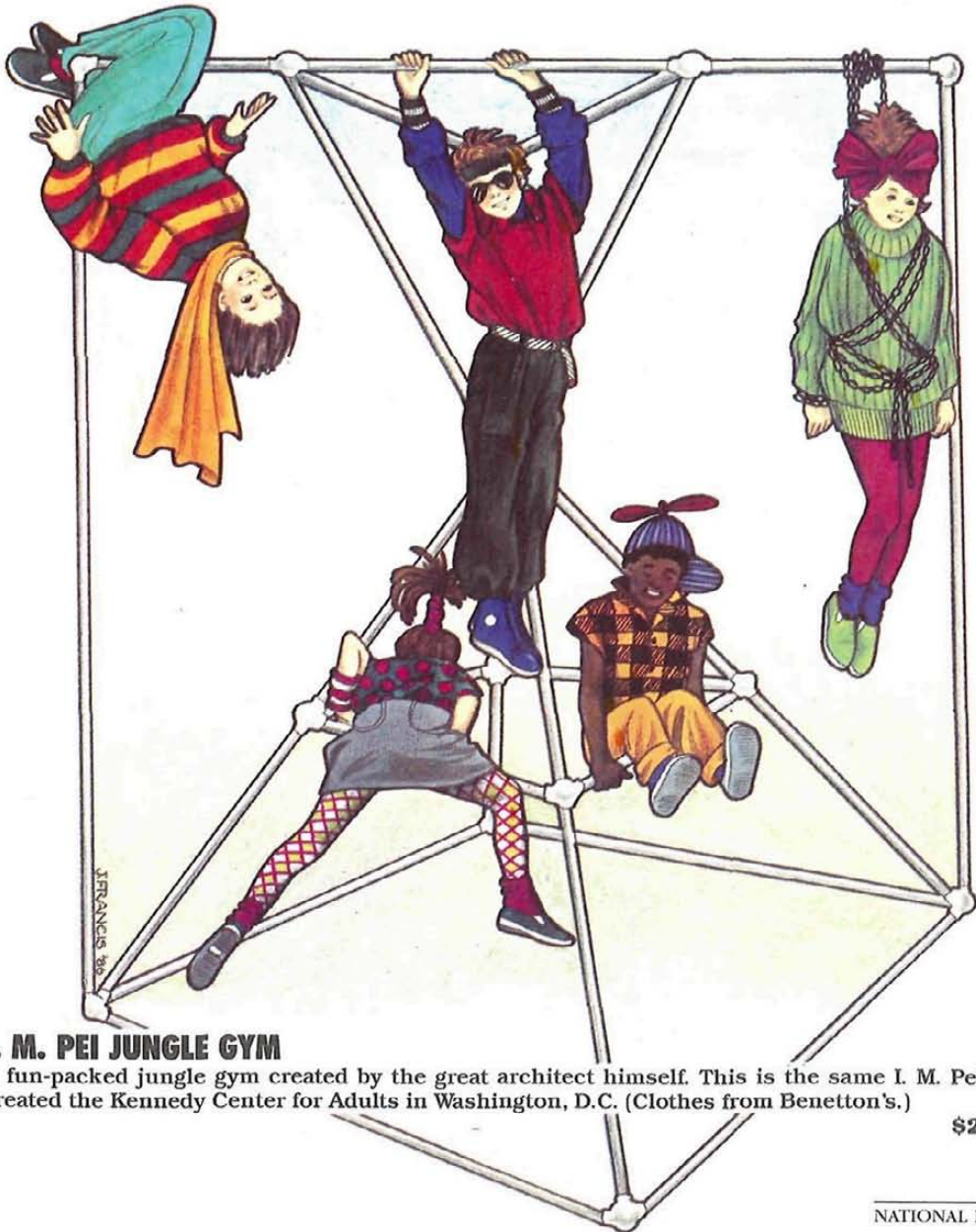
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"For chrissake, what do they think this is, a goddamn wrestling match?"

THE DIAPER IMAGE CATALOG

THEY'RE NEW! THEY'RE DIFFERENT! THEY'RE FUN! AND THEY'RE JUST A LITTLE NUTTY! And now these expensive and high-tech children's toys are available to you, the young parent who is willing to impoverish yourself so that your children can have everything! Created by Diaper Image, Inc., these products are built for safety as well as for fun, because, as we say, it's always fun until some four-year-old's head splits open.



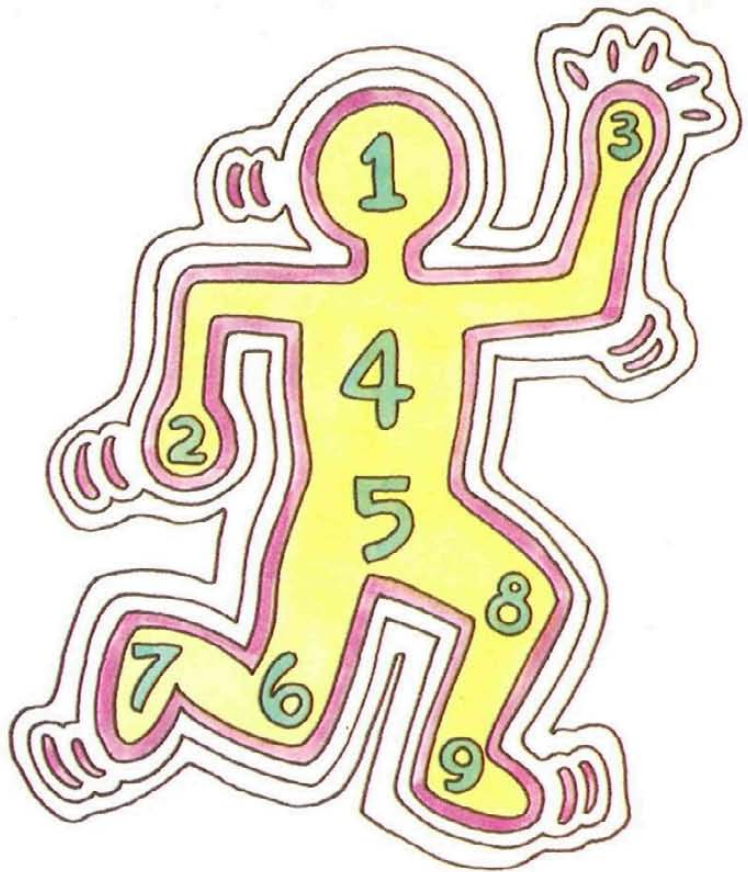
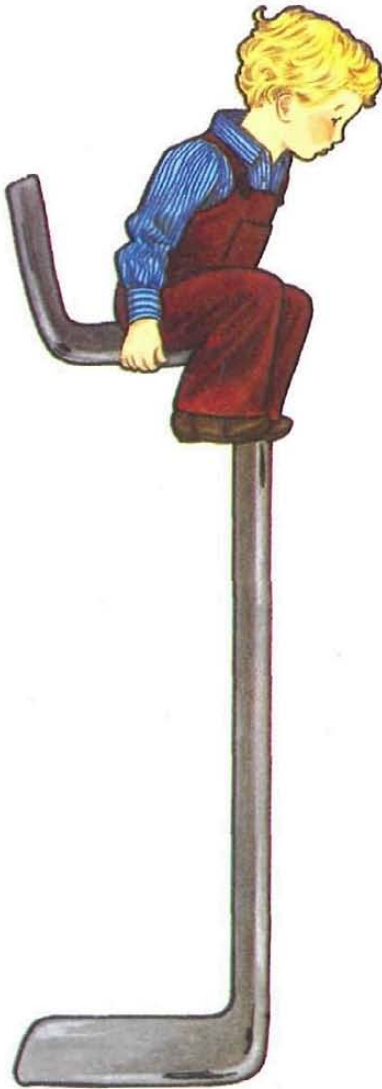
I. M. PEI JUNGLE GYM

A fun-packed jungle gym created by the great architect himself. This is the same I. M. Pei who created the Kennedy Center for Adults in Washington, D.C. (Clothes from Benetton's.)

\$2,999

EAMES HIGH CHAIR

"A high chair for the ages." Originally designed for the late Austrian Prince von Eames, who was born with only one hip, the Eames high chair signifies beauty and elegance. Suitable not only for the nursery, but for the living room as well. (Outfit from Apple of My Eye, \$120.)



KEITH HARING HOPSCOTCH BOARD

Created by America's top underground artist, it's a little crazy, but more than just a little fun.

\$249

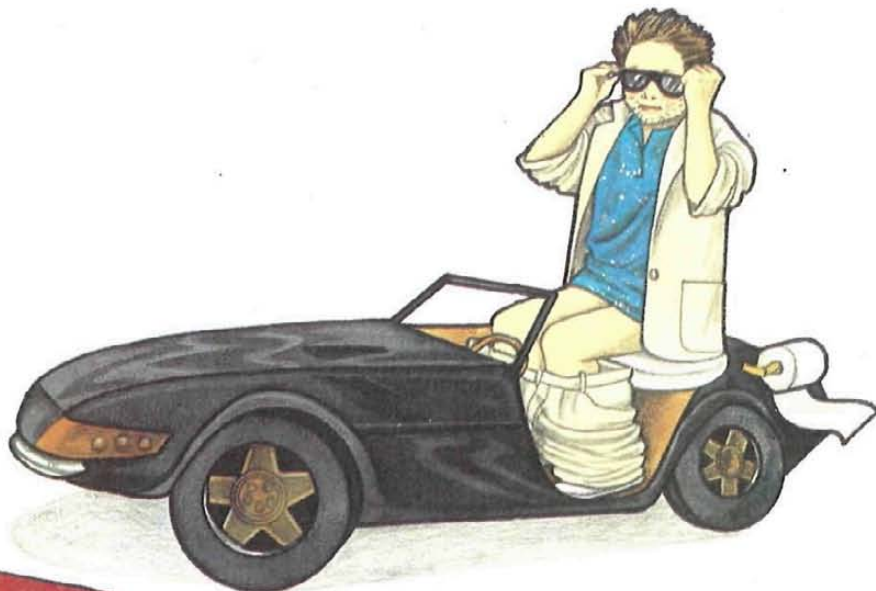
Original: \$350,000



BIJAN GOLD-PLATED SLINGSHOT

A gold-plated slingshot connected to authentic elastic and fitted with a pouch made of 100 percent hippopotamus hide. Bijan rocks sold separately. (Billy wears a double-breasted, pin-striped suit from The Little Guy, \$570, and a silk tie from Sulka, \$67.50. Johnny is sprawled on the ground wearing a bloodstained Junior John Weitz shirt, \$47.95.)

\$2,499



MIAMI VICE TURBO POTTY CAR

Still having trouble toilet training your youngster? Worry no more. Your child will be dying to "go," just like Crocket and Tubbs. (Giorgio Armani suit and golf shirt, \$346.50. Stubble from Mr. Hair, \$49.99.)

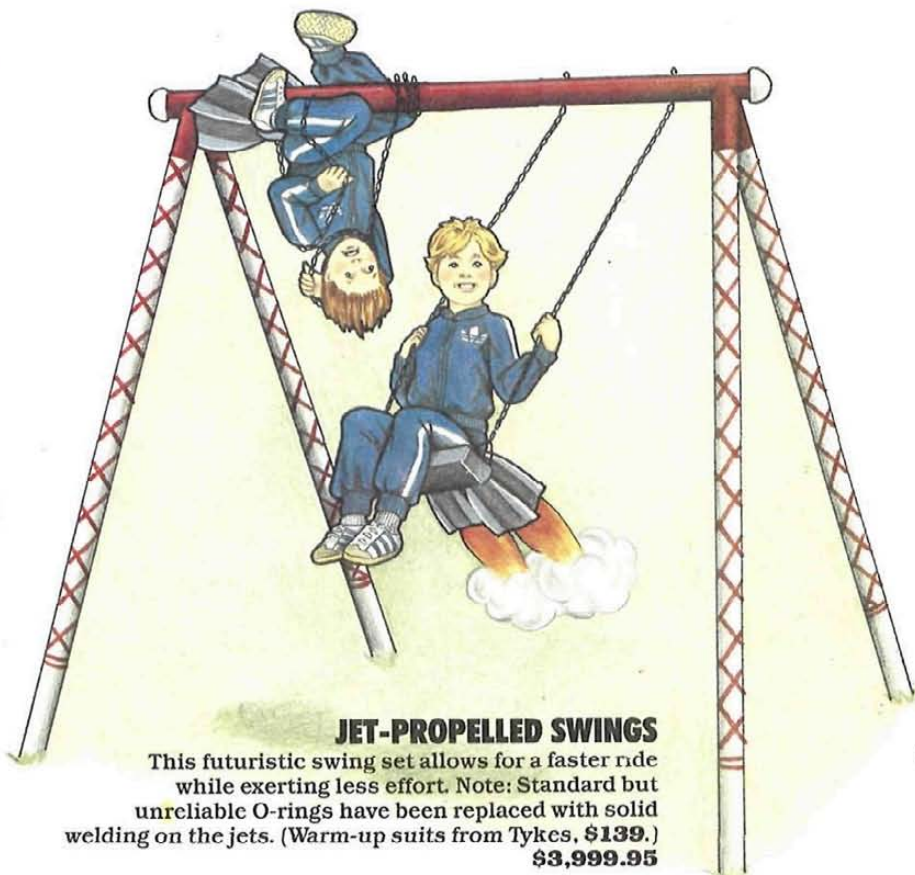
\$7,650



KICK THE RETRO CAN

Manufactured to look "just like an old, beat-up tin can from the thirties and forties," this limited-edition "Kick the Retro Can" is made of lightweight aluminum, making for a safer kick for your youngster.

