

Lassie Gets Rabies! Ralph Sends Alice to the Moon!
Vanna Blushes! First Cable TV Night Romance!

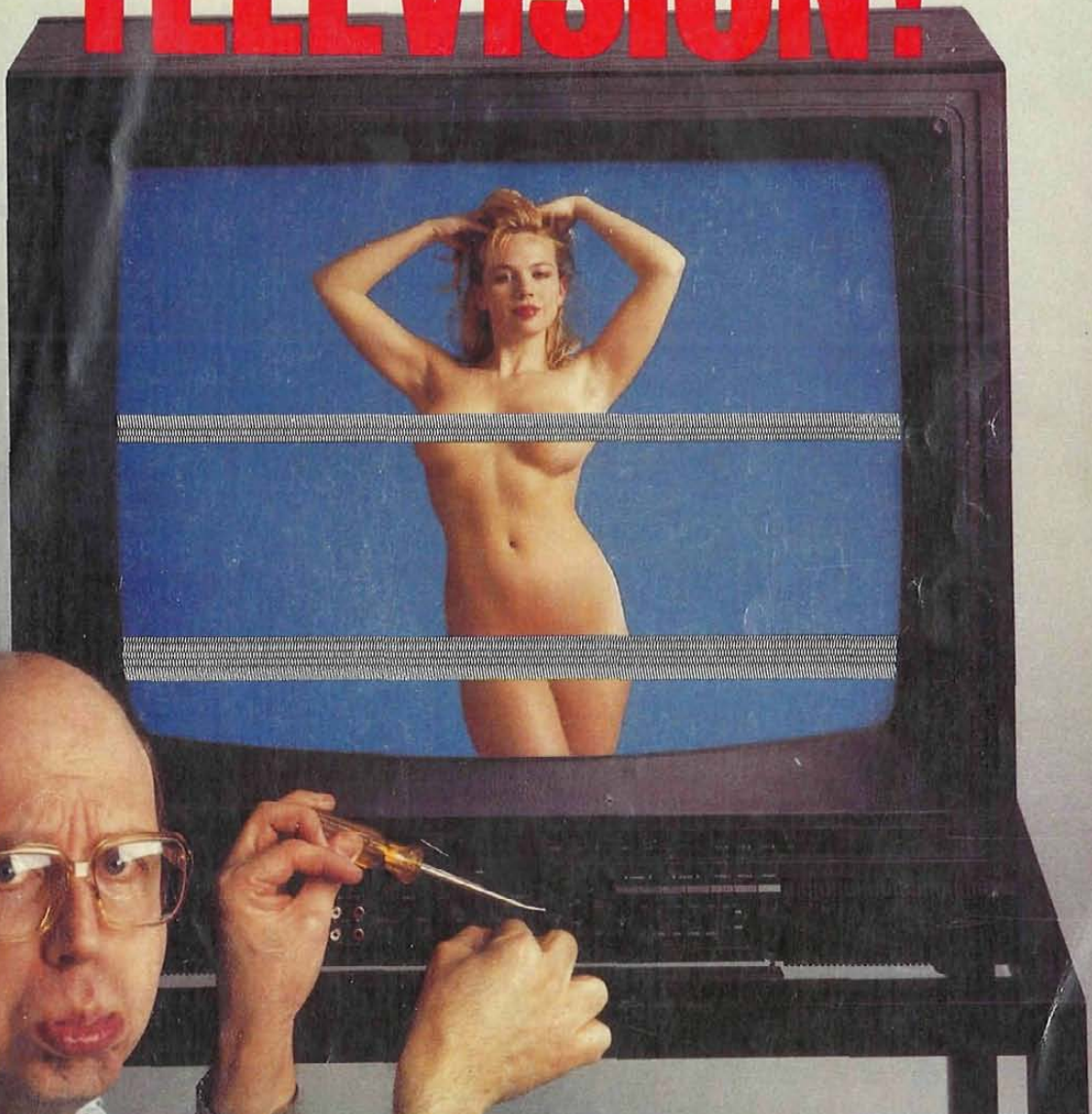
NATIONAL LAMPPOON

APRIL 1988

THE BIMONTHLY HUMOR MAGAZINE

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TELEVISION!



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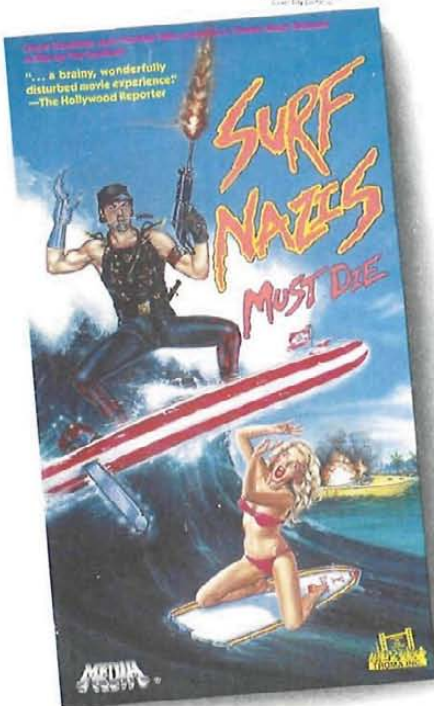
From the ingenious makers of cult hits like "Class of Nuke 'Em High" and "Toxic Avenger," "Surf Nazis Must Die" is a lunatic romp into a warped, post-apocalyptic world.

A gang of murderous Nazi surfers with names like "Adolf," "Mengele," and "Ava" turn the beach into a war zone after an earthquake wipes out most of Los Angeles.

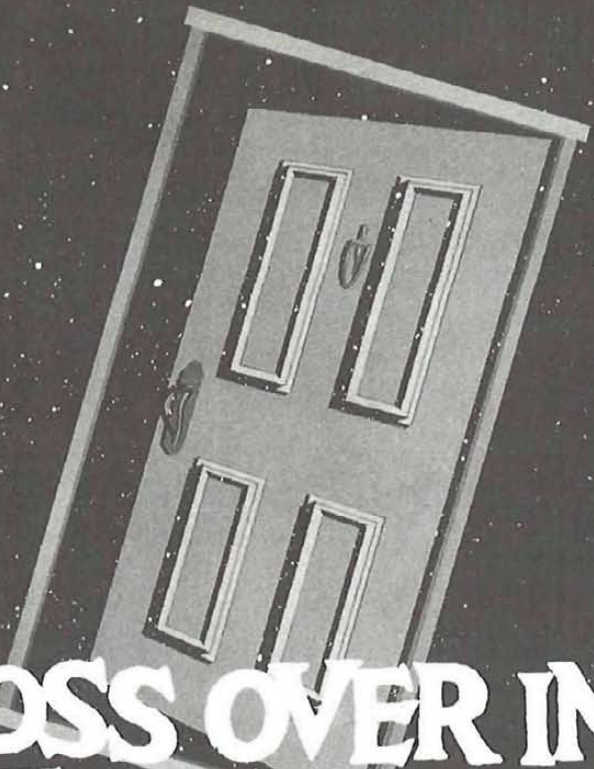
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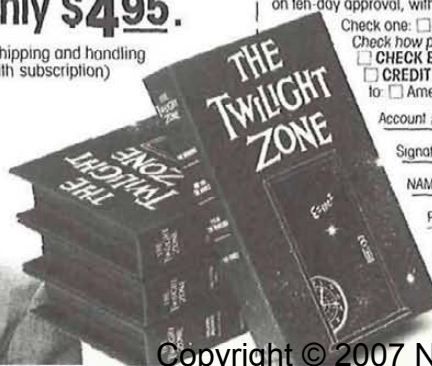
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The demand for both these products has been unprecedented. Twenty million people in the United States and Canada saw *National Lampoon's European Vacation* in theaters, and we got more inquiries about the sweatshirts worn by "Clark" and "Rusty" in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



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

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



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EDITORIAL

Thoughts While Watching the Larry Flynt-Jerry Falwell-Ted Koppel Show

So Larry Flynt and Jerry Falwell are going to have a face-off in the Supreme Court. It's a good match—they deserve each other. Each has the nerve of a grave-robbing and the soul of a concentration camp guard. They're both slime, but at least Flynt admits it. Flynt panders to man's basest instincts and Falwell glorifies them. Pornography is simply a bad taste in your mouth. Getting richer in the name of God is the end of the road.

Flynt flaunts his money. "Look at me," he shouts happily. "I have all the limos, cheap broads, and artificial highs any nice, normal guy could want." Jerry hides the profits. "The private plane belongs to the Church," Jerry says, it being a rather vague afterthought that in this case he is the Church.

Don't jail Jim Bakker for the houses in Palm Beach and the foreign cars and Tammy's shopping sprees, all of which have been swiped from little old people who sit on their K mart sofas and watch the PTL

on their fourteen-inch Japanese mark-downs.

"No," Jerry says. "Forgive them."

Well, I forgive Larry Flynt.

I think that he's a sleazeball, but it seems to me that his worst crime is that he's less than mediocre. And he's boring.

A fourteen-year-old in heat can write brighter prose than is written for *Hustler*.

And if he should be brought to trial, the principal charge is as obvious as the pictures on his pages: the women in his magazine are unrelentingly, unfaithfully, oppressively——UGLY!

Thoughts While Waiting for My TV Set to Burn Out

We have passed along a pledge in which we've asked all networks to promise that there will be no more TV featuring the following:

Dogs, horses, or cars that talk.

Horny bachelors who dress as women.

People who return from the dead and make life miserable for their former spouses.

Family shows featuring any kid under eighteen.

Any show with a character called "Gramps."

Any show with a middle-aged star whose stunt double climbs walls, hurtles six-foot fences, and beats up large, vicious people by the roomful.

Commercials read by the guy who owns the company that owns the commercials.

Commercials done by Bill Cosby.

Commercials done by large, semi-literate athletes who have only a passing acquaintanceship with the English language.

Commercials featuring dogs. Dogs do not drink beer and rarely give parties. Orangutans drink beer. Lemmings give parties.

Commercials done by anyone in Bill Cosby's family—real or television.

Talk shows on which we are asked to believe that Jerry Falwell represents anything like a "majority" in this country.

Five-hour miniseries about a guy beating up his wife. If a guy can't beat up his wife in an hour, he's not trying.

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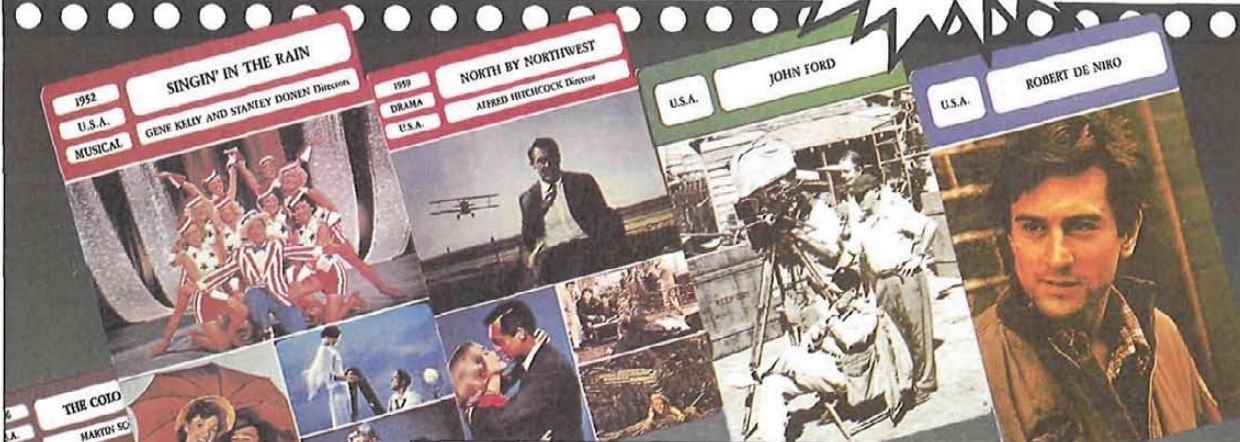
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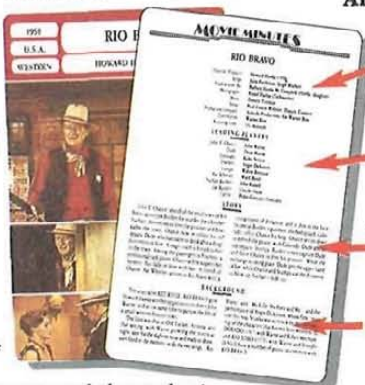
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LETTERS



Sirs:
Do you know where I can get a pair of stainless-steel undershorts made up in a hurry? Just thought I'd ask....

John Lester
Howard Beach, N.Y.

Sirs:
If you see Joel Steinberg tell him I'd love to take his case, but I'm up to my armpits in shvartzes. I would be more than happy, however, to slap around Ms. Nussbaum on his behalf. Keep in touch, Joel, and watch your brisket, boobie!

William Kunstler
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
If I were president, I would help the homeless by putting pillows and horse blankets in every dumpster in the land. You see, compassion isn't enough—you need *ideas*, too.

Donald Trump
Trumptown, N.Y.

Sirs:
Okay, I did it. I killed her. But you know what? They don't bleedin' care up here. These gobbers put more importance on good music than on human fookin' life.

Sid Vicious
Seated at the left hand of God

Sirs:
We're cooking up something good for you! McMedallions of beef, ensconced in a subtle McBéarnaise sauce, and accompanied by McRadicchio and McEndive, and of course our famous McPommes Frites. McBon appétit!

The McDonald's Corporation
Oak Brook, Ill.

Sirs:
Well, I had hoped we'd be finished by now, but it looks like this is going to go on a little longer. So I'd like to notify everyone down the line that it'll be another five or ten minutes, and then we'll get this wrapped—*ubhhhhhhhh*...

Ted Koppel
On his deathbed

Sirs:
Story hour has really gotten fun since I started showing this video, *Faces of Death*, to the kids.

Evil Clown
Children's Hospital

Sirs:
We wanted to design a car that would fit the lifestyle of the new breed of American.... A car should reflect someone's lifestyle.... I've always felt a car is a statement.... Can anyone tell me why a car doesn't have frightening puppets on the dashboards?... Yeah, or brakes that don't always work...an incoherent revenge killer in every back seat...You know what the challenge is?...It's getting my three-year-old to drive on the thruway....

The Nissan
Human Engineering People
Tokyo, Japan

Sirs:
My friends are always talking about how some girls are "screamers" and others are "moaners" and others are "gaspers." So how come the ones I get are mutterers?

Jerry Glagh
Cincinnati, Ohio

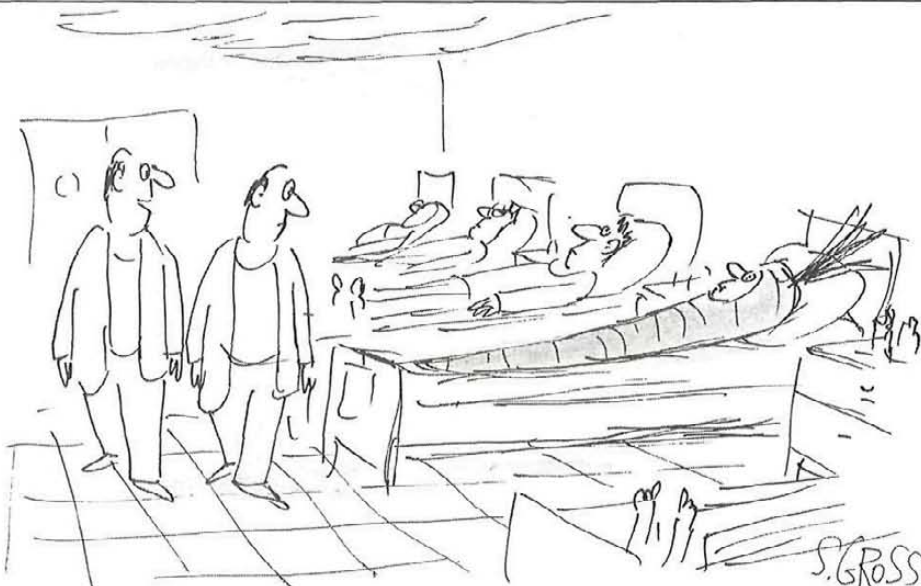
Sirs:
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A Roomful of Monkeys
with a Typewriter

Sirs:
shfha fn448g;sw0G1chd c/ jdur8 jmdvkh *KLBhs cGh d gr5 J: fd18n d r jj82@

A Live Studio Audience
at a Taping of
The Morton Downey Jr. Show
with a Typewriter

continued on page 10



"For a hopeless vegetable it's amazing the way he's been able to maintain his sense of humor."

e-z for you

For some people, everything comes easy. Even the way they roll a cigarette. All it takes is a little twist and a flick of the wrist. And nothing else fits better... than e-z wider:



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Available in single, 1/4, 1/2, double, 1.0 and new french.
The world's easiest way to roll a cigarette.



"I may not know much about art, but I do know shit when I see it."

Letters

continued from page 10

Sirs:

What do Fay Wray and Maria Shriver have in common?

They both have a gorilla sniffing their underpants.

Sargent Shriver
Hyannis Port, Mass.

Sirs:

I walk the shores

And feel the waves swoosh beneath
my feet.

I jump as a crab

Scampers under my toes.

Why is it that I am here?

Why did I survive it all?

The war.

It took everyone with it.

All are gone but me.

Like, what a total bummer! I am so
upset.

You know, this never happens to

Anthony Michael or Ally.

God, this will like totally ruin my

weekend! How totally gnarly!

Molly Ringwald
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

"Faith"? No, that's not it. "Hope"?
Naaahh. "Fortitude"? Nah, too stuffy.

"Good night and God bless"? Christ, I

sound like Red Skelton. "Be brave"? Too

preachy. How about "Shit happens"?

Yeah, I like that... "Shit happens." Sure

beats "Courage."

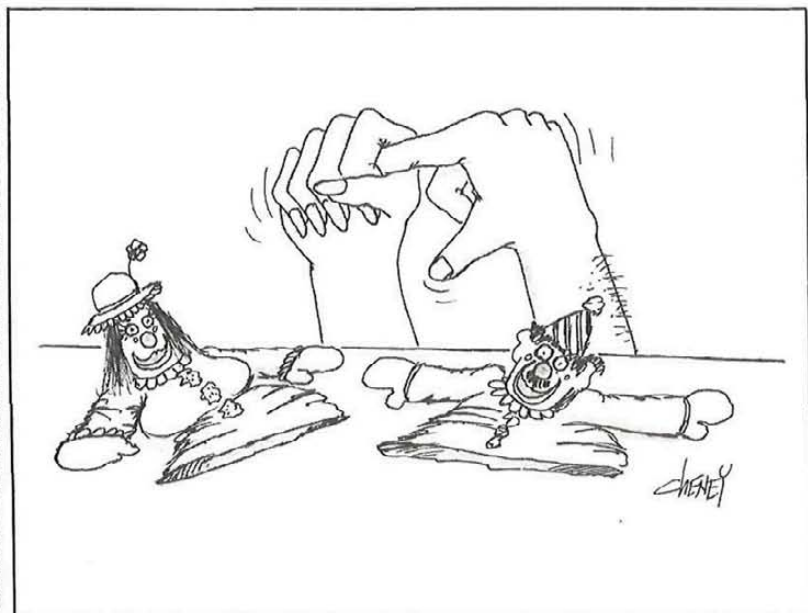
Dan Rather
New York, N.Y.

The 10 Best Numbers of the Year

by Louis Phillips

This was a year of a billion or so numbers. Numbers, numbers everywhere, but not a drop to drink. Everywhere a person looked, numbers loomed. The numbers 1, 3, and 0 lurked everywhere. Thus, when we called in our top-flight editorial staff to determine the best numbers of the year, they groaned. "We can't do it! We can't do it! The task is too difficult." But we chained them to their desks, and here are the numbers they came up with:

- 1) 3.14—Pi is always popular in the Eastern states, but this year, thanks to the hit movie *Star Pi*, the number became known in places it had never been before, places such as Beverly Hills and West Palm Beach.
- 2) $33\frac{1}{3}$ —Record number that has appeared on every Top 10 list since this yearly feature began.
- 3) 0—Nothing to say about this perennial favorite.
- 4) IX—The Roman numeral for 9 made a strong comeback this year and mowed down the opposition. The number was frequently seen hiding in such words as MIX and FIX.
- 5) 9—Like its Roman predecessor, this number always remains a favorite. Ted Williams wore the number when he played left field for the Boston Red Sox. When Lucullus Cambria played shortstop for the Roman Regals, he wore IX on his uniform.
- 6) 13—Still unlucky, but still with us after hundreds of years. Has never made it higher than 6th on the list.
- 7) 007—James Bond's secret agent number. This is the 5th time the number has made the Top 10 list.
- 8) 6—A fun number in every way. It increases its value by half when you turn it upside down.
- 9) 8—With skating getting its share of attention, this number made it on the list for the very first time.
- 10) 1953—The world looks back at the '50's with a certain longing, with deep nostalgia. This is the largest number on the list.



Sirs:

Okay, here's the deal: you page me at the Polo Lounge, and I'll act jaded and ignore you. Ho-ho, this will be great!

Judd Nelson
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

I was thinking, if you paged me at the Polo Lounge, and I then appeared to be unimpressed, even bitter, perhaps I'd get an idea for another novel.

Bret Easton Ellis
On both coasts

Sirs:

Tell you what, you page me at the local tavern in this puny town in Maine where I live, and I'll start vomiting an endless river of bile and acid, my eyes will roll across the floor, and my flesh will throb and bubble.

Stephen King
Deudrop Inn, Maine

Sirs:

Just say Noh.

Association for the
Advancement of Japanese Theater
Toyota, Japan

Sirs:

Here is a great way to save on restaurant bills, and all it requires is a simple prop! When eating, say, a pile of broasted chicken at a diner, pull out a severed head and place it amongst your food. Then, when the waitress comes over to ask how you're enjoying your meal, say, "Well, everything's fine 'cept for this SEVERED HEAD I found in my meal!" Well, will she be horrified! I tell you, I get more free meals that way.

Joe Bob Joe Bob
Broasted Chicken, Tenn.

Sirs:

Can I just say that I had the pleasure eighteen years ago of seeing Miss Julia Child on an open-mike stage making chili dogs and grilled cheese sandwiches for a less than appreciative audience? With practice, she progressed to simple sauces and Crockpot time savers. Another few months and she was spotted by a PBS scout.

And let me tell you: it happened once, it can happen again.

Joe Open-Mike
Night Manager
In every town in America

Sirs:

When I'm famous, I will require a hundred pairs of wax lips, a lifelike model of Eleanor Roosevelt, and a half-boy/half-goat in my dressing room before I will even set foot onstage. Just thought I'd warn you.

Billy Joe Peske
Long Shot, Tex.

Sirs:

Where does Doug Henning put everything when he makes big stuff disappear?
Answer: In his sleeves.

If you'll notice, they're around twenty-one feet long, and he almost never waves to the audience at the end of his act. His lovely wife, Debbie, does. Thank you.

Darlene Scuh
Naperville, Ill.

Sirs:

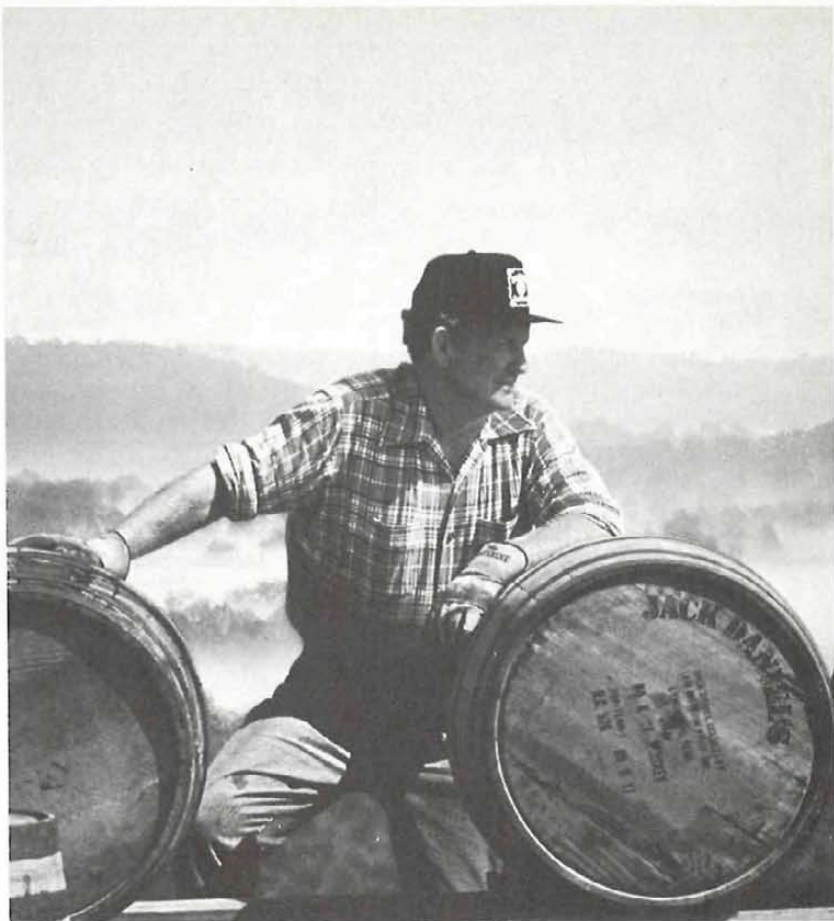
It is better to give than to receive.

James Lofton
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Sometimes I just like to kick back with some corn dogs, pork rinds, a liter of pre-mixed mai tais, and a year's supply of Eskimo pies.

Rebellious Editor
"Gourmet" magazine



Why don't you come see us in Tennessee sometime. The hills are lovely about now.

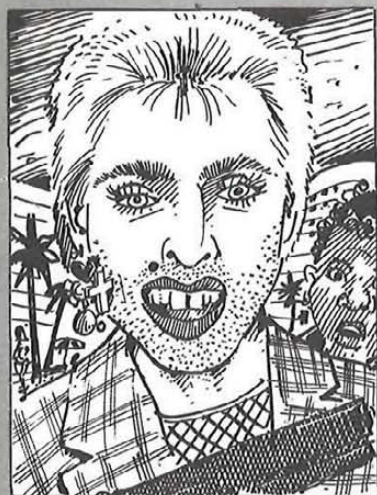
THERE'S SOMETHING SPECIAL about the Tennessee hills as a place for making Jack Daniel's. You see, we make an old-fashioned whiskey that can't be hurried in any manner. And out here, where the pace of city living is all but forgotten, a man can slow down and do things right. We could probably make a bit more Jack Daniel's if we made it in a factory. (Make it faster, probably, too.) But after a sip we think you'll agree: there's something special about whiskey that comes from the hills.

SMOOTH SIPPIN'
TENNESSEE WHISKEY

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Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352



Tom Hachtman's Double Takes



Madonna Johnson



Madonna Summer



Madonnameche



Ronald Madonnald



Madonna Corleone



Barry Madonnilow



Madonnald Duck



Maodonna



Madonna Rice

"WHAT I DO AFTER WORK IS MY OWN BUSINESS, NOT THE F--KING MEDIA'S. CAPISCÉ?"

-GEORGE AGOGLIA

What this country needs is a good nine-to-five president. George Agoglia, the publisher of the *National Lampoon*, is just the man for the job. A hard worker, he pulled himself up by his bootstraps and got his first job shining shoes in the lobby of the Time-Life Building. There he caught the eye of Henry Luce, who started him on his ascent up the corporate ladder of the magazine industry. As publisher of the *National Lampoon*, he has reached the pinnacle of his profession, but ever eager to serve his fellow citizens, George Agoglia is still hungry. So he's running for president.

From nine to five, you'll never find a harder worker. And George is one Italian-American politician who's decisive enough to say, "Yes, I want to serve my country and be the president." There's only one catch, something small-minded people, like those

in the media, might call a character defect. George is a party animal.

Not from nine to five, mind you. For those eight hours, George's mind is as sharp as a razor, and he'll steer the ship of state with a firm but compassionate and evenhanded grip. But when 5:01 rolls around, George turns into Spuds Agoglia. You might have read reports of the wild orgies aboard the *National Lampoon* corporate yacht, the *Mona Gorilla Business*. You might have seen photos similar to the one below, depicting George and his executive secretaries unwinding after a hard day during deadline week. You might say to yourself, "Is this the kind of guy I want to run the country?" Think about it. We think you'll say, "Hell, yes!"

Were we better off with a president that sleeps from nine to five and calls his wife

"Mommy"? Would we be better off with a preppie wimp who has to refer to his campaign literature to determine where he stands on the issues? Or with one of those faceless losers the Democrats are offering with their shopping-mall hair and their polyester smiles? Wouldn't we in fact be better off with a president who'll work his butt off during the day and party hearty like you or me when the factory whistle blows? F--king A, yes!

Agoglia for president. The right man for the right job. Don't listen to the small-minded puritans who might denigrate this man's accomplishments. He asks not what his country can do for him, but what he can do for his country. From nine to five. After that, he's outta here. TO-GA, TO-GA, TO-GA!

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DRINKING TIPS

AND OTHER WAR STORIES



by Michael Simmons

Here I am again, another bimonth gone by, and the Schedule Nazis are on my damn back for another "Drinking Tips" column. I've got no coherent story to tell, so I'll do what good drunks are best at: babble.

It's a week after Christmas and I've got the flu and it's cold and dreary here in New York, which is better than warm and bland in Los Angeles, where I've been living the last four months. I've been on the wagon for the better part of five months, although I've tumbled off a few times. The first time whiskey hiked its skirt up and lured me off the sobriety train was Wednesday, September 30. I remember this date exactly, for reasons that will be-

come evident. My friend Peter Hackes was producing an all-star tribute to Roy Orbison in L.A. for cable TV. He called me up and invited me down to the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel for the evening. Not only was I sober, but I'd quit cigarettes three days before. Once a holic, always a holic, so I just substituted work for alcohol and nicotine. To describe me as bright-eyed and bushy-tailed would be an overly kind understatement. I was ready to pull an Ozzy Osbourne and bite the heads off live poultry. On top of this, I'm a founding member of The Church of Shades, Pain, and Pretty Women, of which Roy "The Voice" Orbison is the pope. After I'd waited an eternity to get past the other trendies vying for good seats, Peter spotted me and whisked me in.

Once inside the Coconut Grove, I was in hipster heaven. To my right sat Kris Kristofferson and Billy Swan. To their right, Leonard Cohen. At one table, Tom Waits chatted with Harry Dean Stanton. I could go on, but this ain't no gossip column. Suffice it to say, the sight of all my heroes assembled in one room got my adrenaline pumping, thereby triggering the biochemical urge for a nicotine fix. I ignored said urge, for the moment.

Then Pope Roy came out onstage, ghostly white, dressed in black, eyes covered by the ever-present black wrap-arounds that the man was seemingly born with. Behind him were chicken-pickin' guitar legend James Burton, limey angst meister Elvis Costello, and—could it be? Yes, it's him! The Boss himself! Bruce Springsteen playing Telecaster rhythm guitar! Roy lit into several of his classics—"Pretty Woman," "Crying," "Uptown" (an obscure personal favorite), and several others. His voice was exquisite. It hadn't changed a bit over the years—

operatic, mellifluous, haunting. Then he stepped up to the spotlight and sang "Only the Lonely," one of the most chilling, mournful paens to the blue side of life. Yeah, Roy, I thought to myself, I've been lonely too.

Seconds later, my buddy Stephen Bruton appeared. Bruton is the brilliant lead guitarist in Kristofferson's band and a killer singer-songwriter besides. He had a cocktail in his hand. My self-control dissolved like Gary Hart's marital fidelity. "Where'd ya get that drink, Bruton?" I stuttered. "Out back," he replied. "They got an open bar out back." "Open?" I panted. "Open, as in free?" He nodded and smiled.

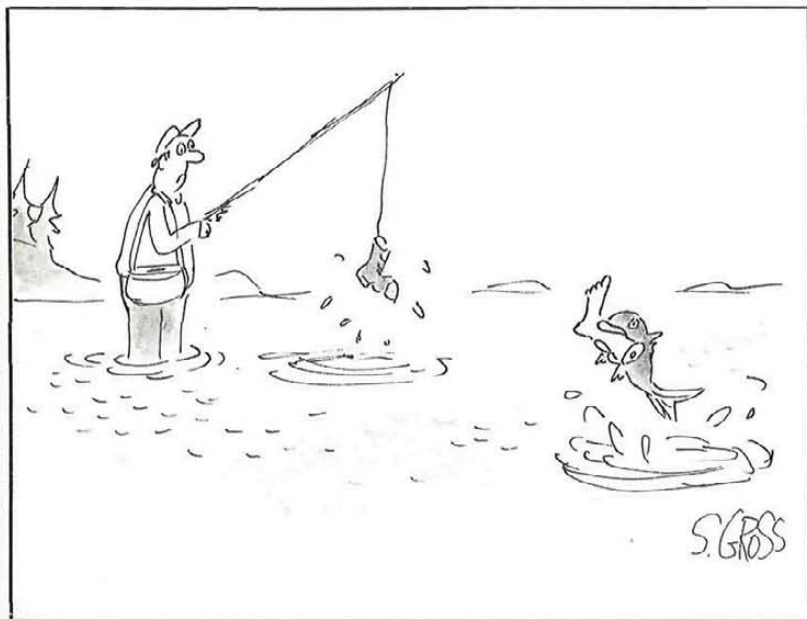
The next thing I knew I was at the bar ordering a double sour mash and bumming a smoke off some pic-eyed A&R man from A&M. We needn't go into all the details of the rest of the evening. The highlights were my confession to Bonnie Raitt of seventeen years of lust for white, female, redheaded, slide-guitar-playing blues singers, a half an hour spent trying to remind a beleaguered and amnesia-stricken Harry Dean Stanton of a three-day binge at Marylou's in New York, climaxed by a debate between me and two six-foot-twelve gentlemen guarding the dressing rooms as to whether Bruce Springsteen and I really are best friends.

Bruton drove me home, and needless to say I woke up the next morning, Thursday, October 1, in a hazy daze. If drinking the night before had all the pleasure of running into an old flame, then rising with a hangover was like having her tell you you're still a lousy fuck. I sat up in my bed and held my head in my hands as the oppressive Southern California sun streamed through the blinds, compounding what was already a Classic Hangover. "Drinking, smoking, carrying on, and what do I get for it?" I asked myself. "A visit from my old nemesis, the Hangover!" I looked up toward the sky and asked the age-old question of the Boss of Bosses, "What can you do to me now?" With that the room shook as if a stampeded herd of cattle had come over to visit.

This particular Morning After was the day the big earthquake hit Los Angeles, measuring 6.1 on the Richter scale. The good news is that it was a long while before liquor touched my lips again. Now, I'm not so egotistical as to suggest that my errant behavior would be enough to tick Him off to the point of causing a major catastrophe. But Fate is unpredictable, to say the least.

Well, what do you know? I've finished my column and I've even told a story with some semblance of coherence. Tomorrow is New Year's Eve. Will I drink or not drink? Let's see, I'm in New York, what could happen? Hurricane? Snowstorm? Nuclear attack?

Happy New Year. ■



In a work of art called "Triptych for the Return," artist Susan Bergman of Lake Forest, Illinois, dropped some 500 pounds of dead fish from an airplane over Lake Michigan. "I liked the way they caught the light," she said.

According to the *Chicago Tribune*, "Bergman had hoped to use 5,000 pounds of fish, symbolic of the multitude of 5,000 fish eaters in the Bible. But that amount cost too much and was too heavy for the aircraft." Bergman considered counting out 5,000 individual frozen smelt but finally settled for the 500 pounds. "A variation on the theme," she said, adding that smelt cost only \$1.25 a pound and are "the shiniest of the small-sized fish, almost like silver mylar."

"The three parts of the triptych are veils, smoke, and trumpets," said Bergman, who is studying for a Ph.D. in art history at Northwestern University. "The fish are the trumpets. Not that they are trumpets, but they are *not* trumpets, if you see what I mean."

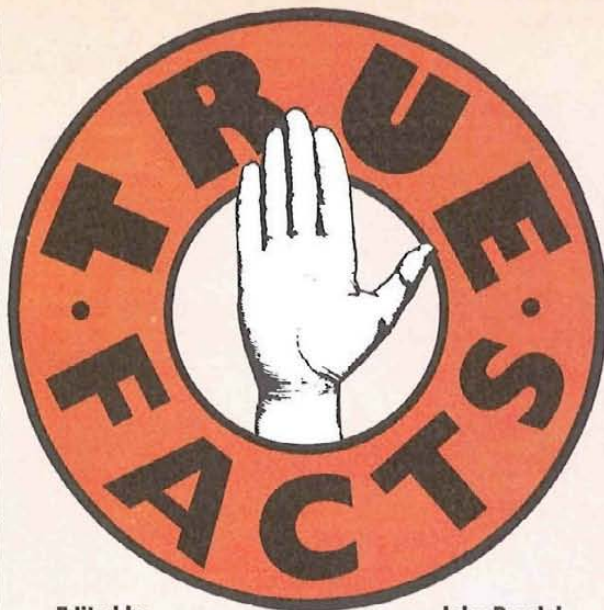
The veil portion of the triptych consisted of twenty-yard-long ribbons of cloth which were dropped over the lake first. One of them, however, "got tangled and never quite unfurled." The smoke part of the triptych came from a smoke generator carried by parachutist Roger W. Nelson. Finally, the rented Cessna aircraft "howled past, trailing a stream of recently thawed smelt into the lake" while spectators below chanted, "Drop the fish! Drop the fish!"

Bergman supervised via two-way radio, claiming "the sky was her canvas" and the plane a "necessary instrument." She also noted that the art event was "about free will and determinism." (contributed by Judie K. Stein)

James Stephens of Avella, Pennsylvania, sued the First United Methodist Church of Waynesburg for \$23,000 over the death of his camel. The camel died, apparently of suffocation, while tethered in a garage between appearances at the church's Nativity pageant. *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* (contributed by Joseph Forbes)

From Kay Bradshaw's "Dayton Data" column in Nevada's *Lyon County Leader/Courier*:

"Just heard that Chuck Peters



Edited by

John Bendel

will have his hand operated on and won't be tickling his organ at a local club, but when he recovers, it will be a great comeback." (contributed by Gary Johnson)

Sheriff M.G. "Corky" Woodward of Morris County, Kansas, resigned after he and his wife videotaped themselves having sex, then forgot to remove the cassette from the rented VCR before returning it to the store. According to Tennessee's *Kingsport Times-News*, "Someone distributed copies of the tape." (contributed by John Burrows)

The News and Observer of Raleigh, North Carolina, reported that the State Personnel Commission ordered a fired prison guard back to work despite dismissal for what his superiors had called "unbecoming and unacceptable behavior."

The unnamed guard, "an eight-year Department of Correction veteran, was dismissed in April 1986 after an inmate complained that the guard had intentionally passed gas near him. State personnel records suggest that the incident was retaliation against the inmate, who earlier had passed gas near the guard's face." (contributed by Jeff Luck-asavage)

From Ohio's *Canton Repository*:

"Trina L. Frazier of 3139 Gilbert Avenue NE told police someone

broke into her home at 2:15 A.M. Sunday and tried to steal her television while she was watching it." (contributed by John Baughman)

From New York's *Newsday*:

"The mayor of São Paulo, Brazil, Janio Quadros, has banned boys 'who look homosexual' from learning dance at the city ballet school, and put a police patrol at the school gate to screen children according to his criteria.

"The school's dismayed director, Mariana Natal, said she was sending home all her boy pupils, average age fifteen, rather than make the nonsensical distinction between homosexual-looking and non-homosexual-looking.

