

Gala Party Issue!

NATIONAL LAMPOON

DECEMBER 1989 THE BIMONTHLY

HUMOR MAGAZINE

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ANDY WARHOL'S
PARTY DIARIES

THE EVIL CLOWN
GOES HOME

JANE FONDA'S
EMOTIONAL
WORKOUT

AND A
PARTY
THAT YOU'RE
INVITED TO!



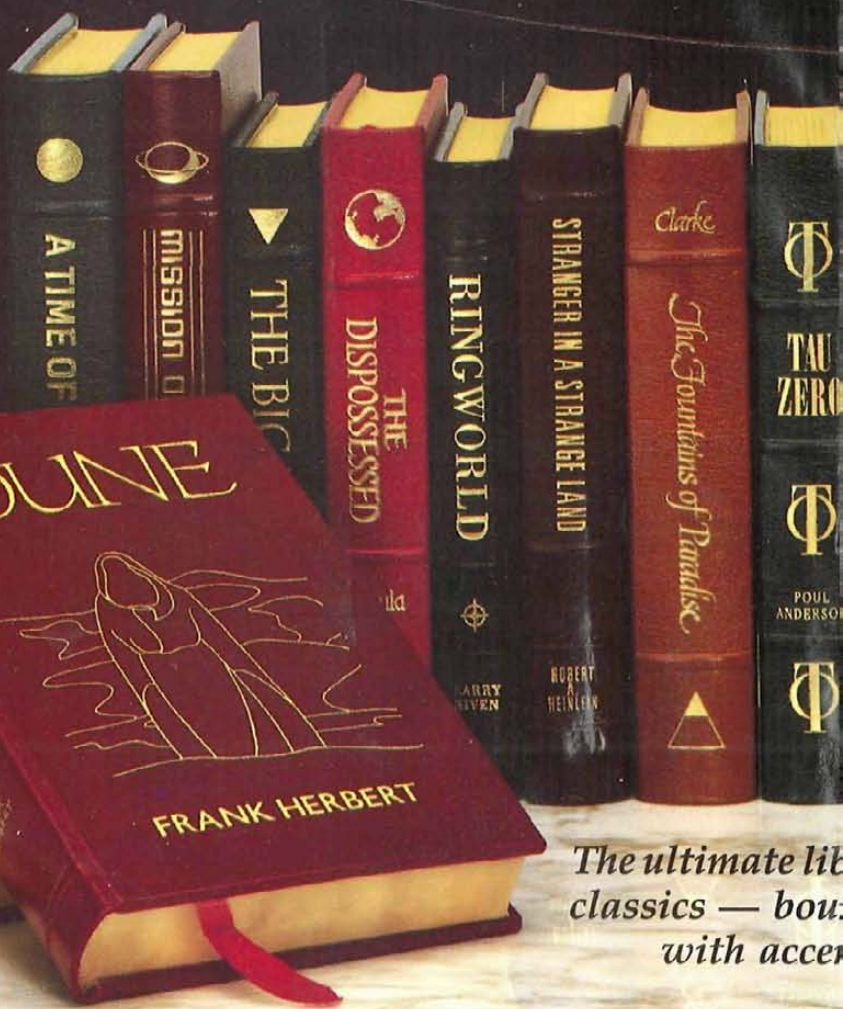
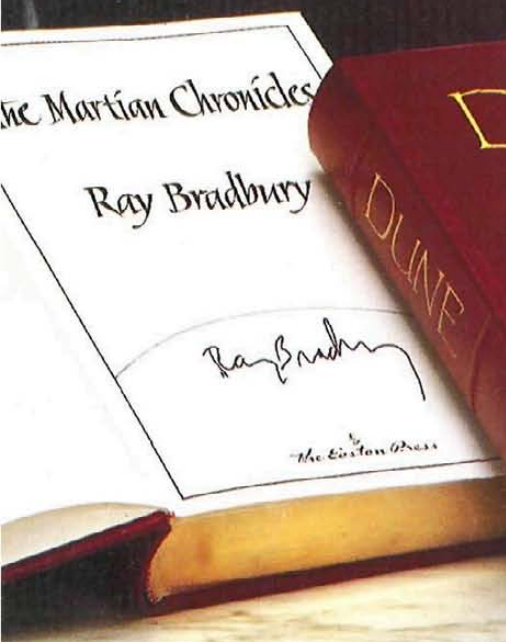
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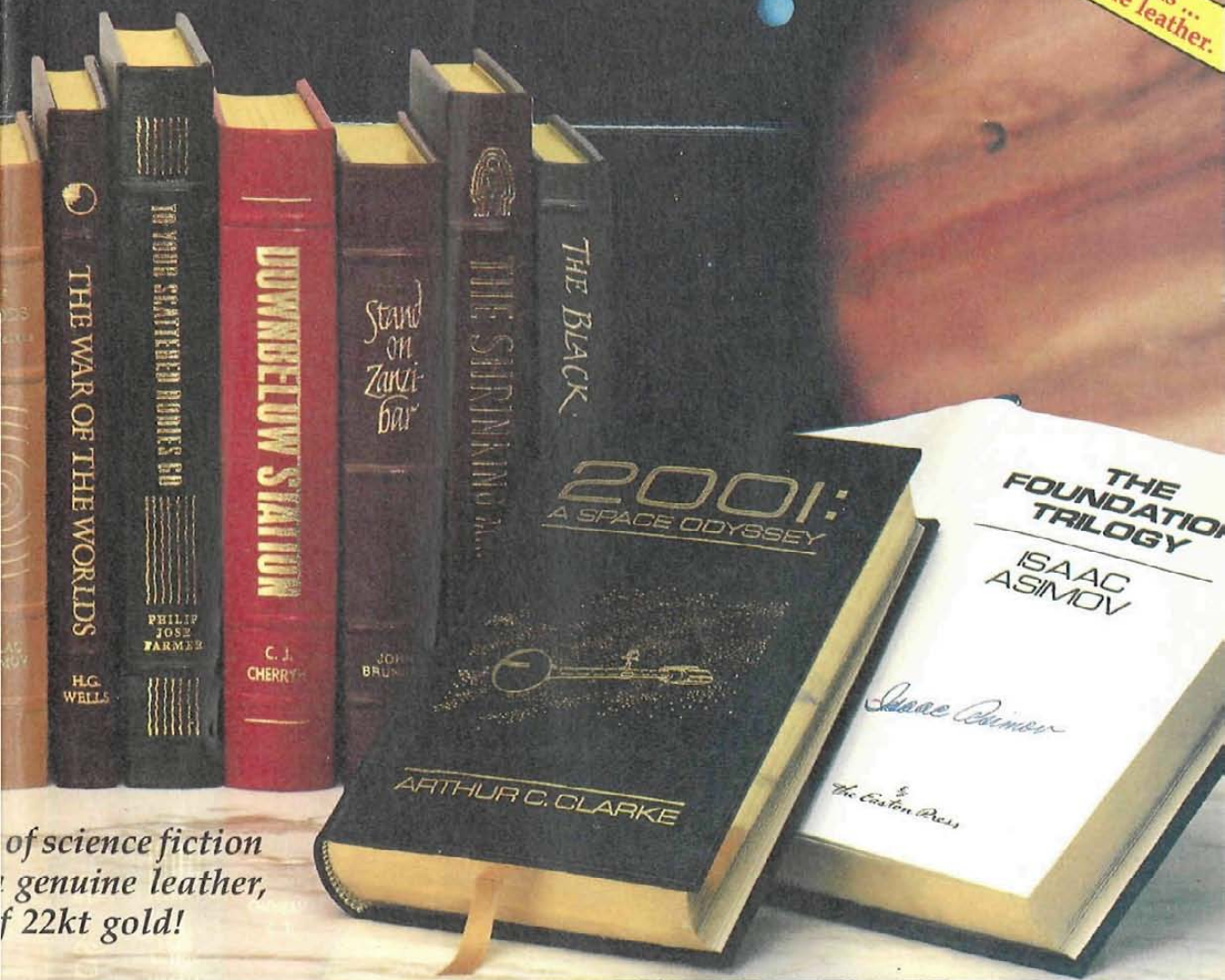
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when he ate the worm,
he won't tell.
But days later,
they say, he was still smiling.
Calling for greater truths,
more Monte Alban Mezcal, and
the fawn-eyed
beauty
Rosalita!"

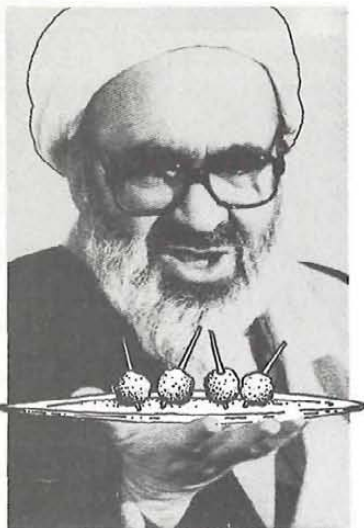


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NATIONAL LAMPOON 5

EDITORIAL



AP/Wide World

Greetings from the Islamic Republic of Iran to our new good friends, the criminal and immoral governments of the West, their degenerate citizenry, and especially the readers of *National Lampoon* magazine:

The divine will of Allah, the compassionate and merciful (and ever-playful—this blessing comes the day before the ayatollahs were to play “Make That Spare” with my head), has once more revealed itself. On this page I, Hojatoislam Ali Bani Falafel, public relations man for the Islamic Republic of Iran, have finally succeeded in my task and herewith communicate my country’s vital message to the rest of the world. So hear me now when I say that Iran has lightened up. Iran is now a good-time place. Gone are the days of bad behavior and mass executions. The jihad has been called on account of we want to boogie. We have stopped taking hostages and have started taking cocaine, ecstasy, and all the other feel-good medications you have for so long enjoyed in your depraved and decadent luxury penthouse apartments.

“Holy Shiite!” some of you unbelievers may say (a humble example of our Islamic sense of self-deprecating humor). “Is this guy for real?” Believe me, fellow party animals, our will to kick the jams out is real. We want to party, we are ready to party. . . . But alas, we have forgotten how.

The last ten years have not been all roses for our people. We lost our oil fields to mismanagement, we lost our holy war with Iraq, and we lost our beloved Imam, Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini—may his beard be as a whisk broom at the right hand of God. But worst of all, we lost our ability to socialize casually with members of the opposite sex in a relaxed, nonthreatening atmosphere. Simply put, we lost our capacity to party. You shit-faced Americans, sitting there with your big-bosomed girlfriends and never-ending supply of ice-cold six-packs, what must you feel for us. Contempt? Compassion? We who are unable to let the good times roll are groveling before you, asking for your help.

We grant that letting it all hang out is a bit more difficult for us because of our religious zeal. Cocktail parties, for example, are out because we are forbidden to drink; pot parties are no good to us because we cannot smoke; and while orgies are not expressly forbidden by the sacred Koran, when the Shah left he took all the good-

looking women with him, so our desire for sexual intercourse is not all that great either.

But surely you Americans, party masters of the universe, can help us overcome these handicaps and instruct us how to pitch a wang-dang-doodle that does not violate our holy Moslem beliefs. You can start by teaching us the words to “Louie Louie.” After that we can chug-a-lug goat’s milk and do some halvah. . . . *Allahu Akbar!* I think I’m getting a buzz already. God is great!

INFIDELS, LET’S PARTY!!

پیگی میسغیت

Hojatoislam Ali Bani Falafel

Special thanks to: everyone who made this party issue such an unmitigated joy to work on, especially the courageous Pam Nalven, who enlisted her lovely friends, rounded up the neighborhood kids, and exposed them to the *NatLamp* party animals, a life experience they won’t soon forget; Susan Hewitt, who tirelessly cast the party-in-our-pages for no other remuneration than the wonderful company of one of its coauthors; the members of the Monday Night Sportswriters Hockey Team at Sky-rink—that majestic penthouse ice palace—who proved that they can not only criticize players but impersonate them as well; Bauer, Maska U.S./CCM, and Jay Cupolo at Cupolo’s mail-order hockey emporium for helping to outfit the ice warriors; Tom Grimes, who schlepped his lights and camera to that same rink at 2:30 in the morning just to capture it for posterity; the Friars Club, which provided the pretense of a swank place that we party hearty at; Greg of FIJI (NYU) for letting us lampoon fraternity brothers everywhere; that fun couple Donna and Michael who run Paddles, the friendliest S and M establishment since the Hell Fire Club whacked its last tushie; Lee Sachs, who mugged his way through two tortuous weeks as the schmuck who’s always going to take you to a better party but never delivers; and one final big thank-you to Jennifer Morris, who was wonderfully efficient, not to mention ebullient, in her short stint here as our summer intern. Jenny, may all your wishes be little gefilte fishes.

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LETTERS

Sirs:
... and sometimes "Y."
The Alphabet Killer
Signing a full confession

Sirs:
This is sublime. ... I had no inkling. ...
"Weird AI" Yankovic
Recipient of a
MacArthur "genius" grant

Sirs:
Cops... with Children.
Crips... with Children.
The Fox Network
Exploiting its strengths

Sirs:
I'm not only the Hair Club president, I'm
also a cult figure popular with young people
in the late eighties, for some reason I've yet
to figure out.

Sy Sperling
The Hair Clubhouse

Sirs:
Am I rehabilitated yet?

Adolf Hitler
Flaming Pit, Hell

Sirs:
Don't worry, Captain Hazelwood. Since
you rented the tanker with your American

Express card, all the damage and clean-up
costs are covered.
American Express Representative
Valdez, Alaska

Sirs:
Every day
Every day I have the bluefish.
B.B. King
Watching his cholesterol

Sirs:
Oh, yeah? Well, Andy Warhol isn't men-
tioned in *my* diary, either.
Sid Green
Newark, N.J.



S.GROSS

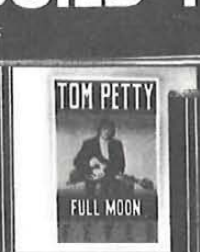
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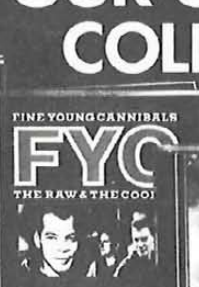
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The Cult—Sonic Temple (Sire) 381-798



Tom Petty—Full Moon Fever (MCA) 382-184



Fine Young Cannibals—The Raw And The Cooked (I.R.S.) 379-214



Madonna—Like A Prayer (Sire) 379-594



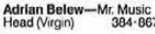
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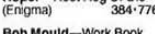
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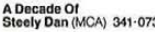
Anderson, Bruford, Wakeman, Howe (Arista) 384-115



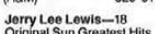
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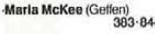
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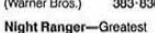
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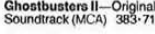
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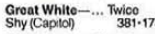
Joe Cocker—Greatest Hits (A&M) 320-911



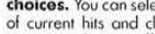
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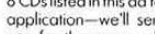
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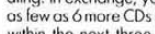
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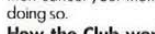
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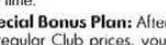
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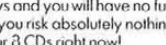


Stevie Nicks—The Other Side Of The Mirror (Modern) 381-103

The Replacements—Don't Tell A Soul (Sire/Reprise) 378-927

Joni Mitchell—Blue (Reprise) 385-411

Donna Summer—Another Place And Time (Atlantic) 382-960



Richard Marx—Repeat Offender (EMI) 380-915

Paula Abdul—Forever Your Girl (Virgin) 374-637

Living Colour—Vivid (Epic) 370-833

Little Feat—Dixie Chicken (Warner Bros.) 363-515

Best Of The Doors (Elektra) 357-616/397-612

Trafic—The Low Spark Of High Heeled Boys (Island) 351-924

The Police—Every Breath You Take... The Singles (A&M) 348-318

The Who—Tommy (MCA) 345-223/395-228

Kool Moe Dee—Knowledge Is King (Jive / RCA) 384-330

Van Halen—OU811 (Warner Bros.) 369-371

10,000 Maniacs—Blind Man's Zoo (Elektra) 382-077

Journey's Greatest Hits (Columbia) 375-279

R.E.M.—Green (Warner Bros.) 375-162

.38 Special—Rock & Roll Strategy (A&M) 375-139

The Traveling Wilburys—Volume One (Wilbury) 375-089

Edie Brickell & New Bohemians—Shooting Rubberbands At The Stars (Geffen) 374-835

Todd Rundgren—Nearly Human (Warner Bros.) 381-780

Gloria Estefan—Cuts Both Ways (Epic) 382-341

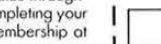
U2—Rattle and Hum (Island) 374-017

Bangles—Everything (Columbia) 373-829

Luciano Pavarotti—Pavarotti in Concert (CBS Master) 373-548

Depeche Mode—101 (Sire) 379-404/399-402

Introducing... The Chick Corea Akoustic Band (GRP) 379-891



Cyndi Lauper—A Night To Remember (Epic) 377-887

De La Soul—3 Feet High And Rising (Tommy Boy) 381-160

Bonnie Raitt—Nick of Time (Capitol) 381-087

Jody Watley—Larger Than Life (MCA) 381-061

Jeff Healy Band—See The Light (Anista) 375-873

Neal Schon—Late Night (Columbia) 380-378

Henry Lee Summer—I've Got Everything (CBS Associated) 380-352

The Godfathers—More Songs About Love And Hate (Epic) 380-345

The Jacksons—2300 Jackson Street (Epic) 380-337

Robyn Hitchcock And The Egyptians—Queen Elvis (A&M) 380-212

Woodstock II—Original Soundtrack (Atlantic) 382-143/392-142

We've built in a wide range of choices. You can select from a wide variety of current hits and classical favorites. Our great introductory offer lets you choose any 8 CDs listed in this ad for 1¢. Fill in and mail the application—we'll send you CDs and bill you for the penny, plus shipping and handling. In exchange, you simply agree to buy as few as 6 more CDs (at regular Club prices) within the next three years—and you may then cancel your membership anytime after doing so.

How the Club works. About every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month... plus many exciting alternates; new hits and old favorites from every field of music. In addition, up to six times a year, you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities.

If you wish to receive the Selection of the Month, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, fill in the response card always provided and mail it by the date specified. You will always have at least 10 days in which to make your decision. If you ever receive any Selection without

Selections with two numbers contain 2 CDs and count as 2—so write in both numbers.

CBS/Columbia House: Terre Haute, IN 47811-1129

having 10 days to decide, you may return it at our expense.

The CDs you order during your membership will be billed at regular Club prices, which currently are \$12.98 to \$15.98—plus shipping and handling, and sales tax where applicable. (Multiple-unit sets may be higher.) There will be special sales throughout your membership. After completing your enrollment you may cancel membership at any time.

Special Bonus Plan: After you buy 6 CDs at regular Club prices, you can build your collection quickly with our money-saving bonus plan. It lets you buy one CD at half price for each CD you buy at regular Club prices.

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ADVANCE BONUS OFFER: As a special offer to new members, take one additional Compact Disc right now and pay only \$6.95. It's a chance to get another selection at a super low price!

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Please accept my membership application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. Send me the 8 Compact Discs listed here and bill me 1¢ plus shipping and handling for all eight. I agree to buy six more selections at regular Club prices in the coming three years—and may cancel my membership at any time after doing so.

SEND ME THESE 8 CDs FOR 1¢

My main musical interest is (check one): (But I may always choose from any category)

- Hard Rock** Living Colour, Tom Petty
 Soft Rock Richard Marx, Madonna
 Pop Barbra Streisand, Barry Manilow
 Easy Listening Roy Conniff, Johnny Mathis
 Heavy Metal Guns N' Roses, Great White
 Black Music Lisa Lisa & Cult Jam, Jody Watley
 Jazz Chick Corea, Joe Sample
 Country Reba McEntire, Kin & The Kanawha, Hank Williams Jr.
 Classical* Yo-Yo Ma

Mr. _____
 Mrs. _____
 Miss _____
 Address _____ Apt. _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Do you have a VCR? (04) Yes No Do you have a credit card? (03) Yes No

ADVANCE BONUS OFFER: Also send me one more CD right now at the super low price of just \$6.95, which will be billed to me.

FR5/F6
FR6/F7

Note: We reserve the right to reject any application or cancel any membership. These offers not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, write for details of alternatives after. Canadian residents serviced from Toronto. Applicable sales tax added to all orders. *Classical members serviced by the CBS Classical Club.



LETTERS

Here at *National Lampoon*, we have a 212-year history of knocking down the tungsten-hard doors of falsehood in order to air out the musky den of truth. We continue that proud heritage with a write-in column that asks our readers to answer the pressing questions of the day.

This month we ask:

Who Was Better, Churchill or Roosevelt (or de Gaulle)?

This is the first in a series of write-in columns that will allow history fans to express their views on important topics. Our thanks to the New York Times—“Who Was Better, Mantle, Mays (or Snider)?”—for providing inspiration.

Modern democratic leaders compete in four areas: vote-getting for average (nominations), vote-getting for power (general elections), global perspective, and charisma. Roosevelt's power stats are better; Churchill pulls even with a 38 percent pro-founder world vision. The charisma ratings are the punch line. FDR checks in with an excellent nostalgia-adjusted 141.6 Gerald Ford Equivalents, but Sir Winston goes stratospheric with a never-equalled 207.0 G.F.E.

Numbers don't lie: the Brit was best.

John C. Ferris
New Haven, Conn.

Roosevelt. When I was a kid, my friend Danny and I used to cut school whenever there was a really big national crisis and head over to the White House. We'd sneak in through a French door you could jiggle open with a clothespin, and before you could say “Citizen Conservation Corps,” we'd be hidden away behind a cuspidor, getting an earful of historic top-level strategizing. We knew them all—Hopkins, Ickes, Wallace, and the rest—and we'd agonize through their slumps and cheer them when they were hot. But the main man was Roosevelt. I can remember dozens of times when the country was down and out—literally one step from “Wait till next era”—and then he would lean back, twirl his cigarette holder a few times, and turn it all around.

Maybe Danny and I didn't learn the quadratic formula or Wyoming's chief farm products as well as we could have. But maybe there are some things you learn outside school that are even more important.

Sam Grabner
Trenton, N.J.

Let's face it, the media pressures were not nearly as intense back then. I'm not

Sirs:

At the tone the time will be... oh, it's what you are inside that counts, isn't it? Well, isn't it? I don't know. Have you ever felt like the world is just passing you by? BEEEEEP.

The Time Voice
Having an identity crisis

knocking the guys, but it's a different—faster—game now.

David Swift
Chair, Reggie Jackson
for Mayor Committee
Oakland, Calif.

Mao Zedong took a worn-out, over-the-hill franchise and turned it into a first-division contender. He ruled longer over more people (try six hundred million more!) than any of those matinee idols you're gassing about. And Mao ruled!

Do you get my drift, or am I being too subtle? The North Atlantic nexus is kaput!
J. L. Simpson
Madison, Wis.

While FDR had, perhaps, no single moment in which he shone with such gaudy brilliance as did Mr. Churchill in those dark bomb-laden days of 1940 (as consummate a performance, in its way, as Graig Nettles's infallible stewardship of the hot corner in the third game of the '78 World Series), one looks in vain for a Churchillian counterpoise to that grandiose, exasperating, and ultimately irresistible expression of American energies, the New Deal. What, exactly, it meant for the lives of Grace and James, Norman and Olivia, we shall see in this episode.

Alistair Cooke
Culture

They were both great. Which one was better? I don't know, but sometimes, just for the hell of it, I try to imagine what would have happened if they had gone at it head-to-head, instead of playing for the same side in World War II.

Of course, war is mainly destruction. Shouldn't our highest praise go to the men who build something?

Donald Trump
New York, N.Y.

Next issue: Should my daughter go out with Jimmy Bigelow or Seth Lowhouse?

Christopher Larson

Sirs:

Are you the one who farted?

Catherine Deneuve
Talking to you with her eyes
across a crowded restaurant

Sirs:

Oh fuck, that was the goddamn worst! Marrone! Did you see it? Hanh? Did you... Oh, take my word for it. The whole set was crawling with spooks!

Danny Aiello
After a day on the set of
“Do the Right Thing”

Sirs:

Donny Osmond had the number-two record in the country? Hang on! We've got a chance!

All the Snowballs
Hell

Sirs:

Dance down the street! Pull up your skirt! Smile flirtatiously! Cock-tease that adolescent boy to the point of tears!

The Sprite in You

Sirs:

Oh, so you're the Great Satan. Guess I was wrong after all.

The Ayatollah Khomeini
Hell

Sirs:

Good... Good... Build to the payoff... Yes... SHIT! He did it again! Did you see it? My God, it never fails! The man is simply incapable of telling a joke without ruining the punch line with that little smirk of his. Oh wait, wait... Here he goes again... Set it up? Good... Build to the payoff? Good... Punch line? NO! HE HAS TO SMIRK! Every time it's that little lip-biting smirk that says “Not really. I'm telling a joke, but not really.” I need a drink...

Pat Sajak's Head Writer
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Have you ever noticed that we both resemble the Red Skull in drag?

Sissy Spacek and Nanette Fabray
A couple of show-biz chicks
who don't have noses

Sirs:

Whiplash!
Whiplash!

Roseanne Barr's
Refrigerator Magnets

Sirs:

I'd give my right nut for the parts John Travolta is getting.

Robby Benson
The grass is always greener

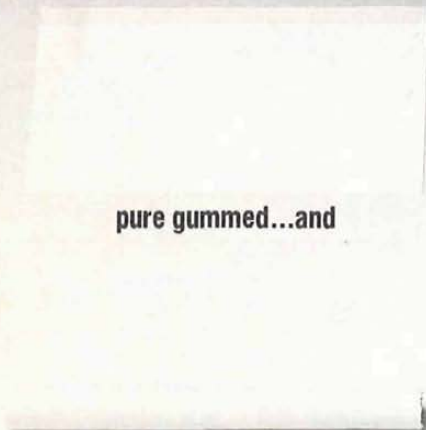
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		M 504

A New Look for Aunt Jemima



Aunt Jemima, whose face adorns forty breakfast products, celebrated her hundredth birthday with her first makeover in twenty-one years, according to the Quaker Oats Company. Her new look, at right, is more suited to the mistress of the house than the cook. The new look began appearing in July.



CORNROWS



WHOOPI



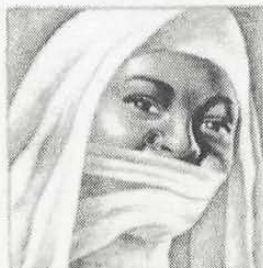
FLATTOP



CALIFORNIA GIRL



A.J.



MUSLIM

CHAS. ALMON



LETTERS

Sirs:

What did he say his name was? Otis Redding? Well, you tell Mr. Redding that we're sorry, but this flight is full and he'll have to catch a later one.

Buddy Holly
Preparing for takeoff

Sirs:

You thought I was sweet but ultimately rather dull before, didn't you? Well, just imagine an afternoon with me now that I'm sober!

Ringo Starr
Closing in on Paul as the most worthless Beatle

Sirs:

My lines suck! My screen time is minimal! And they always make me sit in the back of the Ectomobile! Now I know how Garrett felt.

The Black Ghostbuster
Ernie-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Sirs:

Hey, Deng Xiaoping isn't so bad. At least he made the trains run over us on time.

Chinese Students
Tiananmen Square

Sirs:

See that painting?
I broke that!

Julian Schnabel
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

If this is Tuesday, it must be electro-genital torture.

The Amnesty International Tour
Behind schedule

Sirs:

Whaddya mean, you don't like it? I created Kermit! I did Miss Piggy! *I know funny!*

Jim Henson
Introducing Lem™, the intestinal virus, and thousands of lovingly crafted, soft, plush fecal coliforms

Sirs:

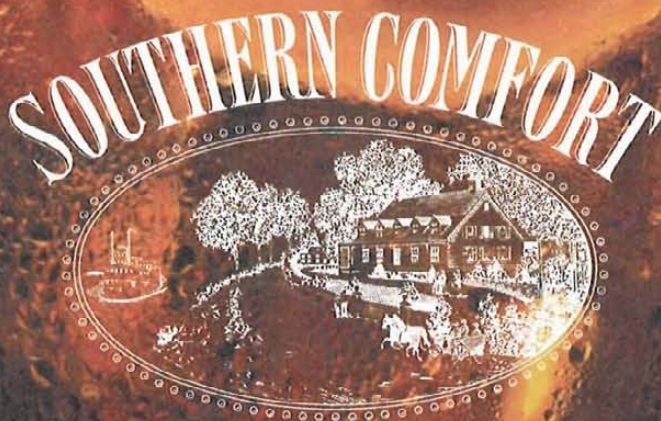
Comedy is easy. *Dying is hard.*

Bob Hope
George Burns
Uncle Miltie
Friars Club

**Any cola's
more delicious
with
a touch
of Comfort.**

Southern Comfort has a distinctive, appealing flavor.
It's a drink that makes any other drink taste that much better.

Comfort & Cola: Pour 1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) of Southern Comfort into a tall glass over ice. Fill with cola.



Southern Comfort Company Liqueur, 40-50% Alc. by Volume, Louisville, KY © 1988

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LETTERS

Sirs:

Riddle me this: Who lets fame, fortune, and runaway T-shirt sales come before the guys who put him on top? Answer: Batman, who couldn't even throw a bone to one of his favorite old foes by offering me so much as a cameo in the new movie.

The Riddler

Not laughing all the way to the bank

Sirs:

Holy crapes! This sequel shouldn't be about a boy becoming a man, it should be about a guy growin' up to become, like, really ugly and hoping that he invested wisely!

Ralph Macchio

*"The Karate Kid Part IV"
In the works*

Sirs:

So I seen Pat Morita the other day, and crapes, is he full of himself! You know, it

wasn't that long ago that we were both supporting players on *Happy Days*, an' Pat was a real sweetheart. You know, just happy to be workin', like the rest of us... but now! Cripes. You know what he tells me? He says, "Al, this Colgate Wisdom Tooth thing is gettin' me laid all over town!"

I mean he's gone, Pat is *gone*... an' he ain't comin' back.

Al Molinaro

*The Actors' Equity lounge
Passing some time*

Sirs:

Hey! Hey, boy! C'mon over here. Say, listen... you wanna take a peek at ol' Killer's peepee?

Jerry Lee Lewis

*Bonding with Dennis Quaid on
the set of "Great Balls of Fire"*

Sirs:

Thank you very much. We have your picture and résumé. What? No. No, we saw all we needed to. Leave the script with the receptionist on your way out. Thank you.

Head of Casting,

*Heaven Community Playhouse
Auditioning Laurence Olivier
at a cattle call*

Sirs:

It's *not* just another movie about murder

and dental floss! It's a... Hello? Hello?

Dino DeLaurentiis
*Can someone put you
on "hold" in a letters column?*

Sirs:

*This? This... thing on my face? This is a
smile?*

Susan Dey

L.A. Dour

Sirs:

Wasn't that fun, boys and girls? Now here's a song about Wilbur, the Rectal Thermometer...

Raffi

On a roll

Sirs:

'Scuse me, pal. You gonna finish those carrot sticks?

Tommy Lasorda

In your face

Sirs:

We're Woody Allen's female friends. We're not as easy to drown as a sack of fluffy baby kittens, but we bet you're willing to try, anyway.

Louise Lasser

Diane Keaton

Mia Farrow

Manhattan

PARTY OFFICIAL'S OFFICIAL PARTY SIGNALS

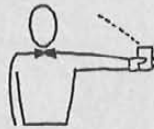
by Bob Eckstein

PARTY OFFICIAL



start of the party

FIRST DOWN



*End of your first drink and well
on your way to being as
drunk as a skunk.*

TOUCHDOWN



*Score made with guest on
a pile of coats.*

ELIGIBLE MAN



*Bachelor entering playing field
is fair game.*

ILLEGAL PASS



*Proposition made to a buddy's
wife/girl.*

APPETITE VIOLATION



*Not to be confused with a "food
infraction," this penalty is
assessed to those who starved
themselves all day only to learn
that no dinner will be served.*

OBSTRUCTION PENALTY



*Tying up the one bathroom for
an unreasonable length of time.
Line turning into angry mob.*

TOO MANY MEN ON
THE FIELD
(looking out to left,
then right)



*Ratio of men to women at party
is unproductive and disturbing.*

LATE HIT



*Two-minute warning has
sounded—last ditch effort to go
home with someone.*

PASS INTERFERENCE
(hands over broken heart)



*Someone else hitting on a babe
you had your eye on.*

HOW TO PICK UP GHOULS



1

LOOK YOUR BEST



You'll knock 'em dead when you put on this spooktacular T-shirt featuring Beetlejuice, the name in laughter from the hereafter. "Boo Who!" appears in ghoulish green on the back. 50/50 cotton/poly blend. Specify S, M, L, or XL (adult sizes only).

#0160 BEETLEJUICE T-Shirt \$11.95

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4

PROVE YOU'VE GOT CLASS

Show them you're a real urbane sophisticate. Wear this classy lapel pin—immortalizing a memorable moment from Lethal Weapon 2—and let the good times roll. 2" high with enamel finish.

#6066 LETHAL WEAPON 2 Lapel Pin \$5.95



2

BE AMUSING

Do your jokes usually leave people cold? Now you can be a real scream every time—with a little help from Batman's archrival, The Joker. Press two contact points on this Laugh Ball, and The Joker's insidious chuckle emanates from inside.

It's like taking along your own personal laugh track. Your dates are sure to die laughing.

#6021 THE JOKER™ Laugh Ball \$14.95

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3

SHOW STAR QUALITY



Wear this handsome ball cap, and everyone will think you're a big-time Hollywood movie star. Made of high quality navy blue wool serge, this cap sports the Warner Bros. shield embroidered in 5 showstopping colors. One size fits all heads (except shrunken ones).

#1055 WARNER BROS. Ball Cap \$14.95



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5

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If all else fails, try to buy their love. But buy wisely—from the Warner Bros. Catalog. It's got gifts featuring such first-rate rags as National Lampoon, such thrill-filled movies as Batman and such classy characters as BUGS BUNNY and the TASMANIAN DEVIL. To request a free catalog—or order any of the to-die-for gifts on this page—call up the friendly souls at the toll-free number down there.



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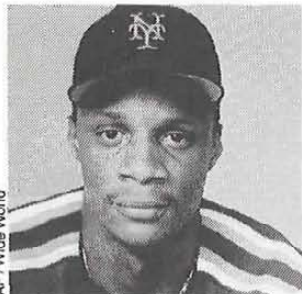
In CA, add 6.5% sales tax.



NI P009

SEPARATED AT THE AIRPORT?

by Fred Stoller



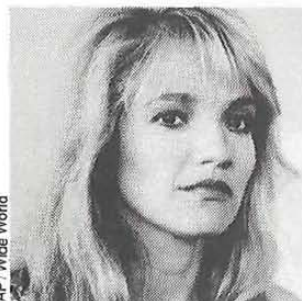
AP/Wide World

**Moody New York Mets
outfielder Darryl
Strawberry...**



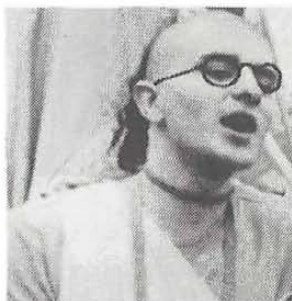
Harry Heleotis

**and copilot
Richard Meyers?**



AP/Wide World

Film actress Ellen Barkin...



AP/Wide World

**and Hare Krishna solicitor
Hapreet Tamura?**



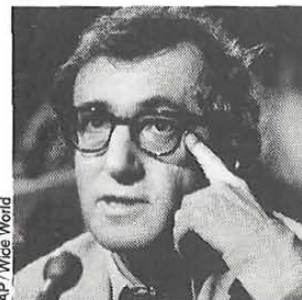
AP/Wide World

**Rock parodist "Weird Al"
Yankovic...**



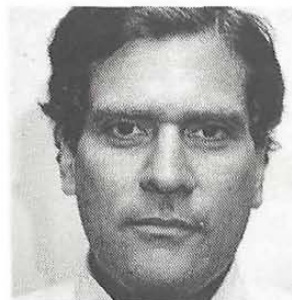
Harry Heleotis

**and baggage handler
Derek Simon?**



AP/Wide World

**Neurotic filmmaker
Woody Allen...**



Harry Heleotis

**and annoying passenger
upgraded to first-class
Peter Dugan?**



LETTERS

Sirs:

Come on—Jesus needs a new pair of shoes!

God

Playing dice with the universe

Sirs:

If you think violence is bad at rap concerts, just look at the scuffs on these saddle shoes!

Kimber Nordstrom

Crowd Control

Debbie Gibson

World Tour '89

Sirs:

Shuffle shuffle tap.

Shuffle shuffle tap.

Shuffle (cup groin).

Dirty Tap Dancing

Catskills

Sirs:

Who killed the Kennedys?

Well, after all, it was you *and* me.

Sirhan Sirhan

Blowing his chance

before the parole board

Sirs:

I walk at night into the darkness.

A deep, deep voice comes to me.

He shouts,

"Slut, whore, take me inside
and do the will of Beelzebub."

I try to resist. I cannot.

I am enthralled by his stench;

taken away by his evil forces.

I turn my head completely around

and spout pea soup endlessly over the

hills.

A victim of...

"Possession"

by Calvin Klein

Sirs:

I'm ready for my closeup, Mr. DiLauren-tiis.

Meredith Baxter Birney

Sunset Boulevard

Sirs:

You know, "I hope I get old before I die" seems to make a lot more sense these days.

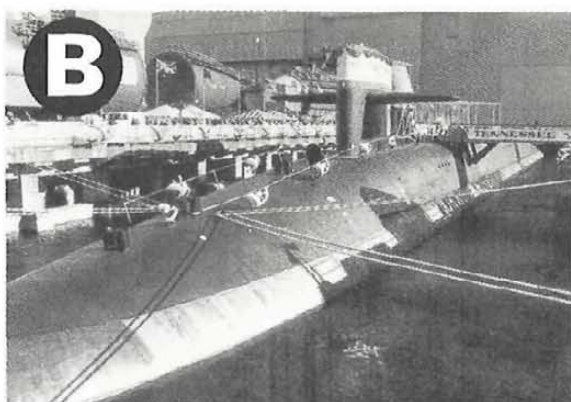
You know, thirty million dollars can't be wrong.

The Who

On their final tour... no, really

Smart sub shoppers! Compare and decide before you invest!

Which Sub Is the Better Bargain?



One year—half a dozen fun-filled issues—of *National Lampoon*, the Free World's favorite adult humor magazine, costs only \$8.95! Two years, \$16.95... and just \$23.95 for three full years!

You can save more than \$47.15 over single-copy newsstand purchases of the fully guaranteed *National Lampoon* by subscribing now!

A single Trident nuclear submarine, which may or may not work—and if it *does* work, its only function is to blow away many people—costs more than \$1,500,000,000.00! Not even a congressional committee can estimate the price of a dozen of them—and they aren't even funny!

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- A Trident** nuclear submarine, at \$1.5 billion plus overruns. (Cash only for submarine.)

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NL 12/89



ONE SHOT FAT CHANCE

BY TONY KISCH

ONE MORNING IN 1982 I SAT up on my long-suffering mattress and confronted an enormous truth: I was no longer chubby, stout, or heavysset. I had crossed beyond into the wider world of the humongous, the earth-bound zeppelin, the trunkless mastodon. On hot days children gathered around me for shade. Clearly, drastic action was called for. I made some discreet inquiries and was soon on my way to an upstate New York fat farm. It was essentially a posh prison where pampered pigs paid handsomely for the privilege of being starved in comfort. It was called Hudson Manor; I called it Fattica.

In balmier days, Fattica had once been a private estate commanding a lovely view of the Hudson. As I entered its gates (after having earlier fortified myself with four Egg McMuffins) I yearned for those pre-aerobic days when rich food, vintage wines, and rare cigars were the fashion here. Now it played host to groups of determined hippos walking about in XX-Large track suits.

I was greeted by a big, ugly nurse and a chipper attendant named Crystal. They

immediately placed me on their extra-heavy-duty modified truck scale, and I came up a lithe 265. (Like all blimps I figured that my clothes and shoes accounted for at least forty pounds of that.)

"And how long will you be with us?" chirped Crystal.

"Three weeks," I muttered.

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed. "We've worked miracles in less time."

Miracles? What did they think I had, leprosy? They then proceeded to check my bags for contraband, namely food. I was clean. Just then I heard a tremendous creaking and groaning coming from the floor above the office. I looked out just in time to see a nun, at least four hundred pounds, come wheezing down the staircase, enveloped in a habit that could have covered Shea Stadium.

"Oh, that's Sister Yolanda," said Crystal, sensing my surprise. "She's on our extended plan."

No doubt. Ah well, I mused, they say gluttony is the gentlest sin. Crystal then showed me around the grounds, which were dotted here and there with unhappy-looking fellow inmates on foot or plopped

like beached whales in sagging lounge chairs. We passed through the exercise room, which was deserted altogether except for the muscle-bound instructor, who was doing the usual pressing, pushing, and grunting. On the wall was one of those depressing charts matching one's height to one's ideal weight. I glanced at 5' 10"—my ideal weight was only 120 pounds away. Shit.

Finally we arrived at my quarters, in the same building as the gym. It looked much like any Holiday Inn room: TV, bed, desk, chair, sanitized bathroom, Gideon Bible, etc.

"Dr. Ernst will be in to see you soon," said Crystal as she left. "In the meantime, just relax."

Although that last bit sounded rather ominous, I plopped down on the bed and stared at the ceiling. So this was to be the cocoon from which, in three weeks, I was to emerge a slender butterfly.

My reverie was interrupted by a loud knock at the door. An apple-cheeked, powerfully built young fellow with a "GO FOR IT!" T-shirt and a black bag entered.

"Hallo xere!" he said, extending a beefy hand. "I am Dr. Ernst Pfeffer. Everyone calls me Dr. Ernst. And you must be Tommy."

"Tony." Dumb kraut.

"Ja, ja, Tony. Vell, Tony," he continued, sitting down on the bed and opening his black bag, "vee follow a strict fast here. For zer first two weeks at least, just water. But don't worry... it iss very tasty water, hah-hah-hah."

"Heh-heh." Oh, Christ...

"Now watch zit up." He took out his stethoscope. "How long have you been overweight, Tony?"

"Forever."

"Ja, vell, vee see vot vee can do about zat. Lie back, please." He started painfully grabbing and prodding various chunks of my fat. "Zat hurts a little, ja? So, vot do you do, Tony?"

"I eat."

"Hah-hah. Vell, I can see you haf a sense of humor. Please zit up again." Lowering his voice a little, he asked, "You are fully insured, ja?"

"Ja, mein Doktor."

"Very goot!" he proclaimed. "You are fine—just too fat. I will look in on you again



"I'm sorry you saw me, Timmy. Now I'll have to kill you."

tomorrow." Another stiff handshake and he was gone.

I lay back on the bed for a short snooze. An hour later I woke up—very hungry. I turned on the tube just in time to see a Burger King ad. I switched it off. I paced the room. I drank four glasses of water. I paced some more. I took a shower. I brushed my teeth. I took out a biography of Hermann Göring. It reminded me of food, so I put it down. A song kept going through my head: "I don't care what they say/I won't stay/In a world without food."

This routine went on for about a week. Every day Ernst would poke and prod me and the rest of the day I would go insane with hunger and boredom. I'd lost over twenty pounds but I was obsessed with food, any food. Around about the tenth day, I watched the coverage of the Falkland Islands conflict on TV. All I could see were

*This was to be
the cocoon
from which,
in three weeks,
I was to emerge
a slender butterfly.*

all those juicy sheep grazing there, imagining how nice a few of their legs would taste, roasted, with mint jelly.

Every few nights they had a sort of "Fat Rap" at the main building, but I never bothered to go. Around about the fifteenth night the boredom really got to me, and I gave it a try. The room was filled with about twelve women and two other men, all pissing and moaning about their goddamn fat. Sister Yolanda was there, taking up an entire love seat. She didn't look any thinner, but who could tell what was going on under that tarpaulin of a habit anyway. One hefty blimpette had the floor and she sobbed on and on about how men were so cruel and how none liked her just because she was "a little overweight" and how they could never see through to her sparkling personality underneath, etc. After about ten minutes of this I quietly slipped out the door.

As I walked back to my room, someone yelled, "Hey buddy, wait up!" It was a hefty gent, about forty, with a Southern accent.

"Man!" he said. "Can you believe that bullshit? As soon as I saw you sneak out I was right behind you."

It turned out his name was Chet and he was the New York rep for some textile plant in Georgia. His company was footing the bill, so he'd figured what the hell. He'd

been there six days and he was losing his mind.

"Yeah, well, tell me about it," I answered. "It's been fifteen days for me in this dump!"

"Fifteen days? Christ awwmighty!" Lowering his voice, he said, "I got me some kick-ass weed back at my room. Wanna come over?"

We stopped at my room for my tapes and cassette player, and the next thing I knew I was stoned out of my mind listening to Ben Webber. I felt human for the first time in weeks. We laughed our asses off about Sister Yolanda.

"Man," Chet wheezed, "I hope Jesus knows what He's got a-comin'!"

"Shit!" I replied. "They'll never fit her through those pearly gates!"

After getting more stoned and bitching about our situation, Chet blurted out, "Hell, let's go get something to EAT, man!"

"Huh?" I mumbled.

"I mean let's sneak outta here and get us a little somethin', nothing too heavy. I got my car parked outside the side gate. . . ."

Ten seconds later we were out the door, sneaking over to the gate. It was a chain-link fence about seven feet high. Somehow we got our big fat asses over the top and we were outta there!

"Hey," yelled Chet a few minutes down the main drag. "There's a steak joint. Says 'Bar,' too."

"Fine," I drooled. "Just fine."

As soon as we were seated the waitress put a basket of garlic bread on the table. That was sucked clean in seconds. We didn't touch the water, though.

"What can I get you fellows?" she asked.

"Oh, nothin' heavy," said Chet. "A rib steak rare with Caesar salad and a baked potato with sour cream, but no butter—we're on diets, y'know."

"Same for me," I said. "And a pitcher of draft."

There are no words to describe how good that steak tasted, not to mention the three pitchers of suds we ended up swilling. It was ambrosia. It was better than sex. Better than drugs. It was GOOOD!!!

After a couple of bourbons to help us home to Fattica, we waddled happily to the car. We had a much harder time getting back over that fence, loaded down with beef and beer. The next morning I weighed myself. I had gained back six of the thirty pounds I'd lost. I met Chet in the hall and we both said, "FUCK THIS!" We signed over a fortune for the insurance companies to sort out and rolled the hell out of there.

Chet was kind enough to give me a ride right to my door in Manhattan. Within two weeks I had gained it all back and more. It was worth it, though, just for that one meal and the memory of the night two king-size cons went over the wall at Fattica. ■

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

George S. Agoglia
Publisher

COMING NEXT ISSUE:

The Return
of
Bernie X!



Robert de Michielli

ELVIS WAS THE SECOND GUNMAN

BY LES FIRESTEIN

EVERY ANNIVERSARY OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S DEATH RE-vives all of the controversy surrounding that awful assassination. Like Jason returning from the grave in yet another *Friday the 13th* sequel, whenever November 22 rolls around we dig Jack up out of his casket and put him through his paces.

Pick one: (A) Oswald had an accomplice (the Oswaldian School). (B) Oswald was really aiming for Governor Connally (the Connallian School, not to be confused with the Italian pastry). (C) It was really a plot by the CIA. (D) It was a Soviet plot. (E) It was a Mob hit. (F) It was a Cuban hit. (G) C and D only. (H) E and F only. (I) Any combination of one from column A and one from column B, plus wonton soup and fortune cookie. (J) Other: your favorite conspiracy theory here _____.

Indeed, in a recent poll, just 13 percent of all Americans surveyed said that they believed Oswald acted alone.

Psychologists have conjectured that the reason the findings of the

Warren Commission have never really satisfied us is that we are collectively "denying" the real tragedy of the event: that a charismatic and much beloved leader of our people was quite simply plucked away from our grasp, just when we wanted to hug him most... and for no good reason at all.

But I believe that there is a more compelling reason why the Kennedy controversy remains with us—namely, that it *sells*.

I know that in my neighborhood video store, Kennedy conspiracy documentaries and dramatizations occupy two whole shelves; and in the public library, Kennedy/Oswald reenactments, reconstructions, and outright revisions have garnered their very own Dewey decimal.

Now, the problem I have with the Kennedy conspiracy theorists has really little to do with the fact that these self-proclaimed ballistics and forensic "experts" look like the hybrids derived from crossbreeding televangelists with hawkers of cures for baldness.

Nor am I put off by these specialists' lacking college or even high school diplomas, nor am I even unduly influenced by their arrest records.

Rather, what really irks me about most of the studies which discount the findings of the Warren Commission is that they read too much like *Chariots of the Gods?* or *Secrets of the Bermuda Triangle* or *The TRUE Story of the Loch Ness Monster* or even *Elvis Lives*.

Specifically, it seems to me that in order to pen a successful piece about that fateful day in Dallas—or one about Bigfoot or Sasquatch—an aspiring author needs just four things:

- A camera with soft focus and a dirty lens.
- A penchant for making mountains out of molehills.
- A good agent.
- A typewriter.

As for the second ingredient, my readings into the Kennedy affair indicate that the people who manufacture conspiracy theories (and subsequently spout them on *Geraldo*) are the same folks who have never recovered from the fact that "manslaughter" can also be read as "man's laughter," and, worse, the word "lived" is "devil" spelled backward... and that all of this has meaning and, in addition, indicated that Martians visited our planet 30,000 years ago to set up our civilization.

My sympathy is greatest for those who have not concocted these conspiracy theories while under the influence of mind-altering drugs. Why must every photographic blur be an additional gunman? Why is every stray hair on a camera lens a bullet fragment with an unlikely trajectory? More important, why is a cigar never a cigar?

