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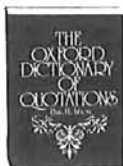
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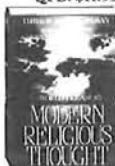
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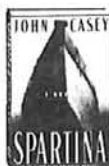
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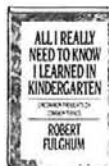
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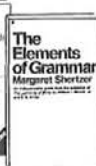
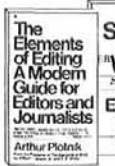
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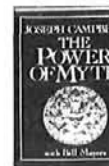
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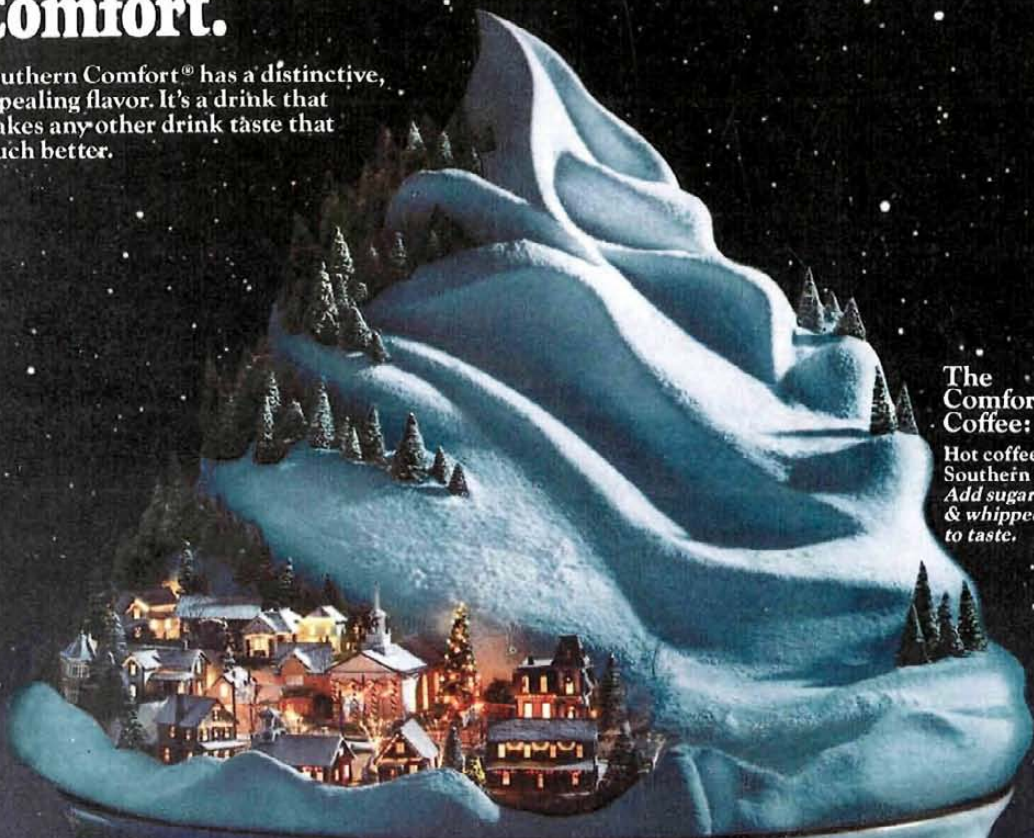
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SOUTHERN COMFORT



EDITORIAL

No living person seems to have any idea of the criteria according to which the following pieces were selected for inclusion in this Gala Twentieth Anniversary Issue. A decade ago, a frenzy of thinking, soliciting, nominating, balancing, adjudicating, and rethinking went into the editing of the Tenth Anniversary issue—which wound up being a volume considerably longer and larger than this present offering. At this rate, the Thirtieth Anniversary edition (we should live so long) ought to be very slim indeed.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that this anthology, seen steadily and whole, is, fortunately or otherwise, *representative* of the magazine.

Malcolm Muggeridge, for many years the editor of *Punch* (you know *Punch*, the English humor magazine, which bears the same relationship to the *National Lampoon* as a cellar full of hundred-year-old sherry does to a six-pack of suds), liked to say, whenever he was told that *Punch* wasn't as funny as it used to be. "It never was." Contrariwise, discharged veterans of the *NatLamp* campaigns (such few as are still speaking to each other) tend to agree that the book really *isn't* as funny as it used to be—that it has descended into mere coarse vulgarity since their regimes of fey wit and trenchant satire. This (alas!) perfectly typical selection of ancient features ought, at least, to put a sock in *that*.

Is there anything you (young reader) need to know about the historical *context* of any of this old stuff?

Tony Hendra walked into the office one day (late '72) with "Deteriorata"—a parody of the (then) ubiquitous "Desiderata"—in his hands. After it was published in the mag, it was sold by mail as an oversized poster, recorded as a song, used in two off-Broadway shows... and Tony never received one additional penny in royalties for it. Neither, one assumes, did whoever actually wrote it. Ellis Weiner, co-author of the "novelizations" piece, now makes a living writing (among other good things) novelizations. Drew Friedman, co-creator of the Frank Sinatra Jr. comic (and son of comic novelist Bruce Jay Friedman, thus being in a unique position from which to snipe at Son o' Frank), now appears monthly in *Spy* (son of *National Lampoon*) magazine. Ron Hauge's facetiously "proposed" *New Yorker* covers did not originally amuse the attorneys of that bastion of facetiousness. Brian McConnachie, author of that triumph of surreal whimsy, "National Anthems of Our Political Friends," was disappointed when the rest of us did not grasp that it was really an exercise in bitter political satire. Sick and twisted cartoonist Rodrigues ("Handicapped Sports") has often been huffily offended by what he perceives to be anti-Christian blasphemous humor, such as Rick Meyerowitz's "The Presentation of the Bill for the Last Supper." And yes, Virginia, John Hughes, author of the less than edifying "Engagement Guide" herein, is *the* John Hughes, auteur of all those films the whole darn family can enjoy.

Which brings us to the moral of our tale. The *National Lampoon* began as (not to get wildly cosmic about all this) an alternative to television. A repository for the jokes, the points of view, the subjects, the words, the images, the attitudes that couldn't appear on television. Within the last *week* I have seen the names of (literally) two-thirds of the contributors to this collection (mine among them) appear in the credits of network television shows. And you know what they call the list of credits on TV. A crawl.

Sean Kelly

Wanna meet a girl
you'll flip over?



Meet the Right Girl.



The pride of Germany, with the
rich, full-bodied taste that makes Germany's
favorite girl the right one for you.

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Robert Neubecker

THE BEST OF LETTERS

Sirs:

I fail to see how we will ever be able to establish a meaningful dialogue with the Russians, because: (a) the assholes don't speak English, and (b) I, for one, refuse to stand up at a summit meeting and gargle with a blender full of bananas.

A. Diplomat
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Using the latest carbon-14 dating methods, along with prehistoric fossils and remnants from the Mesozoic period, we have been able to determine the true age of Zsa Zsa Gabor: 3.6 billion years.

A Group of Scientists Working Overtime

Sirs:

Our country has a macho, violent image. To correct this, we are changing our name from the masculine El Salvador to the feminine La Salvadora. In this way, when people think of our beloved land, they will think not of war and fighting but of crocheting and baking. Meanwhile, we can continue to slaughter each other in peace.

The Junta
La Salvadora

Sirs:

I'm an orphaned burro, sired by a very drunk Pablo Picasso when he spent a stormy night in our paddock on a remote mountain in Crete. I was just wondering if there's any of that big fortune still kicking around, or if those other bastards got it all.

Little Pablo
Crete

Sirs:

There was this American Airlines Flight 606 to the Philippines, see? And they were flying the polar route over the Arctic and they developed engine trouble and went down. Follow? So after being stuck up there for three weeks they run out of provisions and have to resort to cannibalism. Naturally, the flight attendants had been holding back food all along, so they were the last to die. Right? So one flight attendant starts to chomp on the pilot, starting at the head, and the other chows down on the navigator, starting at the feet. So the one eating the pilot finds the cranium a bit tough, while the other flight attendant is just gobbling up toes, ankles, and so on. After a while, the first flight attendant gets

to the neck, and she stops to ask the other one how the navigator tastes. She says, "Oh, terrific! I'm having a ball!" And the first flight attendant says, "Gee, you eat fast."

Frank Borman
Eastern Airlines World Headquarters
Pago Pago

Sirs:

(Letter withheld by request.)

James W. Kluggle
342 W. Wagon Wheel Lane
Canton, Ohio

Sirs:

In my discussions with fellow Episcopians, we have often asked, "Is Jesus divine, or just marvelous?"

The Reverend Malcolm Boyd
Gay Activists Alliance
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

Do you guys make up your letters or are they for real?

Bob Guccione
Penthouse Magazine
New York, N.Y.

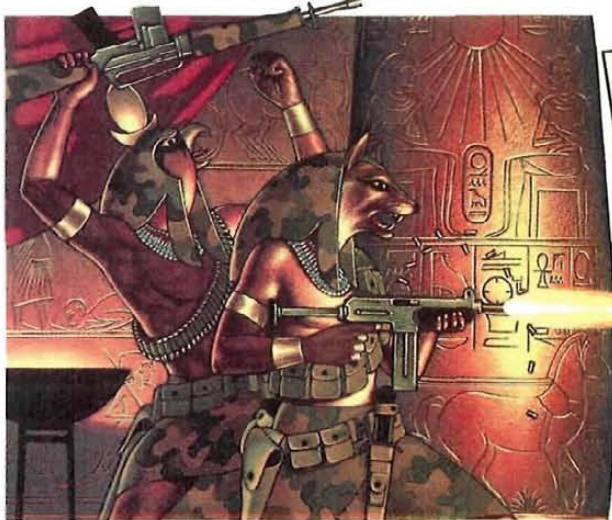
Sirs:

I was in a Burger King recently and it occurred to me that they should have the Stations of the Cow on their walls, kind of like the Catholic Stations of the Cross, only of a cow about to die instead of Jesus. I figure there could be about eleven of them altogether, showing the cow getting off the truck, the cow getting pushed and jostled by other cows, the cow banging its head on the rails of the death ramp, the cow getting scared, the cow bumping into more cows, the cow being zapped with an electric prod, the cow's eyes getting real big, the cow's head being smashed, the cow dead, the cow hanging in a cooler, the cow being chopped up, and the cow as a Burger King burger. With the right kind of captions and verses under each of the stations, I bet Burger King would really go for this, especially if I could show them a letter saying National Lampoon thinks it's a good idea. Could you give me a letter on your official stationery? Thanks.

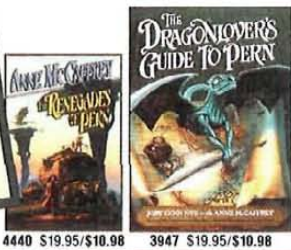
Mike
In your lobby
New York, N.Y.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11)

"Give it up, Joe. You can't shoot holes in their offer."



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AT LAST! AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK!

by Ellis Weiner, Chris Cluess, and Stu Kreisman

Novelizations of the current smash-hit everything!

Ten years ago, the literati snickered up their sleeves when Erich Segal tossed off a novel based on a screenplay he had written all about this sickly college girl who loved Bach, Beethoven, and the Beatles. What kind of way was *that* to write a book, the critics sneered. Well, as it turned out, it was a god-damned smart way, 'cause the book was called *Love Story* and it made a million bucks.

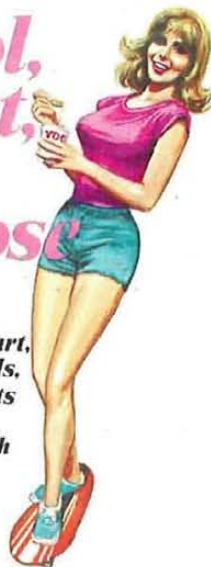
Today, of course, novels based on movies

are a commonplace. Indeed, they seem to sell as well as novels based on...well, whatever novels were based on before they started making movies. *Soooooo*, since nothing succeeds like success, *NatLamp* presents a representative sampling of soon-to-be published works which demonstrate that anything and everything can be the basis for the contemporary novelist's (or is it novelizer's?) art. To wit...

Cool, Fast, & Loose

a novel
based on
frozen yogurt,
skateboards,
and T-shirts

by Max Plesh



EXCUUUUSE ME!

A NOVEL ADAPTED FROM A JOKE IN STEVE MARTIN'S
COMEDY ROUTINE

BY RICHARD PRYOR



ABBA

The novel by
Sven Bgkñquist
based on the name of
a best-selling
swedish rock group



FAH!

NOVEL
BASED
ON THE
BEST-SELLING
POSTER OF
FARRAH FAWCETT-MAJORS
BY LEE MAJORS-FAWCETT

Absolutely, R2D2 Positively, Threepio



The runaway smash based on one of the special
effects used in the making of *Star Wars*
by Timmy Lucas

STAYIN' ALIVE

Based on the title of the best-selling song
by the Bee Gees by NIK COHEN





(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

Sirs:

My next film is called *De Lighthouse un de Menen*. It is about a lonely man who moves to a lighthouse on the Swedish coast, in wintertime. He goes to this barren outpost so that he will have time to brood about past failures, to berate himself for past foolhardiness, and to agonize over long-dead love affairs.

People often ask me, why are all my films so stifling and dark? Why so unremittently depressing and hopeless? I will tell you why. It is because I lived with Liv Ullmann for many years, and in all that time she never gave me a blowjob. Not once. Not even a little one. Can you conceive of how depressing that was?

I forgot to tell you the last part of the film. It seems that the lighthouse that the lonely man moved to had been built only that same morning, at low tide. After the desolate man moves his few miserable belongings into the lighthouse, the tide comes in, the lighthouse is engulfed by the

sea, and the man is drowned. The lighthouse, you see, was too short. Now leave me alone; I have a film to make and then I am going to kill myself.

Ingmar Bergman
Negatyevv Fjord, Sweden

Sirs:

What about this plan the Catholics have to update the Mass by substituting bite-size Bit-O-Honeys for the traditional tasteless wafer? The candy company is already planning to cash in by renaming its product Bit-O-Christ. Sure, it'll bring the kids into the church, but the wife and I are concerned about their teeth.

Jim Bakker
c/o The PTL Tom-Tom Club

Sirs:

I enjoyed your recent send-up of Ferdinand Magellan, "A Spic Homo Takes You 'Round the World," but there were several errors I'd like to immediately clear up. First of all, Magellan was Portuguese, not Spanish, and stupid, not gay; so perhaps "Portugeek Mush-head" would have been more accurate than "Spic Homo." Also, the Treaty of Tordesillas was signed in 1494, not 1449, as you wrote. This spoiled an otherwise fine joke.

Further, the phrase "to immediately clear up" in the above paragraph is a split

infinite. Also, my name is Joe Frankel, not Frank Jor-el, as printed below. And I'm not from Orange, New Jersey, but rather I got a new orange jersey for my birthday.

Frank Jor-el
Orange, N.J.

Sirs:

I'm afraid I have some disappointing news for you. Contrary to popular belief, dolphins cannot talk. They can only write letters. I hope you enjoyed this one.

A Dolphin
Somewhere in the South Pacific

Sirs:

You want to know the solution to Rubik's cube? I'll tell you the solution to Rubik's cube. You take hold of one of the sides and then smash the fucking cube over the head of the guy who sold it to you. That's what you do.

Joe Doaks
Bellevue, N.Y.

Sirs:

I have a question. It costs two dollars to cross the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco, round trip. Now, if you tell them in advance that you'll be jumping, will they let you on for half price?

Michael Cimino
Hollywood, Calif.

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GALLERY MAG: "She simply cannot resist this tape!"

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Sexologist agree: The process of bonding (the choice of "only" one man) occurs in their subconscious and is the trigger to **love and desire!!** And because the subconscious mind "cannot" reject or "disbelieve" Mephisto's ingenious commands establishes you (and only you) as the object of her **LOVE AND PASSION.**

SHE WILL BELIEVE:

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- 2) Other men are dull and unattractive.
- 3) She is deeply in love with you.

SHE WILL:

- 4) Have dreams of you.
- 5) Have visions of you as her lover.
- 6) Lose her inhibitions!
- 7) Because Subliminal input eventually emerges into her thoughts, she will hear herself say over and over that, "She Loves You!"



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Sirs:
Who killed the Kennedys?
Well, after all, it was you *and* me.

Sirhan Sirhan
*Blowing his chance
before the parole board*

Sirs:
Millions of years ago America was populated by white people and Negroes, just like it is now. But then a huge wave came from the Pacific Ocean and swept everyone off the land, right across the Atlantic Ocean. The Negroes, being heavier, were dropped in Africa. Being on the surface, kind of like cream, white people went further up, and landed in Europe. Millions of years later we all came back, and here we are. It's difficult to prove a brilliant, innovative theory like this, but look at the facts: white folks are natural surfers, and they're still on top.

Alvin Toffler
*Dept. of Off-the-Cuff Theories
New York, N.Y.*

Sirs:
Hey, when the hell did they start letting Jews play tennis?

Big Bill Tilden
Doubles Heaven

Sirs:
*My father sells rubbers to NATO,
Me mom pokes the holes with a pin,
Me sister performs the abortions,
My God, how the money rolls in!
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God, how the money rolls in,
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God, how the money rolls in!*

Ayatollah Khomeini
Tehran

Sirs:
Hey! Listen to this! Me and my friends found this really cool way to have some laughs and get famous real quick too! Our town's cable-TV company has this extra channel they're not using? And they said it's okay for us to go down there on a Wednesday night and do our own show! And it's really cool, because we can do anything we want to and there's nobody looking over our shoulders like if we were on regular TV. And get this! We figure that when our show hits we're gonna have to beat the chicks away with clubs, if you know what I mean! So far, all we have written is the title, but when you see the listing

in *TV Guide* for *The Shifted Motherfuckers Show*, be sure to check it out!

Matty
Bloomfield, N.J.

Sirs:
I figured out a way to make an easy million bucks. I'm going to print up a bumper sticker that says IF YOU READ THIS, YOU OWE ME A DOLLAR. Then I'll slap it on the Buick and drive around until I pass a million people on the road. Sounds simple, but it might work!

Richie Dingman
San Diego, Calif.

Sirs:
I think Chrysler made a big mistake calling those cars "K Cars." A lot more people would have bought them if they had been named "OK Cars." It would be like Chrysler saying to America, "These cars are okay." I would have bought one. That's why I buy Gillette's Good News razors. It's like the company saying, "These razors are good news. Buy them."

Peter Wirth
Fairfield, Conn.

Sirs:
You want one? ... Eeeech ... Don't push back on my head so far ... aaaaaaaaaaach ... Here, have another ... Ow ... aaaaaach, one at a time, one at a time, ow ... eeeeeecch ... Cherry, that's right ... aaaaaach ... Don't push so hard, you wanna give me whiplash?

A Pez Dispenser

Sirs:
How'd I hit .487 in the World Series? Every time they'd throw the ball, I'd make believe it was that long, lanky Jew Marvin Hamlisch, and I'd just rip the shit out of it.

Steve Garvey
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:
Just had my first blowjob this morning. It wasn't bad; but any suggestions about how to get this awful taste out of my mouth?

Prince Charles
Buckingham Palace, England

Sirs:
Do you know what we call saddle sores in Argentina? Gaucho Marx!

Eva Peron

Sirs:
Any idea where I can get a pair of those cotton flannel pajamas that have feet in them and pictures of little bunnies and a twenty-eight-inch neck?

Arnold Schwarzenegger
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:
All we want from the white Rhodesians

is simple human justice and equality. And some of their children to eat.

Joshua Nkomo
Patriotic Front, Downtown Africa

Sirs:
I fucked a Mellon.

Mr. Mellon
The Mellon Ranch

Sirs:
Give a man a fish, and he'll eat for a day. Teach a man to fish, and he'll still need tackle, bait, a good spot, and some luck before he catches anything. And who's going to clean it? All in all, it's a lot easier just to tell the bum to bug off or give him a quarter.

Mark Sargis
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:
Give a man a fish, and he'll eat for a day. Teach a man to fish, and he'll eat for a lifetime. But give a man a million bucks, and he'll probably eat and drink and party his way into an early grave within a year. But that sounds okay to me, and it sure beats a life of putting worms on hooks.

Doug Day
Winnetka, Ill.

Sirs:
Give a man a hamburger, and he'll eat for a day. Teach a man to cook hamburgers, and he can get a job at McDonald's.

A Fish
Sea World, Calif.

Sirs:
Careful reading of this column over the years has convinced me that you print letters only from celebrities and lunatics. When this magazine was founded two decades ago, it was my fervent hope that this column might serve as a legitimate forum for the genuine opinions and concerns of your readership at large. Am I to conclude that your readership consists solely of celebrities and lunatics, or is it more likely that you simply *invent* the great majority of these letters? The latter alternative suggests itself more strongly, particularly since I was a close (although admittedly never intimate) friend of the late Princess Grace of Monaco, and, knowing her as well as I did, I doubt very much she would have used the term "degenerate cunt-lapping dyke" in reference to her daughter Princess Stephanie in these pages. Nor would she likely have referred to her beloved husband, Prince Rainier III, as "that palsied buggerer of schoolboys."

If you choose to print this letter, please do not publish my name, as it could only serve to lend credence to the idea that might be taking shape in the minds of some of your readers that *this very letter is itself fraudulent and thus its very serious claims*

might be disregarded as the inane speculations of a nonexistent mind.

Senator Barry Goldwater
Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:

Mr. Convy? Mr. Bert Convy? Time's up.
The Fame Fairy
Collecting the rent

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

Statement of Ownership, Management, and Circulation (Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685)

1. TITLE OF PUBLICATION: National Lampoon. 2. DATE OF FILING: September 4, 1990. 3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE: Bimonthly. A. No. of issues published annually: 6. B. Annual subscription price: \$18.95. 4. COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. 5. COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF THE HEADQUARTERS OR GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHER: 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. 6. FULL NAMES AND COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR: Publisher: Michael Druckman, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. Editor: Larry Sloman, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. Managing Editor: Diane Giddis, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. 7. OWNER: NL Communications, Inc., 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013, of which 100 percent of the stock is owned by National Lampoon, Inc. 8. KNOWN BONDHOLDERS, MORTGAGEES, AND OTHER SECURITY HOLDERS OWNING OR HOLDING 1 PERCENT OR MORE OF TOTAL AMOUNT OF BONDS, MORTGAGES, OR OTHER SECURITIES: None. 9. FOR COMPLETION BY NONPROFIT ORGANIZATIONS AUTHORIZED TO MAIL AT SPECIAL RATES: N.A. 10. EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION: AVERAGE NO. COPIES EACH ISSUE DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS: A. Total no. copies printed (Net Press Run): 460,894. B. Paid circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales: 138,903. 2. Mail subscription: 101,181. C. Total paid circulation (Sum of 10B1 and 10B2): 240,084. D. Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means: samples, complimentary, and other free copies: 1,888. E. Total distribution (Sum of C and D): 241,972. F. Copies not distributed: 1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 1,890. 2. Return from news agents: 217,032. G. Total (Sum of E, F1 and 2—should equal net press run shown in A): 460,894. ACTUAL NO. COPIES OF SINGLE ISSUE PUBLISHED NEAREST TO FILING DATE: A. Total no. copies (Net Press Run): 460,978. B. Paid circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales: 138,411. 2. Mail subscription: 105,948. C. Total paid circulation (Sum of 10B1 and 10B2): 244,359. D. Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means: samples, complimentary, and other free copies: 1,910. E. Total distribution (Sum of C and D): 246,269. F. Copies not distributed: 1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 1,785. 2. Return from news agents: 212,924. G. Total (Sum of E, F1 and 2—should equal net press run shown in A): 460,978.

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

Howard Jurofsky
Vice President



If you remember where you were when you had your first Jack Daniel's, drop us a line and tell us about it.

FOLKS OFTEN ASK US if there really was a Jack Daniel. Well, there he is up on the left.

Keeping his old photo around (as well as the one of his nephew, Lem Motlow) helps us keep true to their whiskey making methods. You see, we still smooth out our whiskey in exactly the same way our founder prescribed—mellowing each drop through hard maple charcoal burned right here on distillery grounds. We think Jack and Lem would still approve the results. And after a sip, we think you'll approve them too.

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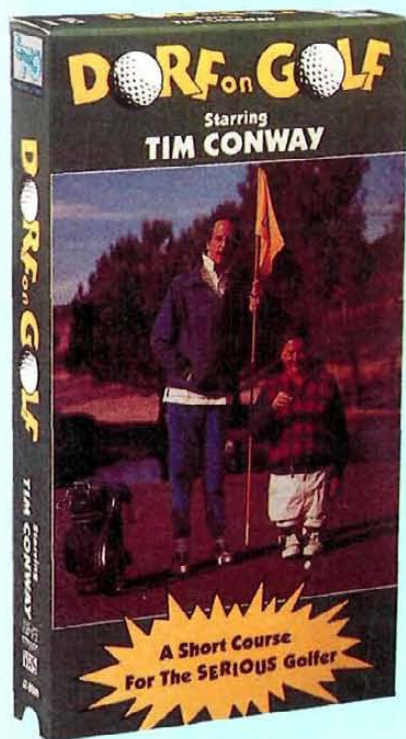
quiet & passive persons unless you are in need of sleep. Rotate your tires. ☛ Speak glowingly of those greater than yourself and heed well their advice even though they be turkeys; know what to kiss and when. ☛ Consider that two wrongs never make a right but that three do. Wherever possible, put people on hold. Be comforted that in the face of all aridity & disillusionment and despite the changing fortunes of time, there is always a big fortune in computer maintenance. ☛ Remember the Pueblo. Strive at all times to bend, fold, spindle, & mutilate. Know yourself; if you need help, call the FBI. Exercise caution in your daily affairs, especially with those persons closest to you. That lemon on your left, for instance. Be assured that a walk through the ocean of most souls would scarcely get your feet wet. Fall not in love therefore; it will stick to your face. ☛ Gracefully surrender the things of youth, birds, clean air, tuna, Taiwan; and let not the sands of time get in your lunch. ☛ Hire people with hooks. ☛ For a good time, call 606-4311; ask for Ken. Take heart amid the deepening gloom that your dog is finally getting enough cheese; and reflect that whatever misfortune may be your lot, it could only be worse in Milwaukee. ☛ You are a fluke of the universe; you have no right to be here, and whether you can hear it or not, the universe is laughing behind your back. ☛ Therefore make peace with your God whatever you conceive Him to be: Hairy Thunderer or Cosmic Muffin. ☛ With all its hopes, dreams, promises, & urban renewal, the world continues to deteriorate. ☛ Give up. ☛ ☛

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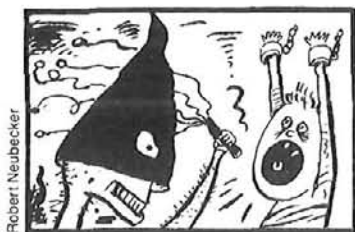
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THE BEST OF TRUE FACTS

EDITED BY JOHN BENDEL

Over the years, *True Facts* has featured the work of writers, artists, and photographers such as Danny Abelson, Henry Beard, John E. Brown, M. K. Brown, David Burd, Tod Carroll, Duck Divet, Shary Flenniken, Drew Friedman, Rick Geary, Susan Hoffman, Terry Hollis, John Hughes, Sean Kelly, Michael Konik, Stan Mack, Ted Mann, Bill Moseley, Pedar Ness, P. J. O'Rourke, Bradley Razook, Alan Rose, B. K. Taylor, Ellis Weiner, and Gahan Wilson, not to mention that prominent editor of fiction, the supplier of "Lines from the Slushpile," who wishes, even after all these years, to remain anonymous.

More important, though, have been those steadfast contributors, too numerous to name here, who keep the *True Facts* coming.

You know who you are.

And now, the best *True Facts* of all time:

TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD Michael Brez, bearing tattoos of swastikas and the words "White Death," was charged with driving while intoxicated after he crashed into the back of a truck at thirty miles per hour in Lakeland, Florida. Accompanied by two teenage girls and an ice-cream cooler full of beer, Brez had been driving a Pinky Dinky Ice Cream truck. (Lakeland) *Ledger*

POLICE ARRESTED NINE-teen-year-old Richard Utan Bailey in Miami, Florida, after a teenager charged that he had raped her and stolen her car. She told police that her attacker was wearing a hat with flashing lights. Police spotted the girl's car with Bailey behind the wheel, still wearing the hat with flashing lights. *St. Petersburg Times*

THREE HOURS AFTER HIS release from prison, Albert Muse was arrested when a San Bernardino policeman caught him selling cocaine. According to Deputy District Attorney Jere Morrissey, "What attracted the officer's attention was that Muse was standing in the middle of the southbound lane of Sierra Way yelling, 'Cocaine.'" *Cincinnati Enquirer*

ACCORDING TO AN OBIT-uary for Marjorie Ellen Craw, the fifty-seven-year-old Albany, Indiana, woman left twelve children behind. Their names are Donny, Johnny, Lonny, Vonny, Yonny, Nonny, Onny, Shonny, Connie, Monnie, Bonnie, and Tonnice. *Muncie Evening News*

A MAN IN WICHITA, KAN-sas, was charged with a misdemeanor when he began slapping his girlfriend because she was unable to buy a winning lottery ticket. According to Officer Jim Whittredge, "Every time she scratched a losing ticket, the guy smacked her, and she lost five times." Police reported that this was the first incidence of violence involving the Kansas lottery. *Wichita Eagle*

FROM THE "PERSONAL Notes" column of the *Bench & Bar of Minnesota*, this item:

"The Rochester law firm of Dingle, Suk, Wendland & Walters, Ltd. has announced that Kevin P. Howe and Jon H.L. Dewey have joined the firm as shareholders, and that David N.

Cox and Garry L. Fuchs have been named associates. The new firm will be known as Dewey, Suk, Dingle and Howe, Ltd."

AFTER SEVERAL YEARS of searching, Mexican detectives finally captured the nation's most wanted criminal, a desperado credited with twenty murders. He had joined the police force and had recently been promoted to the rank of sergeant. *UPI*

IN TORONTO, ONE MAN was stabbed and police reinforcements were called out to restore order after violence broke out at a Tupperware party. *CP*

DONALD BOLLMAN WAS riding in a recreational vehicle with its owner when he asked to use the bathroom. His companion directed him to the rear, whereupon Bollman opened the moving vehicle's door and dropped out onto the Pennsylvania Turnpike. *Philadelphia Inquirer*

BANDITS TRYING TO break into an office in Rome for a payroll robbery fired a submachine-gun burst at the lock, but still did not manage to knock down the door. Finally, they gave up and fled.

Police said they had been pulling at the door instead of pushing. *San Jose Mercury News*

A TORONTO GAS-STATION cashier had no trouble identifying a robber for police even though the holdup man had worn a pair of women's shorts over his head as a disguise. The thief, who later admitted that his mind was "clouded" by intoxicants, had stuck his face through one of the leg holes so that he could see. *Toronto Star*

The Man Upstairs

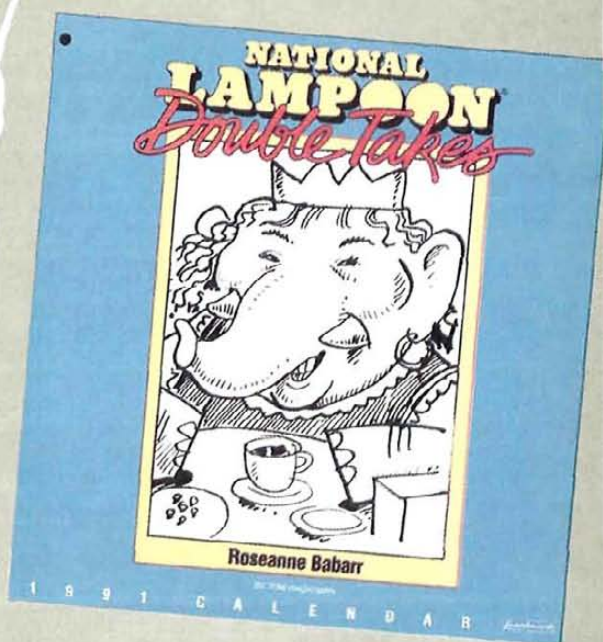


R. E. Miller II

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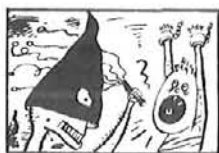


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TRUE FACTS

AS PART OF ITS "ENVIRONMENTAL QUALITY" program, the Department of Defense announced that the proposed B-1 bomber, which is designed to carry enough hydrogen bombs to destroy a half dozen cities and obliterate several thousand square miles of the earth's sur-

face, "will not emit smoke" and will be equipped with engines "quieter by approximately ten perceived NX noise levels" than existing bombers. *New York State Environment Newsletter*

BOB HOLT WAS BEATEN on the head in downtown Seattle while disguised as a mallard duck. Someone described as a six-foot bearded man wearing an English driving cap spun Holt around, pulled off his duck head, and battered him with the

bill. "I didn't speak to him, I didn't flap my wings, I didn't do anything like that," Holt stated. *UPI*

A MYSTERIOUS AFFLICTION left Mrs. Barbara Newcombe, a London housewife, speechless, but a faith healer helped her recover her voice. Thereafter she spoke with an Italian accent.

Mrs. Newcombe's husband, Derek, stated, "It will take some time to get used to it. She's never been to Italy, you

know." *San Francisco Chronicle*

A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD basset hound named Mary Poppins ate a mixture of yeast and unbaked dough that had been left, prior to baking, in front of the fire. When the yeast rose, the dog swelled up to about twice her normal size.

Owner Jane Burridge rushed Mary to the vet, who later reported: "She is going down slowly." *Roanoke Times*

IN AN ATTEMPT TO BOOST morale, the Army Materiel Command held a contest to name its new national headquarters building.

More than five hundred names were sent in and duly considered by the AMC's official Contest Committee to Name the New Building.

The winning name, submitted by Francis Sikorski, a civilian employee, was "The AMC Building."