"Quadros resigned the presidency of Brazil in 1963, saying he was communicating with extraterrestrials who told him it was time to leave office." (contributed by William S. Bernstein)

At the twenty-ninth annual conference of the Massachusetts Association of School Secretaries, many participants said they were overworked and underappreciated. According to the *Sunday Telegram of Worcester, Massachusetts*, one school secretary complained: "I'm tired of the myth that we're just paper pushers with nothing between our heads." (contributed by Richard Sullivan)

The Associated Press reported that former secretary of state

Henry Kissinger once got into a dispute with National Archives official Richard Jacobs over papers that eventually went to the Library of Congress. "According to archives spokesman Jill Brett, Kissinger told Jacobs, 'I understand you archivists want the underwear I wore as secretary of state.' The reply, Brett said, was 'It depends on what you wrote on them.'

"The following year, she said, Jacobs received a package, post-marked Paris, containing shorts on which was written: 'Worn for ten days straight from May 1 to 10, 1978.'" (contributed by Jim McLaughlin)

The following story appeared in the *York Dispatch* of York, Pennsylvania:

"A jury of seven men and five women determined that Vincent A. Rice did not rape a Dallastown woman. He was acquitted on charges of rape, indecent assault, and criminal trespass.

"The alleged victim testified she awoke in her apartment in the early hours of March 17 to find a man having sexual intercourse with her. That man, she said, was Rice, whom she knew as the man who drove her and her boyfriend to work each day.

"Rice admitted entering the woman's Dallastown apartment by using a stick pushed through a transom to unlock the door. The woman said, 'Come on' to him from her bed, he related, so he undressed and attempted to comply but was unsuccessful. From testimony of both the alleged victim and the defendant, it appeared to be a case of mistaken identity. When the woman realized the man in her bed was not her boyfriend, she told him to 'get the h—out of here,' she said.

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"Both agreed that he did, indeed, leave her bed and spend the night sleeping in his car nearby, and that she joined him in the morning for the drive to work." (contributed by Chris Brown)

St. Cloud State University's traditional homecoming parade was canceled recently. Margaret Vos, head of the homecoming planning committee for the Minnesota school, cited rowdy behavior along the parade route in past years as the reason. According to Vos, incidents included "major-ettes being literally picked up, put over a person's shoulders, and carried off, trumpets being pushed into people's mouths, and beer cans thrown down tubas." *St. Paul Pioneer Press* (contributed by Don Weirens)

Portuguese poet Joaquim Castro Caldes was denied a \$7,000 grant by the Gulbenkian Foundation in Lisbon. Caldes requested the money to "finance his suicide, including the cost of twenty clowns to enliven the proceeding." *Montreal Gazette* (contributed by Andrea Rabinovitch)

At a recent trade show in Suzuka, Japan, an inventor displayed "underwear with three leg holes." According to the *Wall Street Journal*, "The garment is supposed to last for six days, with the wearer rotating it 120 degrees each day—and then wearing it inside out for three days." (contributed by Charles Locke)

The quality of Christmas trees became a political issue in Hagerstown, Maryland, when Larry Vaughn took the floor at a city council meeting. According to the *Morning Herald*, former councilman Vaughn announced he would "starve himself to death until members agreed to place larger Christmas trees in four areas of Hagerstown." Vaughn was protesting what he considered "scrawny" trees.

"Starting tomorrow I will fast," he said. "I will take nothing but water. If you people want a death on your hands, fine." (contributed by Richard Hart)

Edmond L. Meinfelder of Kimberton, Pennsylvania, filed suit against Mexicana Airlines. The *Philadelphia Inquirer* reported: "What was supposed to have been a direct flight from Cancun, Mexico, to Philadelphia departed

did, Meinfelder complained that his hat, a book, and a newspaper were missing from his seat. In the argument that followed, the replacement pilot ordered Meinfelder off the plane. Then, according to Meinfelder's lawyer, "a Mexicana supervisor, accompanied by three Mexican police offi-

ers, came aboard and suggested that he and Meinfelder go to the cockpit and ask the pilot "for mercy and forgiveness." The plane took off without Meinfelder. (contributed by David Scott)

Eighty-seven-year-old Joseph Tschauder and eighty-three-year-old Myrtle Upton left their Westville, Connecticut, home on a Sunday for a drive through

Litchfield County. Somewhere, however, they took a wrong turn and drove for some twenty-four hours trying to find their way back. "God only knows where they were," said Irene Orifice, Upton's daughter. "They just don't remember."

In any case, they were found by Stamford, Connecticut, police on Tuesday, sitting in their car in a boatyard. According to the police, "Tschauder looked out the window and clutched the wheel as if he were still driving." Officers estimated the couple could have been sitting in the stalled car for as long as seven hours.

"They didn't realize they ran out of gas," said Orifice. "They thought they were driving." *New Haven Register* (contributed by Scott Bishop)

Hungry sea lions have been capturing and eating nearly half of the salmon and steelheads swimming upstream to Lake Washington, where they spawn. The sea lions find especially good fishing at the Ballard Locks fish ladder near Seattle. According to biologist Bob Pfeifer, the sea lions are not frightened away by M-80 firecrackers, so experts have tried to protect the fish by playing loud tapes, including music by Mötley Crüe and speeches by Muammar Kaddafi. *UPI* (contributed by Jerry Heckler)

From Canada's *Ontario Herald*: "Miss Joyce Hawthorn and I were playing cribbage when the man I later recognized as Mr. Robert Norris began to ram his car into my front door," said Miss Josephine Wheeler (seventy-two) of Lincoln, Ontario. "We did not know what to do for the best, so we went on with our game."

"After several attempts, Mr. Norris knocked my front door in, then he got out of his car, rushed into the sitting room, and fired a pistol into the ceiling. After that he sat down on the sofa, took off his mask, and apologized for having mistaken my house for the one in which his wife was living with her lover." (contributed by Steven Newman)

Headline for Thought



This page from the *Toronto Sun* was submitted by Dan Sevsek, who wrote, "Since the girl [in the picture] is from Florida, I figured the headline was fairly accurate."

more than four hours late and headed for Mexico City. On arrival, passengers were ordered to leave their belongings on the plane and wait in the terminal, where they watched airline employees carry champagne and gifts on board. The celebration was a surprise party for the pilot.

Meinfelder's attorney said the three hundred passengers waited more than two hours before being allowed to reboard. When they

did, Meinfelder complained that his hat, a book, and a newspaper were missing from his seat. In the argument that followed, the replacement pilot ordered Meinfelder off the plane. Then, according to Meinfelder's lawyer, "a Mexicana supervisor, accompanied by three Mexican police offi-

cers, came aboard and suggested that he and Meinfelder go to the cockpit and ask the pilot "for mercy and forgiveness." The plane took off without Meinfelder. (contributed by David Scott)

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Signs of the Times



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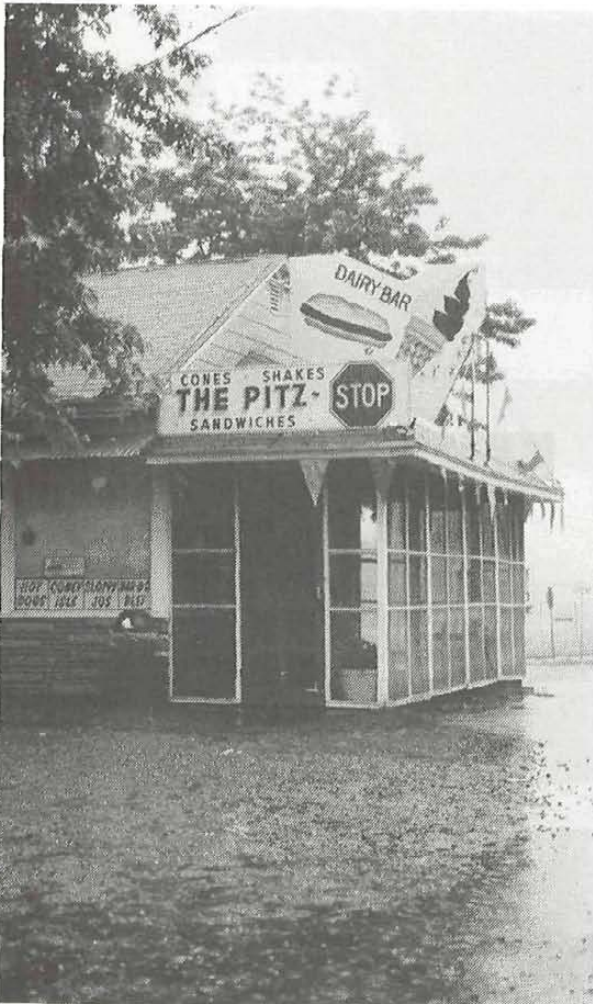
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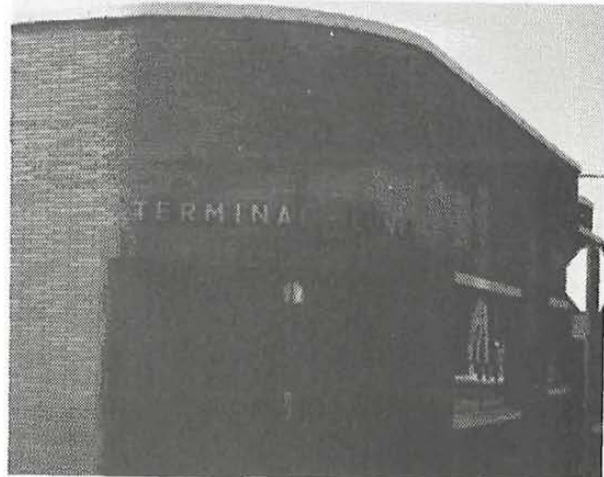
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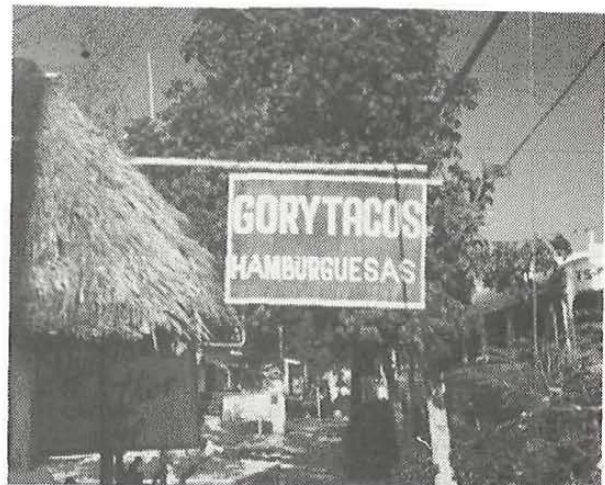
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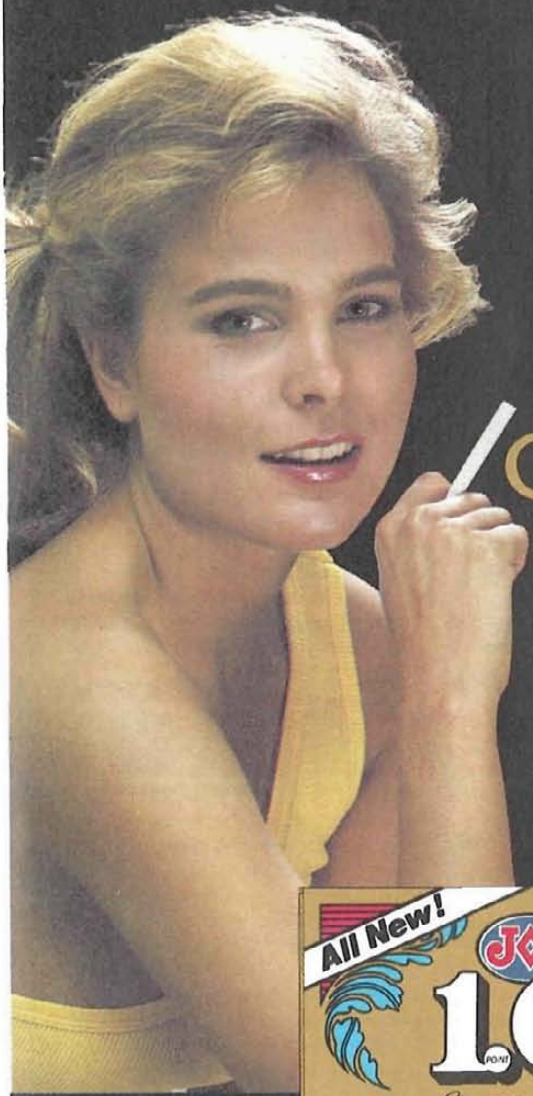
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01

ZEN BASTARD

by Paul Krassner



Yuppieland

The Yuppies are dead.

According to one theory, since they were created by the media, they can also be destroyed by the media—for example, with articles beginning “The Yuppies are dead.”

Another theory suggests that as Yuppie couples have been birthing babies all over the place, their disposable income has been transformed into disposable diapers.

Still another concludes that the final knell was rung on the Yuppie phenomenon by the recent stock market crash. This joke was heard along Wall Street: What do you call a Yuppie broker? “Hey, waiter!”

Whether you prefer the Gallup poll which indicates that one-third of Americans now choose TV-watching as their

favorite form of entertainment, or the soft-drink commercial that features a Yuppie couple “staying home again,” there’s a new Yuppie buzzword to describe this trend—cocooning. Not only is cocooning a way of avoiding AIDS: it’s also cheaper than going out on the town.

But at the same time—according to the International Association of Amusement Parks and Attractions—about 235 million Americans visited the nation’s four hundred amusement parks last year. In Southern California, where the five biggest parks are located, some twenty-seven million visitors spent nine hundred million dollars. Now plans are under way to build the most lavish theme park of all: Yuppieland!

Yes, Disneyland has its Splash Mountain, a flume ride featuring animated characters from *Song of the South*. And Magic Mountain has its special Ninja, with roller coaster cars suspended from an overhead track, which speeds through the trees at fifty-five miles per hour. Universal Studios has its simulated 8-point Earthquake. But Yuppieland—hold your breath—will have a Giant Spinning Cuisinart.

Visitors will be plastered to the inside of this three-storied appliance by centrifugal force. They’ll be supplied with raincoats and hats to protect them from the variety of food and drink that will splash on them as they spin. Chocolate-covered potato chips, champagne, kiwi pies, water imported from France, and yogurt custard will splatter everywhere.

You’ll do what the Yuppies did: soak in hot tubs; put wallpaper on Victorian buildings; watch the Jane Fonda workout tape; try on designer clothes; wear a Rolex watch. C’mon, kids, pretend you’re Yuppies!

At the very same location where the Woodstock Music & Art Festival took place twenty years ago, you’ll ride around

beautifully landscaped acreage in your choice of a Pontiac Grand Am, Volkswagen Sirocco, Honda Prelude, Volvo station wagon, Saab, Porsche, or BMW, or you might fit the whole family in a Winnebago. Of course, they’ll all be equipped with compact disc players—not to mention cellular phones with their own answering machines: “I’m not in my vehicle right now. Please leave a message after the beep.”

Adults who never had a chance to experience the Yuppie lifestyle will be able to simulate it. There’ll be an entire shopping mall in Yoppieland where you can try on various running shoes, or watch movies like *Broadcast News*, *Wall Street*, and *Lost in America*. “Step right up, folks. See Albert Brooks and Julie Hagerty in this 1985 flick. Fed up with their Yuppie lifestyle, a Los Angeles advertising executive and his wife liquidate their assets, buy a camper, and head for the open road. You, too, can be a Yuppie, but without the stress....”

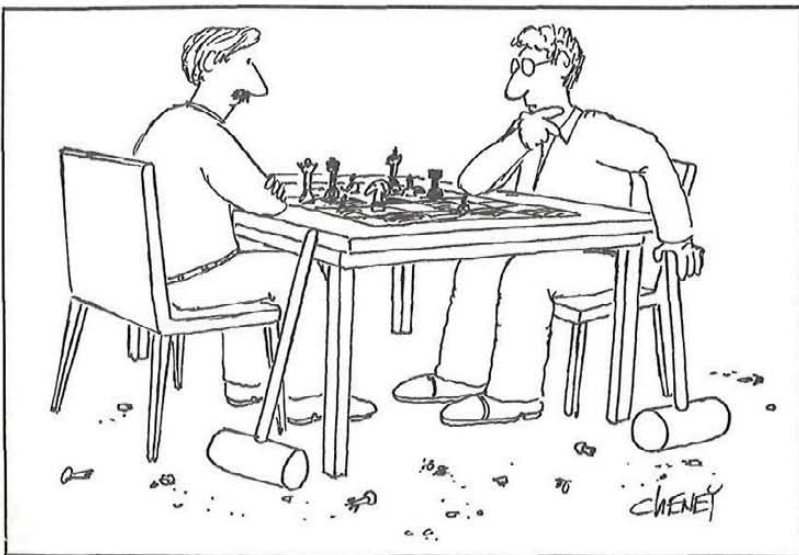
Kids will bring their dogs into the Yuppie pet shop to see \$350 doggie mink outfits and \$80 synthetic bones. Or, if Fido prefers, he’ll visit the spa with whirlpool. “You can’t really hate snobbery,” the mid-way barker pleads, “unless you’ve experienced being a snob yourself.”

Here you’ll watch a tape loop of Alice Kahn explaining how she invented the Y word: “I first used Yuppie in an article that was published in Berkeley’s *East Bay Express* on June 10, 1983. I think it hit big because, although the demographics tell us few are *actual* Yuppies, the baby boom generation likes to have a collective media identity. Even though few have made it, many *aspire* to be networking, suited-up jerks. It’s still America....”

You’ll read the blow-up of a *Zippy* comic strip on the wall. The cultural pinhead is discovering a young couple. “Lemme get this straight—the whole Yuppie phenomenon—the articles in *Newsweek* and *Time*, the ads, the catalogs—it’s just you two?” And they answer: “That’s correct. We’re the *entire* demographic sampling. Yep. Just two Yuppies. We don’t know why, but everyone just *assumed* we were representative of millions of baby boomers. It’s been an *awesome* responsibility. I’m glad it’s finally over....”

Yoppieland will even have a Demographic Room. Walk in, push any button, and you’ll hear a different statistic each time. Try this button: “The average American now earns enough in six minutes to buy a dozen eggs, enough in two hours to buy a toaster, enough in seventeen minutes to buy a six-pack of beer.” Push another button and learn the variations on Yuppie. Black Urban Professionals are Buppies. Chicano Urban Professionals are Chuppies. Gay Urban

continued on page 110



YELLOW JOURNAL

At least our print doesn't run

SPUDS MACKENZIE KILLED

Spuds MacKenzie, the popular canine spokesman for Bud Light beer, was killed when he reportedly staggered into the path of an oncoming car. An autopsy revealed alcohol in his bloodstream.

Sources say the four-year-old MacKenzie, known to legions of his fans as the Party Animal, was in fact coming from a wild party thrown by Bruce Willis and Demi Moore when the accident occurred.

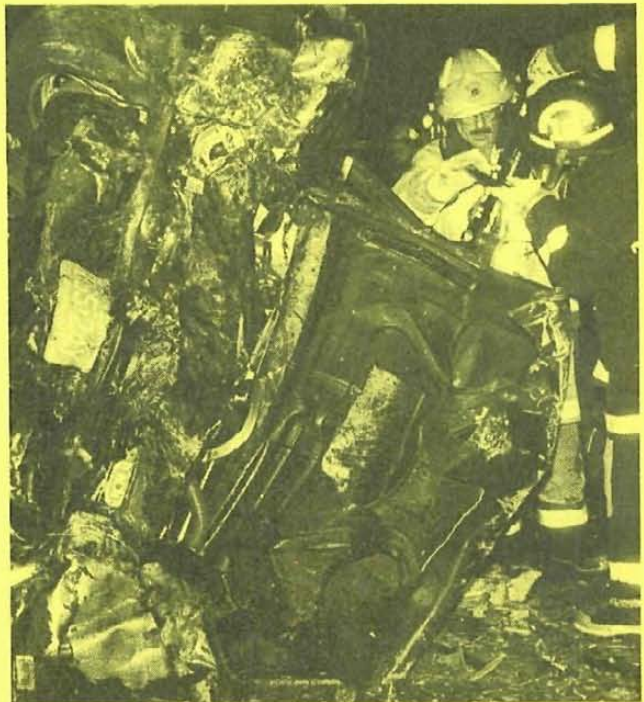
"He'd had much too much to drink," said a distraught Moore. "We could tell he was in a bad way. He spilled his drinks, bit a guest, and pissed all over the couch. It wasn't like Spuds."

"He said he was just going out to take himself for a walk," added a sullen Willis. "I helped him on with his collar and hooked up his leash. A few minutes later, we heard the crash and... well, that was the last I saw of him."

A spokesperson for MADD, Mothers Against Drunk Dogs, reported that alcoholism among dogs is a growing problem in America. "Spuds's fate unfortunately was not an isolated incident. Whenever you see a dog exhibiting odd behavior, like chasing its own tail or attacking a moving car, chances are he's had one too many. We are also seeing a disturbing rise in puppy alcoholism."

Spuds will be interred at the Petty-Bye cemetery. Mourners are asked to send Milk-Bones to the ASPCA in lieu of flowers.

—A.S.



AP/Wide World

Mecham on Boner Parade

Evan Mecham, hyper-conservative governor of Arizona, has come under increasing criticism from outraged groups demanding impeachment for his unbridled offensive comments, among them his description of blacks as "picaninnies," "tar babies," "porch monkeys," "shovelheads," and "Mandingo warriors" in his speech rescinding the state holiday honoring Martin Luther King, Jr.

In requesting a list of all gay state employees, Mecham was quoted as demanding "the goods on every fudge packer in town." Other Mecham "nicknames":

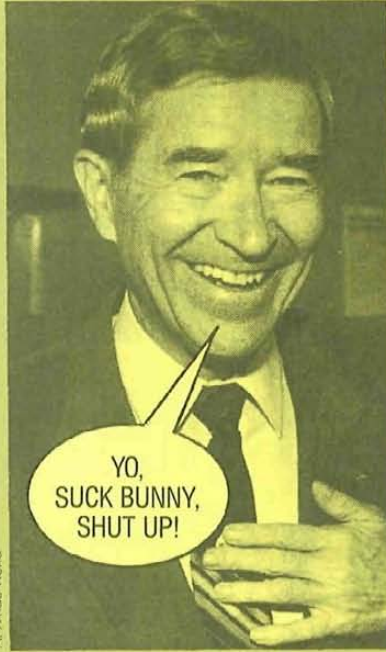
Women: Slits, hosemonsters, slutbags, bed wenches, receptacles, pleasure units, suck maidens, titty wagons, and prosciutto.

Homosexuals: Light in the loafers, soap droppers, untouchables, Nellies, 'mo's, faggoon platoon, milk drinkers, chorus girls, sopranos, crack attackers, and bump n' gropers.

Political opponents: Human garbage, tree slugs, child molesters, syphilitic winos, pustulant windbags, guilty Catholics, geek shows, merchants of chaos, carnival doctors, and vegetarians.

The homeless: Democrats, welfare liars, artists, oozing slime, lazy good-for-nothings, happy wanderers, child actors with bad investment portfolios, walking dung heaps, and disease-infested anarchists.

Oriental: Pie pans, humorless worker



AP/Wide World

ants, yellow death, techno-geeks, slant-eyed love slaves, and laundry larcenists.

Himself: Dr. Hard-on, the Man with the Golden Dong, ambassador of ecstasy, stud at large, pooh-bah of pud, and the best darn governor Arizona ever had.

—N.B.

Cleveland Indians Plan Extra Promotion Dates

Following on the heels of the highly successful promotion run by the Cleveland Indians in September, an independent sports PR firm has announced the introduction of several new promotions designed to stem flagging attendance figures in the late games of the season when teams have been clinched out of the pennant.

Based on the themes of the popular "Giveaway Days," these promotional outings will feature giveaways to the fans, as well as encourage crowd participation. Available to next year's losers from Sportsblare Corporation are Egg Day, Brick Day, Dart Day, Dagger Day, Tomato Day, Shrapnel Day, Hand-Held-Radio Day, Napalm Day, Mortar Chunk Day, Staple Gun Night, and Croquet Ball Day.

Tickets will sell for the usual prices except for seats in the sections directly above the alcohol-free seating areas, which will sell for an extra three dollars.

—D.H.

Ron Says He Won't Go!

President Ronald Reagan has announced that he does not intend to leave the White House when his term expires at the end of this year. "It's a nice place," Reagan said. "It's comfortable and Nancy likes it. We kinda got used to it. My favorite chair is here and I have the cutest little garden in the back. No, we're gonna keep it."

Reagan said that whoever replaces him can get a room at the Hilton and charge it to the government. Reagan would even allow him to use the Oval Office. "But come five o'clock," said the president, "out he goes."

The Attorney General's office is examining the legalities involved in allowing Reagan to retain possession of the nation's first home. When questioned, Attorney General Edwin Meese said, "Off the top of my head, I'd say it sounds right."

—M.S.

Weinberger Reportedly Fired for Punching Meese

According to a high official in the Defense Department, former secretary of defense Caspar Weinberger did not resign of his own volition. He was fired after punching Attorney General Edwin Meese in the nose.

"They were at a Cabinet meeting," the official reported, "and the two of them just got into a spat over something. Before you knew it, Meese called Weinberger a 'piece of social program legislation,' which Weinberger countered by calling Meese a 'Head Start toady,' which so infuriated Meese that he retorted, 'Stick it up your school lunch program,' and that's when Weinberger abso-

lutely lost it and punched Meese in the nose."

The official went on to explain that since the president frowns on the use of curse words, the staff reverts to calling each other various social programs when angered. For example, "Suck my welfare benefits" is the equivalent of "Suck my cock," and so forth.

After the particularly ugly scene between Meese and Weinberger, the president was so upset he ordered the members of his administration never to mention social programs in the White House again, lest they spark more violence.

—A.S.

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Inside Larry King



Larry King's Humans

Did you ever wake up with a strong urge to babble on in a stream of consciousness that requires no more skill than garbage collecting? Welcome to my world.... Some words I can't get out of my head this morning: moist...nougaty...portion...dunga-rees...spatula...galoshes...I'd better stop now before I get an erection.... Say, did you ever notice that the Montreal Expos' logo resembles a tree slug?... The movies they make from Stephen King books just keep getting better and better, don't they?... I had a strange dream last night.... What's better, the smell of boiled Brussels sprouts, or the smell of brewer's yeast?... I'll have seconds if you're serving Polish sausage with a dollop of Marshmallow Fluff.... My pick for the Series? Indians in four.... Mel Brooks to put the kibosh on ugly gossip claiming all his movies have the same jokes, year after year.... Is it just me, or does Pat Summerall's face look like it's melting?... Just who is it who told Wynton Marsalis he could act like such an asshole?... The scuttlebutt on the grapevine tells me we'll be seeing a lot more, in fact too much, of Lyle Alzado on PBS's acclaimed *American Playhouse* this year.... Wouldn't it be

funny if all the kids from *Fame* were forced to perform bad ensemble musical numbers endlessly, until they dropped?... Hey, Mom and Dad, how about dressing up like evil, bitter clowns this year come Halloween time and giving packs of Lucky Strikes to the kids?... It's the darndest thing, but I could swear I shot Howie Mandel last night.... Who says rock 'n' roll is dead when we have the likes of the Hooters and Richard Marx climbing the charts?... Ouch, there's that pain again.... Remember Spanish fly?... I'll come right out and say it, Rip Taylor is a very funny man.... I miss the Nehru jacket.... What do I have to do to get those frightening puppets out of the trees in my backyard?... Have you ever left work early to see illegal dogfights? Try it.... Don't tell anyone, but I haven't been my old self lately.... But then again, neither have you.... When I feel there's too much stress in my life I just unplug the phone, stuff a bead up my nose, and hum along to Lou Reed's *Metal Machine Music*.... Some people I think look old all of a sudden: Joan Collins... the girls from *The Facts of Life*... Roy Orbison... Michael J. Fox... and the cheese I left in the fridge last summer.... My pic for best movie of the year? *The Godfather*.... Twins slugger Kirby Puckett reminds me of the way I looked as a lad.... Keep those cards and letters coming. They turned my heat off and I'm out of things to burn.... I know you'll say I'm a dreamer, but I think it would be a better world if our vocabulary was limited to about two hundred words, we all lived in small cubicles, and the earth started orbiting closer and closer to the sun.... I'm Larry King, and I'll be back next time with a look at the secret life of Willard Scott.

—N.B.

Study Reveals Long-term Effects of Hiroshima

A top-level international study conducted by the United Nations has revealed the reason Japan has overtaken the U.S. as the world's technological and financial leader: the long-term effects of the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima.

Swedish sociologist Lars Hansson, who co-authored the report, believes that, in a bizarre way, the findings are a kind of grim wish fulfillment on the part of Americans. "Remember those old *Revenge of Mothra* movies of the fifties," he asks, "where the effects of radiation created diabolical monsters? Well, the radiation had a similarly gruesome effect on the Japanese people, but what it did to them was make them incredibly intelligent and disciplined." Hansson points to the fact that nationalized IQ tests administered in Japan in 1986 indicate an average rise of thirty points since the previous tests in 1936; there was no increase in U.S. scores during that span.

"Try bombing us with today's technology," says Japanese diplomat Kiko Soroko. "In ten years you'll be like a nation of Chinese, your face in a bowl of rice, your legs in a paddy of rice, and your butt in a sling.



"Incidentally," Soroko adds, "you may be interested to know that before the bomb we could pronounce words like 'Rolling Rock' or 'red lollipops' without humiliating ourselves. But that's a small price to pay to achieve domination over imperialist Yankee stockbroker scum."

—D.H.

CONDOM CORNER

with Connie Condom

Tips, tidbits, and tit-mittens from the Condom Community



Remember, a membership in the Condom Community is a membership for life—have your member become a member today.

FASHION TIP: Ladies, keep a condom in each cup of your brassiere. It will not only stay healthy and handy and be readily available while you are undressing, it will also serve to accentuate your nipple. Also place a wedge of apple in each cup to ensure freshness.

HOUSEHOLD TIP: Dishwashing gloves worn out? Put a jolly-bag on each hand. They may curtail your motor skills, in the manner of thumbless mittens, but they will also protect your paws from hot, chapping water, and dirty dishes won't get you dirty, no matter *who's* eaten from them.

TIDBIT: It's just dizzying when you think of the numbers—that there are trillions of sperm in every male sexual issuance. Every condom is a graveyard for trillions of presidential hopefuls, each swimming as feverishly as Mark Spitz or a salmon writhing its way upwater.... Think of all the poor souls left unborn!... There are four billion people alive now, and God knows how many have lived and died throughout history—more than ten billion, I'd venture.... Say a total of fifteen billion bipeds have walked the earth... half of those male... each ejaculating roughly 15,000 times in his life; estimate six trillion sperm per discharge, and the approximate number of genetic possibilities has something like twenty-four zeroes at the end.... So I guess it's only a matter of odds and percentages that there hasn't yet been a decent host on *Hollywood Squares*....

In a way it's like a game of paternal roulette.... Which load will contain the Einstein, the Wade Boggs, the Shelley Long... or the Manson, the Hitler, the Steinbrenner? Some entrepreneur will figure out a way to determine the best loads for conception, maybe with crystals.... They'll be able to know when to bring the Frederick's catalog into the crapper and aim old Padre Pedro into the sink so as to cast off a load fulla losers... then go pump the missus with the spoonful that's got the valedictorians and lawyers and kids who never bring home stomach bugs and love to mow the lawn.

TIPS FOR TEENS: Hey, midnight dreamers, flannel is much more expensive than latex, so why not wear a condom to bed? Why wake up with embarrassing splatter on your new blue p.j.'s when you can contain it with a TroJo?

HEALTH CLUB TIP: Where there are belly-queens, there is disease, and an exercise facility is a breeding ground for both. The bench of any Nautilus or weight machine verily glistens with greasy, germ-infested sweat and condensated homo breath; you are a godless, haphazard imbecile if at any time while using this equipment you fail to wear a condom and rubber underpants. Further, because of its invasive-shaped snout, it is advised that you swaddle the seat of any Exercycle with Saran Wrap. Legislation is currently pending that will make the furnishing of portable Exercycle-seat covers, like portable toilet-seat covers, into federal law.

AND SPEAKING OF TOILET SEATS, if you must use a public one, do so only after a double coat of polyurethane has been freshly applied, and a steel foil blanket wrapped over the actual commode. Also, you should stand on this seat, as medical science has not yet proven that sexually transmitted diseases do not exist, let alone thrive, in fumes. Because of these fumes, you should at all times wear a condom during bowel transactions. Also because of fume-transported germs, a condom should be worn during any urination committed in a public facility. Remove and dispose of it once you are clearly out of the range of any and all fumes. Then, with an eye on the future of America, rush home and bathe for two hours in a Jacuzzi set at 195 degrees Fahrenheit.

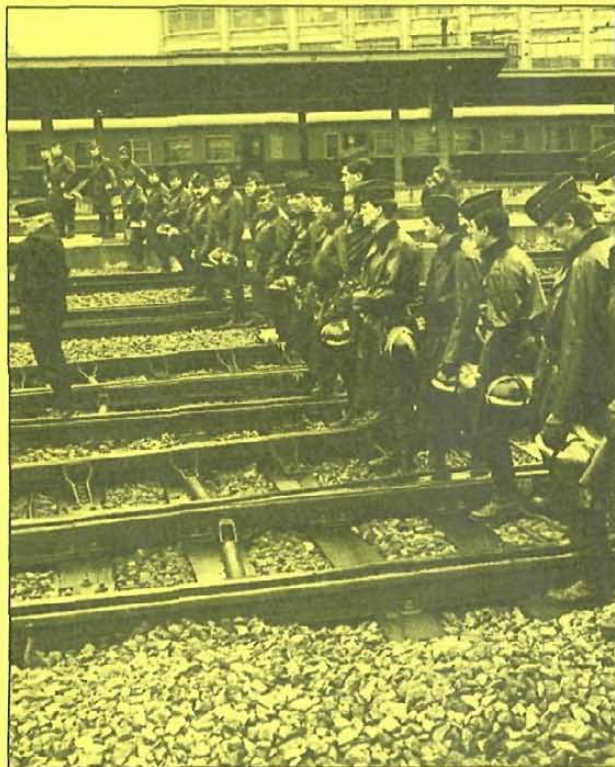
—D.H.

For those Americans who are traveling to Teheran, Iran, this year, here is a calendar of events that should not be missed.

Teheran Visitors and Convention Bureau Calendar of Events for 1988

| | |
|------------|---|
| Jan. 1 | Year of Hate March |
| Jan. 22 | Death to George Washington Day |
| Feb. 14 | St. Valentine Is the Enemy of Our Hate Day |
| April 1 | Cruel Practical Jokes Festival |
| April 4 | Death to the Western Hemisphere Parade |
| June 6 | Kick Reagan in his Rotten Prostate Gland Olympiad |
| June 23-29 | Death to the Bootlicking Lackeys of the Degenerate Imperialist She-Devils Arts and Crafts Fair |
| July 4 | Fuck You, America 10-K Marathon Run |
| July 12 | Iraqi Warplanes Are Coming 15-K Marathon Run |
| July 19 | Hate America, Israel, Iraq, France, England, Japan, Italy, Russia, and Anybody Else We Can Think Of Day |
| Aug. 11 | American Flag Sewing Bee |
| Aug. 12 | American Flag Burning |
| Aug. 13 | Death to the Great Satan Fire-Safety Symposium |
| Sept. 20 | Hate Synonyms Contest |
| Sept. 30 | Martyrs of Islam Will Disembowel American Sailors in a Lake of Fire Ice Cream Social |
| Oct. 27 | The First Anniversary of Nancy Reagan's Mastectomy |
| Nov. 4 | Ninth Anniversary of the Storming of the U.S. Embassy Spy Nest Forum on International Law |
| Nov. 26 | Thanks to Nobody Day |
| Dec. 25 | Death to Santa Claus Day |
| Dec. 31 | 1988—A Year of Hate in Review Lecture Series |

—K.R.



Helmets ready at waist level, French transit police prepare to stop an out-of-control freight train which sources say crashed through a station at 150 miles per hour without paying its toll. Morale in the newly formed police unit is said to be extremely low.

HORRORSCOPE

★★★★★ P★I★S★C★E★S ★ (2/20-3/20) ★★★★★

FAMOUS PISCANS:

Ulrike Meinhof, Pokey, George "The Animal" Steele, Joe Dallesandro, Cesare Borgia, Rondo Hatton, Lord Haw-Haw, Ernst Röhm, Typhoid Mary, Dagmar, Eng and Chang Bunker, Cousin Itt, Stick Dick Hardman.

Your Birthday: Sensuous Pisces—you have an affinity for water...signs indicate a fall into a pond full of raw sewage. You are likely to suffer from water retention—have spouse jump on your bladder until urine and/or blood appear...refrain from lovemaking for a short while.

ARIES (3/21-4/20):

Congratulations! Unwanted stranger on the way...no time to be cheap—have your lover invest in a new, rust-free hanger. Time to put aside your new hobby—the police are on to you. Mid-month good time to be cracked on the skull by crazed Iranian student—keep up those insurance payments!

TAURUS (4/21-5/21):

Springtime!...and your janitor's fancy turns to rape. New diet drug makes you slim and attractive to the opposite sex...side effect of festering genital sores a bummer, though. Surefire investment of life savings in Louisiana worm farm total bust—though it *did* look good on paper.

GEMINI (5/22-6/21):

While your boss is over for dinner, your brat brings him your cigar box full of Thai weed...cab-driving time again. Spouse's aged,

senile father who never bathes, chews with his mouth open, and coughs up extra-large green lungers will soon be ejected from nursing home...guess where he's coming.

CANCER (6/22-7/23):

Third drunk-driving conviction lands you in county slammer for thirty days—bring along steel undershorts. Hurray! Last



John Duke Ketch © 1987

payment this month of sixteen-year mortgage—the house is finally all yours...including soon-to-be discovered toxic-waste dumpsite it was built on. Your new Mercedes seems sure to be totaled by a Puerto Rican parking attendant on angel dust...*muy malo!*

LEO (7/24-8/23): A nasty bout with flatulence puts a crimp in your love life...try a ménage à trois; that way they can't be *sure* it's you, now can they? Tragedy seems imminent: a grossly obese loved one, while undergoing liposuction, will have her liver, spleen, and pancreas sucked out

along with the lard...chin up, you can peddle those organs off to the highest-bidding emergency room and make a tidy sum.

VIRGO (8/24-9/23):

Postnuptial letdown in the stars for hubby: your new wife has pre- and post-menstrual symptoms, making her fit company about four days a month...be patient, and lotsa luck! You will finally notice this month that you have a yarmulke-sized balding patch on the back of your head—your cute five-year-old pipes up at

breakfast that it looks like "a baboon's heinie"... smart little devil, ain't he?

LIBRA (9/24-10/23):

Lucky you, your boyfriend brings you back a gift from a trip out of town: crabs (he would have gotten you the clap, but it was too expensive). Your lovely vacation aboard a cruise ship will be marred when your teenage daughter goes belowdecks with the entire Greek crew—well, at least you can scrub that embarrassing "birds and bees" chat.

SCORPIO (10/24-11/22):

Signs indicate that your new podiatrist is a

psychotic fetishist who collects pinky toes...if you are reading this in his office, get up calmly and hustle your bunions outta there! Your parents find out about your preference for bestiality...family relations strained. Your ex-lover runs up over \$8,000 on your VISA card before you even notice it's missing; no matter, *you* are still stuck for the bill. Eat it and smile.

