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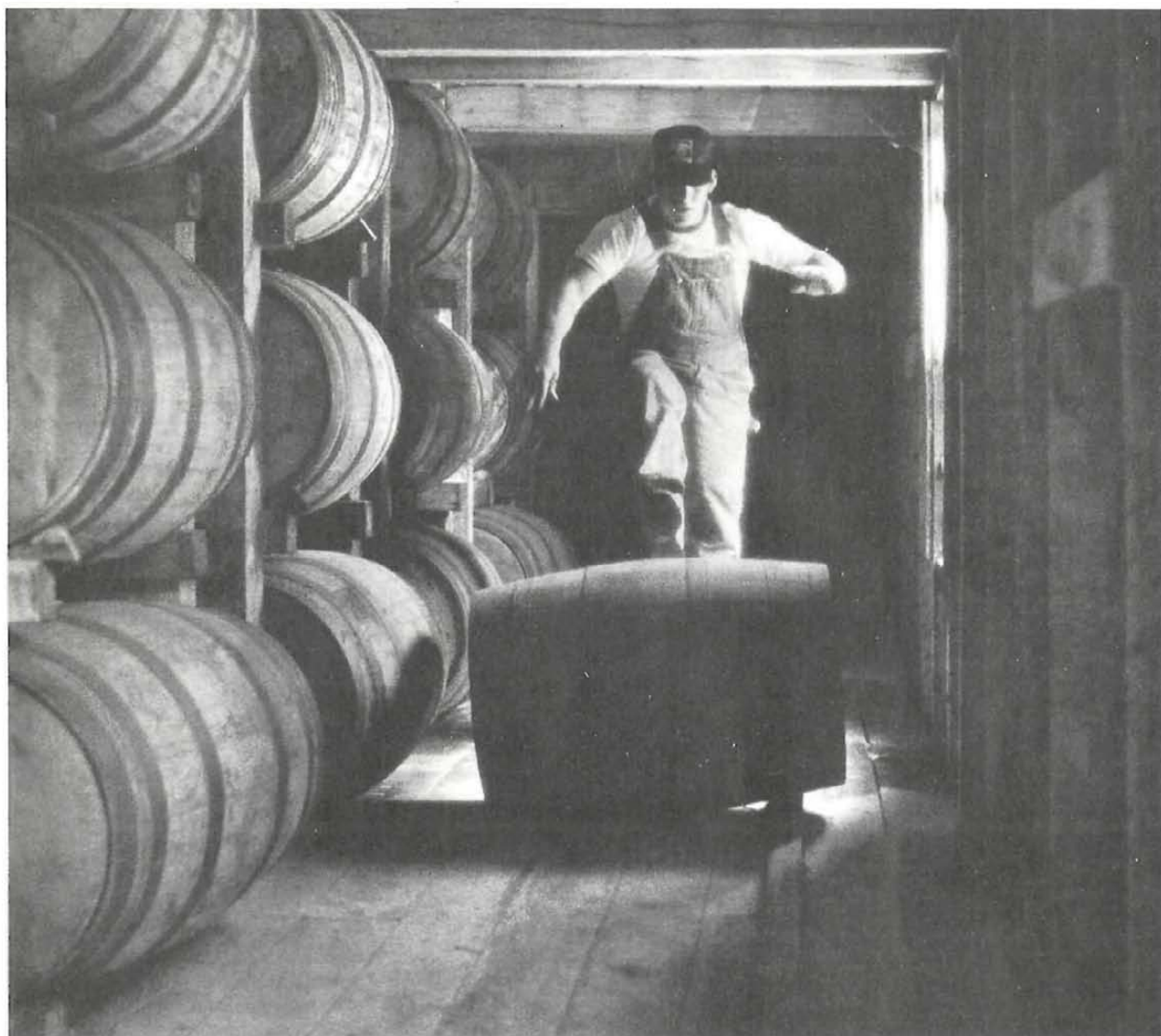
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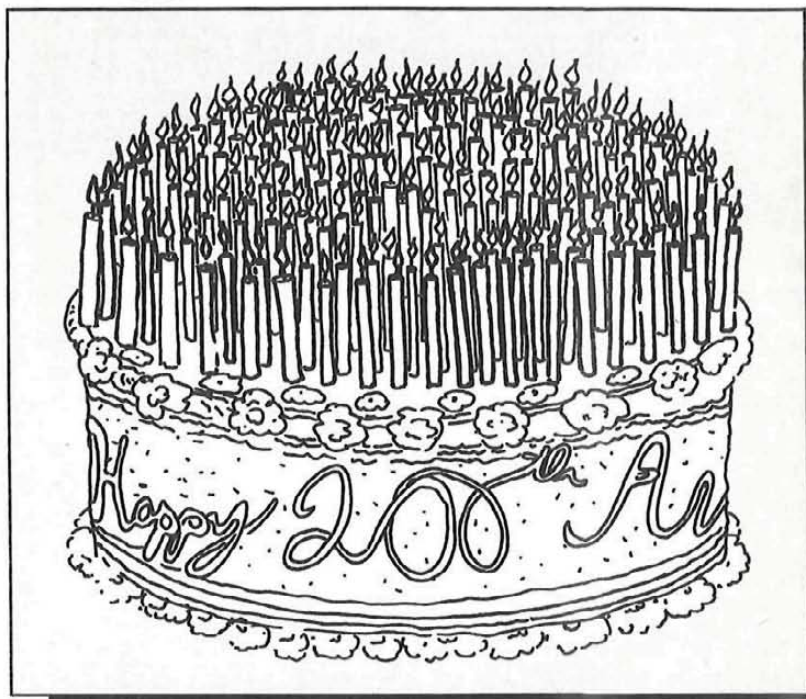
EDITORIAL

What with this being our 200th Anniversary issue and a double issue, two for the price of two, we have tried to come up with something special for you. The first suggestion was to invite 200 politicians to write humor pieces—namely their campaign platforms—but that got knocked down because it was decided that we wanted to mix some nonfiction with fiction.

One editor suggested publishing 200 dirty stories, but with the noise being made by the idiot fringe who have taken it upon themselves to decide what the media should or should not print, we figured we better not go that route lest we lose both our second-class mailing permit and our right to worship at the church of our choice.

Another thought: We should print a 200-page apology to the fourteen indignant non-readers who wrote to us and our advertisers regarding the infamous "Baby in the Blender" photo. But our public relations chief told us to lay low on that one, too. He felt that any further

continued on page 20



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through law school.**

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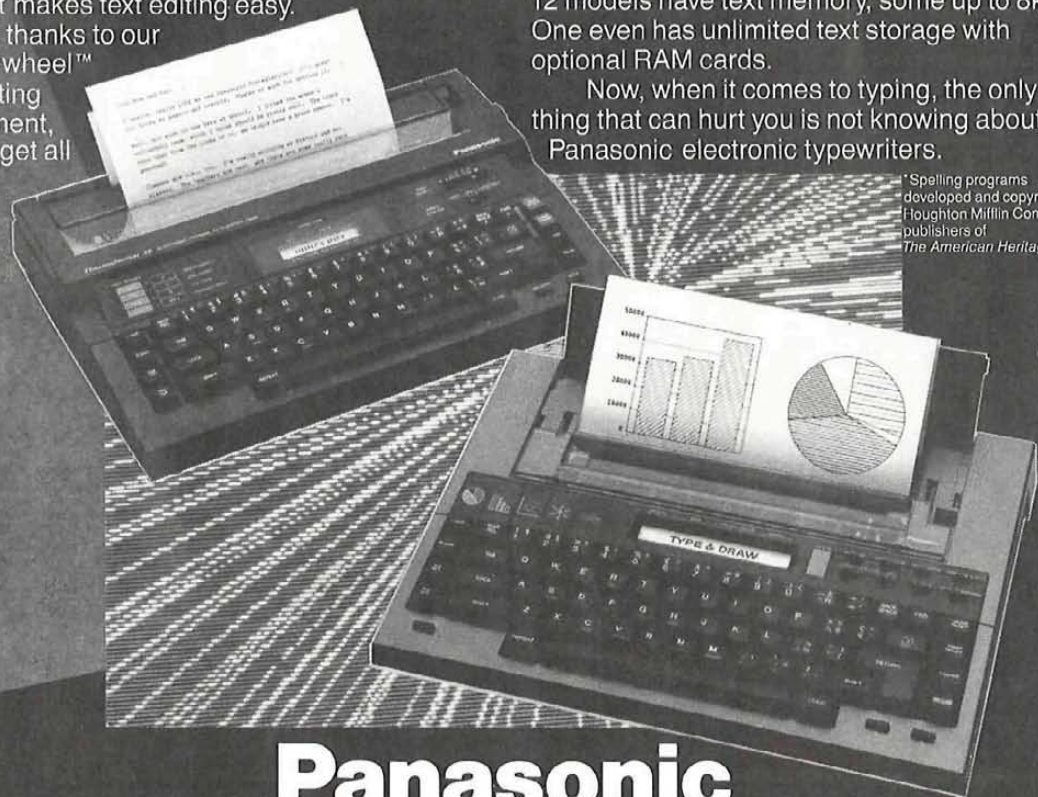
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And Whose Little Monkey Are You?

by Paul Krassner

As bizarre developments accelerate, it becomes increasingly difficult to know whether we are confronting reality or only dreaming.

The notion of Ronald Reagan taking a drug test is almost too absurd to bear. If the results were to show that the president's urinalysis was negative except for a mysterious substance which turned out to be Teflon, we might not be certain whether this was a bona fide fact or merely a dream about reading the news.

There are, of course, cultures, such as a group of islands in the Pacific Ocean, where the natives have never seen a book or a magazine or a newspaper, and it is simply not a part of their psyche to dream about lines of type.

In a spurt of generosity, the United States shipped surplus TV sets across the sea so that these savages could pass directly from a preliterate society to a postliterate society, without having to read any books in between.

There exists behind the television screen a separate reality that Carlos Castaneda never dreamed of, a netherworld where characters fall in love and do evil things and help each other out, although the viewers know nothing of this quasi-existence.

Once, the Six Million Dollar Man was having an affair with the Bionic Woman. During a commercial break, they were engaging in such fierce sexual intercourse that they could not be separated.

"Hey, c'mon, kids," the director complained. "This is too expensive a production to squander away money

by diddling around like this."

But the stagehands could not pull them apart.

Luckily the Bionic Dog was on the set, and he proceeded to squirt a bucket of plutonium juice on them, and they separated. But the Bionic Man's erection just would not go away. He couldn't get it down.

The director found Marcus Welby, a retired family physician who still liked to hang around the studios, but he diagnosed the situation and recommended that a specialist be called in.

Dr. Welby got the phone number of Israeli intelligence from a crew member of *The A-Team*, and they in turn put him in touch with Uri Geller, the so-called psychic who used to bend forks on *The Merv Griffin Show*.

The strange thing was that even though Geller accomplished this feat by trickery, there were young children at home who didn't know about the self-fulfilling rules of twentieth-century physics, and to their parents' dismay, they were able to bend various kitchen utensils by means of sheer willpower.

Nonetheless, it came to pass that Uri Geller was indeed able to bend the Six Million Dollar Man's hard-on, and the production continued without interruption.

As more deadly conflicts all over the real world continue to escalate, more and more people are saying, "Boy, the shit's really gonna hit the fan now." That is a phrase, incidentally, which did not come into the language until after there was electricity.

People who say that are not referring to a lovely Japanese lithograph showing a kimono-clad woman whose long shiny black hair is twisted up into a bun, and who is coquettishly providing her own little personal breeze with a colorful rice-paper fan. "Ah, so," she says, "the shit really hit the fan now." Then *splatt!*—right in her porcelain-like face.

No, it has to be an *electric fan*, which revolves so fast it *protects* you from the shit—or spreads it, depending which side you're on—or what's a fan *for*?

Meanwhile, even as all that shit is hitting all those fans, the laxative industry continues to blossom. New brand names are constantly competing in the open marketplace.

Ex-Lax has even come out with a "milder" version for women—certainly an indication of rampant male chauvinism in their Research and Development section. For what is the implication of this trend? Do females have different digestive systems? Is it perfectly acceptable for macho men to have chocolate-covered sandpaper coursing through

their intestinal tracts?

And yet, credit must also be given to those friendly folks at Ex-Lax: they were the very first sponsor on television to include a sign-language translation of a commercial—a long-overdue service for the constipated deaf.

Actually, this had been an early demand of the Deaf-Mute Liberation Front. You've probably seen their front-line members on the street, selling those cards with the sign-language alphabet.

Some have been getting arrested for being deaf without a license. Naturally, the police recite their Miranda rights to them—shouting, for example, "*You have the right to remain silent!*"

Anyway, this particular Ex-Lax commercial featured a pleasant matronly woman reminiscing through her family photo album while a young fellow in the corner of the screen ostensibly translated the message into sign language.

Actually, he can say whatever he wants. Nobody monitors the translation. He can indulge in private jokes for all the deaf viewers and only they will know.

The matronly woman in the commercial says: "Thank God my family is *normal*."

The young fellow shifts the emphasis in his translation: "Thank God *her* family is *normal*."

She continues: "Of course, once in a while somebody in our family will be troubled by irregularity."

He translates: "No shit."

She concludes: "So then we do what we've done in our family for generations—we turn to an old friend: Ex-Lax."

He translates: "Orson Welles knows too much."

And while the deaf viewers at home giggle at this mistranslation, all over the globe the shit continues to hit the fans.

These are rough times, and it's extremely important to develop a sense of optimism. The *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists* periodically updates a clock on their cover to indicate how close we are moving toward nuclear war. Recently they moved it from four minutes to midnight to three minutes to midnight, with midnight representing total annihilation. I don't know exactly what their time scale is—whether one minute represents a month or a year or a decade—but whatever, they are saying that we are all now only three minutes away from the ultimate holocaust.

So that's the bad news.

The good news is that atomic scientists are just as fucked up as the rest of us. They overeat, they suffer from premature ejaculations, they forget to floss, they don't have time for serial orgasms, they set their digital clocks fifteen minutes ahead so that if they need to mail a

continued on page 14

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continued from page 12

letter by six o'clock and their clock says it's ten after six, that means they still have five minutes to get to the mailbox.

So that clock on the cover of the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists* is fifteen minutes fast. We don't have just three minutes to doomsday, we have *eighteen* minutes.

And that's the good news.

Life remains peaceful on a certain island off the coast of Japan. Here humans and animals live in peace and harmony.

There are monkeys who have for *consisted entirely on sweet potatoes*. The monkeys pick the sweet potatoes right out of the dirt in which they grow and eat them, dirt and all. This is the way they have always done it.

But one day, for whatever mysterious reason, an individual young female monkey carried her sweet potato to the shore, washed the dirt off in the ocean, and proceeded to eat it.

Who knows why it was this particular monkey? Any explanation will suffice. Maybe she was an Aries, with a strong pioneer spirit.

At any rate, once this first monkey broke the ice, other monkeys began to wash the dirt off their sweet potatoes before they ate them. But only the young monkeys.

It was not until the hundredth young monkey had washed the dirt off a sweet potato in the ocean—not specifically number one hundred; it could've been the ninety-third monkey or the one hundred and eighth monkey; the hundredth

monkey is merely a metaphor for reaching the critical mass—not until then did the first *adult* monkey wash the dirt off a sweet potato.

This was a case of reverse generational influence.

And then other adult monkeys started to imitate this behavior. Washing the dirt off the sweet potatoes even began to occur on adjoining islands, indicating that there was some kind of psychic communication in the air.

Now, how can this living New Age parable be applied to *human* behavior?

Well, whatever you personally do in life to help further the cause of justice and the pursuit of *ecstasy*, even though you might get discouraged, you must always remember that *you* might be the one who turns the tide—you could be the hundredth monkey—and this gives reason for hope.

So that's the good news.

But the bad news is, *those monkeys NEEDED that dirt in their diet for roughage!*

So now there were a bunch of monkeys on this island who weren't able to shit.

The good news is that this happened to be one of the islands where the U.S. shipped our surplus TV sets. The monkeys were gathered around, sitting on their haunches, watching a program that was sponsored by Ex-Lax. Moreover, here was a commercial with a sign-language translation. And these monkeys had cousins who had been trained at Stanford University, where they learned to communicate in sign language, and had been returned to the island to teach others of their species how to speak in

sign language.

This was a most fortuitous circumstance.

But the bad news is that this was the very Ex-Lax commercial where the brand name of the product was not translated. The message in sign language was that "Orson Welles knows too much."

These monkeys—serving as shock troops of the Deaf-Mute Liberation Front—took it as their marching orders.

So even though you may have heard the propaganda that Welles died of a heart attack brought upon by his much-publicized obesity, the truth is that Orson Welles was eaten to death by *hordes of constipated monkeys*.

So that's the bad news.

But the good news is, they washed the dirt off him first.

It is several years later now. Things have returned to normalcy. The monkeys on those islands off the coast of Japan still watch TV, but they no longer wash the dirt off their sweet potatoes, and they are just as regular in their defecation habits as they used to be.

But in America, those children who once bent kitchen utensils to the dismay of their parents have grown up.

One such young man now works on the assembly line in a missile factory, and he is able to bend certain working parts out of shape through the use of sheer willpower. Soon others will follow suit.

Already the intelligence agencies are training their operatives with methods to counteract this psychic sabotage....■



LETTERS

continued from page 10

Sirs:

Being a pretty face isn't all it's cracked up to be. When I get a zit or gain a pound, the depression is beyond grody. I put black velvet over all my mirrors and sing old Welsh folk songs to myself and Judd. And if Emilio points out a straggly nose hair, I go underground in Malibu for weeks. This, plus having to give heart-wrenching performances in every film—I'd rather be Ally.

Someone who knows pain,
Rob Lowe
Hard Rock Cafe, Calif.

Sirs:

Will someone please tell Sylvester Stallone he's not what I had in mind for the part of Holden Caulfield? He's set up an ambush outside my driveway and won't let me out.

Thank you.

J. D. Salinger
Somewhere in the Woods, N.H.

Sirs:

Okay Mr. Wilson, just open wide and say "aah." Ooops! Gosh Mr. Wilson, I sure didn't *mean* to put the drill through your cheek.

Dentist the Menace
Plaque Hills, South Dakota

Sirs:

Perhaps you've noticed that *The Tonight Show* has gone through some subtle changes recently. For example, we're doing more "concept" humor, the kind David Letterman does. Only we do it in our own inimitable style. Like, you know how Letterman is always doing funny things with dogs? Well, we just did a "bit" where Johnny dresses up in a big, floppy-eared dog outfit, and Ed interviews him! It's very hip and now, especially the part where Johnny pretends to pee on Ed's leg and says "Ya-ha!" Then a blonde with big tits comes out with a pooper-scooper. Do you think we're on the right track?

Fred de Cordova
Burbank, Calif.

Sirs:

I saw *Police Academy II* on cable last night, and I was wondering if you know when Cheech and Chong's next movie will be out?

Pauline Kael
New York, N.Y.

GO FOR THE MAGIC!

Whatever you expect it to be, it's not what you expect it to be. For a truly unexpected taste, try a Monte Mezcaterini: Monte Alban, dry vermouth, and jalapena pepper. Monte Alban Mezcal. The original Mexican mezcal with the Agave Worm.



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TRUE

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

Edited by John Bendel

According to the *Tennessean*, Virginia Johnson was "attempting to remove one of her bras from a dresser drawer...when it shot her."

"She was trying to pull the bra out of the drawer, but it wouldn't come out," explained Nashville detective William Flowers. "She pulled and she pulled. She didn't know one end of the bra strap was entangled in the trigger of a .22-caliber revolver she had forgotten she had in the drawer."

The gun fired, hitting Johnson in the left hand. (contributed by Glenn Tedder)

Albert Alvarez and Angel Cruz escaped from New Jersey's Leesburg State Prison by driving away in the 1973 Buick used to teach inmates auto body work.

"It was supposed to be operative," said a Department of Corrections spokesman. "Apparently somebody made it operative." (Hackensack, New Jersey) *Record* (contributed by Duck Divert)

In a letter to the editors of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, four doctors from the Methodist Hospital in Brooklyn, New York, wrote: "We recently saw a patient in congestive heart failure whose main complaint

was wetting his face every time he urinated."

The letter noted, "The patient was aware of dyspnea on exertion for one month before admission. Four days

before admission he noted edema of his legs, scrotum, and penis. In fact, his penis had bent backward and was pointed toward his head."

Luckily, the doctors placed

the patient on medication, and "the edema of the abdomen, legs, penis, and scrotum subsided. The penis then resumed its normal shape with a resultant proper direction of the urine flow." (contributed by Nicholas Spohn)

Former Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos, who has been accused of falsifying his war record and looting his nation's treasury, responded angrily to a charge that he cheated at golf.

Manila newspaper columnist Dindo Gonzalez reported that Marcos's bodyguards and caddies "frequently kicked the ball into the fairway from the rough and he [Marcos] signed cards with false scores." Marcos once returned a card of five-under-par on the front nine of the exclusive Manila Golf and Country Club and, according to Gonzalez, "should have turned pro then and there."

In a letter to Gonzalez's editor, Marcos denounced "crude lies about my golf." *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Steve Phillips)

John M. Baldizan was sentenced to five years in prison for holding up a restaurant in Sante Fe, New Mexico.

During the robbery, Baldizan herded three women into a pantry, where he rifled their purses. It wasn't until he found her Department of Corrections identification,



however, that Baldizan realized one of the women, Christella Maria Vigil, was his parole officer. At that point, according to authorities, he screamed and fled.

Vigil said Baldizan hadn't recognized her immediately because she was wearing a new hairdo. *Philadelphia Inquirer* (contributed by Steve Curran)

In Chicago, hijackers took, then quickly abandoned a truckload of toilet seats and bedpans.

"They got the wrong truck," said a police spokesman. *Chicago Sun-Times* (contributed by Tia Spohn)

The Morgan Hill, California, city council has approved a plan to equip police cars with teddy bears.

"I don't particularly care for guns," said Mayor Lorraine Barke. "The teddy bear is a positive piece of equipment." *Melbourne Herald* (contributed by Grant Reynolds)

An unidentified Swiss man suing for divorce charged that his wife had developed a mania for jigsaw puzzles.

"It's been going on for six years, but lately it's become worse," the forty-eight-year-old plumber told a Swiss court. "For the past two years I was even forbidden to go into the living room. She said

I would break up the puzzles spread all over the floor. Completed jigsaws were piled one on top of the other, sometimes twelve of them in a stack, in every room, and all the walls of the apartment were covered with them. There was only a tiny corridor free from the front door to the bed."

The man claimed his wife spent \$440 of her \$660 monthly household budget on jigsaw puzzles. *Chicago Sun-Times* (contributed by Herm Albricht)

In Island Pond, Vermont, "a rampaging horse with a Volkswagen tire around his neck" ran into a local hardware store.

"He just bolted through the front door, went to the fishing section, over to plumbing, garden, and then to the paints section," said a store clerk. "We had a green horse by the time he hit the paints section." *San Diego Union* (contributed by Liz Swain)

Police in Tokyo reported that Tetsuya Mori, a student at Tokushoku University, was kicked to death by fellow members of his karate club because he had failed to wash his uniform. *Toronto Sun* (contributed by John B. Higgins)

Two policemen in Lynn, Massachusetts, were bitten by robbery suspect Eugene

Kendricks during a struggle in his apartment. Kendricks's pit bull terrier watched its master bite the policemen without interfering. *Altoona* (Pennsylvania) *Mirror* (contributed by Denis Navarre)

This article appeared in Australia's *Adelaide Advertiser*, datelined London:

"Horried nightclubbers yesterday vowed to call in the RSPCA [Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals] after watching an 'obscene' cabaret act in which near-naked men cavorted with rats, cockroaches, and a snake.

"During the performance at the Fifth Avenue Club in Southsea, Hampshire, about twenty rats were put inside one man's pair of tights.

"The 'highlight' of the show involved a man clad only in black satin briefs putting his head inside a bird cage, which was then covered with a purple cloth while sixteen brown rats were thrown inside.

"When the thirty-minute show, featuring 'Ratman and Robbie,' was over, there was no applause." (contributed by Ian James)

While preparing for a fishing contest in Kent County, Michigan, the Parks Department mistakenly stocked a polluted pond with trout.

"It was just a matter of a few minutes and you could

tell there was something wrong with them," said Larry Ross, parks planning and grants administrator. "They started acting peculiar. They died." *Detroit News* (contributed by Scott Mitchell)

Carl Hinz of Melba, Idaho, was injured in an explosion while trying to plant black powder on a parade float representing the space shuttle. The resulting fire destroyed the space shuttle and another float along with the building that housed them.

Canyon County Sheriff Bill Anderson said that Hinz intended to blow up the space shuttle float at the end of the local July 4 parade as a practical joke. *Bellingham* (Washington) *Herald* (contributed by Robert Janyk)

An Eatontown, New Jersey, woman was arrested for shoplifting \$227 worth of razor blades and hemorrhoid medication. *Asbury Park Press* (contributed by Florence Tomasulo)

Ken Wilson, manager of the Alpha Beta store in Canyon Crest, California, apologized for allowing condoms to be stocked in the store's peanut butter and jelly section.

"It's possible that someone used pretty poor judgment," he explained. *L.A. Press Enterprise* (contributed by Rob Hyatt)

Attention Contributors Big Announcement

Starting with our next issue (JAN/FEB), we'll give each contributor the sensational new "True Facts" T-shirt for every submission used. For every photo used, we'll give each contributor a T-shirt plus ten bucks in genuine American currency. Make sure to include the shirt size you want (S-M-L) with every group of "True Facts" or "True Facts" photos sent to us. The new "True Facts" T-shirt is SO new that we don't even have a photo of it to show you here. And it's such a top secret that if we *had* a photo we wouldn't show it to you. But it's a great shirt and that's a True Fact.

Send your contributions 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



Robert L. Eidemiller



R. E. Miller-II



David Jarvis



Dawn Kraemer



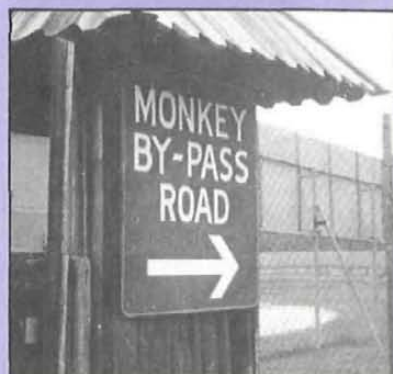
W. H. Muller



Dan Rielly



Jane Duran



Joe Casso



**WHEREVER THEY LIVE TO ROCK,
THEY LOVE LÖWENBRÄU.**

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

THIS WORLD CALLS FOR



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EDITORIAL

continued from page 6

highlighting of that photo would hurt us at Thrifty Drug Stores everywhere.

So instead, we decided to invite some of the outstanding writers, artists, and cartoonists who have worked on the *National Lampoon* since its inception to once again be funny for us.

In many cases, this is a return to the fold after years of absence. In other cases, the invitees scorned us or at least ignored us. Here's a list of some of the people we invited and what they are doing now and what their reaction was to the invitation:

Chris Miller

Chris, who for years was one of the magazine's most popular short story writers, actually returned to the *National Lampoon* as a contributor several issues ago and is represented here. He co-authored *National Lampoon's Animal House* and has written numerous film scripts.

John Hughes

John was working for a Chicago ad agency when he was kidnapped and

brought to the *National Lampoon* back in the mid-seventies. After being an editor here for a number of years, he wrote several screenplays for us and then became a famous Hollywood writer, director, and polo player. JOHN: Calls and letters to you regarding this issue were returned unanswered and unopened. Could the rumor that you have actually died of crib death and that Ricky Schroder is carrying on in your stead be true?

John Weidman

John was one of the original *National Lampoon* editors and has devoted himself more recently to writing the books for Broadway musicals as well as screenplays. Like Miller, he readily agreed to do "something" for this issue. He did it with **Rick Meyerowitz**

A regular *National Lampoon* contributor since the inception of the magazine and the guy who painted the renowned *Mona Gorilla* and *National Lampoon's Animal House* posters. He is currently repainting the Sistine Chapel.

Anne Beatts

Our first female editor. Emmy winner. TV writer and producer. When asked,

said "National What-poon?"

Gerry Sussman

The onetime editor in chief of the *NatLamp* is now a creative wiz for a major ad agency. He remains, as always, a regular contributor, often willing, with his alter ego Bernie X, to write feverishly for the magazine. You will read here his interview with a 200-year-old *NatLamp* editor.

Michael Reiss and Al Jean

Editors of the *National Lampoon* for a number of years, this duo was trapped at the Beverly Hills Hotel, where they were "taking lunch" with the president of a major television network. They have worked on TV comedies from *Death Valley Days* to *Miami Vice*. Their answer to our request was affirmative.

Henry Beard

One of the two original editors of the *National Lampoon* is impossible to contact. Our letters to him came back unanswered. If you are reading this, Henry, did you get our Christmas card? Did you get the check we sent?

Tod Carroll

Onetime editor and now busy film writer. Carroll's contribution is on these pages. Tod, never too good at finding things, is living in Connecticut ever since someone told him that Hartford was the film capital of the world.

Brian McConnachie

An editor for several years. Author of forty-three bestsellers, five major motion pictures, and a pamphlet on the proper way to dispose of used Band-Aids, McConnachie agreed to write something but then said our rates weren't high enough.

Jeff Greenfield

Former contributing editor, currently ABC-TV personality. Greenfield, who contributed a piece to this issue, didn't think our rates were too low, only that our standards were too low.

John Bendel

America's uncontested "True Facts" maven goes on and on and on. He carries 53,637 "True Facts" in his head. That's a fact.

Ellis Weiner

Former *NatLamp* editor, now a film writer and contributor to various magazines like the *New York Times Sunday Magazine*. He adds a lot of class to this issue and is one of the reasons it costs more.

Ed Bluestone

Created the "Buy This Magazine or We'll Shoot This Dog" cover and is very possibly the sickest human being ever to write for a very sick magazine. He is sick again. Here, for you.

Doug Kenney

Doug, of course, died. Some mentally ill humorist on these premises suggested that we print a picture of his gravestone, but we are not that sick. Even Bluestone



is not that sick.

Michael O'Donoghue

Michael doesn't talk to us and has not answered previous letters or calls, so we wrote him under an assumed name, *Playboy*. If an original story by Michael appears in an upcoming issue of *Playboy*, we'll know that he got the letter.

Tony Hendra

Tony worked for this magazine for about eight years and was late with his material every month. As we write this editorial, he is late again. We don't know whether anything by Tony will actually be in the issue. Look and see. Meanwhile, Tony has starred in the film *This Is Spinal Tap*. He has also written for various publications and is currently writing a book on the state of humor, or the states of humor, whichever.

Of course, I have not mentioned such names as Shary Flenniken, Ratso Sloman, Ed Subitzky, Andy Simmons, Michael Simmons, the Friedman boys, Gahan Wilson, and many of the others who write for this magazine on a regular basis and whose material, in most cases, is in this 200th Anniversary issue. But then, they don't deserve to be mentioned, because over the years we have paid them regularly, never bounced a check on them, frequently bought them box lunches, and invited them often to participate in the company's softball games and monthly barn dances. Take Lance Contrucci, for example, and take Henry Youngman, our patron saint—please!

We did not contact numerous others, including some guys writing for *The David Letterman Show*, *Saturday Night Live*, *Rolling Stone*, *National Geographic*, and Rodney Dangerfield, because their spelling is terrible and our copy editor complains about their copy. We also did not invite Bill Murray, Chevy Chase, Harold Ramis, and others who wrote for our stage and radio shows and our record albums because we hate rejection and we have enough problems with Beard and O'Donoghue and Hughes, and if McConnachie thinks our rates are low, what will those guys think?

Anyway, welcome to our 200th Anniversary issue. It's taken us sixteen and a half years to come this far. In another sixteen and a half years we will be in the twenty-first century. Do you think by then that Beard, Hughes, and O'Donoghue will be answering our letters?

Matty Simmons

Cover: The cover this month was originally assigned to an Egyptian, but his idea read like hieroglyphics to us, so we killed it. We then farmed it out to a Roman, but his concept was too repetitive. We finally got an Arab to design it for real cheap.

THE BEST OF DAN AYKROYD

Two Wild and Crazy Guys:
The Festrunk Brothers

The Bass-O-Matic
Salesman

Bad Ballet with
Leonard Pinth-Barnell

The Decibot:
The Alphabet Goes Metric

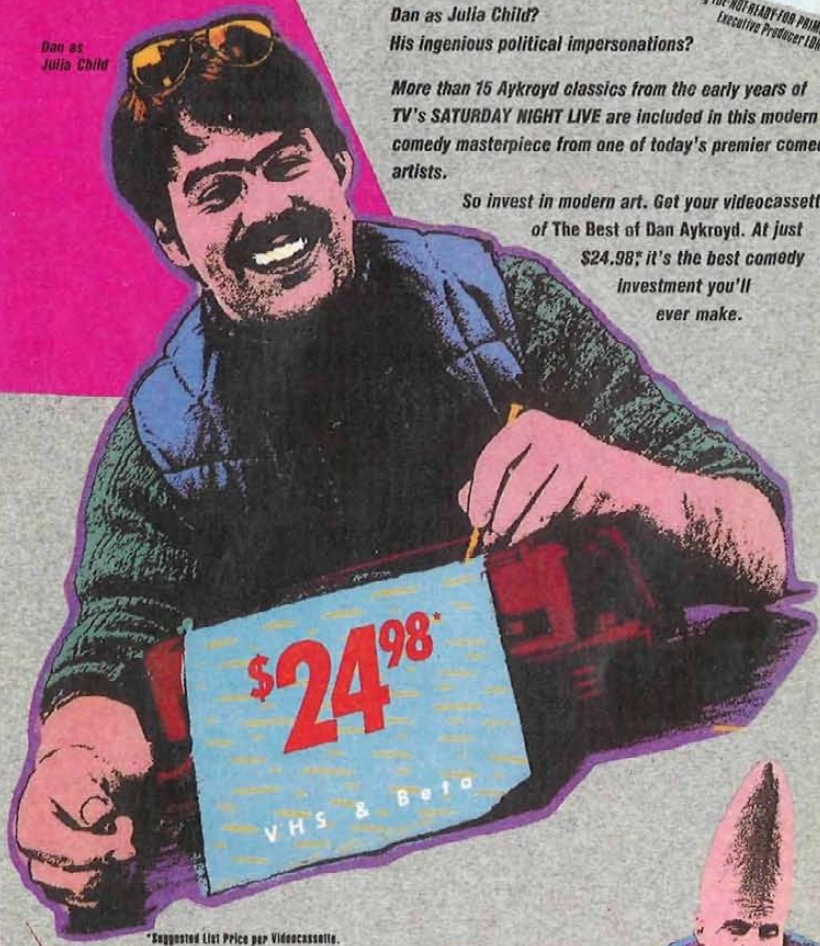
E. Buzz Miller's
Animal Kingdom

The Final Days of the
Nixon Presidency

Crazy Ernie:
Prices So Low,
He May Be Insane!

The Coneheads
Celebrate Halloween

Dan as
Julia Child



INVEST IN MODERN ART.

The Best of Dan Aykroyd, a laugh-filled, hour-long video album featuring comedy genius Dan Aykroyd's favorite TV characters.

Remember Beldar the Conehead?
The wild and crazy Czech brothers?
The Bass-O-Matic Salesman?
Dan as Julia Child?
His ingenious political impersonations?

More than 15 Aykroyd classics from the early years of TV's SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE are included in this modern comedy masterpiece from one of today's premier comedy artists.

So invest in modern art. Get your videocassette of The Best of Dan Aykroyd. At just \$24.98* it's the best comedy investment you'll ever make.



Featuring THE HOT BLARY FOR PRIME-TIME PLAYERS
Executive Producer LOBBY MICHAELS

*Suggested List Price per Videocassette.

\$29.95 in Canada.

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Photography: Eric Washie



WARNER HOME VIDEO



RED ON DEADBALL

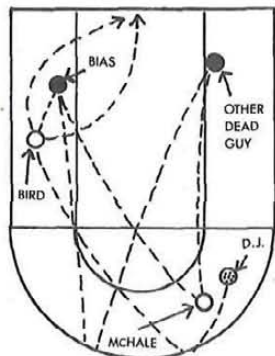
Len Bias Can Play on My Team Anytime!

by Fred "Red" Auerbach As told to Tommy Koenig

This is Red here. We're witnessing a trend in professional basketball. It's not that there's more partying going on today—athletes have always partied hard, but mostly with beer. And let's face it, you couldn't hurt yourself with beer if you tried. But today, what with all these *hard* drugs around, we're seeing a new trend in basketball—a trend towards death. Now, death is a scary thing, and most other GMs around the circuit shy away from any player involved in this new trend. But I believe that you don't lose your innate basketball talent at death, and I know that I can get the best out of dead players. So we've decided to offer Len Bias a one-year contract, and I think my critics will be licking the tip of my stogie when they see what I've come up with.

We're gonna adapt our offense to this new dead-man trend. First, I've had K. C. Jones cut everyone on the team except Bird, McHale, and Dennis Johnson. I wanna ease into this transition—or believe me, I'd cut everyone but Larry. Second, not only have I drafted Len Bias—the first first-round dead player out of the draft—but I've also drafted another University of Maryland player who died, his name escapes me now, and we've added him to the roster. That's two dead guys, two live guys, and Larry. What a team, huh? The dead guys never get tired, and that's just the obvious advantage. I mean, we also get little side benefits like all the money we save on meal money when we're on the road. So why keep McHale and Johnson? Why not *four* dead guys and Larry? Don't be silly. We need somebody to carry the dead guys up and down the court and then get the hell out of Larry's way. This is the Celtics. We believe in a team concept, and that's why we've got these two team players to go along with Larry, the greatest one-on-one team player to ever play the game I invented—er, helped change. McHale is big. He can carry the two dead guys. D. J. can handle the ball, pass off to Larry, and get the hell outta there. And what good are the dead guys? Aha. Let's go to the blackboard and let me illustrate.

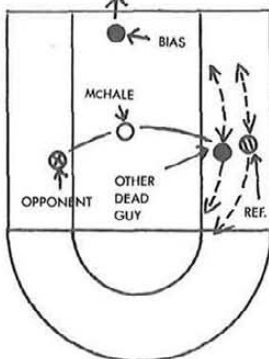
PLAY #1: CUT ON THE BIAS



enough for me to stomach as it is, so I eliminated that possibility by having Larry pass to Len and that other dead guy only! It's like billiards. The dead guys are like bumpers. Bird bounces a pass off Len's knees and the ball comes back out to Larry for a three-pointer. Swish. Larry whips it off Len's face, off the backboard, and boom, an easy tip-in. Get it? And talk about setting a pick. These guys don't move!

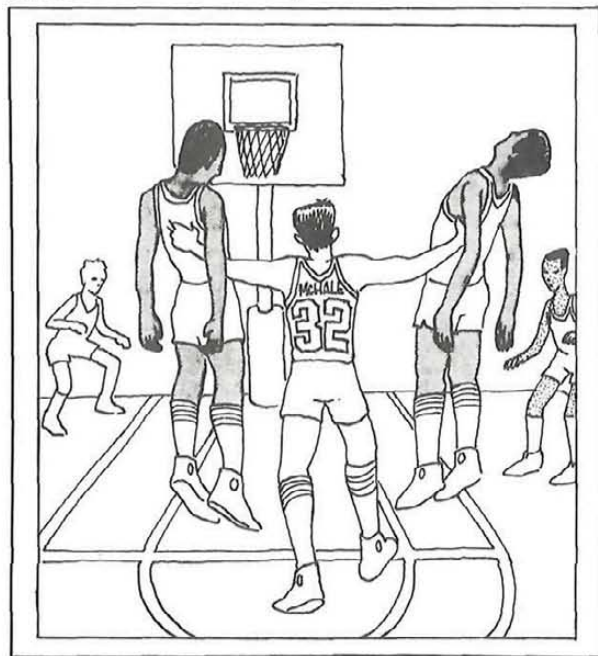
PLAY #2: DEAD MEN TELL NO LIES

ON DEFENSE:



McHale carries Bias and the other dead guy downcourt. He hangs Bias from the top of the backboard so his big feet (biggest feet in the draft, I checked) block the hoop. No goaltending, 'cause the guy just "gets up there." McHale stands in the middle as dead as he can, holding the other dead guy in his outstretched arm, using him to block the ref from the play, and with his other arm holds opponents at bay. Bird hides behind D. J., who's acting dead at center court, ready for the kick pass from

Bias. McHale and Johnson then get the hell outta there.



Brilliant, right? Who needs subs? Just keep a dead body on ice with the beer in the locker room. Dead players are a GM's dream. They're good quiet kids; no back talk. Do anything you ask. And let's not forget that dead people are one of our more overlooked minorities.

So that's it. I don't wanna tip my whole hand here (I've got a few more surprises before we break camp), but what can I say. It worked for the Spaniards with El Cid and it'll work for the Celts with Len Bias. Because Bias and the other dead guy, what's his name, have what it takes to be great Celtics. They stand their ground, take criticism well, and they're cold-blooded. Now get the hell outta here!

Drinking Tips and Other War Stories

by Michael Simmons



I was sitting at Marylou's, the best bar in New York City, minding my own business. Still sober on my ninth double, I suddenly heard a voice on my left that sounded as if it was directed towards me. Doubting it was Gabriel come to give me a personal message from the Big Boss, I glanced over my left shoulder. Half-standing, half-slouched, staring straight at me, was—you guessed it—somebody I had never seen, spoken to, or met before in my entire life.

"Know what I mean?" he asked.

I gathered by this question that he had made some statement and was asking if I understood the thrust of it. He was one of those guys, you know the type, who corners the first available ear at the bar to bend. Late thirties, lonely, ridiculous pencil-thin mustache.

"I'm sorry, I didn't hear what you said?"

"I asked you if you know what I mean," he replied, somewhat annoyed.

"I have no idea what you're talking about," I said.

"Goddamn Reagan," he grumbled as he continued to stare at me.

"What about him?" I asked, knowing I was opening up a can of fish bait.

"The bastard goes and raises the drinking age to twenty-one."

"Yeah, so what," says I. I motion to Gene Fahy, the fastest bartender in the Western world, for another double. I get it sooner than immediately.

"Whaddaya mean, so what," my new-found pal continues, "here's a guy who was elected to the highest office in the land based on a goddamn platform of (here he sarcastically exaggerated) smaller government and getting government off the people's backs and transferring power from the federal government to the states. Then the bastard convinces Congress to pass a law that if the states don't raise the goddamn drinking age to twenty-one, they don't get goddamn federal highway funds. This is all after the goddamn

1980 campaign, when the Republican National Platform contained a pledge to do away with the goddamn fifty-five mile per hour speed limit 'cause it's an abridgment of personal freedoms. But noooooooooooooo (he did a pretty good Belushi), telling a twenty-year-old who can marry, vote, fry in the electric chair, or get blown up by the Islamic Jihad, that he can't go to the goddamn store and buy a goddamn beer is not an abridgment of his personal freedoms. Even Mr. Liberal himself, Mario goddamn Cuomo, Governor of the great state of New York, supports goddamn Reagan on this. The Democrats are afraid of looking like wimps, so they jump on any goddamn social issue they can. And Reagan, instead of getting government off of people's backs, has gotten it in their beer mugs, their bodily fluids and, if he has his way, which he probably will with Rehnquist and Scalia in the Supreme goddamn Court, their wombs."