\$800



JET-PROPELLED SWINGS

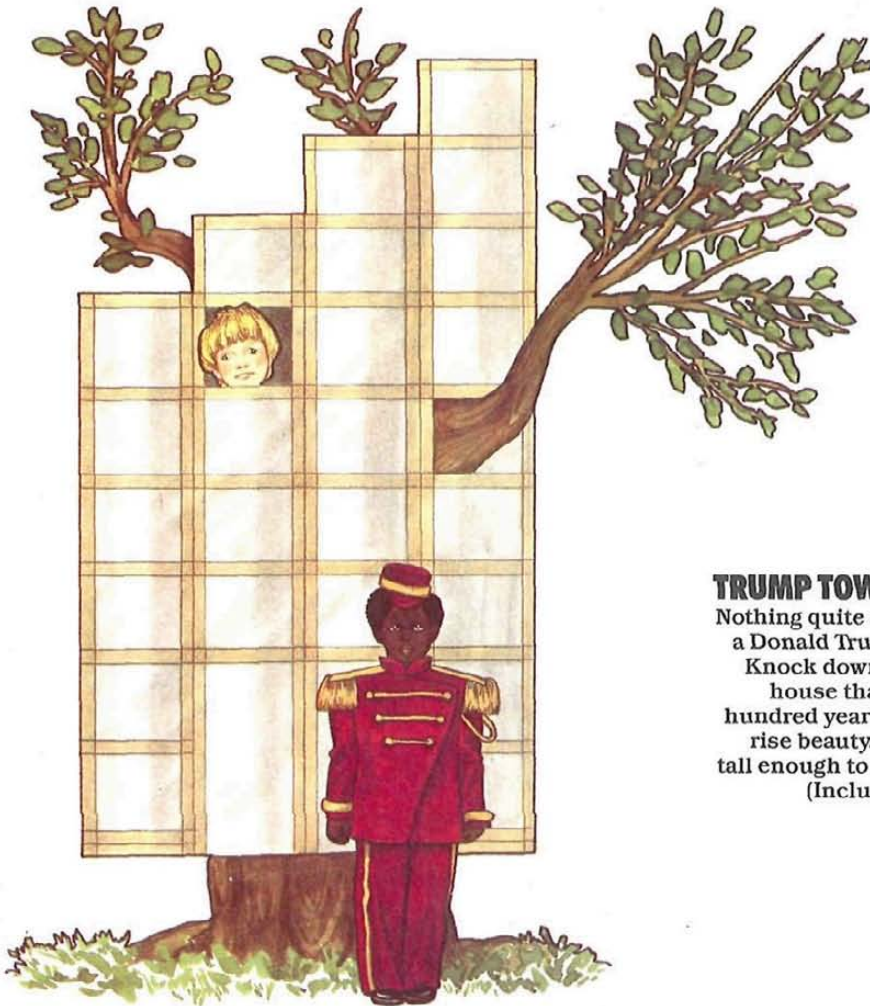
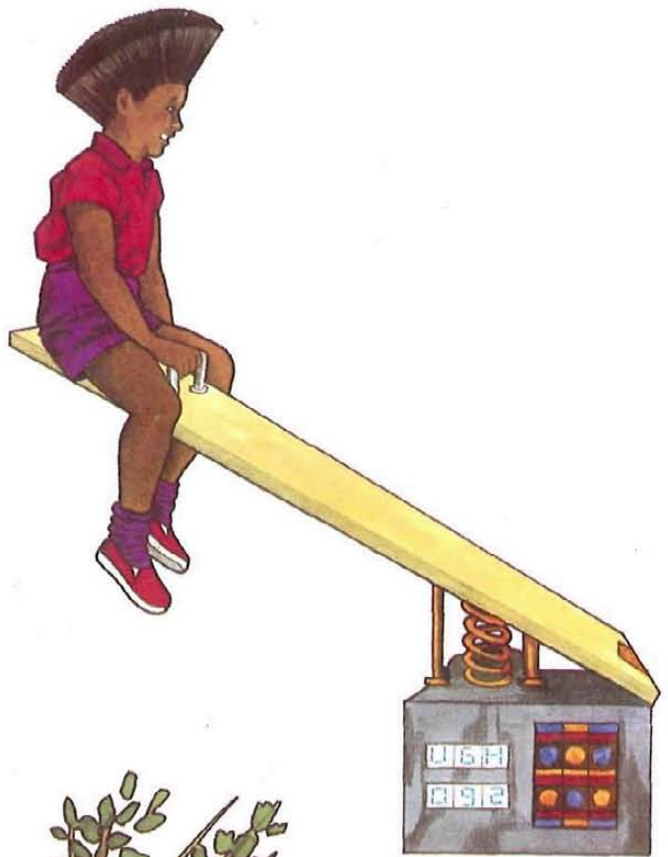
This futuristic swing set allows for a faster ride while exerting less effort. Note: Standard but unreliable O-rings have been replaced with solid welding on the jets. (Warm-up suits from Tykes, \$139.)

\$3,999.95

COMPUTERIZED UNI-SEE SAW

So often, pudgy and unpopular children have few friends they can play on the seesaw with. But with the computerized Uni-Seesaw, just punch in the weight of the child, and the hydraulic lift will raise and softly set your child down again and again. (Outfit from the Junior Miss Patti LaBelle Collection, \$99.99.)

\$4,799



TRUMP TOWER TREE CONDOS

Nothing quite says the eighties like a Donald Trump Tree Condo does! Knock down that old cruddy tree house that's been around for a hundred years and erect this high-rise beauty. It's guaranteed to be tall enough to cover the whole tree! (Includes uniform from Mr. Doorman!)

\$27,000

THE PROTOTYPICAL NURSERY SCHOOL: THE BENETTON SCHOOL

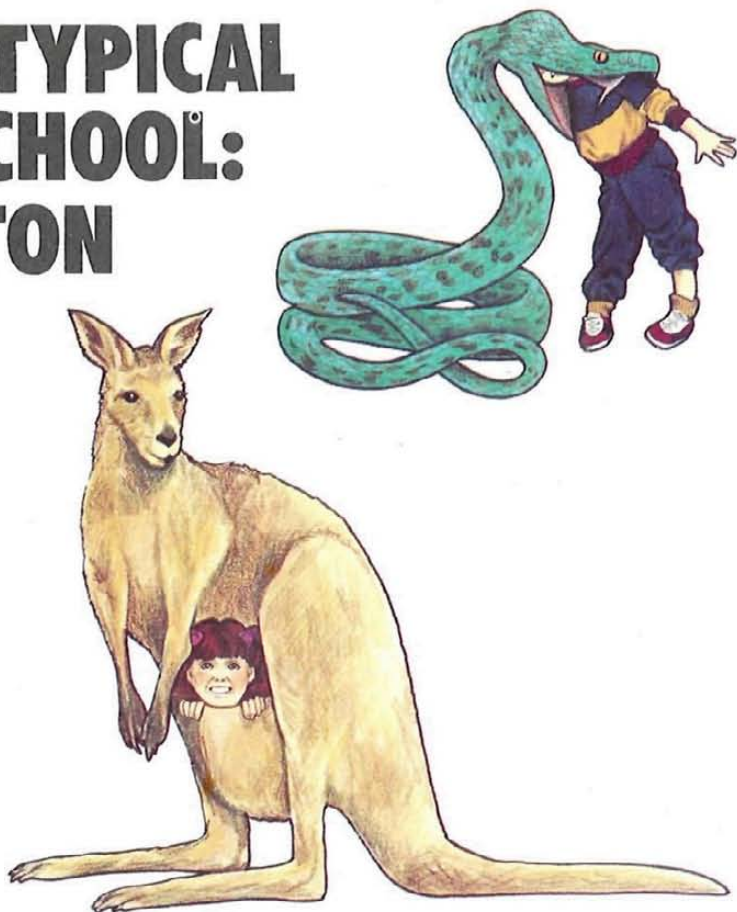
Many of these toys and recreational activities first saw the light of day at the Benetton School, a prototypical new-wave nursery school. Although the tuition seems exorbitant (it ranks with Harvard and Bennington in that respect), parents are able to work it off performing janitorial and secretarial services.

Once accepted, the child enjoys the toys already shown, as well as a fully stocked exotic petting zoo which boasts kangaroos, snakes, sloths, llamas, a leopard, and twenty-seven species of hamsters.

Music class is also a little different. "Old MacDonald Had a Farm" and it's been foreclosed! Only the most popular songs of the day are sung here. Guest artists include David Byrne, Laurie Anderson, and U2.

For snack time, the traditional peanut butter and jelly sandwich is now passé. Benetton children, dressed in traditional Japanese garb (supplied by Junior Hakimoto of Kyoto), dine on a sumptuous traditional Japanese sushi lunch and near-sake (a non-alcoholic substitute). An extra sliver of skin, made of latex, is placed over the children's eyes to give them that Oriental look so popular today.

Young children love to play with blocks. They can build with them or knock them down. The imagination of a child playing with blocks is infinite! And the Benetton child will have no shortage of blocks to play with. The Benetton School is proud to announce it has bought numerous tracts of land in East St. Louis, Newark, Watts, South Boston, and South Bronx. (Security guards supplied by Pinkerton.)





Me and My Colleague

by Neil Tolkin

There I was on the last multiple-choice question of the first day of my bars, a prospective lawyer's most critical exams, and the only thing that I could concentrate on was this blond girl sitting two rows in front of me. With ten minutes left in the exam I should have been reviewing some of my answers, but the brain between my legs didn't believe in double-checking.

The blonde's bare heel had slipped out of her shoe and it was killing me. If only she'd had a pussing blister on her heel, I would have been able to finish the last question. Why did God give me balls?

I hung around for the last ten minutes just daydreaming about her. She never turned around. When the bell rang, I circled "B" for bitch and anxiously waited for the proctor to pick up my exam so I could go home. Fuck Miss Ankles! Who needed her anyway? She was probably a lesbian, and besides, the way I felt I was too exhausted to even think about women.

When I got home, I wolfed dinner, got into my studying shorts, and set out my books.

Leaning over to unplug the phone so as not to be disturbed, I thought back over the years of law school: all the hours, the sacrifices, the headaches, the cups of coffee, the caffeine pills, the pads of paper, the pens and pencils, the lectures, the pressures, the lonely nights, and all the jerking off. Only one more night of asceticism to go.

As my fingers were squeezing the telephone jack to remove it from the wall, the phone rang.

It was Eric, one of my friends I was

taking the bar with. He asked me if I wanted to come down and meet a couple of people at PJ's, your basic fern bar that everyone says he hates, but ends up at. I told him he was out of his fucking mind, that I didn't need to "blow some steam," but the brain in my studying shorts heard a mousy girl's voice in the background, and thought otherwise.

I jumped into my hip mother's fifteen-year-old MG and drove into the city. The car was a death trap, saved by a \$2,000 car stereo.

That mousy voice had the body of an elephant, and all she did was eat peanuts. Six of us and the elephant sat at the bar sipping club sodas. The only thing that kept me there was this gorgeous girl who kept staring at me from across the bar.

Ten o'clock came around and my friends were leaving. I figured I'd be a sport and pick up the check. Maybe the starrer would see it and be impressed by it. I whipped out my Visa.

As the waiter was handing me the charge slip to sign, I observed her making her way through the crowd, walking toward me. I had noticed she was drinking screwdrivers, a classy bar mitzvah drink. They made me sick. I quickly ordered two and told my friends to go ahead. I'd see them tomorrow.

She was a bombshell. Screwdrivers, Castro motor oil, urine, I'd drink anything for her. As she got closer and closer, my underwear got tighter and tighter. Her pants were so tight I could see the seams of the birthmark on her leg. This was unbelievable. Three years of law school to be rewarded with a wet dream. My mind was racing over every great opening line in the book, but she beat me to it. It blew me away.

"Excuse me," she said, "but I think

you're sitting on my coat."

"Pardon me," I said, pretending not to hear. I suddenly felt how uneven the seat of the chair actually was.

"I think you're sitting on my coat," she repeated.

Her teeth were perfect and I had swallowed mine. I stood up and handed her her coat, which was warm from my ass. She put it on. Who needed her, anyway? She had cataracts, and she looked like shit in a wrinkled and shabby-looking coat, and besides, I had to go home.

I turned around to pay and realized I had two screwdrivers in front of me. A hand reached out to one. An elegant, bony, slinky hand. If a hand could be perfect, this was it.

Two hours and five screwdrivers later, we were both mildly laced and madly in lust. It was twelve o'clock and I started to think about my bar exams, and how I'd better just pay the check, get her number, and go home. Unfortunately my pecker couldn't tell time, and didn't care.

She asked me if I'd mind driving her home, not exactly in those words. That's how my dick heard it. Then she asked me if I'd mind driving her friend home.

"I can't just leave her here," she said.

What friend, I thought. This was ridiculous. I agreed. Actually, my prick agreed, I just followed along. It didn't give a shit that I had toiled over three years working up to tomorrow's exam.

I met her and her friend outside. Her friend looked like Christie Brinkley from the shoulders down, and Godzilla from the neck up. The girl was ugly: cold sores, pimples, leprosy, you name it, but she had a decent body.

We all piled into the front seat of the MG, the beast between us. I asked them where they lived. It turned out the pre-

historic friend lived around the corner from me, while the girl I liked lived twenty miles in the opposite direction.

If I had any plans of being an attorney, I'd drive the girl home first, then the Dinosaur. However, something inside my scrotum screamed, "TAKE THE REP-TILE HOME FIRST!"

"You sure you don't mind?"

"No problem," my dick answered.

Thirty minutes later, we were parked outside the Dinosaur's apartment. She was locked out. She would have to spend the night at her friend's, the Zookeeper.

"Big deal," my dick figured. Without a doubt the Zookeeper would have a bedroom with a door and a lock on it.

It was now two A.M. and I was sitting in what must have been the smallest studio apartment in the country, with my arm around the Zookeeper. We were waiting for the Dinosaur to go to the bathroom so that we could have mad passionate foreplay and I could come, go home, get some sleep, take my bar exams, and become a lawyer. Could this be worth it?

Suddenly the Dinosaur farted and excused herself to take a Brontosaurus shit.

As the bathroom door closed, our mouths were in each other's lungs. The Zookeeper had her tongue in my lower intestine.

I was just about to ejaculate when I heard the toilet flush, and the Dinosaur emerged from the bathroom. If I had had a harpoon handy, I would have killed her. We sat up, straightening ourselves out. I felt like I'd just sprinted a mile.

The Zookeeper asked me if we could "do it in the car." My dick smiled. The telephone rang. The Dinosaur answered it.

She handed it to the girl. "It's Bob."

It couldn't be. "What kind of a guy calls a girl at two o'clock in the morning?" I asked the Dinosaur.

"Her fiancé," she answered me. "He's taking his bar exams tomorrow and he probably just finished studying." I'd been stabbed.

The Zookeeper went into the bathroom with the phone. The slut didn't even say goodbye to me.

Suddenly the Dinosaur was looking sexier and sexier. She smiled. I saw her teeth for the first time. They looked like they'd been gnawing on seaweed and wood their entire life. She must have had scurvy.

The Dinosaur moved closer to me. I looked at her body. I wanted to run away. My dick said, "Kiss her."

It was the first time in my whole life that, at three in the morning, I insisted on dry kissing.

She started to unzip my fly when, suddenly, she coughed violently, into my mouth. A Dinosaur with tuberculosis. This was definitely too much. I had a bar

exam to write in a couple of hours. Fuck her! I bowed out gracefully. Who needed her, anyway?