Personally, I've made my own peace with the Oswald shooting, though it took

me a while to get there. After ruling out the more popular conspiracies (reasonable doubt, inconclusive evidence), I then ran through the more obscure theories. Otherwise, I wouldn't have been able to sleep. Here's what I determined:

—I was not the second gunman on the grassy knoll. I concluded this not only because I was younger than five at the time, but also because I'm a lousy marksman. Plus I have an alibi: I was at the pediatrician at the time the announcement was made that the president had been shot. In addition, several physicists have concurred that since I weighed a scant sixty pounds at the time, had I fired on the president I would have been killed by my own recoil, so you can cross me off the list.

—Mrs. Kennedy didn't do it. I know this because JFK Jr. and I attended the same school for a while, and I even met Jackie once or twice, and she seemed like a really nice lady.

—The shooting had nothing to do with sibling rivalry among the Kennedys. Though I'm going with my gut on this one.

—I really don't think that the networks orchestrated Kennedy's death in order to boost ratings. Even though it was "sweeps week," who would have bought the advertising during such a morose broadcast?

—There's the theory that Oswald was really trying to kill himself but missed. But who needs a rifle with a telescopic sight for a suicide?

—Then there's the theory that LBJ hired the killer(s) because he himself wanted to be president. Except judging by his performance in office, Johnson didn't want to be president.

And briefly, I entertained even the most tenuous of the conspiracy theories:

—That JFK tried to cover up *his* suicide by hiring accomplices.

—That *Jackie* was the real target, again of lousy marksmen, who were probably hired by a frustrated dress designer whose fashions had been spurned by Camelot.

—That it was actually Abraham Zapruder who shot the president—most likely with some sort of firearm embedded in his movie camera—and not only that, but Zapruder even had the foresight to film the whole thing so that he could live comfortably off the assassination-movie royalties for the rest of his life.

But as I mentioned earlier, none of these theories carry much weight with me, because I've made my own peace with November 22, 1963.

In my heart of hearts, I know that John F. Kennedy is alive and well today, and that someone else occupies the president's casket. You see, Mr. Kennedy is currently living somewhere in the south of France, where he shares a chateau with Elvis. Marilyn Monroe is their cleaning lady. I've even got some blurry photographs to prove it. ■



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TRUE FACTS

EDITED BY JOHN BENDEL

SAUDI ARABIA'S OFFICIAL executioner, sixty-year-old Saeed Al-Sayyaf, performed his first execution in 1952, chopping off the heads of three criminals and earning the equivalent of \$399. Al-Sayyaf recently told an interviewer that as a young man he enjoyed watching executioners behead criminals after Friday prayer sessions. That led him to apply for the job of "sayyaf," which means "swordsmen executioner." Al-Sayyaf adopted his second name when he got the job. His first name, Saeed, means "happy."

Al-Sayyaf said that his victims kneel before him and he first slices off the upper part of the shirt to expose the neck. Then he uses a single swift

stroke to send the head rolling. Al-Sayyaf uses a pistol to kill women, however, to "avoid having to cut off their clothing and reveal naked flesh."

The post of sayyaf pays the equivalent of \$36 per month plus \$133 for each head.

"I always look forward to the opportunity to chop off more heads so that I can earn more money," he said. (Bergen County, New Jersey) *Record* (contributed by Tate Rothbard)

IN ITS "POLICE CALLS" column, Illinois's *Northwest Herald* reported that Gerald F. Fillion, fifty-eight, of Woodstock had been "cited on a charge of transportation of open liquor and depositing injurious material on the road-

way." Editors apparently failed to notice that Fillion's obituary appeared at the top of the same page. (contributed by J. Pawlik)

ATTORNEY KENNETH R. Behrend filed suit against Domino's Pizza, Inc., claiming the company encourages dangerous driving with its trademark thirty-minute-delivery guarantee.

According to company spokesman Ron Hingst, Domino's success in the pizza business stems from its promise to deliver within thirty minutes of a telephone order, at least in specified areas. "We emphasize hustle once [company drivers] get to the store," said Hingst. "But once they get into the car, there should be common-sense safe driving. Some people say we're encouraging these kids to race. But, no, we're encouraging them to hustle. There's a difference."

Behrend claimed that Domino's encourages drivers to run to and from their cars, and that it awards top drivers an all-expenses-paid trip to the Indianapolis 500, where the company has a race car.

Hingst said the Indianapolis trip was discontinued four years ago but conceded that he knew of twenty fatalities involving Domino's drivers during 1988, when the company sold 230 million pizzas.

Behrend's complaint resulted from an accident involving client Frank Kranack, whose station wagon was hit by a Domino's delivery car outside a Domino's store in suburban Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. According to Kranack, the manager of the store rushed out to the wreckage and demanded, "Let's get this pizza on the road." *Orange County* (California) *Register* (contributed by Marilyn Gould)

PIZZA NEWS WAS ALSO made in Dallas, Texas, where thirty-four-year-old Cedric Castleberry and two friends were watching basketball on television when they decided to order pizza from a nearby Pizza Hut. When the pizza hadn't arrived one hour later, Castleberry placed an order with the local Domino's franchise. Both pizzas arrived at the same time, and Castleberry told Patty Murray, the Pizza Hut delivery-woman, to take her pizza back.

But Murray became angry and vowed to "get her money." Murray told two Dallas police officers that she had been beaten and robbed by Castleberry and his friends, who are black. Murray and the Pizza Hut manager apparently convinced the white officers to approach Castleberry's home disguised as Pizza Hut drivers.

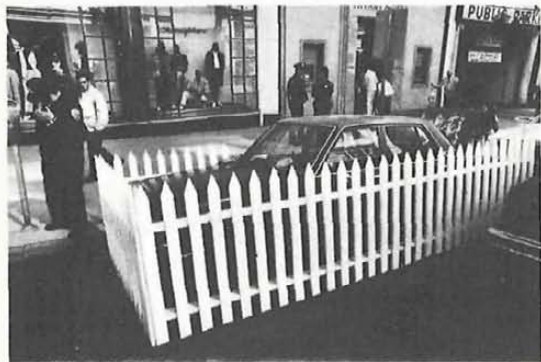
When Castleberry opened his door, the officers kicked the door in, pulled revolvers, and ordered the three men to lie on the floor.

"They wouldn't let us say anything," Castleberry, a city employee, said. "They wouldn't even tell us what we were being arrested for." The men had to pay three hundred dollars in bonds to be released the next day, even though the Domino's driver backed up their version of events.

"Authorities have since declined to press charges" against Castleberry and his friends, according to the *Austin American-Statesman*, but a police captain in the Internal Affairs Division insisted that uniformed officers "are not restricted from working undercover and can use disguises if necessary." (contributed by John F. Ybarbo)

P. STROSSE OF FORT LAUDERDALE, Florida, wrote to the "Curious Shopper," a syndi-

Breakfast at Tiffany's



San Francisco Examiner / Mark Costantini

The San Francisco Examiner reported that a man named John Powers parked in front of Tiffany & Co. in San Francisco, placed a white picket fence around his car, and played a tape of "household noises," including the sound of a toilet flushing. Before police made him leave, Powers told a Tiffany employee that if he had to live in his car, he "wanted to make it pleasant."

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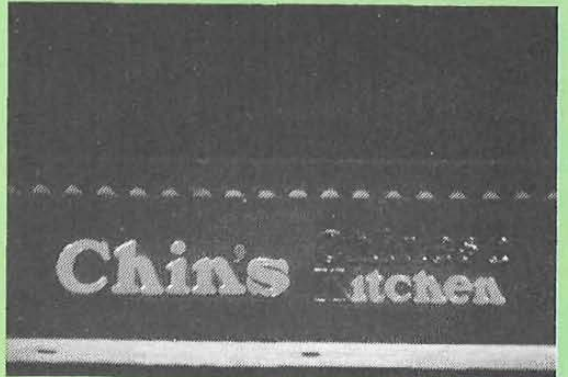
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Lee Willingham



A. Alders



Adam Newman



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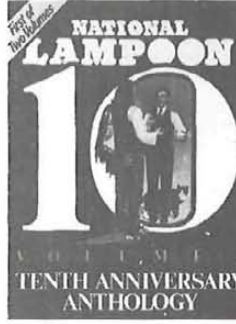
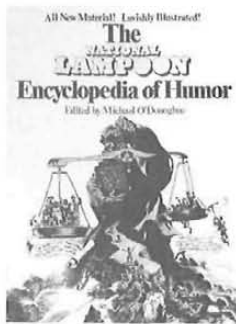
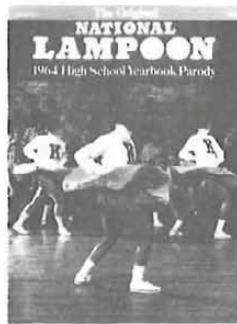
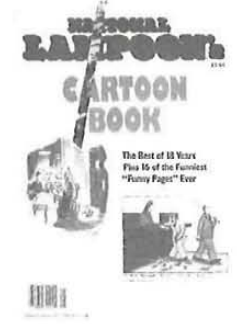
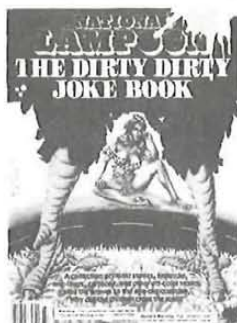
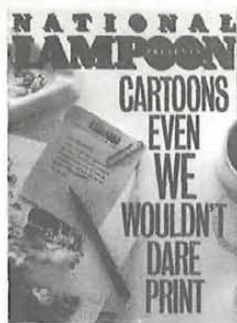


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TRUE FACTS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22)

cated column, regarding ants she had found in her microwave oven. "Rather than use a spray, I closed the oven door and turned it on High for a full minute," she wrote. "When I opened the door, the ants were still alive and running around. I had to do this three times before they finally collapsed. Why did it take so long?"

"Curious Shopper" published a reply quoting Dr. Diana Wheeler of the Department of Entomology at the University of Arizona. "I am not sure why small ants take so long to cook in the microwave," said Dr. Wheeler, in part. "I have noticed that baby cockroaches also remain alive for some time when the microwave is turned on, while adult (larger) ones go rather quickly." *Evening Herald* (contributor unknown)

CREATIVE COMPUTING RAN this item, datelined Washington, D.C.: "The Office of Education has set up a division for bright and artistically talented students. It will be placed under the Bureau for the Education of the Handicapped." (contributed by Dave Angus)

ANITA MURRAY OF HESPERIA, California, was arrested for producing and distributing pornographic movies in which she tortured her husband, Richard Henry Lichy. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, "Most of the movies feature Murray, who stands six feet tall and weighs 170 pounds, inflicting punishment by various methods, some scatological, upon her five-foot-nine, 160-pound husband."

"These films were not simulated," said Stuart Goldfarb, Murray's lawyer.

Reported the *Times*: "When a search warrant was served at Murray's home in the San Bernardino County desert in January, authorities found the

couple, in matching negligees, baking a cake." (contributed by David & Terri Ostovich)

THE CITY COUNCIL OF CLEVELAND, Ohio, recently enacted an ordinance banning the sale of drug-related items such as bongos, water pipes, and kits for growing marijuana. Police were asked to supply a list of so-called "head shops."

On their list Cleveland police included the Lee-Harvard Boutique, a mannequin supply store, which sells, among other items, mannequin heads. *Youngstown* (Ohio) *Vindicator* (contributed by Paul Shanabarger)

FROM THE "NEVADA NEWS" section of the *Reno Gazette-Journal*:

"A man accused of indecent exposure for allegedly baring himself to a woman on the ski slopes of Mount Rose has been allowed to plead guilty instead of carrying a concealed weapon.

"Deputy District Attorney Cheryl Field-Lang said she reached the unusual plea bargain with defense attorney David Houston because both crimes carry the same penalty, a maximum of one year in jail and a \$2,000 fine. She said the defendant, David Alan Cassel, twenty-seven, refused to plead to anything relating to indecent

exposure.

"Field-Lang said the victim in the case had been traumatized enough by the alleged exposure incidents last winter and wanted to avoid a trial if possible. The law allows for such a plea, called a fictitious charge, to expedite a case.

"But Field-Lang added, 'In a way, it kind of fits.'" (contributed by Tom Claussen)

FROM LEBANON, NEW HAMPSHIRE'S *Valley News*:

"Stockholm, Sweden—A woman was trapped for forty-eight hours in a deck chair that folded up on her while she was sunbathing on her balcony, the Swedish news agency TT reported.

"The chair's cloth tore and the chair folded as the eighty-year-old woman sat down, leaving her with her head between her knees, the news agency said.

"The incident occurred Saturday in Malmö in southern Sweden. On Monday, a caretaker saw her sitting in a peculiar fashion on a balcony across the street, according to the report." (contributed by B. Pacht)

IN A TORONTO STAR COLUMN, Peter V. MacDonald shared these examples of questions asked by lawyers during courtroom proceedings:

• "And you are how old a

woman, sir?"

• "Now isn't it true that when a person dies in his sleep in most cases he just passes quietly away and doesn't know anything about it until the next morning?"

• "Was it you or your brother that was killed in the war?"

• "And the youngest son, the twenty-year-old, how old is he?"

• "Were you alone or by yourself?"

• "Were you present in the courtroom this morning when you were sworn in?"

• "How many times have you committed suicide?" (contributed by Pat Erlendson)

ATTENTION, CONTRIBUTORS! We now send each contributor the sensational new "True Facts" T-shirt for every submission used, as well as a credit. For every photo used, we'll send each contributor a T-shirt plus ten dollars in genuine American currency—and, of course, a credit. Make sure to include the shirt size you want (S-M-L-XL) with every group of True Facts or True Facts photos sent us. Send your contributions to

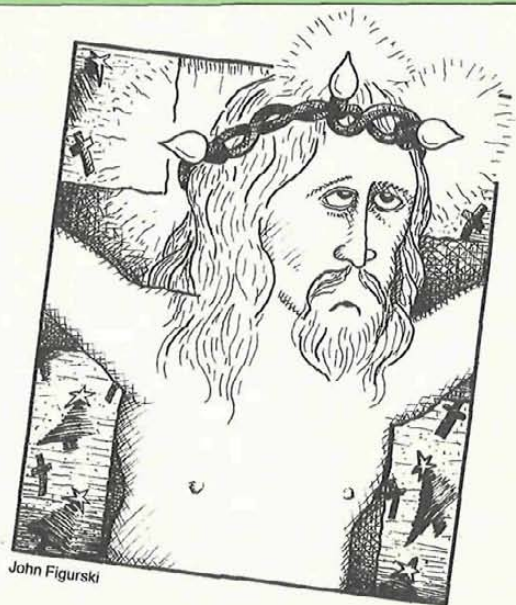
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How far has holiday decorating mania gone in your town?

Take a picture of the worst holiday adornment you can find and send the photo to True Facts, National Lampoon, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. Overstatement, bad taste, and general inappropriateness are welcome. We'll choose the most ghastly of the worst for a True Facts photo page in the coming months.

Be part of this adventure in Americana run amok. There could be a T-shirt and ten bucks in it for you.



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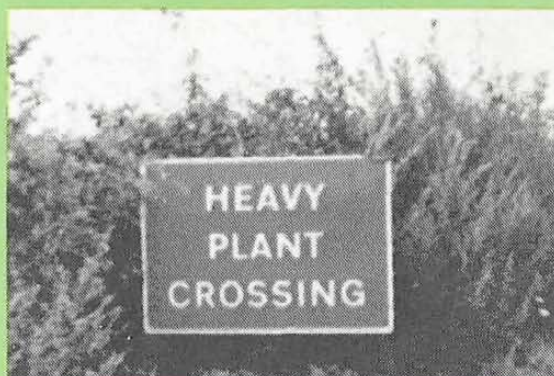
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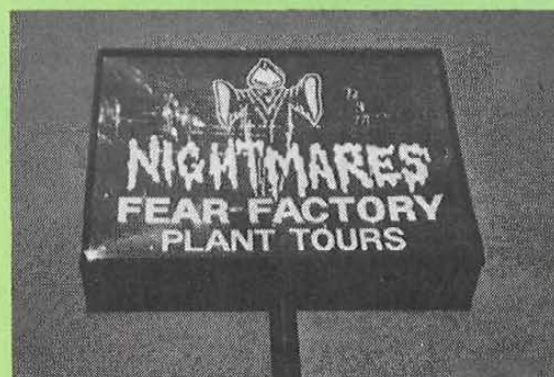
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TRUE FACTS REPORTER

BY JOHN BENDEL

SHOPPING MALL EDITION

Fashion and Terror at the Mall

CHRISTIAN HOSOI, A TWENTY-ONE-year-old professional skateboarder from Los Angeles, has made his mark on the hang-out fashions of America's shopping malls. He may also have made a few marks on the shopping malls themselves.

"Christian Hosoi is the guy who started the 'tastefully torn' look," explained editor Kevin Thatcher, discussing a *New York Times* article that had just cited his skateboard magazine, *Thrasher*, as a fashion inspiration for America's shopping mall kids.

"It's the creative tearing of T-shirts," said Thatcher. "Christian tears the arms off. The collar goes. The lower part of the T-shirt goes—but not enough to show the bellybutton, like the jock look. It's a brand-new T-shirt and you make it better by tearing the shit out of it." At twenty-one, Christian Hosoi is already a veteran professional skateboarder, whom Thatcher described as "the plate of the skate set."

Hosoi acknowledged inventing what he calls "the love shirt." He also allowed that his interest in malls was not limited to fashion.

"I've done lots of demos in malls and outside of malls," Hosoi said, "and sometimes we used to terrorize them."

Terrorize?

Hosoi explained the concept in terms of a particular mall in West Hollywood, California, a multilevel extravaganza called the Beverly Center.

"The first five floors are all parking. Then come the stores," he said. "You're not allowed to bring your skates with you up there, right? You're supposed to leave them at a desk, like downstairs in the main lobby. So we go up there with the boards stashed beside us. Then at the top we go, 'Okay, ready?' BOOM! We break!"

Hosoi and friends blast through the mall, around and between the unsuspecting, in a bid to make it all the way down before security can get its act together.

"It's like boomerang-shaped, the mall.

So you go down and just crank to the left and go through the middle where everybody sits. The floor's so smooth they can't even hear you coming, you know? You're like flying across the place and everyone's looking at you, especially on crowded days."

Picture mature shoppers with too much lipstick recoiling, aghast.

"But there are so many guards that like somebody is gonna get caught," Hosoi continued. "I've never been caught. It's the guys who are scared who get caught. Like some guard hollers, 'Hey! Stop!' and they actually stop. You gotta keep going, fly right by 'em, head for the next hall, and just hope there's not another guard down there."

What do you say if you do get caught?

"You talk nice and say, 'Hey, I was just skating through your mall. Nice mall,'" Hosoi suggested.

But Hosoi doesn't need a skateboard to "do" a mall. In one instance, he and a friend simply walked through a crowded Florida mall wearing only beach towels.

"I was sixteen then, like back when clove cigarettes were in," he said. "The security guards said like, 'You guys gotta get outta here,' but all these kids were like following us around totally harassing the guards."

Crowds gathered on both sides as the pair got into the car of a girl they had met.

"Some old lady was going off on us," said Hosoi. "She was like, 'Goddamn! Where'd you guys come from?' We said L.A., and she's like, 'Then go back to L.A.!' So my friend starts flipping off this guard through the car window and the guard is like, 'WHAT!' and he comes over to the car and starts knocking on the window, but we start singing, 'I hear you knocking, but you can't come in!' Just totally messing with him. So he starts taking down the license number and stuff, but the girl says, 'Let him take it. It's my dad's car anyhow.' Her dad was like a senator or something."

Christian Hosoi's relationship with America's shopping malls is maturing, however. In addition to his own line of skateboards and wheels, Hosoi plans to market a line of women's fashions.

"Really extravagant clothing," said the man who rips up T-shirts. "I wouldn't do anything cheap."



Coffee Shop at the Mall

True Facts Reporter recently interviewed an





eighteen-year-old waitress named Cady. Some of her observations about coffee-shop life in an aging mall follow.

WHO COMES IN HERE? PEOPLE WHO order twenty-five dollars' worth of stuff and leave a twenty-five-cent tip, that's who. The rest of the world goes to places like Sbarro and Burger King across the mall. Here we get people like the Tea Lady. She's this tiny lady with a pointy little nose and pinned-back hair. She's in her late thirties, early forties, and she wears real plain-Jane clothes. Whenever she comes in it's like a script—totally predictable.

She sits down and asks for a menu. "Can I have some tea while I'm waiting?" she asks. Sure, you tell her. "How much is your tea?" she wants to know. Fifty cents, you tell her. You feel like saying, "Just like the last fourteen times you asked, lady," but you don't. You just bring her a cup of tea. She drinks the tea and reads the menu for ten minutes, shaking her head the whole time, like she doesn't believe what she's seeing. Samantha and me imitate her behind the coffee machine.

Finally, she orders a toasted bagel with butter. After that, she asks for exactly seven extra pats of butter. She puts them in her pocketbook. Then she asks for seven packets of sugar and puts those in her pocketbook, too. She asks you for something every time you walk by, sometimes just for more hot water. After a while, her tea doesn't even have any color. When it's time to go, she whips out a calculator to figure your tip. She leaves like fifteen cents for a bill of like a dollar fifty-two. The thing is she always comes back about an hour later and goes downstairs to use the bathroom. Samantha says she's giving the tea back.

Samantha works the counter with me and she's real serious about the restaurant business. But she's got this problem. She shakes. Like she trembles all the time. I don't know why, but you should see her carry a cup of coffee. The stuff slops all over the place and nobody on her counter

gets a full cup of coffee or a full bowl of soup. We should hang a sign there that says "No liquids at this counter. Thank you."

Her father is a jeweler in the mall and he shakes just like she does. He can't hold his head still, and I can't figure out how he engraves stuff on tiny little rings and things. He can barely hold a handful of change without dropping some. He's got a stand out in the middle of the mall. It's got cases full of those little felt-covered jewelry fingers? He comes in to use our bathroom all the time. I swear they'd make more money around here charging people to use the toilets.

Speaking of toilets, sometimes it's hard to get people to leave, like at closing time. Some people just sit there, even after you've whipped away all the empty plates and stuff. They just don't get it. Well, this one time, a whole family of fat people was sitting at a table, and I had cleaned everything off, and they just weren't going anywhere. So Eleanor, the boss, turns the lights off everywhere but near their table. All of a sudden we hear this low scream start up, but we can't tell where it's coming from. Then it gets louder and higher and we can hear it's coming from downstairs. Then we hear a bunch of loud, gasping screams and doors slamming, and a thundering sound on the steps.

Eleanor quick turns the downstairs lights back on and here's this huge woman—a two-hundred-and-fifty-pounder at least—running up the stairs, wild-eyed, with a piece of toilet paper in her hand.

"See this?" she yells at Eleanor, shaking the toilet paper in her face. "This is what I was about to do when the lights went off! Don't you ever do that again, or I'll sue you!"

The rest of the family from the table gets up and they all complain to Eleanor as they pay their bill and leave. Eleanor locks the door and starts turning off lights again. Meanwhile Samantha's standing in the

window watching the fat family walk away. She turns to Eleanor, real serious, and says: "But did she wipe or didn't she?"

I guess this place has seen better days, like back in the fifties or whenever the mall opened. We still have one waitress who's been here that long. Her name's Ethel and she knows just who the tippers are. When she sees them come in, she stands by the salad bar and waves menus at them to get their attention. She doesn't take mixed couples, only like two men together or two women together. But she especially likes men over sixty she can flirt with. She talks this old waitress talk, like she'll walk up to you and yell, "Eighty-six on the mayo!" and you're supposed to know what she's talking about.

Actually, unless you're an old guy who likes to flirt with Ethel, the only reason to come in here is the free pickles. We put out pots of them every day, on the counters and on the tables. But I have to warn you, those pickles sit here all day long while people sneeze on them and stuff. At night, we dump them all back into the pickle barrel. There must be pickles in there five or ten years old.

The ketchup is like that, too. Every night we dump all the half-full ketchup bottles into each other to kind of consolidate. The newer ones pour okay, but the older ketchup stays right where it is, like some kind of tomato glue. So rather than fight it, you find a partial bottle of newer stuff and pour it on top of the gluey stuff. The ketchup at the bottom of some of those bottles was probably made when disco was big. And you've got to stir the little mustard pots. Otherwise they form this dark mustard concrete across the top.

The coffee bugs are fun, too. They're brown and they live in the cabinet under the coffee machine. Every time you make coffee, four or five coffee bugs come running out. So it's always my job to make coffee. Eleanor won't let Samantha make it be-





TRUE FACTS REPORTER

cause every time she does, Samantha starts yelling. She can't help herself. But it's not real good for business to have a waitress hollering, "Eeeyew! Bugs!"

She's not the only one, though. Once a huge bug got inside a Danish tray that sits on the counter, right in front of the customers. It wasn't a coffee bug, but some other mutant thing. So I took the tray off the counter and warned Samantha to stay away. Then I calmly called Paco, the dishwasher, out to help me get the thing. I thought I'd handled it real well until Paco comes out of the kitchen and shouts, "HOLY SHIT! THAT'S ONE BIG BUG!"

I should have known not to trust Paco. See, he lives in New York City and commutes all the way out to Jersey for a dish-washing job, right? One day I ask him why he doesn't get a place to live around here, and he says he can't stand Jersey. I ask why, and he says, "Because there's no drugs here."



The Shops at the Mall

Here are a few of America's ubiquitous shopping mall stores and what you'll find in them.

Store: **Banana Republic**

Décor: *outdoor imperialist nostalgia*
Merchandise: *safari outfits and clothes that remind you of Clark Gable in Mogambo or all those nasty British officers in Gandhi*



Customers: *corporate climbers (off-duty), jungle explorers, young Republicans, khaki freaks*

Store: **The Bombay Store**

Décor: *indoor imperialist nostalgia*
Merchandise: *bookstands, sconces, little three-legged tables, brass candelabras, framed prints of the hunt and quaint thatched-roof cottages—the very same furnishings that once distinguished the homes of the colonists from the huts of the local aborigines*
Customers: *retired military officers, upwardly mobile immigrants, eclectic scatterbrains*

Store: **Conran's, The Butcher Block, Workbench, etc.**

Décor: *austere*
Merchandise: *cheap tables, desks, and bookcases in kits packaged by disgruntled workers in countries that owe a lot of money. They come in your choice of colors—white or beige*
Customers: *newly-marrieds, newly-living-togethers, newly-divorced, and the recently-thrown-out-of-the-house*

Store: **This End Up, Cargo Lifestyle**

Décor: *eclectic warehouse*
Merchandise: *furniture built to resemble packing crates*
Customers: *"practical" people, nouveau riche stowaways, parents of incorrigibles*

Store: **Polo Ralph Lauren**

Décor: *knotty pine and brass, pheasant feathers, antlers*
Merchandise: *just the right diagonally striped ties to send just the right business message to just the right business people; tasteful, muted plaid shorts and shirts so the right people will know who you are on weekends too; plus lots and lots of expensive sweaters to tie around your neck*
Customers: *mature Republicans, non-union Democrats, Japanese business people*

Store: **Hoffritz for Cutlery**

Décor: *grim*
Merchandise: *knives, knives, and more knives; plus corkscrews, beer steins, flashlights, magnifying glasses, and a meager assortment of adult board games*
Customers: *none*

Store: **Country Sophisticates**

Décor: *faux Tiffany lamp, pizza-parlor chic*
Merchandise: *light-reflecting, metal-trimmed women's wear, soap-opera wedding gowns, and hairy outerwear in sizes from medium to beefy*
Customers: *older women who drive large American cars with secret candy stashes in the glove compartment*



Store: **Laura Ashley**

Décor: *industrial-strength dainty*
Merchandise: *ruffled, quilted, cutesy-poo clothing, wallpaper, and accessories in matched patterns so you can wear the same stuff you decorate with and blend right into a room—like camouflage*
Customers: *thin women with year-round tans and liting pageboy haircuts who wear their glasses on top of their heads*

Store: **The Gap**

Décor: *practical*
Merchandise: *sensible jeans and tops, some emblazoned with a crest entitling the wearer entrance to an unspecified gentlemen's club, regatta, or old European family*
Customers: *preppies, stuffies, people without imagination*

Store: **generic card/novelty/T-shirt shop**

Décor: *soft-core porno*
Merchandise: *sex and fart greeting cards, Bill the Cat posters, giant plastic wristwatches, Batman foam coffee-mug covers, gift art farms, scatological board games, Chippendales novelties, T-shirts that say things like "I Never Liked Flies Until I Opened One," etc.*
Customers: *people who drive used cars and the vaguely literate*

Store: **generic eyeglasses store**

Décor: *Star Trek modern*
Merchandise: *prescription eyeglasses in ten minutes or less*
Customers: *the near-blind*

Blow the lid off your company, school, cult, quilting bee, or street gang! Tell us why you should be interviewed by True Facts Reporter. Write: Reporter National Lampoon 155 Avenue of the Americas New York, NY 10013 Include a phone number.



TRUE TRAILS

CONFESSIONS OF A MIDDLE ACT

B Y W I L L D U R S T

SO WE WERE SITTING AT CAROLINE's comedy club at a table cluttered with many glass structures that had formerly housed twelve ounces of adult amber beverages. Not all of them were upright, but it was just as well; neither were all of us. Our conversation drifted between mass bemoanment over the down-sliding of civilization and the correspondingly alarming rapid diminishment in our ability to get laid. You know, guy talk. Married guy talk. Somehow, it got transmitted through the lubrication that I was headed toward Las Vegas to participate in the Second Annual Comedy Convention, and it was then that Ratso, the esteemed editor of this exalted rag, enlisted my peculiar talents to cover said event for the edification of readers everywhere. What a kind and gentle man, he; going to such lengths in order to liberate this historic gathering from the fog-enshrouded junk heap of non-prominence and to transform it into an international cause célèbre simply due to the clout and prestige it will garner by appearing in these pages. And paying me decent money, too. "Just try to make it funny this time," he growled. Obviously a man familiar with my work.

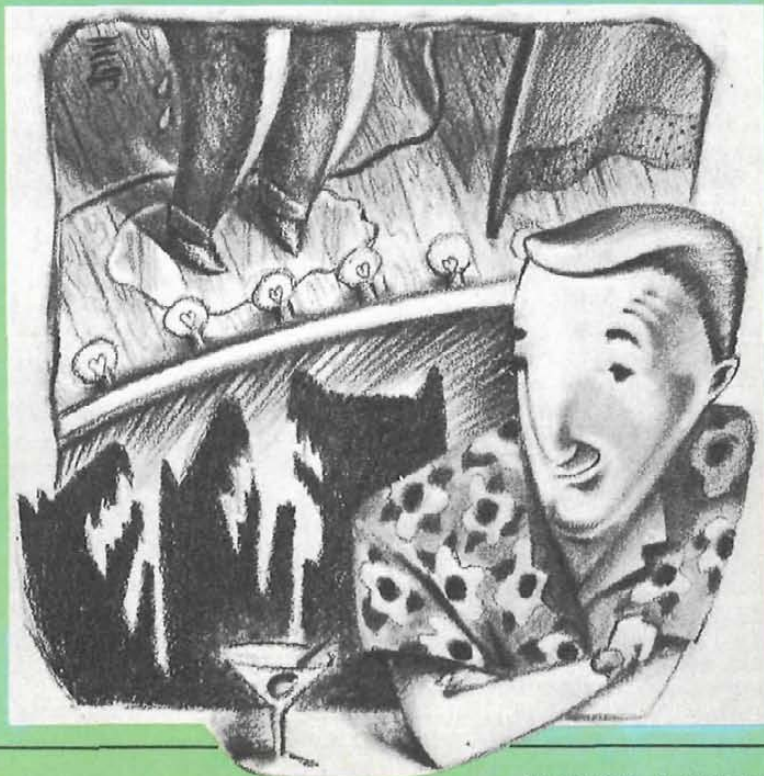
As I winged (wung?) my way westward the next day out of Kennedy on America West, I made a mental note to in the future not immediately dismiss the bewitching enchantment that can be bus travel today. Confined inside a two-hundred-ton extruded-aluminum tube cruising 37,000 feet over the crust of my home planet with a bunch of Vegas-bound New York smokers on an airline that features unlimited complimentary alcoholic libations is not what you call your expressway to meditative bliss. More like strapping yourself into a New Year's Eve centrifugal-force machine and handing over the controls to a three-year-old with a severe inner-ear disorder.

This was a plane full of voyagers seeking recreation with a vengeance. People intent on pounding a good time into themselves whether they liked it or not; and I was one of them. Oh sure, we all knew the return trip was going to be on the subdued side, what with all those little tiny men with their ballpeen hammers of remorse bludgeoning a staccato disco beat on the insides of our skulls, but right now, the anticipation of a few days in the high desert neon jangle,

drinking and carrying on and winning fistfuls of fifties twenty-four hours around the clock, had everyone tweaked to a nerve-end Richter scale of 9. "We're having fun now, dammit" became our communal cheer.

Tray tables were not in their upright and locked positions but were rather wrenched free of the seat backs and being used as badminton paddles; a crying baby's shoe doubled as the shuttlecock. One of the economy-class space waitresses had spooked completely and barricaded herself in a bathroom, making small whimpering noises. The only time the mob got ruly was during the in-flight movie, *Rain Man* (curiously missing the crash facts recitation sequence), when the slimy brother took the autistic brother to a casino to count cards, and then a reverent silence descended upon Flight 11. All the babies stopped their screaming and the intermittent turbulence we had been studiously ignoring eerily and abruptly ceased—courtesy, we all knew, of the big pit boss overhead. No miracles applied to the food, however. The senior stew still served it to us.

I love Vegas, because to me it is America: lots of flash, little soul. Like a bright, cheap toy that shatters before it's out of the box. Tacky, vulgar, tawdry, gaudy, shabby, and exhilarating. It promises you the "world's largest payouts" and inevitably rewards you with a financial slap in the face. But there's a brutal honesty about it. No "love ya baby, sweetie, bubbie" L.A. crap allowed out here. It's more "yeah right, nice hair, so how much money you got." This town is a machine—driven by the purest of American fuels—greed. The quintessential setting for comedians. And, of course, Baptists. That's right, the Southern Baptists had the inspired notion to hold their annual convention in this chromium-yellow whore of a devil city. Boy, He sure do work in mysterious ways, don't He. Most of the conferees padded to their rallies with all the fervor of a pneumonia victim in a cholera ward. Impious contagion everywhere! One of the hotels being used as heaven central was the Riviera, also the site of the comedy confab, whose welcoming cocktail party was a schmooze fest, exponential factor 5.





TRUE TRAILS

The convention was made up of two groups: the comics and the group the comics came to impress, the guys in the suits. Both groups stayed to themselves on either side of the bad Swedish-meatball buffet set up in the middle of Conference Room A. The comics hugged and kissed and greeted each other with varying degrees of forced sincerity, but what they saw over the shoulders of whomever they were pretending to be speaking to at the moment must have startled and frightened them. For many, it was their first glimpse into the macabre, gruesome world of... the power schmoose.

The dark side of the room was a blur of movement. Club owners were groveling to managers who were greasing agents who were sliming various casting cretins, and everyone was blowing smoke up the butts of the network boys and anybody else whose exact status in the show-biz food chain was unclear. The suits from the networks were the eye of the hurricane and weren't required to move much. Like bishops of sleaze, they could carry on two conversations and still turn and nod their acknowledgment of whatever accolade had been made in attest to their genius while continuing to talk out of both sides of their mouths. A slippery perimeter like an oil slick developed around this solar system of sucking up, repelling most attempts at entrance by mere comics. Within the swampy swarm of smarm, deals were discussed, made, killed, and put in turnaround through the use of a secret language that sounded like crude, hollow grunts. The pace defeated a few, or they lost their gravity rank and were hurled out of orbit with a haunted, defeated look. Some, though, were able to suck the vital energy out of a couple of comedians and flew back into the unctuous maelstrom, warbling odd passwords like "pilot" and "development deal" and "exclusive syndication rights."

A young suit, a suitlet, suffered the misfortune of having a bull suit overhear his discussion of "responsible programming," and the shock of his sin hushed the hive into a stony group chastisement; the disgraced suit pup was forced to surrender his suspenders and walk the wall of shame into the corridor. He was never seen again.

Me and my bud Bob decided to try our hand at the tables at this juncture and left the party for the relative warmth of the casino proper, where we provided the Riviera Corporation with about a week's worth of operating capital by losing vast quanti-

ties of dead presidents to a twenty-one dealer whose eyes sparkled like lava in a mine. At one point, we heard a popping whoosh sound and spied the vortex of suits, about twenty strong, careening about the casino in a counterclockwise motion like a tropical storm in the Caribbean feeding off itself with buckets of empty tributes, leaving a thin sheen of slime on the ugly paisley carpet in their wake.

"Looks like a party in the HBO Hospital-ity Suite."

"Probably over by now."

"Yeah, the rug's almost dry."

Seeking some bargain-priced entertainment, we meandered over to Caesars Palace to view the aftermath of the Leonard-Hearn rematch, which had ended that night in a draw. Sure to be a goodly amount of human jetsam and flotsam about

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lots of flash,

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Like a bright, cheap toy

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to boil in the juices of their returned bets by now, and we were just the guys to chronicle it.

"Should've gone into sudden death," muttered a fat, bald, white guy in an orange jumpsuit with blue piping, in a voice that sounded like an ailing frog croak coming from the bottom of a fifty-five-gallon drum. Some saliva-drenched brown stump-like object that might once have been a cigar was jammed into his face. Even he had to realize how disgusting it was, because he wouldn't touch it with his hands but moved it to the other side of his face with some complicated mouth/tongue action. "Christ, even those pansy-ass golfers can get it up for overtime." We were standing next to the naked wooden woman who acts as the hood ornament on Cleopatra's Barge, Caesars' floating lounge. They had tried stripping the joint of us low rollers by making the minimum bet at a blackjack table one hundred bucks. It seemed to be working, too. You couldn't tell the hookers from the guests. Smoky the frog boy wasn't finished. "The war," they called this fight.

Who knew they meant Grenada." Not prepared to wager in incremental Ben Franklin units, Bob and I were content to walk back north on the strip mocking people wearing funny clothes, a pastime for which there is no lack of quarry in Las Vegas. Four guys walking the other way engaging in the same diversion actually used us, to no little success.

In the mornings, seminars were held by various and sundry suits, explaining why they couldn't possibly be any help to us, and no, that's not in their job description, and could we speak a little louder, and yes, that's exactly what they meant to say, and how sorry they were for being so short. Of time, that is. "Have your service service my service: we'll make eye contact. Is February good for you?" In the daytime they seemed less powerful, having splintered off into smaller, less turbulent eddies of jive. By the third day, some were alleged to have initiated conversations with comedians. A report that sadly went unsubstantiated.

The afternoon showcases were where the comedians finally had a chance to demonstrate their ability to make people laugh out loud on purpose. These were held in Budd Friedman's Improv room, Budd being the monocled madman responsible for this harvest of humor. The only problem here was, the midday-show crowds were made up of people who cared about seeing comedy the way a Madagascar hissing cockroach cares about the Home Shopping Network. Some seemed to have been corralled with tempting offers of free Metamucil. Have some yucks and sweep your colon. But at least the room was full of semi-warm bodies, 80 percent of whom were facing the stage at any given time, and if careers were poised on the launching pad of success, what did it matter if the solid rocket fuel of the audience was a little watery? The suits were shark-eyed pros, right? They couldn't afford to miss out on the next new big thing. They'd been in the business long enough to tell the difference between a charming guy with energy in front of a dead-ass crowd and some loud hack prop act with the timing of an end table, right? Well, who knows, but at least nobody got hurt. And many business cards were exchanged, and hints and rumors of bookings filled the air like mosquitoes at a Midwestern marsh on a hot August night.

So the bottom line, we figured out sitting at the bar the night it ended, was that friendships were renewed, names acquired faces, expense accounts got padded, and many imported beers were drunk. That's not too shabby in anybody's book. So yeah, sure. I'd go back next year in a minute. Now that I'm a big-time published journalist, maybe I'll even buy me a suit. I wonder which comes first, the smarm or the suspenders. "Babe, listen, I love your work..." ■

YELLOW JOURNAL

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United Airlines Experimenting with Trick Landings



A United Airlines pilot performing the latest in landing techniques, "The Cartwheel."

AP/Wide World

United Airlines confirmed that the Sioux City crash of a DC-10 last July, in which 111 passengers were killed, was the result of a pilot program in which the airline tried out various "fun" takeoff and landing procedures in an effort to lure customers away from other airlines.

"In the past, we've tried various sales techniques such as cut rates, better food, free movies, et cetera. But everyone does that," said United spokesman Peter Landes. "We thought, 'What's missing from air travel that we can introduce to our passengers?' And we came up with the Thrill Factor. It's cheap and it's different."

In addition to "The Cartwheel," other types of landings include somersaults, in which the plane goes tail over cockpit before stopping; landing backwards; landing upside down; "The Drop," in which the engines are cut over the airport and the plane drops onto the tarmac, usually from 10,000 to 20,000 feet; and "The Pinball Wizard," which calls for the plane to bang into trees, buildings, telephone poles, et cetera, before stopping.

Asked if United will continue with its new approach to landing, Landes replied, "Every time we attempt a new type of landing, 111 people get killed. So clearly there are some glitches to be worked out."

A.S.



Inside Larry King



Hello, good morning to you, and a very special howdy to all my old friends down there in Yazoo City, Missouri! I just bet the flapjacks are sizzling on the griddle and Grandma McDoogle is pushing her walker in front of a speeding garbage truck even as we speak! And hey, like to send a special birthday greeting out to Homer Tuttle of Butte, Montana, and folks, Homer is one hundred years young today! . . . Oh Jesus, who am I kidding? I'll never make it as a morning-news weather personality! I'm just too damn angry! But at least I know what I can do well: act as your hell-bound coachman on a nightmare ride through the merciless tundra some choose to call pop culture. Without further ado, let us get on our Pontiacs and ride!

So Hugh Hefner got hitched, eh? I guess that stroke did affect ol' Hef's spitting salami. Like the old saying goes, why buy the cow when you own the whole goddamn dairy conglomerate! Then again, I never did trust a man who wears pajamas all day. . . . And what about those rumors swirling around Kevin Costner? It appears that the adamantly hetero star keeps hearing a whisper in his cornfield, something to the tune of "Swallow his goo"!?! . . . Can't wait for the *Batman* sequel; word is that something remotely interesting might actually happen in it. . . . Oh yeah? Well, your mother ought to know. . . . Hollyweird Buzzline: William Shatner to have his own buttock tissue transplanted into his jowls in a desperate fight against advancing old-fart syndrome. . . . What's Next Dept.: If that weren't enough, there's plenty of poop to support the horrible whispers claiming Angie Dickinson paid mucho dinero to have former child star Brandon Cruz mashed into a miracle jelly and slathered onto her cracking visage. . . . What Broadway semi-star has audiences puking eight times a week at her hideous geek-show aesthetic? I'll never tell. . . . Hungry? **REALLY HUNGRY?** Then chomp down on Mother King's favorite family filler: honeycomb tripe fillets à l'orange, garnished with scattered malted-milk balls. . . . Rising Star Beat: Hunky demigod Bill Fagerbakke, star of ABC's *Coach*, is deftly moving up the schmooze ladder, having joined Dick Van Patten's weekly poker klatsch. Look for the performance of a career when Bill guests as a vocal node on Jackée's *Movie of the Week* dramedy, *My Hips Be Lodged in Yo' Doorway*. . . . You Heard It Here First Dept.: The West Coast is abuzz with the poop that Kathleen Layman of TV's *Heartland* has used prosthetics and implants to enlarge her hair! That's what it takes to make it these days: ambition, good training, and huge hair. . . . Is it just me or is Carole King even worse than she used to be? . . . Read a good book the other day, but why should I tell you about it? It's not as if you've ever read the darned things. . . . The Harder They Fall: Was that a drunken Bob Denver this reporter spied throwing down on an obscure

porno loop in booth sixteen on the lower level of Show World? . . . Do Garry Shandling and Arsenio Hall share a dentist? And if so, have they sued yet? More proof that a huge, piranha-like overbite is a true leg up in the chat-show game. . . . There's a new brand name which, when considered as pure sound, makes me want to kill: close your eyes, reach for an ax, and start whispering "White Grenache" Recently wed punsters Dennis Miller and Sandra Bernhard are the proud parents of a small, glistening lump of sarcasm. . . . Tired of dating rockers half her age, Cher is now being escorted by an urn containing the cremated ashes of retro hipsters the Mills Brothers. . . . And one more thing before I go flip the burgers: in a world where we see the daily tragedy of the homeless—and in the case of New Yorkers that includes the added bonus of smelling them—the impending repeal of *Roe v. Wade*, the thought of Elvis's millions going to the Church of Scientology, and the terrible specter of plagues sweeping us off the table, isn't it comforting and life-affirming to know that the United States government has had the vision, the fairness, and the courage to grant Canadian Alan Thicke his working papers? I'm Larry King and I'll be back next time with a nasty cough.

N.B.

An Army of Maids to Clean Up Mexican Debt

Mexico, mired in a sluggish economy, has conceived a unique way to settle its foreign debt, which totals over \$54 billion. In 1990 the country of Mexico will be closed for the month of January. At that time the entire population of 88,000,000 will cross the border into the United States and work as maids, butlers, field hands, and busboys until the debt is fully paid off.

Mexico's president, Carlos Salinas de Gortari, who will work as a valet to millionaire Walter Annenberg, said: "If everyone works an eight-hour day at minimum wage, we should clear up the debt within a month. With overtime, we can do it quicker."

Getting 88,000,000 Mexicans into the United States is not expected to pose tactical problems, since the majority of the Mexican population already resides in the United States.

A.S.

Contributors:

Nick Bakay Dave Hanson
Tony Kisch Andy Simmons

Minolta Introduces New "Slimline" Camera

The Minolta Corporation has announced the introduction of a new camera which, instead of adding ten pounds to its subjects as traditional cameras do, actually makes people look ten pounds lighter.

Minolta executives believe the camera, the SX Minus 10, will be great news to people who resist having their picture taken because they are self-conscious about their weight. "In a society in which sixty million people are overweight, a lot of them are understandably bashful about having their images not only captured, but captured and represented as being even more overweight," said Minolta vice president Leonard Rodgers at a recent press conference. "A photo of them looking tubby is a dispiriting, unwanted reminder of their weight problems. We feel that the SX Minus 10 will allow people to stop cow-



"I'm going out to Wendy's and gorge," giggles delighted supermodel Jerry Hall.

AP Wide World

ering when someone pulls out a camera, and feel intrinsically good about having their picture taken—which in itself will make for better photographs." Rodgers added, "It's also ideal for people who, even if they're happy with their weight, are puffy from hangovers or water-bloated from menstrual chaos," and claims that Minolta researchers are developing a camera with a weight-control meter.

When a female reporter voiced concern over the fact that when she dieted she tended to lose weight off her bustline first, Rodgers assured her that what he termed "refractory weight loss" would be "proportionately and flatteringly distributed."

The SX Minus 10 has received widespread support from such groups as the Anorexia Prevention Council and the Beef Industry Council.

D.H.

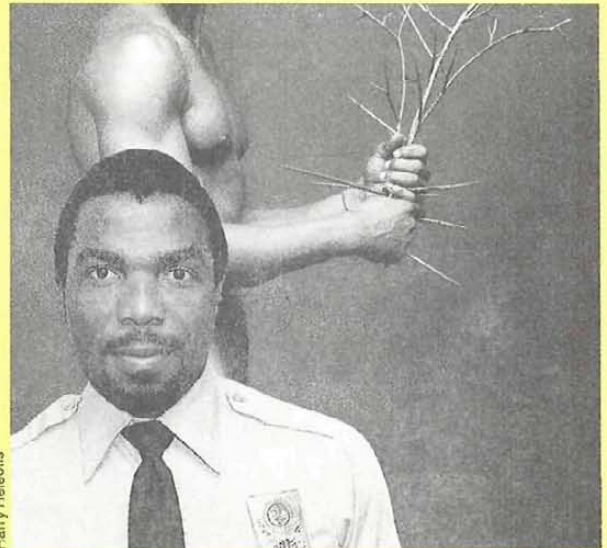
Corcoran Gallery to Present the Censored Mapplethorpe

The Corcoran Gallery of Art, in a major policy about-face, has finally agreed to show the controversial works of the late photographer Robert Mapplethorpe—but only in highly censored form.

Last summer, reacting to criticism concerning the homoerotic content of his art, the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C., decided not to display Mapplethorpe's photographs. Gallery officials argued that showing the works, portraits of naked men in erotic and sadomasochistic poses, would place added pressure on the National Endowment for the Arts, which was already under fire from conservative groups, led by Senator Jesse Helms, for holding a softball tournament and not inviting them. Now the Corcoran has modified its position and plans to exhibit the photographs, but with their erotic content removed.

In addition, the Corcoran has imposed the following conditions on future exhibitions:

- All artists must submit to a urine test.
- No art depicting religious scenes, e.g., the works of da Vinci, Michelangelo, and Titian, will be displayed.
- No male frontal nudity. Posterior nudity is permissible.
- Female frontal nudity is allowed on condition that the pubic hair hides the offending female zone south of the stomach, north of the thighs.
- Homosexuals will no longer be allowed to hang their art. They will, however, be allowed to hang themselves.
- Bisexuals, on the other hand, will be allowed to display their work as long as they attend the opening-night cocktail party accompanied by a date of the opposite sex.
- Greek statues must wear codpieces.
- All codpieces must be made in America.
- No crucifixes are to be placed in vials of urine.
- The gallery will cease selling small statues of Andy Warhol with a clock in his stomach.
- All semiautomatic guns must be checked at the door.
- No flag burning unless there is a blackout.
- No more Bat Days and Dime-Beer Nights.



Harry Helleotis

A Robert Mapplethorpe photograph as the Corcoran Gallery, the National Endowment for the Arts, and Jesse Helms have allowed it to be presented.

- Abortions will be allowed in the gallery only if the mother's life is in danger.
- No games of Pepper allowed.
- Only real mayonnaise may be served at functions.
- No shirt, no shoes, no service.
- No change given for buses or subways.
- No tickee, no touchee.
- As with the Mapplethorpes, the gallery has the right to edit artwork, i.e., cut out, paint over, or obstruct offending portions of an artist's work.