This was a lot to take in when my sole purpose at the moment was to get drunk and possibly get laid. I motioned Gene for another double. As my lips were about to taste that delicious, delightfully golden sour mash whiskey, another voice directed itself towards me from my right. I cautiously turned my head.

"What's wrong with Reagan? He's a nice guy."

The speaker was a yupster in a suit who looked about twenty-two. But barely twenty-two.

My buddy to the left ignored him, as did I. It's not that I'm rude, but at the moment he asked the question, a willowy blonde with an hourglass figure strolled by en route to the ladies room. I thought of joining her but my legs seemed to be paralyzed by I know not what, so I decided to stay where I was. My friend on the left continued.

"What they should do is go after drunk drivers equitably, whether they be eighteen or eighty. Sure, most states have toughened their drunk driving laws, and

it's helped. But you got these goddamn lawyers, like this guy Essen down there in Florida. Did you see *People* magazine last week? All this guy handles is drunk drivers, and he gets most of 'em off, too. The cops bust some souse on a D.W.I., right? If his eyes are red, Essen says the guy wears contact lenses. If the dude is caught weaving, he says the guy is reaching for a lit cigarette that fell. And if the poor bastard has no excuse, if he's just plain shit-faced? Essen says it takes an average of thirty minutes for alcohol to be absorbed into the bloodstream. This means that just 'cause you tested drunk, it doesn't mean you were drunk while you were driving 'cause it takes a half-hour between the time the cop stopped you and you get to the goddamn pokey. Goddamn lawyers. Maybe there'd be less crime if they sent the lawyers to jail and not the criminals."

"What does this have to do with Ronald Reagan?" I asked. By this time, and another refill from Gene, I was the calm in the middle of the storm.

"What's wrong with Reagan? He's a nice guy," intoned the young Republican to my right. Again he was ignored. I found it amusing that guy-on-the-left was ignoring guy-on-the-right, even though guy-on-the-right was only a year or two out of the age group whose civil liberties guy-on-the-left was so vigorously defending.

"What does this have to do with Reagan? What-does-this-have-to-do-with-Reagan?" asked guy-on-the-left in a somewhat rhetorical manner. "Every goddamn thing. I mean if he's gonna be so goddamn arbitrary, why not raise the drinking age to seventy? Theoretically we'd save even more lives with only grandmothers driving. On the other hand, by the time somebody's sixty-five their faculties go, their eyesight goes, and their reflexes are shot. Why not make it illegal for anyone over sixty-five to drink? Could you imagine Reagan at some goddamn summit in Geneva and there's old Gorbachev toasting to world peace, lifting his glass of champagne in the air, and there's old Ronnie, only he's toasting with a goddamn glass of warm milk. That's a laugh-and-a-half."

That sounded right to me.

"I like Reagan. He's just like my dad," added guy-on-the-right. Like clockwork, he was once again completely ignored. Guy-on-the-left continued.

"It's not just this drinking thing. This guy has fucked over these kids in more ways than one. Here's a President who ran for office pledging to discontinue the goddamn draft registration and broke his promise once he was elected. Here's a President under whom more young American troops have been killed in action than since the days of Vietnam. Here's a President who has the worst

continued on page 111

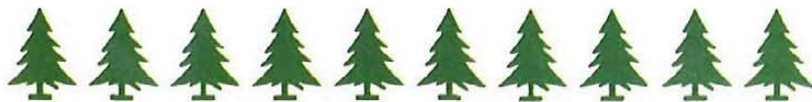


his Christmas when you're thinking of what to get for somebody very special, think: "Gosh, the *National Lampoon* has great gifts for Christmas. Why don't I order that 'Vacation' sweatshirt for cousin Bob, and a copy of the 'High School Yearbook' for little Arnold who graduated last June, and maybe a 'Black Sox' jacket for Wally?"

Why not?

For generations, *National Lampoon* gifts have stood for happy holidays, gracious living, the giving of gifts that stamp you as an individual and not a dull, unimaginative clod.

This Christmas, think *NatLamp!*



TS1043A • TS1044B *National Lampoon's Vacation Sweatshirt*. On the left is the sweatshirt in precisely the same design as the enormously popular *Vacation* T-shirt. On the right is the "Walley World" Sweatshirt as worn by the Griswalds in *National Lampoon's European Vacation*. \$16.95 each



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



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



National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt or



TS1059 *National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt*. It's the T-shirt that everyone's talking about (everyone at *National Lampoon*, that is), and they're all saying the same thing: "My, what a nice T-shirt." It's great for a number of uses, including wearing. So get yours soon! \$7.95 each



National Lampoon's European Vacation shirt



TS1058 *National Lampoon's European Vacation T-shirt*. No T-shirt collection would be complete without this one, adorned as it is with the movie logo and a picture of the "pig in the poke" that got the Griswalds to Europe. \$6.95 each



TS1047—Acra Sweatpants. A fleece warm-up pant. With drawstring waist and elasticized ankle. In navy, with a yellow Mona Gorilla on the left leg. S-M-L-XL. **\$14.95**

TS1045—Acra Hooded Sweatshirt. Made of 50 percent Creslan® acrylic fiber/50 percent cotton. Raglan sleeves, convenient center pouch pocket, double-thickness hood with drawstring, and ribbed knit cuffs and waistband. In navy, with yellow lettering. S-M-L-XL. **\$18.95**

TS1046—Acra Sweatshirt. Same specs as the hooded shirt, but without the hood. In navy with yellow lettering. S-M-L-XL. **\$13.95**



TS1048—Marathon 80 Shorts. 100 percent nylon tricot running short with matching liner and inside key pocket. Doubles as bathing short. In navy, with yellow *National Lampoon* imprint. S-M-L-XL. **\$9.50**



TS1050—Authentic Football Jersey. You'll look like Joe or Josephine Montana and be able to throw the bomb when you wear this 100 percent nylon-mesh authentic football jersey. White, in sizes S-M-L-XL. **\$26.95**

TS1049—Authentic Football Jersey. Same as above, but made of 50 percent nylon plaited/50 percent cotton, specifically designed with cotton inside next to your skin for comfort and absorbency. White, in sizes S-M-L-XL. **\$20.95**

National Lampoon Comics Not the stand-ups, just the lay-downs. (CM-1105) **\$2.50**

National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody The clearest example of fine drollery issued. A sequel to the High School Yearbook Parody, it resembles a small-town Sunday newspaper, the Dacron Republican-Democrat. Profusely illustrated. (BO-1021) **\$4.95**

National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt Since 1970, Mona Gorilla has represented *National Lampoon*. Only Mona has that Gioconda smile. Identifies you or your giftee as a member of the literati. (TS-1019) **\$4.95**

National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick" T-shirt The amusing shirt favored by actors and *artistes* involved in the touring theatrical production of the same name. Yet no one wearing this shirt will be ushered to poor seats in an eatery. (TS-1026) **\$5.95**

National Lampoon's True Facts '86

The funniest of the True Facts book and the most difficult to believe yet. The third all-new collection not even we could dream up.



(TF-1106) **\$2.95**

National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Jersey

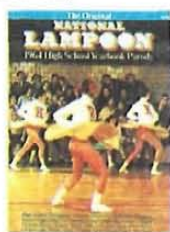
This good-appearing baseball jersey is a clean-made garment that is certain to give satisfaction. It is exactly the one worn by the famous *National Lampoon* Black Sox; yet it lacks the odor of use, as it is an entirely new product.



(TS-1027) **\$7.00**

National Lampoon High School Yearbook Parody

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Death Be

by Michael Reiss and Al Jean

Death is no laughing matter. No, scratch that. Death is the funniest thing that can happen to someone else. When the space shuttle *Challenger* exploded this year, the nation was stunned with grief. But only for a second. Then we all ran to our phones to tell each other the latest Christa McAuliffe jokes. "She used to be a social studies teacher. Now she's history." "What was playing on the shuttle radio when it

blew up? 'Hot for Teacher.'" "Did you know Christa McAuliffe had blue eyes? One blew this way, one blew that way."

People seem to have a sick urge to be the first to tell these offensive, tasteless jokes. So we've decided to cater to that urge. Below are jokes about celebrities who happen to be alive at the moment. Clip them out and save them for that time when tragedy strikes. It's our way to help ease the pain.

IF GEORGE BUSH IS ASSASSINATED

What did Reagan say when he heard George Bush was killed?
"Who?"

**IF TOM SELLECK'S BODY IS FOUND
DECOMPOSING IN THE WOODS
AFTER THREE WEEKS**

What's the title of Tom Selleck's new show?
Magnum, P.U.

WHEN GENE SHALIT DIES

What was the family's request for Gene Shalit's funeral?
Open casket, face down.

WHEN ANTHONY PERKINS DIES

What disaster was averted by Anthony Perkins's death?
Psycho IV.

**IF MUAMMAR EL-QADDAFI GETS
KILLED**

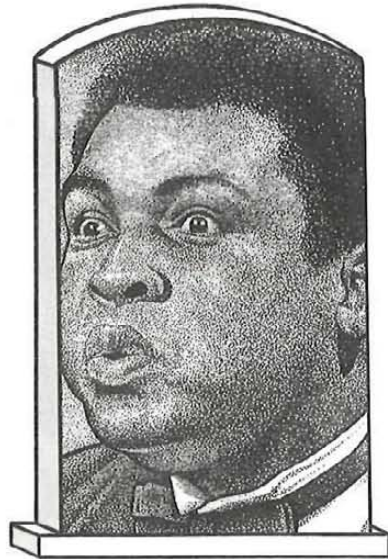
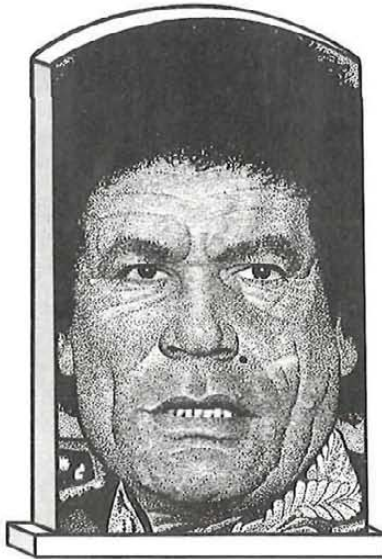
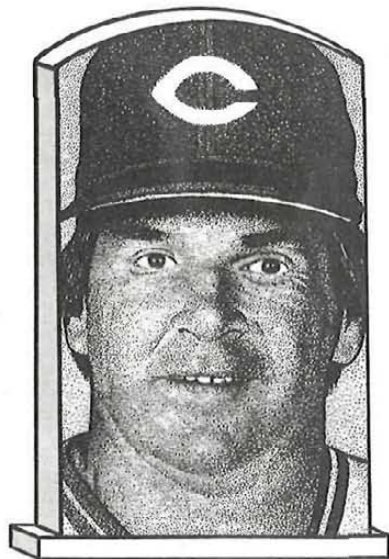
How did Qaddafi get into heaven?
He told St. Peter he was Tom Jones.

WHEN LEE IACocca DIES

Why didn't Lee Iacocca get into heaven?
They don't like imports any more than he does.

WHEN MUHAMMAD ALI DIES

When did Muhammad Ali get his last rites?
After his last lefts and uppercuts.



Not Funny

Illustrations by Drew Friedman

IF BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN COMMITS SUICIDE

Why did Bruce Springsteen kill himself? Some people will do anything to get out of New Jersey.

IF BOY GEORGE IS KILLED BY AIDS

What did Boy George die of? Natural causes.

WHEN JOHN HOUSEMAN DIES

Why was John Houseman cremated by Oscar Mayer?

Who else could smoke a ham that big?

WHEN JERRY LEWIS DIES

Why did Jerry Lewis ask to be buried at sea?

Because he's been all wet for the past fifty years.

IF BO DEREK IS CUT IN HALF BY A CHAINSAW-WIELDING MANIAC

Poor Bo. She used to be a 10. Now she's two 5's.

IF THE SAME MANIAC CUTS MR. T

What's the new theme song of *The A-Team*?

"T for Two."

WHEN PETE ROSE DIES

What were Pete Rose's last words? "I'll only play for two more sessions."

WHEN RONALD REAGAN FINALLY DIES

When did the coroner place Reagan's time of death? 1968.

WHEN WILLIE NELSON DIES

Why did the mortician roll Willie Nelson in the mud and rub leaves in his hair? So his friends would recognize him.

IF RED BUTTONS DIES IN A HOUSE FIRE

Why was Red Buttons so happy? At last he got a celebrity roast.

WHEN MICHAEL LONDON DIES

Why was Michael Landon buried with a hula hoop?

In case they couldn't find a halo to fit his head.

WHEN BARBARA WALTERS DIES

What does it say on Barbara Walters's tombstone?

W.I.P.

IF JACK LALANNE EVER DIES

Who catered the LaLanne funeral? Jack in the Box.

WHEN SHAMU THE KILLER WHALE DIES

What did they say at Shamu's funeral? "For once he doesn't sleep with the fishes."

WHEN PERRY COMO DIES

When they found Perry Como dead, what did they do with the body? Sent it out on a concert tour.

IF THE ENTIRE CAST OF DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS IS KILLED IN A FREAK ACCIDENT

Why won't Mike the Dog be buried next to Bette Midler?

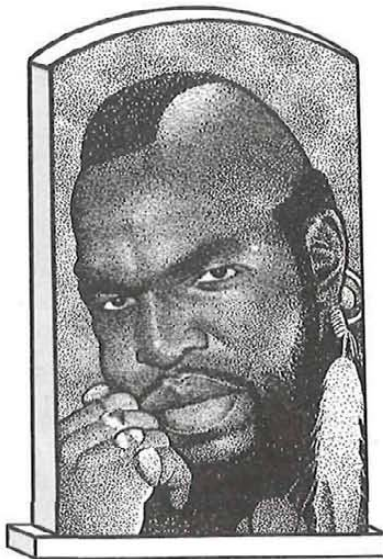
Forest Lawn has room for only one dog.

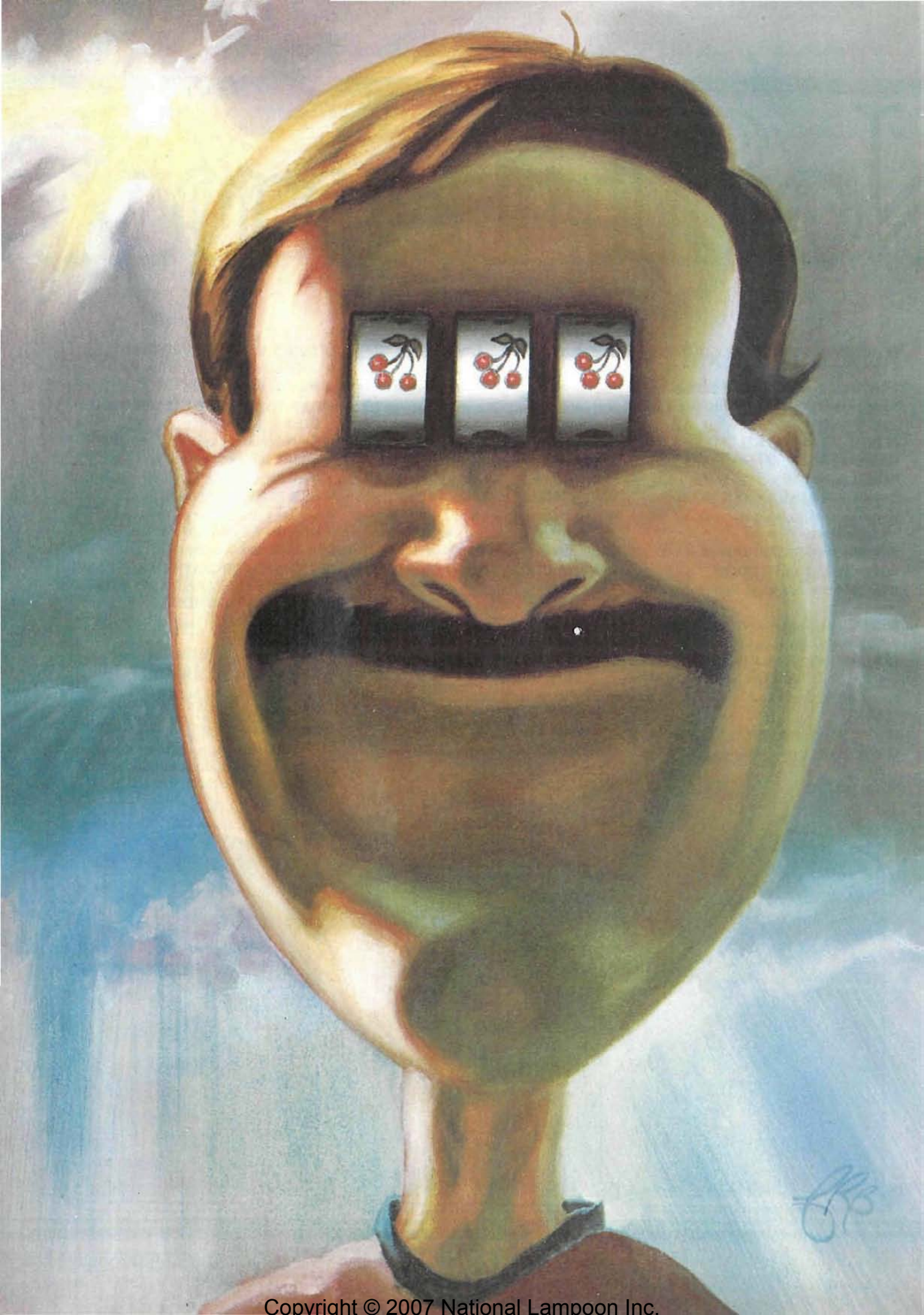
WHEN RINGO STARR DIES

Why won't Ringo be buried in Westminster Abbey?

Because it's reserved for famous people.

WARNING: Even if you like a joke about a certain celebrity, don't kill that person just so you can be the first to tell it. ■





NO SUCH LUCK

by Chris Miller



made slipped out of work early that Friday to miss the traffic. His week had been murderous; he felt like a shipwreck survivor, dragging himself onto the beach of

the weekend with his last ounce of strength. Lord, he was ready for fun. In his pocket was the audiocassette his brother had put together and sent him—some Black Uhuru dub sides as well as several early singles by Irma Thomas—and he was looking forward to an easy, soothing ride home with these audio treats as highlights. Then Katie, maybe a rascally young Zinfandel of some sort with the *osso bucco* at Rafaneli's, and afterward, back at his place, a nine-course feast of blazing, unbridled sexuality...

Arriving at his car, he found that gooey-looking podlike items had fallen from a tree to create crimson splotches on the roof. Naturally, the car had just been washed that morning. He was able to brush the pods away, but the splotches remained and his hands got covered with red stuff, which caused them to stick unpleasantly to the steering wheel. He looked for something to wipe them on. There wasn't anything.

He twisted the key. The car wouldn't start. The battery sounded sick. And then didn't sound like anything at all anymore. Smade trudged three blocks to the Chevron station and asked the guy to come back with him, give him a jump.

"All alone here, pal," the guy said. "Sorry."

Finally, he got the auto club to come meet him at his car. "You need a new battery," the club guy told him. "Whatever you do, don't let this thing stall before you get home."

This meant Smade would have to do without his air conditioner, which tended to divert enough power from the engine to make the car stall at red lights. It was August in Los Angeles. There was a Santa Ana condition; the temperature was in the high nineties. And enough time had passed that rush hour was upon him, despite all his efforts.

Maybe he should go straight to Katie's, forget the stop home. But no, he needed to shower and change; a person whiffing his pits would have fallen over sideways.

Grimly, he pulled onto La Cienega, which was, as usual at this hour, a simmering stew of cars, noise, and carbon monoxide. He found himself behind a Mexican gardener's truck, piled high with brush. He couldn't see over or around it. Traffic stopped and started, quickened and slowed. Visually cut off from the road ahead, Smade couldn't anticipate any of this. He kept almost plowing into the truck, having to jam on his brakes. Finally, spotting an opening in the adjoining lane, he roared into it.

At last he could see what was going on. And what was going on was that, the minute he got into the middle lane, the other two lanes began to move freely, cars whizzing by on both sides of him, while his lane continued to creep along as if it had polio.

Smade squinted at the car ahead. Old people! When you couldn't see the tops of their heads, that was the sure sign. He

tried to get into the left lane. No luck. He tried to go back in the right lane. No one would let him. He hunched over the wheel, growling. Well, at least he could listen to Black Uhuru....



he cassette didn't play right. Either his brother had recorded it funny or his deck was weird. The music started fine but then lost its high end, becoming muffled and

indistinct, then sounded great again, then muffled, the pattern repeating itself endlessly. Hearing it this way was torture, worse than no music at all. He removed the cassette and slipped it in his jacket pocket. Coming out of the pocket, his hand drew a long streamer of tape, stuck to the red stuff. He pulled the tape loose. Now it stuck to his other hand. He pulled again with the first hand. Now the tape stuck to both hands, and became fouled in the steering wheel.

Miraculously, a spot appeared in the lane to his left. Ignoring the tape, he pounced; at last he could begin to make some time.

His "refuel" light began to blink.

The refuel indicator almost worked. That is, it correctly identified the need to refuel, but not until the tank was down to maybe two thimblefuls. He had to gas up, and fast.

This meant making it back to the right lane, and that took a loooooong time. The car was coughing and sputtering as he

limped into a Mobil station, people honking and swearing at him. Smade filled his tank, paid with a fifty. The guy had just run out of change. "I be right back," he told Smade, and sprinted into a supermarket.

Ten slow minutes passed. Smiling apologetically, the guy returned with the change. Smade, getting later every minute, roared out of the station. He thought he heard the guy call after him, but felt too rushed to check it out. Traffic was actually moving. He sped along; the blocks flew past.

But he kept smelling gasoline. Finally, sixty seconds from his house, he rolled the window down to take a look. Fuel was sloshing from his tank—he'd left the gas cap back at the Mobil station.

He hung a U. As he reached the midpoint of the turn, blocking a lane of traffic in each direction, the car stalled.



ight had fallen by the time he got home. Katie would be long gone from the restaurant, and he wasn't

looking forward to the call he would have to make to her. In fact, maybe he'd put it off till tomorrow, just disconnect the phone and hit the sack tonight. But first—before the long, healing shower; before the soft terry-cloth robe; before the roast beef sandwich, the nice cold beer, and then the cool, crisp, infinitely inviting sheets of his bed—first he would smoke a joint. He craved that experience with every atom of his being. He had a jar of the prettiest little Hawaiian buds....

But Smade's house—not the one on the right or left, not the one across the street, but his own particular house—had been broken into and burgled. Among other things, all his dope was gone.

And the cat had pissed on his bed.

Some people have bad days or weeks. Smade was having a bad decade. The scariest thing about his ride home was that it was typical; shit like this kept falling on him *all the time*. When he tried to meditate, the dog across the street barked incessantly. When he made a phone call, he'd be put on hold. No matter what checkout line he chose at the supermarket, it turned out to be the slowest. If he set the VCR to record a movie while he slept, there'd be a power outage during the last ten minutes. See how diabolical that is? Smade, none the wiser, would watch almost the entire

film...only to miss the climax. He was awed at the consistency of his misfortune. How could anyone have such relentlessly terrible luck? There was no sensible explanation; it wouldn't compute.

So he'd simply hung in there. Complaining did no good. It just grossed people out; they didn't want to hear that shit. Unless they made their living that way....

He went to a shrink, who explained that people make their own luck. We are captains of our ships, she told him, directors of our own movies. Maybe he was *experiencing* his problems as bad luck, but that was only in his head; there wasn't really any such thing. When Smade, feeling somewhat encouraged, stood up to leave, however, he slipped on her dog's rubber bone, breaking his ankle. As she helped him lie down, the sofa collapsed beneath him. Smade's yelp of pain did not quite cover another, smaller yelp—the shrink's Yorkshire terrier, napping beneath the sofa, had just been popped. Blood welled forth, staining irreparably the shrink's priceless Persian rug. And when the paramedics finally arrived and managed to get Smade out to the street, they found a guy stealing their ambulance—a crazed person on PCP; it later turned out—who promptly ran the vehicle through the front wall of the shrink's house. When Smade asked if she still thought there was no such thing as bad luck, she said she did but added that if he came near her again, she'd have him socked away in a padded room in Camarillo for the rest of his life.



n the morning, after a swell night's sleep on the sofa, he tried to reach Katie. There was no answer. He went to make coffee. The coffee machine had been stolen. In fact, the coffee had been stolen.

There was some ancient herb tea, a remnant of a former lover,

but the Red Zinger had lost its zing, and he was still searching for something to help him wake up when the cops came to hear about the burglary. He asked them how much chance there was that he'd ever see any of his stuff again. They sort of laughed.

He tried Katie. No answer. Since the basic plan had been to meet for dinner and make up the rest of the weekend as they went along, this left him with nothing on tap. He called some friends. Marcia was taking her kid to Catalina. Nick's show was having Saturday and Sunday matinees. Beaver said, "I just made plans. If you'd called me *five minutes earlier*..."

There was a samurai festival at the Kokousai Theatre. He drove way over there. They were running a couple of flicks he'd wanted to see for years, one with Mifune, the other with Mifune *and* Nakadai. He bought a great tub of popcorn and went in.

The movies had no subtitles.

He tried to get his money back. The ticket guy didn't have subtitles either. The only Japanese words Smade knew were Kirin and Sapporo. He gave up and went home.

He called Katie. No answer.

The weekend proceeded at the pace of a glacier. The cable was full of movies intended for fourteen-year-olds, *Blow Lunch Frat Bash* and the like. The wine he opened smelled like nail polish remover. He slept shitty. A tree fell on his car. The cat brought a dead thing into the living room.

Katie never answered her phone.

He was actually glad when Monday arrived and he could get back to work. Smade did "coverage" for Pacific Studios; that is, he read script submissions and wrote two-page assessments of them, screening out the dreck that would waste the executives' time, occasionally finding a good one. Very occasionally. But there was never any shortage of scripts, so he was always able to bury himself in his work if he chose, and right now he chose. Katie was depressing him. Fuck her if she couldn't take a joke. He'd tried calling her enough; let her call him now. He settled in to read about giant, heroic Americans beating up evil Third Worlders, and misunderstood teenagers living in worlds where all grown-ups were bad, and one *real* original one in which a pair of godlike space travelers land on Earth after a nuclear war and at the end you find out their names are Adam and Eve. A couple of days passed without incident, and then, on Wednesday, he got the letter.

It was from something called the Office of Crime Victim Compensation, informing him that his case had received a favorable ruling and requesting him to visit the office in person to pick up his compensation. I'll be damned, thought Smade.

The following day he drove downtown during lunch. The Office of Crime Victim Compensation was in City Hall. There was an enormous line, and only one window open. Par for the course. He unfolded the *L.A. Weekly*.

The line crept forward. Smade read about toxic-waste cheaters, graft on the County Board of Supervisors, secret preparations for invading Central America...He sighed; sometimes he missed the sixties so much. Not that things were particularly less brutal or corrupt then, but at least you could stay stoned all the time, thinking you were striking blows against the empire. The eighties were so

blatant, with mean, self-interested pricks running things, most of Congress on the take from "lobbyists," fundamentalists burning books, messing with people...

"Next!"

Smade, startled, realized he had reached the front of the line. A large woman who looked a bit like Roy Campanella was regarding him through the bars with no particular friendliness. A nameplate identified her as Mrs. Booker.

"This letter from your office came to me." Smade showed it to her.

"Mmm." She glanced at it. "Well, uh, what crime is you a victim of?"

"Burglary. Some guys got my stereo, a gold ring, silverware... you know. Put it in a pillowcase and..."

"Burglary..." She was tapping away on a computer keyboard. "Hmm, here a *Slade*..." She looked up hopefully. "From Hollywood?"

"No, *Smade*. From Los Angeles."

She returned to the monitor screen. "Slater... Slavin... Snopsky." She shook her head. "Sorry, you not in there."

"I not?" Smade blinked, glanced at the notice as if now, her having said that, it might have disappeared. It was still there.

"When this crime happen?"

He told her.

"Las' Friday?" She looked at him in amazement. "Shit, we jus' gettin' round to crimes from nineteen eighty-fo'. That notice can' be 'bout no crime from las' Friday."

"But I *was* robbed...and you did send me the notice..."

"Yeah, Ah know. This here has got me puzzled. Smade, Smade..." Her gaze went unfocused as she pondered. "Ah know Ah seen that name *somewhere*... Jus' a minute."

She tapped away furiously. "Hol' de phone! Here you is." She blinked at the screen. "Hm! Now this *real* interestin'!"

Uh-oh, thought Smade. What complication was life about to fling in his face now?

"This say you a victim of a violation of de law. Only...de law dey talkin' 'bout is de law of averages." She looked at him wonderingly. "Ain' dat de damndest thing you ever hear?" Reading from the screen again, she said, "It say here that due to a clerical error, all yo' good luck for de las' six year been goin' to a beer salesman in Pittsburgh. Say that fo' de nex' six year, you be gettin' no bad luck at all—that yo' compensation."

"What is this?" The woman's statements had made him feel a vague dread. "You're kidding, right?"

"I ain' lyin'. You wan' come in here, read de screen?"

"No, no..."

"Hmm. Ah suppose' to give you a booklet wif de rules an' regulations, but dey ain' sen' me no booklets..."

"Never mind. It doesn't matter." Smade couldn't believe this shit; a whole lunch hour wasted. "I'll see you in a couple of years, when my burglary case comes up."

He headed for his car, grumbling. Not his day. Once again.

He was most of the way down the exit ramp when he realized he'd forgotten to get his ticket validated. Great; this was one of those dollar-every-twenty-minutes places. No more bad luck, huh? Sure. He pulled up to the woman in the booth, ready to be gouged.

"Never min'," she said.

"What?" said Smade.

"Jus' go 'head. Joo park for free today."

Smade felt anxiety. What was going on here?

"Joo see, every week I let one person go weethout payin'. Jus' on general prenciples, joo know? 'Cause I don' like the bosses, dey're a bunch of fat-ass jerkoffs who don' pay me enough." And she lifted the gate and let him drive away.

Smade was stunned. He'd just saved three or four bucks back there. Had he just had... *good luck*?

Warily, he drove up the Fourth Street on-ramp to the Harbor Freeway. The slow lane was clear, and he was able to glide right on. What he found amazed him: though the lanes to his left were clogged with traffic, the slow lane was empty as far ahead as the eye could see. Smade zoomed along, his speedometer needle never falling below sixty. When

he left the freeway, the light turned green just before he hit the foot of the off-ramp, so he breezed right out. No line faced him at the studio entrance. The parking place directly before his building was empty, waiting for him. He zipped in and cut the engine, grinning.



hat afternoon, he read a really terrific script in which no one got killed or maimed—an exuberant, sensual, life-affirming comedy called *In the Groove*. It just turned up

in his in-basket, looking no different from the ones about teenage boys winning the big game, and teenage boys coming of age, and teenage boys being invisible in the girls' locker room... He wrote a glowing couple of pages on the new script and felt that his work had been enormously satisfying that afternoon.

As he made his way easily through the snarled traffic of rush hour, listening with pleasure to a reggae show he stumbled on among the low FM wavelengths, his pesky air conditioner working perfectly while, in cars all around him, people were sweating like malaria victims, it was becoming harder and harder

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to stay skeptical about the message from the computer. And he had another thought—life experienced this way, without the horrible daily encrustation of flaws and bad breaks, was like a wonderful high that never stopped, and from which he would never have to crash.

And almost as he thought that things turned back to shit.

Smade needed olive oil for the egg-plant he was going to broil that night, and there was this little store on Melrose that sold nothing but, dozens of brands of olive oil from all over the world. The nearest parking spot he could find was several blocks away. Uh-oh, he thought. But this wasn't when things turned to shit. That happened five minutes later, a few doors from the store, as he was heading back with the can of oil beneath his arm. A terrible-looking guy walked up to him and put the point of a small knife against his stomach.

"Gimme whatever you got, muvfucka," the guy said, "or I'll mess you up *real* good."

Smade was not inclined to argue. He groped in his jacket for his wallet. When he looked up, he saw a car slow before the olive oil store and an arm come out to toss a smoking spheroid through the show window with a crash. The car screeched away, sideswiped a bus, and caromed into a light pole. The bus, knocked off-course, roared straight at Smade. Unable to find his voice, he made desperate signals at the knife guy.

Who ignored them. "I'll take your fuckin' dick, you stupid fuck," he told Smade. His pupils were the size of pinpricks.

A tremendous explosion blasted outward from the olive oil store's window. The knife guy swung around to stare. The bus hurtled out of the smoke; it was only twenty feet from Smade now, with the knife guy in the clear. Then a tidal wave of olive oil gushed from the store window and went under the rear wheels of the bus, which skidded. Just a little skid, just enough to alter its course a tiny bit...so that it missed Smade by three inches and turned the knife guy into smush against the building wall.

Smade stood amidst a scene that resembled Beirut on a bad day. Unharmed.

So things *badn't* turned back to shit; it had just looked that way for a moment. The mugger had delayed him, saving him from the bomb blast. Which had released the oil that had saved him from the bus. Which had saved him from the mugger. He staggered away from the flames and wreckage, dazed—not from the collision, but from the enormity of what had just happened and what it meant. No one had ever had such a megaburst of good luck in the history of the world! What the computer had told him was true; this was

now beyond dispute. He was above the law of averages. *For the next six years.*



he went to his car—which had been parked just far enough from the crashes and explosions to avoid injury—and drove home. The obvious question was, what to do now? Lying back on his sofa, he fired up a joint and thought things over. During his years of bad luck, Smade had become essentially passive. He'd found that when everything you try blows up in your face, you soon stop trying. He'd cultivated quiet, unaggressive habits, avoided competitive sports—he always lost—and public gatherings, wound up entertaining himself at home much of the time. Tonight, for instance, one of the cable stations was running a *film noir* he'd never seen, *I Died Yesterday*, and that was how he'd been planning to spend his evening, wallowing in late-forties, postwar disillusionment and ennui. But now...well, what the hell, with all this newfound luck, maybe he could have a little fun. He jumped into his car and headed out to the Hollywood Park racetrack.

Smade knew as much about horse racing as he did about Uranus. He glanced down the list of entries in the first race. Burt Lancaster was going off at 6-1. Well, he'd always liked Burt Lancaster. He put two bucks on him to win, and went outside to watch.

Coming into the stretch, his horse was running a strong second, but the favorite—Dr. Jive—was two lengths in front. Then Dr. Jive stumbled and went down. Burt Lancaster streaked across the finish line, and Smade's two bucks became twelve.

He put it on Grace Under Pressure. Grace came in at 5-2, Smade had sixty dollars. He put the sixty dollars on Bong-Bong, and when the race was over he had \$180. Things continued in this vein; Smade's random selections won every race and the daily double. He left the track with \$113,479.22.

In the parking lot, a guy put a gun on him, told him to hand over his money. But as Smade was reaching for it, a terrible expression came over the guy's face.

"What's the matter?" said Smade.

Shaking his head in disbelief and disgust, the guy said, "Diarrhea!" jammed his gun in his pocket, and left the lot at a dead run.

As he drove home, every light turned green just as Smade approached it. In his

house, nothing bad had happened. That night, he slept like a baby.

In the morning, feeling blissfully together, he enjoyed coffee on the porch and scanned the *Times*. The headlines were...interesting. Several businessmen from the chemical industry had been given ten-year terms for toxic-waste dumping. The soonest any of them could come up for parole was five years. These were top executives, guys with ties and degrees from Yale; their convictions were said to be having a "chilling effect" on illegal dumping in general. Also, two L.A. County supervisors had been brought up on charges of taking graft. But the kicker was that a set of Central American invasion plans had been found in a Washington cocktail lounge by a Liberian diplomat, who had immediately revealed them to a hastily convened session of the General Assembly of the U.N. Old Uncle Sam had so much egg on his face that he looked like Uncle Omelet, and American invasions—*any* invasions, anywhere—were now considered about as likely as igloos on Guam.

Smade was dumbfounded. Bad luck even extended to being bummed out by stuff you read in the paper? This was incredible! And yet, it did make a certain kind of sense. After all, having to be depressed and scared by the stupid, terrible stuff people did certainly didn't qualify as *good* luck.

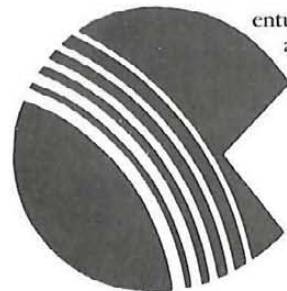
At the sound of a door banging open, he turned and saw his across-the-street neighbor coming out with Wilhemina, the fucking dog that barked when he meditated. The guy was looking none too happy as he put the beast in his car.

"What's up?" Smade called.

"Gotta get rid of her," Stefan called back. "Too many fleas in the canyons. I'm taking her to my uncle's grapefruit ranch in Pomona."

"Gee," commiserated Smade. "What a shame."

He was having the germ of an idea, and it would involve a little side trip before he went to work. He considered calling in, letting them know he'd be late. But hell, with his luck, they'd never notice his absence. Or wouldn't care. Or whatever. He went inside and picked up the Yellow Pages.



entury City always made Smade feel like he was walking around in an Antonioni movie. He went into one of the great, glassy buildings,

continued on page 93

AMERICA CELEBRATES:

Triumph of the Swill!

by Rick Meyerowitz and John Weidman

July 4, 1986. A nation gathers for a very special party for a very special lady—our own Statue of Liberty, 200 years young!

Yes, this one's for you, Dame Liberty. It seemed a shame your birthday ever

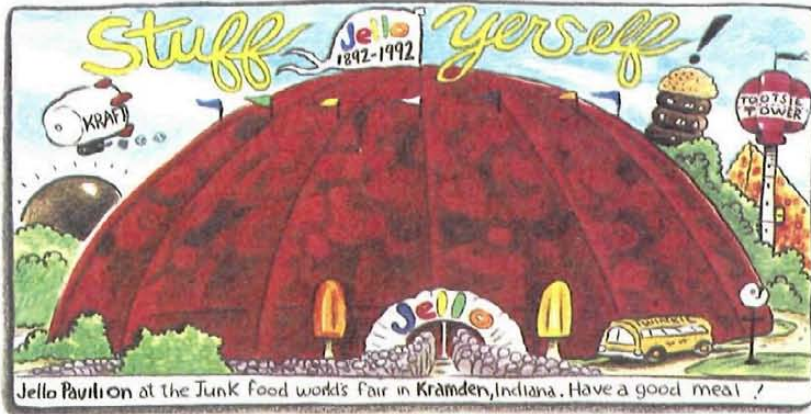


had to end. But, hey, this isn't *Russia*, right? We got a shitload more to celebrate than one broad with a copper ass. So throw another six-pack in the cooler, Mr. and Mrs. America. The party's just beginning!



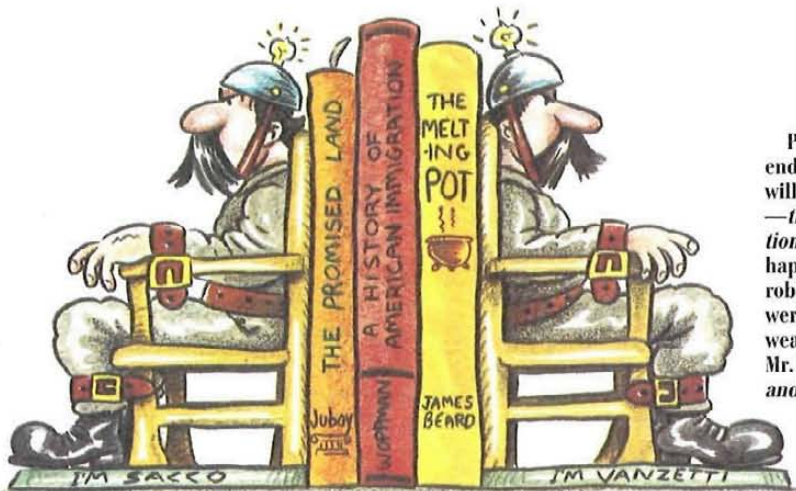
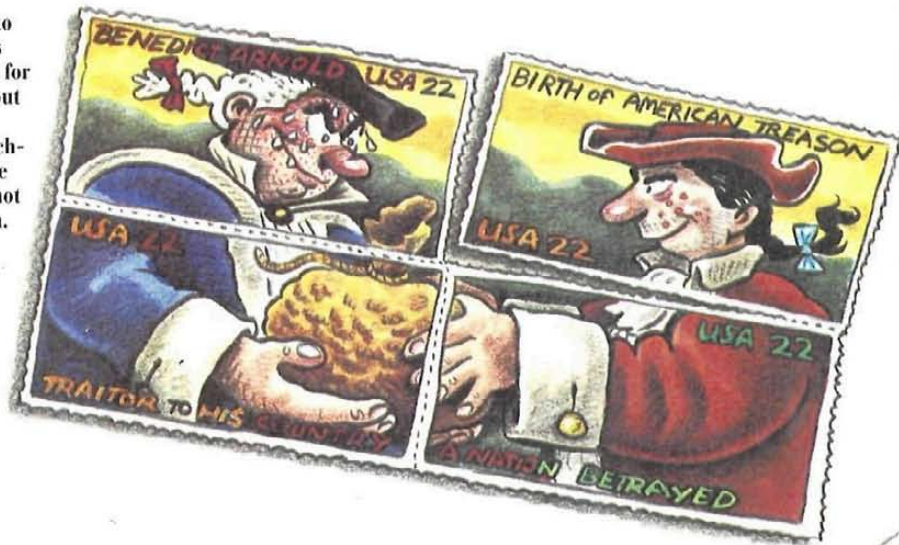
We catch our first glimpse as they round the headland—trim canvas snapping in the breeze, majestic masts stretching toward the sun.... "Behold, my lads. It is the Tall Ships! Crammed with screaming Negroes!"

This cry, which first rang out in Charleston Harbor in 1619, will ring out with redoubled joy on July 4, 1994, when Charleston plays host to "Operation Slave," a gathering of former slave ships from around the world. The occasion? The 375th anniversary of the arrival of the first black man in America! "Give us your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to be—" Oops! Sorry, that's for the other guys.



In 1996 America will celebrate the *ninety-ninth anniversary of the enactment of the Pure Food and Drug Act*. What better way to commemorate the passage of this landmark legislation than with the Junk Food World's Fair in Kramden, Indiana. Bring the kids and bring the Tums, but mostly, bring your appetite. And after you've eaten your fill, stop by the Great Hall of Laboratory Rats and see what's for dessert!

The greatness of a nation is difficult to measure. Not so the money a man wants for betraying it. Benedict Arnold settled for £10,000, the price today of a Volvo without air conditioning. September 25, 1990, marks the 210th anniversary of his treachery. Help celebrate by using one of these handsome new stamps to mail a snapshot of your local power plant to the Kremlin.