SAGITTARIUS (11/23-

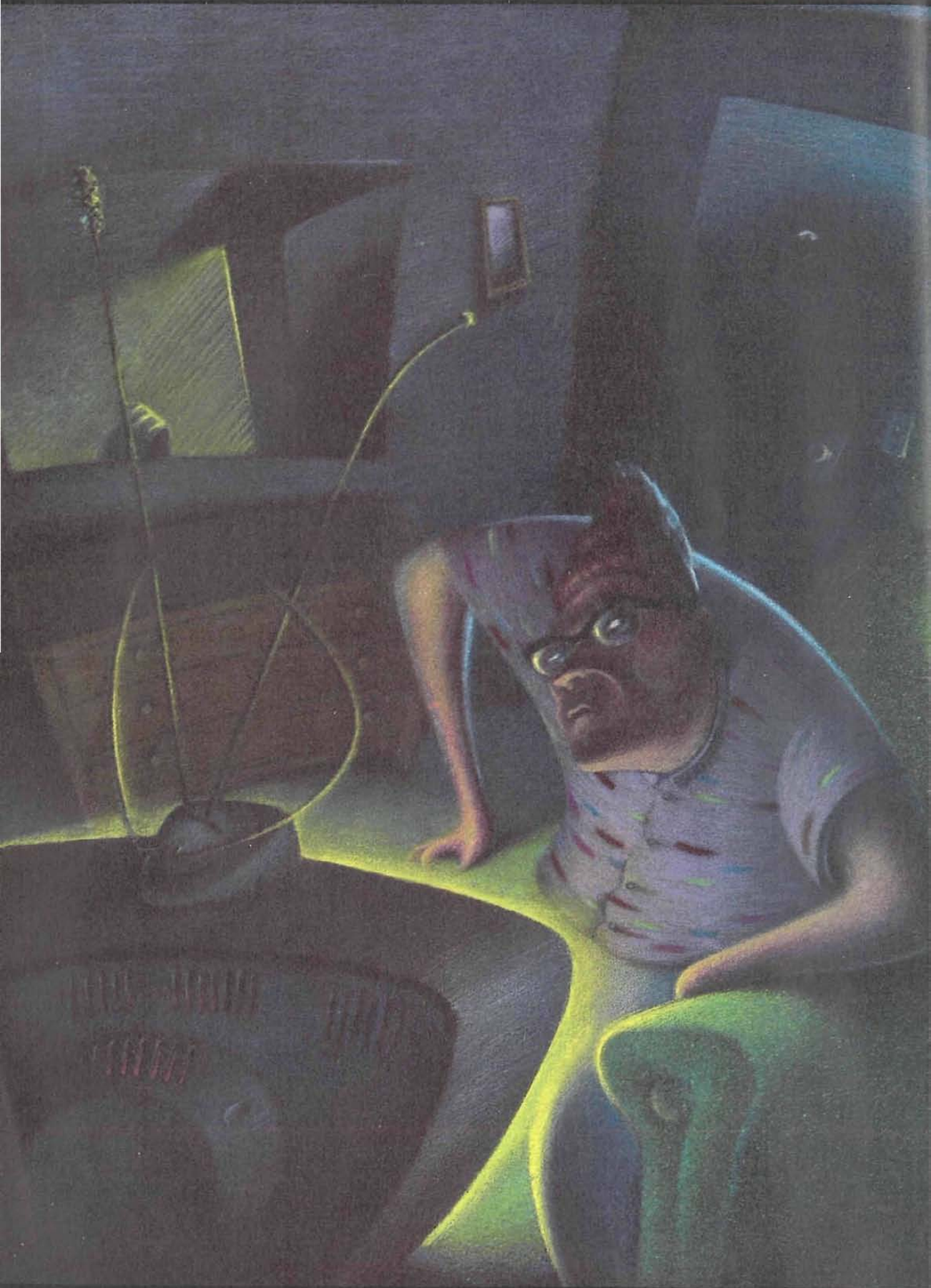
12/21): After four full years of sobriety, you fall off the wagon at your mother-in-law's house and end up barfing on her priceless Oriental rug—bad time to hit on her for that interest-free loan. You are a dead ringer for a nationally hunted mass murderer... be polite to authority figures.

CAPRICORN (12/22-

1/20): Strong likelihood that you will be the victim of blackmail—your eleven-year-old niece, whom you regularly babysit, will tell everyone that you have molested her unless you cough up \$200 each week; call the little monster's bluff—after all, everyone will believe you're innocent...*you are* innocent, aren't you? You should be laid off sometime around the end of March...be prepared to enjoy a *long* Easter holiday.

AQUARIUS (1/21-2/19):

Your constant brown-nosing and toadying at work will finally pay off, in the form of an important, prestige assignment—performing oral sex on your boss; you're on your way up...or is it down? Your teenage son will join a satanic cult which requires him to kill one of his parents...put away that belt and up his allowance, pronto. —T.K.





Dan Rather confirms it for him, confirms that he is in Dutch, confirms it, Edwin thinks, without surprise or disbelief, confirming the massacre of twenty-seven of New York's finest, confirming it aloud, suppressing a smile, dark eyes intent on Edwin through the television screen. Edwin knows that everyone knows that he is holed up in Room 103 in the Holiday Inn at Syracuse, that they are letting Dan Rather confirm the murder not for their sakes but for his own.

He doesn't feel like a murderer, at least not as he thought a murderer must feel whenever he read or heard about such people. Murderers were always strangely defiant—avengers, or enforcers of doctrines which seemed crystalline to them, but unclear to those outside. Murderers would never say "Oops" after dealing a fatal blow.

When he awoke that morning, the morning after the "massacre," he told himself that it could not be true: Angie, the explosion. As he lay in bed, he almost convinced himself of that, except that it felt as if a fat woman were sitting on his chest and pressing her fat thumbs against his trachea. And coming from the parking lot he heard laughter.

They weren't laughing at him, he thought. After all, murderers didn't stay in Holiday Inns. They stayed in seedy urban hotel rooms with peeling wallpaper and stained mattresses, or else ramshackle ranch-style motels on desolate highways in the Midwest, places where, if they had marquees, they would display on them in block letters: WELCOME MURDERERS. Edwin would never stay in such a place; ergo, Edwin was not a murderer. Edwin tried to push the fat woman to the side.

Dan Rather never mentions Edwin's name. He does not need to, does not desire to, as if speaking the name out loud would destroy any possibility of keeping a straight face. Edwin knows this.

It is Helen's fault, that bitch. If she were to walk through the door right then, he would strangle her. No, if she were to walk through the door right then, he would light a cigarette, let the smoke curl from his nostrils, squint his eyes, and smile, and she would already be removing her earrings as she walked toward him. Helen was quite a walker, walked as if she meant it, straight, heels clicking sharply, sharp stiff clicks, not splatters of noise like some women's heels made. She walked as if she knew where she was going even when she didn't.

The first time Edwin saw her he suspected that she was lost, although no one else would have guessed that. He was waiting for a bus. She walked up and down a half block of storefronts and apartment buildings for nearly fifteen minutes, ignoring the whistles of construction workers across the street, reaching some designated point at each end of the block and turning abruptly around to begin again. She did not even attempt to conceal the possibility that she might be lost, the way that most people do by reaching the turnaround point, then overtly glancing at their watches, feigning disgust or surprise at having forgotten some phantom object and having to retrace their steps.

Edwin watched her click along, his eyes pressed like sweaty hands on her posterior, watched her click toward him, his eyes intent on her face, hoping she might meet his stare, appreciate his smile, and, abandoning her business, come to him, removing her earrings. But she only clicked along, and Edwin's bus arrived.

A week later he saw her on the same corner, attempting to hail a cab. Edwin decided to hail a cab as well. It would be fate. Each, unaware of the other, beckoning the same taxi, intent upon their own business, moving toward the car door, gently colliding, he placing his hand on the small of her back to steady them both, she smiling and apologizing, offering to

continued on page 32

EDWIN'S GIRLS

by Mark Walters

Illustrated by Edison Girard

share the back seat, each of them fully aware that all of this was merely perfunctory exchange before sexual intercourse. Accordingly, a cab did pull up to the curb and Edwin paced himself so that he might collide with her. He could smell her heavy, dark hair—it was clean and sharp, and he tried to keep the scent in the back of his nose and the top of his throat. He bumped her as they were both reaching for the door. “Damn you!” she said, climbed into the back seat, and slammed the door, and the cab pulled away.

Edwin watched the back of her head as the taxi moved away through the traffic, replaying the scene in his mind, manipulating the tone, the inflection of the oath, until he was no longer certain just how she had said it. Had he detected a note of interest? Of intrigue?

He crossed the street, walked past the construction site, and entered a café at the end of the block. He treated himself to a doughnut and a cup of coffee.

The next day Edwin saw her at the same corner. She was speaking to a red-haired, square-jawed man who seemed to enjoy smiling and gesturing with his broad, pale hands. They exchanged light kisses, and the man walked away. He walked with a lazy, bowlegged gait, as if there were no need to demonstrate that he could move swiftly, because it was already obvious, since he wasn't doing so, that he could. Edwin decided that he was her brother.

She stared after the red-haired man, then waved for a cab. Edwin leaned against the bus-stop bench, and when she

looked in his direction he pointed a finger at her, a pistol-like gesture, clicked his tongue in the back of his mouth, and winked. She turned and walked toward the waiting cab.

There had been a spark, Edwin knew. What he had taken for interest yesterday had been confirmed and more by her actions today. He was certain that while she was looking at him, she had parted her lips slightly, then pressed them together as if attempting to deny the impulse to speak and affirm her attraction toward him. Overwhelmed by the conflicting desires, the sense of good-girl propriety and bestial lust for a swarthy stranger, she had fled in pleasurable guilt. Edwin knew he would be present in her dreams tonight.

Edwin did not see her again until Friday. She, the red-haired man, and a scanty-haired elderly woman—their mother, Edwin thought—emerged from an apartment on the corner. They were laughing at something the man must have said, because he, conscientiously, was laughing less heartily than the other two. Edwin walked toward them, thinking that she might be more inclined to address him while surrounded by family. The red-haired man shook the elderly woman's hand and ambled off. As Edwin approached the women, he saw them glance in his direction.

“He certainly is handsome, Helen. You've done well for yourself,” the scanty-haired woman said.

Edwin kept walking. So, Helen had spoken of him to her mother. His primary

instincts about her, based upon her walk, had been correct: she was bold—bolder, in fact, than he had given her credit for. Edwin liked that. She was a woman who knew what she wanted, who, by knowing that, was relieved of any need for aggression. Once Edwin realized this, the meaning of their previous encounters crystallized for him. He, who had always prided himself on perspicacity in these matters, had been drawn like a virgin youth between her legs: she had been in complete control.

Edwin turned around, and she and her mother were gone.

That day, while Edwin worked, shelving books at the City College library, he tried to smell Helen's hair. If he could catch the scent, he could see her face; otherwise she eluded him. At times he could visualize what he thought was her face, only to have it shift slightly, changing the shape of the mouth, and he would realize that he had been mistaken, that he was not seeing *her* face, but a composite face. Her face would flicker before him and disappear. He smiled at her audacity, how she toyed with him.

That weekend, like every other, Edwin stayed in his apartment and watched television, considering how his every action would appear to Helen. He postured before the programs: a leg thrown over the arm of the chair, hands behind his head, mouth open in raucous laughter before *The Bugs Bunny Show*; arms crossed over his chest, an eyebrow raised in condescending amusement before *American Bandstand*; biceps flexed, body forward, face reddened before NCAA football. He even drank a beer, not because he wanted one but because Helen would expect it. That evening Edwin decided to take himself out for dinner. Helen watched as he showered and dressed, watched in the mirror through his eyes. Forget dinner, she said, come to bed.

She watched as he left his apartment, as he descended the stairs, as he pushed his way through the front door, entered the street, pulled his collar up. Not more than twenty feet from him, Helen was climbing into a taxi. It was as if by imagining her, he had actually produced her. She was so close Edwin could almost smell her hair. He waved as the cab drove by. Helen looked. In the darkness of the cab only her white face was visible, floating like a pale balloon, quiet, softly featureless. Edwin knew she had abandoned pretense, was submitting to him. Enough games, her face said, take me. Edwin knew that he would.

That night Helen came to him in his dreams, and he took her, without argument; and though it was he who was doing the taking, because she had decided to submit, it was she who was in control.

Edwin woke spent and happy; although he recognized the dream as



dream, it lost no force. Dreams, he knew, were real; the mind released touched truth: only those who believed in their dreams saw truth; Helen had come to him in the night.

Edwin planned their day. He would go to the building from which she always emerged. There he would see her name above a mailbox and buzz her apartment. Although she had never heard his voice, when he spoke she would know it was he. She would allow him to enter the building, and he would ascend the stairs toward her apartment, while she, beyond the door, would draw the shades.

Once again, as if by imagining he had actually succeeded in producing her, Helen's picture appeared in the society section of the newspaper. She was with her brother. They were engaged to be married to one another. MRS. WENDELL OGDONOVICH IS DELIGHTED TO ANNOUNCE THE ENGAGEMENT OF HER DAUGHTER, HELEN, and in the photo the red-haired man stood with his broad pale hand on Helen's shoulder, smiling beneath what Edwin knew was red hair but in the photo was only gray TO OFFICER THOMAS McCORMICK, SON OF MR. AND MRS. SEAN McCORMICK he was not her brother at all.

McCormick had, for God knows what twisted reason, masqueraded as her brother so that Edwin might be drawn to her, made to appear stupid, humiliated before the entire neighborhood and, now, the entire city. Edwin heard the city laughing, the dull roar of sustained laughter from eight million who enjoyed Edwin's being the butt of what they thought an outrageously funny joke.

He'd see how much laughter there would be when Thomas McCormick had his whang blow off.

That afternoon in the library people smiled at Edwin, whispered when he passed. Some ignored him completely. He knew they feared association with one who had been led by the groin to humiliation in front of a whole city.

Edwin went straight to the shelves that held the books dealing with explosives. He would need something small, tube-like, something that would detonate when jostled. He would need nitroglycerin. He read that nitroglycerin could be extracted from dynamite and that psychotics and saboteurs often obtained dynamite by burglarizing construction storage sites. Edwin thought that it was dangerous to print this information with so many nuts on the street. Edwin took notes, transcribed sections of the text while listening to people whispering about him.

In a hobby shop he bought a small plastic test tube and a rubber stopper. As the clerk handed Edwin his change, he said, "Have a good day." Edwin watched him

say it, watched and listened as the clerk said it, as he pursed his lips and stretched the syllable in "good," not wanting to release it, wanting to make certain that Edwin understood that he knew that it would be impossible for a man as stupid as Edwin to have a "good day."

Edwin crossed the street and entered the Boutique Erotica, where he selected a blonde party doll named Angie from a bevy of rubber dolls, while the pear-shaped sweating proprietor grinned in his direction because he was certain that Edwin would for the rest of his life be forced to engage in unnatural acts with a piece of inflated rubber as a result of the machinations of that castrating bitch Helen and her scheming fiancé.

Edwin went home and stared through his window at the empty construction site across the street. Until that point, he had considered himself in charge of the situation; but the more he felt prodded by his laughing neighbors, the availability of his supplies, the very fact that there was a construction site with a storage shed which in all probability housed dynamite—they had blasted away the foundation of the building that stood there previously—the more he thought it all seemed a bit convenient, as if he were a volitionless character in a movie pushed into situations in which he really had no desire to be. He didn't really want to blow Thomas McCormick's whang off, but if he didn't do it the story would keep spinning its wheels, people would keep laughing at him.

So he waited until nightfall, approached the chain-link fence surround-

ing the site, and scaled it as if it were the most natural thing in the world to do. On the other side, he took a paper sack from his coat pocket and filled it with sawdust and placed it against the fence so that he would not forget it.

The storage shed, constructed of corrugated iron, was locked. Edwin realized he had forgotten to bring tools, but even this did not bother him, because he decided that he was no longer running the show, that if the action were to be completed, then a screwdriver or a pair of metal shears must be lying conveniently around somewhere. There was nothing. He did find a cinder block, and tried to pound it quietly against an already loose seam in the iron. He made no progress, and he realized that quiet pounding, pounding that was trying not to sound like pounding, was much more conspicuous than outright pounding. No one would suspect someone who was pounding savagely, openly, against the seam of an iron shed. If someone strolled by, Edwin would just wave and keep on pounding.

Eventually he succeeded in creating a gap large enough for him to squeeze through. Inside he found a fifty-pound case of dynamite. He gathered up ten large cartridges, each some eight inches in length, and stuffed them into his coat pockets.

While Edwin, with sawdust and dynamite, was once again straddling the fence, an elderly man dragging a small poodle on a leash appeared on the sidewalk below him. "Nice evening," Edwin called.

The man scowled and hurried away.

continued on page 112



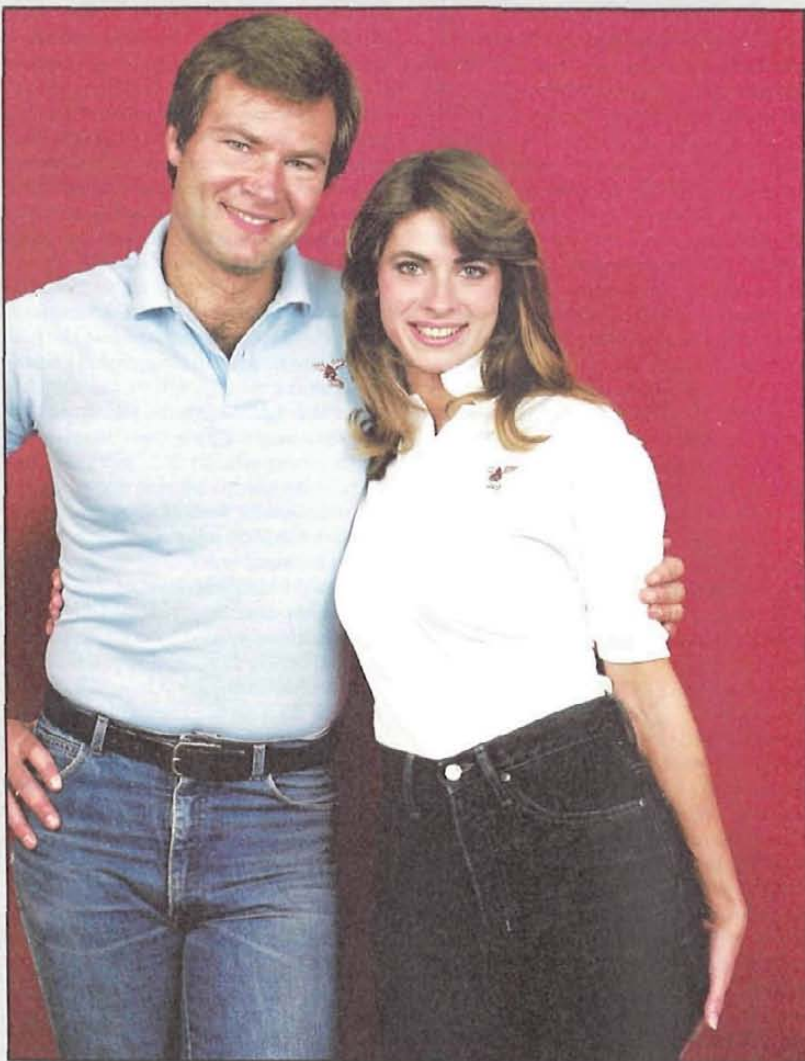
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BY SUSAN FORELEG, M.D., Ph.D., C.P.A.

IS THIS THE WAY LOVE IS SUPPOSED TO FEEL?

- Does the man you love assume the right to control every facet of your behavior and treat you like some dink-dump finger puppet?
- Have you disowned your family and friends to keep him happy?
- Does he lock you in the house when he goes out?
- Does he call your mother and tell her that you're a filthy, child-molesting slut?
- Does he make you eat your dinner out of the same bowl as the dog eats out of? At the same time the dog eats?
- Does he frequently tell you, in front of friends, that he hates your guts and that you're the most despicable lump of turd-worm on the face of the planet Earth?
- Are you a brain-dead twit incapable of mastering church-boat bingo who has the IQ of pudding?

If the questions here reveal a familiar pattern, you may have married a man who is unkind, who may even be eroding your self-esteem and confidence. Also, if you answered yes to these questions, you may be one of the millions of reasons that women are acknowledged to be dumber than men in nearly all professional and civic environments, so desperate for male attention that they'll degrade themselves in any number of ways, including paying good money for books that contain nothing they shouldn't have learned on Grandma's knee. In fact, it was this type of helpless behavior that inspired God to make women the ones who stay home and shampoo the rugs and have painful childbirth and put penises in their mouths.

A Personal Introduction

On a summer day five years ago, a woman entered my office, lay down on my couch, and began speaking. What she said would change my life forever.

Nobody in his right mind would stay with someone like me. The only reason Ken stays with me is because he is so good-hearted and loyal. He is the most wonderful man on earth, kind and giving and cheerful, and I am the most useless piece of trash on earth.

Now this in itself was not such an odd thing to say, especially considering her pitiful personal appearance, but as she continued, and as I looked her over, it occurred to me that something was wrong. This woman, who was presently 120 pounds overweight and dressed in a torn old potato sack, her teeth and nails and hair filthy and her skin encrusted with scabs and lice, admitted that, when she'd married Ken three years before, she was fresh from the finals of the Miss U.S.A. pageant, she'd just been elected a state senator, and she'd been the youngest-ever candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize. She had always dressed in the latest fashions and been invited to the best parties, as well as being held in almost lordly esteem by her political cohorts—and all this by the time she was twenty-four. But now this woman on my couch, at twenty-seven, was so ashamed of herself that she had resigned from politics completely, had lost sixty points off her IQ, and seldom left her cellar.

The decline of Donna's self-esteem seemed to have begun when she married Ken. Yet when I questioned her about her husband, she had nothing but praise.

He's the most wonderful man on earth. He's charming and witty and cuddly and charismatic. Every day I thank my lucky stars I've been blessed with a man as kind and wonderful as he is.

Well, I didn't spend fourteen years in college and eight years in med school for nothing. As I listened to Donna and observed her appearance, I said to myself, "Something is wrong here." I pressed her to tell me more about her husband; little by little a fuller picture emerged.

I guess the only thing about him that upsets me is that he's old-fashioned sometimes.

"What do you mean by 'old-fashioned'?" I asked. She laughed a little and hesitantly recounted:

Well, he gets really upset when I don't have his dinner waiting for him when he gets home. One time he'd finished his meal but the apple pie was still in the oven, and he got so angry that he shot the dog and made me live in the doghouse for a month. I was leashed onto a lead so I could go back and forth from the doghouse to the garage, where my water dish was. Also, during football season he makes me stand up on the roof and hold the antenna so the reception will be better. Once there was a stiff November wind and I couldn't hold it steady, so he made me lick the kitchen floor to a high polish, then he kicked me down the basement stairs for having bad breath.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Suddenly a geyser of words poured out from the depths of Donna's tormented soul:

He also likes to have sex with my sister or my friends in the living room while I'm preparing his dinner, and he videotapes the whole thing, and then while the three of us eat, he plays it back and makes me watch. Also, he and his friends play dart games to see who can miss me by the least, and then they drink beer and go to the bathroom in my hair.

She admitted that she had been inexplicably depressed and felt her self-worth dropping over the last couple of years, but had been unsure why. Donna's jaw dropped when I told her I had pinpointed her problem—that she had married an unkind man, and indeed, his unkindness had had a negative effect on her self-confidence. Donna was surprised to learn that her husband was what I like to call an M.S.P.—a Misogynist Scum Partner.

I reassured Donna that with hard work she would be able to reclaim the self-confidence and verve that she had misplaced during her marriage. I could see as she walked out the door that she looked relieved already.

But Donna's story had hit me very hard. This was not the first time a woman had come to see me with this type of problem, nor was it the first time I had reacted strongly. What was affecting me was the fact that Donna's situation was so close to that in my own life.

Although at the office and with our friends I appeared confident and happy, at home it was a different story. My husband, like Donna's, was charming, sexy, and romantic, and I'd been madly in love with him from the moment we'd met. But I soon discovered that he relished nothing more than making me miserable, belittling me in front of friends and strangers, lashing me to the shower rod when he went on business trips, and doing such things as, at class reunions and family get-togethers, putting signs on my back that said "Kick me and I'll give you a rim job," "Warning: I brake for Alpo," and "I have oral sex with swarthy immigrants every chance I get."

Of course, every woman's case is different—in my case my husband made me hold the antenna during baseball, not football, season—but I recognized disturbingly similar elements in my relationship with my husband as Donna had with Ken. For the first time it occurred to me that I, too, might have married an M.S.P. And suddenly it dawned on me that perhaps this was the reason I was dressed in a torn old potato sack and had scabby skin and greasy hair.

I got divorced the following week, and it was like having a two-ton weight lifted from my shoulders. I couldn't believe how stupid I'd been! And then something else occurred to me: when I considered how many other patients I had who didn't know that their husbands were cruel and heartless, I realized that there could be a multitude of equally ignorant women out there. Sure enough, I started doing radio call-in shows and lectures and eventually TV talk shows, and massive numbers of unenlightened female victims came crawling out of the woodwork.

It was strange: women who had scored as high as men on standard intelligence tests and who were capable of holding down high-level jobs and who considered themselves in tune with the world were gladly giving away the best years of their lives for a few inches of male attention. Odder yet, these women had an insatiable desire to be told how stupid they were for hooking up with this type of man. I was only too glad to do the job.

PART I

Mean M.S.P.'s and Their Dim-witted Women

Dream Love

It's the Hollywood way to fall in love. You see him across a crowded room, your eyes meet, and that indescribable thrill takes over your whole body. Your knees weaken, your hands get clammy, your feet begin to smell. This is the dream of happiness, fulfillment, eternal joy. You were born to be with him. Just being near him is exciting. It is overpowering. It is called romantic love, and it is every woman's dream.

As Lorraine, a thirty-year-old dental hygienist, describes her first meeting with Mitch:

I saw him across a crowded room. Our eyes met, and that indescribable thrill took over my whole body. My knees weakened, my hands got clammy, and my feet began to smell.

They got to talking, and it was obvious that Mitch's feelings were as strong as Lorraine's. Lorraine continues:

I felt so special, like I always knew I would ever since I was a little girl and I read those nice books with the white horses and handsome interns on the covers. We were married the following week.

My client Vivian was swept off her feet in an equally romantic fashion, in a pastoral setting:

I met Al in the park; he was lying across a bench sleeping when I woke him and asked him to move over. The moment our eyes met, I felt something special. Everything about him was so manly, from his stiff beard to his gruff voice to his musky scent. He asked me if I wanted to get something to eat, and after we finished, he told me he didn't have any money and asked me if I wouldn't mind paying. To meet a man with so much humility was so refreshing and nice! I felt so special, and I just knew he felt the same because that night he asked me if he could move in.

We All Love Romance

Romance makes you feel like a total woman; your emotions and bodily secretions combine to create a feeling of euphoria and total oneness with your partner. The problem with these kinds of emotions is they can make you lose sight of the fact that every man on earth except Phil Donahue and Shere Hite's life partner is a heartless, vicious woman-hater. But often, women are so desperately caught up in a man's so-called "charm" that they don't even realize they are being mistreated. I call this "romantic blinders," although it has sometimes been referred to as "having dog dirt between your ears."

Lorraine soon realized that Mitch was not perfect, as she had first imagined he was, but desperately clung to her image of him as the answer to her dreams, in the process choosing to ignore his many obvious shortcomings.



Mitch was so charming, sweet, kind, and handsome that I was blinded to his faults. He lived in a dilapidated row house with a gang of ten bikers, whom he insisted I have sex with while he watched. He also insisted that I pay the rent and buy them drugs.

Another one of my clients, a former book editor named Hedda, had fallen madly in love with Joel, a lawyer, and moved in with him, but was oblivious to the ugly side of his personality.

At first, life with Joel was heavenly. He just swept me off my feet. I knew he was being unreasonable when he busted my face and kneecaps with an exercise bar, but he was so charming, and the kids were so docile around him. But as the saying goes, no one's perfect, so I knew that I'd have to accept his bad traits along with his good if we were going to make our relationship work.

Jekyll & Hyde & Sybil & Sybil & Sybil

If a man is vicious and heartless every minute of the day, even a woman with less education than I would realize he was vicious and heartless. But in between his psychotic rages, the skilled M.S.P. can be just as charming and kind to you as he is to other people. These glimmers of kindness support the misconception that his cruel actions are the exception and not representative of "the real him." Laura did not know that Nathan was a multiple personality who had murdered a string of teenage boys, old Lithuanian women, and poodle breeds, and when he began showing symptoms of his disorder, she became confused. Since the personality of a handsome, extremely charming, dapper London businessman had been present at their first meeting, she confidently assumed that that persona was Nathan, but after spending their second date at his home, where he acted like a snaggle-toothed hunchback committed to the worship of little girls' used ballerina shoes, she was perplexed. She was further confused at their third meeting, when he behaved like an arthritic quarterhorse, but when next they met, the suave Englishman had returned. But in a subsequent visit, when they met at a restaurant, his face was adorned with cream cheese and sawdust and he continuously chanted, "Hand-held gull guano! Hand-held gull guano!" throughout the six-course meal.

Laura was on an emotional teeter-totter with Nathan. She was caught between the fluctuations of his psyche, hanging on the hope that Nathan's uglier, more disturbing personalities were only temporary and that the real Nathan, the kind and debonair one, would return full-time.

Rationalizing

Rationalization is what we do when we smooth over an insight or realization that could interfere with our present good feelings. It's a way of making a partner's unacceptable behavior acceptable.

In the nearly four months I spent researching and writing this book, I interviewed dozens of positively moronic

women, in addition to my equally stupid present clients. Of all these women, a former stewardess named Mary shines out as the gleaming emerald, the crown jewel of dumbness. This is her rationalizing her M.S.P.'s inexcusable behavior:

I was doing a late flight to Fort Lauderdale one night and Brian was in a very bad mood, and very jealous because he was afraid there might be men on the plane. He followed me to the airport in a rage and threw a bomb at the plane, destroying it and killing most of the people on board. After several months in the burn unit I was okay, except my face was sealed shut. He wrote me from prison and told me that he'd kill me next time, and asked if I'd marry him. I told him I understood that he'd been upset since he'd been having such bad luck at the dog races, and said I would marry him when he got out. I knew that once things started going his way again, he'd be the same charming, witty man I'd fallen so madly in love with.

By making excuses for Brian's behavior, Mary avoided confronting the fact that he was having a negative effect on her. This is called rationalizing, although again it is an example of the so-called "cow-pie cortex" theory.

Here are some other amazing rationalizations I've heard from women who are trying to explain away their partners' actions:

"Yes, he shot and killed his previous four wives, but they did things that would have annoyed anyone, even Mother Teresa."

"He really scared me when he tied me to a chair, put me in the street, and ran me over, but he's under a lot of pressure right now, and when I'm out of traction I'm sure things'll improve."

"I know that it was wrong of him to tie me naked to the hood of the car and drive through my hometown yelling 'Five-dollar B.J.'s! Five-dollar B.J.'s! Don't mind the rotted, lifeless tits!' but he's got a unique sense of humor and sometimes he goes a bit too far."

"I know it's strange that he hasn't come home or called in six years, but he's very busy with his job right now and he really needs to concentrate, so I'm not going to continually call and nag."

The Resourcefulness of the M.S.P.

The M.S.P. has a wide variety of techniques he can use to abuse and batter you. (And here I speak only of emotional abuse and verbal battering, which is ultimately as severe as the physical because it can hurt and demoralize you just as much. Those of you interested in physical abuse can pick up my critically acclaimed book *Men Who Wallop Women and the Women They Wallop*, Cockatoo Press, \$4.50 in the U.S., \$5.50 in Canada.) There are M.S.P.'s who will threaten, shout, and holler menacingly, and those who will undermine you with the small, cruel, sharp needles of incessant criticism. Then there are the types who will use other approaches, like guilt, intimidation, and humiliation. You will find that these are used with increasing frequency because many M.S.P.'s saw me describe these techniques on *Donabue* recently and are dying to try them out.

PART II

Ignorant With or Without Him

Should You Try to Change the Way Your M.S.P. Relates to You?

Despite the fact that their husbands make their lives a living nightmare by torturing and humiliating them around the clock, many women are reluctant to try to alter their relationship with an M.S.P. This is due to the fact that 1) people are creatures of habit; 2) many women fear their husbands' reaction to a suggestion of change; 3) many M.S.P.'s are cute when they're mad; and 4) most women have the intelligence of Saran Wrap. It is important to remember that these four things are of little or no consequence; what is important is that you realize you really are an attractive, intelligent, assertive woman who deserves the best for yourself. How on earth you could have these qualities is incomprehensible if you've read this far, but let's move on.

How to Change Your Life with an M.S.P.

The most popular way to avoid the pain of a relationship with

an M.S.P. is via the use of drugs and alcohol. While I do recommend this to many of my patients, these are often hard to come by, and worse yet, their abuse can play havoc with your weight. Probably the best method is murder. With this method you don't have to deal with an M.S.P.'s harping, plus you can use the life insurance to do something nice for yourself to help rebuild the confidence you lost during your relationship. Go out, get a facial, go to the beach, take a bubble bath—pamper yourself in a way you deserve. If you don't have a gun or you're afraid of jail, the best thing to do is either get a divorce or become a lesbian, or both. Or, ultimately, you can do what I did, which made me a very happy woman indeed.

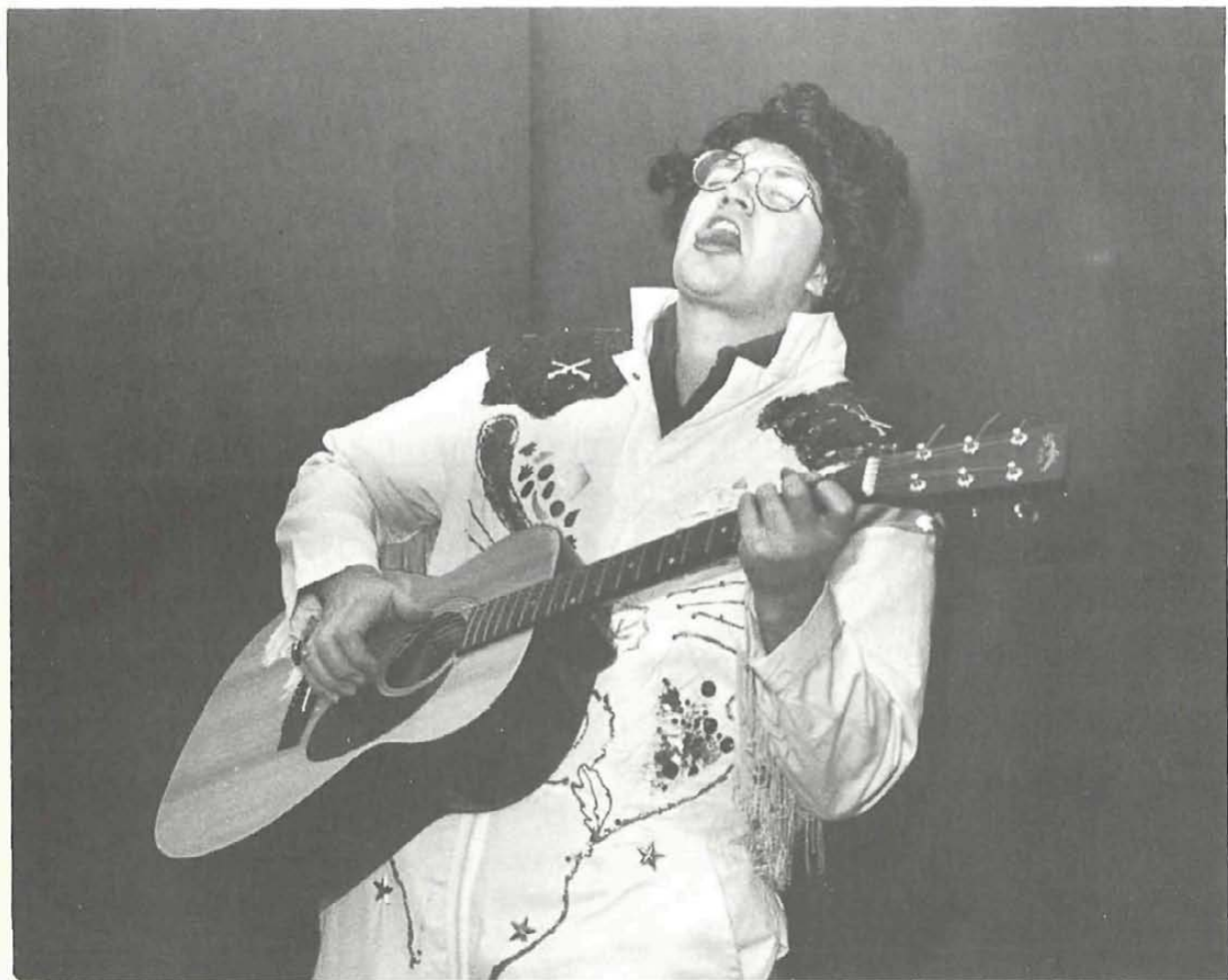
What I Did, and Why It Was Incredibly Smart—the M.W.P. Solution

After I divorced my cruel husband, I did a lot of thinking about what I would do with my life. Celibacy sounded boring; lesbianism, yukky. So I did the smartest thing imaginable—I went out and found myself an M.W.P., a Milquetoast Wimp Partner, and I married him. He's totally romantic and cuddly and worshipful and has a great job as a computer programmer, and the bottom line is, I get bought dinner and jewelry more than I ever did, and I make love when I feel like it. And when he's too worn out to perform, I beat him senseless, which is almost as much fun as sex itself. Sure, he's homely, and he's got more hair in his nose than on his chest, but good looks always lose their novelty with time. The pleasure of wearing the pants in the family will, to me, outlast the thrill of kissing Harry Hamlin-like lips or clutching Mel Gibsonsque shoulders anytime. Isn't it good to know there's at least one lucid woman in the world? ■



I Am Elvis's Love Child, Too

by Richard Boler



I'll be honest with you: I wasn't looking forward to the tenth anniversary of my father's passing. I mean, God bless them, but those people haven't made things easy for me.

Of course, the publicity was great for the act. I was really packing them in there for a while. And I will say this about Dad's fans: they're an appreciative crowd, and they're not shy about spend-

ing money. We did tremendous volume, merchandise-wise.

But still, I'm glad all the fuss is over. For every genuine fan, it seemed, there were two cynics, always ready with the wisecracks.

But what else did I expect, when my own flesh and blood continues to mock my claims to heritage? My Aunt Evie—despite overwhelming evidence, despite the facts that will not go away—still

refuses to accept the truth. She says that she will not talk to me until I stop this "nonsense." She says that as long as I continue this "delusion," she will cut me out of her will and leave the Kayak pool to my cousin Kiki. She wants all her Tupperware back, too.

I try to be strong, but it's hard. There are certainly a lot of super-negative people out there. It's what killed Dad, I'm sure. He was just too good for this world.

I'm afraid sometimes that I've inherited that vulnerability from him, that child-like wonder that was so much a part of his appeal.

I'll tell you what really hurts—I find myself being lumped in with all the kooks and freaks, as if I were merely an “impersonator.” I mean, I have taken great pains to carve out my own identity. Anybody who has seen me perform knows that. My act is not an impersonation. It's a tribute to the man who spawned me.

Veronica Boler and Elvis Presley met in a White Castle outside of Memphis, Tennessee, in late March of 1949. My mom was thirty-six years old at the time. Elvis would have to have been . . . oh, fourteen or so.

Elvis was good-looking, even as a kid. It's easy to see where I got my pouting sensuality.

And my mother . . . well, she was about on the second day of her honeymoon with Joe Boler, and must have been getting a tad bored. I mean, Joe Boler was not a bad-looking guy, but he would have paled next to the fourteen-year-old King.

Who knows how or why these things happen. I was born nine months later.

I had always felt a kind of special bond with the Big Guy.

Our tales are indeed remarkably similar. I too had risen from humble beginnings to become an innovator in my field, a standard by which others were measured. The best damn Mostly Wicker Demonstrator of my generation.

Yet, despite my position, I still felt vaguely hollow, unsatisfied. It was a feeling I had had all my life.

Growing up, I was always considered different. Pouty. More soulful, somehow.

This doesn't bother me now—now that I know that I am Elvis's love child. When one is born of kings, one can't be expected to be elected Mr. Congeniality on a regular basis. But as I was growing up, my destiny was hidden from me, and from the others. Consequently, my uniqueness was met with intolerance, and the taunts of an unfeeling world. “Blockhead” is a word I remember hearing a lot.