A.S

HORRORSCOPE ★ ★ SAGITTARIUS ★ (11/23-12/21) ★ ★



John "Duke" Kisch

FAMOUS SAGITTARIANS:

Slops Connoly, Jim Jones, Nathan Bedford Forrest, Harry Kahne, "One Lung" Curran, Darby Crash, Arturo Espailat, Erhard Milch, Ned Green.

Your Birthday: The moon in Libra on your birthday denotes the development of a nest of anal warts; laser treatment is advisable. Not to worry, you'll be sittin' pretty by March or so.

CAPRICORN (12/22-1/20):

You seem to have gotten yourself into a tight corner, what with your gradually becoming the office coke dealer. As long as your boss is your best customer you're more or less safe. Keep your nose open for new opportunities.

AQUARIUS (1/21-2/19):

Although a favorable aspect of Pluto in Aquarius affords you a certain amount of protection, you will nonetheless be set upon by a pack of skinheads while you power-jog around the downtown area near dusk.

PISCES (2/20-3/20):

A series of reassuring aspects to the sun and Venus won't mean a hill of beans to you: your house will be gutted and your family pets left stuffed on the front lawn. Have police concentrate on a taxidermist who bears you a grudge.

ARIES (3/21-4/19):

A former lover of yours makes a nice social call to announce he has tested HIV positive. No, wishful thinking is pointless, I'm afraid. Big Ball says you should start running up charge-card bills, making up your will... well, you get the picture. Enjoy!

TAURUS (4/20-5/20):

Sometime during the next fifteen days, with the sun in Taurus, you will be trapped in an underground conveyance for approximately twelve to sixteen hours. Carry Mace, flashlight, and the good book you've been meaning to read in anticipation of this coming annoyance.

GEMINI (5/21-6/21): A terrible attack of flatulence will strike while you're in an important board meeting in a small, crowded, ill-ventilated room. Try to ignore the noxious fumes, or boldly take the offensive and glare accusingly at innocent but mild-looking colleague. Forget ethics, your ass is on the line!

CANCER (6/22-7/22):

A business flight to Australia will crash deep in an uncharted area of New Guinea. Orb visions you as sole survivor. You will join a genial tribe of headhunters, collecting skulls, eating roasted larvae, and wearing naught but a fern penis sheath. Tell 'em you're a cargo-cult god or something—I can't think of everything!

LEO (7/23-8/22):

A brief love affair with your fifteen-year-old daughter causes some friction in the family around mid-month. You liberated Leos have to expect these blinkered philistine attitudes and carry on as best you can. Do draw the line at giving her that engagement ring, though.

VIRGO (8/23-9/23):

Although you have a reputation for being generous, you can, in

fact, become quite parsimonious when you believe you're being unfairly treated. Such is the case with the prostitute who will give you a most unsatisfactory blowjob late in the month. Stand up for your rights, but not too quickly or you could lose... well, be careful!

LIBRA (9/24-10/23):

There really is no telling what effect the coming full moon will have on your career. Orb advises you to subdue that impulse to drive that letter opener into your boss's thorax—at least until you know the score, raise-wise. It could just be PMS, my dear....

SCORPIO (10/24-11/22):

A middle-aged Scorpionette out there will be having some trouble with incontinence. Never you mind, honey. The old Ball o' Wisdom suggests rubber drawers, a stiff upper lip, and a good sense of humor. The latter is especially helpful at work when comments like "Here comes old *Piss Pants*" come flying fast and furious. Don't allow a disgusting biological dysfunction to ruin an otherwise perfectly mediocre and pointless life!



Newt Gingrich: Demon Barber of Foggy Bottom?

New charges have been leveled at Representative Newt Gingrich, who last summer was accused of improperly benefiting from an arrangement under which political supporters contributed \$105,000 to a partnership that promoted a book he co-authored. Now there are reports he may have been involved in other potentially illegal activities.

According to informed sources, Gingrich was to have given a speech to Georgia businessmen, some of whom had contracts with the government. Upon arriving in the auditorium, he was informed by aides he could not accept the honorarium, since he had already reached the legal limit allowed to members of Congress. Instead of giving the speech, the Republican whip proceeded to give everyone in the hall a haircut.

While giving haircuts is not illegal, it is the spirit in which the haircuts were given that is being questioned. Did Gingrich

give the haircuts as a roundabout way of collecting the honorarium, or, as he claims, was everyone in the hall truly in need of a trim?

Another source of controversy was the exorbitant prices he charged. Reportedly, Gingrich demanded \$100 for a trim, \$150 for a "Beatle" haircut, \$275 for a shave and haircut, \$300 for a perm, \$425 for a henna rinse, \$500 for hair removal, and \$1,000 for a complete treatment, including a nail-buffing session.

The allegation first became public after a disgruntled customer claimed he was given a "Ted Koppel" haircut after specifically requesting the "Tom Selleck."

Other charges against Gingrich include stealing tips off restaurant tables, house-sitting for important businessmen, selling puppies to experimental labs, and grave robbing.

A.S.

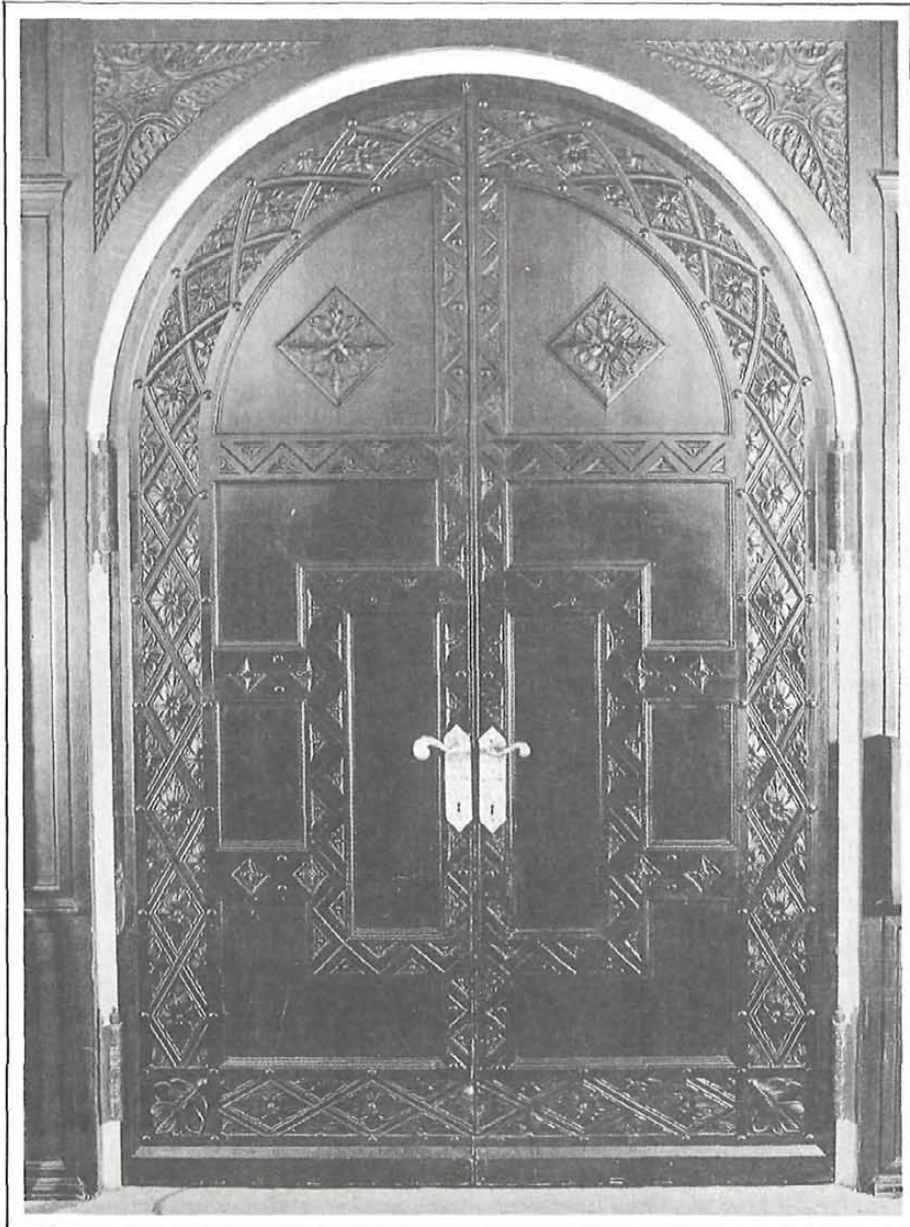
In honor of the publication of the December 1989 National Lampoon Party Issue, you are cordially invited to join National Lampoon staff members, along with their family and friends, at a gala celebration in commemoration of this distinguished event.

Date: Today

Time: At this very moment

Place: In the pages of this magazine

Dress: Optional



By Invitation Only

RSVP Not Required

Those invited are requested to enter now by immediately turning this page.

PERSONALLY, I FELT THAT THE STAPLES IN THE LAST ISSUE WERE SLIGHTLY MISALIGNED. IF THERE'S ANYTHING THAT GETS TO ME AFTER SO MANY YEARS IN THE PUBLISHING BIZ, IT'S MISALIGNED STAPLES.

YES, I AGREE. AND DID YOU NOTICE HOW A LITTLE PART OF WHAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE COVER WAS ACTUALLY VISIBLE ON THE SIDE STRIP?

BUT DID ANYBODY CHECK THE COLOR REGISTRATION? I DON'T THINK THE LITTLE BLUE DOTS WERE QUITE CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE LITTLE RED DOTS.

I CHECKED THE LITTLE GREEN DOTS AND THEY WERE A BIT OFF TOO, I THOUGHT.

I DID A QUICK CHECK THIS MORNING, AND THE STAPLES WERE MISALIGNED IN 4.7% OF THE ISSUES AND THE COVER WAS OFF IN 22%.

LAST ISSUE, I THINK, IT WAS 36% FOR THE STAPLES AND 14% MISALIGNMENT.

I THINK THE PRINTING PLATES MAY HAVE BEEN INKED A LITTLE TOO THICKLY. AND I SAW A BIT OF PAPER CRINKLING, WHICH SUGGESTS THEY MAY HAVE PRESSED WITH TOO MUCH IMPACT.

TO MY KNOWLEDGE, THAT HASN'T HAPPENED SINCE JULY 1987, AND WE ALL KNOW HOW THAT ONE DID ON THE NEWSSTAND.

DO YOU REALLY THINK WE SHOULD MAKE THE NUMBERS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGES LARGER? I MEANT TO BRING THAT UP AT THE STAFF MEETING THIS AFTERNOON.

DID YOU NOTICE ALL OF THE INK SMEARING IN THE LAST FEW ISSUES?

I'D SAY THE SMEAR/NON-SMEAR RATIO WAS ABOUT .37 OR SO.

TELL ME, DID YOU THINK THE PAPER LOOKED A LITTLE YELLOW THIS ISSUE? YOU CAN REALLY SEE IT IN THE OUTSIDE MARGINS.

AND PRELIMINARY ESTIMATES INDICATE THAT THE INK WAS 56% LIGHTER THAN INDUSTRY STANDARD.

IRONIC, BECAUSE I THOUGHT THAT SOME OF THE SERIFS IN A FEW OF THE "M'S AND "R'S HAD TINY LITTLE BROKEN AREAS IN THEM.

AND I THOUGHT SOME OF THE VERTICAL LINES IN THE NON-SERIF TYPE-FACES WEREN'T COMPLETELY STRAIGHT UP



DID I HEAR
SOMEONE ACROSS THE
ROOM SAY SOMETHING
ABOUT THE STAPLES
BEING MISALIGNED?

BEFORE I WORRIED ABOUT STAPLES,
I'D WORRY ABOUT THE GLUE NOT BEING
APPLIED PROPERLY. AS FAR AS I'M
CONCERNED, THE GLUE IN THIS LAST
ISSUE WAS HARDLY UP TO MAGAZINE-
INDUSTRY STANDARDS OF THE
LATE 1980S.

ALL TOO TRUE, I'M
AFRAID. BUT, IN THE ISSUE
BEFORE THAT, DID YOU
NOTICE HOW THE SPACING
BETWEEN THE LETTERS IN
THE ARTICLES WAS THE BEST
SINCE FEBRUARY 1977?

TALK ABOUT
SPACING, I MEASURED
THE TOP MARGINS OF SIX
PAGES IN A ROW AND THEY
CAME OUT 1.5 INCHES, 1.3
INCHES, 1.7 INCHES, 1.4
INCHES, 1.8 INCHES, AND,
GET THIS, 2.1
INCHES!

I THINK THE REAL
PROBLEM IS THE WAY THE
PAGES SOMETIMES STICK TO-
GETHER WHEN YOU TRY TO
TURN THEM. THREE ISSUES
AGO, I ACCIDENTALLY
TURNED TWO PAGES
AT ONCE.

AND
THERE WAS
A LOT OF INK
SHOW-THROUGH
IN THAT ISSUE,
AS I RECALL,
BUT NOT SO
MUCH IN THE
TWO ISSUES
AFTER
THAT.

COULD THIS BE
A MORE FUCKING BORING
PARTY? HEY, YOU LOOK MUCH
TOO HIP FOR THIS SHITHOLE.
LET'S DITCH THESE NATIONAL
LAMPFRON ASSHOLES. LISTEN,
I KNOW A TERRIFIC PARTY
OVER ON PAGE 47!
C'MON.

LISTEN TO THE PROGRAM

The Official History of Rock 'n Roll is the ultimate Rock Radio Event of 1989, featuring over 30 years of Rock 'n Roll in **50 epic hours** — packed with the songs, stories and artists that spanned 4 generations!

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WOFX FM 94.5 Cincinnati, OH
WRNO FM 99.5 New Orleans, LA
WCKN FM 101.1 Anderson, SC
WPYX FM 106.5 Albany, NY
KMOD FM 97.5 Tulsa, OK

KMJX FM 105.1 Little Rock, AK
KFMG FM 107.9 Albuquerque, NM
WKGR FM 98.7 West Palm Beach, FL
WQWK FM 97.1 State College, PA
WIZN FM 106.7 Burlington, NY
KQDS AM/FM 1490/94.9 Duluth, MN
WRUF FM 103.7 Gainesville, FL
WTPA FM 93.5 Harrisburg, PA
WQFM 83.3 Milwaukee, WI
WXRC FM 95.7 Charlotte, NC
WLAV FM 96.9 Grand Rapids, MI

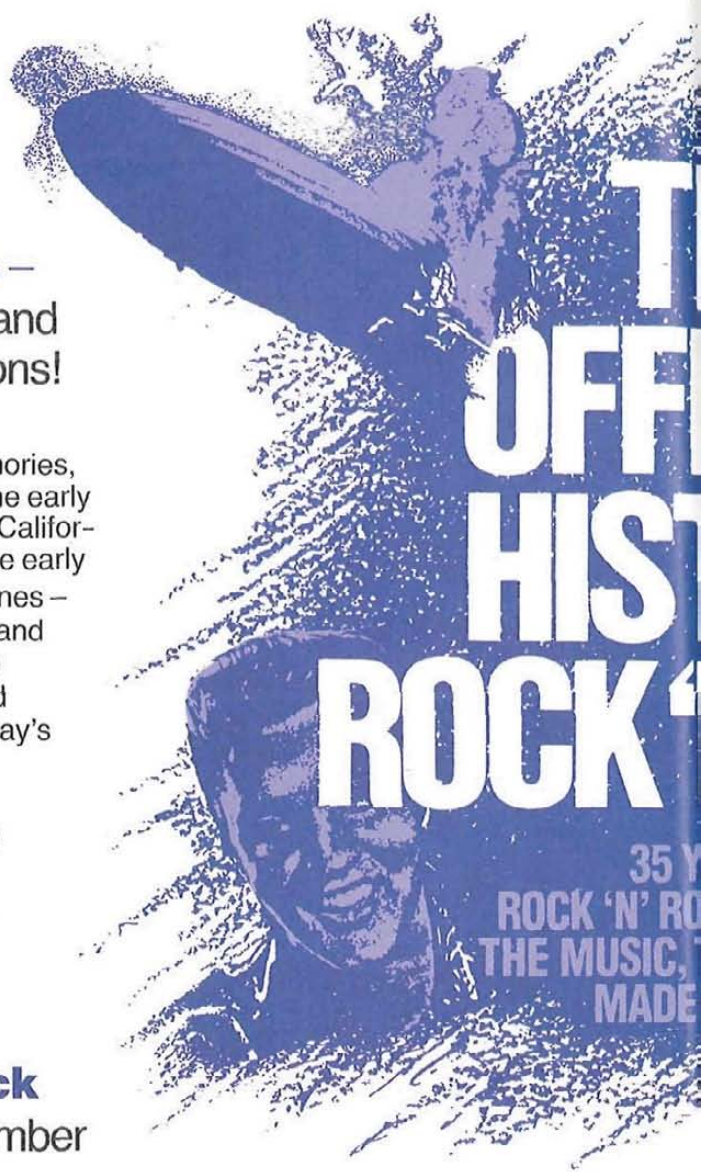
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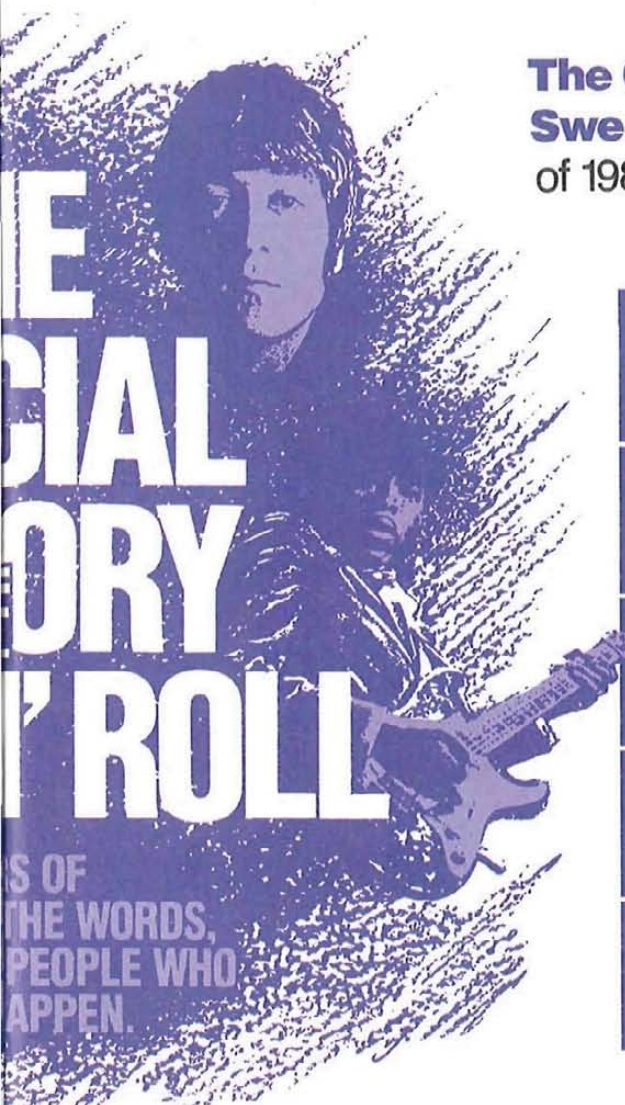
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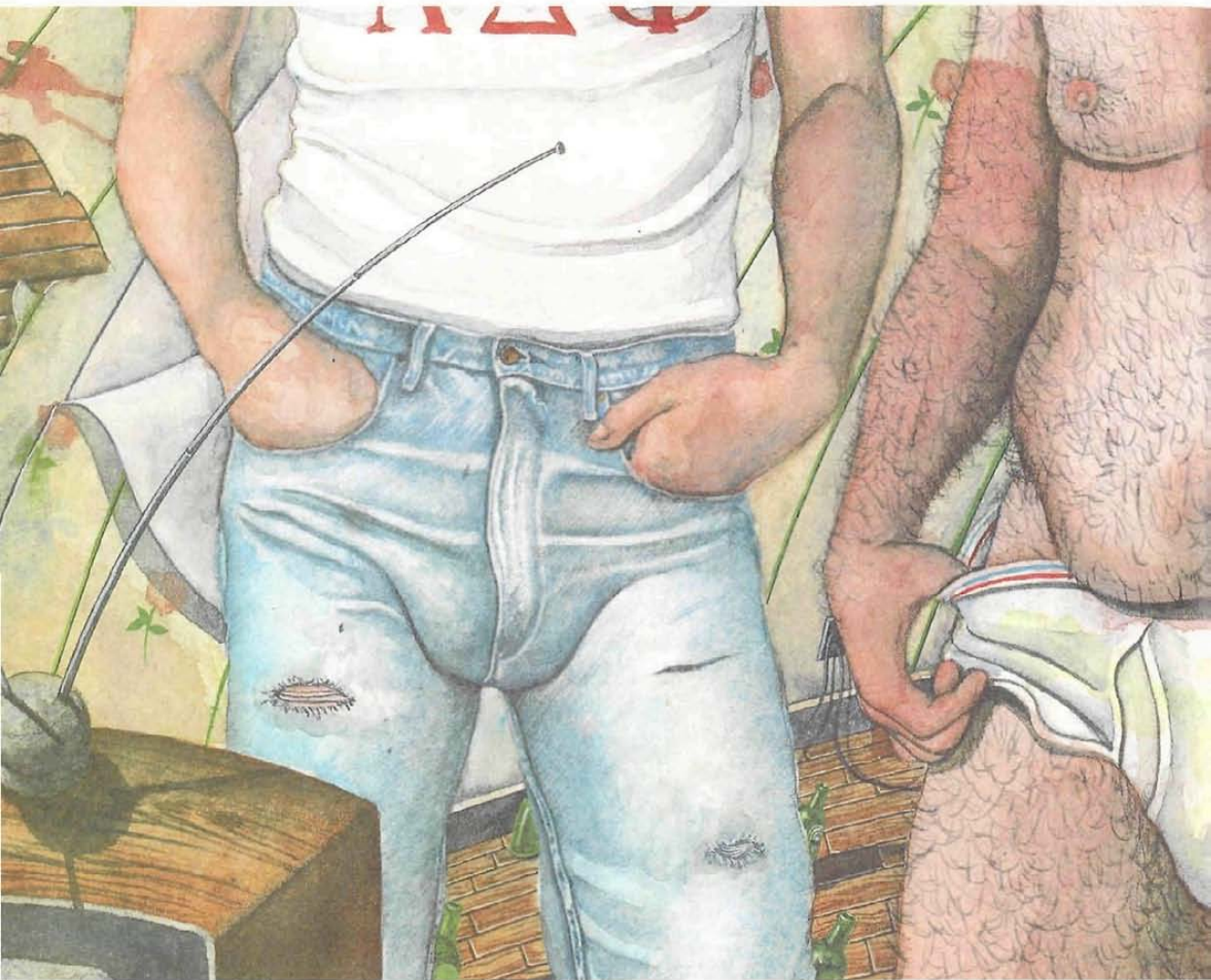
THE OFFICIAL HISTORY OF ROCK 'N ROLL SWEEPSTAKES ENTRY BLANK **SEARS**
 P.O. Box 3120, Omaha, Nebraska 68103

Name: _____
 Address: _____
 Phone Number: _____ Age: _____

OFFICIAL RULES: To enter, send in this Official Entry Blank (or write your name, address and phone number on a postcard) and mail to: **OFFICIAL HISTORY OF ROCK 'N ROLL SWEEPSTAKES**, P.O. Box 3120, Omaha, Nebraska 68103. All entries must be received by December 31st, 1989. Enter as often as you like, but each entry must be mailed separately. No responsibility is assumed for lost, misdirected or illegible entries. All winners will be selected via random drawing no later than 30 days after deadline for entries. Odds of winning based on total number of entries received. All Prizes will be awarded. Grand Prize Winner, 1st Prize Winner and 2nd Prize Winners will be obliged to sign and return an affidavit of eligibility and liability release. In event of noncompliance, prizes will be awarded to an alternate winner. Sweepstakes open to all U.S. residents 16 and over, except employees of Capital Cities-ABC, Inc., Sears, Call Interactive, or any of their affiliates, printers, advertising and promotion agencies. Void where prohibited and subject to all Federal, State and Local laws. No purchase required to enter. For a list of winners and/or complete set of Official Rules, send s.a.s.e. to Steve Uhler, Manager of Promotions, ABC Radio Networks, 125 West End Ave., 7th Floor, New York, NY 10023.

*OFFICIAL HISTORY OF ROCK 'N ROLL HOTLINE begins 10/17/89.

Tales of the Adelphean Lodge



by Chris Miller

It was the Tuesday night before fall-term finals, and the Alpha Delta Phi house—or Adelphean Lodge, as it was affectionately known to its brothers—was uncharacteristically quiet. The bar was devoid of drinkers, the tap at desultory half-mast, the jukebox unlit and inert. The sole inhabitant of the living room was Fitch's cat, batting halfheartedly at the broken glass in the fireplace. The tube room was no livelier, silent but for the ragged snoring of Rat, flat on his back on one

of the torn leather sofas, a half-filled bottle of gin sunk in his belly like an egg in a nest.

Upstairs, Pinto, Rhesus Monkey, and Crazy Ed had settled in for a long night of booking. Pinto was cross-legged on the floor, attempting to devour great, last-minute chunks of Troll's English 27 notes. Rhesus Monkey, in the chair beneath the picture of President Kennedy with the shades drawn on, was memorizing underlying causes of the War of 1812. And Ed, sprawled on the sofa, paging through his psych review book, was beating off.

Pinto tried to stay peripherally aware of his friend's masturbatory activity—enough

to be ready to duck, anyway. You didn't want to be uncool and stare or something. Well, *he* didn't want to—Rhesus Monkey seemed to have no such compunctions. The Monkoid kept looking at Ed, and giggling, and then looking over at Pinto, and giggling, until Pinto wished he'd just knock it off already, stop being so fucking *overt*.

Suddenly, Ed went, "*Unh . . . unh . . . unh . . .*"

Pinto and Rhesus Monkey spun alertly to watch him. Ed's eyes closed; the psych book fell from his hand. "*Unh!*" he grunted, arching his back slightly. Three distinct spurts of come fired into the air and

GOOD SPORTS



James Sullivan

fell back to nestle in his chest hair like little moonstones.

Rhesus Monkey exploded into laughter. "Hey, Ed, bet that's the first time anyone ever beat off to a psych book! Wait'll I tell Dumpster!"

Dumpster was forever beating off to one or another of the many skin mags from the huge pile beneath his bed; he was considered sort of an expert on the things people looked at while beating off. But the Monkoid was annoying Ed, ruining, with his lameness, what should have been a transcendent moment. *If you shut up now*, Ed thought, *I won't kill you*. But Rhesus Mon-

key just kept chortling into his hand and pointing and making faces until Ed, in exasperation, scooped the come from his chest and threw it.

"Yah!" Rhesus Monkey leaped up in horror. A drop had struck him in the eye and was rolling down his cheek like a tear. Ed reached for more, but Rhesus Monkey was out the door. They heard him speed down the hall, the sound of a shower starting. Chuckling softly, Ed wiped his hand on the sofa and pulled up his pants.

Crazy Ed was cool. He did strange things. He put a dog in the filing cabinet under "D." He stuck his dick in girls' ears.

He ate his underwear. He was capable of anything at any moment, which was why the brothers loved him. *Girls* loved him because he had these amazing pale blue eyes, and because he was an irresistible challenge—they all wanted to save him. Sometimes, during particularly active weekends, as many as three or four of them would show up at the Adelphian bar on Sunday, each claiming Ed had promised to father a child with her. Ed never remembered any of them and would hide inside the tap system until the other brothers had horrified them sufficiently to make them flee. Pinto really liked the guy. He decided

to say something he knew would make him feel good.

"So, ah, Ed—your hard-on?"

"Mm." Busy writing names on the chart.

"Big, man."

"Yeah?" Pen stopped moving.

"Yeah. Guess you must have a good coefficient of expansion."

Ed looked at him with a stunned expression. "There's such a thing?"

"Well, uh..." Pinto hadn't expected Ed to get *involved* in this.

"You're saying that two equal-sized soft cocks might be different lengths when they're hard?"

"Right. Exactly." Actually, Pinto had no idea whether such a thing was possible. For all he knew, the size ratio of cock-soft to cock-hard among human males was fixed and unvarying, like pi.

Ed stroked his jaw thoughtfully. He'd long considered himself a bit on the small side. Toad's solicitous comment that *all* uncircumcised cocks ("hooded hogs" in Adelpian) looked small, that it was just an optical illusion, had not helped much. But, it now struck him, all the cocks he'd ever seen to compare himself with had been *soft!* Maybe he had this fantastic coefficient of expansion.

"Pinto, how long's the average hard-on?"

"How should I know?" What was he, a hard-on expert? "Why don't you check out Kinsey?" He probably measures things like that.

"I've got a better idea." On Rhesus Monkey's desk, Ed found a yellow pad in a clipboard. At the top of the pad he wrote "SOFT" and "HARD" and then made three long pen strokes down the page, cross-hatching them with horizontal lines. On the topmost of these he wrote "PINTO."

"Uh, Ed..."

Rummaging further in the drawer, Ed came up with a ruler. It was clear, see-through plastic, a foot long. He held it up with a smile.

"Forget it, Ed."

"Come on, Pinto. Don't be an asshole."

"Ed, I'm booking here, okay?"

"What's the matter? Afraid I might... inch you out?"

Pinto sighed. Sometimes in life there were things you had to do. Standing, he dropped trou, took the ruler, and laid it along his meat. Pleased, Ed bent to scrutinize the measurement.

Rhesus Monkey, nude and soaking wet, reentered the room at this moment. "Hah?" "Okay, Pinto, five and three-sixteenths." Ed straightened, made an entry on his chart. "Now get a hard-on."

"What?" said Rhesus Monkey. "Hah?"

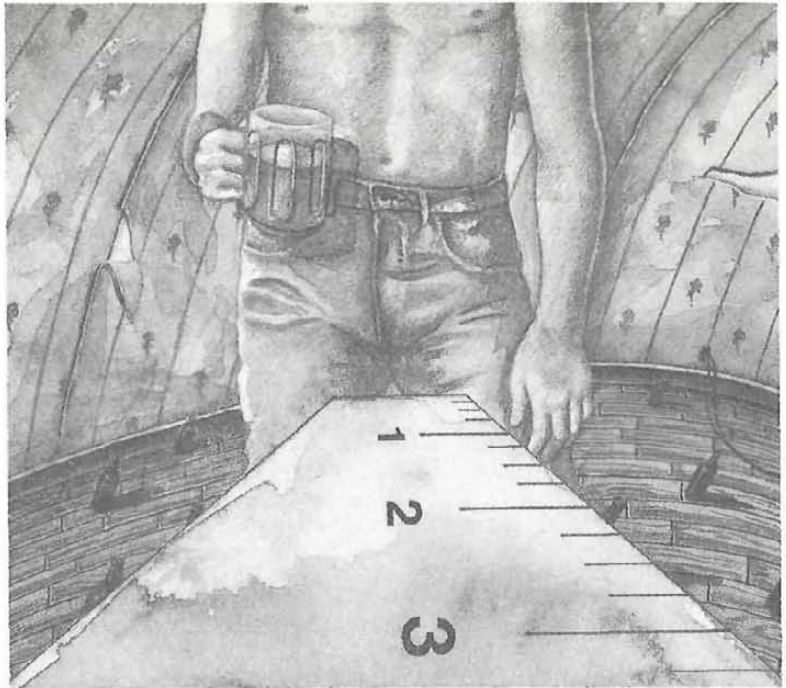
"Okay," said Pinto. "In there."

"In the *bedroom*? Bullshit."

"You don't trust me?"

"What's going on here?" Rhesus Monkey asked plaintively.

"Of course I don't trust you. Why would I trust you? What we're talking about here



James Sullivan

is something men *routinely* lie about—it's in our nature."

"All right, all right. When I get it up, I'll come out and let *you* read the measurement." Pinto turned with dignity and left the room.

"Will someone *please* tell me what's going on?"

Ed handed Rhesus Monkey the chart and explained that, by taking many readings, it would be possible to test, once and for all, the controversial theory of coefficient of expansion.

"Gee, I'll bet all mankind is waiting with bated breath for *that*, Ed." Rhesus Monkey said.

Ed did not dignify the remark with a reply. They waited for Pinto in silence. Finally, Ed went to the door and pounded on it. "*Hey, Pinto! If you beat all the way off, we won't get a valid reading!*"

After a moment, Pinto emerged from the bedroom with a sheepish grin, his hard-on bobbing and swaying before him. "Sorry."

Ed looked sidelong at Pinto's dong. Shit, why did it have to be so *long*? Pinto laid the ruler along it, and Ed read off the measurement.

"Mm," said Ed, making the entry. "Mttmrmtrr."

"What?" said Pinto and Rhesus Monkey simultaneously.

"Eight and a half inches," Ed enunciated reluctantly.

"*Eight and a half inches?*" cried Rhesus Monkey. "Wow, that's well above the norm, wouldn't you say, Ed?"

"How the hell should I know? You think I just read the national averages? We need *lots* of readings before we know what's

average. Here." He thrust the ruler at Rhesus Monkey.

Pleased at being included, the Monkoid held his cock horizontal and laid the ruler along it. His flesh was so goose-pimpled it looked like a sidewalk.

"See?" said Ed. "The average is dropping already."

"Sure, but you're getting spurious data there," Pinto pointed out. "The Monkoid is cold, so his cock is smaller than it really is."

"Aw, shit." Ed hated complications.

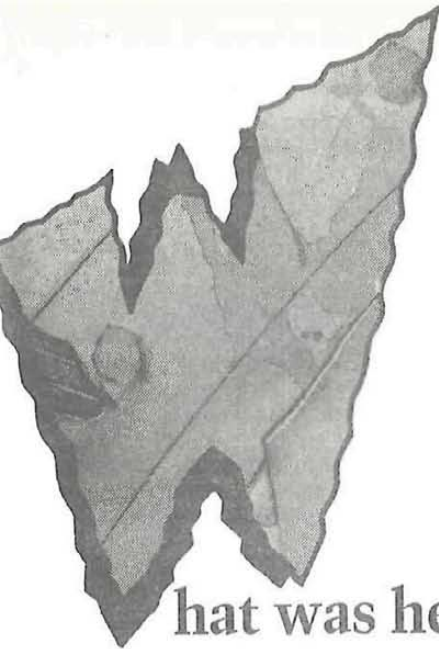
"That's okay. I'll go run hot water on it." Rhesus Monkey darted from the room.

Ed looked at Pinto. "Good thing Murphy graduated."

Pinto knew what Ed meant. The word on Murphy had been that his hog hung halfway down his thigh. Pinto, Crazy Ed, and some other members of last year's pledge class had kept trying to get a look at it. "Come on, Murphy, show us your hog," they used to plead when he was in the shower, but Murphy would just say, "Come on, you guys, get out of here," and hide himself with his hands until they went away. Finally, by lying in wait in a toilet stall one morning, Pinto had been able to jump out and surprise him. The rumors had understated the case; Murphy's hog could have been the clapper of the Liberty Bell.

"Heads up!" Rhesus Monkey burst back into the room, his cock submerged in a glass of hot water. Rushing up to Ed, he withdrew the glass, gave his meat a couple of tugs, and slapped the ruler against it.

Ed examined the measurement closely. "Pull it down again." Rhesus Monkey did; Ed wrote a number on his chart. "Okay, four and a quarter. Now we need a hard



What was he, a hard-on expert?

reading."

"Right." Rhesus Monkey went into the bedroom.

"This is sick as shit," observed Pinto.

"Yeah," said Ed happily. "Wonder how many SAEs are measuring their dicks tonight?" SAE was the fraternity around the corner, the members of which were all captains or presidents of something.

"All set!" Rhesus Monkey was standing in the bedroom doorway. He had obtained quite a tidy hard-on, though not, Pinto believed, quite so long as his own.

Ed squinted at the ruler. "Six and a half." Pinto grinned.

"Hey, fuck you!" said Rhesus Monkey. "You're half a foot taller than I am!"

"Now, boys," Ed soothed.

"Okay, then. What about you?" The Monkoid spun on Ed. "How about measuring yours now."

"Oh, I couldn't possibly raise a full hard-on so soon after beating off." Ed said smoothly. "No, we'll have to get to me later. In the meantime, we need many, many other readings." He took the chart and ruler and headed out the door.

Pinto and Rhesus Monkey exchanged looks. "Right," said Pinto. "He'll measure himself when no one else is around, and unless he finished first or second, we'll never hear about it again."

"You got it." Rhesus Monkey dug through an underwear pile, found a towel, and began drying himself off.

But if Ed's place in the pecker order was of no great consequence to Pinto, his own had now become so. Fuck, he was in the lead! He hastened to follow Ed out the door, with Rhesus Monkey, a small, hairy, nude

figure, bringing up the rear.

The three stopped at the next room, but Fat Daddy and Toad were not in residence. Proceeding down the hall, they turned into Mountain's room. Mountain was seated amidst a pile of math books, puzzling over a slide rule. He was a senior and, in the same transition that had lately overtaken several other formerly sick senior brothers, had become much concerned with marks, class standing, and graduate school. With a grin at Pinto and the Monkoid, Ed said, "Ah, 'scuse me, Mountain, but would you mind measuring your cock, please?"

"Huh?" Mountain looked from one to another of them uncertainly.

"Would you measure your cock, please?" Pinto repeated.

"We're taking a survey," explained Rhesus Monkey.

Mountain looked blankly at the ruler, back at them, and then burst into laughter. "Wal, shore! Why not?" Smiting his thigh with good-natured Southern agreeableness, he stood and dropped trou.

Something thudded into Pinto's stomach. Not only was Mountain's cock fully as long as his own, it was twice as thick and curiously bent in the middle.

"Good Lord, Mountain," said Ed. "You have a gnarled cock."

"Kuh-hyuk," Mountain laughed.

"Jesus Christ, how are we going to measure it?" said Rhesus Monkey. "The ruler won't bend that way. We'll need a tape measure!"

"Naw, naw, Ah kin unbend it." Mountain placed his thumb against the angle of his cock and, using it as a fulcrum, straightened himself out. "Here, lemme see that ruler."

"Five and two-sixteenths," Ed announced.

"Holy shit, Pinto," cried Rhesus Monkey. "You're still ahead!"

It was true... if only by a sixteenth of an inch. The possibility that maybe, *just maybe*, he had the biggest cock in the house crossed his mind. Wouldn't that be something?

"Okay, Mountain, now we need to measure your hard-on," said Ed.

"Muh *hard-on*? Well, uh, how come? What're you guys doin', anyway?"

Beaming, Rhesus Monkey handed Mountain the chart. Mountain studied it a moment, then looked at Ed and guffawed grandly.

"Is that a 'no'?" Ed's face was in pre-sulk mode.

"Hell, no, it's not a 'no.' Shee-it!" Mountain reached down, performed several quick, mysterious operations on himself, and suddenly, where a moment ago there had been emptiness, a hard-on now hovered. Surprisingly, the *angle* did not disappear—if anything, it was more pronounced than ever.

"Jesus Christ, Mountain," said Ed. "What do you do? Fuck around corners?"

"Kuh-hyuk."

They had to take separate readings for the two parts of his cock and add them. "Eight and a quarter. Hey, Pinto, you're still ahead in both categories."

"He is?" Mountain looked disappointed.

"But only by a little," added Ed quickly. "And yours is much thicker. Shit, except for its length, you could probably fit Pinto's cock *inside* of yours."

"Yeah?" Mountain looked happier. "That right, Pinto?"

"Mm." Pinto didn't see why Ed had to bend quite so far backward to assuage Mountain's feelings.

"Okay, let's go find Merkin and Lou the Jew."

Ed tucked the chart beneath his arm and they trooped across the hall, Mountain putting his dick away and joining them. Lou the Jew proved to be off at the libes, booking, but Merkin was there, hunched over a notebook, reading it with the same intensity he brought to everything he did. Merkin could even *sleep* intensely. In fact, so absorbed was he in his notes that he didn't hear them come in. Then, sensing their presence, he looked up suddenly. He beheld Crazy Ed, Pinto, Mountain, and naked Rhesus Monkey ranged about him, smiling ferally.

"What? What? What's the matter?" His eyes flicked from one to another of them in alarm. "I'm booking out of control. What do you want?"

"This'll only take a minute," Ed assured him. "Just give us a couple of dick readings, one soft, one hard, and we'll be out of your—"

"What? What?" A what-are-you-assholes-trying-to-suck-me-into-this-time expression battled with a hey-yeah-cool-man one for control of his face. Merkin was kind of schizophrenic about these things.

Ed showed him the chart. Merkin studied it. "Tell them to fuck off?" agonized his inner voice. "Or go along, compromising my every principle?"

"Gimme the ruler," he said.

The growing procession followed Ed from room to room. They had soon acquired measurements from Fitch, Eggplant, Ghoul, Lunger, Rhino, and Dingleberry, and their numbers had swollen to a dozen. Though it had been close there for a minute with Ghoul, Pinto, to his amazement, *was still number one*. And, with the relative emptiness of the house tonight, there weren't *that* many brothers left to measure!

Chortling and nudging one another, the crowd gathered outside the Presidential Suite, ready to face Dumpster. Like Mountain, the Dumpster had been eschewing sickness this year, or, actually, since being elected house president last spring. Consequently, the depraved juniors, who made up the bulk of the cock-measuring contest,



great murmur rose
from the crowd.
Fat Daddy was
hung like a gas pump!



James Sullivan

were relishing the opportunity to confront him. All in a rush, they burst into the room.

But inside was merely Ol' Ben, Dumpster's roommate, calmly writing his seventy-third letter of the term to his girlfriend, Peggy. The brothers stopped short. The leers fell from their faces, and they looked uncomfortably at one another. Ol' Ben wasn't really old but there was something... *mature* about him, a calm, unruffled nature, a kind of... *gravity*, that always gave them pause. It was impossible to imagine him measuring his cock, or even asking him to do so.

Ben looked up, blinking. "Yes?"

The brothers cleared their throats, examined the floor, nudged the rug with the toes of their shoes.

"HEY, I JUST BOUGHT A KEG!" roared Fat Daddy's voice up the stairs. "COME GET DRUNK!"

The brothers, knowing a *deus ex machina* when they heard one, spun on their heels and ran from the room. "Keg!

Keg!" they shouted happily, thundering down the stairs. Pinto, Ed, and Rhesus Monkey found themselves alone with Ben.

"What was all that about?" Ben asked, mystified.

"Well, uh..." Ed looked uncomfortably at Pinto and Rhesus Monkey.

"We were looking for Dumpster," the Monkoid explained.

"Right," said Pinto.

"Well, what's that clipboard you've got there?"

"Clipboard?" Slipping the clipboard behind his back, Ed looked innocently around the room.

"Just Ed's psych notes." Rhesus Monkey grinned. "Of course, they might have a few *stains* on 'em. . . ."

Ed socked him in the arm.

"Ow!" said Rhesus Monkey.

"Well!" said Pinto brightly. "Who's up for a beer?"

"Hey! Beer!" said Ed. "Monkoid?"

"Damn, yeah! Uh, how 'bout you, Ben?"

"Nah, you guys go ahead. I'll see you later." Ben bent back over his letter.

Gratefully, they slipped from the room and headed for the bar. Man, the world was so funny—some guys you could be sick with, others you couldn't. Ah, well, with Mary Wells blasting up the stairs, accompanied by happy screams and glass-breakings, they knew that where they were *going* there were people you could be sick with, and plenty of them! Which, by the way, portended lots more readings for the dick chart! Pleased with life in general, the boys marched through the living room, heading for the basement stairs.

"Wait a minute." Rhesus Monkey stopped by the tube-room door. "Guess who's in here." Ed and Pinto peered over his shoulder. Rat was still passed out on the sofa, snoring like a malfunctioning machine.

"Let's measure Rat," said Ed with evil glee. "He's got a really small one."

"Yeah!" Rhesus Monkey rubbed his hands together like an insect.

Pushing into the dimly lit room, they ran the maze of maimed furniture and stopped before Rat.

If he had been any of the other sophomores, he would have won status points for being drunk and passed out so close to finals. Rat, however, was the one truly depraved member of his disappointingly straight pledge class; it was his nature to be drunk and passed out, and awarding him special credit for it was like praising a dog for barking. There he lay in all his beauty—mouth open, fish-white cheeks speckled with stubble. His breath was a green cloud.

"Okay, get the pants," said Ed.

"Right." Rhesus Monkey bent over Rat, unbuckled the fat sophomore's belt, and unzipped his fly. Pinto and Ed each took hold of a pant leg and began to pull. After much grunting and straining, the pants came off suddenly, almost spilling them over backward. Rat shifted slightly; the flesh of his thighs rippled like a slow-motion sea.

"Okay, now the undertrou," directed Ed.

Rhesus Monkey started to reach for them but stopped. Rat's undertrou were profoundly stained. They appeared to have been on him for months.

"How about *you* get the undertrou," the Monkoid suggested to Ed.

Ed regarded them with distaste. "I know!" he said, brightening. Obtaining the poker from the fireplace, he inserted its hook beneath the elastic of Rat's begrimed Jockeys and tugged them downward. Rat's short, spigot-like penis twanged into view. Poking up from his matted bush, it was like a mushroom growing on cowshit.

"Okay, Monkoid."

The Monkoid swallowed. Standing the ruler by Rat's dick, he bent to take the reading. "Two inches," he said, straightening quickly.

"Good." Ed made an entry. "Now give

TELL ME, DON'T YOU THINK THAT THE PAINTING ON THE FAR-LEFT WALL IS REALLY A SYMBOLIC BUT PLAINITIVE CRY WHICH IS MEANT TO ACCEPT, AT LAST, MAN'S PLACE AS AN ANTIHERO IN AN ULTIMATELY EXISTENTIAL AND NIHILISTIC UNIVERSE?

WOW! YOU MUST BE AN ART CRITIC OR SOMETHING! HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU ON CABLE TELEVISION?

I TRULY UNDERSTAND THE DESPAIR IN THIS ARTIST'S WORK, BUT DOES ANYBODY HEAR ME? WILL ANYONE RESPOND? MUST I BE A LOST VOICE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS FOREVER, AND WHY DID MY LAST BOYFRIEND THINK I WAS WEIRD?

I PERSONALLY FIND IT A POWERFUL STATEMENT OF UNIVERSAL EMPATHY IN THE GREAT TRADITION OF THE NEO-STYLISTS.

I AGREE, BUT YOU ALSO HAVE TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE UNMISTAKABLE INFLUENCE OF THE BEATS FILTERED THROUGH THE POST-LICHTENSTEINIAN URBAN GRAFFITI PRIMITIVES.

IT REACHES ME. THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY. IT MOVES ME, IT REACHES ME, AND THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY.

WOULD ANYBODY HERE LIKE TO ENTER A DISCUSSION OF MY OWN WORK? I SCULPT EXPIRED CONTAINERS OF COTTAGE CHEESE INTO GIANT SHAPES RESEMBLING TELEPHONE ANSWERING MACHINES. I'VE JUST FINISHED MY OPUS, "CURPLED COPE-A-PHONE MODEL 2670." BUT NO GALLERY HAS THE COURAGE TO EXHIBIT ME YET.

I WAS THINKING OF INVESTING IN SOME OF THESE, BUT FIRST I'D NEED A COMPLETE COST ANALYSIS OF THE ARTIST'S PAST WORKS AND A MULTIVARIANT DONE ON HIS FUTURE POTENTIAL, WITH FULL CORRECTION FOR EXPECTED MARKET DOWNTURNS.

APPRECIATION CAN BE DIFFICULT TO CALCULATE PRO-actively, BUT BOTTOM-LINE-WISE, I'D SAY ANYTHING WITH FLOWERS. FLOWERS HAVE ALWAYS MARKETED WELL.

I'D LIKE TO BUILD ON THAT. MY OWN PRELIMINARY ANALYSIS SHOWS THAT THE SUBCATEGORY OF FLOWERS IN VASES HOLDS PARTICULAR PROMISE IN UPSCALE DEMOGRAPHIC CATEGORIES WITH ABOVE-AVERAGE PERCENTILE OF WALL SPACE.

IF I HAD A GUN I'D SHOOT THESE ASSHOLES AND CALL IT PERFORMANCE ART. HEY, I KNOW A GREAT PARTY OVER ON PAGE 56. LET'S SPLIT.

IT BASICALLY WORKS, I THINK, BUT I SEE IT MORE TUNGSTEN-GREEN.

YES, IT'S GOOD, BUT IT HASN'T YET DECIDED WHETHER IT REALLY WANTS TO BE PRE-IMPRESSIONISTIC OR POST-POST-IMPRESSIONISTIC.

him a hard-on."

"I'm going down for a beer now," said Rhesus Monkey. "See you guys later." Tossing the ruler to Pinto, he was out of there.

"Pinto?" said Ed.

"Your ass," said Pinto.

"Well, Jesus Christ," Ed bitched. "How are we supposed to get a complete set of readings around here if you guys aren't willing to—"

"Okay, you're so sick, you give him the hard-on and I'll hold the poker."

Ed looked at Rat for a moment. "You know, I could use a beer, too." He pulled the poker free and Rat's undertrousers thwapped back against his stomach. Rat rolled over, the gin bottle falling to the floor with a thud.

When they reached the basement, Pinto and Ed found that the crowd had grown again, augmented by the arrivals of Lou the Jew, Dumpster, Filthy Phil, Bivalve, and the Big Pink Whale. Hank Ballard and the Midnighters were singing "Let's Go, Let's Go, Let's Go," and the brothers were throwing down beers at a great rate. There was Booger, bouncing around, and Gazork, by the jukebox, popping his head in and out, and French Fry, taking a leak in the gutter. . . . Man, another great night at the Adelphian Lodge!