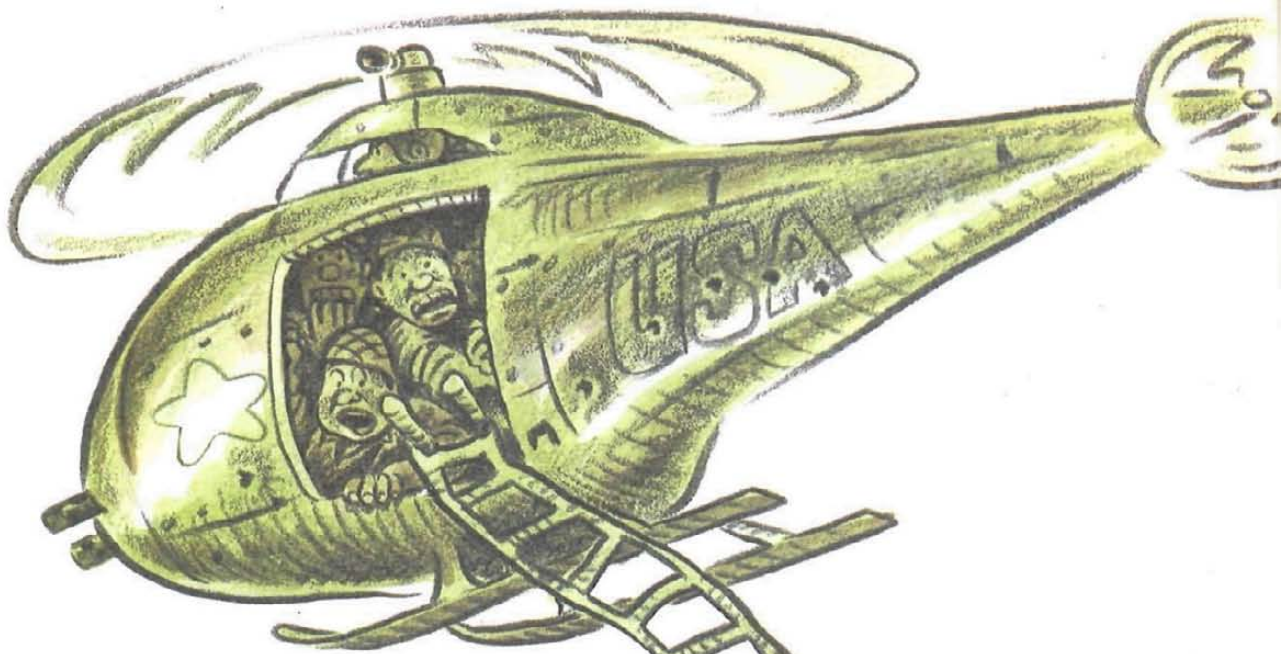


Pictured left, a pair of porcelain book-ends, one of many fine souvenirs which will be made available next August 22 — the *sixtieth anniversary of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti*. These two hapless immigrants were accused of robbery, conspiracy, and murder. They were convicted of smelling like garlic, wearing cheap suits, and talking like Mr. Baccigalupe from the old *Abbott and Costello Show*.

On April 11, 1898, the United States declared war on Spain, and with one bold, courageous stroke bulled her way into the high-stakes game of international imperialism. From this dirty little war we hoped to gain lucrative new markets, priceless natural resources, pride, and prestige. Instead, we got Puerto Rico.

Pictured below, *The Colossus of San Juan*, a monumental statue to be erected at the entrance to San Juan Harbor in 1998, the 100th anniversary of America's imperialist triumph. Towering 800 feet above the oily waters of the harbor, the *Colossus* gestures northward, toward the South Bronx, pointing the way to a better life of welfare benefits and takeout chicken.





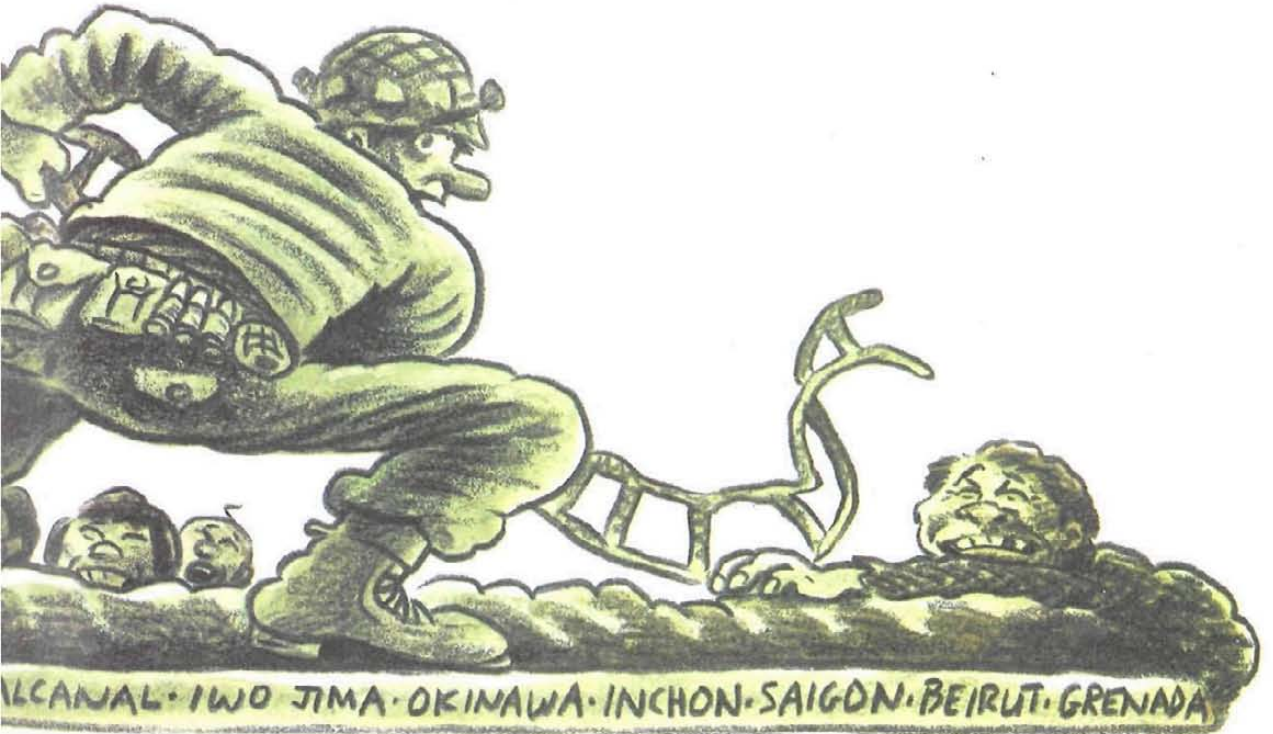
In May 1975 the U.S. Marines evacuated Saigon. The war in Vietnam was over—and *we lost!* In May 1990 a monument commemorating America's humiliation will be unveiled in the parking lot across the street from Arlington National Cemetery. Make plans to be there now. To hang your head low and give three rousing jeers: "We blew it! We're England! Let's get the fuck out of here!"



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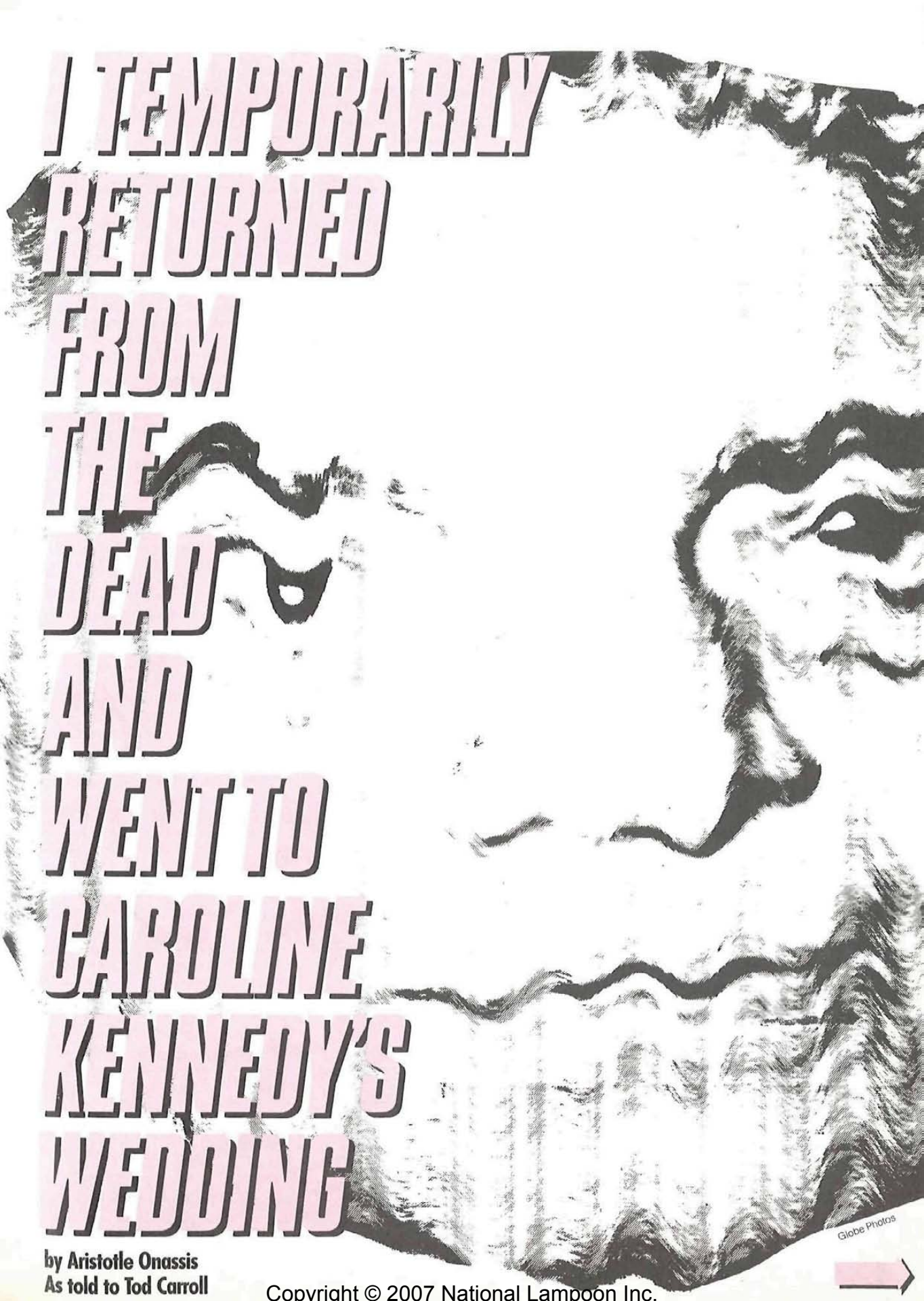
December 29, 1990, will mark the 100th anniversary of the Massacre at Wounded Knee. Two hundred unarmed Indians—including over fifty women and children—pursued through the snow by the U.S. Cavalry and gunned down in their tracks! To help celebrate this milestone in American genocide, the Franklin Mint will issue a series of commemorative plates dedicated to the Sioux, the Cherokee, and all the other Native Americans who, with the help of the white man, became "Good Indians." Each of these handsome platters will be as vividly painted as the faces of the dead braves depicted, as beautifully fired as the Indian villages themselves. So come on, *kemo sabe*—order today!





On August 6, 1945, Harry Truman lit up the skies over Hiroshima with a whole new kind of fireworks. Sometime in August 1987 (the precise date is classified), our current Commander in Chief will don lead-lined spectacles and cast his eyes heavenward as once again we light up the skies—this time over Nicaragua.

Yes, on that thrilling day (keep guessing, Ivan!), the sultry air above Managua will explode—with blaring trumpets, thundering drums, and several thousand bleeding burros. And when the fireworks display is over, President Reagan will be on hand to personally award the Medal of Freedom to what's left of Daniel Ortega's ass.



**I TEMPORARILY
RETURNED
FROM
THE
DEAD
AND
WENT TO
CAROLINE
KENNEDY'S
WEDDING**

by Aristotle Onassis
As told to Tod Carroll

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Globe Photos



WHEN YOU DIE, life continues as thought. The power of your mind enlarges and overtakes the function of your body, much like science fiction travelers who move through time and space by willing themselves from one point to another. Thought-self has dimension and character. There are flaws and limitations, imposed by the construction of one's particular self-idea rather than the mechanical constraints of physical being. Where a person in life might hobble because of a broken bone, after life his perception of his existence might have incorporated the restriction and discomfort of the same sort of hobble.

So I know of no blissful heaven or torturous hell—I believe whatever good or bad sensations there are must arise wholly from self-nature. A depressive might therefore experience the blackness of an underworld; a manic individual, one given to emotional extremes—like an actress or someone suffering from neurosyphilis—might feel a euphoria suggesting paradise. I have encountered neither, although I have developed unfamiliar sensations, perhaps the result of a natural evolution of personality.

For example, I feel an incipient mellowness; much of the competitive desire for power and possessions that governed my life recedes as I become reflective and ponder my mistakes and discover the merits of remorse. There is a salvaging effect to rightness, even after the fact. I have done my best to communicate these feelings to those in the afterstate who may have suffered from my earlier actions.

But there was one offense I suffered which I could not forget or alleviate, and it in fact would only become more obscene to me as time passed without some expression of conscience. Even a mere acknowledgment would have helped—but none came; I was seemingly made to evanesce and then vented from the exhaust of her new social life, new interests, new boy-friends, career, whatever—and the indignity of this was beginning to fester within me and undo what progress and sanguinity I had achieved since my demise.

If there is a God, I decided, He is perhaps a reservoir of force which we might tap when our own powers cannot succeed. I became obsessed, as I had been in business, only now my object seemed worthy and my motive justifiable. I was entitled to confront her and give her one last chance to say she was sorry. For no matter how ruthless or avaricious or vain I might have been, no one deserves to lie alone on his deathbed in France while his wife's on another continent supposedly locked into an irrevocable "obligation" to watch her daughter per-

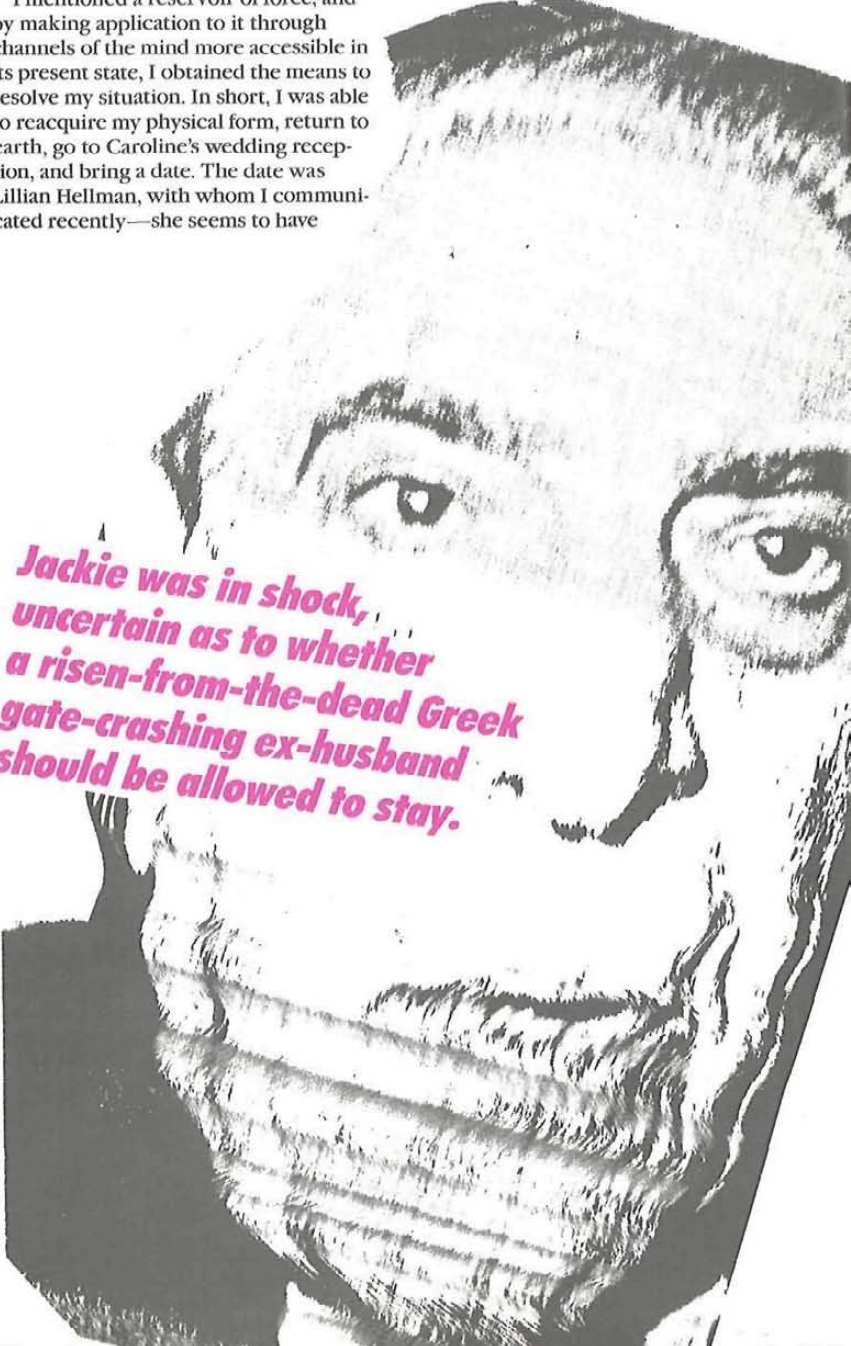
form in a school play. So our marriage was defunct, so it may have been a sham from the outset, so I displayed her as a trophy and she used my wealth to shield herself from a hounding world—the lady was my wife, goddamn it, and she couldn't even come to say goodbye.

I imagined the woman sitting in a darkened theater, her little actress bobbling up and down the stage, and between the awful sucking noises rising from some sanguinopurulent collapsed sub-chamber beneath my chest, I half expected a band to march into the hospital room and toot me a German-style beer song: "Jackie says to fuck yourself, fuck yourself, fuck yourself..." Something like that.

I mentioned a reservoir of force, and by making application to it through channels of the mind more accessible in its present state, I obtained the means to resolve my situation. In short, I was able to reacquire my physical form, return to earth, go to Caroline's wedding reception, and bring a date. The date was Lillian Hellman, with whom I communicated recently—she seems to have

known her way around a Kennedy sort of society (I never understood it at all), and moreover, I knew I could count on her to get shrill sawtooth drunk and divert them all while I did what I had to do. So Lilly and I materialized in Hyannis within the Kennedy compound, behind an azalea, and walked to the receiving line.

The first person to greet us had no idea who we were—it was Mrs. McGeorge Bundy, standing with her husband ahead of us in line. She thought Lillian was the wife of an ambassador, and Lilly, who had already snatched two or three drinks from passing trays, spat a response which caused the woman first to color and then to begin vibrating and



Jackie was in shock, uncertain as to whether a risen-from-the-dead Greek gate-crashing ex-husband should be allowed to stay.

finally to cry. "I'm not anyone's *wife*," Lilly said, "and if I were he wouldn't be some titling paper-shredding diplomatic mouthpiece dickhead of an ambassador, nor would he be the sort of inert dolt who would have ever even accidentally identified himself to you, honey, whatever the fuck your name is—and this recondite little ossified whoremonger on your arm—a husband, perhaps? very presidential—tell me he's a president or something, that what he is? Hello, Mr. President, you aren't the one who fucked Marilyn Monroe, are you? Of course not, but I'll be sure to clarify it with Jackie anyway, just so nobody's wandering around the fairy tale in a shitty mood."

By this time we had reached the first member of the wedding party, the mother of the bride, and we turned to shake her hand. "That little fellow ahead of us," Lillian said to her. "He's denying everything about the Monroe girl, but I'm telling you the man has the scruples of a monkey." She performed a little hand motion like a zoo monkey flogging off in its cage, then made a great show of discovering the groom. "A Jew," she purred. "Let's annul."

Jackie hadn't heard any of this, being understandably destabilized at the sight of a dead, abandoned zombie husband whom she had personally disgraced. "Good crowd," I said. "I remember there were more at our wedding, but then again I was paying for it... probably paying for this one, too, come to think of it." Jackie faltered; a stunned Secret Service man recognized me and grabbed her arm. "Can we talk?" I asked.

Lillian was now actually purring and making other sorts of cat noises near the groom's ear, jamming up a line of people behind her. "He's getting me a drink," she said to them in her creamiest Louisiana languor, "isn't he?" The bride turned and made a face; there was nothing for Ed to do, I suppose, but get the drink.

Jackie had taken herself upstairs and was sitting on a great canopied bed. There were French stencils around the walls near the ceiling; the room was filled with dried flowers and photographs of the White House and wind-blown Yankees in boats and some other images I didn't recognize—probably taken by one of her "artists" at the publishing house. Secret Service men stood outside; they had called Washington for instructions because they believed Jackie was in shock, which to some extent she was, uncertain as to whether a risen-from-the-dead Greek gate-crashing ex-husband should be allowed to stay.

I stood near her, fingering a cameo box on the dresser—it was a coral-colored Wedgwood thing I had bought for her in London. "Do you remember?

You were always running out of postage stamps, so I gave you this filled with hundreds of them from all over the world... I could be silly sometimes, couldn't I?"

"I never ran out of stamps," she snapped.

"Sure you did. I remember we once missed a plane on Kos because you had to mail a card to your sister and you had no stamps." I opened the box and discovered a roll of postage. "See?"

"See what? Open the drawer and you'll find some jewelry—so I suppose that means I was always running out of jewelry too."

"How could you run out? I was supplying it to you like a conveyor belt."

"I was referring to your ridiculous 'proof.' Just because you find stamps in a box doesn't mean I was having some sort of problem."

"Tell me we didn't miss the plane in Kos."

"Tell me you weren't preening yourself in the rest room when they called the flight."

"I had a blister."

"It was disgusting."

"How would you know, you dumb bitch, you were too busy writing cards to all your friends. 'Had a lovely meal today, saw a darling esplanade today.' How about 'Didn't even notice my husband for the twelfth day in a row today'?... 'Made the little Greek take a taxi all the way back to town for a fucking postage stamp so the Radziwill bitch could have a postmark from Kos.'"

"I had plenty of stamps."

"You didn't have dick, and you know it."

"How would you know? You were in the rest room."

"For *five* minutes."

"Half an hour. It's all right; if I was in your condition, I'd stay in there forever."

"How could I have been in the bathroom for half an hour when we got

to the airport at six-thirty, I went to the bathroom, came out, went back to town for your stamp, and missed the seven o'clock plane by five minutes? Answer me that, please."

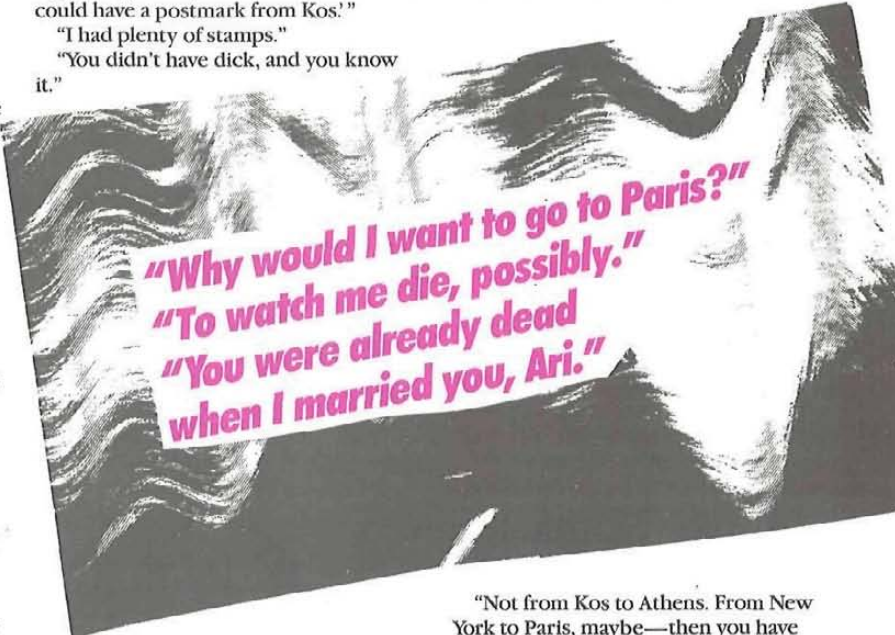
"I don't remember missing the plane."

"Of course not, you were too busy running me around for your goddamn postage."

"You never *ran* anywhere."

"I never *flew* anywhere, is what I never did—stuck in that airport for six hours until the next flight."

"It wasn't more than an hour—flights leave there all the time."



**"Why would I want to go to Paris?"
"To watch me die, possibly."
"You were already dead
when I married you, Ari."**

"Not from Kos to Athens. From New York to Paris, maybe—then you have dozens of flights. In fact, it's almost impossible *not* to end up in Paris if you don't watch where you're going."

"Why would I want to go to Paris?"

"To watch me die, possibly."

"You were already dead when I married you."

"No one...no one's arguing."

We sat there in silence for several minutes, then turned to the window as Plimpton's fireworks began and Lillian pushed Rose's wheelchair up on a gazebo for a better view.

"He's designed a special explosion for every member of the family," she told the old woman. "That starburst sort of blue and yellow thing is Bobby, of course, with Mr. Gambino and Sal Trafficante—Sal had the Florida territory then, which still included Cuba. And that big flare there, that's Fidel, and Bobby and his friends are trying to whack him out—see those little fizzlies, that's fireworks language for whacking, whacking fizzlies, remember that when we get to the Marilyn part....Schlossberg, you baby-snatching maverick, where's my drink?"

The groom appeared with a glass, and a fireball in the distance bleached the surfaces of Lilly's face. "There you are, Edwardo. Have you met the venerable Miss Rose? Two hundred today, isn't she? Still sharp as a nail. Edwardo and I are running off to Israel, aren't we—opening one of Ed's theme parks, a full-size Nantucket on the Ncgev. Come, Rose dear, we'll go clamming on the Sea of Schlossberg." A series of Plimpton's concussion bombs went off, which Lilly explained to Rose were representative of her late Joe making deals up his bung-hole with all the top Nazis.

"So what do you want from me?" Jackie said at length.

"I told you what I want."

"Fine, but you never listen to what I want."

"To what *you* want? All I ever did was get you what you want—my God, I made it my life's vocation."

"Then why did you get me that box?"

"This box? Let's see...why the fuck would I buy a Wedgwood box?...Gee, I don't know..."

"I didn't want it."

"It was a present. I thought you'd like a

present, I bought you a present."

"I wanted a necklace."

"I got you five hundred necklaces."

"No, you didn't, you got me five hundred postage stamps in a damn box I absolutely did not want."

"Then why do you still have it? Tell me that."

"Because it's about all I got from your estate."

"You got millions of dollars."

"I got trouble from Christina is what I got—and a goddamn box."

"So what do you want, a check? I'll write you a fucking check."

"That's not what I want."

"A necklace, then."

"I don't want a necklace."

"You just said you wanted a fucking necklace."

"Ten years ago."

"We were in London in 1972—that's a little more than ten years ago."

"We were in Kos in 1972."

"So what's that got to do with anything? Please, let me put all this another way. If you should perhaps, just possibly, *want* to tell me you're sorry, then that so happens to be exactly what I want as well."

"Just because you want it doesn't automatically mean that I want it—I mean, for God's sake, think with a little less ego for once in your life."

"Maybe you've forgotten, but it's a little late to be talking about corrections in my life. Then again, there's no reason to expect you to know that—you were busy and it must have slipped past before you noticed."

"Okay, I'll take a check."

"I see...How much?"

"You decide. Make a decision, for once in your life."

"Hey, fuck you, okay? Just fuck you—write your own goddamn check."

"Oh, sure, tell me more about this vocation of yours. Tell me how dedicated you are to giving me what I want."

"I said fuck you."

"So do I get the check or not?"

"I'm dead, I don't have a bank account. I can't write a check."


"What can you do then? Sunbathe? Talk on the phone? Eat? Digest those fucking leaves? Tell me, what can you do?"

"Not insult you. I can stand here like a normal person and ask you, please, let's stop this shouting and insulting, let's stop this arguing."

"You're arguing, not me."

A helicopter was moving across the bay, from the direction of New Bedford, and Lilly was sprawled on a chaise near Caroline's table. "My God," she was screaming in a sodden delirium, "it was a marvelous war—rabid Spanish Reds, bombers and starvelings, blood and

continued on page 114



"Rich and dead, that's your kind of combination, isn't it?"

"I hadn't noticed."

"How was the play? A good one? Riveting and cathartic? Enthusiastic school-children batting their souls around the stage?"

"Caroline was good, but the rest of the cast dragged it down."

"I convulsed off the bed and they dragged me down too—down a hall to the morgue."

"Grow up, for God's sake—they don't drag people in hospitals."

"How would you know? They could have rolled me into a lime pit for all you know."

"I assumed that happened when they made your face."

"What's wrong with my face?"

"Sorry—a bug doesn't know it's a bug, does one?"

"Oh, so I'm a bug."

"Why are you here? I thought you were dead."

"I came back to see if you had something to say about your behavior when I died. I came back to see if we might have five minutes without arguing, to try to leave things on a better note."

"Who's arguing?"

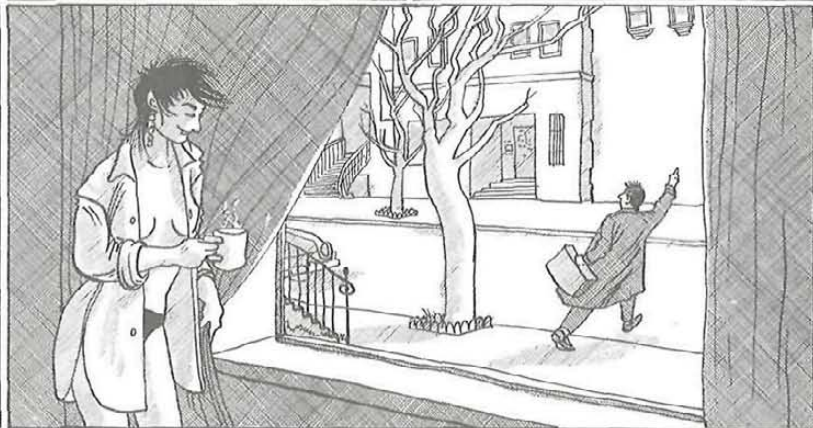
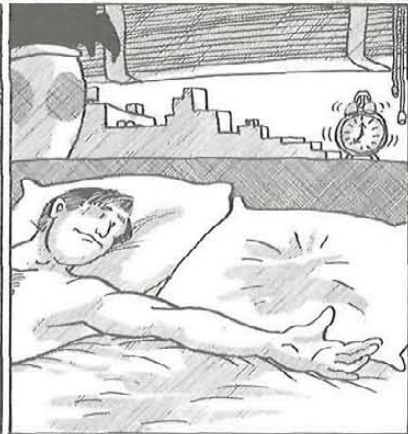


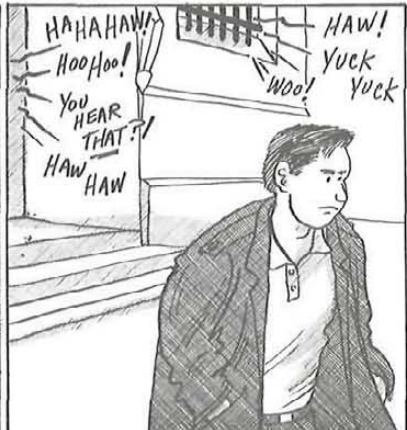
"I came back to see if we might have five minutes without arguing."

ONE NIGHT STAND

BY SHARY FLENNIKEN









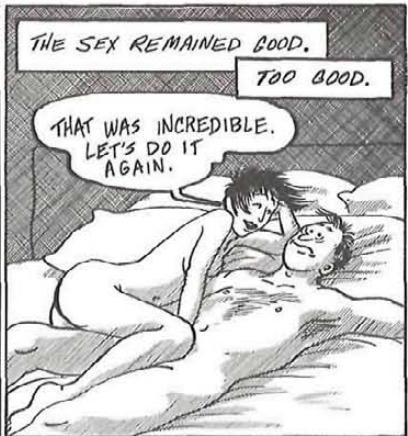
BRRRR....

I'M NOT WALKING OUT ON THIS RELATIONSHIP.



YAH!
GROAN....

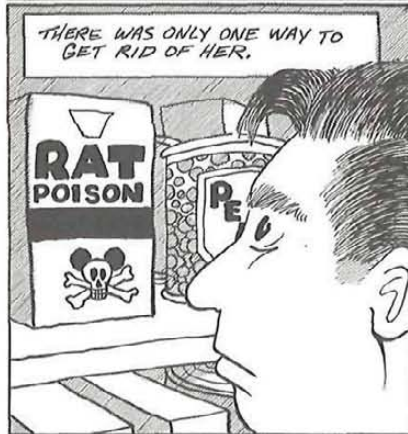
... AND YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!



THE SEX REMAINED GOOD.

TOO GOOD.

THAT WAS INCREDIBLE. LET'S DO IT AGAIN.



THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO GET RID OF HER.

RAT POISON



RAT POISON
WINE COOLER



NO NO JACK! DON'T KILL YOURSELF! YOU'RE ALL I'VE GOT. I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU! I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU!



SOB!

DON'T LEAVE ME!
STAY WITH ME FOREVER!



I NEED YOU!
WHIMPER....

HERE...

TAKE THE LEASE!



HERE ARE THE KEYS.... I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY THE RENT... BUT THE APARTMENT IS YOURS.

No!



MAX?

I'VE GOT ANOTHER ONE...

IT'S A LOVELY ONE BEDROOM ON A TREE-LINED STREET IN THE VILLAGE....

...AND IT'S AVAILABLE IMMEDIATELY.

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Attorney General's Commission on Pornography Minority Report

Submitted by
Commissioners
L. J. Sloman
and Vice-Chairman
E. Jack Subitzky

Chapter 1

Dissenting Commissioner Biographies

E. Jack Subitzky served as vice-chairman of the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography. Mr. Subitzky was born in Mount Vernon, New York. He was awarded a bachelor of arts degree from the State University of New York at Binghamton in 1965, graduating with a 2.5 grade point average. In 1975 Mr. Subitzky received his parajuris doctor from Niagara Falls University, on the Canadian side.

Mr. Subitzky is currently serving his second term as United States Attorney for the Catskill Mountain Region of Upstate New York. Mr. Subitzky has also served as the track official in charge of equine urinalysis at Monticello Racetrack and as state chaperone to the diving horse at Magic Forest Amusement Park, Lake George, New York.

Vice-Chairman Subitzky enjoys membership in several professional organizations, including the American Society of Paralegals, the International Order of Notary Publics, the American Horseracing Association, the American Association of Animal Healers and Chaperones, and the American Apple Association. He chairs the Refreshment Committee of Teamsters Local 104, Saugerties, New York. In addition, Mr. Subitzky has made significant contributions through his work with various community service organizations, including the Wurtsboro Brownies, the Woodstock Volunteer Fire Brigade, the Mount Tremper Glee Club, the Intercontinent Order of Freemasons, and the Lake George Kiwanis Club. He is also the sole member of the Oswego Auxiliary Police Force, Oswego, New York.

In 1981, President Reagan appointed Mr. Subitzky to the National Backroad Safety Advisory Committee.

The Reverend L. J. Sloman was born in Kew Gardens, New York, and grew up in Tupelo, Mississippi. Mr. Sloman studied at the Suffering of the Thorny Assumption Seminary in Little Rock, Arkansas. He then went to Our Lady of Perpetual Pain Theological Institute in Bratlesboro, Virginia. Mr. Sloman began his course work in theology and miracles at the Hidden Doctrine of the Most Revealed Revelation Church School in Madison, Wisconsin, where he founded his first television ministry, the Last Exit Before Freeway Church of God Gospel Hour. Mr. Sloman is the founder and executive director of Hands-

On House. Hands-On House provides care, comfort, and a homelike environment for runaway girls with acne and psoriasis, ages twelve to sixteen. He has also received national recognition for his work with female teenage anorexic Christians.

Mr. Sloman is the author of numerous biblical tracts, including Forty-seven Ways to Enter Heaven, Satan Is Alive and Well and Living in New Jersey, What Jesus Would Tell a Young Girl About Sex, and How to Profit from the Coming Apocalypse. He has received honorary degrees from the Holy Roller Institute, the Southern Cross Seminary, and the Peter, Paul I'm in Joy and Hope Foundation. Mr. Sloman is also a consultant and part-time lobbyist for the American Apple Association.

Chapter 2

Dissenting Commissioner Statements

Serving on this commission has been an honor and a privilege for the both of us. We applaud its good work and the great contribution it is certain to make both to our society and to every community of decent men, women, and children of every conceivable ethnic and racial designation who hear of our work. It is, we fervently pray, the beginning and the end of an odious cancer that has too long been permitted to go unchecked.

When Attorney General Edward Meese charged this commission, it was with a truly noble purpose: to wipe out, destroy, eliminate, eradicate, decapitate, and obliterate the evil, horrible, dreadful, demonic, and disgusting scourge that lays waste to our otherwise beautiful, fruitful, bountiful, wholesome, and God-fearing nation of decent, upright, upstanding, good, clean, and honest citizens who every day go about their daily labors with kindness, compassion, humility, and humanity through sun, rain, hail, gloom of night, snow, and occasional drizzle. We are, of course, talking about pornography.

We are not prudes. Sex in its proper place, position, and context is not only a permissible aspect of human experience but has the added blessed function—indeed, imperative—of procreating the human species. And yet, in the same breath, we cannot countenance its rampant perversion and misuse. A glance at any newspaper, any television show, any radio talk show, even the names of the horses in racetrack tip sheets, reveals a nation wallowing in sexual obsession. A nation that

so wallows cannot long endure.

Soon after this commission first met, it became abundantly clear that the 1970 Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, with its permissive and secular-humanist leanings, was obsolete before the ink was dry. However, to read the advance "leaks" to the press of our deliberations and the liberal press's subsequent distortions of our mission and purpose, one might be led to believe that our conclusions would be, if anything, too far-reaching and would border on outright censorship. Nothing could be further from the truth. In fact, regrettably, the two of us must strongly dissent from the generally commendable conclusions of the commission. In this final report, we see a sin not of commission, but of omission.

The reader should be warned that our dissenting report contains highly offensive and graphic material, far beyond any considered by or included in the majority report. Why the majority report failed to consider what is, in our opinion, the most blatant and widely dis-



The Bettmann Archive

Pictured above is Josephine Baker, the Negro dancer and moral reprobate who earned a worldwide reputation during the Roaring Twenties when she danced to hot jazz at the Folies Bergère wearing only a string of bananas around her waist. With such scandalous displays, she became the toast of Europe.

persed pornographic material may never be known. Why the report stopped short of facing the ultimate threat to the moral fiber of our culture is a matter best left to the pens of future historians. As commissioners of this historic group, we have no choice but to challenge our colleagues to courageously take the final step and remedy their astonishing oversight.

Do not misunderstand our position. The report has many commendable and lasting merits. We in fact would not quarrel with one word of the final report (with the exception of the inane, pathetic, imbecilic, and ultimately heartbreaking other dissenting statement of Dr. Judith Becker and Ellen Levine, fellow commissioners who, judging by their left-liberal leanings on this matter, were all too happy to spend countless hours wallowing in the filth that was so brutally and relentlessly paraded before our shocked and repulsed senses). Indeed

we wholeheartedly agree with fellow commissioner Dr. Park Elliott Dietz, M.D., M.P.H., and Ph.D., who so eloquently and movingly wrote the following:

"Pornography is a medical and public health problem because so much of it teaches false, misleading, and even dangerous information about human sexuality. A person who learned about human sexuality in the 'adults only' pornography outlets of America would be ... one who had learned that sex at home meant sex with one's children, stepchildren, parents, stepparents, siblings, cousins, nephews, nieces, aunts, uncles, and pets, and with neighbors, milkmen, plumbers, salesmen, burglars, and peepers, who had learned that people take off their clothes and have sex within the first five minutes of meeting one another, who had learned to misjudge the percentage of women who prepare for sex by shaving their pubic hair, having their breasts, buttocks, or legs tattooed, having their nipples or labia pierced, or donning leather, latex, rubber, or child-like costumes, who had learned to misjudge the proportion of men who prepare for sex by having their genitals or nipples pierced, wearing women's clothing, or growing breasts, who had learned that about one out of every five sexual encounters involves spanking, whipping, fighting, wrestling, tying, chaining, gagging, or torture, who had learned that more than one in ten sexual acts involve a party of more than two, who had learned that the purpose of ejaculation is that of soiling the mouths, faces, breasts, abdomens, backs, and food at which it is always aimed, who had learned that body cavities were designed for the insertion of foreign objects, who had learned that the anus was a genital to be licked and penetrated, who had learned that urine and excrement are erotic materials, who had learned that the instruments of sex are chemicals, handcuffs, gags, hoods, restraints, harnesses, police badges, knives, guns, whips, paddles, toilets, diapers, enema bags, inflatable rubber women, and disembodied vaginas, breasts, and penises, and who had learned that ... photographers and cameras were supposed to be present to capture the action so that it can be spread abroad."

And yet, tragically, we ultimately cannot condone this report in its final form. For omitted entirely is even a scant mention of a horror and a tragedy far worse than any mentioned so far herein. We are talking here of the very genesis of the pornographic mind-set, something which, in a guise of innocence and nutritional value, has seduced us into overlooking its wanton message; something which has spread to every corner of the earth, penetrating like a deadly dagger into the hearts and minds of innocent inhabitants of the first, second, and third worlds alike; something which, by even the most rudimentary Freudian analysis, is a firm symbol of the worst within us—the leering, brutal, animalistic, sensualist, satanic essence of evil itself, the ultimate and literal forbidden fruit—the banana.

Chapter 3

The Long and Turbulent History of the Banana

Bananas were obviously created for beasts, not men, as evidenced by the proclivity of various members of the ape family for them. Animals who are content to lie in filth all day, spewing forth nauseating odors and making obscene noises, spitting and engaging in wanton sex all day long, defecating and urinating on the floors of their habitats, are found to relish nothing more than the taste of this fruit. In fact, many species of grotesque apes are virtually obsessed by the banana. Indeed, in the public mind, the monkey and the banana form an almost inseparable pair—the stupid, primitive beast and its sad, vulgar meal. Only those who foolishly believe that apes evolved into men could maintain that we should also share in their noxious, nefarious dining habits.