As I drove home with the stereo cranked, everything seemed to be settling down. Then I realized I didn't have my wallet. I'd left it at the bar.

I parked the car in an alleyway next to Pj's. I'd only be a second.

Waiting for the bar man to find me my wallet, I felt confident, back on my feet, the foolishness behind me. No wonder; my pecker was napping.

I peered around the bar at all the losers, all the flaming homosexuals still hanging around. Homosexuality was something I could never grasp. The thought of it made me vomit.

As the bar man handed me my wallet, a woman rubbed up against me and whispered in my ear, "Have you ever had a homosexual experience?"

I looked her over. She had high cheekbones, straight jet-black hair, full sensuous lips, and wore aviator sunglasses. "Many," my love muscle responded, casually.

She wore black cowboy boots with silver spurs. Her belt was a string of empty ammunition, and she had a pin that said "POW." She reeked of combat.

In the next thirty minutes we shared ten shots of tequila. All the woman talked about was guns, war, murder, S&M, gore, and torture. Her favorite movie was *Apocalypse Now*, and she kept paraphrasing Robert Duvall's infamous line: "I love the smell of a man's balls in the morning." She was Rambo gone mad, and I had to have her. I'd say anything.

I told her things the devil wouldn't admit: about the hundreds of men and women I had slept with, about the grenades I had stuck up my ass and the gear I had attached to my dick. I told her how I had donated my bar mitzvah money to the PLO. I also told her about my fond admiration for Adolf Hitler and my membership in the local chapter of the Hitler Youth Club, and about my sworn allegiance and connections to all fascist dictators. She adored me.

I paid for her drinks, grabbed my wallet with two hands, and led her out to my mother's car.

As Rambo opened the passenger door I heard the sound of breaking glass. My heart skipped a beat. Some motherfucking son of a bitch had smashed my mother's passenger window and torn out my \$2,000 stereo. Could this possibly be worth it? Reluctantly, I offered to put my \$500 leather jacket over the glass for her, but she said she'd rather sit on the glass. I loved her for it.

"Where to?" I asked her.

"Drive," she moaned.

I would have driven to El Salvador for this woman, but my tank was on empty. I

spotted a twenty-four-hour gas station across the street and drove to it.

I walked over to the attendant in his sealed booth and gave him my credit card.

"Cash only," he squeaked.

Impossible, I had no cash. I pleaded with the guy. No way, he just turned the microphone off.

My dick walked back to the car contemplating how to handle it. There wasn't enough gas in the car to light a fire. If she was as desperate as I was, she'd fork over a few bucks.

She had no cash either. "Why don't we just do it right here, on the glass?" she murmured.

"Check your purse again," I chirped, evading the suggestion.

She reached into her designer combat purse and rummaged around. Her hand emerged with a .45, and it had nothing to do with music. It was a gun, a genuine Saturday night special. What the fuck was I doing here? My dick had a death wish and I had just found out about it. I had to get rid of this maniac. I had a bar exam to write in four hours and I was about to become an accomplice to a holdup. For what?

She tongued the barrel of the gun and then held it out to me.

My dick, which by now had "Louisville Slugger" branded on it, took the gun, put it in my jacket pocket, and got out of the car. I took two steps forward and then two steps back. I couldn't do it. I got back inside the car and sheepishly handed the gun back to her. I felt like a coward.

Without saying anything, she grabbed it, put it in her jacket pocket, left the car, and started walking toward the attendant's hopefully bulletproof box.

Fuck her and her pretentious sunglasses! She probably tasted like napalm. I put the car into drive and peeled off. Driving away, I heard a gunshot. I couldn't bear to look back.

Three blocks away, the car died. I wanted to cry. Slumped over the wheel, I thought about how I was throwing away \$60,000 worth of education. I thought of "Conflicts of Law," "Taxation," "Contracts," and "Trusts and Estates and the Rule of Perpetuity," the devil's answer to complexity. I thought of my two testicles, and how they wouldn't know a cookbook from a lawbook, and how they didn't care. I felt queasy, real queasy.

I started to vomit and vomit and vomit, all over the car. As my guts poured out onto the dashboard, I thought of Miss Ankles, the Elephant, the Starer, the Dinosaur, the Zookeeper, Rambo, my mother's car, the car stereo, my dad's business, my future, but mostly I thought of my pecker, and if it was all worth it.

Yes, it most definitely was. ■

KONDEENSED KLIFFS NOTES

"For students who don't have time to read the original"

by Ed Subitzky and Larry Sloman

THESE NOTES ARE NOT A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE KLIFFS NOTES THEMSELVES, AND STUDENTS WHO ATTEMPT TO USE THEM IN THIS WAY ARE DENYING THEMSELVES THE VERY EDUCATION THEY ARE PRESUMABLY GIVING THEIR MOST VITAL YEARS TO ACHIEVE.

KONDEENSED KLIFFS NOTES on
Melville's **MOBY DICK**

A whale bites off a man's leg and the man can't forget about it.

Kondensed Kliffs
YOUR KEY TO THE CLASSICS

KONDEENSED KLIFFS NOTES on
Kafka's **METAMORPHOSIS**

A man turns into a cockroach and his family gets annoyed.

Kondensed Kliffs
YOUR KEY TO THE CLASSICS

KONDEENSED KLIFFS NOTES on
Dostoyevsky's **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT**

A man kills a woman and feels bad.

Kondensed Kliffs
YOUR KEY TO THE CLASSICS

KONDEENSED KLIFFS NOTES on
Various authors' **THE OLD TESTAMENT**

God creates man and everything man does gets God angry.

Kondensed Kliffs
YOUR KEY TO THE CLASSICS

KONDESED KLIFFS NOTES on

Dante's **INFERNO**

A man visits hell
and sees a lot of
terrible things.

Kondensed Kliffs

YOUR KEY TO THE CLASSICS

KONDESED KLIFFS NOTES on

H. G. Wells' **OUTLINE OF
HISTORY**

A lot of different
things happened.

Kondensed Kliffs

YOUR KEY TO THE CLASSICS

KONDESED KLIFFS NOTES on

Dickens' **A TALE OF
TWO CITIES**

A guy goes from
London to Paris
and stirs up a lot of
trouble.

Kondensed Kliffs

YOUR KEY TO THE CLASSICS

KONDESED KLIFFS NOTES on

Griffin's **BLACK LIKE ME**

A man pretends to
be a Negro even
though he really
isn't.

Kondensed Kliffs

YOUR KEY TO THE CLASSICS

KONDESED KLIFFS NOTES on

Anne Frank's **THE DIARY OF
A YOUNG GIRL**

A young girl hides
in an attic but is
discovered.

Kondensed Kliffs

YOUR KEY TO THE CLASSICS

KONDESED KLIFFS NOTES on

Stoker's **DRACULA**

A dead man drinks
other people's
blood until some-
one puts a stake in
his heart.

Kondensed Kliffs

YOUR KEY TO THE CLASSICS

The Joy of Celibacy

by Derek Pell



The following asexual positions are guaranteed to keep you prim and proper. Proven effective by the Moral Majority, these techniques offer the celibate a variety of ways to achieve anticlimax during periods of self-imposed exile.



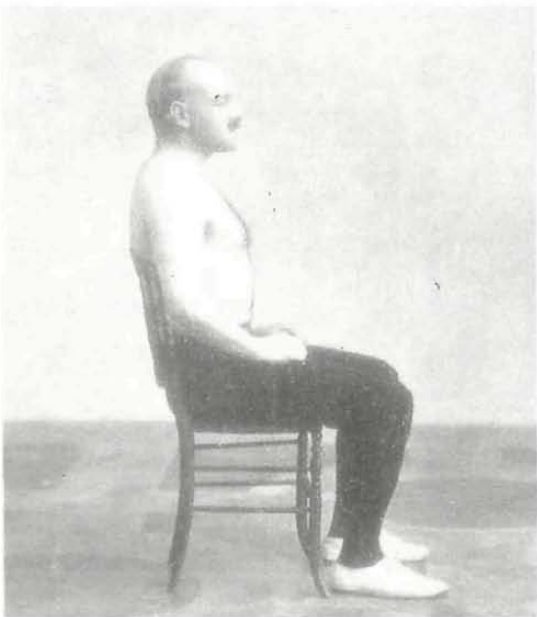
Position #1. Banal Intercourse. Adopt a celibate posture while standing in a corner. Talk to the walls and wait for a response.



Position #2. Venus Envy. Stand alone in the epicenter of the room until the urge to fondle or scratch yourself strikes. Reach for the stars.



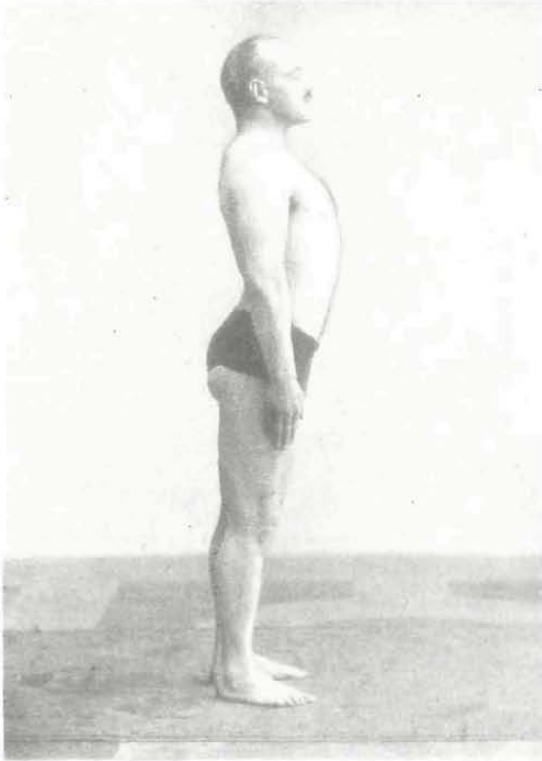
Position #3. Arc de Triomphe. A four-legged asexual aid is required for this position. Grip the backrest firmly with both hands and walk backwards six paces; your body will have formed a painful arc in commemoration of mind over member.



Position #4. Sixty-eight. Sit on your asexual aid with hands planted on thighs. Count up to sixty-eight (seven hundred times). When you have completed the exercise, repeat it, counting backwards.



Position #5. Waiting for Godot. While sitting dejectedly on your asexual aid, adopt a puritanical expression and await the Second Coming.

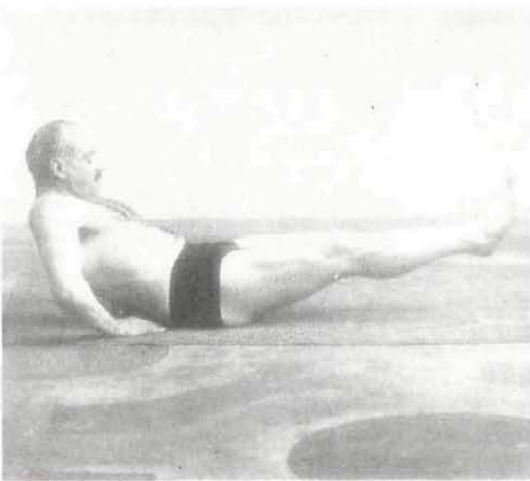


Position #6. **Ménage à Un.*** Stand erect with chest extended. Engage in a platonic relationship with yourself.

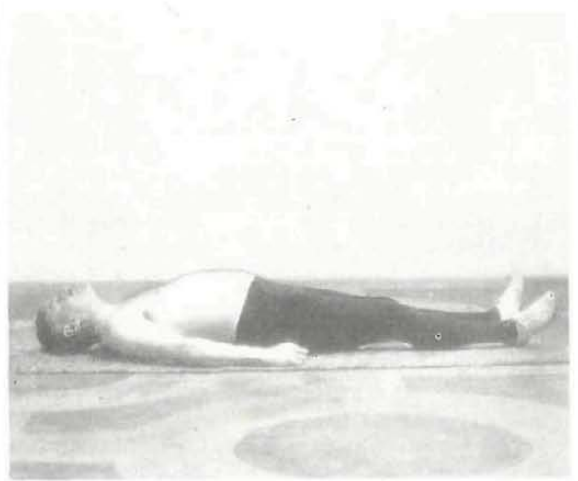
*a.k.a. "a onesome"



Position #7. **Toe Job.** Stand with arms akimbo; raise the heel of your left foot. Stare at your toes until you collapse.



Position #8. **Bye-Sexual Flex.** Lie on the floor for forty-eight hours. Raise legs and torso while holding your breath. Bid farewell to your private parts.



Position #9. **The Coma Sutra.** Lie very still and close your eyes. Pretend that you have passed away. Repeat the celibate's mantra* one thousand times. Pray for the end of the world.

*"Chastity"

BACK TO SCHOOL

continued from page 40

you partied and fucked your teeth out. College girls were something new to me. Most of them were away from home for the first time. They were like animals, inmates who'd just been let out of prison.

College girls have no fear about what they put into their bodies. They think they'll live forever. They like to do different drugs at the same time, like insulin, cocaine, and 150-proof brandy. Or Benzdrinc, opium, cortisone, and vodka. Brenda, one of the rich broads, had her own life support system, like von Bülow's wife. She'd hook herself into it and get fucked with all those tubes coming out of her nose. Another one, Cindy, liked to fuck in an oxygen tent.

The fraternity parties have been getting nuttier since the days of *Animal House*. The big thing at this school was human sacrifice. The guys would choose a girl to be sacrificed to the God of Sex. It wasn't really a sacrifice, but they made it look very realistic, like in those Steven Spielberg movies. The girl was drugged a little, but she was a willing victim. There was a lot of ritual and chanting. First the girl was dipped into a big caldron of oil. It wasn't hot. It was just to get her all wet and lubricated. Then they tied her to a cot. She was naked, of course. A bunch of the bigger guys picked her up, cot and all, and began this chant that went on all night: "Epar, epar, epar," which is "rape" spelled backwards.

After all this, the girl was ready to be sacrificed to Dorkus, the God of Sex. Dorkus was this guy sitting on a throne, wearing a goat mask and not much else. You got to be chosen as Dorkus by picking a lucky number. Dorkus was supposed to perform the ancient ritual of *coitus penetratus* on the human sacrifice in front of all his followers, a hundred screaming, sweaty maniacs chanting and waving flaming torches. It was really just an excuse for a gangbang, but the mood was catching.

The background music switched to the soundtrack from a Spielberg movie. It was very loud. But the kids still kept chanting, "Epar, epar." Dorkus was fondled by a bunch of nearly naked girls and then carried to the human sacrifice, who was now awake and ready. But Dorkus was having problems. He couldn't get it up. He was too self-conscious. And he kept sliding off the girl. It was like those farmers who try to wrestle a greased pig.