Mr. Sikorski received \$100 for his suggestion. *Daily Iowan*

SIXTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD Yukio Miyazaki was arrested for bicycle theft seventeen times. According to police, Miyazaki stole 3,511 bicycles over forty-five years, taking one every day except Saturdays, Sundays, and rainy days. *Toronto Star*

THE ASSAULT TRIAL OF Alfonso Maldonado Delanciano in El Paso, Texas, took an unexpected turn when the elderly victim, asked to identify his assailant, pointed at a surprised juror. Delanciano was on the other side of the room. *Corpus Christi Times*

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, policeman Brian McCoy was reassigned after chief Thomas Hastings ruled that the officer was wrong to shoot a man who was threatening to kill himself with a knife. McCoy appealed the chief's decision, but State Supreme Court Justice John Conway upheld the ruling, supporting the finding that shooting is not an acceptable way to prevent suicide. *UPI*

MARK MAYBRY OF ALBUQUERQUE, New Mexico, was arrested when he attempted to

Retirement Dreams of the Dead

Several senators objected to the bleak picture Weinberger painted of the balance of power between the Soviets and the U.S. Weinberger uses "exaggerated rhetoric and one-sided charts," to make his case, said Levin, D.-Mich. complained. He said he pay freeze would force skilled, experienced workers to leave the military and applied for cuts in "the big-ticket (weapon) programs that produce marginal results."

Levin, who said Congress is sure to vote further cuts in the defense budget, told Weinberger to "stop stonewalling Congress about defense priorities." He pressured Weinberger until the secretary agreed that in some areas, such as ships for one, the U.S. retains an edge over the Soviet Union.

& Funerals

Burial will follow in the spring at the Southside Cemetery.

FUNERAL OF CHARLES HALLIDAY - NORRIDGE, N.H. - Funeral services for Charles C. Halliday were held Tuesday at 2 p.m. at the Nelson J. Smart Funeral Home in Skowhegan with the Rev. Cecil Jones, pastor of the Norridge Congregational Church, officiating.

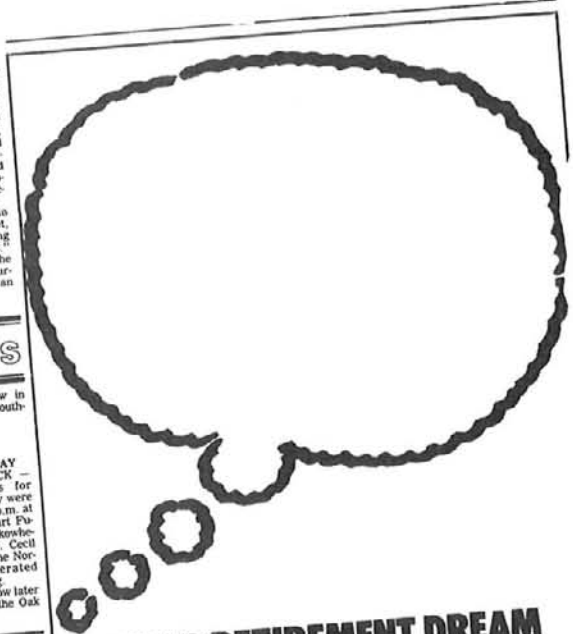
Burial will follow later in the spring at the Oak Cemetery.

Elsewhere

ANDRY - Funeral services for Andry were held at 2 p.m. at the funeral home. Rev. James Notre Dame officiating. Visitation will be today from 7 to 9 p.m. at the funeral home.

ROBERT STEVENS EDISON, N.J. (AP) - Robert T. Stevens, former Secretary of the Army in the Eisenhower administration and former chief executive officer of J.P. Stevens & Co., died Sunday. He was 83.

WILSON CLARK JR., LEESBURG, Va. (AP) - Wilson Ayres Clark Jr., an author, editor, and publisher, died Sunday at 10 a.m. at Gov. Edmund G. Brown Jr. Smart Funeral Home in Skowhegan. He was 36. Clark was Brown's principal energy adviser from 1976 to 1981.



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This obituary and bank ad appeared in the *Morning Sentinel* of Waterville, Maine. (contributed by Lee Brett Silverman)

use his mother's Master Charge card in a California liquor store. The card was listed as stolen because she had been found shot to death in her garage, and Maybry became implicated when police reportedly found a list in his room which read: "Things to do: (1) Buy shells. (2) Shoot father. (3) Shoot mother." *Los Angeles Times*

AS PART OF A MASS MAILING promoting the availability of new equipment, the Pacific Telephone Company sent 12,000 announcements to the town of Paradise, California. Unfortunately all 12,000 pieces of mail—a forty-seven-foot stack, according to postal authorities—were addressed to the same person. *AP*

THE FOLLOWING UNATTRIBUTED dialogues appear in a phrase book for Middle Eastern travelers that purports to offer examples of typical conversation translated from Berber into everyday English. This one is titled "At the Dentist's":

"I have a hollow tooth, which is ailing horribly."

"Sit down on this chair, incline your head back, and open well your mouth."

"Very good, sir."
"Let us see that hollow tooth. Is this it?"

"Yes, sir, it is not possible to stuff it?"

"The stuffing of the teeth is only a palliative measure."

"Will you then extract it? But that will ail me."

"Never, sir, that is a very light operation. A little courage suffices."

"But, sir."
"Let me take away the cotton that I have put in the hollow of the tooth. Crack; here is your tooth."

The phrase book also contains this conversation, called "At the Hairdresser":

"You are late today."

"Please excuse me, but it has not been possible to come sooner. Make fast and sharpen the razor after soaping my visage."

"All right, sir."
"You have let the brush go in my mouth."

"Because you have spoken when I did not expect it."

"You have cut my visage. It is bleeding."

"No, I have not cut your visage, there was only a pimple and I have taken it away."

"Lay, if you please on my hair, a little perfumed oil."

AFTER RECEIVING A NUMBER of obscene phone calls, Kelly Lopez hired a private detective, who traced the calls to a telephone in a Marion County jail cellblock. An inmate at the jail had been making the obscene calls to Lopez collect.

Marion County police advised the Salem, Oregon, woman not to accept future obscene collect calls. *UPI*

FOUR BANDITS DESCRIBED by police as "turkeys" broke into the home of sixty-five-year-old mango farmer James Smith and demanded that he hand over the "\$65,000 and the heroin." Before realizing they had the wrong house, the men mistook an electric can opener for a telephone and tore it from the wall. They also stole the only drugs they could find—Smith's nitroglycerin pills.

Speeding away from Smith's Homestead, Florida, home, the four got lost and began looking for the Florida Turnpike. Finally, seeing what they thought

was a turnpike tollbooth, they sped through in Hollywood getaway fashion.

The "tollbooth," however, was actually a guardhouse at the entrance to the Homestead Air Force Base, where they were nabbed by military police. *New York Times*

THE FOLLOWING QUESTION and answer appeared in the "professional problems corner" of *The Lawyer*, a British journal:

"Q. I am a thirty-two-year-old assistant solicitor working for a medium-sized general practice, specializing in litigation. Last month I had an appointment with an established client, an attractive blonde divorcee who had purchased a defective vacuum cleaner from a local shopkeeper, who had refused to replace it or refund her money. As I took down the details I could not help noticing that her dress was extremely low-cut and she kept giving me long lingering looks. Our eyes met and within seconds we were making passionate love on my desk. I have met her on several subsequent occasions, when the same thing happened. I am married with three children. What should I do?"

"A. Your client should be

able to obtain redress under s. 13 or 14 of the *Sale of Goods Act 1979*, provided it can be established that the goods were not of merchantable quality or fit for the purpose for which they were sold." *Lawyer's Weekly*

THIS ITEM APPEARED IN the *Elizabeth Daily Journal* of Elizabeth, New Jersey:

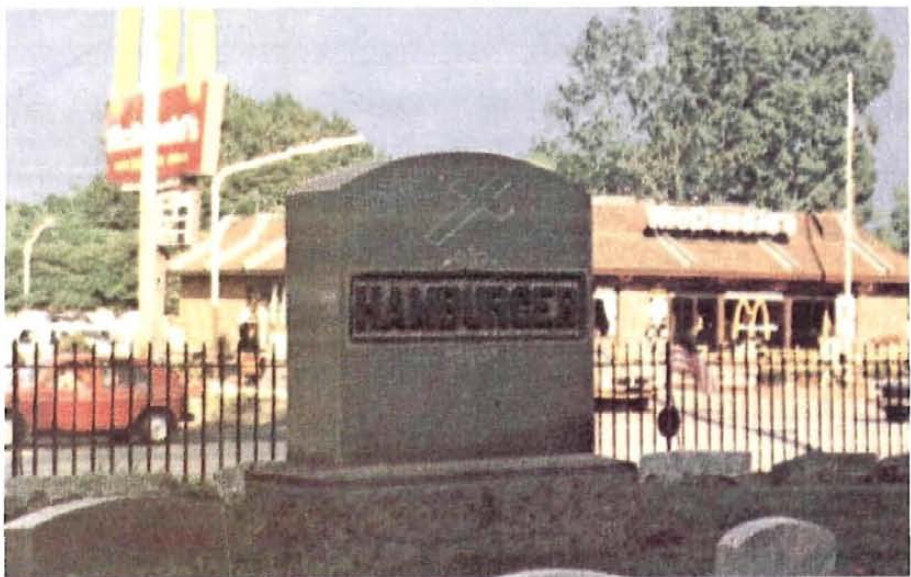
"A thirty-one-year-old Roselle Park woman told police she found her tuna fish sandwich sliced diagonally Sunday after returning to her car from a lesson at a Union golf driving range.

"The woman told police she never slices her sandwiches diagonally and suspects that someone picked the lock of her car to commit the crime, according to a police report.

"Nothing was taken from the car, and the sandwich was confiscated as evidence, the report said."

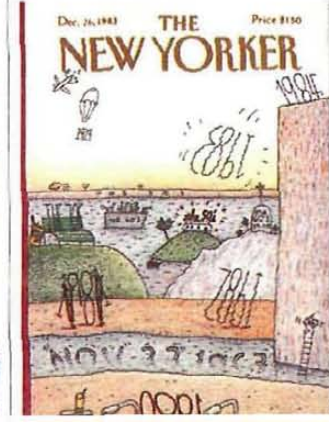
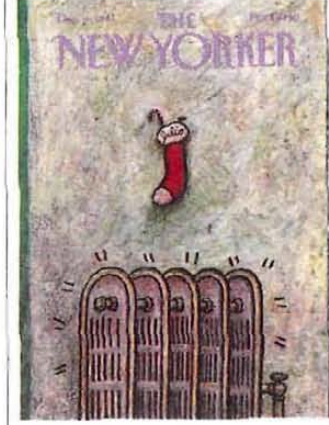
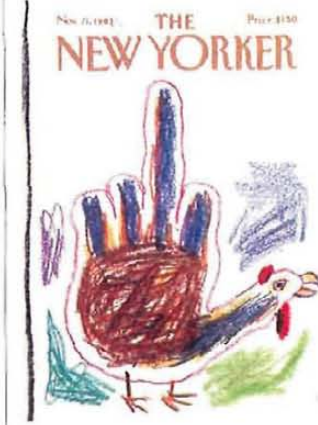
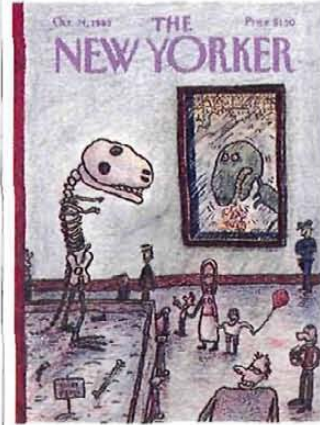
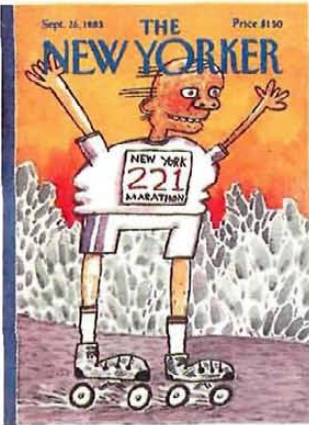
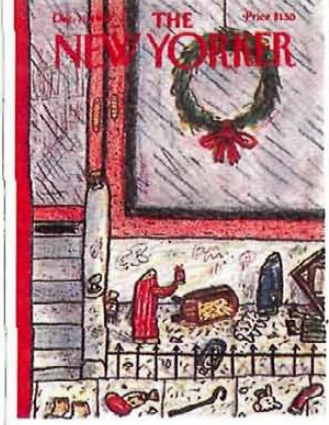
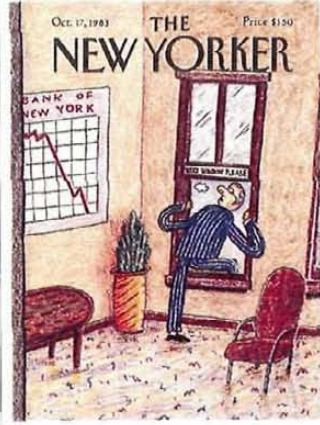
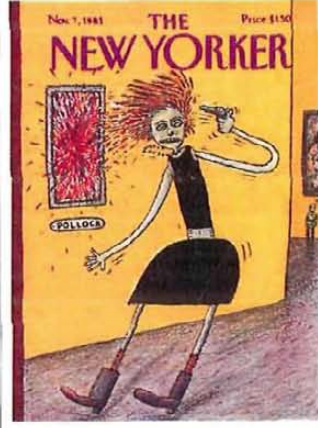
ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, Superior Court ordered a local hospital to pay \$250,000 to a Huntington Beach woman who suffered "permanent lung damage following an improperly administered enema." *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*

Last Call for Burgers



At This

RON HAUGE'S YEAR OF ~~REJECTED!~~ NEW YORKER COVERS





In some circles
“turkey” is the highest
praise you can
bestow.

**WILD
TURKEY**

8 years old, 101 proof, pure Kentucky.



A

B

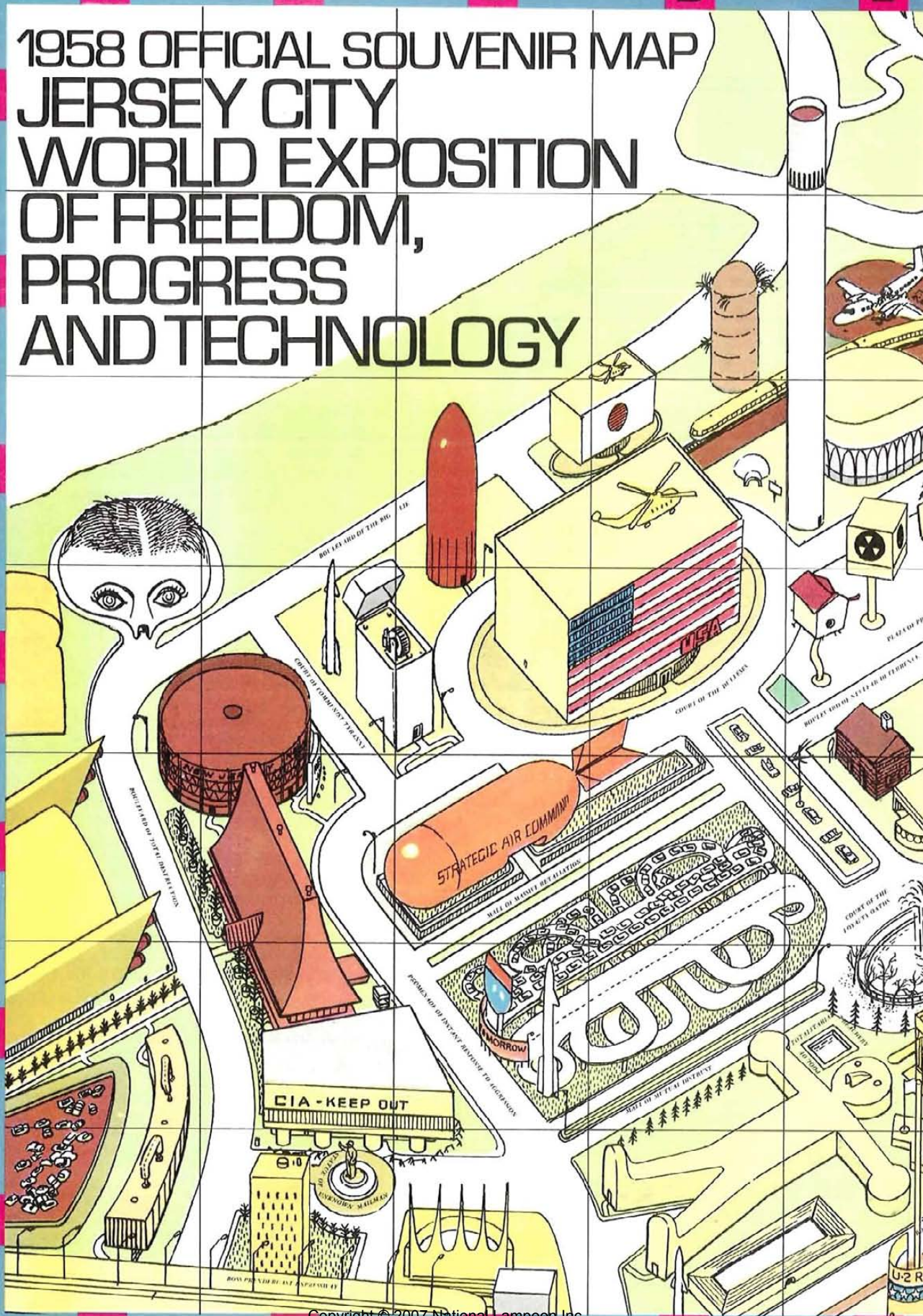
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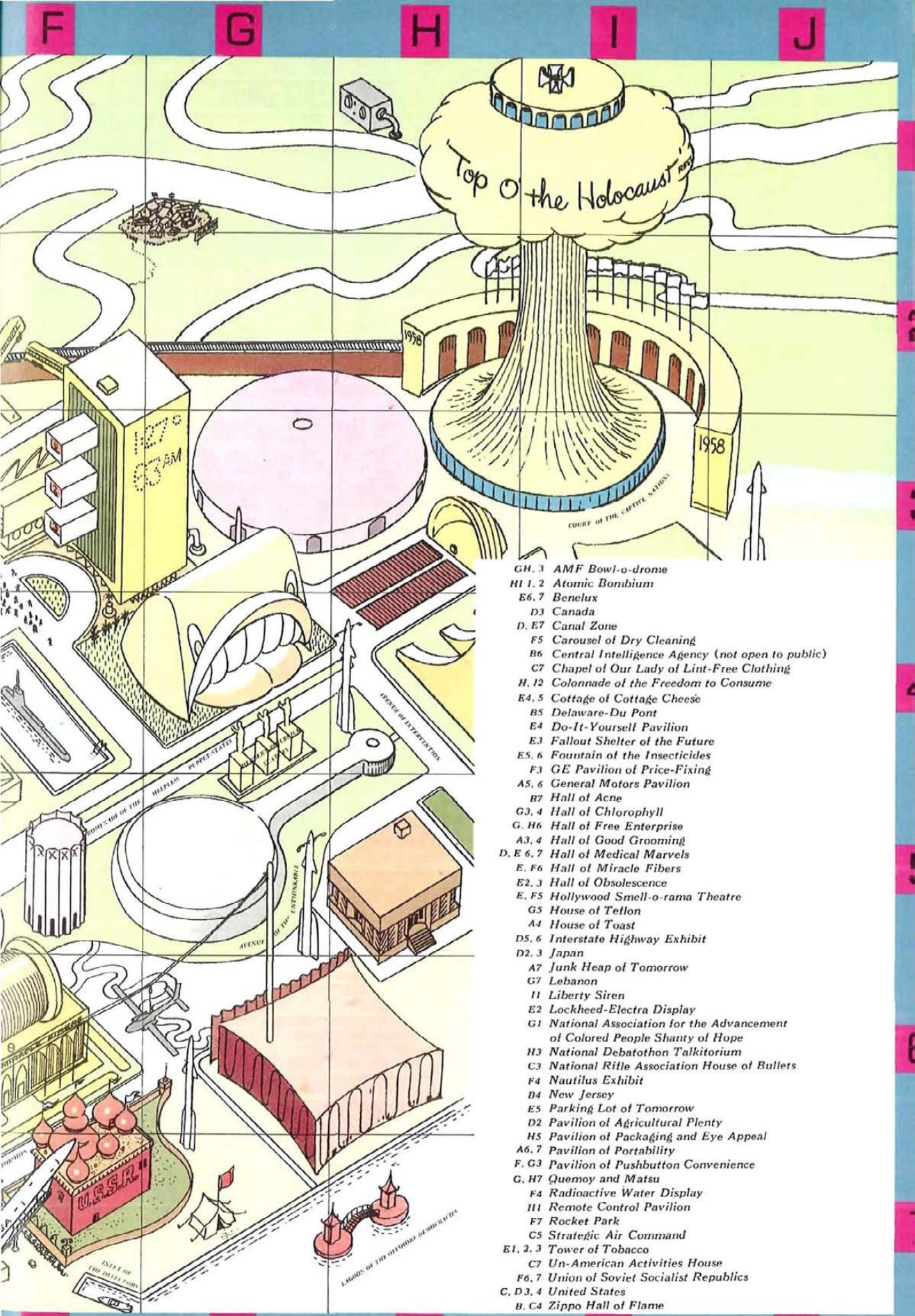
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1958 OFFICIAL SOUVENIR MAP JERSEY CITY WORLD EXPOSITION OF FREEDOM, PROGRESS AND TECHNOLOGY

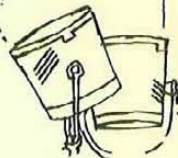




- GH.3 AMF Bowl-o-drome
- HI 1.2 Atomic Bombium
- E6.7 Benelux
- D3 Canada
- D.E7 Canal Zone
- F5 Carousel of Dry Cleaning
- B6 Central Intelligence Agency (not open to public)
- C7 Chapel of Our Lady of Lint-Free Clothing
- H.12 Colonnade of the Freedom to Consume
- E4.5 Cottage of Cottage Cheese
- B5 Delaware-Du Pont
- E4 Do-It-Yourself Pavilion
- E3 Fallout Shelter of the Future
- E5.6 Fountain of the Insecticides
- F3 GE Pavilion of Price-Fixing
- A5.6 General Motors Pavilion
- B7 Hall of Acne
- G3.4 Hall of Chlorophyll
- G.H6 Hall of Free Enterprise
- A3.4 Hall of Good Grooming
- D, E 6.7 Hall of Medical Marvels
- E. F6 Hall of Miracle Fibers
- E2.3 Hall of Obsolescence
- E. F5 Hollywood Smell-o-rama Theatre
- G5 House of Teflon
- A4 House of Toast
- DS.6 Interstate Highway Exhibit
- D2.3 Japan
- A7 Junk Heap of Tomorrow
- G7 Lebanon
- I1 Liberty Siren
- E2 Lockheed-Electra Display
- G1 National Association for the Advancement of Colored People Shanty of Hope
- H3 National Debatathon Talkitorium
- C3 National Rifle Association House of Bullets
- F4 Nautilus Exhibit
- B4 New Jersey
- E5 Parking Lot of Tomorrow
- D2 Pavilion of Agricultural Plenty
- H5 Pavilion of Packaging and Eye Appeal
- A6.7 Pavilion of Portability
- F.G3 Pavilion of Pushbutton Convenience
- G.H7 Quemoy and Matsu
- F4 Radioactive Water Display
- I11 Remote Control Pavilion
- F7 Rocket Park
- C5 Strategic Air Command
- E1.2.3 Tower of Tobacco
- C7 Un-American Activities House
- F6.7 Union of Soviet Socialist Republics
- C. D3.4 United States
- B. C4 Zippo Hall of Flame

HI-LITES OF THE FAIR

- American Bible Association**
Lecture: "When You're Blue, Don't Imbibe—Imbible!"
Hymn-sing led by choir of Bayonne School for the Deaf
- American Cement Institute**
Sidewalk Walk
- American Coal Association**
Miniature Strip Mine
- American Furnituremakers Association**
Stage Show: "Sofa—So Good!"
- American Gravel Association**
Palace of Pumice
Model of the Ground Grubber
World's Largest Rock Pulverizer
- American Lamb Council**
Film: *Take It on the Lamb!*
- American Rendering Inc.**
Cavalcade of the Animal Fats
- Asbestos Institute**
Film: *When It's Made with Asbestos, It's Made Asbestos It Can!*
- Asphalt Association**
Film: *Meet Mr. Macadam*
- Association of Independent Foundries**
Film: *Man, the Lug-Nut User*
- Atlantic City Chamber of Commerce**
Tower of Taffy
- Better Chewing Institute**
Musical Presentation: "Two, Four, Six, Eight—Please Be Sure to Masticate!"
- Boy Scouts of America**
National Rope Tie-off Finals
- Canadian Tourist Board**
Film: *The Tundra: Nature's Frozen Wonderland*
- Carborundum Inc.**
Exhibit: "Those Amazing Minerals," featuring World's Largest Chip of Mica
Films: *Fun With Feldspar*
Bismuth As Usual!
- Chap Stick Co.**
Lucky Lips Lottery
- Continental Can Corp.**
Display: Pressurized Containers Through History
- Cyanide Inc.**
Stage Show: "Plastic—It's Fantastic!"
- Dristan Sinus Pool**
- Egg Information Center**
- Fab-u-Foot Inc.**
Avenue of Argyle
- General Foods**
Salon de Sandwich Spreads
- General Mills**
Pastry Pantry, featuring the World's Biggest Biscuit
Film: *That Takes the Cake!*
- Graylor Inc.**
Office Equipment of the Future Display
- Grindex Inc.**
Hall of Varnish
- Hatco**
House of Hats
- Ipana**
Den of Tooth Decay, featuring Root Canal Ride and Molar Coaster
- Kraft**
Chateau of Cheese Snacks Dip-o-Drome
- Lawn-King Inc.**
Lawn Care Headquarters
Spire of Sod
- Luncheon Meat Producers Association**
Hall of Spam
Stage Show: "Salami and the Dance of the Seven Veals"
- Modern Metals Mall**
Continuous showing of fourteen-hour film: *Tungsten—Metal of One Million Uses*
- Montana Mining Inc.**
Ore-bucket Ride
- National Basalt Institute**
Film: *Pass the Basalt, Please!*
- National Junior Scholastic Debate Association**
Finals: Daily debates on the 1958 NJSDA topic, "Resolved: I would rather be dead than Red"
- National Linoleum Manufacturers Association**
Musical Presentation: "I'm Floored!"
- National Overshoe Association**
Stage Show: "Galosh—by Gosh!"
- National Spelling Bee finals**
- National Trampoline Club**
Leaps for Peace
Noxico
Fiesta of the Artificial Flavors
- Otis Inc.**
Escalator Ride
- Phillips**
Laxative Lounge
Film: *Meet Mr. Lower Intestine*
- Posturpedic Inc.**
Exhibit: Man the Sleeper, featuring Freedy Grench and the Forty Winks singing famous lullabies
- Puntz Hydraulic Inc.**
Parade of Pumps
- Republic of Guatemala**
National Eighty-Six Piece Castanet Orchestra
- Reynolds Inc.**
Bridge of Boons from Bauxite
- Ritelco**
Mansion of Manila
World's Smallest Manila Envelope
- Shectrock Manufacturers Association**
Wall of Marvels
- Shinola Co.**
National Shoe Shine Championship Polish-off (twelve heats daily)
- Soybean Institute**
Exhibit: "Man the Soybean Eater"
Musical Presentation: "Soy Ahoy!"
- Spiedel Inc.**
Exhibit, featuring Gus Geek and the Twistaflex Band
- Starkist Inc.**
Tunarama
- Steel Wool Institute**
Display: World's Largest Scouring Pad
- Tapioca Institute**
Musical Presentation: "Flamenco Tapioca"
- Turpentine Institute**
Film: *There's Gold in Them Thar Trees!*
- U.S. Footwear Association**
Shoes of Many Nations
Singer Vince Facino in "Ripple Solo"
- U.S. Produce Association**
Parade of the Parsnips
Musical Presentation: "Let's Root for the Tubers!"
- U.S. Smelter Inc.**
Salon of Slag
Film: *Lead—Our Chemical Chum*
- Valvoline Co.**
Stroll through the Sludge
- Vaseline Petroleum Jelly Inc.**
Jar of Wonders
- Venetian Blinds of Tomorrow**
- Vermont Tourist Bureau**
Film: *Age, Aye, Syrup!*
- Wafabco Inc.**
Wheel of Wire Fasteners
- Warner-Swazey Inc.**
Hall of Lathes
Film: *Let's Put the Screws on These Socialist Nuts!*
- Weyerhaeuser Inc.**
Hall of Pulp
Lecture: "Stumps in Our National Forests: Comfortable Seats or Convenient Picnic Tables?"
- Wide World of Institutional Cooking**
- World Putty Headquarters**
- Zinc Center**



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NL1290



THE DEVIL AND WILLIAM KUNSTLER

THERE'S A STORY they like to tell down at the courthouse, and you can be pretty sure that when you hear a fat man's laughter from behind a closed door or the sound of a hammy fist being pounded on a green tin desk, somebody's telling it.

No, William Kunstler's not dead—or, at least, they haven't buried him. But the word is that his spirit is so big it sometimes leaves his body and goes off roaming around just like it was a ghost already. And if you walk into an empty courtroom where Bill once pleaded a case and speak loud and clear, "William Kunstler, William Kunstler!" Old Glory will flutter a bit and the defense's chairs will begin to squeak. And after a while you'll hear a voice saying, "Hey, brother, how goes the movement?" Then you'd better answer that the movement stands as it always stood, shoulder to shoulder, chicks up front, solid and together, or he's liable to materialize right there in front of you. Or so I've always heard it told.

You see, for a while William was the biggest man in the movement. He never got to be president or even to impeach one. They say that when Kunstler refused to stand up and speak, his silent

protest was as moving as a whole mass of folks holding a silent candlelight vigil for freedom. When he used to walk out in the street with his electric bullhorn, get this, people would just rush up to him and entrust their whole futures to his care, and the oppressors and exploiters would close up their pawnshops and appliance stores and move away be-



The deal went down, a super-heavy pact signed in blood.

cause there just wasn't no use in putting up a fight against him. And when he argued a case, he could turn on the blues harps of the oppressed and make the earth feel like it was shaking from the ground swell of public opinion that he got behind him. A man with a mouth like a mountain horn, a brow like five philosophers', and eyes like a couple of multi-cell cop flashlights—that was William Kunstler in his prime. And the biggest case he ever argued never got



Brian Jones was in the devil's Kleenex—it was like something out of "Night Gallery"!

written down in the books, for he argued it against the devil, nip and tuck and no holds barred. And this is the way I heard it told.

There was a man named Jimi Hendrix, lived up in the northwest states somewhere. He wasn't a bad man to start with, but he was an unlucky man. If three fellows were shoplifting at a store, Jimi was always the one that got caught. If two people were called Jimmy, Jimi was always the one to get the name with the silly spelling. He was a pretty fair guitar player, but it didn't prosper him: he had a decent crowd of fans, but the more fans he had, the more names he had to put on the guest list and the less money he made. If a club owner paid him off in acid, the tabs would be weak, and if he traded them off, he traded them for phony hash and gave something extra. There's some brothers be like that, apparently. But one day Jimi Hendrix got sick of that jive.

He'd been practicing that morning and he'd just broken the neck off his ax

doing a somersault while playing behind his head—a trick he'd accomplished easily many times before. And as he stood there looking at the busted ax, the chick he balled the night before called to say she had a dose of clap in her precious and he'd better take his nature to the clinic. His bass player had just wrecked the band's van and he couldn't get the pick off of his thumb. It was freak-out time for Jimi. "I swear," he said, and looked about him kinda paranoid. "I swear it's enough to make a brother sell his soul to the devil! I would, too, for food stamps!"

Then he felt kind of a strange rush come over him for having rapped that way, though, naturally, being black and proud, he wouldn't take it back. But, just the same, when that evening rolled around and, as far as he could scope it out, no notice had been taken, he felt a little more laid-back, for he was a man who had a fair amount of soul. But notice is always taken and the devil he don't miss much, as the saying goes. Sure enough, next day, just as Jimi and some of the band were sitting down to scoff up a good feed, a soft-spoken, dark-suited stranger drove up in a really fine short and asked to rap with Jimi.

Well, Jimi told his band it was a promoter from Los Angeles come up to rap with him about a few gigs. But he knew who it was. He didn't dig the stranger's looks at all, nor the really plastic way he had of just smiling with his teeth. It was really spacey how white the dude's teeth were. And Jimi didn't dig it when this really zonked chick who was crashing with the band took one look at the stranger and split. But having promised, you know, more or less, he couldn't go back on it, and they went outside and did the deal. Jimi had to prick his finger to sign and the stranger lent him a number-six point from this outrageous set of works he was carrying. The wound healed clean but left a little whitey scar.

II

RIGHT AWAY THINGS BEGAN TO flow Jimi's way. Everything started to happen for him at once. The band started getting gigs, and Jimi's playing was so righteous that people were just blown away by it. They got a record deal, and the album they cut was the tastiest to come out that year. People were saying that Jimi was one of the most far-out, if not the most far-out, of lead players around. There was talk of him ushering in a new age with his music. All in all, you might say

by Ted Mann



that the Hendrix Experience was enjoying some pretty good karma and that they were mellow as could be. And so they were, except for Jimi Hendrix.

Jimi'd been laid-back enough the first few years. It's a great thing when you first start getting the breaks; it can really turn your head around. True, every so often, especially when it was really smoggy, the little whitey scar on his finger would give him some grief. And once a year the stranger with the short would fall by and psych him out. But the sixth year, the stranger hung out for a bit, and after that the good times were all gone for Jimi Hendrix.

The stranger came walking through the studio, switching at his boots with a cane in a really uncool way. It was obvious to everyone that the stranger was on some kind of weird ego trip. And after he'd rapped for a piece, he said, "Well, Jimi, you're a pretty hip haircut! This is a pretty righteous studio you've got here, Jimi!"



William Kunstler really got behind Jimi. He couldn't have been more cool.

"Well, some people might dig it, man; other people might not, you know?" said Jimi Hendrix, for he was a Negro.

"Hey, no need to talk yourself down," said the stranger. "After all, we all know what's been going down. So when the, ah, like, the *loan* comes due next year, there shouldn't be any bad vibes, right?"

"Since you brought it up, man," said Jimi Hendrix, and he looked around for help to some roadies smokin' dope by

the keyboards. "I'm beginning to have some doubts about the way the deal went down."

"Tell me, man," said the stranger, not quite so mellowly.

