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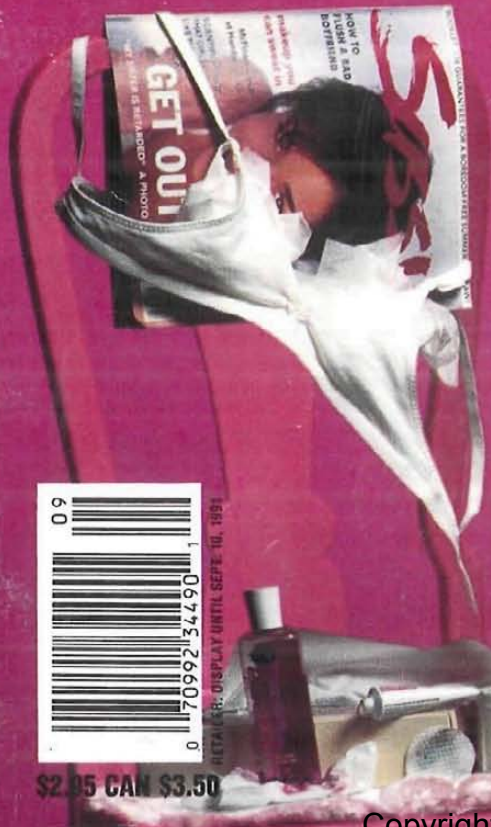
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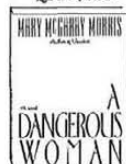
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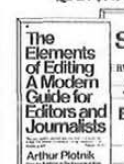
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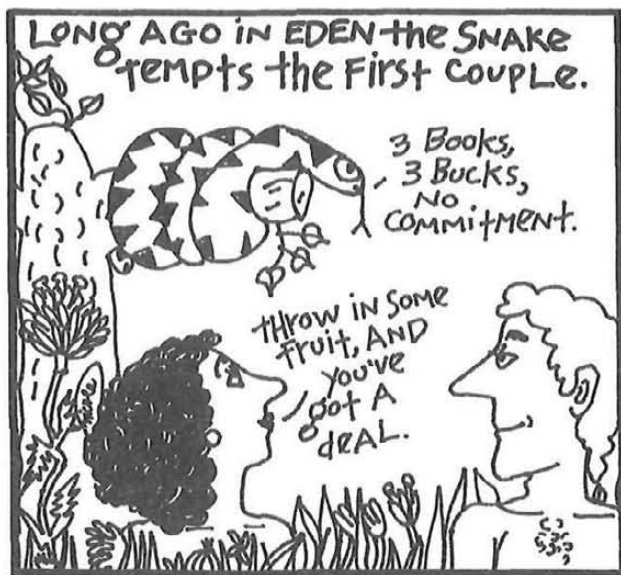
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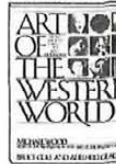
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HMM. IT SAYS  
HERE THE  
NATIONAL  
LAMPYON HAS A  
COMING OF AGE  
ISSUE.

I THOUGHT YOU  
STOPPED READING  
THAT MAGAZINE.

YES, YES, BUT  
I UNDERSTAND  
IT'S GOTTEN  
MUCH MORE  
SOPHISTICATED.

SO THEY'RE  
PHOTOGRAPHING A  
BETTER CLASS OF  
HOOKERS THESE  
DAYS?

DON'T BE SO  
NARROW-MINDED.  
COME SEE FOR  
YOURSELF.

OH, ALL RIGHT.

NICK KOODIS

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I'M SURE THIS  
ONE'S VERY  
MATURE.

CASE IN POINT—  
THEIR LEAD  
ARTICLE IS ALL  
ABOUT MATURITY.



AND LOOK HERE:  
THEY'RE EVEN  
DOING WRY  
LITERARY  
PARODIES AGAIN.

OH, PLEASE,  
I SAW THOSE  
ILLUSTRATIONS ON  
PAGE 39. LITERARY  
PORNOGRAPHY  
IS MORE LIKE IT.



AND I SUPPOSE  
YOU'RE GOING TO  
TELL ME "F"  
STANDS FOR  
PHILOLOGY.



WELL, MAYBE  
YOU'LL AT LEAST  
LIKE THIS. A GIRL  
WROTE IT.

HMPH.  
TOKENISM.

WHAT'RE YOU  
TALKING ABOUT,  
TOKENISM? THIS  
MAGAZINE'S  
CRAWLING WITH  
BROADS!

OKAY, OKAY...  
MAYBE I'LL GIVE IT  
A CHANCE.



BUT I JUST DON'T  
GET THESE NEW  
FUNNIES.

ME NEITHER. BUT  
THE KIDS LOVE 'EM.



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We were sitting around trying to decide what the editorial for our Coming of Age issue should be. One editor suggested a Voltaire parody written in the original Old French. He was fired. Another editor, probably Doyle, said, "Let's all describe our first sexual experience."

"Together?" O'Keefe asked.

"No, our first one ever," Doyle replied.

"Hmmm," Marcil said, thoughtfully stroking Johnson's long red beard, "I don't know. . . I wouldn't want people to get the idea that we did this Coming of Age theme as a sorry excuse to do just another puerile sex issue."

But then we decided: well, it's too late for that.

#### JEFF BRANION

Closing the door and unbuttoning my pants, I turned to her. I knew almost nothing about her except what she had said to some stranger; all the information I had about her was secondhand. What I did know was that she was there, in that room, and I could almost touch her. Her vivid, glossy brown eyes gazed in my direction. But I didn't care if it was me she saw. I grew more excited just

## EDITORIAL

looking at her. I didn't know that women like this would even think about being here with someone like me. Suddenly, as images flashed through my head at incredible speed, I dropped the magazine. Recovering quickly, I picked it up, turned to her again, and went to work.

#### CHRISTINE CALDWELL

My boyfriend and I were asked to participate in the Macy's Thanksgiving

Day Parade as members of the McDonald's All-American High School Marching Band. I played flute; Earl played trombone. I guess the big city affected us in a special way; sexual freedom and excitement crackled in the air the way it never had in Oklahoma. So when my boyfriend lowered me gently onto the "Great Inventors" float before the parade started, I felt ready. As the parade took off we moved too, and I could hear thousands cheer as we passed by. The sight of Underdog, massive and helium-

filled, waving in the air above Earl's shoulders gave me an orgasm since unparalleled.

#### DANIEL O'KEEFE

I'd never been to Cape Canaveral, so I had no objections when my roommates proposed celebrating Spring Break by watching a space shuttle lift off while completely hammered.

The trip down was insane, like an odyssey of beer and speeding or something. The time we thought the cops were following us when they actually weren't just made the whole thing even wilder.



CONTINUED  
ON PAGE 10

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*In the letter*

Sirs:  
By the time you read this, I will be gone.

Sandra Bernhard  
*You have two more wishes*

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Citibank  
*Perhaps next time  
you will wish more wisely*

Sirs:  
So this guy walks into a bar and orders a Steward's and tonic. Well, he's sitting there quaffing the S&T and eating some new whole-wheat Cheetzles when what does he see at the end of the bar but this sullen-looking gorilla in an ABC's *Dinosaurs* T-shirt nursing a Brooke's White Chocolate soda. He asks the bartender, "Hey, what's that gorilla doing here?" and the bartender says, "The one wearing Obsession Cologne for Men? Here, come on in the back and I'll show you." The bartender grabs the gorilla and they all walk past this Panaskan thirty-five-inch projection television and into the storeroom. "Watch this," the barkeep says, and he grabs a General Electric Microwave Oven and smashes the gorilla on the head. The gorilla immediately drops

## LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS

Sirs:  
I never met a man I didn't like. But there were several chicks who really chapped my ass.

Will Rogers  
*On Broadway*

Sirs:  
You know what's going to save this country? Yankee ingenuity. Let me give you a perfect example. The other day I bought this miniature AM-FM stereo headset from this guy on the street. You wouldn't believe this thing. It's smaller than the tip of my finger, about the size of a paper clip, and it weighs practically nothing—and the price? Five bucks! Five *dollars*. I mean, think about it: our technology is so advanced now that for only *five measly dollars*, you can buy a personal stereo that just attaches to your ear and—Hey, wait a second, this is a paper clip.

Joe Bononono  
*New in town*

Masters:  
Because you have chosen to read this letter, I will grant you three wishes, with the following provisions.  
1) You cannot wish for more wishes.  
2) Your wishes cannot permanently subvert the general laws of physics, human nature, or biology (i.e., you cannot wish for the ability to fly, world peace, or a preternaturally large penis or huge hooters for your girlfriend).  
3) Your wishes must be in accordance with the laws of your state, and



"...Castration knife... castration knife... castration knife..."



to his knees, unzips the bartender's Old West denims, and sucks him off. "Wow!" says the guy, still nursing his Stewie. The bartender says, "You want to give it a try?" "Sure!" the guy exclaims, "but you don't have to hit me with that GE!"

Frank Hansen  
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Sirs:

I just flew in from Paris. I spent the whole flight masturbating, and boy, are my arms tired!

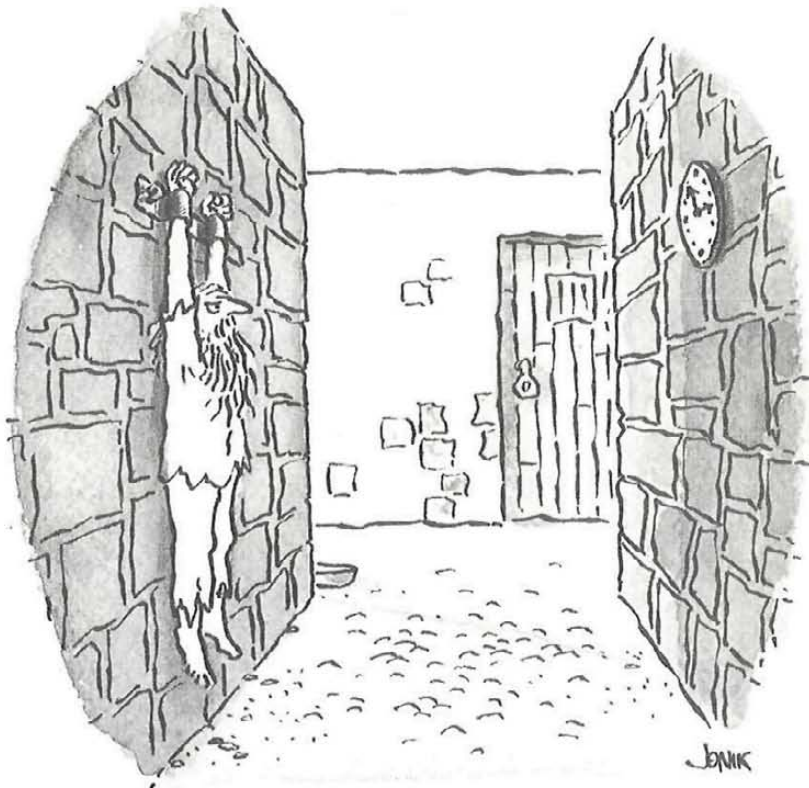
Sam Floot  
Kansas City, Mo.

Sirs:

A recipe for Dog Shit Pie:  
2 lbs. dog shit  
I prepared pie crust  
Put the dog shit in the crust and  
serve.

The Frugal Gourmet  
In a snit

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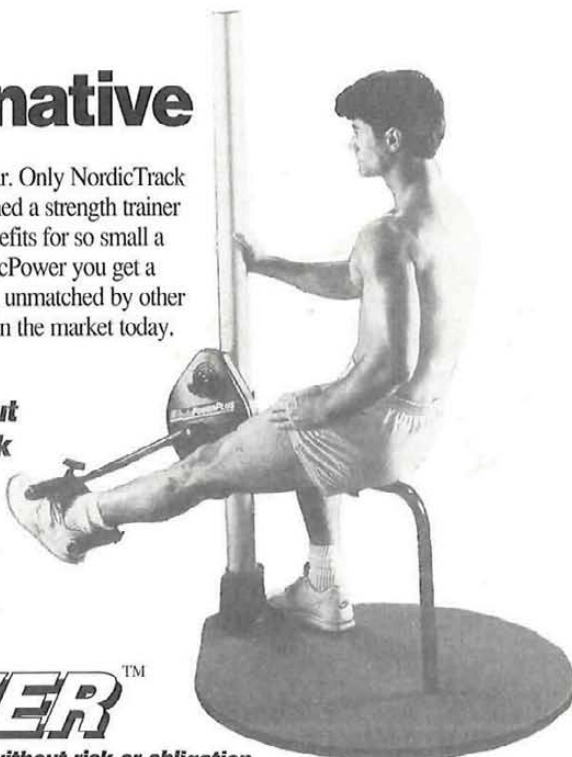


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## EDITORIAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

We were camped out on the tarmac, blasting some tunes, when the count-down stopped. The others got pissed and went on a beer run. I was alone when a beautiful, dark-haired woman in a NASA uniform came running up, sat down on the cooler, and started to cry.

She'd never gone up in space before, and she had a bad feeling about this flight. She was a teacher, not an astronaut. She smiled at me through her tears. "Love me," she said. I loved her. But I never heard from her again.

**CHRIS MARCIL**

You wouldn't expect a sixteen-year-old kid to lose his virginity to a beautiful red-headed St. Louis debutante, especially when that kid weighs over two hundred pounds. But then, in that autumn of 1948, you wouldn't expect Harry Truman to win reelection, either.

My sexual buck stopped along Truman's whistle-stop campaign. My father, who provided French-Canadian muscle for the Albany political machine, got me the job aboard the president's train. Sarah was working there too. Like me, she was liberal in her politics and lusty in her drinking. Unlike me, she knew that a stallion's heart could be beating under a fat kid's folds of flab. And she let me prove it to myself. And her.

**DEBRA RABAS**

For some reason that escapes me now, I had this idea that the first time I had sex, it would have to be like that really cool scene in *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*, where Barbra Streisand

fondles herself with this champagne glass and this really hot eighteenth-century guy gets in bed with her.

So I was at this party at this really ritzy townhouse in Philadelphia, and although it looked nothing like the dining hall in the movie, I had enough tranquilizers, booze, and neurosis in me to believe it did, especially when I saw this blond guy, about six feet two, wearing a white linen suit like the ones Sting was wearing at the time. So I picked up my glass and put on the Babs moves, circling it around my cleavage while arching my neck into prime blowjob position. Luckily, he went for it, because God knows it would have been six times more embarrassing if he hadn't. We went up to the bathroom and had like totally hot sex for the next three hours, much to the dismay of all the guests who would have liked to use the bathroom.

Since I didn't really like the guy, I never spoke to him again.

**DIANE GIDDIS**

I haven't had my first sexual experience yet. I'm saving myself for Mr. Right.

**SAM JOHNSON**

I was in prison on some trumped-up charges at the time. But through some bureaucratic error, I'd been sent to the women's penitentiary in Hastings, Nebraska, by mistake. Well, my cellmate was a beautiful strong Native American woman who was in for life after she killed some FBI agents by fucking them too hard. She kind of took me under her wing and I sort of became like her property, and she could make me have sex with her anytime she wanted, which was pretty much always, although she first had to teach me all the ways to give pleasure

to a woman. Of course, before that I had to learn how to receive pleasure so that I wouldn't end up fucked to death like the FBI agents. It was a weird 6,758 days.

**LARRY DOYLE**

Madison Square Garden. Sold out. This was back in the seventies, when pretty much anything went. It's funny: I don't even remember her name, only that she was a lot more experienced than I was, had done some movies. Even though it lasted for only a moment, when I heard the roar of that crowd, I thought, "This is great." But frankly, it's never been the same since.

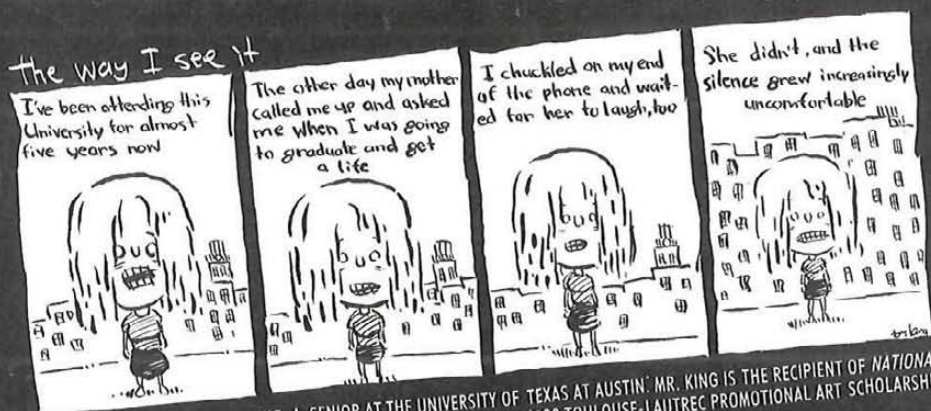
**IAN MAXTONE-GRAHAM**

No furtive struggles in parked cars, no couch-side culminations of high-school crushes. Banish these grubby images and journey with me to Paris, as I shed my virginity like the elms on the Champs-Élysées shed their leaves at summer's end:

September's cooling breezes have swept away the last of the tourists, and the sleepy concierge at the George V smiles conspiratorially as my love and I race by, still glowing from the dinner and the cognac. Upstairs, I double-lock the suite's oversize door as I hear behind me the bider's satisfied gurgle. Then she is again by my side, tugging off her shoes with one hand and pulling my head to hers with the other. Her breath intoxicates me, and my neck shivers under the cold smoothness of the wedding band I slipped on her finger but two short months ago. Her tongue goes slack in my mouth and I know this will be the night I've prayed for.