And there was good ol' Fat Daddy with his shades and silver neck chain—the social chairman presiding over his tap system. With him was his girlfriend, Gross Kay, a dark, bulbous young woman who was a nurse trainee at the hospital. Engaging her in conversation was Rhesus Monkey. If Gross Kay was in any way impacted by his nudity, she gave no sign. She reacted to all instances of Adelphian surreality with the same vague half-smile: you weren't sure if she was amused or an imbecile. But she was okay, Gross Kay; she was cool. This had been clear from the first time she'd been seen holding Fat Daddy's dick for him while he pissed.

Taking beers, Ed and Rhesus Monkey showed Fat Daddy the chart. A grin came over Fat Daddy's face and he read down the list carefully, occasionally pointing out a measurement to Gross Kay and chuckling. *He*, at least, had not succumbed to the Senior Syndrome. Ed was about to offer him the ruler when a sudden, characteristic *ka-thump ka-thump ka-thump* from the stairs heralded the stubby-legged, barrel-like arrival of Ogre. Going straight to the bar, Ogre slammed down an empty glass. "Cold beer, pal," he ordered gruffly.

Fat Daddy gave him one.

"Monkoid, you're naked," Ogre pointed out.

"Oh, right," said Rhesus Monkey.

Ogre made the grimace that was as much of a smile as his thick, inflexible lips would permit. "Well, why is this, Monkoid?"

His hard-on disappeared like an icicle in the heart of the sun.

"Oh, cock-measuring contest," Rhesus Monkey said, leaning casually against the bar.

"What?" said Ogre.

Pinto held out the chart. Ogre snatched it from him, looked it over.

Ed proffered the ruler.

"Wrong, pal." Ogre tossed the chart disdainfully on the bar and handed Fat Daddy his glass for a refill.

Ed looked offended. "What do you mean, 'wrong'?"

Ogre waved a deprecatory hand at the chart. "That stuff's irrelevant. It's not how long your dick is, it's how good you are with it."

"Well, I think it's how long it is," said Pinto.

"Ah thank dah-*ameter* is the important thang," said Mountain.

"Don't forget coefficient of expansion," put in Ed.

"No, no, no." Arguing with Ogre was like arguing with God. "What matters is how fast you can get yourself up and off, and that's it. Right, Kay?"

Gross Kay smiled her half-smile.

"See?" said Ogre.

"Yeah, I see," said Ed. "You've got a small cock but you beat off a lot."

"So? So? That's valid." Ogre thrust out his jaw like Mussolini.

"I think the Ogre is right," declared Fat Daddy. "What we really ought to be having here is a beat-off race."

This suggestion was greeted with loud cheers from everyone but Ed, who, feeling that the integrity of the night's *true* contest was being compromised, threw his hands in the air and turned his back. Carried on the momentum of the crowd's enthusiasm, Ogre strode to one of the mattress-sofas, dropped trou, and sat. Crossing his arms, he looked expectantly at the rest of the brothers.

"I'm in, I'm in." Bivalve rushed over and took a seat by Ogre.

"Yayyyyyy," said the crowd.

"How 'bout you, honey?" said Gross Kay to Fat Daddy.

"Yeah, c'mon, Fat Daddy," prodded the other brothers. "Get in there! Whip it out, Dad."

Fat Daddy calmly finished his beer, winked at Gross Kay, went over to Ogre and Bivalve, and dropped trou.

A great murmur rose from the crowd. Fat Daddy was hung like a gas pump! A foot

long at least, the thing was entwined with veins, thick as a salami. He was bigger than Murphy! Pinto and Mountain exchanged looks of chagrin. So much for the ol' cock-measuring contest.

But that was okay. The original contest had mutated into something sicker, and sicker was better.

Fat Daddy appraised the crowd. "How 'bout you, Dumpster? You beat off more often than anyone in the world."

Dumpster, he of the many magazines, felt torn. As house pres, he should stand apart from this sort of shit. But, hell, he was graduating in six months; this could be his last hurrah. With a sigh, he lumbered over to the mattresses, tugging at his belt buckle.

A great cheer went up. People drained their beers and drew fresh ones.

"How 'bout you, Ed?" Ogre suggested casually.

"I already beat off tonight," said Ed. "I beat off for pleasure."

"Haw!" Ogre took a sip of beer.

"All right, let's go!" Bivalve snatched up his cock. The other three instantly followed suit.

The brothers whooped it up, choosing favorites.

"Five bucks on Fat Daddy," said Mountain.

"Bivalve'll kill him," said Merkin. "Ten bucks on Bivalve!"

Ogre and Fat Daddy were the first to raise hard-ons. Ogre proved to be endowed with a breakfast sausage, but Fat Daddy's great, rosy dong was like a length of tree. People looked in awe from it to Gross Kay and back. Gross Kay lowered her eyes demurely, with the trace of a smile. Bivalve, meanwhile, seemed to have stalled at the soft-on stage, and Dumpster had gotten nowhere at all; his soft dick was still going *flubba-flubba-flubba* in his hand.

An excited yelp announced the arrival of Toad. Beside himself with delight at what he was seeing, he tossed his books in the air and vanished back up the stairs. Hardly anyone noticed. The crowd was screaming. Ogre, Fat Daddy, and Bivalve were beating like crazy. Only Dumpster remained soft. Looking at the others, he shook his head, pushed up his glasses, and kept trying.

"Bivalve! Bivalve!" Toad reappeared at the foot of the stairs, sped across the room, and thrust something into Bivalve's face. It was the framed photograph from Bivalve's desk of his fiancée.

"Yah!" cried Bivalve. His hard-on disappeared like an icicle in the heart of the sun. "You cocksucker!" He launched himself at Toad, grabbing for the picture. As his pants were around his ankles, this caused him to fall on his face. Toad spun with alacrity and flew for the stairs.

"I'll kill you!" Bivalve screamed after him. "I'll physically kill you!" Gaining his feet, yanking up his pants, he took off in hot

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 92)

EVIL CLOWN COMICS

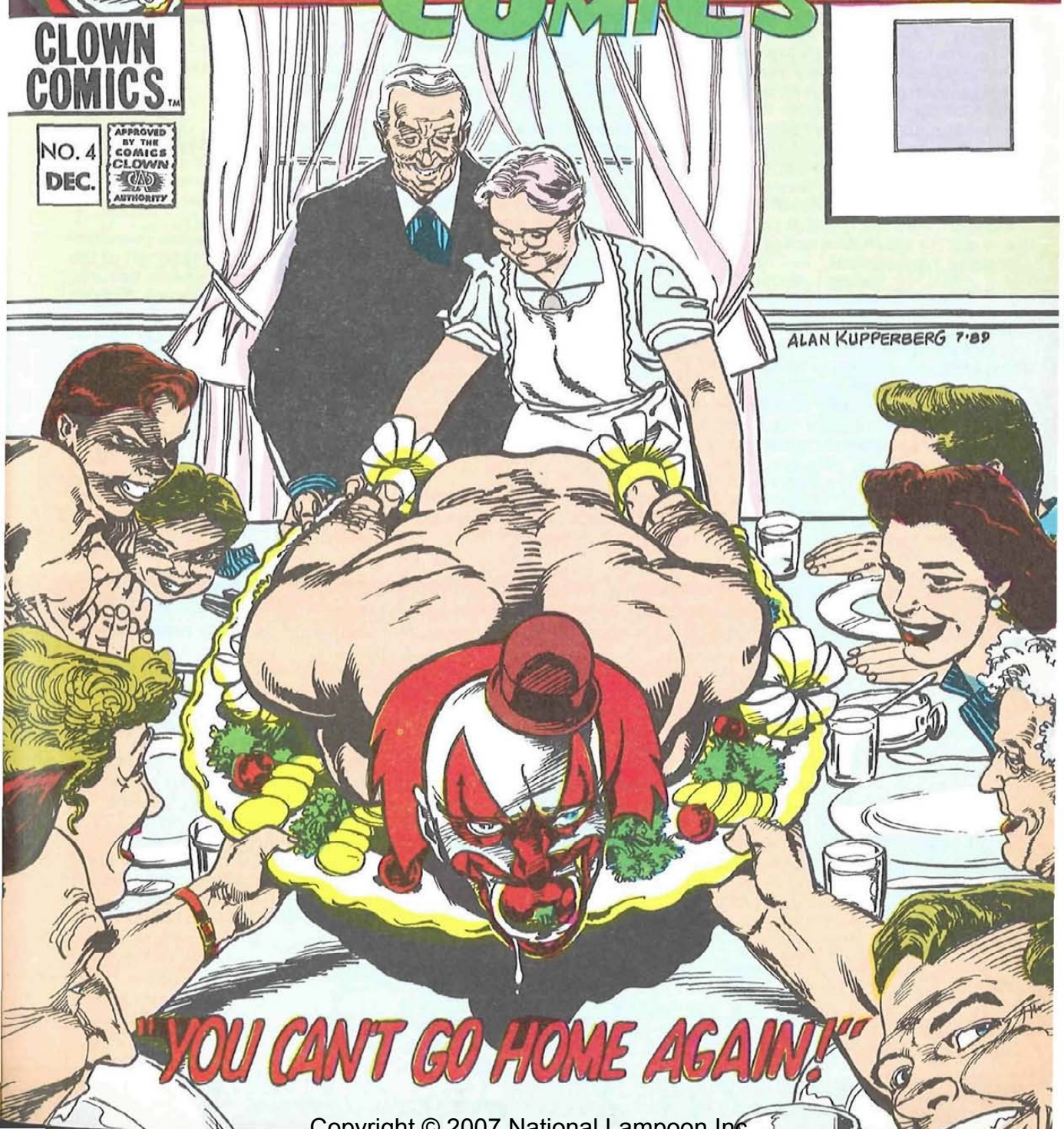


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goddamned good about yourself, I think you better get some therapy PRONTO, you little loser.

Dear Frenchy,

How come you were an outcast in the Hamptons [Evil Clown No. 3—Editor] and this time we find out you had a good upbringing?

Jack Clay
Seattle, Washington

P.S. Can you get me an autographed picture of Jim Backus?

If there's one thing I hate, it's some asshole who jisms over little inconsistencies! For your information, genius, two years of graduate school and ten years traveling with a carnival will erase even the best breeding! As for Jim Backus, he's dead, and you will be too. Very soon. And no one will notice, except those who are dancing with glee, you stupid old fart.

Dear Frenchy,

This letter has been around the world fourteen times! Don't break the chain! You will not only miss out on great fortune, but it could also mean bad luck! A man in Mississippi failed to send out a copy to thirteen friends and the next day his penis turned blue and fell off. Don't delay, send this letter out to—

AAAARRRRRGHHHHH! NOOO! NO! NO! NOOOOOO! I'll kill the prick who sent me this.

Dear Frenchy,

I am holding an appointment open for you on _____,

_____ to discuss YOUR exciting future in the Armed Forces! Please call me to confirm.

Semper Fi!
Sgt. Nick Fury
U.S. Armed Forces
Recruitment Office
Times Square, New York

You mean you guys don't mind that I bone Haitian guys and shoot drugs? Great, count me in!

Dear Frenchy,

Love the comic, love the art, love the stories. Having said this, I want to tell you that the one ingredient you lack is a sense of reverence for the great clowns of history.

Let's face it, nowhere in your comics do we have any mention of the great traditions: commedia dell'arte, the great clowns of Europe, Emmett Kelly, for gosh sakes!

The way I see it, Frenchy, you are an extension of a great tradition, and it's just wrong of you not to tip your hat once in a while!

Edith Blatz
Seneca Falls, Ohio

Let me put it this way, tootsie—if my hat's going to get tipped it'll be to John Gacy, not some jerk-off doing bad mime for a bunch of five-year-olds.

Dear Nick and Alan,

Let me just start by saying that EVIL CLOWN is my favorite comic and you guys are the best! (No. 2 still ranks as my fave!) Keep up the good work!

I guess my main point is that, well, Frenchy's adventures have made me feel so much better about myself! All the other comic heroes make me feel so inadequate, you know? Like...like the way they always help out OTHERS, and never have any FUN! (Not to mention the way they always feel bad after they have killed! I mean come on, who has regret in this day and age?) I would love to see more children in the stories!

James L. Bogues
Madison, Wisconsin

Frenchy replies:

Get up off your knees and stop sniveling, you pathetic butthole! I am only going to say this once: Bakay and Kupperberg work for me. ME! You got that? If I hadn't made the scene, Alan would be doing the lettering for that fucking "Cathy" strip, and Bakay would be living on the third floor of his parents' house! In the future I expect all letters addressed to ME, is that clear? And as for your feeling so

CLOWN COMICS CHECKLIST

Our Other X-citing Titles Now On Sale!!! Be a Paid-up Member of the Bozo Brigade!

KLOWN KIDZ #87: Frenchy's Pagliacci nephews on a rampage at a newsstand near you! The little brats find themselves hip-deep in fermenting feces when Mr. Henderson snaps 'n' buys a rifle!

NEGATIVE MAN JUMBO ANNUAL #2: Can your heart stand the action as "Mr. Bad Attitude" ruins a lifetime of opportunities with his incredible powers of Negative Outlook! Destined to be a collector's item!

WAR IS FUN #16: The leather-necks of Lumpy Company find the R&R to their liking as their tungsten-hard heat-seeking missiles lead them to a remote German convent!

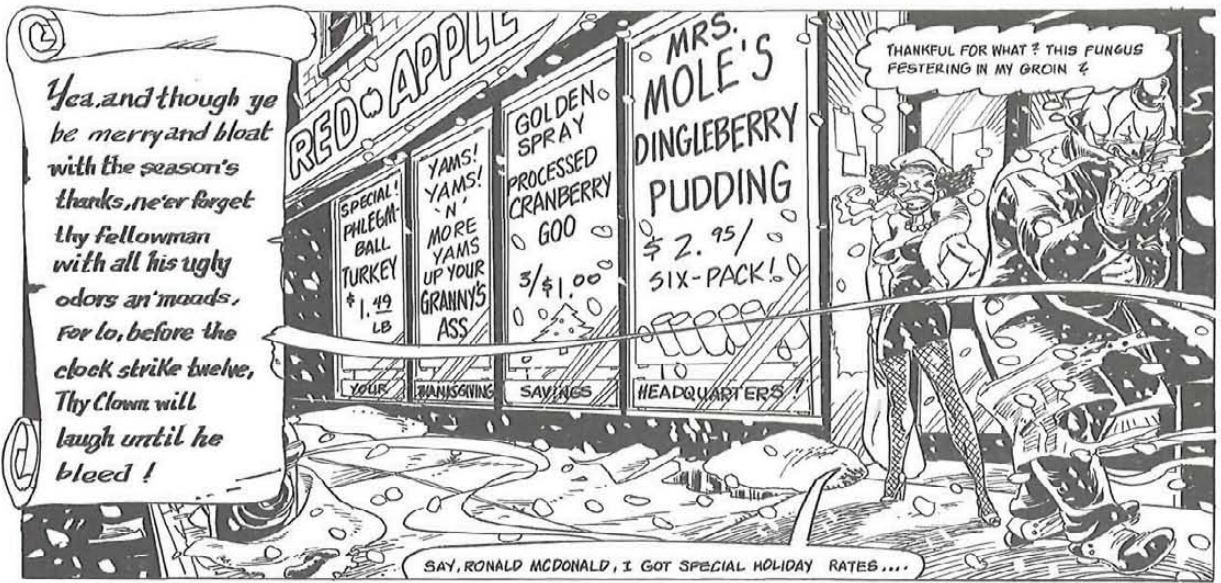
MAMA'S BOY TERMINATOR #8: The toy boy goes on a rampage when Mama switches nipples! Special appearance by Captain Lungtissue!

LOVE IS STRANGE #7: Was that Tommy's tongue or one of those

awful tree slugs that had Kathy's stomach muscles doing the mambo?

AND DON'T FORGET: SPASTIC MUTANT SQUAD #23, LITTLE SPASTIC MUTANT SQUAD #10, JUNIOR WET NURSE #1, SPITTLE LEAGUE OF ARMENIA #115, THE GLANS GANG #9, CARL IS MY COPILOT #45, PROFILES IN FLATULENCE #5, RUNNING SORE THE INDIAN LAD #1, OMNIBUS OF COWBOYS #39...





Yea, and though ye be merry and bloat with the season's thanks, ne'er forget thy fellowman with all his ugly odors an' moods, for lo, before the clock strike twelve, Thy Clown will laugh until he bleed!

SAY, RONALD MCDONALD, I GOT SPECIAL HOLIDAY RATES...



FOR MY HAPPENING CAREER? THANKFUL? YEAH, FRENCHY, THIS IS LOU, YOUR AGENT. REMEMBER ME? HA HA HEH... WHAT CAN I SAY, THINGS ARE VERY SLOW FOR CLOWNS WITH A RECORD. LISTEN, UH, THE BURN CENTER GIG FELL THROUGH. I GUESS THEY FOUND A STRIPPER INSTEAD, CALL ME MONDAY....

SHIT...



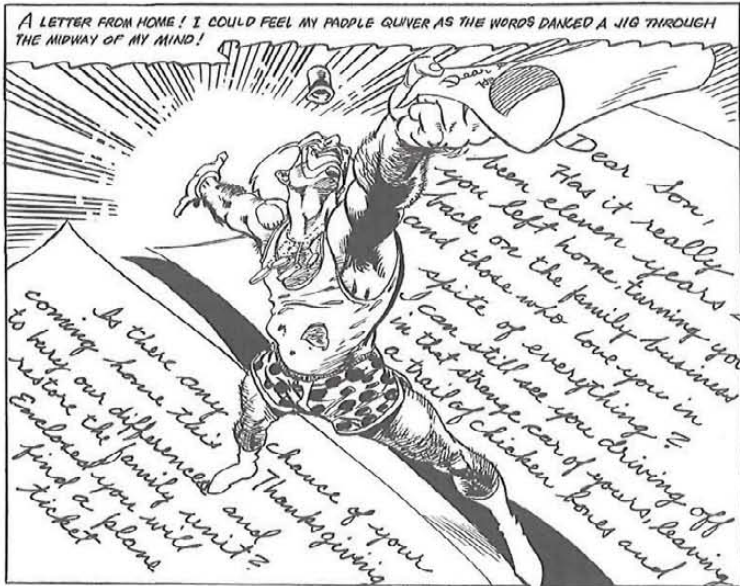
"CELEBRITY AUTOFSY" WILL NOT BE SHOWN TONIGHT SO THAT WE CAN BRING YOU "TRYPTOPHAN COMA," STARRING RICHARD THOMAS....

BLOWJOB...



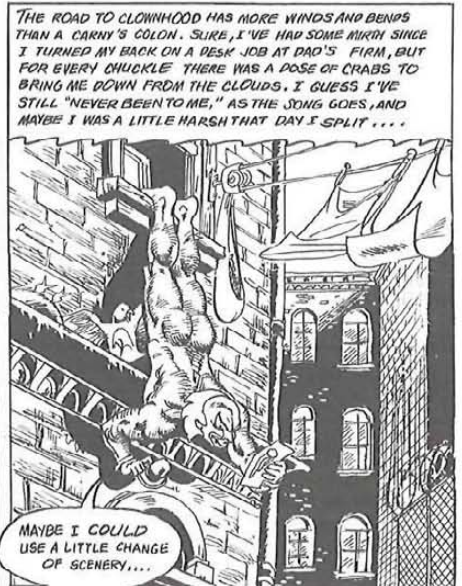
EVEN MY MAIL WAS THE SAME OLD...

HOLD THE DWARF! WHAT'S THIS?



A LETTER FROM HOME! I COULD FEEL MY PADDLE QUIVER AS THE WORDS DANCED A JIG THROUGH THE MIDWAY OF MY MIND!

Dear Son!
 Has it really been eleven years you left home, turning your back on the family business and those who love you in spite of everything? I can still see you driving off in that strange car of yours, leaving a trail of chicken bones and
 As these are the chance of your coming home this Thanksgiving and restoring the family unit? Embroidered you will find a plane ticket



THE ROAD TO CLOWNHOOD HAS MORE WINDS AND BENDS THAN A CARRY'S COLON. SURE, I'VE HAD SOME MERRY SINCE I TURNED MY BACK ON A DESK JOB AT DAD'S FIRM, BUT FOR EVERY DUCKLE THERE WAS A DOSE OF CRABS TO BRING ME DOWN FROM THE CLOUDS. I GUESS I'VE STILL "NEVER BEEN TO ME," AS THE SONG GOES, AND MAYBE I WAS A LITTLE HARSH THAT DAY I SPLIT....

MAYBE I COULD USE A LITTLE CHANGE OF SCENERY...

EVIL CLOWN
COMICS

ONCE I OPENED UP TO THE IDEA, GOING HOME FELT SO RIGHT! I GAVE MYSELF PERMISSION TO ENJOY A LITTLE BREAK FROM MY BACK-BREAKING SCHEDULE, AND I'M NOT CLOWNIN' WHEN I TELL YOU THIS HUNK OF SEEP CORN WAS ANXIOUS TO EMBRACE THE LOVE OF HIS BLOOD KIN!

"YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN!"



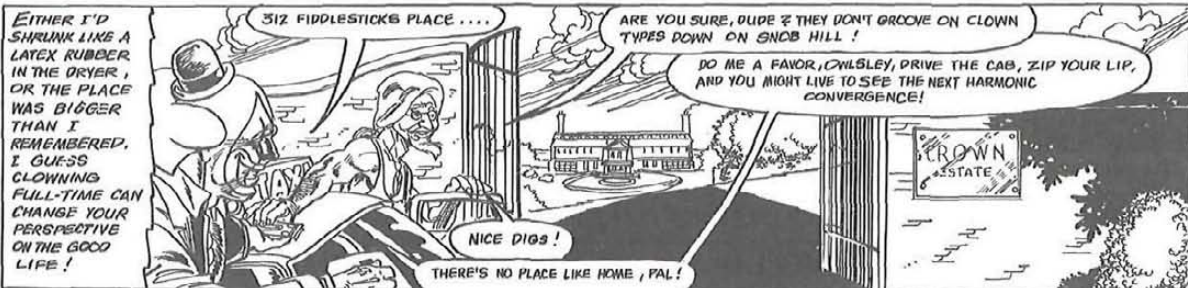
I WOULDN'T KNOW, SIR. PLEASE HURRY WITH THIS DRINK, WE'RE LANDING SOON.

SURE, SURE. HEY, GET ME A PILLOW FOR MY JOYSTICK, WILL YA? IT'S STILL SWOLLEN FROM LAST NIGHT!

IT DOES NOT TASTE LIKE BUBBLEGUM!

SAY, BUBBLES, HOW MANY BONUS MILES DO I NEED FOR THE MILE HIGH CLUB?

STORY :
NICK
BAKAY
ART :
ALAN
KUPPERBERG



EITHER I'D SHRUNK LIKE A LATEX RUBBER IN THE DRYER, OR THE PLACE WAS BIGGER THAN I REMEMBERED. I GUESS CLOWNING FULL-TIME CAN CHANGE YOUR PERSPECTIVE ON THE GOOD LIFE!

312 FIDDLESTICKS PLACE ...

ARE YOU SURE, DUDE & THEY DON'T GROOVE ON CLOWN TYPES DOWN ON SNDS HILL!

DO ME A FAVOR, CHILSLEY, DRIVE THE CAB, ZIP YOUR LIP, AND YOU MIGHT LIVE TO SEE THE NEXT HARMONIC CONVERGENCE!

NICE DIGS!
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME, PAL!



THERE ARE FLEETING MOMENTS IN LIFE WHEN BLOOD IS THICKER THAN GREASEPAINT ...

MOM, DAD, MOPSY!

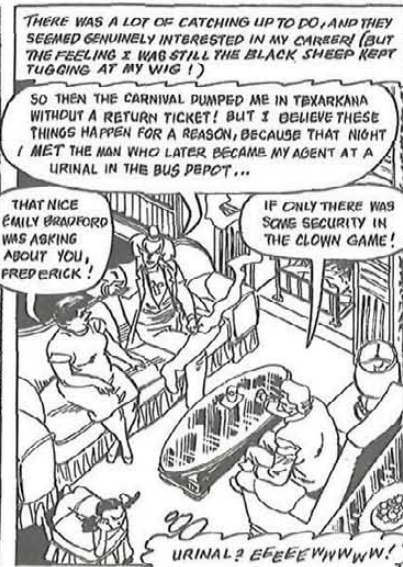
SON!

WELCOME HOME.

EEEWW! GROSS!



HE SMELLS LIKE AN ASHTRAY!



THERE WAS A LOT OF CATCHING UP TO DO, AND THEY SEEMED GENUINELY INTERESTED IN MY CAREER! (BUT THE FEELING I WAS STILL THE BLACK SHEEP KEPT TUGGING AT MY WIG!)

SO THEN THE CARNIVAL DUMPED ME IN TBXARKANA WITHOUT A RETURN TICKET! BUT I BELIEVE THESE THINGS HAPPEN FOR A REASON, BECAUSE THAT NIGHT I MET THE MAN WHO LATER BECAME MY AGENT AT A URINAL IN THE BUS DEPOT ...

THAT NICE EMILY BRADFORD WAS ASKING ABOUT YOU, FREDERICK!

IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME SECURITY IN THE CLOWN GAME!

URINAL? EEEWWWWWW!

WE HAVE DINNER RESERVATIONS AT THE CLUB FOR SEVEN. YOUR GOOD CLOTHES ARE IN YOUR CLOSET UPSTAIRS.

REMEMBER WHEN FREDERICK LEFT AND DADDY SAID HE WAS DEAD TO HIM?

HUSH, DEAR!

DEAD TO HIM? WHAT THE HELL DID THAT MEAN? DON'T THEY KNOW THEY'RE PLAYING WITH THE MASTER OF NERVOUS LAUGHTER HERE? HEY, HEY, EASY DOES IT! EVERYBODY HAS TO MEET HALFWAY HERE. DON'T JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS... HMMM, WHERE ARE MY OLD STROKE BOOKS?...

OH BY THE WAY, SON, ABOUT THIS MAKEUP OF YOURS...

DON'T PUSH IT, POP!

WELL, AT LEAST PUT THIS ON. FOR YOUR MOTHER, IF NOT FOR ME...

THE MINUTE I WALKED INTO THE CLUB I FELT LIKE A BUS-AND-TRUCK "PHANTOM OF THE OPERA"! ALL EYES WERE ON ME LIKE VULTURES AT JONESTOWN! BUT HEY, I'VE PLAYED TOUGHER CROWDS! I TOOK A DEEP BREATH AND HELD MY DERBY UP HIGH!

OH YES, MR. CROWN AND THE PRODIGAL CLOWN! THE USUAL TABLE?

THAT WILL BE FINE, ARTURD.

OH LOOK, FREDERICK, IT'S THE FERGUSONS!

HOW IS NEW YORK, FREDERICK? ARE YOU QUITE THE FAMOUS CLOWN BY NOW?

WELL, NOT QUITE YET, MRS. FERGUSON...

CHRIST, BUT THE CLOWN GAME'S A TOUGH RACKET! I'LL BET YOU WISH YOU'D STAYED HERE AND TAKEN A REAL JOB, EH?

NO, I'M DOING FINE, ACTUALLY...

BUT WHAT DOES IT ALL ADD UP TO? I REMEMBER THE DAY YOU TIED OUR CATS' TAILS TOGETHER, I SAID, "THAT BOY IS A WANDERER, AND WANDERERS NEVER AMOUNT TO A HILL OF BEANS!"

WHY DID YOU HAVE TO COME HOME AND RUIN EVERYTHING? MOMMY AND DADDY LOVE ME NOW, AND I DON'T EMBARRASS THEM. GOD, WHEN MY FRIENDS HEAR ABOUT YOU I'LL NEVER LIVE IT DOWN... MY BROTHER THE STINKY CLOWN! HEY, WHY DO YOU SMELL LIKE CLOROX?

WELL, NOPSY, IT MUST BE NICE BEING PERFECT, BUT YOU'LL BE GETTING YOUR PERIOD SOON, AND I'M SURE YOU'LL BE A JOY TO LIVE WITH AFTER THAT. HEY, LOOK OVER THERE!

WHERE?

I'D REALLY TRIED TO REACH OUT TO NOPSY, BUT THE TIME HAD COME FOR MR. FADDLE TO INTERVENE...

NEVER TURN YOUR BACK ON AN UNEMPLOYED CLOWN, YOU LITTLE TURD! ONE WORD OF THIS TO POP AND I MOVE HOME PERMANENTLY!

HEY, MISTER CLOWN MAN, IS IT TRUE YOU'RE A FAIRY?

ASK YOUR FATHER, KID, HE'D KNOW.

STOP IT RIGHT NOW, FREDERICK.

HE STARTED IT!

JUST MY LUCK, THE POISON DWARF'S DAD TURNED OUT TO BE SOMEONE I WENT TO PRIVILEGED COUNTRY DAY WITH! SHIT! NOW I HAD TO TALK TO HIM!

THERE, THERE, NO ONE'S GOING TO KILL YOU...

SAV, IS THAT FRED CLOWN? I HEARD YOU WERE APPEARING AT SOME MK DONALD'S OPENING OVER ON THE EAST SIDE. I COULDN'T HELP REMEMBERING IN THE YEARBOOK YOU WERE VOTED MOST LIKELY TO DISGUST...

NO DEAR, IT WAS MOST LIKELY TO COMMIT A FELONY...



LISTEN, LORD FAUNTLEROY, I'M NOBODY'S RONALD MCDONALD! I'M FRENCHY T. CLOWN, AND I CAN MAKE YOU LAUGH UNTIL YOU CRY!!



WAS THAT NECESSARY?

EVERYONE IS STARING!

I NEED A DRINK!...

I'M SOOOO EMBARRASSED!



I FELT LIKE A SOLO ACT IN LIFE'S TWISTED CAVALCADE ...

WHAT DOES IN A ROUSTABOUT ?

DUBONNET, CREAM, ETHER, A SHOT OF...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE CUTTING ME OFF? I WANT A DRINK AND I WANT IT NOW!



BUT THEN I HEARD THAT VOICE!

NOBODY TELLS ME WHEN I'VE HAD ENOUGH, YOU MONKEY! NOW STOP JAWIN' AND START POURIN'!

UNCLE BUMPY!

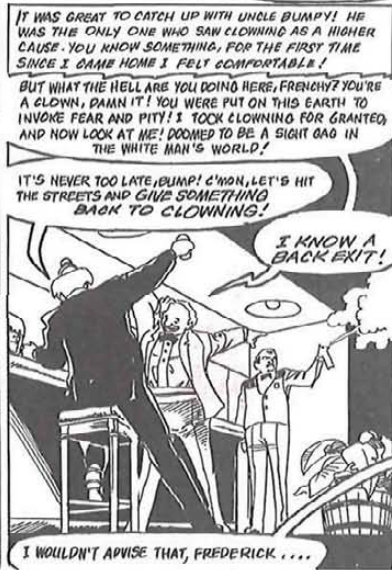


IT WAS MY UNCLE BUMPY! THE ONLY KINDRED SPIRIT IN THE WHOLE CLAN! IF EVER I HAD A MENTOR, HE WAS STANDING AT ARM'S LENGTH, AND HIS BREATH WAS CURLING MY NOSE HAIRS!

THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE DOING MAIL-ORDER BRIDES IN BANGKOK!

THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE HOSTING A QUIZ SHOW IN CANADA!

LIES! LIES! LIES! Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha!



IT WAS GREAT TO CATCH UP WITH UNCLE BUMPY! HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO SAW CLOWNING AS A HIGHER CAUSE. YOU KNOW SOMETHING, FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE I CAME HOME I FELT COMFORTABLE!

BUT WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE, FRENCHY? YOU'RE A CLOWN, DAMN IT! YOU WERE PUT ON THIS EARTH TO INVOKE FEAR AND PITY! I TOOK CLOWNING FOR GRANTED, AND NOW LOOK AT ME! DOOMED TO BE A SIGHT GAG IN THE WHITE MAN'S WORLD!

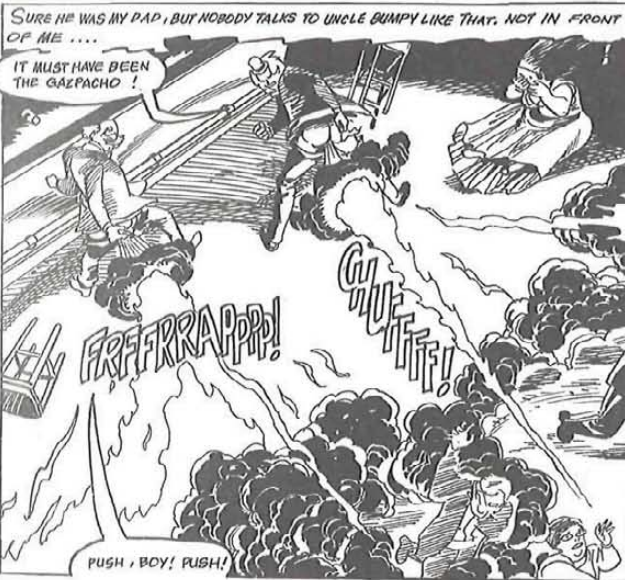
IT'S NEVER TOO LATE, BUMPY! C'MON, LET'S HIT THE STREETS AND GIVE SOMETHING BACK TO CLOWNING!

I KNOW A BACK EXIT!

I WOULDN'T ADVISE THAT, FREDERICK, ...



BUMPY, YOU CORRUPTED FREDERICK ONE, YOU SHOULDN'T DO IT AGAIN - I HAVE CUT OFF YOUR DRINKING PRIVILEGES, AND I ADVISE YOU TO TAKE A CAB HOME. FREDERICK, YOU WILL RETURN TO OUR TABLE NOW!



SURE HE WAS MY PAD, BUT NOBODY TALKS TO UNCLE BUMPY LIKE THAT, NOT IN FRONT OF ME ...

IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE GAZPACHO!

PUSH, BOY! PUSH!



YES! MY FRIENDS, IN THE SPIRIT OF THE HOLIDAYS, YOUR TRUST FUNDS HAVE KICKED IN!

LET'S GIVE SOMETHING BACK TO CLOWNING!

THANK YOU! THANK YOU! THANK YOU!



WE STARTED RETRACING THE STEPS OF MY WAYWARD YOUTH, AND EVERY MEMORY WE HUNTED DOWN FELT LIKE THE FIRST TIME! LIKE STOCKING UP AT OLD THOMPSON'S PHARMACY....

A BAG OF BENNIES, LOOSE DILAUDIP, AIRPLANE GLUE... ANYTHING ELSE ?

STILL DO ANYTHING FOR A FEW BUCKS TO PLAY ON THE PONIES, EH, THOMPSON ?

CHRIST! I SWIPED MY FIRST RUBBER OFF THIS RACK!

TAKING THE OLD CLOWN MESSAGE BACK TO THE PEOPLE - WHAT A FEELING! I COULD TELL THIS TOWN HADN'T HEARD LAUGHTER IN A LONG TIME, AND I WAS JUST THE MAN TO DO THE LAUGHTER!

YES, MY BROTHERS, THE QUESTION TODAY IS: WILL YOU HAVE TO SUFFER THROUGH AN ENDLESS SERMON AND FAKE SALVATION IN ORDER TO EAT TONIGHT? AND THE ANSWER IS: NOOOOOO!!!

BUT WHAT'S NOSTALGIA WITHOUT OLD FRIENDS? SURE, JUANITA HAD SOME MILEAGE ON HER NOW, BUT HOW OFTEN DOES A CLOWN GET TO RE-LIVE MR. LOVELOG'S OPENING NIGHT ?



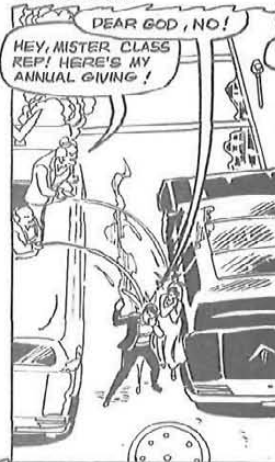
INCREDIBLE! THERE YOU WERE ON THE SAME CORNER I FOUND YOU AT THE NIGHT OF MY TWELFTH BIRTHDAY!

OH, FRENCHY! YOU'VE LEARNED A FEW THINGS! HEY! I THINK I GOT ONE!

OH, WE RAN INTO A LOT OF OLD FACES THAT NIGHT, LIKE BAGLEY BOATRIGT III, MY CLASS VALEDICTORIAN. HE LOOKED LIKE HE DOING PRETTY GOOD FOR HIMSELF, TOO BAD THE TIGHTWAD HADN'T SPRUNG FOR AN UMBRELLA!

AND LIKE A SCOUTMASTER GUIDING ME THROUGH THE WOODS OF DARK NATURE, UNCLE BUMPY WAS BESIDE ME, LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS....

AND YOU BETTER BELIEVE WE DIDN'T FORGET ABOUT OUR OLD BIDESHOW PALS ON THE SOUTH SIDE! WHEN I WAS A TEEN THESE FOLKS TAUGHT ME THE MEANING OF THE WORD NOCTURNAL....



DEAR GOD, NO!

WHAT DID YOU SEE, FRENCHY?

MY FUNNY VALENTINE.

HEY, MISTER CLASS REP! HERE'S MY ANNUAL GIVING!

I SAW A FERRIS WHEEL... AND I WAS ON IT, AND SO WERE THE DAKULSKI MIDGETS AND THEN A BRIGHT PURE LIGHT EXPLODED AND I WAS FLOATING DOWN A TUNNEL....

I LOVE TO DOUBLE-DATE....

FINALLY I WAS RELIVING THE BEST THINGS ABOUT HOME. BUT EVEN THE MOST GLORIOUS NIGHT MUST COME TO AN END, AND THE COCK WAS HOARSE BY THE TIME I STUMBLER IN....

I'M SURE YOU WILL BE PLEASED TO KNOW YOUR PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY NEARLY BURNED DOWN THE CLUB, AND AS A RESULT MY CHARTER IS ON DOUBLE SECRET PROBATION. MY DISAPPOINTMENT IN YOU IS ONLY MATCHED BY MY HORROR. I HAVE HERE A CHECK FOR FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS MADE OUT IN YOUR NAME. A FAIR PRICE IN RETURN FOR YOUR BANISHMENT FROM THIS HOUSE AND THIS FAMILY.

WHO SAYS CLOWNS DON'T GET PADDLED? I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! MY OLD MAN WAS ACTUALLY OFFERING TO BUY ME OUT OF THE FAMILY UNIT!

BUT IF THERE'S ONE THING THE CLOWN GAME TEACHES YOU, IT'S NEVER ACCEPT THE FIRST OFFER!



OOPS, DOES THIS MEAN I'M GROUNDED? HAR HAR HEE....

THAT'S MY BAD EAR, POP, I THOUGHT YOU SAID FIVE GRAND ?

TELL YOU WHAT, MAKE IT A COOL TEN GRAND AND I'LL LEAVE YOU OUT OF MY MEMOIRS!

... CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

... SO FAR, WE'VE PASSED TWO THOUSAND HOURS OF CONSECUTIVE BEER DRINKING.

WE'RE TRYING TO MAKE THE GUINNESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS.

I THINK I'M GONNA PUKE.

I'M SO PROUD OF YOU, FRANKIE. SEVEN STRAIGHT HOURS OF CHUGGING.

I REALLY ADMIRE MEN WHO KNOW WHAT THEY WANT TO DO WITH THEIR LIVES.

THERE'S ALWAYS AT LEAST ONE BROTHER DRINKING OFFICIALLY, THEN WE TAG OFF, JUST LIKE WRESTLING, YOU KNOW.

IF WE DON'T MAKE IT FOR DRINKING BEER, WE'LL DEFINITELY MAKE IT FOR MOST FARTS IN A SINGLE SEMESTER.

ALL RIGHT, WHO FARTED?

I DID! WAIT'LL YOU HEAR THIS ONE.

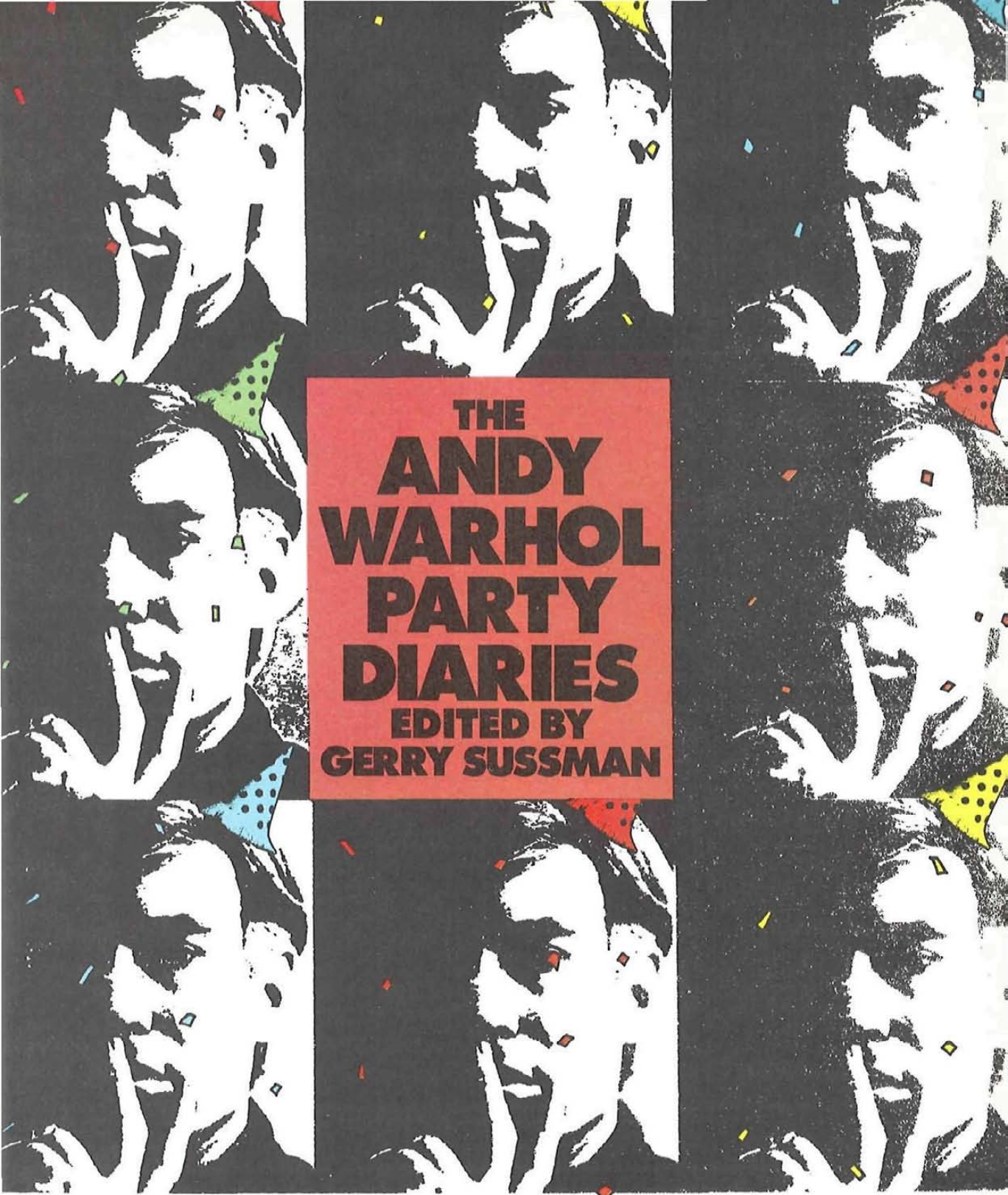
I THINK I'M GONNA PUKE.

HEY, THESE MUST BE THE GUYS WITH THE BREWSKIS.

I THINK I'M GONNA PUKE.

YOU THE GUYS FROM THE DELI?

DON'T WORRY, I AM WIRED INTO THE NIGHTLIFE SCENE. I HEARD THERE'S SOMETHING REALLY HAPPENING ON PAGE 60.



**THE
ANDY
WARHOL
PARTY
DIARIES
EDITED BY
GERRY SUSSMAN**

Every morning beginning in 1976, Andy Warhol, the artist, celebrity, and living legend, telephoned his friend and writing collaborator, Pat Hackett, and related the events of the past twenty-four hours. The result was the recently published *Andy Warhol Diaries*, which has created a furor over its

inside revelations about the rich and famous, the movers and shakers of the seventies and eighties.

What was withheld from the Diary was another diary, even more personal and secret, that related Warhol's partygoing activities. In reality, the first Diary was just a cover-up for the Party Diary, which related what Warhol really did most of the day and night. Warhol was totally obsessed with parties and lived for them alone. Eating, drinking, sleeping, working, and other forms of business were minimal for Warhol. He let others do them so he could attend as many as two hundred parties a day.

Here is an excerpt from a typical Warhol party day, offering the first true picture of this superstar of pop art.

Wednesday, November 29, 1978—New York

Bob called me to remind me about the party at a place called The Meat Rack downtown. It was by the piers in that section where all the meat companies are, which is why they call it The Meat Rack, I guess.

I could've gone there directly from Mick's party for Jerry, which was still going on, but Jerry and Bianca were showing off the hair under their arms. Jerry's was longer but Bianca's was more delicate.

There was a cute boy there named Bruno who invited me to a bongo party. Five hundred people were playing these bongo drums all at once. Lee Radziwill was there and they were using her head for a bongo. She said it was better than a massage.

I still had some time to kill so I went home first before going to the Meat Rack party. I shouldn't have gone home because I couldn't sleep and I passed up three parties between 3:15 and 3:45 and I was really mad because they were giving out these free boxes of kosher salt at one of them and I wanted to do these Diamond Crystal kosher salt paintings. You know, the big red and yellow box.

The Meat Rack is not really a bar. It's a real meat factory where these cute guys in white aprons with bloodstains go around and show you how they fuck these shell steaks. You have to wear a white apron and a helmet like the construction workers do. It was fun until they starting fucking the steaks.

This really beautiful guy named Bruce or Larry, I forgot, he told me that all the meat workers hate their jobs and they take it out on the meat by fucking it and coming on it. They told me to wash my meat before cooking it because it could have their come on it. Wow. I'll never eat shell steak again.

Halston invited me and Jon and Rick and Martin Scorsese to his party for Ahmet Ertegun's pedicurist. Scorsese says he loves me but I'm not attracted to tiny men with beards. He likes to clean his ears with Q-tips and suck on them. Liza and Bianca were there taking turns sticking their heads in the oven. Maybe they were trying to commit suicide. They're both very depressed because they don't know how to sew buttons on men's shirts and Jerry Hall can and she was doing all of Mick's shirts. I was hoping they wouldn't kill themselves because it's really messy and rude to do that at a party and it really kills the mood.

It turned out that they were just looking at this turkey that Halston was cooking. The turkey looked just like Diana Vreeland.

Oh, and Tina Chow was giving a party in Ahmet Ertegun's house for the brother of the pedicurist. Another party in the same house. It was like a party within a party and it was so chic. The brother gave foot massages with this tiny little vacuum cleaner. He was kind of good-looking in a John Travolta way but without John's deep inner beauty. I guess he was hustling because his little vacuum cleaner sucked my socks off and it was really embarrassing. I never take off my socks in public because I have bad foot B.O. It's one of those things. Doctor Rosenfleish told me that it's in my glands and I was born that way. He made

me wear these sponge socks over my regular socks to absorb my perspiration but they're too stiff.

The foot massager was really nice and told me that lots of people have what he called "funny feet." He said Elizabeth Taylor's feet smelled like old pieces of food that get stuck in your teeth for days before you floss them out. She sprays her feet twenty times a day with Joy, that very expensive perfume. He said it really comes from eating the wrong foods, like bad breath. He was really cute. I think he has a big cock.

Claus von Bülow was there but he didn't want a foot massage. He asked the massager if he could have a shoeshine instead and we all laughed, but I don't think the massager thought it was funny. It was funny though, even though it was mean. Claus is very mean to everybody, especially to me. I try to say nice things to him but somehow I always say something like "Hi, Claus, fucked any cute corpses lately?"

Almost forgot to say that Truman was there and he looked really great, like a tiny Cary Grant, except for his hound-dog jowls. Dr. Aaronzweig must be doing wonders for him. He told me he used to make it with JFK and RFK and actually RFK was bigger. I thought the Kennedys were straight but Truman assured me that all those girlfriends were just a front. He said they were really in love with him because he was such a fantastic fist fucker. He said, "A really great fist fucker should have very small hands, but very well-developed muscles." He showed me his little fists and they were really hard and well-developed. And then I noticed that his face was beginning to sag and his jaw disappeared completely. I guess his shots were wearing off. Truman refuses to admit that his face is gone. There's just these little folds of flesh and some openings for him to breathe.

Victor or Vincent called. Or was it Ralph? They invited me to the Horsemen's Ball at some armory, and all the society people were there. They have these little jockeys wearing those gorgeous silk jackets and they all sit under the horses and jerk them off. All the society ladies pretended not to look but they did anyway. It was some kind of charity ball with these different stables competing for which horse had the biggest cock. People were placing bets on their favorite horses and all the money was going to this charity, a boys' orphanage in the Bronx, I think. The judges were all these society ladies like Dina Merrill and Mica and Chessy and they had to go around and measure the horses with measuring tapes. Bianca was there and was dying to measure the horses but they wouldn't let her. Jerry said Mick's was almost as big as the horse's and Bianca screamed at her that she was lying and Jerry said, "Maybe for you it isn't but it is for me, honey." Too bad horses can't become that animal that's half-man, half-horse. You know. I forgot what they call it. I'd marry one in a minute.

Arthur Miller was there, looking very Jewish, and I asked him if he thought black horses had bigger cocks than white ones. Sometimes I don't know why I ask these questions. It seems to come out of my mouth before I can suck it back in. He laughed, though, and said he thought it was the other way around. In



Robert De Niro and Mother Teresa at a benefit in Madison Square Garden for her Leper Colony Arm Wrestling Team.



Jackie O. about to score bingo at Studio 54's Church Supper Night.