"Well, this being the Age of Aquarius and all, I've been having doubts about your mortgage holding up in a people's court, you know—lotta things have changed, you know?" He pounded his fist on the top of an amp and he got bolder. "Yeah, man, I'm having some really superserious doubts about your mortgage holding up in court."

"There's courts and then there's courts. Wow," said the stranger, letting his breath out in an exasperated gust. "So what say we just check out the original contract and quit hassling." And he began rooting through a big shoulder bag full of papers. "Hamil, Homos, Hendra, ah, here we are, Hendrix," he muttered. "'I, Jimi Hendrix, for the term of seven years...' This seems incredibly straight ahead to me, man."

But Jimi Hendrix wasn't even listening, for he saw something else flutter out of the shoulder bag. It was something that looked like a moth, but it wasn't a moth. No way. And as Jimi Hendrix stared at it, it seemed to be rapping to him in a really minuscule voice, incredibly minuscule and high, but, like, human, really human.

"Hey, man! Hey, Jimi! Help me, man!" it squeaked. "Wow, this is really Kafkaesque! Help me, man! Jimi!"

But before Jimi Hendrix could move hand or foot, the stranger whipped out a bandanna, caught the creature in it, and began tying the ends up.

"Sorry for the side trip, man," he said. "As I was saying—"

But Jimi Hendrix was shaking and sweating like a junkie who was hurting.

"That's Brian Jones's voice!" he said in a croak. "And you've got him in your snot rag!"

The stranger looked a little paranoid.

"Yeah, I really should have stashed him in the major box," he simpered, "but there were some really hip specimens in there and I didn't want to bring them down. Bummer, man, but it happens."

"Hey, I don't know from that," said Jimi Hendrix, "but that was Brian Jones in there! And he's not dead, no way! You can't lay that on me, man! I saw him at the Fillmore two nights ago! He was with this chick and they were both really wired!"

"One minute you're here." The stranger shrugged and snapped his fingers kind of musingly. "The next... Listen." All the engineers behind the glass started crying and Jimi Hendrix listened.

"Wow, man, you're never going to believe this, man," said an engineer over the studio monitor. "Brian Jones just croaked. They found him in his pool, man. Looks like he OD'd."

Jimi was trembling and the sweat was running down his face. For he knew that Brian Jones was dead.

"We've been doing business for a long time," said the stranger with a sigh. "One really hates to shut down these old accounts. I wouldn't do it if I didn't have to. That's just the way it goes, Jimi."

He still had the bandanna in his hand, and Jimi felt sick as he watched the cloth swell and pulse like a light-show amoeba.

"Are they all that minuscule?" he asked hoarsely.

"Minuscule?" said the stranger. "Oh, I see where you're coming from." He measured Jimi with his eyes. "Every one is different. Don't sweat yourself, Jimi, you'll go with a good grade. I wouldn't trust you outside the box. No way. Now, a man like William Kunstler, wow, we'd have to make a special box for him, and even at that I bet the wingspread on him would really blow you away. He'd certainly be a good score. I wish I could, like, work something out with him. But, in your case, as I was saying—"

"Put that snot rag away!" said Jimi Hendrix, and he began to beg and plead with the stranger. But the best deal he could cop was a three-year extension with certain conditions.

But until you do a deal like that you have no idea whatsoever of how fast time can go by. It's like being on good mesc or something. By the last months of those years, Jimi is known all over the world, there's talk about how he's the greatest there ever was—and it's just vomit in his mouth. Every day when he gets up he thinks, "Well, another night blown all to hell!" and shivers at the apt remark. And every night when he lies down he thinks of the big black pocket-book and the soul of Brian Jones, and it makes him practically schiz right out. Till finally one day he can't bear it any longer, and in the last days of the year he jumps onto a plane and flies off to see William Kunstler. Bill lives in New York, which is quite a piece from London, where Jimi is staying, but it's worth the trip, for it's well known that Bill has a particular soft spot for Negroes.

III

IT WAS EARLY IN THE MORNING when Jimi got to New York, but Bill was up already talking jive to the brothers on the block, shooting some hoops and working up speeches to

make against Richard M. Nixon. But when he heard that a black man had come to see him, he dropped everything he was doing, for that was William's way. He gave Jimi Hendrix a breakfast that five brothers couldn't eat, went into the living history of the Negro people—not omitting discussion of recent martyrs in the struggle such as Medgar Evers—and finally asked him how he could serve him.

Jimi Hendrix allowed as how this was kind of a repo case.

"Well, I don't want to shuck you, brother. I'm not really into pleading repo cases and I don't usually plead now except political stuff, before the higher courts, but since you're a progressive client I'll do what I can for you."

"Man, you don't know how you've lightened my load. I feel like I got a shot now," said Jimi Hendrix, and he laid the details on him.

Bill walked up and down as he listened, fingering his Hopi belt buckle, now and then asking a question, now and then stabbing at the floor with his gaze as if he were ramming a stake into the shriveled heart of capitalism. When Jimi Hendrix had finished, Bill shook his head and burped and hit himself hard once on the chest. Then he turned to Jimi, and a smile broke over his face like a sunset up in Harlem.

"You've really got yourself into a bad space, man," he said, "but I'll take the case."

"Straight?" said Jimi, who could hardly believe it.

"*Absolument*, man," said William Kunstler. "I've got about seventy-five other things to do and a disbarment motion to fight, but I'll take your case. If a Negro and a Jew aren't a match for the devil, we might as well give this country back to the Protestants."

Just at that moment there was a loud rap at the door.

"So," says William Kunstler, real cool. "I thought your clock was a little off." He stepped to the door and opened it. "Come on in!" he said.

The stranger came in, and he looked triple weird in the black light. He was carrying a guitar case under his arm with little air holes punched in the lid. When Jimi saw the case he got psyched right out and started to moan.

"Mr. Kunstler, am I right?" said the stranger, his eyes glowing like a couple of cigarette tips in a dark room.

"Attorney of record for Mr. Jimi Hendrix," said William Kunstler, his eyes also flashing like he was on some weird astral plane. "Might I ask your name?"

"I've got plenty of handles. Mr. Charlie, ofay," said the stranger care-

lessly. "Perhaps 'The Man' will do for this evening. I'm often called that, these days."

Then he sat down at the table and took a humongous toke on a joint, but when he let his breath out not a



When Jimi saw the guitar case he was totally blown away!

single wisp of smoke emerged.

"Now, man," said the stranger, smiling. "I shall call upon you as an ethical cat to help me collect the very special dues which I am owed."

Well, with that the argument began—and it got incredibly intense. At first Jimi Hendrix had a flicker of hope, but when he saw William Kunstler forced to accept point after point he kind of scrunched up in the corner and just stared at the big guitar box with the air holes punched in the lid. For there wasn't any doubt as to the deed or the signature—that was absolutely straight ahead, and try as he would William Kunstler couldn't get away from that. He pointed out that the property had increased in value—that a super-heavy-duty rock star ought to be worth more; the stranger stuck to the exact terms of the deal. He was a really heavy lawyer, was William Kunstler, but we all know who's the heaviest of the heavy lawyers, and it looked like for the first time William Kunstler was going to get completely blown away.

Finally the stranger yawned. "Your efforts on behalf of your client make you look pretty good, m'man, but if you've finished, I'm a little late for a date..." and Jimi Hendrix shuddered. William Kunstler's brow looked as dark as a gram of primo Afghani hash. "Late for a date or not, you're not putting the bag on this brother!" he screamed. "Mr. Hendrix is a member of an oppressed minority whose ancestors endured four hundred years of slavery. In case you've forgotten, man, the Civil War is over and this man is not a slave anymore. He isn't going nowhere without he gets the fuckin' trial which is his right as a citizen! Or are you trying to deny him his rights as a citizen? We fought the Confederacy when they tried it, and we'll fight all hell again if we have to, and we shall overcome!"

"Hey, lighten up, man," said the stranger. "Don't lose your cool. If you want a trial, I'll get you a trial. But the case is hardly one for a straight court," said the stranger, his eyes slyly slitted, "and really, man, it's so late in the evening—"

"Look, man, I don't care what kind of a court it is as long as we get twelve honest men," said William Kunstler in his pride. "Let it be the quick or the dead; I'll go along with what they decide!"

"You got it, m'man," said the stranger, and he pointed his finger at the door of Jimi's pad. And with that there was a whooshing sound like someone blowing into a horn with the reed out, and the sound of footsteps, clear and distinct, like footsteps on the stage of an empty hall before a concert. And yet they were not like the footsteps of dudes that were alive.

"Wow, man, who would fall by this late?" cried Jimi Hendrix, who had a superbad case of the fears.

"The jury Mr. Kunstler demands," said the stranger. "You must pardon the appearance of one or two; they're all really straight cats, and I had to drag them a long way."

IV

AND WITH THAT THE DOOR BLEW open and twelve dudes entered one by one.

If Jimi Hendrix had had the fears before, he was completely weirded out now. For there was Marcus Aurelius, the gentle and learned Roman emperor, famed author of *Meditations*, a book of instructions in practical morality; and there was Matthew Arnold, Newdigate Prize winner and professor of poetry at Oxford, one of the most temperate and balanced minds of the nineteenth cen-

tury. Booker T. Washington was there, looking kind and determined and perhaps a little sad, as befitted the great black leader and founder of the Tuskegee Institute; and Feodorovich Kerenski, prime minister of Russia, whose political moderation following the Revolution of 1917 cost him his job. There was Albert Schweitzer, the pious doctor-philosopher who founded Lambarené Hospital in French Equatorial Africa. There was Lou Gehrig, famed first baseman for the New York Yankees, who later distinguished himself as the even-handed parole commissioner of New York City. Blaise Pascal, the French mathematician-philosopher famed for his gentle yet telling irony in defense of Jansenism. Tom Paine, the libertarian polemicist who helped uphold the cause of the thirteen colonies before and after the Revolution. One by one they came into the room with the incense of the otherworld still clinging to their garments, and the stranger recited their names and gave a short rap on each one, till the whole tale of the twelve was told. The stranger had told the truth—there was no doubt they were all honest men. But really, really straight.

"This jury okay with you, Mr. Kunstler?" said the stranger mockingly, after they had taken their places.

The sweat stood out on William Kunstler's brow. He was definitely uptight. But when he spoke, his voice was powerful and overbearing.

"Quite satisfied, though I miss Pat Boone from the gang here."

"Pat Boone is still alive," said the stranger, with the hint of a sneer. "We are short one judge, I believe." He pointed his finger once more, and a man soberly clad in Puritan garb appeared and took the judge's place.

"John Alden, former deputy governor of the Plymouth colony, famed for his probity."

"His what, man?" screamed Jimi Hendrix. "That guy's a religious maniac, man! Look at the fucking threads he's wearin', man!"

William Kunstler motioned for his client to be silent, and the trial began. As you might imagine, things were not entirely cool for the defense. Jimi Hendrix didn't make the best witness on his own behalf. He kept giving Booker Washington a power salute and calling Marcus Aurelius a "fox" because of the emperor's sheer white toga. Jimi Hendrix got so afraid that he tried to run away, though he did his best to disguise it as an angry refusal to recognize the court. John Alden ordered Jimi Hendrix to be chained to his chair at the request of "The Man," who acted as

prosecutor, and over the objections of William Kunstler. Well, William Kunstler realized when that happened that he wasn't about to get any justice for his client from this court, and he decided right then and there that he'd show and tell judge, jury, and prosecutor just what he thought of them and their so-called system of justice.

"I can't believe it! I can't believe it!" said William Kunstler. "This is incredible. I mean, I'm ashamed to be a law-

"That will not be necessary, Your Honor. We have reached a unanimous decision. We find the defendant guilty as charged on all counts."

William Kunstler slammed his fist upon the table.

"I knew it, man! I expected it! That is no justice! I'm ashamed!" said William Kunstler.

Judge Alden instructed the sentence to be carried out at once, and then judge and jury disappeared in an in-



The jury was about as uncool a jury as you could find, man. Totally straight.

yer today! I feel like everything I ever learned or believed was some kind of a joke! How could I possibly have expected justice from a bunch of idiot squares like you people. I don't know! If what I've seen in this court today is any indication of the way Western civilization is going, I weep for the future generations as yet unborn. That's all I have to say."

Jimi Hendrix screamed in horror. "What do you mean, 'That's all I have to say'! You're supposed to defend me, man!"

William Kunstler ignored the hysterical rocker, fastening on the jury. "If you send this man down to hell with the devil, you'll just be proving that everything I said here today is true."

The judge asked William Kunstler if he had anything else to say, and he did not. Neither had the prosecutor anything to add. Judge Alden then asked the jury if they would like to retire to consider their verdict. The jury's foreman, Albert Schweitzer, rose to his feet.

stant. Jimi Hendrix screamed as the stranger stuffed him in the guitar case with the holes in the lid.

"A retrial, make a motion for a retrial, you dumblo!" Jimi Hendrix screamed at his lawyer.

The case snapped shut. "I can't," said William Kunstler. "Don't you see? It wouldn't do any good. It's the system that's at fault. We have to tear down the whole system and start over!" Only a high-pitched squeaking from within the box indicated that Jimi Hendrix had heard his attorney.

"A pleasure doing business with you, man," said the stranger, and he disappeared along with his guitar case full of soul.

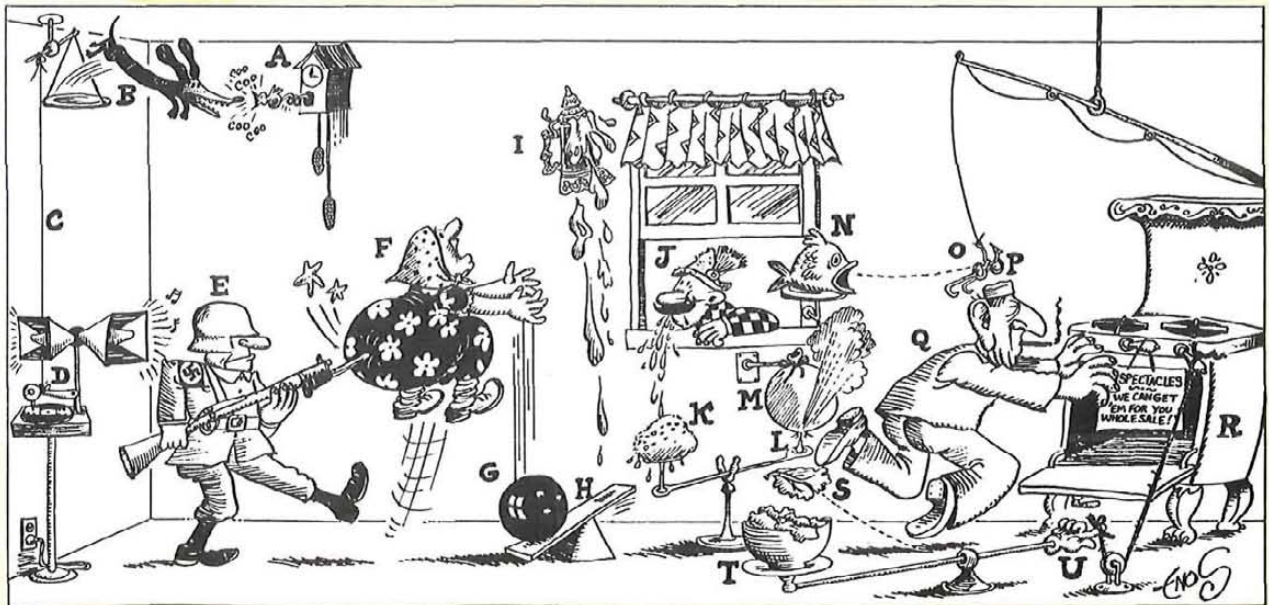
"One day, man, one day... believe me," said William Kunstler to the place where the stranger had been.

And that's the reason why the devil feels completely free to fuck over rock stars any way he wants, to this very day. I'm not talking about the Osmonds, or groups like Up With People. ■



Michael O'Donoghue & Randall Enos Present Adolf Hitler's Device for Gassing Rube Goldberg

HERR HITLER DECIDES THAT "NO JEWS IS GOOD JEWS" AND INVENTS A SIMPLE JEWISH-CARTOONIST ERASER.
 AT THE APPOINTED HOUR, COO-COO BIRD (A) POPS OUT OF CLOCK. DACHSHUND (B), BELIEVING HE HAS BEEN INSULTED, LUNGES AT BIRD, THEREBY CAUSING STRING (C) TO LOWER PHONOGRAPH NEEDLE (D) ONTO RECORD OF GERMAN BAND MUSIC. STORM TROOPER (E), HEARING MUSIC, GOOSE-STEPS FORWARD, GOOSING POLISH LADY (F), WHO DROPS HER BOWLING BALL (G). BALL HITS BOARD (H), CATAPULTING BEER STEIN (I) INTO AIR NEXT TO WINDOW WHERE PASSERBY (J) NOTICES AND DROOLS INTO SPONGE (K). AS SPONGE GATHERS DROOL AND GETS HEAVIER, IT CAUSES TACK (L) TO PUNCTURE BALLOON (M), SCARING FISH (N), WHO RELEASES HOOK (O), WHICH SNAGS RUBE GOLDBERG'S SPECTACLES (P), CAUSING HIM TO STUMBLE TOWARD TEMPTING SIGN AND FALL HEADFIRST INTO OVEN (R) AFTER SLIPPING ON LEAF OF SPITZKRAUT (S), WHICH ADDS JUST ENOUGH WEIGHT TO SAUERKRAUT BOWL (T) TO CAUSE HAND (U) TO PULL STRING, WHICH TURNS ON GAS IN OVEN, THEREBY GASSING GOLDBERG.



World Night Court

by Henry Beard

John Weidman

Peter Kaminsky

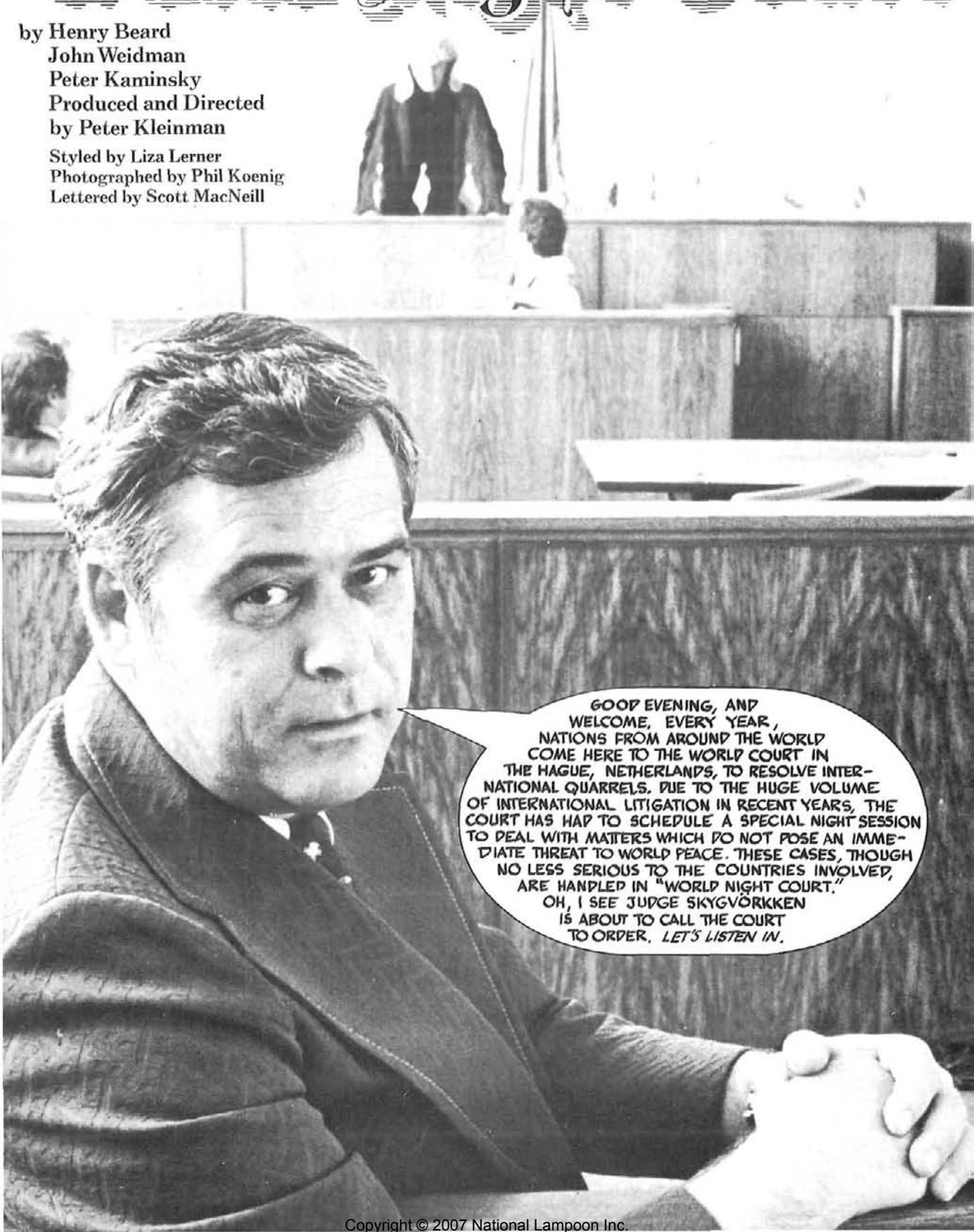
Produced and Directed

by Peter Kleinman

Styled by Liza Lerner

Photographed by Phil Koenig

Lettered by Scott MacNeill



GOOD EVENING, AND WELCOME, EVERY YEAR, NATIONS FROM AROUND THE WORLD COME HERE TO THE WORLD COURT IN THE HAGUE, NETHERLANDS, TO RESOLVE INTERNATIONAL QUARRELS. DUE TO THE HUGE VOLUME OF INTERNATIONAL LITIGATION IN RECENT YEARS, THE COURT HAS HAD TO SCHEDULE A SPECIAL NIGHT SESSION TO DEAL WITH MATTERS WHICH DO NOT POSE AN IMMEDIATE THREAT TO WORLD PEACE. THESE CASES, THOUGH NO LESS SERIOUS TO THE COUNTRIES INVOLVED, ARE HANDLED IN "WORLD NIGHT COURT."
OH, I SEE JUDGE SKYGVÖRKKEN IS ABOUT TO CALL THE COURT TO ORDER. LET'S LISTEN IN.



WOULD THE CLERK CALL THE FIRST CASE, PLEASE.

WNC 368-24, LATVIA, LITHUANIA ET AL. V. UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS.

ARE THE PLAINTIFFS READY TO PROCEED?



MMMMFFFF
MGGGGLLL CLLNNFF
NNNRREFFF MMAB-
BBLL GMMMPF
FFFF!



YOUR HONOR, I'M SURE YOU'RE AWARE THAT MY CLIENT, THE DISTINGUISHED KINGDOM OF BRITAIN, BIRTHPLACE OF THE COMMON LAW, CRADLE OF THE MAGNA CARTA, IS SUING FRANCE HERE, HOME OF THE GUILLOTINE AND THE GARROTE, THE COUNTRY THAT INVENTED THE PRESUMPTION OF GUILT...

YOUR HONOR, I OBJECT!



PLAINTIFF DOES NOT APPEAR TO BE PREPARED. ADVANCE THE CASE SIX MONTHS. NEXT CASE.

WNC 314-89, UNITED KINGDOM V. REPUBLIC OF FRANCE.

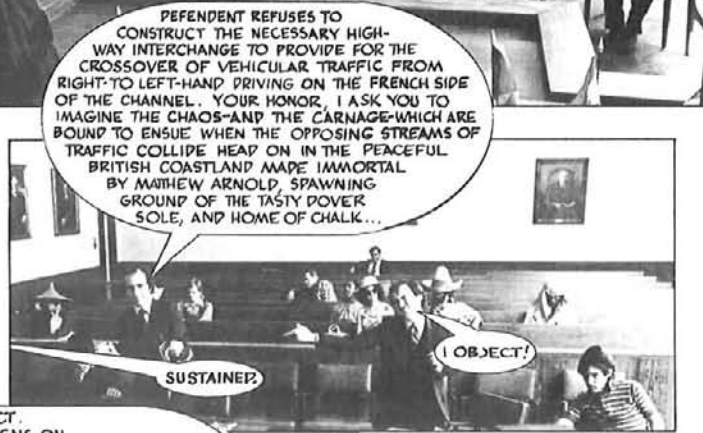
SUSTAINED.



YOUR HONOR, THE DEFENDENT HAS VIOLATED THE SPIRIT OF A CONTRACT IT ENTERED INTO WITH MY CLIENT FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF A TUNNEL UNDER THE CHANNEL, THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, I MIGHT ADD...

I OBJECT.

SUSTAINED.



DEFENDENT REFUSES TO CONSTRUCT THE NECESSARY HIGHWAY INTERCHANGE TO PROVIDE FOR THE CROSSOVER OF VEHICULAR TRAFFIC FROM RIGHT-TO LEFT-HAND DRIVING ON THE FRENCH SIDE OF THE CHANNEL. YOUR HONOR, I ASK YOU TO IMAGINE THE CHAOS-AND THE CARNAGE-WHICH ARE BOUND TO ENSUE WHEN THE OPPOSING STREAMS OF TRAFFIC COLLIDE HEAD ON IN THE PEACEFUL BRITISH COASTLAND MADE IMMORTAL BY MATTHEW ARNOLD SPAWNING GROUP OF THE TASTY COVER SOLE, AND HOME OF CHALK...

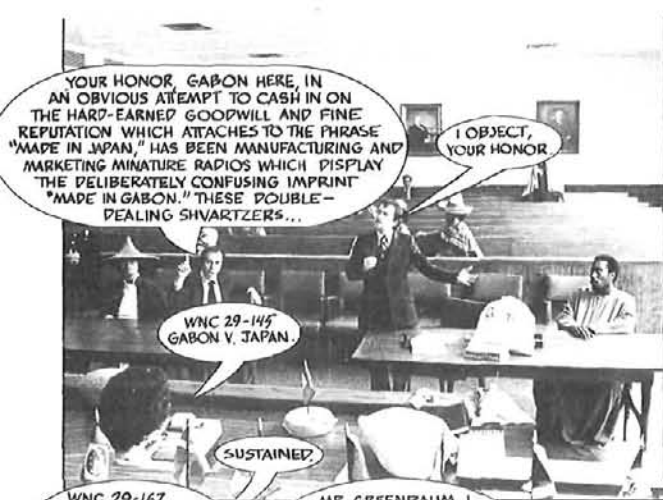
I OBJECT!

SUSTAINED.

YOUR HONOR, I OBJECT. MY CLIENT HAS NO EVIL DESIGNS ON PLAINTIFF'S FISH. INDEED, THAT OTHERWISE HUMBLE SOLE HAS ATTAINED THE ESTEEM IN WHICH IT IS NOW HELD THROUGH THE CULINARY WIZARDRY OF MY CLIENT'S CELEBRATED CHEFS. THE PLAINTIFF SEEKS TO PLACE THIS ENORMOUS INTERCHANGE, PICTURED BY HIS ANTIQUATED TRAFFIC COPE, IN THE BUCOLIC NORMANDY COUNTRYSIDE, CRADLE OF D-DAY AND CHEESE. THIS SHIFTING THE CRUSHING FINANCIAL BURDEN OF ITS CONSTRUCTION ONTO FRENCH SHOULDER, WHICH STILL BEAR THE BRUISES OF THE HEAVY YOKE OF NAZI OPPRESSION...

I OBJECT!

SUSTAINED. I'LL NEED FURTHER TIME TO STUDY THIS MATTER. CLERK, ADVANCE THIS CASE SIX MONTHS.

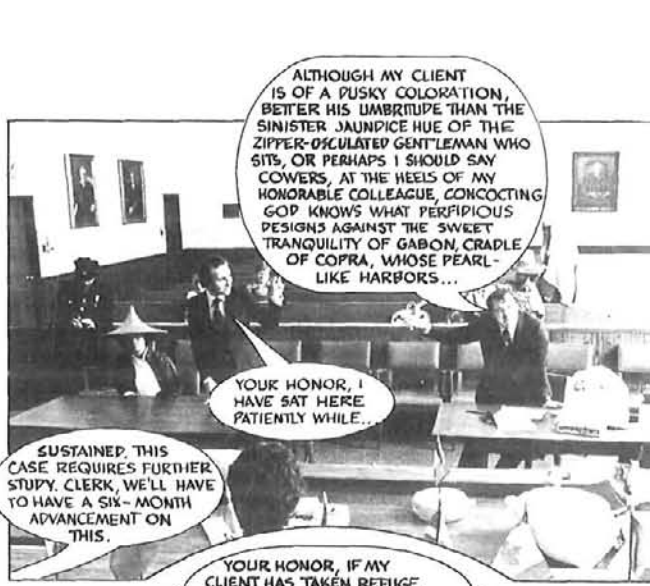


YOUR HONOR, GABON HERE, IN AN OBVIOUS ATTEMPT TO CASH IN ON THE HARD-EARNED GOODWILL AND FINE REPUTATION WHICH ATTACHES TO THE PHRASE "MADE IN JAPAN," HAS BEEN MANUFACTURING AND MARKETING MINATURE RADIOS WHICH DISPLAY THE DELIBERATELY CONFUSING IMPRINT "MADE IN GABON." THESE DOUBLE-DEALING SHIVARTZERS...

I OBJECT, YOUR HONOR.

WNC 29-145 GABON V. JAPAN.

SUSTAINED.



ALTHOUGH MY CLIENT IS OF A PUSKY COLORATION, BETTER HIS UMBRIQUE THAN THE SINISTER JAUNPICE HUE OF THE ZIPPER-OSCULATED GENTLEMAN WHO SITS, OR PERHAPS I SHOULD SAY COWERS, AT THE HEELS OF MY HONORABLE COLLEAGUE, CONCOCTING GOD KNOWS WHAT PERFIPOUS DESIGNS AGAINST THE SWEET TRANQUILITY OF GABON, CRADLE OF COPRA, WHOSE PEARL-LIKE HARBORS...

YOUR HONOR, I HAVE SAT HERE PATIENTLY WHILE...

SUSTAINED. THIS CASE REQUIRES FURTHER STUPY. CLERK, WE'LL HAVE TO HAVE A SIX-MONTH ADVANCEMENT ON THIS.



WNC 29-167 PEOPLE OF THE WORLD V. THE REPUBLIC OF IRELAND.

MR. GREENBAUM, I UNDERSTAND IRELAND WISHES TO ENTER A PLEA OF GUILTY TO THE CHARGE OF 112 COUNTS OF DRUNKENNESS AND DISTURBING WORLD PEACE.

THAT'S RIGHT, YOUR HONOR.

H, A, DOUBLE-R AIIGGH!

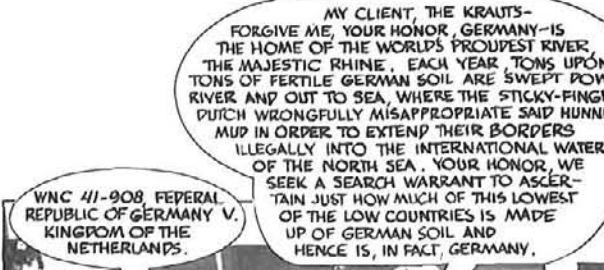
SHUT UP, YOU DUMB MICK!



YOUR HONOR, IF MY CLIENT HAS TAKEN REFUGE IN A BOTTLE OF SPIRITS FROM TIME TO TIME, IT'S ONLY BECAUSE OF HIS LONG HISTORY OF STARVATION, REPRESSION, AND FOG. YOUR HONOR, I CAN'T GO ON.

G, A, N SPELLS HARRIGAN!

TWO YEARS ON THE SINAI PEACE-KEEPING FORCE. CLERK, NEXT CASE.



WNC 41-908 FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY V. KINGDOM OF THE NETHERLANDS.

MY CLIENT, THE KRAUTS-FORGIVE ME, YOUR HONOR, GERMANY-IS THE HOME OF THE WORLD'S PROUDEST RIVER, THE MAJESTIC RHINE. EACH YEAR, TONS UPON TONS OF FERTILE GERMAN SOIL ARE SWEEPED DOWN-RIVER AND OUT TO SEA, WHERE THE STICKY-FINGERED DUTCH WRONGFULLY MISAPPROPRIATE SAID HUNNISH MUD IN ORDER TO EXTEND THEIR BORDERS ILLEGALLY INTO THE INTERNATIONAL WATERS OF THE NORTH SEA. YOUR HONOR, WE SEEK A SEARCH WARRANT TO ASCERTAIN JUST HOW MUCH OF THIS LOWEST OF THE LOW COUNTRIES IS MADE UP OF GERMAN SOIL AND HENCE IS, IN FACT, GERMANY.



YOUR HONOR, MY CLIENT, A TINY, HARD-WORKING COUNTRY-TULIPS, WINDMILLS, CHOCOLATES, I ASK YOU...

OBJECTION, YOUR HONOR, COUNSEL IS NOT ADDRESSING HIMSELF TO THE ISSUE AT HAND.

YOUR HONOR, I WILL NOT BE INTERRUPTED BY A CHISELING TRUCE-TEAM CHASER WHO REPRESENTS THE JACK-BOOTED HORDS WHO-IF EVER THERE WAS A CASE OF UNCLEAN HANDS-LET'S SEE THOSE MITTS. TALK ABOUT MUD? LOOK AT THOSE SOILED PAWS, HANDS THAT SOUGHT TO STRANGLE THE VERY LIFE OF MY CLIENT AND POZENS OF OTHER INNOCENT STATES...



YOU WANT TO SEE A PAIR OF HANDS? JUST UP YOUR...



YOU NICHT-GUTFA!
I'LL GIVE YOU SUCH A
CHMALLYEH THAT WHEN
YOU WAKE UP, YOUR
CLOTHE'S'LL BE OUT
OF STYLE.