Here's hoping, anyway. ■

## Coming Next Month SO WHAT DO COLLEGE KIDS THINK IS FUNNY THESE DAYS?



COMIC STRIP BY TOM KING, A SENIOR AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN. MR. KING IS THE RECIPIENT OF NATIONAL LAMPOON'S \$100 TOULOUSE-LAUTREC PROMOTIONAL ART SCHOLARSHIP.

- ✓ Unprotected sex!
- ✓ Alcohol abuse!
- ✓ Assholean college administrators!
- ✓ Butt rodeo!

Cutting-edge sophomoric humor, by actual college sophomores and their ilk, in next month's *National Lampoon Collegiate Humor Supplement*. Like the kids say, it's going to be *really rappin'!*

# THIS MONTH IN SEPTEMBER



**FUN FACT:** September, the ninth month, comes from the Latin *September*, meaning "the seventh month."

**NEW RELEASES:** Prince's much-anticipated new album, *18  $\pi$  4 U*, is due in record stores Labor Day weekend; featuring only two songs, *CD B* and *D B S N D 3*, the album will be available in both CD and flashcard format. *You're Going Bald*, *Charlie Brown*, a new book featuring Charles Schulz's lovable Peanuts gang, hits the remainder racks sometime later this month. And from the producers of *Love Connection* comes a new reality-based game show called *There's the Rub*.

**MAY WE RECOMMEND:** On Friday, September 6, Comedy Central, the cable comedy network, will present a very special encore performance of "Bilko Bingo Bango!," originally broadcast on *The Phil Silvers Show* on November 15, 1955. This extraordinary showing will represent the one millionth time this episode has been seen in syndicated reruns.

**DEATHS THIS MONTH (ESTIMATED):** Arsenio Hall, on the 10th, killed by a fan; Kitty Kelly researcher Sharon Mitchell, on the 16th, mysterious circumstances; Jon Lovitz, on the 17th, apparent suicide.

## IMPORTANT PRODUCT RECALLS:

### PLEASE READ

• Mattel has recalled all units of its *Rocketeer, Jr. Jet Packs* following "several unfortunate incidents in which the product was used in an inappropriate manner," a Mattel spokesman said.

Despite the fact that the toy is a lifelike replica of the one featured in the hit Disney movie *The Rocketeer*, and the product's packaging features a young boy and girl cheerfully zooming across the sky, the spokesman said the company was blameless, since a child would have to be "pretty



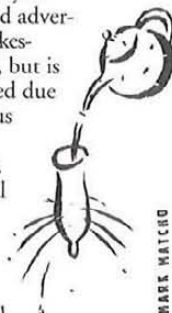
fucking stupid" to believe the devices could actually fly.

• *Plathidol*, a new drug that has shown promise in treating obsessive disorders, has been recalled. A *Burroughs Wellcome* spokeswoman said the recall is being done prophylactically while the company investigates reports that some patients taking *Plathidol* to reduce self-destructive behaviors have been beating the medication into their faces and eyes, taking it with liquor, and, in one instance, opening a vein in the wrist and inserting the small pill. The spokeswoman emphasized that the patients had been care-



fully instructed on proper administration of the drug, but added that "we're dealing with some real head jobs here."

• *First Amendment Publishing & Amusement Co.* had issued a general recall of the twenty-six-inch spiked model of its adult novelty *Anal Destroyer*. The novelty works "exactly as intended and advertised," a spokeswoman said, but is being recalled due to numerous customer complaints. Other *Anal Destroyer* models are not affected by the recall.



MARK MATCO

## THE EYE EAR

Seems like *everyone* wants to fuck *Jennifer Connelly* these days: *Tony LaRussa* on the Athletics' chances for the AL West title: "I want it more than anything—except a chance to grand-slam *Jennifer Connelly*." Defense honcho *Dick Cheney* on high-tech sales to the Soviets: "Not unless they bring something incredible to the bargaining table—like a night with *Jennifer Connelly*." *Linda Ellerbee* on why no one will put her on TV anymore: "Face it, I'm no *Jennifer Connelly*. No one wants to fuck me, let alone listen to me drone on and on about..." We get the picture, *Linda*...The rumors are true: ordinary folks love *cheap beer*...CBS has canceled its new fall lineup based on negative audience reaction to the phrase "New from CBS"... Sign of the times: *blowjobs* have pulled ahead of *vaginal intercourse* in popularity among men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-four, a new *USA Today/Gannett Poll* reveals. Vaginal intercourse remains tops with the ladies, however...The recent lobotomy of *R.E.M.* lyricist *Michael Stipe* will mean less *Don't Go Back to Rockville* and more *Shiny Happy People*, his publicist says...Hot new color: *urea*...*Perky Mary Hart* of *Entertainment Tonight* says she's nuts about water. "I drink it, I put it on my plants, and I even bathe in it. I just like the feel of it on my skin"...Word on the street: *Kevin Costner's a homo*...The assassination of *President George Bush* has been postponed until September 22, insiders say...Just when we thought we'd seen all of *Carrie Fisher's* tricks, she'll be bringing her biting wit to the comic strip "Cathy" when she takes it over for two weeks this month. Chomp chomp chomp... What *Supreme Court Chief Justice* is making *Sandra Bernhard* say, "Oyez, oyez!" The Ear takes the Fifth!... *Jon Bon Jovi* recently got his hair cut, though the glam-metal moptop claims it was merely a "trim"... *Buying drinks at Mortimer's*, letting others pay for them: *French guys*.

TALES FROM THE BOTTOM!  
BY ED SUBITZKY

OUR STORY BEGINS AS A YOUNG MAN MAKES HIS WAY EVER SIDWAYS!

HI, JOE! HOW ARE YOU FEELING TODAY?  
KIND OF LOW!

AND YOU, MIKE! HOW ARE YOU DOING TODAY?  
I FEEL DOWN!

BOY, WHAT A BUNCH OF LOSERS!

I SHOULD BE UP THERE, WHERE ALL THE GOOD STUFF IS!

**FATHER AND SON TALKS**

DAD: Where's Mom, Son?  
 SON: She's across the street looking in on Mr. Johnson.  
 DAD: Is he feeling under the weather?  
 SON: I thought it was called a blouse.

S.J.

**YOU COULD SELL ANYTHING WITH A BRITISH-SOUNDING NAME**

Turds of Chichester  
 Marlborough Excrementals  
 Sir Reginald's Manor Original  
 Water Closet Formula  
 Herefordshire Farms Log Sampler  
 Canterbury Waste Crackers  
 Crapper and Ridley's (by appointment Shitmakers to His Majesty Edward VII)  
 Chintz and Flummock  
 Squeezed Loaves

C.M.

**SIXTY-SECOND PSYCHOHISTORY**

*Match wits with that precocious thirteen-year-old sleuth of the subconscious—  
 Encyclopedia Freud!*

Rusty Magee, a neighborhood tough, sat smoking a cigarette in Encyclopedia's treehouse office. Rusty usually liked mouthing off with his cronies at the pool hall—except when he had dreams he couldn't explain.

"Last night I had this great dream. I was in the second car of a train when out of the blue, it came apart from the engine. Everyone was upset at what happened, but yours truly saved the day. By flapping my arms up and down, I made my car catch up with the back of the engine so they could link up. All the guys in the front of the train were so amazed at what I did, I felt like a wizard or something."

"A fairy is more like it," Encyclopedia Freud broke in at this point. "Your

machismo is merely a front—you're a raging queen!"

*What gave Rusty away?*

**Answer:** Trains are classic phallic symbols, and linking up with another train from behind suggests anal coitus. What gave Rusty away was that the people on the engine were male, so he was clearly sodomizing members of his own sex!

R.D.

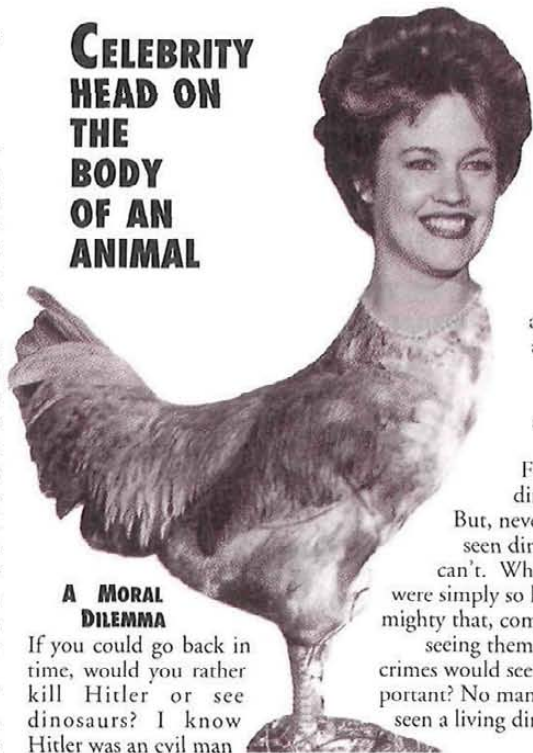
**RAINY DAY IDEA**

Go over to your friend's house, smash his windows, break his furniture, help yourself to his food, and maybe fire his guns at him if he has any.

Then say, "You know, sometimes crazy people are the most sane."

C.M.

**CELEBRITY HEAD ON THE BODY OF AN ANIMAL**



**A MORAL DILEMMA**

If you could go back in time, would you rather kill Hitler or see dinosaurs? I know Hitler was an evil man

who killed millions, and there are many who would say, "Kill Hitler!

Forget the dinosaurs!"

But, never having seen dinosaurs, I can't. What if they were simply so huge and mighty that, compared to seeing them, Hitler's crimes would seem unimportant? No man has ever seen a living dinosaur—so we

can't say it couldn't happen. Killing Hitler would change history, and would certainly make the people he would have killed very happy. But then again it might have unforeseeable consequences—a nuclear war that would wipe out the whole human race, to give one example. On the other hand, just looking at dinosaurs wouldn't change anything at all. Unless you stepped on a fern that subsequently became extinct and humankind never evolved, or something. I have no love for Adolf Hitler. But, given the choice, I think I would rather catch a glimpse of those mysterious prehistoric beasts than kill him. Fortunately, since there is no such thing as a time machine, humankind has never had to confront this thorny problem. Even if one were invented, it could probably be used more than once, so the question would be moot. But who can be sure?

D.J.O.K.



**DAYS OF OUR LIVES**

There has been a series of murders in Salem, which no doubt will be blamed on the Black Man. Eve (a white devil), Frankie (a white devil), Jack (a white devil), and Jennifer (a white devil) are on a train cross-country, hoping to find the gun that killed Nick (a white devil). Jennifer finally reveals to Jack that she was raped by Lawrence Allemain (a white devil in a business suit) on their wedding night while she was pretending to be her college roommate. Jack gets upset because he was locked in the adjoining room, unable to save her. He hopes the fact that he too is a rapist will not come between them. The historic and repeated rape of the Black Woman is not discussed. Brian (a white police beast) questions Eve about Emilio's murder. Marcus, a so-called Negro who works for the White Man, tells Kayla he loves her and wants to pollute his blood with hers. Kayla says she just wants to be friends. Kimberly convinces Shane to let her find out what Lawrence Allemain plans to do with the deadly virus. (Probably he will use it to commit genocidal acts against the Black Man and the Black Woman.) Isabelle buys a pharmaceutical company.

P.M.



**MUSIC FANS! PLAY  
VERBAL "NAME THAT TUNE!"**

Ready?  
"Da-DAH da da-DAH  
da DAH-da  
da DAH..."



Give up? Answer, page 14.

R.L.

**FATHER AND SON TALKS**

DAD: What could be keeping your mother—she went to the store for some milk three hours ago.

SON: Maybe she's taking the long way home.

DAD: The long way? What way is that?

SON: You'd have to ask Mr. Long.

S.J.

**REFRESHING DRINK  
OF THE MONTH**

*Paralyzed in Blue*

(courtesy Vin Donohue, Wacky Fred's Haute Spot, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.)

4 oz. vodka

1 jigger each triple sec, curare sugar syrup

dash blue curaçao

Mix. Serve in standard high-ball glass or intravenously.

C.M.

**NEW WORKS FROM THE  
TIMES SQUARE LIGHT VERSE  
PRESERVATION SOCIETY**

*The Finest Day*

Smokin' and drinkin',  
Drivin' and thinkin',  
Toolin' around  
In my pale blue Lincoln.

—Hugh "Slice" Sinclair

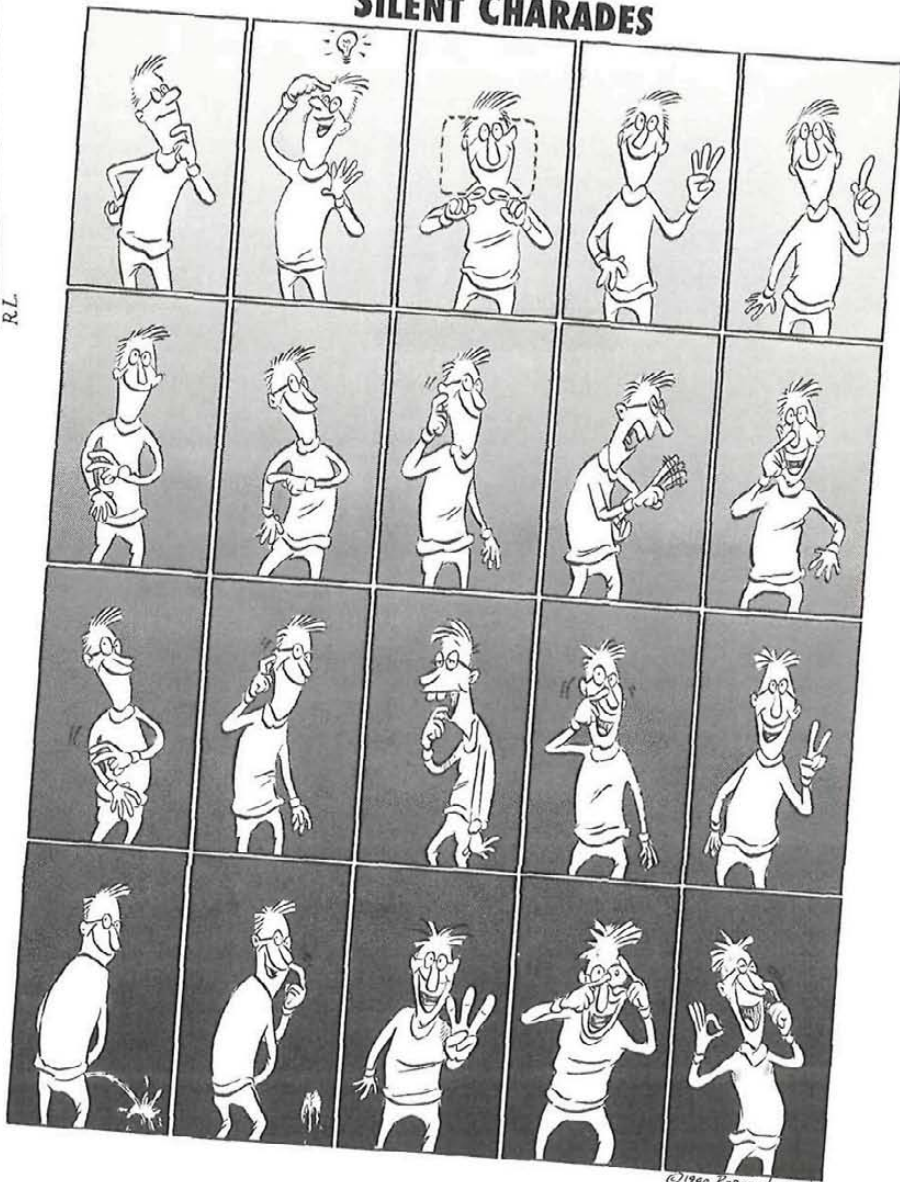
*Conversation*

"Your job?" Momma asked.  
Answered I, "Is whoring."  
"That's nice," she said.  
"At least it's not boring."

—Victor "Tiffany" Franzetti

S.J.

**SILENT CHARADES**



©1990 ZOBAR/Edgema

**ED McMAHON RUNS FREE**

Ed McMahon runs free.  
He's free.  
Yeah.



J.B.