The kids were getting impatient and cried out for a new Dorkus. Somebody had to come forward and do it or there would be a curse on the fraternity for-

ever. I had to help them. I didn't want them to be cursed. I volunteered for the job.

They cheered and carried me to the human sacrifice. I had no problem getting it up. The girl was fantastic-looking. But like her other Dorkus I kept slipping off her body. Her hands and feet were tied, so she couldn't hold onto me. My solution was simple—do it standing up. This can only be accomplished if you have a very big one, which I happen to have. I threw myself into the ceremony and brought the house down. In fact, the kids got so carried away by my performance that a few of them dropped their torches and the whole fucking frat house burnt to the ground. Luckily, we all got out and no one was hurt. But the kids were really embarrassed to be caught in their underwear and their wolf masks.

Another thing I loved about college were the cheerleaders. I always had an itch for cheerleaders—that fresh, healthy quality they have. I want to eat them with a little butter and a schmear of cream cheese, they're so cute. So I tried out for the cheerleader squad. The kids were thirty years younger than me but I'm still in good shape and I learned their moves fast. They liked me. I was a novelty act, the world's oldest cheerleader.

It didn't take me long to make the acquaintance of three fine young kids—Terri, a fantastic redhead from Topeka, Menemsha, a black girl from Brooklyn, and Betty, a round little blonde whose last name was Coed. I swear.

The three girls taught me special tricks—balancing them with one hand, flipping them over, a lot of gymnastic stuff. They were also gymnasts. I was always holding them by the ass or by their crotches. Something happens to me when I hold a gorgeous young thing like that. My hands take on a life of their own and become instruments of love.

Pretty soon my hands were driving the kids wild. They wanted to find out what I could do with the rest of my body, so I invited them to my room. Rodney was going out with Trish and some professors to one of those new modern operas. He told me it was an opera based on Hiroshima and the aftereffects of the atom bomb—a great story. So I had the place all to myself.

The girls felt very peppy and got right into it, stripping down to their bras and panties, doing warm-up exercises and stretching to show me their tight bodies from every angle.

They jumped into bed. I mean jumped. They bounced like rubber balls. For the next hour they bounced and flipped and wrapped themselves around

me. Wherever I turned I found something to much on. We got so involved and tangled up that we never noticed Rodney walking in with Tish and the professors.

Menemsha was in midair when the door opened. She used the bed like a trampoline. She was about to land on my upturned wing-wang when she saw the group. She had that knack that a lot of shvug basketball players have of hanging in midair, figuring out what the next move will be.

It was too late to fly out the window, so she tried to land on my wing-wang. Except she was a little flustered and just missed a perfect connection. I let out a scream of pain. Then I saw the group. They were frozen in shock. I was frozen in pain, but I smiled.

"We were just practicing some new routines for the Yale game," I said.

Rodney was ready to shrink himself into a jar. He told the professors that I was a complete stranger, not even a student. Probably a townie, a gorilla who infiltrated the dormitories and seduced innocent girls. Tish didn't even bother talking to me. She just gave me a look that said I was in deep shit. She sure knew how to put the brakes on a great party.

It was kind of awkward, so everybody just backed out as fast as they could. When we were alone Rodney wanted to strangle me. I didn't apologize this time. I told him I was having a little fun and no one was being harmed. "They're wonderful kids. They work hard and they play hard," I said. "Did you ever hear of a girl who can do a triple somersault and land right on your dong and slide down it without any bumping? Right on the money, every time."

Rodney was terrified because he'd seen one of the girls miss her target and hurt me a little. She was thrown off her timing—usually they never miss. But the poor guy was losing his nerve, his sense of humor, his *je ne sais vivre*, as they say in Greek.

Lucky for me that Rodney was still my buddy and went to bat for me with Dean Adams. She was going to have me expelled, but he managed to get me put on probation. I had to be on my good behavior. From now on I had to do all my socializing in a neutral corner. Rodney's rooms were becoming too popular anyway. In fact, he was turning them into what they call a "salon," a place where intellectuals sit around and drink tea and sherry and talk about cultural stuff. Tish was responsible for it all. She invited all these professors to Rodney's place to "create an intellectual ferment." That's

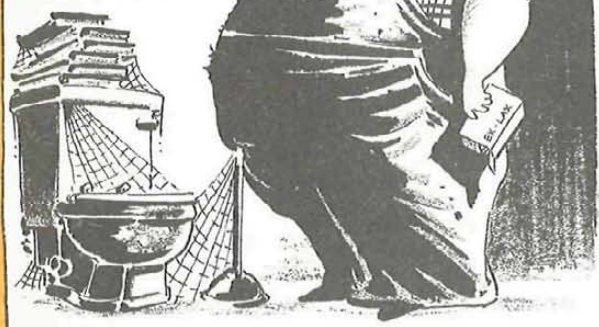
continued on page 72

FUNNY PAGES

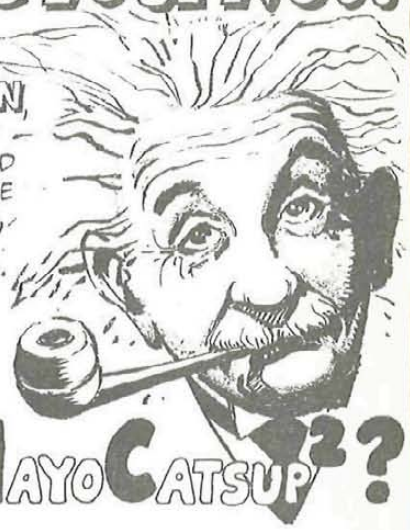
Nat Lamp's

Not Believe It or Not!

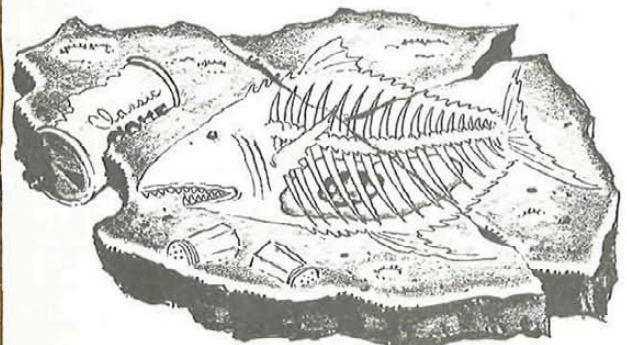
Mr. John Sealbert
of Bangor, Maine,
HAS NEVER HAD A
BOWEL
MOVEMENT!



ALBERT
EINSTEIN,
WHOSE THEORY OF
RELATIVITY CHANGED
THE COURSE OF THE
PHYSICAL SCIENCES,
COULD NOT
FIGURE OUT
HOW TO MAKE
RUSSIAN
DRESSING!



E=MCATSUP???



the **CLADOSEELACHE**,
a primitive shark, WAS SO WELL-PRESERVED IN
CLEVELAND SHALES OF NORTHERN OHIO THAT SCIENTISTS
WERE ABLE TO DETERMINE ITS LAST MEAL 300 MILLION YEARS AGO—
IT WAS AN OMELETTE!

LAURA TWILL,
WHO WAS
BLIND, DEAF, MUTE, DUMB,
AND WHO HAD NO SENSE
OF SMELL, TOUCH, OR TASTE,
WAS RARELY
INVITED TO
PARTIES!



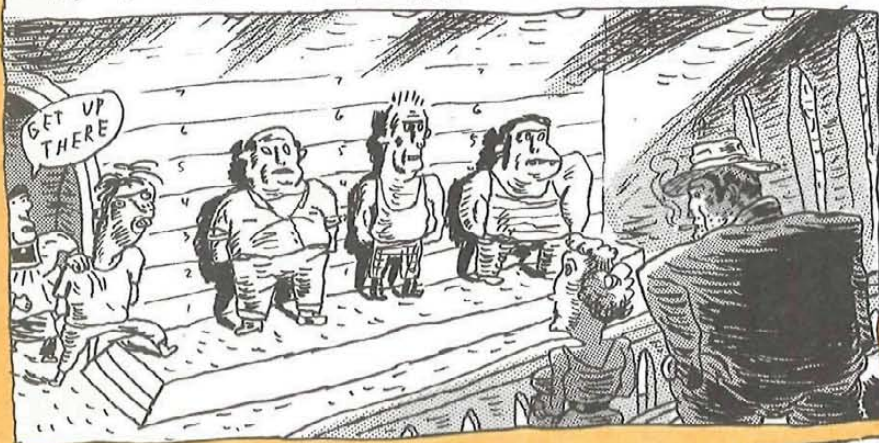
WRITTEN BY VICTOR LEVIN AND ALAN KIRSCHENBAUM

ART BY ADAM KUBERT '86

DIRTY FATHER HARRY

PRIVATE CELIBATE DICK

THE USUAL SUSPECTS HAD BEEN ROUNDED UP, SOULLESS ANIMALS WITH NO SENSE OF MORAL RESPONSIBILITY, THEY WERE THE PRODUCTS OF LIBERAL PARENTING AND AN OVERLY LENIENT UPBRINGING THAT THREATENED THE VERY FABRIC OF OUR SOCIETY.



THEY WERE THE PRODUCTS OF LIBERAL PARENTING AND AN OVERLY LENIENT UPBRINGING THAT THREATENED THE VERY FABRIC OF OUR SOCIETY.

CAN YOU PICK OUT THE GUY WHO COVETED YOU, MA'AM? TAKE YOUR TIME.



IT... WAS SO... HORRIBLE. HIS EYES... I COULD FEEL HIM UNDRRESSING ME WITH HIS EYES. IT WAS HIM, FATHER.



What is this? I've never seen you before in my life, lady!

I SUPPOSE YOU'VE GOT AN ALIBI TO BACK THAT UP? C'MON OVER HERE, BOY!

Perhaps you can tell me where you were on the night of the Blessed Assumption. Or just what you were doing on the Feast of St. Anthony.



Aw, Christ. G'won, book him!

Yo, I get one call, Rev!

I LET HIM MAKE HIS MEASLY CALL. MINUTES LATER HIS PASTOR SHOWED UP.



my poor boy. What hath they done to you? Did he hit you?

IT MADE MY STOMACH TURN

You got nothin' on my boy, Harry. He's clean. Maybe if you'd try a little compassion we could help these poor victimized kids. The Bishop will hear about this! I'll have you de-ordained!



MY HANDS WERE TIED

I HAD TO WONDER WHOSE SIDE THE PASTOR WAS ON

Aw, hell, the system's gone soft. Fear of the Lord means nothing anymore. Guilt, vengeful punishment, purgatory, eternal fiery damnation... all the wholesome values have disappeared.



MARK CYRIL MAREK

© 1986

NOW
IT CAN
BE TOLD

THE DEATH
OF HARDING

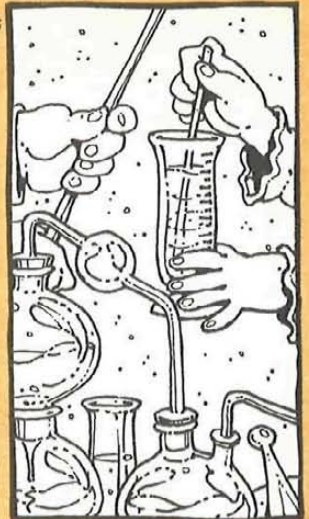
RICK
GEARY
©86



WARREN G. IS PRIMARILY
KNOWN AS A PRESIDENT
OF THE U.S.



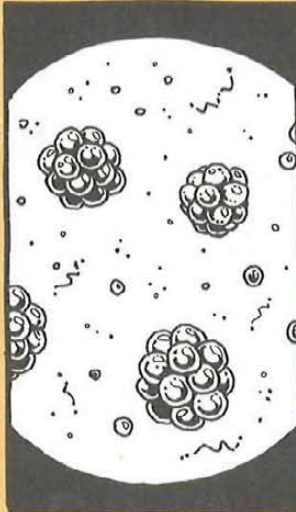
ALBEIT AN UNSUCCESSFUL ONE,



BUT HE AND WIFE, FLORENCE,
SHARED A PASSION FOR
SCIENCE.



THEY CAN NOW BE CREDITED
WITH MAJOR BREAKTHROUS
IN PHYSICS & CHEMISTRY.



FOR INSTANCE, IN 1899 THEY
FIRST SEPARATED REPUBLICAN
FROM DEMOCRATIC MOLECULES.



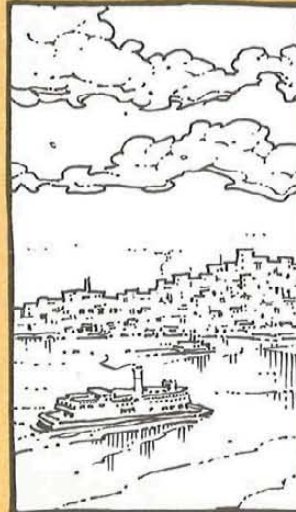
IN '96, THEY FOLLOWED THE
PATH OF AN ELECTRON THRU
DOWNTOWN MARION, OHIO.



ALL OF THIS BEFORE HIS
ELECTION TO THE U.S.
SENATE!



AS PRESIDENT, WARREN G.
KEPT A SECRET LAB AT
THE WHITE HOUSE.



BUT THEN HE DIED
MYSTERIOUSLY IN SAN FRANCISCO



NOW IT CAN BE TOLD:
RADIATION POISONING



THE FOLLOWING YEAR, FLORENCE
RECEIVED THE NOBEL PRIZE!

SAM de Groot

ONE of SIX PRIVATE DETECTIVES in the free world in an iron lung

The story...

UNDERGOING UNBEARABLE REMORSE BECAUSE HE BETRAYED A CLIENT, SAM ENDS UP IN SKIDROW SELLING EVEN THE WHEELS OF HIS IRON LUNG TO BUY LIQUOR! A STRANGER, SEEING SAM'S PLIGHT, DRAGS SAM'S WHEEL-LESS IRON LUNG TO HIS HUMBLE HOME.

I'VE HEATED UP SOME SOUP FOR YOU, SAM. HERE, IT'LL DO YOU GOOD!

BYUKKSSHKIH!
UHKKKEHKSHKIH!
AAAAAAAKHIIH!
UCKTH-KRRRIH!

NOW YOU SHOULD GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP, SAM. DO YOU HAVE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM?

...UH, NO! I'M ALL SET. I CAN GO FOR 5 OR 6 DAYS WITHOUT GOING TO THE BATHROOM...

POOR GUY, HE'S BEEN WITHOUT FOOD FOR SO LONG THAT HE GAGS ON IT...