Chapter 4

The Biochemistry of the Banana and Its Alleged Health Claims

The banana, like Satan himself, is shrouded in myth, misconcep-



The Bettmann Archive

The infamous banana ballet from Busby Berkeley's XXXX-rated 1943 picture, *The Gang's All Here*. Beneath this obscene arch walked Carmen Miranda, a trite, talentless, hack actress who

climbed through the Hollywood cesspool by donning a fruit-bowl hat stocked with bananas, and, to deflect moral outrage, other more legitimate fruits as well.

tion, and fallacy taken to be fact. For example, there is no such thing as a banana tree. The evil fruit grows from a hapaxanthous herb, a seedy plant that has a single flowering period. This herb often soars to obscene heights of forty feet. The flower bud grows at the end of a long stalk. When fruiting begins, the banana, unlike normal fruits, like the apple, for example, shows its true nature early and does not follow gravity's pull, instead pointing leeringly upward into the sky in a tragic mockery of heaven itself.

The alleged claims of health benefits from the intake of bananas are patently absurd. The average banana—which, incidentally, is six inches long, the same as the average male genitalia—contains one hundred grams of pulp, eighty-five calories, and 0.2 of a gram of fat, and 21 percent of its content is sugar. It rots the teeth as surely as it rots the moral fiber, and most of its biochemical constituents are also found in human semen. Bananas also contain high doses of vitamin B-6, a vitamin linked to perceptual disorders.

Although American scientists have been wise enough to eschew the use of bananas in their regimens, more primitive cultures naturally employ the fruit and other parts of the plant in their shamanist superstitious rites of healing. The Chinese have used bananas to allegedly cure everything from jaundice to measles. Ignorant Chinese pharmacologists extracted banana oil from the bark of the banana plant with a bamboo tube and fed it to unsuspecting babies to treat convulsions and epileptic fits. These wicked charlatans also advised women to rub banana oil in their hair to prevent its falling out. Of course, they really meant it to be used as a lubricant for sex. In fact, in India in the 1930s, the juice of the banana, because of its great tannin content, was used as a mucilage to stop hemorrhages of the genitals of Indians who had had too much sex.

One disgraceful sector of American society that venerates this obscene and useless fruit is the health food movement, long known to be associated with various leftist organizations and folk musicians. Health faddists persist in promoting the banana in various disguised forms (such as the common banana cake), perhaps to soften the minds of unsuspecting dupes.

Chapter 5

The Banana and Sensuality

It is no surprise that the banana found a welcome home among one of the most morally deprived segments of our population—writers, artists, filmmakers, and musicians. Indeed, its pornographic presence is found virtually everywhere in the so-called “arts,” assaulting one human sense after another.

The glorification of the banana as a cultural icon led to a virtual banana madness. Vaudevillians, frequently performing between striptease acts, found in the banana the perfect instrument for their unchecked prurience. The banana was featured in movies starring Mack Sennett and the Keystone Kops, the perfect means of foiling their attempts to establish law and order, and of making those responsible for protecting it seem ludicrous. Indeed, slipping on a banana peel was the perfect, if unintentional, metaphor for man's fall from grace, a fall much accelerated by this fruit of Satan's vine.

But the unbridled sexuality of the fruit was, sadly, yet to be fully explored. We speak, of course, of nothing less than the unbelievably popular hit song of 1923, “Yes, We Have No Bananas (Today),” a title obviously meant to confuse and obfuscate all banana-related issues.



Even network TV has blatantly adopted the banana as its own. Here, NBC *Today Show* weatherman Willard Scott presents himself to millions of innocent viewers in "Carmen Miranda high banana drag."

After corrupting untold legions of our nation's youth, Tin Pan Alley could only turn further to the satanic fruit itself, and the devil's helpers in this case were lyricist Irving Cohn and composer Frank Silver. Frank Silver and his Banana Band then toured the country for several years dressed in gold costumes and banana cutouts, bringing the nefarious message to cities and towns everywhere that had not been previously corrupted.

The lyrics, which began with the title, "Yes, we have no bananas," were a clear ploy to induce in the American male listener a certain taste for sadomasochism, admonishing him symbolically that the good, clean, decent women with whom he kept company had, in fact, castrated him. Through the bouncy melody, he learned to associate pleasure with this terrible, whimpering confession of impotence. In England, in a thankless display of anti-Americanism, more than half a million copies of the song were snatched up in the first month of its sale; and its overwhelming success prompted the suicide of a music hall composer who threw himself into the Thames River, lamenting that he no longer understood the taste of the British public. The song was also a huge success in Germany, released under the title "Ja, Wir Haben Keine Bananen Heute," but then, realizing the demeaning effect the song could have on the German male, Hitler banned it, accusing it of being anti-Aryan propaganda. A song so drenched in wickedness led immediately to sequels, the most notorious of which was blatantly titled "I've Never Seen a Straight Banana."

Even during the otherwise decent Eisenhower years, the banana reared its ugly yellow head and cast a prurient purple shadow. "The Banana Boat Song" of Harry Belafonte was a flagrant call to miscegenation, a melodious invitation to American women everywhere to abandon their families and communities and take up with the Negroes who unloaded boats of bananas. "The Banana Boat Song" was written by the then unknown but now all-too-known liberal sympathizer and feminist Alan Arkin.

When, in 1967, it seemed that the hippie movement and other corrupting influences could find no more satanic avenues, rock music, already saturated with prurient and unholy references, came naturally to the very pinnacle of evil itself, the banana. In the song "Mellow Yellow" a reprobate named Donovan offered waiting minds an ode to the pleasure of the dildo and the vibrator. Anyone who doubts this should merely examine the lyric "Electrical banana is gonna [sic] be the very next phase." Sadly enough, Donovan's prediction came all too true. The sale of such items reached an all-time high by the late seventies, and despite concerted efforts of law-abiding people everywhere, continues at peak levels today. The black year 1967 was also when avant-garde artist Andy Warhol put a pink banana, complete with a peel that could be removed by trembling hands, on the cover of the first Velvet Underground album, an album saturated with songs about sadomasochism, homosexuality, and other deviant sexual practices of youth. When it could not be ingested

through the eyes, ears, nose, or other senses, the banana was taken directly into the body via the lungs and smoked, with instructions happily supplied by an East Village pornographic rag widely distributed to teenage Americans by the United States Post Office. Some of our country's finest and most promising youngsters lost their senses and their souls scraping off banana peels, cooking them in their parents' ovens, smoking the residue, and engaging in sex orgies that ended only when the last drop of energy was gone.

CHAPTER 6

Chiquita Banana: A Case Study in Scarlet

Of all the forms of communication eager to jump to the banana's vicious tune, the most eager, of course, was the advertising business. When the huge fruit cartels discovered the fortunes to be made in promoting the promiscuous fruit, they immediately turned to the most exploitative means of public persuasion available.

Few adults today cannot remember being marred and assaulted during their childhood by a female who would make any prostitute, however decadent and degraded, seem almost pure by comparison. Whence came this Chiquita Banana? Through what hole in the bottom of our society did the devil creep in order to so spread his wares? For the genesis of this appalling story we must return to the year 1944 on a pleasant September day. There and then, two demons in human form, lyricist Garth Montgomery and composer Len Mackenzie, offered to a vocal office girl a sweat-soaked script that was to change the entire moral course of history. A drinking cup laden with paper clips was forced into employment as a maraca, and a hard-boiled advertising agency became ecstatic with glee. The United Fruit



Banana mongers know that to a public interested only in prurience, the physical attributes of the fruit are critical. Here, the Western world's favorite phallic symbol is carefully measured for thickness. Punny specimens are instantly rejected or exported to the Orient.

Company brought the song to orchestra leader Ray Block, and a comely young singer named Patti Clayton gave her immortal soul not to the Almighty, but to the almighty dollar. Within a year her outpouring took the nation by storm and became number one on the hit parade, and then, in an attempt to penetrate the still chaste Spanish market, the diabolical heads of United Fruit plucked a demure twenty-four-year-old stenographer named Elsa Miranda, Puerto Rican by birth, related only in evil but not genealogically to Carmen. Elsa recorded the first Spanish version of "Chiquita Banana," and in due course repeated her offense in calypso, rhumba, bolero, tango, samba, and American jive.

Chiquita brought word of the banana to every major radio show: Fred Allen, Charlie McCarthy, Dinah Shore, Ellery Queen. Then came the penetration of Hollywood with the Latin Lothario Xavier Cugat singing the song in a bluntly provocative manner to Esther Williams, known for parading around movie screens half naked, in a movie with the all-too-true title of This Time for Keeps. Cugat made so much money that when Time magazine interviewed him in his sumptuous Beverly Hills mansion, the musical pornographer was reported as saying, "I'd rather play Chiquita Banana tonight and have my swimming pool than play Bach [who wrote many religious melodies] and starve."

Then the demonic powers-that-be at United Fruit made a series of eighty-second films starring Chiquita as an animated cartoon character and disseminated these mini-epics of sin to theaters all over the United States. How many wide, innocent eyes thus saw their first taste of the devil's own fruit?

Television, already learning a variety of ways of stimulating the public's lustful appetites, ate well of the banana, bringing it to the eyes of families everywhere, to husbands and wives, impressionable teenagers, tots, and elderly citizens preparing to meet their Creator. The result of all this made Chiquita Banana a fetish for every warm-blooded American male. Lonely soldiers at war voted Chiquita "the girl they would most like to be in a foxhole with."

Why? What was behind this banana mania, what unstoppable power unleashed? Consider the lyrics.

It would take hundreds of scholars and voluminous tomes to even scratch the surface of the implications both implicit and explicit in this vile outpouring. To begin to grasp the depths of the perversion, consider that these words were sung by a woman parading as a phallic symbol—in short, a transvestite. In the musty light of this fact, consider the very first sentence: Chiquita Banana isn't here to say, she's come to say that bananas have to ripen (become erect) in a certain way. In the next sentence, observe, if you can force yourself to do so, the obvious and disgusting reference to anal intercourse (brown-flecked) and urine showering (golden hue), which, the song alludes, is precisely when "bananas taste the best and are the best for you." The next sentence refers to orgiastic group sex (putting them in a salad) and conveniently uses the classic and widely known vaginal reference word "pie." The following sentence refers to a preference for outright fellatio over the somewhat less sinful masturbation. As insidious as the foregoing is, it pales beside the intent of the last two sentences in this song, a veiled urging that male listeners forsake their American wives and sweethearts and follow instead the siren call of Latin females living in and around the equator, with the final admonition that to do otherwise ensures certain frigidity.

Little wonder that, after this song swept the nation, the rate of mixed marriages skyrocketed accordingly in the fifties and sixties. And even today Chiquita rears her ugly head with her symbol on every banana sold by United Fruit Company, a company that obviously considers itself so secure and its position so firmly entrenched that it can flout public decency and morality in a completely open manner.

CHAPTER 7

Empirical Evidence of the Banana Threat

After years of being saturated by such messages in the media, the American public has been thoroughly brainwashed, duped, befuddled, and aroused to a state of sexual frenzy, which shows up in virtually every statistic that can be collected. Increases in banana consumption are directly correlated with increases in the following: sales of

pornographic books; sales of pornographic videocassettes; number of XXX-rated films produced; sales of sexual paraphernalia; instances of sexual attacks; instances of rape; number of abortions; visits to prostitutes; occurrences of incest; number of illegitimate births; quantity of reported cases of gonorrhea, syphilis, herpes, chlamydia, genital papilloma warts, and AIDS; percentage of Americans who practice masturbation; reported cases of homosexuality and bisexuality; number of visits to psychiatric clinics; police blotter records of homicide, robbery, auto theft, pickpocketing, shoplifting, bicycle theft, and vending machine breakage; number of birth defects; amount of graffiti present in public transportation; school absenteeism; as well as a decline in reading and SAT scores. In a recent study of 2,000 sex offenders in prison (Subitzky, Journal of Equine Medicine and Other Matters, April-May-June 1985) it was reported that 99.5 percent of the inmates had consumed bananas or banana-related foods three or more times per week during the twelve-month period before commission of the crime. We can only conclude that there is clear evidence of a direct causal link between banana consumption and every known measure of human brutality and perversion.



AP/Wide World Photos

The moral toll extracted by the banana is particularly damaging to those who, by virtue of abject poverty, are forced to labor in close proximity to the evil fruit. The vacant stare of this young Costa Rican bears mute testimony to the fact that she has already succumbed to the banana's siren call.

CHAPTER 8

The Geopolitics of the Banana and the Role of Organized Crime in Its Production and Distribution

Every banana sold in the Western Hemisphere brings profit to Third World nations eager for the demise of the American way of life. The propagandist notion that the United Fruit Company and similar

banana cartels are U.S.-owned industries is so ludicrous as to be easily dismissed. Indeed, the true owners of these establishments shamelessly and blatantly refer to themselves with pride as "banana republics." Recent evidence (the Reverend L. J. Sloman, Pro-Banana, Anti-Christ, Last Exit Before Freeway Church of God Publications, 1986 A.D.) suggests strongly that Cuba and Nicaragua control 98 percent of the world's banana supply, and may soon attempt to destroy the free world's economy by raising prices to levels that banana-addicted citizens cannot afford.

In fact, bananas have long been a tool of Communist terror. In the 1950s Communist revolutionary Che Guevara applied for a job as a doctor on the United Fruit Banana Plantation. Similarly, Fidel Castro himself as a young boy tended bananas on his father Angel's 10,000-acre banana estate, which was leased to United Fruit. Recent aerial photographs of Nicaragua have shown that the Sandinista regime has diverted thousands of acres of prime manufacturing land to the cultivation of bananas that are destined to flood the U.S. and achieve a corrupting influence in the homes of all Americans (reported in Get Thee Behind Me, Banana by the Reverend L. J. Sloman, 1985).

Wherever illicit profit is to be made and the fiber of society weakened, Communists are joined by their strange bedfellows, the Cosa Nostra. The involvement of the Cosa Nostra in every facet of banana distribution from rental of banana boats to intermediate trucking to preferential display space in supermarkets has been well documented by the FBI (as cited in "The Cosa Nostra: From Mozzarella Cheese to Bananas," The Notary Public Newsletter, Fall, 1984). Ironically enough, despite his suspicious surname, Cosa Nostra chieftain Joseph "Joe" Bananas was found to have no involvement in or relationship with the illicit banana trade (U.S. District Court, Catskill Mountain Region v. Joseph "Joe" Bananas, 1984).

Courtesy International Banana Club Archive



Ken Bannister, aka Ken Bananister, has done more than any other human being to spread worldwide the foul juices of the banana via his International Banana Club. He is rumored to be considering running for the presidency of the U.S. on a pro-banana platform.

CHAPTER 9

An Overview of the Problems of Bananas and Law Enforcement

In a banana-obsessed society, where addicts can be found at all levels of government and in the courts themselves, needless to say the course of persecution of the menace is fraught with impediments. In the past there has been pitifully little legal action taken against the banana cartels. Recently, however, there have been at least some attempts to bring the banana peddlers to justice through the nation's judiciary.

Vice-chairman Subitzky has been instrumental in testing these choppy and murky legal waters. In a series of prosecutions in his jurisdiction in the Catskill Mountain Region of Upstate New York, he has vigorously pursued the good cause, and a look at these test cases

will be most instructive before we suggest legislative proposals.

The first case to challenge the purveyors of banana-related pornography was U.S. District Court, Catskill Mountain Region v. United Fruit Company, 1978. Utilizing the Miller standard (Miller v. the United States, 1970) Subitzky sought to prove that the banana meets all requirements necessary to be classified as obscene material, viz.:

- (1) To the average person applying contemporary community standards, taken as a whole, bananas predominantly appeal to a prurient interest in nudity, sex, or excretion;
- (2) Bananas, taken as a whole, lack serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value;
- (3) Bananas depict or describe, in a patently offensive way, sexual conduct specifically defined in subparagraphs (i) through (v) below:
 - (i) acts of sexual intercourse, heterosexual or homosexual, normal or perverted, actual or simulated;
 - (ii) acts of masturbation;
 - (iii) acts involving excretory functions or lewd exhibition of the genitals;
 - (iv) acts of bestiality or the fondling of sex organs of animals;
 - (v) sexual acts of flagellation, torture, or other violence indicating a sadomasochistic sexual relationship.

Unfortunately, the defendants were able to obtain a dismissal before the case could be actually tried.

A second case attempting to use the Miller standard against a pornographic film was U.S. District Court, Catskill Mountain Region v. Woody Allen, 1979. Here Subitzky attempted to show that the 1971 film Bananas, which was playing in a Monticello revival house, could be deemed obscene by prevailing Catskill Mountain community standards. A preliminary injunction succeeded in halting screening of the film for two weeks until the United States Circuit Court Justice returned from vacation and dismissed the case.

Two years later, action was taken against the banana on yet another front. In U.S. District Court, Catskill Mountain Region v. Howard Johnson, 1981, Subitzky utilized the then new U.S. Government Environment Safety Act, claiming that the Howard Johnson branch restaurant in Liberty, New York, was polluting the environment by offering banana ice cream as its flavor of the month. Unfortunately, this unique prosecution was not tested, as the case was dismissed with prejudice before it could be actually tried.

In 1985, a new front was launched in the legal war against the banana purveyors. Representing the U.S. District Court, Catskill Mountain Region, United States Attorney Subitzky filed suit in the World Court of the United Nations via a five-count indictment against the government of Nicaragua. The suit alleged that the government of Nicaragua was engaged in a continuing criminal conspiracy in violation of the Rico Act against the citizens of New Paltz, New York, by "cultivating, distributing, and sharing in the profits of an ongoing pornographic enterprise." Unfortunately, the government of Nicaragua was able to obtain a dismissal before the case could be actually tried.

However, this otherwise dark firmament was ultimately brightened by one success which bodes well for future prosecutions. The most recent attempt to employ legal means against the yellow trade was U.S. District Court, Catskill Mountain Region v. Abe's Stop 'n' Shop, 1986. Here Subitzky filed suit against Abe Lefkowitz, a well-known local banana trafficker, alleging evasion of state and local sales taxes. Unfortunately, the case became moot when it was determined that the defendant had previously filed a petition for bankruptcy in January of 1985. Currently U.S. Attorney Subitzky is considering other local prosecutions using this successful legal tactic.

CHAPTER 10

Recommendations for Action Against the Banana Industry

If present laws are insufficient to quell the influx of this base sec-

tor of the pornographic industry, then new legislation is clearly required. Based upon our collective observations and the information obtained through testimony, research, and statistical analysis, the following recommendations are advanced by the dissenting members of the commission:

(1) CONGRESS SHALL ENACT A LAW PROHIBITING THE IMPORTATION, DISTRIBUTION, CULTIVATION, RETAIL SALE, PUBLIC DISPLAY, ADVERTISING, AND/OR NON-COMMERCIAL BARTER, TRANSFERENCE, OR USE IN ANY PREMIUM OFFERING OF BANANAS, AND SHALL RECOMMEND THAT OTHER, MORE WHOLESOME PRODUCE, SUCH AS THE APPLE, REPLACE THE BANANA IN ANY AND ALL CULINARY CONFECTIONS AND FOOD USES OF THE LATTER FRUIT.

By thus putting some teeth into the law, Congress can take a major step in seeing to it that, for future generations and until the end of time, the banana shall be nothing more than a sad, sick, and brief footnote to man's history.

CHAPTER 11

The Role of Private Action Against the Banana

Through leafleting, petitions, carefully employed boycotts, and picketing, the members of a community can act in concert to expunge the banana once and for all and to announce in no uncertain terms to banana racketeers that their welcome on these shores has been permanently canceled.

Below is a sample letter that community leaders may choose to use in recalcitrant stores and other organizations.

(Insert Supermarket Name Here)

Dear Local Manager:

The Attorney General's Commission on Pornography has published its Minority Report. This Report maintains that by selling bananas your company is involved in the sale or distribution of pornography.

As a concerned citizen of our community I must express my uncompromising abhorrence to such an irresponsible action on your part and warn you that unless bananas, and all products containing banana-related constituents, are immediately removed from your shelves, I, in concert with other civic-minded citizens of our community, will boycott, picket, harass, and employ any and all legal methods to economically cripple your organization.

This is a warning.

Very Truly Yours,

(Your Name Here)

CHAPTER 12

Testimony Relating to Victimization via Banana Use

Those who would lump the banana under the questionable category of a so-called "victimless crime" could do no better than take the time to talk to those who have had the banana intrude upon their lives. The minority commissioners heard extensive testimony from a variety of men, women, and even children whose lives have fallen under the influence of the ubiquitous yellow fruit.

We have not selected worst-case testimony to be represented below. Rather, the verbatim transcript you are about to read is selected from material judged to be typical and fairly representative of reports from those who have allowed the banana and its purveyors access to their families and homes.

A twenty-six-year-old housewife from Madison, Wisconsin, testified as follows:

COMMISSIONER: When was the last time you purchased a banana?

VICTIM: Well, uh, I guess about a week ago.

COMMISSIONER: And where did you obtain that banana?

VICTIM: I can't remember.

COMMISSIONER: Oh, come on. I'm sure you can remember something like that.

VICTIM: I guess it was the Kroger store.

COMMISSIONER: Before you brought the banana to the checkout counter, did you handle it? Did you touch it? Did you fondle it?

VICTIM: (silence)

COMMISSIONER: That's enough from her.

A forty-three-year-old jockey at a noted upstate New York racetrack testified:

COMMISSIONER: Do you eat a lot of bananas?

VICTIM: Oh, an average amount, I guess.

COMMISSIONER: Do you buy these bananas or do people give them to you?

VICTIM: Oh, I haven't bought a banana myself in years.

COMMISSIONER: As a jockey, what's your height?

VICTIM: Four feet two inches in my stocking feet.

COMMISSIONER: Tell me, do people ever mistake you for a child or a teenager?

VICTIM: (laughing): That happens all the time, especially when they see me from the rear.

COMMISSIONER: Now, you say you don't actually buy these bananas. Where do you obtain them?

VICTIM: Well, a lot of them are just supplied. They're there for the horses.

COMMISSIONER: Let me ask you something. Do you pose for a lot of photographs?

VICTIM: Between races, all day, that's all we do, pose for pictures with the horses.

COMMISSIONER: Have you ever been photographed eating a banana?

VICTIM: Could I lose my license if I answer that?

COMMISSIONER: All right, that's all for now.

A twenty-two-year-old female from Woodstock, New York, offered the following:

COMMISSIONER: Tell me, every time you touch a banana, or hold one, or stroke it gently, or roll it around in your fingers, or gently pull the skin off it using your teeth, and then when you take it out, and then when you lick the tip of it with your tongue, and then when you blow a little on it, and then when you put it into your willing, waiting, deep, moist, hungry, pulsating mouth, and push it back so far that you almost gag, and you feel it resting deep against the edge of your throat, and you move your mouth back and forth, back and forth along it, leaving trails of saliva up and down, taking it as deep as you possibly can, joyfully willing to gag if necessary, relentless in your total pursuit of its enormous, rigid length, tell me, doesn't this give you prurient thoughts?

VICTIM: I don't know.

COMMISSIONER: Well, don't you think it's a possibility?

VICTIM: Sure, I guess so.

COMMISSIONER: And you certainly never have those kinds of thoughts when you eat an apple, right? Right? Right?

VICTIM: I guess I don't.

COMMISSIONER: Thank you very much. Your eloquent testimony has spoken volumes and will be very helpful to all others who, like you, are victims of this deadly yellow menace.

We thought long and hard about whether we should include the following testimony in this report. We must admit that, when we heard it, as inured as we thought we had become to banana-related horrors, we wept openly. The person giving testimony is a five-year-old girl who hails from Tupelo, Mississippi.

COMMISSIONER: Now, honey, don't be afraid of all these bright lights. Just try to answer every question as well as you can. Now, sweetheart, what's your favorite thing in the world to eat?

VICTIM: Cereal with milk and raisins and bananas in it.

COMMISSIONER: Honey, what if I told you that you were able to have your cereal with milk and raisins, but no bananas in it? How would you feel?

VICTIM: I'd cry. ■

NEVER WAS. NEVER WILL BE

THE #1 NATIONAL BESTSELLER

LAKE YOUBEGONE DAYS



ELLIS WEINER

FARM

You might think that most people in Lake Youbegone live on farms, but you'd be only half right. Lake Youbegone is, after all, a town, with stores and streets and municipal services. Still, we never think of ourselves as having "municipal" anything. You drive in here in your Datsun 280-Z and start talking about "municipal" and "civic" and "urban," folks know you for what you are. So you just keep on driving.

These days we're one farm less. Gene Berglund lost his—had his couple hundred acres auctioned off after being foreclosed on by a bank over in St. Cloud, the one the Jews are using to help destroy good Christian society in the five-county area. Gene took the foreclosure pretty hard, but like a lot of Lake Youbegonians would rather eat nails than show it. Folks who make their living off the land learn early how emotions are like the weather—you put up with them, wait for the bad to turn good, try to figure out how to cut your losses and who to blame things on. When I was growing up, Hoyt Krobknechter was the local champion of blame fixing. Once, when his smoke shed went up in flames, Hoyt accused Nikita Khrushchev of sending Russian agents to put him out of business and drive up the price of American bacon. Hoyt's daughter, Celia, sold a savory relish made from tomatoes that she crushed with her feet. I used to call her "Old Redfoot" until her brother, Earl, told me to stop calling his sister a Communist. He socked me in the shoulder. "Ow! Quit that!" It hurt.

Wednesday: Two days after the foreclosure. Bill Nyborg is riding his three-speed English racer down the dirt road that passes by Gene Berglund's farm. He's surprised to see a lot of activity: cars parked every which way on the grass in front of the house, men standing around outside. He pedals in to take a look.

Right away he recognizes Gene, standing in the center of the crowd, next to Hank Gunderson. Gene's in his usual overalls and work boots, but Hank looks dressed like Sergeant Nick Fury in the comics Bill's mother's always yelling at him for reading. Hank's jumpsuit of camouflage khaki, under his Trojan Seed cap, might pass for stylish in some cities, but not here. No one in Lake Youbegone is a slave to fashion. About the only attachment you could describe as slavish would be Ole Wittering's deep respect for the lemon meringue pie at the Piggyback Cafe.

"I would crawl over broken glass for this," he likes to say, shoveling in an extra-tall wedge—no small feat, considering how high Lucille piles the

meringue. ("Like a beautiful snowdrift," she once described it. "That's the effect I aim for. I keep a photograph from the *National Geographic* Scotch-taped to the kitchen wall: a beautiful white snowdrift in the Alps or the Andes somewhere—no, it's the Himalayas. That's it. Because you can see those Chink mountain guides they have, standing around in the photo. Sherbets, they're called.")

Hank Gunderson's father started Gunderson's Reasonable and Basically Trustworthy Garage, but ever since the Firestone Service Center opened on Highway 52 Hank has had to scramble to keep up the business. People are impressed by the Firestone diagnostic machines, whereas the closest Gunderson's comes to having diagnostic machines is the purple gumball dispenser in the office. Hank's arm is around Gene's shoulder, although Gene doesn't look too comforted by what's being said.

"You think it's an isolated case?" Hank demands. "You think Gene's farm is the only one they want?" Shrugs from the audience. "Hell if it is. What about Deke Lindborg's place over near Scheussler?"

"First Minny got that one," someone says. "No Jews on their board."

"Of course not," Hank snaps back. "You think these banks advertise who really runs 'em? You think the names on their boards of directors mean diddly squat? Wake up. These Jews, these niggers, these Communists—they sit home and see how asleep all us real Americans are, and they fall out of their chairs laughing. And meanwhile old Gene here has to pack up." Gene waves his hand around, as though to say, Leave me out of this, but Hank's on a roll, and the crowd is getting interested. "You call that American?" Hank goes on. "When a bank can just come in and take a man's farm away from him? That ain't American. Know where they do that? Three guesses. *Russia*."

This has its effect: all over the front yard comes the sound of men thinking about something. These are mostly farmers and mechanics and blue-collar types, so thinking is about as natural a part of their job as playing the oboe. Finally someone asks, "What can we do about it?" It makes Bill Nyborg turn his head with a jerk in search of the source. Sure enough, it's his dad, Nelson.

"You can join up with me and other true Americans who are ready to fight to keep this country what it should be," Hank says. "You can join the Colloquium."

Bill pedals away. Two years ago he sent away for a Complete Magician's Kit in the mail, but when it arrived it was so pathetic—a little deck of cards, some disappearing balls that didn't work, a stick that was supposed to turn into a bouquet but didn't—that he went into a

rage and strangled the cat.

"What's this?" his father asked.

"Dead cat."

"How'd it happen?"

"Magic, he thinks, but instead says:

"Strangled it."

"Oh."

Nothing happened. No punishment, no lectures, nothing. He felt invincible. He had no need for magic ever again.

PHILOSOPHY

"All right. Before you touch a weapon, you have to know your enemy. The chart tells it all. Memorize it."

"Hank?"

"Top of the ladder's the International Monetary Fund. Owned by the Rockefellers and the Kennedys. Underneath is your Trilateral Commission, which consists of three branches: Wall Street, the country of Israel, and Motown Records."

"Hey, Hank, what's that black singer's name? Michael Johnson?"

"You here to learn about a threat to your freedom, Charlie, or tell jokes?"

"Come on, what is it?"

"Jackson, Michael Jackson."

"Right, Bill. So. What do Michael Jackson and Richard Pryor have in common?"

"Who's he?"

"You guys want to pay attention here—"

"That coon comedian. Answer: They both belong to the Ignited Negro College Fund!"

"Who?"

"I don't get it."

"Aw, come on, you guys. You don't remember when they both set themselves on fire?"

"What the hell is he talking about? We come here to learn about Communists or talk about a couple of niggers setting themselves on fire, for God's sake?"

"Never mind, forget it. Telling jokes to you bunch of small-town ignoramuses is like pouring water down a rat hole."

"The Jews control the banks and the media. I mean that's so obvious it's not worth discussing. Then you got the blacks working for them, like a kind of army. That's why we need a white man's army."

"Hey, Hank, there's plenty of black guys in the U.S. Army. What about them?"

"Nyborg, if you were any dumber your wife'd need a license to walk you down the street. They're infiltrators. Just wait till the race war starts, and see whose side they're on."

"So they work for the Jews? And the Jews work for the Commies?"

"Frightening, isn't it?"

"My God, I had no idea."

Nels Nyborg had his doubts about joining Hank Gunderson's organization. For one thing, there was the name problem: Nels

wasn't happy about belonging to a club called Colloquium Invictus. Hank explained that, first, it wasn't a "club," and second, the name had real significance. "It means an invincible gathering," Hank said.

"Then why not call it the Invincible Gathering?" Nels asked.

The problem with that name, in Hank's mind, was the same as the problem with all the other ones he'd tried, like the Militia and Freedom's Guardians. Somehow each one ended up sounding like an insurance company. For a while he tried to invent one with deeper symbolic meaning, which paid tribute to the land of the Founding Fathers and reaffirmed his and his followers' loyalty to the U.S. So for two days he went around telling everyone his organization was to be called the New England Patriots. It sounded fine—in fact, there was something comfortable and familiar about it. Then Bill Hochstetter pulled him aside and reminded him that that was also the name of Boston's team in the National Football League.

Finally Hank sat down with a dictionary and came up with Colloquium Invictus. Nels was put off. All that Latin made it sound like Hank wanted everyone to get together and turn Catholic. Once Nels joined, though, he found himself amazed at Hank's insight and passionate commitment to freedom. Suddenly a lot of things that until then just hadn't made much sense started to fall into place. Like why so many people in show business were Jewish. And why he had never heard of a Negro physicist. ("Your African races are incapable of doing algebra," Hank explained. "It's all tied up with the genetics of their mind. They are unable to substitute letters for numbers, on account of the tendency they have to not be able to read. It's that simple.") When Hank announced to the membership of the Colloquium that it was time to assemble for field training, Nels was ready.

The "training camp" turned out to be about ten thinly wooded acres in a cor-

ner of Hank's brother's spread outside of Anoka. Hank told all his men—about eight in number—to bring whatever rifles and handguns they owned, plus ammunition. Some of the men were duck hunters and brought rifles, but most didn't own a weapon. Rudy Tillman and Clarence Halvorsen, thinking that any kind of sporting gear would do, brought their fishing rods.

I wasn't present for what Hank described as the "field maneuvers," but I can imagine the sight: eight Lake Youbegone men, each the husband of a woman who's death on this sort of boys-only carrying on, running in a half-crouch through the brush, holding their rifles or handguns (or fishing rods) at chest height, dodging the enemy's bullets or flamethrowers or mind-corrupting pamphlets, or whatever they've been instructed by Hank to anticipate. Their faces are smeared with a dark brown paste Celia Gunderson whipped up in the kitchen—for camouflage purposes, although, since it's about three in the afternoon, there's not much night for that darkened skin to blend into. On Hank's signal they immediately fall to their bellies. Hank calls this "the hit-the-dirt," but it's more a semantic conceit, really, since between the years of drinking Hamm's six-packs and restricting their physical recreation to golf, fishing, and occasionally (under protest) mowing the lawn, their bodies are such that it's more as though the dirt has hit them.

Frank Olson's rifle goes off when he falls. (No casualties.) Everybody looks winded and confused. You can practically hear Hank's thoughts: *If these men are the last bulwark of freedom and racial purity in white Christian America, we're doomed.*

Maybe he doesn't want to sap morale. Or maybe he really thinks they're under-equipped. At any rate, what he says out loud is: "We need more armaments."

The following Friday, at exactly three o'clock in the afternoon, five men drive into Lake Youbegone in Hank's '80

Plymouth Horizon. They park along the curb in front of Dave's Lake Youbegone Friendly and Courteous Bank and Trust. The men are all dressed entirely in black, except for Clarence Halvorsen, whose wife put away his dark clothes for the summer. Clarence has on a light white cotton shirt and some checked golf pants his eldest, Anna, gave him for Christmas two years before. She lives in Denver now, with two kids of her own and the two from her husband Elliot's first marriage. Ask Clarence about the grandchildren and hear him laugh bitterly and snap back, "Which ones? Mine or the other guys?"

Clarence has mixed feelings about Hank's cockamamie scheme for acquiring funds for arming the Colloquium Invictus. But, while he wasn't surprised when Hochstetter and Magesen dropped out, Clarence has always felt that loyalty is just about the most important human trait there is. Even a damn dog demonstrates loyalty. Besides, in for a penny, in for a pound. So here he is, standing lookout while the four others bluff their way into the bank, which has just closed to customers.

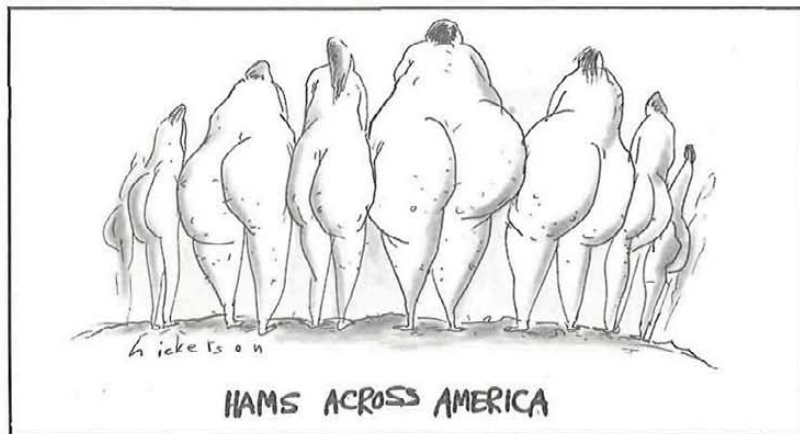
Not that Elliot is so bad. Obviously his first wife must have had something basically wrong with her, since the court awarded the father the children. But you have to feel sorry for Anna sometimes—having to finish raising some other woman's kids while she's got her hands full with her own. Clarence greets Louise Kramermann as she returns from lunch to the Fyne-Look Women's Store, and for the first time, as he watches her walk past, he wonders: Kramermann. Does her husband Albert perhaps have any Jewish blood in his past? Does she? Didn't they arrive here from Wisconsin a few years back? Aren't there a lot of Jews and niggers in Wisconsin?

Clarence's ruminations are interrupted by the sound of gunfire from inside the bank. A second later the door bursts open and Hank is running out, followed by Nels Nyborg and Frank Olson. "They got Rudy!" Frank yells.

Actually, Rudy had gotten sidetracked talking to Janet Hilverstram, whose folks used to own the Tase-tee Diner just outside of town, until they sold it to Don and Edna Spooner and moved to Arizona. Janet stayed behind. Why not? She had a good job at the bank, and at the time was going pretty steadily with Leon Krumhacker. Then one evening they'd caught the early show at the Deluxe Quad-5 movie complex in St. Cloud and were driving back home, when Leon allowed his non-driving hand to explore the classified portion of Janet's anatomy. She announced her objections and gave him a slap.

"What's the problem?" he complained.

continued on page 110



ARE THERE BROTHELS IN OUTER SPACE?

☆☆☆☆☆ Top astronomer uncovers evidence of extraterrestrial prostitution ☆☆☆☆☆

Ed Bluestone's

STRANGER THAN FACT

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING GYNECOLOGIST



N. Thomas from De Wys

Strange red mist reduces doc to 1/4" tall

NEW YORK GYNECOLOGIST RICHARD EVANS RECENTLY BEGAN SHRINKING RAPIDLY AFTER A STRANGE MIST PASSED OVER HIM AS HE WALKED BY THE HUDSON RIVER.

Now barely a quarter of an inch tall, Evans discovered that his practice flourished surprisingly as a result. Patient Arlene Schwartz admits, "I just live for his examinations. He puts on that little wet suit of his and gets into areas that my husband has been missing for years."

Adrian Sanchez concurs. "He may be small, but he knows his way around. How many gynecologists can personally visit the cervix, the ovaries, and stop on the way to knife a scary herpes germ in hand-to-hand combat?"

Unfortunately, the husbands of Dr. Evans's patients don't always share their enthusiasm for his treatment of their wives. Arnold Bartlet, who found a chapter in his wife's diary entitled "Good Times with the Little Doctor," stated emphatically, "If I ever get my hands on him I'll flush him down a toilet. The problem is that he's not easy to catch. He runs around that office of his with the speed of a mouse, and has enough hiding places behind furniture to keep you going for hours."

Alvin Peterson agrees, stating, "I found out what was going on with that doctor the hard way. Just try to imagine starting to make love to your wife and hearing that little son of a bitch scream, "Please wait a second! I fell asleep in here!"

QUASI GOES



AP/Wide World

HAWAIIAN!

Famed French hunchback lives anew in Honolulu

As a result of befriending aliens with the power of time travel at their disposal, Quasimodo, the famed Hunchback of Notre Dame, is now living in present-day Hawaii.

Quasimodo apparently divides his time there between surfing, ringing bells in television commercials for the local phone company, and acting as a spokesman for nut-filled chocolate replicas of himself that are being marketed under the brand name of The Hunch with the Crunch.



AP/Wide World

RAGING BAMBINOS!

Underground "sport" of baby-fighting resurfaces on West Coast

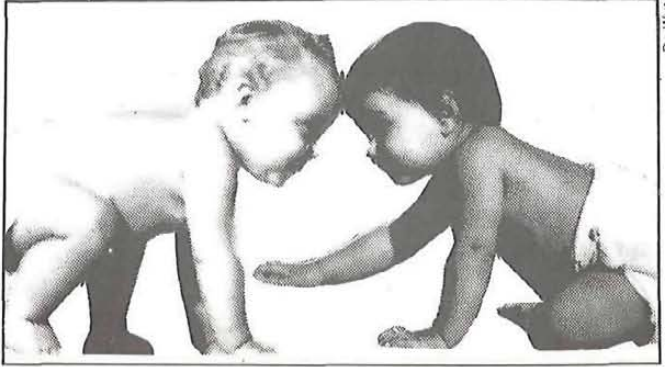
The controversial underground sport of human "baby-fighting" has reappeared in recent years.

"Baby-fighting is a savage spectacle," explains Detective Arthur Watson of the L.A.P.D. "Human infants are intentionally inflicted with diaper rash until they want to punch anyone who comes near them. Then two of these kids are placed in a miniature boxing ring with one pacifier to fight over.

"And it's not a pretty sight," continues Watson, "to see a roomful of adults placing bets and

shouting things like 'Go for the cut,' or 'Stop crying and fight.'"

Watson reports that most parents of "fighting babies" usually offer some rationalization for their behavior, such as "I only wanted to buy him a nicer high chair" or "I'm saving the money for her education," but the dismal truth is that "even the most successful infant pugilists usually wind up broke and owing the IRS money before they're old enough to talk."



De Wys

GHOSTS OF THREE DEAD U.S. PRESIDENTS HAUNT OUR NATION'S MONUMENTS

Harding, Taft, and Grant on terror rampage

Reports are rampant that the ghosts of Warren G. Harding, William Howard Taft, and Ulysses S. Grant are traveling in a mischievous threesome intent on vandalizing anything named after an American president whom history has treated more favorably.

The ghosts have reportedly dumped paint on statues of Lincoln and Jefferson, attempted to dynamite the nose of Theodore Roosevelt's likeness on Mount Rushmore, and placed chewing gum under several hundred seats of the Kennedy Arts Center in Washington, D.C.

FBI agent David Bannister, who's in charge of the case, advises, "They're very recognizable. Taft, of course, is the fat one. He usually eats junk food and laughs while the other two do the dirty work."

"Grant is dangerous and usually drunk. He carries both sidearms and a Union sword, and when he's very bombed, he can usually be heard sobbing that Soldier (his former horse) would have made a better president than Lincoln."

"Harding, the most famous philanderer in the history of the presidency, is a distinguished-looking man who wears plus fours



and is frequently seen rifling through 'Screw' magazine for phone numbers."

Asked about the possibilities of apprehending the troublesome ex-presidents, Bannister replied, "One of these days they'll make a mistake. They almost made one last year when they were letting snakes free in the Harry S. Truman Library and Grant was so smashed that he asked the librarian if she'd take five hundred dollars to let Harding tie her up. The woman dove for a phone, but Grant cut the cord with the sword, and by the time she reached us on foot they were gone."

Asked if she was injured, Bannister replied, "No, but Taft ate her lunch."

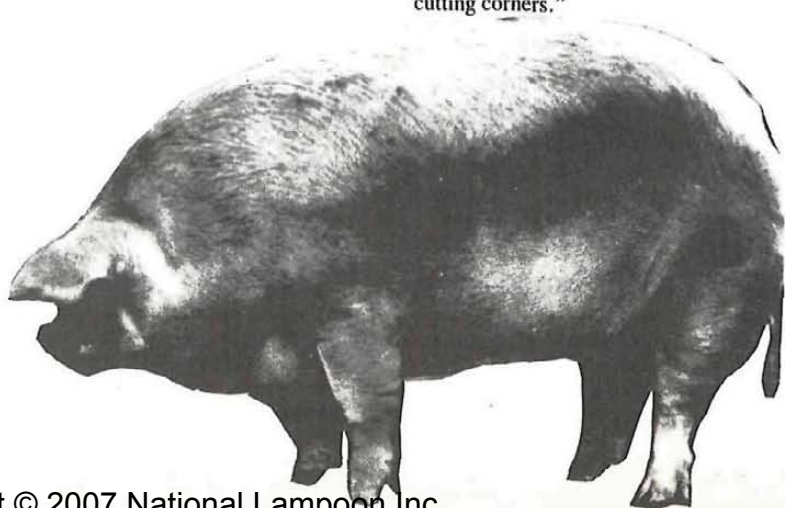
65,000 pounds of trafe terror threatens Israel:

GIANT PLO PIG ABOUT TO BE UNLEASHED ON TEL AVIV!