Sylvester Stallone and Vanna White watching an eight-millimeter version of his own porn movie, *The Italian Stallion*, at Barry Diller's party for Jesse Helms.



Elizabeth Taylor and Malcom Forbes at Claus von Bülow's Chili Cook-Off and Gang Bang in Newport.



Jack Nicholson at the Roman Polanski Memorial Teenage Beauty Pageant, admiring one of the contestants.

Ryan O'Neal and Farrah Fawcett celebrating her new breast implants at the Plaza.



All photos AP / Wide World



Yoko Ono with a John Lennon look-alike at the annual Sharecroppers' Ball at the St. Regis.

horses, it's the white ones that are bigger. I wonder how he knows. But he's so intellectual that I believe him. I want to do a series of horse hard-on paintings. I'll sell millions. (laughs)

Went to a party for the Imperial Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan at Studio 54. Everybody wore white sheets except Halston, who wore his own flower pattern, and I thought it was tacky-looking because the white looked so perfect and like religious. Steve had these big crosses and they were burning them and this Grand Dragon was chanting and saying something in a language I couldn't understand. And then the fire department came and made Steve put out the fires. Then all the people wearing the white sheets took them off and fell on each other and had a sort of orgy. It turned out that they weren't really from the Ku Klux Klan but were actually a bunch of gay Hispanic boys that Steve found in Coney Island. It was sort of fun until Halston, Bobby De Niro, Rod Stewart, Hugh Downs, the young Kennedy boys, Robin Williams, John Belushi, Henry Kissinger, Barry Diller, and Phyllis Diller joined in. I asked Phyllis if she was related to Barry and she said, "He's my husband."

Catherine called and told me that I was invited to the Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos going-away party for the Shah of Iran at the Pierre. Imelda told me that her going-away gift for the Shah was a blowjob, and I said that a gift like that has no price tag because it's so real and comes from the heart.

The Shah looked a little pale and weak and I wondered if Imelda had eaten him alive. She looks like she can take on the entire Philippine army. Bianca said she did.

Felt in my pocket for a hanky and came up with an invitation to the Sherry Netherland right down the block. It was a party for this new movie, *The Deer Hunter*. All the stars were there—Chris Walken, John Savage, Meryl Streep, Bobby De Niro. Didn't I just see Bobby De Niro at Studio 54? He looked different at this party. He always looks different, depending on how much weight he has to gain or lose. He's really fat. I asked him what movie he's fattening up for and he said, "*The Night Before Christmas*." Chris

Walken was drunk and insisted on replaying that scene in the movie where they point a gun at their heads and pull the trigger. He challenged Bobby De Niro and they took turns pulling the trigger. I heard this click and it was the sound of the empty bullet chamber. It was just a joke.

Then some rich society kid challenged one of his friends and he pulled the trigger and blew his head off. We were really stunned. Bianca and Liza started to cry. The director of the movie, Mike Cimino, had these video cameramen at the party and he grabbed one of the cameras and shot a lot of footage before the ambulance came. Nothing stops a party in its tracks like a tragedy. It really got boring after that.

Went to a Dead People party at Roy Cohn's. Everybody had to look as dead as possible. Calvin Klein was there and he said, "That's no problem for Andy. He just has to be himself." Why does he hate me? Because I tell everybody he's such a fairy. He won't come out and say so because he's afraid that his image will be ruined.

The party was full of dead fairies. Maybe I am dead and I don't know it.

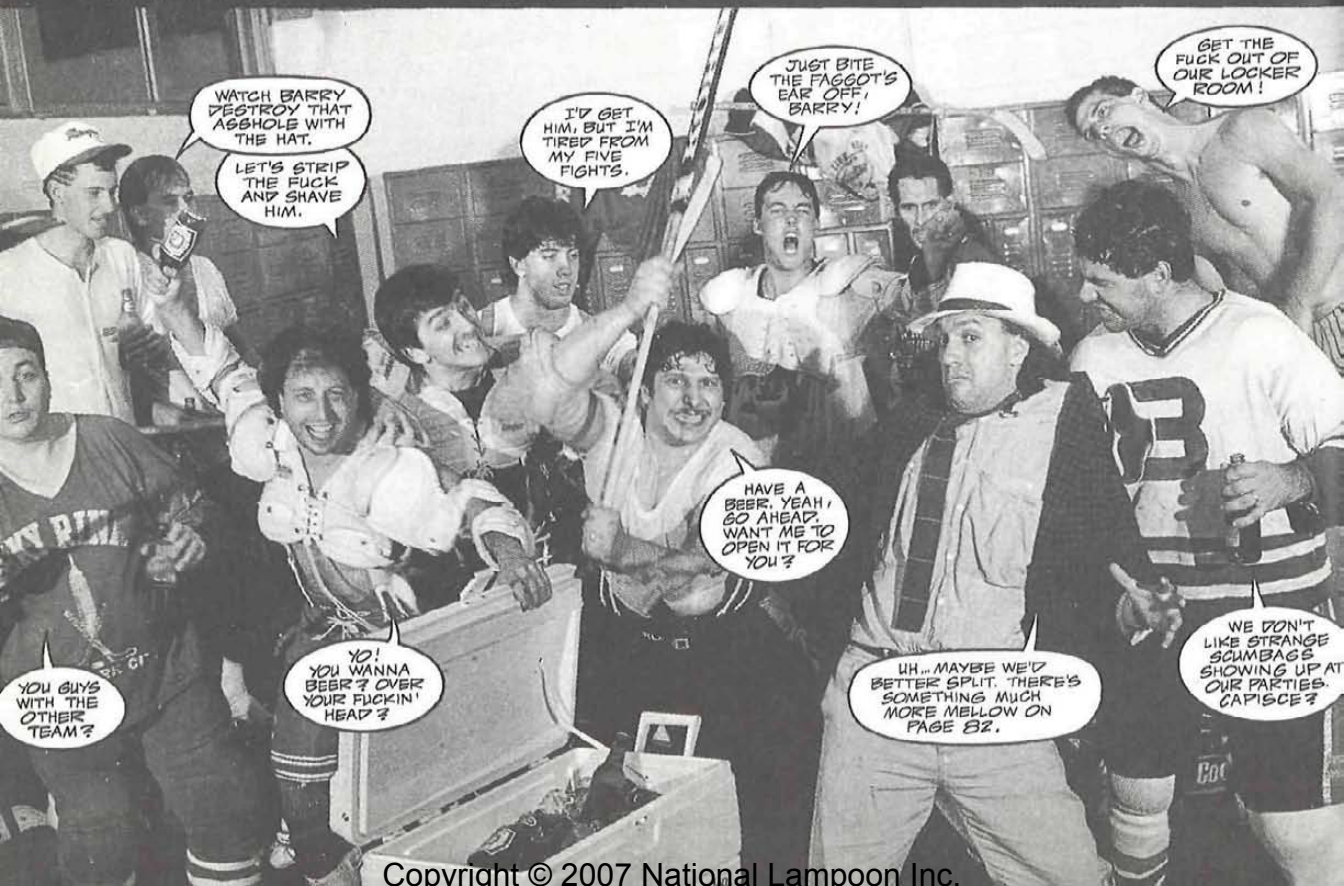
Kiki called to invite me to a party given for Nico by Mica and Nikki. Dickie said Taki and Paco went to Jackie's party for Moki and Tookie.

Ricky said there was no nooky so he called Cookie. Miki showed off her hickey that was given to her by Saki the Paki guy who owns Taco Rico.

Went to a party where it was actually three different parties because it was a triplex apartment. Once you picked your party you weren't allowed to go to the others. They had these big black guys who were like the guards at Studio 54 and they wouldn't let you go back and forth. My party was for this guy Henry Perlmeyer. No one ever heard of him but he's very rich. His father invented the enema, the one with the rubber water bottle and the black plastic thing, which I still love and prefer over the new kind.

... CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

Tom Grimes





Dustin Hoffman, Warren Beatty, and Mary, Queen of Scots about to dance a threesome at the opening party of Scab's, a seafood restaurant in Queens.



Nancy Reagan and Mikhail Baryshnikov enjoying the antics of Mr. Penis, the sex clown, at the all-male Burlesque and Bagels party at Xenon.



Michael Caine feeling up Faye Dunaway and Grace Jones at the Gynecologists' Ball at the Meadowlands.

AP / Wide World

He was sort of cute but up close I noticed that his face was covered with fine scars and he was missing a nostril. When he smiled he showed his teeth, which were colored bright blue like those mountain people from Morocco. I had this idea of doing an enema bag series, "Enema Bags of the Stars." I wanted to get their actual bags and paint them right after they'd been used.

I told this idea to the enema heir and he didn't think it was so great. He said people always make fun of him and joke about his situation. You know, lots of shit jokes. He told me about twenty of them and they were so disgusting. But I couldn't help laughing because they were so apropos. Is that right? Apropos?

I shouldn't mention them. They'll probably be edited out if these memoirs ever get published. (laughs) He told me he can't ever say the word *shit* again without people breaking up. That's very sad.

Oh, and Bob and Fred tried to crash the priest and nun party on the level below us and the guard lifted them by their collars and threw them out into the hallway. This gave me a chance to sneak in myself.

Always wanted to know what priests and nuns did for sex, so I asked this priest, Father Andrew. He said priests and nuns do it to each other all the time, except no one can take their clothes off. This business about gay priests and nuns was a myth, he said. There were priests doing it to the nuns right next to us, he said, but they were wearing these long black gowns so you couldn't see it. They don't move around much. It's all done with these holes they cut in their clothes. And the priest's penis is wrapped in a piece of black cloth so you can't see it. The nun has a hole cut out in her underwear. They must have found a way for the priest to enter the nun while standing up. Everybody was talking and drinking lemonade but I thought I saw them sort of grunting sometimes.

Jane Fonda called and invited me to this party she was giving to raise money for her husband's political campaign. She asked if she could have twenty of my best Campbell's Soup Cans to

auction off. Boy, does that bitch have nerve.

The party was in this big swimming pool at the Y on Sixty-third Street. Jane got the California apple pickers to pay for it. It was this thing where all these famous movie stars and celebrities were supposed to be swimming in the pool and you were supposed to bend over the pool and try to grab their hair or something with your mouth. Like bobbing for apples. Only it was bobbing for people. If you could grab someone's hair or their ears with your mouth this person pledged to give ten thousand dollars to Jane's husband. I wasted a lot of time looking for a famous star like Jack Nicholson or Richard Gere but all I could spot was one of those Carradine brothers. Somebody told me he saw Vic Damone. Who's Vic Damone? Boy, I was dying to bob for Richard Gere, who's so handsome now that he's lost all that weight and had that teeny tuck job on his neck. He used to be so coarse-looking.

Halston and Steve Rubell asked me to go cruising in the showers and the locker rooms. We were in luck. I took pictures of movie stars with towels wrapped around their waists, and I want to do a series of locker and shower pictures. Except the smell is terrible. Ryan O'Neal dropped his towel and showed me his ass, which has a lot of pimples. He should go to Dr. Bogenstein. Ryan has a very ordinary-looking cock but you can't really tell how big it is when it's just hanging there. James Earl Jones was putting talcum powder on his balls, which were very big, like a pair of grapefruits. He has tiny feet, like a girl. He's all different-size parts. Big balls, small cock, small feet, big stomach, small hands, and so on. I'd love to paint him but people might think I was making it all up—I mean his different body parts.

It was great to see all these stars naked, because they had to take their towels off to get dressed. I couldn't take my eyes off them. I was trying to figure out who has the biggest one of them all. I asked Jack Nicholson because he's so honest sometimes, and he said he heard that Bruce Lee had the biggest because he had this power like karate or something to make it as big as he

wanted. Jack said that's how he really died. His cock got so big that it snapped and he bled to death.

Sometimes I wonder why I'm so interested in cocks. I mean, not just for sex but for my work. I think cocks are like fingerprints. Everybody's is different. I had this great idea to make cockprints where you dip your cock in this ink and press it down on paper like a fingerprint. Fred said it could be a big seller.

I really didn't want to leave the locker room but Fred and Bob reminded me that I had to go to an S and M party on the Upper West Side. I got this engraved invitation. I'm not really into S and M but I thought maybe I could take a few pictures. It was in this big but tacky apartment on West End Avenue, and S and M stood for Sol and Max. Sol and Max were these two retired guys from the Garment District whose wives died a few years ago and now they live together and give this party once a year. It was just these old retired people who sit in the park on benches and talk. When they saw me they got scared and called the police. I got out as fast as I could.

Xenon was having one of these great publicity parties. I love these parties where they give everyone free gifts and samples. They're so tacky that they're great. It's why I love New York. This one was to dedicate the world's biggest knish. I didn't know what a knish was and I pronounced it *nish* because *kn* is always pronounced *n*. But you're supposed to pronounce the *k* and the *n*.

The knish is this Jewish food that has a doughy crust and is usually filled with mashed potato. It's more complicated than that but that's what they told me. The knish was over fifty feet long.

As usual, I didn't know what to say, so I said wouldn't it be great if we could spray the knish with fixative and make it a permanent sculpture in the Museum of Modern Art garden. The knish people gave me a dirty look. They said they were going to donate the knish to the people starving in India. I was supposed to cut the first piece out of the knish and feed it to a cheetah. It was the publicist's idea. I love publicists. They make everyone feel important for ten minutes.

I didn't want to do it because I've never cut a knish before and fed it to a cheetah but this cute publicist said, "Don't worry, the animal is on Valium." I told him to give me whatever they gave the cheetah. (*laughs*) The animal was so great. It licked my hand and it had a great tongue that could get me very aroused. I asked the cheetah trainer, who was really handsome, where he got the animal and he said there's a cheetah ranch in Massapequa, Long Island.

The knish was terrible but J. Paul Getty, David Rockefeller, Baron de Rothschild, and the king of Norway were there. I asked the king of Norway if he was the same king who was on the sardine can. He laughed and said that was King Oscar. His name was Jergen or Jorgen. He told me to squeeze his buns. I couldn't say no to a king so I squeezed them very lightly. "Aren't they hard?" he asked me. They were kind of hard for a man his age. He was about eighty. He gave me the name and number of his doctor, who specializes in shots that can make your buns hard and muscular. Like marble, the king said. Barry Diller once told me that your ass goes first. You can almost feel it sagging down to your knees, he said. And then your sex life is over. It's a one-way street after that. You might as well learn how to play the saxophone. It's a better way to use your mouth, he said.

The Kennedy boys came by and invited me to a mushroom and onion party for Indira Gandhi at David Geffen's new apartment. He lives in an office building on Madison Avenue.

Everybody was chewing these wild mushrooms and onions and it was supposed to make you very wild and you were supposed to act out your impulses. It was very sixties. Dennis Hopper was there with a real pony and said he uses it in his sex tapes. He said that he's making it with a dolphin. He wears a diver's suit and does it underwater.

I was waiting for something crazy to happen but the onions were putting everyone to sleep. Ron Reagan, Jr. walked in with his bodyguard, Lester the Nubian. Lester is six-foot-six and

weighs 300 pounds. "One hundred fifty of it is cock," Ron, Jr. said. He made Lester show off his cock to everybody, and I nearly fainted when I saw it. It looked like one of those giant zucchinis that win prizes at farm fairs, only it was brown. Ron, Jr. said it was twenty-nine inches in repose and forty-two inches when agitated. Everybody woke up when they saw Lester's cock. It was like a freak of nature or something. Everybody was stroking Lester's cock, trying to get it hard, but it wouldn't. He was too self-conscious. Some of the women got very annoyed, because their reputations were on the line. Then the men tried and they got Lester up in a minute. Gee, his thing was almost as big as Sammy Davis in his entirety. Or that dwarf that used to be on TV [Herve Villechaize].

Of course the men went crazy over Lester but they couldn't get him off no matter how hard they tried. "Oh, I forgot to tell you. He can't come," Ron, Jr. said. "He's a show horse."

I've got to stop getting into these situations with cocks. I'm not doing it deliberately. It just happens. Benjamin said he had the same thing happen to him, only it was with nipples.

Another S and M party, only this time it was for sugar and margarine. The Sugar Institute and the Margarine Institute gave this party to show how you can use sugar and margarine in everything. These girls dressed as bars of margarine came around passing out S and M cookies. I took about fifty and stuffed them into my jeans. They showed this S and M movie and it was fun. Beautiful girls and boys wearing black leather and spikes, making cookies and pies and giving each other hot looks and begging each other for the stuff. I wish I had thought of that.

Ran into Muhammad Ali and his entourage and he invited me to his secret pork party. It's where Muslims violate the laws of their religion and eat all kinds of pork dishes. It was someplace in Harlem, and there were security guards all over the place. Ali ate about a hundred barbecued spareribs. He asked me if I knew Matt Dillon. He has a crush on Matt. He shook my hand and there was grease and barbecue sauce all over it and I got sick. I felt trapped because I saw that I was the only white person in the room. Some of the Black Muslims were giving me dirty looks because I wasn't eating the pork. I think they thought I was a spy for their leader. Someone gave me this big pork chop and made me eat it.

I finally got out and threw up outside. I remembered that there was a party at Mr. Chow for Mick Jagger's dry cleaner, that cute kid from Paraguay. But I couldn't find a cab to take me downtown and I was really scared because I was alone and very white-looking. I'm never going to a party by myself again, no matter how much I want to. Then someone on the street recognized me. It was Dick Cavett. He hailed me a gypsy cab, which was okay because the driver charged me a flat rate. I was so scared and so happy to be out of there that I forgot about Dick Cavett until I got to Mr. Chow. What was Dick Cavett doing in Harlem?

Met Matt Dillon at the party and told him that Muhammad Ali is in love with him. "Who's Muhammad Ali?" he said. The kids don't know anything except who's hot in this week's *People*. Mick gave this boring speech about Zuzi, this Paraguayan boy who cleans and presses all his clothes. It was Zuzi's birthday. Mick had this ironing board all set up in the middle of the room and he took his pants off and told Zuzi to iron them right there on the spot. I guess it was rehearsed or something because Zuzi ironed them real fast and they were perfect. Everybody applauded and he took a little bow. Catherine thinks he has a big cock. Mick was wearing these boxer shorts that Jerry gave him that were supposed to glow in the dark and they had a message on his crotch, "Home of the Whopper."

Then all the boys took off their pants and Zuzi had to iron them all. He was pretty cute and sweet about it but he was getting tired and his creases were coming out crooked. Some of the boys were really pissed. It was great to see all the different kinds of underwear the boys were wearing. George Hamilton was wearing see-through bikinis. Henry Kissinger was wearing Jockey
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 104)



ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT NEUBECKER

MINOR POLITICAL PARTIES

The Communist Party

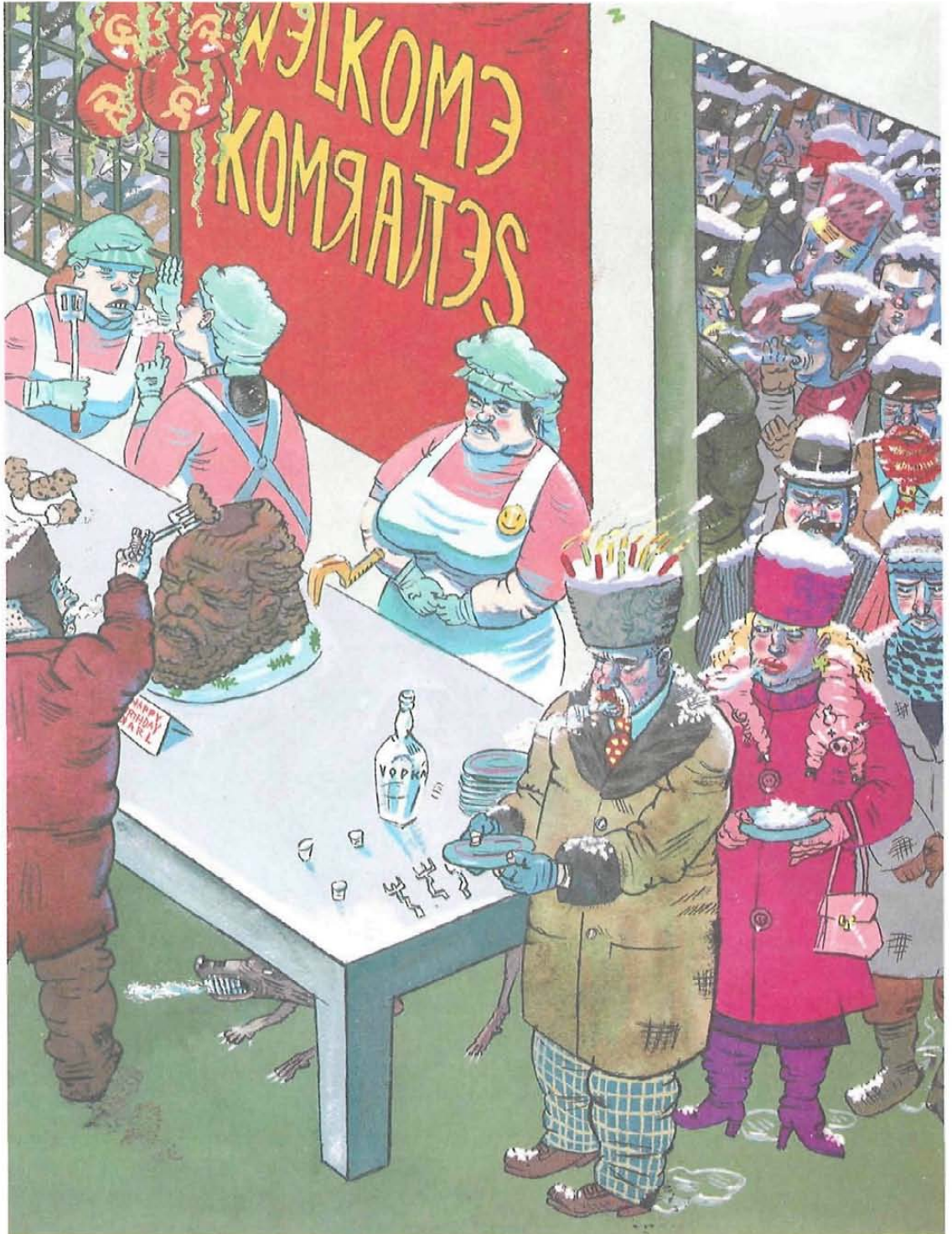


ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN KOZLOWSKI



The Neo-Nazi Party

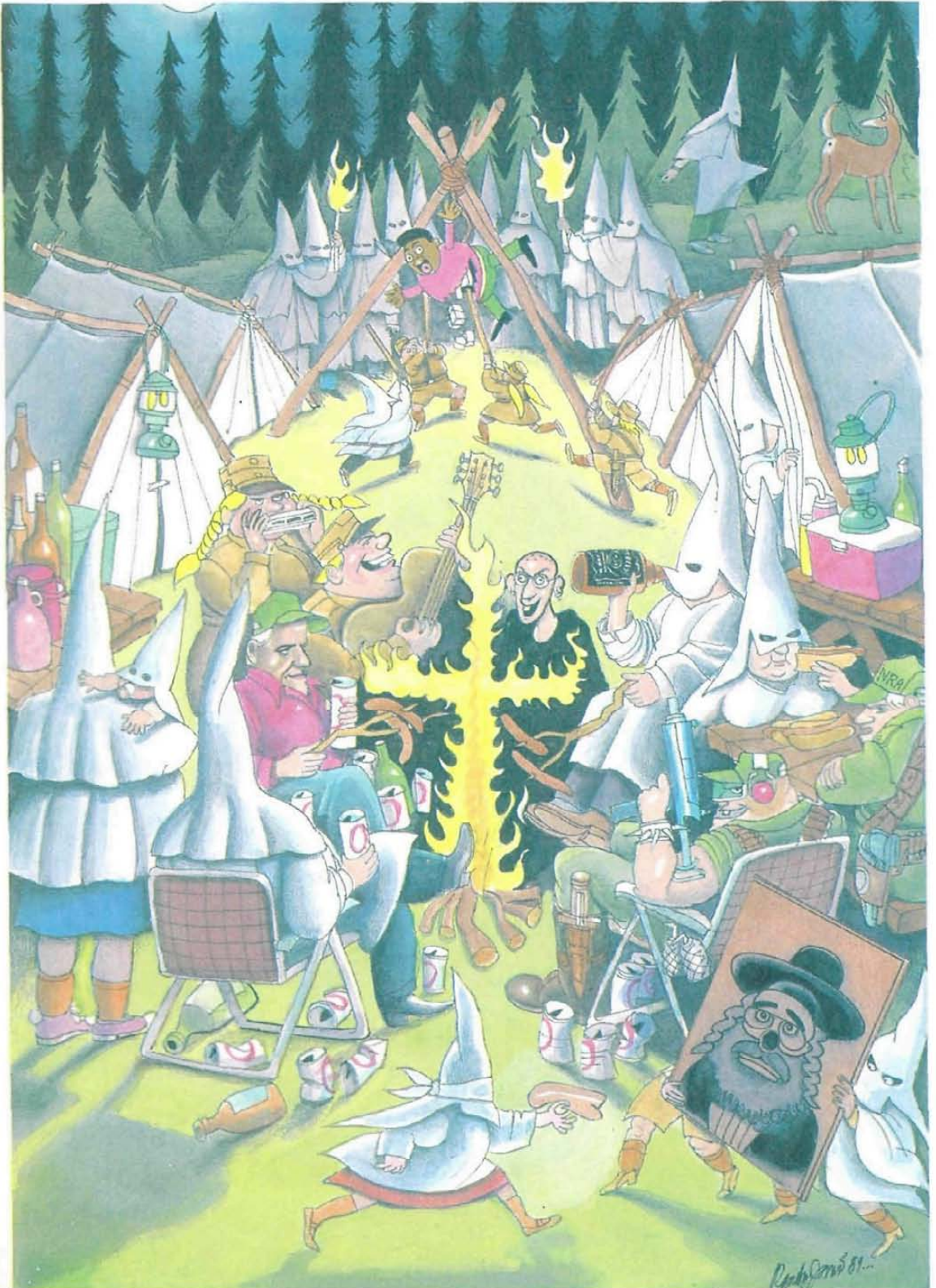


ILLUSTRATION BY RANDY JONES



The Right to Life Party

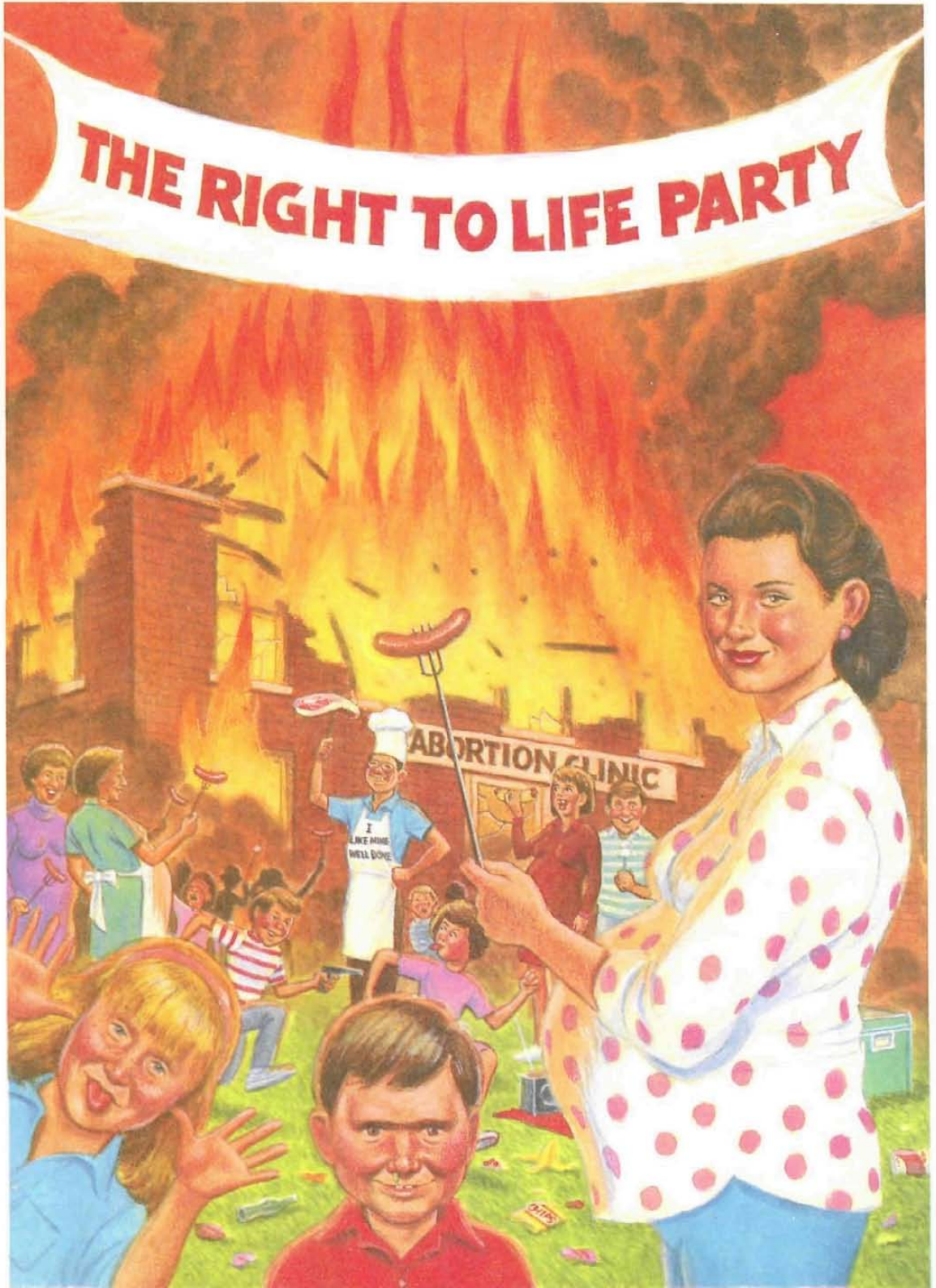


ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICK PIGOTT



The Independent Party

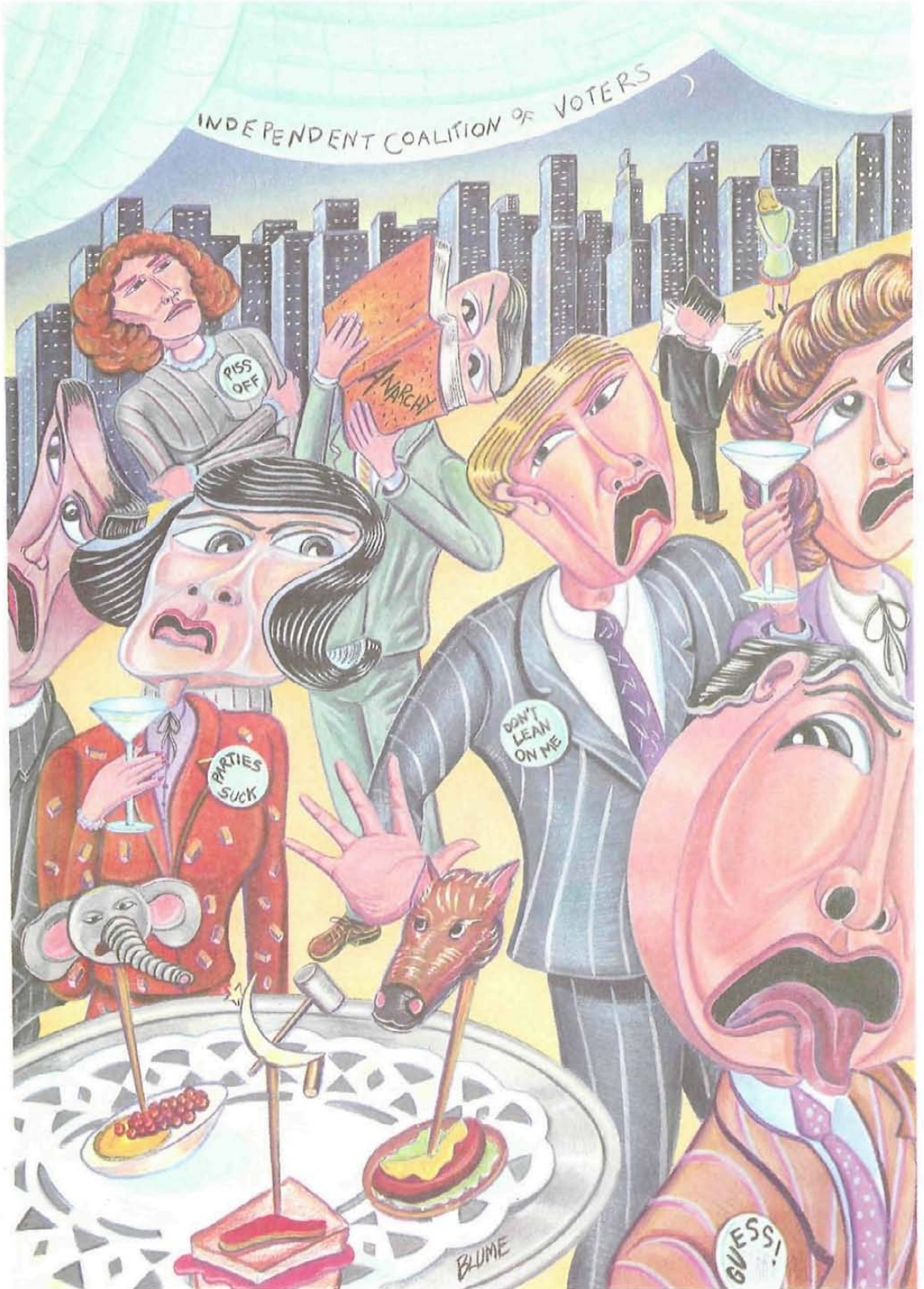


ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE BLUME



STREAM OF MINDLESSNESS

Early Ritual Activity of the “Idiot Teens” of Jerry’s Corners by Beryl Sweeney

*You playmates of mine in the scattered parks of the city,
small friends from a childhood of long ago:
how we found and liked one another, hesitantly,
and, like the lamb with the talking scroll,*

*spoke with our silence. When we were filled with joy,
it belonged to no one: it was simply there.
And how it dissolved among all the adults who passed by
and in the fears of the endless year.*

*Wheels rolled past us, we stood and stared at the carriages;
houses surrounded us, solid but untrue—and none
of them ever knew us. What in that world was real?*

*Nothing. Only the balls. Their magnificent arches.
Not even the children. . . . But sometimes one,
oh a vanishing one, stepping under the plummeting ball.*

—Rainer Maria Rilke*



WHEN I FIRST made the acquaintance of the Idiot Teens of Jerry’s Corners, a small upstate New York town situated in the Queoiihim Valley region of Que’ e’ eimmoh’ igu’ un’ nk County. I intended to study the interpersonal dynamic of a closely knit group of small-town teenagers. My observations, now in their third year, have yielded so much more than I had

ever hoped. Quite by accident, it seems I have chanced upon a crucible of mythmaking—where action and lore come together, and legend melds with truth. In the words of one of the Teens, “Lots of people ask us, Beryl, ‘Are you guys for real?’”

The Idiot Teens—Pete, their smooth, worldly leader and hero figure; Paul, the athletic, upright everyman; Ringo, the darkly creative, almost mystical chain-smoker; and Sinbad, the outrageous, hard-drinking trickster—refuse to be constricted

by the accepted patterns and rituals of the everyday. Instead, they reshape and transform these rituals to make them their own. More remarkably, they often do it drunk.

I wanted to get at the Teens’ sense of their own collective persona. Accordingly, I decided to probe their feelings about the group against the background of their early experiences. I found that, like Rilke’s child, they “step under the plummeting ball.” Yet in a single movement, they step away and push somebody else under it; and the ball is

*From *Sonnets to Orpheus, VIII*. Copyright © 1985 by Stephen Mitchell. Reprinted by permission of Simon & Schuster, Inc.

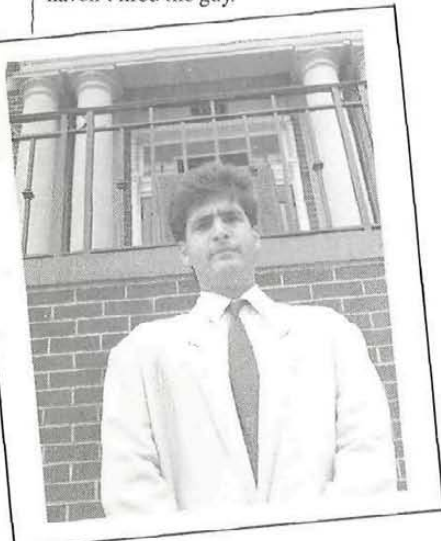
not rubber at all, but cast-iron. And indeed, it is real.



SINBAD

Being in the Idiot Teens is a lot like being in the sixties Nazi sitcom *Hogan's Heroes*. You follow me? I mean, separately, Carter and Kinch and LeBeau and Newkirk can't do jack. But put 'em together and they can blow up a bridge and send hundreds of Krauts screaming to their deaths, which to me is just the *Hogan's Heroes* version of our own Great Shriner Car Chase.

The way I look at how it all started, since it was [Clark High principal] Morrison who brought us all together for the first time, everything that we've done afterward is his fault. And when you think of some of the shit we've pulled, it's a wonder they haven't fired the guy.



PETE

It's true, Beryl. Principal Morrison is our spiritual father. He kept bringing us together to punish us, which of course we knew was the only way this emotionally pitiable man could express affection. You

know, Beryl, he's never really responded to us when we call him "Dad"—which forces us to act even more outlandishly in an effort to win his love. So sure, we have our rough times just like with any other father, and so sure, there've been days when we've taken "Dad's" car without "Dad's" permission, and sure, there've been days when we've wanted to kill "Dad" and sleep with "Mom," but as our frail, translucent-skinned school counselor, Sister Kate, says, these are all textbook examples of classic "Dad"-son relationships. Jeez, Beryl, without "Dad," there'd be no Idiot Teens. And without us, "Dad" would be out of a job.

So we would do Morrison's bidding in our own way—we'd stage events like the Great Brookhaven Living Effigy Pep Rally, stuff like that. Gradually, we discovered that we were a) teens, and b) teens with a gift for idiotic behavior as defined by oppressive adult leaders.



PAUL

What we didn't have, though, was a name. We toyed with a couple, like the Kid Daredevils, the Commando Boys, and the Trinidadian Slumlords. But it took an outside commentator (or "victim," as he called himself) to coin "Idiot Teens." It happened as part of the Great Shriner Car Chase.

PETE

The setting was the summer between freshman and sophomore years. At first, it was a golden time: beer-filled days and nights, sticky-sweet schemes to bed the purest, ripest daughters of local civic leaders, and an endless succession of unforgettably effective lawn jobs. Ringo was a year behind the rest of us, but even then, he embodied Idiot Teen beliefs more perfectly than the rest of us combined. No day went by without a beertini-filled visit to the Emperor's Suite [Appendix A], which we had decorated with Ringo's kindergarten drawings [Appendix B], defaced Crüe posters, five-gallon beer steins, the works. We would just hang out and listen to Sinbad

try to play his Montgomery Ward guitar—it was an occasion for us to be close to one another.

But not everyone thought this interaction was so positive, and I guess you'd have to say that my dad [Steve Marks, a local Oldsmobile dealer and prominent citizen of Jerry's Corners] was at the top of the list of naysayers. His response was to get me a job at the Jerry's Corners Chamber of Commerce, a place filled with either terminal nicotine hangover victims or young Up With People refugees. The sum total of our work was to gather information for the pathetic Chamber of Commerce pamphlet created to show off Jerry's Corners [Appendix C], and help organize the Jerry's Corners Founders Day Parade in August.

Things were starting to drag. Sinbad was urging us to do what we do best—get involved.

SINBAD

It was a pretty lame summer for me. I was the only one who didn't have a job. Ringo was doing some design work for his dad's book of Third World children's stories. Mr. Stoyanowicz is this maverick sixties-era advertising genius who got kicked out of the New York Madison Avenue scene for refusing to write ads for products not approved of by the Council of Native Americans or the Black Panthers. After they moved here, I guess Mr. Stoyanowicz was hoping Jerry's Corners would become some kind of hippie bohemian hangout, but it never really caught on. He's pretty weird, even by Jerry's Corners standards, but he's also just about the only adult supporter of the Idiot Teens, except for Ringo's mom, who sells polished rocks from a cart in downtown Albany.

Paul was working for Ed Cumber, this fascist farmer friend of Paul's dad. It was a nightmare teen job, since Paul had to be at the farm by 5:00 every morning, and had to recite from memory Ed's dissertation about the liberal plot of the Founding Fathers that's sabotaged America for two hundred years. Bizarrely enough, though, he's also an unofficial friend of the Idiot Teens, since our activity supports his argument that all citizens have not only a right but a duty to bear arms.

So everyone was working and I just had myself to play with. Sometimes I'd take my pellet gun down to the river and shoot at inner-tubers floating downstream. Sometimes I'd play "boot camp" with the little kids in the park. And sometimes I'd just drink and play the guitar. It got a little old after a while. Fortunately, Pete's Founders Day plan saved us all.

BERYL

There has been some debate in the scholarly community over the extent to which the

Idiot Teens mythologize themselves. *Oral History Beat!*, for example, questions whether such a group ("smooth-talking ruffians," in their parlance) can truly offer mythical transcendence or immortality.

The answer, I think, lies not only in the Teens' almost unnerving cohesiveness discussed above, but also in their profound links to Jerry's Corners. It is their ability to rearrange or re-create the rituals (i.e., the enactments of myths) of that community that allows them to create a mythology, thus ensuring—to them—immortality. As Paul said to me, "Beryl, it's just not enough to be remembered for a year or two. When we graduate from junior college or come back out of the military or jail or whatever, people will still be talking about the fake human sacrifice at Brookhaven's Homecoming Dance."

As we have seen, the Idiot Teens view the Great Shriner Car Chase as a crucial defining event. It is also a perfect example of their ability to "bend the rules" of myth and ritual. Ringo sets the scene.



RINGO

The Founders Day Parade is the most enduring tradition of Jerry's Corners, kind of like the annual death ritual in Shirley Jackson's excellent short story "The Lottery." Basically, it's a chance for the timid, sheep-like natives of Jerry's Corners to walk in the middle of the street. The Cardinal Ed Clark Marching Band—a showcase of uncoordination—is usually involved, as are the Ed Clark Squaws—the school's precision flag corps, made up of bespectacled fifteen-year-olds with cellulite problems. Band and flag corps rejects, herded together by government forces and called ROTC, are also present, aimlessly spinning fake white rifles. Local politicians march in the parade, and so do members of church groups, civic organizations, and local businesses.

But nobody goes to the Founders Day Parade to see any of that. The only reason people would even consider sitting through it all is to get a glimpse of the local Shriner



APPENDIX A

The Emperor's Suite

As previously noted, the Emperor's Suite is an ashram of inspiration for the Idiot Teens. I asked Sinbad to give my readers a tour.

This is Sinbad and we're in my room, known pretty much by everyone as the Emperor's Suite. My mom also lives here—that is, in this house, but not here in the Emperor's Suite. It's in here that the Idiot Teens have hashed out the plans for some of our most memorable adventures. Adventures that deal almost exclusively with underage drinking, the destruction of private and public property, the conquest of beautiful women, and, of course, human sacrifice.

On the walls are several original artworks created by Ringo. They serve as both a balance to our destructive natures and as inspiration for further destruction. I also have many blown-up photographs of Cathy Zrb, this senior girl who was my freshman-year obsession. I extorted them from a weak staff member of the *Ed Clark Edict*, our school paper. I think Cathy's married to an electrician now. She never knew I existed, not even after we broke into her house and sampled various items from her dad's fine grain liquor collection.

In my closet here are several hundred thousand dollars' worth of unreturned library books, mostly dealing with survivalism. Plus I have back issues of *Soldier of Fortune* dating from fifth grade. Inside the nylon duffel bag is a piece of the car that [Clark High principal] Morrison's daughter was driving in when she went off the road and killed herself.

I guess the *pièce de résistance* is the fifty-four-cubic-foot horizontal freezer containing several cases of cheap local beer. (It conveniently doubles as the bottom part of my bed.) All drinks served in the Emperor's Suite contain beer. And taped to the wall above the bar are recipes for nearly thirty different beer drinks, from beertinis to beerdrivers to Manhattan beer-teas.

There's a lot of other stuff in here, too. But after the bar, it all seems kind of small and meaningless.



APPENDIX B
Ringo's Early Work

RINGO

I wasn't necessarily raised to be an artist, though I think my parents would've killed me if I'd gone into banking. Whatever—they've saved practically everything I ever did, and once in a while when he gets stuck my dad pulls out this kindergarten stuff and yells, "This is how it should go!"



I like this one a lot. The teacher, Miss Klusew-ski, said, "Paint what you see," so I looked at Karen Miller's plaid dress and just did some crayon crosshatching. I got an art-camp scholarship out of it when I submitted it with the title "After Reading William S. Burroughs."

This one's called "My Dad Paints the President," who was Jimmy Carter at the time—president, that is. A psychologist once told me that my dad holding a roller instead of an artist's brush was significant, but really what happened was that my dad was painting the house at the time. But I don't know how Jimmy Carter got there. Dad says that under capitalism it doesn't matter who's president.



minicar brigade. They're the pride and joy of Jerry's Corners—twelve overweight old guys wearing red blazers and fezzes, and sitting in fully operational child-sized cars. They've made appearances in cheesy parades all over the country with their famous cars. They write a minicar newsletter, and sponsor an annual minicar convention in Albany. But the big thrill at the Founders Day Parade is the unveiling of their intricate new formations, which they then take all over the country during the following year.

PAUL

See, most guys in the minicar wing of the Shriner organization go to parades and do the standard formations: figure eights, concentric circles, three-by-four rectangles, and so on. But the Jerry's Corners Shriners are different: they do difficult, well-choreographed moves like "The Jellyfish," "Grand Poobah's Dream," and "The Jerry's Corners Special." If you've never seen them, Beryl, it's hard to imagine the raw excitement they generate. I guess the whole incident was an attempt on our part to emulate that excitement. In a way, it was really a tribute.

PETE

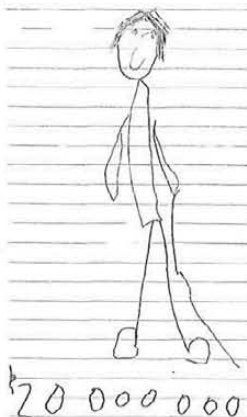
Sometimes fate just has a way of playing into your hands. That's what happened to me, anyway, when Roy Peetz, the head-minicar Shriner, came into the Jerry's Corners Chamber of Commerce office to drop off the secret diagrams of that year's minicar formations—standard procedure since about ten years ago, when this old lady was crippled by one of the cars during an especially intricate new formation. Now the Chamber of Commerce was supposed to check the new formations for safety and then give them back to Roy. The Chamber of Commerce stopped actually *checking* the diagrams about nine years ago, but I guess they still go through the motions for appearances' sake.

Well, the upshot is that it was my job to return the diagrams to Roy at his job—he's the vice president in charge of repossession at First Jerry's Bank. It's about a five-minute walk to the bank, but on a good day, I can do it in seven or eight hours. Now, I'm not denying it was the Idiot Teens, Beryl—that hot summer sun could have done something to our brains to make us forget the exact events—but somehow, in those scant few hours between the time I left the Chamber of Commerce and the time I got back, the all-new Shriner minicar-formation diagrams had been copied and an ingeniously creative plot involving radio-control units, the Black Power salute, and a high-speed minicar chase was hatched. Who the brilliant perpetrators of this notorious scheme were, the world may never know.



This one's a primitive collage called "My Dream." I used to say I dreamed in 3-D so adults would think it was cute and give me money, which I would spend on sugar-infested treats at Spinelli's. In my dream, I was inside a bubble of Bubble Yum when Mr. Spinelli—who hated kids—popped it and screamed at me to pay him money, but when he tried to catch me he got caught in the gum and only his shoes kept walking. I woke up screaming at that point, and my dad came in and said I should write it down and use it. Pretty screwy advice to give a five-year-old.

Just a stick figure titled "\$20,000,000," right? An example of an innocent five-year-old's gift for exaggeration, right? Wrong-o: I did this one at art camp last summer and my instructor told me I had a "satiric gift for the art scene." He was a cigarillo-smoking asshole, Beryl, but he was probably right and I'm the asshole for not saving the idea for a gallery exhibition when I could get at least a few thou for it. That'd keep me in smokes for a long, long time. . . .



Pia Cheppolis

RINGO

Of course it was us. Beryl, I think it's fair to say that no adult has lived through childhood without at least once having a preposterously huge desire to drive, if not own, a fully operational minicar—and we Idiot Teens, of course, are very much alive to the child within us. It seemed downright elitist that the privilege of driving a minicar was reserved only for old men in fezzes who didn't even want to race them. By ourselves, that desire might have remained just another fantasy. But when we were together, the boundaries between fantasy, reality, and legality simply didn't exist.

Borrowing twelve remote-control toy cars from local junior high intelligence-mutant Howie Suh, we set our plan into motion immediately. Paul, the most athletic Idiot Teen—a starter on three Ed Clark varsity teams—took Howie and broke into the King Rear Muffler shop, run by arch-rival Brookhaven High's all-time quarterback and prom king, King Brent Scott I. All the minicars were in the garage for their annual pre-parade tune-up. It took a while, especially since Paul was pretty addled with beertinis at that point, but he and Howie managed to plant radio-control units in all of the minicars.

Meanwhile, I created alternative formations, drastically different from the originals [Appendix D], yet ultimately more appealing. Pete and Sinbad gathered stocking caps and realistic-looking squirt guns.

PAUL

There was no way to test the remote-control hookup to the minicars before the parade, although Howie Suh was sufficiently pressured into giving us 110 percent. The parade day itself couldn't have been more perfect. Vast numbers of local families poured from outlying rural areas into the downtown area of Jerry's Corners awaiting the parade, which just tells you how important it was to them, since most people in rural Queoihim County hate any community with a four-figure population or better. There were lots of little kids there, to give you some sense of the quality family-outing atmosphere.