UH-OH! I KNEW IT, HERE IT COMES. IF I SAY "YES," HE'LL OFFER TO HELP ME PEE...

HEY, THAT'S GOOD. WELL, GOODNIGHT, SAM!

THE NEXT MORNING

OH, YOU'RE UP, SAM! I LET YOU SLEEP LATE, I FIGURED YOU COULD USE THE EXTRA SLEEP...

I PUT A NEW DRIVE-BELT ON THE COMPRESSOR. NOW I'M CONVERTING THE BATTERY MOTOR TO REGULAR HOUSE CURRENT-LET ME GET YOU SOME COFFEE...

GOT TO HAVE THAT MORNING COFFEE TO GET YOU GOING, RIGHT, SAM?

GRRRROOOGYUG,
KRRRIH-GYUK!
EEEYAAAKHIIH!
BLIGGY-AAAKH!

YOU'RE GOING TO LOOK AND FEEL A LOT BETTER AFTER A SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT, SAM!

POOR GUY, HE'S STILL GAGGING...



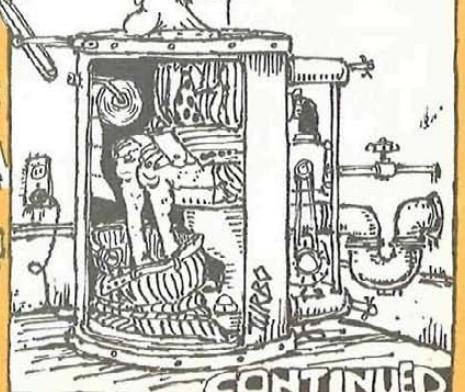
THERE, HOW'S THAT?

YOU'RE A TERRIFIC BARBER, EVERETT!

...AND I'M A PRETTY GOOD PLUMBER, TOO!

...AND BY DAY'S END...

...BOY, DOES IT FEEL GOOD, TAKING A CRAP THE WAY MOST OF THE WORLD DOES!..



CONTINUED

Stories from
UNCLE KUNTA



by B.K. Taylor © 1986

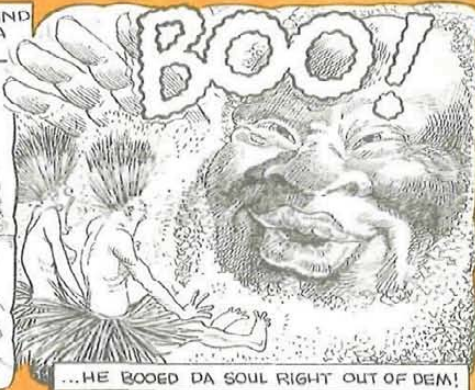
CHILDREN COME FROM MILES AROUND FOR A VISIT WITH EVERYONE'S FAVORITE STORYTELLER, UNCLE KUNTA. MOLLY AND TODD HAVE COME TO KNOW HIM AS A FRIEND AND MENTOR. LET'S LISTEN IN AND ENJOY ANOTHER GRAND TALE, AS UNCLE KUNTA TRIES TO ANSWER ONE OF LIFE'S MYSTERIES IN A STORY CALLED... "WHITE ROOTS"

cloud-captioned for the hearing impaired.



BUT YOU KNOW, DA GOOD LORD GOTTS A SENSE OF HUMOR, AND ONE DAY HE WAS A-LOOKIN' DOWN AND DECIDED TO HAVE HIM SOME FUN!

SO HE WAIT FOR A WHILE BEHIND DIS BIG OL' HILL, UNTIL A COUPLA FOLKS COME ALONG....



YES, SIR- DERE HAIR WENT STRAIGHT AND ALL DOSE PIGMENTS FLEW RIGHT OFF! DEN DEY STARTED TALKIN' FUNNY LIKE....

SO, CHILLUN, YOU SEE-INSIDE, EVERYONE BE JUS' DA SAME!



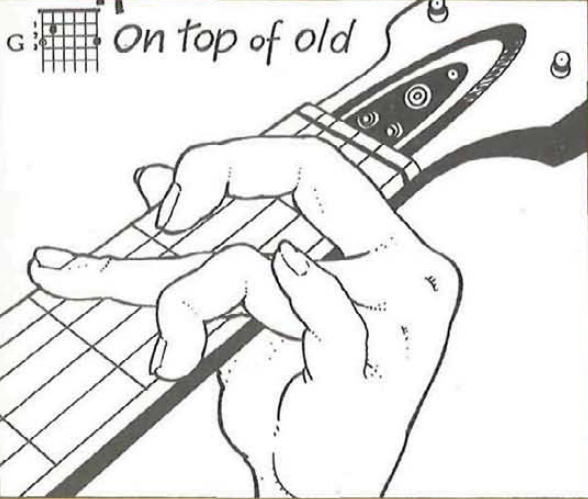



Easy guitar CHORD CHART

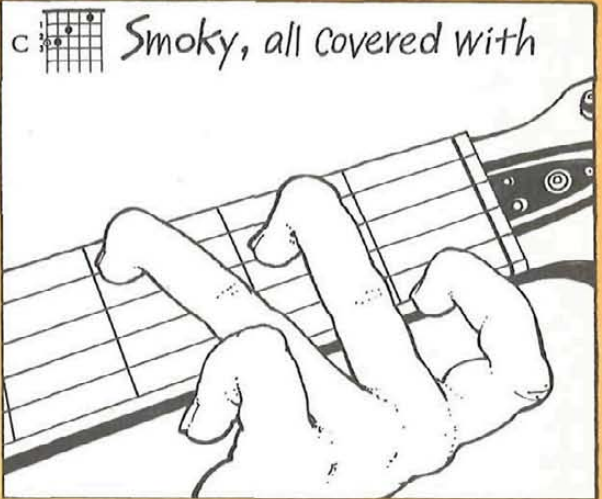
© 1986 M.K. BROWN




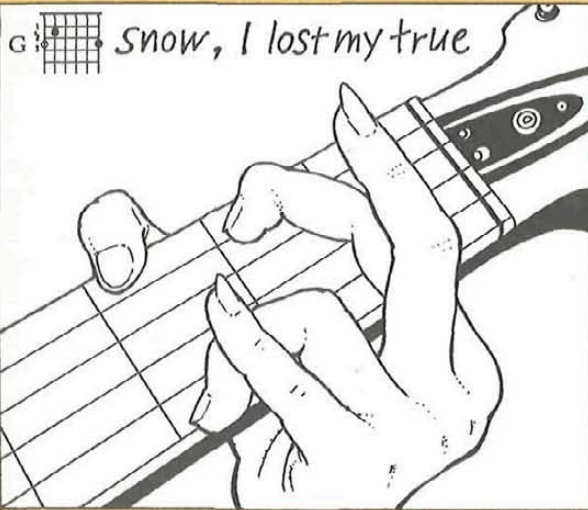
G:  On top of old




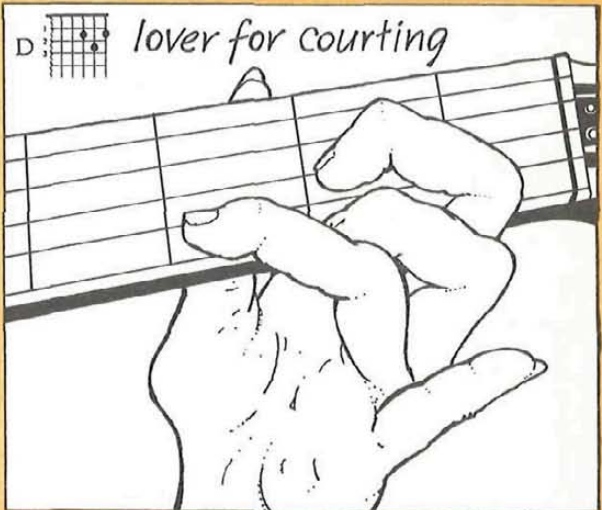
C:  Smoky, all covered with




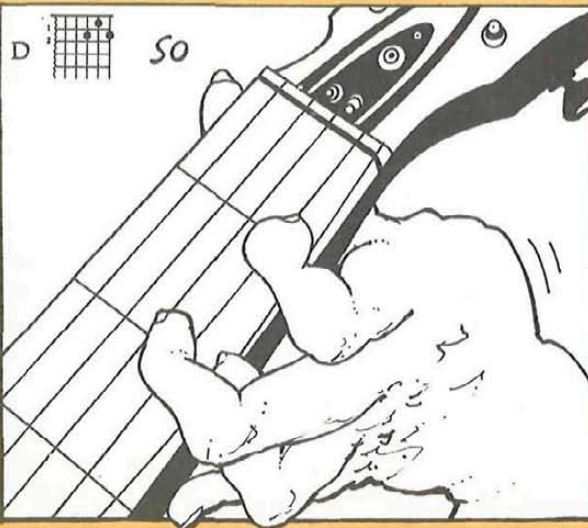
G:  snow, I lost my true




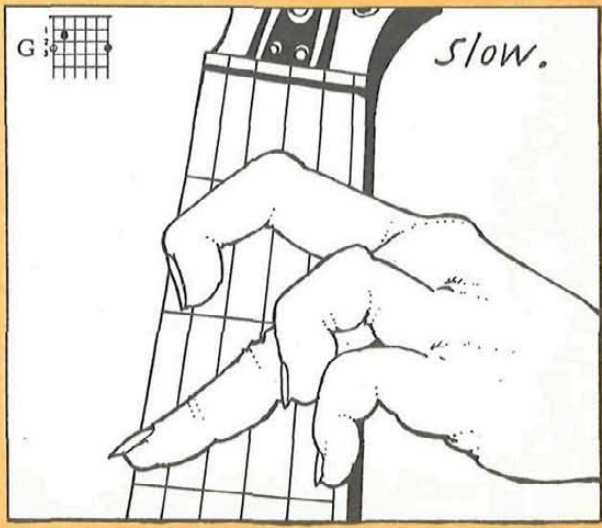
D:  lover for courting



D:  so



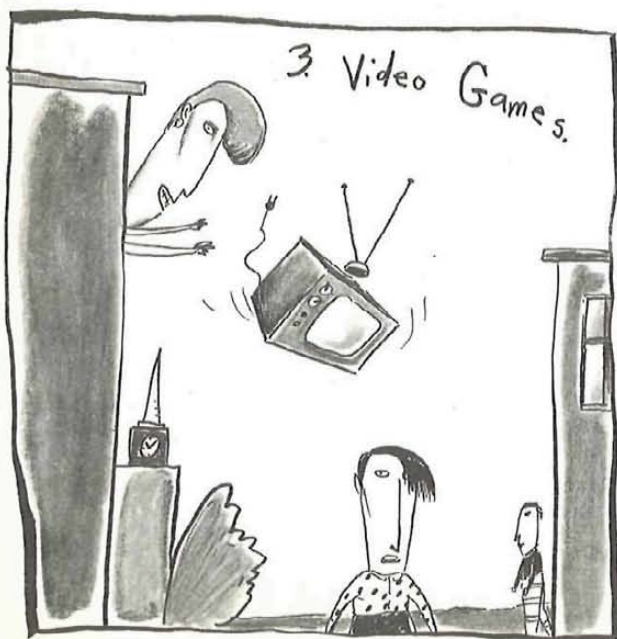
G:  slow.



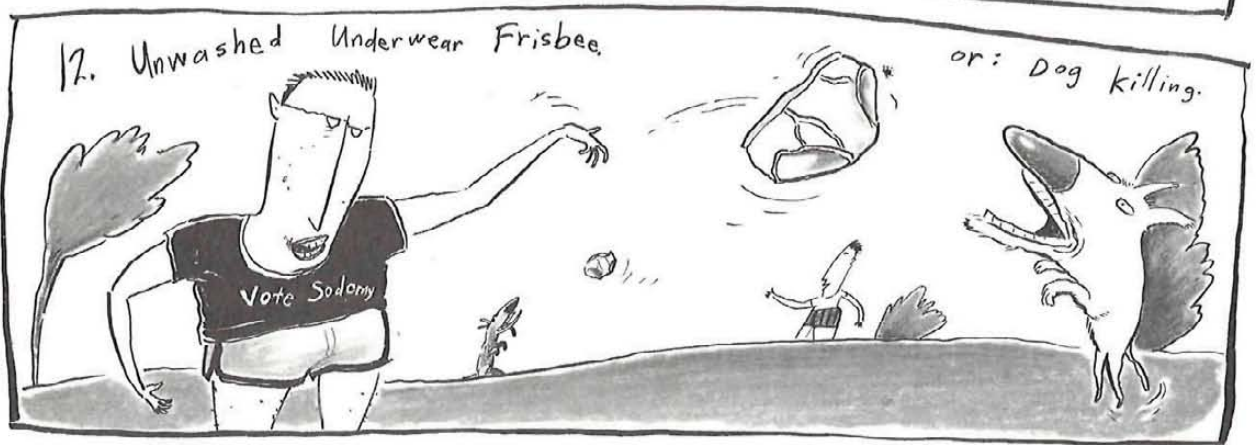
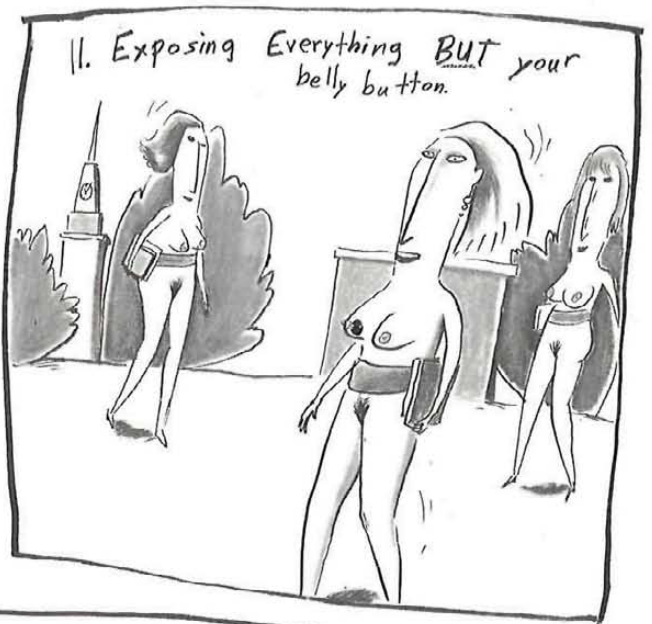
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College Fads '86

with aid from
mike
"puncher"
stanfill







THE POCKET POETS SERIES

HOWL II

AND OTHER POEMS

In the manner of

ALLEN GINSBERG

by **Endre Farkas and Ken Norris**

who hopped along Happy Trails with Roy, Dale, Bullet, and an unstuffed Trigger,
who were Kemo Sabeed by that Masked Man,
who fought savage redskins with long knives, thundersticks, forked tongues, and Rusty Rin Tin Tins,
who sent in box tops for parents like Ozzie & Harriet,
who were snapped, crackled, and popped for breakfast, Wonder Breaded for lunch, and TV dined for supper,
who wanted Spring Byington and Walter Brennan for grandparents but had to settle for old-country bubbes & zaides,
who saw Dick and Jane see Mom and Dad see Spot poop on Sally,
who left it to Beaver,
who passed air raid drills under desks with friendly phys ed teachers who preached the Godlessness of Dirty Commie Russkies and the importance of white socks and cold showers,
who, wearing towels and sisters' panties, leaped from chrome and Formica tabletops into Clearasiled puberty,
who, after watching Annette Funicello in Mouse ears, jerked off into their Mickey Mouse pajamas,
who sneaked into girls' washrooms to be aroused but were mystified by the Kotex vending machine instead,

I see the best-dressed minds of my g-g-generation, trendy, coked to the nose, hooked on Trivial Pursuit.
Driving their free-spirited BMWs through ghetto streets looking for the ideal cockroached flats to fix and flip.
Young Upwardly Mobile Urban Professionals yearning for the neo-nouvelle connection to the bottom lines of 2nd Debut encounters with the Third Wave of café-au-lait-colored mid-life Passages.