**YOU'D LAUGH, TOO, IF YOU  
WERE GOING TO HEAVEN**

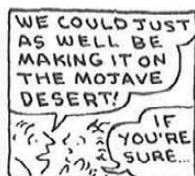
*The Moral Diary of a  
Contributing Editor*  
by Ian Maxtone-Graham

7:45 A.M.—Do my part to stop the spread of disease by putting on condom before sex with wife's sister.

7:49 A.M.—Take water-conserving five-minute shower.

9:05 A.M.—Recommend job-search advice books to homeless person on subway.

10:22 A.M.—Inform Doyle that he's "just not very funny." Suggest alternative career options, offer help with résumé.



None Dare Call It...

# STARTLING PROOF!

# 660  
"DEVIL WITH THE BLUE JEANS ON"  
©1991 RON HAUGE

"LEVI'S"/ELVIS CONNECTION Baffles TODAY'S SCIENTISTS

ANAGRAM FOR "EVIL U.S. TSARS"

FATTY ARBUCKLE'S PARTY PANTS, NOW HIDDEN IN SMITHSONIAN

"Co" IS CHEMICAL SYMBOL FOR COBALT—USED IN NUCLEAR REACTORS & GAMMA RAYS!

ANAGRAM FOR "DEVIL ORIGINATER"

'NUFF SAID

MICROSCOPE REVEALS TRADEMARK MODELS REALLY WEARING GUESS? JEANS

"CHILL! GO QUANTITY!"

"DRAW AND QUARTER" TORTURE METHOD USED TO DRIVE NATIVE AMERICANS OFF STRAUSS FAMILY PROPERTY

"FAMINE" (HORSEMAN # 3)

PANTS ACTUALLY SPLIT IN FIRST 300 TEST TRADEMARKS

MYSTERIOUS FIGURES ABUSING HORSES IDENTIFIED AS SMITH BROTHERS, "TRADE" AND "MARK"

"LEVI BUTTON"/LEVAR BURTON—TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!

WIFE TURNED INTO PILLAR OF SALT

$5+1=6$   $4+2=6$   $3+3=6$

"PESTILENCE" (HORSEMAN #4)

5-20-1873 IS LICENSE PLATE NUMBER ON HITLER'S CAR



VERBAL "NAME THAT TUNE" ANSWER: That's right: "Cabaret."

11:07 A.M.—Send flowers, "Miss You" card to wife at hotel in Chicago. (Earn thirty-five bonus points on my VISA card!)  
12:02 P.M. to 2:15 P.M.—Support struggling young actresses by calling phone-sex 900 numbers.  
2:23 P.M. to 5:41 P.M.—Scan back issues for lawsuit-inviting typos.  
5:56 P.M.—Fax endearing Xerox of my ass to wife at hotel in Chicago.  
6:02 P.M.—Do my part to stop the spread of disease by making Debbi sponge down Xerox machine with Windex.  
6:41 P.M.—Buy drink for attractive new intern. Explain to her harsh realities of magazine world.  
6:43 P.M.—Support few remaining U.S. troops in Gulf region by buying leftover "I Support Operation Desert

Storm" T-shirt from street vendor for mother's birthday.  
7:12 P.M.—Day nearly over, need one more good deed to make even dozen. Give seat to fat guy on subway.

**A REQUEST TO YOUNG WHITE MEN NOT SIGNED BY DEF JAM RECORDS**



Please, no rap toasts at weddings. C.M.

**FATHER AND SON TALKS**

DAD: How come none of my socks match?  
SON: Mom must have taken them to Mr. Yuang's Laundry.  
DAD: But we've got a washing machine here in the basement..  
SON: Yes, but we don't have Mr. Yuang!

grandma is alive, alive-o. I should probably read to her once in a while; my fear is that the kinds of books I'm into these days will simply be beyond her.

B.F.

S.J.

**ALIVE, ALIVE-O**

Grandma is awfully perky for her advanced age. Total knee replacements have done little to slow her. Since she's directly above me, I always get awakened by her crashing around her room in the middle of the night. She even has a little window that she can drag a chair under and then stand and watch the seasons go by. I tell my friends that my

**ASK THE**

8

**DOES JOHN SUNUNU REALLY COLLECT INFANT GENITALIA, PROCURED FOR HIM AT TAXPAYERS' EXPENSE?**

SIGNS POINT TO YES

Note: We cannot vouch for the accuracy of the 8-ball's answers. They are provided for amusement purposes only.



# IT PAYS TO BE A B.U.M.



## TURN YOUR TELEPHONE INTO A SWELL TRIVIA GAME SHOW!

### Listen!

Living in the past? All you know is small-time stuff about movies, sports & music? Well, that makes you our kind of b.u.m.! So why not cash in on it? Play the b.u.m. Equipment telephone trivia game. \$2.00 for the first minute, and \$1.50 for every minute thereafter. YOU'RE ALWAYS AHEAD OF THE GAME: Every caller receives a \$10 certificate good toward the purchase of some bitchin b.u.m. Equipment.

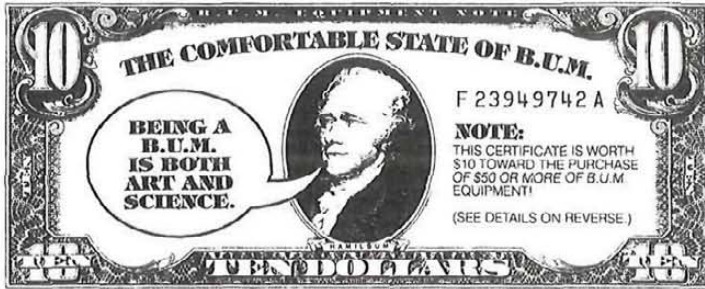
You receive a \$10 B.U.M. Certificate just for playing! WHY LET ALL THOSE OTHER B.U.M.s WIN ALL THE GOOD STUFF?

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE FACT THAT YOU'VE GOT SOME B.U.M. IN YOU! USE YOUR PUSH-BUTTON TELEPHONE 24 HOURS A DAY!

B.U.M. EQUIPMENT ENTERTAINMENT TRIVIA GAMES. TO PLAY, SIMPLY DIAL

# 1-900-896-1777

Choose from 50's and 60's true or false trivia questions. How far wrong can you go? Select from MOVIES, SPORTS, and MUSIC categories.



**WIN \$1000 IN B.U.M. EQUIPMENT B.U.M. WATCHES B.U.M. BAGS B.U.M. GEAR B.U.M. SHADES GENERALLY NEAT STUFF**

### THE SMALL PRINT

## RULES

**1. ELIGIBILITY:** CONTEST IS OPEN TO U.S. RESIDENTS WHO ARE 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER. VISITORS WHO ARE CURRENTLY ON A BUSINESS TRIP TO THE U.S. ARE ELIGIBLE TO PARTICIPATE. CALLERS WILL RECEIVE A \$10 B.U.M. EQUIPMENT CERTIFICATE GOOD TOWARD A SINGLE PURCHASE OF B.U.M. EQUIPMENT, SPORTSWEAR, OR ACCESSORIES.

**2. HOW TO PLAY:** THE CONTEST IS A SERIES OF 10 CALLS. YOU WILL BE GIVEN FULL INSTRUCTIONS. YOU MAY ELECT TO DELETE THE INQUIRY TONES. TWO PRIZES: ROUND ONE - A QUESTION FROM THE SELECTED CATEGORY. ROUND TWO - A SPEED ROUND TO DETERMINE WHOSE ANSWER IS CORRECT. ANSWER IN 15 SECONDS. EACH CORRECT ANSWER WILL INCREASE YOUR POINT TOTAL. YOU WILL NOT RECEIVE A DEDUCTION FOR AN INCORRECT ANSWER. ONLY TWO CALLS PER DAY ARE PERMITTED. YOU MAY CHANGE CATEGORIES IN YOUR SECOND CALL.

**3. DETERMINATION OF WINNERS:** ONE DAILY PRIZE WILL BE AWARDED TO THE HIGHEST ACCUMULATES THE HIGHEST DAILY SCORE. ONE WEEKLY PRIZE WILL BE AWARDED TO THE PERSON WITH THE HIGHEST DAILY TOTAL AS WILL BE COMPUTED FROM 12:01 AM MIDNIGHT THROUGH 11:59 PM MIDNIGHT THE FOLLOWING DAY. WINNERS WILL BE BASED ON DAILY SCORES COMPUTED FROM 12:01 AM MONDAY THROUGH 11:59 PM MIDNIGHT THE FOLLOWING DAY. IN THE EVENT OF A TIE, THE WINNER WILL BE AWARDED TO THE CALLER WHO DIALS THE LAST TIME TO ANSWER QUESTIONS.

**4. GENERAL:** THIS CONTEST IS THE PROPERTY OF B.U.M. EQUIPMENT ENTERTAINMENT. PARTICIPATING ENTRANTS ARE TO BE BOUND BY THESE RULES AND THE DECISIONS OF THE B.U.M. EQUIPMENT ENTERTAINMENT SPONSOR. SPONSOR SHALL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL FUNCTIONS ON B.U.M. EQUIPMENT. WINNERS MAY BE REQUIRED TO FULFILL AN OBLIGATION OF PUBLICITY AND LIABILITY FOR CITY RELEASE. PRIZES EXCEPT BY SPONSOR UNAVAILABLE. FOR A COPY OF FULL RULES, TERMS AND CONDITIONS, VISIT US AT WWW.BUM.EQUIPMENT.COM. ADDRESS: STAMPED ENVELOPE TO B.U.M. RULES 68450 MATED TO B.U.M. ST. LOS ANGELES, CA 90021

**ASK PAT BUCHANAN**

Dear Pat:

How do I get grass stains out of my son's blue polyester baseball pants?

*It's simple. Just work some detergent directly into the stain, then rinse. If it is safe for the dye, sponge the stain with alcohol diluted with two parts water.*

Dear Pat:

Who was Martin Luther King?

*Martin Luther King was a lying womanizer, a Communist, a plagiarizing hypocrite, and a Maoist-manipulated tool who created racial trouble here in the United States and caused trouble for our war effort in Vietnam.*

Dear Pat:

Are the bulbs of the autumn crocus edible?

*Heavens, no. Eating the bulbs of the autumn crocus can cause nausea, vomiting, or diarrhea, and may even be fatal.*

B.H.

**KITTEN PISS AND TUNA FISH**

*A Poem*

Kitten piss and tuna fish smell alot alike; it's nifty.

Common sense says coincidence but perhaps just God is thrifty.

L.D.

**LINES FROM MY MOVIE**

*It's not easy to send your best friend to the gallows—in fact, I wouldn't have the slightest idea how to go about doing it.*

*Dammit, Caleb, I'm just as Amish as you are, but if we don't destroy that submarine, there won't be any Pennsylvania to go home to!*

*My dear, perhaps to you what we did was making love. To me, it was just a long series of meaningless handjobs.*

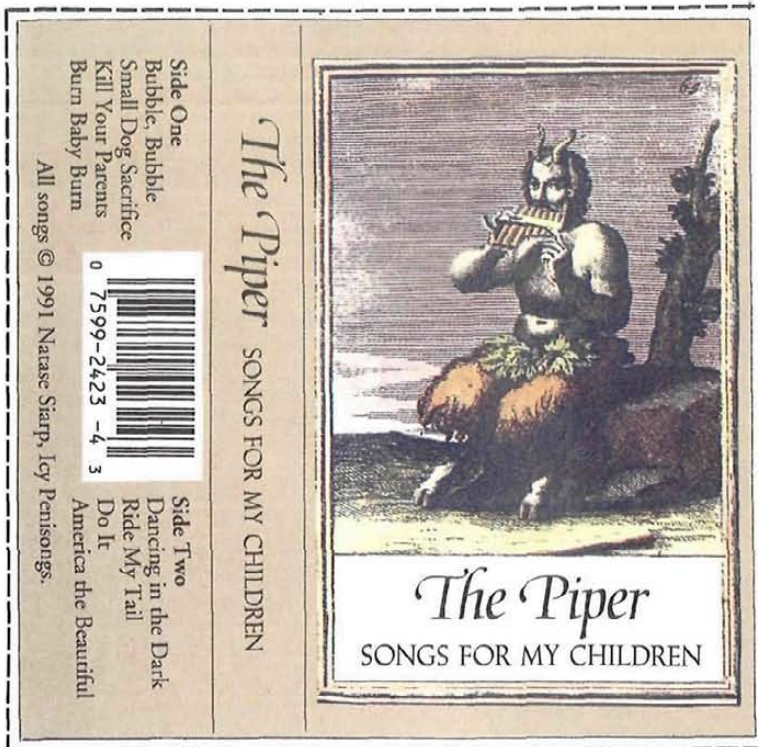
*Be advised that this company will do no more business with you and your fellow Nazis—until you can learn to pay your bills on time.*

# THE EQUALIZER

**THIS MONTH:** No Returns Reverser.

**SCENARIO:** Music stores will not allow you to return a cassette without a cash register receipt, even if the album really sucks.

**PREPARATION:** Replace cassette art with sleeve printed below. Edges should be folded with a sharp ruler for maximum verisimilitude.



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

**PLAN:** Stalk into store waving cassette above head, screaming, "Who sold this [obscurity of your choice] to my nine-year-old little brother/son?" Begin reciting from cassette sleeve. Your money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

*Why so surprised, McCabe—didn't you know autistic guys could punch?*

I.M.G.

**FATHER AND SON TALKS**

**DAD:** Isn't it time you went to bed?

**SON:** Is that an invitation?

S.J.

**FRONTAGE CONTRIBUTOR DECODER**

To determine who wrote each item in this month's frontage, write the two-letter code below the item in question on a piece of paper. This first letter in the code will match the first letter of the given name of a contributor listed below (or a name hidden in

our masthead), while the second letter will match the first letter in the contributor's surname.

**Contributors:** Jordan Bochanis, Robert Dinsmoor, Bill Fransden, Bob Harris, Robert Leighton, Ian Maxtone-Graham, Peri Muldofsky, the Editors.





# WONDERFULLY BAD MUSIC!

*(The Devil Made Us Do It!)*

## Golden Throats 2



cover art by Drew Friedman

### More Celebrity Rock Oddities

Features: Light My Fire - Mae West • Hey Jude - Bing Crosby • All I Really Want To Do - Sebastian Cabot • Put A Little Love In Your Heart - Leonard Nimoy • It Was A Very Good Year - William Shatner • Dixie Chicken - Jack Jones • Stand By Me - Cassius Clay • Bridge Over Troubled Water - Sen. Sam J. Ervin, Jr. • (I Can't Get No) Satisfaction - Phyllis Diller • Give Peace A Chance - Mitch Miller & The Gang • among others!

Golden Throats Vol. 1 was such a smash, everyone's been shoutin' for an encore. So we've gathered more fabulous Golden Throats warbling their original, definitive versions of songs which were later ripped off by other, lesser pop music poseurs, and made into shlocky, embarrassing chart hits.

Special limited edition 3-D flicker card on the first 10,000 CDs!

71007

**RHINO**

Available at record stores everywhere. To receive a free Rhino catalog or to order by mail call 1-800-432-0020.



ROBERT KOPECKY

## THE REST OF THE STORY

## Jailed Activist 'Visits' Pets

By Monte R. Young

Fran Stephanie Trutt, convicted of trying to bomb the president of a Connecticut surgical equipment company, said yesterday that she has visited her dogs four times since April as part of the previously undisclosed terms of her plea-bargain.

"I've seen my little ones, and that's the only reason why I took the plea-bargain," Trutt said during a telephone interview from the Niantic State Prison for women.

—As far as you probably got.

Trutt is just one of millions of American felons participating in experimental criminal justice programs across the country designed to explore innovative ways of trying to approach the alarming increase in criminal activity, which in some cities, such as Detroit, now exceeds the amount of non-criminal activity.

"Despite the fact that state and federal law enforcement agencies have been very good at getting out the message that certain behaviors are illegal and that people who engage in those behaviors will be punished if caught and convicted, we're still seeing a lot of illegal behavior out there," said Peter Pratt, professor of penology at Michigan State University and editor of the *American Journal of Criminal Justice Theory and Practice*.

"Clearly," Pratt said, "something more needs to be done."

Something more is being done. According to *Crime and Corrections*, a national newsletter advocating non-cruel but unusual punishments, novel ways of dealing with lawbreakers are multiplying nearly as fast as the prison populations themselves. Kevin Dradd, editor of *Crime and Corrections*, estimates that the average convicted felon today "would have to get twenty-five years to life just to be able to take advantage of all the programs available to him.

"But this is good," hastened to add Dradd, who has no official affiliation with any academic or law enforcement agency, but describes himself simply as a "penal buff."

"What's really cruel is punishment as usual," Dradd quipped. "They say you can catch more flies with honey than with vinegar. Well, the same goes for inmates, except, of course, they're already caught. Perhaps a better way of saying this is that an unhappy, bored criminal is a recidivist criminal."