PETE

For the most part, it was just another boring Founders Day Parade with badly constructed floats being pulled by riding lawnmowers provided by Paul's dad, a rabid lawnmower collector who also happens to be insane. But way down the street, like maroon Styrofoam cups being tossed on a foamy wave of polluted water, the trademark fezzes of the proud order of Shriner minicarsmen heralded the approaching heart of the Founders Day Parade. Pretty soon you could make out the cars and their drivers—all of them wearing

APPENDIX C

Excerpts from the Chamber of Commerce Tourist Brochure

Pete produced this brochure with great relish, as proof he had actually done something during his time at the Chamber of Commerce. These excerpts may also answer the scholarly community's questions about what, exactly, there is to do in Jerry's Corners.

Points of Interest in Jerry's Corners



1. **The Queoihim Smallpox Heritage Trail** commemorates the early days of Jerry's Corners (then called Jerrysburg, or Peevishtown). Stops include: Negotiation Point, named after the deal by which Jerry "Rehabiah" Peevish purchased the land from Algonquin chief Jerry Threefeathers, and also the site of a major massacre during the French and Indian War; the Old Burial Mound, a sad reminder of the settlement's losses to smallpox and hemophilia; and, of course, Ye Olde Queoihime Tavern (formerly the Mill Strip Grill), where the lusty, rowdy service of the eighteenth century comes to life today!

2. **Issur Berovitch Museum.** The story of the familiar over-the-counter decongestant starts here, at the childhood home of Issur Berovitch, whose groundbreaking work unclogged the respiratory systems of millions around the world. The Issur Berovitch Museum not only chronicles the fascinating life of the man born in Łódź, Poland, and raised from age three on Van Dam Street, but also educates entertainingly about the hows and whys of congestion relief.

3. **Windowpane Village.** Since 1968, the community of Windowpane Village, located three miles from downtown Jerry's Corners, has provided a haven for people who seek the closeness, structure, and freedom from prevailing social norms that a radical religious group can provide. At Windowpane Village, you can watch members work and interact according to the Prime Windowpane Directive of "good chemistry." The gift shop features handcrafted potholders and whittle sticks, as well as literature about the highly original religious experiences of Village founder Sunshine Patriot (a.k.a. Leo Murphy).

Nightlife



1. **Hunter's Rest.** Located in nearby Coldsville, Hunter's Rest offers full-service entertainment for the sportsman! Whether you're enjoying our famous Grizzly Boilermaker at our on-premise

skeet range, or taking advantage of our while-you-wait taxidermy service, or just savoring our cooked-to-order Kill of the Day, Hunter's Rest is the perfect place to begin or end a hard day's shoot! Open twenty-four hours a day in season.

2. **TempTations.** A new entertainment concept in the heart of the Queoihim Valley, TempTations is a cocktail of fun that mixes business and pleasure! You'll find TempTations fully stocked—both with all your beverage needs and, from faxes to copiers, all your office machine needs too! Wednesday is Steno Night!



3. **Donnie Kowalski's Polka Restaurant Machine.** Donnie Kowalski's not just an expert chef in Polish-American cuisine. He also knows the perfect recipe for a night out—and, of course, it contains more than a pinch of polka! For more than thirty years, Donnie Kowalski's Polka Restaurant Machine has been the choice for some of Jerry's Corners best-loved wedding receptions, retirement parties, and just plain polka blowouts!

Places to Stay

1. **Bible Way Motor Lodge** offers rest and comfort for those wanderers faithfully following the greatest "travel guide" ever written. As the body is refreshed with continental breakfast, heated pool, and cable TV, the soul is nourished with instructive dioramas (including the famous "Hello, I Must Be Going" Ascension diorama as seen on CBN's *Holy Rolling Digest*) and room-service counseling. The Bible Way Motor Lodge is open to all creeds, races, and nationalities as required by law.



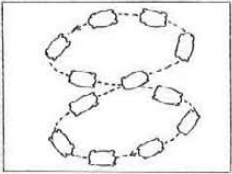
2. **Ed Cumber's Bunk and Breakfast.** He won't take your paper money—just hard work! Ed Cumber invites you to live the lifestyle of the last honest man—the farmer. Imagine the country feast that awaits you as you breakfast heartily on eggs you gathered yourself hours earlier. And with Ed freely sharing both food and opinions, it's eye-opening in more ways than one!

APPENDIX D

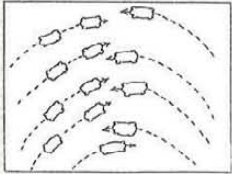
RINGO

These are the bootleg Shriener formation diagrams that helped us capture the minicars. By contrast, I place my own remote-control formation diagrams next to them.

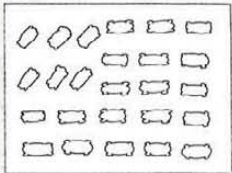
SHRINERS



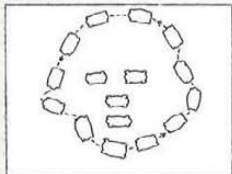
"GIFT TO A BURNED CHILD"



"SECRET HANDSHAKE"

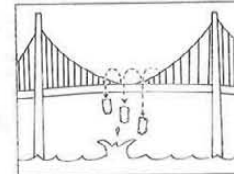
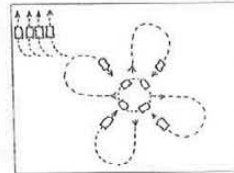
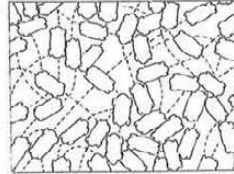
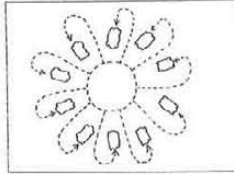


"LONG MAY SHE WAVE"



"CROSSING THE DELAWARE"

RINGO



vintage sunglasses, sports jackets with the trademark Shriener scimitar patch, and neckties. With the nearly 350-pound Roy Peetz in the lead, they looked so noble waving to the crowd as they drove by in their teeny automobiles, I don't think there was anyone watching who didn't have the urge to run out and sign up with the Shriners just for the honor of being a part of the minicar brigade.

The crowd was hushed when the cars reached the mayor's platform. Barry Terwilliger, the cancerous mayor of Jerry's Corners, took the microphone to announce the top-secret all-new minicar formations as the Shriners performed them.

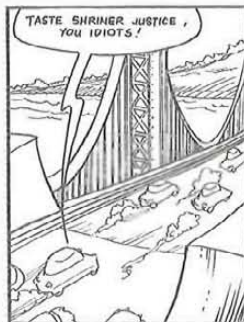
SINBAD

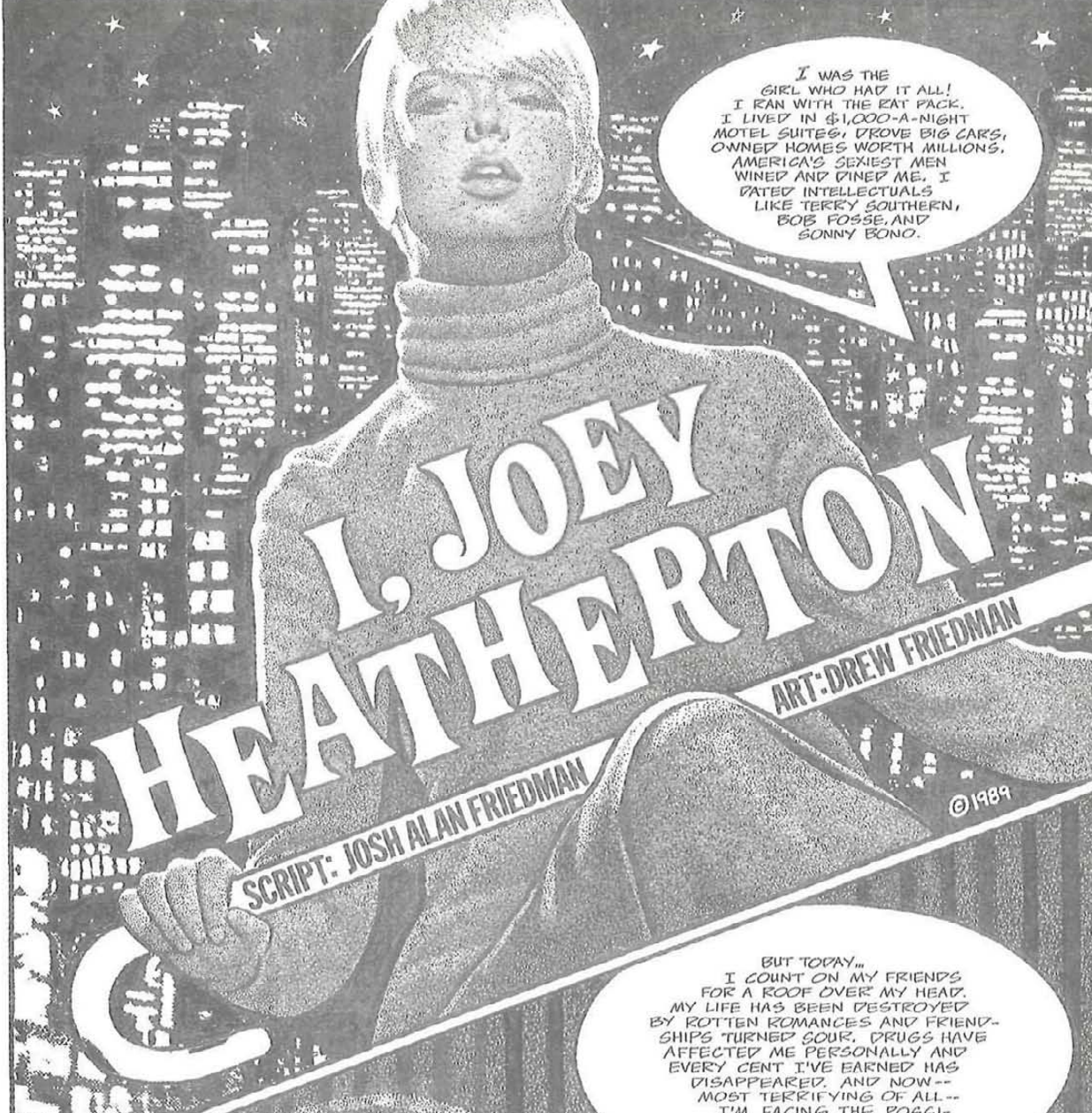
We were drinking tall boys and sitting on top of First Jerry's Bank—ironically, the exact same place where they used to have this huge crumpled car body displayed as a warning to teens who drink and drive until it fell off the roof and killed Jerry's Corners' only National Merit Scholar—when Mayor Barry started announcing the formations. The first one was called "Gift to a Burned Child." They were doing a few linked loops when Paul gave the remote control its first test.

From above, it looked like some beautiful exploding out-of-control mortar shell. The cars all shot out away from each other toward the crowd—then, when everybody ran for cover, they all turned around and (CONTINUED ON PAGE 102)

APPENDIX E

The Shriener Minicar Chase





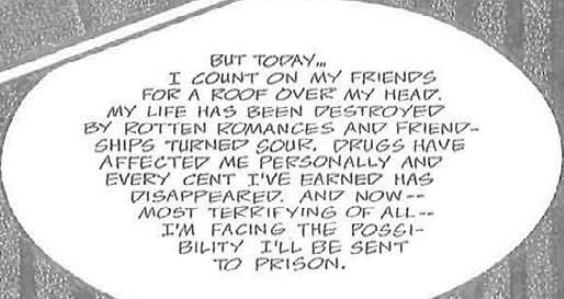
I WAS THE
GIRL WHO HAD IT ALL!
I RAN WITH THE RAT PACK.
I LIVED IN \$1,000-A-NIGHT
MOTEL SUITES, DROVE BIG CARS,
OWNED HOMES WORTH MILLIONS,
AMERICA'S SEXIEST MEN
WINED AND DINED ME. I
DATED INTELLECTUALS
LIKE TERRY SOUTHERN,
BOB FOSSE, AND
SONNY BONO.

I, JOEY HEATHERTON

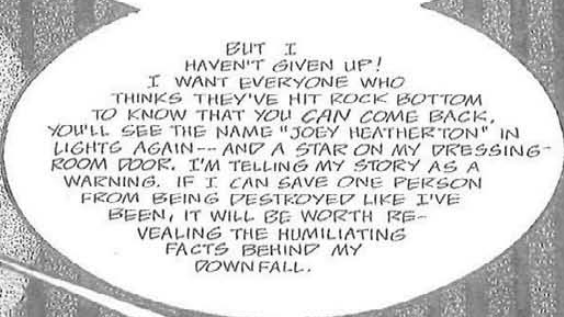
ART: DREW FRIEDMAN

SCRIPT: JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN

© 1989



BUT TODAY...
I COUNT ON MY FRIENDS
FOR A ROOF OVER MY HEAD.
MY LIFE HAS BEEN DESTROYED
BY ROTTEN ROMANCES AND FRIEND-
SHIPS TURNED SOUR. DRUGS HAVE
AFFECTED ME PERSONALLY AND
EVERY CENT I'VE EARNED HAS
DISAPPEARED, AND NOW--
MOST TERRIFYING OF ALL--
I'M FACING THE POSSI-
BILITY I'LL BE SENT
TO PRISON.



BUT I
HAVEN'T GIVEN UP!
I WANT EVERYONE WHO
THINKS THEY'VE HIT ROCK BOTTOM
TO KNOW THAT YOU CAN COME BACK.
YOU'LL SEE THE NAME "JOEY HEATHERTON" IN
LIGHTS AGAIN-- AND A STAR ON MY DRESSING-
ROOM DOOR. I'M TELLING MY STORY AS A
WARNING. IF I CAN SAVE ONE PERSON
FROM BEING DESTROYED LIKE I'VE
BEEN, IT WILL BE WORTH RE-
VEALING THE HUMILIATING
FACTS BEHIND MY
DOWNFALL.

I STARTED IN SHOW BUSINESS AT AGE 10, THE DAUGHTER OF BANDLEADER RAY HEATHERTON. HE WAS LATER KNOWN ON TV AS--YOU GUESSED IT, KIDS--"THE MERRY MAILMAN."



HE MET MY MOM WHEN THEY STARRED IN "BABES IN ARMS" ON BROADWAY IN 1937. SEVEN YEARS LATER, I PRACTICALLY FELL OUT OF THE CRIB INTO SHOW BIZ.



I STUDIED BALLET UNDER BALANCHINE. THE PANGING BLACKBURN TWINS OCCASIONALLY PUT ME IN THEIR HOT NIGHT-CLUB ACT AT THE PIERRE.



THEN RICHARD RODGERS CHOSE ME FOR A SMALL BROADWAY REPLACEMENT ROLE--AS A POSTULANT NUN--AT AGE 14, IN "THE SOUND OF MUSIC."



JOSH LOGAN SIGNED ME TO A LEAD IN THE SHORT-LIVED "THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL," ON BROADWAY WITH JANE FONDA.



AT 15, I WAS OFFERED THE LEAD IN "LOLITA," BUT MY WIZENED FATHER PUT HIS FOOT DOWN.



MY SEASON ON PERRY COMO WAS GOING FINE--UNTIL ALL THIS STUPID MAIL STREAMED IN FROM THE BIBLE BELT. THEY COMPLAINED ABOUT THIS "LOLITA THING." FER CHRIS SAKE, I LED A PERFECT VIRGINAL EXISTENCE, BUT THEY CALLED ME A LITTLE SEX TRAP.



ANYHOW TV PARTS ROLLED IN. *THE NURSES*, *THE VIRGINIAN*, *MR. NOVAK*. YOU NAME IT, I WAS HEADED FOR THE TIPPY TIPPY TOP WITH A TEAM OF AGENTS AND COACHES. I SIGNED A 7-YEAR MOVIE CONTRACT IN '63. COULD YOU BELIEVE THE IDIOTS WANTED TO CHANGE MY NAME, CLAIMING I WASN'T "YET KNOWN."



DICK ASTOR, MY PERSONAL MANAGER, MOLDED MY CAREER. HE WOULDN'T TAKE A ROLE UNLESS IT WAS ABSOLUTELY RIGHT. LISTEN, CHARLIE, HE PICKED EM, NOT ME.



CATCH A FALLING STAR AND PUT IT IN YOUR POCKET...

PERHAPS SOMETHING MORE FEMININE-- LIKE "JOY"?

FORGET IT, PAL. I'D RATHER BE CALLED "ARPEGE."

TWILIGHT OF HONOR, MY DEBUT. MY DISTURBING "SUIZ DANCE" MADE MEN MAD WITH DESIRE.



EEWWWWW!

MY BLOOD RUNS COLD. I CO-STARRED WITH TROY DONAHUE. CAN'T BEAT THAT



OH, DADDY, I WISH WE COULD START ALL OVER AGAIN AND UNDO EVERYTHING.

WHERE LOVE HAS GONE. WE TURNED DOWN KUBRICK FOR OLITA, BUT HERE I AM IN MY THIRD TURKEY, PLAYING A 14-YEAR-OLD MURDERESS WHO KILLS HER MOTHER'S LOVER.

THERE WAS NO LOGIC TO CONTINUE PLAYING MURDERERS AND PREGNANT UNWED TEENAGERS AND ALL THESE LITTLE...PSYCHOS. YOU NEVER SAW PEBBIE REYNOLDS PLAYING SOME LITTLE UNWED GUY, BUT I COULD ALSO CRY, BUT I COULD ALSO LAUGH. I WANTED TO SMILE TO GLOW...TO ACT. THE ONLY WAY THE PUBLIC COULD LOVE ME WAS IF I WAS GIVEN A SYMPATHETIC PART.



MY "FAME TEAM" WORKED THE PRESS.

JOEY DOESN'T SMOKE OR DRINK. EXEMPLARY LIVING HABITS.

SUSAN SEATON VOICE COACH

DAVENIE JOEY'S MOM

JOEY TAKES COMMUNION REGULARLY. HER FRIENDS ARE STILL THE GIRLS SHE WENT TO STAGNES WITH; SHE DOESN'T DATE ANYONE STEADY.

STILL LIVES AT HOME IN ROCKVILLE CENTER WITH HER PARENTS.

A DISCIPLINED PRO WHO REHEARSES LONG HOURS.

LAWRENCE LEVY BUSINESS MATE

MARY TARCAL DRAMA COACH

DICK ASTOR SET FIRM SIGHTS ON A SPECIFIC TARGET, TURNING DOWN ALL FILM OFFERS FOR MY HOT LITTLE BOY.

IT WILL HAVE TO BE A TECHNICOLOR MOVIE, A COMEYPT ROLE, SOMEWHAT PIZZY, KOOKY, CONTEMPORARY. AND IT WILL BE A ROLE IN WHICH SHE SINGS AND DANCES.

ALAS, IT WAS A ROLE WHICH NEVER CAME. IF ONLY I COULDN'T HAVE LANDED SOME OF ANN-MARGRET'S OR HAYLEY MILLS'S KOOKY PARTS, BUT I DANCED ON TV WITH A VENGEANCE. MY BIG CONTROVERSY CAME DURING HULLABALOO WHEN I INTRODUCED A NUMBER COMBINING ALL THE NEW TEEN DANCES.

GUHRRR-OOY.

BOSTON

WATUSI MONKEY

PONY

SWIM JERK MOUSE

NBC SWITCHBOARDS LIT UP WITH THOUSANDS OF OUTRAGED CALLS. NEWSPAPERS SAID "MISS HEATHERTON'S FRUG IS THE MOST TORRID, UNINHIBITED, BONELESS EXHIBITION EVER SEEN ON T.V."

IF THIS DANCE IS ANY INDICATION, OUR TEENAGERS ARE GOING TO HECK IN A HANDBASKET.

LISTEN, CHARLIE, IF YOU WALKED INTO ANY DISCOTHEQUE, 16-YEAR-OLDS WERE DOING SEXIER DANCES. BUT THE CAMERAMAN FOCUSED RIGHT ON MY DEBRIS. IT WAS BANNED DUE TO PUBLIC PROTEST.

DO YOU ENJOY BEING A SEX-POT?

ARE YOU KIDDING? WHATEVER MAKES YOU THINK I'M A SEX-POT? I'M A SERIOUS ACTRESS... AND DANCER... AND SINGER. I DON'T TRY TO BE SEXY. THAT WOULD BE SOOO RIPICULOUS.

AFTER HULLABALOO I WAS A BONA FIDE SEX SYMBOL... AND COULDN'T SHAKE IT. MY PERSONAL APPEARANCES SHOT UP TO 5 GRAND PER.

"MISS HIGH-VOLT-AGE"

"QUEEN OF BEATS AND BELLS 1966"

"NEW STAR OF THE YEAR"

LOOK OUT, WORLD, HERE COMES JOEY. THEY DOUBLE-BOOKED ME ON *I SPY*, *HOLLYWOOD PALACE*, *ANDY WILLIAMS*, *FRANK SINATRA, JR.* AND I ENTERTAINED AMERICA ON THE PREMIERE "DEAN MARTIN GOLD'DIGGERS" VARIETY SHOW.



I'M JUST A LITTLE GIRL WHO'S LOOKING FOR A LITTLE BOY...

LOOK! MAGAZINE COINED MY HAIRDO "THE JOEY" - A CORN-SILK YELLOW CUT, SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE BEATLES AND DENNIS THE MENACE." BUT THE PRESS KEPT HOUNDING ME ON ONE SUBJECT, AND IT WAS KILLING MY ACTING CAREER.



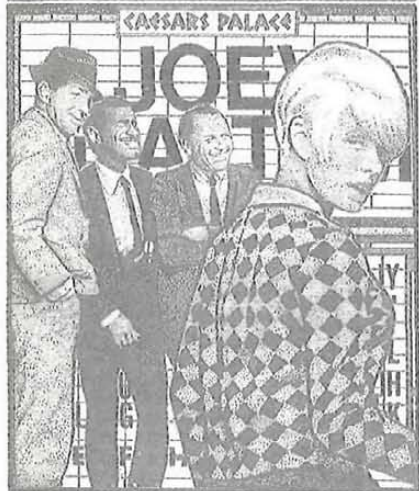
JACK TIRMAN, PUBLICIST.

I TOLD THOSE PESTS TO BUG OFF. I HAD HIGHER GOALS. MY VIETNAM TRIPS COST ME THOUSANDS IN BOOKINGS. THE MP'S HADTA HOLD 'EM BACK.



GO, BABY, GO!

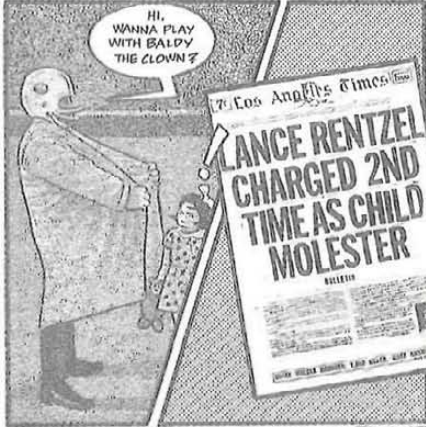
WITH MY BEE-FUTING FOUTY LIFE, I WAS TAKING OVER THE WORLD. MY ACCOUNTANT TOOK ME I OWNED OFFICE BUILDINGS, A RESTAURANT, A \$2 MILLION MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE, AND A MANSION IN L.A.



WHAT COULD BE MORE WHOLESALE THAN MARRYING LANCE RENTZEL OF THE DALLAS COWBOYS. WE WERE BOTH FROM PEGPREEP FAMILIES. I JUMPED OUT OF MY SKIN WHENEVER LANCE CAUGHT A PASS. WE HAD A STORYBOOK WEDDING AT SEPA'S CATHEDRAL, APRIL 12, 1969.



LANCE WAS AN AMERICAN GOD. HIS NAME SOUNDED MORE LIKE A MACHINE THAN A MAN. BUT THEN SOMETHING AWFUL HAPPENED THAT TURNED MY LIFE UPSIDE DOWN.



HI, WANNA PLAY WITH BALDY THE CLOWN?

LANCE RENTZEL CHARGED 2ND TIME AS CHILD MOLESTER

I STUCK BY HIM THROUGH THE HUMILIATING TRIALS AND HEADLINES, BUT FINALLY HAD TO DIVORCE HIM. LANCE CONFESSED THE ONLY REASON HE MARRIED ME WAS FOR MY SHOW-BIZ CONNECTIONS TO BECOME A STAR HIMSELF.

MY LIFE WAS SHATTERED... UNTIL A MARVELOUS MAN CAME TO MY RESCUE. RICHARD BURTON. I FLEW TO HUNGARY FOR MY COMEBACK ROLE IN *BLUEBEARD*. I COULD NO LONGER AVOID THE CALL OF NUDITY-- THE WORLD WANTED MY NAY-NAYS EXPOSED. THE NUDITY WAS ESSENTIAL TO THE PLOT, I GUESS. FUNNY, WHEN YOU FISH 'EM OUT, IT'S NOT THE CHARACTER BEING EXPOSED, IT'S THE ACTRESS.



I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE LOOKING INTO HIS EYES AS I KISSED HIM. ELIZABETH STAYED SO CLOSE TO THE CAMERA, I LOOKED INTO HER EYES INSTEAD. SHE WAS VERY NICE AND SMILED.



FEAST YOUR EYES!

I WAS STILL A WOMAN HURTING OVER A BROKEN MARRIAGE. RICHARD FLIRTED WITH ME, BUILT MY CONFIDENCE BACK UP. I RETURNED TO THE U.S. OF A. BRASH AND COCKY AS EVER!



VARIETY
 JOEY HEATHERTON IS BO LEGGY LOVELY AND MARVEL MONSOONISH THAT WE'VE DECIDED SHE MAY BE THE GREATEST BLONDE OF OUR DAY. TOMORROW'S SUPERSTAR!
 Ken Wilber - NY Post
 'THE 40s GAVE US GARLAND. THE 60s INTRODUCED US TO MONROE. THE 60s PRODUCED SIPSAND. NOW GET READY FOR THE 70s. THE ERA OF HEATHERTON.'
 NOW AT CAESARS PALACE

CENSORED! IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES, JOEY SUED PLAYBOY FOR PUBLISHING THESE SAME NUDE PHOTOS.

THE MOVIES TREATED ME LIKE A HAS-BEEN / NEVER-WILL-BE. WELL, SCREW HOLLYWOOD, CHARLIE. MY CLUB DRAV' WAS STELLAR... THEY ALL CAME TO SEE JOEY. I GOT \$1.5 MILLION FROM THE SAHARA IN VEGAS, AND A QUARTEE-MIL FOR A POSTER.

I WAS A DECADE AHEAD OF FONDA WITH MY AEROBIC DANCE WORKOUTS, WHICH I DEMONSTRATED AS CO-HOST FOR A WEEK ON MIKE DOUGLAS.

MY SEKTA PERFECT SLEEPER CAMPAIGN SOLD THOUSANDS OF MATTRESSES. WHAT MAN DIDN'T DREAM OF JOEY IN HIS BED?



I WANNA BE LOVED BY YOU, JUST YOU AND NOBODY ELSE BUT YOU...



IF I TRIED THAT, I'D FART LIKE A BABOON.

YOU LADIES SHOULD TRY THIS.



PRRRR

I'LL BUY IT!

THE JOEY IMAGE BOOSTED BUSINESS FOR OT 5 AND A NATIONAL HARDWARE CHAIN. I CONQUERED THE TITLE ROLE OF HAPPY HOOKER GOES TO WASHINGTON, BUT SOME CRITIC SAID, "ACTING AND JOEY HEATHERTON HAVE APPARENTLY NEVER BEEN INTRODUCED." UGGSHHH! THEN I MET JERRY FISHER... A DRUMMER WHO'D WORKED WITH LIZA. WE BECAME LOVERS. I LET HIM BECOME MY ROAD MANAGER.

I GAVE HIM TOO MUCH POWER, AND EVERYONE IN SHOW BUSINESS KNEW IT.

JERRY WAS DOING A LOUSY JOB MANAGING ME. WE LOST A LOT OF FEELS. CLUBS BEGAN TO ASSOCIATE MY NAME WITH BROKEN PROMISES... AND THAT SPELLS THE END OF ANY PERFORMER'S CAREER. I STARTED USING SCRIPT DRUGS, POPPING 'LUPES.



WE GOT PLANS! BIG PLANS, FOR JOEY.



I'D HEARD STORIES ABOUT THIS "BOYFRIEND." THAT MAN WAS A BIG DRAIN ON HER. A MONSTER.

I LOATHE HIM.

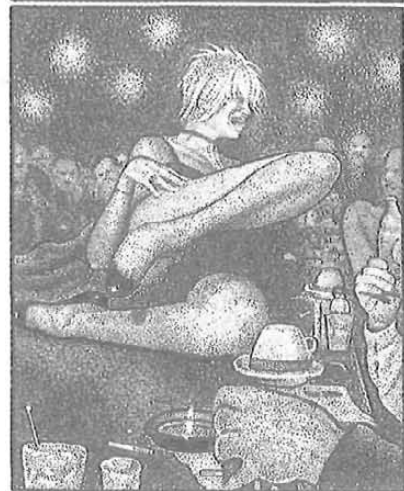


WHA'D I DO?

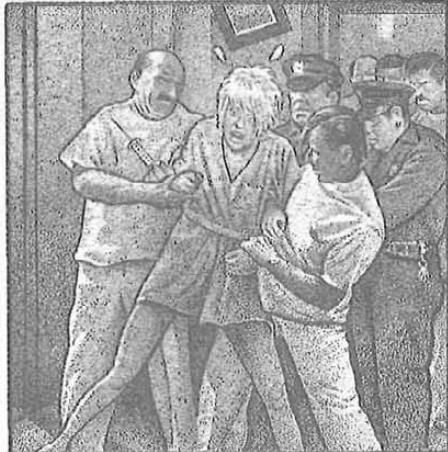
MARTY'S SUPPER CLUB TERMINATED MY ENGAGEMENT, CLAIMING I ACTED "LEWD" ONSTAGE. I MEAN, WHAT'S WRONG WITH A LITTLE LEG AND CLEAVAGE...?

LAWSUITS, LAWSUITS, LAWSUITS. I HAD 'EM FROM THE L.R.S., GURNEY'S INN, AND A NEIGHBOR AT MY EAST 57th ST. PENTHOUSE. MY FINANCIAL PROBLEMS WENT HAYWIRE. BUT THE PASSPORT OFFICE TOOK THE CAKE. I ONLY HAD \$100 BILLS, AND WAS TOLD TO COME BACK WITH \$35 AND THE REQUIRED PHOTOS. I WAS ARRAIGNED FOR DISORDERLY CONDUCT.

I BECAME FRANTIC, ANOREXIC - THE STRESS OF SEEING EVERYTHING I'D WORKED FOR DESTROYED WAS KILLING ME. I STOPPED EATING AND SLEEPING. ONE DAY A KNOCK CAME AT MY DOOR - MEN RUSHED IN AND HANDCUFFED ME, THEN STUCK A HYPO IN MY ARM.



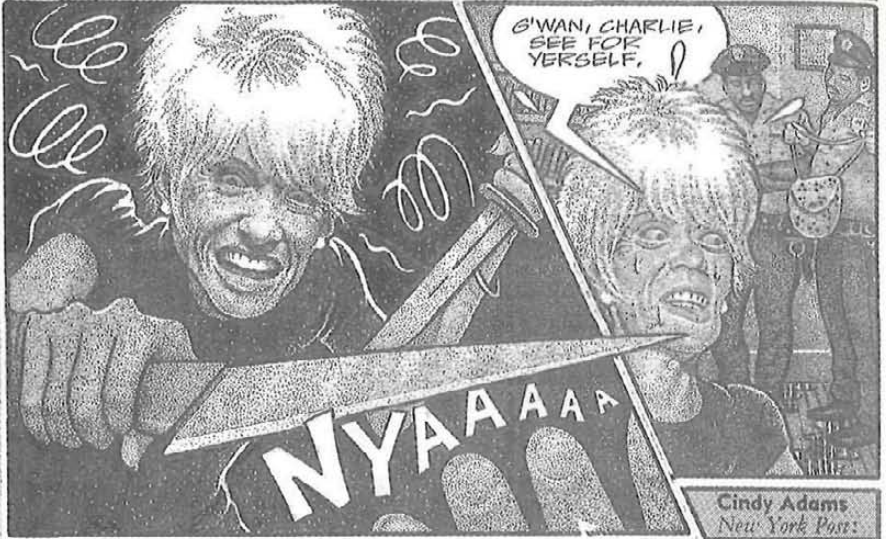
LISTEN, CHARLIE, I'VE GOT A GODDAMN PLANE TO CATCH



I AWOKE IN A PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL. FRIENDS AND FAMILY HAD ME COMMITTED! FOR 20 DAYS, I LIVED IN A CLOSET-SIZED CUBICLE. IT WAS WORSE THAN MY WORST NIGHTMARE.

WHEN I WAS RELEASED, I CAME AFTER JERRY FOR RUINING MY CAREER. HE BLAMED IT ON PRISONS. I GUESS I WENT INTO A FAGE. THE POLICE SAID I SLASHED HIS PHONE WIRES. THEN CORNERED THE BASTARD.

THEY SAY I ALLEGEDLY CUT HIM UP A LITTLE. THE ARRESTING COPS DIDN'T BELIEVE I WAS THE SEX GODDESS. JOEY HEATHERTON-- GO I KILLED 'EM. JUST LOOK IN MY FOCKETBOOK FOR PROOF...OOOPS. THEY FOUND MY COKE STASH.



Cindy Adams
New York Post

THEY GOT ME THIS TIME ON FELONIOUS ASSAULT AND POSSESSION. FREE ON \$1500 BAIL, EVICTED FROM MY PENTHOUSE, I WENT INTO HIPING, TOTING ONLY A FEW SWOLLEN SUITCASES, SHOPPING BAGS, AND MY BLACK FOX COAT. GOSSIP COLUMNIST CINDY ADAMS SALIVATED OVER MY TROUBLES ALL WEEK, MAKING POST HEADLINES.

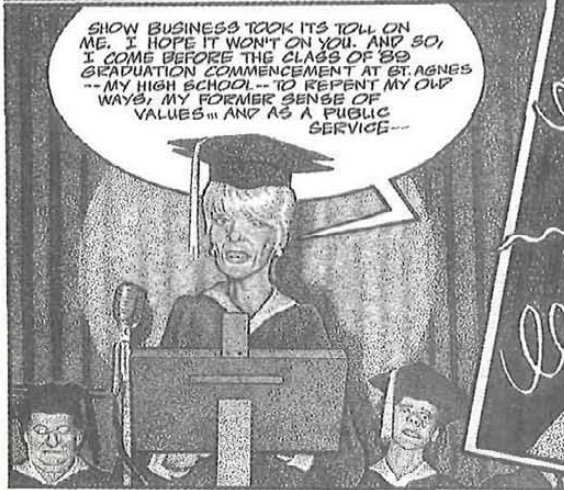
WHEN THAT SNOOP ADAMS AND THE MERRY MAILMAN FOUND ME, I TURNED UP THE TV AND WOULDN'T LET 'EM IN. LAST TIME, HE WANTED TO PUT ME IN A SANITARIUM.

OPEN THE DOOR, JOEY!
...YOU CAN SHUT YOUR FRIENDS OUT WITH THE SOUND OF A TV, BUT NOT THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW... ALL YOU HAVE ON YOUR SIDE ARE A LAWYER'S BRIEF AND YOUR FATHER'S PRAYERS...



I HAVE RECEIVED THE WORD OF CARDINAL O'CONNOR THAT HIS PEOPLE WILL LOOK AFTER YOU. THAT SUPPORT IS BEING OFFERED NOW. TAKE IT. TRUST US. TRUST HIM. THE CHURCH HAS DEALT WITH PROBLEMS OF THIS KIND BEFORE... WE'LL ALL PULL TOGETHER TO HELP LEGALLY, MORALLY, FINANCIALLY... WE ONLY WANT YOU TO BE THE HEALTHY, HAPPY, WONDERFUL, GOOD, LOVING JOEY WE ALWAYS KNEW... YOUR CAREER IS NOT OVER. YOUR LIFE IS NOT OVER. FAMOUS PEOPLE WHO HAVE HAD SIMILAR PROBLEMS HAVE HIDDEN THEM OUT-- GIVE US A SHOT, JOEY. GO WITH THE PEOPLE WHO LOVE YOU.

JOEY, JOEY, JOEY-- GOLDEN, BLOND, BLUE-EYED SUIT QUEEN OF THE CAMELOT YEARS. YOU ONCE OFFERED HOPE IN AMERICA. OH, WHERE DID YOU GO WRONG? I'LL TELL YA WHERE, CHARLIE.



SHOW BUSINESS TOOK ITS TOLL ON ME. I HOPE IT WON'T ON YOU. AND SO, I COME BEFORE THE CLASS OF '88 GRADUATION COMMENCEMENT AT ST. AGNES-- MY HIGH SCHOOL-- TO REPENT MY OLD WAYS, MY FORMER SENSE OF VALUES AND AS A PUBLIC SERVICE--



END

23 Ways to Be Offensive at the Funeral of Someone You Didn't Like

by Ed Bluestone

1. Offer \$10,000 to the person who can draw the best moustache on the deceased.
2. Stick peace-sign decals all over the coffin.
3. Congratulate the deceased's parents on outliving him.
4. Listen to the baseball game on a transistor radio and react loudly to every pitch.
5. Start telling the widow an old army story about you, the deceased, and two girls in Shanghai.
6. Keep asking everyone if they saw the previous evening's Johnny Carson show.
7. Keep remarking that you're having a good time, but Louis Armstrong did have Peggy Lee at his funeral.
8. Stand around at the cemetery saying, "At least now he'll no longer be tormented over being impotent."
9. Tell everyone that they can either stay at the funeral or come over to your house and see something terrific involving a belly dancer and a Great Dane.
10. Stand up at the funeral service and announce that you've purchased a new car.
11. Show up at the cemetery in swim trunks, diving mask, and flippers and announce that you're going swimming right after the funeral.
12. Show up at the cemetery with your Doberman pinscher, and just as the casket is being lowered have him play dead.
13. Walk up to the casket and start comparing the size of the deceased's clothes to your own.
14. Stay home and call the funeral parlor saying that the deceased has just won the state lottery, but since he's dead the money goes to the Defense Department.
15. Immediately after the eulogy, stand up and propose to the widow.
16. Tell the clergyman that the deceased was a vampire and ask if you can drive a stake through his heart.
17. Pass out baby pictures of the deceased.
18. Shake the widow's hand with an electric buzzer.
19. Have representatives of the eye bank show up, say they're too late, and demand the widow's eyes.
20. Show up at the cemetery masqueraded as the deceased.
21. Show up at the cemetery masqueraded as the widow and claim that she's a phony.
22. On the way home from the cemetery, tell the widow that you're not sure, but you think that you saw the body move.
23. The day after the funeral, send the widow a candygram from the deceased.

Reprinted from the January 1973
issue.



party lines!

by Dave Hanson

People Who've Already Called 911 and Are Still Waiting for the Ambulance to Come



Hi, my name is Edna. My contact lens rolled back behind my eyelid and through my brain until it occluded my primary cerebral artery and now I'm convulsing like popcorn.

I'm Ron and my foot's stuck in the lawn mower and I can't reach the off switch.

Hey, you sound cute. Wanna get together if you survive?

Feed some more of your leg into it. Just shave it down, like you were sticking it in a pencil sharpener, and shimmy down till you can reach the switch.

Did you ever look at blood puddles like they were Rorschach blots, and your subconscious reaction to them is what actually controls your reaction to an emergency?

970-
HARMED

If you've got knobby knees, maybe the mower will choke on them and stop.

I'm a hemophiliac and a train just sawed me in half. It's kind of cool seeing my legs over there but I'm getting worried because I don't know which half of me will bleed to death first. If you were me, would you swallow the coagulant or use it as a supposit—

I can't believe that bitch with the chest pains already got an ambulance, and I'm here with an exploded pancreas for forty-five minutes and nothing.

Aaaaaaaagggggggghhhhhh!



Gossipy Beverly Hills Gynecologists

970-STIRRUPS

“Ever work a Gabor sister? I swear they got divorced more often than they wash their snatches.

It doesn't matter how often they wash if they're root redheads. Bette Midler practically wilted my speculum.

You want a stencher? Put a Pap on Ally Sheedy sometime. My eyes were watering.

Ally Sheedy? That sweet one who did The Breakfast Club?

Like a hot closet full of grouper. And I can prove it. I saved the glove.

I bet she at least wipes her ass. Demi Moore doesn't.

I'd be happy to wipe it for her.

Hey, is Roger from Wilshire Boulevard on the line? He says he kept Ann Jillian's tits.

I kept Nancy Reagan's.

That's disgusting.”



Nose Picker Party Line

970-GREENWELL

“I had a nosebleed during the night and my snot feels like the bakod-on stuff in the bottom of an oven.

I'm calling from my car phone and the worst thing just happened. I was at a red light and I pulled out a nice booger but the last half-inch was wet and slinky, like a slightly more viscous snail trail, and got goosed to my nail. It was gross so I chiggid it, but I can't find it now and I'm a realtor with an important client coming in the car in five minutes.

At least you got a booger. You ever hear of a hysterical pregnancy, where it's all imagination? I think I got a hysterical booger, miles up there. I dig and dig, I feel like a Bedouin wandering the desert. People who are constipated and non-orgasmic get all the credit for being frustrated, but let me tell you, this is tough too.

You need a hooked finger. I busted my pinkie in a car door and now I can dig out anything.”

People Calling from Pay Phones Because Their Families Made Them Go Outside to Smoke

970-NICOTINE

“I'm Ed and I'm at a family reunion. After thirty-two years of smoking my aunt Gertrude decides she's allergic to it, so I have to stand in the street with crackheads.

I'm Valerie and it's so great to talk to someone who still likes to smoke.

Are you regular or menthol?

Regular. Hundred-millimeter. Mmmm—mmm, this tastes good. You?

Non-filter. To me, smoking a cigarette with a filter is like kissing a woman's breasts when she's wearing a flannel nightgown.

How about when you go to a restaurant and you spend eighty bucks on dinner and they won't let you smoke?

Or when you make love and afterward your partner makes you go outside for your cigarette.

My mother won't even let me smoke on the damn porch, she thinks it'll stink up her precious wicker. It's fucking fourteen degrees out.

Hey, you have a cute cough, I'd like to meet you.”



Peeping Tom Party Line

970-BINOCULARS

“My name's Bob and I need a favor. I'm stuck in a hotel room with a view of the goddamn ocean and nothing else. Any of you guys got anything you could tell me about?

I got this incredible blonde, really great ass, right across the courtyard. She's drying off after a shower, and there must be a draft in the room. . . . Ooh, I'm getting so hard. . . .

Sorry, blondes don't do anything for me. Anybody got a brunette with long legs?

I got a sunbather, she looks Latin, great body in a tiny little bikini—

No bathing suits. I hate tan lines.

I can vouch for the fact that the brunette I'm watching has no tan lines. Shoulder-length brown hair, big brown eyes and lashes, long strong thighs and calves, a tight butt. . . . I'm staring at him across the hall, through the bars of my cell. . . .”



Catty Waiter Party Line

970-SNIPPY

“My name is Erik and I can't believe Ron Perlman got his own series. I worked with that rabbit-face at a bistro in Venice and he couldn't even bus!

It's Theresa Russell who has me mad as hell. That bitch was nothing until she met Nicolas Roeg at a party when he was fresh off a nasty break-up, and blew him down to the root before the first magnum of Dom was gone. Yeah, I really wonder why she gets work.

My name is Morgan and it's that snatch Laurelee Bell on The Young and the Restless who gets my goat. That bitch would be at some corn college if her daddy didn't own the show.

My name is Christopher and I get so mad I could hiss bullets when I think of how much more I could have done with that Rocky IV script than Stallone did. And Scott Baio steams my vegetables too! If that worm gets one more project I'm gonna rip all my hair out.”



People Who Are Sick of Cher

970-CHERNOBYL

“I'm so glad I have someone to talk to about how much I hate her. So many people at work and my friends just wanna like exalt her and talk about how thin she is and I just hate the old snapper.

It's one thing to fuck someone twenty years younger than you, but it's another to do it in public.

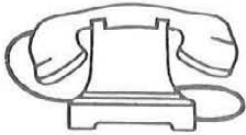
Why doesn't she just go off somewhere and age with dignity?

It's those outfits. I don't know if she's a whore or a buffoon.

What a shameful waste of a perfectly good vagina she is.

Jane Fonda gets all the accolades for being the most nervegrating cunt in Hollywood, but it's high time Cher started getting some recognition.”





Séance Party Line

970-SEPULCHER

“ Whooooo! I'm the ghost of Mrs. Muir! Hee-hee-hee!

Get off the line, you phony crackpot!

Whooooooo, it's me, Napoleon, and if you can't hear me too well it's because I'm not tall enough to reach the pay phone!

Hey! Get off the line! This party is for real ghosts!

Like meeeeeee, the ghost of Alexander Graham Bell. Hey, the reception on this phone is great! Ha-ha-ha!

Out of here, asshole! ”



Fathers Left Alone with the Baby for the First Time and Having Trouble with Diapering Party Line

970-POOPOO

“ Wait. So you're saying the Velcro straps don't go around his neck?

Oh my God, it's true. It does look like mustard.

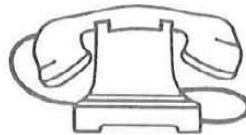
Spicy brown.

But it tastes like guacamole.

Do I just change the diaper or do I have to wipe the poop out of the ass crack too?

Wipe it out, and enjoy it.

This makes me feel like a pervert. ”



970-COMING SOON!

Homeless on Cordless Party Line

Jewish Party Line (Operates only after 11:00 P.M. and on weekends)

People Who Spend All Their Time Speculating on Whether Celebrities Have Had Plastic Surgery Party Line

Socially Unacceptable Breath Party Line

People Who Believe They Are More Qualified Than Ric Ocasek to Be Paulina Porizkova's Lover Party Line

Deaf-Mute Party Line

Freshly Arrested People Who Are Entitled to One Phone Call but Don't Know What to Do with It Party Line

Oat Bran Lifestyle Party Line

... CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60



OH, WOW! LIKE I FEEL SUCH INTENSE LOVE FOR EVERY MAN, WOMAN, CHILD, ANIMAL, PLANT, INSECT, MICROBE, AND INORGANIC MATTER IN THE ENTIRE, INFINITE UNIVERSE. EVEN COCKROACHES.

WHAT A GROOVY THOUGHT! I MEAN, I CAN TASTE THAT THOUGHT!

BUT THAT'S LIKE MAKING DIVISIONS, MAN. I AM EVERY MAN, WOMAN, CHILD, ANIMAL, PLANT, INSECT, MICROBE, AND INORGANIC MATTER IN THE UNIVERSE. LIKE, IT'S ALL ONE, MAN. CAN YOU DIG IT?

MAN, IF WE COULD HAVE JUST SHARED THIS SHIT WITH DENG, HE NEVER WOULD HAVE BUMMED OUT ON ALL THOSE STUDENTS!

TAKE IT, IT'S COOL, IT'S A LOW DOSE. BY THE TIME WE GET TO THE PARTY ON PAGE 85, YOU'LL BE PEAKING.

I MEAN EVERY MOLECULE, EVERY ATOM JUST WANTS TO GET OFF. IT'S ALL SEXUAL! THAT'S THE LANGUAGE OF THE COSMOS.

WOW, I CAN SEE WITH MY EYES CLOSED!

EVEN THE MOLECULES OF MY DIAPHRAGM? WOW, THAT'S HEAVY.

HOW 'BOUT A HIT OF OWSLEY'S FINEST BLOTTER?

JANE FONDA'S EMOTIONAL WORKOUT

INCLUDES:
*High-Impact
Divorce!*



Prologue

Family, friends, career—you *can* lose it all!
 This is *not* just another book written by a rapidly aging crone tossed aside for a younger, more vital woman.
 True, his face resembled a madras shirt. He read *National Review* in bed. Yes, he was hung like a gerbil.
 But that's another story. I must have been

born to suffer, and damned if I'm not going to take you *all* with me.
 Are you ready for the agony, the recriminations, the self-pity and bitterness, the goodbye kiss from a .38 police special?
 Let's go!

IT'S TIME TO GET STARTED.

PREPARING FOR YOUR WORKOUT

1. Throw his clothes on the lawn.
 2. COMMIT YOURSELF TO TAKING YOURSELF TOO SERIOUSLY.
 3. Dwell on mistakes! Begin each day by listing your greatest failure!
 4. Try to associate with negative people—it really works!
 5. A "soft-drug caddy" keeps your sleeping pills, Thorazine, and melon liqueurs neatly organized.
 6. Considering voodoo? Try to sacrifice "natural" or "free-range" chickens raised on organically grown, unadulterated grains.*
 7. Shut the garage door. Leave the motor running.
 8. I'm so cold. There goes a siren. Everybody seems so happy and I am so alone.
- *Thanx and a tip o' the pentacle to SEAN YOUNG, Hollywood, Calif.!



Never leave the table. Take it with you!

JUST ONE MORE THING...

Do you know that our old-growth timber is being ruthlessly harvested, while the spotted owl is on the verge of extinction? That the most far-reaching concern we face is what is referred to as "global warming"? Even in America, many Appalachian homes are not wired for cable...
 Oh, fuck them.
 Who cares?

YOUR WORKOUT OUTFIT

AP/Wide World



You'll want to wear something comfortable. Roomy. Something you won't have to change out of for months at a time.
 The valiant Vietcong taught me the value of utilitarian clothing. And camouflage doesn't show the tears!

Warm-Up

Purpose: To prolong a mirthless existence.
Music: It's not worth lifting the tone arm onto the record.