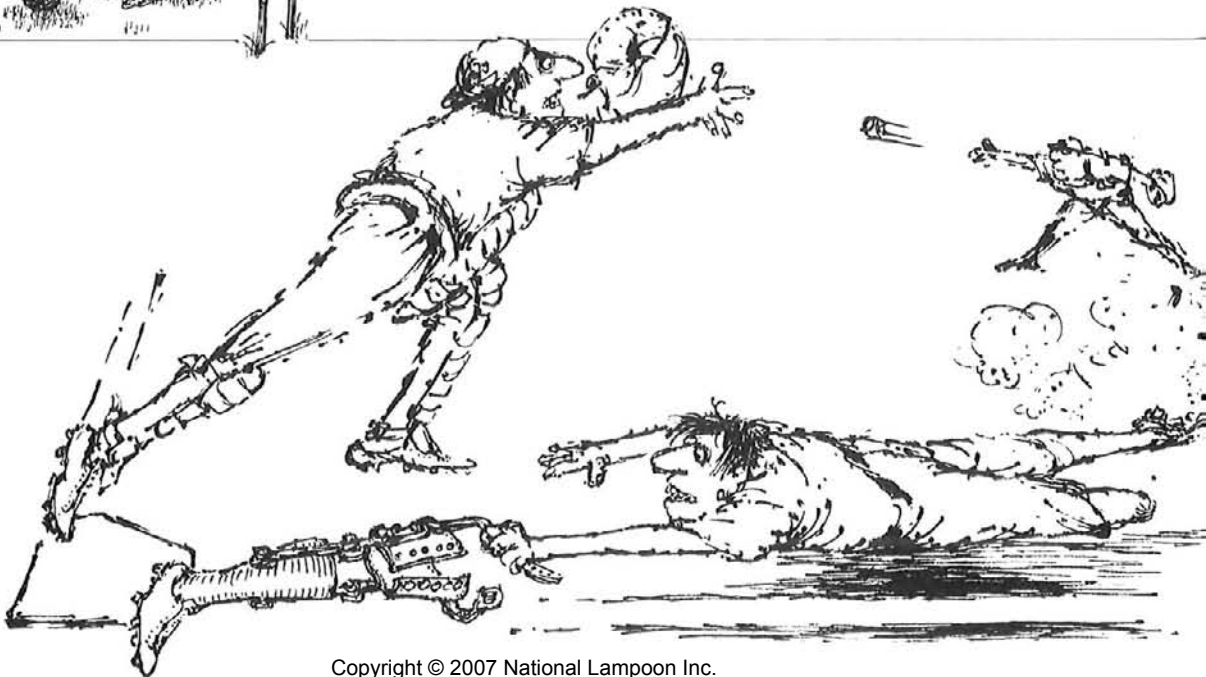
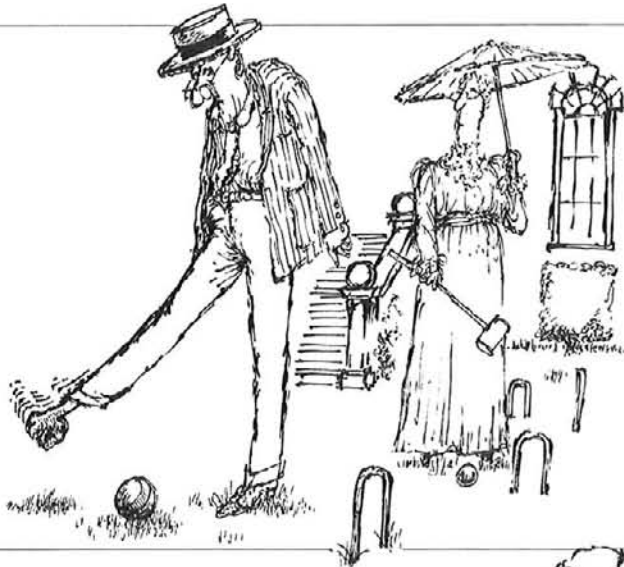
YOU CHEAP
SHYSTER! I'LL GIVE
YOU A ZETZ. IN THAT
UGLY PUNIM OF
YOURS!

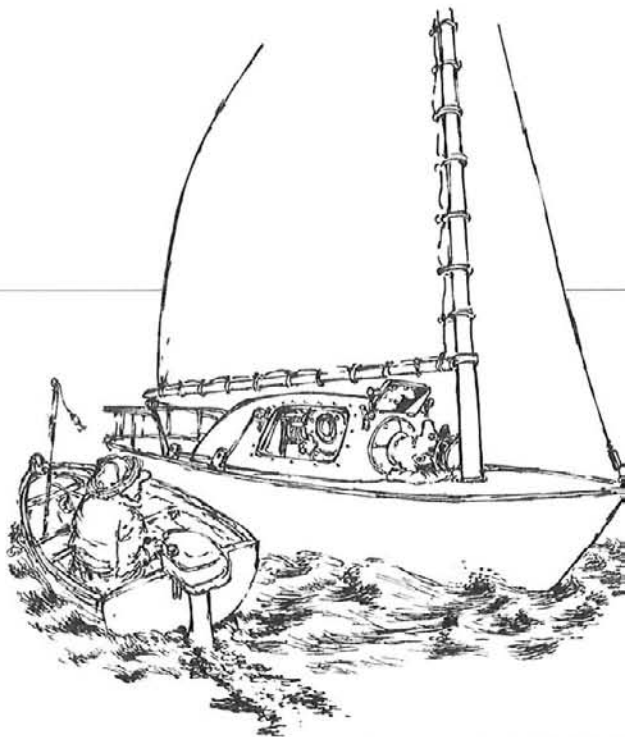
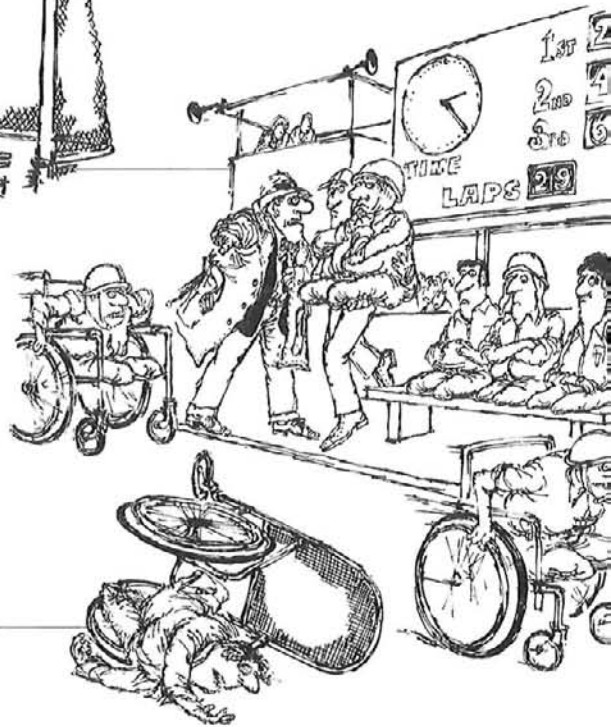
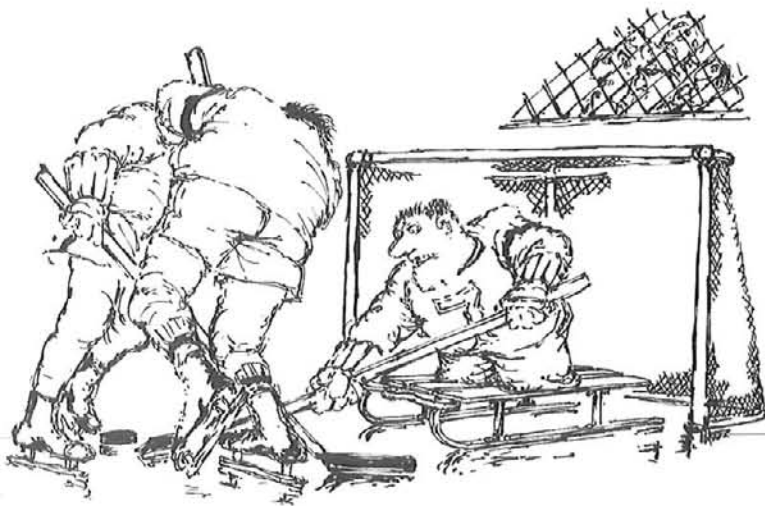
AND SO, ANOTHER
SESSION OF "WORLD NIGHT
COURT" COMES TO A CLOSE. TUNE
IN NEXT WEEK WHEN FEATURED CASES
WILL INCLUDE UPPER VOLTA VERSUS
CHAD, DAHOMEY, ET AL., AND
SURINAM VERSUS GUYANA.
GOOD NIGHT, AND THANK
YOU FOR JOINING US.

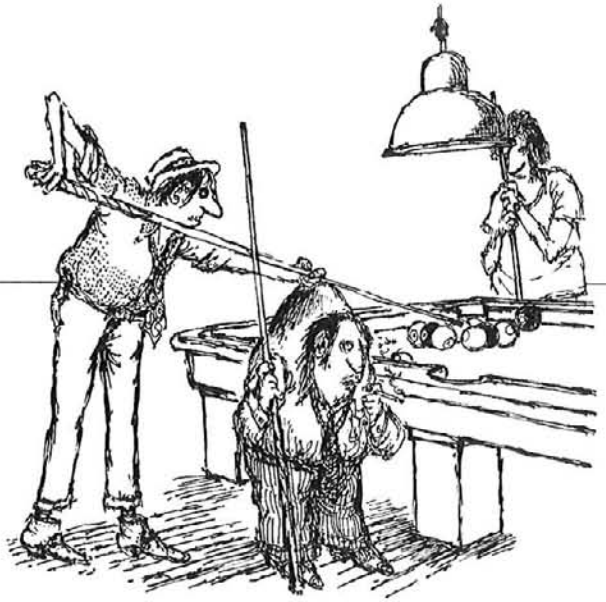
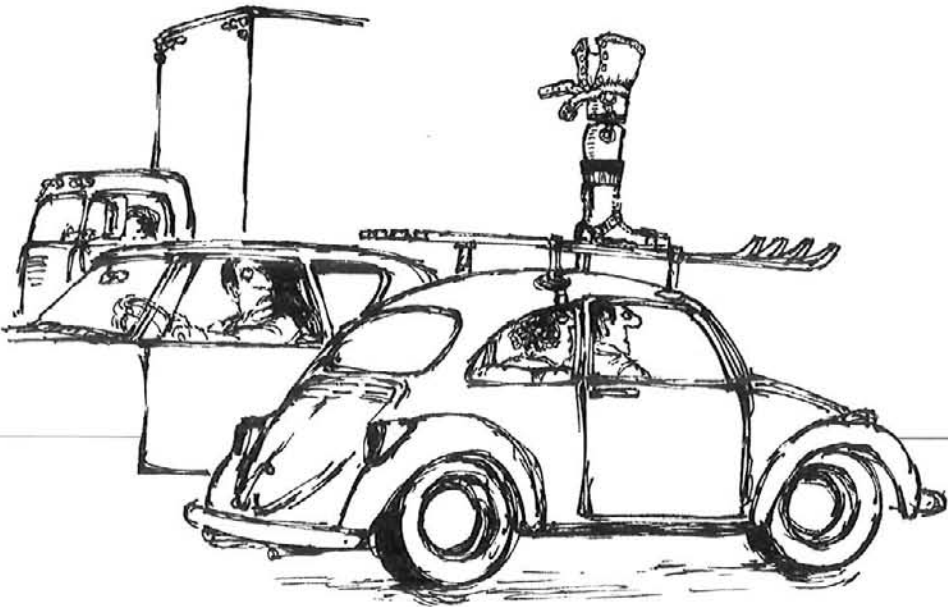


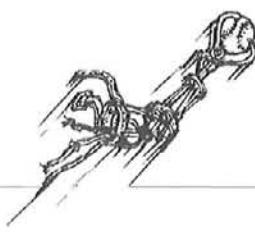
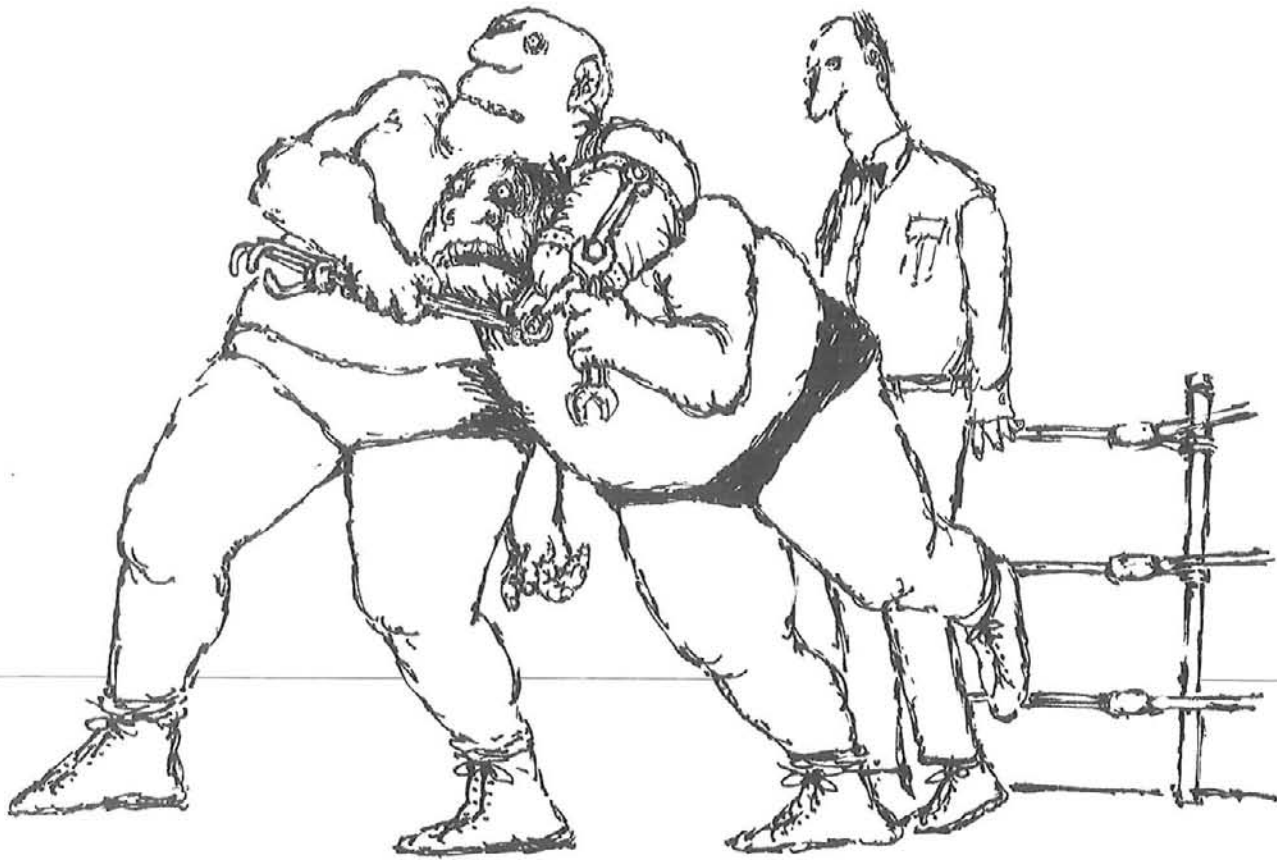
The End

Handcapped









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

GILBERT GOTTFRI GIVE OR TAKE ONE TO SAY WHEN YOU ERECTION



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

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

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

KONDEENSED KLIFFS NOTES

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

by Ed Subitzky and Larry Sloman

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

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

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

Kondensed Kliffs
YOUR KEY TO THE CLASSICS

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

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

Kondensed Kliffs
YOUR KEY TO THE CLASSICS

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

A man kills a woman and feels bad.


Kondensed Kliffs
YOUR KEY TO THE CLASSICS

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

God creates man and everything man does gets God angry.


Kondensed Kliffs
YOUR KEY TO THE CLASSICS

KONDEENSED KLIFFS NOTES on
Dante's **INFERNO**




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

KONDEENSED KLIFFS NOTES on
H. G. Wells' **OUTLINE OF
HISTORY**




A lot of different
things happened.

KONDEENSED KLIFFS NOTES on
Dickens' **A TALE OF
TWO CITIES**




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

KONDEENSED KLIFFS NOTES on
Griffin's **BLACK LIKE ME**




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

KONDEENSED KLIFFS NOTES on
Anne Frank's **THE DIARY OF
A YOUNG GIRL**



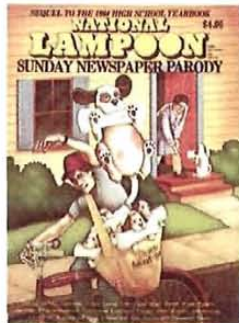
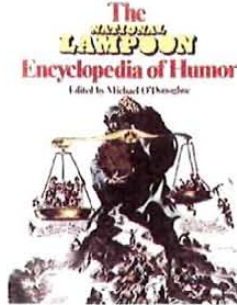
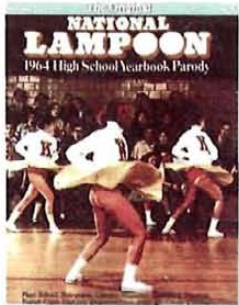
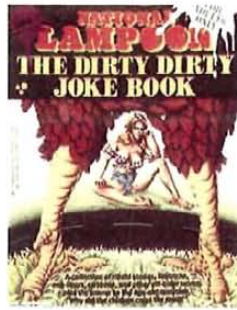
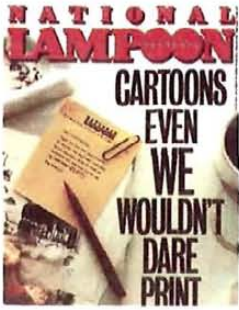
A young girl hides
in an attic but is
discovered.

KONDEENSED KLIFFS NOTES on
Stoker's **DRACULA**



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

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photographs by R.G. Harris

OUR BODIES AND NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS

A WOPERSON'S
GUIDE TO
MEDICAL HEALTH
BY AND FOR
FEPEOPLE

UP FROM DOWN

Members of the Berkeley Feminine Hygiene Women's Free Clinic Medical Collective struggled to write this book so that fempersons could gain better control over their bodily functions instead of having to passively submit to the professional chauvinism of male doctors who treat us as though our large growths on the chest, frequent discharges of bloody flux, and elephantine distensions of the abdomen were some kind of disease. Especially now, when learning to both talk and communicate in the supportive atmosphere of women's groups has taught us that it isn't catching. How many times have we awakened to our senses calling out, "I am a woman," only to be told to take two aspirin and call again in the morning if we aren't better? Nor can womanhood ever be cured in this society which regards it as a crime.

IF WOMANHOOD ISN'T A CRIME, HOW COME THEY ARREST TRANSVESSTITES?

Labeled as sick or criminal, we are denied any of the benefits handed out to Amerika's "traditional," "goal-oriented" handicapped. Are there such things as Mother's Day Seals? Is there a March of Diaphragms? It is even denied that we have the ability to reason cogently or form rational arguments—something any sick handicapped criminal can do when it isn't that time of the month.

OUR FEMINIST BODIES: SPIRIT IS WILLING BUT THE FLESH SAGS

The dominance/submission competitive role-model for traditional medical training in the patriarchal society uses complicated tests and years of required attendance at exclusionary institutions to confuse women and members of the Third World and produce a society woefully unwilling to divulge to us even the simplest knowledge of our own bodies.



Location of Nose on Your Face

Also, we have been told many obvious lies and falsehoods which we accepted without question—the men-dominated fields of intelligence and thought leading us to believe we had vaginal orgasms, that our heads were filled with tiny hammers, springs, and bolts of lightning, and that we wouldn't get pregnant as long as we didn't swallow it. Most damaging to all women has been the sexual misinformation which many women remain pathetically uninformed about. Male children are early in life shown the location of their genitals while many



Ass



Elbow

young girls spend years wondering what to pee out of and some even grow to late adolescence thinking they have a pair of unused jello molds and a hairy bench vice. Even such knowledge as the existence of the clitoris was withheld from us until we discovered it and we'll probably have to find out where it is by ourselves, too.

Combined with misinformation, we are continually confronted with attitudes of disgust and repulsion surrounding our bodies. We must work together towards remembering that our bodies are fine as they are, our genitals are clean, we do not "smell," and we should never again allow ourselves to suffer humiliation at the hands of some male who says we do just because his god wants to roll in us.



Good Boots, Made for Walking, Can Also Be Valuably Used in Self-Defense.

MASTURBATION: FEELING FREE OF MALE OPPRESSION

Masturbatory experiences are an important part of our sexual maturation but it is equally important that such experiences do not cause us to lose respect for ourselves. Thus, many women find they need to ask themselves, "Just how far should I let myself go on the first night?"

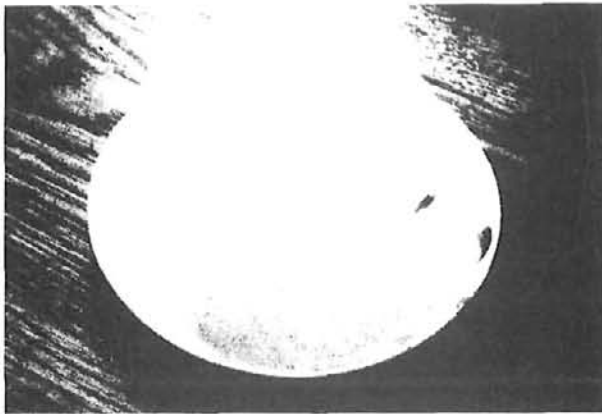
Begin with smooth caresses of the back and sides, moving the hands slowly towards the belly and up beneath the breasts or gently approach the breasts on the outside of your shirt or blouse by moving your hands into your armpits and letting your thumbs spread cautiously across the collarbone region.

Thrust two fingers inside the shirt front before actually trying to undo any buttons; or, better yet, move your hand up inside your shirttail and edge a finger or thumb beneath the front of your brassiere. If you aren't wearing a bra, then you know that you are very easily aroused and you can probably "go all the way"

with yourself immediately. But if a brassiere *is* present, be careful not to fumble too long with the hooks or you may soon find yourself "out of the mood."

In attempting to touch your genitals, start with the hips and buttocks and proceed to brushings of the crotch with your wrist while ostensibly clasping your leg. Build slowly towards overt grasping of the mons venus. Then toy with the waistband of your pants or push your skirt up progressively towards your panties. "Getting inside" with slacks on presents a greater difficulty—requiring you to press the palm of your hand flat against your abdomen and slide slowly downwards beneath the elastic band on your underwear. Skirts are far easier since the outside of the underwear can be rubbed as a preliminary followed by easy access to your vagina through the leg hole.

And whether you succeed or fail in your first masturbatory attempt, don't be upset if your arrival at the next meeting of the consciousness-raising group is greeted with calls of "BT?" "Stink Finger?" "Get Any?"



Nothing Offensive About Menstrual Blood!

SEXUALITY: BUT WHY WOULD ANYBODY WANT TO TOUCH ME WHERE I GO TO THE BATHROOM?

For many weo-people there is an understandable problem in relating to our sexual organs as fully as free and equal as the cuter ones such as the pancreas and the wurlitzer baby grand. For years we have been propagandized to think of sex as somehow "dirty" or "disgusting" or "revolting" or "animalistic" or "undignified" or "noisy" or some such like because of our genital's interesting proximity to our excretory system. As the male poet Mzr. W. B. Yeats said, "God has pitched his mansion in the place of excrement" and anyone who is ashamed of her/his own recycling system must be a drag at modeling clay class and a stone clutch at mudpies.

* * *

I watch my baby. She sits in the bath playing with her rubber duck and is excreting at every opening. Now I know why they say goo. Inspecting herself, pore by pore, she has tried to insert that ducky in or up every possible orifice. It's only a matter of time. There goes ducky. I wish I could be that free.

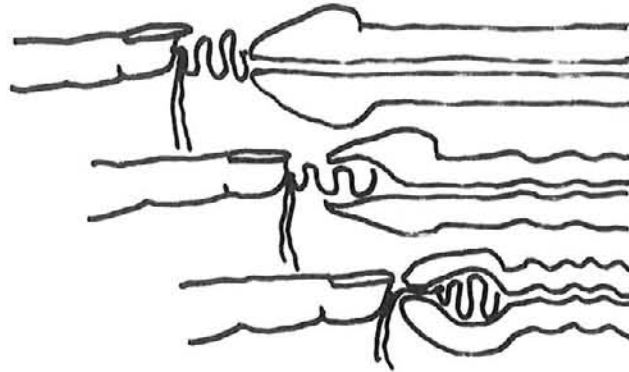
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Sex is an incredibly personal thing. I mean, it's so incredibly incredible you wouldn't believe it. A physical activity so interwoven with mental, cultural, and spiritual connotations, wemales are often surprised to discover

that it might even be *fun* occasionally if there frankly wasn't so much bother involved. Sex is something that many people still feel "touchy" or "embarrassed" about. For example, the merest mention of a common fantasy such as wanting to masturbate with a flashlight while two oiled Third World brothers engage in political dialogue, or wishing to be beaten with Robert Redford's athletic supporter, can often cause embarrassment or illness! Masturbation, too, like what we were talking about before there. There's nothing wrong with masturbation. I'm masturbating right now. No kidding, one hand on this old Underwood here we found in the shed when we rented this shithole and the other right on the button. Beep beep. Hurry, we must get the Governor's telegram out in time beep beep beep-beep-a beep.

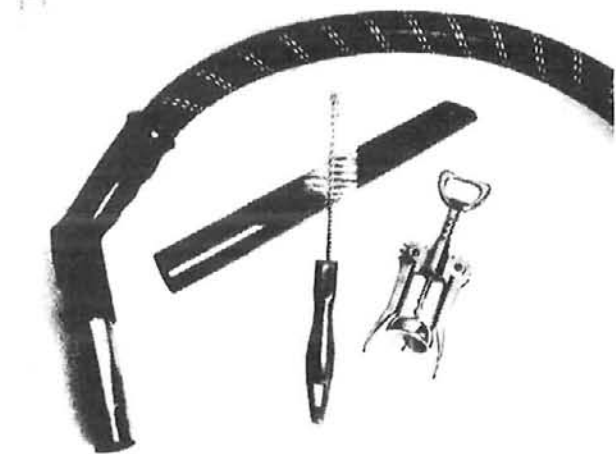
NATURAL CHILD DEATH

Abortion is an organic bodily function—fetal deadness is as natural, physically, as any other bodily transformation. Yet, in this country, we are denied control over our own very personal child-killing experience. Abortion, which could be as much a part of our everyday lives



Birth Control

Proper Insertion of the IUD Device Provides Complete Protection from Pregnancy.



Bringing Your Abortion to Full Term in the Reassuring Environment of Your Own Home Requires Careful Planning and Preparation.

as swatting flies or slaughtering cattle, is instead removed to an unfamiliar place for "sick" people. There we are separated from supportive friendships and emo-

tional bonds of the family, commune, or collective. And as soon as our baby is completely dead s/he is taken away and "disposed of" without consideration of ecological effects or natural cycles—creating simply more pollution instead of beautiful and healthy soil for gardens, farms, or flower boxes. Thus a movement has grown up (though still illegal in most states) where medically inclined "mid-mistresses" assist women in having their own induced miscarriages at home. In Amerika almost all abortions take place in a hospital or clinic, but such countries as Italy, Mexico, and Spain now have large numbers of these nondoctor abortion aides, and child disposal in the home is a regular occurrence, taking place in the warm, human atmosphere of the kitchen table or on the familiar intimacy of the toilet.



Feminist Free Clinics Are Now Providing Women with the Kind of Medical Care That Almost All Males Have Been Long Receiving for Free from the Amerikan Government.

APPENDIX

Care and Cleaning of Aborted Abortion

If, by some mischance, your abortion is born, s/he will prove worth its weight in orgasms-per-breast-feeding with a relatively small investment of time and bother. Just as personal hygiene can be easy and pleasurable if approached as simple garage maintenance, so can infant maintenance if viewed for what it is. Disgusting.

Many mothers are quite ambivalent about their un-terminated fetii, and it may often be hard to relate to her/im as a human being, particularly when they are so young as to resemble a small pink pig thing. S/he may appear helpless and pointless, but can also double as decorator pillows, planters, or TV lamps when correctly mounted and wired (see *Women's Whole Earth Catalogue*).

IN AMERIKA THEY CALL US KOOKS

Which is a typical example of Amerika's labeling of all oppressed minorities. Hell, mac, I can't kook. I can't even boil water without fukking it up. Take my ex-husband. And the kids. Please.

But no, really, homosexuals of all races, colors, and scenes have begun to remove the labels of "fag" and "butch" from their bodies to see the *real* weirdo underneath.

Take homo dress designers. Please. Homo dress designers—most of them men in this male-fag-oriented capitalist society—have continually pandered to fashion-consumption-oriented women's instincts to dress like

fags. Yes, I said "instincts." It is a part of every real woman's sexual development to begin apeing the distinctive lisp, hip-and-eye-rolling, and extended-pinky demeanor of these fag oppressors. Thus, lesbianism can liberate you from this confining role-playing by freeing us to act like *real* men for a change.

We rest our case.



If lesbian sisterhood is a "sickness" how come we don't get Blue Cross?

RAPE AND THE SINGLE CORPSE

Officials estimate that there are four to ten times more rapes committed than reported. Why? Because we enjoy it, of course. Useful, too. Say your boyfriend/other just got through taking advantage of you on a pile of coats at some dumb party. If he refuses to say "I love you" after, or even "Will you form a legally contracted pair-bond with me?" all you have to do is scream bloody murder, rip your dress, and call your lawyer. Say your lawyer wants his fee. Just invite him over for a drink, do it, smash yourself in the face with a martini shaker, and head for the phone. Say the man from the phone company wants the phone back . . . well, you get the picture. No fooling, it really works. Shelley Winters does it all the time in late night movies.

How to stop rape? An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of ground chuck. Banaid those nips under your sheer summer dug-jugglers and every time you see some hung dude sitting naked on a park bench, sneak up behind him and prune his hanging drupe with a hedge-clipper you keep in your purse. Then blow your whistle. □



Self-Defense for Women Means Combating Old Stereotypes. Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

Nineteen New Ways to Be Offensive at a Wedding

by Ed Bluestone



1

Show up with a baby and claim he belongs to the newlyweds.

2

Cover yourself with glue to improve your chances of catching the bouquet.

3

Offer to show people pictures of the bride fucking a dog.

4

Tell people that you knew the bride before the sex-change operation.

5

Tell the bride that the only reason you can look at her is that you used to be a proctologist.

6

Instead of a standard gift, give the newlyweds a gift certificate to a drug rehabilitation clinic.

7

As you move down the receiving line, spit on each person.

8

Ask the bride's mother to give you a handjob.

9

Give the bride some Binaca, and tell her it kills the taste of sperm.

10

Propose a toast to the bride's nose job.

11

Steal the cards from the wedding gifts so that no one can tell who they came from.

12

Walk up to various guests and demand to see their invitations.

13

After the bride throws her garter start people chanting, "Throw your bra Throw your bra"

14

Tell people that the groom had to be given Quaaludes to keep him from backing out.

15

Tell the rabbi there's no money to pay him, and ask if he'll settle for shtupping the bride.

16

Assure the bride's mother that the groom is "hung like a horse."

17

Return a bra which the bride left in your car.

18

If there's a hunchback at the Jewish wedding, tell him that he has to wear one yarmulke on his head and another on his hump.

19

When the bride is coming down the aisle, push the organist out of the way and start playing "The Lady Is a Tramp."



O

Comes
to America
by Anne Beatts

Illustration by Jeff Jones

It has never been established for certain why it was decided that O should go to America. O herself never knew, but then there were many things that O did not know, that she never dared to ask, just as now she did not dare to ask why she had been smuggled into the service elevator of the Hôtel Crillon or the Hôtel Hilton or the Hôtel Georges V, one of those hotels de grand luxe that Americans stay in when they come to Paris to negotiate.

Anne-Marie went with her as far as the door of the hotel room, then stopped short and waited, indicating that O should enter.

O tried the doorknob. It was unlocked. She pushed the door open timidly. There was no one in the room, which was decorated in shades of beige.

In one corner of the room was an open steamer trunk. O could see that the original lining had been ripped out so that it could be relined with dark red crushed velvet.

I do not know how long O waited before someone came out of one of the adjoining rooms. I do know that she was very thirsty.

The man who came into the room was carrying a glass of ice water.

"It must be the Hilton," O said to herself.

She saw that the man was tall, with gray hair and sideburns. He looked like a military man or perhaps a member of the diplomatic corps. It was the dignity of his bearing that she noticed first. Then she saw he was wearing nothing but a transparent plastic raincoat. On his feet he wore plastic rainboots.

When he saw O, he raised the glass of ice water to his lips in an ironic toast. O could not restrain an involuntary moan.

"You will be punished for that later," he said.

The steamer trunk was quite comfortable, once O got used to the bumps and jolts as the porters carried it on board, and to the rocking motion of the ship at sea. A sliding panel in the side of the trunk allowed her to receive food during the voyage.

After the three days' crossing, they arrived in New York. O's presence in the trunk may have been explained by the fact that her passport, which was made out in a false name, listed her occupation as magician's assistant. As soon as they had cleared Customs, they went directly by private car to a brownstone in the East Sixties, a fashionable district of the city.

In another version, O arrives at Kennedy Airport. A car and a chauffeur are sent for her. She is driven to

a palatial residence in Long Island. She dines alone. After dinner, she goes out into the garden, where she sees a small green light blinking at her from across the water.

On the particular afternoon with which we are concerned, O had been brought to the ground-floor lobby of a modern office building near the theater district. She was met by a woman who looked very much like Anne-Marie. The woman was wearing a black suit with a bunch of violets at the lapel. Her perfume was so strong that it completely drowned out the smell of the violets and made O feel faint. She introduced O to a young man who seemed to be wearing the same scent.

When the three of them were seated in a restaurant, the young man began to talk to O very fast, in English. Although he spoke directly to O, she had the impression that his words were meant not for her but for the woman in black seated across from them, who so much resembled Anne-Marie.

He said that O was a valuable property and that they would probably agree to handle her, but only if they could be sure of having exclusive rights. He kept referring to binding contracts and ironclad clauses. O was not certain what he meant, nor to what new precepts she would be required to submit herself. The heavy scent and the rich food were making her drowsy. She agreed to whatever they asked of her. As they stood up to leave, Anne-Marie (for it was she) made a sign to O that she should accompany them.

For what seemed like an interminable time, they made O wait in an outer office, full of expensive magazines which she thumbed through idly. She was soothed by the soft splashing of the fountain in the center of the room.

From time to time young men passed by on their way into or out of the inner office. They were dressed in a curious uniform. Each one was wearing a shirt of a different color, with a tie constructed from some vivid floral-patterned material. The ties were short and very wide, so wide as to cover the entire shirt front. All of the young men were wearing two-tone shoes. Later, O would see this same uniform on a great number of the people with whom she was to come in contact.