Variety, and not boredom, is indeed the spice of prison life today.

At the Joliet State Penitentiary Petting Zoo just southwest of Chicago, inmates convicted of violent crimes are encouraged to touch and form emotional bonds with dogs, cats, and other small mammals provided by the local anti-cruelty society. On a recent afternoon in the Petting Yard, one burly resident, weighing nearly three hundred pounds and covered with sexually explicit tattoos, spent nearly forty-five minutes gently stroking a large brown and taupe Angora rabbit that seemed

to almost disappear into the hollow of his cupped hand.

"He's soft," said Jacob Jason Blazz, serving seven consecutive life terms for chopping up a downstate family of four into cubes approximately two inches along each side, and then attempting to conceal the crime by reassembling the pieces into an entirely different family of five.

"The zoo is very popular with our long-term residents," said Pam Glipp, a spokesperson for the correctional center. "We believe it is helping them to develop an appreciation for the sanctity of life. The hope, of course, is that this will extrapolate out to non-pet animals—humans in particular."

In many cases, it is not inspiration but necessity that has become the mother of inventive penal reform. In Broward County, Florida, which recently saw a 160 percent increase in the number of activities defined as illegal, prison officials have been forced to adopt a "Weekends Off" policy for long-term inmates in order to accom-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

JUST ONE MORE THING TO WORRY ABOUT WHEN IT COMES TO SAVINGS AND LOAN INSTITUTIONS



P. C. VEY

"I'm sorry, we're currently using all your savings to clog up a leak we have in the basement. . . . Try again next week."

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~~Greg~~  
**Loser**



His Fiancée



Her Dad



Her Mom



Her Sister



Her Ex-  
Boyfriend

MEET  
the  
**PARENT**



COMING TO HOME VIDEO

THIS FALL

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### MORE MONKEYS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18  
moderate the massive influx of white-collar criminals and artists serving weekend sentences.

One state official, whose name was not known at press time, called the program an unprintable expletive.

However, another source close to the program, in an anonymous telephone interview, said of the new "Weekends Off" policy, "We're receiving a lot of complaints from our regulars that they come back Sunday night only to find their cells a mess and valuables missing."

Nevertheless, the overwhelming majority of pioneering correctional tactics have been welcomed as at least worth a try. Many actually have been worth that try.

For example, Massachusetts, after suffering a spate of negative publicity a couple of years ago, abandoned its traditional weekend furlough program in favor of a buddy system; early indications are that crime by prison buddies on furlough will be 25 percent less than both individuals would have been expected to commit separately. Intra-buddy violence is a problem but not a concern, officials there say.

And in New York City, the district attorney's office stopped prosecuting cases altogether when it was determined that accused lawbreakers were seven times more likely to commit repeat offenses while out on bail than if they were simply set free.

"When they're bailed out, they feel like they're on somebody else's time" was one explanation offered off the record.

The new policy seems to be working; for the first time in many years, crime in the nation's largest city is rising only arithmetically.

Perhaps no program has been more successful at reducing crime than the highly successful crime-reducing program launched in Madison, Wisconsin, one of the few remaining bastions of progressive thought in the Midwest and home of the University of Wisconsin Badgers. The Madison Program, as it is called, is based on the principle that "you should punish the crime and not the criminal," according to Susan Grunn, a local resident.

"Our philosophy is that rules are made to be broken," Grunn said the other day.

Since Madison rescinded its entire penal code in April, effectively making nothing illegal, the city's official crime rate has dropped to zero.

"Obviously," Grunn added.

Larry Doyle

### A PERSISTENT ADMIRER

"I've always admired your work, Mr. Maxtone-Graham, and I'd like to give you a blowjob."

I stood in my doorway nonplussed. So much for my peaceful afternoon.

"This is a joke, right? Did my wife put you up to this?"

"No," replied the young man, whose wire-rimmed glasses, backpack, and Amherst T-shirt made him the picture of the would-be writer. "I'm totally serious."

I ushered him into my study, dismissing the maid with a look that said "Don't go too far—this one might be a kook." Ascertaining that my stout blackthorn walking stick was close at hand, I sat down and bade my visitor do the same.

"I have a better idea," I said. "Why don't you give me some samples of your writing—something tells me that backpack's bursting with them. I'll read them, critique them, and maybe pass some on to the people at the magazine."

His eyes widened with gratitude, and I could see that my offer had steered us back onto the straight and narrow. Or so I thought.

"That would be great. But while you're reading my stuff, why don't I blow you?"

It was time to set my young admirer straight.

"There are a few things you should know about me. First of all, I have nothing against homosexuals—a lot of my friends and colleagues at the magazine are gay, it's the nature of the business. But I'm not. Once I thought I might be, but apparently it was just my blood-pressure medicine. I'm a straight, happily married man."

"I know that. I'm not gay either. I'm meeting my girlfriend in the park later—I'll show you a picture of her if you don't believe me. I just want to blow you because you're such a good

writer. You've given me pleasure, and I want to give something back."

I tried a different tack:

"If it's money you're after, you've come to the wrong place. Whatever you may have read to the contrary in the *Enquirer*, we magazine writers are very underpaid."

"I'm not after your money, I swear. If that's what you're worried about, I'd be happy to sign some kind of waiver before we, um, get started."

Whatever else I thought about this confounding young man, I couldn't fault his tenacity. I checked my watch—I was due to meet my wife at the tennis club in less than an hour. Realizing that acquiescence might in this case be the better part of valor, I began undoing my trousers.

"You've won your case, lad. Now make it quick, I have an appointment."

Setting aside his backpack, he fell to his knees beside the ottoman, then looked up:

"Sir?"

"Yes?"

"Don't come in my mouth, okay?"

Once again, I thought he was joking—he was, after all, an aspiring humor writer. But one look at his pleading mouth and beady little eyes told me he wasn't. I pulled my trousers up with my left hand, seized my walking stick with my right, and chased the rascal out the door, hurling his foolscap-stuffed backpack after him. I had scarcely locked the door and refastened my fly when the maid appeared at my elbow.

"I didn't like the looks of that one, sir. Did he hurt you?"

"No, Fiona, just a harmless nut."

"Thank goodness. There's just no peace for a well-known writer such as yourself. But I suppose most of these types are more talk than action."

"How right you are, Fiona. How right you are."

Ian Maxtone-Graham



"He comes with papers, all his shots, and, except for the cigars, he's completely housebroken."

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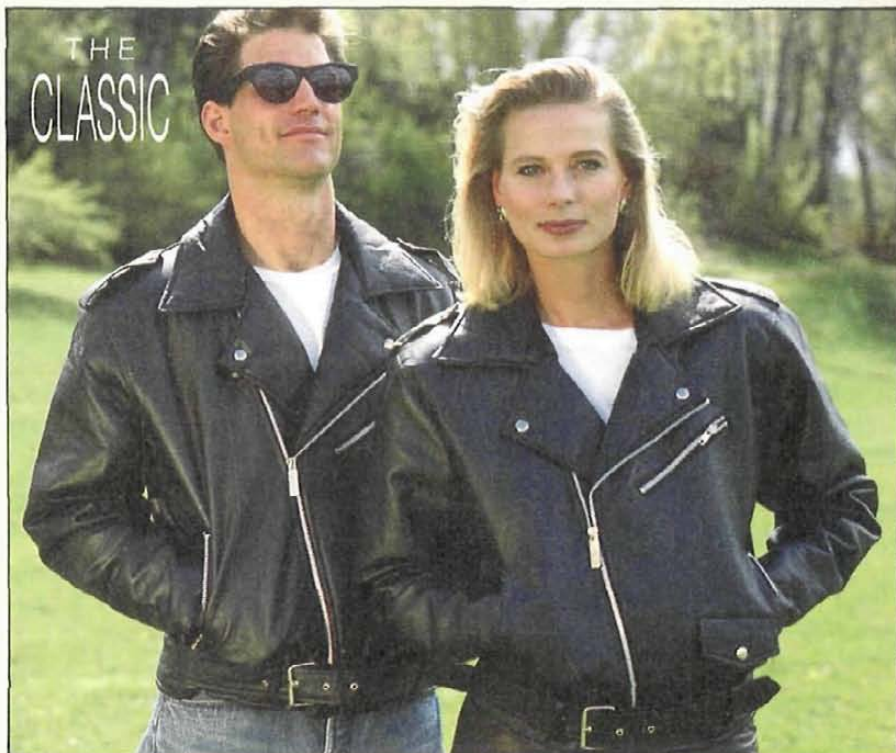
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# THE POTATO



## A CANDID REVIEW OF WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE PRESS

### We Hide Bad Things for Life

When General Electric took over NBC, few objections were raised by our free and independent press—which, of course, is by and large owned by conglomerates that defend liberty about as well as the Pillsbury Doughboy—a silence that's continued even as the presence of the feel-good weapons maker has become more visible on the network.

No one said anything in June when *Today's* new set featured a prominent GE refrigerator, out of which the suddenly friendly hosts were supposed to snack—probably because the sight of Bryant Gumbel saying, "Try the convenient crushed-ice feature, Katie" was too entertaining. And apparently everyone was on vacation in July, when Letterman bowed to the pressure and kept a GE lightbulb burning continuously ("Continuously, Paul!") throughout the month.

But now, with the Joe Ortello case, they've gone too far. Joe, as you may know, was a mid-level GE exec in charge of damage control. A local reporter started poking around some side effects of GE waste dumping in the Hudson River: kids who took a swim downstream were going bald, a dog took a drink out of the river and killed its own puppies—the usual dry investigative stuff they air only during non-sweeps months. But the next thing you know, the reporter's dead, poisoned by the very toxins found in the GE secretions. Here's the twist: the guy dies on the elevator outside Joe Ortello's office. The trial reveals even more juicy details (Ortello's secretary testified that Ortello sang the GE jingle "over and over" the day

of the murder), but since it's a media circus you've probably seen it already.

Unless you watch NBC.

Compare and contrast: the same night CBS devoted four minutes to the trial—for television news, the equivalent of a book—NBC launches a "Special Report" on "sensationalistic legal coverage in the media." The network did give the legal proceedings some airplay, however—showing a sweaty D.A. for twenty seconds on a "Daily Difference" segment titled "Harassing Corporations: Mischief or Malice?"

And a press release just crossed the desk announcing that Phylcia Rashad's character on *Cosby* is going to work for GE, defending it from "nuisance litigation." As the Potato's spouse says, "Oh, for God's sake."

### Where Was Roone?

Why does the press ignore cries to "take the gloves off"? Because they're too busy putting their kneepads on. Yes, it's the George Bush thing again.

Media investigations of Bush's roles in the October Surprise of '80 and Iran-contra have been admittedly cream-puff. The justification: no direct evidence. (But of course, if there were *direct evidence*, we wouldn't need an *investigation*, would we?) But, after the recent *Barbara Walters Tours the White House* special, it looks like it's gone from cream puff to waist-high wet kiss.

I guess everyone got suckered by the classic Bush misdirection, biting on the First Lady's "revelation" that "this bedroom is where I get it on with Nick Brady." (Though I did love Walters's reply: "But I thought he was Treasury secretary.") Lost in the confusion was this dialogue:

**Barbara Bush:** And this cigar is very special. It was given to George by the Cubans after he helped them get JFK.

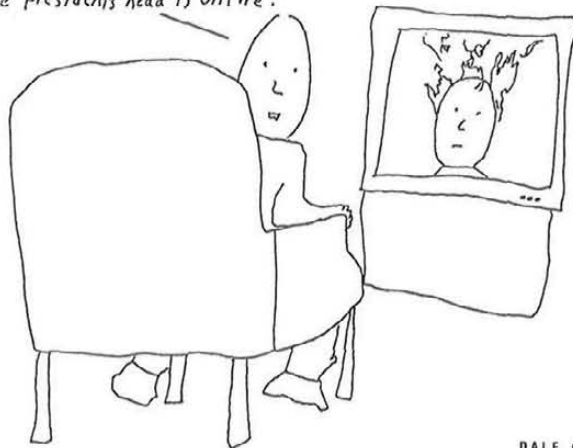
**B. Walters:** I see. Were the walls this color when you arrived?

The next day, of course, it was all about Barb and Brady—helpful graphic treatments of where and when they rendezvoused and so forth—but not a word about the *other* little slip-up, or about the big framed photograph of a grinning George giving a big bag of money to Manuel Noriega. I guess some gutters are more newsworthy than others.

### Potato Chips

Maybe those *60 Minutes* guys really are heroes, but that doesn't mean we need a fawning Morley Safer self-interview....Who reads the *New York Times*? Check out these page 1 features: "In a Changing World, Cab Etiquette Suffers"; "Another Service Crisis: The Maid's Day Off"; "Recession's Bright Side—Inexpensive Dining." *Muy ad nauseam*, adds the multicultural Potato....What's this the Potato hears about the Maddencruiser being more like a Mötley Crüe's tour bus than Trailways? Apparently there are a lot of dazed teenyboppers left behind at truck stops going "Wham!" and "Ooomf!"...Wishy-washy USA Today editorial sighting of the month: recent one on cannibalism undercut rare decisiveness—"Cannibalism is wrong"—with warnings against "unwarranted government intrusion".... On the other hand, the *Wall Street Journal's* "Congress: Lock 'Em Up" editorial was a little much perhaps....When a profile opens up with a woman-on-the-street saying, "I would go down on him," then you know Jimmy Carter's canonization can't be far off, especially when the CNN reporter then says, "And why not?"...As it turns out, not even swimsuits for Paula Zahn and Harry whatever-his-name-is can make CBS *This Morning* exciting. ■

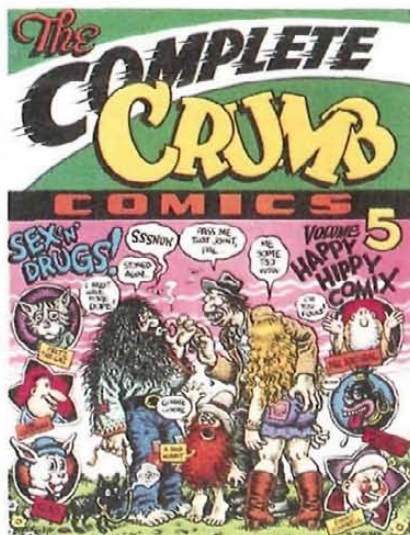
Hey, hurry up!  
The president's head is on fire!



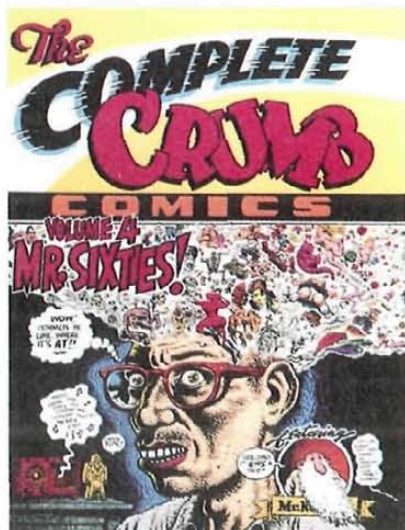
DALE GOODSON



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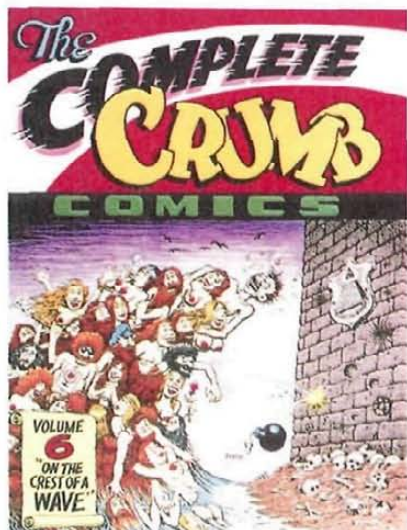
# THE UNSEEN CRUMB

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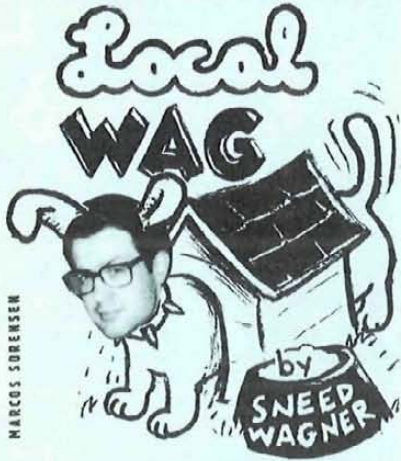
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"Men are but children of a larger growth."

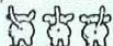
—Dryden

**Pinch Me:** That's what our own bachelor mayor squealed repeatedly during his ohsosurprising *née day soirée* out at the Red Heifer Beefbarn last Friday eve. A consuming politician, **Mayor Ed** moved and shaken from table to table, requesting his Big-Four-Oh B-day spankings from Manhattan's more-than-happy-to-oblige business and civic leaders, including longtime Ednemesi, **P. Greg Roberts**, who lost count and had to start over—three times.