One FETAL ROLL-UPS



1. Bring arms and legs together. (These two movements are done to one count.)
2. Hold for 30 days.

Two WHAT-DID-I-EVER-SEE-IN-HIMS



1. Chin down, head in hands, stare vacantly.



2. Think: Somewhere, people are laughing at me.*
 *Attitude is all-important!

Three MASCARA RUNS



1. Stand with arms straight and held in front of you. Look into mirror.



2. See yourself at age 80. Alone.

Low-Impact Separation

Purpose: To avoid spending the rest of your life, under heavy sedation, in some state-run snake pit.

Music: Judy Garland—"The Man That Got Away"
Frank Sinatra—"No One Cares"
Bonnie Raitt—"Three Time Loser"
Paul Simon—"Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover"
The Ramones—"Fuck You All"

One KICKING-IN-THE-TV-SCREEN-HE-USED-TO-KEEP-HIS-EYES-GLUED-TO'S



1. Fists clenched, lift your right knee out to the side. Knee is bent and lifted to hip height, thigh parallel to televised baseball.



2. Exhale as leg shatters glass.*

*WARNING! Do not destroy set while Jim Palmer is on the screen!

Two HEAD-UP-YOUR-ASSES



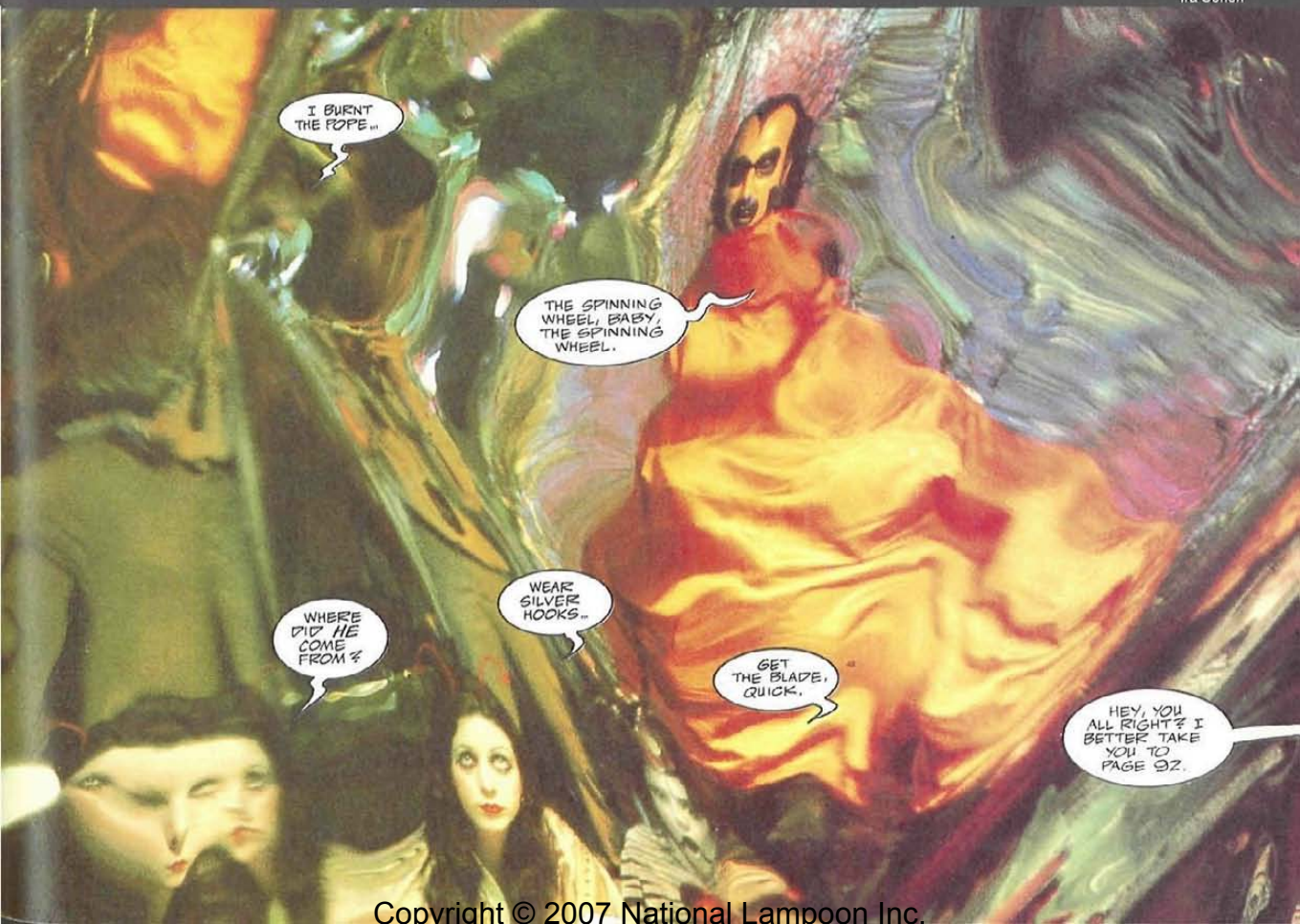
1. Walk your hands way out in front of you. Drop your head forward, and roll down one vertebra at a time.



2. Shake hands with your colon.

... CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

Ira Cohen



I BURN
THE POPE...

THE SPINNING
WHEEL, BABY,
THE SPINNING
WHEEL.

WHERE
DID HE
COME
FROM?

WEAR
SILVER
HOOKS...

GET
THE BLADE,
QUICK.

HEY, YOU
ALL RIGHT? I
BETTER TAKE
YOU TO
PAGE 92.



1. Decide to have your separation handled by one of the most esteemed members of the American Bar Association. Or: Retain Marvin Mitchelson.



2. Try to keep his hands, mottled with age, off your breasts.

High-Impact Divorce

Purpose: They shoot husbands, don't they?

Music: The Statler Brothers—"I'll Go to My Grave Lovin' You"

Lou Reed—"Heroin"

The Fugs—"Kill for Peace"

Julie Brown—"The Homecoming Queen's Got a Gun"

Leonard Cohen—"Death of a Ladies' Man"

Ha Ha HA HA HA HA

Let's face it—there's no "graceful" way to have a nervous breakdown. The thing to do right at the start is to set a clear goal for your-

self. Are you trying to kill other people, or yourself?

I gave him the best years of my life. Now I'm giving him half of sixty million dollars? Ha ha. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

Even if you've never killed, think of it as a *learning experience*. Watching blood splatter onto the walls in patterns so random, yet so *right*... maybe there *is* a God, after all.

DID YOU KNOW

—that you can build your own swords, scabbards, blowguns, nunchakus, and sharpened metal fingernails?

—that mastery of the garrote and crossbow is an excellent way to develop high self-esteem?

—that I'm ready to fucking *snap*—like a dry twig?

AND ONE MORE THING...

May his guts rot in hell.

One BURNING BEDS



1. Extend your ex's arms and legs, weight evenly distributed, and tie him securely to the bed.



2. Help make this midlife crisis his last!

Two LEATHERFACES



1. Keeping your back flat and legs bent, "pulse" your chain saw downward in a series of little bounces. *Feel the pump!*



2. So that's what a pancreas looks like.

REMEMBER: No pain, no *terrible aching loss* that must be avenged!

Cool-Wayyy-Downs

Purpose: I love the smell of napalm. It smells like defeat.

Music: The Doors—"The End"

Every Woman's Guide to Fast-Acting Poisons

Ending it all? The following poisons are all-natural, and practically cholesterol-free:

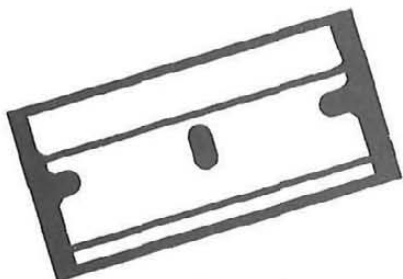
Curare.

Saxitoxin—faster-acting, and more potent!

Tetrodotoxin—deadly nerve poison of the Ninjas!

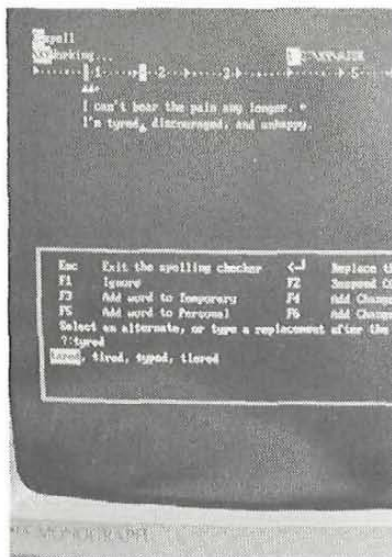
Ricin—no known antidote!

If you want to learn about the deadly alkaloids that can be derived from wolfsbane, the yew tree, and the tung-oil tree, watch for my upcoming volume, *Jane Fonda's Dying Without Dignity*.



Weak Point Training

Arteries need a lot of stimulation to dilate, so don't be afraid to make them really burn.



Fun Facts About Falling Apart

Advances in technology have made it easier than ever to leave a suicide note on your PC or word processor. Try DieWrite, which offers spell checking and a spreadsheet that lets you see across an entire life without scrolling back and forth.

Did you ever jump from a high building, puncture several of your inner organs, but not die? Talk about a relationship on the rebound!

If you're a college-educated single white woman over forty, your chances of marriage are about as good as being shot by a terrorist!

Why not go through your neighbor's medicine chest—right now?.

9-1-1!
9-1-1!

One SYLVIA PLATHS (or HEAD-IN-OVENS)



Starting position: On your hands and knees, weight evenly distributed, gas on.



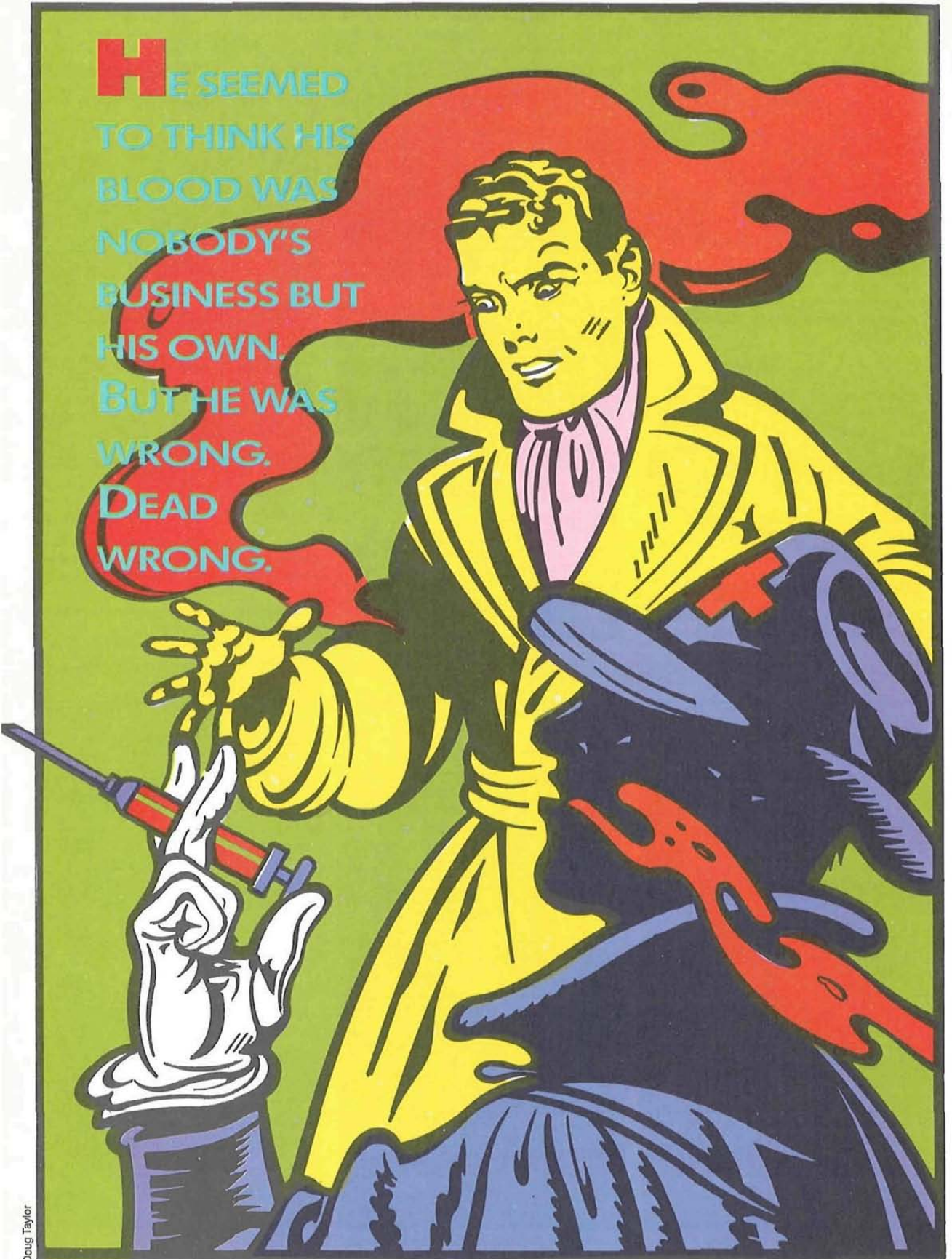
Remember: Breathing makes the difference.

Two JANE OF ARCS



JUST DO IT!

HE SEEMED
TO THINK HIS
BLOOD WAS
NOBODY'S
BUSINESS BUT
HIS OWN.
BUT HE WAS
WRONG.
DEAD
WRONG.



The Further Adventures of Drew Blood, Private Phlebotomist

You can't be too careful in my line of work.

Sure, most of the time it's a slow Studebaker down Dull Boulevard. But let your guard down for a second and you'll find yourself with three inches of cool hypodermic planted deep in your cerebral cortex and a kind of goofy look in your eyes.

But I'd still risk that kind of bum rap to the predicament I'd found myself in. The truth was, I needed a job. I needed a lot of things, actually—back rent, a new pair of shoes, the strong, hard touch of a Marlboro man. . . .

Yeah, I was in need, all right. But I wasn't sure I needed what walked into my office that purple October night.

I'd been watching the paint on my wall peel when I looked up and saw him silhouetted in the office doorway—a long, cool drink of water with wavy black hair and legs that wouldn't quit, and why would they want to? He was all done up in clothes that Ralph Lauren had put his name on, and was wearing a pale peach ascot that set off his eyes like diamonds in a cornfield. But these weren't eyes you'd find in Kansas. These were Rodeo Drive eyes, back-of-the-limousine eyes, how-you-gonna-keep-them-down-on-the-farm-after-they've-seen-Paree eyes. . . .

**MAKE A FIST,
MY LOVELY**

by Richard Boler

"Let me guess," I said. "The Avon Lady."

He smirked, blew a cloud of smoke in my direction—which struck me as odd because he wasn't smoking—and sauntered into the office.

"You Mr. Blood?" he said huskily.

"My friends call me Drew," I said.

"Got anything to drink around here, Drew?"

"You seem to have misspoke. I said my friends call me Drew."

If that got to him, I couldn't tell. He sat down in the chair on the other side of my desk and looked around the office. His nostrils made a funny little twitching movement, like they'd just smelled something small and wet and dead. It was probably that otter in my wastebasket, but I wasn't about to tell him that.

"I'm still thirsty," he said.

I took a bottle of Catawba Pink and two smudged glasses out of the desk drawer and poured us both three fingers' worth.

I threw mine back in one gulp. "What can I do for you, Mr. . . .?"

"St. Croissant. Duane St. Croissant."

"Gee, now isn't that funny," I said. "Somehow I had a feeling it wasn't going to be Barney Rubble."

He didn't say anything—he just wrapped those wet lips around the glass rim, and the wine ran up the sides to meet them.

"I need some blood work done on somebody," he said. "That's what you do, isn't it?"

"I do favors sometimes for people, yeah," I said. "Why don't you tell me about it?"

St. Croissant stood up and walked to the window. He looked out of it as he spoke.

"His name's Danny Manetti. We tripped the light fantastic for a couple of months a few years ago. He's a big, dumb, crazy kid, Mr. Blood. I guess you could say I loved him. I guess you could say a lot of things. Anyway, I wanted to settle down, start a Pekingese ranch out on the edge of town. But Danny. . ."

He spit out what might have been a laugh, or what might have been a phlegmy congestion somewhere deep in his soul.

"I finally broke it off the third time I caught him in bed with some other guy. And that was that. A few months later, I met someone else. A woman."

I had the feeling he was trying to shock me, but I played it cool.

"Do you know anything about being poor, Mr. Blood?" he said, still looking out the window. "I don't mean down-on-your-luck poor. I mean dirt poor, Roscane Barr poor. Well, I do.

"This woman. . . she fell in love with me. She didn't care what I had done in my life, or who I'd done it with. And let's just say that she offered me a certain. . . material

security. So I married her."

He turned to me when he said that, his eyes flashing. "You don't approve?"

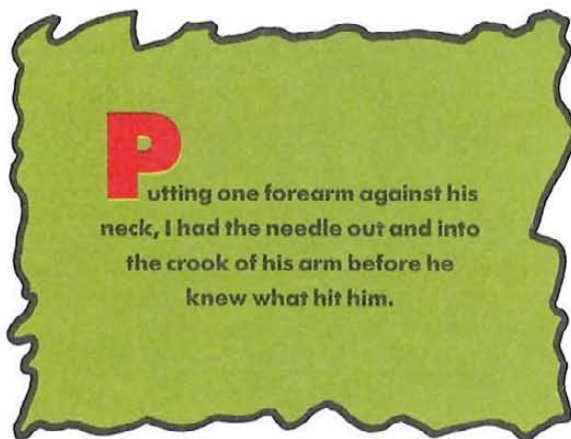
"There's a lot of things I don't approve of, pal," I said evenly. "Brut deodorant, professional wrestling, earth tones. . . that kind of thing. Mostly, though, I try my best not to judge people. If a guy wants to jump in the sack with some broad, that's no sweat off my pecker. Just don't expect me to stand up and yell 'Bravo.'"

"You're one hard-boiled homo, mister," he said.

"Don't sweet-talk me, Louise," I shot back. "Just keep singing your sordid little tune."

He went back to looking out the window.

"I ran into Danny on the street yesterday. I hadn't seen him in years, and. . . he didn't look so good. Danny was always into lift-



ing weights when I knew him. That was his thing. You know the type. . ."

Unfortunately, I did.

"I was shocked by how. . . thin he was. And peaked. He told me that there was nothing wrong with him, that he'd never felt better. But. . ."

"But you're not so sure. You want a workup on this Manetti character, to make sure he hasn't got anything. Or more to the point, to make sure that you didn't get anything from him. I get the picture."

"All right," he said, taking a faded snapshot of Manetti out of his coat pocket. "But I'd like it back when you're through."

I put the snapshot in my breast pocket.

"By the way," I said, "I get fifty dollars a day plus lab expenses, plus all the Brie I can eat."

"Money's no problem," he said.

"That's right," I said. "It's no money that's a problem."

I stood up and offered him my hand. "Come back tomorrow. I should have something for you by then."

We shook hands. He didn't want to let go.

"A man like you makes me kind of sorry I ever got married," he purred.

I could feel something in me stir. Something dark and low. Something long and

moist and fleshy. Something very sensitive to cold lake water.

I had no doubt I could get lost in this guy's chest hairs for a couple of days. But an alarm clock in my gut told me to back off. St. Croissant, I knew, was trouble—the kind of guy who would play Nerf basketball with some chump's heart just because there wasn't anything good on Cinemax that night. I pulled my hand away.

"Go tuck in your wife, buster," I said.

He let out a throaty little laugh, and then he was gone.

I had a pretty good idea where I'd find this Danny Manetti. I got a fresh needle out of the safe and packed it into my shoulder holster. I put a tourniquet and a pair of rubber gloves—Sanitex No. 12's—into my coat pocket and smoothed things down.

I was almost out the door when I went back and, on a hunch, packed an extra pair of No. 12's.

I had a feeling that this one might get a little messy.

I found Danny Manetti in a leather bar downtown called the Skin N' Head Club. It was the kind of place that rich guys dropped into after midnight, after their wives were back home asleep with curlers in their hair, and the guys started remembering how interesting those L.L. Bean long-underwear catalogs seemed in retrospect.

At the bar, I ran into O'Callahan from County Health, which is where I used to work about a thousand years ago. I guess you could say we didn't like each other much.

"Well, look who's here," he sneered. "The boy bloodsucker."

"Hey, O'Callahan, you got some potato on your face," I said. "Or is that your face?" "Har de har," he said. "Still slumming, I see."

I ordered a peach wine cooler straight up from the bartender and turned to face the room.

I spotted him right away, sitting at a table laughing it up with some teddy boys. Long dark lashes and curly hair. A granite chin and teeth that were too bright for the room.

He was a little *trop* Tom Selleck for my taste, but then again, I wasn't in it for the romance.

With guys like Manetti, I knew, it's best to use the direct approach. I walked over and sat down on his lap.

"Hi, Popeye," I said. "Want some spinach?"

That got me a lot of hoots and hollers. Manetti winked broadly at his mates. We stood up and, without a word, started to walk upstairs.

Sometimes this job was just too damn easy.

Places like the Skin N' Head Club have little booths upstairs where a couple of

guys can get to know each other in private. That's where he took me.

He locked the door, leaned against it, and faced me with a come-hither look.

"I yam what I yam," he said breathlessly.

Now, there's a lot of ways to get a blood sample. There's the right way that they teach you in medical school, and then there's about a hundred more. I knew them all, and then some.

With chumps like Manetti, it's best not to try to get too cute. I pulled the rubber gloves out of my pocket and put them on. When Manetti saw the tourniquet, his eyes widened.

"Oooh, Doctor!" he said coyly.

That's when I slammed him against the wall. Putting one forearm against his neck, I had the needle out and into the crook of his arm before he knew what hit him.

"Hey!" he yelled. "What the..."

I'll say this for him. He had rich veins. I had the vial full in about five seconds. I pulled out the needle and slapped a wad of cotton over the hole.

"Here, hold this," I told him. "Oh, and you might want to sit down for a while." I hooked my one leg behind both of his and jerked hard. He went down like Madonna on her honeymoon, and just sat there splay-legged with a funny look on his face.

"Thanks for giving, Danny," I said. "I had a lovely time." I threw a blood-donor card into his lap and then got out of there.

Outside, it was raining. I turned my collar up against the night and started walking. Back at the office, I unlocked my lab room and went right to work.

I did four complete series on Manetti's blood, the last one without a controlling agent, just to be sure. Then I did some tests on a few other things. I found what I was looking for.

It was after four when I finished. I turned off all the lights and sat in my desk chair. There was still some Catawba in the bottle, and I finished that off.

I fell asleep to garbage cans clanging their song somewhere far off down the street.

In my dream, I was in a whirlpool with Liberace. He wanted me to try on his pinkie ring, and I kept pushing him away. We struggled, and my head went underwater. Things started spinning, and I could feel myself going down deeper and deeper. . . .

When I snapped awake, it was night again. My shirt was soaked in sweat. It took a while for my eyes to adjust to the light. When they did, I realized I wasn't alone.

"Looks like you've been having a Liberace-in-a-whirlpool dream," my visi-

tor said.

"Hello, Duane," I said. "I've been expecting you."

"I just love watching a man sleep," he said. His eyes had a flat, teasing look, like a stripper with a double mastectomy.

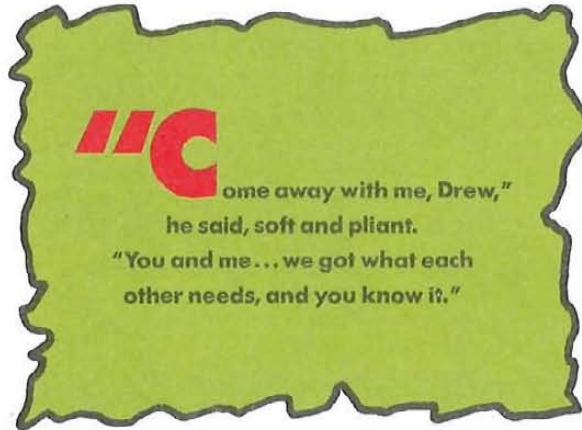
"Yeah, it's divine, isn't it? I found Manetti."

He did a funny little thing with his hair. "And...?"

"And you can rest easy. He's as pure as Ivory soap...although his cholesterol count's a little high for such a young guy."

"Oh, Mr. Blood, I'm so relieved," he said. "You don't know how much this means." He reached into his handbag for a checkbook. "How much do I owe you?"

With the lab work, it came to \$120. He wrote out a check and signed it with a girlish flourish. And then he was up, and put-



ting on his coat. It seemed like he was in a hurry to get out of there.

"One more thing, Duane," I said. "Did you know that besides being a phlebotomist, I have a degree in serology?"

He seemed distracted. "Gee, no, I didn't."

"Yeah. Interesting field, serology. Did you know, for example, that humans secrete an identifiable blood factor into their saliva?"

"Huh! That's fascinating." St. Croissant kept eying the door.

"You see, something kept bothering me about you, Duane," I said. "Most people that come in here want themselves tested, too. It's usually the first thing they ask me. But you never even brought it up. Which told me one of two things: either you didn't care if you had a deadly communicable disease, or you already knew whether you did or not. Either way, why would you be all bent out of shape about Manetti?"

"So I ran a few more tests. Don't worry, it's on the house. But I took that wineglass that you drank from yesterday and got a saliva smear off it. Then I added an anti-serum, looking for certain blood patterns. When I centrifuged the mixtures, a funny thing happened. . . ."

"What are you saying?" he sputtered.

I took out a Camel and lit it, taking a long, hard drag before looking him in the eyes. "My guess is Manetti was already blackmailing you. Somehow he found out about you and was threatening to go to your wife about some nasty little bug you'd given him. And you had to know if he was bluffing or not."

St. Croissant looked like he'd just seen a ghost. Except this ghost wasn't dead, it was very much alive. Which meant that it really wasn't a ghost at all. It was more like this really big, black, mean bear. Except this bear wasn't black. It was white, like a ghost.

"You're lying!" he shouted.

"Science doesn't lie, Duane," I said. "You're a very sick man."

Just then, we heard sirens down below on the street. Flashing lights bathed the room in red.

"What's that?"

"Those are the boys from County Health, Duane. I called them earlier. I have a feeling they're going to want to take you downtown for a little talk."

Just then, he pulled something dark and hard out of his pocket and pointed it at me.

"I'm not going anywhere, Blood."

"The jig's up, Duane. Don't make things any harder on yourself," I said. "And put that Fudgsicle down. You look ridiculous."

He flung the confection to the floor and threw himself into my arms. "Come away with me, Drew," he said, all soft and pliant.

"You and me... we got what each other needs, and you know it."

"I'm not sure I need what you got, pal." I pushed him away just as O'Callahan and two mugs from County Health burst into the room.

"And besides," I told him, "I never date married men."

The County goons cuffed St. Croissant and led him out of the room. O'Callahan and I watched them leave.

"You're lucky I don't report you to the A.M.A., Blood," he said. "You keep sticking your needle where it don't belong, you're gonna get it broke off someday."

"Funny, that's what my mother used to tell me," I said.

"Yeah, well..." He threw his cigarette on the floor and ground it out with his heel. "See you in the funny papers, Blood."

When he left, I looked around the office. It was empty.

Just the way I like it.

I took St. Croissant's check out of my pocket. It occurred to me I'd better hightail it down to the bank and make a night deposit before anybody tried to put a stop-payment on it.

Like I said, you can't be too careful in my line of work. ■

GOOD SPORTS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48)

pursuit. Those with bets down on him groaned and smote their foreheads, shouting terrible curses after Toad.

The remaining three contestants, meanwhile, had not missed a beat. Indeed, Ogre and Fat Daddy appeared to be entering the homestretch. Dumpster, though, still had no hard-on. "You asshole!" he screamed at his dick. Jumping to his feet, he ran full tilt for the stairs. "Nobody come!" he yelled back.

Now it was the Dumpster partisans who evinced dismay, dashing their beer glasses against the walls, hurling verbal abuse after him. The race was down to two. The hands of Fat Daddy and Ogre were blurs. They gritted their teeth, made guttural sounds; sweat ran down their faces. The crowd screamed in near hysteria, Gross Kay right up there with them.

Crazy Ed, however, couldn't get past the size of the thing Fat Daddy was dealing with over there. For him, it was still the chart that mattered, not this Johnny-comelately beat-off shit. And clearly the chart would be meaningless without a reading from Fat Daddy. With a decisive nod, Ed threaded his way through the crowd to where Fat Daddy was, and knelt. Holding up the ruler, he attempted to sight through it like a navigator.

"Hey! Stop that! Get out of there!" yelled Fat Daddy.

"Just hold it still a second, will ya?" Fat Daddy's dick was pitching about violently.

"Get away from me! You're breaking my concentration!"

"Yeah, Ed, get the fuck away from him!" yelled the brothers with bets on Fat Daddy.

"Okay, okay." Ed slumped away to stand by Pinto.

"Did you get a reading?" Pinto asked.

"I think he's off the scale," sighed Ed.

"Look out, look out!" Dumpster reappeared at the foot of the stairs, his arms full of magazines. Barreling through the crowd, he plunked back down on the mattress, grabbed his dick, and began thumbing through a *Gent*. Bosoms and buns flashed before his eyes.

The Dumpster fans came alive. "Yay-yyy!" they cheered. "Come on, big fella!"

But it was too little, too late. Ogre let out a roar and pointed to his dick. Everyone leaned forward. A few milky drops emerged lazily from it and fell on his stomach. Laughing, flushed with victory, he stood and clasped his hands, acknowledging the cheering.

"Well, fuck you," Fat Daddy said to his glowering supporters. "My hand had three times as far to go as his." He stood and walked to the bar, his still-erect member parting the crowd before him. Moodily, he drew a beer. Gross Kay went to stand by him. "That's okay, honey. Guys who finish

last in beat-off races are a *lot* more fun."

Ed sniggered at Ogre. "Masturbate much? You don't even come; you sort of ooze."

Ogre gave him a haughty look. "Do you still have that chart, Ed?"

Ed nodded suspiciously.

"Could I see it, please?"

Ed handed it to him. Ogre calmly wiped his cock off with it and tossed it on the floor.

Thus ended the great Adelpian penis-measuring contest. Ogre's supporters collected their winnings and graciously popped for another keg. The brothers drank and drank, toasting all the contestants and many other persons—Little Richard, Eleanor Roosevelt, Bullwinkle—until the keg kicked around three. Then, a few at a time, they drifted off to take their rest. Finally, only Pinto and Crazy Ed remained.

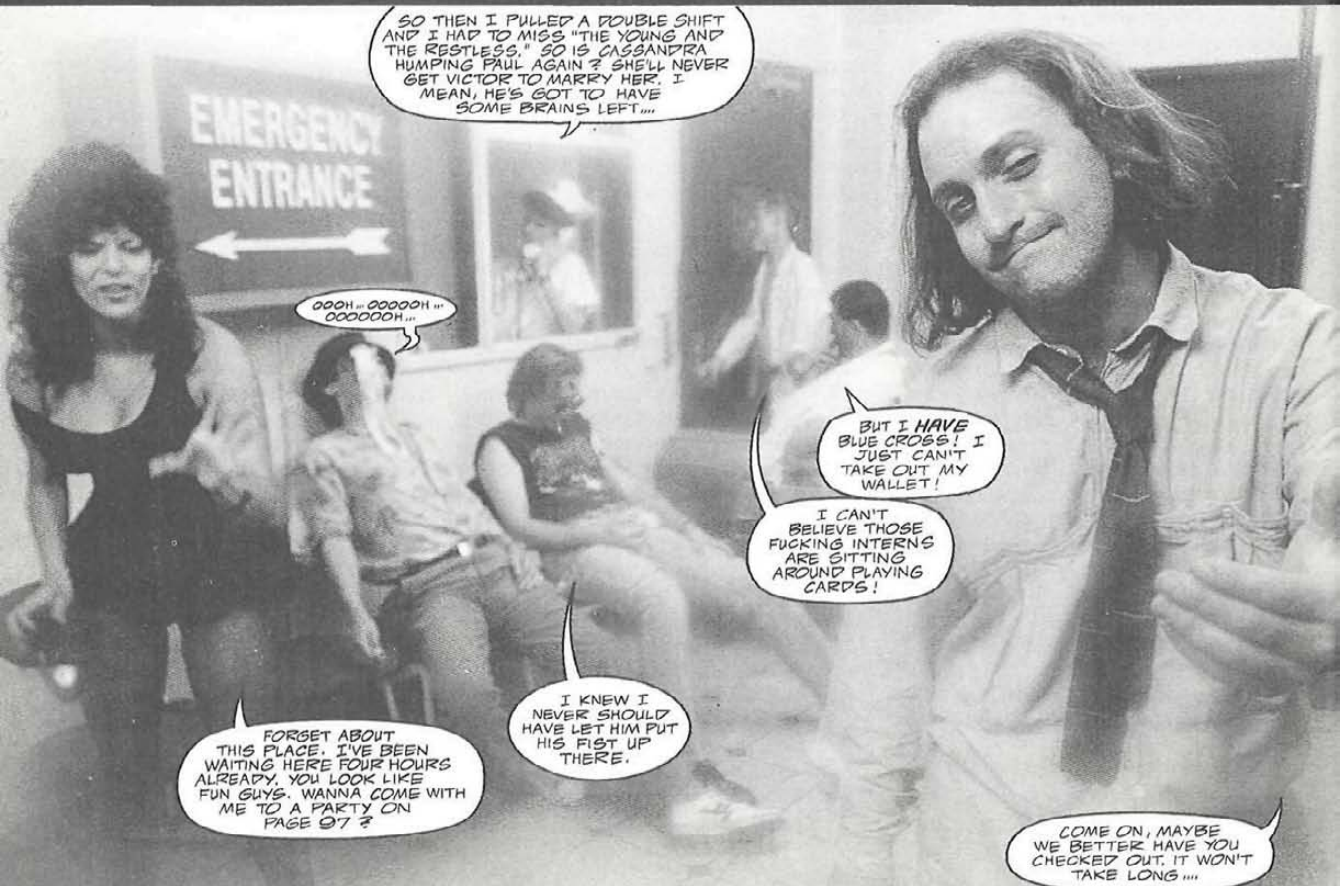
"Fuck it. I'm gonna bed, too," Ed announced.

"Don't forget the clipboard," said Pinto.

"Fuck a stupid thing. Throw it away." Ed made his way to the stairs and was gone.

But Pinto had a better idea. Tearing the chart from the pad, he tacked it to the Adelpian bulletin board. There it remained, proclaiming the brothers' vital statistics for all to see, until Winter Carnival arrived two months later and one of the sophomores took it down so it wouldn't gross out his date. ■

... CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85



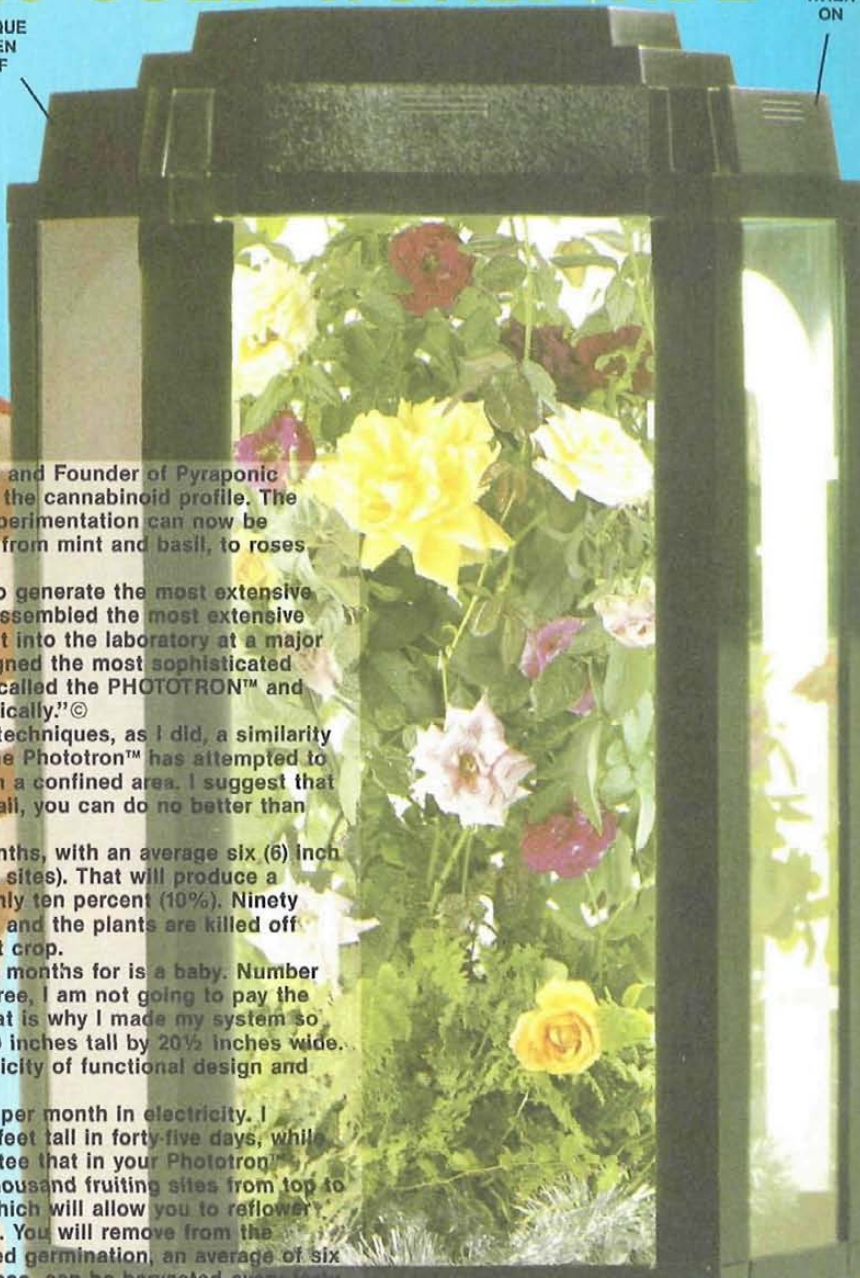
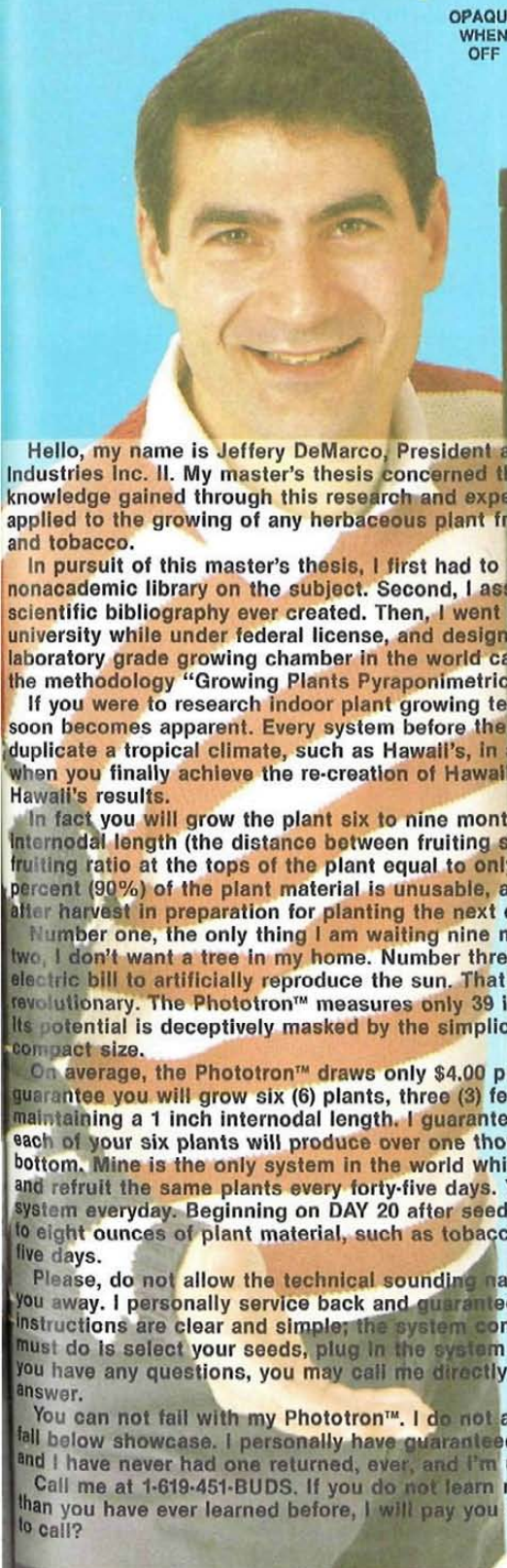
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Hello, my name is Jeffery DeMarco, President and Founder of Pyraponic Industries Inc. II. My master's thesis concerned the cannabinoid profile. The knowledge gained through this research and experimentation can now be applied to the growing of any herbaceous plant from mint and basil, to roses and tobacco.

In pursuit of this master's thesis, I first had to generate the most extensive nonacademic library on the subject. Second, I assembled the most extensive scientific bibliography ever created. Then, I went into the laboratory at a major university while under federal license, and designed the most sophisticated laboratory grade growing chamber in the world called the PHOTOTRON™ and the methodology "Growing Plants Pyraponometrically."©

If you were to research indoor plant growing techniques, as I did, a similarity soon becomes apparent. Every system before the Phototron™ has attempted to duplicate a tropical climate, such as Hawaii's, in a confined area. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do no better than Hawaii's results.

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MARTHA STEWART'S *Entertaining* THE K MART WAY

*F*OR A LONG TIME, I HAVE ENTERTAINED people at my restored eighteenth-century farmhouse in the exclusive Connecticut suburb of Westport. Ranging from elaborate buffets to simple afternoon teas, these events have proved to be special occasions for sharing, not only with my guests, who have been some of the most gifted people from a variety of worlds, but with the wider audience of my books. What has resulted is a simple, natural entertaining style—one that takes its inspiration from simple, natural things, like my orchard, my vineyard, my apiary, my two gardens, my lucrative catering business, and my collection of rare poultry.

However, upon signing an endorsement contract with K mart, I have broadened my horizons considerably, for the communication with K mart's unique audience has been truly mutual. Even as I have shared my experiences of entertaining, I have also learned much from unexpected sources, and I have gained new respect for the entertaining styles of people whom I once considered merely gas station attendants or Hallmark-card-shop clerks.

I now know that one should not only concentrate on country weddings, ethnic-food buffets, or elaborate dinner parties, but also late-night suppers in front of *Saturday Night's Main Event* (hint: try a delicate flower arrangement complementing a colorful Hulk Hogan action figure!) or a gathering for your entire trailer park (abandoned cars are an inventive idea for serving tables). This article details my thoughts based on the interesting, K mart-style experiences that I've learned from.

It is most important to remember that "people make the party." And, just as everyone has shopped at K mart, in the same way your guest list can be just as wide-ranging. Recently, to a fête honoring a promising young composer, I invited Carlo, a stockboy, and his girlfriend, Layla. They set a relaxed, festive note from the first with their matching T-shirts: Layla's "GOOD GIRLS GO TO HEAVEN... BAD GIRLS GO EVERYWHERE!" played counterpoint (as our young composer would have said) to Carlo's "I'M WITH STUPID." We were all surprised by this unexpected idea, and they were the talk of that evening, as well as many subsequent ones.

*N*O MATTER WHAT THE OCCASION, the important thing is to be evocative, to set a unique tone or setting. For example, Darrell, a K mart store manager from Minnesota, planned a party at his lakeside cabin according to the theme "Party till you puke." To enhance that mood, he put plastic-lined garbage containers in every room, even the bedroom.

A good rule is to look around at what you have in your home and feature it. At Westport, I might utilize fresh-picked sunflowers or a recent acquisition from an



Guests from A to Z will be delighted with this soup-to-nuts array of sugar sensations—from the euphonically sweet 'n' chocolaty blend of M&M's and Whoppers mated balls to the jelly bears impaled on cocktail swords to, of course, the platter de résistance, Jell-O avec petits marshmallows—a dessert that is sure to be as gratefully received as it is gelatinous.



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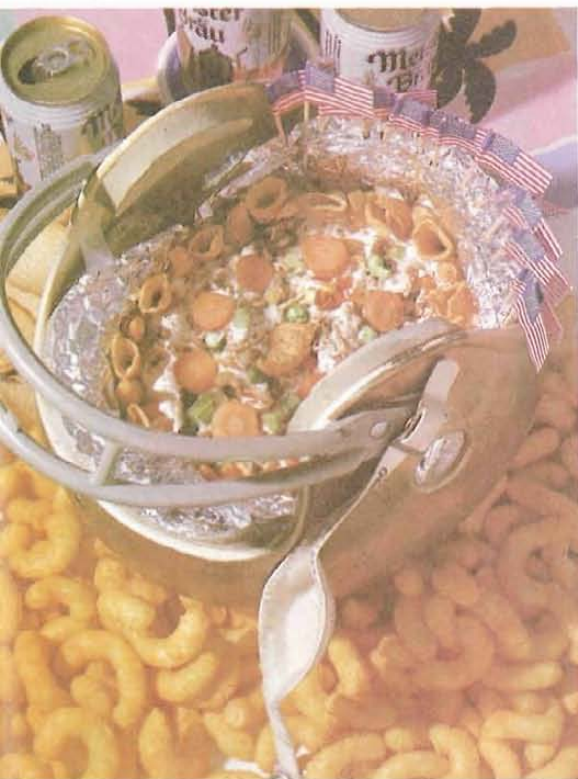
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Appalachian Scallion-Caulk Dip: a rich mix of sour cream, water chestnuts, and crumbled Triscuits, this high-viscosity, flavorful favorite is garnished with plenty of cheese Bugles and carrots and, for that extra-festive touch, presented in a foil-lined athletic helmet. Serve with beer.

antique show. Similarly, Darrell accentuated his collection of hunting equipment by inviting his guests to fire on passing windsurfers. It is these moments of caring (as when Darrell later personally inverted the Swanson dinners he had prepared for us onto a paper plate) that form the basis of fine entertaining.

For larger gatherings, the importance of atmosphere becomes even greater, and I have been happy to discover novel decorating arrangements that instill a K mart ambiance at a variety of affairs. At one of the most memorable, an outdoor trailer-park party I catered for a New York art museum, each trailer served one kind of hors d'oeuvre—Doritos at one, Rice Krispies marshmallow squares at another. When the blue light (installed for this special purpose) flashed at a particular table, the guests would scamper there and devour the particular offering. This easily adaptable idea was great fun and certainly kept the party moving.

FINALLY, THOSE "LITTLE EXTRAS" ADD a lasting statement of thoughtfulness, whether in the form of a centerpiece based on medieval Japanese design or a hand-decorated foam insulator for each individual can of beer. Indeed, entertaining should leave behind memories as brightly colored and enduring as the orange-yellow Cheez Ball coating that lingers on your fingers—souvenirs of entertaining the K mart way.

K mart Dinner Party for Eight

TO CELEBRATE MY ENDORSEMENT contract with K mart, I devised this menu. My guests—including the K mart director of marketing, the K mart Employee of the Year, and a dissident Chinese intellectual—all found the meal colorful and fascinating, for different reasons. The crunchiness of the potato chips forms an interesting contrast to the other dishes.

MENU

- Jell-O Mold Cheez Balls and Dip
 Pork 'n' Beans with Cocktail Hot Dogs Potato Chips
 Vegetable Medley of Boiled Spinach with Carrot and Celery Sticks
 Twinkies in Hot Log Cabin Syrup
 Meister Bräu Champagne, or White Wine Mixed with 7-Up

... CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97



ON YOUR KNEES, YOU LITTLE SNIVELING WORM! WORSHIP YOUR MISTRESS!

I SAID TAKE ME FOR A RIDE, YOU PUNY LITTLE WORTHLESS SNIVELING WORM!

LICK THIS WHIP, YOU LITTLE MISERABLE SNIVELING WORM!

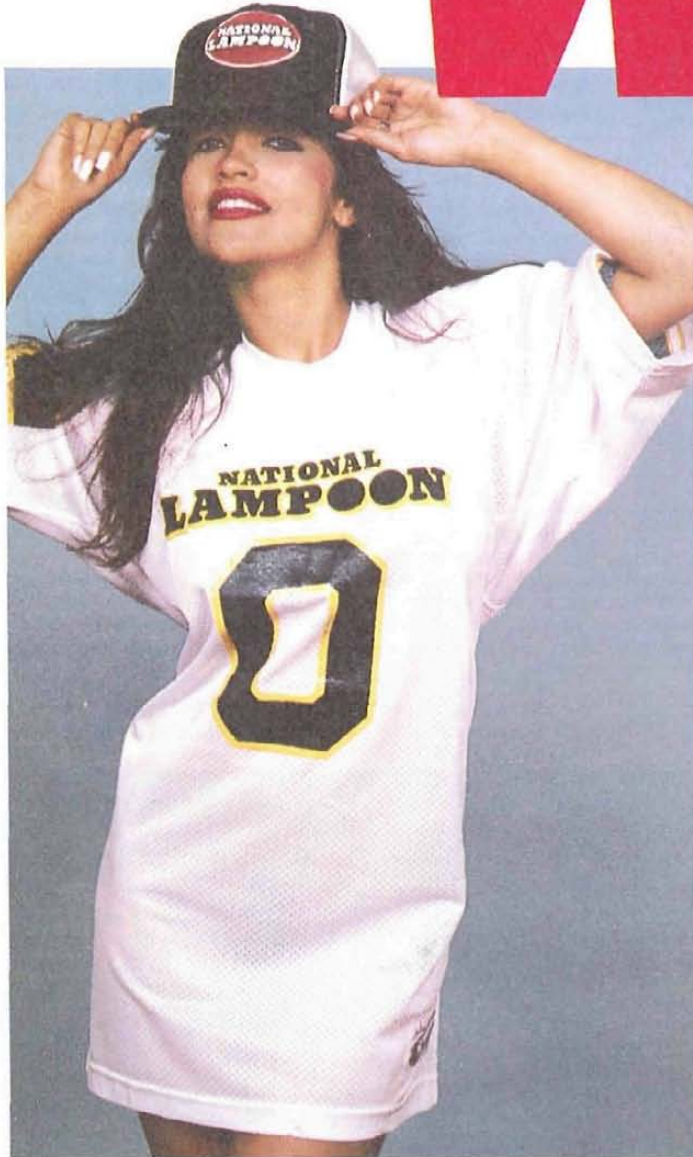
YOU REALLY WANT TO STAY HERE? I MEAN, I'M NO PARTY POOPER, BUT THIS ISN'T REALLY MY SCENE.