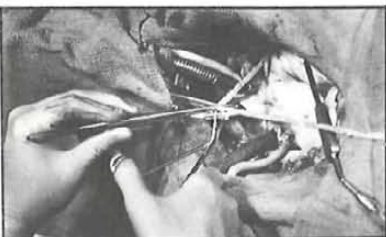
Rumors persist in the Middle East that the PLO has raised a 65,000-pound pig which it is training to eat the city of Tel Aviv.

The pig has reportedly been fed huge portions of pizza and steroids every day for the last ten years. In a test of its appetite, the pig's trainer, Abdul Hassid, recently ordered it to eat twelve captured Israeli jeeps, which it devoured with difficulty.

"We're prepared for the pig," insists Hyman Horowitz of the Israeli Defense Ministry. "It won't even penetrate the city's outer limits. We plan to drop enough mud on it from planes to start it wallowing before we ambush it with nuclear pork smashers. The only regrettable aspect of this whole thing is that most of our population is too kosher to eat the leftovers. We'd have preferred a giant lamb, but you know the PLO—always cutting corners."



ARTIFICIAL HEART HAS TINY TAPE RECORDER THAT REMINDS YOU TO PAY YOUR DOCTOR'S BILL



Foreseeing the day when artificial heart recipients will lead totally normal lives, Dr. Ellsworth Bunker has developed a device that will assure surgeons who perform this expensive operation of being paid afterward.

"I've developed a tiny tape recorder which fits into the artificial heart and can be operated by remote control from the doctor's office," explains Dr. Bunker. "Now suppose the heart recipient ignores his financial obligation to the physician. He says to himself, 'I have the heart. He can't get it back, so fuck him.'"

"The physician merely activates the recorder, and wherever the recipient is, he and everyone around him hear a loud siren followed by the recorder saying, 'This is your heart, Mr. Frederick. . . . Why haven't you paid Dr. Bunker yet? . . . Ante up, you deadbeat. . . . No one told you to have an operation you couldn't afford.'"

"Isn't it wonderful?" continues Dr. Bunker. "Can you imagine what the physician can do to a patient's business meetings or his lovemaking? The recorder is adaptable to specific situations. You can make it say 'You're making a deal with him? He hasn't paid his doctor yet!' or 'Put down that penis, miss! He hasn't paid for his heart yet—who knows if the penis is his?'"

The inside story

CHIMP WRITES ROMANCE NOVEL—AND THE CRITICS ARE RAVING!



A three-year-old chimpanzee named Willie has reportedly written a romance novel, soon to be published under the pseudonym of Gladys Welsh.

The chimp was taught how to use a word processor by UCLA biologist Janet Frankel, who was doing research in "primates' abilities to memorize symbols." Willie, apparently, succeeded beyond her wildest dreams.

"His first book," she explains excitedly, "is about a Scottish heiress who returns to the castle of

her grandfather to recover from the loss of her fiancé in a motorcycle accident. She soon becomes romantically involved with a young Scottish physician, but complications arise when her fiancé's ghost appears imploring her to join him in the 'other world,' where he has purchased a Häagen-Dazs franchise.

"It's a brilliantly spun tale," continues Frankel, "and the reader is totally surprised and delighted to find out on the very last page that all three of the main characters are chimpanzees."

Asked about Willie's future

plans, Frankel responded, "He's working on a screenplay and eventually hopes to direct. But the marvelous thing about his success is that he has put all of his money into a foundation that will teach other chimps how to write."

All four television networks, Fox in particular, are extremely excited about the possibilities, and one ABC executive was reported to say, "With chimps writing we can keep 'Dynasty' going another eight years."

Top psychologist reports:

BASSET HOUNDS ARE BORN WITH ARTHUR MILLER PLAY ON BRAIN

Veterinary psychologist John Mitlock reports that the reason basset hounds never smile is that they're born with an audio version of Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman" repeating endlessly in their heads.

Bassetts born after January 1984 are forced to endure Dustin Hoffman's version of Willy Loman, while older dogs make do with the original Lee J. Cobb interpretation.

Explains Mitlock: "It's a profoundly depressing play, and you couldn't possibly expect these dogs to look happy when they've heard it over and over since birth. . . . What's truly remarkable about bassetts," continues Mitlock, "is that their rate of suicide stays as low as it does."



Mario Marucci says, "I lost 104 pounds *simply by eating delicious mice on...*

THE MICE DIET™

The Diet to Turn to When the Rice Diet Fails

The Mario Marucci Story

"I'd always had a weight problem and thought I always would," explains Mario Marucci, the Mice Diet's creator. "But then one night I started staring at my cat. 'He's always so thin,' I thought. 'Never an extra pound on him. I wonder what he eats.' And then it dawned on me! I knew what he ate—mice!"

The rest is history. Marucci lost 104 pounds in ten months eating the mice he trapped all day on his calls as an exterminator. Over the ten-month period, Marucci ate a total of 4,000 mice.

"At times it was sad," he explains, "to devour a whole family—the mother, father, and kids—but I learned to say to myself, 'What's more important, the lives of four rodents or how I look on the beach?'"

Shared His Diet with Friends

After shedding his own weight, Marucci began to share the Mice Diet with friends on other diets. "My buddy Arnie was on the Gorilla Diet," he remembers. "That's the diet where you can only eat as much food as you can wrestle away from a hungry gorilla. Well, it wasn't working for Arnie. The gorilla had fractured three of his ribs, broken his nose, and clawed the side of his face in a squabble over a cheeseburger. One day I said, 'Listen, Arnie, this is getting ridiculous. That ape is going to kill you before you lose ten pounds. Why tangle with him when you could be catching mice?' Arnie saw the light. Six months later, he'd lost thirty pounds, and not one mouse had so much as laid a glove on him."

Mario Marucci before the Mice Diet



Balks at Rumors

Marucci balks at rumors that his diet is bland and consists of only mice. "People who say that have no idea what the Mice Diet is all about. The mice are simply a supplement for three well-rounded meals, and free substitutions are built into the plan. Whenever the dieter tires of mice, he can replace them with hamsters, squirrels, gerbils, and shrews."

Choose Your Own Food Plan

Just pick the economically feasible food plan for you, and your rodents will begin arriving like clockwork each week.

Plan #1—The Economy Plan

\$18.95 per week

36 Dead White Mice

14 Live Brown Mice

(to be boiled at home for added

Mario Marucci after the Mice Diet



freshness)

7 Genuine City Park Squirrels
25 Southern-Fried Hamsters (frozen)
50 Assorted Gerbils and Shrews
(alive and dead)

Plan #2—The Working Man's Plan

\$24.50 per week

7 White Mice Sandwiches
18 Rat Fillets
25 Barbecued Bats
49 Alive but Maimed (easy to finish off)
Standard Gray Mice
10 Snack-Size Gerbils

Plan #3—The Deluxe Plan

\$47.99 per week

Nightly Deliveries of
Mouse Sausage Pizza
10 Mink and Watercress Sandwiches
10 Hamster Fillets
8 Live Squirrels
(along with a special platinum
hammer which kills them without
bruising their meat)
2 Incredible Talking Gerbils
(who beg for mercy
before you boil them)
28 Pounds of Prairie Dog Fillets

Book Tells All

And now, available for the first time in one book, are all of Mario Marucci's weight-loss secrets in *The Mice Diet Report*. Published in this unique mouse-shaped edition.

Available only by direct mail for \$35 (lower offers considered but no stamps).

What the Book Includes!

The book details the Mice Diet in its entirety and includes delicious recipes for Mouse Parmigiana, Cream of Mouse, Mouse Au Gratin, a low-calorie dessert called Ice Mice, and menu plans for every day of the week.



A Sample Day on the Mice Diet
(Reprinted from *The Mice Diet Report*
by permission of Rodent Press)

Breakfast

One-half grapefruit
1 boiled egg
3 grilled mouse tails
coffee or tea

Lunch

½ cup tomato juice
5 broiled mouse thighs
or 2 whole broiled hamster legs
or 1 broiled squirrel thigh
low-calorie cocktail sauce
3 Ry-Krisps
1 glass skimmed milk
1 raw apple

Dinner

Mouse Au Gratin, 3 ounces of lean breast of mouse broiled in cheese sauce (Never begin your cheese sauce with live mice nearby. Its aroma is likely to compel them to "make a break for freedom.")
1 cup broccoli sprinkled with 2 dozen boiled mouse ears
1 teaspoon diet margarine
1 large mixed salad, garnished with crispy mouse feet (The sound of "running" under the lettuce is a common delusion. Do not allow it

to detract from your enjoyment of the salad.)
1 cup Ice Mice
diet beverage

Snack

2 ounces breast of squirrel
Dijon mustard
diet beverage

Why the Mice Diet Works

The Mice Diet works so well because it combines medically sound diet principles with the digestion of catsum, a rare enzyme found only in mouse meat. Catsum is the chemical which a mouse's nervous system secretes every

time he sees a cat.

"Catsum tells a mouse's body to spring from harm's way," explains Mario Marucci, "and it also speeds up his metabolism, burning thousands of calories in the process."

"The key to the Mice Diet is that catsum activates this same calorie-burning function in humans who eat mice while producing only two slight side effects: the tendency to run away frantically at the sight of a cat, and the inclination to eat cheese cautiously while fearing that, at any moment, a metal trap may break your neck.

"I'm proud of my diet," concludes Marucci. "It's taken mice out of the cartoon shows and put them on the dinner table where they belong."

Amazing Testimonials!

"Without the Mice Diet, I'd have a weight problem."
—Raymond Burr

"Before losing 200 pounds on the Mice Diet, I had the plodding walk of a massive elephant. . . . Now I shoplift freely and easily outrun anyone who sees me."
—A. Snyder, Tampa, Florida

"I wish there'd been a Mice Diet when I was alive."
—Orson Welles

"The Mice Diet restored my waistline and my stardom."
—Elizabeth Taylor

HANDY CLIP-OUT COUPON

Yes, I want to try the Mice Diet. I realize it may be my only chance to look human again. Please send me _____ weeks of Home Rodent deliveries in accordance with (check appropriate plan)

_____ PLAN #1—The Economy Plan, \$18.95 per wk.
_____ PLAN #2—The Working Man's Plan, \$24.50 per wk.
_____ PLAN #3—The Deluxe Plan, \$47.99 per wk.

I also would like _____ copies of *The Mice Diet Report* by Mario Marucci, as told to Mike Tyson, #3 heavyweight contender, at \$35 per copy.

Please rush me these products. I want to see my feet again!

Send Check to:
Mice Diet Industries
c/o Mario Marucci
99999 Flatbush Avenue
Apt. 30
Brooklyn, NY 00001

AND HURRY!

SHOPPING CARTS RUN WILD!

Empty carts terrorize Nashville

A shopping cart rebellion took place recently at Anderson's Supermarket in Nashville, Tennessee.

"I might have expected it," explained proprietor Arthur Anderson. "These were the old-style deep basket carts, and most of them had been with us a number of years. One of them overheard me telling my manager that I was planning to replace them with new-style, upright, flat-surface carts."

At that point, as Anderson tells it, "The carts went wild. They turned on my customers and started ramming people both in the market and out in the parking lot. One cart with an infant seated in it carried the child eight blocks to a shopping center and attempted to throw him down an escalator. The police got there just in time.

"One of the oldest carts," added Anderson, "burst into a podiatrist's office and demanded that the doctor examine its wheels."

According to the police reports, another four carts barged into a nearby synagogue, where they interrupted a bar mitzvah, dumping canned hams on the pulpit.

"That really upset me," said Anderson, "because shopping carts have traditionally had such close ties with the Jewish community."

The revolt apparently ended as suddenly as it began and the carts went back to behaving themselves. Commenting on his decision to keep his old carts and cancel the new ones, owner Anderson admitted that he "hadn't realized how sensitive shopping carts could be." One of them had been overheard saying to a man it had just run over, "We've been pushed around all our lives and now we're pushing back."

"I couldn't get rid of them after hearing that," said Anderson.



THE MAN WHO V YOUR FORTUNE

Chinese baker Chao Ling reveals the secrets of his ancient cookie alchemy

The Peking Cookie Company takes the fortunes in its fortune cookies quite seriously. It employs a full-time writing staff of seven, and its avowed goal is to supply each of its cookies with the "kinds of fortunes that Hemingway or Fitzgerald would have written had they chosen the cookie as their medium."

So says head writer Chao Ling, who over the years has produced such classic fortunes as "If you're on the Titanic, get off!", "If you're Amelia Earhart, walk!", and "Hitler can't be trusted," which some critics dismissed as "mere hindsight" when it was first published in 1953.

We recently asked Chao just what constitutes a good fortune,

and the old master had some very definite ideas. "A good fortune must come right to the point," he explained. "The reader is tired... He has just broken a cookie open... Before that, he has eaten Chinese food... Before that he has driven to the restaurant... His drive to the restaurant was preceded by many years of living... hard work... career setbacks...

love affairs... his school years... Does a reader who's been through all of that want to break open the cookie and start reading 'It was the best of times, it was the worst of times'?... No offense to Dickens, but of course not... He wants you to get to the point... Now, what was your question again?"

GANDHI'S SHOCKING SECRET LIFE!

Religious "saint" ran a string of Chicago speakeasies in the Roaring Twenties

Newly uncovered evidence seems to point to the fact that Mahatma Gandhi sponsored many of his more altruistic activities with a profitable double life as a bootlegger in 1920s Chicago.

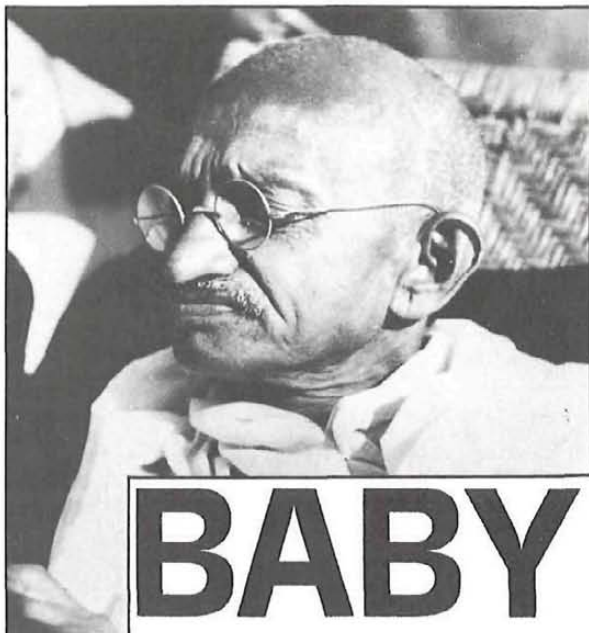
Known as the "Mad Mahatma," Gandhi apparently ran a string of speakeasies, imported bathtub gin from India, and also supervised one of the era's deadliest protection rackets.

"He was not one to fool around with," reported a bartender who was often shaken down by Gandhi. "He'd walk into your bar surrounded by five thugs in turbans, that little bald head of his bobbing between the giant lapels of a double-breasted suit. Then he'd say, 'I've been fasting lately, and a good fast always makes me want to bust up a joint like yours...' And next he'd break into that high-pitched hideous laugh of his and say, 'Even we pacifists need our recreation.'"

"Was Gandhi affiliated with the Capone mob?" we asked his for-

mer victim.

"They weren't actually partners, but he and Al sure got along," he recalled. "They loved women, they loved Italian food, and at one time, they were discussing the possibility of getting Prohibition passed in India, bringing the booze in from Italy, and tying it in with a prostitution operation that would involve the British army kidnapping Oriental women in Hong Kong.... The whole thing went up in smoke when Capone was convicted of tax evasion, and people close to Gandhi said he was never the same after that. He stopped going to the track, lost interest in Mexican boys, and didn't even care when the cops closed his gambling casino in Trenton, New Jersey."



BABY

TRITES



BIGFOOT SIGHTED!

Rumors persist of a Giant Toddler who roams Yellowstone Park at dusk on alternate Thursdays.

The sixty-foot baby, clad only in a diaper and carrying a huge bottle, is said to be either from another planet or a mutation resulting from the accidental nuclear bombing of a day-care center in the late fifties.

Reports are that the child tends to be friendly, except when hungry. Then he often mistakes homes and autos for his long-lost toys and likes to put them in his mouth as pacifiers. Huge teeth marks are not uncommon on both houses and cars in the area.

Local child protection agencies advocate a cautious yet affection-

ate approach to those encountering the Toddler, stressing the fact that despite his size, he's still an infant.

General Deke Hawkins of the Arizona Air Force Reserve takes a harder line, which is succinctly expressed in his often quoted maxim, "Spare the bombs and spoil the child."

Hawkins was also recently reprimanded by the Pentagon for a televised interview in which he said he'd like nothing better than to lure the infant into climbing a tall building so that he could shoot it off with World War I biplanes. ■

Nude Pioneer Women
Betsy Ross Centerfold Parts Left Out of Martha's Diary
The Return of Benjamin X

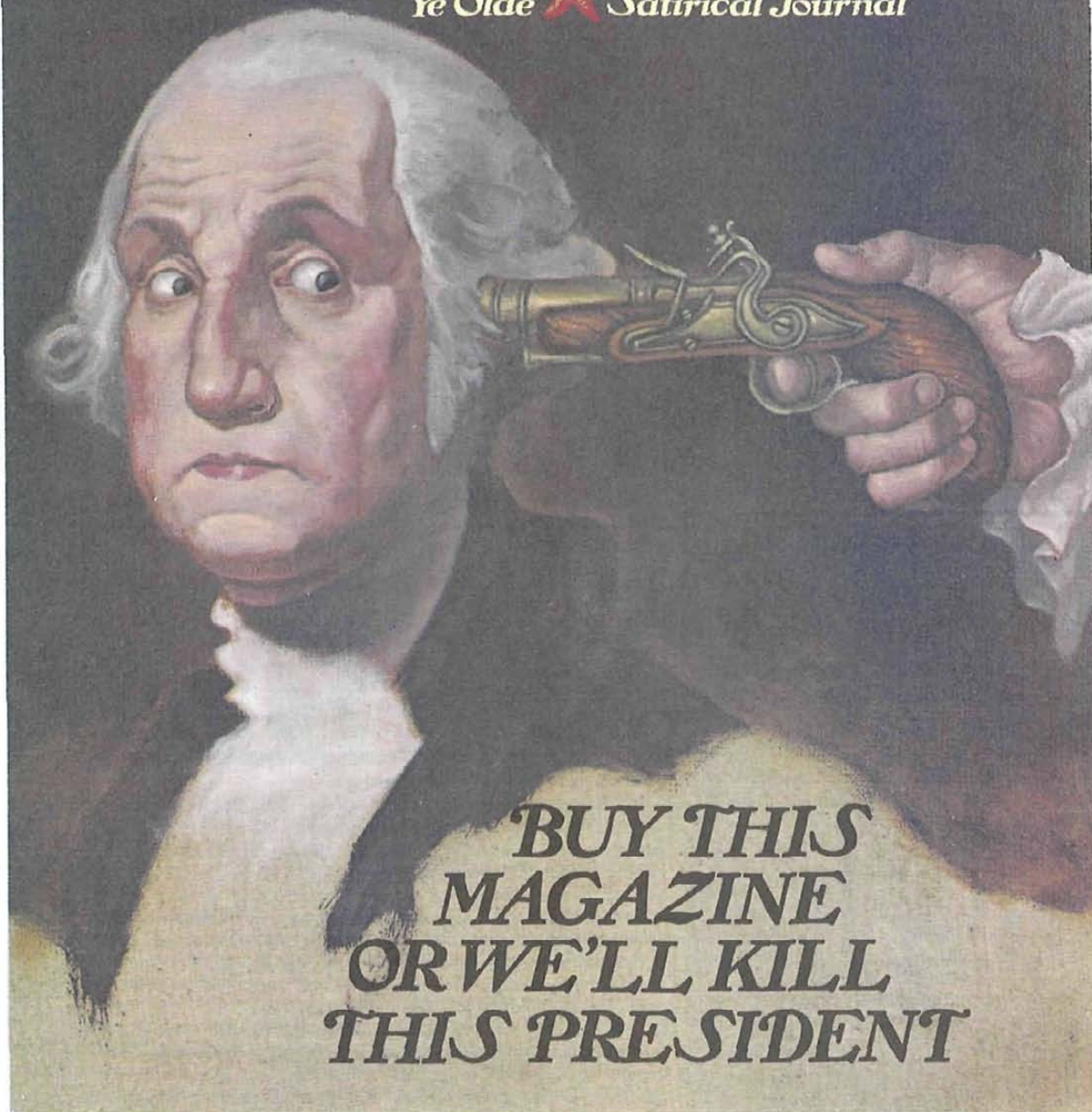
November
1786

National Lampoon

One Pence

(24 heads outside of
Manhattan Island,
slightly higher in
that land to the
north of us)

Ye Olde Satirical Journal



John Gurney

An Interview with the 200-Year-Old *National Lampoon* Editor

*Highlights and Lowlights of 200 Years
of America's Favorite Humor Magazine*

by Gerry Sussman

Gerry Sussman, a contributing editor of the National Lampoon, spent six weeks interviewing the oldest surviving National Lampoon editor, one of the Founding Fathers of the magazine in 1786. He is celebrating his 200th year with the National Lampoon and is still going strong. As part of our 200th Anniversary celebration, here are some biglights of two centuries of the magazine, as seen through the eyes of its oldest living editor.

National Lampoon: You were one of the original founders of the *National Lampoon*. How did it all happen?

200-Year-Old-Editor: First, you got to picture how crazy it was in 1786. We had just kicked some English ass and were trying to figure out what to do next. Everybody was very serious. The whole thing was in the hands of a few guys who had never run a country before. We were all nervous, okay?

One night I was having a few ales at Fraunces Tavern, which is still down in lower Manhattan. I was with Aaron Burr and Tom Paine, or "Crazy Tommy," as we called him. There was a painting of George Washington on the wall. We used to call him "Gums." He was a nitwit. So

Crazy Tommy got up and drew a mustache on this painting of George, which really killed us, put us on the floor. No matter what you say about Burr, he was smart as two whips. He said, "Let's print up a batch of these Washington-with-a-mustache pictures and sell them to the kids."

I said I would write a story about Washington, the *real* Washington, narrated by his false teeth. That got another big laugh. Paine got another idea—"Washington's Valley Forge Journals," where every other word is "Brrrrrrrr." I rolled over and nearly died. Burr flipped his wig. We were on a roll. Pretty soon we were writing ideas down on napkins, tablecloths, our cuffs, anywhere. We were crazed. We knew we were onto something. I guess we figured that our piss-poor, stumbling giant of a country needed a shot of humor right away. Our first number was the "George Washington Issue." It had George with a mustache on the cover. We sold out—150 copies. Burr arranged for full financing and then embezzled most of our money and disappeared. But Alexander Hamilton bailed us out with a loan. NL: You and Tom Paine did most of the first issue?

Ed: We did all of it. Then we got help. We got Thomas Jefferson, whom we called "T.J." so as not to confuse him with Tom Paine. T.J. was a monster. Ben Franklin gave us some stuff, mostly from his almanac, which was not that funny. And we got a few things from the Harvard kids, who wrote in Latin.

NL: You said Jefferson was a monster?

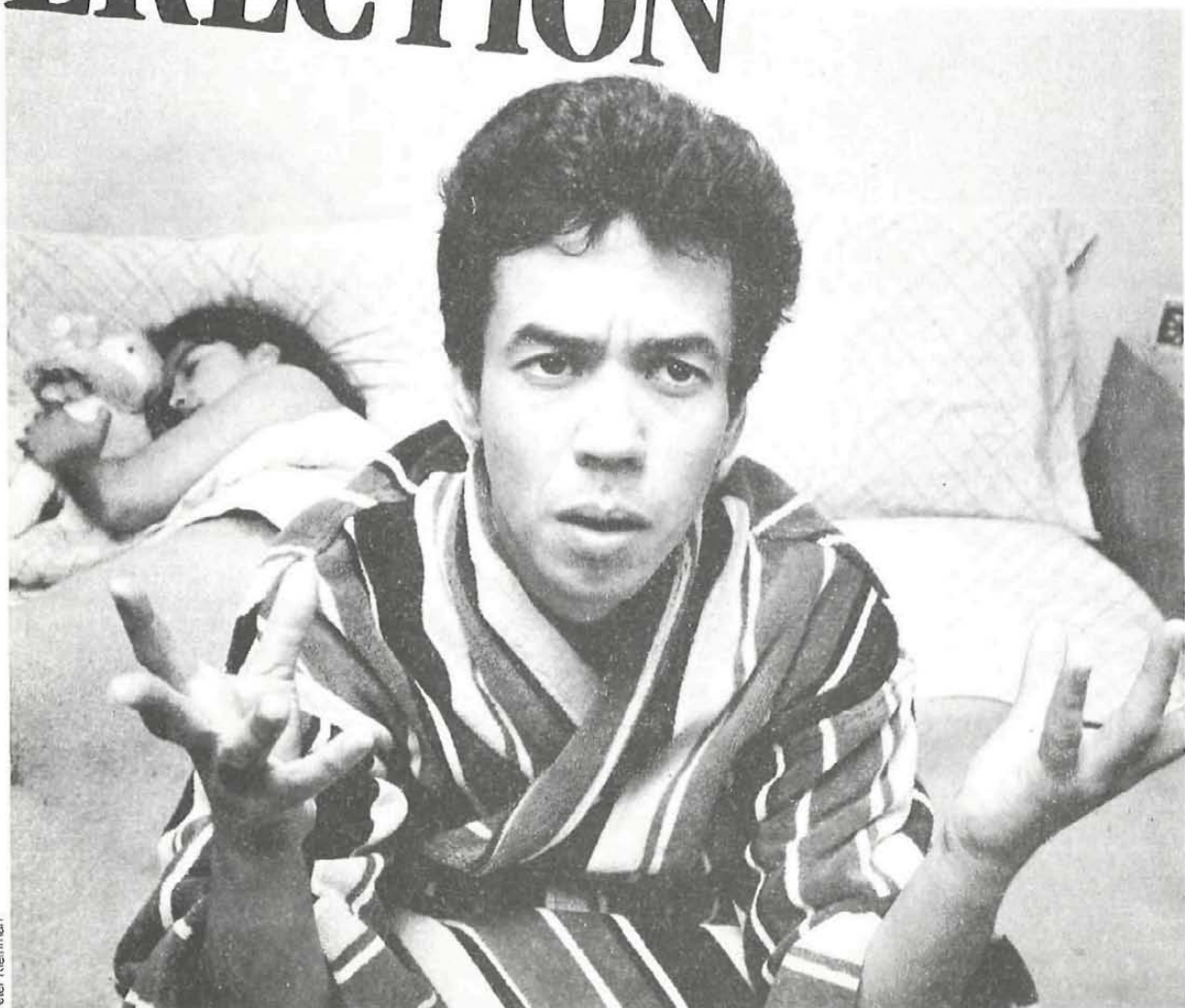
Ed: A comic monster, a talent as big as Rhode Island. We couldn't have made it without T.J. I know he went on to become part of the Establishment, but his heart was always with us. Jefferson wrote "Benjamin X"—or "Benny X," as we called him—the crazy New York stagecoach driver who slept with every broad from Martha Washington to Betsy Ross. Benny claimed that he had actually designed our flag, but he was a gentleman and let Betsy take credit for it. And it was Benny X who saved Washington when he was crossing the Delaware. Old Gums fell in and couldn't swim. Benny was in the army at that time and happened to be in the same boat.

T.J. wrote our first parody, *The Prep School Yearbook*. He did the *Bill of Wright's*, an itemized bill from Wright's restaurant for \$76.76. He did the *Book*

continued on page 92

Hi! I'm Gilbert Gottfried. (Yes, yes, MTV, David Letterman... Oh, please, no more compliments. I only have two pages. Gee, thanks, that's sweet, but...) Let's get on with the article. Well, it's happened to all of us (well, maybe not me, but to several close friends of mine). You're lying in bed with a willing young

GILBERT GOTTFRIED GIVE OR TAKE ONE TO SAY WHEN YOU ERECTION



Peter Kleinman

lady, and, you know... That's right, the harder you try, the softer it gets. You just can't get Captain Tucker to stand at attention! Well, you can't use tired old chestnuts like "It's never happened to me before" or "Sorry, it always happens when I'm drunk." So now I'd like to present...

ED'S FIFTY OR SO, OR TWO, THINGS CAN'T ACHIEVE AN

- 1) "Why, nothing, what do you mean, is something wrong?"
- 2) "I'm sorry, but you think they could have given at least one award to *The Color Purple*."
- 3) "Explain that again. My WHAT is supposed to do WHAT?"
- 4) "Must we talk about it NOW?!"
- 5) "I hate doing anything that might make you happy."
- 6) "I'm sorry, I can't stop thinking about Allen and Rossi."
- 7) "No speaka dee English."
- 8) "Stop looking at me! I can't do anything with you looking at me!"
- 9) "Why, oh, why did they take *The Ropers* off the air?"
- 10) "I love Norman Fell."
- 11) "Bahdgeeze! We doan need no esteenking bahdgeeze!"
- 12) "At my age, I can't stand the thought of any of my arteries hardening."
- 13) "I'm trying to think of a song performed by Dino, Desi, and Billy."
- 14) "You have no idea how big this thing gets!"
- 15) "Hard-on? Who said anything about a HARD-ON?!"
- 16) "I refuse to do something that might be considered sexist."
- 17) "This is an omen!!!"
- 18) "Ignore me. This is just something I do to get attention."
- 19) "Goddamn Qaddafi!"
- 20) "I meddled in things man should leave alone."
- 21) "We can't use it. The safety seal has been broken."
- 22) "First the *Hindenburg*—NOW THIS!"
- 23) "Here's lookin' at you, kid."
- 24) "I just can't remember who directed *Buck and the Preacher*."
- 25) "Well, it's the thought that counts."
- 26) "Did I ever show you how I can bend my thumb backwards?"
- 27) "Don't worry, it's not you."
- 28) "Well, maybe it's you a little bit..."
- 29) "Yes, it's you...A LOT...a whole lot."
- 30) "You couldn't give a Great Dane a boner."
- 31) "You're very ugly."
- 32) "You're very ugly and you smell bad."
- 33) "You're very ugly, you smell bad, you're vile, disgusting, subhuman, scaly, insipid, and stupid."
- 34) "It's not you, it's me...okay?"
- 35) "I could get an erection. But I choose not to."
- 36) "I had many erections [dramatic pause] when I walked among the living."
- 37) "For God's sake, don't touch it. It's still moving!"
- 38) "This is all your fault. You planned it."
- 39) "I'm afraid I might hurt you."
- 40) "I'm afraid I might kill you."
- 41) "Now, now, what's all this nonsense about hard-ons?"
- 42) "Whatever you do, don't panic!"
- 43) "I live two miles from a toxic-waste dump."
- 44) "Now that you know, I can't let you live."
- 45) "I'm an android. I'm waiting for new batteries."
- 46) "Excuse me, I'm having an out-of-body experience."
- 47) "You stupid earthling!"
- 48) "Boy, *Hogan's Heroes* was a funny show, wasn't it?"
- 49) "Just what was the difference between Trolls and Wishniks?"
- 50) "Were Trolls really any cuter than Smurfs?"
- 51) "God, I hate the Care Bears."
- 52) "Who did more work, Hanna or Barbera?"
- 53) "How many Bozos were there?"
- 54) "Amazing how Mr. Magoo climbed through a construction site each week without getting hurt."
- 55) "What nationality was Durward Kirby?"
- 56) "Well, heck, don't that jes' take it all?"
- 57) "Little enough to ride for free? Little enough to ride your knee!"
- 58) "Rosebud."
- 59) "It all started with that first experiment..."
- 60) "'Twas Beauty killed the Beast!"
- 61) "Whoops, there goes another rubber tree plant."
- 62) "The pump don't work 'cause the vandal took the handle."
- 63) "Do not talk to driver while bus is in motion."
- 64) "Don't be a fool. There's no escape!"
- 65) "This never happened to me before. It must be 'cause I'm drunk."
- 66) "Sorry." ■

Of course you know they're lying to you, you've known that all along, it's just that it's difficult for a decent human being like yourself to believe how *much* they've been lying.

What They Tell You Isn't What They're Doing

by Gahan Wilson



When you take your fantastically expensive foreign car (which you can barely afford to keep up) to the garage for its checkup, you don't really believe it is given quite the careful, scientific going-over the master mechanic describes in his broken English...



...but it would never occur to you that the car hasn't been repaired at all! Yet it's merely been given a new shot of "discipline," as those foreign fiends call it around their shop, so that it will obey you, its American Führer. Face it, your car is nothing more than a pathetic *slave*!

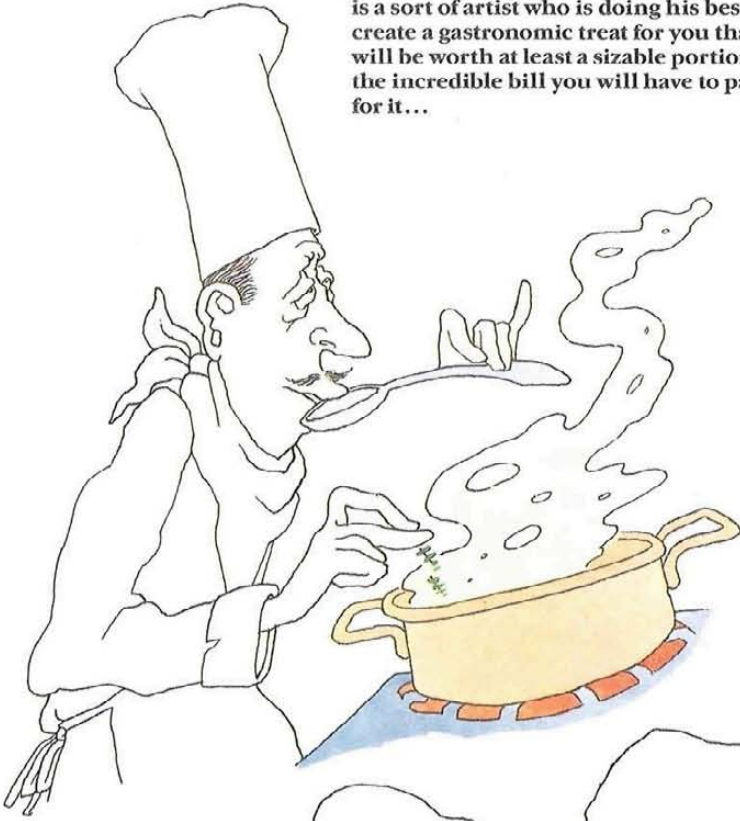
It's highly likely, since you're a kindly sort, that it has never occurred to you that anyone at your pet-care salon treats your beloved doggie much worse than your ideal dream of how it should be done...



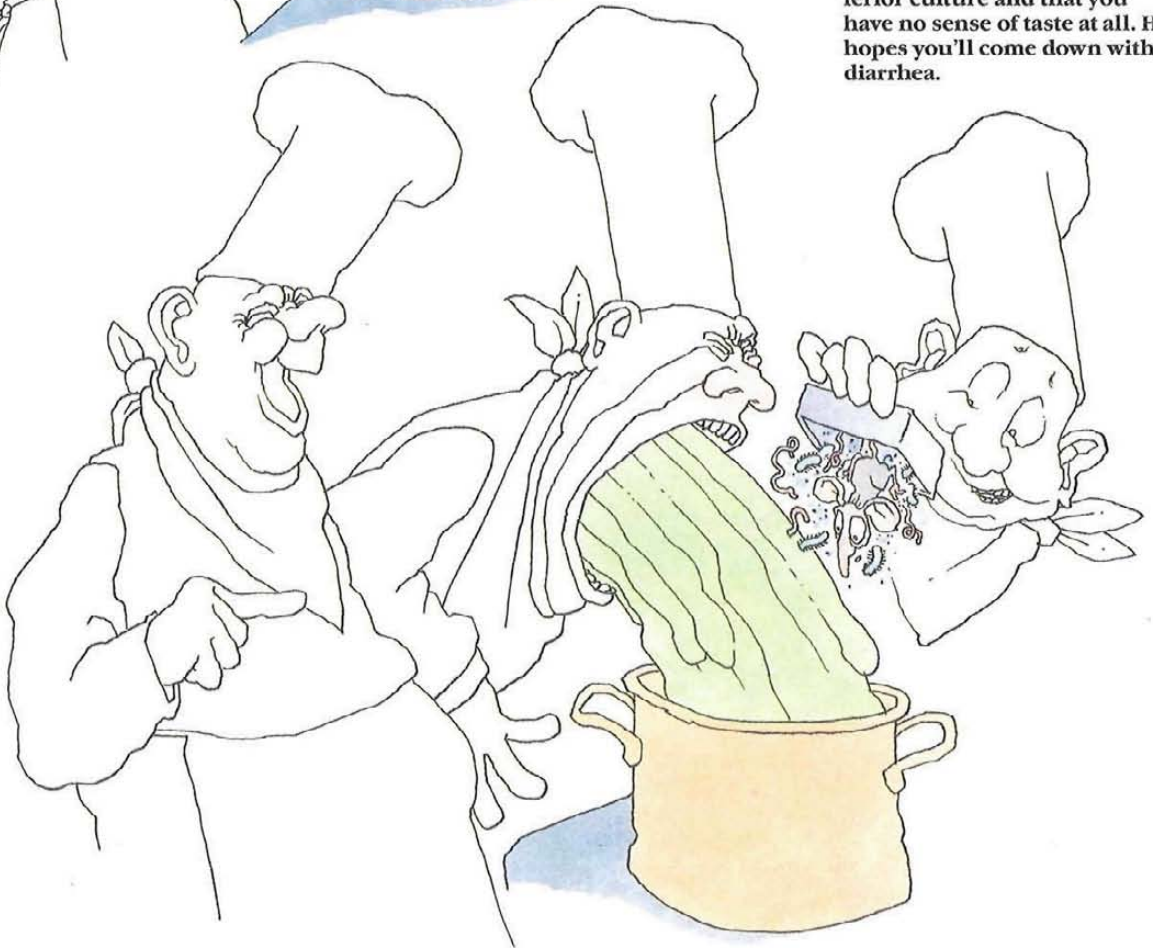
...so it's doubtless never crossed your mind that what they actually do with your beloved animal is perform hideous scientific experiments on it, and that is why it looks at you so funny when you come to pick it up.



When you go to a fine restaurant, it is more than likely you believe that the chef is a sort of artist who is doing his best to create a gastronomic treat for you that will be worth at least a sizable portion of the incredible bill you will have to pay for it...

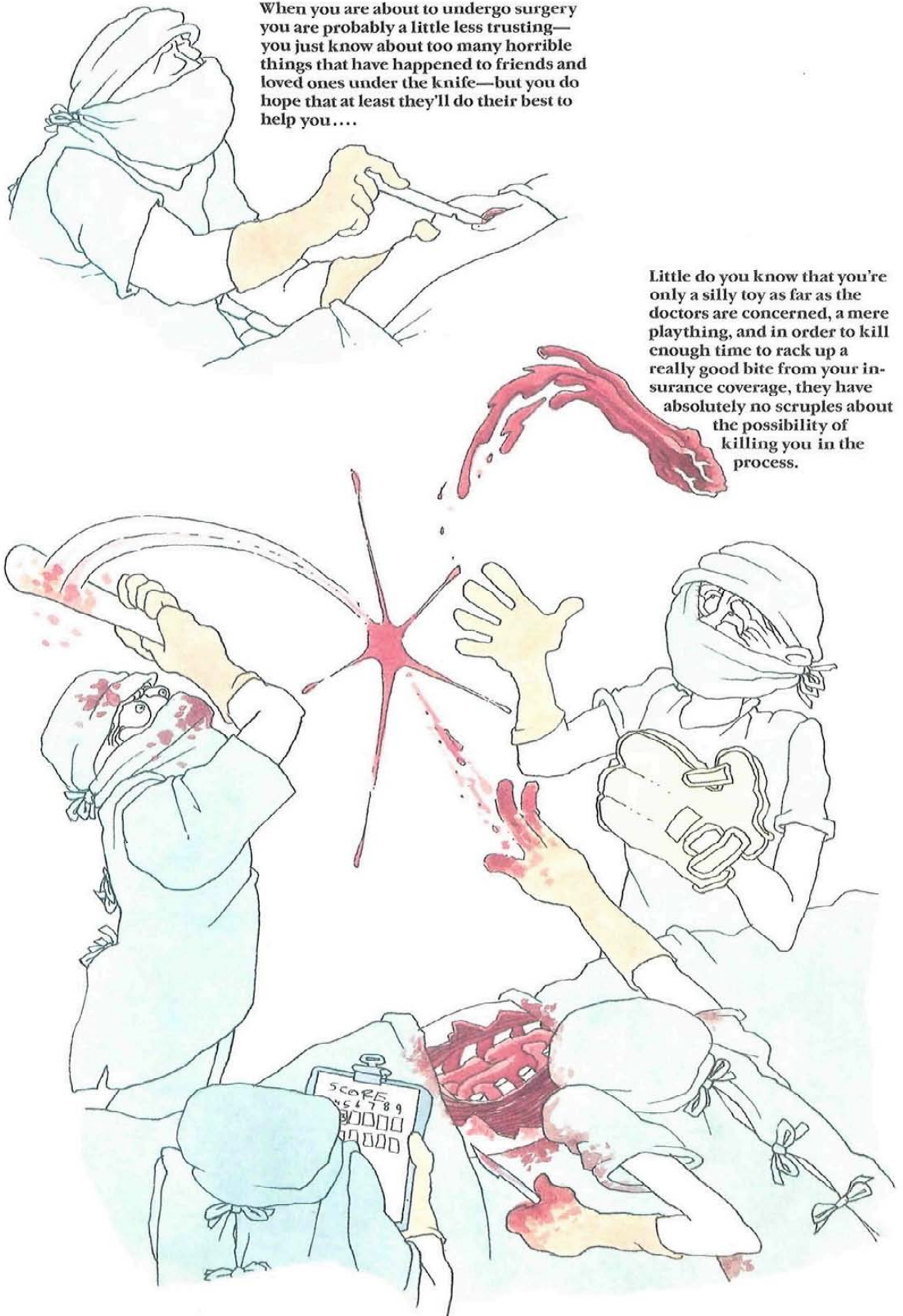


...but that's because you are a naive fool. He has nothing but contempt for you because he thinks you come from an inferior culture and that you have no sense of taste at all. He hopes you'll come down with diarrhea.