Mayor Ed was beat red by the time he paddled over to the cheap seats, where the *Times-Caveat's* **Ron Peterson**, citing his journalistic credentials as a *real* reporter from Manhattan's *real* weekly, refused to "become part of the story." But **Wag** didn't mind one bit, though, and when our top public servant further requested "a pinch to grow an inch," we promptly complied—and **Wag**'ll be damned if His Honor didn't grow an inch, at least....

In town just for the B-bash: the mayor's former college bunkmate and longtime companion, **John Travolta**. The up-again-down-again-up-again-down-again-up-again actor, whose acting *ahem* career is currently down again, made a point of letting everyone know how heartbroken he was over the breakup of his recent engagement to whatshername. His Honor the B-day Boy appeared a tiny tad put out by this hetero-than-thou display, but hey, it's his party, he can poop if he wants to....

Later, in a private gathering closed to the media, His Poutiness bachelorpartied until nearly 1:00 a.m., male celeboding with Travolta, **Dick Sargent**, **Richard Chamberlain**, **Tom Cruise**, and the **Pet Shop Boys**.



**Still Dying:** Perky **Siobhan Mitchell**, Manhattan's own **Ryan White**, rallied out of her coma once again last week to make yet another bizarre last wish: to kiss the

hand of billionaire towhead **Macaulay Culkin**. Don't get **Wag** wrong—we'd love to lick the lad's delicate digits ourselves—but what made frisky little **Siobhan's** wish unusual was that she last emerged from consciousness back in August 1990, eons before the mega-sleeper *Home Alone*, meaning **Siobhan's** request must have been based on *Uncle Buck*....

Well, no sooner than you could say "Front-page banner in the Manhattan *Times-Caveat*," Master **Culkin's** private jetcopter was touching down in **Scott Johnson's** soybeans (for which **Scott** reports receiving a more than generous check), about 150 yards from Manhattan's own **Ronald McDonald House**. Master **Culkin** and his *enfantourage* sprinted to the feisty tyke's side only to find they were too late—former childstar **Fred Savage** had beaten them to the photo op, and the weekly *T-C* had long gone to bed itself, not to mention plucky **Siobhan**, who had slipped back into her accustomed twilight, thus sparing her from what not-so-mature-for-his-age Master **Culkin** did next....



**Self-Wagellation:** Just last month, **Wag** predicted that a certain music teacher's frequent duets (and, in one case, a quartet) with members of the pop/rock/heavy metal/reggae/rap/new age/folk contingent would prompt the federal **Centers for Disease Control** to open a branch office here. Well, the recent **Feelies** tour clinched it. "This is a situation that

bears watching," says **Dr. Sanford Mickle**, the epidemiologist assigned to head up the new office, "particularly with school starting up soon." The **CDC** outlet will mean five new jobs for the area....



**Self-Wagellation II: The Nose Knows:** Just as **Wag** scents it, **Mickey Rourke** was in town last month, for the world premiere of his new movie, *Motorcycle Joe and the Smoker*, which also stars **Don Johnson**, of being-married-to-**Melanie Griffith** fame. Why wasn't **Wag** invited? Because no one was: "We wanted to open the film quietly in just this one theater to generate word of mouth before taking it national," explained an **MGM** flickflack. The movie, which still can be seen at the **Manhattan Duplex** (by appointment only), was originally titled *Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man*, but attorneys for the **Boss Hog** and the **Horseman** felt the pic might "hurt their image."



**Wagola:** Due to the recent transfer of all new **Chevy Dingo** production to Manhattan's "sister plant" in **Puerto Negro, Mexico**, **UAW Local 289** will be holding its annual **Labor Day** parade at **Jessy's Budweiser Sign and Dance**.



**The Last Wag:** What prominent legitimate reporter from a *real* newspaper rented *Moistbusters* from the **Video Vortex** two weeks ago and has yet to return it?



**TRICK DICK:** Illinois native and U.S. president emeritus **Ronald Reagan** (left), wandering aimlessly across the state, stopped in Manhattan long enough to press flesh to plastic with the **Nixon 1992**, an automated campaign drone designed for nonstop campaign stumping. The animated **Dick** is the invention of local genius **Les Erganian**, who built the device in his garage using "hybrid organic-ester polymers" and an old Halloween mask. (Photo submitted by Les's equally well-preserved wife, **Pam**.)



JOHN  
**BELUSHI**

CHEVY  
**CHASE**

GILDA  
**RADNER**

BILL  
**MURRAY**

BILLY  
**CRYSTAL**

HAROLD  
**RAMIS**

Together Again On

THE  
**LOST**  
**TAPES**

COMING SOON!

**AND  
MORE**



**your  
ear**

## SPORTS DESK



with  
**ELI "SOCKS" GALLAGHER**

*Editor's note: Eli "Socks" Gallagher's copy did not arrive by press time. He claims he sent it, and he claims that he has a fax machine, but he won't give us its number. Filling in are National Book Award winner John Oakes and Colorado Writers Fellowship recipient T.R. Thornberry Kline, who need no introduction.*

The effects of the cult of the NCAA and the cult of the writing program are more the same than different. Both on the court and in the pages of the slim first semi-autobiographical minimalist novellette, the siren pull of the new big quick easy money can be plainly observed: the poison of materialism has seeped from the field house into the ground water of the academic creative community. The money-changers, if you will excuse an allusion perhaps both shopworn and shrill, are in the temple.

Here is the chilling evidence. The first example is from the "corrected" work of a second-year student at a prestigious state university.

The *Invader* is kicking again. In the clinic waiting room there is nothing to read but anti-smoking pamphlets. She runs her cigarette-stained fingers through her lank hair. How long has she been waiting? She remembers her grandmother. Trying to teach her to do the Find-A-Word. Her grandmother's graying nose han. Why is this taking so long? She looks down at her feet. She is wearing the Nike Huarache. Which provide exceptional balance. They are Comfortable. Innovative. They provide superior medial cushioning. Yet they weigh less than 9.5 ounces. The *Invader* moves again. She can feel it moving.

The student we spoke to could not recall composing the penultimate lines.

Another example, this from a writers' retreat in the Midwest Bad Lands.

Note the instructor's comments:

PHOEBE SITS BEHIND AN ENORMOUS DESK. HER CLOTHING AND MANNER DENOTE A FANTASTIC AMOUNT OF PRESTIGE AND SUCCESS. MATT'S CLOTHES ARE RAGGED. PERHAPS HE HAS A SMALL AMOUNT OF WHAT APPEARS TO BE SHIT ON HIS HEAD.

MATT

Phoebe, how could I have been so wrong?

PHOEBE

You should have thought of that before, instead of just sleeping with me and then laughing and telling everyone about it. You may have thought that I really liked you, but that just shows you how stuck up you are. Now everyone is laughing at you instead of me.

MATT

I see now that I am scum. And to think I almost lived my whole life without knowing what a big mistake I made. Forgive me?

PHOEBE

Now that I am over you you are not over me? Then I guess that it is your turn to cry.

CURTAIN

Teacher's note:

This is wonderful stuff—I can't help but wonder if you are writing from some sort of personal experience???? One suggestion: what if the scene were changed to a weight room? Then Phoebe could wear the Reebok Pump SXT Strength Cross Trainer; its broad base makes it perfect for circuit training. And it would surround her feet with custom fit. Matt could wear the Reebok Pump CXT Court Cross Trainer—it has good lateral support, protection, and conditioning for his quick stops and starts. Make these changes and you have an A+ little performance on your hands.

The cynic would suggest that nothing is wrong. The cynic would suggest

that the university exists to reach a trade. That the increasing professionalism of the writer and the athlete is, after all, a command from the voice of the people. But who can be nourished by such cynical philosophy? Is money really everything? Isn't there something both fragile and precious about the amateur, something near-sacred? And isn't that worth protecting?

**About the authors:** John Oakes's first work, *What Is This Thing, and What Does It Weigh?*, was nominated for the Pulitzer Prize in 1961. It received the National Book Critics Circle Award, the National Book Award, the PEN/Faulkner Award, the Booker Prize, the O. Henry Award, the Levinson Prize from Poetry Magazine, the Pushcart Prize 1961, the Canadian Governor-General's Literary Award, the Italian Premi Feltrinelli 1961, the Ernest Hemingway Foundation Award, and the French Prix Femina Etranger. Oakes has been elected to the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters. He is a Neil Gunn Fellow of the Scottish Arts Council and a former chairman of PEN. He is currently working on his second book.

T.R. Thornberry Kline holds a Ph.D. in creative writing from Columbia University. He has studied writing at Bread Loaf, the Yaddo writers' colony, the Iowa Writers' Workshop, at Johns Hopkins with John Barth, at Syracuse with Joyce Carol Oates, at Goucher College with Madison Smart Bell and Elizabeth Spires, and at the Warren Wilson College MFA Program for Writers with Stephen Dobyns. He has been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship, a Wallace E. Stegner Fellowship, a Fiction Fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts, a Mildred and Harold Strauss Living Award, a Mississippi Institute of Arts and Letters Award for Literature, a Minnesota State Arts Board Grant, and a Colorado Writers Fellowship. This is his first published work. ■



"Not only are we movers, we're Shakers."

# Kyle Baker's PETTY AND VINDICTIVE FUNNIES



## WHERE ARE THEY NOW? ME VERSUS THEM A PARTIAL LIST



**MARTIN CASTIGLIA**  
Teacher who gave me an "F" in English.  
**WHERE IS HE NOW?**  
He is old and feeble, still teaching and earns less than a "Burger King" manager, while I am a published author working on my third book.



**MARK NEVELOW**  
Former president of

Piranha Press, edited *Why I Hate Saturn*. Harassed and abused me mercilessly.  
**FAMOUS QUOTE:**  
"You're running out of friends in this business, Kyle."  
**WHERE IS HE NOW?**  
He is washed up in this business, has virtually no friends in this business (only one at last count), and has been replaced as president. He is now working a computer for a designer who I will discuss in a future column. I, on the other hand, have more friends than

ever in this business. *Why I Hate Saturn* is a big hit, is being developed for television, and *Rolling Stone* voted me the "Hottest Cartoonist of 1991!"



**SARAH ADLER**  
Editor of *True War Conspiracy*. Fired me. Publicly slandered me, almost destroying my career.  
**WHERE IS SHE NOW?**  
Her book is selling

poorly, and she is currently suffering terrible personal and domestic tragedy. I, however, enjoy better sales than ever, and a fulfilling personal life (see beautiful girlfriend). Also, I have moved to Hollywood, while Sarah lives in a poor section of Cleveland!



**MIKE MIGNOLA**  
Used to hang out with me until I found out he was badmouthing me

behind my back.  
**WHERE IS HE NOW?**  
*He thinks he's my friend!* SURPRISE!  
HA HA HA!



**SHARON MELENDEZ**  
Ex-girlfriend. Abused and belittled me. Dumped me for a guitar player.  
**WHERE IS SHE NOW?**  
*I hear she's dying of cancer!* HA HA HA!  
God, Sharon, I hope you read this in time.



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*Board of Regents*

*President*



# This is it! The other half of the FREE offer from *National Lampoon....*

Put the right half together with the left half (which appeared in last month's issue of NATIONAL LAMPOON) and send the completed diploma, along with the following information, to: Subscription Dept., National Lampoon, 155 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10013.

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We'll send you next month's issue of National Lampoon with our compliments. Missed last month's outrageous Going Places issue? Send us \$2.95, and this coupon, and we'll rush it to you. Plus we'll send you next month's college issue for FREE!

# Coming of Age?

## MATURITY REALLY WORKS

EVERYWHERE, U.S.A. — What turns today's kids on? Maturity, as social scientists nationwide are pleased to find out.

"The kids are taking to it like flies to honey, and no wonder," says Dr. Jackie Harris of Chicago's Institute of Maturation. "It's practical, it's exciting, it gets the job done. When you ask them about reasoned judgment, patience, and the ability to put up with what they can't control, the numbers jump right off the board."

And this shift of attitude couldn't be more timely. According to Joe Scott-Barker of the Accelerate Into Maturity Movement (AIMM), "It's no secret that [America] is facing tough times. The last thing we need is a lot of young people—or even adults, for that matter—crying 'Me first! I don't want to grow up! I want to stay on my back porch and let my parents or employers care for me!'"

### What Is Maturity?

But exactly what is "maturity"? According to Dr. Harris, maturity can be defined psychologically as a state of equilibrium between the ego and the superego. In layman's terms, maturity is when we realize the time has come to put aside childish preoccupations with ourselves and start to fit in with society.

"It can sound pretty complicated to a youngster," says Scott-Barker. "They're often surprised to learn it's been going on for years. Unfortunately, nature's way seems to be inefficient and random at best. Look at many of the so-called 'adults' around these days: what they need is a good talking-to. We can't afford to lose the next generation of kids to a perpetual state of immaturity."

### Portrait in Maturity

"Except for added physical strength, everything about being 'grown up' was unappealing to me. I was reminded of Groucho Marx's droll comment 'I wouldn't belong to any club that would have me as a member.' Still, at the urging of my older brother—a Marine who served in Operation Desert Storm—I decided to give maturity a shot. Now I have my own patio-repair business. This is one club I think even Groucho would have been proud to belong to."

Bob Atherton, age twelve

### The Solution: Young People Choose Early Maturity

AIMM has gone a long way to correct America's immaturity crisis. With counseling centers around the country and traveling presentations at schools and group homes, AIMM has brought its message of hope to hundreds of thousands of young and immature people. The response has been astounding.

"I was skeptical, naturally," says Anne Latimer, eleven, of New Haven, Connecticut. "I thought being a preteen was pretty fun. But now that I'm fully mature, I see the difference. It's like comparing generic beer to a dry, crisp martini."

Today, after counseling with AIMM "peer volunteers," Anne enjoys mature pastimes like cocktail parties and home decorating with her fellow early matures. "And more importantly," she adds, "I'm looking forward to joining America's work force."

In fact, bringing maturity back into the community is at the core of AIMM's work, Scott-Barker states. "The fact is, kids like the things adults like: making money, socializing, sleeping around, you name it. If we can get more kids to approach these activities with mature attitudes, we'll all benefit."

Young Anne Latimer agrees. "A lot of my immature friends ask, 'What's the point? Society sucks.' What a childish cop-out! Sometimes I feel like turning them over my knee."

Scott-Barker would rather she turn them over to one of AIMM's distinctive office-shaped drop-off stations that are scattered in city parks and convenience-store parking lots around the country. There, AIMM volunteers show immature people exactly how easy and exciting maturity really is. Effective? Ask Anne Latimer, whose parents dropped her at the Hamden Shopstrip Plaza AIMM drop-off five months ago. "I raise my glass to Bob and Marge, to whom I'm eternally grateful. I'm living proof that maturity really works."



RALPH REESE

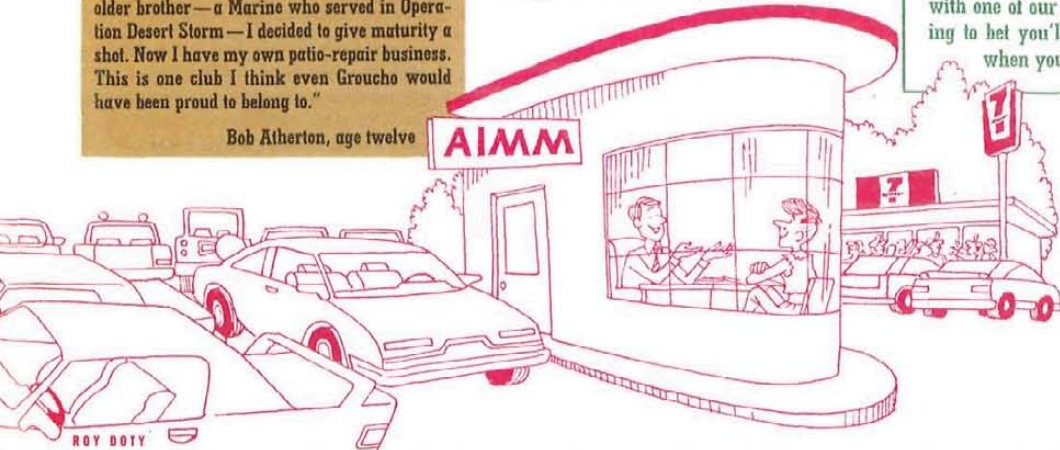
### A Personal Welcome

BY JOE SCOTT-BARKER, CHAIRMAN,  
ACCELERATE INTO MATURITY MOVEMENT (AIMM)

**Y**OU'RE making choices about your life. Maybe they're choices to experiment with adult things like drinking, sex, independence—even delinquency. And maybe you've heard that all the pain and self-consciousness you're experiencing are a natural part of growing up. Well, take it from me, it doesn't have to be that way.

Because with AIMM's "Early Maturity Program," kids from the fifth to the ninth grade are discovering the rewards of slaying in control—recreationally, professionally, societally. They're learning that, from early pregnancy to debt consolidation, from bad tennis to heavy drinking, there's nothing a mature person can't handle. Most important, they're learning that maturity isn't an age, but an attitude. A "can-do, will-do, must-do" attitude.