For example, I dressed differently from the other kids. While every other adolescent boy in Erie, Pennsylvania, in 1965 was running around town in shaker sweaters, I was rummaging through the fabric department in Kresge's, looking for good cape material. I wore shirts unbuttoned to the sternum and belts with buckles the size of serving plates.

While others of my generation longed to live the bohemian life in San Francisco, I stayed up in my room, swiveling my hips in front of a mirror, dreaming of a

penthouse suite at the Tropicana.

My dad—excuse me, my fake dad—couldn't understand why I was the way I was. The sad truth is, my fake dad and I had our problems, evidenced by the way he used to drop-kick me across the living room about twice a week.

And I was never able to relate to him, either. He always seemed so . . . unmusical to me.

Both family and friends had little patience with me. The only one who seemed to understand was my Uncle Chooch, who lived with us during my formative years.

*“I stumbled out of
my uncle's house,
my mind reeling. I
was no born loser. I
was the Crown
Prince of Rock 'n'
Roll.”*

“Why don't you all jus' leave the little whippersnapper be?” Chooch would yell from his wicker chair on the porch. “Why, can't you see? He's a born rocker! Ain't you, boy? Yessiree! A born rocker!”

And then his lips would crack into a smile and he'd laugh, a bluesy croak that turned into a bone-deep cough, which lasted until he pulled out his union handkerchief and spit up great, horrible gobs of mucus and coal dust, which scared everyone terribly, especially since Uncle Chooch worked at the bank.

My mother, of course, knew the truth and tried to protect me. The pain that poor woman must have felt . . . knowing that the only man she ever loved could never be hers. And the beautiful offspring that they had produced, this miracle of love, would never know the painful truth.

And I almost never did. If it hadn't been for a couple hundred of Elvis's other love children coming forward, I might never have known my true heritage.

Reading their stories, I was jolted by the shock of recognition. It was as if I was reading my own life story over and over again: the alienation, the mysterious attraction toward Elvis, the intolerance of others, the vague uneasiness about my origins, the scaly rash about the legs and

upper thighs . . .

My God, I thought, this is me. This could easily be me.

I resolved to find out the truth. After voluminous research—in which I accessed court records, the Boler family photo album, and a couple hundred Elvis biographies—I was able to place my mother and Elvis in the same place at the same time: Memphis, Tennessee. March 1949.

Sadly, all of the principals in the case had passed away. So, armed with my evidence, I confronted my Uncle Chooch, the only one left who might be able to tell me what I so desperately needed to know.

At first, my uncle feigned ignorance, but I had come prepared. One hour and two bottles of peach brandy later, Uncle Chooch broke down and spilled the beans.

He told me about the White Castle in Memphis, and about the tragic secret my mom hid from the world. He said that Elvis had never known about me. My uncle said that he alone had guessed the truth, thanks in part to the extrasensory powers bestowed upon him as Secret High Caliph of the Magical Underwater Kingdom of Gumbugugu. He claimed responsibility for the *Challenger* explosion, and said that he could make the widow next door lift her skirt over her head and sing “Limehouse Blues,” just by willing it so. He wanted to know if I could get us some more peach brandy.

I stumbled out of my uncle's house, my mind reeling. My entire life had been turned upside down. I was no born loser. I was the Crown Prince of Rock 'n' Roll.

In my lounge act, I pause between songs to deliver what we show-business people call “patter.” I tell the audience about a recurring dream that I have. . . .

In my dream, me and my mom live at Graceland with Elvis, along with Colonel Parker, Uncle Chooch, my fake dad, and the Jordanares. We are one big happy family. I am a contented and well-liked child who spends his summers riding dune buggies and entertaining the radiant Ms. Shelley Fabares around the guitar-shaped pool. No one is suing anybody, or drop-kicking them across living rooms. Dad is as fit as a fiddle, and off the Percodan. . . .

I tell the ladies and gentlemen that if they believe in themselves, well then, anything is possible. I say that, in a crazy way, we are all Elvis's love children. I ask them to drive safely, and to remember to have their dogs and cats spayed.

Then Uncle Chooch breaks into the opening chords of “Burning Love” on his Ultravox. I fling off my cape and proceed to rock the room.

A chip off the old block. ■

Those Fabulous Fifties:

A Trip down Memory Lane with Senator Orrin Hatch

by Ned Ward



As a United States senator I have devoted myself to the pursuit of a better life for all Americans. But it is on behalf of our young people that I have concentrated my special-effort legislating, lobbying, and debating on ideas and programs that would make into a reality the dream that someday my grandchildren—and yours—might enjoy the benefits of living in a military dictatorship. And it is this vision of a strong America flourishing under the watchful eyes of our generals and church leaders that makes me think of the fifties. Yes, the fifties. To hear the media tell it, you'd think that Elvis Presley was president then and the whole country was jitterbugging to jungle music, eating burgers, and lighting farts during a decade-long sock hop. Well, as usual, the media have it wrong.

America during the 1950s was like a big, strong, healthy, clean-cut, wholesome, churchgoing, blond-haired Mormon kid who could change Latin American governments as frequently as he changed underwear—and nobody dared say boo! Abortion was illegal, and over on death row we had forty-eight chairs, no waiting. Homosexuals, Negroes, working women, poor people—they simply didn't exist. The Democrats hadn't invented them yet!

Females didn't have orgasms in the fifties (and, I'm proud to say, at least in the Hatch bedroom things haven't changed since then), and if a man wasn't married he'd have to go to France—or someplace like that—to see one naked.

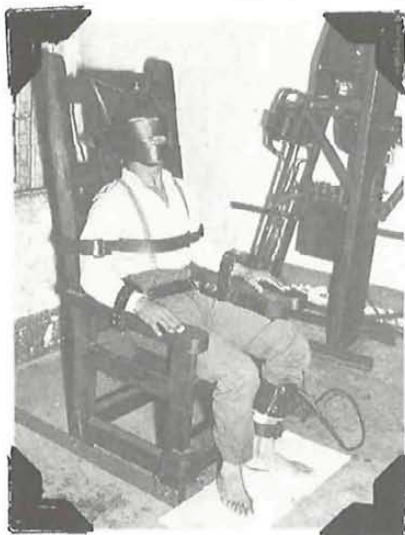
In the pages that follow you'll see pictures from the Hatch family album depicting uncles, aunts, cousins, nieces, and nephews at work and at play during this Golden Age. On the advice of counsel and my cousin "Bedbug" Hatch, who said he'd hammer a fence post through my face if him or any of his relatives ever appeared in the *National Lampoon*, I've decided to obscure the identities of my family members.



These are the Hatch women: Alma, Pearl, Claudine, and that's Mama on the lower left. Look at those faces—who said beautiful women can't cook! During the fifties while the Soviets were busy training their women to become doctors, engineers, and scientists, these gals helped America achieve Western superiority in homemade baked goods. Who would have guessed that in just a few short years (I'm talking about the sixties, for those of you too young to remember) Betty Crocker would burn her bra, Sara Lee would be on the pill, and American womanhood would sink into the cesspool of equal rights lesbianism.



Clem and Phlegm Hatch were my second cousins—they lived in Mississippi and owned a small sign-painting shop five miles outside Jackson. During the fifties business was so good that with every "For Colored Only" sign you bought the boys would give you a "No Dogs or Jews" sign free.



Me and my brothers caught this person trespassing on Hatch private property late one night in 1954. Owing to the lateness of the hour, a trial at the courthouse was not possible, so we took him directly down to Uncle Billy's basement. During the fifties federal and state governments strongly supported capital punishment and encouraged local communities to pursue their own capital punishment programs. Uncle Billy's homemade electric chair was the pride of the county and delivered more volts than the one the governor had in Salt Lake City.



Throughout the fifties Americans were ever vigilant to the threat Communist aggression posed to the sanctity of our private American homes. Here is a picture of the Hatch family compound taken on Christmas Day, 1956. That's Daddy and some of his hunting buddies up in the observation tower anticipating the arrival of the Red Army on Utah's southeast border. Day before this picture was taken he had two bulldozers come out to the house and level everything in sight. The Russians were on the move, he said, and there was no sense in giving them trees, cornfields, and melon patches to hide behind. "No Soviet son of a bumblebee is ever gonna get the drop on us," my father shouted as he tore my mother's tomato plants up from the ground. That's the way things were back in the fifties!



In June of 1958 I went south to visit my good friend Jesse Helms, who at that time owned a small luncheonette in Goose Creek, South Carolina. There I am sitting at the counter in the midst of one of Jesse's "All You Can Pour" Sunday afternoon specials. Negroes knew Jesse wouldn't serve them, but every Sunday they'd come to the counter and demand a cup of coffee and a slice of apple pie. I still can't figure those people out.

In the fifties life at the university was marked by study and concentration. But even the most studious occasionally needed to break the routine by indulging in some old-fashioned college high jinks. Every Wednesday was "Show the Jew the Pig Night" at Brigham Young University, where I went to school. Friends tell me that pork has the same effect on Jews that kryptonite has on Superman. This may or may not be true, but by the way Miss Mindy Stoenstein squealed when we showed her Elmer, I believe she was sneaking a taste of bacon every now and then.

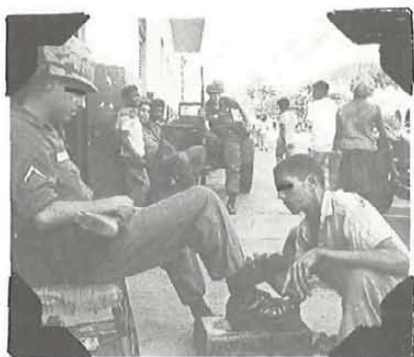


The fifties did not mean rock 'n' roll, drag racing, and heavy petting before marriage, but that doesn't mean there weren't any fun times in those days either. One day in 1951 I bet my older brother Tom twenty dollars that he couldn't get a hundred Chinamen to sit naked in the middle of the Bonneville Salt Flats for one hour. Later that same year poor Tom (shown in the background with his rifle) lost his life in Korea, but as this picture plainly shows he certainly won our little bet.



Cousin "Bodbug" Hatch was three years younger than me. After his release from the nuthouse he managed to wangle his way into the Marines. Here he is in action in front of his favorite restaurant during the Korean conflict. The fellow on his knees praying was a waiter who cousin Bodbug said he had to shoot because he was giving him the "fisheye"—whatever that means. The fifties were a time when America did not shrink from projecting its strength into all parts of the globe—including the most dangerous of foreign eateries.

Believe it or not, this picture was taken on what was then called Jimmy Piersall Street in downtown Managua. During the fifties America and Nicaragua were such good friends that we got to name their president, vice president, ministers of state, commanding generals, and their streets and avenues as well. After the Sandinistas took over they renamed this street Avenida de Dan Rather. Think about that the next time you're watching the seven o'clock news.



Last but not least, the fifties were a time when America took pleasure from wholesome, family-oriented entertainment. The performers we chose to elevate to stardom during this period reflected the spirit and values of our healthy American society. They spread an infectious joy and good feeling throughout the land, and it is sad to think we shall never see their like again.

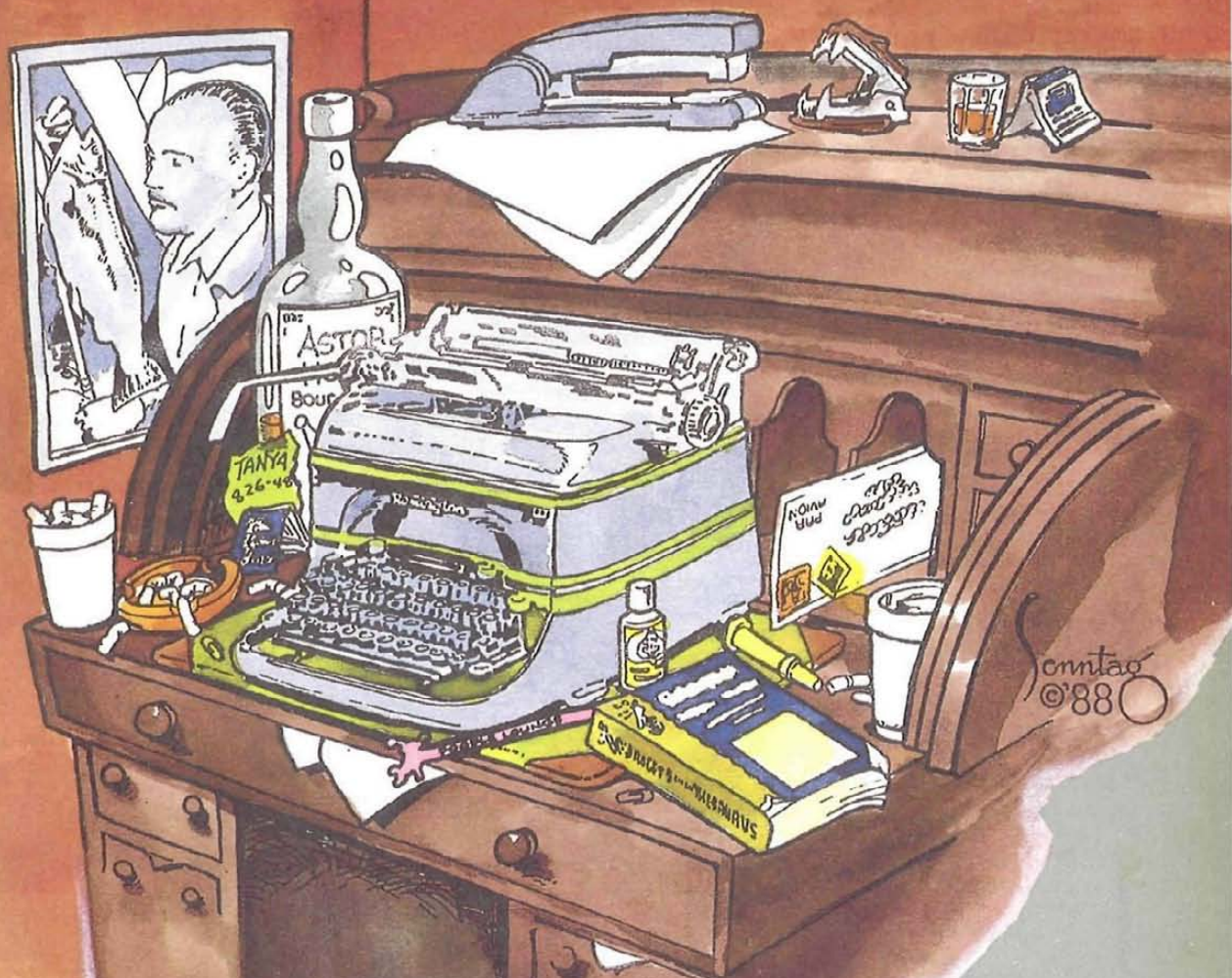


BANANA (\$) REPUBLICAN

• FREELANCE OFFICE PRODUCTS CATALOGUE •

April 1988

One Dollar



Catalogue
No. 35

Special
Poet's
Issue

Freelance travel writers are the most maligned segment of the literati in America. When we introduced the Banana Republican Travel Clothing Catalogue, we remedied this fact by making smart, chic, stylish, yet rugged clothing for these dedicated scriveners. And while clothing indeed makes the writerly persona, a writer is ultimately only as good as his equipment. Paper clips and staplers are useful, but they're designed for a secretary, not for a potential Pulitzer winner. But now the

freelance writer can look as good at his desk as he does on safari. Here are office products designed from the bottom up with the freelancer in mind—hearty, adventurous, two-fisted writing implements.

In solidarity with freelance writers everywhere—and in the spirit of rebellion against drab office fare—we present the Banana Republican Freelancers' Office Products Catalogue. Write on!

Manual YELLOW boldfacer

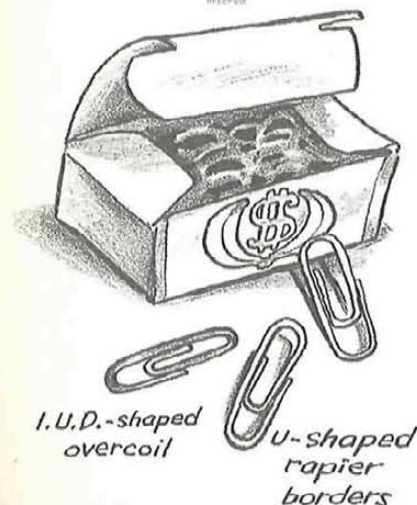
There's nothing new under the sun, and there are precious few ways to make new statements to boot. For a writer that's a real bind. Which is where our manual boldfacer comes to the rescue. You're in the middle of a bad bout of block and you pick up an old dog-eared copy of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*. The phrases just leap out at you, begging to be appropriated for a contemporary context. No problem when you've got Banana Republican's Manual Yellow Boldfacer. One stroke of the magic wand and those pearls shine brightly, just waiting to be moved to a new literary address.

COLOR: Banana Republican yellow, lime green, rainbow
#645902 Manual Yellow Boldfacer \$14

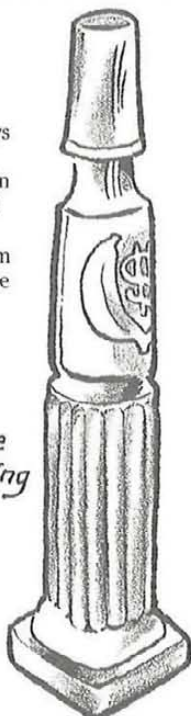
State-of-the-art SHEAF affixer

Literary lioness of the downtown set, Tama Janowitz wouldn't be seen without her amaretto and a shiny new Banana Republican sheaf affixer to keep her latest ms. in one piece. She waxes poetic on its virtues:

COLOR: Day-Glo mauve, leopard skin, black and white
#334289 Sheaf Affixer—standard size \$7 each
jumbo size \$10 each



*kaurled grip
for affirmative
non-slip handling*



By Allen Ginsberg

O Boldfacer! selfless glorifier of other's deeds,
King of mnemonics, cortex elephantine,
You single things out and prioritize
For the reviewing of the poet's weary
tenement eyes;

You use your own blood to draw honor to others,
But never by rudely blotting, or bleeding
through the page;
A dog's yellow markings are guided by greed,
But yours are an altruistic breed;

Boldfacer—I'm with you in Whitman,
Boldfacer—I'm with you in Eliot,
Boldfacer—I'm with you in Ezra;
The beauty of your color is solar,
daffodilic,
The beauty of your duty, harmoniously
idyllic,
Praise ye, vivid agent of betterment.

Allen Ginsberg

By Tama Janowitz

The hard wire visage hides the tender heart
And the grip that's firm but gentle,
He's made of steel but has a mother's caress,
His treatment of paper's parental.
He's useful, always, and never leaves a crease
Where staples leave gashes and tears,
Consideration and grace are second nature to him
Along with an efficiency he never spares.
He's coiled and wire—he could be hurtful-hot,
But he's cool and he's calm and collected,
The ease with which he holds paper together
Is why, for gentle bondage, he's always selected.
He's shaped a little like the before and after

On a penis development chart,
But the paper clip transcends compare,
His job he performs like an art.

Don't use him as a weapon, like brats with rubber bands,
The malice would pain his humble soul,
He only wants to help make your day easy,
His is a docile, a kindly helping role.

Copper, butterfly, large and small,
His varieties are a virtue,
He even has a cousin who's round,
And unlike a staple, he could never hurt you.

His life can be a long and happy one
If his limbs you don't twist and curl,
When you bend and deform him
His soft tears fall like pearls.

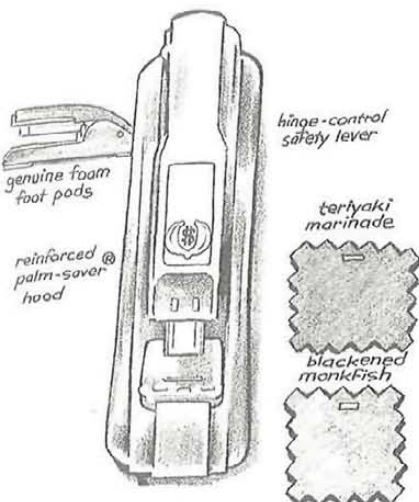
Tama Janowitz

Manuscript

MERGING device

We'll let Ogden Nash have the last few words on our version of the time-tested stapler.

COLOR: Fuchsia, sandstone, purple haze
#21347 Manuscript Merging Device 876

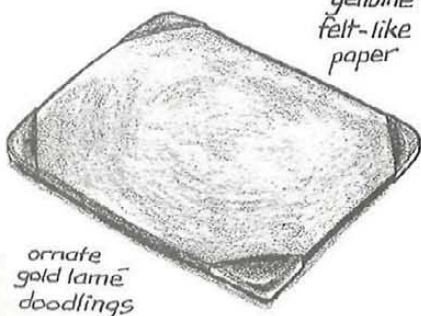


The Writers'

DESKTOP COMPANION blotter

It has often been said that the whirling spheres of writerly dominion are cleaved into two kingdoms, cerebral and tangible. At the center of a writer's tangible empire is his blotter, home of all the machinery that enables him to transmogrify the fruits of his cerebral empire into a cogent form. For centuries, the praises of this blotter have been sung; below is Walt Whitman's poem celebrating its majesty:

COLOR: Lachrymose triscella, flan, coriander-roasted salmon, weasel
SIZE: 32" x 20"
CORNERS: Anvil-mashed imported-otter patina
#3408 Desktop Companion Blotter 8349



By Ogden Nash

The stapler sits with impassioned poise,
His jaws are fierce and helpful;
He performs with unquestioned
excellence
As the reams unfurl.

He waits to marry the sheets of paper,
Wed them in savage unity,
Biding his toothy justices-of-peace,
Who (diplomatically) deny incongruity.

The tips of his ambassadoric teeth
Overbite in their vigor,
The stretchmarked staple-holder spring
Grumbles of its rigor.

Bothersome to the stapler's altruistic soul
Are the 20 & 30 page jobs,
These are heinously unjust, and tax his
worthy stamina,
Sometime, listen to his dismayed sobs.

But he's a voracious phenom—he saves his
flash-fast power
For the rallies that crave his blinding
crunch,
He hoards his abetting and timely virtue
And delivers a gnashing, shark-like
munch.

Now if you were as kind to your stapler
As your stapler is kind to you,
This would be a beautiful world
And your stapler would be elated, too.

Respect your stapler as you would a duke
And he'll assure your Monarchy,
But if you're vituperative, and maltreat
and disdain him,
Your office will malfeasance like an Entropian
Anarchy.

His grayness is (so sadly) taken for
granted,

His efficiency also too,
If you had just one day without him
That day would be ruined for you.

Ogden Nash



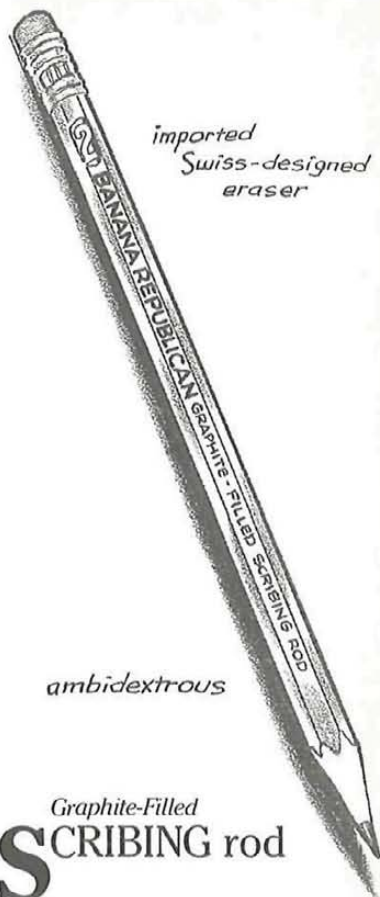
By Walt Whitman

O Desktop Blotter! You lie there, like
some great land,
Home of the pencil cup, ashtray, and mug,
Stately memo gardens tucked in your
corners,

Tireless host to the denting tracks of pens;
In offices you've seen hirings, firings,
The machinations of kings and the
improprieties of fools;
From scribes you've seen brilliance and
blither;

And pressed on, staid,
Proud, impervious, humble,
With the green felt, heartfelt decorum of
the best-trained butler.

Walt Whitman



Graphite-Filled SCRIBING rod

Writers are famous for their fear that precious ideas will slip away in moments of forgetfulness; the story goes that the young Ernest Hemingway was so anxious about this that when he went swimming, he would wear his pencil behind his ear. Banana Republican recaptures the magic of Hemingway's era with these rugged all-weather sharpenable pencils, duplicating the design "Papa" carried with him on his legendary winter-long trapeze in the Italian Alps during World War I. Enamel-glossed pine.

COLOR: Sun-dried tomato, solarium, bonsai, flannel
WRITING LINE: Blackened swordfish, arson warehouse
COLLAR: Gold- or silver-stained pure metal
ERASER: Overripe persimmon
#3456 Graphite-Filled Scribing Rod \$2 each;
\$25 a dozen
Made in the U.S.A. by Banana Republic

By Sean Penn

People are funny that way
They want to get under your skin
and crawl around
examine every pore
then climb back out and tell all their
friends
"I hung out with him, he's lame."
The next time someone tries to pull that
I'll just stick 'em in the eye
with my pencil.

Sean Penn

Antarctic-style

ALBINING fluid

Would that we were allowed the forgiving mercies of our Albinizing Fluid in our everyday lives: that we could unsully our lip-slips and Tourette's-ian blurts and bloopers as freely as a scribe can, with just a cursory swish of our imported marmot-bristle applicator brush.

COLOR: Bone, blanch, Queen Anne's lace, Caucasian advantage

#8934 Albinizing Fluid

\$15 Made in Erosgary

By Stephen King

Her whiteness flowing like dazzling papal robes,
She forgives your sins with her chalky solution,
The transgressions of fingers, flown too fast and fat
Are cleansed by her powers of absolution.

No boner too small, is her solemn pledge,
She'll fix any miscue, boo-boo, or slip;
Like Pac-Man feasting on the opposition,
She pounces on typos like a waiter on a tip.

As white as the pure of a maiden's

brassiere,
Like a gleaming new oven, or albinos, or bleach;
But she also comes in a rainbow of hues,
From oak tag to pink to lime-green to peach.

O purifying fluid, wondrous assistant,
How did our fathers find spirit to sing?
Without you beside them to bring them assurance,
And the peace that only your forgiveness can bring.

Stephen King



Glue-IT-all

We asked famed scrivener Charles Bukowski to test our new office adhesive, and he filed this report/poem:

COLOR: White/dries clear
#6172 Glue-It-All 8 oz. bottle \$23
12 oz. bottle \$34



deep-chamber reservoir
holds enough
to adhere
2.3 miles
of paper

By Charles Bukowski

She was like the taste in your mouth after
a bean burrito
washed down with two bottles of Pink
Pussycat
Every one of her sentences had little
wheels
Each afternoon, at 3 on the dot, she'd rap
at my front door
"Hank, can I come in?"
I pulled myself away from the typer
I listened as she blathered on about her
plants and her
macrobiotic diet and her midlife crisis
She didn't even shut up when I fucked her
So I glued her ripe red lips together
It worked

Charles Bukowski

Metal-Molared

FASTENER-REMOVAL system

Even as a jumper's legs are his mainstay, so a writer's fingers are the tools of his trade. And any writer worth his or her salt will tell you that manual removal of staples can result in tattered fingertips, shredded cuticles, and uprooted nails, all of which can cost him or her weeks of productive penning. But these casualties can be avoided by using our handsome and timeless Fastener-Removal System, the same limited-edition model that graced the desk of legendary political novelist John Dos Passos, and kept him composing at a publisher-pleasing pace.

COLOR: Tortoiseshell, bitter chocolate, Mallomar umber
TEETH: Monochromatic silver
SIZE: Classical desktop, industrial
#9012 Fastener Removal System \$15

By Norman Mailer

Jaws of mutilation, lightning fast,
A saber-tooth tiger in tortoiseshell,
Flashing fangs with fierceness
unsurpassed,
Errant staples fall prey to the petulant
Hell.

Sitting by the ashtray, so cavalier,
But no one dares laugh at his overbite,
He saves nine million fingernails per year
And his snarling quickness inspires fright.

He sullenly broods, waiting to be called,
Like the switch on an electric chair,
Whimpering prey will be hopelessly
mauled

By might contained by patience, stainless
savoair faire.

Misplaced fasteners he deposits,
A flaw-free memo he imposes.

Norman Mailer

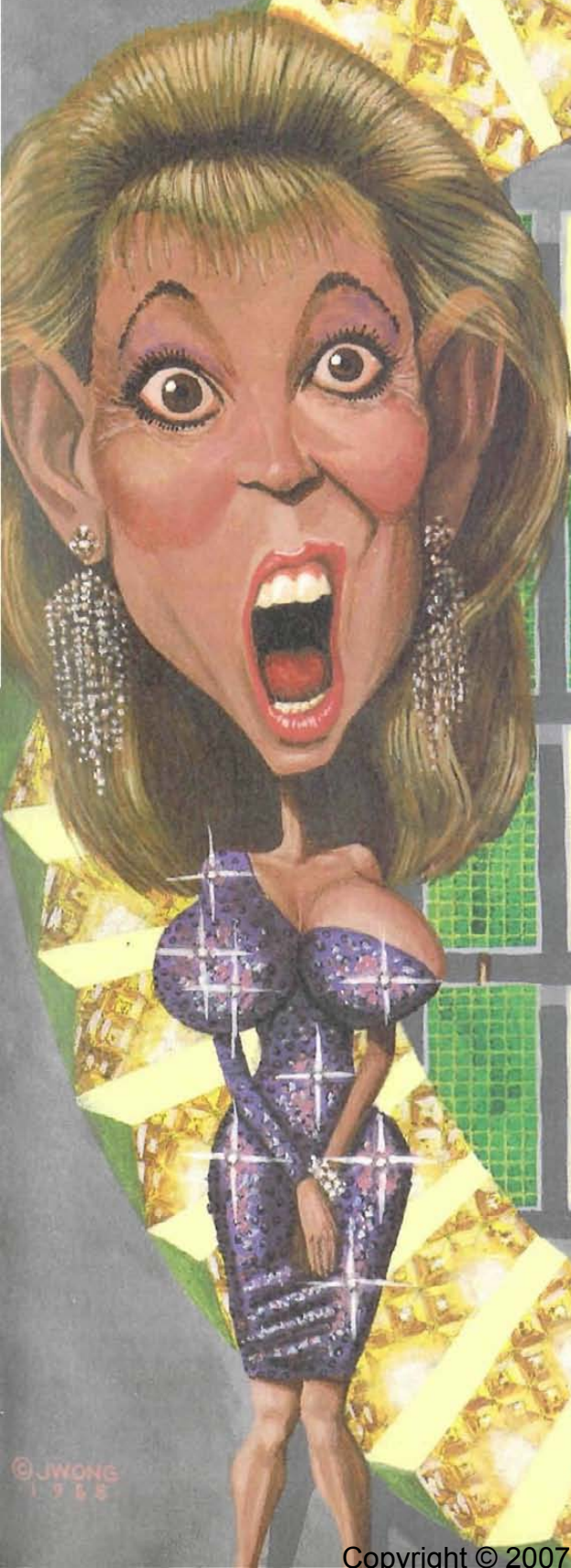
heavy-duty
meshing
teeth



durable
hinge

bicuspid
cuticle
saver

TV SECTION



S H W
U S
Y U R
T T S

©JWONG
1988

The History of Television

by Andy Simmons



The Bettmann Archive

The first actual television broadcast was the popular Joe Ford's Radio Hour.

Quick! Name the episode in which Hymie the Robot first appeared on *Get Smart*. When did the first Darrin leave *Bewitched*? Where were you when Freddie Prinze shot himself?

Many in the television sciences believe these to be among the more pivotal dates in the history of television.

But are they?

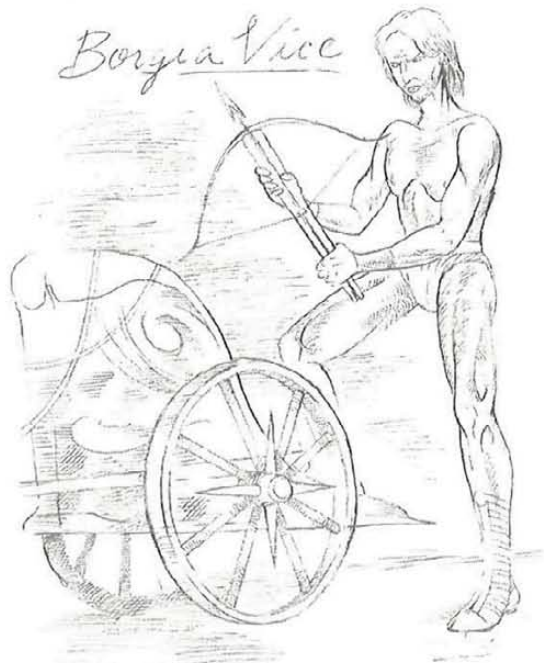
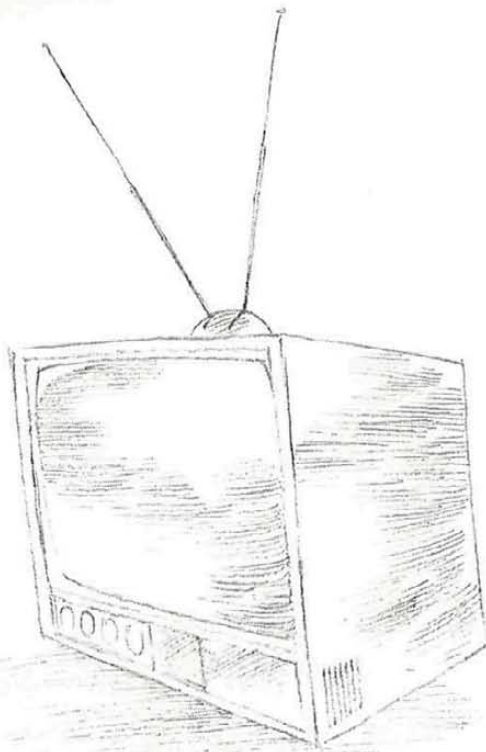
If we are limiting our discussion to the modern era of television, beginning with

the 1940s, then there are no dates that stand out with more prominence. But if we encompass the entire history of television, well then, that's another story.

Although television as we know it—that is, the act of transmitting a broadcast from the television studio to the TV set in our living room—was not actually invented until the twentieth century (by a man named Zworykin), the concept was around long before, and a whole in-

dustry, both complex and diverse, flourished, like a flower in a bed of manure, centuries prior to the first transmission of a television program.

Indeed, it was a thriving industry just waiting to be invented. Carpenters, actors, network moguls—all went about their work, building TVs, constructing game show sets, signing contracts, forming mega-networks, even producing television shows—all the while just waiting



for the day some guy would figure out how the hell to broadcast them.

But these entertainment pioneers were a patient lot. They would gladly wait centuries before the magic of transmission was conceived.

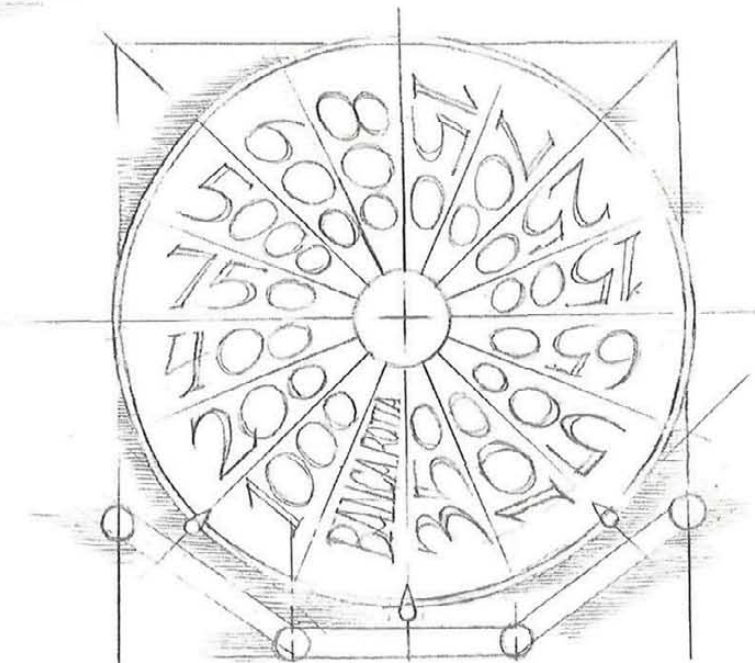
Here we present, for the first time, the history of TV prior to the first broadcast.

1498 The earliest reference to television was made by the master, Leonardo da Vinci, in a series of sketches he entitled *Ideas I Hope No One Takes Seriously*. In these notes are sketches of an early television camera, a "viewing box," and actual concepts for shows, sets, and props.

1555 Nostradamus, the famed prophet, predicts: "An Ethiope named Will Crospsy will rule the large mass of land to the west of the Bahamas, north of Cuba and Puerto Rico, south of Canada, and east of the Hawaiian Islands and will sell lots of soda—whatever that is."

1567 The first television network, the Roman Broadcasting System, is founded by Nick "Little Fats" Fontaine.

Fontaine believes television is not ideally suited to the more intellectual or well-crafted productions of the day, but rather to shows that have an appeal to, as he writes, "dunderheads, ninnies, and saps of all social stripes." People who might be lulled to sleep by a production of Aeschylus' *Prometheus Bound* but would treasure a good slaughter are his market.



Fontaine conceives RBS as a "mind massage"—mindless relaxation during the rough and heady days of the Renaissance, when on any given day someone might prove the earth is triangular and God is the prizewinning pig everyone feasted on the night before. He figures, you stick this box in the corner somewhere, sit down on your favorite stool,

toss back some ale, snack on a slab of moose, and watch a show about a talking elephant. That sounds like an awfully good time to him. If you're a stuffy intellectual who's embarrassed to admit having devoured hours of such insipidness, you can always claim to have spent the night thumbing through a well-worn copy of *Beowulf* and no one will be the wiser.

1568 Nick "Little Fats" Fontaine is

rubbed out by the Mafia and RBS goes out of business.

1638 The television tube is invented. There is nothing in it, no filaments, no wires, nothing. It is just a glass tube. But it's a nice-looking glass tube and is often used for drinking ale.

1647 The first television set is built by a Milanese carpenter, Ricardo Baloni. It is just a plain-looking box with a television tube in it. Critics of the television set claim it makes drinking ale much more difficult.

1648 Alfonso, the first TV repairman, opens his shop. Although nothing can possibly go wrong with a TV set, since it is just a box with a glass tube in it, Al periodically stops by the homes of television owners and brings the sets back to

his shop, where he keeps them for three weeks. For this service, he charges the exorbitant price of two cows and three chickens.

1649 Under pressure from the Church, Standards and Practices is formed. Every script must receive the Church's approval before it can be produced. The fact that the first scripts are still decades away from being written does not deter S&P as it goes about its job throwing out or rewriting office memos, laundry lists, dinner menus, and anything else it deems heretical.

1661 Vertical hold invented.

1682 TV sets, fashioned after the original Baloni model, begin to be mass-produced. At first they are very expensive, and only wealthy nobles can afford such a

luxury. Whenever a television show is scheduled the nobles invite all their wealthy landowning pals in to hunker down in front of the set, nibbling on pretzel sticks and Cheez Doodles, and wait with unrestrained glee for this new and fascinating "entertainment box"—as it is referred to—to spin a tale of mirth or intrigue. Preferably one about a talking elephant.

The "entertainment box" is not in and of itself that expensive, but since it doesn't work, all the musicians, comics, and jugglers hired to entertain become pricey, especially if one of those entertainers happens to be Emo the Giant Dwarf, who at six feet four is the largest dwarf in the annals of dwarfdom, and thus demands a precious sum.

1687 The first game show, *Witch of Fortune*, is produced. The object is to correctly answer a question concerning Bible trivia in order to be given the opportunity to throw a rock at a witch. Hit the witch anywhere on the body and you receive a point. Hit her in the head and that's five points. Drawing blood equals ten points, and killing her allows you to come back for "Champions' Week." The person with the most points after each round is deemed the winner and can choose between a lovely living room set and a darling torture-dinette set that includes a rack, a stock, whips, and a rich assortment of saucepans.