Whenever a young man passed by the fountain, O observed that he bent to splash some of the water on the insides of his wrists and on his cheeks. The gesture had the significance of a ritual, rather like genuflection.

When O was quite sure that she was alone in the room, she went over and examined the fountain. As some droplets fell on her hand, she realized that it was not water, but eau de cologne, the same scent which was so pungent and overwhelming in the restaurant.

In the center of the fountain was a bronze plaque with an inscription. O read it quickly, nervously looking over her shoulder as if she expected someone to come in and stop her.

"This perpetual fountain of Brut cologne was provided by Fabergé. Incorporated in grateful appreciation..."

Just at that moment one of the young men entered the room. He told O to go home and come back tomorrow.

On her way out, O was able to remark the name of the company: the William Morris Agency.

O returned the next day. This time she did not have to wait. She was led past the fountain to a large office. On the wall above the bare, polished surface of the desk O made out a framed portrait of two American politicians, brothers, who were both assassinated. I do not remember their names.

O was wearing the owl costume. The man behind the desk came out and looked O over very carefully, like a butcher inspecting a carcass.

"The costume is wrong, of course," he said.

O started to protest, but fortunately the cardboard inside the mask muffled her words.

He ignored O. It was as though she existed for him only as a body or, in fact, as a piece of flesh, a lump of meat.

Could she sing? Dance? he asked.

O could not find the strength to answer.

Pressing a buzzer on his desk, he summoned one of the young men. "Get this girl some clothes," he said. "The costume bit feels right, but we could go for something more cuddly. Nobody wants to snuggle up to an owl."

Bitter tears of shame trickled down O's cheeks behind the mask.

In the weeks that followed, O appeared at parties dressed as a squirrel, a chipmunk, and a gerbil. No one spoke to her, but she had to endure in silence while one or two of the more venturesome tugged at her tail or tweaked her whiskers.

One day when O, dressed in her street clothes, was crossing Park Avenue or Central Park South or Washington Square Park, I am not certain which, she saw a taxi in a place where there are never any taxis. The taxi

driver beckoned to her, and she got into the back seat. O noticed that the meter was not running. O leaned forward and tapped on the plastic shield with her fingertips, but all the driver would say in response to any of her questions was, "What about that Lindsay?"

Suddenly, the driver turned the cab into a blind alley, stopped, and got out. O was too startled to make a sound when he opened the door on her side and forced himself upon her.

By the time O returned home on foot, it was almost dark. Anne-Marie was furious. "Where have you been? They're expecting you over at the studio."

"The taxi driver . . ." O began.

"What taxi driver? Never mind, hurry and get undressed. They're waiting."

The studio was a one-room loft in an unfamiliar part of town. Whenever O was made to go there, which was frequently, she was filmed, alone and with others, until she was so tired she could scarcely stand up. She was filmed in every possible position, and from every possible angle. She was filmed kneeling, standing, sitting, from the back and from the front, with and without the blindfold. She was filmed eating spinach, taking a bath, rolling in pound cake. She lost track of the variations she was expected to perform.

In one of the best films she is seen sucking a doorknob.

As a consequence, the name O began to be mentioned in certain circles.

During this time, the man from the inner office was handling her as he had promised. O understood that although he did not own her, he owned a piece of her. Which piece, she was not entirely sure, but she knew that

she must allow him to mold her to his taste (which was also the taste of a great many other people) and to make her over in the image which he considered most desirable. She was to defer to him in everything, although he was not her master. She had heard Anne-Marie speak of him as her agent.

At his urging, O entered the Miss Nude America Contest but was disqualified because of her chains.

It was at this point that O began to find out what it was like to do commercials. The squirrel, chipmunk, and gerbil costumes had long since been returned to the costumier, so O wore the owl costume. She was paid by the hour.

She posed holding a can of vaginal deodorant. The lights were overpoweringly hot. After three, four, or five hours of never-ending posing, moving, shifting her body and her hands, and opening and closing her mouth, O had slipped into a strange, trance-like state. She moved, bent, turned, twisted, and performed on cue, her body functioning, not by the force of her own will, but by another's. She felt she was no longer O, but merely those lips, those hands curving around the slim silver cylinder—lips or hands which could and did belong to anyone. And yet she had never felt so much herself.

Her agent had once said he had "big plans" for O. O was waiting in a state of delicious terror to discover what they might be.

Her anticipation of what he might say was so great, and her terror of what she might be asked to do so strong, that when he did speak, she could hardly remember afterwards what he had said. Something about a

hot property, and then "if it worked for Gloria Steinem, it could work for you . . . if we play our cards right."

O wondered who Gloria Steinem was, and if she would meet her where she was going. For she would leave New York: she was certain of that.

When she arrived at the mansion, she was given a new costume to wear, one which she found strangely becoming. It was a one-piece garment, made from a shiny black satin or rayon material. The legs were cut very high in front, at such an angle as to expose the hipbones, so that the dark vee of satiny material contrasted sharply with the white flesh of her thighs. The fabric was pulled tight over O's bottom, and low-cut in back, dipping down to reveal her lower vertebrae. Her breasts were pushed up and supported by the low-cut bodice, and trembled within it like twin flans on a serving plate. The waist was tightly nipped in, almost but not quite so severely as to restrict her breathing. With this O wore long, black net stockings and spike heels. At her wrists were fastened white wristlets, held in place, as was her collar, by ebonite discs. O's costume was completed by the addition of long rabbit ears and a fluffy white tail.

Thus arrayed, O was informed of her new duties. She was told that she would wait upon all key holders and their guests. She would be entirely at their service while on duty. Off duty, however, she would be forbidden to see them or to accept any rendezvous with any of their friends. She would wear her insignia at all times while on duty. When her services were not needed, she would repair to a restricted enclosure known as the hutch. Her official tasks would be light. Occasionally she would be summoned to the mansion, where she would be required to swim nude in the pool, pose for photographs, watch movies, and serve Pepsis. Her mouth would always remain half-open, as a sign of her complete and utter mental vacuity.

O accepted this account of her duties in perfect silence.

On the third or fourth day after the period of her service at the mansion had begun—she was not sure whether it was day or night, since all the days and nights in the mansion seemed to blend together into one long bout of wanton activity, like an interminable game of strip-tack-toe; at any rate, on the fourth day, or fifth night, a white-lipped O was just completing the mandatory three hours' skinny-dipping, when an unknown man in pajamas descended the spiral staircase that led to the pool.

He leaned over the edge to reach

What Little Girls Are Made Of



out a hand. "You must be the new French cottontail. Welcome aboard!" he said, his pipe clenched between his teeth.

It should not be imagined that O was unhappy there. Not at all: on the contrary; even if, once freed from its plush confines, she puzzled over the fact of its existence. Had such a mansion truly existed, or had she dreamed it into being? It gleamed in her memory like some dull opal or tourmaline, as though glimpsed through a showcase window, distorted by desire.

The mindless games, the incessant teasing, the 3:00 A.M. screenings of *The Nutty Professor*—even the ears and tail—these she had come to cherish as signs of her condition. For this reason it was both an honor and a burden when they explained that she had been chosen to be displayed, quite naked, with staples through her belly, as that month's centerfold.

They airbrushed the chains.

That left her agent no other choice than to announce their presence, on national television. The hoax was complete. There was no longer any discrepancy between O and the image that had been so painstakingly prepared for her.

She was linked to some prominent individuals.

It may have been at this time that O moved to Los Angeles. If it was not at this time, it was certainly soon afterwards. In all these months not once had O been brought before her new master, nor had his name been mentioned. But these two facts merely served to convince O that he was more powerful and terrible than any master she had known before. How could he not be, he whose devices spanned a whole continent? Here, amid the tinsel glare of used-car lots and burger palaces, of a sudden he seemed to loom larger than ever; an encounter seemed always imminent, around every corner, every loop in the freeway. To O, the very air seemed to tremble, about to spell out in sparkling letters the secret of his name.

As if to facilitate recognition, O had resumed wearing the owl costume.

She was seated in a low swivel chair between two strangers while they pried her open with questions, breaking down her defenses, penetrating her silence from all sides. A half hour earlier they had rehearsed her carefully in everything she was to do or say. "Relax, open up," they kept repeating. "Be natural." Her thighs stuck to the damp plastic seat.

Sometimes it was a man who questioned her, usually dressed in that curious uniform which had stayed in

her mind since that first day she had seen it in New York. Less often it was a woman. She was expected to be, and after the sixth or eighth time she found herself, wholly pliant and responsive to their demands. I believe one of the questions used most often was: "And what do you think of Los Angeles?"

Toward the end, she was completely open. Baring herself in this fashion had become completely natural to her. She could talk about the plight of the American Indian or what she had for lunch that day in front of eight million people with completely self-assured banality. Even at Roissy, when they had told her so explicitly how she would be prostituted, she had never imagined to what extent she would debase herself, or how joyously.

For it was with the shock of sudden joy that her heart almost stopped when she discovered one evening, upon returning from the studio, an envelope resting on her bureau. Inside she found an Eastern Airlines ticket to Orlando, Florida, and a sheet of paper, folded once, containing detailed instructions.

When she presented herself at the gates, there was some difficulty about the pass. Once inside, it took her several minutes to get her bearings, and she stumbled into Fantasyland by mistake. At last, sighting in a direct line from the eighteen-story spires of Cinderella's Castle, she crossed Main Street, U.S.A., skirted Liberty Square (pausing only outside the Hall of Presidents to apply fresh rouge and

lipstick), and entered Tomorrowland. She was panting and out of breath by the time she found the concealed entrance to the replica of the Blue Grotto.

She felt that she was treading on sacred ground. Everything around her, everything that she had seen, was animated by the spirit of her master. She herself was merely another of his lifelike creations.

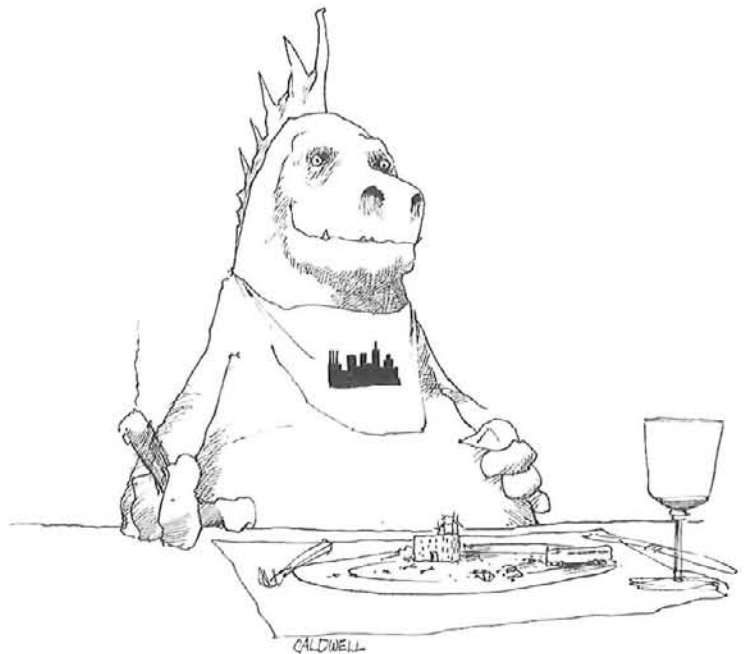
Against the far wall was a twenty-two-foot-high replica of the *Pietà*. Pressing her lips together to keep them from trembling, O touched the hidden switch. The wall swung open easily, and she stepped into the dimly-lit chamber. The beads of perspiration on her forehead had already hardened to tiny balls of ice. The walls were covered with a thick frost.

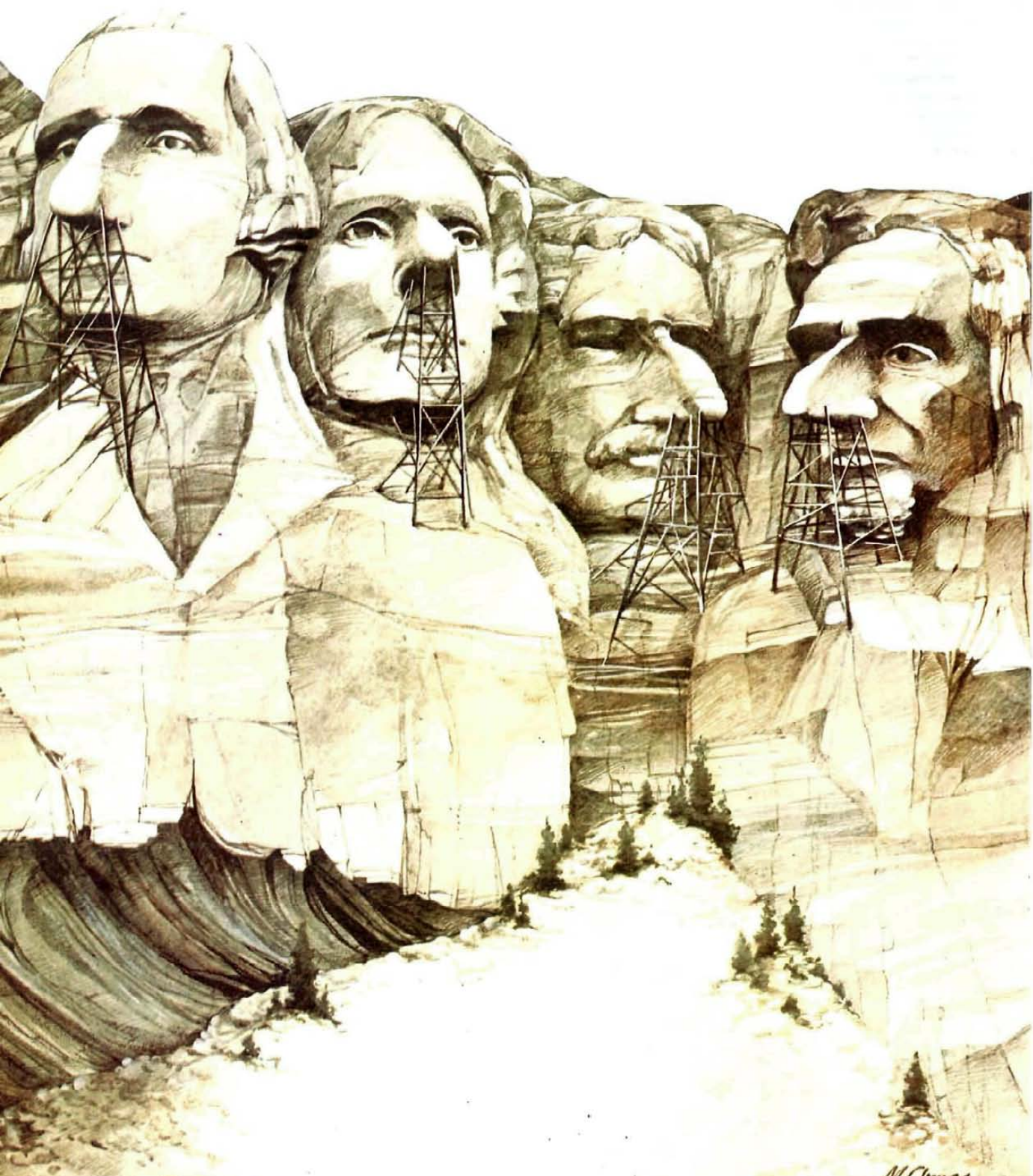
O lifted her gaze slightly until she could see the casket itself. It was made from a smooth, white, marbleized substance (as was the *Pietà* outside), which had remained completely free of frost. From almost the exact center of the coffin rose a single, hollow shaft.

O took the hard black rubber mouse ears out of her handbag and fitted them to her head. Then she bent her slender neck and applied her softly-parted lips to the tip of the shaft.

In a final chapter, which has been suppressed, O becomes a housewife living in Poughkeepsie, where she is visited by her former lover.

There exists a second ending to the story, in which O becomes New York's Commissioner of Consumer Affairs. □





Profiles in Chopped Liver: Our Greatest Jewish Presidents

by Gerald Sussman

It is no coincidence that in times of crisis America has always elected a Jewish President. It's also happened often in relatively normal times. Why have we chosen so many Jews? Are Jews superior to non-Jews? If we list the greatest men in history and consider how many of them are Jewish, we are forced to answer yes.

From Genghis Khan to Napoleon, from da Vinci to Churchill—in all of man's most noble (and sometimes ignoble) endeavors, Jews have dominated far out of proportion to their actual numbers.

We will attempt to explain how the qualities of these gifted people, as represented in our Presidents, have contributed so much to the growth of our country. Since space does not permit us to discuss every Jewish President, someone's personal favorite will surely be omitted. No one can doubt the importance of Adams, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Polk, Cleveland, Wilson, and Harry Truman, among many others. But we have picked nine Presidents we think are most symbolic of the Jewish Mystique.

George Washington, Soldier-Statesman-Clown

The son of Jacob and Rebecca Washington, a traveling song-and-dance team who called themselves "The Virginia Hams," George Washington was forced to spend most of his boyhood with his aunt Leila, who encouraged him to try a military career. Not wishing to offend her, he became active in the French and Indian War. But Washington was born in a trunk. His heart was in vaudeville. He always wanted to be a stand-up comic.

On July 4, 1776, his conflict had to be resolved. Would he accept the job of commander-in-chief of the American revolutionary army? Or would he take the job of entertainment director

at the Concord, a resort hotel in Massachusetts, near Lexington?

Washington agonized over the decision and wrote in his diary:

Maybe I'm *meshuga*,¹ but how the hell are we going to beat the most powerful country in the world? Why is everybody so worked up over a few lousy taxes? They tax us, we raise our prices on exports. But that's not good enough for Patrick Henry, that *goyisheh kop*.²

When we all get killed he'll be satisfied.

God meant us to suffer and live through this. But Franklin says no. Franklin says we can win, and if we win I'll be elected President and become the Father of Our Country. Franklin likes to jerk off on his lightning rod. What does he care? He's 4-F, that fat *lokshen head*.³

If I don't play the Concord, I'll probably throw away my big chance. Just so I can get my head blown off by a Limey cannonball.

Against his better judgment, Washington took the commander-in-chief job. But his heart was not in it, and he suffered his shares of ups and downs. Then came Valley Forge. Washington writes in his diary:

I don't know what the story is, but we have to stay here for a while. I got Morgan-David, the best caterers in Philadelphia, to supply us with food. I told them, "Nothing fancy, no 'Buckingham Breakfasts' or 'Devonshire Dinners.' Just simple Jewish fare."

I'm not sure those guys know what they're doing. It turns out we may be here for the winter, and all they sent us was 100 assorted sandwiches (corned beef, pastrami,

¹*Meshuga*: crazy, cuckoo, off your rocker, etc.

²*Goyisheh kop*: literally, a gentile head. A childish, immature type.

³*Lokshen head*: noodle head. A nickname Washington had for Franklin's long, stringy hair, which he never covered with a wig.

tongue), a platter of cocktail knishes and pigs in blankets, a pound of chopped liver, a roast turkey (carved and put back on the frame), a potato pudding, a noodle pudding, a bucket of pickles, assorted Danish pastries, and a case of cherry soda. . . .

. . . I can't believe it. The stage-coach drivers are on strike. We can't get any deliveries from the caterers, who were way off on their estimate. If I ever get to the White House, those cockers are not going to do any of my weddings and bar mitzvahs, that's for sure. Also, I forgot to order winter pajamas and underwear for the men. They're going to starve and freeze to death.

At this point Washington knew what he had to do. He had to make his men laugh instead of cry, so they could live through the winter. With near-frostbitten hands he wrote pages of new material. He entertained the soldiers every night, including Sunday, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. He was a smash.

Out of the Valley Forge engagement Washington regained his confidence. He soon left the details of the war to his other generals, and he toured the camps around the country, polishing his act.

The war went well, and Washington was the hottest name in the country. As Benjamin Franklin predicted, he was elected President and became Father of Our Country.

But even though he was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, Washington never forgot the bitter lessons of Valley Forge. He always felt that there was never enough food in the house. He used to drive Martha crazy on Saturday mornings, bringing back bags and cartons of stuff she knew no one could finish: expensive things like smoked sturgeon and Scottish salmon that

continued

would spoil, bagels that would get hard as rocks, half-sour pickles that didn't agree with her. But Washington had to have an abundance of food around him or he would cry uncontrollably and start doing his old comedy routines, forgetting punch lines. Even when they visited friends, he would bring a huge basket of gourmet delicacies, and for the kids ski pajamas, stout mittens, and woolen caps.

Thomas Jefferson, Jewish Renaissance Man

Thomas Jefferson was a doctor and a lawyer, the dream of every Jewish mother. He was also a talented butcher, baker, and candlestick maker. He invented the toothpick, the soap dish, crunchy Granola, steel wool (he made coats and vests out of it), an automatic boot lacer, and self-rising flour.

He designed his wife's wedding gown, grew the first successful tangerine, built snow tires for his carriage wheels, and discovered beige (people were aware of beige but didn't know what it was or what to name it).

He found a way of preventing mayonnaise from separating, designed the first zipper-fly for men's trousers, perfected a whale-oil-powered lawn mower, and invented the gherkin. With good friend Aaron ("Itz") Burr, Jefferson invented the accordion, the stretch sock, and the shopping center.

These are just a few of Jefferson's

accomplishments. He was interested in virtually everything, except Turkish baths and macrame.

Jefferson's entire life was an elaborate escape from what he *thought* was typical Jewishness and Jewish pursuits. Yet the more he explored and read and invented, the more Jewish he became. Ironically, he was the personification of the most important Jewish quality: creativity.

Jefferson was born into an upper-middle-class suburban family with unusually liberal, permissive leanings. His family regarded themselves as completely assimilated Colonists rather than Jews. When young Thomas was inventing the felt-tip pen or designing a codpiece, his parents were not concerned. They encouraged him to do as he wished, rather than forcing him to study for the rabbinate or sell infants' and children's wear. His mother knew he was an exceptional boy. "He's not stupid," she said. "When he meets the right girl and starts to raise a family, he'll settle down and get a good job."

Abraham Lincoln, Self-made Sufferer

Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin in Kentucky, a very poor Jew. As a boy he walked miles to the tiny one-room yeshiva and studied the Talmud by candlelight. He had one burning ambition: to become President of

the United States. He knew he had all the right qualities, including a log-cabin birthplace and a sensational name.

But as he reached physical maturity he sensed that something was wrong. He was only five-four and weighed 227 pounds. Somehow he knew that a short, chubby fellow named Abraham Lincoln would never become President, no matter how hard he tried. He needed a new image.⁴

At Tracy's general store in Hodgenville, Kentucky, Lincoln bought a metal and whalebone corset, a pair of stilts, a stovepipe hat, a false beard, and various jars of actor's makeup and face putty. He cut the stilts to a manageable size, wrapped newspaper around them, and somehow created a pair of fake feet. The corset made him look seventy-five pounds thinner. The hat, beard, and nose putty did the rest.

For months he practiced walking, sitting, crossing his legs, bending, and other things tall people do. He was now a lean, lanky, awkward six-four—truly Lincoln-esque. He was ready to enter politics.

All his life Lincoln lived with the physical pain of becoming tall. The strain on his legs grew more acute every year. He forgot what his real feet looked like. His corset was so confining that it caused shortness of breath, aggravated further by a large, fake nose over his real one, which was just a mere button. The Slavery Question and the Civil War didn't help matters either.

His face now had that ingrained look of pain and suffering (gaunt, yet sensitive and full of compassion), a face and a bearing the people could identify with and trust in times of crisis.

Lincoln knew this and knew what he had to go through to look and feel the way he did. He looked upon himself with ironic humor and detachment when he said, "... some day the comedians will be making jokes about men who are blessed with Lincoln-esque features, men with Presidential aspirations as well. But their names will be something like Abe Shapiro or Abe Goldfarb. I suppose if God wanted to make me tall and lanky with a big nose, he would have done it. But would my name have been Abe Lincoln? And would I have suffered as much?"

Theodore Roosevelt, Jewish Warrior

Teddy Roosevelt—soldier, cowboy,

⁴Helmley, in his *Life of Lincoln*, claims that Lincoln saw his "presidential image" in a "vision," after being beaten up by a gang of bullies who mocked his girth by calling him "Bones." Lincoln, with his characteristic humility and irony, never verified this story but claims he simply "saw stars ... from the good right fist of Jack Blodgett," a boy who, years later, raped Lincoln's niece.

TELL ME, WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE
COME FROM SOME TERRIBLE PLACE
OR BE PRESENTLY SUFFERING
FROM A SMALL WOUND?



M. K. BROWN

hunter, athlete, outdoorsman—a man who symbolized the bold new spirit of a young, fighting America.

How do you explain the almost manic obsession Roosevelt had for soldierly and athletic endeavors, an obsession that made him a human dynamo all his life? What were the motivating forces that created such a fascinating character?

The most widely held theory involves two basic Jewish traits: physical inferiority and physical superiority. Roosevelt was a weak, sickly child with asthma and poor eyesight. He was frequently bullied and beaten and could not fight back (is this where his favorite word, "bully," came from?).

At the same time Jews were dominating the world of War, Manly Pursuits, and the Great Outdoors. From John L. Sullivan to Ulysses S. Grant, from Buffalo Bill Cody to Robert E. Lee, Jews were inspirational heroes to children and adults alike.

And so, traumatized by his physical problems, yet inspired by the great Jewish heroes of the day, Roosevelt was determined to build his body as well as his mind, to be afraid of no one and nothing. And he succeeded to a legendary degree.

But now there is evidence of a much deeper influence on Roosevelt's behavior. *The Diary of Jessie Tompkins*⁵ gives us the first clues to the real reasons for Roosevelt's obsession. Jessie Tompkins was the lifelong sleep-in maid for the Roosevelt family and knew young Teddy on the most intimate terms. Writing with a naïve yet blunt honesty, she records Teddy's "peculiar" problem:

It wasn't only that Teddy was a sickly child. He seemed to be underdeveloped. I mean, I would see him sometimes in the bedroom looking for his private parts, and they were hardly developed for a boy of fourteen. In fact, they were hardly even there....

...He came crying to me today because he said that he was growing tities [*sic*]. I scolded him for such nonsense but opened his shirt, and sure enough there was this little round tit. Also I noticed that his voice was sounding high.

...He won't tell anybody about his tities or what is happening to his private parts. All he does is lift weights, take boxing lessons and horseback riding and gymnastics. If he builds his body and develops all his masculine muscles, he thinks the other things will go away. I have never seen a boy so made up on his mind.

Further studies substantiate this finding. The only way Roosevelt knew he could overcome his transsexuality was to fight it head on, with unrelent-

ing Manly Pursuits. Hence, the muscular physique, the mustache, the incredible feats of daring.

The trauma of ill health combined with a profound sexual problem would have destroyed a lesser man. But it only raised his determination to a fever pitch. Roosevelt did not want to live out his life as a Jewish girl. At the turn of the century a Jewish girl was not very liberated. She was simply expected to be a good wife, mother, and homemaker. Teddy Roosevelt wanted none of this. He wanted to be President.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jewish Humanitarian

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was the greatest humanitarian President in our history. He was virtually born to it. Ever since he could remember, the Roosevelt home was the great gathering place for the Jewish show-business humanitarians of the day. The hostess and guiding force of this unusual salon was his warm and wonderful mother, Eleanor, a woman who later was often mistaken for his wife.

As a boy, young Franklin hobnobbed with George Jessel, Sophie Tucker, and Al Jolson. He learned his craft from these greats and near-greats. He learned that you have to have heart. He learned that if everyone just gave a little bit, someday a little child might walk again. He

learned that money isn't everything. But he knew how to ask people to give and give till it hurts.

He studied Eulogy with Jessel. Sophie Tucker gave him lessons in Farewell Performances. Jolson taught him to speak with a tear in his voice. By the time he was elected President he was a master humanitarian at the moment when his country needed him desperately.

During Roosevelt's reign the White House was like a borscht-belt hotel on a Labor Day weekend. Humanitarians were everywhere, including the young Dannys—Danny Kaye and Danny Thomas—Jerry Lewis, and elder statesman Jean Hersholt. The air was always full of eulogies, tributes, toasts, songs, and dances.

These were the days of the famous Roosevelt Brain Trust, the team that helped launch the legislation of the New Deal. But behind the Brain Trust was Roosevelt's inner inner circle, the Borscht Belt Trust—or "Truss," as they called it—a small group of advisers who developed many of Roosevelt's greatest humanitarian ideas.

This group included comedian Jackie Joey, eccentric dancer Monte Mark, ex-boxer and restaurateur Tony Rocky, and Negro cantor Jesse Wayne. (Roosevelt used to say, "If you want to see a grown man cry and really shell out for a charity, ask

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⁵The Diary of Jessie Tompkins, vols. 1-3, Harvard University Press.

Jesse to sing Kol Nidre.⁶ Every Jew is a sucker for a Negro cantor.")

The Borscht Belt Trust was largely responsible for such projects as the TVA, CCC, Social Security, and the Lend-Lease Act; and after World War II they laid the groundwork for Point Four and the Marshall Plan (an idea of Morty Marshall, a young ventriloquist Roosevelt adored, who died of throat cancer).

And behind everything was the persistent influence of Eleanor, who traveled around the world bearing small gifts, getting new humanitarian ideas, and never letting her son forget that "politics is like show business, and show business is people giving to people. And that's what great humanitarianism is all about."

"She was a real matzoh ball," FDR once said. "But she had a heart as big as a seder table."

The day before his tragic death Franklin Roosevelt was still dreaming up new humanitarian projects. He had an idea for one of his favorite causes, a polio foundation. It would be a twenty-four-hour radiothon that would be organized and produced by a young, eager Jerry Lewis. Lewis was one of the last men to see and work with FDR.⁷

Dwight David Eisenhower, Philosopher-Sage

Dwight Eisenhower⁸ was remarkably successful in making the jump from a distinguished military career to the Presidency because he was supremely well prepared for it. He was, perhaps, our wisest, best trained President.

Eisenhower's father was the celebrated Abilene Gaon.⁹ Little Dwight used to sit at his father's feet and learn much from the wisdom and brilliance of his father's decisions, as the townspeople would come to him with their problems. His father also had exquisite feet—even more beautiful than his mother's—and many of the townspeople came just to sit at them and cast admiring glances.

With his father he studied Wisdom 1 and 1.2, Fundamentals of Tact and Patience, a survey course in Honesty,

⁶Kol Nidre: The sacred prayer sung and recited on Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement.

⁷Lewis recalls the event vividly: "FDR was always doing things in a big way. And his big idea was to name the polio campaign 'The March of Quarters,' since it didn't have a name yet. He was a beautiful, warm, wonderful human being, and he loved show business and show-business people. But his ear wasn't too good. The March of Quarters? It would have been a disaster with a name like that. A toilet. Luckily, Jessel talked him out of it by showing him that 'dime' rhymed better."

⁸Even the family name is symbolic of his character. In Yiddish, Eisenhower literally means "Happy baking pan," which is interpreted to mean "Happy baking pan produces a happy loaf." And it is amazing how often Eisenhower's face looked like a smiling loaf of bread.

⁹Gaon: a rabbi of immense learning and wisdom; a genius.

Detachment 2.3, Aspects of Shrewdness 3 and 4, and majored in Advanced Friendliness and Luck.

Although Eisenhower never had his father's Talmudic style and virtuosity, he had the ability to apply his own insights and wisdom to a broader worldwide canvas.

The Eisenhower Wisdom

One day Secretary of State John Foster Dulles came to see Eisenhower in an agitated state. "Our intelligence reports say that the Chinese Communists are massed for an all-out attack on Formosa. What are we to do?"

Eisenhower grinned. "That reminds me of a parable. A German, an Irishman, and a Chinaman were stranded in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean on a raft. They only had one canteen of water to share.

"The Irishman said, 'I'd give up my share for a glass of Irish whiskey.'

"The German said, 'I'd give up my share for a bottle of German beer.'

"Whereupon the Chinaman opened his life jacket and produced a bottle of Irish whiskey and a bottle of German beer.

"Now how did you do that?" asked the Irishman.

"Well, I guess I just like playing host," said the Chinaman."

Dulles listened to the parable and replied, "It's a wonderful parable, Mr. President. But how does it apply to the Formosa problem?"

"What Formosa problem?" said Eisenhower, grinning.

Dulles thought for a moment and said, "You're absolutely right. I never saw it quite in that light before."

John F. Kennedy Charisma with a Jewish Touch

John F. Kennedy was born into a big, orthodox Jewish family, and though he strayed from the strict religious rules of his father, he never lost his feeling for Jewish custom, ritual, and style.

With all his legendary charisma, *machismo*, and sex appeal, his glamorous wife and fast-moving life-style, Kennedy never forgot the homely little Jewish touches, the genuine Jewish feelings that came from the roots of his boyhood.

"He was like a God. But he was a *haimesh*¹⁰ God," said his closest friend and adviser Ted Sorensen. "He was as *haimesh* as the toasted onion bagels he loved so much."

It was these little touches that made Kennedy not just a cold, charismatic figure, but a great President. There are hundreds of Kennedy stories, stories imbued with his special kind of Jewishness. Here are just a few:

¹⁰*Haimish*: warm, informal, unpretentious.

There was the time when little Caroline somehow got into a meeting of the National Security Council, interrupted an important briefing, sat on her father's lap, and made him tell her a story. Kennedy grinned, shrugged his shoulders, and told her a short, fast story. "At least she didn't take a dump on me," he quipped. Whereupon he picked her up, swung her over his head playfully, and threw her out the window.

The President's valet, Edward Mulvaney, Jr., recalled the time the President had an important diplomatic function to attend that required formal dress. Mulvaney had sent the proper outfit to the dry cleaners, and when it came back he discovered that the cleaners mistakenly returned two vests and no pants. It was too late to do anything about it, and the President had to borrow Bobby's pants, which were much too tight. After a painful evening the President came to Mulvaney and quipped, "If that ever happens again I'll break your face, remove one of your eyes, and put it on my key chain."

On Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, the highest Jewish holy day of the year, the usual group of reporters and photographers followed the President and his family to the steps of his synagogue. Just before entering he quipped, "Thank God, *God* is keeping score of my sins. If it was Jackie, I'd be praying for forgiveness for six months instead of one day."¹¹

Lyndon Baines Johnson, Super Jew

Even for a Jew, Johnson was bigger than life. He was the apotheosis of the Super Jew, the logical successor to the Founding Fathers (not just Washington and Jefferson, but Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, David, and Solomon).