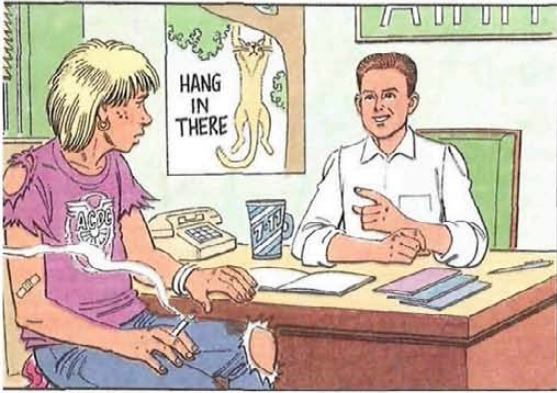
And now you can have that attitude. Take a minute to read this advertorial. If you find yourself nodding your head in agreement, drop in at an AIMM drop-off station, or call 1-900-GROWN-UP and chat with one of our Peer Volunteers. I'm willing to bet you'll hang up a lot older than when you dialed.



ROY DOTY

# On the Road to Maturity

## ONE TEEN'S TALE



by Mark Haggert, age thirteen

It's kind of ironic that the reason I first ventured into the AIMM drop-off center in the 7-Eleven parking lot was to case it for a rob-and-destroy job later that night. At the time, my clique's M.O. was to take what we could carry and trash what we couldn't.

Wow!—what a shock. Rob was supposed to have died in a suicide pact with his girlfriend. Instead, he was the AIMM Peer Volunteer manning the station. Even though I was high at the time, I found him really easy to talk to—not interested in doing some mind-control number, but just talking one-on-one.

Apparently, the girlfriend really had died, but Rob tragically survived and was forced to face life alone. I felt I could relate to this "fucked-up" situation. He said maturity was what had saved him. I was still a little gun-shy, I guess, but I promised Rob I'd read his AIMM literature.



A few more talks with Rob and my whole perspective began to change. I began to wonder why I was sneaking around taking liquor from my neighbors and smashing their taillights. Rob said it was to get adults to acknowledge my existence—the very acknowledgment all mature people get automatically. Suddenly, I wanted out, I wanted to grow up.

Since my parents had kicked me out of the house for stealing and I was living with my grandparents, I wasn't sure how I could get my dad to help me pay for the AIMM acceleration program. Rob suggested we all get together to discuss our options. My parents were a little confused at first, but after Rob showed Dad a great new putting grip, and gave Mom a tasty recipe for white sangria, they were won over. And Dad especially liked the part about the tuition for AIMM's acceleration program being 75 percent tax-deductible.



Accelerating into maturity was probably the hardest three weeks of my life—and withdrawal didn't help. But the professionals at the AIMM Institute in Omaha really know what they're doing. From dawn until dusk I followed a rigorous regimen of maturation, which included classes in patience, personal finances, sex, and manners. Plus I attended the nightly "heart-to-hearts" led by maturity experts and recent graduates of the AIMM Institute. Here I am running an obstacle course while protecting a fragile egg—one of the thought-provoking ways AIMM teaches people about responsibility and the frailty of life. I did a lot of growing up before I finally tripped on some tires.

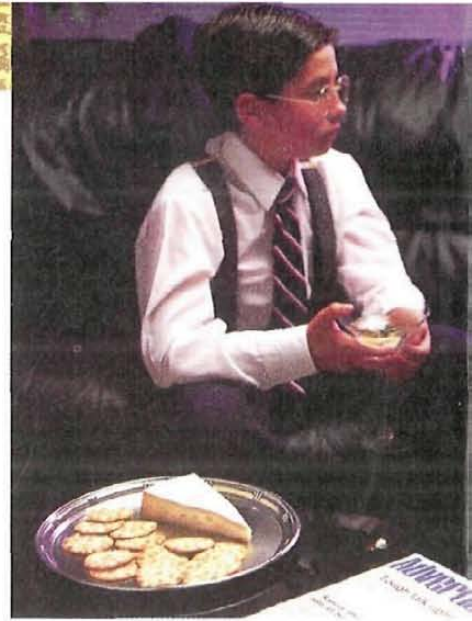
Before AIMM, I would have called a person running an obstacle course while protecting an egg an asshole, or a dick. Now I think I'd call that person an adult—someone willing to take risks without worrying about what other people think.



Well, I never would've thought this could happen to me! I'm back in school, and I even got a job at the supermarket. The pay's not so great, but at least in produce you get out with the shoppers. And, because of my new maturity, I have the desire (and the time-management skills) to give something back. You guessed it—I'm an AIMM Peer Volunteer myself. It's a great way to unwind after work, and when a burnout doing nothing with his life comes in to talk, it gives me a great feeling.

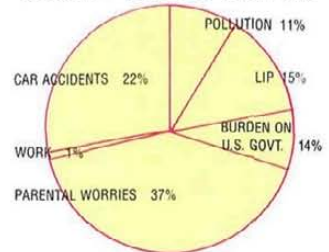
And that's not all—I get along great with my parents, I have a new girlfriend I met at an AIMM picnic, and schoolwork is no longer a chore, but a challenge that helps me in my personal growth process. Sure, it's not the thrill of a lifetime, but then, I wouldn't want it to be!

You know, technically speaking, it wasn't so long ago that I was on the other side of this desk. But truth be told, it feels like years. Thanks, AIMM!



### What You Give Back to Society

"NORMAL" FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD



### ACCELERATED MATURE FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD

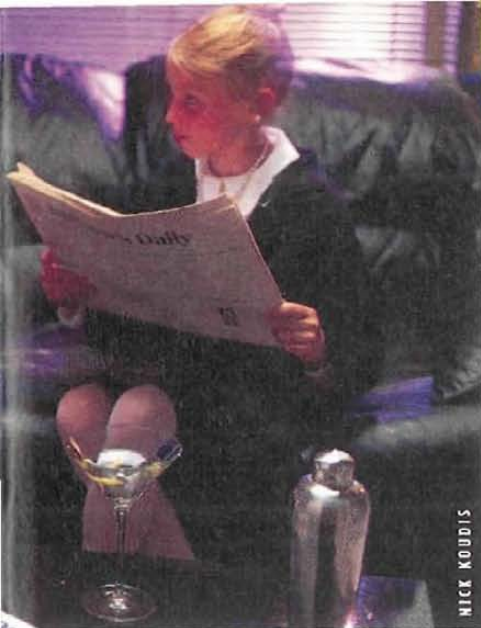


### Portrait in Maturity

"Rebellion was really my thing—not just anything to shake up my parents, but an overall negative perception about what was going on in society, like racism. It wasn't till my folks took me to an AIMM drop-off station that I understood that 'social consciousness' is another self-centered pose. Racism and all those other problems have been around a lot longer than Mary Dunbar has, and they'll be around after she's gone, too. You just have to take things as they come—that's the lesson maturity's taught me."

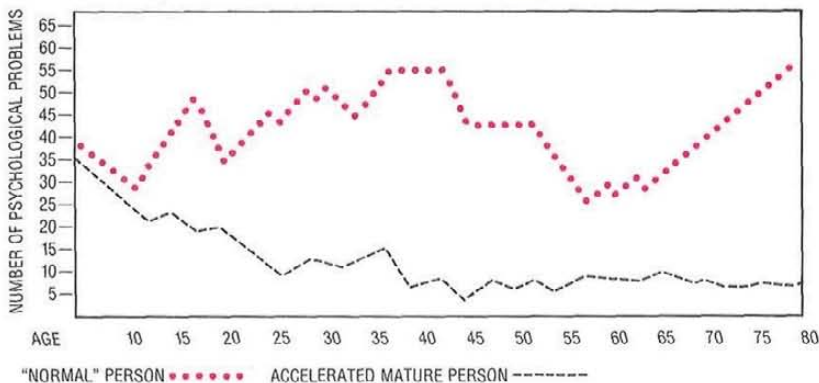
Mary Dunbar, age eleven

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH REESE



NICK KOUDIS

## Comparison of Psychological Problems



## Portrait in Maturity

"Some people, like my parents, talk about 'freedom to.' Freedom to drink, freedom to experiment with their relationships. But maturity gives you 'freedom from.' Freedom from the constant pressure to 'do what you feel.' Now I drink because I enjoy it; I drive because I want to get somewhere; and sex is an intimate, exciting experience for me and my partner, not a regrettable encounter that could destroy a family. What's more, I've discovered I even like liver after all! Frankly, I wish I'd found maturity years ago."

Tom Goethe, age ten



ROY DOTY

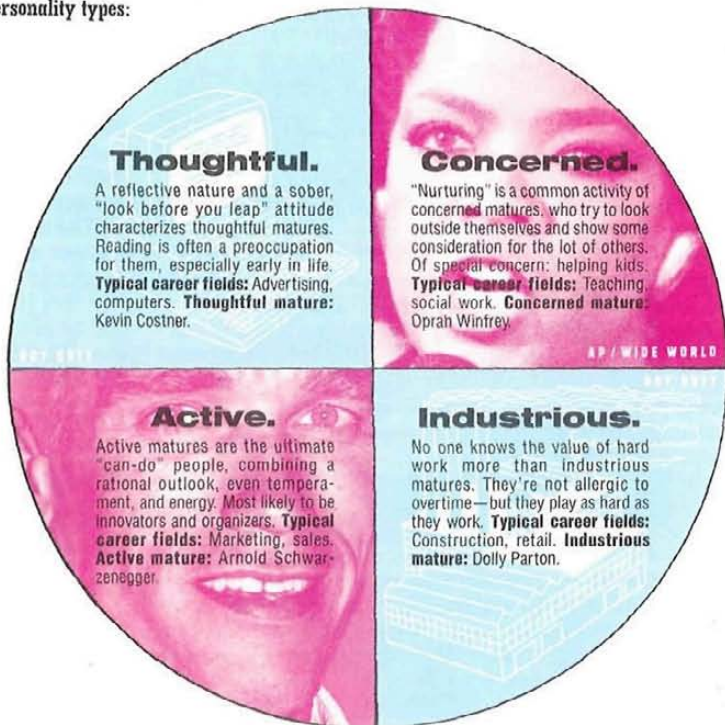
## Mature Audiences Only

### Things Adults Do—and Like

- ✓ **MOVIES** Mature people's taste (*Gandhi, Dances with Wolves*) remarkably similar to Oscar's.
- ✓ **WATCHING TV** Just like you!
- ✓ **READING BESTSELLERS** *The Hunt for Red October*? Loved it!
- ✓ **EATING AND DRINKING** Mature people have a standing reservation for "the finer things in life."
- ✓ **SOCIALIZING** At cocktail parties, bridge parties, dinner parties... get the picture?
- ✓ **HOBBIES**
- ✓ **COMMUNITY ACTIVITIES** From parks to PTAs, where there's something that needs doing, mature people get it done!
- ✓ **INVESTMENTS** Those stock portfolios require concentration—so start concentrating!
- ✓ **ON THE JOB** The secret ingredient for a happy, motivated workplace? Maturity!

## Mature People Not All the Same, Say Experts

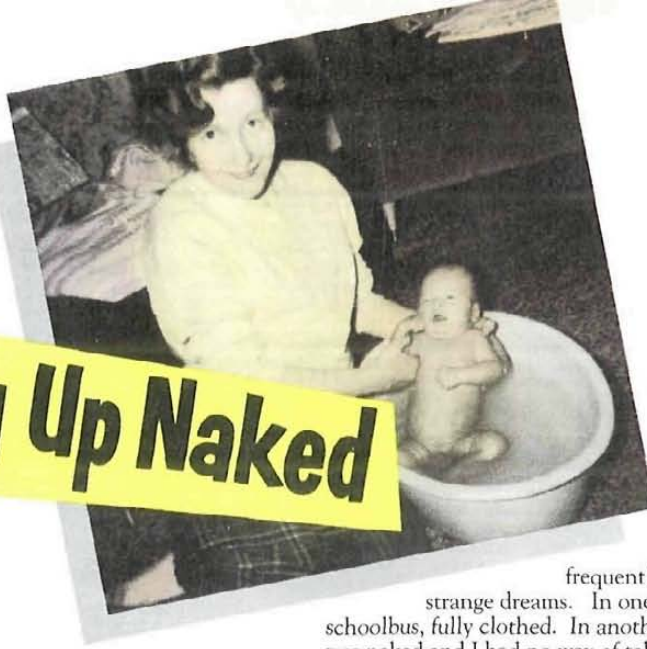
"Immature hostility to adulthood often stems from fear of losing individuality—the perception that all adults are the same," says Dr. Jackie Harris of the Institute of Maturation. Mature traits are as distinct as the celebrities who embody them. Here are the four basic mature personality types:



**BUT ALL MATURES HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON—AND THAT'S A POSITIVE ATTITUDE!**

by David  
Samuels

# Growing Up Naked



## Part Two: School Daze

No sooner did I enter John F. Kennedy Junior High, named to honor the son of our martyred president, than I began to go through changes. At night I

frequently awoke in the middle of strange dreams. In one, I found myself on the schoolbus, fully clothed. In another, everyone in school was naked and I had no way of telling them apart.

I also began to suffer from uncontrollable erections. They would strike without warning, most often with women but sometimes also with men. Because of my unique situation, I took care to exercise self-restraint. I avoided petting animals or watching TV. Certain classes were also off-limits—biology, with its explicit textbook diagrams, English, because of Ms. Dana, and history, where words like “intercourse,” “bust,” and “erected” had been underlined in the textbook by previous students.

I stopped going to school altogether, preferring to sit for days alone in my room, my nakedness invisible at last to the eyes of my peers. I missed school, though, and I missed my friends. After three weeks I had formed a plan. Only by exposing myself completely, I realized, could I ever gain the full acceptance I so desperately desired.

The day I returned, all the students were already in the auditorium, gathered for the big pep rally before the game against our archrival, Country Day. The trumpets blew, banners flew, drums stuttered, and the cheerleaders danced and twirled onstage. Unnoticed by my classmates, I snuck into the back row, a carefully hand-painted cloth between my legs.

The cheerleaders formed a kick line for the final number, raising their legs faster and faster in perfect unison. I began to stiffen. Soon, the red and gold of John F. Kennedy Junior High jutted magnificently from my waist, and as students and teachers stared open-mouthed, I was passed hand-over-hand through the audience and up onto the stage. I understood for the first time that, if you are comfortable with yourself, other people will be comfortable with you. We fear not what we see, but that which is hidden from our vision. I was to carry this lesson with me through the ups and downs of the years that followed.

## Introduction

I was born naked. Those around me, from parents to schoolmates to coworkers, led dressed lives, wearing everything from gray suits to silk pajamas, both indoors and out. I can recall seeing them without clothes on only a very few occasions.

What follows may touch you. It may shock you, or make you extremely angry. These reactions are natural, as natural as my life, a life lived the way God made me.

What follows is the story of my life in the nude.

## Part One: The Wonder Years

From day one, my parents were accepting and positive about my lifestyle. More than that, they made me feel loved. Clothes were a secondary concern, as irrelevant to true happiness as the make of one's car or the color of one's skin.

Up until the sixth grade my mother would buy clothing and leave it on my bed—rayon shirts from Sears, blue Keds, all in sizes too big. But unlike the mothers of other children, she never made me wear these things to class.

My early years were spent in the planned suburban community of Shady Tree. People from many lands lived together in perfect harmony. The Jewish rabbi told Gentile children stories of the accomplishments of great Jewish heroes like Sandy Koufax, who refused to pitch in a World Series game that fell on Yom Kippur. The Protestant pastor met Thursday evenings with the Men's Club at the synagogue, to distribute the same stock tips and golf instruction he'd offered his own congregation the previous Sunday.

In this tolerant environment I grew up, and I flourished. On the next block over from us, Shady Lane, lived a boy with muscular dystrophy. Two blocks down lived a family of blacks. My nudity was a zesty soupçon in the suburban melting pot. Sure, there were parents who wouldn't let me join play groups or eat at their houses, but these were usually the same parents who refused to allow their children to play with blacks or Jews. There were taunts and, once, a pair of Levi's set on fire on our front lawn. Few in the community paid them much mind.

Such were my early years—serene, happy, surrounded by kind neighbors and playmates, our differences of race, creed, or dress knit together in the all-inclusive quilt of cultural diversity.







### Part Three: Sexual Intercourse

Sex and clothing are connected in many ways. The male desire for sex, especially among younger men, turns out to be nothing more than the desire to remove, piece by piece, the clothing of a woman. Only when the clothing is gone, we feel, do we find out what's underneath, a feeling that often leaves people together, naked and sad, wondering whether the whole thing wasn't just a mistake.

While high school was a time of self-doubt, I felt perfectly at home with women, particularly Clarissa Richards. Her body was mine from the first night she brought me home.