Crazy Horse goes this way while tossing a couple of flaming arrows. Sitting Bull cuts around the back with his braves, knocking off these fourteen guys here.

Chester Madden (1832-1911), the father of the "CBS Chalkboard."

1688 Game show scandal rocks television. It is revealed that the *Witch of Fortune* witches are counterfeits. In fact, they are relatives of the show's host who have been forced to wear black pointy hats, were not allowed to have surgery to remove ugly warts from their noses, and have been hired to be bound, gagged, killed, and—worst of all—made to fly around on brooms which *they* have to supply! *Witch of Fortune* is immediately canceled and replaced by test patterns.

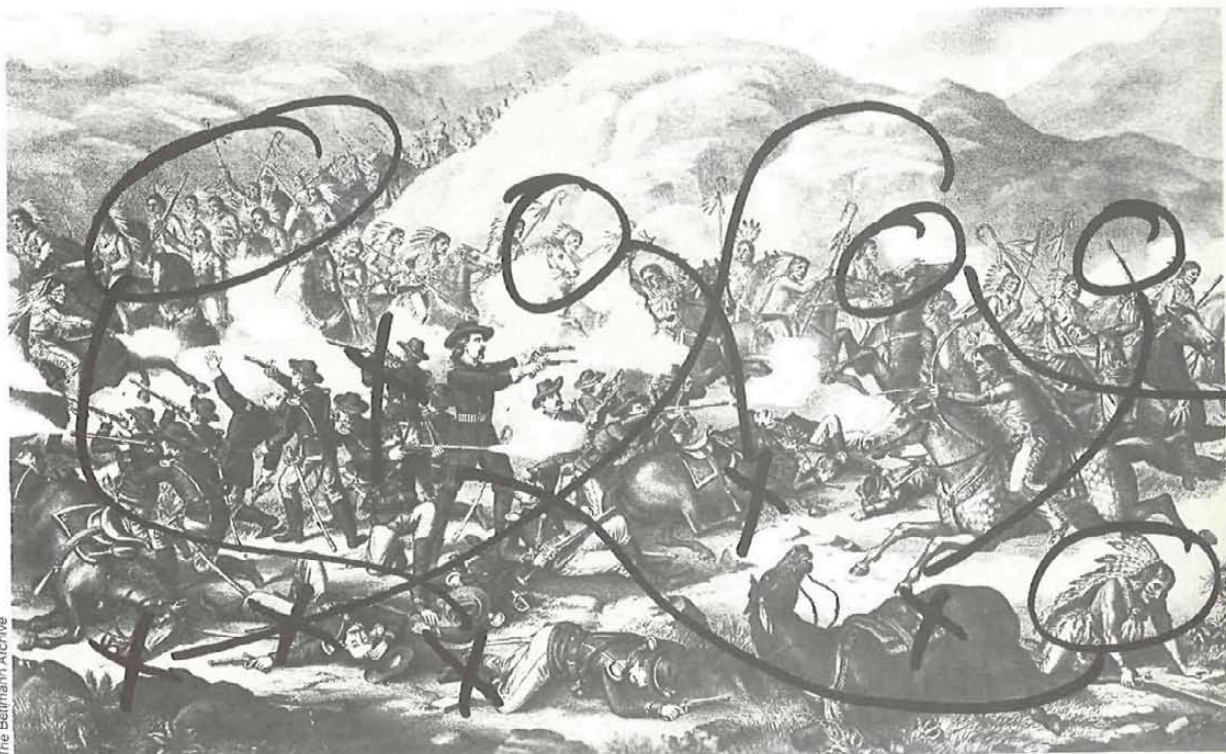
1704 The first television unions are formed and the technicians' union goes out on strike immediately, claiming harsh working conditions, including too much work for too little pay. Management counters that the transmission of television shows is still centuries away, so there are no work conditions, and suggests the technicians take their \$70,000 salaries and keep quiet.

The strike lasts 167 years, finally ending in 1871 after management hires the Prussian army, fresh from its success in the Franco-Prussian War, to oversee the quiet resolution of the strike. In the ensuing massacre, 27,641 technicians are killed and hundreds of thousands more are wounded. The strike ends and the technicians go back to doing no work, since the ability to transmit television shows still hasn't been invented.

continued on next page



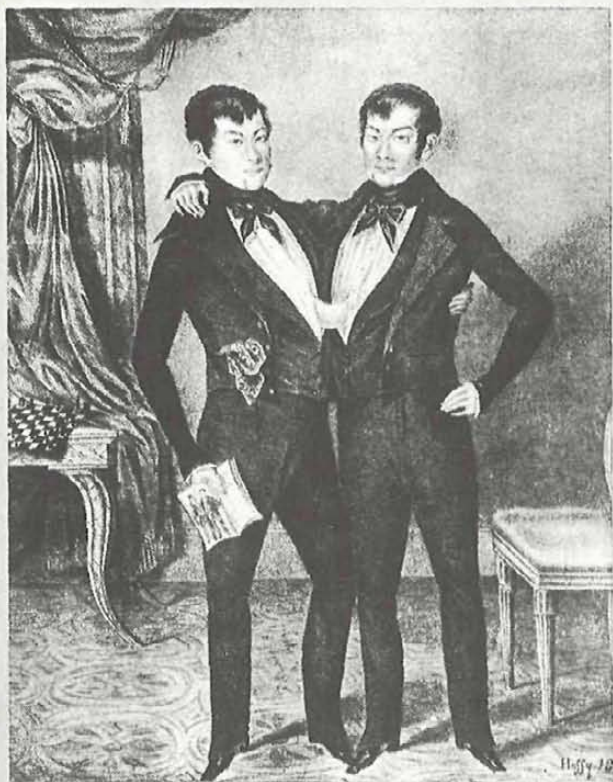
Early use for a TV set.



Inventions like the "CBS Chalkboard" brought in-depth analysis to such prime-time events as war.



The excitement of the assassination caught in reverse angle!



The Siamese twins Chang and Eng Bunker during happier days.

1706 The second network, the Florence Broadcasting System, is founded. FBS's most popular show is *The Giancarlo D'Annunzio Variety Show*. Along with the comedy stylings of D'Annunzio, such inspired acts as the beheading contest between the chief executioners of Florence, Milan, and Genoa are featured. Volunteers from the studio audience are used as victims. Points are awarded for speed, accuracy, and cleanliness. The show's run ends when D'Annunzio is tragically cut down by a falling klieg torch.

1727 The first soap opera, an adaptation of John Locke's *Two Treatises on Government*, is shot. While it serves well as the basis for a government, it's a lousy basis for a soap opera. The show centers around Ignatius and Isabella Carrington and their family, a very nice, amiable bunch who, in a state of nature, get along well with others. Since everyone is so damn pleasant and there is never any conflict, the show gets stale very quickly and is soon surpassed in popularity the following year by the second soap opera, Thomas Hobbes's *Leviathan*. In this soap opera, all the characters are scum. They are nasty, deceitful, and brutish, and whenever in a state of nature they cannot keep their hands off anyone else's spouse. The show has survived through numerous incarnations and is now known by the title *General Hospital*.

1733 Channels are invented. Now there are two. For years the only show broadcast on the second channel is a phone-in talk show with the French king's blacksmith. Questions range from "Where do you get your iron ore?" to "Does the king tip well?" The telephone has not yet been invented, so these questions are asked by the cameraman and the soundman, two fellows who have plenty of time on their hands to ask questions, since a working TV hasn't been invented yet either.

1746 The first Emmys are awarded. Named after Emmanuel Rodriguez, in whose home the ceremony takes place, the event lasts six days and fourteen hours, as an award is given for every facet of a production. Awards range from Best Actor to Best Caterer to Best Legs on the Wife of a Production Assistant Who Brought Her to the Staff Softball Game. Each award winner gives a mandatory two-hour thank-you speech. On the fourth day, the Rodriguez family's maid, Sonia, quits.

1762 A Russian, Boris Szvulva, discovers radio waves, and TV shows can now be transmitted from the studio directly to the TV set. He files a patent and

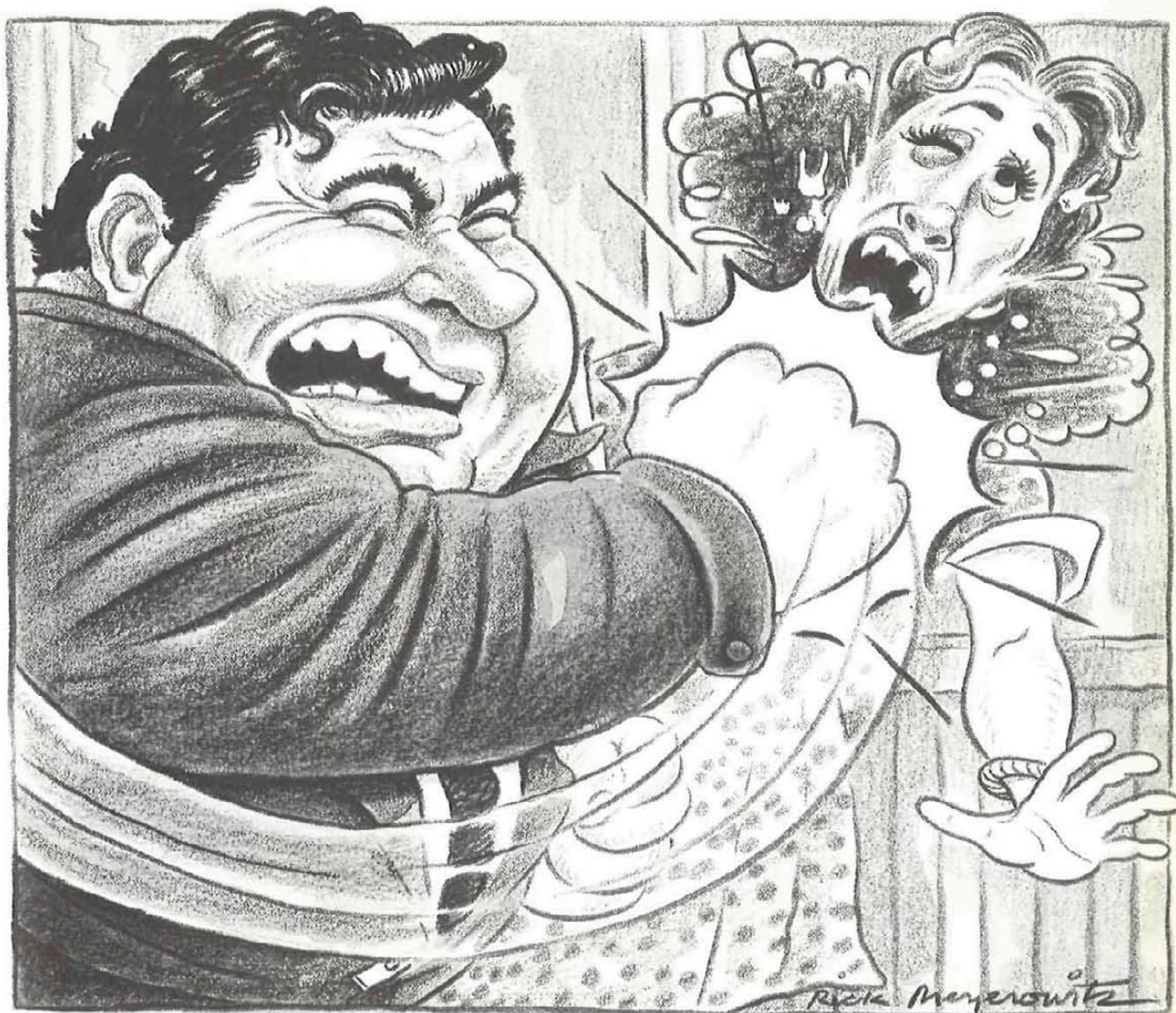
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GOING TOO FAR

The TV Shows That Never Got on the Air

by Rick Meyerowitz and Gerry Sussman

Many of the most successful shows on television had at least one episode that went "too far," episodes that created a storm of controversy with the producers, the networks, the censors, or the sponsors, and had to be canceled. Some of these shows still exist and are as rare as a Marilyn Monroe porn movie. By sheer luck, Sussman and Meyerowitz found a collector, a TV fanatic with connections, who somehow got his hands on these rare tapes and allowed our duo to watch them, with the proviso that no photographs be taken. But Sussman took notes and Meyerowitz made sketches. Here is what they saw, the TV shows that went too far.



THE HONEYMOONERS

The Night Ralph Sent Alice to the Moon

The long-awaited promise actually came true. Gleason's writers created an episode that had Alice spending some extra money that Ralph had earmarked for a new bowling shirt. Instead, Alice used it to buy an outrageous-looking hat. Ralph got so mad that he let her have it. At the end things worked out. Ralph apologized, but Alice still had a bruised jaw and a pregnant lip.

LASSIE

The Rabies Episode

Lassie battles a family of vicious raccoons that are raiding the family garbage cans for food, creating a big mess. She wins the fight, but gets bitten and contracts a serious case of rabies.

Before the family finds out, she bites them all. Everyone has to be quarantined and given painful injections in their stomachs. Lassie has to be put in solitary, as she foams at the mouth.

The boy is saved, but his father and mother are dying. So is Lassie. The boy is crushed. Suddenly the screen "ripples" and dissolves and we see the boy waking up in his own bed. And there's a healthy, happy Lassie sleeping right next to him! It turns out that it was all just a dream.





I LOVE LUCY

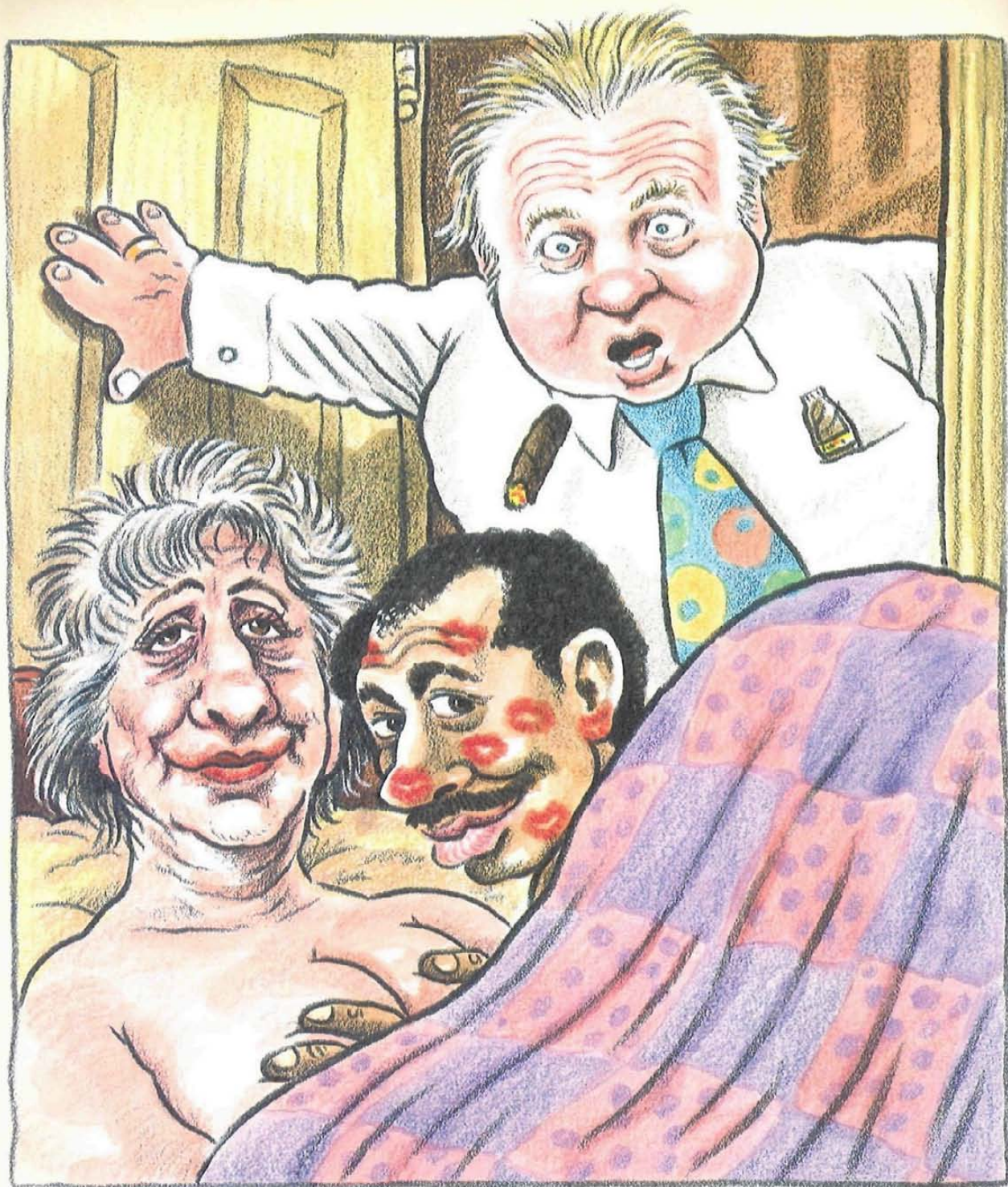
Lucy Thinks She's Going to Die

One day Lucy discovers a big lump on her left breast. She actually unhooks her bra on camera to examine it. In typical Lucy fashion she can't tell anyone about it. Instead, she makes out her will and goes on a buying spree. She thinks she is going to die.

Finally she blurts it out to Ethel. Ethel gets her to a doctor, who takes a biopsy and analyzes the lump as a piece of melted and hardened cheddar cheese.

At the end, Lucy accedes to an "operation" and the doctor removes the "tumor," declaring that it is still edible. Ricky arrives at the last minute. He was out and missed the entire crisis.





ALL IN THE FAMILY

Edith Seduces George Jefferson

After taking continual abuse from Archie about her lack of sexuality, Edith becomes so angry that she decides to seduce somebody. It turns out to be George Jefferson, her black next-door neighbor.

In one of the most overtly sexual scenes ever made for a sitcom, Edith and George make passionate love, culminating in a wild, hysterical orgasm for Edith.

At this moment Archie walks in unexpectedly early and thinks that Edith is dying, since he hears her screaming "Oh God!" Without even going into the bedroom he calls for an ambulance, which gives George enough time to sneak under the bed and Edith to get dressed.

Archie never finds out and Edith now knows that she is really turned on by black men and can get it anytime she wants it.

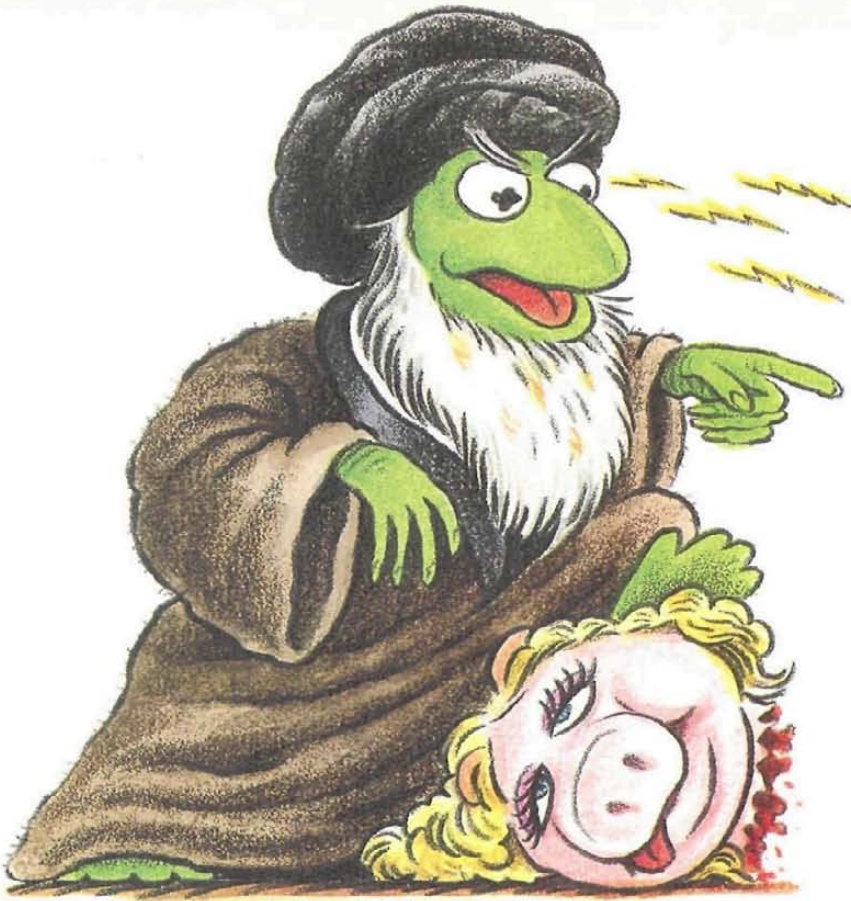
THE MUPPETS

The Muppets Entertain the Hostages in Iran

It was Jimmy Carter's idea. He was so desperate to free the hostages in Iran that he thought the Moslem fanatics would be impressed by a TV show that was a good-humored tribute to Islam.

Jim Henson was inspired. Kermit the Frog sang rock hymns to Allah, Fonzie played a door-to-door Koran salesman, and Miss Piggy became a religious sacrifice, as all the Muppets renounced pork forever.

Carter was about to approve the show when his military staff intervened and proposed their daring commando raid to free the hostages. Carter accepted their plan and the tape was canceled. The commando raid was a disaster. Years later Carter regretted not sending the tape and still blames his military advisers for his mistake.



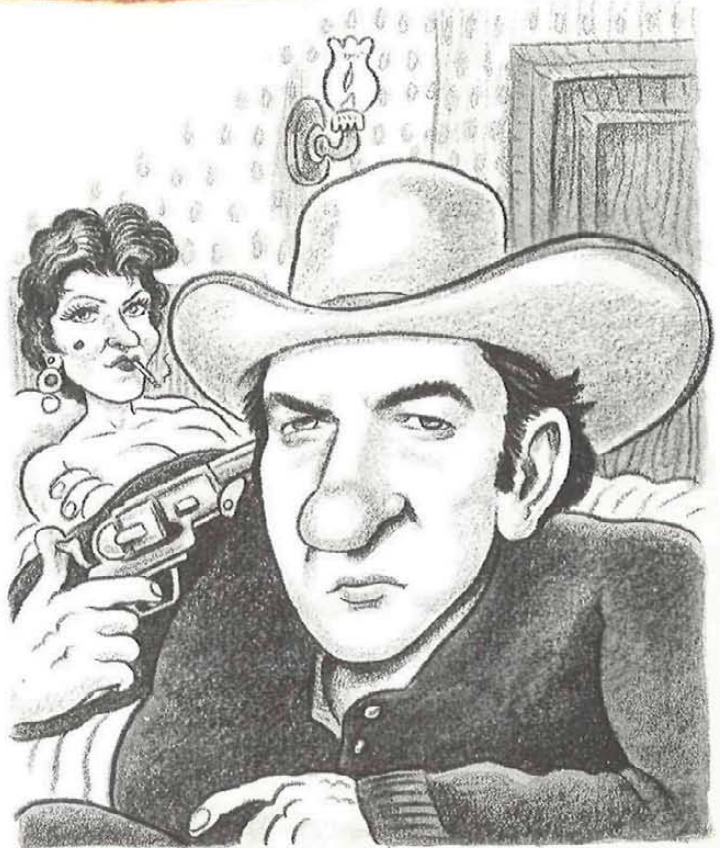
GUNSMOKE

Matt and Kitty Make Love

Ingmar Bergman, the great Swedish director, was a big fan of *Gunsmoke* and finally got a chance to direct an episode. It was Bergman's idea to have Matt and Kitty finally get together and consummate their true feelings.

But Bergman saw Matt Dillon's authoritarian macho persona as a sublimation of his sexuality. Matt's long-barreled six-shooter is his real penis. Going to bed with Kitty is more intimidating for him than killing a band of outlaws. In short, he can't get it up.

Dillon goes into a deep depression and consults Doc. Doc recommends a new French technique that does wonders for the penis. Matt can't believe that a woman would do such a thing, but he gets up enough nerve to ask Kitty if she would. Kitty is outraged and slaps him in the face. Now Matt is convinced he does not understand women. To let off a little steam he spots a gang of outlaws in a bar and kills them.



STAR TREK

The great Spock was capable of extraordinary feats, but none as impressive as his "mind meld," when he would will himself into a different person with a different body.

Leonard Nimoy (Spock) created a mind meld episode where he becomes a woman, a cocktail waitress played by Charo, but possessing Spock's brain.

Charo/Spock must infiltrate the lair of Ortho (Ernest Borgnine), the ruler of the planet Gynol II, a madman who wants to turn the entire galaxy into mindless sex slaves. Ortho has equally potent mind meld power and there is a struggle between him and Spock for the body of Charo. When Spock is losing the battle he turns into a composite of himself and the tiny sexpot, a very unsettling image. The network objected to this strange bisexual theme and prevailed upon the producers to cancel the show.





TONIGHT with Johnny Carson

The Night Ed McMahon Lost Control

Ed McMahon has always been kidded about his drinking, but he was always the complete professional on the show, always in control. One night, however, he must have imbibed one too many, because he went berserk right on the show.

As Johnny started his opening monologue Ed suddenly interrupted him and demanded a raise. He called Johnny a cheap-skate, a liar, and a child molester. When Johnny tried to make light of it, as if it were a planned routine, Ed only got worse. He started choking Johnny, demanding a huge raise in salary. Johnny was forced to say yes just to save his life.

The show immediately went to a commercial break, and Ed was whisked away by the security police as he was about to urinate on the hapless comedian. Ed spent a month on a forced vacation in a rehabilitation center, and Doc Severinsen took over his duties.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO...?

by Nick Bakay and Andy Simmons

Kent McCord and Martin Milner

It's not easy waking up at five every morning to bring some music, laughter, and even a little drama to a crowd of truckers, insomniacs, and transient flotsam as they wolf down coffee and eggs. Just ask Martin Milner and Kent McCord, those cruising patrolmen we came to love in *Adam 12*.

Times grew lean for these two after the cancellation of the Jack Webb-produced drama, but after a few years of soul-searching, Kent and Martin realized there was a huge audience out there anxious to see a lighter side of the wooden automatons in blue. A flurry of negotiations landed them a whopping ten-year contract with the Denny's restaurant chain, and for the last ten years these two TV legends have been sharing their special two-man chemistry with thousands of Denny's patrons on the breakfast-show circuit.

reaction when we give them the right song, that special joke...you just can't find that on a soundstage."

The show itself, titled *Milner and McCord: The Mirror Up to Nature*, is a mélange of personal anecdotes (the time Jack Webb smiled), songs ("High Hopes"), jokes ("Three vice cops and a Polish rocket scientist..."), and, on a request basis, classic *Adam 12* routines ("One Adam 12, see the lady, hand caught in disposal").

"This makes up for a lot of frustration we had while shooting *Adam 12*. Jack Webb never let us show our whimsical side," complains McCord. "And he never looked at the script I wrote where the two of us ran away and joined the circus. Now we're showing the world how versatile we really are."

To which Milner adds: "You just wait until the variety show makes a comeback."

He gives me the thumbs-up, and as I leave the Denny's on I-85 outside Greenville, South Carolina, I hear a different kind of Milner and McCord entice the crowd with this morning's special of blueberry pancakes (\$2.95) before launching into a duet of "Officer Krupke."

Morey Amsterdam

The quick, acerbic wit that was his trademark is still there. It just takes a little longer to come to the surface, that's all. About a half hour. But when it comes, watch out!

Morey, once the popular co-star of *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, now lives in the old comics' home in Scottsdale, Arizona, where he enjoys plucking the lice out of the scalp of his roommate, former funnyman George Gobel. Gobel himself no longer performs comedy and prefers conversation that leans toward the serious side, such as "Does God exist?" and "If a tree falls in the forest, does it make a sound?"

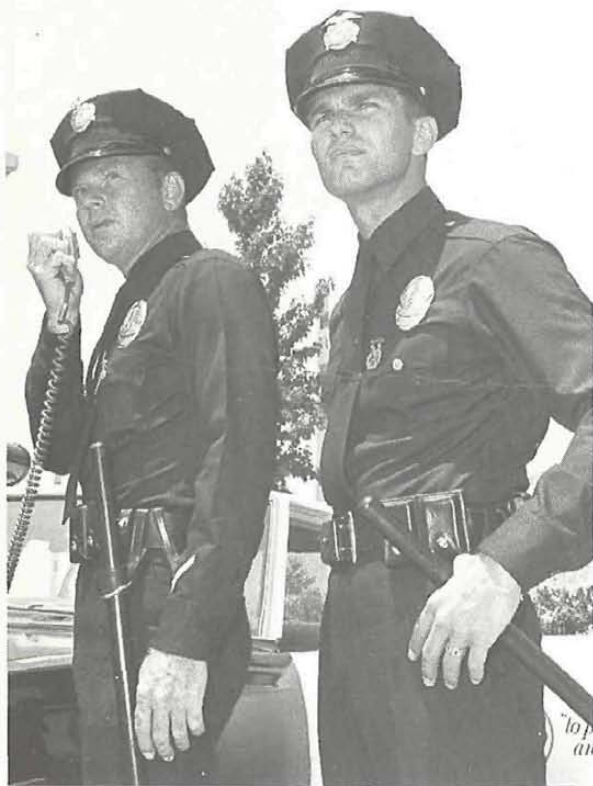
"Ever since the Soviets invaded Afghanistan, nothing strikes me as funny," he explains.

"He's always questioned things. Always asking 'Why?'" said Morey about his pal. "Why can't I have more pudding? 'Why is one leg on my walker shorter than the rest?' Always questioning. I rue the day those Commie bastards invaded that country. What did this wonderful man ever do to them?!"

Morey leads a quiet life now, preferring to play cards with some of the home's other stars, like Louis Nye and Red Buttons. "I don't hang out with the no-names, the guys who never made it past the Catskills, like Sid Fishkin over there." He motioned at a dapper elderly gentleman who was steeped in conversation with an ashtray. "He's never been west of Albany. I'm a star, dammit! I expect to be treated as such!"

With that, he pulled a stringy louse from George Gobel's hair. He mashed it between his thumb and index finger, then dusted his hands off. This seemed to placate him.

Morey doesn't see much of the old gang. "Rose Marie comes over every once in a while and brings a cake. But it's store-bought. Carl Reiner sends a Chanukkah card whenever he gets around to it. I got my last one in August. But that bum Dyke, I never hear from him. And I made that lush's career!!"



Reichmann Newsphotos

"I can't tell you how rewarding it has been for me to return to live performance, to the magic of breakfast theater," a beaming Kent McCord says.

"It's like a love affair," adds the still-cherubic Milner. "Sure, they're sleepy, bad-tipping nobodies, but I tell you, that instant

George squealed as Morey scratched at a louse-like mole on his head. A thoughtful expression covered Morey's face like a handkerchief over a full nose.

"You know, the life of a comic artist—for that's what we are, artists—our tongues are our brushes and our audiences' ears the canvas—the life of a comic artist...oh, whoa! Hey, I got a live one here!" Morey had struck pay dirt. A big, juicy louse clung to Gobel's head for dear life. Morey played it like a champion fisherman, giving some slack, then trying to bring him in. He repeated this action—some slack, then reeling him in. The sweat poured from his brow. Gobel got caught up in the action and began screaming, "You got him! Don't let him go! Don't let that son of a bitch go!" The battle raged. Blood spewed forth from the battleground that was George Gobel's head. His scalp looked more like Iwo Jima than that of a human. But ever the sporting enthusiast, he rooted his friend on. "Don't let him go! Don't let that son of a bitch go!!"



AP/Wide World

Finally, all those years angling on the banks of the Hudson as a child paid off for Morey as the louse gave up out of pure exhaustion. And what a beaut it was. Morey proudly displayed the catch to George, who smiled broadly, the first time since the Soviets had invaded Afghanistan. Morey put the louse on the desk for safekeeping. In the morning he would bring it to a taxidermist and have it stuffed and mounted. Now he was tired and needed his sleep.

Such is the life of a comic artist.

Speed Racer

GO, SPEED RACER, GO! Adventure's waiting just ahead! And to this day, the animated king of the racing car is tearing up the track in search of the checkered flag and the true identity of Racer X.

Or so it would seem in the eerie limbo land of reruns. If only life were so kind. Pops and Spritle were killed by a drunk driver near Osaka, Racer X is a disciple of bizarre cult leader Rama Rum Raisin, and Speed...oh, Speed.



AP/Wide World

They kept telling him the Mark V was a hopelessly outdated model, that it would never withstand the demands of modern racing, but his ego, his hubris—his unquenchable desire to be the best—drove Speed to compete on the NASCAR tour. There he met a fiery end on a tight corner as Richard Petty nudged the bright-eyed prodigy into a deadly encounter with first- and third-degree burns.

Jonathan Harris, aka Dr. Smith, *Lost in Space*

In one of television's most brilliant moves, the producers of *Lost in Space* chose to cast in the role of Dr. Smith, that mewling, plotting, pompous stowaway, the incomparable Jonathan Harris, perhaps the most irritating man ever to receive a SAG card.



AP/Wide World

Who could forget the complete commitment Harris brought to this role? He took his immersion in the role of Dr. Smith so far that he actually slept on the set and lived for years in the space chariot, until the show was dropped and the set destroyed to make room for the incoming crew of *Eight Is Enough*.

Where is he now? I tracked Harris down in a low-rent warehouse district in L.A., where he's now operating the Dr. Smith School of Acting.

I was not allowed to stay and witness the class as the boys stripped off their clothes and worked one-on-one with Harris on choice Dr. Smith/Will Robinson scenes.

Davey and Goliath

Davey Hanson, along with his faithful companion and pet, Goliath, were recognized as the puppet Laurel and Hardy of religious comedy. They were the kings of the Sunday morning airwaves. Their show was enjoyed by millions of avid fans seeking morality and family fun.



Davey Hanson's last acting role was as Anthony Hopkins's desk in *The Elephant Man*.

But sadly, as has happened to so many child stars, the years since Davey last took his post under the hot lights have not proved kind. Now in his early thirties, Davey reminds one of a weathered porch. His oaken skin is peeling, and he is badly in need of a shellac. His black hair, indelibly carved into his skull, has faded and is warped. He is a lonely young man in need of a friend.

At a bar in the Bowery section of New York City, Davey worked on his fourth whiskey-and-soda as he recounted this sad tale.

After their show was canceled in the late sixties, the Hanson family fell on rough times. Davey's father took to speaking in tongues and handling poisonous snakes as a sign of faith in God. After his dad died from a snake bite, Davey and Goliath hit the road, traveling the Bible-college lecture circuit to raise money for his mom and his sister, Sally. According to Davey, after a bitter argument, he and Goliath went their separate ways. Without Goliath, Davey found he was a faucet without water. He soon hit bottom, begging for spare change, selling drugs, committing petty crimes—making just enough to get by. Goliath, on the other hand, became a major star with CBN, the Christian Broadcasting Network, where he hosted his own talk show, interviewing other Christian talking animals.

As Davey spoke, the door to the bar opened, and in walked a dog wearing rings and a Giorgio Armani suit with Bill Blass designer dog booties.

"Davey? Davey Hanson?" asked the four-legged Beau Brummell. Davey dropped his drink and his eyes welled up. If his tears had been television sets, they would have played reruns of *The Davey and Goliath Show*.

"Holy shit! Goliath? Is that you?" Davey was overjoyed to see his old puppy, who was obviously well into his Cycle Four days.

"You shouldn't have sold me after all those years, Davey. What would God have said?"

Davey blushed, his despicable deed revealed. "Hey, I know. That was a bum trip. I needed bucks bad. But listen, I'm really glad they didn't chop you up and sell you for hamburger like they said they would."

"Thank you, Davey. God was watching over me." Goliath proceeded to tell his story, about how he began a rebellion at the slaughterhouse, and how he alone came out alive, hiding for days behind a vat of calves' livers. When he finally did escape, he turned to the Lord full-time, preaching the gospel to any down-and-out Lhasa apso or beagle that would listen. That's when he met Pat Robertson's schnauzer, who, in turn, introduced him to Pat, who got him his own show.

Suddenly, years of pent-up frustration played on Davey's face. His fall from grace was obviously too much to bear, especially in light of his former partner's good fortune. He snapped.

"You're a foolish dog!" he said, standing up to his full four feet six inches. Davey was made of wood, so he'd never grown once he was whittled. "You always have been—slipping and sliding into lakes and caves, always getting caught in adventure and intrigue. And I always had to get you out of trouble. I got stuck with bats and shit. I had soda jerks lecturing me all the time. I should have tossed you into the river when you were a puppy. Give me a pit bull any day!"

"Oh, Davey. What would God say?" asked a shocked Goliath.

"He would say, 'Shut the fuck up, dog!' Whoever heard of a pet who prays twice a day anyway! You always annoyed me. I think I'm gonna sell you back to the slaughterhouse!"

As Davey edged menacingly toward him, Goliath leaped onto the back of his old master and began biting into the pegs that held Davey's head to his body. Sawdust gushed over the bar. The froth from his mouth dribbled onto Davey's body, disintegrating the glue that held his limbs in place. His head, legs, and arms fell to the ground.

Stuffing oozed from the wounds Goliath had received during the fight at such a pace as to shrivel up his right hind leg, so he paid for the drinks, then limped into the night to a waiting limousine.

No. The two would definitely never get back together again.

Chad Everett

That handsome star of the prime-time drama *Medical Center*, Chad Everett, became a TV fashion icon in the early seventies with his wide lapels, flared slacks, bulbous knit ties, and, of course, large sideburns.



AP/Wide World

In fact, it was those sideburns that forced Chad's promising career into artistic limbo for ten years. They said he'd never work again, at least not with those muttonchops.

"I had *Dynasty* in the bag. I was to play a Machiavellian pool cleaner, it was all set..." Here Chad breaks off in an effort to compose himself, to hide the pain.

"...And...and...and then they told me about the sideburn clause in the contract."

Needless to say, Chad never signed it. It proved to be the final straw for his agent, his family, and the television industry, which quickly buzzed with vile Chad Everett jokes.

It took therapy, years of it—and, according to Chad, the realignment of the lunar/tide relationship—for him to see the light.

The sideburns are gone today and Chad Everett, as anxious as any novice, hastens off to audition for a production of *Brigadoon* starring Barbara Feldon. If luck is on his side, Chad will be touring with the show throughout the Midwest at local International House of Pancakes locations.

Donny Most

Those *Happy Days* are not over for Richie Cunningham and the Fonz's pal, Ralph Malph. No, sir, not by a long shot! Donny Most (Ralph) has been busy working the food-stand-theater circuit, where he starred in a one-man show on the life of the naval hero John Paul Jones. He began the run with out-of-town previews, where he performed at a cheese-steak stand in south



Philadelphia. From there he moved to a gyro stand in Hartford, where it was standing room only for the two-day stint. After that, a fantastic review in *Food Stand Magazine* catapulted him into the big time—BROADWAY! Donny signed an exclusive contract with the Sabrett Hot Dog Vending Company to perform at the corner of Forty-third and Broadway for a minimum of two weeks.

"This is my big chance," said a happy Mr. Broadway. "I have to pull up my bootstraps and give it all I got. I even added a big new scene. Just after I proclaim, 'I have just begun to fight!' I jump into the hot dog stand and swim around in the sauerkraut. It's a great effect."

Unfortunately for Donny, while it was a spectacular stunt, he scalded his face during his premier performance on Broadway and had to be rushed to the burn unit at Mount Sinai Hospital, where he is today, waiting for the skin grafts, taken from the soles

of his feet, to heal. In the meantime Ron Palillo, who played Horshack in the series *Welcome Back, Kotter*, will finish the run.

But Donny is not deterred. Although he could not speak, since his lips have yet to heal, one could sense the sheer determination in his eyes, once the bandages were removed, to continue on. His agent, Mrs. Most, even boasts a new opportunity for her son: to sign with the largest burrito-stand outfit in El Paso as the star of *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*.