THE FIFTIES

who, Spocked, Seussed, and Pablumed, boomed after the second Boom Boom into the land of suburban split-level nurseries,
who were nursed on Lysol germ-free nipples and toilet trained by Captain Kangaroo,
who were Howdy Doodyed by Clarabell and Princess Summerfall Winterspring on plastic-covered couches while in the dens Father Knew Best with Donna Reed,
who always came home with Lassie, Lassie II, Timmy, Timmy II, and their puppies,

who bought Romance Comics for their philosophy, morality, and Frederick's of Hollywood ads,
who, wearing high heels for the first time, tripped descending Loretta Young's staircase,
who wanted Kookie's comb, Anka's shoulder, and Elvis's hips,
who, with soldered beehive hairdos, in itchy pink mohairs over bras stuffed with Kleenex and crinolined skirts over invincible girdles, went to the hop with crewcuts, Brylcreemed to their "little dab'll do ya," faces burnt by that something in the Aqua Velva and Lavoris-scrubbed breaths for the after at the lookout,
who danced chinos to taffeta to the crotch music of Elvis clones,
who, after the hop at the lookout, went so far but not past their reputations and wouldn't French or touch *it* because it was *icky*,
who begged for it and promised respect forever,
who, one Sunday night, watched "A REALLY BIG SHOE" starring Topo Gigio where John, Paul, George, and Ringo let down their hair and were never the same. Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

THE SIXTIES

- who knew that something was happening and so smoked rope and baked banana peels.
Mellow Yellow!
- who felt nothing, not even a buzz, as they contemplated the lint in their navels and the cosmic significance of the crack in the plaster.
Deep, Man! Deep.
- who gargled with Electric Kool-Aid and flossed with seaweed to greet the Age of Aquarius.
Hair, Baby!
- who breakfasted on near-risen bread, Alice B. Toklas cookies, and turnip tea.
Bliss Me Out!
- who bleached and patched their bell-bottoms, tie-dyed everything in sight, and grew weed and hair in and on anything that was organic.
Meatball!
- who turned on, tuned in, and dropped into the lotus position to watch the Greening of America in the horizontal patterns of color TVs.
Medium Cool, Man!
- who fringed their vests, joined the tribe, massaged the message, moved into the basements of the global village, and took trippy trips on the spaced ship Earth.
Far Out!
- who heard it through the boycotted lettuce, pickles, onions, mustard, ketchup, relish, and grapevine.
Right Off!

4

- who boogied in the strobe lights of the Fillmore East and West at the same time.
Like Oh Wow!
- who, granny glassed, Fu Manchued, love beaded, sandalwooded, and hash oiled, lay zapped on matted floors in Day-Glo rooms lit by black lights and listened to the Doors through the walls.
Dy...na...mite!
- who dropped out for a semester, graduated to the bed of Mrs. Robinson, hitchhiked down Highway 61 to a commune to commune in cosmic group sex in fields where blackflies bit alternative asses.
Bummer!
- who went macrobiotic, eating tofu burgers at Veggie Kings, drinking chicory cola at the Karma Kafe, and night after night experienced oneness with alfalfa sprouts, garbanzo beans, milkweed soup, smashed millets, 20-grain bread, and endless blissed brown rice.
Yin Yang!
- who named their homebirthed children Apricot, Melody, Harmony, Soft Radish, Avocado, Frodo, Compost, Solar Power, and God.
Groovy!

5

- who formed New Age daycares which emphasized candle making, sun dialing, metric numerology, astrology, dowsing, and dealing.
Summerhill!
- who lost their virginity at least twice at be-ins and found their innocence at sit-ins for free speech, free love, and free toilets.
Peace & Love!
- who, returning from Tijuana in their VW vans, got busted for a liter of patchouli oil.
A Drag, Man!
- who sang "You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant" in two-part harmony by himself, wearing a dress, and still got drafted.
Ho Chi Minh!
- who enlisted in the Peace Core and volunteered to work in Tangiers on the Marrakesh Express.
Good Shit!
- who didn't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blew in Canada.
Far Fucking Cold!
- who, by burning their bras, freed their breasts, raised our consciousness, liberated personkind, and titillated pigs.
Ms!
- who, California Dreaming, vibrated Big Sur, beaded Haight-Ashbury, and flew to Woodstock in their paisley flower-powered astral planes.
Keep On Truckin'!

6

- who threw the I Ching to learn of the *Difficulty at the Beginning* of mastering the Frisbee.
Good Vibrations!
- who, in Mao caps, Che Guevara beards, and macramé pants, did t'ai chi, do in, kung fu, and stretch mark charts under the guidance of Ra Bi Bum Krep La.
Om!
- who, like dig it, like it's cool, man, like WOW!, like Dynamite!, like I mean the yin and the yang of it felt so groovy in the twelfth chakra; like I mean it's like far fucking out; like I mean had a new explanation.
Like Yeah!
- who shaved their heads and dabbed on enlightened pigeon shit and chanted for Krishna, the Maharishi, the Mahariji, the New York Mets, and the Consciousness of Cash.
Hare! Hare!
- who found the meaning of the universe in Zen and the Art of New Age Enterprising and opened up a chain of boutiques specializing in used mantras.
- who went rolfling for the weekend and never came back, leaving behind water pipes, Sgt. Pepper uniforms, and scratched copies of *Magical Mystery Tour*, and actualized in singles bars wearing coke spoons on gold chains and dancing to the sound of Donna Summer.

7

THE SEVENTIES

who smoked extra-long, extra-thin, extra-mild cigarettes, cigarettes, cigarettes and between sincere drags asked, "What's your sign?, what's your sign?, what's your sign?"

who cruised discos looking for the Unisex connection and anyone to go home with and went and left no meaningful phone numbers behind.

who encountered in sport boutiques, searching for their primal matching head and wrist bands; in tanning tanks, absorbing rays of instant sensitivity; in exclusive racquet clubs, releasing deeply felt sweat; and in lean cuisines, making meaningful contact with cottage cheese.

who jogged through the invisible Wall, seeking the visionary running shoe.

8

who revealed their honesty by opening their hearts and shirts to the navel.

who devoured *The Joy of Sexual Celibacy*, *I'm OK, You're So-So*, and *How to Be Your Only Best Friend*.

who breakfasted on designer croissants, Art Nouveau orange juice, and personally blended, decaffeinated cappuccinos.

who took meetings on water beds filled with Perrier.

who came out of tacky closets and stepped into divine steam baths.

who found their love in tennis.

who had their philosophy shaped by Vidal Sassoon.

who, because the cosmos vibrated on the beaches of Club Med, went and returned with the absolute tan and a fear of herpes, and decided to get married and serious about their careers.

9

THE EIGHTIES

What icon of paper and gold opened our eyes and captured our imagination?

MONEY!

Aesthetically decoupage, *Interior Designed*, and smartly dressed at the trendiest laundromat.

MONEY!

Color coordinated.

MONEY!

The crushed-velvet safe of happiness.

MONEY!

Whose fronts are sandblasted.

MONEY!

Whose presence is custom-designed.

MONEY!

Whose mind is pure cocaine!

MONEY!

Whose blood is Pernod.

MONEY!

Whose breasts are fashionably lifted and separated.

MONEY!

Whose ears are tastefully pierced in at least four places per lobe.

10

MONEY

Whose vice is Miami.

MONEY!

Whose eyes are shaded by de rigueur sunglasses.

MONEY!

Whose lofts lie over trust funds.

MONEY!

Whose boutiques move from trendy, to trendier, to trendiest, to trendiester locale overnight.

MONEY!

Whose love is a merging relationship.

MONEY!

Whose soul is golf.

MONEY!

Whose absence is managed by SHAME, SHAMER & SHAMEST Ass.

MONEY!

Whose name is MINE!

MINE! Multiple monogrammed bank accounts.

MINE! Bill Blass-designed portfolios.

MINE! Lakefront tax shelters.

11

Jimi Hendrix: We're with you in spirit
every time we have an acid flashback in aerobics
class
every time we're at Reagan rallies and hear "The
Star-Spangled Banner"
every time we are in bedrooms and boardrooms an-
swering the question "Are you experienced?"
every time we walk along Wall Street hoping that
there is some kind of way into here.

Janis Joplin: We're with you in spirit
every time you come over the radio of our Mercedes-
Benz
every time in our offices where freedom is just an-
other contract we can't afford to lose
every time we put aside our lovers' designer ball and
chain and try a new deodorant
every time we're in divorce courts where the lawyers
take another piece of our portfolios, baby.

12

Jim Morrison: We're with you in spirit
every time we're in Bloomingdale's declaring "We
want the world and we want it charged"
every time we're in our condos, in our nouvelle cui-
sines, stalking the white asparagus, and are about to
light our Jenn-Air fires
every time we're in hot tubs with strange L.A. women
interfacing our software
every time we take our gecko lizards for a soft parade
every time we put on our English Leather.

John Lennon: We're with you in spirit
every time we imagine our penthouse above heaven
every time we know that everyone's got something to
hide except me and my accountant
every time we're at the Exchange and see the Board
"Oh Boy" show our stocks bullish
every time we're at a terraced café with Michelle,
who's middle management at Ma Bell, and Lucy,
who wants real diamonds, and who are always say-
ing "Give sushi a chance"
every time, after a hard day's night of freebasing, we
put on our Walkman, recline on our futons, and lis-
ten to *Rubber Soul*.

13

Yuppie! Yuppie! Yuppie! Yuppie! Yuppie!
The thinning hair is Yuppie!
The Oil of Oyvay is Yuppie!
The collapsed nose is Yuppie!
The discerning palate is Yuppie!
The tennis elbow is Yuppie!
The shin splint is Yuppie!
The white Swan soft ass is Yuppie!

Quality time spent stripping furniture is Yuppie!
Quality time spent assembling compact hi-fi video
discs is Yuppie!
Quality time spent at bonsai lectures is Yuppie!
Quality time spent programming is Yuppie!
Quality time spent buying quality is Yuppie!
Quality time is Yuppie!

14

Yuppie Eldridge Cleaver!
Yuppie Abbie Hoffman!
Yuppie Jerry Rubin!
Yuppie Jane Fonda!
Yuppie Baby Boomer!
Yuppie us!

Yuppie God who art in a Ralph Lauren shirt
well-known may your products be
Lead us into temptations
and deliver us from hard times and bad taste
Forever and ever
Yuppie!

15

BACK TO SCHOOL

continued from page 58

what Rodney told me. An intellectual ferment. I create a ferment in a saloon, not a salon. So did Rodney when he was alive and normal. They were all taking the poor guy for a ride. They let him talk at these little parties and actually clapped when he came up with a half-assed idea. "Hear! Hear!" they would say. Or "Well done, Rodney!" And Rodney swallowed it all like a milk shake. They gave him more books to read. He was reading and studying night and day. I myself explored the pleasures of college girls as far as humanly possible. I went from fraternity parties to cheerleaders to the girls' volleyball team to the drama club, the modern dance society, the music groups, the Hebrew Club, and even the girls' basketball team.

One night, after a heavy session with a power forward and a point guard, I bought some Chinese takeout food back to the dorm. I always get very hungry after heavy sex. Rodney was buried in a book, so I didn't disturb him. I ate my snack, some egg rolls, spareribs, and fried rice, and went to bed. I was zonked out in a minute.

Suddenly I felt myself lifted out of bed, out of my sleep, and dragged to the floor. It was Rodney. He was screaming at me.

"Look! Look at what you're doing to the floor!" he said.

I looked at the floor and saw some fried rice grains, maybe a few egg roll crumbs.

"You can't even eat like a civilized person. This is disgusting!"

"A few crumbs?"

"A few crumbs?" he said. "Do you know what a few crumbs mean to a cockroach? They mean a month's worth of meals!"

He was off on one of his Mr. Clean lectures. The rice and the egg roll crumbs were the last straw; he couldn't put up with my sloppiness anymore. It was worse than *The Odd Couple*. He reminded me that my dirty laundry was always on top of his homework or under his pillow, and the sink was always full of my hair. And my eating habits made him crazy.

Rodney himself was never without a book in one hand and his Dustbuster in the other. He was always swooping around sucking up invisible dust. Nothing was safe. He was Rambo with a vacuum cleaner. He walked around saying, "If dirt is a disease, then I'm the cure." Once he Dustbusted my sheets while I was still in bed fucking someone.

This time he really lit into me—Tish was right, I was a know-nothing slob, an animal. He never should have befriended me. He wanted me out, the bet was off. I was a bad influence. He finished his speech, turned around, and suddenly fainted. I brought him around in a minute, but he didn't look good. I called the doctor. He examined Rodney on the spot and said that Rodney was on the verge of a physical and mental breakdown. The signs were obvious. He had lost a lot of weight because he was so busy studying that he didn't bother eating much. He had extreme hypertension, vitamin deficiencies, dizzy spells, and nausea. His immune system was being taxed to the limit. He could catch anything.

The doctor prescribed complete bed

rest; a lot of medication, vitamin shots, and a special diet for at least a month. Rodney's eyes nearly rolled out of his head: the final exams. He had to take the finals or he'd fail. "What final exams?" I asked. "The ones we're taking tomorrow," he said. Jesus, I had completely forgotten about them.