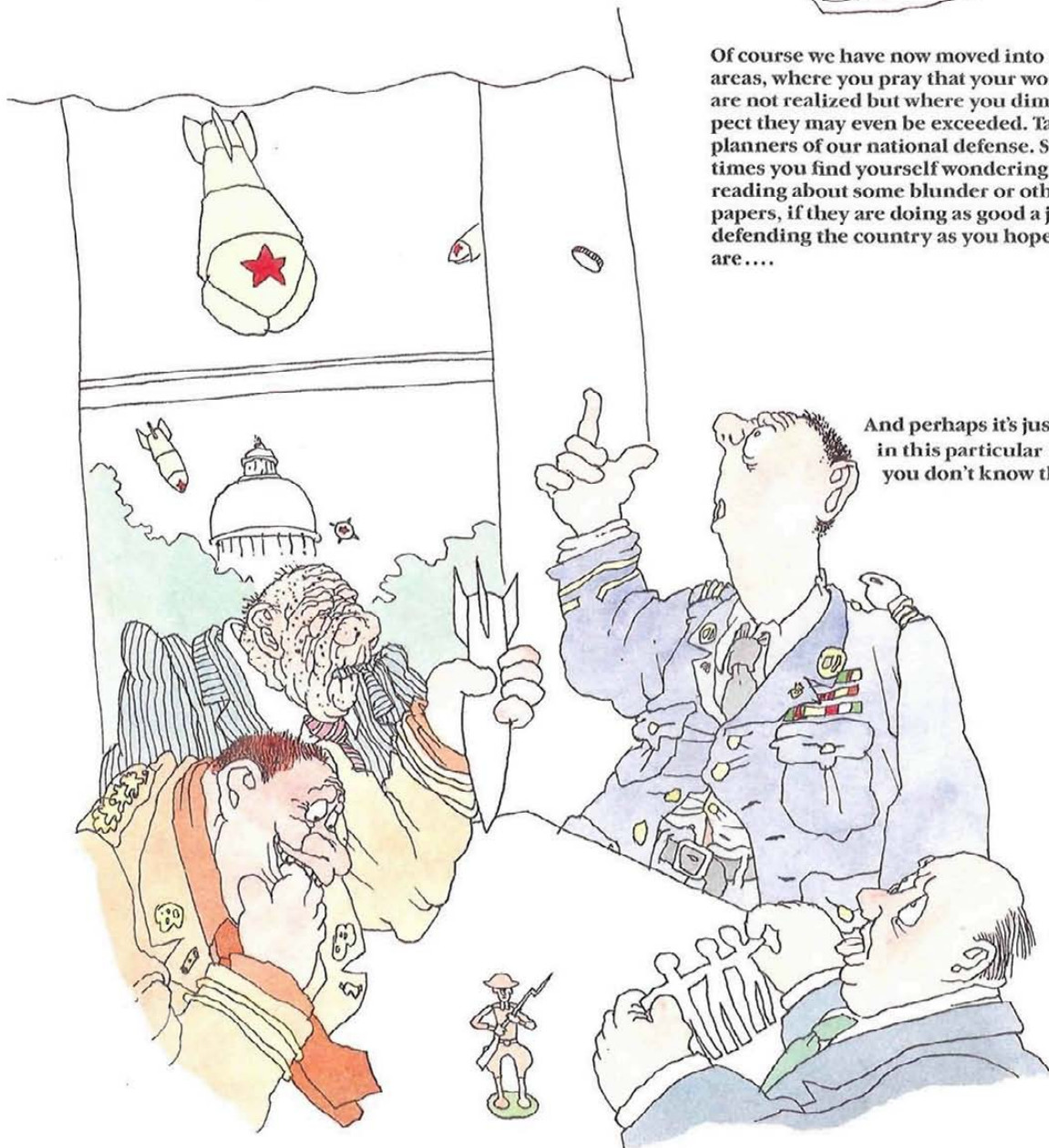
When you are about to undergo surgery you are probably a little less trusting—you just know about too many horrible things that have happened to friends and loved ones under the knife—but you do hope that at least they'll do their best to help you....

Little do you know that you're only a silly toy as far as the doctors are concerned, a mere plaything, and in order to kill enough time to rack up a really good bite from your insurance coverage, they have absolutely no scruples about the possibility of killing you in the process.

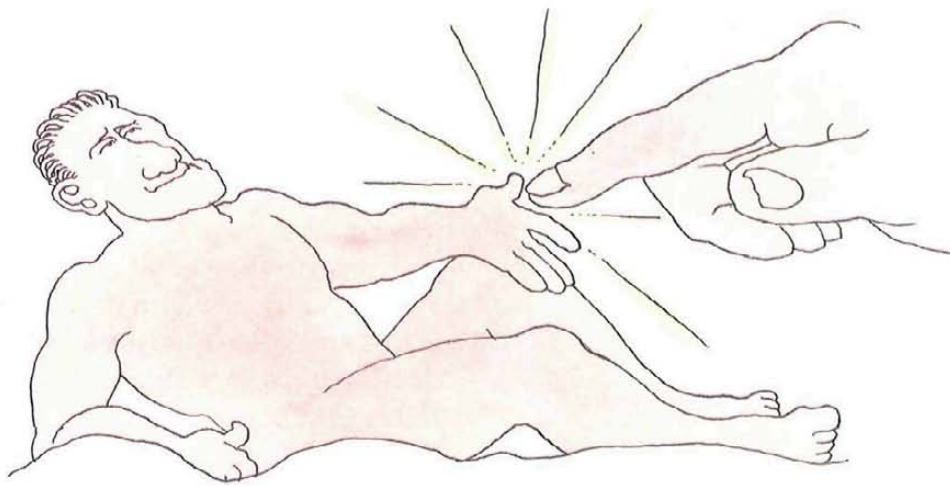




Of course we have now moved into serious areas, where you pray that your worst fears are not realized but where you dimly suspect they may even be exceeded. Take the planners of our national defense. Sometimes you find yourself wondering, after reading about some blunder or other in the papers, if they are doing as good a job of defending the country as you hope they are....



And perhaps it's just as well, in this particular case, if you don't know the truth.



Most painful, perhaps, are the actualities behind the kindly myths with which mankind has shielded itself from cruel cosmic truths throughout the ages. There is a long and painful list of these, but it may be appropriate to end with what we like to pretend was a grand beginning, namely the creation of man. Surely, we like to think, this was an occasion of dignity. Surely, once brought into being, we were viewed with at least some affection and pride by our creator....



YOU, TOO, CAN BE A MILLIONAIRE!

by Dave Hanson

Invented by John the Baptist in a Fair Shot amendment to the New Testament, state lotteries were practiced in both ancient Jerusalem and Crete but were suppressed by government authorities until the election of New York governor Mario Cuomo. Cuomo, like many biblical crusaders an ardent believer in square deals, was allegedly inspired to institute the lottery after watching a black-market video of Idi Amin leading his fevered nation in a session of Buck-Naked Billion-Dollar Bingo. Cuomo noted the zeal generated by the long odds and was impressed; soon afterward he initiated legislation to introduce a state lottery.

Critical acclaim was thunderous; from the clergy to the winos on the Bowery, the lottery was considered as morally peachy as anything since the early writings of Hawthorne. In a world full of unfairness, it is the lottery which represents true justice, the lottery which knows no prejudice or discrimination, the lottery which isn't snooty because you stutter or have greasy hair or don't understand Fellini or worship Barry Manilow. Sure, these days it's easy to sometimes question God's modus operandi: you wonder why He allows war and cancer and starvation, and why He didn't make your nose thinner or let your great-uncle retain his gallbladder, and why He makes you

have hangovers but allows Michael Landon to live without pain, but then you think back to the lottery and that makes up for it all. It's the chance for a lifelong sad sack to become wreathed in prestige and luxury; the opportunity for the most wretched and humble to be all the rage at the high school reunion. And it's a chance for the American Dream—unlimited wealth and a lifetime in which to spend it—come true.

But Why Play the Lottery When I Know I Can Earn Money?

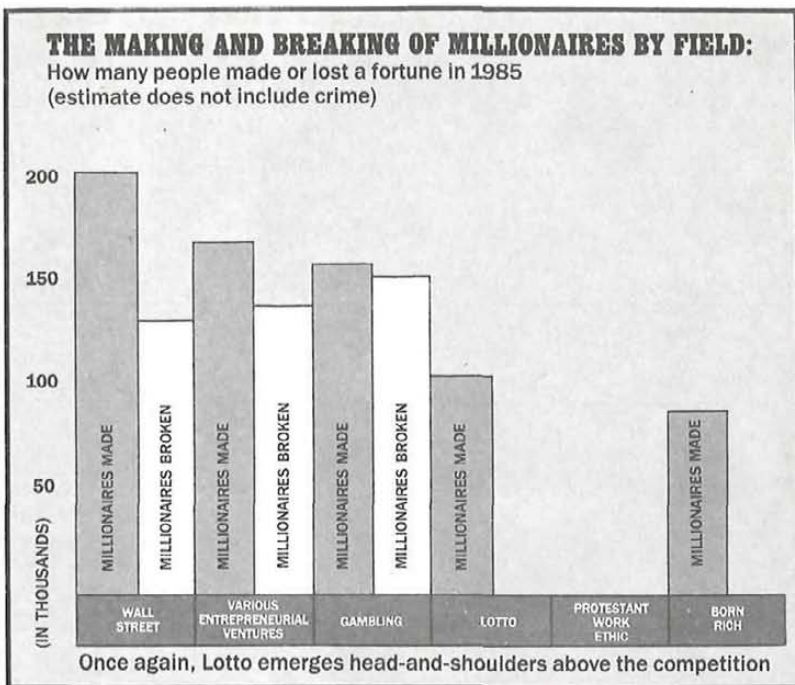
Many people waste their lives under the mistaken impression that the transition from rags to riches must be grueling and arduous; nothing could be further from the truth. The road traveled by aspiring Rockefeller can be a long, hideous avenue littered with aspirin, Di-Gel, and divorce papers, and there is no guarantee whatsoever that the bullets you sweat will turn to gold. Big-money careers entail the kind of responsibility that breeds anxiety and stress to the point of destroying all capacity for relaxation; the only heart attack or stroke a lottery player risks is bliss-inspired.

Americans have grown up on Minute Rice and Instant Jell-O; why would anyone define success as putting in a seventy-hour week? Why fritter away your ever-dwindling days slogging through a swamp of toil, all for two weeks' vacation, when the alternative is to pick six numbers right and live like a sultan year-round? In a society in which probably 60 percent of the Gross National Product is hermetically sealed upon conception for consumer convenience, the only place anybody should work up a sweat is along the path between the fridge in the cabana and the edge of the pool.

And unless you are born rich—in which case nothing matters but Sunday's polo matchups and Saturday's drink list—your basic alternative to workaholicism is to just get a nine-to-five job and plod along, living in what is more or less an environment of mediocrity, give or take a nice couch. Once you realize the power of the lottery, you will realize that the Protestant work ethic sucks eggs. Life is too short for workaholicism, and too much potential drama is wasted in a life of vapid, trudging toil. If you want money but you don't have the guts for crime, give the lottery a whirl.

Why Do So Many People Play the Lottery?

Consider money—the root of all evil, the stuff that makes the world go round. Whether you're an undetoxable work-



aholic or a slug who wants to retire without working blisters at twenty-five, whether your dream is a time-share on the Jersey shore or a leveraged buyout of Ted Turner, what you really want is freedom from the heavy anchor of indigence, freedom to lead the lifestyle you choose without being hindered by lack of money. Ideally, money is peripheral to life, instead of life hinging on money; as it is, many people hardly enjoy the money they do make because they're so consumed with saving for their old age. Hit the lottery and your Golden Years are now; like people in books, you will be able to focus on other, more important things, like golf and traveling and Chivas Regal. Hit the lottery and your life is a dream vacation, a veritable twenty-year weekend.

Would Life Really Be That Great If I Won the Lottery?

Well, without even mentioning the women—an international buffet which would make Bert Parks, Hugh Hefner, and James Bond all green with envy—your life would indeed undergo a few changes. You would live in the kind of luxury traditionally reserved for Hollywood moguls, underworld kingpins, and free-agent athletes. Your primary residence would be dark and sensuous, with nuance lighting to accommodate or reroute any mood, all controlled by a dimmer system which would govern everything from the piped-in Dolby sound to the cappuccino maker. There would be a solar-powered champagne

fountain, an in-house sushi master and masseuse, a six-acre wine cellar, and a library complete with a bikini-clad librarian.

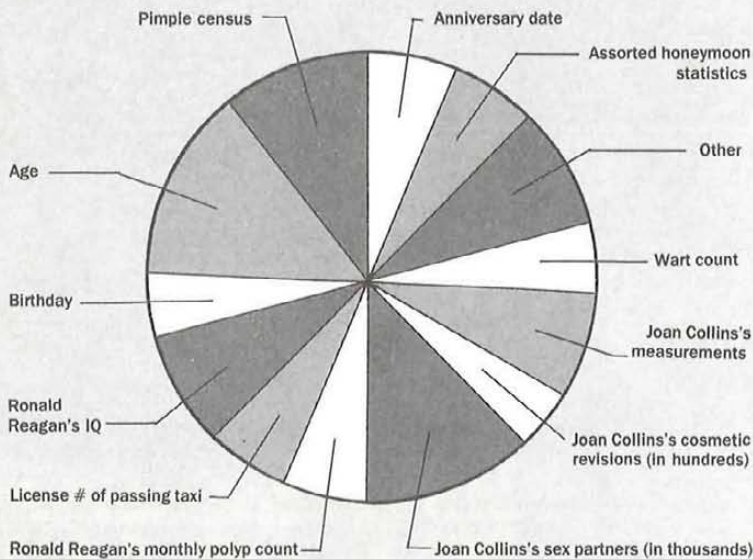
In your onyx-paved driveway would be a sizzling hot car like a Lamborghini convertible or maybe a Maserati; also a stretch limo for shopping around town and a more practical "airport car" like a Mercedes station wagon or a Jeep. Then the clothes: silk shirts, chamois boxer shorts, shoes made from borderline endangered species, and thick bumpy Italian sport jackets.

Naturally, you would need a place to escape the cold and the pressure of the day-to-day grind without the bother of a time change and jet lag: a white beachfront stone palace on a tiny Caribbean island, complete with an eighteen-hole golf course, a fleet of speedboats, your own private Carvel stand, and a pool ringed with marble statues of the cast of *Dynasty* naked.

You would lead the life that seems so distant but looks so good on the people who lead it: after eight mimosas, you struggle into the snarled armatures of your Giorgio Armani jacket, fit your face into your sunglasses, and shuffle out into the hot Paris sunshine, overwhelmed by the relentless smorgasbord of options with which life confronts you: a nap? some shopping? an early dinner with *Vanna*? a quick game of golf? a few more drinks?

Win the lottery and you will live life as it was meant to be lived—in drunken nights of hellish gluttony, wanton lust, and stuporous bliss, with no need for an alarm clock unless a pre-noon craving for a Bloody Mary is foreseen. Big din-

Picking your Lotto numbers could turn out to be the most important thing you ever do. The numbers you select will mean the difference between living a life of idyllic, filthy richness or watching your days trickle down the culvert in a frustrated clump of unfulfilled, indigent futility. Certainly, it is something you should give some serious thought to. Why do people play the numbers they do? Here's what a random sampling revealed (keep in mind that the numbers must fall between 1 and 48):



ners, huge cars, immense houses with sprawling green lawns that lead to yacht-laden docks—once your six numbers come up, your wildest whims will be on the shopping list right along with the milk and eggs.

But Is the Lottery for Me?

Some people say they're afraid that having millions of dollars would have a ruinous effect on their personalities; they are obviously blockheads. Is it ruinous that they will no longer be able to whine through dinner about having trouble paying the phone bill or kvetch incessantly about how mean their landlord and boss are? How many people would be ruined by having a hammock as an office, a cooler full of beer as a briefcase, and any number of spry yet juicy young bimbos at their beck and call? Would it ruin them to have a romance beneath the breeze-blown palm trees with one of those luscious Polynesian girls whose English is limited to words contained in the Top 20 songs but who could chair the Berlitz body language department?

For many people, hard work and long hours are the big, stupid, sweaty dragons blocking the driveway to their dream houses. Luckily, there is a way to circumvent them, a path leading to the back door: the lottery. And quick as you can whip uppa cuppa instant cocoa or open

a can of meat or microwave a seven-course meal, you can make yourself a few million dollars.

What Are the Odds of My Winning the Lottery?

Simply put, your chances of winning the lottery with one ticket are the same as the chances of your guessing the six numbers of a bank safe in one try. The odds of winning the lottery are the precise reason safecrackers have replaced trial and error with dynamite. When you fill out a lottery card you are betting on Yertle the Turtle to win the Indy 500, and since you check the results, you obviously have the gall to think he has a legitimate chance. And not only that, you bet him again.

Are There Any Precautions I Should Take Before I Enter the Lottery?

Yes, be prepared to lose. And vow right now that if for any reason you ever don't play your usual numbers, you will resist the urge to check that week's results. Otherwise—and this is if they talk you down from the ledge—there is a good chance you will end up being a

sad old sot babbling all life long about the one that got away.

This is the guiding fear in a lottery player's life: that the numbers he plays religiously will come up the one time he forgets or neglects to play them. You must come to grips with the fact that, until you get a reliable "lottery buddy" to play your numbers in your absence, you will never be able to fully enjoy an out-of-state vacation. Illness could also prevent you from playing your numbers; devout players should wear dog tags, the way diabetics and epileptics do, explaining what actions should be taken in the event of illness. To anybody who plays the lottery, the horror of emerging from a lengthy coma and finding out that the numbers he plays regularly came up the previous week rates with premature burial on the list of worst ways to wake up.

Then there are other, less severe but nevertheless agonizing possibilities which dance through the sleepless minds of lottery players: the drawing in 1984 in which forty-seven people picked the correct numbers, rendering what had seemed a huge prize, once divided, into per annum increments that could be exceeded by selling kelp door to door. Sure, in and of itself the money would be a nice supplement, but consider first that the odds of winning the lottery twice in a lifetime are beyond unfathomable, so you've exhausted your chance of a lifetime; and second, consider the moment when each of those people recognized their numbers and assumed they were millionaires. Oh, the dismay that the next morning must have brought! Oh, the wild phalanx of Rolls-Royces and chinchilla La-Z-Boys and kidney-shaped pools yanked out of those forty-seven people's surging dreams! And how many of them had seen their numbers and, awash in adrenaline, blurtingly compared their bosses unfavorably to bathing-suited parts of the body and blackballed themselves forever from their industries of choice, only to realize later that they'd perhaps been a tad rash?

Well, Should I Play or Shouldn't I?

Absolutely you should. Look at it this way: in nations without lotteries, there are many ugly strictures, among them: a) transcending the work ethic should be the exclusive privilege of those born into comfortable circumstances; b) ignorance and sloth should not coincide with acquired wealth; and c) unless they are royalty, couch potatoes should not languish in the pleasures of wine, women, and song. So for you to pass up the opportunities offered by the lottery is nothing short of sin. And another thing:

When you win the lottery, all of your losing tickets become tax-deductible. So

when you win, you're not only acquiring a fortune, you're recouping your losses.

In an era in which few bargains remain, a lottery ticket is truly among the most prudent possible ways to use a dollar. Do it.

A Look at Some Aspiring Practitioners of the Lottery Lifestyle

Thirty-three-year-old Rudy "Sang-froid" Mays holds down four jobs to pay for his 250 lottery tickets a week. A paperboy, pinsetter, lobster poacher, and nightclub singer, he makes sure to skip at least two of the four major food groups each week in order to finance what he calls his "collision course with heaven on earth, and in Wilmington, no less."

"Sixty-eight years young" Mallard Arlens of Kansas City, a retired fudge mason, is waiting for the next drawing over fifteen million dollars. And when it happens—look out, E.F. Hutton. Arlens is planning what he terms radical venture capitalism—he is going to take out a \$10,000 home equity loan to finance a cannon shot at instant affluence. But will he be shooting at a moth with an elephant gun, or will he just be a big, big loser? Only time, and six big numbers, will tell.

Wallace Wayne, a forty-one-year-old recycling engineer and admitted presidential timber, says, "I turn over 7 percent of my weekly income and 3 percent of my leisure time to the lottery man, and when I go to sleep at night I lay my head down on a *Wall Street Journal*. My odds are exceptional because of the transcendent nature of my intelligence and desecration, and a fine working relationship with the Lord God."

A Brief History of Government-Sanctioned Lotteries

The first documented public lotteries, held in Jerusalem around A.D. 100, were played under the same basic set of rules as apply now, except that instead of money the prize commodity was barter such as camels or buckets of haggis. It was in Jerusalem that the policy of the government's collecting a sanctioning fee was initiated; also enacted was the ageless tradition of the guy who picks the numbers being an unabashed weenie.

In the dreary winters of Wisconsin, leaders of cheese cartels organized lotteries featuring dairy prizes. Cheese farmers, weary of wife-beating and checkers in the long off-season, eagerly marshaled their cheddar into a prize jackpot bonanza which attracted state-wide publicity.

A variation is the still-flourishing Catholic lottery, in which participants contribute 10 percent of their annual income in hopes of the Lord improving their lives. Unfortunately, participation has been on the decline, perhaps because of the lack of surrounding hype, perhaps because of an absence of manifest results; due to the competitive market, the clergy is being forced to remarket it as a combination lottery/ecumenical IRA—a dandy plan with a big yield but which takes an eternity to accrue.

Another form of the lottery, which flourished in the nineteenth century, was played by Mormons, with wives as the stakes. The all-time winner of this pious sect, a rabbit farmer named Ben Moyers, appears worn and drawn but wearing a faint smile in his later portraits; his unequalled collection of Father's Day

cards occupies two wings in Salt Lake City's Museum of Mormon Memorabilia.

Why People Want to Win Lotto

- So they can go on *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* and be mean to Robin Leach
- So they can live as well as the cops on *Miami Vice* do
- So they can be friends with important gay artists
- So they can buy clothes at stores where the clerks have Italian accents
- So they can call their boss a fat pig of a hairball and shower his desk with napalm
- So Jerry Hall will want to fuck them
- So they can afford to get drunk at discos and baseball games
- So they can buy the Yankees away from George Steinbrenner and win the undying adulation of millions
- So they can buy a minute of airtime during the Super Bowl and, before an estimated 110 million viewers, toss a Nerf football to their dog in the backyard and pretend it's the winning score in the game
- So Koo Stark will want to fuck them
- So they can get haircuts from women who keep their heinies taut on mechanical bulls
- So Roxanne Pulitzer will want to fuck them
- So they can help finance Pia Zadora's comeback
- So Leona Helmsley will want to fuck them
- So they can buy a truckload of alarm clocks and smash them
- So Liberace will buy their old furniture
- So every girl in Queens will want to fuck them
- So they can play Twister naked with the Gabor sisters ■

PRIZE	APPROXIMATE PRIZE RANGE	ODDS OF WINNING	LIKELIHOOD EQUIVALENT
1 st	\$3M—\$50M	1 in 6,135,756	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Bob Guccione going to heaven • Gary Coleman bringing Beatrice Arthur to orgasm on national TV • Someone who looks like Billy Joel ever again marrying someone who looks like Christie Brinkley • David Crosby giving up drugs
2 nd	\$1,000—\$5,000	1 in 24,348	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • A New York City resident encountering a heterosexual waiter and courteous cabdriver in the same month • Sean Penn seeing fifty without a liver transplant • Having oral sex with a Hasidic Jew and not gagging up your lunch
3 rd	\$10—\$60	1 in 475	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Sylvester Stallone's marriage lasting • Rod Stewart's lover testing clean at the clinic

ALEX AESOP MASTER DETECTIVE

IN "THE BLUE MIST"

MASTER DETECTIVE ALEX AESOP IS IN HIS BOSTON HOME WITH HIS OLD FRIEND AND SIAMESE TWIN BROTHER, GEORGE. HE REMINISCES OVER SOME OF HIS MORE MEMORABLE CASES.

© 1983 JERRY VOL

...HOLDING DOWN THE STRUGGLING LANGSHAW, I PROCEEDED TO PUMP HIS STOMACH. THERE, AMONGST REMNANTS OF MUTTON, FENNEL, AND MELBA TOAST, WAS THE MURDER WEAPON! A LICORICE GARROTE. IT WAS A GAMBLE, BUT THERE IT WAS—PARTIALLY DIGESTED, BUT THERE NEVERTHELESS! LANGSHAW CONFESSED AND THE CASE OF THE "STUTTERING STRUMPET" WAS SOLVED!

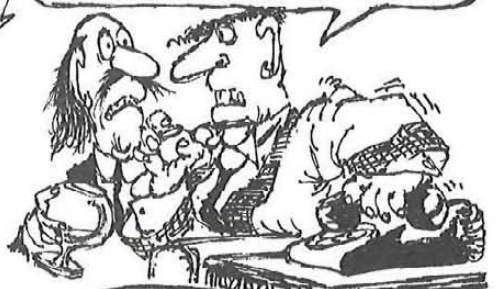
...AESOP HERE—AH, LADY TITWILLOW! SO GOOD TO HEAR—WHAT'S THAT? I'LL COME AT ONCE!



AH, I WISH I HAD BEEN THERE TO WITNESS THE EXPRESSION ON LANGSHAW'S FACE, AESOP!



UPON MY SOUL! MY OLD FRIEND SIR JOHN TITWILLOW HAS SUFFERED A FART ATTACK!



HURRY, AESOP!

OH, MR. AESOP! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE!



SIR JOHN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

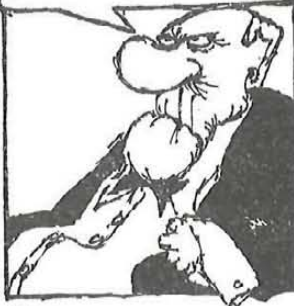
OH, AESOP! YES, YES—JUST A SLIGHT BURNING OF THE EYES... OTHERWISE....

HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

I WAS BY THE ARMOIRE WITH ROGER LIVESSEY WHEN A BEASTLY ODOR HIT ME! AS I REACHED OUT FOR SUPPORT EVERYTHING WENT BLACK. WHEN I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS I WAS AT THE WINDOW COUGHING... I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER HOW I GOT THERE!



I'M NOT A YOUNG MAN, A S-O-P - ONE MORE OF THOSE DEVILISH FARTS COULD FINISH ME! I'M ENGAGING YOU TO FIND THE PERPETRATOR BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



AT YOUR SERVICE. NOW, SIR JOHN, WHO WAS IN THE ROOM WHEN THE FLATUS WAS EXPELLED?



EVERYONE YOU SEE IN THE ROOM NOW. MYSELF, LADY TITWILLOW, BRIGADIER MAYNARD DE FONTAINE, MY NIECE, MISS PEARL BUTZ, HER FIANCE, ROGER LNESEY, MR. BESSO, A BUSINESS ASSOCIATE, AND MY BUTLER, HASKINS.



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AND HASKINS - IF I MIGHT HAVE A WORD WITH SIR JOHN...



WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT THESE PEOPLE, SIR JOHN?



... WELL, BRIGADIER MAYNARD DE FONTAINE - SERVED WITH HIM IN SHANGHAI - WITH THE KING'S RIFLES. EXCITING DAYS, WHAT! TAUGHT THOSE YELLOW CHAPS A THING OR TWO! GIBBETED FOUR OR FIVE MYSELF!



LATER... WOULD YOU TELL EVERYONE TO COME IN, PLEASE, HASKINS?



MR. BESSO, WHERE WERE YOU WHEN THE FLATUS WAS EXPELLED?



RRRRIGHT HEE - ERRR NEED SIRRR JOHN'S MAHN-SERRRVANT, HAHSSS-KEENS, DRRREEENKING GLAHSSSS OF WAH-TERR!



YES, SIR.

AND SERVE THE BRANDY, HASKINS!

THAT IS SO, SIR. MR. BESSO HAD THE HICCUPS AND REQUESTED A PERRIER.



OH!





A FLATUS, SIR JOHN!
QUICKLY--TO THE
WINDOW!

...EH-HAK!
UH...OOO...

GASP...

SEE HERE, A SOP, I ENGAGED
YOU TO FIND THIS FARTER AND
HE OR SHE HAS LAID ANOTHER
ONE WITH IMPUNITY!

IF HASKINS WILL
SERVE THE BRANDY
IT WILL HELP CLEAR
OUR HEADS FROM
THAT FLATUS....

POUR ONE FOR YOURSELF,
HASKINS. YOU TOO WERE
SUBJECTED TO THE FLATUS.



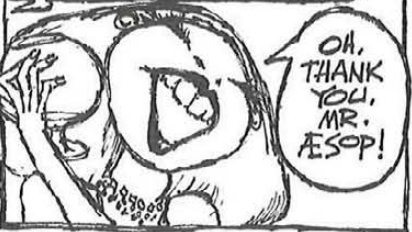
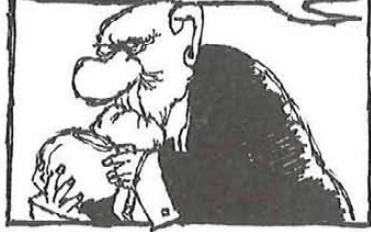
...WELL,
OUT WITH
IT, A SOP!
WHO IS IT?

NOT TO WORRY,
SIR JOHN. I KNOW WHO
THE SCOUNDREL IS!

SIR JOHN--YOU RETAINED
ME TO FIND THE CULPRIT
AND THAT PLACES YOU
ABOVE SUSPICION....

ELIMINATE LADY TITWILLOW!
HER ANUS WAS REMOVED IN
1958 FOR AESTHETIC REASONS.
SHE IS UNABLE TO FART!

MISS PEARL BUTZ? IMPOSSIBLE!
SHE IS A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG
LADY AND AS EVERYONE KNOWS,
BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADIES
SIMPLY DO NOT FART!



OH,
THANK
YOU,
MR.
A SOP!

BRIGADIER DU FONTAINE
CONTRACTED DYSENTERY
IN SHANGHAI AND IS UNABLE
TO EXPEL A FLATUS IN A
GASEOUS FORM!

ROGER LIVESEY IS ABLE TO EXPEL
A FLATUS, BUT NOT WITH ANONYMITY.
HE SUFFERS FROM HEMORRHOIDS.
A FLATUS PASSING THE
DISTENDED BLOOD
VESSELS WOULD
PRODUCE A MARKED
RIFFLING SOUND NOT
UNLIKE THAT OF AN
IDLING MOTORCYCLE.
ROGER LIVESEY IS
INNOCENT!

THAT LEAVES BESSO!
YOU BOUNDER,
BESSO!!!





66...WHOSOEVER CAUSES A FLATUS TO BE CAST OUT TO WITHIN FIVE FEET OF ANOTHER PERSON OTHER THAN A SPOUSE, BLOOD RELATIVE, INDIAN, OR NEGRO, AND SAID FLATUS BE OF FETID AND BEASTLY NATURE AND SAID FLATUS MANIFESTS DISAGREEABLE AND CACOPHONOUS SOUNDS TO THE EARS OF ANY CITIZEN, SHALL BE SEIZED BY A CONSTABLE OF THE COUNTY IN WHICH SAID FLATUS BE ISSUED AND FORTHWITH IMPRISONED FOR TEN DAYS AND FINED ONE DOLLAR.



...BUT AESOP, A BLUE FART? HOW....

MY COLLEAGUE MR. AESOP SURREPTITIOUSLY PLACED A TRACER DYE INTO THE BRANDY DECANTER.



...THE DYE FINDS ITS WAY INTO THE ALIMENTARY CANAL AND UPON CONTACT WITH THE FLATULENCE TURNS IT BLUE - VOILA-BLUE FARTS!



UNTIL THE "HICCUPS" EPISODE I SUSPECTED BESSO....



...THEN CAME THE FIRST FLATUS. IT WAS COLORLESS AND THE FINGER POINTED TO HASKINS. HE WAS THE ONLY ONE IN THE ROOM WHO HAD NOT TAKEN BRANDY!



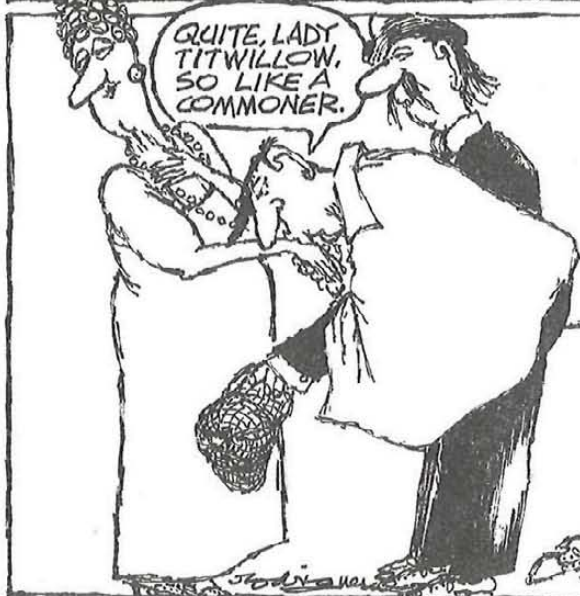
...SO THEN I SUGGESTED THAT HASKINS TOO HAVE A BRANDY SO THAT IF HE DID EXPEL ANOTHER FLATUS HE WOULD BETRAY HIMSELF. ...AND GENTLEMEN, THE REST IS HISTORY!



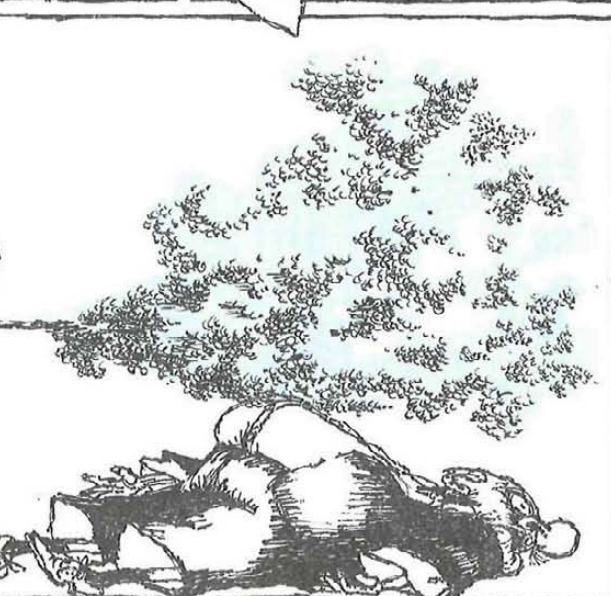
JOLLY GOOD SHOW, AESOP!

STOUT FELLOW!

OH, MR. AESOP, I'M SO GRATEFUL TO YOU! I JUST KNEW IT COULD NOT HAVE BEEN SOMEONE OF HIGH BIRTH! IT HAD TO BE A COMMONER!



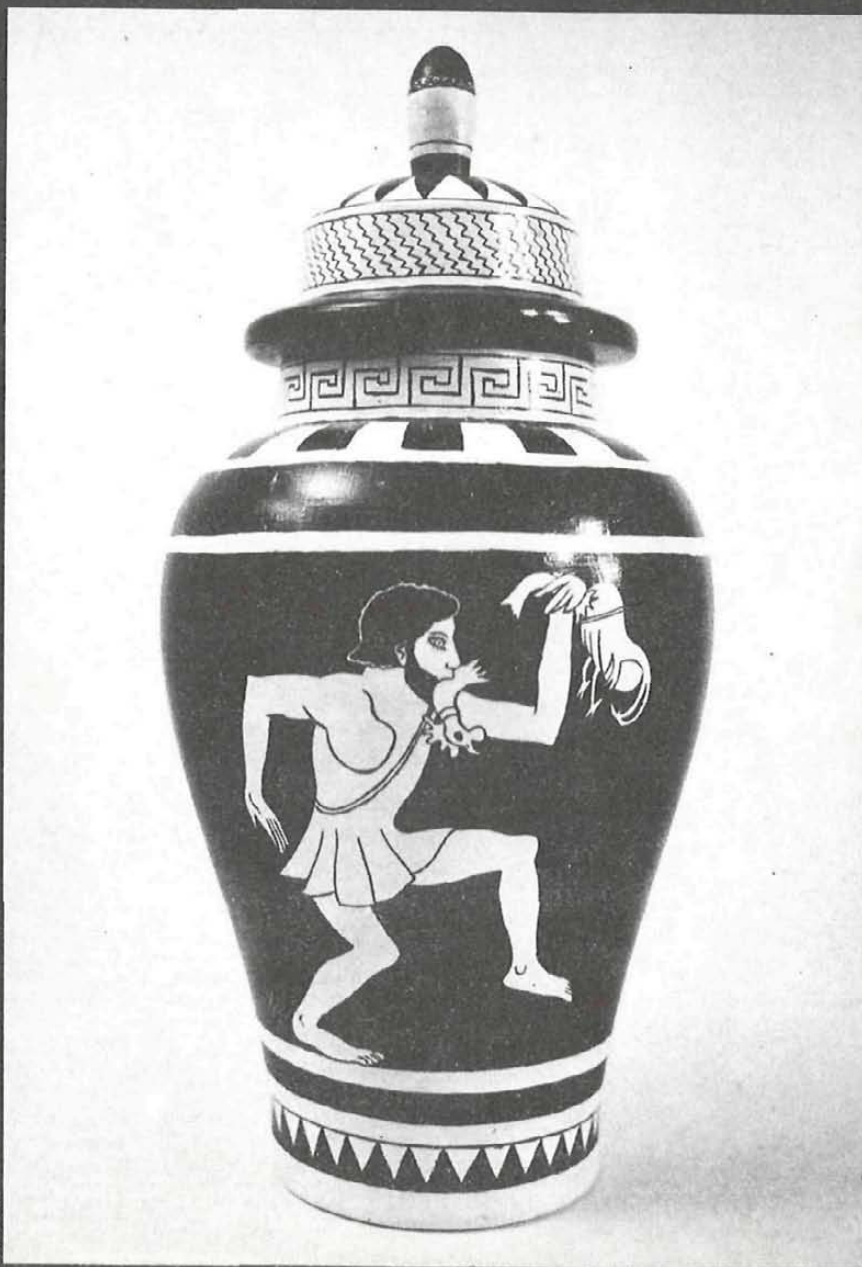
QUITE, LADY TITWILLOW, SO LIKE A COMMONER.



THE RISE AND FALL OF THE GEEK CIVILIZATION

by Andy Simmons

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Bob Brown

Geek Civilization

Ah, the Geek. Has there ever been such a race of people as the Geeks? Do we want another race of people like the Geeks?

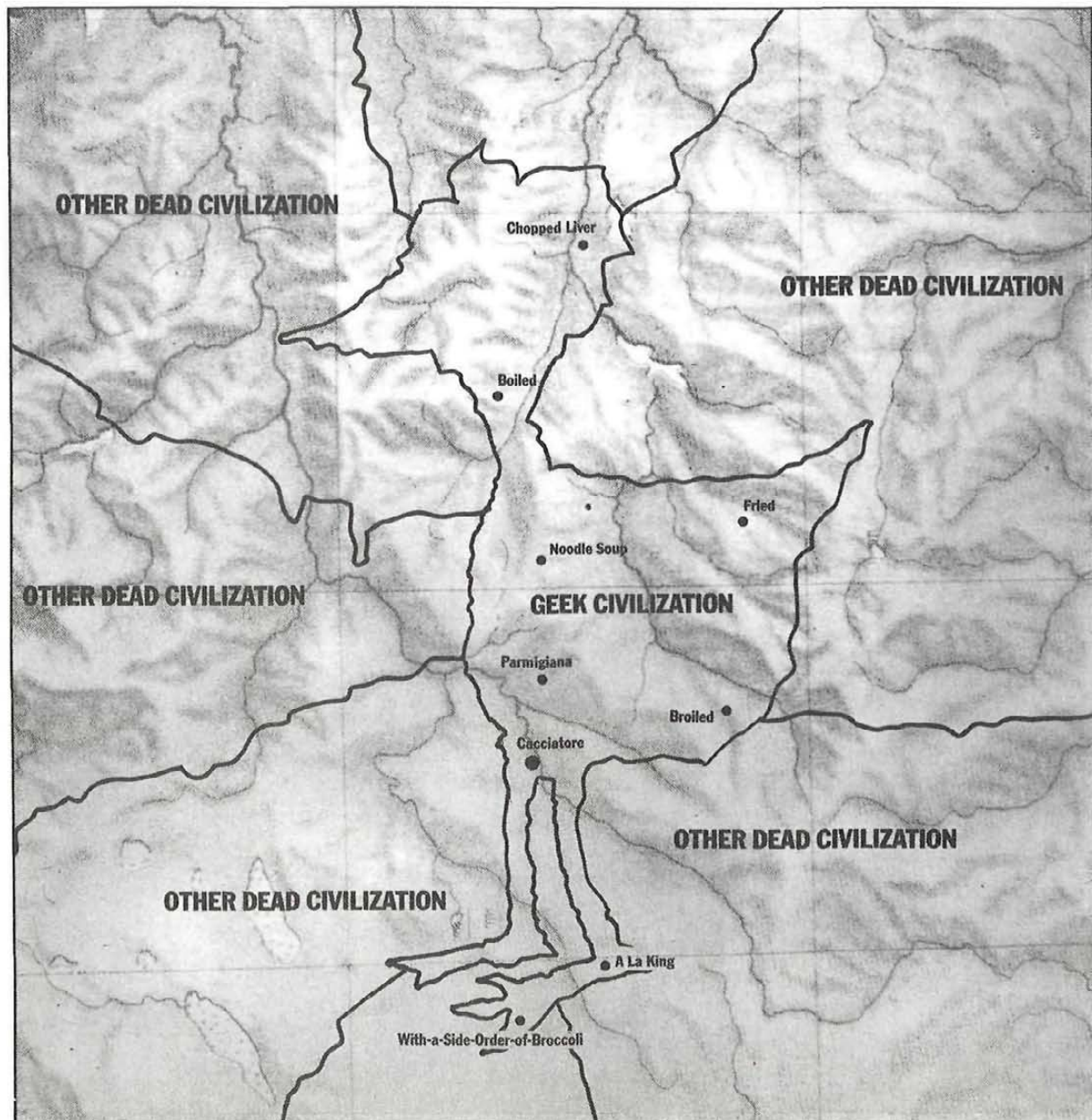
Remembered best for their odd habit of biting the heads off live chickens, one question always seems to pop up when discussing the Geeks: Why *did* they keep biting the heads off those live chickens?

After eluding modern man for centuries, the answer to this perplexing question was found in a cave off the coast of the city of Broiled, written on brittle chicken hide. It explained that the tradition of biting the head off a live chicken came about because it was easier than biting the head off a live cow, which, in ancient Geek days, was consid-

ered quite a difficult task to undertake.

In tribute to the feathered animal whose head proved so chewy, the Geeks paid homage to chickens as gods, as figures of art, as complex weapons systems, and as a primary food source, thus becoming the first civilization to consume their weapons as well as their gods.

In short, the chicken became the integral cog, the high muck-a-muck if you will, of this vast civilization. The economy evolved around the chicken. The main export was chickens: whole chickens, chicken parts, chicken nuggets, noise makers that sounded like chickens, and on and on. The primary import was frying pans. Because of the chicken, the Geeks were the first civilization to abandon the barter system in favor of currency for, to the Geek, what could equal a chicken but another chicken? The currency they adopted was the very valuable chicken toenail. At first, it was very popular as chicken toenails are small and



The dominant regional socio-political unit was referred to as the City-State-Restaurant, the largest being Cacciatore.