"After all," she explained, "the show must go on."

Johnnie Whitaker, *Family Affair*

"Uncle Beeeel, Uncle Beeeel!" he cries out as I approach him. Yes, it's Johnnie Whitaker, child star who played the moppish, cuddly Jody on *Family Affair*.



Alas, Johnnie now lives in a trailer parked behind a sideshow bearing the banner "World's Oldest Boy."

You see, Johnnie was stricken with a rare condition that stunted his development as a human being. The medical term is *cuticular permanensis*, but we know it by its common name, the permanent-brat syndrome.

Certain children who are treated as adorable moppets for a prolonged period have been known to cease growing. In a sense they are frozen in the "too-cute-and-they-know-it" phase of development.

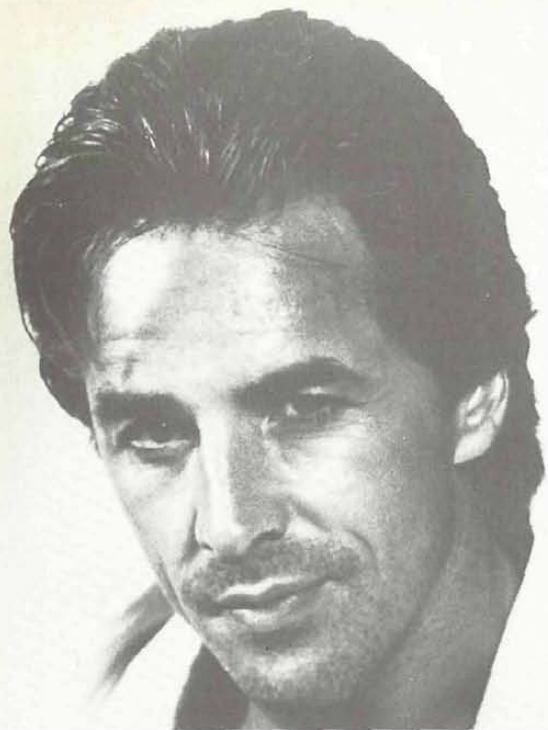
I tried to talk to the pint-size has-been, but all he said was "Uncle Beeeel, Uncle Beeeel, when are you going to build that bridge in San Francisco? Uncle Beeeeel, Mr. French took us to the park today. Uncle Beeeeel, do you have a hangover???"

I summoned all my Brian Keith cragginess, reared back, and flattened the little turd with a backhand. I ran to my car before he could come to.

Johnnie will be touring the Southern states this winter with *Mister Bumpy's World of the Curious and Disgusting*.

Don Johnson

Remember this guy? No? Well, he was huge for a while. He became a sort of Chad Everett for the eighties; a symbol of contemporary fashion at its most transient, trendy extreme.



I can't wait for the reruns; it will be like laughing at the clothes on old episodes of *77 Sunset Strip*.

Where is he now? At last word, Don was trying to get in on the proposed one-hour reunion special, *Return of the Washed-up Sex Idols*, co-starring "Kookie" Byrnes, Bobby Sherman, Leif Garrett, Burt Ward, Johnnie Ray, and Peter Lupus.

Ken Berry

"This is a lovely home. It boasts five bedrooms, a huge living room with fashionably high ceilings. Mom, just take a gander at this kitchen. You can make an awful lot of blueberry pies in that



oven. Dad, what about that work area in the basement, huh?!" Ken Berry, former actor and presently a Century 21 salesman, was trying to convince his parents to buy the house of their dreams. It was roughly \$400,000 more than they wanted to spend, but Ken was a good salesman. He could sell bacon to a

pig. And he knew his parents were bending. So he went for the kill.

"C'mon, Dad. Please? Between your Social Security and your job as a night watchman, you can pull it off. . . . Or maybe you just want to see me fail like always!" he said through clenched teeth as he lay on the floor, kicking his legs.

"Sure," he said later at his desk, back at the office, "what I did to my parents was a rotten thing. They may end up in bankruptcy, and I should probably feel bad about it. Who knows, maybe I will. But when you're stuck with the little talent I have, you learn to be a good salesman if you want to get anywhere. I'm no Brando. I don't have Newman's face or Astaire's feet. I was a blue-collar actor. I had to work for what I got!"

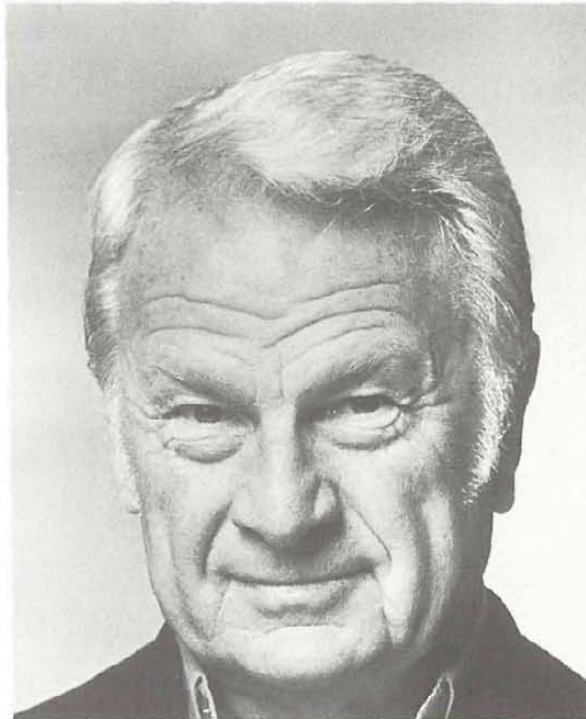
McLean Stevenson walked by and winked at the two of us, then went over to his own desk, where he had a prospective customer waiting. Ken pulled out a folder from a drawer and opened it. "Now, for example, look at this classic ranch-style home, rich in tradition and style. The rooms are. . ."

Within an hour I was the proud owner of the most darling little ranch house you ever laid eyeballs on. Since it was in San Bernardino and I live and work in New York, Ken said it wouldn't be a problem getting a heliport built in the huge backyard to facilitate my daily trip to and from the airport.

By the way, Ken's parents? They're my new neighbors.

Eddie Albert

Ah, the friendly, venerable one. Mr. Green Acres. Eddie. Not Ed or Edward or Mr. Albert or Mr. Al. Just Eddie. Well, Eddie hasn't been doing just nothing since fame took an extended vacation. He's holding down the fort at the Akron, Ohio, Rubber Theater, where he is playing the role of Albin in the hit



musical *La Cage Aux Folles*.

"No, it doesn't bother me to play a transvestite," answered Mr. Albert in response to the obvious question. "I once had the lead role in *Charley's Aunt*, so I've done it before. Besides, I have this awful rash on my legs, and wearing a skirt is actually more comfortable than pants. And since I suffer from oily skin, the rouge dries it up. The bra is nice because my chest is beginning to sag and it gives me a fuller look. The dark, long eyelashes really

continued on page 90

SPOON-O-VISION



by Larry Sloman and Ed Subitzky



Puts you right in an X-rated cable movie!

SIMPLE DIRECTIONS: Through the magic of Spoon-O-Vision, the result of a massive *National Lampoon* high-tech research project, you are about to have the most amazing experience of your life—direct participation in a raunchy cable-TV movie where you interact on the most intimate levels with three gorgeous, wet, and wild young ladies! You'll not only see yourself with them in scene after scene, but you'll also appear in amazing full motion that lets you turn your eager head and tongue in whatever direction you find most delicious!

To prepare for the astonishing Spoon-O-Vision experience, you need just two simple implements: an ordinary kitchen tablespoon and a pair of scissors. If necessary, a teaspoon will do; just try to pick a spoon that's as shiny and mirror-like as possible. With the scissors, simply cut out the dotted areas in the panels below so that there's a hole in the page in the exact shape of each dotted area. As you read each panel, hold the spoon on the opposite side of the page so that its rounded bottom protrudes up into the hole. If necessary, experiment with holding the page closer or farther away and tilting the spoon gently. It also helps to have a strong light behind you.

Remember, as shown in the diagram, the part of the spoon that holds the food should be away from you, so that, through the hole, you're looking into the rounded bottom. You'll see a lifelike full-color reflection of yourself that will be just the right size to put you right in the middle of the action.

And what action! For this first *National Lampoon* Spoon-O-Vision feature, we've chosen one of the hottest, boldest, no-holds-barred late-night X-rated cable skin flicks ever to sizzle down that bulging seventy-five-ohm wire into anyone's happy home. So relax, superstar, because you're on-camera from this moment on. And when the director yells "Action!" that's exactly what you're going to get plenty of.

CONDO BIMBOS

OUR STORY BEGINS IN APARTMENT 34L....

BOY, IT'S ROUGH BEING A NYMPHOMANIAC WITH SUCH AN OVERPOWERING SEX URGE THAT NO DRUG OR PSYCHIATRIC TECHNIQUE KNOWN TO MODERN SCIENCE CAN HELP! I HAVEN'T GOTTEN LAID IN A FULL TWO HOURS AND I'M CLIMBING THE WALLS!

YOU THINK THAT'S BAD? I WAS DIVORCED TWO WEEKS AGO AND UNTIL THEN I WAS USED TO GETTING IT EIGHT TIMES A DAY! IF A MAN WALKED IN HERE, I'D TEAR HIS CLOTHES OFF SO FAST HE'D THINK HE'D GOT HIMSELF CAUGHT IN A MEAT GRINDER!

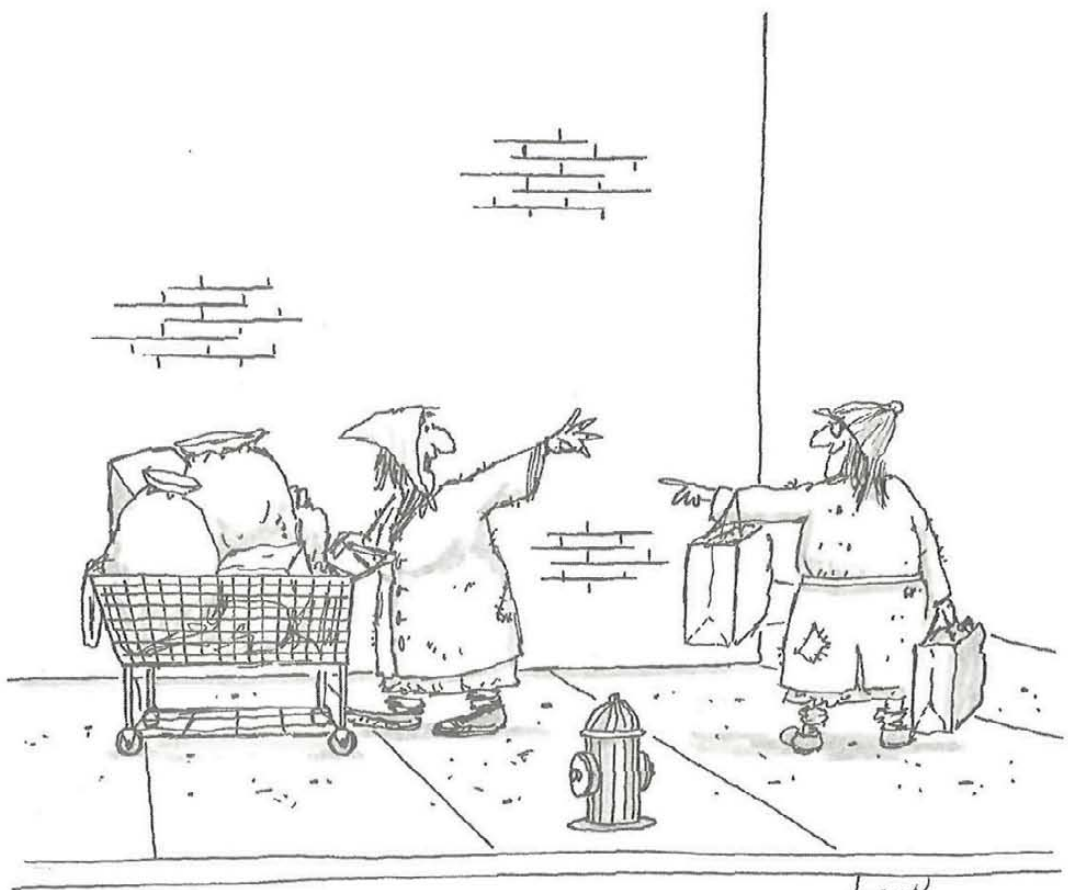
THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO ME! I WAS IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT AT THE AGE OF NINE AND I'VE BEEN IN A COMA UNTIL THIS MORNING! I'M STILL A VIRGIN WITH TEN YEARS OF PENT-UP SEXUALITY THAT'S BURSTING WITHIN ME! IF I DON'T GET MY INDOCTRINATION INTO WOMANHOOD WITHIN THE NEXT THIRTY SECONDS, I THINK I'LL JUMP THROUGH THE WINDOW!

KNOCK!
KNOCK!

WHY, SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!



SPOON-O-VISION INTERMISSION



"Mildred! Great to see you, babe....I'd love to chat, but I have to get over to Seventh Avenue and defecate in my clothes....Call me.... We'll do lunch!"

I'M HERE TO REPAIR THE TELEPHONE....



COME ON, GIRLS, LET'S SHOW THIS HUNK HOW HORNY HE CAN GET!



MUNCH ON THESE FOR STARTERS!



WE'VE GOT YOU SURROUNDED! NOW TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE RIPE MELONS!



OH YES! YES! EATING OUT IS AS GOOD AS I DREAMED!



DON'T WORRY, BIG MAN! IF MY MOUTH CAN'T HOLD IT ALL, I'LL FIND SOMETHING THAT WILL!

MEANWHILE, LICK THIS!



NOW WE'LL HAVE SOME REAL FUN, GIRLS!



SPOON-O-VISION INTERMISSION



I'M SO GLAD YOU CALLED ME, CANDY! YOU ALWAYS DID TAKE CARE OF YOUR LITTLE SISTER!



NO...

I DON'T THINK HE FELL IN LOVE WITH ME!

OH YEAH? THEN TAKE THIS!



ARRRRGGGHHHHH!

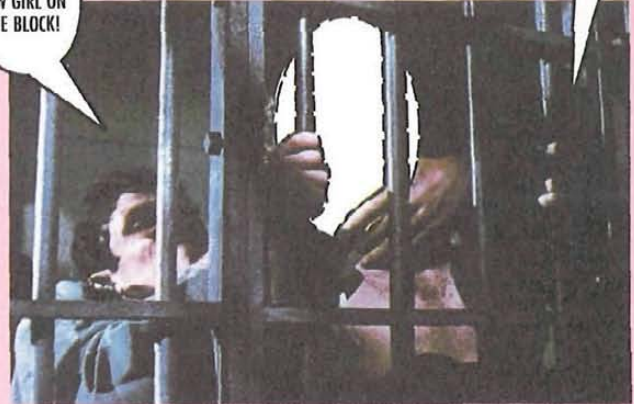
THE NEIGHBORS REPORTED SCREAMING....



OH, OFFICER! BEFORE WE MANAGED TO SUBDUDE HIM, HE BROKE IN HERE AND RAPED US ALL... AND HE WASN'T EVEN GOOD!

HEY, LOOK AT THE NEW GIRL ON THE BLOCK!

DON'T WORRY, KID! WE'RE ALL BEHIND YOU!

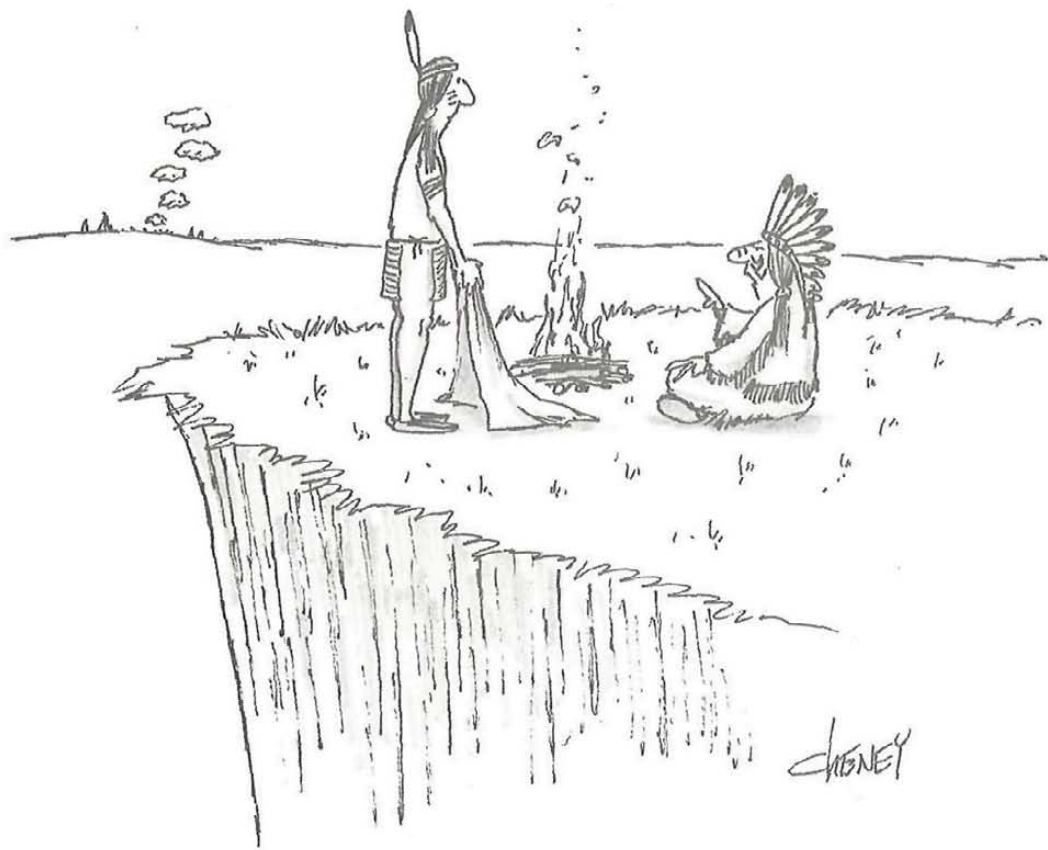


I'M AFRAID, SON, YOU'VE GOT EVERY SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASE KNOWN TO MAN— SYPHILIS, GONORRHEA, HERPES, CHLAMYDIA, PAPILLOMA WARTS, AND, OF COURSE, AIDS! YOU SHOULD BE DEAD EVEN BEFORE I FINISH THIS SENTENCE!



... DUST TO DUST, AMEN!

I TOLD HIM WORKING FOR THE PHONE COMPANY WAS DANGEROUS!



"Tell them that their plan is not cost-effective enough.... We need a better assessment of our mutual fund holdings and futures portfolio before we can even consider a merger based solely on a sales and distribution prospectus."

buddy hickerson's

Twisted Hell

Let's take a look at our fabulous fall lineup.

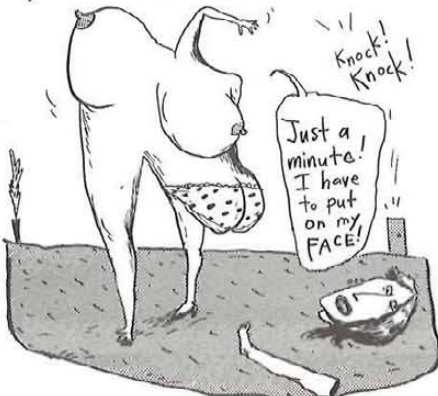
1. Soviet Bandstand.



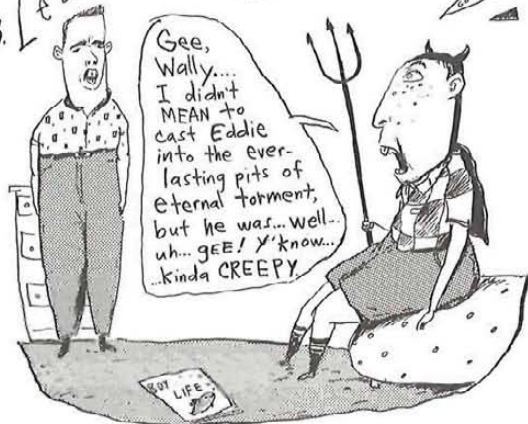
Dance Bolshevik boogie with tractor or DIE!!



2. Redesigning Women.



3. Leave it to Beelzebub.



4. R.A.L.F. (Regurgitated Alien Life-Form)



Hi! I'm a piece of puke from another planet!

7 7
"Here we come,
Shootin' up some speed.
Can't stop from takin'
All the drugs we need.
Hey, Hey...we're the Junkies."



7. 80... Something!



I'm having my end-of-life crisis. I don't know which way to go.

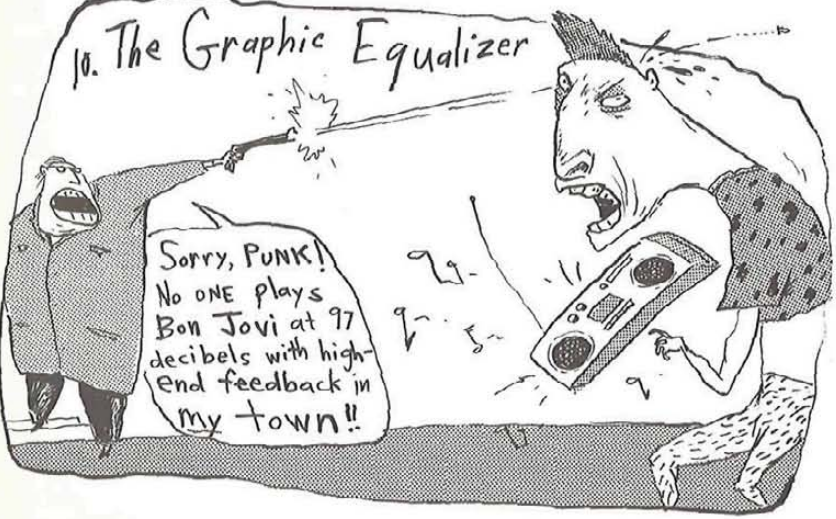
Neither do my bowels.

8. Lifestyles of the Poor and Stupid!



Yeah.. well.. I had some toast and then I got outta bed... wait... that's not right..

10. The Graphic Equalizer

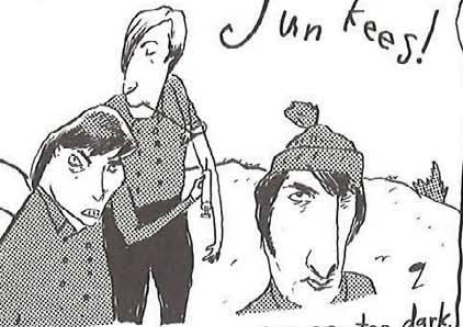


Sorry, PUNK!
No ONE plays Bon Jovi at 97 decibels with high-end feedback in my town!!

Wow! Hey, Linus! Trash the BLANKet!



5. The Junkees!



... People say our veins are too dark.
But we're too busy singin'
To cover our track marks."

6. Dukes of Hoboken!

Wooo! Ain't
NEVER seen standstill
traffic like THIS, Duke!
YEE-HAW!!



COMMERCIAL:
Finally revealed!!
Snap, Crackle, and
Pop's asthmatic
younger brother, Wheeze!

Cough!!
in Generic Foods'
NEW CEREAL...
Phlegm
Krispies!!



7. G.A.S.H. (Guam Army Sex Hotel)

You service-
men are all
alike! Here
today....
... GONORRHEA!



8. It's a Couple of Great Pumpkins, Charlie Brown!



This is station
manager, Bill Z.
Bubb reminding you
all to... COME
ON DOWN!!

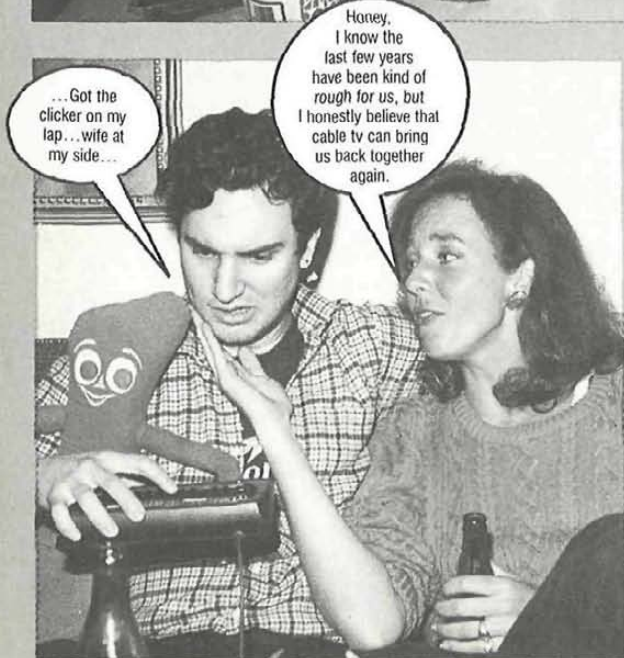
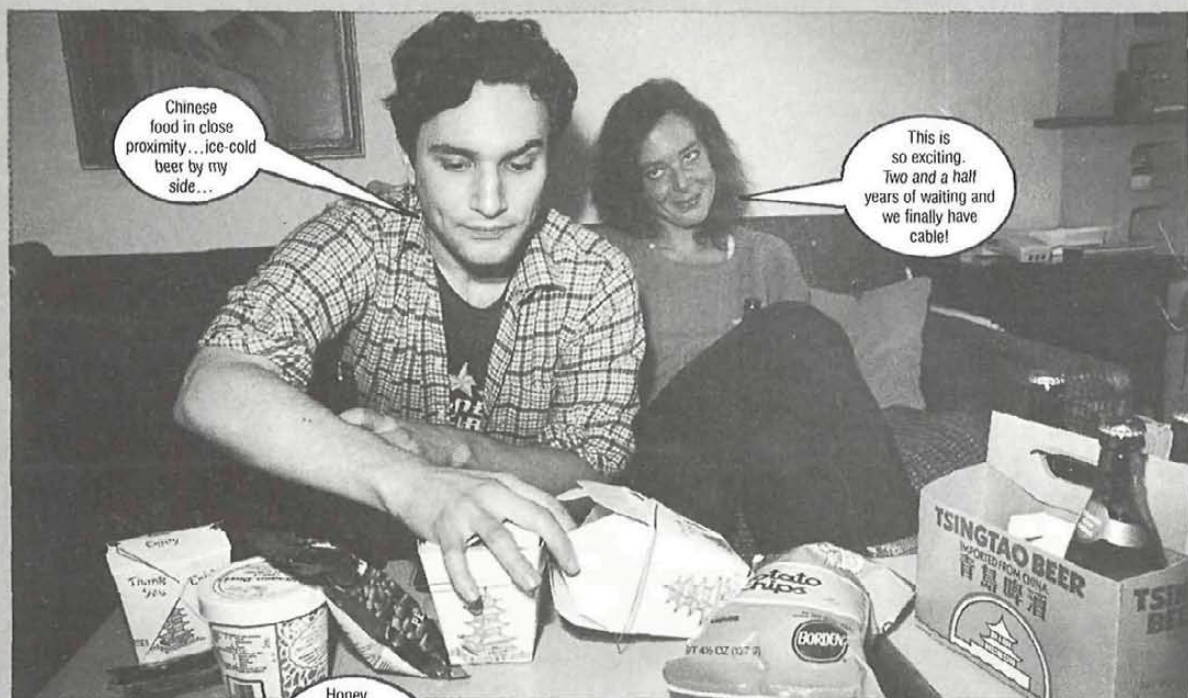


hickers

Hell TV

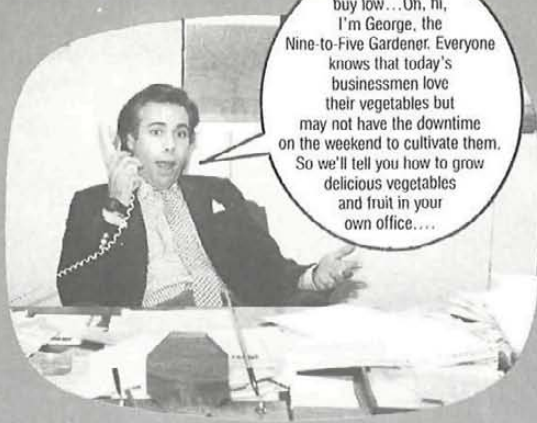
FIRST CABLE TV NIGHT

by Larry Sloman, Andy Simmons, Dave Hanson, Tony Kisch, Will Jacobs, and Gerard Jones



THE NINE-TO-FIVE GARDENER

CLICK



... Sell high, buy low... Oh, hi, I'm George, the Nine-to-Five Gardener. Everyone knows that today's businessmen love their vegetables but may not have the downtime on the weekend to cultivate them. So we'll tell you how to grow delicious vegetables and fruit in your own office....

ESPN AUSTRALIAN RULES DWARF-KICKING

CLICK



G'day, there's a beautiful side foot blow. That little mutant's gone seven meters three, which is good for the lead....

This is a sport?

Only in Australia.

CLICK

ORIENTAL MASSAGE PARLORS

CLICK



At Suzie Wong's Palace of a Thousand Giggles, our girls will bathe you and give you finest massage this side of Orient. Special outcall available.

THE WORLD AT WAR

CLICK



But still Il Duce wasn't satisfied....

THIS OLD BODY with Bob Bila

CLICK



Well, Bob, the left aorta is mighty clogged... clamps... but if we can just...

Hello, this is Bob Bila. Norm here is going to show you how to perform a simple quadruple bypass operation in the comfort of your own home. You can see he's poking around my heart right now. Norm, how does it look?

THE TRACY SEX SHOW

CLICK



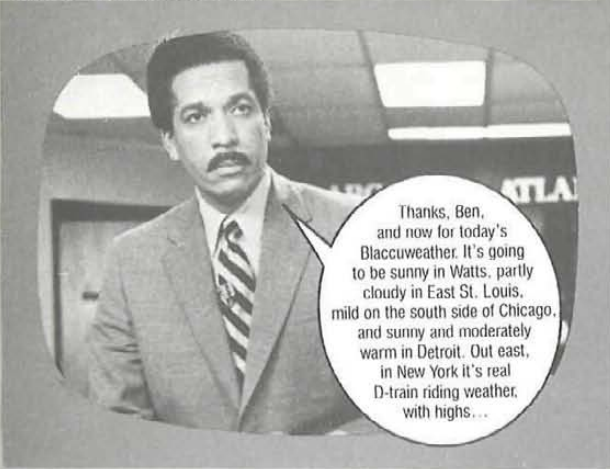
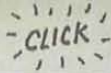
Well, Tracy, it's got a very tinnny quality....

Hello, I'm Tracy Sex, and tonight's topic is our tap water here in Winneehaha County. With me are some concerned citizens of Winneehaha. Jim, you drink the water. What seems to be the problem with it?

C'mon, I wanna hear about our water quality.

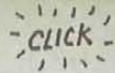
Switch it!

THE BLACK NEWS NETWORK



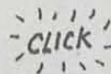
Thanks, Ben, and now for today's Blaccuweather. It's going to be sunny in Watts, partly cloudy in East St. Louis, mild on the south side of Chicago, and sunny and moderately warm in Detroit. Out east, in New York it's real D-train riding weather, with highs...

INDIAN SOAP OPERA



We are ruined. Our family's honor is destroyed.

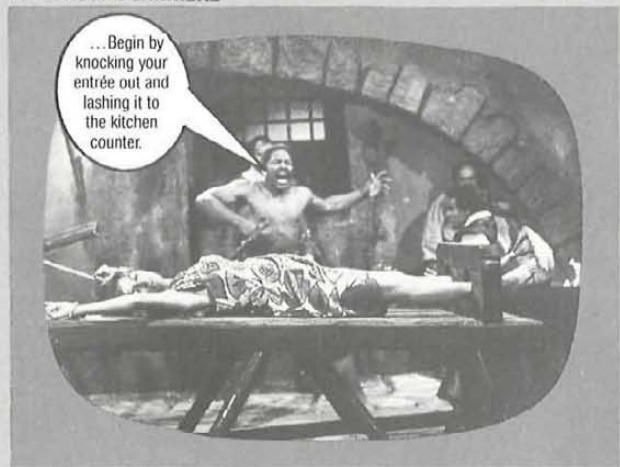
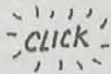
THE 666 CLUB



The 666 Club is brought to you by Secular Humanist International Television. And here's your host, Jimmy Hubris!

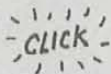
Hi there. How are you feeling? A little angst-ridden? Nauseated? Full of fear and trembling? Nothing wrong with that. C'mon in and park your ass and knock back a drink. That'll take the edge off moral despair.

THE FRUGAL CANNIBAL



... Begin by knocking your entrée out and lashing it to the kitchen counter.

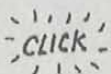
ORIENTAL MASSAGE PARLORS



... For the finest in sensuality experience, call Yoko's Oriental Escorts. Special outcall available.

Didn't she used to be a singer or something?

USA SPANKING NETWORK



Keep that backswing high, like this, and right down....

They got a whole network for spanking?

C-SPAN CHANNEL

... which greatly increased the cost of the 3291 replacement part, which in turn forced an additional expenditure of \$3,235.43 in fiscal '87. However, cost overruns on the main unit itself made the 3291 unit obsolete by the time the Department of the Navy received shipment, necessitating an additional outlay of 4.2 million dollars in research and development for a state-of-the-art, water-resistant vacuum cleaner...

CLICK

THE NINE-TO-FIVE GARDENER

CLICK

Look at this beauty. This will be ready for picking in a day or two.... And let's take a peek at that juicy-looking corn over by the file cabinets....

THE TRACY SEX SHOW

CLICK

...very high fluoride content, too.

As chairman of Nudes for Better-Tasting Tap Water, we've been putting pressure on the town council...

Give me that switcher!

I'll do it—relax.

ESPN SUMO BUTT-FLOSSING

CLICK

...Before the match, each contestant flosses his buttocks, an ancient Oriental ritual that paid homage to the dreaded gods of the bowels....

That's gross.

MTV

CLICK

And in music news, more violence in the wake of a Run-D.M.C. rap concert in Mexico City....

THE CHANNELING CHANNEL

CLICK

Tonight we will be channeling a three-thousand-year-old great master who is now inhabiting the body of this innocent-looking child's toy.

SPANISH SOAP OPERA

CLICK



Estamos arruinados. El honor de la familia está destruido.

We are ruined. Our family's honor is destroyed.

THIS OLD BODY with Bob Vila

Hmm... now this right ventricle should feed right into this pulmonary valve...

CLICK



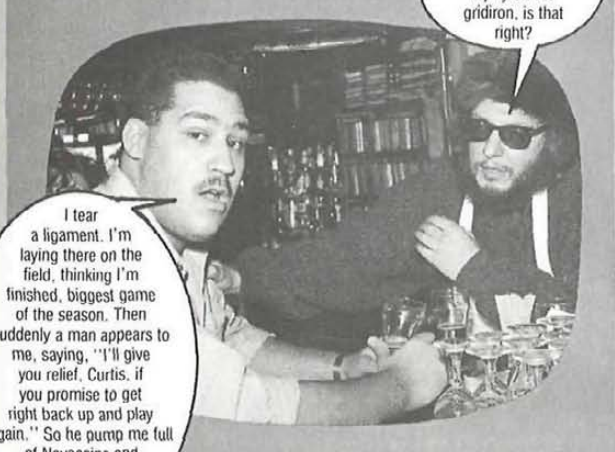
We're losing him, Norm, we're losing him!

Vital signs are negligible, Norm!

THE 666 CLUB

CLICK

Curtis, you came to secular humanism because of an injury on the gridiron, is that right?

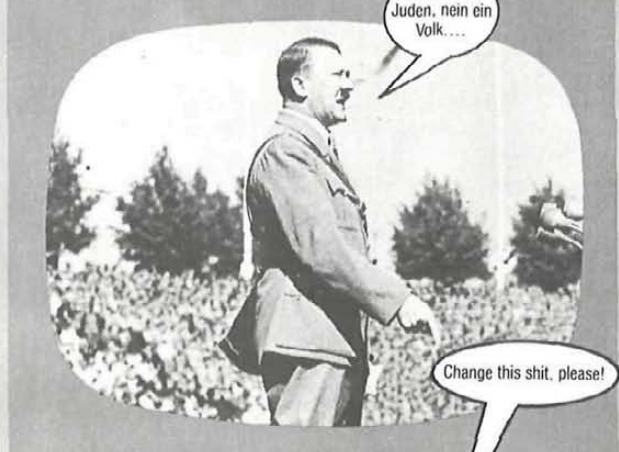


I tear a ligament. I'm laying there on the field, thinking I'm finished, biggest game of the season. Then suddenly a man appears to me, saying, "I'll give you relief, Curtis, if you promise to get right back up and play again." So he pump me full of Novocaine and I get up and score the winning TD.

THE WORLD AT WAR

CLICK

...Und das Juden, nein ein Volk...



Change this shit, please!

THE REAL ESTATE CHANNEL

CLICK

...where six people, including a six-month-old baby, lost their lives recently. But the Hernandez family's tragedy offers the cunning investor a splendid opportunity in an area that's ripe for gentrification.



THE FRUGAL CANNIBAL

CLICK

... Then add garnish. When feasting on a Caucasoïd, we suggest a nice Chablis...



I don't believe this.

RING

BATMAN SERIAL

And who will protect your Gotham City now, Batman?



It's Mercy Hospital. Your mother was in a car crash. She's in critical condition!

I can't talk now, tell 'em to call back.

Where the hell is HBO on this box?

CLICK

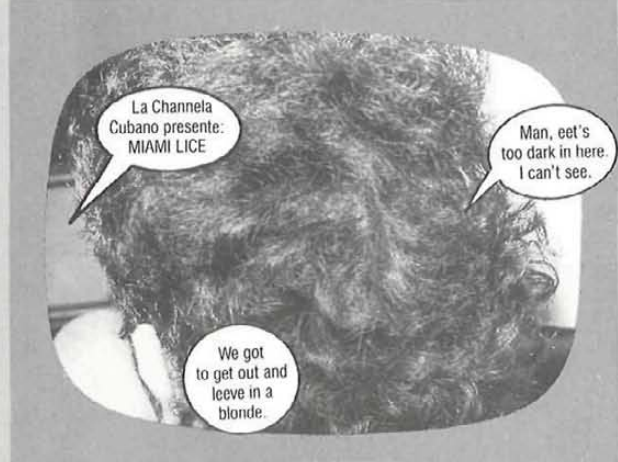
HBO COMEDY SERIES—FATAL ATTRACTION



Rabbit stew again? That's the third time this week!

CLICK

CUBAN CHANNEL—MIAMI LICE



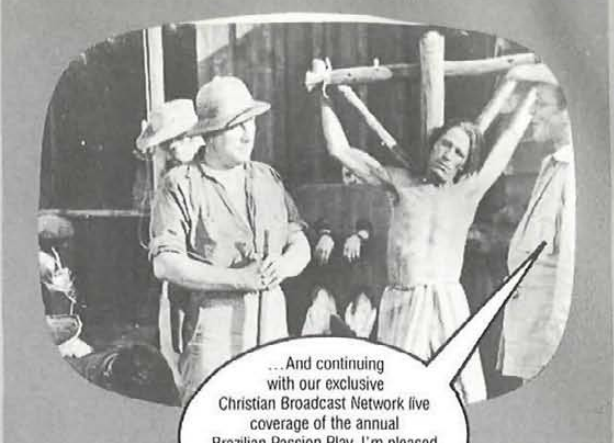
La Channela Cubano presente: MIAMI LICE

Man, eet's too dark in here. I can't see.

We got to get out and leeve in a blonde.

CHRISTIAN BROADCAST NETWORK

CLICK



...And continuing with our exclusive Christian Broadcast Network live coverage of the annual Brazilian Passion Play, I'm pleased to introduce the Reverend Manuel Valencia, who's really responsible...