The doctor said it was impossible, the strain of the exams would be too much. He looked around the room and guessed that Rodney was also suffering from what he called "intellectual overload." The wires of his brain were loosening. He said it happens to a lot of students who try to burn the midnight oil too many times, especially around final exam time.

I had hardly cracked a book or gone to a class all term. And poor Rodney was turning into a basket case. We were both going to flunk out if I didn't figure out something fast. We had to take the fucking tests, and somebody had to win that ten-thousand-dollar bet.

There was only one way to help Rodney get well fast. I had to transform him into the old Rodney, the Rodney I knew and loved. What I had to do was dangerous. It could cure him or kill him. But I had to take the chance or he might die of disappointment.

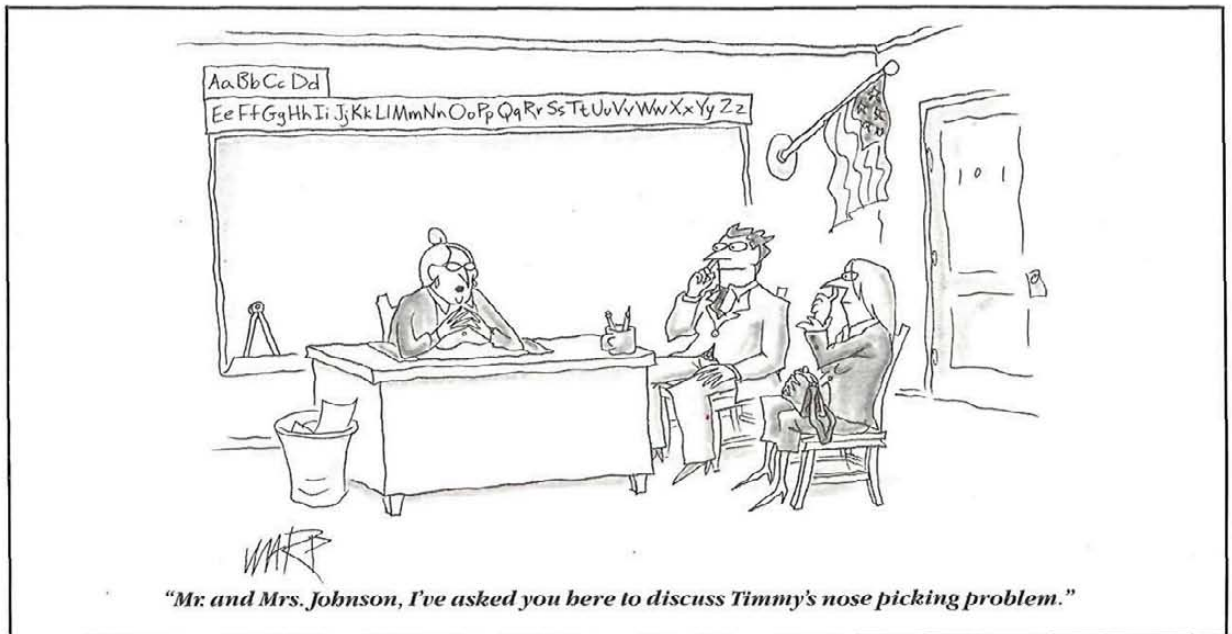
"Rodney, I'm going to put you on a life support system and an oxygen tent," I said.

"Jesus, Bern, I'm really dying."

"No, just the opposite. You're going to live again. You're going to be in the life support system with Brenda and the oxygen tent with Cindy."

I explained that he was going to get laid. It was the newest medical cure for nervous breakdowns, right from the

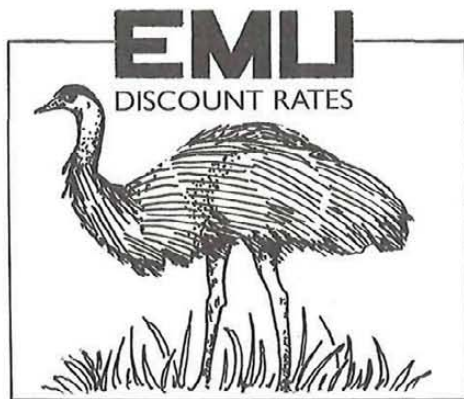
continued on page 75



"Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, I've asked you here to discuss Timmy's nose picking problem."

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Entertainment Tonight School is pleased to announce the following course offerings for the fall semester. Enrollment is limited. Each of our celebrity instructors has prepared a syllabus to better acquaint new and returning students with the scope and requirements of each course. As an added bonus, all our instructors will hand out autographed photos at the end of the school term.

Modern Dance 10 T Th 11:00-12:30

"The Importance of Grace and Poise"

Instructor: Hulk Hogan

I dare you to show up in this class-to-the-death extravaganza! You're too scared to show up. I showed up at Harvard, but you chickened out! I was there at M.I.T. for the Tag Team Logical Positivist Seminarmania, but you were nowhere to be found. But now I'm coming after you! I'll drag you into the class by a hank of your hair, then I'm going to make you watch me perform—and you are going to learn something. It won't be like at Oxford and the Attic Drama Symposiumania when you failed to show up, and it won't be like the Stanford Grudge Thesis, when I finished a doctoral dissertation in two hours, in a cage, with one hand tied behind my back. This time I mean business. You'll see Albanian Death Grips, bone-crushing scissor holds, and the Sicilian Slap of Shame, in which I reduce you to a quivering mound of lily-livered flesh. And when you walk out of this classroom, you *will* know how to dance, or die trying.

Music 480 M W F 2:00-3:00

"The Genesis of Phil Collins"

Instructor: Peter Gabriel

In this course we will analyze the rise to fame of that balding, portly, tone-deaf, money-grabbing, tune-stealing, Caucasoidal Lionel Richian, Ramada Inn-esque, flatulent, put-your-little-tiny-jacket-back-on, throw-in-a-sax-solo, insou-sou-sou-sou-ciant Phil Collins.

Home Economics 500 T Th 3:30-5:00

"Make a Mint by Being Nice to Kids"

Instructor: Dr. William H. "Bill" Cosby, Ph.D.

I think I know how to spell cash: C-A-asharasha! A-ha-ha. Huh? That's not right? How about C-A-booga-rooga? A-ha-ha. Let me try it in a whisper. Come close so you can hear me. A little bit closer. C-A-hominamomina! A-ha-ha. You know what? I think you've got a cherry on your nose. I'm not kidding. Right there on your nose. A-ha-ha. Yeah, uh-huh. A-ha-ha. How about C-A-I-got-Jell-O-on-my-nose? A-ha-ha.

Advertising 600 Any time, any place

"Bob 'Your Name Here' Hope and His Commercial Appeal"

Instructor: Bob "Sammy Davis Jr. University" Hope

Hi, this is Bob "I Sell Anything" Hope, coming to you live from wherever we are now, here to answer the question: Why would an eighty-something-year-old man, the richest guy in California, be shilling for Texaco and just about any other company that can afford me? Oh, and that other question: Why do I insist on putting the company's name in my own, like it was my middle name? And that other question: Do people really think that the products I endorse are any good just because I used to be funny a long time ago, or because I have this patriotic aura around me from performing in the line of fire? And another question: Who will be my guests in this class? Why, we'll have Mac Davis, Brooke Shields, six former Miss Americas, and the Marine Corps Band. Be here with me, Bob "I Need Bigger Cue Cards" Hope, for my advertising course, my upcoming NBC special, and don't forget that I'll be performing at the Winnepesaukee Dinner Theater in Grand Rapids on the third, fourth, and fifth of this month.

Art 001 M W F 9:00-10:00

"The Poetry of Giant Sofa-Sized Paintings on Velvet"

Instructor: Rod McKuen

Coinciding with a renewed interest in my poetry, there has been a revival in sentimental paintings on velvet. And with this aesthetic revival have come questions: How big is the average sofa, so I can make sure my paintings are large enough? Why is a crying hobo-clown so much more pitiable than, say, a Bozo-like clown? How come a sorrowful, saucer-eyed puppy dog brings tears to my eyes while a sorrowful, saucer-eyed frog leaves me feeling empty? We will explore the answers to these and other questions. In addition, I will show you how velvet artists take advantage of dead cult heroes (Elvis Presley with a tear on his cheek; James Dean looking heavenward, with the hand of the Lord reaching down to him; a lachrymose John F. Kennedy, whose eyes seem to follow you about the room) and how they create a seascape using only the colors orange and green.

Black Studies 50 T Th 3:30-5:00

"Sloganeering in the Civil Rights Movement"

Instructor: The Reverend Jesse Jackson

The time is now/and I'll tell you how/you will learn/that Burn, Baby, Burn/is just a phrase/from older days/and now we know/that we must grow/because we want (we want)/publicity (publicity)/we want (we want)/publicity (publicity)./Say it./We want (we want)/publicity (publicity)./It's time for us/to be at the front of the bus/no stones and sticks/in politics. Does that make sense?/Can't pay those rents?/If I couldn't rhyme/I'd be a mime/because mimes can't talk/but I won't balk./They break our backs/and my voice cracks/with emotion/to cause commotion. I'd like to be (I'd like to be)/like Dr. King (like Dr. King)/but I never will (but I never will)/I ain't got that zing (I ain't got that zing)/I'll never be (you'll never be)/like Dr. King.

Sociology 17(A) M W F 10:00-11:00

"It's So Sad What Drugs Are Doing to Our Young People"

Instructor: Nancy Reagan

Philosophy 741 T Th 11:00-12:00

"Interesting Things"

Instructor: Emo Philips

Theater Arts 711 W 9:00-12:00

"Shakespearean Tragedy"

Instructor: Robert Blake

Criminology 911 Saturday night, around 11:00 or so

"Cops Are Too Rad for Words"

Instructor: Don Johnson

Political Science 0 6:30 A.M. sharp, every day, including Saturdays

"Commie Bastards Must Die"

Instructor: Pat Buchanan, director of White House communications

Engineering 1776 M W F 2:00-3:00

"Auto Shop with Guts"

Instructor: Lee Iacocca

Physical Education 5 Saturday afternoon

"How to Fail 26 Courses and Still Graduate"

Instructor: Len Bias, future basketball star

BACK TO SCHOOL

continued from page 72

Mayo Clinic. So I got it all arranged with the girls. They were only too glad to help.

The girls were wonderful with Rodney. They handled him with tender loving care. I cried when I saw him slowly coming to life. I saw color coming back to his cheeks and his eyes starting to pop like the Rodney of old. The treatment was working. The last squirt of oxygen put the finishing touch on it. Rodney squealed with joy.

The girls bathed him and gave him a light massage. Then he ordered a ton of Chinese food, lit up a cigar, and smiled like a Buddha.

"How about a crack at those cheerleaders, Bern?"

"No! No! That's taking the cure a bit too far," I said.

He was okay, he was fine, he was going to take the finals and pass with flying colors. Now I had my own problem. How the fuck could I pass? The only person who could help me at this late date was my sworn enemy. I sighed and realized what I had to do. I didn't have my normal confidence for this kind of seduction. In fact, I was scared.

Even though it was late, Dean Adams was still working in her office. She was alone. I walked in and confronted her. I told her what had happened to Rodney and she got very pale, very upset. She jumped up and wanted to go to him. I told her that he had recovered completely. She didn't believe me. I dialed our room and got Rodney to talk to her. He assured her he was okay. She looked worried. She said he didn't sound right—he was very flip, almost a wise guy. I was happy to hear that. Her spell over Rodney was broken.

I told her how Rodney had been cured and she gave me one of her drop-dead looks. I told her that it could do a lot for

her as well. It could cure whatever it was that ailed her. She couldn't believe what I was saying. I almost couldn't believe it either.

Just by coincidence I saw a bunch of final exams on her desk. They looked like our exams. I tried to reach for one without her seeing me, but she did. In a split second I found myself flying through the air, hitting the opposite wall. I got up. I wasn't dead but it felt like I had a lot of flesh wounds. The woman must have been a black belt in everything.

"I'm a *very* modern woman, if you know what I mean," she said.

She was a head taller than me, outweighed me by twenty pounds and could probably kill me with her pinkie. I felt like a schmucky hero in those movies, facing the all-time karate champ. Except I had no gun or even a blunt instrument.

"Gee, are you sure you wouldn't want to try a little hanky-panky? Maybe a little moofky-foofky?" I said.

That kind of cutesy approach got me a swift kick in the crotch that paralyzed me. I looked down to see if my crotch was still there. It was, but barely.

"Look," I said, "I'll be honest with you. You're a handsome woman. You look like you've got a great body, and I happen to be the best fucker in the world. It's as simple as that. You can ask anyone on the campus. I'll even give you references... a résumé. I got endorsements from everybody—from Liz Taylor to Margaret Thatcher. All races, all religions. It's not a boast. I'm a living legend. And do you know something? I think you're very attracted to me and you don't want to admit it. It's a love-hate thing, right?"

She smiled for the first time like a normal human being. "Maybe I have been a little harsh on you," she said. "Why don't you take your clothes off so I can see that legendary organ of yours? I've heard about it."

I was still in pain, but I wiggled out of my pants and started to pull my polo shirt over my head. That was when she

hit me again. The Big One. The chop across the head while the face was hidden by the polo shirt. I was nearly out cold.

She stood over me like a fucking giant. I gave up. She'd won. One more shot at trying to seduce her and I would be dead. I had finally met my match.

"You're a hell of a woman, Tish," I said.

I had nothing to lose anymore, so I did a crazy, stupid thing. I reached up under her dress and grabbed her bush before she could react. Except I didn't feel a bush. It was something big and familiar. I jumped back and so did she. Jesus H. Christ. Tish wasn't really Tish. She wasn't even a woman. No wonder I had had such a hard time. She was a transvestite.

"No one knows, right, Tish?"

She tried to act cool, but she was rattled.

"I don't want to make any trouble," I said. "Your secret is safe with me forever. I don't want any blackmail money. All I want are those final exams for a couple of minutes. I want to copy them."