*The God Cock playing
a song of love
on his magical lyre.*



Marc Tattler

easy to carry. Unfortunately, it was soon abandoned as it led thieves to bite off the chickens' feet, instead of their heads, leaving thousands of maimed and limping gods and weapons systems.

Another question often asked was once the chicken's head had been bitten off, what became of it? The severed head was employed in a number of useful ways. Often it was used in a delicious soup called "chicken's head soup." The beak was utilized by artists for small sculptures and to carve upon. The eyes served as ornaments and earrings.

Among the more practical uses of the chicken's head was as a condom, as it fit snugly over a man's penis. Besides trapping the semen, it supposedly held supernatural powers as well. It was believed that the eyes would act as a lookout for disease and for frightening monsters that might be lurking in the mysterious and dark recesses of the woman's vagina. The beak was expected to ply open the female's erogenous portals as well as make the entry more aerodynamic. The mouth of the chicken was thought to

speak to the egg, telling it there were no semen here, then scolding it for getting too close and sending it on its way. The chicken's nostrils were thought to inhale all the foul vaginal odors, leaving it fresh and clean. Of course, Geek women enjoyed the sensation of the chicken's head, which was surpassed only by that of the rooster, with his comb standing erect. It was then called the "Gallic Tickler," and is now referred to as a "French Tickler."

The Geek Warrior

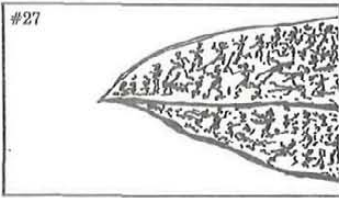
Their odd ways having branded them the most vile, disgusting civilization around at the time, the Geeks were rarely invited over for dinner at any of the other civilizations' homes. Nonetheless, they did not hold grudges. They were a peaceful people who never had to resort to war or violence to amass large tracts of land. They simply moved

into the neighborhood, chopped off a few chickens' heads, and within days the natives would have all fled in disgust, ceding the land to the Geeks. This worked for years until they eventually reached the coast and the more stupid Geeks moved into the sea where they all drowned.

Nevertheless, when provoked, the Geeks proved a formidable foe, using raw power, ingenuity, and a lot of chickens. The Persians found this out the hard way when the two powers went to war after the Persians dumped flying carpets on the market, depressing the chicken pelt industry.

Known as the 641 Year War, it actually only lasted a few days. But for 641 years, they were very nasty to one another. The deciding turn of events occurred at the battle of A La King. The Persians landed at the lightly guarded port city of With-a-Side-Order-of-Broccoli and quickly pushed their way inland. On the outskirts of A La King, the Persians met their match in the form of the crack Geek Bow and Chicken Brigade. (See plate #27.)

On this ancient chicken's beak a masterful craftsman recreated the slaughter at A La King. Observe the exquisite detail of the pain etched into the faces of those millions of slain soldiers with chickens protruding from their chests. On the side, note the thousands of spectators who came to watch and set up picnics. As an added treat, as if this ancient treasure were not enough, if one examines the etching closely one can clearly make out Actius (twelve thousand six hundred and forty second from the left), the finest orator of the day.



After a fierce battle that cost millions of lives, the Bow and Chicken Brigade pushed the Persians back to their ships where the crack Geek Catapulting Brigade lobbed chickens with fortified metal beaks at them, sinking half the Persian fleet. The Persians fled in defeat, raising the price of their flying carpets and never to regain their great naval prowess, which was once the envy of the ancient world.

Mythology also has it that the Geeks went to war against the Trojans after that nation stole the beloved and priceless *The Good Book of Chicken Recipes*, which included a fabulous and rare recipe for cheese made from real chicken's milk. Fighting the Trojans presented certain difficulties. The city of Troy was heavily fortified and surrounded by a large wall, making it next to impossible for the crack Bow and Chicken Brigade to gain entrance. The Geek generals decided to turn to trickery.

Their first ruse was known as the "Geek Chicken in the Pot." It was a huge bowl of chicken soup, with boiled carrots, celery, and the biggest matzoh ball in the annals of history. It was supposed to be a gift. A show of good will. But when the Trojans were to start ladling out the soup, members of the crack Bow and Chicken Brigade would jump out from under the matzoh ball, slaughter the city's inhabitants, and retrieve the precious book. Unfortunately, when the plan was put into effect, all the Geek soldiers were scalded to death, resulting in the Trojans enjoying a nice meal undisturbed. And still no return of *The Good Book of Chicken Recipes*.

After cutting off the head of the general who conceived that idea, a new plan was hatched and the "Geek Chicken" was born. The "Geek Chicken" was a large wooden chicken that laid golden eggs. But, in actuality, each golden egg contained a crack bow and chicken warrior. At night, when the citizens of Troy slumbered, the crack bow and chicken

warriors cracked open the golden eggs of death and slew the surprised Trojans. Not only did the Geeks take back that which was rightfully theirs—*The Good Book of Chicken Recipes*—but, as retribution, they also took with them every chicken in Troy, leaving the citizens only steak, veal, and sausage to live on.

The Gods

The most important gods and goddesses of ancient Geese belonged to the same large, quarrelsome family: the Cohens. The Cohens were very much like the mortals they watched over, except they did better at the track.

The gods lived together and held council in an enormous chicken coop set well above Geese on Mount Fried. They would meet from time to time to discuss mortal affairs—such as which army should be allowed to win, who ought to be punished, or what new chicken recipe ought to be bestowed upon the mortals. But for the most part, they only cared about their own quarrels and tricking mortals into showing them their privates.

From the start, the chicken played an active role in Geek religion. Geek myths hold that the most powerful of the Cohens, Perdue, took as his wife Tantalazia, the most beautiful hen in all of Geese. Their children, also gods, were half-human half-chicken. Incest was not uncommon with the gods, nor was cannibalism. On numerous occasions the more boorish of the Cohens would eat one half of a god while impregnating the other.

It was also believed that man was of the chicken. The seed that was man's soul was wrapped in chicken manure (recognized as a fine growth agent), then molded into the shape of a human by the god Promiscuous, also referred to as "the god never to shake hands with." The molded piece of dung was then urinated on by Perdue, the god's waste being more than enough to give life to man.

Except for Promiscuous, who had a lousy job, the gods were a fun-loving group who played practical jokes and were mischievous. A prime example was the god Headlessia.

Headlessia, the god of plucking chickens, feathers and pillows, was the most handsome god of them all. One day, he changed his form into that of a chicken to spy up the dress of the lovely mortal, Dementia, as she bit off chicken heads. He worked his way up to the front of the pack and gazed luridly up her cloth smock, at her lovely portals. He was transfixed. Unfortunately, before Headlessia could switch back to his godly self, Dementia, being a true daughter of Geese, grabbed the surprised god and bit off his head. As luck would have it, the head of the chicken god made the most wonderful soup and the most durable condom. Dementia became the talk of all the Geeks. The mortals began to revere her. So much so, in fact, that after she had been turned into a boulder by Perdue for biting a god's head off, she was deified and became the first immortal boulder to sit with the gods.

Other important Geek gods included:

Cock—the god of love and eggs

Henna—the goddess of red chickens

Roosterium—the god of seas, rivers, and the provider of broth for soups

Yolk—the god of egg salad as well as bacon, sausage, and other foods that go well with eggs

Deadius—the keeper of chickens after they've had their heads bitten off. He is aided by the divine seeing-eye dog, Fowlus. Fowlus had millions of eyes and would loan one out to each headless chicken to keep them from bumping into each other.



A temple to the Goddess Tantalazia.

Geek Art

“That which separates man from chicken is his art.”

So goes the oft quoted verse from the ancient Geek sage, Pinkus Testacles, in his brilliant tome of Geek literature, *One Hundred Things that Separate Man from Chicken*.

Indeed, Geek art and architecture were superb, far excelling the artistry of the most skilled chicken of the day, Cluck-Cluck, the finest artiste in the animal kingdom—until the day his head was bitten off.

What made the Geek artist so unique was his incredible devotion to the chicken. Among the world’s greatest collection of sculpture, pottery, and architecture with chickens as the subjects, the vast majority came from this period. Rarely, in fact, was much attention paid to the human form, which was considered “pedestrian.” Rather, it was the chicken, with all its subtle majesty, that, like a magnet, attracted the artist’s love and imagination. Upon sight of the chicken, the artist was driven to perfection. Often he would work day and night without sleep, sustaining himself only on the eggs his model would lay. Study any great Geek sculpture. Examine that noble little warrior, strong and erect. Note the tensed body, the willowy feathers, the definition of the muscle tone in all its extraordinary detail. Stare down those steely eyes if you dare. Any lay person, ignorant in the arts though he may be, could easily gaze upon that work and loudly exclaim: “Now that’s a chicken!”

In fact, so true to the chicken’s anatomy were these sculptures that many Geeks actually mistook these statues for the real bird and chipped their teeth biting into the scrumptious-looking, but marble, neck.

The End of Geek Civilization

Sadly, the Geek civilization came to an end a few centuries before the birth of Christ, when a brutal swine flu epidemic wiped out the nation’s entire chicken flock. From Boiled to Cacciatore, from With-a-Side-Order-of-Broccoli to Fried, the chickens clucked their last.

Not much is left of that once thriving civilization save for a few artifacts here, a temple to a chicken there. In its place, a modern Geek nation has grown upon the rubble, a nation with little of the beauty or power of its ancient forefathers. In short, the modern Geeks are not what they used to be, even though they allow nude sunbathing and have finally discovered another animal, the sheep (an animal, by the way, many Geeks are happily married to).

And so, as we bid farewell to yet another dead civilization, we wonder, where did they go wrong? What happened? Did the Geeks, as some believe, put all their eggs into one basket?

Whatever happened, we can only hope, we can only pray, that modern man will learn from the tragic mistakes of the ancient Geeks: Never bite off more than you can chew. ■

How

Hey, fella, what do you think you're doing? This is *my* bench; it's a big park, and the way it rained last night it's gonna take me all day just to dry out. So why don't you buzz off and find your own.

Whaddya mean you want to talk? Say, if you're one of those fruitcakes who trolls around parks...

Me? You want to talk to *me*? Look, pal, if you're from one of those collection agencies, you're wasting your time. You just go right ahead and slap another lien on my assets, because what you see is what you—

Just talk, eh? About what?

The *National Lampoon*? Did you say the *National Lampoon*? Listen, pal, it's been a while since I've had a decent meal, but I've still got just about enough energy to punch your lights out. So why don't you just—

How much? Fifty bucks? To talk about the *National Lampoon*? Why don't you ask me to slice open a vein while you're at it?

A hundred, eh? Oh, what the hell. If it wasn't you, somebody else would've found out sooner or later. Okay, okay, but first let's see the color of your money.

Yeah, two sweet pictures of Ulysses S. Christ. I used to tip the limo drivers with these. Well, I guess I better start earning this, huh? So where should I start?

At the beginning. Great, I got a humorist for an interrogator. All right, settle in, and I'll tell you how the *National Lampoon* turned my life into a living hell.

I was one of those bright New York kids that the city seems to breed like cockroaches. You know, Bronx Science, college with honors, scholarship to the Ivy League law schools, the whole schmeer. And it all went better than I ever dreamed. By the time I was thirty, I'd been a Capitol Hill whiz kid, a presidential campaign aide, a hotshot political consultant, and I'd even done a few books. It was only a matter of time before I started cashing in on the really big bucks.

But you know how in literature they taught you about tragedy? About how the character always had to have a tragic flaw, the thing that screws up everything else? Well, guess what mine was, buddy? Booze? Broads? Dope? Gambling? Nah.

I thought I was funny.

You see, when you grow up New York Jewish, you don't do what the rest of the country does to blow off steam. You don't jump in a Mustang and cruise the streets, because there isn't much action along Eighty-fifth and Amsterdam, and

besides, it's not easy to find Pop's Burger Barn. You don't get shit-faced every Friday night and punch each other's faces in, because if your mom smelled booze on your breath when you came home she'd either drop dead or give you a guilt trip that would last for the rest of your life.

the

So you know what we did? We tried to be funny. And let me tell you, it was tough competition growing up: Shakespearean puns in the second grade, parodies of Marx—I'm talking Karl, not Groucho—hitting the local branch library at twelve, looking for lines from Benchley and Dorothy Parker to rip off—it was tough.

So, naturally, all the time I was making my way up the greasy pole as the Serious Young Thinker, there was this other fantasy playing. You know how some people go through life knowing—I mean, *knowing*—that they could have played center field for the Yankees, or played lead guitar for the Stones? Well, I knew, really knew, that if I just had a chance, I could be the funniest man in America.

Ha. Ha. Ha.

So I guess if you were making this into a tragedy, you'd say it was inevitable that one day I'd run into somebody who would give me the chance to try out my fantasy for real. I can't exactly remember who threw the party—I think it may have been a brunch somewhere in the Village—but I do know that I knew somebody who knew somebody who knew somebody and a lot of different lives intersected at that party. If I'd known what was to come, I'd have much preferred being hurled onto a subway track, but that's hindsight, I guess...

His name? You know, it's funny, but I don't remember. Maybe it's for the best, because if I knew his name I might be tempted to hunt him down and pull his limbs off his torso. All I know is that he said he was an editor for the *National Lampoon*.

Now, even then—what, ten, twelve years ago—the *NatLamp* had been around for a while, and a lot of us who worked in the "serious" world had a kind of furtive admiration for it. We had to be Responsible, Thoughtful people. They could just let it all hang out (that's an expression from a long time ago). They could call people names, paint them as the idiots they really were. I mean, who turned out to be closer to the truth about Spiro Agnew—the *New York Times* or the *National Lampoon*?

Who was Spiro Agnew? Christ, I am getting old.

Anyway, one thing led to another, this guy and I hit it off, and he said the words I've since heard over and over in my mind.

"Listen, if you ever write something you think would be good for the *National Lampoon*, send it in."

You see how fate works? I could have missed the party, I could have been on the other side of the room when this guy came in, I could have forgotten what he said. But I guess deep down, I really wanted to see if I could try another kind of life; if I could be as rude, as subversive, as weird as the *NatLamp* people. So

National

I went home and wrote up an idea I'd had into a little story. And they bought it.

Well, pretty soon I was writing pretty regularly for the magazine. I liked the idea of shocking my straight-world friends by telling them I wrote for this semi-underground magazine. I liked going to the office and listening to some of the most hilarious and vicious talk I'd ever heard in my life. (If you think Jews have a gift for humor, you should listen to lapsed Catholics!) I enjoyed going out to lunch with the editors and coming up with offbeat ideas for issues and themes.

After a while, though, a new group of editors came in and I got very busy with writing and television and stopped writing for the *National Lampoon*. It was a lot of fun, something I was glad I had done, but it was part of my past.

Until that day, years later, when the president of the network news division called me into his office. I'd had a pretty good run of luck in TV, and I was sure he'd asked me down to talk about extending my contract, or maybe anchoring some news magazine. But as soon as I saw all the grim-faced men and women with their grim tailored suits I knew something was up.

"Mr. Greenfield," the president said sternly. "When you came to work here, you signed a contract with a moral turpitude clause, did you not?"

"Sure," I said. "But I don't drink, I don't gamble, I've got a good marriage..."

The president held up his hand. He snapped his fingers, and an aide brought a stack of magazines.

"Do you recognize these?" he said. I looked. They were a bunch of old *National Lampoon* issues.

"Sure," I said.

"And did you write"—he paused, thumbing through the stack—"did you write *this* account of Richard Nixon's

home life, or *this* advice to young women on sex, or *this* account of one of our greatest statesmen's fondness for barnyard animals?"

"Well, yes, but it was a satirical magazine, and—"

He cut me off again.

"Mr. Greenfield," he said, "you know something about the media. You know that our profits are down, costs are up, competitors arise daily. You also know that there is an army of political critics out there who would like nothing better than to paint us as a bunch of unpatriotic, pornographic perverts. In such a time, do you really think an organization such as ours can be associated with so—so—*heretical* a publication as this?"

Lampoon

"But," I sputtered, "we're always talking about the First Amendment, about the value of the Bill of Rights—"

"Some burdens we are willing to bear," he said. "Had you been a political dissenter, a religious activist, fine. But the *National Lampoon*—you have crossed a line from which there is no return."

Thirty minutes later I was out on the streets. No severance pay, no references, not even the courtesy of a phony resignation. Just a curt note to the trade press that I had been "severed for violation of news standards."

Well, you can imagine the success I had in finding a job at another network, or anyplace else in television. Worse, I discovered that even freelance assignments were impossible to get. Once my editors discovered I had written for the *National Lampoon*, it was *sayonara*.

"I don't get it," I said to one in exasperation. "You've got Gordon Liddy, Claus von Bülow, and the Mayflower Madam as contributing editors."

"Yes," he said, "but these are the eighties, don't forget. They just did a little industrial espionage or prostitution or stood trial for murder. *You* wrote for a magazine that ran pictures of bare tits."

I guess the rest is pretty obvious. My wife and kids packed and left—for some reason, I had never told them I'd written for the *National Lampoon*. The last words my thirteen-year-old daughter said to me were "Dad, if you needed the money, why didn't you rob a poor box in a church or something?" My colleagues



Peter Keenan

Ruined

My

Life

by Jeff Greenfield

from the old days in politics walked across the street to avoid being seen with me; I guess they never knew when one of Ed Meese's pornography commissioners might be looking.

Hell, I even tried to get into a business where honor, decency, and ethics had never even been considered as part of the work. But no law firm would have me either.

And that's how I came to be on this bench, mister. Just a few short months ago I was flying first-class around the world, relaxing by the pool at my country estate, and today...

What? The *NatLamp* wants articles by former writers? You'll pay me dough to write for the *National Lampoon* again?

Listen, pal. Even a bum has his pride. Take a hike. ■

200-YEAR-OLD EDITOR

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of *Tortes*, a treatise on bakery law. The man could write anything. When he wasn't writing he invented a machine that could write its own jokes. He had a black mistress. She was our first secretary. She also appeared in our first revue, *Give Me Liberty or Give Me a Hot Buttered Rum*. I can't say enough about T.J., or his mistress. They were warm, wonderful, *giving* human beings.

NL: You started a tradition of bad taste that has been a trademark of the *National Lampoon* ever since. Was there anything conscious about it?

Ed: Of course. We had to get our readers' attention. Our second issue had another picture of George Washington with a gun pointed at his head. The line under it read: "If you don't buy this magazine, we'll shoot this president."

NL: Who was your target audience?

Ed: The college kids. No question about it. They were the future of our country.

NL: There weren't many colleges in those days.

Ed: Harvard, Yale, Princeton, William and Mary, and maybe a few jerkwater schools. Remember the old football-score joke? Notre Dame 42, William 7, Mary 3?

NL: No, how does it go?

Ed: Never mind. It was the kids who really dug us. Don't forget, we were a brand-new country. We had nothing to go on. No traditions, no old jokes to steal. We didn't want to rip off the English. All we had was a future. Our magazine was the official organ of the college kids. They were still confused, scared. College was their last refuge before going out into this new world.

NL: It hasn't changed that much.

Ed: Right. I started writing a column called "James Madison's Guide to Sex and Dating." Madison was the first great nerd. Tom Paine wrote the earliest frat house stories. He originated the "chug-a-wig," where you have to drink an entire schooner of ale and then chug it up into your frat brother's wig. T.J. used to do pieces like "How to Drive Ten Miles in Your Coach While Getting Your Member Hooched." "Getting hooched" was eighteenth-century slang for getting blown.

NL: Then there were the strange people coming out of the woodwork, the oddballs who saw the world in a different way.

Ed: Funny how they come to you like flies to honey. The Irish, a few Jews, and the Canadians. We needed them. They were the tabasco, the vinegar, for our mixed-green-salad dressing.

NL: Who was the first Canadian?

Ed: Dean Latimer. I'll never forget the first time we met him. We had a little

office above Fraunces Tavern at the time. It was a Friday. We were working late—me, Jefferson, and Paine. Suddenly I smelled something funny. "Who farted?" I asked. They all answered in the negative. In those days we were all very honest about things like breaking wind. People weren't ashamed of doing it in public. Same thing with spitting and belching. And then there was another one—so powerful it made your eyes tear. Then there was a knock on the door and we saw the source of the fart. It was either a person who looked like a wild animal or a wild animal that looked like a person. It was wearing a lot of strange pieces of fur. We couldn't trace the smell. It was either coming from the person or from something he was wearing that was still alive. It was Dean Latimer, of course. We couldn't make out much of his face. It was covered with dirt. All his teeth were gone except for two on the top and one on the bottom.

He claimed he was a trapper from Canada. He pulled out a huge fur bag with about twenty pounds of comedy material in it, stuff that he had written while living alone in the Canadian woods. He offered us some kind of strange tobacco he grew himself that had a very pleasant effect on us and allowed us to tolerate his smell. Dan wrote about Canadian fur people, the trappers who lived in the wilds—half men, half animals, having sex with wolves and caribou. He wrote about lonely missionaries, lost women forced to live in hovels with the forest people. He wrote about strange mating habits. He was off the wall. Or off the trees, as we used to say. He was always knocking these phony backwoodsmen who were getting all the media hype. He used to call Daniel Boone a "pussy."

NL: Henry Thoreau was one of your most famous writers in the early days. What was he like?

Ed: Not what you think. He was nasty. He liked to fuck underage factory girls, the beaten-down kids who worked in the textile factories. He used to promise them a "country weekend," taking them to his cabin on Walden Pond, where he was supposed to be living alone, contemplating nature and writing essays. He was contemplating pussy is what he was doing.

NL: But he could be pretty funny?

Ed: No question. Thoreau wrote our first Foto Funnies, which were shot by Mathew Brady, the guy who did such a great job with the Civil War. Thoreau was a tit man. He loved to write tit jokes. Remember our first Foto Funny? In the first panel we see a well-endowed lady about to meet a theatrical producer. She has a big suitcase with the name of her act on it. It says "Wanda and her Magic Birds." In the second panel she's meeting

the producer in his office. He's eyeing her enormous tits, which are falling out of her dress. In the third panel she's leaning over and opening the suitcase with the birds in it. In the fourth panel she's arranging the birds and describing her act. In the fifth panel all the birds fly out an open window. In the last panel the girl has all her clothes off, revealing the biggest tits in America. The producer's eyes are popping out. The girl says, "Don't worry about the birds. I always end my act this way."

NL: What else did Thoreau do?

Ed: When he wasn't drunk in his cabin spending our advance money on mead, he could write some funny stuff about all those New England nutbars he knew, the literary crowd that hung around Boston at the time. Thoreau invented this Utopian colony called "Poppycock Farm." He barely disguised the residents of Poppycock Farm. Everybody recognized Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Longfellow, Margaret Fuller... even Emily Dickinson, who showed up at the farm as "Emma Parkinson."

The Poppycock people were always inventing weird schemes to improve the world. They were into radical experiments in social relations. They were intellectual hippies, and Thoreau really went after them. He wrote a long piece on how the Poppycock people wanted to eliminate money. Instead there would be an elaborate barter system based on sexual favors. The simplest way to describe it was, if you bought a jug of milk from the farmer's daughter, you could pay her by going down on her instead of money.

His Emily Dickinson character was the best. She was always wandering around the farm in a daze, reciting her own weird poetry about incest. She liked to sneak up behind the men and goose them with her walking stick.

NL: So you did get some decent work out of Thoreau?

Ed: Yes. But he was a very difficult guy. Very thorny.

NL: He was an asshole.

Ed: I wish I'd known that word in 1846. It would have saved me a lot of trouble.

NL: The Civil War was a very traumatic experience for the American people. How did it affect the *National Lampoon*?

Ed: It was terrible. I had to give up my slaves.

NL: You're kidding.

Ed: I am kidding. But it did split up the magazine, just like it did the country. We had some good Southern writers. Tennessee Williams's great-great-grandfather, Robin, worked for us. One of those dainty Southern types with a poison pen. He was our first bisexual humorist. Actually, he was trisexual.

NL: He liked men, women, and...?

Ed: Cheetahs. He was the first guy to

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NO SUCH LUCK

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into the Paine Webber office, and plunked his money down. The broker, a saturnine individual named Kardell, cocked an eyebrow at him.

"I want to buy a portfolio of stocks," Smade told him.

"Any particular ones you have in mind? We have quite a few, you know."

Smade hadn't thought much about it. "Well...let's see your paper."

Kardell passed him the *Wall Street Journal*. Smade scanned the New York Composite Index. Most of the stocks had indecipherable designations—PanDec, HazLab—and you couldn't tell what they were. He dropped his finger onto the listings at random. "What's this?" he asked Kardell.

The broker peered at the page.

"Norton Chemical."

"Okay," said Smade, "buy me ten thousand dollars' worth."

"You don't want Norton Chemical," the man replied, horrified. "It was just on the news—they let some kind of untested organic compound get into their SWAT Team Ant and Roach Spray. People are throwing up all over the country. There'll be ten thousand lawsuits. The stock is going to drop like a stone."

"Buy it," said Smade. "And buy this one and this one and..."

At work, he heard that the script he'd liked so much had gone down the toilet: the Pacific execs weren't buying. Typical, thought Smade. Make dozens of dumb movies every year, but see an original, brilliant, uplifting, hilarious script like *In the Groove* and they pass on it. Lousy break for the poor writer.

But Smade sailed on. He read another fine script, and was ten pages into a promising third when his phone rang. It was Kardell.

The man could hardly talk. "You remember that thing I told you about Norton, the untested chemical in the bug spray? Well, they just tested it. It does make people throw up. It also turns out to cure cancer. Norton's gone through the roof. But there's more. Are you ready for this? Wilton Aerospace just got the contract to build the first American space station! In fact, every stock you bought has gone out of sight!"

"How much did I make?"

"Trying to figure that one out broke our computer. Conservatively, I would place you somewhere between Aristotle Onassis and the nation of Kuwait. Say, uh, you got any other tips?"

Smade offered Kardell 1 percent of his gross if he'd take care of things for him and, over the man's frenzied thank-yous, said goodbye and hung up. He sat very still for a long time. It really was true; everything he attempted succeeded al-

most beyond his ability to fantasize. He was afraid to move—the dream might vanish. His phone rang. He answered it automatically, in a daze.

"Yes?"

"Thatchoo, Smade? This Miz Booker from de Victim Compensation Office. Listen, Ah been researchin' this luck compensation thing. We got to talk."

Smade eyed the phone apprehensively. He didn't know why, but he didn't want to talk to Mrs. Booker. In fact, he felt a positive aversion to the idea. "Oh, ah, Smade not here. You, ah, tly some other time, okay?"

He departed the office with anxiety rototilling his solar plexus. But that passed. Hey, he could do anything he wanted. Literally. Nice Rolls limo? Dinner at L'Hermitage? Wouldn't be much fun alone, though. He found himself thinking of Katie.

Nowhere had Smade's ill fortune been more evident than in his sex life. It wasn't that Smade didn't like women, or they him; it was just that, when matters seemed about to get down to brass tacks, something always...happened. Katie had been only the latest in a long line of ladies with whom this was true.

For instance—one of Smade's favorite examples of his bad luck—he was getting a perfectly nice blowjob from this waitress one night when the phone rang. His answering machine—its volume on high—activated, his mother came on and talked about the thing that was wrong with her uterus.

Then there was the time he had the

date with the lawyer from New York. They'd been all over each other on his sofa. When it came time to shift to the bed, she excused herself to "powder her nose." This was the night Smade learned one of life's great lessons—why it isn't good to dispose of cat wastes in the toilet. When his date flushed, the entire contents of the litter box, supposedly sluiced away earlier, erupted from the commode and flowed all over her feet.

The advent of Katie had not changed the dismal pattern: something always happened. Their sexual batting average was below .100. Still, she was pretty terrific. They hadn't spoken in a week now. He missed her, he realized.

He decided to call. He'd take her out to dinner, buy the most expensive wine on the list, then whisk her to his place, and, with his new luck, probably enjoy the greatest sexual experience of his life.

"Where were you last Friday," she asked, voice flat and emotionless.

"I—"

"Don't tell me. A gigantic pothole opened up under you on Fairfax Boulevard and you were trapped in your car all night. The only lightning bolt to land in L.A. in three years hit a tree and a branch fell on you, giving you amnesia until just moments ago. Your secretary spelled the name of the restaurant wrong and you wound up in Pakistan, where—"

"Katie, knock it off, willya? We've just entered a new era, a golden age..."

"I don't want to hear it, Smade. I've had it. You're a good guy, but going out with

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"Think fast, Grandma!"

200-YEAR-OLD EDITOR

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bring cheetahs into this country. The world's fastest animals. He raced them. Finally he fell in love with one of them, a cheetah named Lance. He never went anywhere without Lance.

NL: There've always been rumors about the connection between the *NatLamp* and the death of Abraham Lincoln. Is there any truth to them?

Ed: I can't deny it. It's true—John Wilkes Booth worked for us for a while in a couple of our revues. I even wrote some material for him. I developed two of his best comic characters, Barney Flogg, the booking agent, and Lothar Galaxo, the ham actor from outer space. Dynamite material. But Booth just couldn't cut it. He was Lothar Galaxo. He was in a show of ours called *Indian Fighters*, and I had to fire him. It was right before the war. He took it pretty hard. While he was working on the show he fell in love with our lead actress, named Alice Boggs. But she loved another guy. Booth was devastated. When he shot Lincoln, he made a confession—the *real* one. But the government suppressed it. He shot Lincoln to impress Alice Boggs. The way Hinckley wanted to impress Jodie Foster. It still haunts me to this day.

NL: Tell me about Mark Twain.

Ed: He did a lot of stuff for us. I was his editor. I had to rewrite a lot of his stuff and make him look good. He knew it. He used to give me a huge tip at Christmas and on my birthday.

The first piece he sent me was the opening chapters of a novel he was writing about a boy who runs away from home and shares a raft with a colored guy, and they float down the Mississippi River, having adventures. I turned it down.

Twain was obsessed with Indians. He thought they were the funniest people he ever saw. If he saw one on the street he couldn't control himself. He'd be on the floor, rolling over with laughter. He loved the ones with the big noses and the pigtailed.

Twain invented a character called Water Moccasin, who was a member of the Squab tribe. The Squabs were one of those goofy tribes who did everything wrong. They made canoes that leaked. Their feather headdresses fell apart. They couldn't carry a tune when they did a rain dance. It was like a sitcom. Water Moccasin was a widower with five kids, all girls. His father, Running Shoe, was leader of the tribe. His mother, Princess Longnails, was always putting pressure on Water Moccasin to marry a nice young squaw and produce a male heir. The daughters dominated the wigwam, which was always a mess. There

were pictures of young Indian braves hanging on the walls like pinups. They were always talking sassy to their dad or up on the mountain sending smoke signals to their boyfriends.

There were some white men in the story too. There was a clothing salesman named Natty Dumppo. Natty was always trying to sell the Indians three-piece suits and bowler hats and shirts with cuff links that always got lost. And there was a crazy Indian fighter named Kat Carson who was always trying to ambush the Squabs. I know the names sound corny. Twain wasn't good with names. But the stories were killers. Twain didn't use his regular pseudonym for his Squab stories. He called himself "James Fenimore Pooper."

NL: Did he transfer any of his so-called "black humor" to the *National Lampoon*?

Ed: Not really. He did a kind of black humor for us that was about blacks. Remember the colored guy on the raft in the novel I turned down? His name was Nigger Jim. Well, Twain brought him back for the *NatLamp*, along with the kid, Huckleberry Finn, except now they were much older and settled down in New Orleans. Nigger Jim drives a hearse and hangs around the bars in the neighborhood. His best friend is Crawfish, a con man and hustler. Crawfish is married to Zircon, a shrew. Some of the other guys are John C. Rangoon, the lawyer, Booker T. Moody, a quack doctor, and the fellow members of their lodge, the Royal Order of the Pelicans. Huck Finn is now a kind of social worker, always trying to change his pal Nigger Jim and make him a good citizen. Huck has reformed.

NL: Sounds like an early version of *Amos 'n' Andy*.

Ed: It was. That's why the man was a genius.

NL: Something insane happened to our politics after the Civil War. It took a long time for this country to heal itself.

Where was the magazine at this time?

Ed: We were right in the middle of it. It was the period of Reconstruction. There was incredible corruption and violence. We had Boss Tweed, the Carpetbaggers, the Ku Klux Klan. I'm talking heavyweights. They don't make 'em like that anymore.

NL: You dumped a lot on the Klan in those days. Were you in any danger?

Ed: Are you kidding? They came all the way from the South to put us out of business. They burned fiery crosses in our office. They tried to lynch us. The police couldn't handle them, so we hired our own security team, these tough young ex-slaves, black kids from Brooklyn who belonged to a gang called the Satin Baboons. We didn't have to pay them much. They liked to fight the Klan for revenge. What can I say about the Klan? They were an easy target. Remember our

White Sale Issue? Our Guess the Name of the Imperial Dragon Contest? We also made a lot of money off them with our official *National Lampoon* KKK hooded T-shirt that we sold through the mail.

NL: It was a fast-moving time, but weren't you getting a little tense with all that violence around you?

Ed: After a while it got to us. So we decided to move. It was time for a change. We became expatriates. We moved the *NatLamp* to Paris right after World War I.

NL: Everybody thinks of Paris in the twenties as the most exciting decade in the arts and everything else. Do you agree?

Ed: The Paris years were nifty. We're talking about the Jazz Age, Prohibition, gangsters, flappers, movie stars of the silent screen, the stock market boom, people drinking bathtub gin, doing unspeakable things with their genitals. The name of the game was *fun*, with no questions asked.

NL: Sometimes a certain amount of detachment makes you write better. A lot of *NatLamp* classics came from that decade.

Ed: You betcha. Remember "Al Capone's Diaries"? Right-hand page, a picture of a beautiful leather diary with embossed gold type. It just says "Diary: Al Capone." You turn the page and on the next two-page spread there's just one word in giant type: RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT. Machine-gun fire.

There was Bernard X, the French cabdriver who's done everything and fucked everybody and is saving the world from every crisis. We updated Jefferson's original idea and moved the guy to Parce.

NL: It's still a classic.

Ed: And there were our famous liquor labels for those who bought the bathtub crap or made their own. Wild Capon bourbon, Jimmy Walker Scotch, Bumm's champagne. We sold them in the mail as stickers. Our most popular running character at the time was the "Big Tramp," our answer to Charlie Chaplin's Little Tramp. The Big Tramp was an obnoxious bully who was always beating up the Little Tramp.

NL: Who worked for you in Paris?

Ed: Everybody. We were the funny game in town. Everybody wanted to let their hair down once in a while and write for us or do visuals. Joyce, Fitzgerald, Eliot, Ezra Pound, Picasso, Hemingway. But few were chosen. You know who was funny? Gertrude Stein. Until she went off the deep end with her writing experiments. She did a comic strip for us about a lesbian detective named Rose Rose. Picasso did the pictures, but in a very realistic, erotic style. Rose Rose is always solving crimes in the glamorous world of Paris nightlife and literary salons. She

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NO SUCH LUCK

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you is too much aggravation. When you didn't show at the restaurant, I said fuck it and went to Chippendales. I met a divine man named Lars who *never* has bad luck, and we've been in bed for a week! Think I'm kidding? Say hello, Lars."

A male voice said, "Ja, hello, who is dis, please?"

Smade got off the phone, wounded. Then it struck him: the rejection must, in some form, be good luck; otherwise, how could it have happened? Which meant he was better off without her. Shit, he'd been all set to lay the world at her feet, and here she was shackled up with one of those hunk guys who waited tables with their shirts off! Who the hell needed that? The city was full of women; all he had to do was put himself out there. He'd show Katie.



He started at the 321 Club... and was instantly yanked into the ladies' room by a physical therapist; she demonstrated a little number she could do to him with her wazoo that reminded him of having his blood pressure taken, but felt way better. In a much improved mood, he sat in a booth and ordered a beer. The pert waitress delivered the drink, and then a perfect 10 rim job beneath the table. Barely had he zipped himself up than he noticed a sultry brunette beckoning him from a doorway. He went to see what she wanted, and found himself in the dressing room of that night's band, a quartet of fine young things who called themselves Derriere; they wanted to lick him all over for as long as it took, and he was not averse.

He wondered just how far his good luck could go. He decided to press the envelope. He drove into an exclusive section of Beverly Hills, parked, and started walking. The old Smade would have been busted in a minute; cops were very suspicious of pedestrians here.

The new improved Smade encountered a dog instead. Indeed, the giant son of a bitch roared out the front of one of the mansions, dashed him to the ground, and stood on him with both front feet. Didn't seem all that much like good luck... until the beast's owner showed up.

The owner was Phoebe Cates.

She fell in love with him instantly, took him inside, opened a '61 Dom Pérignon, fed him Beluga caviar on little crackers,

did a strip for him that made his hair stand on end, took him to her football-field-sized bed, and made slow sweet love to him—twice. Then the doorbell rang. Phoebe excused herself, and when she returned, she was accompanied by Demi Moore, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Rosanna Arquette. "We were going to play bridge tonight," Phoebe explained, "but hey..."

At about three, Smade disentangled himself and slipped from the house. To his incredulity, Mrs. Booker from the Office of Victim Compensation awaited him on the stone bench on the porch. "Oh, Mist' Smade, thank God Ah foun' you. The booklets come in. You bes' read this right away." She held out a paper pamphlet entitled *Dos and Don'ts of Luck Compensation—A Citizen's Guide*. Smade bolted, ran like a scared dog to his car, sped away at top speed. Far from Mrs. Booker, that was all he wanted to be. Why did the woman fill him with such anxiety? He rushed home, locked the door, threw himself under the covers of his bed. At length, he slept.

The next morning, his mood improved. Smade didn't bother going to work. During a leisurely breakfast, he found in the *Times* that the Rolling Stones were in town and would be recording a new album that day at Western Studios. He popped over, walked right through the crowds of groupies and bodyguards, found himself standing next to Keith Richards. "Fookin' Mick," the guitarist was complaining. "Late again."

"Hey, let me take a crack at that," said Smade. Keith shrugged, handed him the lyric sheet.

Smade tended to sing like a hyena being tortured, but once in a great while he actually sounded okay. Today, of course, was one of those days. They laid down the track in a single take, and Charlie and Bill and Ron Wood rushed over, slapping his palm, congratulating him, asking if he'd maybe like to tour with them, since he was so much better than Mick had ever been. Smade said he'd let them know.

He checked with Kardell. Kardell had bought Smade a medium-sized bank to keep his money in, but said that he'd need another before the week was out.

It struck Smade then—he had the world's biggest shitload of money of all time! What the hell was he waiting for?

He bought a beautiful house in a grove of eucalyptus trees on top of Laurel Canyon. The house had a Spanish roof, twenty-seven rooms, a wine cellar, an incredible view of Los Angeles, and a total security system, including electronically controlled gates that a Lebanese car bomb couldn't break through. He liked the wine cellar, so he bought a few thousand bottles, concentrating on '61 Bordeaux, white burgundies, and, for desserts, vintages of Château d'Yquem

back to 1921. There was also a big garage, so he bought a Duesenberg touring car from the thirties, a fully restored, customized black '49 Merc out of nostalgia for the teenage bombs of his youth in the fifties, a silver '60 T-bird because it was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen, and an '86 four-wheel-drive Jeep, just for the fuck of it. That night he had the venison at La Bête Noire with a forty-three-year-old Côte Rôtie. Then he went out and got laid some more.



Weeks passed in a blur of spending, eating, drinking, fucking. Smade

stopped going to work. The unreturned calls on his answering machine accumulated. He didn't care. Who needed calls when you could do anything you wanted?

The bad news was that every so often Mrs. Booker would appear like an ominous sentinel before his gates. He could see her, massive and stony-faced, over the TV surveillance system. Her appearances threw Smade into anxiety attacks. He bought a small helicopter, poised it on the roof, hired a twenty-four-hour-a-day pilot to whoosh him away if necessary.

He ate and fucked and did drugs and partied down. He threw nights of revelry which no one who attended will ever forget, try as they may. He lived on the edge. He had fun until he couldn't think of any other ways to have fun. And then, one morning, he woke up feeling as if the Super Bowl had been played on his body.

He'd forgotten all about hangovers, hadn't had one in months. That he was suffering a motherfucker of one this morning portended... what? He didn't know, but it couldn't be good.

Separating himself from the tousled female person with whom he found himself sleeping, he staggered to the bathroom, checked himself out in the mirror. His tongue appeared to have been paved by asphalt; his nostrils were swollen shut; his eyes looked like aliens. His diarrhea was so potent it etched a groove in the porcelain of the toilet bowl.

What was more, he realized, the money and women weren't making him happy. Success based on luck brought no satisfaction; how could you take pride in victories you hadn't earned, that came to you through a freak of nature? Smade felt

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George S. Agoglia
Publisher

200-YEAR-OLD EDITOR

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sleeps with all the legendary women of the time—Josephine Baker, Coco Chanel, Zelda Fitzgerald, Sarah Bernhardt, Isadora Duncan. Rose has a sidekick, a short, stocky woman with short hair, masculine features, and a big ass, named Marge.

NL: Sounds a little like Gertrude herself. Ed: Exactly. But no matter how many times Rose fools around she always comes back to Marge and her big ass.

NL: Hemingway and the *NatLamp* had a lot of fights? What happened?

Ed: Hemingway was a prick with ears. He couldn't write funny to save his ass, and he was always trying to foist some second-rate shit on us that he thought was boffo. Finally, to shut him up, I wrote a thinly disguised piece about a novelist who was a transvestite. A guy so cocky about his feminine disguise that he ignored the fact that he had a big mustache. I'm really talking about Ernest, of course. Ernest liked to dress up in his wife's clothes and cruise the toughest gangster bars in Paris. Every time he walked into one of those bars with his fancy dress and heavy makeup and the thick black mustache he got a royal French snicker. That is exactly what he wanted. He wanted to provoke a fight so he could kick the shit out of some little wiry Frog with a beret and a hankie around his neck who was mistaking him for a faggot. Except that French gangsters don't fight with their fists. They use knives, or even worse. So this big bear in a dress got himself cut up every night. He used to go around showing off his scars like they were bowling trophies.

NL: And I thought he got most of his wounds from the wars or from plane crashes.

Ed: Most of them came from French pimps.

NL: And then the honeymoon for *NatLamp* ended as quickly as it began, in 1929.

Ed: We were only human. We invested in the market like everyone else. We all used the same broker, a society guy named Tungsten Filament III. Nice guy, well connected, but not too bright. He jumped off the Chrysler Building. Actually, he fell off. He was trying to impale himself on the tip of the spire and slipped while trying to get to the top. It would have been a very classy, Deco way to commit suicide. They had to pick him up with a sponge.

NL: So you all went broke?

Ed: Broke, but not beaten. Out of adversity comes all that positive thinking kind of shit. Anyway, you can't keep a cutting edge if you're working on your tan and

cycling pussy in St. Tropez. It was time to face reality and go back to New York.

NL: Just in time for the Depression.