Ill at ease, I walked in the door of the Richardses' split-level ranch house. Mrs. Richards, a plate of cookies in her hand, greeted me warmly. "Can I get you something?" she asked.

I said no thank you, and she asked again. I smiled back, and said that I was fine. Satisfied, she shrugged and said that it was nice to meet me. We then sat down to a delicious supper and discussed my career plans. I said that I wanted to go to law school, after which I planned to join a good firm in the city.

After dinner, Mr. Richards took me for a walk outside, where we discussed the hazards and responsibilities of sexual intercourse. He said that copulation was natural for a young man, but that if he caught his daughter having sex she'd be in trouble. He said that if I ever wanted to talk about something I should come to him, and that if I got his daughter pregnant he'd pay for the abortion himself, after which, he said, I should probably leave town. The condoms, he said, were in the family-room cabinet, right next to where he kept his guns.

That night, as I lay under a quilt in the darkened den, I heard a tap at the glass door. Throwing off the quilt, I slid the door open and stepped onto the patio, my naked body bathed in moonlight. Before me stood Clarissa, her pale face framed by the budding blossoms of the backyard rose garden. We kissed and fell to the ground, thorns scratching at our thighs, leaving long red marks up and down our bodies.

It has been my observation that many people believe nudity and sex to be somehow connected, as if, stripped of clothing, people would fall on each other in the street and have intercourse. Nothing could be further from the truth. Naked people spend hours enjoying activities like reading and sports, while lascivious people often enjoy each other with clothing on.

Though not ashamed of being naked, Clarissa

preferred the gentler pleasures of intimate conversation to actual sex. We talked about everything under the sun: sports, literature, philosophy, natural science, cunnilingus, fellatio, and international affairs. I spoke of my childhood dreams of rock superstardom; she discussed our national debt with fervor. I find it inconceivable that we could have talked about such subjects clothed, nor can I imagine that sexual intercourse would have improved our relationship.

Senior year we broke up, and I remember little else about my high school years.

### Part Four: This Side of Paradise

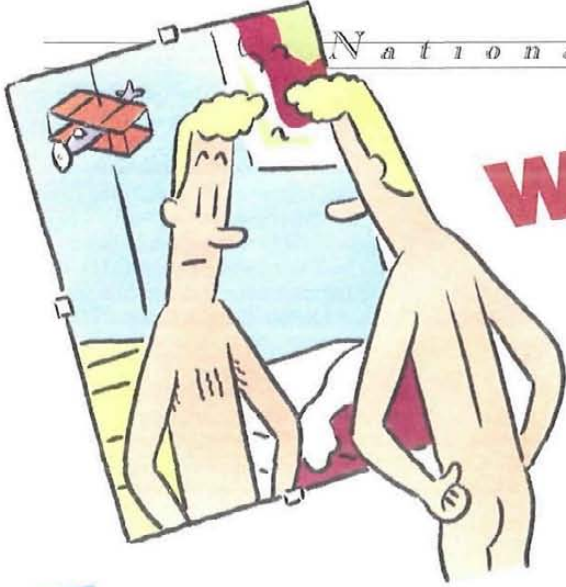
Our guidance counselor, Mrs. Kaplan, occupied a special place in our school, a converted closet decorated with the yearbook photos of students who had gone on to Harvard and Yale. After reviewing my record and talking with me about my plans, she suggested I might be happiest at a small liberal arts college instead of a large state school, where, she said, *less individual attention is paid to students*. That fall found me at Spence College in Vermont.

For me, as for most young Americans, college was a time of experimentation and alternative lifestyles. This meant a constant round of garden parties, debutante balls, and vacations spent at the homes of the very rich. I had neither money nor social background in common with these people. I see now that I was their plaything. Back then, we were simply friends. Inspired by my example, the men would strip down to shorts and shoes—no shirts, socks, or jackets required. I grew my hair long, smoked pot, and wore the bow ties, hunting caps, and penny loafers favored by my companions. Slowly but surely, I began to change.

One morning I passed by a mirror and stopped, struck speechless by my appearance. My eyes were red, I sniffled, a black- and-orange bow tie hung limply around my neck, a stained black cummerbund, a reminder of the previous evening, circumscribed my waist. A pair of Argyle socks, yellow and gray, struggled up my legs, covering my ankles and muffling my feet. The whole was topped by a crushed fedora. Something had gone terribly, painfully wrong. With a cry of self-loathing I stripped this entire accumulation off my body, until I stood as clean as the day I had entered the wrought-iron gates of Spence. I then turned my face to the sky and howled, mourning the passing of an innocence I would never recapture.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69





# WHAT'S Happening TO Me?

**Y**ou're growing up, and a lot of things are changing—your voice is getting deeper, you're seeing hair in some brand-new places, girls seem a little less like pests and more like people you'd like to spend time around, and you may also be experiencing occasional swelling and discomfort in your groin.

*I am! Does that mean I'm sick or abnormal?*

No, not at all. All boys your age experience "hard times," also known as "boys' periods." They're part of growing up, they'll help you have children someday, and they're just one of those things in life you gotta put up with.

*You mean like chores and homework?*

That's right.

*When I get a "hard time" at school, it's pretty embarrassing. Girls tease me and stuff.*

Sometimes girls will be like that. Since they don't get "hard times," they don't realize how uncomfortable they can be.

And sometimes girls your age can be mean about things like that.

*They sure can. But I guess they'll grow out of it, huh?*

Well, some of them will.

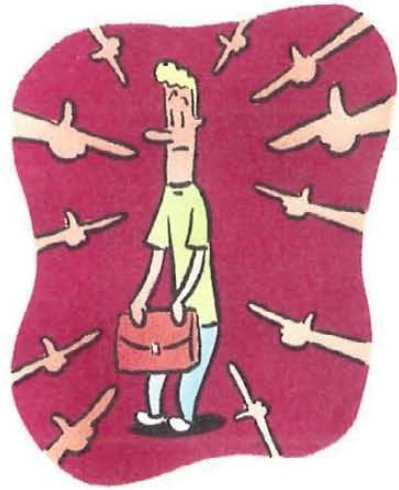
*What do I do when I get a "boys' period" at school? Should I go home?*

No, that's not necessary anymore. On staff at all junior-high and high schools in your district is a Boys' Health Care Pro-

some magazines. Then he'll leave you alone, and you can make the swelling and discomfort go away in privacy. You may want to rest for a few minutes afterward; then you can go back to class. You'll probably find it a lot easier to concentrate, and by state and federal law, you won't be penalized for the class time you missed.

*Penalized?*

You won't be punished.



fessional, or BHCP, who understands just how uncomfortable and embarrassing "hard times" can be. If you get a "hard time" during class, simply ask to be excused and go to your BHCP's office. You can tell him all about your problem, and he'll help you take care of it.

*Wait, he's not going to "mo" me, is he?*

No, he's been carefully screened, and he won't "mo" you or touch you in any way. BHCPs are kind of like your dad, except you can say dirty words with them.

*What's he going to do?*

He'll show you into a comfortable room with a small cot, some sodas, and maybe

*Thanks! You've cleared up a lot of questions I had. And you know what else? All this talk is giving me a "hard time."*

That's perfectly normal.

*But now I don't feel embarrassed at all!*



# THE BILLY MURPHY GAZETTE

## ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT WILLIAM ANDREW MURPHY

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1991

A NOTE TO OUR READERS: AS ALWAYS, PLEASE MAKE SURE NOT TO LEAVE THIS LYING AROUND WHERE BILLY MIGHT FIND IT.

### PUBERTY FORECAST

BY BILLY'S MOM

Billy continues to blossom into manhood. This last week I've noticed the tufts of hair under his arms thickening significantly, and this has been accompanied by a very grown-up odor that unfortunately Billy has not yet noticed. I don't think he's been making as much headway in other areas, though, since he still beats up his sister for calling him a "bald eagle." Finally, Billy has been trying to hide the fact that his voice is squeaking as it changes, mumbling in a way that's adorable and cute but that probably reinforces his tendency toward shyness. (So all you children in Billy's classes, I would appreciate it when he mumbles at you or does not answer, if you would tell him to speak up. I've found it works for me.)

**SELF-TOUCHING:** Billy touched himself eleven times this week, as far as I could tell. This seems to be part of a rising trend (pardon the awful pun), as expressed in the accompanying graph.

Furthermore, Billy has become more concerned lately that his father and I

know he is touching himself, and tries to hide it in an almost endearing way. About half the time now, Billy does his business in the upstairs bathroom. He runs the shower to drown out noise, then crouches under the sink with a toothbrush and toothpaste in his mouth so that if Michael or I force the door we will merely think he is brushing his teeth while crouching under the sink.

and female, eat the box lunches they have prepared for each other. But by the time Billy got up the courage to ask little Michelle Needleman to be his Box Lunch Companion, she had already promised herself to another boy, and the rest of the girls were taken too. So I ended up being Billy's special friend on that day, and he ate at my desk with me. Billy's crush on Michelle remains



FRED WINKOWSKI



FRED WINKOWSKI

The lunch that Billy built.

unabated. Here's a note he sent to Michelle during Quiet Time (corrections mine).

Dear Michell,  
 I really really love you blot  
 and woud marry you and  
woud beat up anyone who was  
 mean to you, like Super Marn  
 LIKE SUPERMAN IN BEATING  
 UP PEOPLE WHO WERE MEAN  
 TO MICHELLE, OR ARE YOU  
 SAYING YOU WOULD  
 BEAT UP SUPERMAN  
 IF HE WERE MEAN  
 TO HER?  
 love,  
 Billy

Taken from the upcoming PBS documentary *A Solitary Vice: The Sexual Awakening of William A. Murphy*, to be shown in a preview screening to medical professionals and educators from across the state, as well as all area boys' and girls' gym classes, on Friday in the William Jennings Bryan Elementary School gymnasium.

### CRUSH UPDATE

BY MRS. SCARROZA, BILLY'S TEACHER

**CURRENT CRUSH:** Michelle Needleman, for the twenty-fourth straight week.

Last Wednesday in our class we held our annual Box Lunch Party. On this day we decorate the classroom with streamers, and pairs of students, male

Sweet, certainly, but getting close to smart Michelle might make Billy feel bad about his poor academic performance, and might even frustrate him, preventing improvement. It also might drag Michelle's grades down. So I took the liberty of advising Michelle that spelling-bee champ Andrew Wu would be a far more appropriate match for her. She told me she was not the least bit interested in Billy anyway.

AUG. 24th TO 31st	
SEPT. 1st TO 7th	
SEPT. 8th TO 14th	
SEPT. 15th TO 21st	( PROJECTION ) 

FRED WINKOWSKI

= 4 ACTS OF MASTURBATION

BILLY'S CRUSHES: A HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE	
ONE YEAR AGO TODAY: Alice Anders	FIVE YEARS AGO TODAY: Mrs. Ruth Jackson, Vice-Principal in Charge of Disciplinary Matters

**BILLY'S CALENDAR**  
UPCOMING EVENTS OF INTEREST  
TO BILLY

SEPTEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

**SEPTEMBER 19:**

**BILLY'S BIRTHDAY!!!** — Billy will be twelve big years old. Suitable presents include underwear (to replace those pairs he has stained; see *Nocturnal Emissions* sidebar to the *Puberty Forecast* in the August 17 issue) and woolen shirts in bright plaids.

**SEPTEMBER 24:**

**ANNIVERSARY OF BILLY'S DOG'S DEATH** — Billy celebrates this day by going out to Bucky's grave in the backyard and having a good cry. He will appreciate your company.

**SEPTEMBER 30:**

**DENTIST'S APPOINTMENT** — Will Billy need braces? We'll soon find out.

**SPORTSWATCH: BILLY**

BY MR. RUTGER MESSER, HEAD GYM TEACHER OF WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

The fall of 1991 should be a banner season for Billy Murphy athletics. Based on a long summer of practice, we think it's very likely he'll finally master the art of the unopposed lay-up by the end of the school year. Billy is also gaining in physical courage—he no longer cries when hit in dodge ball, and in a recent game of Capture the Flag, he actually ventured into "enemy" territory! Don't worry, though—there'll be more than enough air balls, chokes, and trips to fill the sports portion of the 1991 *Billy's Bloopers* videotape.

It is also pleasing to note an ebb in the contempt felt toward Billy by his teammates and playmates, though this may be the result of the arrival of learning-disabled transfer student

Hubert Zbinski from Aaron Burr Junior High in Mamaroneck.\* In any case, Billy is now picked last for team sports only 86 percent of the time—a whopping 12 percent drop from last month's 98 percent reading! The downside to this, of course, is an impending drop in Billy's softball on-base percentage as intentional beanballs decrease in frequency.

\*See *The Hubert Zbinski Reporter* for further details.

**NEXT WEEK: TERROR OF THE GAME ROOM—BILLY'S PATENTED "SPAZ" PING-PONG STYLE.**

**BILLY MURPHY Q+A**

YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED BY BILLY'S YOUNGER SISTER BRIDGET, WITH THEIR DAD HELPING HER

Dear Bridget,

I frequently see Billy picking his nose and then sticking his finger in his mouth. Is he actually eating boogers? That's so gross.

Susan Chandler  
Neighbor

*No, he's just lubricating his finger so it will be easier to slide it up his nose. Between picks, Billy wipes the boogers on his pants.*

Dear Bridget,

Billy's not very big for a fifth-grader, is he? But I understand he's almost twelve. What's the deal?

Joseph Pulaski  
Substitute Teacher

*Billy was held back and repeated kindergarten because teachers believed he was less emotionally mature than his classmates, hence his advanced age. The reason he is unusually short is that he has permanently stunted his growth by masturbating.*

Dear Bridget,

Why is Billy so awkward around girls? Alice Anders  
Concerned Classmate

*I don't know, but my dad says he hopes to God he's not a fag.*

**KIDDIE KORNER**

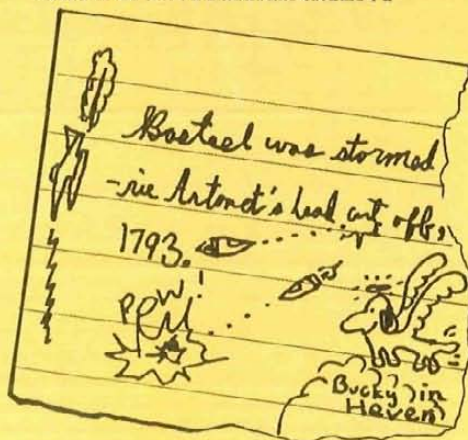
LOCAL CHILDREN'S SHORT POETRY, STORIES, AND JOKES ABOUT BILLY MURPHY

**Q:** Why does Billy Murphy wear red suspenders?

**A:** To hold up those dorky brown corduroy pants he always wears like every day, like he doesn't have any other pants or something.

David Simms, age eight

**ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT**



**BILLY'S CONFESSION OF SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8**

BY THE REVEREND FATHER JOHN O'SHEA OF OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL SUFFERING CHURCH

SIN	PENANCE GIVEN
● Being mean to his sister (3 times)	● 3 Hail Marys
● Lying to his parents (5 times)	● 5 Hail Marys
● Impure thoughts (many)	● 1 Our Father
● Self-pollution (2 times)	● 12 Our Fathers, 1 novena
● Writing test answers after "pencils down"	● Don't do it again
● Stealing a candy bar from store	● 1 Our Father & go and apologize
● Angry with schoolmate when she kicked him in the testicles	● 1 Hail Mary & apologize
● Worrying he might be the Antichrist	● Told him was not a sin

**COMING NEXT ISSUE:**

**RIDING THE BUS WITHOUT NO CLOTHES ON: THE DREAMS OF BILLY MURPHY**

Transcripts of all Billy's recurring dreams, plus analysis by Dr. Herman Wiest, child psychiatrist at William Jennings Bryan Elementary.

**WAS BILLY ADOPTED?**

FIND OUT NEXT WEEK!

**AND MUCH, MUCH MORE**



ast fall in an attic somewhere in Hollywood, two sisters were rifling through their grandfather's things when they discovered an item their ancestor had borrowed from the Buffalo and Erie County Public Library more than a century before. It was perhaps the most infamous overdue book of all time: the first half of Mark Twain's original manuscript for *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, 665 handwritten pages containing many passages omitted from the final version and thought to be lost forever. Because of the invaluable literary, cultural, and historic value of the manuscript, the sisters immediately asked Sotheby's in New York to sell it for as much as possible. The library, in turn, hired a powerful phalanx of big city lawyers, demanding immediate return of the manuscript and

payment of fines exceeding \$327,000 (fifteen cents per day, compounded at 6 percent annually). It may be years before the matter is resolved.

Nevertheless, the National Lampoon has managed to obtain, at great expense (and, we hasten to add, well outside the borders of the United States), a high-resolution facsimile copy of the manuscript. While a number of the pages appear to have been destroyed by the fax machine, what came through intact is a literary find indeed. As the magazine which first published *Huckleberry Finn* in serial form beginning in the fall of 1876 (under the unfortunate title "A Boy and His Boy"), we are proud to present to our readers never-before-seen excerpts from this satiric masterpiece. Critical commentary and annotation have been provided by National Lampoon literary editor Laurence Doyle, who has read much of Mr. Twain's work and considers himself a great fan.