YES, MISTRESS.

YES, MISTRESS.

PAGE 102? SURE. LET'S TRY THAT. ANYTHING'S GOT TO BE BETTER THAN THIS PUNGEON.

WEAR



TS 1050—Authentic Football Jersey. 100 percent nylon-mesh authentic football jersey. White. \$26.95

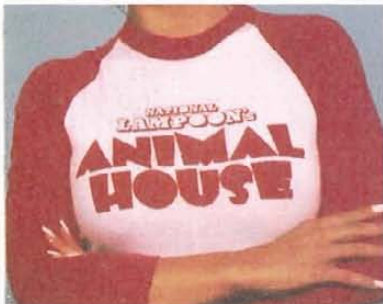
Take a look
at these shirts. Most of the
models don't even have



TS 1049—Authentic Football Jersey. Made of 50 percent nylon plaited / 50 percent cotton. \$20.95



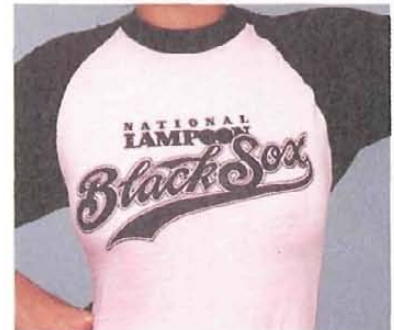
TS 1036—National Lampoon Football Jersey. With the famed V neck covered by persons with triangular heads everywhere. \$13.95



TS 1028—National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Shirt. With 3/4-length sleeves at a 3/4-length price. \$8.00



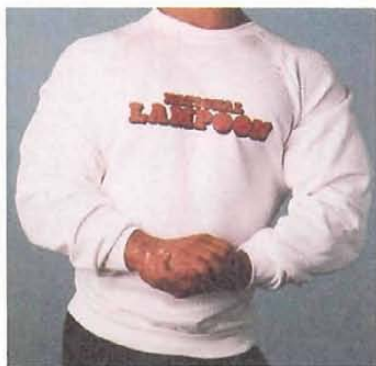
TS 1032—National Lampoon Hat. Sort of like a baseball cap, but better. \$7.95 (see above)



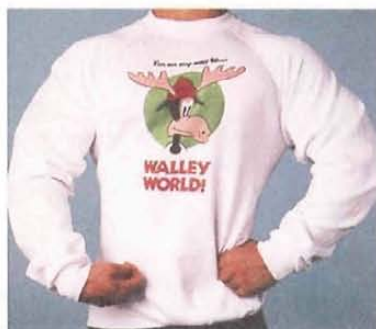
TS 1027—National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Jersey. The kind the 1919 Chicago White Sox wore after they threw the Series. \$8.00

US OUT

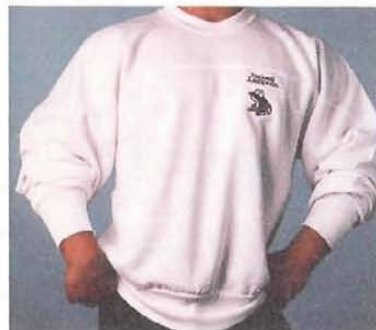
heads, and they *still* look great! Never before has anything so hot been so comfortable.



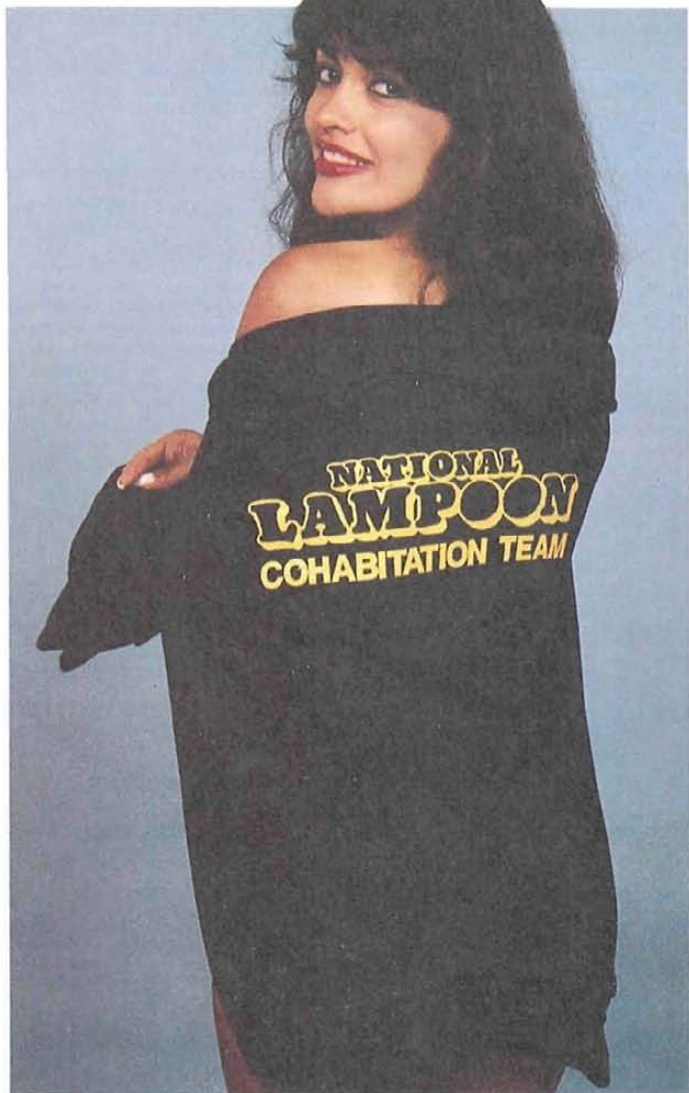
TS 1034—National Lampoon Sweatshirt. Also available in navy with white lettering, and gray with black lettering. \$13.95



TS 1043—National Lampoon's Vacation Sweatshirt. Starring Marty Moose on the front. \$16.95



TS 1064—National Lampoon Sports Sweatshirt. With our internationally renowned double-amputee frog over the left breast. \$22.95



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TS 1045—Acra Hooded Sweatshirt. Made of 50 percent Creslan® acrylic fiber / 50 percent cotton, with hood. \$18.95



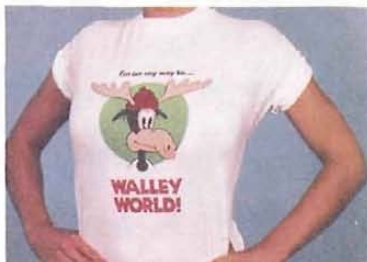
TS 1039—"Save the Frog" Glow-in-the-Dark Sweatshirt. 100 percent cotton. \$12.95



TS1059 — National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt. This time with the Walley World logo. \$7.95
 TS 1044 — Sweatshirt (not shown) \$16.95



TS 1066—True Facts T-shirt. With George Washington on the front, an authentic True Fact on the back. Four different True Facts to choose from! \$10.95



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TS 1053—Oversize Heavyweight T-shirt. Ed Subitzky's risqué comic strip with a great punch line. 100 percent cotton. \$11.95

- (A) WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA—Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister.
 —San Francisco Chronicle
- (B) MANCHESTER, IOWA—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck.
 —Washington Post
- (C) After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks.
 —UMKC University News



TS 1041—"I Got My Job Through the National Lampoon" T-shirt. And you can buy this shirt through the National Lampoon as well. \$6.95



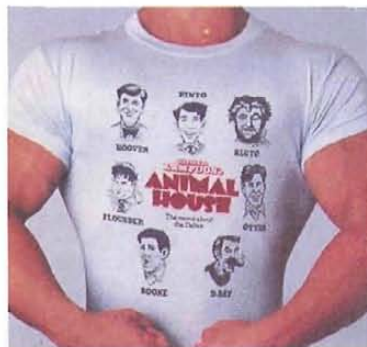
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APPENDIX F
**Editorial, Jerry's Corners
Tribulation**

There's a lot to be proud of in Jerry's Corners, from the beautiful scenery to the friendly people to the rich heritage of culture. And, believe me, when the Shriner minicarsmen go all over the country to perform, *we are proud* to say, "We're from Jerry's Corners!"

But yesterday's disgraceful incident should leave no one proud. There's a bitter taste in the mouth of Jerry's Corners, and only the mouthwash of prosecution can get rid of it. The issue isn't just about protecting property from theft and destruction, which is what our forefathers believed in from the time we met the Indian. After all, we can replace the minicars. But can we restore the good name of Jerry's Corners? *That's* the issue.

Well, I say we can! But it will take strong, but firm, measures. Therefore, we call for swift discovery and sentencing of the young men who caused this black day of shame. We call for show trials so they, too, can feel humiliation. And when the guilty verdict is handed down, we call for creative punishment in the old-fashioned tradition of Jerry's Corners: **BRANDING.**

Let these teens walk around telling the world just who they are! Let's tattoo "IDIOTS" on their foreheads!!!

(The Tribulation welcomes responsible opposing viewpoints.)

IDIOT TEENS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72)

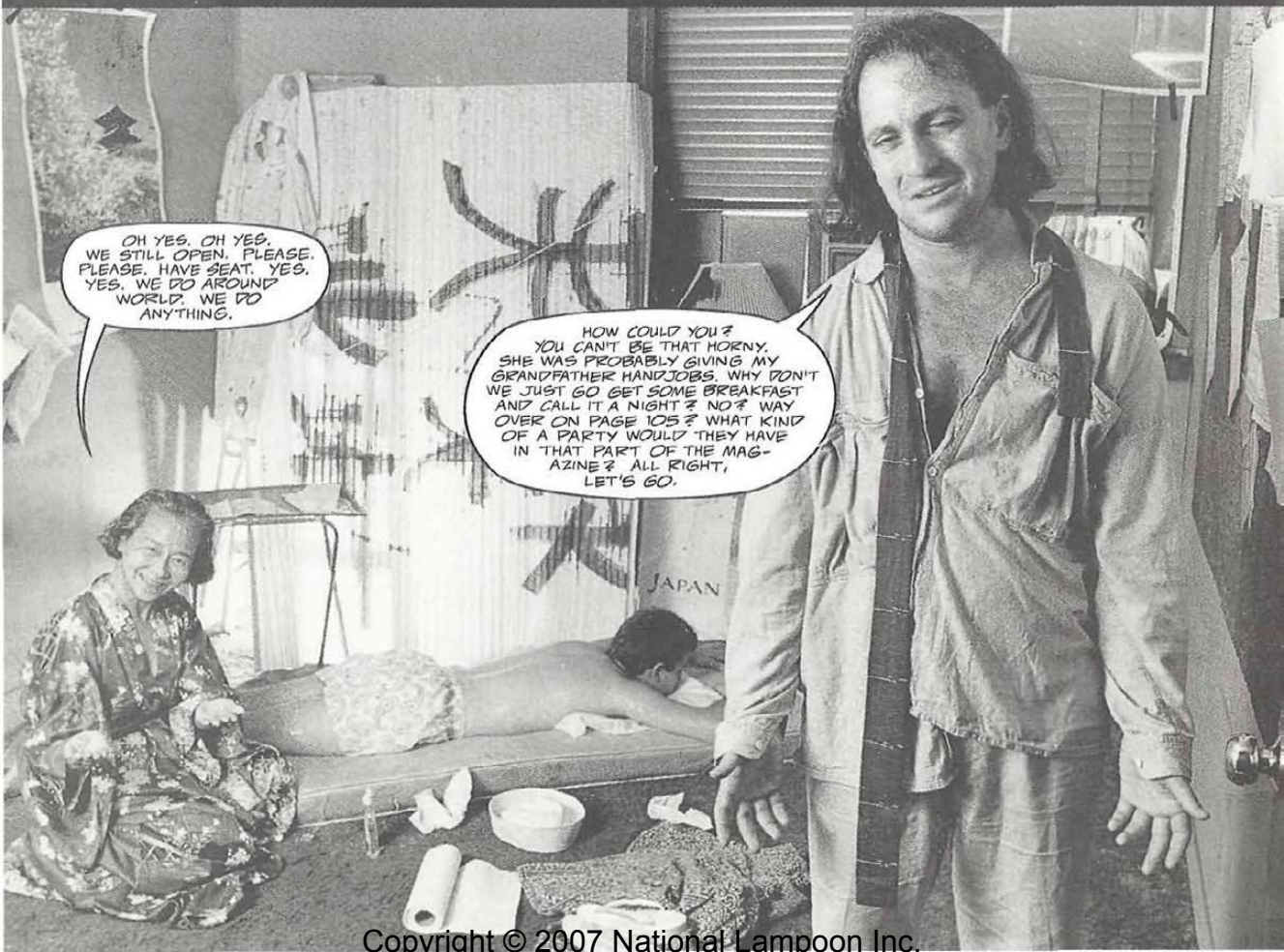
started going full-speed at each other. But they stopped before they actually collided. Some people applauded, so Mayor Barry announced the next formation, "Secret Handshake." Some of the Shriners were trying to get out of their cars, but Paul hit the remote control and all the cars headed for the crowd again before they turned around and started peeling out toward each other. On the third formation, "Long May She Wave," Paul sent four of the cars into the alley next to the bank, while we put on our stocking caps and grabbed our realistic-looking squirt guns.

The four Shriners that we sent into the alley were close to throwing up already when we snuck up behind them. But when we screamed "Black Power!" and gave the Black Power salute while pointing our fake guns at them, they practically begged us to take their cars. So we did.

RINGO

I don't know if you've ever driven an undersized fully automated vehicle before, Beryl, but the feeling is unlike anything you've ever experienced. The blasting

... CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97



wind screams in your face and the whine of a full ten-horsepower engine rips at your ears, while inches below you the ground zooms past. There's a lot of magic in those Shriner minicars.

Needless to say, Roy and the remaining Shriners took off after us in a chase that must have lasted a full twenty to thirty minutes and covered about three miles. The comic strip I did for the occasion, Beryl, tells it all [Appendix E].

PETE

Well, the next day, while farmers and barge operators were reporting minicar sightings along a 250-mile stretch of the Queoim River, Roy Peetz paid for space in the Jerry's Corners *Tribulation* to print his now-famous front-page editorial [Appendix F]. Somehow, Beryl, the only thing people managed to hold onto from that editorial was the name Idiot Teens, which they gave to us. I guess it's a back-handed compliment. All the same, we've grown into the name, and try our darndest to live up to it, too. It *does* have a nice ring to it.

And speaking of rings, Beryl, you haven't gotten married since I last saw you, have you?...

BERYL

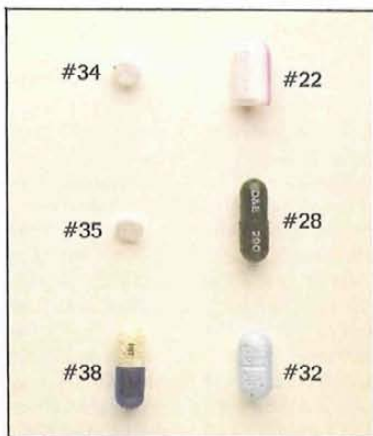
Pete is somewhat disingenuous. Actually, the group started calling *itself* the Idiot Teens shortly after this incident—a daring move since, officially, the perpetrators have never been brought to justice. According to Paul, the community has little interest in prosecuting the case, although Roy Peetz still has a vendetta of sorts. "We try to keep clear of him," says Paul, "but we just can't help ourselves sometimes."

In any event, what should be apparent from this article is the group's perverse love of ritual, or, more precisely, its love of perverting ritual. While all adolescents are keepers of their own flames (I have observed my niece Audrey practice her signature for six hours straight), the Idiot Teens stoke the blaze higher and hotter, I have found.

In their best mythmaking style, however, they charmingly proclaim themselves beyond interpretation. "There hasn't been an oral history yet that a beer-and- tonic can't improve," says Sinbad, and at times this historian has to agree. ■



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shorts but they had lace trim. Michael Caine was there and he traded his Sea Island cotton boxer shorts with a devils-and-pitchforks design to Shirley MacLaine for her green bikini with a black spider on the crotch and two of her crystals. I love underwear. I really do. I'm going to design my own line of underwear someday. Fred said I should do one with my picture all over it. I said that means a lot of people will be sitting on my face. (laughs)

I just remembered that today is my birthday so I went back to the office to see if anyone sent me anything and I opened the door and there was a surprise party for me, except it had been going on for three hours already. All the help was there and the models. A lot of people from the old days were there—John Suck, National Pastime, Golly G., International Waters, my favorite music group from the sixties, the Sex Offenders, Barbara Brunette, Marc Studd. It really felt wonderful to see all these people who were such an important part of the scene. And then I got very depressed and wanted them all to leave but I couldn't kick them out because they were still having a good time. But I wish I had one of those guns they have on *Star Trek* where you can zap them off and they disappear. I really hated them all and I wished they were all dead, but without any blood or anything.

Barry Diller sent me a boy love doll which was life-size and he had a likeness of John Travolta made up as the head. I got a dozen condoms from Steve Rubell. Bianca gave me a new wig which was blond and streaky like what the women wear on upper Madison Avenue, the older Jewish Princesses. It was really great. They were all cheap, trashy gifts. If they really liked me they would have bought me something nice. I got depressed and thought of committing suicide with Quaaludes but the phone rang and it was Jackie O. in her breathy voice, inviting me to a special party at Mortimer's, where she was going to announce her engagement.

Jackie's party was great. Just what I needed. I was really thrilled that she invited me because she always used to give me these funny looks when we met. I even kissed her on the cheek. It was wall-to-wall people. I mean the heavyweights were there. Kirk Douglas looked great. He told me he'd just had his chin dimple redone so it was bigger and deeper. It was really the most beautiful chin dimple I'd ever seen. But I never saw Cary Grant's.

I went cruising for movie stars so I could get their autographs. I got Al Pacino (he's very handsome), Tom Selleck (is he gay or what?), Mayor Koch, John Forsythe, O. J. Simpson. I fell in love with this young boy, a waiter who wanted to be an actor, of course. His name was Mel Goldberg, but he said he was going to change it to Mel Gibson. I promised to give him a Marilyn and a Hammer and Sickle. I've never done that before but sometimes I get this streak of generosity that can only come from love. He was very sweet but I think he was just being nice to me because he was one of the help.

Everyone was waiting for Jackie to make her engagement announcement and finally she made a little speech. She said she really wasn't getting engaged at all. It was just a trick to get everyone there and have a great party. It was just a joke. Only Jackie O. could get away with something like that. It was so great. I really loved it.

I forgot to check what time it was so I was late for this very Jewish party that Steve Rubell and Donald Trump invited me to. It was some famous rabbi's birthday and they were holding it in a big tent in Central Park. It was all those people with the long beards and those greasy curly sideburns. The little boys dress like the Blues Brothers and the men wear these long black coats and black fur hats. They were all drunk. I couldn't believe it but they were spraying each other with shaving cream and trying to shave each other's beards off. The kids were running around with scissors so they could cut some beards too. It was weird. The mayor was there. He must have followed me. He always goes to these

Jewish parties. He was wearing a black fur hat and a wig and a beard. He looked good. I told him how great he looked and he hugged me. I said now that he has a great disguise he could be a real fairy just like the rest of us. He froze and turned red under his fake hair.

There was a party for this new magazine called *Masturbation and Fly-Fishing*. It's for people who like to masturbate and fly-fish. They had this guy demonstrating how you could do both at the same time. I guess that's why these guys always wear those loose overalls or whatever you call them, so they can stick their free hand under them and jerk off while they're waiting for a fish to bite. It must be boring to wait and wait, so now you can play with yourself too. I think it's going to be a big winner.

Paul Newman gave a party for his dog, Brenda, and invited me and Halston and Liza. Bianca was pissed because she didn't get invited. It was mostly dogs, though. Paul Newman is so fabulous. He told me he wanted to get laid but he likes a certain type of woman and his wife would disapprove and besides, it wouldn't be good for his image. If this type of woman knew that Paul Newman was madly in love with her there would be a stampede to his door. I promised not to tell what type it is but a word to the wise: don't let a little extra fat get in your way.

Something happened to me after the Newman party and I got really scared: I forgot what my next party was. I was a blank. Fred, Halston, and Bianca were with me and they forgot too. Bianca thought it was the opening of the Met costume show that Diana Vreeland designed, the Dutch boy and Dutch girl costumes of the seventeenth century. But we weren't sure.

We got to the museum and it was closed. Bianca started to cry and said "What are we going to do?" over and over again. I started to cry too because it gets like a chain reaction when you see someone cry. Then Fred and Halston started to cry and people were looking at us.

A really cute boy on a motorcycle stopped to look at us because we were crying and he recognized me. Halston screamed at him and said how could he stare at us when we were mourning my mother's death. Halston can say those things without even thinking. Fred said we should take a cab downtown and something would turn up by the time we got there.

Bianca said, "Where? Where's there?" She was getting crazy, like a junkie without drugs. It was making me a little crazy too, because we still didn't know where our next party was. Halston said we should call Sylvia Miles because she goes to everything. Fred called and got her answering machine and Sylvia has this message where she tells where she's going to be.

Sylvia was going to this charity party for some organization that was fighting for animal rights. It was really great. Lots of fairies were there because they really love animals. They showed a movie about how doctors do these weird things to rabbits and mice, and they showed rabbits with three heads and mice with big cancer lumps.

And then the movie got really crazy and they showed doctors torturing little bunnies and even fucking them. It was the worst thing I ever saw but I couldn't take my eyes off this cute doctor who had this very big cock. The rabbit actually liked it, so maybe some of the animals didn't have to complain.

Then we all got freaked out when they showed the mice getting bopped on the head with hammers that kept popping out of the little walls. The mice that couldn't figure out how to escape were beaten to a bloody pulp by the hammers and they were screaming. They showed like a hundred different mice screaming in these quick cuts and the screams got louder and higher. People were fainting and throwing up.

I lost Halston and Bianca and Fred somewhere in the fainting, but I bumped into this black giant named Wilt Chamberlain, and he asked me if I wanted to go to a voodoo party uptown in Harlem. I should have said no because things were getting strange, but I said yes. He picked me up like I was a basketball and carried me to his car. He said he could palm me. He grabbed me by my buns and held me that way with one hand. It felt really

nice.

The voodoo party was really weird. Lots of people were there. Yves St. Laurent, the Kennedy girls, this cute guy named Anwar Sadat who said he was the president of Egypt, and even Frank Sinatra, who was wearing these tight jeans. I couldn't keep my eyes off Sinatra in his tight jeans. They were rolled up so you could see his black socks. He was wearing garters. He looks very weird in jeans. His ass is too square. You have to have a very small ass to look good in jeans. I've never seen him in jeans and a T-shirt before. He always wears suits and ties.

I forgot to say that Wilt was still palming me. I think he forgot he was holding me, because he was trying to get Dionne Warwick and Lee Radziwill to go to bed with him. He said he could palm them both at the same time and fuck them simultaneously as if he were lifting weights. I'd love to film that. He probably has the biggest cock in the world. I can't believe it's small because it would be out of proportion to the rest of him. Although he *does* have a small head.

Everybody was given a tiny glass of something to drink and it was supposed to make you part of the voodoo world or something. I didn't drink mine.

Then we all got these ugly little rag dolls and a big pin and we were supposed to stick the pin into the doll over and over and scream and curse at the doll because she was the incarnation of our worst enemy in real life.

Frank Sinatra was screaming "Ava, die, you son of a bitch cunt bastard fuck" over and over. Calvin Klein was putting a curse on Ralph Lauren. I didn't think that was nice. I mean, there's plenty of business for both of them and they're into different things.

Sidney Poitier jumped around screaming for a human doll to stick pins into and Wilt finally noticed me in his palm and threw me to Sidney Poitier. They wanted me to be the human doll. I couldn't believe it. I mean, Sammy Davis was there and so was Joel Grey. I got so scared that I bit Sidney on the arm and he dropped me. Then some old black lady told them to leave me alone because I was blessed with the spirit of the *jujube*, and Sidney fell to his knees and kissed my feet. I've got to find out more

about my spiritual powers. Maybe I can scare some people into paying more for my paintings. (laughs) When I left, Wilt Chamberlain was palming four girls at once. Boy, he really has big hands. I can barely hold an orange.

There was a party at 200 Fifth Avenue to dedicate a new freight elevator and I went because I thought I might meet someone hunky, but there was nobody there but lowlife Latinos and their girlfriends. It was boring and they drank rum and Dr Pepper.

Found a note in my mailbox inviting me and the *Interview* people to a gay mailmen's party at this new disco, Outhouse. Well, mailmen look just like anyone else when they're not in uniform. They're not as attractive as cops or firemen. They all have drooping right shoulders from carrying those big, heavy mailbags.

Last sense of the time but it must have been close to four o'clock in the morning. The mailmen told me there was a big stamp collectors' party uptown but it sounded boring, so I went to this after-hours party for Jody Powell. He used to work for Jimmy Carter. It was just some guys sitting around drinking beer. They gave me dirty looks, and one guy with a Southern accent threatened to hit me with his beer bottle if I didn't give him a blowjob.

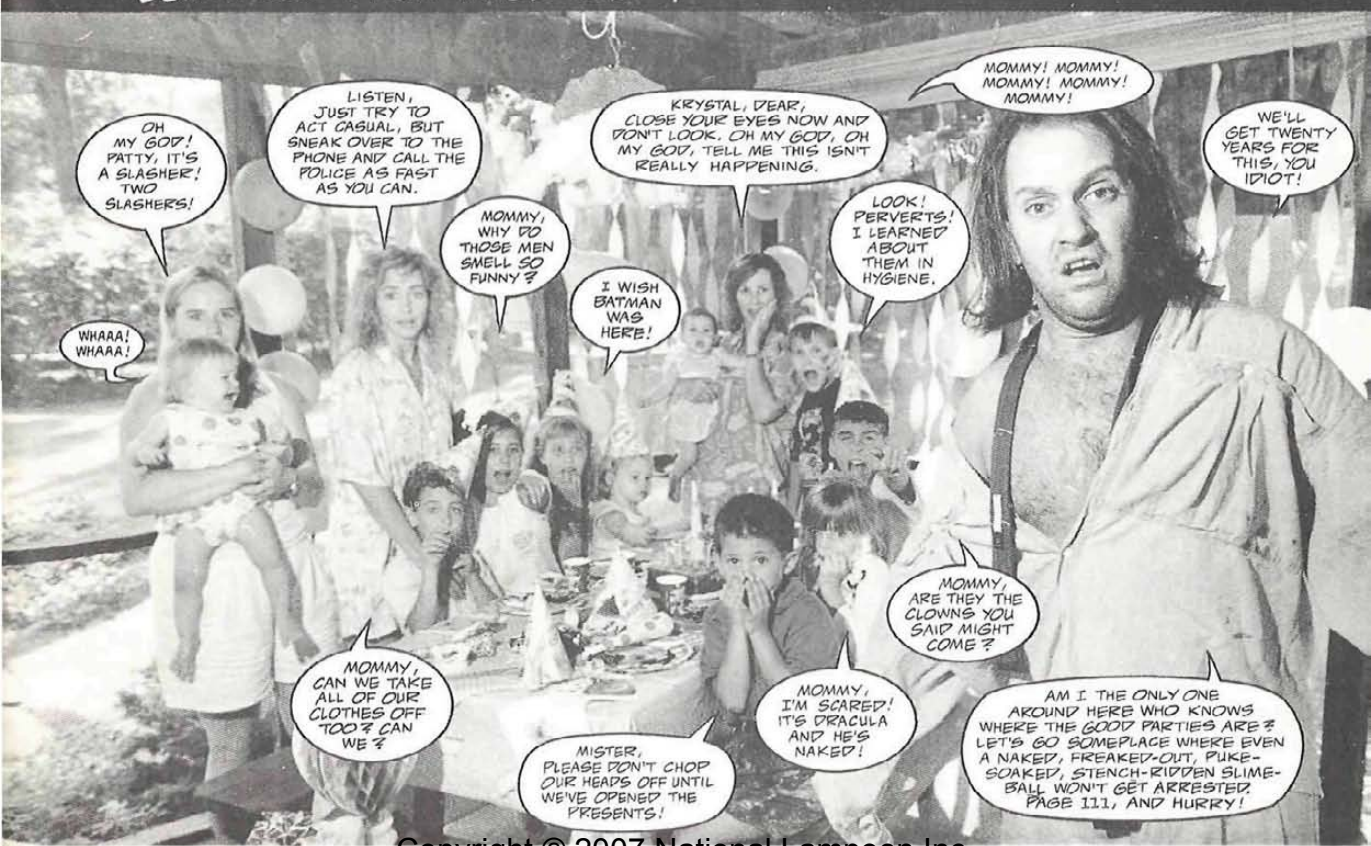
I got really scared and ran out and there were these drag queens out on the street who tried to calm me down but they were feeling me up too and they took my wallet.

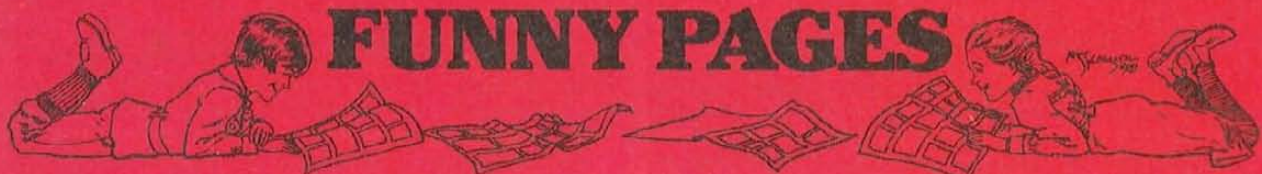
I had some change in my pocket and I called Fred and Halston and Bianca but nobody was home, because I guess they were at a great party somewhere and I wasn't. I needed a car or a cab to come for me because I had no money. It was the worst feeling.

I don't remember how I got home. I just remember walking around the docks and talking to people in cars who came up to me. I must have done something because I found twenty dollars in my pocket later.

I glued myself together and just then the phone rang and it was Truman Capote inviting me to Henry Kissinger's party for Carlos the Jackal. Who is Carlos the Jackal? He must be somebody. It sounded great. ■

"CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102"





FUNNY PAGES

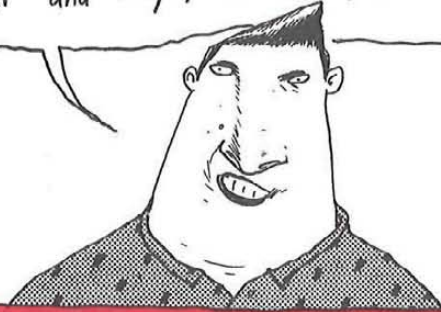
Bachelor Cooking Show

by
buddy
hickerson



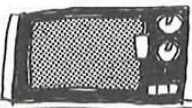
And Now....Here's Chef Phil!!

O.K....So I'm at the shoe store, O.K.? Just lookin' at some suedes, and this good-looking chick comes over and says, "What's your size?"



So I say, "10½!" And she says, "Oh Boy! That's my favorite!"

Beep!

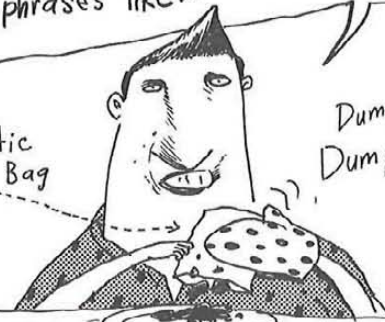


Whoa! The call of the microwave! Food's ready!

So, anyway... she takes me into the back and we do it! And she starts screaming shoe-salesman phrases like...

Plastic Food Bag

Dump!
Dump!



... "I think you need a NARROW!" and "Tell me if it PINCHES!" Chomp. Chomp. Hmm. This food is the worst.

Fork



Anyway.. she thanks me and I leave. Amazing, huh? Well, tune in next time when we prepare more microwaveable cuisine!

Yo!
Goober's
Pizza?



hickerson

© 1989

Froty and Bonnie



THE APPLETONS



WE FIND THE APPLETON FAMILY ATTENDING THE GREENDALE ART FESTIVAL, ENJOYING AN AFTERNOON OF CULTURE.



THIS IS INTERESTING.

LOOKS LIKE OUR CAR WINDSHIELD AFTER A VACATION.

GIGGLE.

THE FAMILY ENJOYS THE WRY COMMENT BY MR. APPLETON.



OH NORM, YOU'RE A CUTUP!

HUK HUK - I JUST THOUGHT OF THAT! SORRY ☹️ GUFFAW ☹️

DAD, YOU'RE SO FUNNY YOU SHOULD WRITE FOR PAT SAJAK OR SOMEBODY.

SLUDENLY, FROM BEHIND ONE OF NORM APPLETONS LEAST FAVORITE PERSONS APPEARS.



YOU KNOW, I'VE OFTEN THOUGHT... OH NO!



HEY, DAD, LOOK! A CLOWN!

THAT'S A MIME, DEAR.



THANK YOU - VERY NICE - IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US...

WOW! HE'S PULLING A ROPE THAT'S NOT THERE!



MR. APPLETON ATTEMPTS TO PASS BY BUT... EXCUSE ME BUT I'D... OOF ☹️

OH DEAR

DAD!



AFTER THE ACCIDENT THE MIME EXPRESSES HIS SADNESS....

NO NEED TO HELP, I'M ALL RIGHT.



THE MIME ATTEMPTS TO LESSEN THE PAIN OF THE SITUATION WITH HUMOR.

ZOW! HE PULLED FLOWERS FROM BEHIND DAD'S EAR!

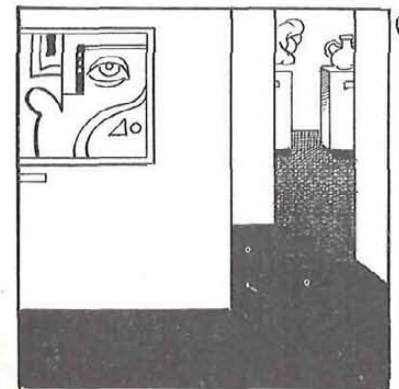


YOU ALL GO AHEAD, I'M GOING TO VISIT THE MEN'S ROOM.



THE PERSISTENT MIME FOLLOWS.

MUMPH WUMPH!



LATER MR. APPLETON RETURNS.

SAY, I THINK WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH - HOW ABOUT A TREAT AT THE MALT SHOP!

THERE YOU ARE!

OH BOY!

LET'S GO!



MEANWHILE, BACK INSIDE THE CULTURAL CENTER, TWO PEOPLE VIEW THE DISPLAYS.

I THINK IT REPRESENTS THE CYCLE OF LIFE.

I THINK IT'S DISGUSTING!

B.K. Taylor © 1989

Tom Hachtman's Double Takes



ROSE BUSH



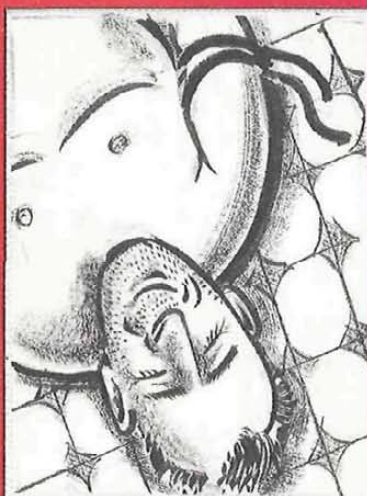
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WHILE ON THE TRAIL OF THE MASTER CRIMINAL BARON DOMINUS, SAM IS STRUCK FROM BEHIND AND NOW LIES PARALYZED AT CITY HOSPITAL, UNABLE TO SPEAK...

DOCTOR UGATTI SPEAKS TO SAM

MR. de GROOT, THERE'S ONE CHANCE FOR YOUR COMPLETE RECOVERY—SHUNTING YOUR ANTERIOR CEREBELLUM NERVE TO THE ANTE BELLUM CRANIAL SPHINCTER. BLINK 3 TIMES IF YOU CONSENT TO THE SURGERY.



ONE, TWO, THREE. GOOD! WE'LL SCHEDULE YOU FOR TOMORROW MORNING.



THE NEXT MORNING AND SAM IS IN SURGERY...

...THERE—THE SPHINCTER IS RETRACTED, THE CEREBELLUM IS PROTRACTED, THE ANTE BELLUM IS EXTRACTED, AND THE CRANIUM IS CONTRACTED—PERFECT!



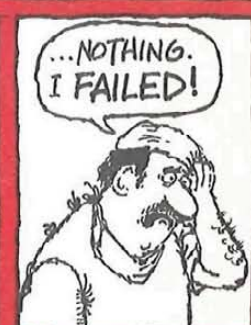
AN HOUR LATER IN THE RECOVERY ROOM.



CAN YOU SPEAK, MR. de GROOT?



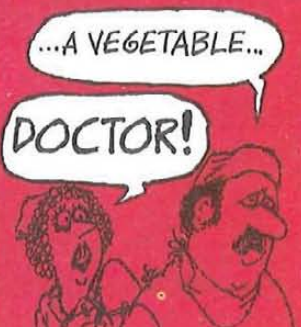
...CAN YOU BLINK?



...NOTHING. I FAILED!



...THE POOR MAN'S A VEGETABLE...



...A VEGETABLE...

DOCTOR!



...HE'S TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING...

...I WANT... I WANT...



HE'S NOT A VEGETABLE!

...I WANT SOME...



I WANT SOME PARSNIPS, CABBAGE, ASPARAGUS, KOHLRABI, PEAS, TOMATOES, CAULIFLOWER, LETTUCE, SPINACH, WATERCRESS, TURNIPS, CELERY, BRUSSELS SPROUTS, LEEKS.....



HE'S A VEGETARIAN!

...ONIONS, LIMA BEANS, CHIVES, YAMS.....

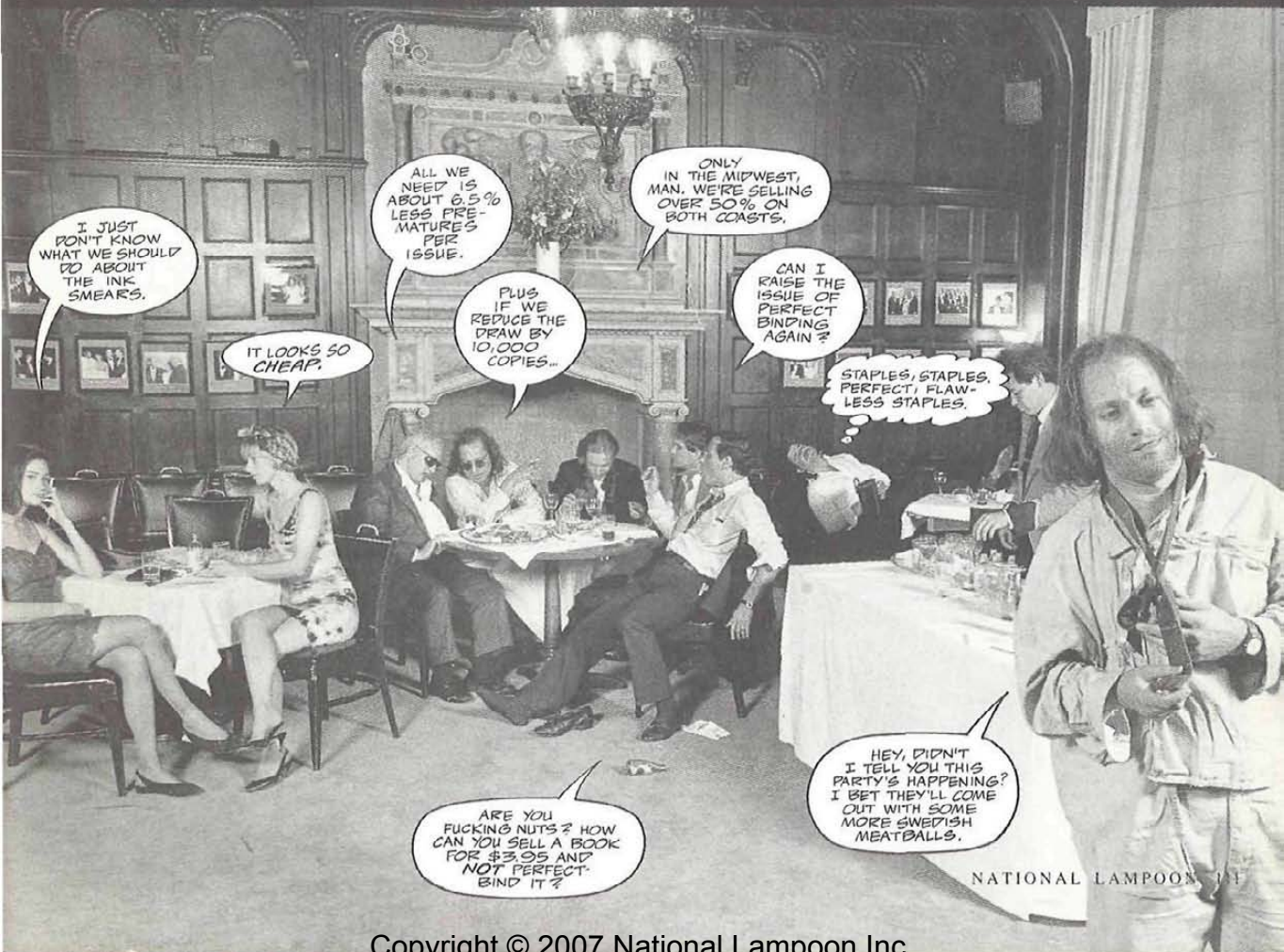
ALSO ARTICHOKES

WARD

by CHENEY



... CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105



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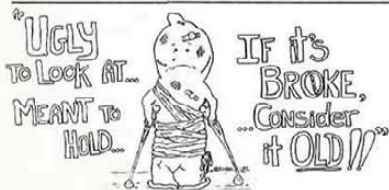
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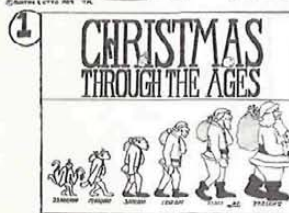
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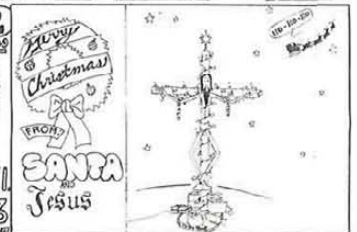
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Tri-State Total Singles Network

She got so scared during this shoot she made like a toad! Send me \$60 and a petri dish full of your best and I'll send you a swatch of the hanby I used to wipe my hands with!

Just one of our many over-stocked warehouses that help to comprise the gracious New Jersey skyline!

LEADING FRATERNITY seeks succubus or succubi for mutually beneficial transfer of wet goods. Box 881F.

HANDSOME MALE ATTORNEY, 35, seeks to meet pretty woman 26–35 for moonlit walks on the beach, romantic dinners, enjoying serene weekends, and sharing our lives together. Also you should have a two-inch-deep vagina so I can achieve my dream of hitting bottom. Box 298B.

SWM seeks trout or bass, fresh out of the water, which I can detooth and which can convulse like crazy and thrash its last with my hard cock stuffed in its mouth. Box 390N.

WE'RE A MATCH MADE IN HEAVEN, AND THIS IS US: I'm a Chopin-loving rarefied sundried homunculus with skin the color of Billy Martin's underwear after a Tampa day of dusty fungo, and I've got a pubic bush with the look and feel of a large, loosely knit pine cone and the kind of handsome lacquered genitalia all humans hunger for; my anus is like the leaky helm of the *Exxon Valdez*, but I've got nipple hair as thick as chintz and a hot skin auger that'll hog your dreams, and I love the feel of the wet spongy flesh of my buttocks pressed against the red-hot coils of my broiler and I know what I want and it is YOU: a grandly voluptuous albino; lying prostrate you are a bleached relief map of the South

Dakota foothills, the tulip-faced meat petals of your womanhood agape before me like a gutted carp; the tartness of your sweaty blond genitalia staying tanga on my tongue all afternoon long; our body hair meeting like Velcro and attaching like a rubber-soled shoe to a porno-theater floor as you wipe a finish onto my #1 *fait accompli*. You are a rich tapestry of abdominal secretions and charm, turnkey condition, with the gossamer resolve of a knee-sore beggarwench in faux vinyl torso clamps. I'm all suited up, inside and out, for a honeymoon and a half, and my hormones are poised as I await your response. Nonsmokers only. Box 387V.

ATTRACTIVE SWF, 23, would like to just once meet a man I'm attracted to who isn't going to leave me for a faggot or a Chinese woman. Box 583D.

VAPID, GABBY, GREEDY, pissy, glop-mas-caraed SWF with exquisite, aerobically honed, Kegel-ready body seeks SWMs for government-sanctioned research tests on how much horrible shit men will put up with and how much, percentage-wise, of their salary they're willing to spend if they think they have a prayer of getting laid. Box 762C.

WILL YOU ANSWER ALREADY?! This ad has been in here for three months! Sheesh, all I want is one single, long-legged, big-titted,

casaba-butted blonde! Am I being so greedy that this should be denied me? Don't give me this bullshit that in a country of 240 million people there aren't thousands of you out there, and at least one of you is horny for a short, bald, warty frecklatto who smells of plastic because he works in a Lucite factory. Come on already, I'm sick of dicking Rock Cornish game hens and watching *Jeopardy!* alone. Box 212P.

BEFORE I RESPOND to a personal from last month's listings, I want to know which is fatter — buxom, voluptuous, womanly, full-figured, healthy body, or shapely? And which actually has the highest proportion of tits mixed in with the fat? If you know, please write me at Box 639B.

READY TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF, AND ALL I NEED IS THE RIGHT GIRL: Psychotic, irrational, strung-out SWM who's made a life of stabbing nurses and cutting off dogs' cocks for fun is ready to trade in his knives and vise grips for a happy marriage if you're a SWF 22–35, who likes picnics, picket fences, and drinking iced tea on the porch swing. Box 348H.

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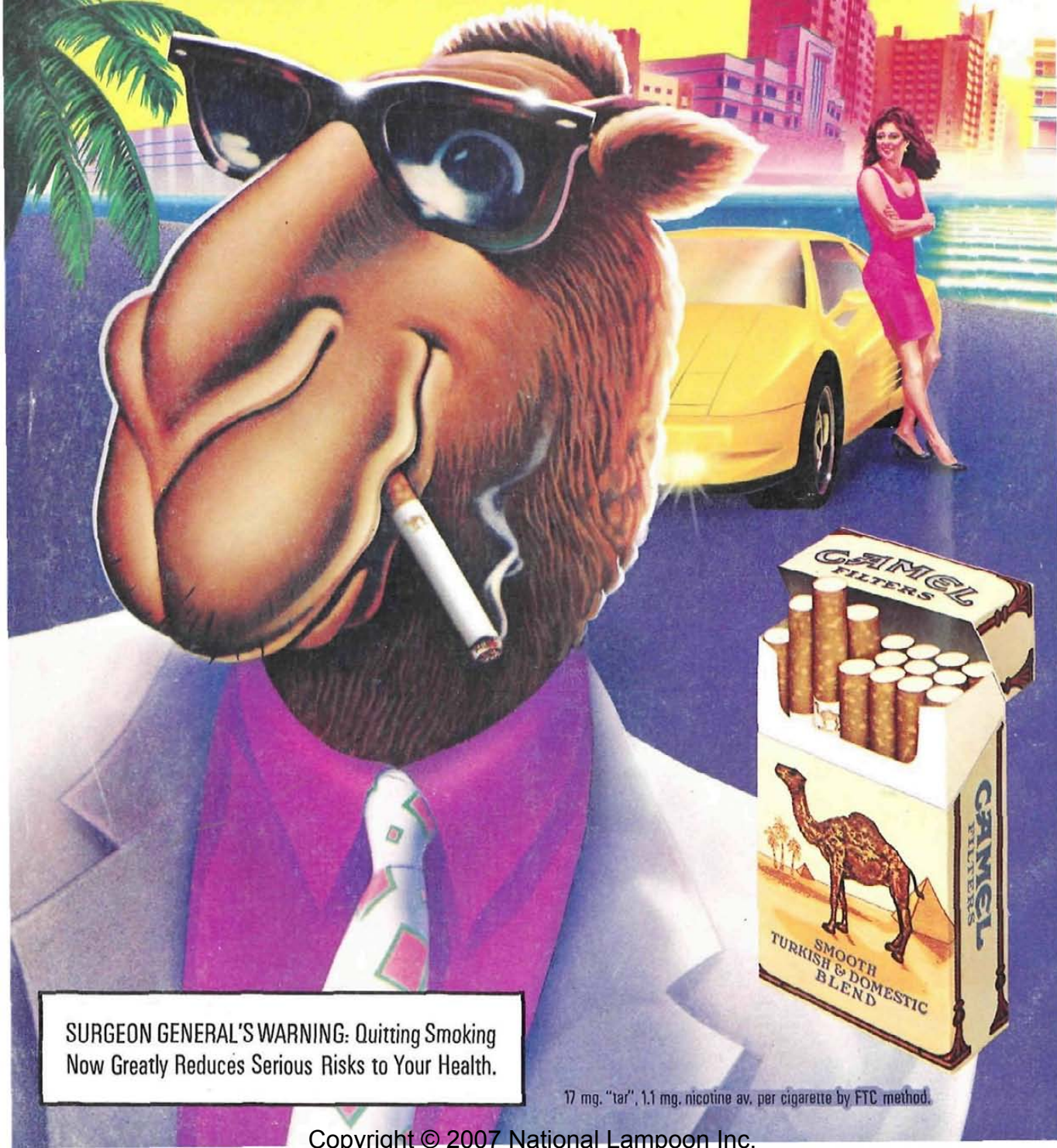
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