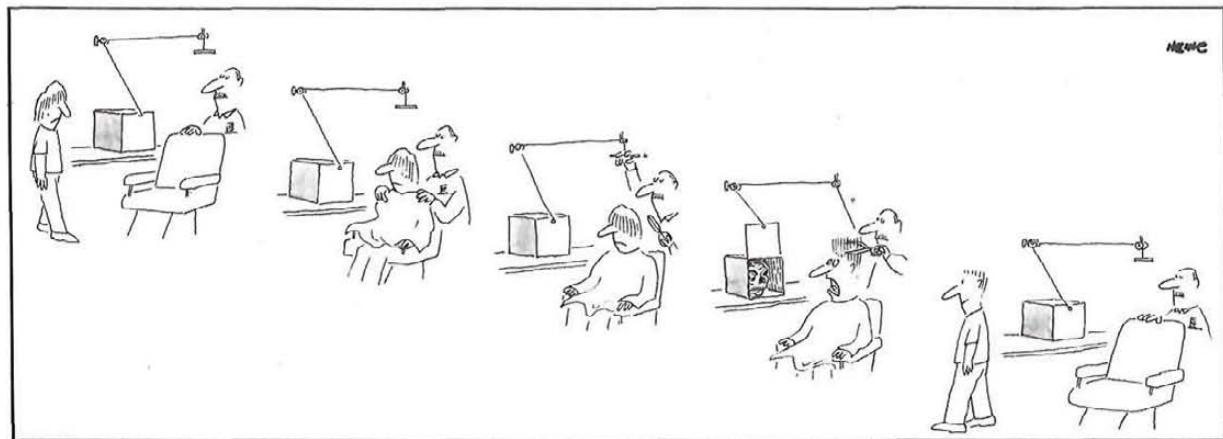
I found the ones I needed and copied them quickly. Tish didn't move.

"It's a tradeoff. No one will ever know. Your career is safe."

The next day Rodney and I took the finals, and we both did good. I didn't want to look too suspicious, so I got mostly B's. Rod did better. He got mostly A's. I'd wanted him to win. It meant a lot more to him, especially if he was going to continue in school. I wrote him a check for ten thousand even though it might bounce. He tore it up and gave me a big hug.

"Don't be a putz, Bern," he said. "I love you. I can't take your money. You saved my life. Now that the worst is over I'm ready for those cheerleaders."

He gave me his patented Rodney look. This time I hugged him. We walked off into the night like Humphrey Bogart and Claude Rains in the last scene of *Casablanca*. It was the start of a beautiful friendship. ■



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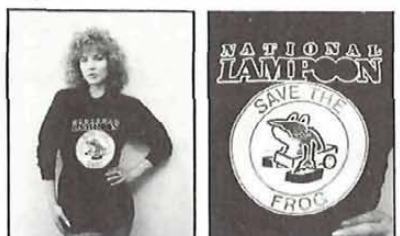


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SHOCKING WORD

continued from page 44

Finn, talks about the slave Jim. Why, after reading this book, many of my students wonder if they should even *talk* to a black person, let alone extend him a lucrative job offer and let him move into the suburbs."

"You think Finn is a racist, then?"

"Absolutely."

"Thank you, Mr. Hobbes. Prosecutor, your witness."

Atticus rose but did not approach the bench. From behind the table he said, "Mr. Hobbes, has anyone ever called you a mealy-mouthed knee-jerk liberal with the intelligence of a tampon?"

"Yes, sir. Many times."

"No more questions, Your Honor."

Hobbes stepped down, attempted to pass out bumper stickers to the audience, and was promptly thrown out of court.

"Your Honor," Fanbelt said, "I'd like to call Huckleberry Finn to the stand."

"Whatta ya want with me? I got no truck with you," Huck said, approaching the bench.

"Tell me, Mr. Finn," Fanbelt said after he was sworn in, "do you think you're a racist?"

"I don't reckon I know what one is," said Huckleberry.

"Well, let me put it this way. How often do you use the word 'nigger'?" Everyone in the courtroom looked around uneasily for an angry black face. "It's okay," Fanbelt said, "there are none here."

"About as often as I think of them. I guess."

"About as often as you think of who?"

"Niggers, you saphead."

"And in your book how often do you use the word?"

"Every time I talk about Jim."

"Jim, the slave who was owned by Miss Watson?"

"That's right."

"And what exactly did you think of Jim?"

"I thought he was a good nigger."

A lady in the jury screamed. Huckleberry looked at her sympathetically. "Really, ma'am, there's good niggers and bad ones. Honest."

"Thank you, Mr. Finn, that's all."

Atticus wasted no time with Huck.

"Son, every time you refer to Jim or his people, you call him a nigger. Why is that?"

"What do you want me to call him, an elephant?"

"No, no," said Atticus, who paused for a moment. "Have you ever heard the word 'Negro'?"

"No, sir."

"Have you ever heard the word 'Afro-American'?"

"No, I surely haven't."

"How about a man like Jim referred to

as a black?"

"No, sir."

"As far as you're concerned, everybody calls them niggers?"

"Everybody I know. Even the niggers."

"Did you help Jim to escape, knowing you could be hanged for doing so?"

"Yes, sir."

"And at that time, did you not treat him in an uncommonly good manner, especially for a Southern boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Because I learned Jim was a good man. I even learned that he missed his family."

"And that surprised you?"

"Oh yes, sir. I was brought up believin' that niggers didn't have any feelings at all."

"Before you left with Jim, what did you think of colored people?"

"I didn't think of them."

"Tell me what you learned on your trip down the river."

"I grew to see that slavery jes' wasn't right. Niggers have feelin's and worries jes' like anyone else. I felt sorry for Jim. He helped me. He wouldn'ta done a thing to hurt me. I reckon I thought niggers were just shifty and lazy as dogs before I went down the river. But Jim become a friend to me."

"And so on your trip down the river, much like a trip down the river of life, you, a young boy, learned to respect and understand a man like Jim?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Thank you, Huckleberry. You may step down."

The next witness that Fanbelt called to the stand was Holden Caulfield. He was sixteen, tall, rangy, thin, and sneering.

"I hope that he doesn't want to talk about *my* sex life, for chrissake," Caulfield said, "because there won't be very much to talk about."

Fanbelt murmured, "We're going to have trouble with this one" under his breath and approached the stand. "Good morning, Mr. Caulfield," he said.

"That just kills me, if you really want to know the truth," Caulfield said to the judge. "I'm on trial for being me, if I lose I'll be banished for eternity, and this phony says 'Good morning.' Good morning. I really get a charge out of that."

"Mr. Caulfield," Fanbelt continued, "would you say that you're a well-adjusted young man? Set a good example for others?"

"Set a good example for others? I don't even set a good example for *oysters*, for chrissake. It's *certainly* not like I wrote the book as a goddamn guide for young people."

"And why *did* you write the book?"

"I wrote it because I needed dough, for chrissake."

"You have a vocabulary that leaves much to be desired, both in person and in your book, Mr. Caulfield," Fanbelt said, leaning closer. "Do you think you have a problem with society?"

"I think society has plenty of problems, but I don't think that *I'm* one of them. Boy, do I get a bang out of that. Civil liberties are abused every day, poor people can't live, there are murderers and rapists all over the country, and *I'm* a problem to society." He looked at the judge and said, "This guy really gives me a royal pain in the ass, if you really want to know."

"Well, let me ask you this—why is it that you didn't study and do well in school?" asked Fanbelt.

"If I knew *that*, I would have studied," he said, exasperatedly rolling his eyes.

"Do you believe in God?"

"Sure, I guess I do. But I don't believe in lawyers who have 'Jesus Saves' on their belt buckle."

"Mr. Caulfield, I think you're nothing but a juvenile delinquent in writer's clothing."

"And if you ask me, you're nothing but an ambulance chaser in Woolworth's clothing."

"Why, you nasty little fuck—"

Atticus was up in a flash. "Objection, Your Honor."

The judge agreed. "Objection sustained. I must ask the prosecutor to watch his language."

Caulfield, looking at the judge, pointed a finger at Fanbelt. "And where did he get that quote—from 'Porninthians'?" he said.

"Ah, excuse me, Your Honor," Fanbelt hastily said. "Your witness, Counselor."

Atticus approached the stand. "Mr. Caulfield," Atticus said, leaning on the banister, "I would like to ask you how old you are."

"I'm sixteen, sir."

"Sixteen," he repeated contemplatively.

"I just said that."

"Yes, so you did... Holden, why do you think your book is so popular?"

"It certainly beats the *hell* out of *me!*"

"Do you think it could be because many people have felt the same way that you did at certain times in their lives?"

"Not any of the morons *I* went to school with."

"Do you think that you've served as a role model for anyone else?"

"No."

"Well, I hate to tell you, son," he said, "but I don't think that you have either." He laid his hand paternally on Holden's shoulder. Caulfield knocked it away.

"What *are* you, some kind of flit or something?" Caulfield yelled.

"No, I'm not. But I don't think you're someone that the average person actually looks up to. We read your book, we

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laugh, we may even agree with many of the passages. But we don't find your position an enviable one. The book does not teach us to rebel against society."

"I don't think it teaches anyone to do a goddamn thing," he said.

"Thank you, son, you may step down."

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury," said R. B. Famboldt, delivering his final address, "I'm not going to tell you what decision to make regarding the excrement seated before you. All of you are good Christians, and all of you rely heavily on God to help with the decisions that you make each day. We trust in Jesus. Jesus never leads us astray.

"And you can bet that Jesus sure as hell wants these three out. Therefore the question is put before you: Do you put an end to the senseless smut that these people have promulgated, or do you let this work of the devil live forever, knowing that when you die you too will burn in hell because you let them live? The decision is yours.

"God bless you, and thank you."

All eyes were on Atticus as he approached the jury. They sat tight-lipped and still as fence posts. The courtroom was silent, the tension nearly unbearable. Each of the jurors thought the same thing as he watched this obviously great man: each wondered if anybody had ever told him he looked just like Gregory Peck.

He crossed his arms and paced slowly in front of them. "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury," he said, "consider what you have seen.

"You have seen before you a girl in hiding, who relied on her diary to express her innermost thoughts. The more explicit parts, if you can call them that, are, in fact, very common. By today's standards they're mild. And as for her relationship with her mother, what child hasn't argued with her parents as Anne has?

"As for Mr. Finn, he is *not* a racist. To the contrary: what he knew about blacks came from his elders. He discovered, on his own and away from society, that what he had heard were lies. He is, in fact, an abolitionist, and a humanitarian. A decent, moral person. Perhaps that's why Ernest Hemingway said that all American fiction stems from this book... though he may also have said it because he was drunk.

"The same is also true of Holden Caulfield. Though he may have missed opportunities in his education, and though he may rant at society at large, he is hardly an evil person. His book reads more like a confession, so frank is he in admitting that what he did may not necessarily have been the right thing to do. But above all, it's important to remember that he's a likable person. People genuinely like him. He's witty,

intelligent, and deep. And if he sets an example, it's in maintaining those redeeming qualities.

"In view of the outrageous violence and pornography that is available to the public at large today, I find it very ironic that anyone would banish these people. They're merely misunderstood in the crazy world that we live in. It is your duty as members of a Democratic society to save these young people from destruction. Thank you."

"Have you reached a verdict?" the judge asked the head juror.

"We have, Your

Honor."

"And what is it?"

"Guilty as charged."

"Bailiff, bring all three defendants before me for sentencing," ordered the judge.

"Great, for chrissake," Caulfield said. "First I get dragged out of my book by an ugly cop who calls me 'chief,' and now I'm about to be banished forever. It certainly isn't one of my top ten days."

"Just one moment, son," said Atticus. "Were you read your rights?"

"What rights? You mean after all this, I have rights? Whatever they are, they're certainly gorgeous."

"Judge," said Atticus, "I move that the case be thrown out of court."

"And may I ask why?"

"You may, sir," said Atticus, straightening his tie. "The defendants were not told of their rights."

"What?"

"No, sir, they were not."

"Mr. Finn," the judge said, "what were you doing at the time you were apprehended?"

"I was going off to the country to live, Hon'able Judge. Them sheriffs drug me off."

"Did they tell you you have the right to remain silent?"

"They told me to come along or they'd

whop me behind the woodshed."

"Miss Frank?"

"I'd just finished an entry in my diary. What rights? I didn't know I *had* any."

"And where were you, Mr. Caulfield?"

"Goddamn sanitarium."

"Did the police officer inform you of your rights?"

"He said, 'Get in the goddamn car or we'll rough you up.' I pulled out a gun."

"Are you lying, Mr. Caulfield?"

"Yes, sir, I'm a terrible liar."

"But were you informed of your rights?"

"No, for chrissake!"

"It is my deep regret, but Mr. Finn is within reason. This case is officially thrown out of court." He added, "I would like to remind the defendants that, since they've been trapped in a book their whole lives, they'd better behave themselves now that they're out in the real world. R. B., you gambled and lost. Now that they're out they'll be making speeches and writing more books. I think you'd better let your literary characters stay in their books from now on. Case dismissed," he said, banging the gavel.

Famboldt, Hudson, Meese, and Dobson stormed out of the courtroom and roared off in white Cadillacs. The three defendants swarmed around Atticus and thanked him tearfully.

They decided to throw a celebration, all but Anne, who was afraid to come along.

Atticus smiled paternally. "Anne, you'll enjoy yourself. This is freedom. It's about time you lived."

"Well... where are you going?" she asked.

"A nice place on the other side of town," Atticus said, patting her head affectionately. "It's called Hernando's Hideaway."

Anne gleefully locked arms with Atticus and Huckleberry as they all strolled out the door. But not before she stole a glance at Holden's butt. ■



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Yes, the National Lampoon is 200 issues old, and many of the blithe spirits who have written and drawn and painted and doodled on the pages of the old Nat Lamp since 1970 will return with an all-new ANNIVERSARY ISSUE. Among your favorites in Nov-Dec (as we like to call it) will be Chris Miller, Jeff Greenfield, John Weidman, Al Jean and Michael Reiss, Rodrigues, Rick Meyerowitz, Sam Gross, Tony Hendra, and many other voices and pencils, and pens, and paintbrushes from the past and present.

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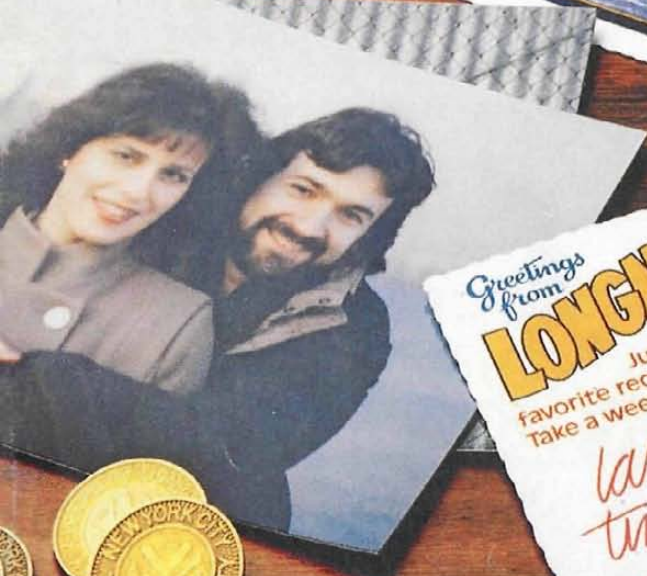
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