CLICK

THE CHANNELING CHANNEL



For too long, mankind has allowed the aggressive, left side of the brain to dominate its behavior. The new age that is upon us will correct this primitive, backward thinking and...

... For all of you at Coolidge High in Miss Davis's sixth-period algebra class, we were fortunate to get our hands on a copy of tomorrow's surprise quiz. So, here are the answers.

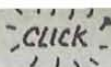
CLICK

HOME EDUCATION NETWORK

ANSWERS TO ALGEBRA 1 QUIZ
MISS DAVIS 6TH PERIOD

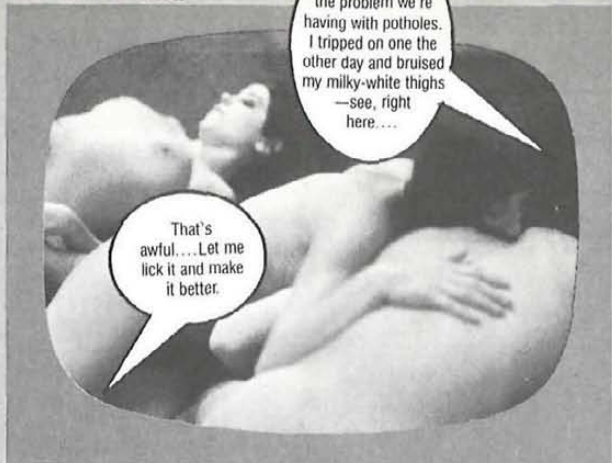
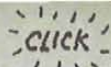
| | |
|----------------------|--|
| 1) 14 | 6) -12 |
| 2) $x + y^2$ | 7) $a \cdot (b+c) = a \cdot b + a \cdot c$ |
| 3) $x \cdot x = x^2$ | 8) $x^2 + 2x + 5$ |
| 4) -2 | 9) x^{23} |
| 5) x/y^3 | 10) x^3y^4 |

ESPN—COCKFIGHTING



Tonight's feature bout, a title contest. In this corner the challenger, from Miami, Florida, weighing in twenty pounds—RRRAAAA-ZORFACE BODEGA! And his opponent, from the Dominican Republic...

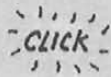
THE TRACY SEX SHOW



...not nearly as serious as the problem we're having with potholes. I tripped on one the other day and bruised my milky-white thighs—see, right here...

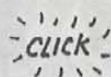
That's awful... Let me lick it and make it better.

THE FRUGAL CANNIBAL



...Next week we'll show you how to whip up this dessert for just pennies above the cost of the cadaver.

USA SPANKING NETWORK



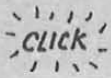
...The famed director John Huston preferred a series of short, quick strokes followed by a bramble bush massage.

Can you believe it? John Huston!

That doesn't look so bad.

You're sick.

HEALTH CHANNEL



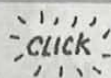
...Should the Heimlich maneuver fail, try using a sword to unblock the throat passage, rapidly inserting it in and out as you would a toilet plunger...

There's a useful health tip.

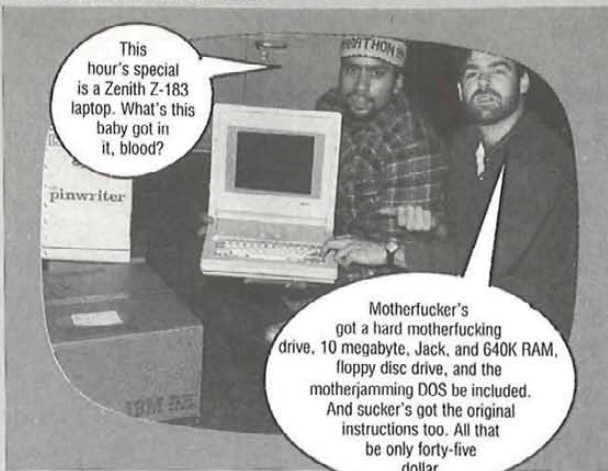
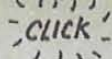
ORIENTAL MASSAGE PARLORS



At Benihana's House of Pleasure, we always have party. Our galaxy of prawns are just waiting for you to phone. Special outcall available. Call 555-3672.



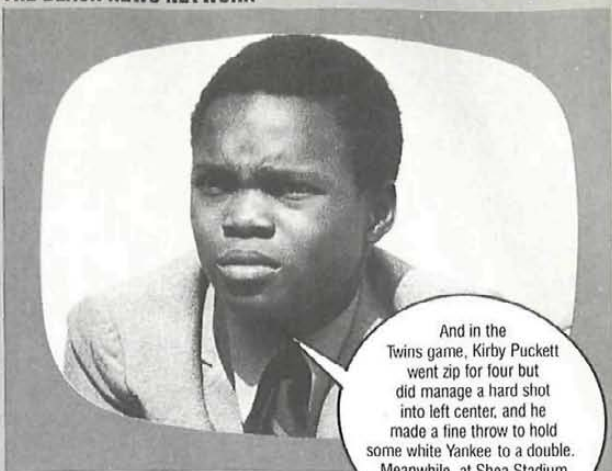
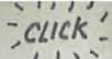
HOME SHOPLIFTING CHANNEL



This hour's special is a Zenith Z-183 laptop. What's this baby got in it, blood?

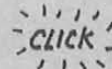
Motherfucker's got a hard motherfucking drive, 10 megabyte, Jack, and 640K RAM, floppy disc drive, and the motherjamming DOS be included. And sucker's got the original instructions too. All that be only forty-five dollar.

THE BLACK NEWS NETWORK



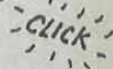
And in the Twins game, Kirby Puckett went zip for four but did manage a hard shot into left center, and he made a line throw to hold some white Yankee to a double. Meanwhile, at Shea Stadium it was all Darryl's day....

BBC NETWORK



And next week we will begin the BBC twenty-seven-part dramatization of Shelley's *To a Skylark*, featuring Lord Peter Lord in the title role....

THE 666 CLUB

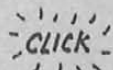


And how did that man's gift transform your life that day?

Well, it fuck up my knee pretty good, but I got a Ferrari with the bonus money, so I don't care.

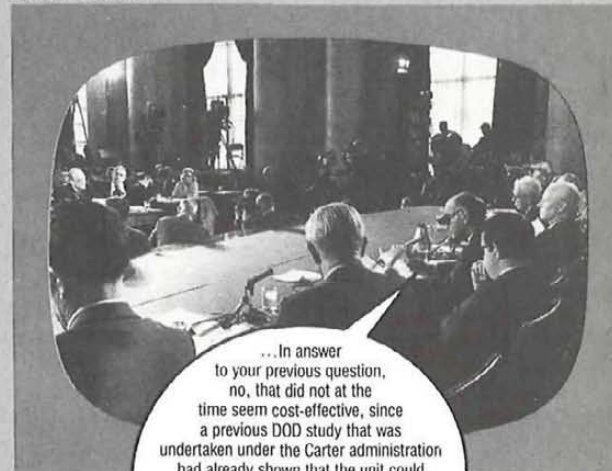
Isn't it miraculous what modern science and a little material reward can do? PRAISE NOTHING! Let's drink a toast to that.

HORROR FILM

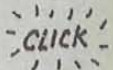


No! That sulfuric acid'll blow us all to kingdom come!

C-SPAN CHANNEL



...In answer to your previous question, no, that did not at the time seem cost-effective, since a previous DOD study that was undertaken under the Carter administration had already shown that the unit could not operate at depths below two nautical miles. Now this was fine for our conventional subs, but our nuclear fleet was experiencing a real problem with respect to simple sanitary maintenance....



THIS OLD HOMO with Bobby Veale

click



Today let's talk tchotchkes—you know, Gerdie, those marvelously silly little things that add a real *je ne sais quoi* to an otherwise drab living room.

click

ORIENTAL SOAP OPERA



本樓鷄脯
雙鮮本樓

What are they talking about?

Maybe he caught something at Suzie Wong's Palace of a Thousand Giggles.

click

MTV



Look, Madonna's new video.

Dress you up in my love, all over, all over...

AUSTRALIAN RULES DARTS

click



Jennings needs a bull's-eye to salvage this round and there it goes....

click

THE LIGHTS OF REDEMPTION



...And just as Daniel was unscathed in the lions' den because of his faith in the Lord, so too must we evince the same faith and the same trust that God will protect and...

THE WORLD AT WAR

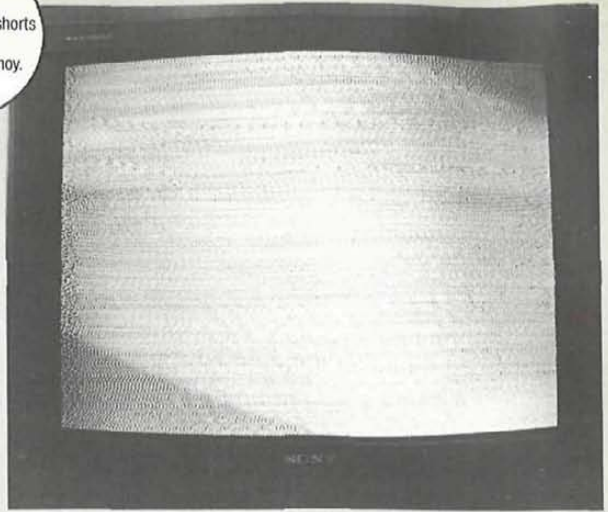


...As Paris falls to the Nazi war machine...



Okay, it's almost ten o'clock. Tyson-Spinks, the big one, on HBO, and we've got it!

Oh great, two grown men in shorts trying to kill each other. Fun ahoy.



What the fuck! You broke it. You fucked it up with your negative attitude! Dammit! Call the cable company, quick!



Great! Now what do we do?

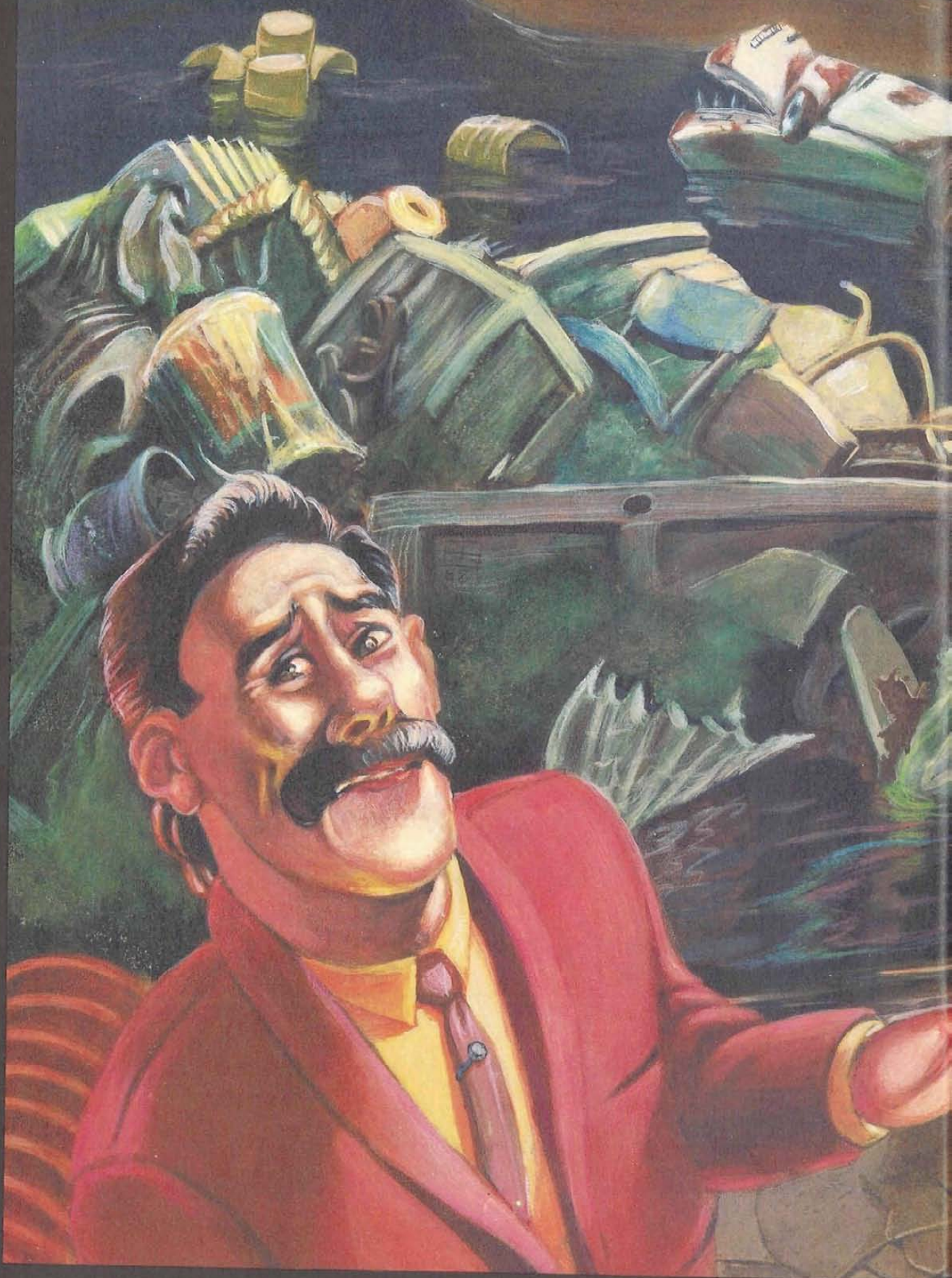
He says the drizzle outside knocked the cable out. They can't fix it for another week.

I dunno. We'll do what we used to do before we got cable.



Photos courtesy of AP/Wide World and Cinemabilia

SURPRISE POSTER # 119 GERALDO RIVERA DRA





What Happened To...?

continued from page 68

show off my blue eyes. The high heels make my calves more pronounced, and I really like that look. The pink lipstick heals my chapped lips and the nail polish—well, randy red is me. And who can't help but love these fishnet stockings and the Adolfo blouse? What about this pocketbook with all the fun compartments? I can put my compact here, my purse in this nook, my diaphragm in this cranny, my—"

"Ten minutes, Mr. Al!" screamed the stage manager.

The actor stood, adjusted his skirt, powdered the shine off his nose.

"How do I look?" he asked through pouty lips.

"If a war were fought today, a picture of you would hang in every locker of every boot camp in the free world."

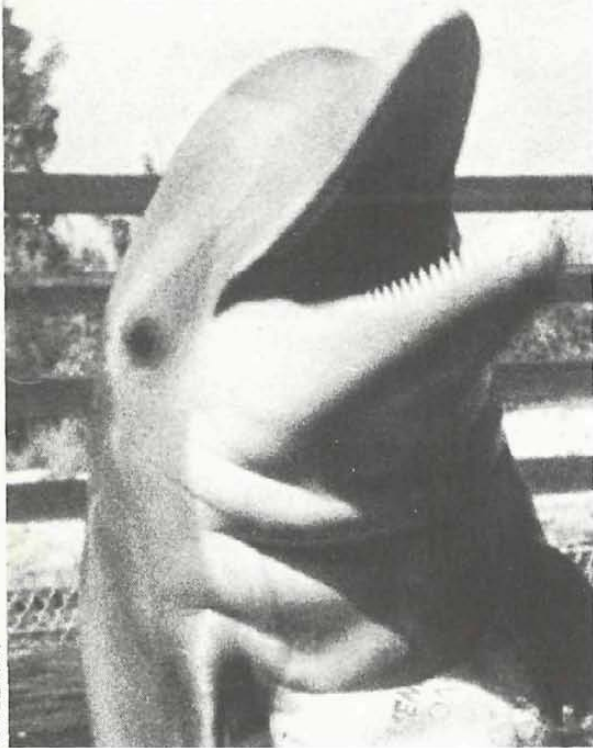
He liked that. He blew a kiss, then went off to work.

And I proceeded to whack off three times in the star's dressing room.

Flipper

"They call him Flipper, Flipper, faster than lightning...."

But sadly, not faster than a fisherman's net. Yes, it's true. Flipper, America's favorite seafaring mammal, sleeps with the fish. No, not off the Florida Keys. In a supermarket-freezer section near you. And we understand he's just delicious.



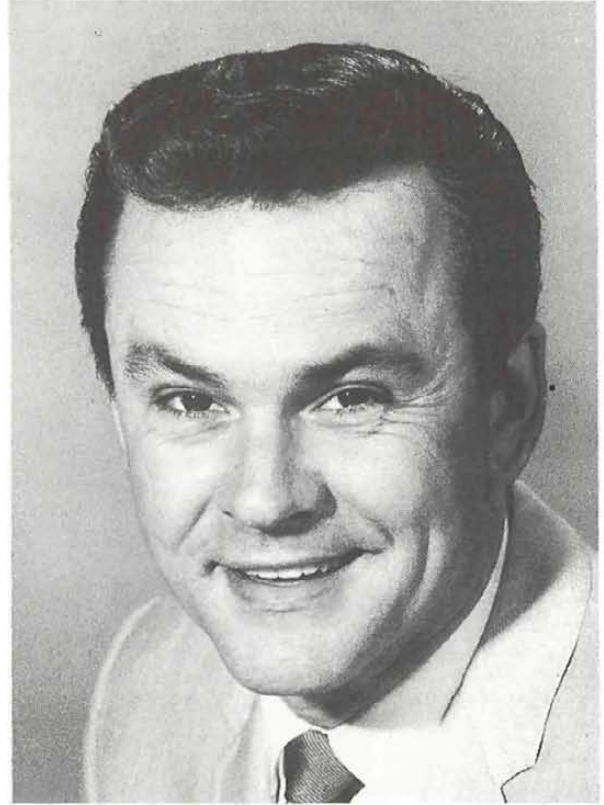
Bob Crane

We are saddened to reveal that the late Bob Crane, puckish star of *Hogan's Heroes*, passed away a few years ago in a swirl of sexual/violent controversy. But the legend lives on! The Bob Crane estate has recently come forth with the long-rumored unfinished project that Bob had hoped would put him back in the national spotlight and perhaps land him a shot on *The New Hollywood Squares*. Referred to for years as "Project X," advance samples reveal it to be a guide to meeting women on your own terms, a potpourri of opening lines, suggestions, and

whimsical musings from the master of motel sex. Here now are excerpts from what seems destined to become a self-help classic.

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Motel 6

It was a rainy night, I'd just blown into town to tape an interview on *Good Morning Ashtabula* (a gig my agent was sure I'd never land. Ha!), and as I drove down the street to the motel I saw this young thing—I mean she couldn't have been more than



Movie Star News

sweet sixteen—hitchhiking. I pulled the Hogan hat out of the glove compartment, pulled over, donned it at that old rakish angle, and rolled down the window. I felt that old burning sensation on the top of my thighs as recognition washed over her. In no time we were on our way to my room as I regaled her with anecdotes from my salad days. Of course, things got a little ugly when she innocently told me she wasn't even alive during the show's first run. Yes, I had to spank her with a vacuum hose, but the way I see it, the kids today are just begging for a stern father figure to whale them within an inch of their lives.

I whispered in her ear just the way I used to with Colonel Klink's secretary, and Jesus Christ, she acted scared! It just ruined the romantic atmosphere I'd worked so hard to create, what with the pentagrams, the electrician's tape, the cow prod, and the Johnny Mathis records. There was only one thing to do. I strapped her into a chair, pulled out my Uzi, and forced her to watch some very rare snuff films most people don't even know exist. And you know, I think it really moved her.... I knew she was mine, like putty in the master's hands, and there was just such...communication, you know?

Well, things really started swinging after that. She seemed to live only to satisfy my needs, my wants, my inner self. She didn't even whimper as I greeted a procession of people in the parking lot (wearing the Hogan hat, of course!) who came in to play, to watch, to share. Truckers, transients, hookers, the kids down the road... It was a festival!

As dawn poked its nose over the horizon, I was engrossed in a Leo Buscaglia book, my little waif turning the pages with her

continued on page 108

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14 ROBIN CANNES



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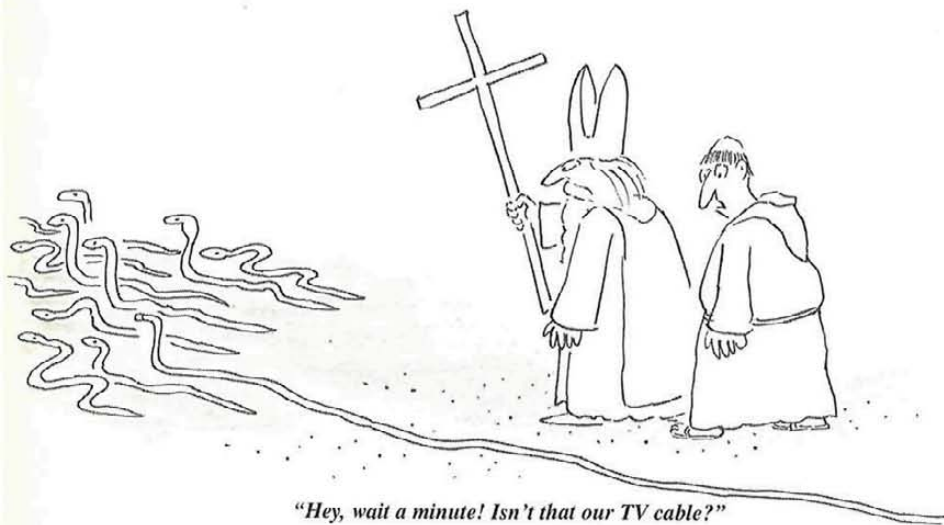
16 ELLE RIO



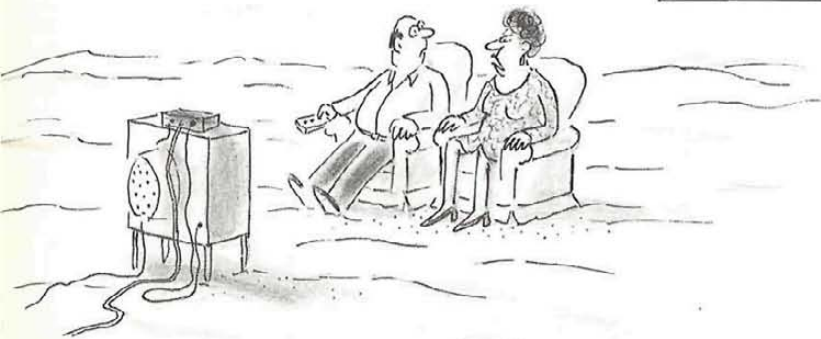
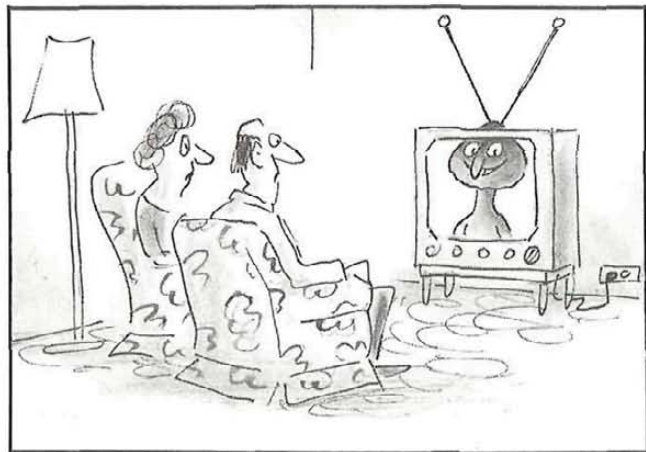
17 SUSAN HART

TV Follies

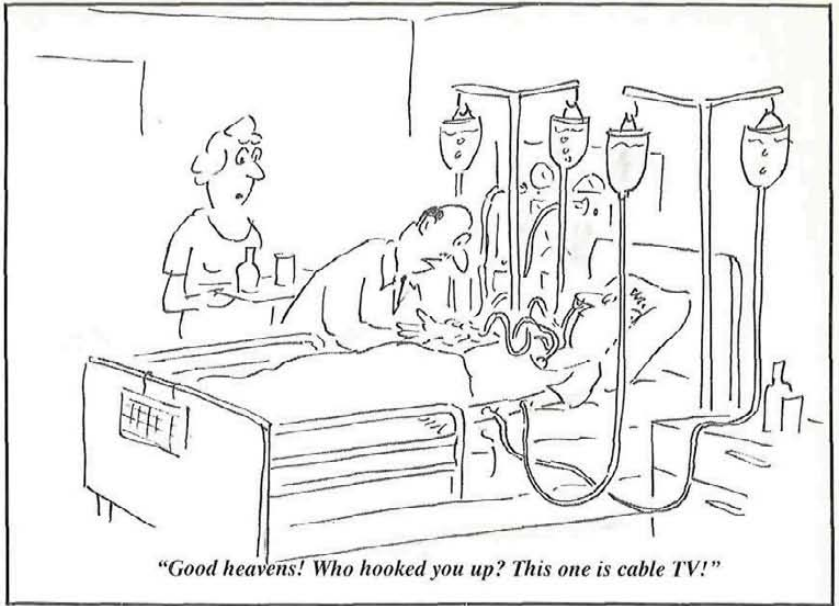
by S. Gross

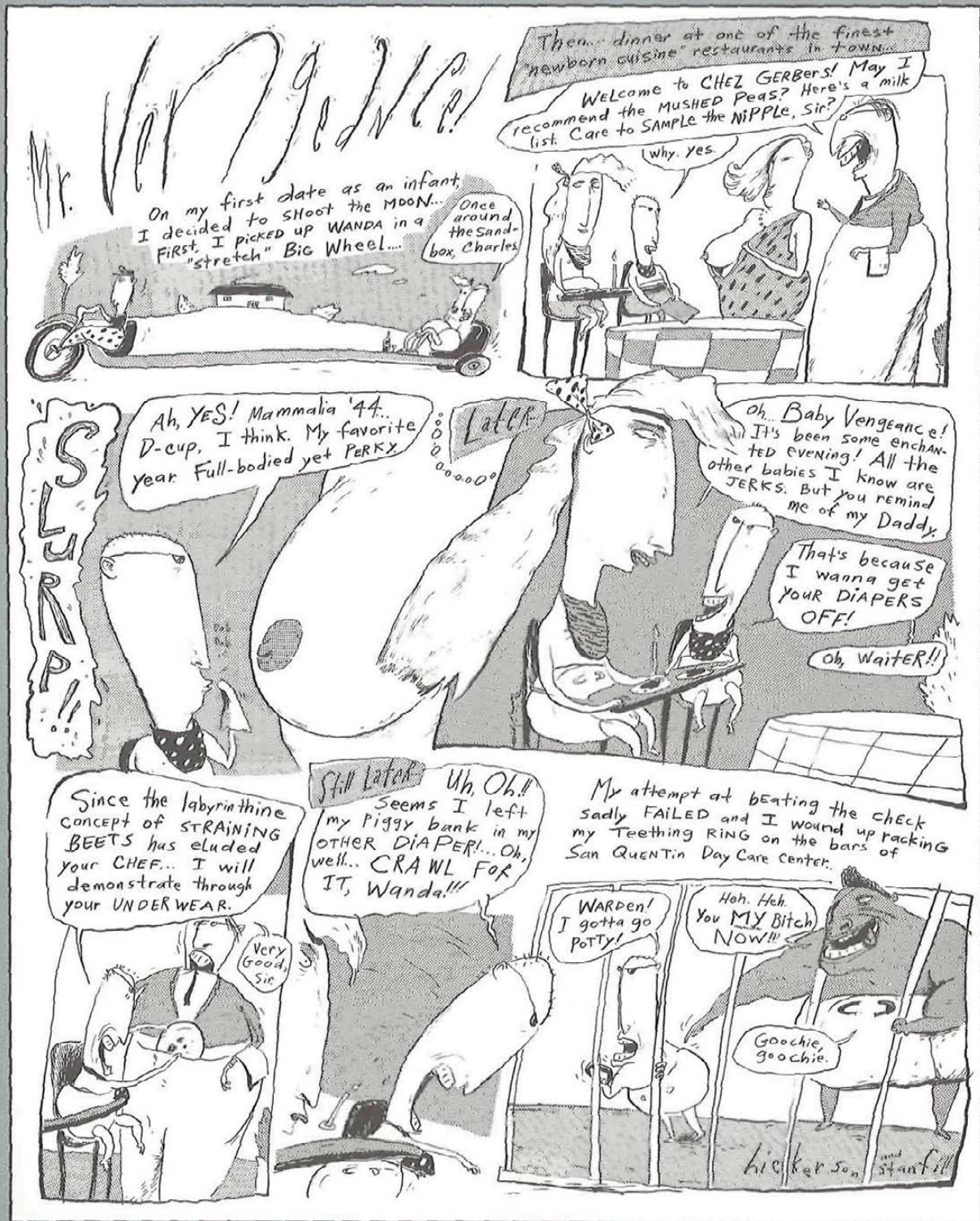


"Hey, wait a minute! Isn't that our TV cable?"



"I told you never to use the remote control while we are watching *The Twilight Zone*."





Mr. *Wanda!*

On my first date as an infant I decided to SHOOT THE MOON... First, I picked up WANDA in a "stretch" Big Wheel... Once around the Sand-box, Charles

Then... dinner at one of the finest newborn cuisine restaurants in town...

Welcome to CHEZ GERBERS! May I recommend the MUSHED PEAS? Here's a milk list. Care to SAMPLE the NIPPLE, Sir?

Why, yes.

S

Ah, YES! Mammalia '44.. D-cup, I think. My favorite Year Full-bodied yet PERKY.

Latex

Oh... Baby Vengeance! It's been some enchanted evening! All the other babies I know are JERKS. But you remind me of my Daddy.

That's because I wanna get YOUR DIAPERS OFF!

Oh, waiter!!

Since the labyrinthine concept of STRAINING BEETS has eluded your CHEF... I will demonstrate through your UNDERWEAR.

Very Good, Sir.

Still Lated Uh, Oh!! Seems I left my piggy bank in my OTHER DIAPER!... Oh, well... CRAWL FOR IT, Wanda!!!

My attempt at beating the check sadly FAILED and I wound up racking my Teething RING on the bars of San Quentin Day Care Center.

WARPEN! I gotta go POTTY!

Hoh. Hoh. You MY Bitch NOW!!

Goochie, goochie.

Hicker, son and stanfill

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Floats high into the air! HIGHLY RECOMMENDED - GET THIS AS YOUR FIRST MAGIC TRICK!

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Magician straps angel hat on table... #116-2/\$4.95

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XRAY GLASSES

Apparently see bones thru skin... #116-2/\$4.95

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5 IN 1 MIRACLE WAND

Does it all! #116-2/\$4.95

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MULTIPLYING BALLS

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LAUGHING BAG

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Own straps any size... #116-2/\$4.95

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RASHING EYES

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Skip over tailpipe... #116-2/\$4.95

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Press button then bag laughs uncontrollably! #116-2/\$4.95

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Magician that you see... #116-2/\$4.95

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BAG OF TRICKS

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RASHING EYES

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"I Date the Great"

by
RON BARRETT

In which an alluring mystery woman, whom we shall call "Allura," tells of her dates with famous men.



IT WAS 8 P.M., AUGUST 2, 1960.

DING-DONG!

THAT MUST BE HIM. I'M BARELY DRESSED! COMING! COMING!



HI! ... SAY, YOU'RE NOT TED!

NO.



HE COULDN'T MAKE IT, SO HE SENT ME. I'M JACK.



MY BOSOM HEAVED AS MY FINGER PLUNGED INTO A WALNUT CREME.

M-M-M-MY FAVORITE!

SQUISH!



LET'S PLAY CHARADES! SHALL WE? YOU BEGIN.

WITH VIGAH!



HE TOOK AN ASHTRAY...

LIRINATE?... PISS?...



PEE?

RIGHT!



DRINK? COFFEE? TEA?

RIGHT!



ONE!

PEE... TEA... ONE... OH... GOD!



DINNER WAS BURNING! I HAD TO SNEAK OUT THE KITCHEN WINDOW TO GET CHINK'S.



WHEN I RETURNED, I FOUND HE HAD REARRANGED THE LIVING ROOM!

DINNER IS SERVED!

I FELT THE COUCH LOOKED BETTER NEAR THE WINDOWS.

Want to kiss Allura on your first date? She kissed here → ○ ← You kiss here too! (Sanitized for your protection)

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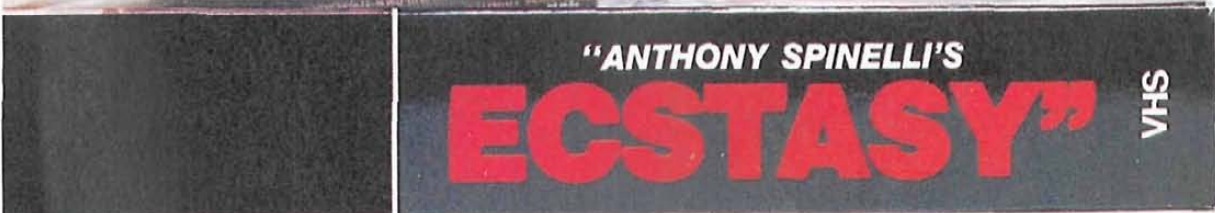
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© 1988 **SON OF HERCULES** M.C. MAREK
 A MONGST THE NORTH AMERICANS

LIKE HIS FATHER, PENOS LIVES A LIFE OF DUAL PURPOSE - ONE SANDAL FIRMLY PLANTED IN THE PRESENT AND ONE IN THE ANCIENT PAST. MEANWHILE HIS HANDS ARE USUALLY ALL OVER ANY ONE OF THE CHEERLEADERS.



OH, HELEN! YOURS IS A FACE THAT COULD LAUNCH A THOUSAND NUCLEAR-POWERED SUBS

COME ON, BABY, LIGHT MY PYRE

WHICH BRINGS US TO THE NEED FOR A PARENT-TEACHER CONFERENCE



SO... YOU ARE PENOS'S FATHER

YOU HAVE AN INTERESTING SON, MR. HERCULES

UM... I THINK I'M LOSING FEELING IN MY THUMB

"YOUR SON IS A COMPLEX INDIVIDUAL. FOR INSTANCE, HE'S AT THE HEAD OF HIS LATIN CLASS. HIS GRASP OF THAT ANCIENT LANGUAGE IS ASTONISHING. YET HE INSISTS ON RECITING BAWDY LIMERICKS. AT LEAST THIS IS WHAT MISS PLUMDUCKER TELLS ME."



OH, MY... PENOS! HUSH! OH, MY!

con viti; cum politi nobiscum; ziti a titti probiscum

"IN SCIENCE CLASS HE'S DOWN RIGHT STUBBORN ABOUT SOME NOTION THAT THE WORLD IS FLAT AND THE CENTER OF OF THE UNIVERSE IS LOCATED SOMEWHERE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN."



Penos! stop! Those are expensive

CRUNCH

"AND HE'S BEEN HANGING OUT WITH THE WRONG CROWD... POT SMOKERS AND THIEVES." That's it, Penos, baby. Keep it up. I'll have +his wheel off in a minute.



THIEVES? I'VE WARNED THAT BOY! IF HE'S CAUGHT STEALING ANYTHING HE WILL BE BOUND TO THE SIDE OF A CLIFF WHERE WILD EAGLES SHALL TEAR OUT AND DEVOUR HIS LIVER PIECE BY PIECE!!

EXCUSE ME MOMENT ONE MR. HERCULES



Gladys. Better contact social services. I think we have a child abuser here.



BY THE WAY, JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME, I'D LIKE, PENOS ON THE JAVELIN TEAM. NOW, IF I WERE TO MAKE A SMALL OFFERING TO YOUR FAVORITE GOD I WAS HOPING YOU MIGHT RETURN THE FAVOR AND ...

History of TV

continued from page 56

makes millions of rubles. Only trouble is, electricity has to be invented to get it running. Nevertheless, the industry is excited into such a frenzy it produces show after show, just waiting for the day when audiences will actually be able to watch them.

1774 The writer and social commentator Samuel Johnson gets his own talk show, *Late Night with Samuel Johnson*. James Boswell serves as his sidekick, and a young Antonio Salieri conducts the orchestra while wearing a "Mozart Sucks" T-shirt. The show is ruthless and mean-spirited as Johnson goes out of his way to savage everyone he can, from soda jerk to secretary. His pet whipping boy is the poet Oliver Goldsmith, who dies following numerous attacks by Johnson in such skits as "Ten Reasons Oliver Goldsmith Is Such a Jerk" and "Stupid Oliver Goldsmith Tricks."

1779 The first issue of *TV Guide* is published. It lists all the week's TV shows, which no one can watch. It promptly becomes the largest-selling magazine in Europe and is translated into eighteen languages.

1788 Color TV is invented by French muralist *Frenchy France*, who goes to people's homes and splatters multicolored paint on their TV sets.

1812 The Japanese get involved in the industry, promising to manufacture television sets that won't work but are smaller and better than anyone else's. They soon take over the market.

1826 Inspired by the promise that he will soon be able to watch his favorite Saturday morning TV shows, G.S. Ohm formulates his law of conduction. M. Faraday, a television-game-show buff, demonstrates the common nature of all the known types of electricity. Unfortunately, neither one remembers to invent the electric plug, so television viewing remains years away.

When Cyrus Plug invents one year later, thousands of television owners who still use their sets for drinking ale are instantly electrocuted.

Worse than that, soon after the plug is invented, it is learned that Boris Szvulva not only was a liar, a cheater, and a hamster beater, but he in fact had never actually discovered a way to transmit radio waves. His discovery was the vodka martini, which he tried to pass off as radio waves.

1848 The most popular book of the year, *The Communist Manifesto*, is adapted for television as a miniseries. A

young Richard Chamberlain stars in the role of the Specter Haunting Europe.

1865 The reverse angle shot is invented and first used at Ford's Theater in Washington for the play *Our American Cousin*. As luck would have it, President Abraham Lincoln is assassinated that night, an act that is captured by TV using six different angles.

1866 *The Jeffersons*—the first major television show about blacks that isn't sponsored by a tar or feather corporation—debuts. *The Jeffersons* is the story of a former slave family and their employer, an unscrupulous Northern carpetbagger. Father Jefferson is constantly engaged in humorous riffs with both his former slave owner—who lost everything in the war and now works for him—and the unscrupulous Northern carpetbagger. The show ends abruptly when the star, Madison Jefferson Washington, is found tarred and feathered with a flaming cross through his heart. There are no suspects.

1876 The "CBS Chalkboard" is invented—just in time for television stations covering the Battle of Little Bighorn to fully dissect and analyze the complete annihilation of General George A. Custer and his troops at the hands of Cheyenne and Sioux Indians.

1882 *The Siamese Twins Show*, starring Chang and Eng Bunker, is the most popular show on TV. In the comedy, Chang plays a United States senator running for president, and Eng plays an escapee from a mental institution.

The show wins a record forty-seven Emmys for its first year, including Best Show, Best Director, Best Studio Offices, Leanest Pastrami by a Caterer, and Nicest Key Grip. Unfortunately, Chang walks off the set in a jealous rage, dragging Eng with him, after the latter is awarded the Emmy for Best Shoelace Knot.

Eng eventually returns to the show without Chang. Although Chang is still connected to Eng, he is ingeniously disguised as a tree stump with which Eng's crazy character has fallen in love. Chang is embittered and does all he can to disturb the production, giving his brother splinters and sticking his branches into the middle of love scenes.

1911 The Turkish Broadcasting Company covers the massacre of three million Armenians. It's a big hit! TV comes to the Third World to stay. Unfortunately, three million potential viewers are lost.

1936 The first actual television broadcast is performed in London. TV immediately goes downhill. ■

Sexual Aids:

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If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

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NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

WHERE HAVE
THEY BEEN?

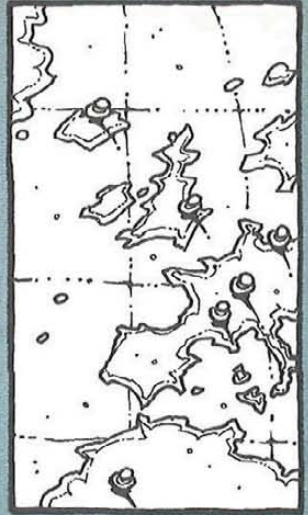
Rick
GEARY
088



JOHN WILKE'S BOOTH, HAVING
PAID HIS DEBT TO SOCIETY,
LIVES QUIETLY IN SARASOTA.