The one small blot on his record is the Vietnam War. It is a blot only because his role and his ideas have been so badly misunderstood.

Here for the first time are the essential points of a secret document, a part of the Pentagon papers that was never published. It reveals what President Johnson truly envisioned for Vietnam: a master plan that would enable the Vietnamese to be self-sufficient in defending their country against Communist aggression and maintaining peace and stability in Southeast Asia. It is being published in the hope that it will clarify Johnson's actions, especially the misunderstanding over the "bombing raids" of North Vietnam. It also reveals how farsighted Johnson was in developing a Vietnamization program in 1964.

¹¹Kennedy denies ever saying this. He claims he said, "Jackie has been praying here for six months, if it's been a day."

A Memo Prepared
by Secretary of Defense
Robert S. McNamara:
Discussion of Plan 36A,
Operation LBJ BURGER 'N'
BLINTZ

1. In order to make the South Vietnamese self-sufficient and able to defend their country all by themselves, we must provide them with food that will give them strength and nourishment.
2. To implement this goal, the President has envisioned a plan that would develop a nationwide chain of fast-food stands in Vietnam, featuring the finest Jewish-American cuisine. They would be called LBJ BURGER 'N' BLINTZ.
3. The stands would be in the shape of the LBJ ranch (aerial view). So would the burgers and blintzes. Secretary Rusk argued for the conventional burger and blintz shapes, but the President overruled him. The President pointed out that the burgers and blintzes would have the advantage of a novelty shape, which would give us a competitive edge over the Communists.
4. Barbecued Gefilte Fish. This is the President's favorite dish (a treasured recipe of his sister, Golda Meir), and it was discussed at great length. The Joint Chiefs of Staff and the National Security Council are of a single mind on this point and persuaded the President not to opt for barbecued gefilte fish at this time. It would entail much higher expenses, which are not covered in the budget approved by Congress. More expensive packing materials would be needed, plus horseradish, extra napkins, paper plates, etc. Besides, it is more difficult to eat gefilte fish with the hands. And real fish would have to be used.
5. French Fries. French fries were recommended by Council and Staff, and again we had to convince the President, who opted for potato knishes and refried beans. Our CIA team produced evidence to prove that potato knishes would spoil in the damp climate of Vietnam. We revealed to the President that refried beans are the major ingredient in the LBJ BURGER anyway (along with ground woodchuck), and that satisfied him.
6. The stands will be decorated with the usual life-size pictures of the President and his family. Souvenirs such as LBJ Jewish-Star Belt Buckles, LBJ kosher midget salamis, and Ladybird Hadassah Locketts and Charm Bracelets will be sold.
7. Conclusion. In order to establish long-range stability in Vietnam and Southeast Asia, these stands must be owned and operated by the Vietnamese themselves. This would be on a franchise basis,

where they would buy the food and equipment from the U.S. We would subcontract the project to Texas Treats, Inc., a wholly owned subsidiary of LBJ Enterprises.

At the same time we must recognize the counter-insurgent activities of the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese. Their soybean-rice burger is far cheaper than ours and is supposed to be delicious and nutritious.

Therefore, it is our view that we must be prepared to escalate and take even stronger actions if we are to maintain peace and uphold our image among the nations of the free world. Accordingly, the Joint Chiefs of Staff have prepared a scenario of further options and contingencies, which can be summarized herewith:

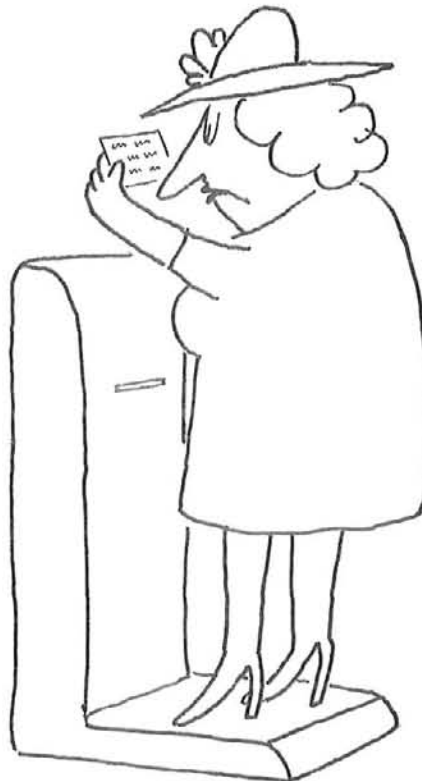
- a. Assign a U.S. military commander to take over all BURGER 'N' BLINTZ stands until the South Vietnamese are fully capable and operative.
- b. Overfly Laos and Cambodia to whatever extent is necessary to find out what the competition is doing.
- c. Induce the South Vietnamese to conduct overt ground operations in Laos of sufficient scope to impede the flow of Viet Cong soy-burger-stand personnel and the shipment of material (cole slaw, relish, beverages, etc.).
- d. Arm, equip, advise, and sup-

- port the government of South Vietnam in its conduct of aerial bombing of critical targets in North Vietnam with our promotional leaflets and coupons good for 25¢ off on an LBJ BURGER or BLINTZ.
- e. Conduct our own aerial bombardment of key North Vietnamese targets, using real LBJ BURGERS and BLINTZES, fully cooked, in sealed plastic pouches and, if necessary, bomb same targets with fried pies.
 - f. Commit additional U.S. ground forces as necessary, in support of the South Vietnamese burger-stand personnel, to aid in promotion, preparation, and serving of the food, including take-out service and deliveries into enemy territory.

Even though LBJ BURGERS and BLINTZES were the real contents of the "bombs" used in our raids, the enemy made these bombs the focal point of their propaganda campaign. They released fake casualty lists and pictures, and denounced American aggression and barbaric cruelty. At last the facts are proving them wrong.

Richard Nixon

Richard Nixon is an inspirational figure to that small group of Jews who are insecure, physically awkward, unspontaneous, and uncertain of whether they will succeed in life. □



*"I am not a scale. I am a Martian.
You are standing on my testicles."*

How to Write

by Justice Thurgood Marshall



Thurgood Marshall, the first black appointed to the U.S. Supreme Court, tells you how to write dirty.

One of the most time-consuming tasks a Supreme Court justice performs is reading through mounds of pornographic material, to determine if it is protected by the First Amendment right to freedom of speech. The Court has ruled that such material is protected only if it possesses "redeeming social value."

What is "redeeming social value"? To me, it is something that puts "lead" in your "pencil." Pops a "bone of contention" in your "legal briefs." In other words, something that makes you pecker stand up and say the Pledge of Allegiance.

Of course, it takes some hot and steamy writing to get a rise out of a few of those old droopy drawers on the Supreme Court. But don't despair; just follow my simple Marshall Plan for How to Write Dirty. Soon you'll be able to crank out pornography that a judge will want to review in his chambers time and again. That judge is me.

Keep the reader in mind

How would you like to read a book entitled *A Man Called Homo* or *My Girl Friend Flicka*? Well, I've read them, and they're terrible. Seems too many pornographers these days write stories that appeal only to homos, horses, or other degenerates. They have forgotten that the typical reader of dirty books is a normal, heterosexual, black, elderly Supreme Court justice.

To write dirty well, pick topics your audience will be interested in, like fellatio, blowjobs, and white women. Especially white women. They're my favorite. Oh, yeah.

Write what you know

A man once wrote a book entitled *I Was a Hooker on the Moon*. It did not have the ring of authenticity, and sold few copies. "You should write about what you know," I advised this aspiring author, who just happened to be Justice Felix Frankfurter. His next book, *Suck My Weiner*, was on Thurgood Marshall's Bestseller List for a full five months.

So write about subjects you are familiar with. If you are a mailman, write sexy stories about delivering the mail. If you are a homo, write stories about what your straight friends do. If you are a white woman, write to me. Here is my address: Thurgood Marshall, Supreme Court Building, Washington, D.C.

To illustrate the principle of writing what you know, I have composed the following example. It is based on a true incident—only the names have been changed slightly:

Handsome Thurgood X. was sitting in his chambers one day, reading *A Man Called Homo*. Suddenly, he was interrupted by Sandra Day O., a distinguished white woman. "You certainly look foxy in your big, black robes," Sandra purred. "I've got something even bigger and blacker underneath," replied Thurgood.

Thurgood had always had a way with women—you could say he was a sort of Afro-disiac. Soon the two were lying on the bench, Thurgood preparing to enter Sandra's private chambers. "Here come da judge," he shouted, as his groin gavel banged away. Finally, they finished, furiously collapsing in the sweat of their ecstasy. "That was sure good, Thurgood," Sandra cooed.

"Oh, yeah," he replied.

Don't be afraid to exaggerate

In my two hundred

years on the bench, I have handed down judgments so brilliant that the Statue of Justice once came to life, ran off her pedestal, and gave me a big wet kiss on the lips.

Of course, most of this story is not true, but is actually a subtle use of the principle of exaggeration. Clever exaggeration can prove quite useful in pornographic stories as well. It can turn a dull novel like *Moby Dick* into the porn classic *Moby Huge Dick*. Observe how exaggerating the truth makes the following story a million times more interesting:

Thurgood was sitting in the New York State Bar and Grill, finishing his twentieth bottle of champagne. He had just returned from Washington, flushed with his victory in the case *Brown v. Ten Boards of Education*. Suddenly, a beautiful woman, with bosoms the size of watermelons, walked into the bar.

"Don't be impartial, Mr. Marshall," she implored. "Take me, take me now." In half a second, they were both naked. "I had no idea they'd painted the Empire State Building black," she gasped. "That's not the Empire State Building," Thurgood replied, "that's my fifty-two inches of manhood." With one motion, Thurgood thrust his entire Shaft into her awaiting body. Three hundred orgasms later, they finished.

"That was great," she purred. "Just wait'll I send my ninety-three teenage sisters to see you." All in all, it was a typical day.

Edit yourself

There's an old joke that runs something like this: "A sexually inexperienced couple are on their honeymoon. Not sure what to do, the husband asks his wife for advice. 'Stick it in,' she commands. 'Now pull it out. Stick it in. Pull it out.'" I forget the punch line to this anecdote, but it



Marshal Thurgood Marshall declares Marshall law: on those sidewindin' polecats who write boring pornography.

Dirty

hardly matters—we've already heard the good part.

Similarly, careful editing can improve your writing. Who wants to read a boring law book when the Cliffs Notes will do just as well? In the following example, a fine pornographic story is made even better by carefully editing out the less essential passages:

Handsome Thurgood ~~X~~ was sitting in his chambers one day, reading *A Man Called Homo*. Suddenly, he was interrupted by Sandra Day ~~O~~, a distinguished white woman. "You certainly look foxy in your big, black robes," Sandra purred. "I've got something even bigger and blacker underneath," replied Thurgood.

Thurgood had always had a way with women—you could say he was a sort of Afro-disiac. . . .

Humor your audience

One day, I mistakenly broke into Lyn-



Swearing an oath on his personal "Bible for Swingers," Thurgood Marshall testifies that he is a porn-again Christian.

don Johnson's bedroom while Lady Bird was preparing to give him a blowjob. To mask my embarrassment, I made a couple of ribald jests. First I turned to Lady Bird and quipped, "I guess you put the BJ in LBJ." Then I pointed to the president's groin and added, "Boy, you sure got a big Johnson, Lyndon." LBJ was so amused by these remarks, and so eager to get me out of the room, that he appointed me to the Supreme Court.



After scrutinizing a copy of Playboy during a desegregation trial, Justice Marshall proudly declares: "I call this magazine Exhibit A—for 'Arousing'."

Just as a few great jokes helped my judicial career, so can they help you with your dirty-writing career. Check out this example:

The justices and I were sitting in closed session, deliberating. Suddenly, who should walk in but Justice Byron White's wife, Lucy. "You sure make me juicy, Ms. Lucy," I quipped. "I love Lucy," I added, elbowing Byron in the ribs.

I was on a roll now, so I turned to Justice Harry Blackmun and hollered, "I'm the real hairy black man around these parts." This prompted Chief Justice Warren Burger to call for order. In response, I whipped open my robe (I had nothing on underneath) and said, "Hey, Chief Justice Cheeseburger, did you order this big black whopper?"

All the justices excused themselves and returned to their chambers, unable to match my brilliant repartee. I was alone in the room, except for Lucy, whose arm I had a firm grip on. "Baby, you sure got big torts," I joked, "and there ain't nothing I like better than White's woman." Then I screwed her eighty-seven times.

The defense rests

Well, I hope you liked my helpful tips on how to write dirty. So, if you follow my rules, the next time you pop up in court on an obscenity charge, maybe something on me will pop up too. Oh, yeah.

Thurgood Marshall

Years ago, International Porno sponsored a series of advertisements reading "Send me a man who reads pornography on the job, and I'll show you a man who's hard at work."

To tell the public that a dirty picture is not worth a thousand dirty words, International Porno decided to run a new series of advertisements extolling the values of pornography. We solicited columns from dozens of celebrities, including Luciano Pavarotti, Dick Cavett, Morey Amsterdam, and Thurgood Marshall. Unfortunately, only Justice Marshall replied.

For reprints of this ad, send name, address, and proof of majority to International Porno, Inc., 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013.



INTERNATIONAL PORNO, INC. "They call us the Hard Corps."

The Presentation of the Bill
— for —
The Last Supper

— by Rick Meyerowitz —







Cock Tales

by Chris Miller

I

The telephone rang, loud as a fire alarm. To Bernie Boom-Boom, snoozing stoned on the sofa, his mind drifting off through Middle Earth somewhere, the sound was like twin jets of ice water shot in his ears.

"Okay, fuck you, I'm coming!" Bernie called to the phone. He shook his head to clear it, which was the approximate equivalent of shaking a jar of muddy water in order to see better through it, and stood up. On its fourth ring, Bernie reached the phone and put his hand on the receiver. Then he paused. There were a number of persons, mostly individuals to whom he owed money, with whom it would make little sense to speak. On the other hand, his caller just might be someone who owed *him* money, or, better yet, one of his girl friends wanting to come over and sit on his face. What to do, what to do. As the phone initiated its seventh ring, Bernie lifted the receiver and said hello.

"Hello, is this Mr. Boom-Boom?" Well, the voice was female and very sexy. Surprise!

"Why, yes, this is Mr. Boom-Boom," said Bernie, wagging his eyebrows roguishly. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, this is Miss Morgan, Mr. Boom-Boom. From the telephone company?"

Bernie's rakish smile inverted. Shit. "Uh, I suppose this is about my bill?" Among his many creditors, the telephone company had been the most predatory. For the last month, a certain Mr. DeReimer had been calling him every other day, first asking, then importuning, finally demanding that his bill be paid. Of late, a strange paranoia-inducing tone had entered the man's voice and Bernie had sensed veiled threats. Well, at least a woman's voice would be an improvement.

"Yes, I'm afraid it is about your bill. I hate to harass you in your home, Mr. Boom-Boom, but it's my job to remind you. You're four months overdue, you know."

"I know, I know," said Bernie. "You people never let me forget for long. What happened to Mr. DeReimer, by the way?"

"Oh, he's been transferred to Cor-

porate Accounts. I think the company decided he was a little . . . strident, and that they could catch more flies with sugar than with vinegar." She paused. "Uh, I hope you don't take that to mean I think of you as a fly, Mr. Boom-Boom."

Bernie laughed. He kind of liked this Miss Morgan. Maybe he could bullshit her. "No, I don't take it that way. I know you have your job to do. You see, here's the problem: I'm a musician in a group and these two record companies are suing each other to find out which owns us and in the meantime all our money is frozen. But they'll be settling it within a week or two and then I'll be mailing in the entire amount I owe you. So do you suppose you could carry me for just a couple more weeks? Please?"

"A group? Really? Which one?" Miss Morgan suddenly sounded extremely interested.

"Why, uh, the Scumbags. You know, we're one of those . . ."

"The Scumbags?? I love the Scumbags! I see you all the time at the Mercer Center for Bisexual Decadence of the Forties! Which one are you, Mr. Boom-Boom?"

This was working even better than he'd expected. Miss Morgan seemed to have forgotten all about his bill. He'd have to remember this musician bit, use it again sometime. "Which one am I? Why, I'm the . . . bass player."

"The bass player? That's incredible! Do you know how many nights I've stood almost next to you, just staring? But I thought your name was Johnny Farts. . ."

"Oh, right, Johnny Farts. That's my stage name. I mean, how would it sound if they announced 'On bass, Bernie Boom-Boom?' That's not decadent at all. Besides, it sounds like a drummer's name."

Miss Morgan giggled. "Wow," she said, "I can't believe I'm talking to you. All my friends think you're the sexiest Scumbag of all."

"Heh heh," said Bernie. "And what about you? What do you think?"

"Me? God, I think you're the sexiest man I've ever seen!"

"Really? That's what you think?"

"Oh, yes. All that long blond hair and . . ."

"And what?"

"Mr. Boom-Boom, I just realized. I shouldn't be talking to you like this. I mean, I called to . . ."

"Call me Bernie. And what?"

Her voice dropped an octave, became soft and flirtatious. "And that big lump in your pants."

"In my . . ."

"Mmmm, yes, that's why I stand so close to you when you play. So I can see it thrust against your jeans when you move your hips."

Bernie glanced down into his lap. She was right, there *was* a big lump in his pants. And she was giving it to him. He wondered suddenly what time she got off work. "Uh, Miss Morgan, I wonder if . . .?"

"Call me Mitzi. You know what I think about when I see it, Bernie?"

"No. No, I don't, Mitzi. What do you think about?"

"I think about sucking it. I think about running my tongue all up and down it while I'm tickling your balls with my fingernails."

Oh . . . yeah? He certainly hadn't been expecting anything like *this* when he'd answered the phone. His erection was threatening to burst his fly, like a battering ram at the doors of a castle. He adjusted it to a more comfortable position and licked his lips.

"Uh, Mitzi, maybe we could get together tonight. And, you know . . ."

There was a long pause. Was he going too fast for her? Had he blown it?

"Bernie?"

"Yeah?"

"We don't have to wait until tonight."

"You mean you can come over now?"

"No, I mean . . . unscrew the earpiece of your phone."

"Unscrew the . . ."

"The earpiece of your phone. You know, that circular piece of black plastic you hear my voice coming from?"

"But I don't . . ."

"Bernie, just do it. Trust me."

"Uh, okay. Hold on." He took the receiver from his ear and, with some difficulty, began unscrewing the earpiece. After several turns, it came loose in his hand. He caught his breath sharply. Inside the mouth-

piece was a mouth!

Bernie blinked his eyes several times and shook his head but when he looked again, the mouth was still there. Or rather a pair of lips, faintly lipsticked and beestung, in the *Penthouse* manner. He tried to say something but the words choked off in his throat.

Then the lips smiled, and a glistening pink tongue emerged to lick them wetly.

"Yah!" cried Bernie, and dropped the receiver on the floor.

"Pick me up! Pick me up!" called the phone.

Bernie hastened to do so. Holding the receiver gingerly between thumb and forefinger, he stared into the earpiece and tried to think of something to say.

"What kind of shit is that," demanded the lips, "dropping me before you even get to know me? Maybe you'd like to get back to your phone bill."

"No, no, no," assured Bernie. "I'm sorry. You startled me. I didn't expect..."

"Well, it's okay," said the lips, mollified. "No harm done. Except... I'd feel a lot better if you held me more tightly."

Swallowing, Bernie wrapped his fingers around the receiver. It felt warm against his skin.

"Mmmmm," said the phone. "Now hold me closer."

"Uh . . .," said Bernie. He slowly brought the receiver back against the side of his face.

"That's the idea," said the lips, softly brushing his earlobe. "Now, how do you like this?" And Bernie felt the tongue slide wetly into his ear.

"Yah!" he cried again. He ripped the phone from his ear and a long strand of saliva sagged like a jump rope between him and the earpiece.

"Don't drop me! Don't drop me!" piped the phone.

"I won't drop you," said Bernie. "It's just that you keep taking me by surprise. Actually, that felt very nice."

The lips smiled. "Want to feel something nicer?"

"Uh, sure," said Bernie.

"Then kiss me." The lips puckered expectantly.

Good Lord! Well, he'd done weirder things in his time. Although he couldn't think of any right now. Gathering the receiver in both hands, he brought the earpiece to his mouth and pressed the lips tenderly against his.

The lips responded, shyly at first, then with growing passion. Bernie had never experienced a kiss quite like it. Then the tongue entered his

mouth like a sweet, hot fish, searching for sustenance, and his sense of shock at the circumstances began rapidly to segue into lust. Finally, he pulled the receiver away. "Wow," he murmured. "Listen, let's get high."

"Good," said the lips, panting lightly. "But hurry."

Bernie placed the receiver in his lap and began rolling a joint. He couldn't remember when he'd felt so turned on. As he was licking the number closed, he felt the phone playfully nipping at his dong through his pants. Hurriedly, he lit up and thrust the joint into the earpiece.

The phone took a long toke and held its breath. So did Bernie. After four or five such hits each, he laid the roach in the ash tray.

"Kiss me hard," said the phone.

Bernie didn't have to be told twice. He pushed the earpiece against his mouth and kissed the lips hard.

"Mmmmm," they said. The phone cord began to spiral around his thigh, snaking sensuously against him. "Feel me, feel me good," begged the lips.

Feel her? Feel what? With a mental shrug of the shoulders, Bernie placed the body of the phone in his lap and began to caress it.

"Ohhhhh," said the lips.

Then Bernie's hand moved through the cradle and his fingers brushed one of the plastic hang-up buttons.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH," said the lips.

Oh, really? He went back to the button, took it between thumb and forefinger, and rolled it in small, oscillating circles.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH," said the lips. "OH MY GOD!"

Bernie jerked his hand away. Had he hurt her?

"God, I just came," said the lips. "You've got me hearing beeper tones. What was *in* that dope?" The phone sighed happily. "But then you rock stars always get the best dope."

"Rock stars?" The dope had also done a number on Bernie's head. "Oh, yeah, rock stars. Got the biggest cocks, too," he said casually.

"I don't believe you," the phone teased. "Show me."

"Show you? You can see?"

"No, but I think I can estimate pretty well . . . with my mouth."

"Oh, yeah?" said Bernie, and before he'd finished the 'yeah,' his pants were down to his knees and his cock was jutting from his lap like a starved stork straining for food. "Estimate away," he told the phone and brought the ear well of the receiver slowly over the head of his cock. The lips shmwerped out to meet him, then sucked him in like a fat spaghetti strand.

"Glmph!" said the phone, and its

tongue began to describe rapid circles around Bernie's German helmet. It felt as if he'd stuck himself into the center of a spinning car wash brush made from liver. The sensation was so intense it was almost unbearable. In fact, it *was* unbearable, all tease with none of that cross-shaft massage so vital to coming. He tried to jam himself further into the receiver.

"MMLKPT! STPPM!" screamed the phone, as best it could. Startled, Bernie pulled the receiver clear. "Nine one one! Nine one one!" the lips cried. "Police, fire, emergency!"

"Hey, shush," said Bernie. "I'm sorry. I got carried away. You were driving me crazy."

"Who do you think I am, Linda Lovelace?" demanded the phone. "You can see how skinny my neck is."

"I said I was sorry. Listen, I've got to fuck you." Bernie's balls were throbbing like small hearts. "You've got to come over here right away." He gave one of her hang-up buttons a twist to place emphasis on his request.

"Anh! Anh!" responded the lips. "God, yes, I want to fuck you too, Bernie. And I don't have to come over. Unscrew my base-plate. Hurry!"

This time Bernie asked no questions. He took the body of the phone from his lap and turned it upside down. The base plate was held in place by two small screws. Bernie went to work with his fingernail.

"Hurry," said the phone. "Please hurry." Thick, funky juices were beginning to ooze from several small holes in the base plate to make hot trails on Bernie's wrist. The first screw came loose and he moved to the second. He felt clumsy as a schoolboy dealing with his first bra clasps. His fingernail broke so he switched fingers. At last the screw pulled free and the base plate fell away.

An afro of pubic hair burst forth, and great clouds of fishy perfume. Bernie blinked and pulled the phone closer. Deep within the hair, almost buried by it, pink labia twinkled.

"Fuck me!" cried the phone. "Oh fuck me, fuck me!"

In a steamy frenzy, Bernie propped the receiver upside down between his head and neck, so that he could kiss the lips. With his other hand, he slid the phone slowly over his dong, well over it, all the way down. It felt incredible. He groaned and began moving himself slowly in and out, in and out. . .

There was a click.

The lips went dead beneath his, dead as plastic. A small, mechanical whine started from the body of the phone. Bernie fired his glance to his

groin, just in time to witness the metal claw device complete its encirclement of his swollen balls.

"Now, Mr. Boom-Boom," said Mr. DeReimer's loud, male voice from the receiver, "about that overdue bill . . ."

II

Wilbur the Wimp thought of his cock as a pressure valve.

That is, when Wilbur felt tension accumulating as a foreshadow of some upcoming event, he would vent his anxiety by masturbating. If, say, he had to make a crucial presentation to senior executives at the office, he would dash wildly into the men's room a short time before and flail away in a toilet stall, only to emerge moments later, the very picture of coolness and self-possession. When it was up to him to captain his two-man badminton team to victory at the local Y, he would feel more and more uptight all afternoon until finally, just before the game, he would beat off into a handkerchief in the rear of the locker room and then stride manfully onto the court. Thus it was that when he finally obtained a date with Jug-City Sharon, the incredibly desirable bartender at Dr. Depravity's, and had by seven o'clock become so uptight that his intestines felt tied in a knot, he naturally assumed that the thing to do was beat the meat.

Since Sharon didn't get off work until eight, there was no need to rush things, to employ the simple zip-jerk techniques he was forced to use in public places. So what would it be tonight? The liver and vibrators? The electric plastic vagina he had mail-ordered from Amsterdam? No, wait, he had it: the vacuum cleaner! He hadn't used the vacuum cleaner in at least two weeks. Not only did it do the job slowly and well, it also disposed of the consequences without the need for Kleenex or towels. The vacuum would be the very thing.

So he went to the closet where he kept his brooms and mops and floor wax, removed the vacuum cleaner, and carried it into the living room. It consisted of a squat canister on wheels and a flexible hose of accordioned plastic, some six feet in length. The all-purpose rug-floor nozzle he removed and set aside.

He plugged the machine into the wall and himself into the soft rubberoid hose end. Taking a seat on the sofa, he closed his eyes and nudged the kick switch with his toe. The vacuum cleaner roared to life and his flaccid dong began to fibrillate furiously in the hose, making a loud fart noise. Quickly, though, his member became hard and the fart

noise turned high-pitched, like the noise made by kids blowing through empty Good & Plenty boxes. The cozy hose (or, if you prefer, the hosey cooz) snuggled and tore at him. He began to fantasize, imagining Jug-City Sharon in place of the vacuum, watching her breasts orbit the axis of her chest like twin Comet Kohouteks, only unlit. And much bigger. Oh, it was being a wonderful beat-off!

Then the vacuum cleaner made a loud coughing sound and, with a *blam*, blew off its lid. Wilbur snapped his eyes open. The exposed motor was belching brown smoke, through which red flames licked. What was more, his cock was being sucked with ever-increasing force, deeper and deeper into the hose. *Good Lord*, thought Wilbur, *I better ditch!* He kicked the switch with his foot. Nothing happened! If he didn't act fast, he'd be able to get a job guarding a harem. Launching himself from the sofa, he tore the electric cord free of the wall. The motor stopped abruptly, and with it, the seven hundred mile-an-hour winds that were occurring within the hose. *Whew*, thought Wilbur. *Crackle crackle*, went the flames. *Whoops*, thought Wilbur. He ran for the bathroom, dragging hose and canister bumpily after him.

Flinging the shower curtain aside, he spun knobs until the water was going full blast, then dumped the canister into the tub. Emitting a mighty hiss and a cloud of vile-smelling smoke, the vacuum cleaner died.

God, thought Wilbur. He turned the water off and headed for the window to air out the room. There was a heavy tug at his groin. The hose and he were still engaged! In his rush to douse the flames, he'd forgotten all about that aspect of things. He reached down, took the hose in both hands and attempted to pull it away from his body.

The hose would not pull.

What?, thought Wilbur. He pulled again, harder. "Ouch!", he cried. This was ridiculous. How could he be stuck? He'd vacuumed off half a hundred times and never gotten stuck before. Then again, he'd never experienced the jet stream effect before either. There was no doubt about it, though; he and the hose were stuck tight. To complicate matters, he still had a large hard-on and the hose-end was acting like one of those brass cock rings that were rumored to be used by Japanese to maintain night-long erections. His only hope for freedom was to finish beating himself off.

He detached himself from the canister, went back to the living room,

and tried an experimental beat or two. But the hose, engineered not to collapse under conditions of severe suction, wouldn't give beneath his hand and he couldn't feel a thing. What was he going to do? He checked out the time. Seven-thirty. He began to panic. Maybe if he unbent a coat hanger and stuck it down the far end of the . . . no, that was stupid. Well, suppose he poured cold water into . . . no, that was stupider. But he had to do something. It might be months before Jug-City Sharon could find another open night to bestow on him.

Maybe he should just show up with the hose slung over his shoulder. He could explain that he was just coming from a costume party, to which he had gone as a gas pump. He wouldn't actually have to give gas, due to the shortages, and . . . no no no, what was he thinking? He must be getting hysterical. No, the only thing to do was somehow hide the whole thing under his clothes.

So Wilbur took the hose and coiled it around and around itself until he had created a tight plastic spiral around the central point of his groin. But as soon as he let it go, it unwound violently, its metal coupling end almost slugging him in the jaw. He'd have to hold it in place somehow. He rewound the spiral and this time bound it securely to his body with long strips of masking tape.

Now to dress. Underpants were out, obviously. It would take a pair of drawers designed for Haystack Calhoun to contain both him and the coil. In fact, how was he going to get into any of his pants? Then he remembered the old pair of trousers his father had given him once as a sarcastic comment on the tightness of his son's jeans. It was not that his father had been fat but that the trousers were thirty years old and thus had pleats that mattered. He found them at the bottom of his old clothes drawer and, crossing his fingers, stepped into them. They fit! The waist was just high enough and the pleats just sufficiently stretchable to cover both him and the hose.

He checked himself out in the mirror. He looked pregnant! He couldn't take out Jug-City Sharon looking *pregnant*. He began tearing through his dresser, hurling clothes in all directions, searching for something, anything, that would cover his unsightly bulge. At last he understood why all those copies of *Weight Watchers* were sold each month.

Wait, the sweater. The baggy old sweater he'd bought in the antique shop. He pulled it over his head, down over his hips, and went again to the mirror. He looked . . . passa-

National Anthems

Of Our Political Friends

by Brian McConnachie

CANADA

The Maple Leaf Forever

At Queenston Heights and Fundy's
Lane,

Our brave fathers side by side,
For freedom, homes, and loved ones
dear,

Firmly stood keeping watchword
ever silent;

Lest they be discovered and
revealed.

Humming songs of inconspicuous
origin,

They milled and toiled and wandered
around,

And finally found,

Somebody who,

Could make them feel blue:
armed soldiers.

Their quasi vigil from behind
mossy-covered boulders came,

And also imitative sounds of large
brown bears,

Instilling jumpiness in our foes;

Till one day they vanished, leaving
freedom in their wake;

For all the people in the land of the
colorful Maple Leaf.

The Maple Leaf forever,
Forever and a day.

"The Maple Leaf Forever" by Alexander Muir won a second-place \$50 prize in a contest sponsored by the Caledonian Society in 1867. They sold the first-place \$100 prize song, after altering its lyrics, to Norway for \$175. With their \$25 profit they bought Maine from a confidence agent, but time heals all wounds. Some Canadians prefer "O Canada" as the national anthem. It's sung very quickly in French, and many of the words run together. It tells of trappers who go "squirrel crazy" and come down with "weasel fever" whenever they imagine themselves in a country that isn't free. The contest

had been over for twelve years when this piece was written.

MEXICO

The Donkey and the Taco

Andele, andele, por favor

¿Donde esta mi tequila?

(six pistol shots) Bang Bang

Bang Bang.

Eiiii Yii Yii Yi Yi Look et de
teets on dat one;

My sister's a wergen and so iz
my mom,

For six hundred pesos I let you get on.

Eiii Eiiii Yiiii Bang Bang Bang,

My burro iz so grande.

Eii Bang Bang Yiii Bang

Madre de Dios, diz iz de life,

Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang.

I newer wan to leeve diz stinkin'
place

To go back to stinkin'

Puerto Rico,

You stinkin' get my meaning, chico!

Bang EEEEEEEEEEEIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII

YYYYIII

Hey, look et de teets on dat

utter one,

Dat one iz de best one, ah Bang

Bang Bang.

Look it ower Meester, it'z all for
sale.

Eiii Yiii Bang

From our toez to our sombreros,

We're juzz wacky caballeros.

Bang. Donkeys an' tacos forewer.

These are generally the lyrics, though they don't necessarily have to appear in this order . . . or at all. It is not uncommon to substitute other lyrics, save for the last line, but these are the ones that have been in most versions. "The Donkey and the Taco" has no official author/composer but is instead attributed to a group of San Diego domestics who would, as they rode in the trucks that brought

them to work, sing. Sometimes they pretended to be "bandidos" and made threatening gestures out of the back of the truck to pedestrians, but that's another story. The unofficial anthem of Mexico is called "Dust for Sale." It doesn't have any lyrics but is hummed—and usually by people who are trying to act inconspicuous.

ITALY

Fin-Nick-U-La

Fin-Nick-U-Self

Not available.

Unfortunately, this national anthem has been recalled for revision. It should be out again by the end of this year. Some politicians felt the line about Krakatoa being east of Java should be changed because Krakatoa is west of Java, while others felt the line should be deleted entirely because Krakatoa isn't even in Italy and the space should be used to say something nice about the railroad trains. It will be interesting to see what happens.

FRANCE

The Marseillaise

Ye sons of fifedom awash with glory!
Hark! Hark! what myriads on the

rise?

Ye grandchildren, ye grandchildren,
ye grandchildren;

Behold their tears, the ropes are
perhaps too tight,

Shall mischief-breeding tyrants roam
left then fro

With their hired ghosts and marching
bands,

Leaving peace and liberty asleep with
cuts on their faces?

Our legs, our legs, our legs,
ye brave ones;

Th' avenging sword aflight,
Marching and marching with our

hearts in tow;
For liberty and death.