Ed: Yes, but our time had come once again. We were just what the country needed.

NL: I agree. Your cutting edge did come back.

Ed: We did things like "How to Hang Yourself Without Making a Mess," "Dust Bowl Recipes," "Fred Astaire Shows You How to Dance with a Fat Partner," "Poverty Magazine," "The Fortune 500 Poorest People in America," "On the Road with Bonnie and Clyde," "The Grapes of Roth."

NL: This is also when you had your first radio show.

Ed: Yes. On WEVD, a little station in New York that was the voice of all the ethnic groups. The station manager didn't even understand English. We went on between *The Yiddish Philosopher* and *A Night at the Chinese Opera*.

NL: What kind of stuff did you do?

Ed: Everything. We did parodies, of course. There was "The Shad," the crime fighter who was almost invisible except for one part of his body each time he changed. Usually his dick. There was "Mr. Nobody," tracer of lost amnesiacs. We did fake news that drove everyone crazy. We announced that we had found the kidnapped Lindbergh baby. We did the invasion from Mars long before Orson Welles. I had a running character called Erasmus Muldoon, the King of the Hoboes, based on the comic strip in the magazine. As King of the Hoboes, I traveled around the country every week, reporting on the terrible living conditions and imparting my own special wisdom on surviving. I could do things like wangle an invitation to a fancy society ball and urinate into a Ming vase. I was the voice of the underdog, the have-nots.

NL: You laughed at others as well as yourself, and you didn't guarantee that anything would get any better.

Ed: We gave poverty and despair a new kind of dignity.

NL: That's why you were summoned by the president himself for a command performance.

Ed: FDR was a great fan of the *National Lampoon*, especially the radio show. He understood us and wanted us to do a special show for him. So we did our show at the White House and it went over like gangbusters. Afterward we drank and partied and FDR sprung his Big Idea on us. He wanted our show to travel all over the U.S. and entertain the people. He wanted us to help take Americans out of their misery for a few hours. It was going to be the Federal National Lampoon Project, government-sponsored, like the WPA. He also promised

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NO SUCH LUCK

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imprisoned by meaninglessness. He stood there in his tile bathroom, in his mansion, with all his riches and options—desolate and empty.

Mrs. Booker burst through the window in a shower of glass, rolled, and came up leveling a .357 magnum at him.

"Move yo' ass one inch," she roared, "and Ah'll splatter bof cheeks 'gainst that far wall over there."

Smade fell back against the sinks, stunned. "What... what do you want?"

"Smade, yo' compensation been canceled."

He gulped. "Um, I'd be willing to read the pamphlet now..."

"Too late, fool. You in *serious* trouble."

"But... but I didn't do anything," he whimpered.

"Oh, uh-huh. Didn't do nothin'. Look, Ah'm gonna 'splain a few things to you. 'Bout how luck work. See, dey only so much luck in the worl', an' what dey is got to be shared by everyone. Americans, Chinese, Sri Lankans... Squirrels need luck. Bats. Everything that live sharin' from that one pool of good luck, you followin' me?"

"Until you. In yo' case, we done fucked up. You must been lef' off de computer or sumpin', we still don' know what happen'. But we of de Compensation Office done bended over backwards to make it up to you, an' look what you done! Turned out greedy as a pig!"

"Greedy? What are you talking about?"

"Okay, lookahere: to give you extra good luck, we got to take it from someone else. Y'unnastan? For you to be de one guy all week Dolores Vasquez let out de City Hall garage fo' free, Dr. Morris J. Siedman of Beverly Hills had to find a parking ticket on his Cadillac. You followin' me?"

"I think so..."

"Awright. Then you get a great drive back to Pacific Studios from City Hall, right? Well, Mrs. Helen Evans of Tustin had the wors' ride of her life 'cause o' that—scraped her fender, blew a tire on the San Diego Freeway, ran over a hedgehog in her driveway. Cried for an hour.

"It all works out. But de bigger de luck, de mo' you takin' from other folks. Hey, check wha' happen' when you luck outa gettin' runned over by that bus an' all. Shee, you should been dead three different ways, Smade. But we come through with de luck fo' you... and 217 people in Culver City had to injure deyselfes at de same moment. You know, scraped knees, twisted ankles, dog bites..."

"But this is terrible!" Smade cried. "I feel horrible about this!"

"You feel horrible 'bout that, wait'll you hear *this* shit. See, keepin' you from bein'

killed, thass legitimate. De real problem start creepin' in when you done got greedy."

"You keep using that word," Smade said.

"Well, what *you* call pickin' nine straight winners at Hollypark? You have any idea how much luck that take? Had to foreclose on sixty-three farm mortgages so you could win all them races. Put 143 men out of work. Some of them in their fifties and sixties, too old to start again. Whole families destroyed..."

"I can't stand this," Smade cried. "Why didn't somebody tell me?"

"What de hell you think Ah chasin' yo' ass all over town fo', you damn idiot? But wait, dey mo'! Gettin' you into bed wif all that fine Hollywood pussy? Gave thirteen people syphilis, knocked up thirty teenagers, and made seven hundred men lose dey hard-ons befo' dey come... on dey wedding nights!

"An' then you decided to play de stock market."

Uh-oh, thought Smade.

"Major famine in the Sudan. Whales slaughtered by de hundreds off de coas' of Japan. Three airline crashes..."

"Stop," Smade screamed.

"An' abortin' that invasion? Well, you may've saved Central America, but dey sho' don' love yo' ass in New Zealand."

Smade was afraid to ask. "Wh-what happened in New Zealand?"

"Tidal wave."

"*What?*"

"Wors' one in a century. Eighty-seven percent loss of life. Terrible. You get it, Smade? You suppose' to let luck jus' happen to you—not exploit it. You done caused international catastrascopes!"

Words were not capable of expressing the depth of Smade's guilt and regret. How he wished it had all never happened! Wait a minute. What was that he'd just thought?

"Uh, Mrs. Booker. I'm sorry about New Zealand and the whales and everything. But look, this is only partly my fault. If you'd had the booklet in stock the day I came to City Hall, none of this would have happened. Am I right?"

She looked uncomfortable. "Guess Ah can't deny it. You know how bureaucracy be..."

"Right. Same crap goes on at my office. Now, since I can't be singled out for the blame here, I want to suggest something that could get us both off the hook. If your department can do all this incredible stuff with luck, maybe it can do what I have in mind, too."

She regarded him suspiciously. "Like what?"

"Roll back the clock? You know, to before I did all this bad stuff..."

Mrs. Booker stared at him. "Ah'll be damn!," she said at length. "That could work. But clock-rollin' not part of mah pur-view. Ah'll have to call de Office of

Temporal Relocation. Where yo' phone at?"

He indicated the one hanging by the toilet. Mrs. Booker sat her vast buns down, punched in a number. "Hello, Lucy? Put me through to Mr. Fleeman, will you?"

Smade watched as Mrs. Booker began speaking animatedly into the receiver. His mind wandered. What would happen here? If his plan was adopted, would his good luck be restored? Or would he wind up unlucky again? He supposed he could handle it if it'd save all those New Zealanders, but he sure hoped...



oo see, every week I let one person out weethout payin'. Jus' on general prenciples, joo know? 'Cause I don' like the bosses, dey're a bonch of fat-ass jerkoffs who don' pay me enough."

Smade blinked.

He was exiting the City Hall parking garage again. Mrs. Booker had done it, sent him back, and, since Dolores Vasquez wasn't making him pay this time either, his good luck hadn't been rescinded.

He was being given a second chance!

And this time he wouldn't fuck it up. Instead of trying to *exploit* his luck, he'd simply let it happen, like Mrs. Booker said. Dr. Siedman's parking ticket he could live with; starving Sudanese were quite another thing. Whatever amount of good fortune the Compensation Office saw fit to dole out was fine with him. Beyond that, he'd do what the shrink had suggested—make his own luck.

Back at his cubicle, he found *In the Groove* waiting in his in-basket. He sighed, remembering its future. So good, too; it was a script that screamed to be made. But wouldn't be. Shit, that wouldn't stop him from giving it the old school try, though. Smade rolled up his sleeves, switched on the word processor, and wrote an even more glowing account of the script than he had before, going through eleven drafts before he managed to say all the things he wanted to say, in exactly the way he wanted to say them. Here, chew on this, he thought, tossing the pages into his out-basket. Then, carefully avoiding the neighborhood where the olive oil store was, he drove to Katie's place in Venice Beach.

"Katie," he said, "I'm sorry about the bullshit that's plagued us, but it's history now. I want to start fresh. I'm hungry for you, woman; I want you in my life in a big way. And I want you horizontal *right now*."

Pacific Studios made the movie....

And Katie said yes. ■

FUNNY PAGES

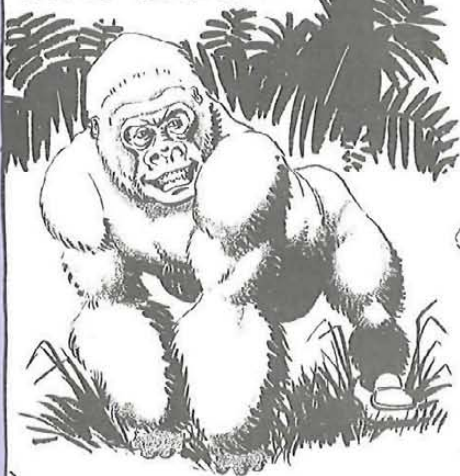


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CHINGE
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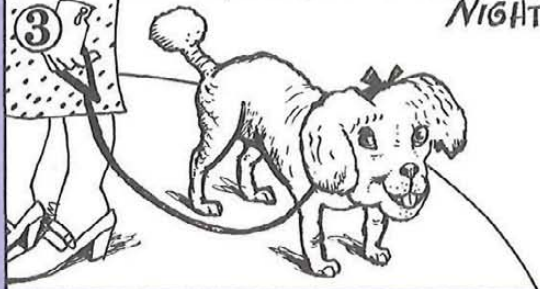
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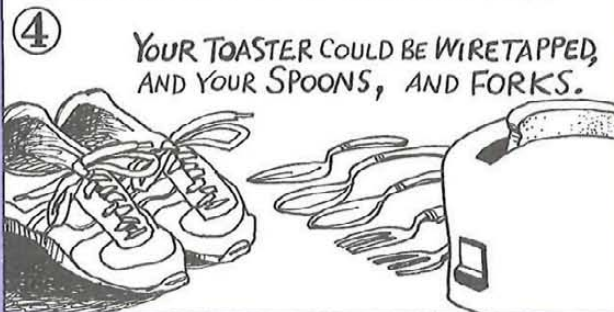
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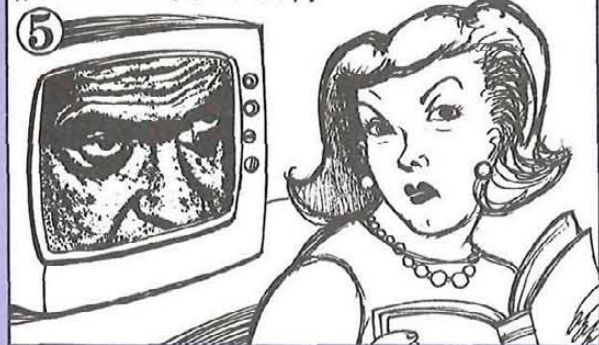
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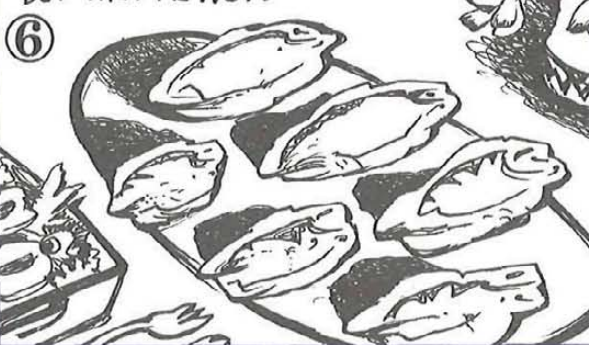
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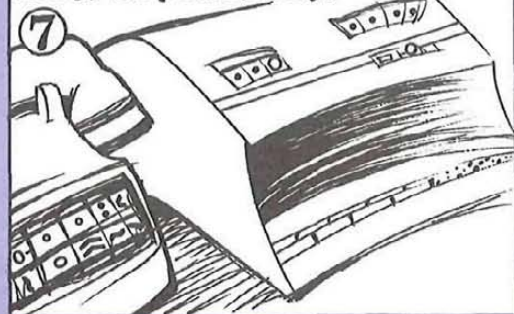
NIXON COULD BE WATCHING WHEN YOUR TV IS OFF.



THESE MIGHT LOOK LIKE OYSTERS, BUT THEY'RE NOT.



ANY OFFICE APPLIANCE COULD BE POISONOUS.



- WHAT TO Do**
- ① Don't iron
 - ② Best not to answer the door
 - ③ Avoid eye contact
 - ④ Throw them out
 - ⑤ Cover the Screen with a Tea towel
 - ⑥ PASS on by
 - ⑦ Don't breathe

Flashback: The day Sam de Groot met his savior, Everett.

SAM de GROOT

ONE OF EIGHT PRIVATE DETECTIVES IN THE FREE WORLD IN AN IRON LUNG!

The Story...

SUFFERING UNBEARABLE REMORSE BECAUSE HE BETRAYED A CLIENT, SAM SEEKS ESCAPE FROM HIS TORMENT BY DRINKING. BROKE AND NO LONGER PRIVATE DETECTIVING, HE IS NOW ON SKIDROW.

REFUSED CREDIT, SAM IS THROWN OUT OF A BAR!



... AND STAY OUT, RUMMY!

... I NEED A DRINK...

SAM NEXT TRIES HIS LUCK AT A LIQUOR STORE

... SAY, UH, CLERK, I'LL TRADE YOU ONE OF THESE WHEELS ON MY IRON LUNG FOR A QUART OF WHISKEY...

WHISKEY, SHIT! I'LL GIVE YOU A PINT OF MUSCATEL FOR ONE WHEEL!



HOURS LATER AND SAM TRADES HIS LAST WHEEL FOR A PINT OF MUSCATEL WINE

HERE'S YOUR PINT—I'M GONNA MAKE MY KID A NICE WAGON. THESE ARE SUPER WHEELS—ALL BALL BEARING!



I NEED A DRINK

HEY, CLERK, THIS SHelf MY HEAD RESTS ON IS REAL LEATHER. I DON'T NEED IT. I'LL LET IT GO FOR 2 PINTS OF MUSCATEL...



REAL LEATHER? WELL, I MIGHT FIND SOME USE FOR IT—I'LL GIVE YOU ONE PINT FOR IT. TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

SAM SELLS HIS HEADREST FOR A PINT OF WINE, AND NOW IT BEGINS TO RAIN...

YOU'RE IN A LOADING AREA, BUDDY! WHEN I COME BACK, I EXPECT TO SEE YOU GONE, OTHERWISE I'LL GIVE YOU A TICKET!



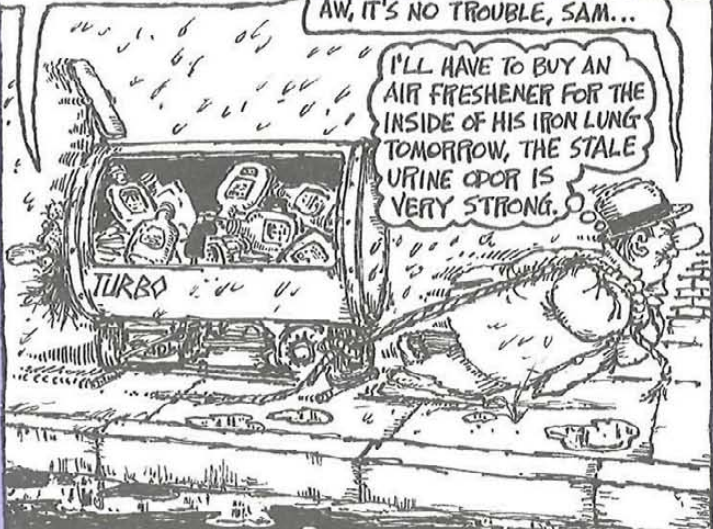
HI! DOWN ON YOUR LUCK, AREN'T YOU, PAL? MY NAME'S EVERETT. I'LL MOVE YOU UP ON THE SIDEWALK SO'S YOU WON'T GET A TICKET.



YOU'LL GET ALL WET OUT HERE. I SAW A PIECE OF ROPE UP THE STREET WHERE THEY'RE TEARING DOWN A BUILDING. I'LL GET IT AND PULL YOU OVER TO MY PLACE.



HEY, THIS IS WHITE OF YOU, EVERETT! MY NAME IS SAM—SAM DE GROOT...



AW, IT'S NO TROUBLE, SAM...

I'LL HAVE TO BUY AN AIR FRESHENER FOR THE INSIDE OF HIS IRON LUNG TOMORROW, THE STALE URINE ODOR IS VERY STRONG.

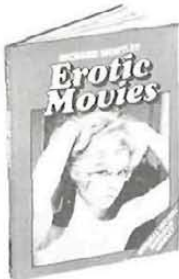
IS THIS GUY QUEER? IS HE OUT TO MURDER SAM IN HIS IRON LUNG? IS HE ONE OF THOSE SAMARITANS?
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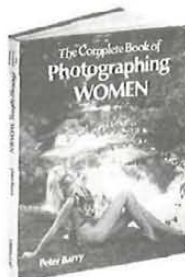
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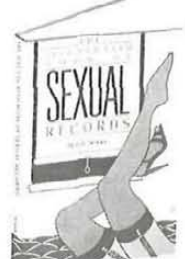
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Stories from
UNCLE KUNTA



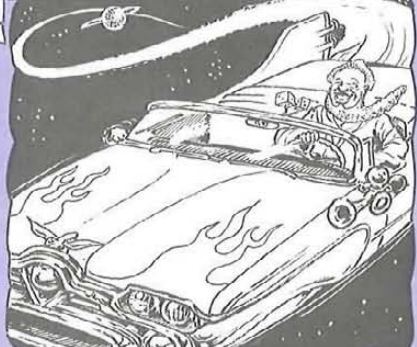
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THE CHILDREN, MOLLY AND TODD, HAVE GATHERED AT UNCLE KUNTA'S AND HAVE ASKED HIM TO EXPLAIN THE RATHER DIFFICULT QUESTION OF "CREATION." LET'S LISTEN TO THIS WISE MAN'S EXPLANATION.



WELL, DATS A TOUGH ONE, CHILLEN. BUT HERES DA STORY AS I HEARED IT TOLD....

ONE DAY GOD WAS ZOOMIN' TREW HIS UNIVERSE JUS' LOOKIN' FER SOMETHIN' TO DO...



WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN HE HAPPENED UPON HIS BRER, WHO WAS ONE BAD DUDE.

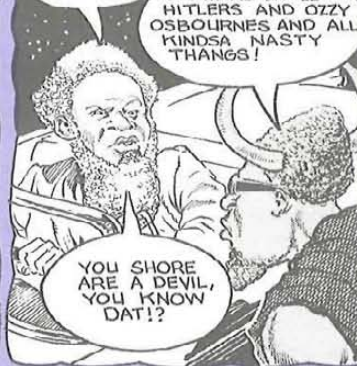


WHAT IT IS, BRER? SHUT UP!

YOU KNOW, I THINK I MAKE ME A WORLD TO PLAY WITH.

YEAH? YOU DO AND I'LL MESS IT UP!

YOU BETTER NOT!



WILL TOO!

I'LL MAKE LITTLE HITLERS AND OZZY OSBOURNES AND ALL KINDSA NASTY THANGS!

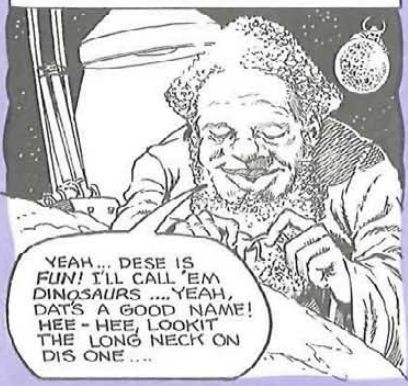
YOU SHORE ARE A DEVIL, YOU KNOW DAT!?

BUT GOD DIDN'T PAY HIM NO MIND, AND HE MAKE HIS WORLD ANYWAY.



I THINK I'LL MAKE SOMETHIN' IN MY IMAGE... WAIT - NO... I THINK I'LL HAVE SOME FUN AND MAKE SOME WEIRDOS FIRST....

FOR SEVEN DAYS AND SEVEN NIGHTS HE MAKE DAT LITTLE WORLD.



YEAH... DESE IS FUN! I'LL CALL 'EM DINOSAURS....YEAH, DATS A GOOD NAME! HEE - HEE, LOOKIT THE LONG NECK ON DIS ONE....

AFTER ALL DAT WORK GOD WAS TIRED, SO HE FELL FAST ASLEEP. DEN WHO SHOULD COME ALONG BUT DA DEVIL....



I TOLD HIM ID MESS IT UP, SO'S I WILL!

NIN!

WHEN GOD WAKED UP... OOOO WHEEE, WAS HE MAD!



HEY! WHO DID DIS? I'M MAD!

BUT HE WAS DETERMIND, AND HE STARTED A WHOLE NEW WORLD - DIS TIME WITH PEOPLE.



NOW I'LL MAKE A ANIMAL MY PEOPLE CAN RIDE ON - WITH HOOVES AND A LONG MANE.... YEAH... AND I'LL CALL IT... A CHICKEN!

BUT GUESS WHO WAS WATCHIN'..?

MOLLY, TODD!



OH NO, IT'S OUR MOM, CALLIN'!

WELL, YOU COME BACK AND I'LL TELL YOU DA REST.



WE'LL BE BACK, UNCLE KUNTA!

WE SURE WILL! MY WALLETS MISSING!

I'M A KING, BEE BUZZIN' 'ROUND YO HIVE....

TO BE CONTINUED...

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

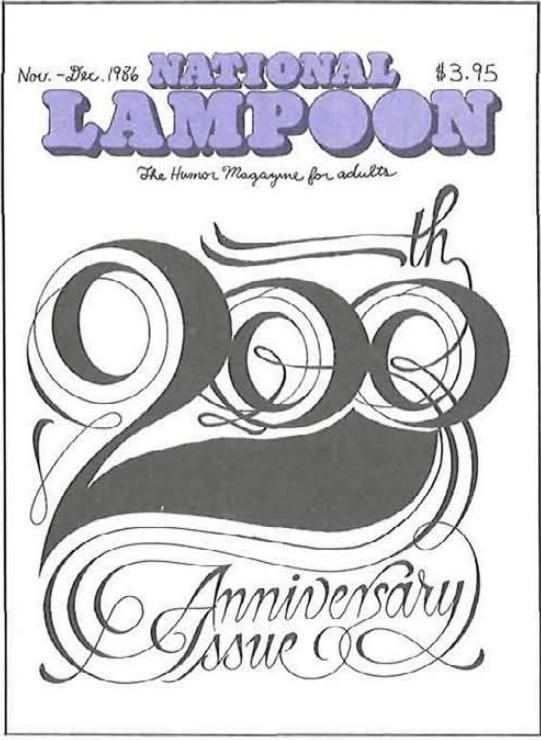
Beginning with the November-December issue, the *National Lampoon*, the world's most popular adult humor magazine, will become a bimonthly. It is being changed from a monthly because the management and editorial staff of the magazine feel that with lesser frequency we can provide the reader with a bigger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

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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.

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DIRTY FATHER HARRY

PRIVATE CELIBATE DICK

WITH PRACTICED HANDS I TURNED THE KEY, THE LOCK CLICKED, GLANCING AROUND, I TURNED THE KNOB. THE DOOR SLID OPEN ON WELL-OILED HINGES.

I ENTERED MY OFFICE

I OFFERED HER A DRINK

WATER? WINE?

I thought I was alone, just me and my guardian angel.

Turning the light on, I saw her in the waiting room. Some of her, anyway.

It's my husband. I think he's seeing another woman

Well, I can't promise miracles but I'll see what I can do.

I made my usual inquiries at the sleazy night spots where sin has the upper hand.

CURLY'S SLEAZY TESPOT

EVER SEEN THIS GUY?

MAYBE

HOTEL

AS IT TURNED OUT, HER HUSBAND WASN'T SEEING ANOTHER WOMAN... HE WAS SEEING ANOTHER MAN

"YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT..."

OH DEAR

THEY GOT OFF EASY ON A LIBERAL INTERPRETATION OF SOME OBSCURE "LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF" STATUTE.

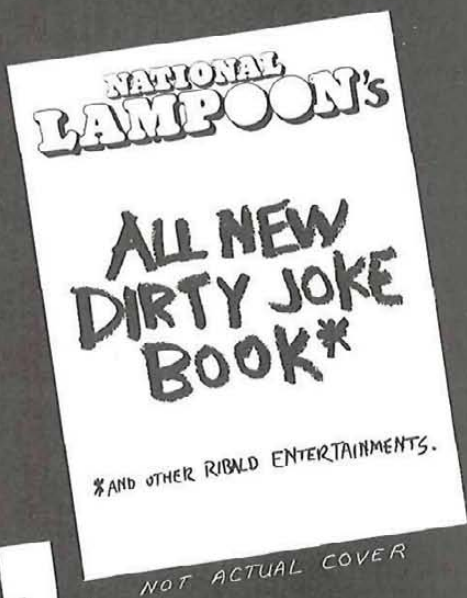
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CLARK

FOUR "OUR FATHERS" AND THREE "HAIL MARYS" WITH NO CLAIM TO PAROLE

THE DAME? OH, SHE CALLED FROM TIME TO TIME, BUT I NEVER FOLLOWED UP ON IT. IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN RIGHT. SHE WASN'T A VIRGIN.

“WHAT, AGAIN !?!?!?”



“You guys gotta be sick!!”

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LAKE YOUBEGONE

continued from page 58

"You thought it was great when Richard Gere did it."

"You turn into Richard Gere and we'll see," she answered. "Meanwhile keep your hands on the wheel."

Rudy knew of this incident from Janet herself. She told just about everybody in town, sometimes twice. It got so we had to ask ourselves: Is she complaining about what did happen, or what didn't? He had just asked Janet about her parents when Hank yelled something about insurrection and Communist sympathizers and hauled out his .38.

Rudy had enjoyed the benefit of the Colloquium field training course, but at that moment the sight of a naked firearm in the hand of a wild man like Hank Gunderson caused it to slip his mind. He executed a hit-the-dirt behind a desk. He heard some shots fired, some screams, and the next thing he knew, there was Janet, on the floor beside him. She was quivering with fear, which was understandable, so, as Hank led the other Colloquium members outside in a hail of gunfire—their own, since nobody in the bank had a weapon—Rudy took Janet in his arms. Then his hands started to stray—I guess Janet just had that effect on men. In the end he was able to accomplish what Leon Krumhacker hadn't. She either didn't notice or didn't mind.

REDEMPTION

The first time I realized that your car was a hole in your head, I was leaning over toward Muriel Dintenfass at the church's Fourth of July picnic. We were sitting under the big dusty oak tree out behind the church, having just gorged ourselves on wieners and potato salad, and I was going to attempt to stick my tongue in Muriel's car. I was homing in for the kill when it struck me: *I'm inserting my tongue into a hole in this girl's head.* I pulled back and lost all concentration. Eight years later Muriel married Frank Olson. They'd raised two kids and had been husband and wife for fifteen years when Frank accompanied Hank Gunderson, Clarence Halvorsen, and Nels Nyborg out to the old Matern place for the big climactic shootout.

With them was Louise Kramermann. She had been passing by the bank when the Colloquium Invictus had shot its way out. Hank Gunderson had looked around wildly, spotted Louise, and in a second had dashed over, grabbed her arm, and dragged her to the car. "Let's GO!" he barked to Clarence, who was at the wheel.

"Where we going now, Hank?" Nels asked.

"Hey," Clarence said, starting the car.

"What say we get on over to the Tap Room and get us a beer-and-a-bump."

Hank explained impatiently that they had just committed armed robbery, and possibly murder, and that even though it had been in the name of freedom and democracy, probably swinging over to the local bar for a round of drinks wasn't such a great idea. He told Clarence to drive west.

When I got there the FBI and the local police had the Matern place so completely surrounded with cars and SWAT team trucks and media vehicles from St. Cloud and the Cities, I thought: Now *this* is news. Not the Colloquium all holed up in that falling-down abandoned old farmhouse, but all this state-of-the-art hardware finally coming to Lake Youbegone, where our idea of modern technology is the Fry Baby presented by Garnet Crandall to his wife Betty for their anniversary last year.

Some shots came from the Matern house, the FBI and policemen ducked behind their cars, and I scuttled over to Walt Lambeaux, the county sheriff.

"What the hell you doing here?" he demanded, his eyes on the house. "You think this is some human foible type of event?"

He told me that one person had been killed and another wounded badly in the bank robbery, and that Hank Gunderson had more or less lost his mind. I said, How can you tell, but he didn't think it was funny under the circumstances. That's a problem I've always had, growing up in Lake Youbegone: people here are big on "the time" for jokes and humor and such, which I guess is attributable to the fact that their economy revolves around farming, with its specific seasons for specific activities. It's death on joke-telling, though. I got off a good one at Ella Lundberg's funeral once, and next thing I knew Aunt Betty is poking me a good one in the ribs and hissing, "This is not the time!"

It sure wasn't the time for Louise Kramermann. We heard a few shots, and then after a silent period, a woman's screams—hers. Walt hustled over to consult with the SWAT commander. After a brief exchange the commander said, "Right. Let's take him," and barked an order on his bullhorn. Three SWAT men in jumpsuits and science fiction headgear, who were taking cover behind a car, stood up and shot tear gas canisters into the house as Louise kept screaming.

Walt's great-grandfather, Jacques Lambeaux, had migrated down to Lake Youbegone from Canada, where he'd made a respectable living trapping beaver. There'd been a beaver pelt in the main hallway of the Sons of Knute lodge, splayed open and sealed in a glass frame, until Willie Bunsen mistook it for a flying possum and swung a smoking stand at it

during the Sons' New Year's Eve party in 1966. His middle son, John, moved to Los Angeles to become an actor. The most famous actor in Lake Youbegone is Mr. Paul Denby, an English teacher at the high school, who cast himself in the title role of our spring production, *Cyrano de Bergerac*. French is the most popular second language taught at the school, which means that about a dozen students take it. A dozen is usually twelve, but if you go to Tollerud's Decent Bakery and buy a dozen of Evelyn Tollerud's Norsk Butter Cookies, Evvie will look the other way while she herself drops in two more gratis. She's a Lutheran.

Some SWAT men in gas masks rushed the house. Inside, Clarence and Frank were lying dead, shot. So was Nels. Hank was in a different room. He was sprawled across an old bed—just the frame and naked rusty bedsprings. Louise was there, too, cut up pretty bad and out cold with shock.

When Louise was a girl, in Green Bay, she used to gaze up at the constellations on clear evenings and feel duped. *They're crazy. That's no swan. How do you get a woman in a chair out of that?* The vast disparity between the supposed shapes of the constellations and their actual scattered, meager appearance struck her twelve-year-old girl's heart like a denial from God. "Sorry, Louise. These heroes and animals and mythical beasts up here—they're not for you."

Years later, after she and her husband Albert had moved to Lake Youbegone, they were driving home one evening from dinner at the Muellers' when Louise had a certain feeling. She insisted Albert pull to the shoulder and stop. She got out and walked through corn stubble out into the middle of a field, guided only by the cold blue light of the half-moon. Thirty yards out, she stopped and looked up.

"It was unbelievable," she wrote her daughter June the next day. "The sky looked exactly the same. No hunters, or scorpions, or water-bearers—just the same old mess. If I'm due for any kind of deep, redeeming experience, I'm sure not going to get it living here."

Walt Lambeaux: "What gets me is, the stuff on the walls. Those words written in, well, you know. Blood. Who wrote 'em? Hank, probably. What I want to know is, can't anybody in this town spell 'Communist' right? Man kills his own troops and them himself—helluva way to run an army. Plus, what Hank did to that woman—it's a sick situation. But it's what I always say—start messing with politics and sooner or later somebody's gonna get their feelings hurt."

June lives in Sarasota, Florida. She last visited Lake Youbegone this past Thanksgiving, with her husband Donald and the twins. "What a nice town," she said as they drove through. Who asked her? ■

DRINKING TIPS

continued from page 24

record for peace initiatives in these kids' lifetime, and probably his too. And this just a tip off the whole goddamn iceberg. He keeps talking about the good old days. Which good old goddamn days is he referring to? The ones where the whole family would come out to watch some nigger get hung from a tree limb like a goddamn orange for looking at a white woman? Or the good old days where people leaped out windows because of those red-baiting nuts like Joe McCarthy and the guy who just died, you know, yeah, Cohn, Roy goddamn Cohn. Goddamn Reagan."

At this point I was hoping the two Afro-American gentlemen a few seats down the bar didn't misunderstand my "friend's" use of the slang term "nigger." Luckily they didn't even hear it.

Guy-on-the-right was now studying his drink. "Look," he said, after a great deal of thought, "Reagan's a nice guy. I don't care what anyone says." Another drink came and guy-on-the-left put an arm on my shoulder. He was coming in for the kill now, I could smell it. It smelled like gin and tonic. "Well," he said, "what do you think?"

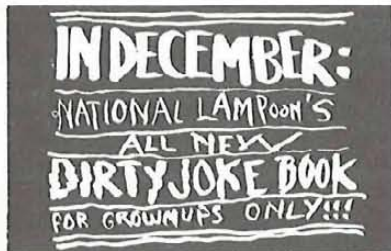
I took a sip of my drink, thought for a second, and then replied.

"You got it all wrong, buddy," I said. "I don't like Reagan any more than you do, which is precisely why I'm for the twenty-one-year-old drinking age."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"I look at it like this," I continued, "these kids think the eighties are the greatest, and to them Reagan is the coolest cat this side of Don Johnson. Remember most of these kids in the age group you're talking about who were eligible to vote, went for Ronnie. Maybe if they can't drink anymore, the reality might wake them up with the force of the hangover I'm anticipating having tomorrow. So even if I do have an eye for innocent nineteen-year-old girls who appreciate the wisdom of a man like myself—twelve years their senior and oh-so-experienced—I say keep 'em out of the bars. I'm with Ron on this twenty-one-year-old drinking age. Maybe if the kids stay sober they'll decide it's time for a change."

The three of us finished our drinks and ordered another round. ■



200-YEAR-OLD EDITOR

continued from page 97

me that we would soon have a new department in the government, the Department of Humor. And I was going to be the head, the Secretary of Humor. Our country needed it desperately.

NL: So you shed your so-called neutrality and worked for the Democrats.

Ed: We would have done it for any political party. Shit, this land is your land, this land is my land, this land is meant for you and me. We went everywhere. We did the first bum jokes, like the ones Henny Youngman does today. We made fun of poverty. We gave out fake food and real garbage. We did sketches like "Foreclosure." That's the one where an unemployed guy's house is taken over by the bank, his daughter is kidnapped into white slavery, his wife leaves him and runs off with an escaped convict, and he's alone in the world with his retarded son. He's desperate, so he tries to rob a bank with a banana in his pocket that he claims is a gun. But he presses it too hard and the banana gets mushy, right in the middle of his bank robbery attempt. He's sent away to prison and doesn't even get to eat his banana. The audience loved it. They ate it up.

NL: You purged them of their self-pity.

Ed: Right. The theme of our show was "It could be worse."

NL: What happened to the project?

Ed: It was going great, but we ran out of government money. FDR was sorry, but he had to use the money for other problems. It looked like we were getting ready to fight a war. My Cabinet post had to be put on the back burner. A guy named Adolf Hitler was making a lot of noise in Europe. It wasn't long before we were plunged into the conflict known as World War II. The Depression was over.

NL: And you joined the Armed Forces?

Ed: Of course. We all did. *NatLamp* went to war. You remember the Armed Forces publications? There was *Yank*, *Stars and Stripes*, and us. We were the underground magazine of World War II. The wartime version of the *NatLamp* was called *War Is Heck*. We couldn't say "hell"—not in those days. Not on the cover.

We were down in the trenches, following the infantry from the Italian campaign to the invasion of Normandy, the Battle of the Bulge, right to the liberation of Paris. We put out a weekly magazine, throwing grenades with one hand and typing manuscripts with the other.

NL: Sounds dangerous.

Ed: When you're young and crazy, you don't think of those things. Now I wake up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat. I still get nightmares from what I did. Imagine putting out a magazine with

thousands of bloodthirsty Nazis coming at you from all sides.

NL: Did anyone on the magazine lose his life?

Ed: We were lucky. Just an arm here, a leg there. I lost an eye.

NL: How did you handle the Normandy invasion?

Ed: We were in the Army, buddy, like everyone else. We landed, established a beachhead, and dug into our offices, which were trenches. We had a couple of typewriters and a small mimeograph machine. We had to do it all. It was crude and raunchy, but the GIs loved it.

We'd do stuff like "An Interview with a Dead German," "I Fucked Eva Braun's Dog," and, of course, our Hitler stories. We did the Hitler saga like a soap opera. It was the *Dynasty* of its time.

In our version, Hitler is a fag and the head of the dynasty, of course. He's married to Eva Braun, but he's madly in love with Albert Speer, his architect. Hitler's rival and former lover is Himmler, the head of the Gestapo, who is always plotting to kill him. Speer loves Hitler but also pines for his lost love, Rudolf Hess, who sits in an English prison, carving little swans out of toffee candies. Göring is the fat comic relief, a pathetic homo who is always accompanied by a different SS officer-bodyguard, one of those handsome blond guys who is a stud and wants to fuck his way into Hitler's heart. Eva Braun is having an affair with Leni Riefenstahl, the beautiful film director who likes to show eight-millimeter home movies of the Führer and his lobsters. Hitler had this obsession with lobsters and kept them as pets.

NL: The postwar years were a bit chaotic. The *National Lampoon* seemed to have faded a bit.

Ed: That's a nice way to put it. We were burnt out. The war aged us. We were shell-shocked. For the next ten years or so we wrote on automatic pilot. We were also bored with the Eisenhower years. McCarthy tried to get us deported to Russia, and some of us actually were. We even got into trouble with the IRS. Everybody was a little fucked up, nursing some kind of wound. Not until JFK came along did we come back. And when JFK and Bobby died it was over for a lot of the editors. I was the only one left from the original founding group. We needed fresh blood. That's when the guys from the *Harvard Lampoon* came. And then a new guy took over, Marvin Simpkins.

NL: Simmons. Matty Simmons.

Ed: Right. Simmons. My memory is going. I'm starting to feel my age. I need a sausage taco and a coconut champagne just to get my heart started in the morning.

But 1970 marked the new beginning of the *National Lampoon*. We rose like a phoenix from the ashes. And, as they say, the rest is history. ■

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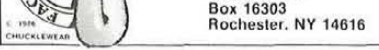
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ARI'S RETURN

continued from page 44

ideals, dear. Ernie asked me to come, and then he told me he wouldn't fuck me, and I went home." She was tugging hard now on the back of Caroline's chair. "But enough about me, I suppose you're feeling sticky on the Edwardo front—no worry, dear, it was just an aberration. I liked him after three drinks and stopped after seventeen—simple as that, cut and dried, case closed. Stay medium drunk, honey, and you'll do just fine." Lilly was contorting her face and trying to focus, refusing to let go of Caroline's chair. McGeorge Bundy, showing he was the bigger man, stooped to help her upright, but Lilly wouldn't have any of that game and swung her arm around wildly and creased him on the side of his head. Then she made for the gazebo again, lurching and bobbing like a broken machine, raving at the helicopter as it tilted over the main house and settled on the front lawn.

Guests had been leaving for some time and Jackie had gone outside to salvage a goodbye to a few of them while I lingered in her room, wondering how I could have expected any more than what I got. We are who we are, I told

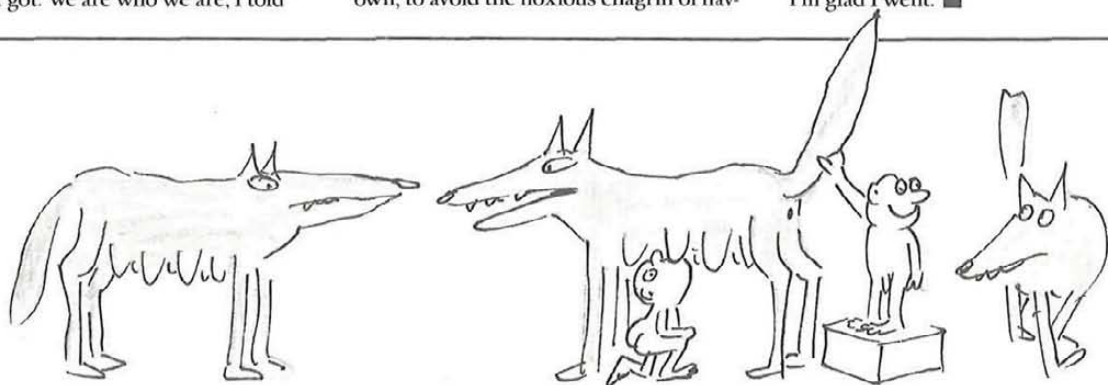
myself, and if I was angry that was my problem, not hers. I paused to replace the cameo box on her dresser, then found myself opening a drawer—I suppose to see the jewelry. I found instead a batch of letters from Jack. There were none of mine.

I picked up the box, raised it above my head, smashed it against the fireplace—not so much in anger, but rather in finality—and the door flew open with great violence and a force of Secret Service men lunged in, guns drawn, announced I was under arrest, and frog-marched me to the helicopter. Lillian was already manacled and secured to a handhold inside; Jackie, trying hard to overcome the awkwardness of having spent most of her daughter's reception sealed in a room with her "other" dead husband, made excuses to guests who politely understood, and privately asked themselves how much more weird this Kennedy family would get before the alcohol and heroin and coke and shootings and dead secretaries and starlet-banging would scare everyone off for good. I could tell these were the sort of people who notched it in their social character to say nothing of an incident like this to outsiders, to protect their own, to avoid the noxious chagrin of hav-

ing spent an evening with two walking corpses, to give exceptional berth when the bones in their own closets rose like piles of whale ribs right up to the ceiling. But I could also tell this affair would not be soon forgotten by those who mattered, and ironically, Jackie might end up having to marry another version of me to save herself—to quit, as it were, before she was fired.

"I don't ride in helicopters!" Lilly shrieked. "I don't count money in public, I don't discuss the creative process of writing, and I do not under any circumstances caper about the ether in a fucking fluttering green goddamn banana..." And then she vanished. Secret Service men froze; I turned toward Jackie and caught her eyes as the last of the guests sensed a terrifying wrongness in the air and backed away from her. "What's happening, Mom?" Caroline said uncertainly, finally drained of her poise after having sustained it for so long. Mom was mute. "Hey, Jackie," I shouted. "You were a real dish—I gotta give you that." Jackie took a step toward me, and halted. I blew her a kiss, and then dematerialized, feeling good about having at least left my end of things on a decent note.

I'm glad I went. ■



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