HE REFUSES TO BE
INTERVIEWED.



YEARS OF RESEARCH HAVE
GONE INTO THE DISCOVERY
OF THESE NOTABLES.



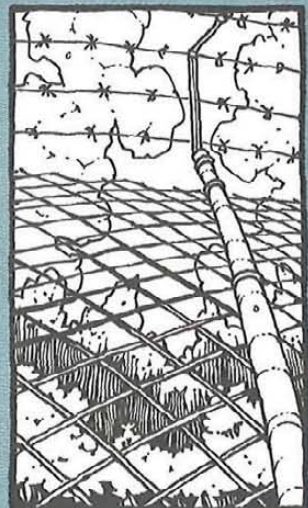
MISS NORMA SHEARER WAS
A POPULAR FILM STAR OF
MANY YEARS AGO.



NOW, SHE SAYS, SHE CANNOT
FIND A FRIEND.



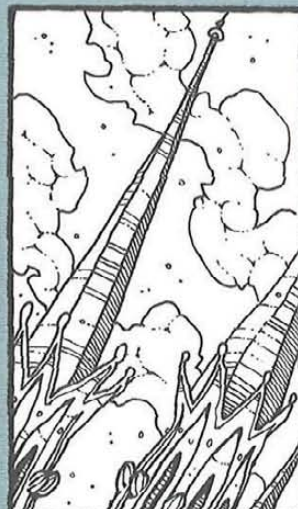
I FOUND THE LINDBERGH BABY
AT A SURVIVALIST COMPOUND
IN NORTH DAKOTA.



HE WOULD NOT LET ME
ANYWHERE NEAR.



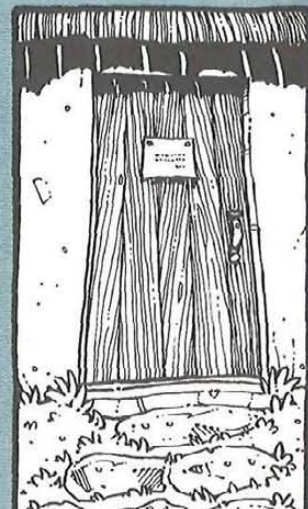
THIS FELLOW WAS ONE OF
THE ANONYMOUS ARTISANS
ON CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.



IT HAS BEEN HARD TO
GET WORK SINCE.



CURRENTLY ON THE TRAIL OF
KEROUAC - I'M SURE HE RUNS A
PUB IN YORKSHIRE.



IT SEEMS THESE FOLKS
WISH TO REMAIN SECURED.

1c VIDEO SALE!



20 SUPER HOT VIDEOS!!

20 FULL LENGTH, HARDCORE VIDEOS FOR ONLY 1c each plus postage and handling! Nobody under-sells Avanti Video, and we want to prove it! We are looking for active buyers of genuine hardcore sex products so we're making this truly exclusive offer to NEW customers only. This offer comes with no strings attached, no obligation, and no threatening letters in the future. We're convinced that once you see the great products and low prices we have to offer, you'll order again and again. We've assembled the hottest video collection ever filmed featuring the newest and most famous sex stars doing truly unspeakable things- and all for the price of 1c each! All the videos we sell are satisfaction guaranteed, uncensored hardcore with full length scenes and come factory fresh shrink wrapped in their own boxes.

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Address _____
City _____
State / Zip _____
Signature _____

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Send my Video Catalog Tape (with \$5 credit) along with
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 P.O. Box 1900 Gary, IN 46409

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 Address _____
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 I enclose \$15 for P/H (50c each). Canadians and Foreigners remit in US funds. Sorry, no COD's. BETA VHS

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____
 Zip _____ Sign (over 19)

TROTS and BONNIE



NO WONDER OUR MINDS ARE ROTTING!

THERE'S JUST NOT ENOUGH ART ON TELEVISION!



TV IS SUCH A STERILE MEDIUM. EVERYTHING IS DIRECTED AT THE LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR.



I'M SO BORED WITH INSIPID SITCOMS AND CAR CHASES AND DISEASE-OF-THE-WEEK MOVIES.

WHAT TRASH!



I DON'T WANT SHALLOW ENTERTAINMENT.... I WANT TO SEE SOMETHING STIMULATING.



ARTISTICALLY CREATIVE PROGRAMMING IS VIRTUALLY NONEXISTENT ON NETWORK TELEVISION.... YOU HAVE TO PAY THROUGH THE NOSE FOR CABLE.



... AND EVEN THEN YOU'RE LUCKY TO GET EVEN ONE CHANNEL THAT IS DEVOTED TO BROADCASTING TRUE ART.



I'VE BEEN WAITING ALL DAY FOR THIS NEXT SHOW.

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.... SHE'S GONNA WATCH "MASTERPIECE OPERA" OR SOMETHING.

AND NOW...



AREN'T YOU GOING TO STAY AND WATCH THIS? IT'S GOOD FOR YOU.

WE'RE PROUD TO INTRODUCE...



STEAMIN' JOHNNY SEMEN AND THE FABULOUS LINDA LABIA IN CHANNEL Z's SPECIAL PRESENTATION OF... ALL YOU NEED IS LUST!



LOOK AT THOSE GORGEOUS FLESH TONES!

OOH! OOH! OOH!

THAT SURE IS CREATIVE.

AND THAT GERMAN SHEPHERD DESERVES AN EMMY!

©88 SHIRLEY FLENNIKEN

America, you've been paying too much to travel!

Here's the unique travel service with the dramatic discounts you've seen on television, and read about in newspapers and magazines—Vacations To Go.

Guaranteed savings, guaranteed reservations.

Vacations To Go guarantees you'll save up to 65% on every trip you take with us, and **you don't have to fly stand-by** or confine yourself to charter flights. As our Member, you'll get the same guaranteed reservations, fly the same sched-

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Savings start at your front door.

Vacations To Go fares include roundtrip transportation from your hometown or the gateway city nearest you. There are no added costs or complicated connections to worry about. Here are some recent offerings:

| | | Member | Non-Member |
|---|---------------------------|--------|------------|
| Ireland | Airfare 2 Weeks, Hotel | \$ 199 | \$ 689 |
| Athens | Airfare 1 Week, Hotel | \$ 299 | \$ 689 |
| British Isles | Airfare 2 Weeks, Hotel | \$ 399 | \$ 804 |
| Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Austria | Airfare 2 Weeks, Hotel | \$ 459 | \$ 976 |
| Scandinavia | Airfare 2 Weeks, Hotel | \$ 499 | \$ 803 |
| Tokyo | Airfare Only | \$ 627 | \$ 851 |
| Hong Kong | Airfare Only | \$ 660 | \$ 850 |
| Bahamas Cruise | 5 Day Cruise | \$ 385 | \$ 585 |
| Caribbean Cruise | Airfare 1 Week Cruise | \$ 540 | \$1040 |
| Southern Caribbean Cruise | Airfare 1 Week Cruise | \$ 874 | \$1485 |
| Transcanal Cruise | 17 Day Cruise | \$1295 | \$2775 |

Note: Each of these vacations departed from a Vacations To Go gateway city. Prices varied from city to city, but equivalent savings were available in all Vacations To Go cities nationwide.

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Stop paying too much!

Right now, you can join Vacations To Go for only \$29.95—and save 40% off our regular \$50 annual membership fee.

If you join by phone, we'll forward your membership material within 24 hours. Call Vacations To Go at

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(800) 833-8047 in Texas

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Yes, I'm tired of paying too much for my vacations. Enclosed is my \$29.95 membership fee. Please send me my hotline number and toll free reservation number.

Bill my: Visa MasterCard American Express

NLM

Card #: _____ Expiration _____

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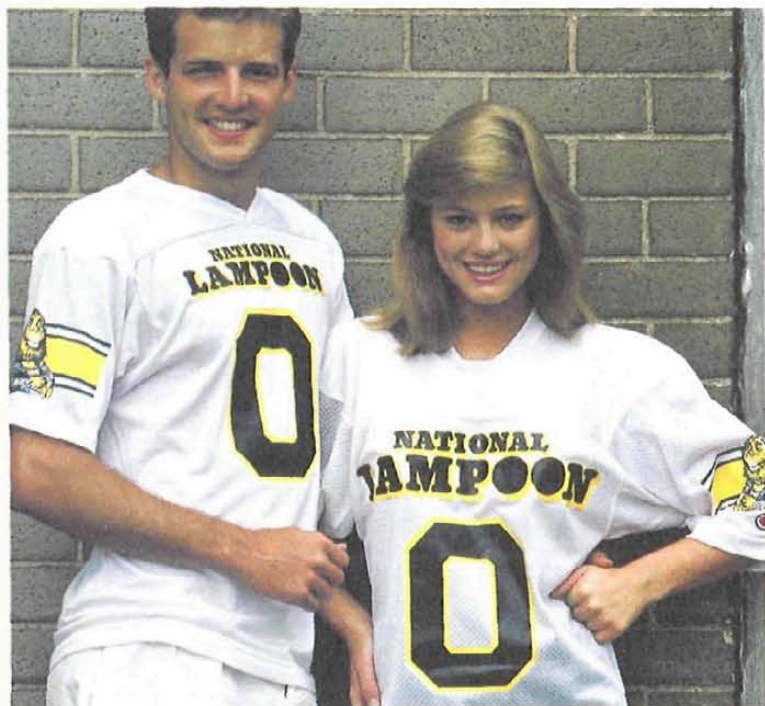


PRODUCT BARGAIN BONANZA

Unisex sports apparel from world-famous

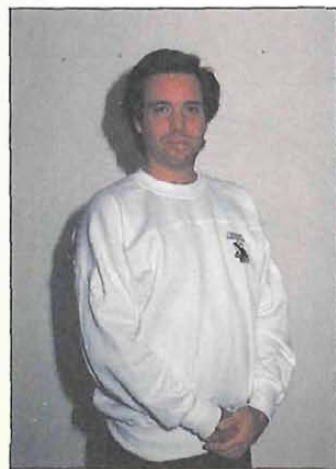
NATIONAL LAMPOON

authentic styling and fit and brilliant, eye-catching graphics.



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

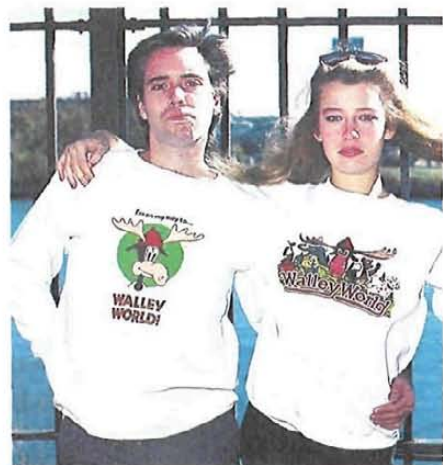


TS1064 National Lampoon Sports Sweatshirt. This is one handsome sports sweatshirt. It really is. Honest. I wouldn't lie about something as important as this. It's white and comes with our internationally renowned double-amputee frog over the left breast. White, in sizes S-M-L-XL. \$22.95



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



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



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

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



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

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



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

TS1061—Dirty T-shirt. Ever hear the "dirty" joke about the kid who fell into the mud? Well, that's what this shirt is like, except it's a little more expensive than the joke. \$7.95



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



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

TS1062—Marty Moose Golf Shirt. The most famous moose since Bullwinkle now has a golf shirt fashioned after him. And he's very happy, so please buy one. In white, blue, or yellow. \$14.95

TS1026—National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt This is the shirt preferred by fans of the live theater and the criminally insane. \$6.95

TS1063—Marty Moose Sweater. Comes in three sizes and two colors, gray and black. \$20.95



National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Shirt



TS1028—National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Jersey Says "We can do anything we want, we're college students" on the back. And with ¾ length sleeves, you can keep more of your arm clean when you slide into second. \$8.00

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

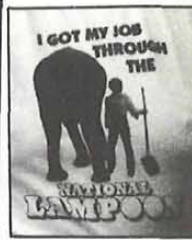
TS1065 Trots and Bonnie T-shirt. America's most beloved dog and teen team. White, in sizes S-M-L-XL. \$7.95



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

TS1027—National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Team Jersey The same item worn by our own team before management said we couldn't have any more. \$8.00

TS1039—"Save the Frog" Glow-in-the-Dark Jersey Cartoonist Sam Gross's famed legless frog can now be seen in the dark, though not by blind people. \$10.95



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

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



National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt



TS1031—National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt Celebrates the funniest National Lampoon film since the first one. \$7.95

| | | | | | |
|-----------------|--------------|------------------|--------------|-----------------|--------------|
| TS 1019 \$4.95 | —S —M —L | TS 1038 \$20.95 | —S —M —L | TS 1045 \$18.95 | —S —M —L —XL |
| TS 1026 \$6.95 | —S —M —L | | COLOR _____ | TS 1046 \$13.95 | —S —M —L —XL |
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| | | | COLOR _____ | | |

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NATIONAL LAMP, Dept 488, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. Please enclose \$2.00 for postage and handling for each order; New York State residents, please add 8¼ percent sales tax. Add \$1.00 extra per item for foreign orders.

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 I have enclosed a total of \$ _____
 If you don't want to cut up this publication, print or type all necessary information on a separate piece of paper and send it along with your check or money order.

SAM de GROOT
 ONE OF ONLY SIXTY-FOUR
 PRIVATE DETECTIVES
 IN THE FREE WORLD
 IN AN IRON LUNG

THE STORY...

EVERETT, WHO PRACTICED CANNIBALISM, WAS HOLDING SAM PRISONER, FAT TENDING HIM UP TO BE EATEN! AN ITINERANT PREACHER CONVERTS EVERETT AWAY FROM CANNIBALISM AND NOW SAM AND EVERETT LEAD A QUIET LIFE TOGETHER (NON-QUEERLY).



Dear reader,
 This comic strip appears to be in serious trouble, and we apologize!

We are again obliged to insert an emergency comic strip....

TRUE TALES of the URINARY TRACT



...AND SOMETIMES I WET THE COUCH.



...AND ON THE WAY OVER HERE I WET THE TAXI....

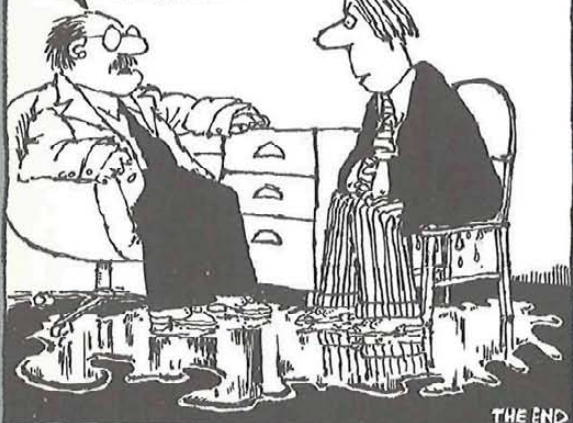


WELL, THE SOLUTION IS QUITE SIMPLE. DON'T DRINK ANY WATER 3 HOURS BEFORE GOING TO BED OR BEFORE SITTING ON THE COUCH, AND ALSO DON'T DRINK ANY WATER 3 HOURS BEFORE GETTING INTO A TAXI.



...AND DON'T DRINK ANY WATER 3 HOURS BEFORE GOING TO THE DOCTOR.

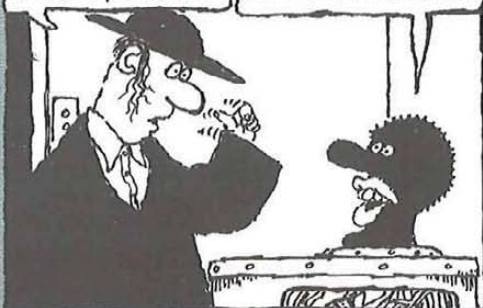
OKAY, DOCTOR.



BACK TO 'SAM de GROOT'

OY, SAMMY, VAHT IS GO-INK ON? VEN I'M TOINING ON MINE TV, VAHT DO YOU TINK I'M SEEING? I KENT BELIEVE ON VAHT I'M LOO-KING, ALREADY!

PUSSONALLY, EVERETT, I IS GIVIN' UP ON DAT TV! DE PAS' FEW DAYS DEM BUGGERS BIN SHOWIN' DESE MOOM PITCHAS DAT IS JUS PLAIN POMEGRANATE!



DEAR READER,

OBVIOUSLY SOMETHING IS VERY, VERY WRONG WITH THIS COMIC STRIP! HOWEVER, IT STILL IS BETTER THAN ALL THE OTHERS IN THIS MAGAZINE. (EXCEPT MAYBE M.K. BROWN'S.)

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON

BOOKS

- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Volume I** Half of our best tenth anniversary book ever—and the first half. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Volume II** The sequel is even better. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary, Deluxe Edition** This one is hardbound, for painful dropping on one's foot. \$19.95
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- National Lampoon Foto Funnies All-new, all-brilliant Foto Funnies.** If you liked them in the magazine, you'll really love them in the book. 1986. \$2.95
- National Lampoon High School Yearbook Parody** Critically acclaimed across America, this one still has its surviving writers chuckling. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody** A sequel to the *High School Yearbook*, though the two have nothing in common. \$4.95
- The Best Of National Lampoon, No. 4** Just the good shit from 1972–1973. \$2.50
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- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 8** Jokes started getting more expensive in 1976–1977. \$3.95
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 9** But we managed to hold the line on prices during 1978–1980. \$3.95
- National Lampoon True Facts '86** The third all-new collection not even we could dream up. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Deluxe Edition of Animal House** The full-color, illustrated book on which the movie was not based. This came later. \$4.95
- Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print** Not in the magazine, anyway. Disgusting. \$2.95
- Son of Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print II: A Sequel** Even worse than the first. \$2.95
- National Lampoon True Facts** The original, uncensored work, now available in English. It all happened. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Dirty Joke Book** The filthy, the funny, and the farmer's daughter. \$2.95
- National Lampoon's Very Large Book of Comical Funnies** It's comical and it's a reprint. It's some of the best damn comics you'll ever see, gringo! \$3.95
- National Lampoon Comics** Not the stand-ups, just the lay-downs. \$2.50
- National Lampoon Dirty Dirty Joke Book** Collection of ribald stories, limericks, one-liners, cartoons, and other off-color works. \$2.95
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- National Lampoon's Story of the Iran-Contra Affair** Just when you thought it was safe to sell arms to Iran. \$2.50

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- JULY 1973 /** Modern Times
- SEPTEMBER 1973 /** POWs
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What Happened To...?

continued from page 90

tongue (ooh! those paper cuts!). But I realized I had to put it down, and dump her off on a remote roadside in a distant county.

I guess I found myself a little misty-eyed as I opened the door of the still-moving vehicle, gave her a little shove, and forged on into the future, in search of more caring, sharing folks like the good neighbors in Ashtabula.

Bob Crane's Favorite Opening Lines

- Don't turn around, don't make a sound, I have a gun.
- What do you say you and I put wings on this crate of shit and go find someone deformed who likes threesomes?
- You're getting very sleepy, very sleepy.... When I snap my fingers you will become a dog....
- I have LeBeau tied up at home and I haven't fed him in three weeks. Let's order a couple of steaks and eat in front of him.
- You have the most beautiful eyes. I'd like to fill them with utter horror.
- If I told you I had keys to the old folks' home, would you break in with me in the middle of the night and wear this Tor Johnson mask?
- Did anyone ever tell you that you look like Vanessa Del Rio?
- Oh my gosh! I thought I had the keys to these handcuffs with me! I guess we better go back to my motel room, they're on the dresser next to the ben wa balls....
- Three guys walk into a bar—a German, an Irishman, and a convicted child molester....
- How much will you bet me I can hold my hand over that candle for five minutes?
- Didn't I meet you at the methadone clinic?

Making It Big in Hollywood

This casting director refused to see me, so I had no choice but to hang around the playground of his kid's school until he got the message....



No, no, everyone thinks it was Ivan Dixon, but for my money, Larry Hovis was the one with that real sex-machine vibe, God! I remember when we shared a trailer....

The first time I did *The Merv Griffin Show* I was on the couch between Sal Mineo and Roman Polanski....

...So pretty soon I had compromising tapes on every producer and agent in town. It's funny, because right about then my career really started to happen....

Some people really had their doubts. They kept saying, "A wacky comedy set in a Nazi POW camp?" But I knew, I knew.



The producers simply wouldn't give me the raise I was asking for, so I feel it was really their own fault when those effigies and symbols were burnt on their front lawns.

I wanted to get Danny Bonaduce and Kent McCord as guest stars on the show, because I thought there was such chemistry between us.

Richard Dawson was a great kisser. I kept telling him if there was some way he could get on a show where he got to kiss a lot of strangers....

A Few of My Favorite Things

- The sound of church bells on a Sunday morning when you wake up after a four-night rampage.
- Joan Crawford movies.
- When the cops don't have anything to prove you did it.
- Buying call girls with Werner Klemperer's plastic.
- Eggs that still have an embryo in them.
- Popping a stranger's blackheads in a motel room on the highway.
- Distant screams you hear in the middle of the night when you live downtown.
- Third-degree burns.
- Kids who get lost at the zoo.
- Giving street winos turpentine in a vodka bottle.
- Licking peanut butter off Carol Wayne's doorknob.
- My mother's hairbrush.
- The men's room at peep shows.
- Buying ice cream for runaways.
- Arriving in a town where nobody knows me, yet.
- That urge to push people off high balconies.
- Working in private with the *Brady Bunch* kids on their monologues.
- Gluing Schultz's dewlap to his chest hairs.
- The quiet that comes after someone in pain passes out.
- Polaroids.
- The kind of skin that turns pink after the first slap.
- The Clorox smell that always pervades my bedroom.
- People who can keep a secret.
- People who don't panic.
- People who trust easily.

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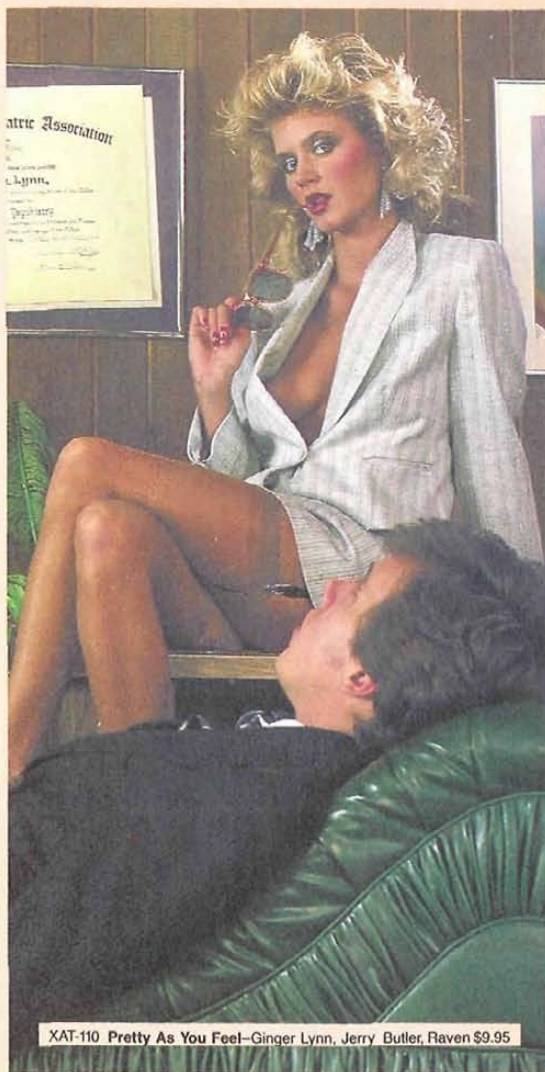
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Zen Bastard

continued from page 24

Professionals are Guppies....

In the Television Room, there'll be reruns of such Yuppie favorites as *L.A. Law* and *thirtysomething*. You'll watch a reel of Yuppie-reference jokes. Here's David Letterman describing Paul Reiser's character in *Aliens* as a "Yuppie weasel."

You'll shop in the bookstore. Selections will range from the original *Yuppie Handbook* to the contemporary Tom Wolfe novel, *Bonfire of the Vanities*.

You'll listen to the Yuppie stand-up comic: "I wanna know, how come it costs more to buy an exercise bike than a bicycle that actually *takes* you to different places?"

Before you leave Yuppiland, you'll be sure to stop in at a meeting of Yuppies Anonymous. Here we eavesdrop on a junior executive confessing his conspicuous consumption: "I am a recovering Yuppie. I have purchased two copies of every album so that I don't have to get up from my Art Deco furniture in order to turn over each record. I have boiled my eggs in Perrier. Once I went to a drive-in movie in a taxicab *with* the meter running...."

Finally, just when you think the whole experience of pretending you're a Yuppie is over, you'll be able to watch it happen all over again, on the VCR at the exit gate.

Come to Yuppiland, where for just a few hours real life will seem like a miniseries once more. ■

Editorial

continued from page 6

News interviews of parents of dying children. Why are these people being interviewed during a time of great sadness? Why does it always sound like what they are saying has been scripted by a network newswriter? Bad taste! *Penthouse* is bad taste? *Hustler* is bad taste? No! Bad taste is parading people's miseries across a TV screen to sell cars and beer and power tools.

Bad taste is interviewing the mother of a kidnapped child and asking her, "How has this affected you?"

Bad taste is asking someone whose father has just died, "Are you unhappy?"

Bad taste is asking a guy who just ran amok and machine-gunned six Salvation Army workers, "How did you feel when you pulled the trigger?"

Bad taste is Bill Cosby selling Coke, and Jell-O and cameras, and brokerage houses, etc., etc.....etc.

Matty Simmons

Cover: This month's cover sprang from the ever-fertile, slightly balding mind of Ed Subitzky. Subitzky, when he's not penning hilariously ribald stuff for this magazine, is a hotshot Madison Avenue advertising agency honcho, so he should know all about crap that runs across the TV

screen. We had to twist Ed's arm to get him to pose for the cover, especially when he learned that the female body on the screen would belong to Ruth Collins. Ruth, as astute *NatLamp* readers would know, has appeared regularly in these pages over the last few years and has gone on to fame in a series of wonderfully schlocky B-movies and via regular appearances on the Playboy Channel.

The cover was shot by Luke Lois, a rising young photog hotshot, whose father, George Lois, the world-infamous art director, was responsible for those classic covers of *Esquire* when you could still call that publication a magazine. We'd also like to take this opportunity to thank Luke's wife, Diane, his assistant, Ming, who actually pasted up some of the pages of the magazine you're now holding, and two Angels—Angel from Ed's advertising agency, who played the cop in "Spoon-O-Vision," and Angel from Washington Computers, who has a gold tooth. Dave Hanson's ex-roommate Harry Heleotis graciously shot a good portion of "First Cable TV Night Romance" one snowy day when it was too cold for Chris to leave the office. Finally, thanks to the nice folks at the wonderfully atmospheric Ear Inn, located on Spring Street right near our plush new digs, for letting us take pictures at their bar, except that bitchy waitress with the fake Irish accent who wouldn't let our National Sales Representative put two tables together when the room was virtually empty so we could eat lunch there the next day. ■



PHOTOTRON

IF YOU ROLL YOUR OWN, YOU SHOULD GROW YOUR OWN THE AMERICAN WAY

Hello, my name is Jeffery DeMarco, President and Founder of PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES. My masters thesis is on the cannabinoid profile. In pursuit of my own masters thesis, I generated the most extensive popular literature library in the world. Then, I generated the most extensive scientific bibliography in the world. I then went into a laboratory at a major university in which I designed a laboratory grade growth chamber called the PHOTOTRON.

If you read all of the popular literature, I did, all of the scientific literature, I did, and look at every apparatus for growing plants, you will find one common denominator. Every system, UP TILL NOW, has attempted to re-create Hawaii. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do NO BETTER than Hawaii's results. AND WHAT ARE HAWAII'S RESULTS?

In fact you will grow the plant 6 to 9 months, 6 to 12 feet tall. In fact you will average a 6 inch internodal length (distance between budding sites). In fact have a 10% budding ratio at the tops of the plant. In fact, throw away 90% of the plant material (leaves/shake). And in fact YOU MUST START ALL OVER AGAIN.

Look, the only thing I'm waiting nine months for is a baby, number one. Number two, I do not want a tree in my house. And number three, I am not going to pay the ELECTRIC BILL TO PRODUCE THE SUN somewhere in my closet. Do not let its pretty looks fool you. Do not let its size (34 inches tall x 18 inches wide) fool you. Do not let its weight at 17 lbs. fool you.

The PHOTOTRON II will draw \$4.00 per month in electricity (average). My system is totally different!

In fact you will grow 6 plants, 3 feet tall in 45 days, guaranteed. You will maintain a one-inch internodal length, guaranteed. That each plant will produce 1,000 budding sites, FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, guaranteed. And there will be 6 plants per individual PHOTOTRON II, guaranteed.

And this is the only system in the world where you can re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants every 45 days up to nine times per year without killing them off. EVER. Then, you may re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants, every 45 days up to nine times per year, while you remove from the system every single solitary day. Every day (average 6-8 oz. every 45 days). You remove from the PHOTOTRON II every single solitary day, beginning on day 20 from seed germination.

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Then, if you have any questions at all, you may call me directly. Ask your question. Get the answer. And carry on about your business. You cannot fail with my PHOTOTRON II. I do not allow any of my PHOTOTRONS to fall below SHOWCASE. I have personally guaranteed every PHOTOTRON that has ever been sold. And I have never had one returned. I am not starting now.

"If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, I will pay you for the call."

Jeffery Julian DeMarco



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void where prohibited

Edwin's Girl

continued from page 33

Edwin realized that the man did not want to be seen with him.

At home he followed his notes diligently. He boiled the dynamite in a large pot, skimmed the nitroglycerin from the water, and poured it carefully from a spoon into the plastic test tube. When it was three-quarters filled he corked it with a rubber stopper. Gently he laid the tube on a pillow, then took the pot with the water, the remainder of the nitroglycerin, and the remnants of the dynamite in it and the bag of sawdust and carried them downstairs around the side of the building into the alley. There he set the pot down and poured the entire sack of sawdust into the water. He left the pot and returned to his apartment.

He laid the uninflated Angie before him on the kitchen table, made a small incision in the mons veneris, and, using electrician's tape, secured a pocket of fabric on the inside. He gently placed the tube of nitroglycerin inside the pocket, pulled the rubber together, and placed tape over the incision before inflating the doll and dressing her in black panties.

He waited for three days. Sitting darkly before his window he waited, while the city ran below him. The same people moving in the same directions for three days, laughing. On the evening of the third day, he saw Thomas McCormick below him, hailing a cab with his large pale hand, the hand Edwin saw pale on Helen's dark hair.

Gently Edwin lifted Angie and carried her from his apartment. He came into the street as McCormick entered a cab. Edwin hailed a cab and saw himself as if he were still sitting at his window watching himself, unwashed and unshaven, with a party doll in one arm, waving for a taxi with the other. He watched himself enter a cab and deliver the line to the smiling driver: "Follow that car." In the back seat of that cab Edwin laughed at himself, while the still-smiling driver followed Thomas McCormick's car.

For the first time the possibility that McCormick might refuse the doll occurred to Edwin. He had humiliated Edwin once, would he do so again? Would he turn them both away, force Edwin to slink away with his rubber doll while the city roared?

The driver pulled to a stop directly behind McCormick's cab, where both he and Edwin watched the red hair emerge from the car before them and move through the crowd toward an apartment building. Edwin followed, the crowd parting before him. They'd be his friends once they discovered how cleverly he had avenged his soiled honor, carry him through the streets on their shoulders. The city loved a man with spunk. And

Helen, that bitch, would crawl to him.

Then he saw her in the crowd, moving and smiling. Her eyes met Edwin's and he held her smiling gaze, and knew that her smile signaled not scorn but complicity. It made sense to him, perfect sense. And he laughed out loud. Well, then, he would de-whang McCormick as she had all along planned for him to do. Afterward, they would laugh about it over drinks at her place.

Edwin followed the red hair to the elevator, where McCormick and two dozen other men squeezed aboard. Before the doors closed Edwin handed Angie to a heavy man in a Hawaiian print shirt who was sucking in his stomach as if in an attempt to create more room in the elevator, and he whispered, "This is for Mr. McCormick. Handle her gently."

Edwin heard laughter as the doors shut. He heard someone next to him ask if he had ever seen so many cops in one place, some bachelor's party. He heard the explosion, a dull thud, already twenty feet above him. And he said, "Oops."

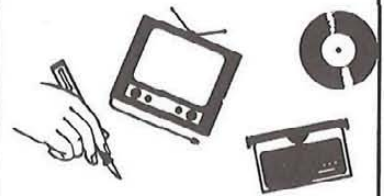
Amidst the chaos that followed, Edwin left the building, strolled down the block, hailed a cab, and rode silently to Syracuse three hours away, where he checked into a Holiday Inn and, without removing his clothes, went to sleep.

He watches Dan Rather. He is saying good night. Good night to Edwin. Smiling.

There are voices outside. Edwin moves to the window, hauling the fat woman clinging to his chest, mashing her whole fist against his throat, assuring him that he is in Dutch. He pulls back the curtain. He sees in the parking lot a single policeman speaking to a young couple. They are laughing and eating ice cream. Edwin knows they are laughing at him, that they are not looking at him but only laughing because they realize that he is at the window watching them. He notices that the policeman slaps his holster while he laughs and that he keeps his eyes from the window. "He's very clever, that one is," Edwin says. He knows hundreds of cops surround him, that this one came out to laugh and joke and not look at the window so that he would not suspect the others' presence. He knows that they will kill him, that he will go out in a blaze of gunfire from all directions, that Helen will weep.

Edwin walks to and turns off the television, whirls on himself, wrestles the fat lady to the ground, gives her a snuggly, and then springs to his feet. He opens the motel room door and, as if in slow motion, two-steps out into the parking lot, snapping his fingers and crooning his confession to the couple and a lone Tasty Ice Cream man already smiling and reaching for the last Boffo Bullet Pop of the day. ■

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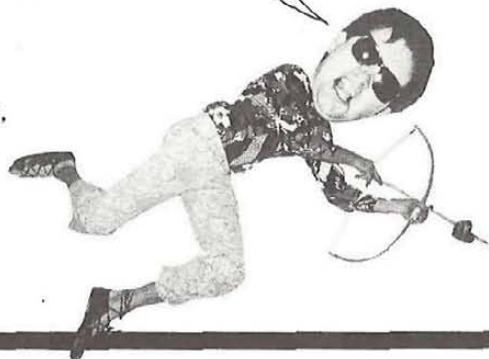


My right hand sure could use a rest!

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SIAMESE TRIPLETS, one gay, one bi, one a straight elastic fetishist, seek a way for us all to get our jollies at once with our eyes open. No fatties, animals, or blacks. Box 127R.

SHORT, CHUBBY, FROSTY-HAIRED loudmouthed gum-snapping ill-tempered trashy tart who wears cheap tight clothing and too much makeup and can't shut up seeks guy with a hairy chest and a nice car for dates, possible petting. Box 815W.

OLD-FASHIONED GUY, 34, wants to find a gal who's as traditional as I am, who'd appreciate my old-fashioned values, my insistence that a hot meal be waiting for me when I get home, my gambling, my beer gut, the dirty magazines in my toolshed, my rudeness to your parents, my penchant for domestic violence, my drunken debacles at go-go bars, my disparaging public comments about your postnatal breasts, my bigotry, and my utter disregard for your fulfillment sexual or social. Serious replies only. Box 349G.

ARE YOU A YOUNG WOMAN SEEKING A VITAL, ATHLETIC YOUNG MAN for good times and adventures? Well, you've come to the wrong place. In fact, I'm pushing 75 and I've got a face like a swan's red rectum and a pecker as gray and lifeless as an abandoned larva, but I'm rich as the day is long and who knows, I might croak soon and leave it all to you. Then again, I may hang on for years and leave you out of the will. Are you prepared to gamble your now-perky secondary sexual characteristics against my staggering fortune? Box 391J.

NEARLY ALL MEN, 14-85, seek gorgeous, curvaceous, easily impressed bimbo, 19-23, preferably blonde. Photo a

must, brains, bra not. Send to any box number or mailing address.

SWM SEEKS HEAVY SMOKER for marriage, more. Race, religion, appearance, personality unimportant. Box 782B.

QUINTUPLE AMPUTEE, 49 looks 39, seeks same for friendship, massages, more. Photo a must. No quirks. Box 569T.

SWM, 28, TALL AND HANDSOME, seeks friendship with leggy blonde SWF, 25-35. That's right, friendship—I have plenty of girlfriends, I'm worn out from all the sex. What I want is a woman friend, someone I can talk to. No sex. None! Don't call me up with offers of sex and B.J.s, I don't want that. I want a lasting friendship with a woman I can just talk to who isn't trying to put her face in my lap all the time. Photo a must. Box 730H.

YUPPIES WHO LOST IT ALL IN THE CRASH NEED LOVE TOO. Right now I probably look like just another smug, frog-faced fuck, but someday soon I'll be looking sharp in a new yellow tie and won't you be glad you bought into me while I was in your range. Do it, girls, buy low, ride high. Box 641P.

NEBBISH MILQUETOAST, 32, seeks domineering, ornery mother figure to boss, bully, and nag me. I want a life of beach walks and fireside snuggling and crisp autumn afternoons followed by harsh reprovals and stern reminders to mow the lawn, pick up my laundry, and be a breadwinner like my brother Harry. Please send photo, phone, chore list to Box 128D.

SWF, 28, EXCELLENT FIGURE if you have unusual tastes, seeks Vic Tayback look-alike with a well-done braunschwei-

ger in his Hanes. I like Monet and I hate the Steelers and I adore the smell of tires burning and hot mussel gumbo and I think the chicken came long before the egg. Right now I'm summering in Dominica and Edith Piaf is blaring on my Walkman and my little trinket is getting all viscous imagining what it would be like if we were alone in a moonlit orchard, drinking wine and reading the *Sunday Times*, and you were worming a Tensor lamp into my love-famished uterine channel. Oh, please write, oh God, please, please. Box 497Y.

JULIE KAVNER LOOK-ALIKES, lots of them, waiting for you in personals columns everywhere including here, variously described as "attractive," "intelligent," "worldly," "figure-conscious," "educated," etc. In fact, the personal above and nearly all the others in this column were placed by women who look like Julie Kavner and are all desperate for complicated, trying relationships to redeem the sense of womanhood they once felt was their birthright but which time has eroded into a frayed, frigid wisp of soured dreams and disillusionment. Julie, if you don't remember, is the sluggish, dumpy bachelorette who played Rhoda's sister and who now co-stars on *The Tracey Ullman Show* and who is likable and amusing and probably a great dancer and a wonderful cook but who you really don't want eating crackers, or Häagen-Dazs, in your bed. Facsimiles of Julie are available by responding to almost any box number on this page. This is a public service notice.

I'M A SWF, AND I'M THE ONLY SWF in this whole personals section who isn't just a sluggish, dumpy Julie Kavner look-alike desperate for a complicated, trying relationship to redeem the sense of womanhood she once felt was her birthright but which time has eroded into a frayed, frigid wisp of soured dreams and disillusionment. So ignore them and write me, the only *really* attractive, intelligent one in this column. Box 818B.

OX MUFFINS, BITCH, YOU LOOK JUST LIKE JULIE KAVNER. And without makeup you look more like a female Sam Kinison. I, however, resemble a busty Shannon Tweed, with a higher IQ than either Julie or Shannon. Also, I could suck the veins out of Arnold Schwarzenegger's chest, if you know what I mean. Please send letter, phone. Box 421V.

TALL, HANDSOME, DISCREET GWM professional, 31, seeks brown-haired, brown-eyed, well-groomed mouse, 6-30 months, for intimate tryst. No gerbils. Box 859W.

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