What is this thing? This isn't "The Marseillaise." And if it is "The Marseillaise," it's a horrible translation filled with misprints. "The Marseillaise" is a very inspiring patriotic song, and when the French hear it, they go into a frenzy and try to kill Austrians for what happened back in 1792. And they also try to kill Germans who pretended to be Austrians after World War II. Perhaps it's just as well the real thing doesn't appear here in case any French people are reading this.

KOREA

Get Your Own Gin and Tonic, Fryboy
There once was an Emperor from

Gkee-dom
Who liked pretty girls when he
see'd 'em
He'd sneak into their tents
And have sexy events
And one day he gave us our freedom.

And along came the good Syngman
Rhee, ah,
From Princeton to Seoul he flew via.
He kneeled down and prayed,
That soon he'd get laid,
And that we'd call the country Korea.

Koreans are very strong and they raise millet, barley, peppers, ginseng, and rabbits. And they are purported to be the best ricksha-drivers in Asia. In 1871 Commodore Perry landed in Korea and, thinking it was China, said, "Hi, I'm Marco Polo. Remember me?" No one understood a word he said, but they did address him as "Mr. Poro" when he left.

ISRAEL

Israel's Gonna Be My Home

Young Israel's singers:
Sometimes when we lie awake on
our bunks,
We think of you, Oh Israel, as our
father;
Standing ever alert in silent lookout,
As we sleep secure under your watch.
Your effort is for us and for our future.

Elders' chorus:
It's all right. I don't mind. I love you.

Young Israel's singers:
We're like a house so filled with
children,
And there's nowhere for the parent
to rest.
You sit firmly awake in the kitchen
of Justice
Worrying about the days ahead.

Please rest in our bunk, Oh Israel;
We will stay up and worry in your
place.
We're strong and we don't mind a
little worrying now and then.
We love you.

Elders' chorus:
Never mind about that. Go to sleep.
Go to the bathroom and wash your
hands,
And then go to sleep.

Young Israel's singers:
We did. We love you.

Elders' chorus:
Then go to sleep. I love you.
There is a complicated contract in-
volved with this anthem. Every time
it's played, the William Morris Agen-
cy gets royalty payments. Sometimes
they have to take up a collection be-
fore they can sing it. If they're not
able to collect enough money, they
sing "Born Free" instead . . . which
many would prefer to sing in the first
place.

AUSTRALIA Look Out, Australia!! Behind You

Oh, Australia of the ocean,
Bobbing like a cork on water,
Floating, ducking in the daylight,
Never drifting toward New Zealand,
Regal envy of the others,
Lots of woods and lots of outback,
Many bushes in the west part,
Little water in the middle,
Smiley faces of the children,
Chasing cattle through the cities,
Oh, Australia of the ocean,
Nestled in the pouch of freedom,
Nursing from the teats of justice,
Hopping down the paths of
good-time,
We are happy to be on you.
But if one day come invaders,
We will hit their heads with
creekwood
We will shove them in the corncrib,
We will kick them in the marbles,
We will twist their ears with pliers,
We'll put up their noses, insects,
We'll put pellets in their pudding,
We'll grab fistfuls of their stomachs,
We'll drop koalas down their
trousers,
We'll etc., etc.

This was written by Peter D. Mc-
Cormack, who also wrote "The Four
Little Schoolmates" and fell dead in
1916. He wrote it because "Everybody
had one but us" . . . which wasn't
true.

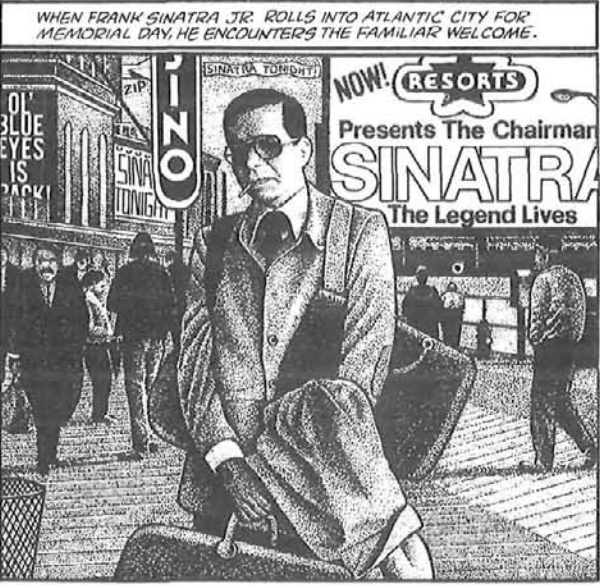
McCormack once told his wife
he was going to drive into Sydney to
see what's up . . . which he literally
did. He hit a person by the name of
Sydney something-or-other and had
to spend the night in jail. □



"Sorry, friend, that happens to be the mice's heaven."

★ THE ★ SAGA OF FRANK SINATRA ★ JR. ★

SCRIPT: JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN
ART: DREW FRIEDMAN



FRESH FROM AN ENGAGEMENT AT THE BLUE MAX IN ROSEMONT, ILL., HE NOW PREPARES TO OPEN FOR GEORGE BURNS AT CAESARS—HIS HOTTEST GIG IN YEARS.

JUST 10 BLOCKS AWAY HIS OLD MAN WOWS THE TOWN, SHOWING THE CONFIDENCE OF AN ABSOLUTE RULER.

BUT JR.'S HO-HUM CROWD CHATS INCESSANTLY, OBVIOUS TO HIS ACT, WAITING FOR THE HEADLINER.



THIRTY MINUTES INTO THE SHOW, HE DOES HIS ONLY SINATRA NUMBER.

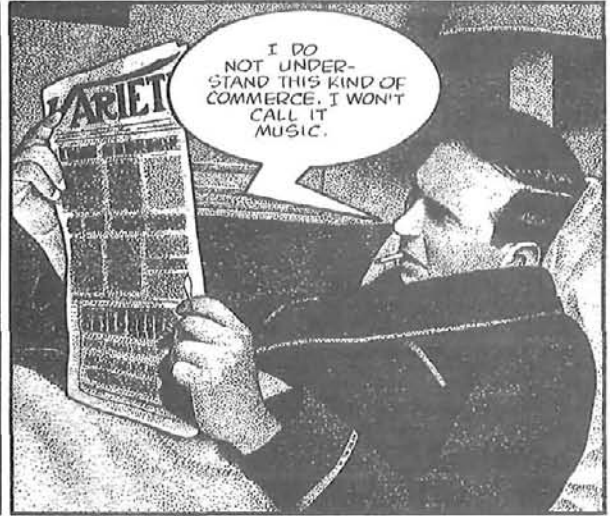
HIS ONLY REAL APPLAUSE COMES AFTER THIS SONG.



LETTERING BY PHIL FELIX.

MEANWHILE, FRANK SINATRA JR.'S FATHER IMMORTALIZES HIS HANDPRINTS IN CEMENT DURING A CEREMONIAL PRESS GATHERING AT RESORTS' "ENTRANCE OF THE STARS."

FRANK SINATRA JR. RETREATS TO THE LOUSY ROOM PROVIDED BY HIS HOTEL, TO BROOD OVER ROCK CONCERT GROSSES IN VARIETY.



DRIFTING OFF, HE DAYDREAMS OF THE TIME HE DID A TV SPOT FOR LENNY'S CLAM BAR IN BROOKLYN...

...OF THE DAYS WHEN HE WAS WELCOME ANYTIME ON MIKE DOUGLAS', AND ANYTHING SEEMED POSSIBLE...

...OF THE TIME HE ALMOST BASHED "THAT FAG" REX REED, WHOSE REVIEW CITED HIS OLD MAN AS "LOOKING LIKE ELMER FUDD."



DRIFTING BACK, HE RECALLS HIS OLD MAN'S SAGE OBSERVATION WHEN HE ENTERED THE BIZ.

AND SO BACK TO THE GRIND THE SALOON SINGER GOES, PERFECTING HIS ART AS HEIR TO THE CHAIRMAN'S THRONE. WITH 20 YEARS OF ROAD WORK, THERE ARE ONLY A FEW REFINEMENTS NEEDED. THEN, WATCH OUT, WORLD!



END

The Hughes Engagement Guide

by John Hughes

"Many a man has fallen in love with a girl in light so dim he would not have chosen a suit by it."

Maurice Chevalier

Everyone from William Shakespeare to Mickey and Sylvia has said that love is blind. Love does not see with the eye, they say, but with the heart, and if you've ever tried to make it through the stock quotations with your heart, you can begin to see the problem facing so many grooms today. These men, who suddenly find themselves writing poems and attaching them to single yellow roses, worrying about what they look like naked, and shaking baby powder into their underpants, are in ro con-

dition to objectively assess the pros and cons of the little gal who's got them in such a dither. Many a man wiggled out on male hormones has stumbled up the aisle of love bellowing "I do!" orly to wake up six months later with a sebaceous harlot where once there had been a fairy princess. It is a sad story, but for 90 percent of us, it is the story of our lives.

HER BODY

Basic rule: "Everything gets bigger, hairier, and closer to the ground."

Some women hold up better than others. Some age and wrinkle, gain weight and distort almost overnight, it seems, while others last for years. Ex-

amine the five primary female phyla illustrated below. Determine the one that most resembles your fiancée.

How She Will Hold Up

TODAY

TENTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY



Cute as a Button

Fat as a Cow



Voluptuous Sex Kitten

Mangy Old Cat



Pixie

Hillbilly



Exotic

Bizarre



Sultry

Swarthy

HER BREASTS

Breast Declivity As Affected by Age and Volume

Type	Large	Medium	Small
Age	18-20	18-20	18-20
	22-25	22-25	22-25
	30+	30+	30+
navel			

Note movement of the nipple downward

THE FIRMNESS TEST

To fully evaluate the long-haul capability of the bosom to retain shape and character, you have to measure the firmness. In the case of full-busted girls, the breakdown of the fibrous tissue connecting the lobes may already be in progress and will

accelerate at a disheartening rate after marriage. A small breast that would score well in a droop test and on a cup curve may not have sufficient firmness to retain shape and could become an unsavory "pot-holder"-variety bosom in a short time.

Her Breasts Are:

Small 3 points

Medium 2 points

Large 1 point

Score _____

Results:

- 6 points ... Breasts alone are reason enough to marry her.
- 5 points ... Breasts and good cheekbones are enough.
- 4 points ... Breasts okay, but she better have a job.
- 3 points ... She needs a job, paid-up car, and VCR.
- 2 points ... She better have two jobs, family money, and a great face.
- 1 point ... An alien force has taken control of your mind; seek refuge in another country.

They Are As Firm As:

Auto Seat 3 points

Kaiser Roll 2 points

Rosin Bag 1 point

A BREAST CHECKLIST

1. Examine the bosoms under full-light conditions (does not include candles, moonlight, or colored light bulbs) and note the appearance of hair on the areola or red welts indicating plucking of areola hair, moles or warts, networks of blue veins, stretch marks.
2. Moisten nipples, then blow on them to make sure they erect properly.
3. Do you honestly like the shape of her breasts? The color of her nipples?
4. Will she do strenuous exercises to keep her pectoral muscles in tone?
5. In the unlikely event that it would become necessary to save your marriage, would she consent to cosmetic breast surgery?

HER PERSONALITY

At the Party	No Personality	Too Much Personality
She wears a...	coat.	slit skirt, no panties.
She drinks...	Pepto-Bismol.	Heineken's with a Chivas chaser.
During cocktails she...	sits in the car.	asks the waiter if he's ever fucked a U. of Colorado grad.
At dinner she...	chokes on a piece of meat.	announces that the oysters look like a part of her body, and invites the host to take the first guess.
After dinner she...	sits in the kitchen with the help and tells them she feels ugly and won't blame them if they hate her, because she hates herself.	does a Grace Jones impression and tells the hostess the joke about the football player who spikes the baby.

HER GENITALS

As important as they are, oddly enough, they don't change that much, and it's very difficult to get a bad set. Since the criteria for judging the beauty of female genitals are so very low, you will have to find a deformity case or a hermaphrodite to marry an ugly set. Children will affect the muscle force and grip factor, but overall, what you see now is what

you'll see for many years. The downy covering of youth will give way to something hairy and coarse, but space-age cosmetic science has developed several safe and effective ways to keep genital hair at a reasonable level. The only real red flag is if your fiancée has a very low personal grooming standard or a feminine-organ malfunction.

TAKE A SECOND LOOK!

You've admired the paint job, you've kicked the tires, but have you looked under the hood? Take a good

long look at her and make sure you haven't missed a colony of hairy moles in her armpit.



Example A

First glance.



Example B

A closer look.

BEWARE!

Beware of the girl who's holding it in! There are many fat women in the theme bars and office pools of our country who are passing as thin women only through extraordinary devotion to grueling exercise programs and dangerous diets. Once these women get married, they'll have to let go and become what they really are—huge, fat pie wagons who will feel no compunction about wearing black slacks and a blouse to the beach. They never lose this weight

and will add another twenty or thirty pounds with each child. These gals are very clever and often manage to snare nice-looking men. They go right into childbirth, home mortgage and furniture investment, so that when the metamorphosis from slender to zeppelin is complete, the husband is too heavily invested, emotionally and financially, to get out. You can avoid getting hitched to one of these latent behemoths through early detection.

The Five Signs of Future Fat

1. All of her clothing is too tight. She is struggling to stay in a size she outgrew long ago.
2. Short legs and waddling gait.
3. She insists on total darkness for sex.
4. Her hair looks fabulous. She is concentrating on the one part of her body that will not get fat.
5. She eats the lime in her Perrier water.

HER MIND

Phi Beta Kappas are swell, but they can't cook and they don't make the leap from quantum physics to the ironing board with much grace. All you should want from a girl is enough sense to manage the house, hold a

decent job, and not embarrass you at a dinner party by asking the British ambassador if her dress makes her look fat. Here is a simple intelligence test for prospective brides.

Question:

"What is at the core of our current problems with Mexico?"

If she answers:

"I just love this song, turn it up! Oooo, I love the nightlife!"

She is a dumbass.

If she answers:

"You haven't phrased the question very well. Are you referring to the natural-gas pricing debacle or the general ill feeling toward the Yanqui?"

She is a smartass.

If she answers:

"We're not very nice to them; let's fuck, then I'll make you dinner and vacuum out your car."

Don't wait for the wedding. Elope and buy her anything she wants.

HER FAMILY

Unless you have the good fortune to marry an orphan, your bride will be but the tip of the iceberg when it comes to the total marriage package. In fact, she may represent as little as 20 percent of what you actually

marry. After the honeymoon, you will have to face the fact that all those miserable swine in wild suits who made your wedding reception such a forgettable experience are now your family.

Evaluate Her Relatives

Step 1

Find out how many there are, where they live, what they do for a living, and how likely they are to need money or a place to stay.

Step 2

Check with police to see if any of her family have been involved in organized crime or have committed crimes. Try to determine if there are any unsavory characters in her family who could surface and embarrass you, should you be famous, rich, or elected to public office.

Step 3

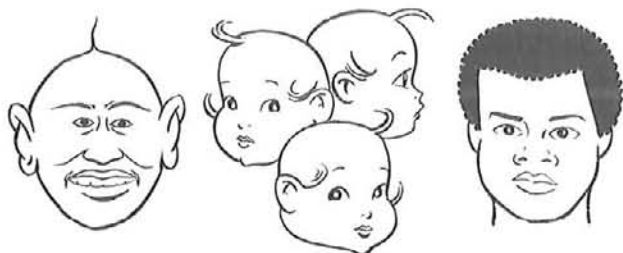
Ask yourself, "Are her brothers and sisters the type of people I want my children to call aunt and uncle? If both she and I were killed, would I want my children raised by her parents?"

■ SPECIAL CONSIDERATION: THE ONLY CHILD

Be aware that if you marry an only child, you will be solely responsible for the care and keeping of her parents when they reach their senior years. In conventional families an unmarried sister or brother takes the parents, and the other family members contribute to the upkeep bill, or they all kick in enough to send the parents to a trailer park in Sarasota. But with the only child, there is no one to share the burden, so you must bear it alone. At worst, it could mean adding an apartment to your present dwelling and having a pair of sour old people peering in on you for the rest of their lives (be reminded that living

with a real family is a wonderful elixir for the elderly, and they often hang on for years longer than anybody would have thought). At best, it will mean writing checks, and visiting an old-folks home on holidays, and lying to your wife about how happy her parents seemed. Don't be fooled by prenuptial assurances that her parents have pensions and savings and that their future is taken care of. Whatever they have put away, it isn't enough. In twenty years, thirty thousand of their dusty old dollars may not be enough to buy a six-pack of Maalox.

■ HER OFFSPRING



Is There Anyone
in Her Family
Who Looks Like
This?

Or This?

Or This?

■ HER HEALTH

It seldom occurs to the man in love that his fiancée could be struck down by a cruel disease he thought only existed in made-for-TV movies. Nor does he think that she could be a miserable whiner who catches bugs like a frog. It's a wise groom who

does his homework and peeks into her medical history. A simple way to get a bead on what sort of health her family enjoys is to bring up the subject in a casual dinner conversation with the family.

Sample Dialogue

You: The pork roast is superb. Mrs. Franklin! Oh, that reminds me. What did Kathi's grandparents die of?

Mrs. Franklin: Bumpy died of stomach cancer, and, let's see... Poppy Charles died of tuberculosis.

Mr. Franklin: There is a load of cancer on my mother's side. Dad had Parkinson's. Now, Kathi's Grandma and Grandpa Twilley both had congenital heart trouble and Hodgkins, which is a real coincidence, to find people from two separate families with that combination!

Kathi: Well, who had Lou Gehrig's disease, then?

Mrs. Franklin: Auntie Carol and Uncle Raymond and, I think...

You: Can you excuse me? I have to go make a long phone call. I'll see you all in a week or so.

It's also good policy to encourage your fiancée to have all non-emergency medical problems remedied before the wedding. Many fathers of attractive daughters hold off on such things as dental work, glasses, cosmetic surgery, etc., in hopes that the new husband will have it done at his expense. Fool him and hold out.

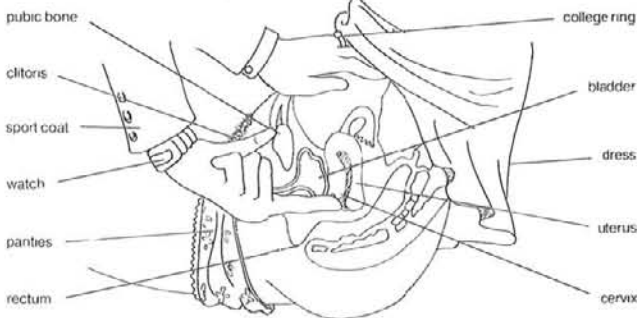
Also, you should find out how your girl stands up under pain. Girls have an extraordinary talent for blowing up

common ailments like colds and blisters into major illnesses. You can usually judge if your fiancée is a weepy whiner by the way she handles menstruation. Does she stay home from work when she has her period? Does she require special treatment and favors, like help getting in and out of automobiles? Does her period last more than a week? More than a month?

■ QUICKIE PELVIC EXAM

At some point before the wedding, include in one of your romantic interludes a pelvic exam. Although you will be doing things her gynecologist does, the context in which you do

them will confuse her. However, be certain that you are tender and gentle and that you kiss her occasionally and refrain from referring to her clitoris as her "glans clitoridis."



Step 1

Inspect the external genitals for discoloration, bumps and swellings, unusual hair distribution, or lice. Give her a hug and tell her you love her.

Step 2

Insert middle finger into her vagina. Lovingly ask her to cough, and test her stress incontinence (involuntary flow of urine during laughter, sneezing, or coughing). Check for Bartholin cysts, and measure the strength of her pelvic-floor muscles (AKA Hong Kong luck muscles). Nibble her ear and caress her breasts in a circular motion from the nipple outward to include the entire breast, and note any lumps or growths.

Step 3

When she is sufficiently aroused, insert your index finger as well. Note the size, shape, and position of her ovaries, uterus, and tubes. Be on the alert for any growths or inflammations. Palpate her uterus and see if it causes her discomfort.

Step 4

Concentrate on her clitoris until her hips begin to move in an automatic fashion and her back arches and she begins to breathe heavily through her nose and mouth accompanied by head thrashing and guttural groaning. Promise her a house and a baby, then withdraw the index finger from her vagina and rapidly insert it into her rectum. As quickly as possible, determine the tone and alignment of her pelvic organs and adnexal region. Note any lesions. As she struggles, gauge the tone of her rectal sphincter muscle.

Step 5

Discuss any negative findings with a gynecologist, or consult a women's-organization hot line.

■ SEX

Basic rule: "She will learn to cook but not to fuck."

The real issue of premarital sex is how she does it and how often she does it. The food gets better but not the sex; so if you don't like it now, you'll hate it later. If she's good, keep

in mind that it might just be her drive for the diamond that's motivating her and once she's settled down and comely she may lock up the cookie jar forever.

Reading the Sex Fake

The sex fake is a romantic ploy designed to confuse men. It makes women seem sexier than they really are. It's a marvelous tool for maximizing impact without increasing output. It is a deep, probing kiss that curls your toes. It's a spontaneous

handjob with cocoa butter that makes you forget that you were going to ask for a blowjob. It is a moist hand that you think is a mouth. It is thirty seconds of foreplay that feels like an hour.

Question:

"If she uses the sex fake on me and I'm satisfied, what difference does it make?"

Answer:

"Theoretically, it makes no difference, except that the sex fake is too demanding and time-consuming to pull off for a lifetime. Generally speaking, it ceases on the Monday following the conclusion of the honeymoon. That's when you'll find out what you really married, and, of course, by then it'll be too late to turn around."

THE MANIPULATIVE SKILLS OF THE SEX FAKE—A Sample Dialogue

Jim: Remember what you said last night? That we could fuck tonight?

Jill: I don't remember that.

Jim: Sure, you said...

Jill: Kiss me. [Pause.]

Jim: Let's do it, okay?

Jill: Just lay beside me and... Why do you have to grab at me all the time? Can't you just appreciate me for myself?

Jim: I'm sorry, but I want to fuck, is there anything wrong with that?

Jill: No. Of course not. You're so selfish. Oh, forget it! Take out your thing and I'll hold it. Come on!

Jim: This isn't the way I wanted it, but... [Pause.]

Jim: Ah! That feels so good. [Pause.]

Jim: Could you move your hand up and down, sort of?

Jill: Why don't you tell me how to do everything?

Jim: I'm sorry.

Jill: You take all the fun out of it. [Pause.]

Jill: Are you going to take a long time? My arm's tired from tennis.

Jim: I'll go like a bunny. [Pause.]

Jim: Want me to hold yours?

Jill: Jim! You said you were going to hurry! You're taking forever! Are you thinking about another girl? You are!

Jim: No, I'm not!

Jill: Yes, you are! Take me home!

Jim: No, please! No! There's no one else!

Jill: Yes there is! You can put that disgusting thing back in your pants and drive me home! I don't want to see it as long as I live!

Jim: Please, you have to listen to me! There's no one else!

Jill: Okay, maybe I believe you. Why don't we go get something to eat, and we can talk and straighten this out.

Jim: You mean it? Thanks. I'm sorry.

Jill: You should be. I'm more than a sex machine, you know. All I do is fuck, fuck, fuck! I have a brain, you know!

Jim: I know you do. I'm so sorry. I'm just an asshole, I guess.

Jill: Yes, you are, but I love you and I can't wait to get married. It'll be lots and lots of fun. Boy, am I hungry!

GIVEAWAY LINES

"I want to do it, but I have my period. Damn! I'm so horny!"

"Would it be okay if we didn't do it just this one time?"

"After we're married, I'll be more comfortable. Right now I'm real uptight. And it isn't exactly romantic in a car, you know. Can you understand that? I love you."

Is It a Real Orgasm?

The honest female orgasm is three to fifteen rhythmic contractions of the outer third of the vagina at 8-second intervals (the contractions follow the beat of the song "Surfin' USA"). Unless these contractions occur, you can regard her groaning, moaning, clawing, kicking, begging for mercy, and shouting filthy religious epithets as bargain-basement histrionics.

A WORD ABOUT NUNS AND WHORES

There are two groups of women who do not bother with the sex fake. They are nuns and whores. You don't want to marry either. You'll know if you have a nun on the line by her absolute insistence on maintaining the virginity of her wazoo, her mouth, her breasts, her hands, her eyes, and her handkerchiefs. You'll love her wit and intelligence; she'll be as sweet as peaches, kind as all get-out, and a pal and a half. But she will drive you berserk. You'll never convince her to have reasonable sex on a regular basis, and the only way you'll get her pregnant is to whack off in her bathwater.

A whore is easily identified by the number of compliments you get on her from friends, family, and total strangers. She'll think up things to do that you will think are sick. She'll put out and put out and put out. Even if you're not around, she'll put out and put out and put out. If you so much as stumble on the career path, she'll be gone like spit on a skillet. And you'll never know how much of your paycheck is going for gifts to tennis studs and UPS delivery men. She cannot and will not cook, clean, or give a fly's patoot about anything north of your dork or south of your wallet.

HER MAINTENANCE HABITS

The Strip Test

Women are amazingly adept at concealing flaws. The more skilled a woman is at making up her face, the better her wardrobe, the keener her accessory sense, the greater the probability that she is hiding something. What you must do at the outset of a serious relationship is get an accurate picture of what she has and what she doesn't have. This is best accomplished during an overnight stay. As she sleeps, you will have an excellent opportunity to study each facial region at length. You'll be able to lift up

bangs and see what's underneath, check to see if her eyelashes are real, and smell her as she really smells. In the morning, position yourself outside the shower, so that when she emerges washed clean of foundations and blush-on, you'll get a good look at the naked truth. If she lives at home with her parents and an overnight stay is impossible, try to get her to take a nap. Make sure you schedule a very early Sunday morning, unannounced, breakfast drop-in and get her to a swim party or hose her down for a clean look.



With Eyebrow Plucking



Without Eyebrow Plucking



With Facial, Sloughing, Toner, Moisturizing, Pore Shrinking, Sealer, Base, Highlighter, Lip Gloss, Lip Liner, Eyeliner, Eye Shadow, Mascara, Eyelashes, and Blush-on.



Without Facial, Sloughing, Toner, Moisturizing, Pore Shrinking, Sealer, Base, Highlighter, Lip Gloss, Lip Liner, Eyeliner, Eye Shadow, Mascara, Eyelashes, and Blush-on.



With Hydrogen Peroxide

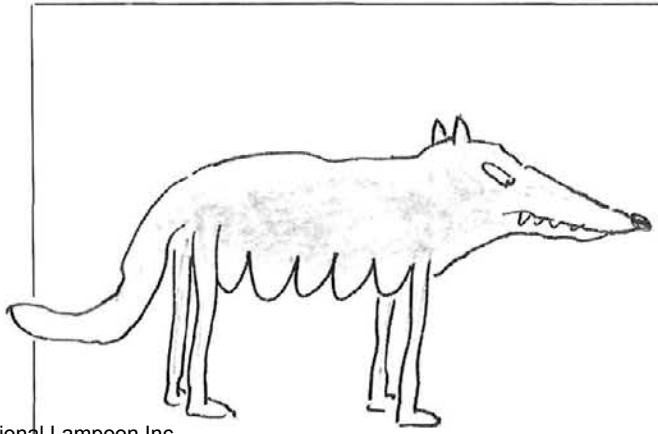


Without Hydrogen Peroxide

AFTER YOU RENT YOUR TUXEDO...

Make sure you make emergency arrangements with an out-of-town friend for accommodations in the event you get to the church and decide, for whatever reason, that this marriage isn't for you, because there will be a lot of people looking for you, among them a raging bride with seventy-five friends laughing behind her back, a spiteful mother of the bride, a gaggle of relatives who have driven hundreds of miles with fry pans and lettuce spinners; your mom, who told you she was a slut in the first place; her brothers, who think you've damaged the goods and now don't want to pay for them, grandmas and grandpas who have sent ten thousand letters to trends the world over announcing the news; a foaming father of the bride, who has invested his motorboat money in

the wedding and can only recover 40 percent, and that only if he stiffs a few suppliers, the Al Duchin Trio, who will be among the suppliers stiffed; the department-store salesclerk who the country over who have to write up refund slips for all the presents you won't get; your dad, who bought you a brand-new car because you were finally starting to act like a man; your friends whose cocaine wedding present you've already snorted up your nose at the bachelor party; your office manager, who juggled all the vacation schedules so that you could take your honeymoon; all the bitchy old broads who got their vacation schedules rearranged; and United Airlines, which will be making the Chicago-to-Honolulu run with two economy-class seats empty on September 5, 1980.



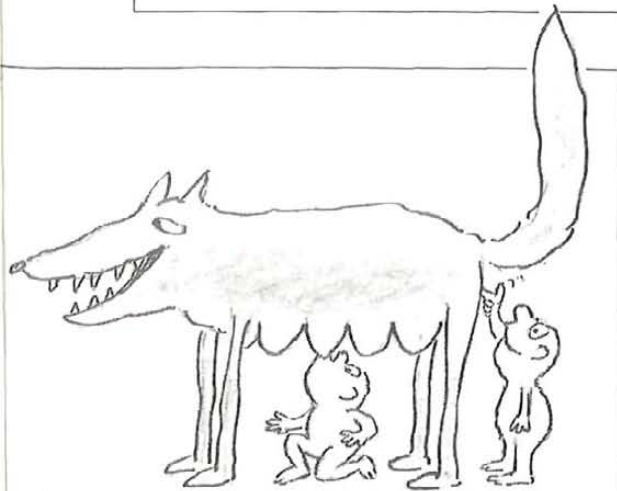
S. GROSS STUFF FROM '77



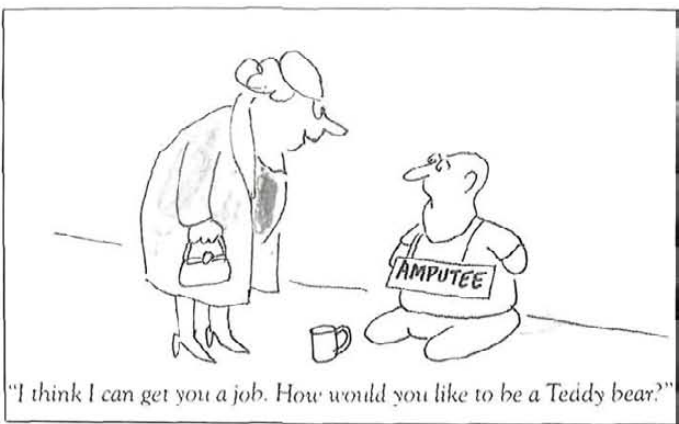
"The one good thing about being little match girls is that we never have to worry about automation."



"I have to have your social security number."



think Remus is going to be a proctologist."



"I think I can get you a job. How would you like to be a Teddy bear?"

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NUMBER 288

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1972



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BY LAND ROVER THROUGH FORGOTTEN QUEENS

Your Society's Expedition Finds That This Primitive Borough Has Some Links to Contemporary Civilization

BY TALIAFERRO JONES

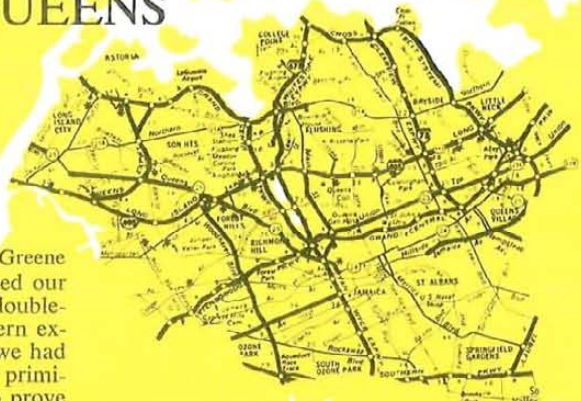
Photographs by Emerson Greene

Queens: As we drew near, the very sound of the name quickened our pulse. After checking our supply of attractive trinkets, and double-checking our Land Rover, we pushed on once more. Few modern expeditions had penetrated to the center of Queens, and although we had heard from every reliable source that its inhabitants, aimless and primitive, existed at the cultural subsistence level, we were anxious to prove that there was something of value to be learned in a trip there. We of the Society have discovered that no part of the world, however savage and remote, is without interest. We have found that people, however far back in the wake of evolution and progress, are always, or almost always, human, and therefore worthy of cursory scientific voyeurism at the very least.

It was with these convictions in mind that our expedition had crossed the treacherous East River and begun the journey into the very heart of this forbidding fogbound peninsula. Once across the river we had encountered, as many had before us, a buffer region inhabited by cultural mulattoes, who, although ethnically of the Queens race of white men, nevertheless displayed many of the traits we regard as "civilized." We did not tarry long here, for our mission was to encounter if we could the Queens culture in its pure form. What now did we hope to find?

We had heard that each autumn ritual games were held in a gigantic amphitheater called "Shay." We had heard that, after the ceremonial imbibing ("go Chug-a-Lug") of a rather repulsive, slightly intoxicating beverage called "Shay-fur" (evidently, "drink of Shay") the natives of Queens engaged in an extraordinary religious celebration involving reverent, almost fanatical, screams in honor of the harvest god METZ. In order to witness this, we hoped to secure the cooperation of the

(continued on page 4557)



The Cowper clan, a typical Queens affinity unit, consists of the primarily monogamous male-female "parent" couple and two offspring, plus a totem animal—in this case the bear "Yho-Gee." Their dwelling is neat and clean but undistinguished as to architecture and constructed on an infirm foundation. It is also felt to be inhabited by a maleficent spirit called "Mor'gidge."



Astonished at the complexity of Queens culture, we collected a broad variety of artifacts. Working in such bizarre materials as aluminum foil, plastic, and rubber, native craftsmen display unsuspected ability and are even familiar with the rudiments of ceramic china.

"Tee-vee," consisting of broiled meat and a vegetable, is the most common form of food in Queens. It is customarily served in aluminum-foil trays before the "toob," a machine through which are broadcast the common myths of Queens culture. These myths are unique in the history of human cultures, for they are found boring even by the natives whose lives are informed by them.

The "Chug-a-Lug" ritual inspires Queens natives with a state of intoxication not unlike the frenzy of the old Dionysiac revels. Participants imbibe fermented hops and barley from cylindrical aluminum cans, which are afterward arranged in the common pyramidal formation. Males are admitted to the "Chug-a-Lug" in early adolescence, women later.





Terrified of Jun-Ki, a local maleficent spirit, the Cowper clan initially mistrusted us but soon formed a warm attachment to the I and Rover and spent hours admiring and fondling it. After that they were soon won over individually by simple trinkets and baubles.



Natives "go Chug-a-Lug" when invited by us to don little-used traditional formal tribal apparel. They seized on the occasion to drink several liters of "Shay-fur" and perform such ritual dances as the "jigger bug," the "tsa-tsa," the "lyn-dee," and the "twis." The following day they were possessed by a spirit called "Heng-uver." □



ble. Not gorgeous, but passable. Well . . . he glanced at the clock. Ten of Jesus Christ. He darted back to the bathroom and scrutinized his face. No oozing zits, nothing stuck between his teeth, but his hair . . . his normally full, curly head of hair was still soaking wet from the shower!

Wilbur grabbed a towel and dried his hair as best he could. Then he combed it. He didn't much like the way it looked, all slicked back against his head, but it was an improvement. As a matter of fact, he didn't like the way any of him looked. He felt ridiculous, like a character from an old-time comic strip. *Why tonight, God, Wilbur implored, why tonight?*

Bong bong bong . . . went the clock.

Uh-oh, thought Wilbur, and headed out the door. Jug-City Sharon didn't like to be kept waiting.

It was a warm spring night and Dr. Depravity's, the in singles bar across the street from his apartment building, was filled to overflowing. The best thing to do would be to get her out of there and into a dark movie house where nobody could see him. Already he was attracting stares. He pushed through the milling crowd on the street, into the entrance. A large, red-faced man guarded the inner door with a cashbox and a fluorescent wrist stamp.

"Uh, I'm not staying," Wilbur told him. "I'm just here to pick up Sharon."

"Who are you supposed to be?" the man demanded. "Scott Fitzgerald?" He laughed coarsely and slapped his thigh.

"Hey, fuck you," said Wilbur. "Do you think I want to be . . .?"

"Hi, Wilbur," called a bright voice. Jug-City Sharon was just stepping through the inner door. Wilbur felt his knees grow weak. She looked incredible. Her waist was bare and her very tight, very white pants contrasted shockingly with the tan of her tummy. Her hair cascaded to her shoulders like an ebon waterfall; her moist, full, slightly parted lips were a blatant invitation to unknown, juicy places. And, most spectacular of all, encased in a halter that was like fat, burnt-orange spiderwebs, were Sharon's breasts.

Overripe is not the word. They strained and swung and danced like great fleshy hornets' nests. If they had been army water bags, she could have sustained a platoon in a desert for a week. And tonight, they just might be his to fondle and bounce and get lost in. Wilbur swallowed, his Adam's apple feeling large as a movie hillbilly's.

"Gee, Wilbur," said Sharon, "you look weird tonight. What's with your hair?"

"He t'inks he's Scott Fitzgerald," said the red-faced man, and roared anew, holding his belly with both hands.

"Why, you *do* look like Scott Fitzgerald," cried Sharon. "Oh, Wilbur, I had no idea you were so *now*." And she walked up to him and gave him a big kiss on the lips.

"Oh, well, heh heh," said Wilbur. "Gotta keep up with the times, after all."

"Hrmph," said the red-faced man, and vanished behind his *Daily News*.

"Gosh, Wilbur, I was sort of thinking we'd go to the movies tonight but you look so fantastic we should go over to Sodom & Gomorrah instead, just to show you off."

"Oh, uh, Sodom & Gomorrah? Funny, I was thinking about a movie too." Sodom & Gomorrah was one of those new, decadent night spots that were springing up around town. The chic-est, trendiest, most intimidating people in the city went there to dance and strut about like peacocks for one another. It was the last place in the world Wilbur would have chosen to go, especially tonight.

"Come on, Wilbur," said Sharon. "You can always go to a movie, but you hardly ever look the way you do tonight."

"Well, that's true. But that's exactly why I . . ."

"Then let's go." She pulled Wilbur through the door and flagged down a cab.

In the warm back seat, Sharon cuddled close to him and began planting small kisses along the line of his jaw. *Wow*, thought Wilbur, and began kissing back. Her lips were fantastic. She was fantastic. It was as if one of his adolescent fantasy women had come to life. She put her hand on his leg and began moving it groinward . . . and suddenly he felt his cock straining against the firm, ridged walls of the vacuum hose, and masking tape beginning to tear. On the verge of panic, he reached down and gently pushed her hand away.

She gave him a disbelieving look.

"Not now," Wilbur improvised. "I'll, uh, be embarrassed to stand up."

"But they *like* it at Sodom & Gomorrah when you walk in with an obvious hard-on. It's *stylish*."

Wilbur thought fast. "Listen, uh, the people who go to this place . . . you wouldn't describe them as a Republican crowd, would you?"

"What? No, of course not."

"Then it wouldn't be so hip for me to go as an elephant, would it?"

Sharon chuckled throatily and regarded him through lowered lashes. "No, I guess it wouldn't. Well, we'll check out your . . . trunk later." She

curled up under his arm, dropped a couple of downs and looked out a window.

Shortly thereafter, Wilbur and Sharon were walking arm in arm into Sodom & Gomorrah. A wall of deafening music engulfed them.

"Ooh, they're playing 'Dead Battery Vibrator Blues,'" squealed Sharon. "Let's dance!"

"Uh, gee, I was thinking maybe a beer . . ."

"Come on, Wilbur, you can have a beer later." She dragged him through the crowd of men in ballet tutus, women smoking cigars, and other individuals of moot gender with glitter and purple iridescent hair. By the time they reached the dance floor, the band was just beginning a new number, a ballad called "Killing Me Softly With His Knife."

"Mmmmm," observed Sharon, "a slow one." She fit herself into Wilbur's arms and placed her cheek against his. They began to shuffle in small squares. To his acute chagrin, Sharon immediately attempted to grind her hips against him. In an insane, reverse parody of all those high school slow dances during which the girls eschewed groin contact, Wilbur found himself dancing with his ass humped way back in the air.

"Don't be unfriendly," scolded Sharon. She encircled his waist with her arms and pulled his hips against her. Groin met hose coil and she bounced away again.

Sharon stared at him with sudden new respect. "Wilbur, wow, I didn't realize . . . I mean, if I'd known, I wouldn't have waited so long to . . ." She pushed her hips back against him, more gently this time. "Oh my God, Wilbur," she breathed, and held him very tight.

"Heh heh," said Wilbur.

He was feeling increasingly nervous. To get his mind off his dilemma, he began to look at the people around them. It was at this point that he first noticed the looks they were giving him.

"Pretty tacky Fitzgerald," sniffed a haughty blonde in Thirties clothes and Joan Crawford fuck-me shoes.

"Yeah," agreed her partner, who was wearing a double-breasted Clark Gable suit and spats. "Who's that little creep think he is, being so out of it in front of us?"

Wilbur swallowed, feeling more uptight than ever. These decadence people were even more intimidating than he'd expected. *Yeesh*, he thought, and buried his face in Sharon's hair.

After a time, the band brought the ballad to a ragged close and launched into their current hit single, "Coal Chute Boogie (Kaka on My Wah-

National Lampoon

is pleased to announce that we are now going monthly (give or take a few months). In fact, starting with the February issue, you can buy the *National Lampoon* every month except for those months that start with a "J" (not including June, which is a great month to buy the **NEW National Lampoon**). What's new about the **NEW National Lampoon**? We've got a great new logo, a new redesign, and a whole host of new features that are too sensitive a topic to discuss now. So get into the habit of buying the *National Lampoon* every month (even the months when we don't publish).

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Wah).
"Hey, a fast one!" cried Sharon. "C'mon, Wilbur, get it on!" And she began to shake and shimmy like a Jell-O person in an earthquake.

Oy vey, thought Wilbur in English. More of the masking tape was pulling loose every minute. He began to dance solely from the waist up, sort of a reverse Bo Diddley.

All around them, people were leaving off their own dancing to glom the mad dervish of Jug-City Sharon. Soon a circle had cleared with them at the center. Then some schmuck turned a spotlight on them.

"God, look at the way the creep with her is dancing," said a very skinny woman with deco dress and deco hairdo.

"Where'd he learn to dance?" asked a gesticulating gay in a nun's habit. "At a school for spastics?"

"I resent that," said a spastic. Wilbur's ears were blazing. Damn it, he was a good dancer. He'd show them. "Who!" he yelled, and executed a split in the James Brown manner.

"Attaboy, Wilbur," called Sharon. Encouraged, Wilbur pulled out the stops. No "Soul Train" hooper had ever looked badder. The withering comments ceased and the crowd drew back in new respect.

"Wilbur, you're fantastic!" Sharon glided close to him, shimmying her breasts like coconuts in a hurricane. In a sudden dip, she went down on one knee before him and unzipped his fly.

With a loud *sproing* and a tearing of tape, Wilbur's hose burst forth. It looked like the spring snake from a trick can of nuts.

Oh no, thought Wilbur, oh no, oh no. He wished he would die, disappear, never have been born. Now he'd never get to feel Sharon's shelf. Shit, she'd probably never want to see him again.

The band broke off. Every eye in the room was on him. The silence was deafening. Then...

"That's the most decadent thing I've ever seen," exclaimed a fat, bearded black in a little girl's dress.

"Incredibly decadent," agreed a quadruple amputee on a wooden cart.

To Wilbur's amazement, the band now struck up "For He's a Degenerate Fellow," a number they usually reserved for the entrance of a David Bowie or a Richard Speck. The crowd swirled around him, congratulating him and pounding him on the back.

"Oh, Wilbur," cried Sharon, throwing her arms around him. "My hero!"

"Oh, well," said Wilbur. "Heh heh."

And, for the next eight hours, they lived happily ever after.

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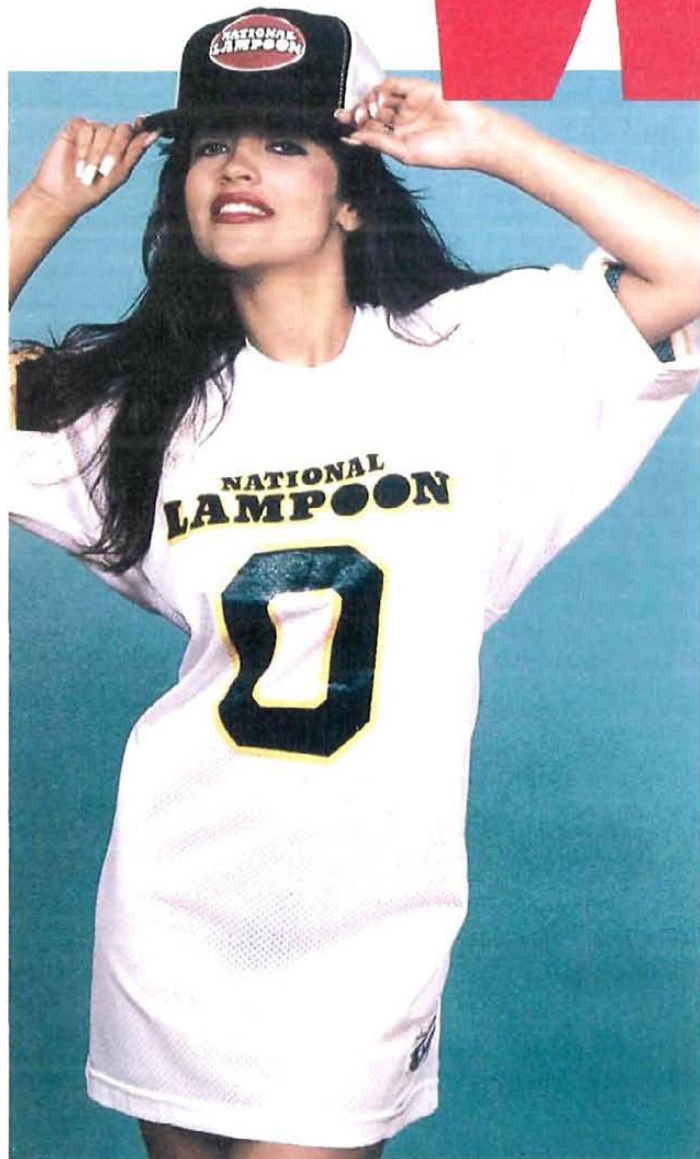
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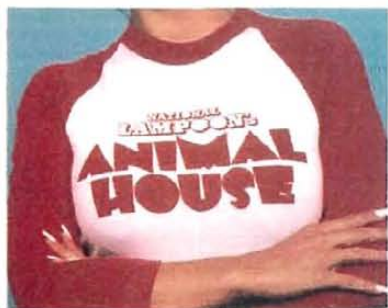
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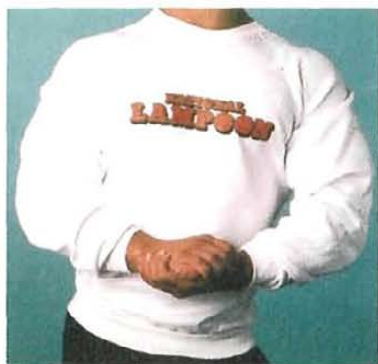
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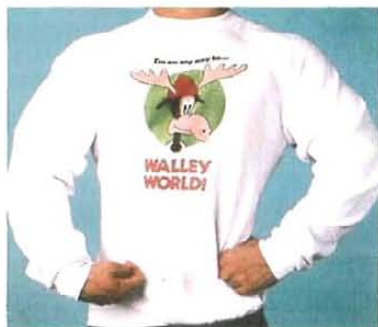
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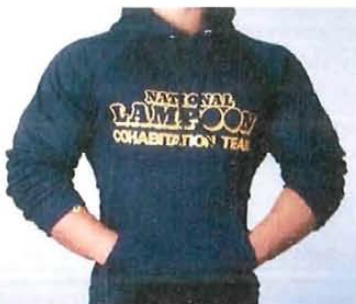
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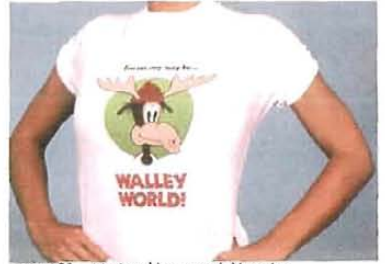




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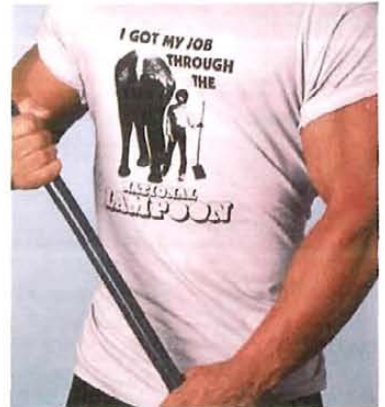


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- (B) MANCHESTER, IOWA — To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck. — *Washington Post*
- (C) After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks. — *UMKC University News*



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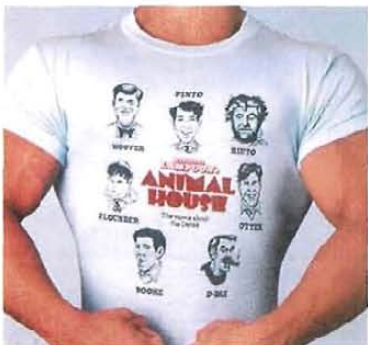
- (D) A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of slow dressing at the local supermarket — *Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter*



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Cahan Wilson

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ANNIE RAT
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YES MR. DUCK...

BA-BOOM-PAH
BA-BOOM-PAH!...

TAKE YOUR FINGERS OFF IT!...

...DON'TCHA DARE...
OOOO!

...TOUCH IT!...

... 'CAUSE YOU KNOW IT DON'T BE-LONG TO YOU!...

SHA-BOOM!

SNIFF-SNIFF-SNIFF!
MMMM... 1968
...AN EXCELLENT YEAR!

SHUK

DING

NGH! BITE!

MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH GULP!

ALRIGHT, BUGGER... GIMME MY UNDIES!

HOOWAARRGH!

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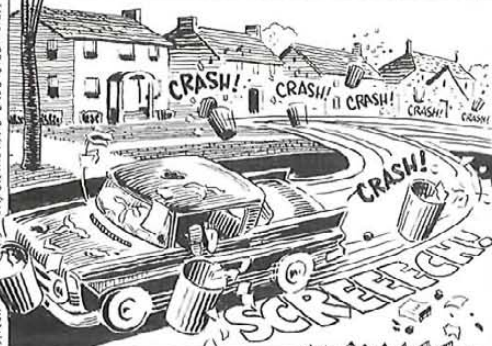
A HEW!!

YOU HAVE UNDERPANTS ON YOUR BREATH.

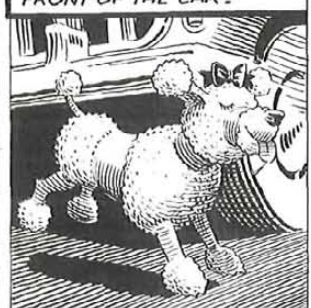
POLITENESSMAN by Ron Barrett

A TIP OF POLITENESSMAN'S HAT TO MADRIDA BLOOM, SUNSHINE CITY, FLOR.

A DRUNKEN DRIVER CAREENS THROUGH THE SLEEPY STREETS OF DULLSVILLE!



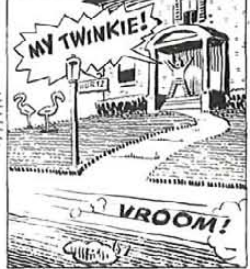
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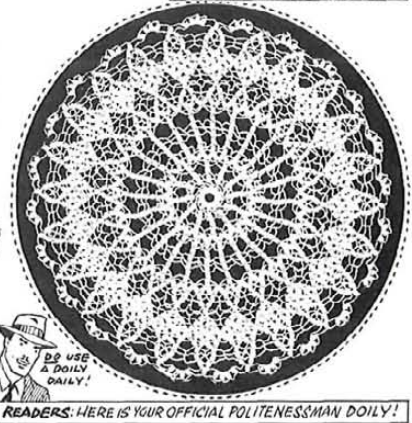
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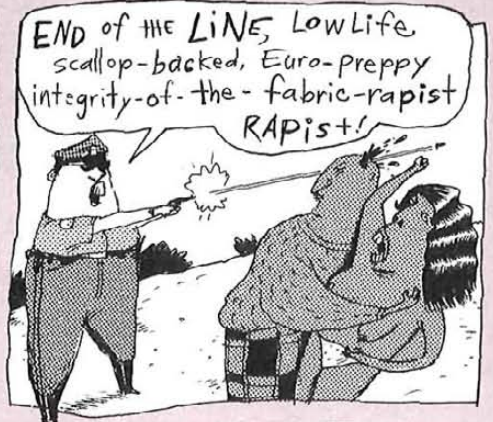
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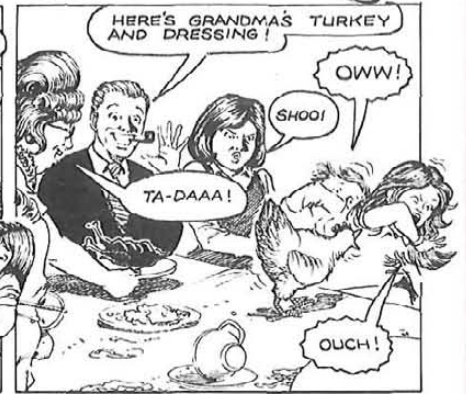
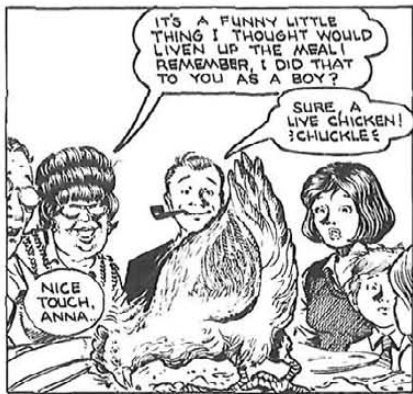
Jeffery Julian DeMarco

THE APPLETONS

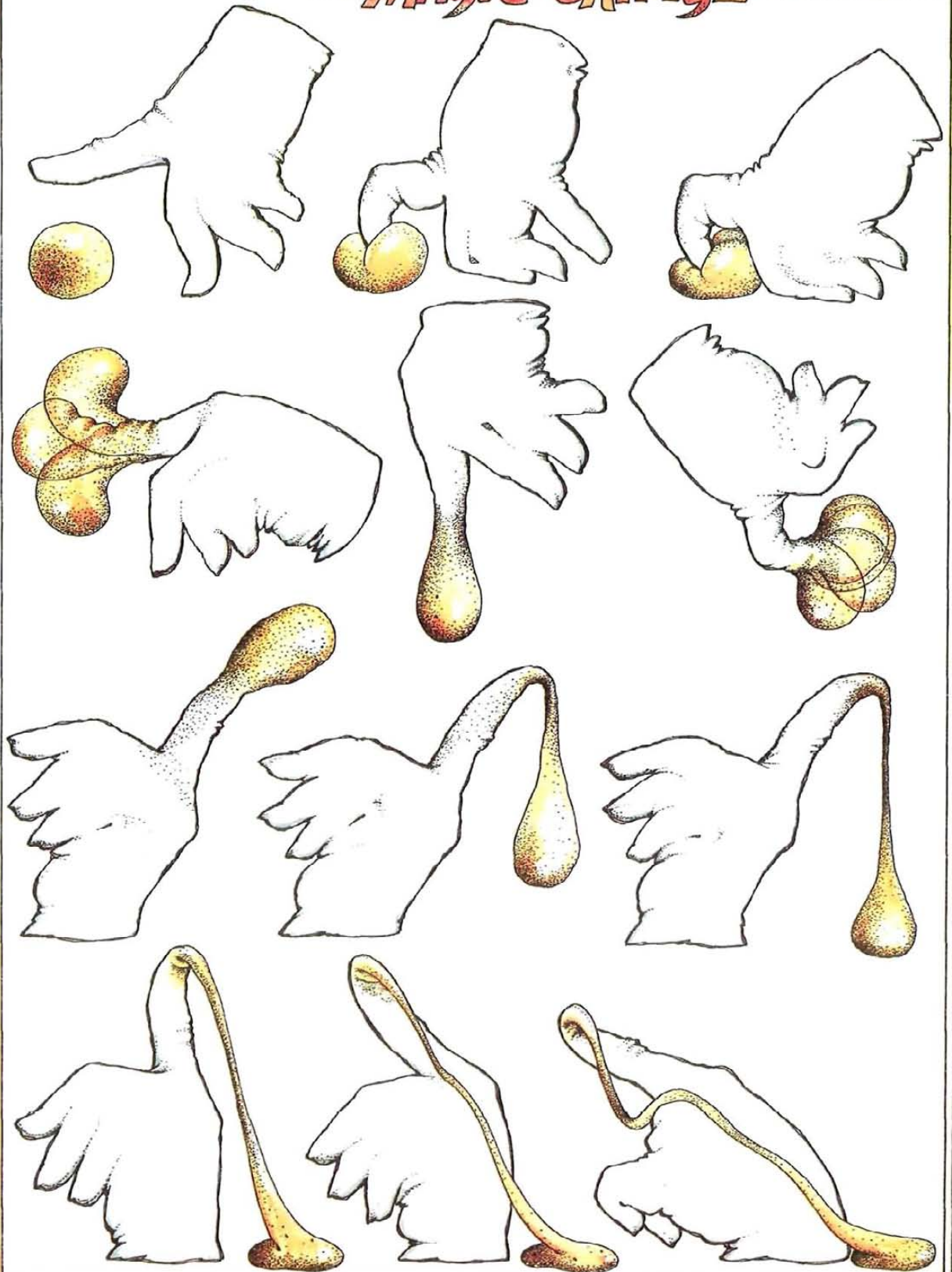
A Saga of an American Family



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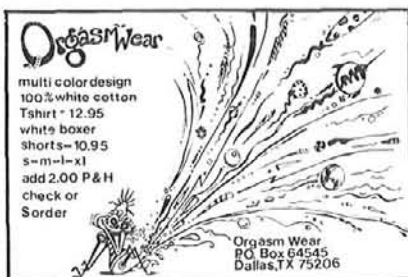


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ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

Ron Barrett chose this particular "Politeness-man" adventure because of its charm and grace. Today we find the nice people at Columbia Pictures straightening Politenessman's tie and shining his shoes, getting him ready for his half-hour TV visit into everyone's living room.

Henry Beard, one of the founders of the *National Lampoon*, sold his stock in the company and retired a rich man.

Anne Beatts is currently working in Hollywood as a writer-producer with her partner, Eve Brandstein, with whom she has formed B-Girls Productions. They are not represented by William Morris.

John Bendel, once an editor of the *National Lampoon*, still edits "True Facts" and "True Facts Reporter" for the magazine. He is also a newspaper columnist and film and TV critic.

Ed Bluestone's choice of "Nineteen New Ways to Be Offensive at a Wedding" was the result of a nationwide survey of his many fans.

M. K. Brown chose "Magic Orange" so that some flush corporation would see it and give her lots of money to animate it for a feature film.

Chris Cluess and **Stu Kreisman** have won Emmy awards as writers for *SCTV* and are now the executive producers of NBC's *Night Court*. They chose "At Last! Available in Paperback!" because "it was a smart, great idea."

Randall Enos is a very active magazine and newspaper illustrator. Over the last thirty-four years his work has appeared in many periodicals, including the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *The Atlantic*, and *The Nation*. He doesn't remember doing "Michael O'Donoghue & Randall Enos Present Adolf Hitler's Device for Gassing Rube Goldberg."

Drew and **Josh Alan Friedman** chose "The Saga of Frank Sinatra Jr." because they felt that of all the Frank Sinatra Jr. tributes running in this issue, their bio of the unfortunate entertainer was the most heartfelt. Their latest book, *Warts and All*, has just been published by Penguin.

Gilbert Gottfried recently appeared in *The Adventures of Ford Fairlane* and *Problem Child*. He can also be seen in the upcoming *Look Who's Talking Too*.

Sam Gross never picked his piece. It was picked by a professional picker.

"**Ron Hauge's** Year of Rejected *New Yorker* Covers" (1983) has since been rejected for use in calendars, coffee-table books, and posters. Today Ron's major disappointments come from writing for television.

Tony Hendra is a writer, producer, and actor. He appeared in the movie *This Is Spinal Tap* as the band's manager, Ian Faith.

One day, **Buddy Hickerson** was standing around the offices of the *National Lampoon*, chatting with Truman Capote, when suddenly he thought to himself, "Hmmm... Fashion Police, now there's an idea for a full-page cartoon." Incidentally, feel free to buy his new book, *The Quigmans*, a collection of his syndicated cartoon panels, published by Harmony Books. He won't mind.

According to **John Hughes's** publicist, Hughes's biography is being updated and cannot be released until it is complete.

Al Jean and **Michael Reiss** wrote "How to Write Dirty" in 1982. They would like to thank Thurgood Marshall for lasting just long enough past his prime to keep their article timely. They are currently producers of *The Simpsons* and have a lucrative side business selling all the Simpsons bootleg T-shirts.

"World Night Court" was the first piece on which **Peter Kaminsky** had a byline. He thinks the world today would be a better place if countries went to night court. He has produced such TV shows as the recent *Spy* special and *Just for Laughs* with Bob Newhart. He is also a contributing editor of *Field & Stream* magazine and a guest columnist for the "Outdoors" column of the *New York Times*.

Sean Kelly was an editor of *National Lampoon*. He now works in television and writes occasional editorials for us waxing about the good old days.

Doug Kenney did not pick his piece, he's dead.

Dean Latimer was closely associated with the *National Lampoon* throughout the seventies, but nevertheless managed to miraculously escape ignoble mention in Bob Woodward's *Wired*. "It pays to stay away from drugs," he explains.

Bobby London is currently writing and drawing the "Popeyc" daily comic strip for King Features. He chose the cartoon in this issue partly to reclaim his political, artistic, and moral integrity but mostly because he likes women in white cotton panties.

Ted Mann picked "The Devil and William Kunstler" because he loves to get paid over and over again for the same piece. He produces prime-time network TV shows for big money.

Bruce McCall quit his job in advertising to work for the *National Lampoon*. After contributing twenty-five pages a year for seven years and starting a family, he went back to advertising. He still contributes freelance to *The New Yorker* and *Esquire* and is a creative director at McCaffrey and McCall, an ad agency that, unfortunately, he does not own.

Brian McConnachie is doing television shows, screenplays, and occasionally acting.

Rick Meyerowitz has been a contributor to the

National Lampoon since the first issue. He did the poster for NL's 1978 blockbuster runaway megahit, *Animal House*, for which he was grossly underpaid. "The Presentation of the Bill for the Last Supper" was done in two days during Rick's religious period in 1974.

Chris Miller writes movies in L.A. He chose "Cock Tales" because it reminds him of that long-ago time when sex and drugs were still fun. Or maybe he picked it because both tales are about getting your dick stuck in things.

Michael O'Donoghue, a longtime contributor to the *National Lampoon*, is now writing movies like *Scrooged*. He doesn't remember doing "Michael O'Donoghue & Randall Enos Present Adolf Hitler's Device for Gassing Rube Goldberg" either.

P. J. O'Rourke is now a foreign correspondent for *Rolling Stone* magazine. His most recent book is *Holidays in Hell*. He says he can't remember a thing about writing "Our Bodies and None of Your Business" but assumes he must have because he's the only person he can think of who would put his name on a thing like that except for Doug Kenney and Doug has an excuse, he's dead.

Doing cartoons about the handicapped comes easily to **Charles Rodrigues** because so many of his relatives have physical and mental disabilities. He contributes regularly to the *National Lampoon* and *Stereo Review* and does a syndicated panel, "Charlie."

Larry Sloman is executive editor of the *National Lampoon*. He is currently working on a biography of Abbie Hoffman for Doubleday, which he hopes will be condensed by Kliffs Notes.

Ed Subitzky has been a contributing editor to the *NatLamp* since the early seventies. More than two hundred of his comics, articles, and stories have appeared during that time.

Gerry Sussman did not pick his piece, he's dead.

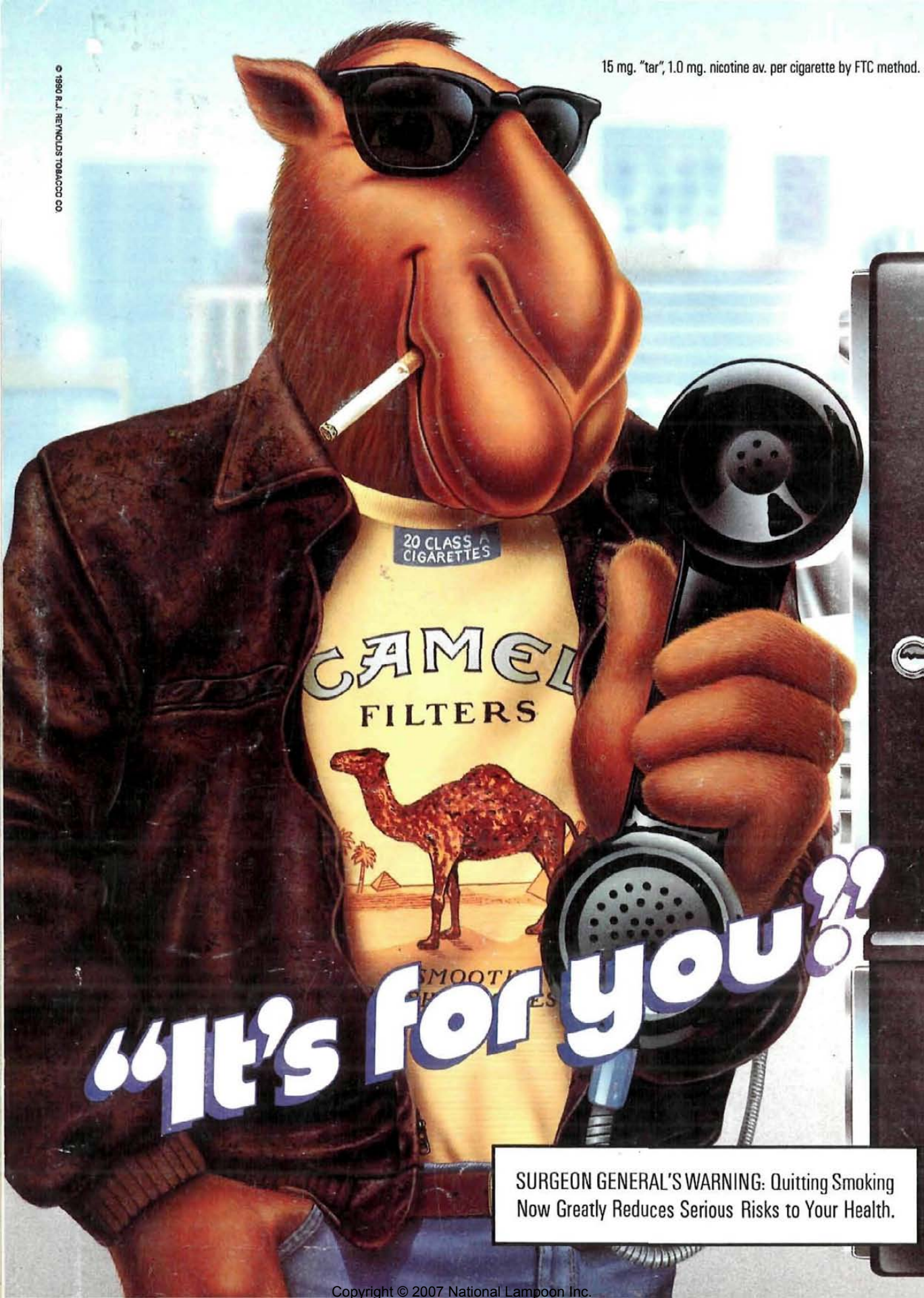
B. K. Taylor selected this particular "Appletons" strip because "it does what the Appletons do best"—whatever that is.

John Weidman writes for *Sesame Street*. His new musical, *Assassins*, with words and music by Stephen Sondheim, was produced this fall off-Broadway.

Ellis Weiner writes for movies and television. He is currently a featured columnist for *Spy* magazine.

Gahan Wilson chose his particular piece because, of all his work that has appeared in the *National Lampoon*, he loves "Nuts" the most. He is still a cartoonist, but he also writes books and movies and lots of other stuff.

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