# HUCK OF DARKNESS

## ONE BOY'S UNEXPURGATED JOURNEY TO ADULTHOOD

*NOTICE*  
 Persons attempting to find a motive  
 in this narrative will be ~~beaten~~ prosecuted;  
 persons attempting to find a moral in it will be ~~buggered~~ banished;  
 persons attempting to find a plot in it  
 will be ~~buried in it~~ ~~cast into the sea?~~ ~~shot.~~



AP/WIDE WORLD

The original first draft of the famous "Notice" page in *Huckleberry Finn*.

**M**ARK TWAIN'S *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* is, above all else, a classic coming-of-age story about a young boy's search for his identity.<sup>1</sup> It is also, according to the critic Leslie Fiedler, a sort of literary "fairy" tale celebrating "the mutual love of a white man and a colored."<sup>2</sup> But the

recent discovery of the first half of Twain's handwritten manuscript<sup>3</sup> indicates that *Finn*, in its original form, is, in fact, something else again: a veritable treasure trove of zany "lost episodes,"<sup>4</sup> to be enjoyed and analyzed by scholars and casual readers alike.<sup>5</sup>

Three such episodes are presented on the following pages.<sup>6</sup> In order to place these passages in their proper context, readers are encouraged to cut them out and paste them in the appropriate places in their own copies of *Huck Finn*,<sup>7</sup> and then reread the entire book from start to finish.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See also Larry Doyle's "Huck Finn's Search for His Identity," a five-page double-spaced monograph, *Advanced Composition II*, Ms. Rosenbaum, Rm A113, February 1974.

<sup>2</sup> See Fiedler's "Come Back to the Raft Ag'in, Huck Honey!," which first appeared in *Partisan Review*, June 1948, but which also provides the text for a new one-man show starring Garrett Morris, currently playing on Broadway in the Tennessee Williams Theater powder room.

<sup>3</sup> See *National Lampoon*, Vol. 2, No. 130 (September 1991), italicized introduction, p. 37.

<sup>4</sup> The phrase "zany 'lost episodes'" does not appear in the original first draft of this article, and was apparently added for "commercial reasons" over the objections of the author. The author's intended locution, which should be restored in future editions, was "Finn-tastic philological finds."

<sup>5</sup> Although these two groups are not mutually exclusive, as longtime readers of this magazine are well aware. See especially Chris Miller's "Mammalian Signifying: The Ironic Nipple," foreword to *National Lampoon's This Is Booberama!*, a book of photographic essays, 1977.

<sup>6</sup> pp. 38, 39, 54, and 70.

<sup>7</sup> Librarians please note: unauthorized photocopying is illegal. However, additional copies of this magazine can be purchased at newsstands and bookstores across the country.

<sup>8</sup> It's a classic; it won't kill you.

ILLUSTRATED BY ELLIOTT BANFIELD

## EPISODE ONE: Pap Goes the Weasel

As described in the opening chapters of the novel, Huck's relationship with his father is a troubled one. A typical father-son interaction cycle between Huck and his "pap"<sup>9</sup> involves: Pap bullying Huck for money to buy liquor; Pap getting drunk; Pap going to jail; Pap getting out of jail; and finally, Pap beating the tar out of Huck, often leaving him "all over welts."<sup>10</sup> While such behavior is now easily recognized as symptomatic of an extremely dysfunctional co-dependency, at the time it was merely considered a form of child abuse, to be frowned upon rather than understood in terms of how it might affect both parties. Clearly, Twain meant to satirize this simplistic notion and wanted to say more about the nature of Huck's relationship with his father; and in fact, he did.

Near the end of Chapter VI, there is a curious omission from the classic "delirium tremens" episode, in which Pap, intoxicated,<sup>11</sup> believes himself covered with snakes and demons and then attacks Huck. The passage speaks for itself. (Excised material is in brackets.)

He chased me round and round the place, with a clasp-knife, calling me the Angel of Death and saying he would kill me and then I couldn't come for him no more. I begged, and told him I was only Huck, but he laughed *such* a screechy laugh, [it sent an awful scare through me and I froze up just long enough that he could catch me and shove me down on the ground.

[My face was in the dirt then and he lay atop me, pressing with all his weight and with his liquory breath burning wet on the back of my neck. I figured I was guv up for ghost for sure then. But pap he just flopped on me for awhile, all fagged out, and I got to hoping maybe he had forgot what he was there for. But he didn't. By and by, he got himself up on his knees, straddling my hindparts, but swaying uneasy, and made out how he would cut off my angel wings to show as a warning to other angels that might come after him. Before I could figure on a good plan to stop him, I began crying like a babe, uncontrollable:

<sup>9</sup> "Pike County" dialect for "father," possibly derived from the Euro-Mediterranean "papa" or Middle-American "pop."

<sup>10</sup> Huck's self-report.

<sup>11</sup> Based on Huck's anecdotal evidence, medical authorities believe Pap's blood-alcohol content may have been between 0.21 and 0.24, more than double the level required to have him arrested for drunk driving had automobiles been invented and had he been driving one at the time, although the technology to determine this was not yet available during the period in which this incident takes place, and so we must take Huck's (and Twain's) word for it that Pap was, in fact, intoxicated.



GETTING A LICKING.

[I hain't a angel, Pappy! I hain't no angel! I'm only your own flesh and blood, Huck Finn, your son!"]

[I don't know if it was me bawling or pap not finding no wings to cut off me, but he stopped poking at my back with the knife and rolled me over front to have a look at me. He kept squatting on my chest, though, and pinned my arms under his knees, in case of if I was one of those deceiving angels, he said. He stared hard at me for the longest while, and when he smiled I thought maybe the spell had gone off him. But then he started talking all crazy again, sing-songy:

[M'boy—M'boy—M'boy. My sweet-scented dandy boy, ain't you now? Why, y'got your mama's mouth, y'kno' that? Yes, y'got her perty dirty li'l' mouth.]

[He began fumbling with his belt then, and I knew what that meant: I was in for a licking. But I thought quick and bellowed in the darkest, devilst voice I had in me:

[Haw! I am the Angel of Death, you foolish ol' man! and now I'm gone drag you into the Eternal Fires of Hell!"]

Well, pap's eyeballs went black as new moons and he just yanked himself up by his britches, and fell over in a tumble. He roared and cussed, [got to his feet] and kept on chasing me up.

It is unclear why Twain chose to drop this episode, although it is likely that Olivia Clemens, Twain's wife and editrix, would have objected to the use of the word "hell" in the penultimate graph and deleted the curse.<sup>12</sup> Perhaps Twain felt the passage would not work without it.

This excision notwithstanding, Twain did leave several other clues to Pap's nontraditional sexuality in his

<sup>12</sup> While Olivia was diligent in patrolling Twain's work for strong language, his sexual allusions often went right by her. See, for example, Twain's *Roughing It*.

final draft, in particular in the scene in which Nigger<sup>13</sup> Jim and Huck find Pap dead and "Yes, indeedy; naked, too" (emphasis mine) in a house floating down the river. Jim warns Huck "doan' look at his face—it's too *gashly*," to which Huck responds, "I didn't look at him at all. . . . I didn't want to see him." Huck does, however, take an almost fetishistic interest in the contents of the house:

There was. . . a couple of masks made out of black cloth. . . two old dirty calico dresses, and a sun-bonnet, and some women's under-clothes. . . a fish-line as thick as my little finger, with some monstrous hooks on it, and a roll of buckskin, and a leather dog collar. . . .



DRESSED FOR THE BALL.

Huck takes all of these items with him. They will later play "a very important part in the plot of the novel *Huckleberry Finn*, which is really about Huck's search for his identity."<sup>14</sup>

<sup>13</sup> Much has been written elsewhere about why Twain chose this ethnic nomenclature over the currently acceptable "African-American" (see "S. Longhorne [sic] Clemens: Racist Devil," an anonymous Black Paper distributed free at libraries, airports, and bus depots), but in Twain's defense, it should be noted that, at the time, everybody called them niggers.

<sup>14</sup> Doyle, op. cit.



"I FEEL PRETTY."

## EPISODE TWO: Huckleberry Pie

Certainly, no one factor is more important in Huck's coming of age than his relationship with Nigger Jim. It is Jim who encourages Huck to explore all sides of his burgeoning identity; for example, in Chapter X, when Huck wants to sneak across the river after dark to catch up on gossip, Huck relates:

Jim liked that notion; . . . he studied it over and said, couldn't I put on some of them old things and dress up like a girl?

Huck enthusiastically complies, and while such transvestism is quite common and normal among teenage boys,<sup>15</sup> Huck appears genuinely concerned about getting accurately in touch with his feminine side:

I practiced around all day to get the hang of the things, and by and by I could do pretty well in them, only Jim said I didn't walk like a girl. . . . I took notice, and done better.

Of course, all Huck's prancing goes for naught; the woman he visits quickly sees "Sarah Williams" for the confused young boy he is (Huck doesn't "throw like a girl"). In the published novel, the episode ends here, a mere burlesque; but as the manuscript makes clear, Twain fully intended Huck's "walk on the wild side" to have more psychosexual import.<sup>16</sup>

In the manuscript, the woman's husband arrives home before Huck can

make his escape. Despite Huck's and the woman's protestations, the man insists on escorting "Sarah" home "on account of he said he wouldn't be able to sleep knowing such an innocent thing as me was wandering in them dark evil woods unprotected." In the passage that follows, Huck learns an important lesson about gender-bending, and indeed, about life.

We walked into the woods a ways and he kept trying to talk me up: where'd I get the perty dress? did I have a beau? did I have any older brothers? But I didn't answer exactly, just tittered and giggled, so as to not be discovered again.

About a half mile in, I turned to the man and I says, all girlish:

"Thank you very kindly, sir, I can make my own way from here. You've taken me far enough already."

"Yep," the man said, looking round. "Reckon we is gone far enough, allrighty."

Then the man, as casual as can be, plucked off his hat and dropped it to the ground. He says:

"Sarah Williams, would y' bend over an' pick up my hat fer me, like a good girl? I hain't got the back for it."

I smelt a lie, but I saw he had a gun, and so I bent over, as womanlike as I could.

I can't rightly say what happened next, or leastwise I won't. But I will say this man weren't near as clever as his missus; a

lucky thing, too, seeing as he would've killed me if he figured out I warn't no girl. But he didn't, maybe since I squawked and carried on just like a girl would, though that weren't hard on account of it hurt so much. It made me wonder, though, why do womenfolk have any business to do with us men at all? I know if I was ever a girl it'd take a good sight more than some old gold band to get me to cleave unto my husband, no matter what any Good Book had to say about the thing.

Well, the man finished up his cleaving soon enough, and left me there to find my own way home. He weren't worried about my innocence no more, I reckon.

Again, it is unclear why Twain allowed this passage to be dropped from the final publication.<sup>17</sup> But whatever the reason it is unfortunate, as this episode proves to be an important turning point in Huck's life: it is the moment Huck realizes he must throw off the girlish frills of his youth and become a man.

<sup>17</sup> One might speculate that Twain did not wish to be jailed as a pornographer, but there is little documentary evidence to support this. In fact, the *National Lampoon* had already published far more explicit material two years earlier, when it serialized the long-suppressed final book of C. Dodgson's childhood trilogy, *Down My Trousers and What Alice Foud There*.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54



<sup>15</sup> Personal experience.

<sup>16</sup> An early editor of this article suggested replacing the phrase "psychosexual import" with the word "oomph," arguing that the author's use of the former amounted to "soporific pedantry," a characterization the author subsequently deemed "masturbatory fustianism," precipitating a heated exchange of rhetorical devices and body blows. Please note the final wording.

# The Corpse Had Freckles

by Mark O'Donnell

The summer air hung as heavy and still as a significant pause in a personal-hygiene lecture. Overhead, the desert sun glared down like a censorious, fire-lashed cyclopean eye on tourist and tarantula alike. Inside the thick adobe walls of Rancho Contento, however, all was so cool and dim that tomatoes wouldn't even ripen. Bitty Borax and her legitimate cousin Anodyne sat in their grandfather's well-dusted library, chatting away the afternoon. Ice cubes made the milk in their glasses even colder than regular cold milk, and their own even dispositions contrasted with the scorching day outside.

"Mmmm," Bitty murmured, idly fiddling with the tiny cattle-skull motif that capped her swizzle stick. "It looks hot enough out there to roast a ghost!" She and Anodyne had just made their debuts, and the exhausting gala had called for a desert vacation to follow.

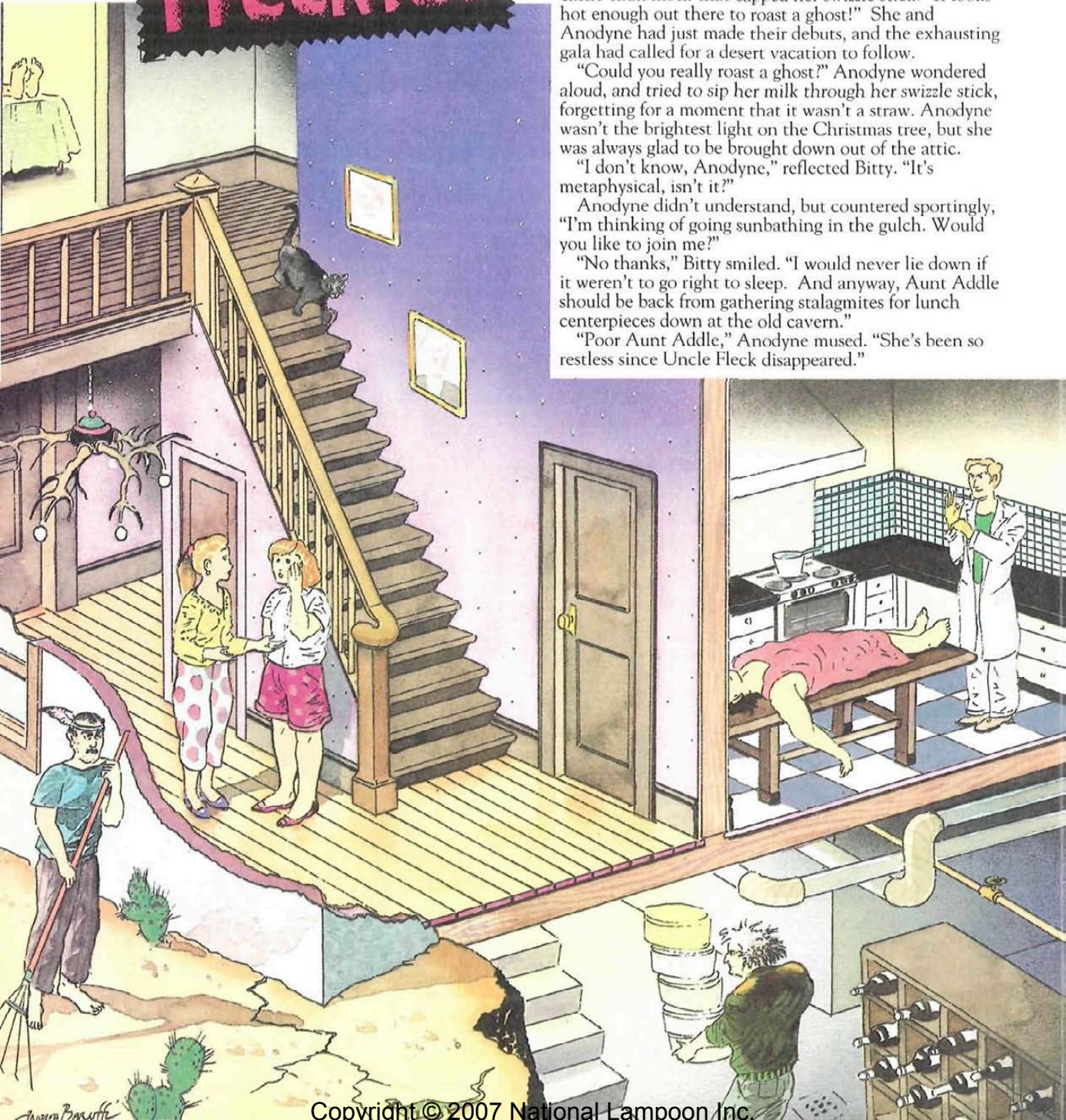
"Could you really roast a ghost?" Anodyne wondered aloud, and tried to sip her milk through her swizzle stick, forgetting for a moment that it wasn't a straw. Anodyne wasn't the brightest light on the Christmas tree, but she was always glad to be brought down out of the attic.

"I don't know, Anodyne," reflected Bitty. "It's metaphysical, isn't it?"

Anodyne didn't understand, but countered sportingly, "I'm thinking of going sunbathing in the gulch. Would you like to join me?"

"No thanks," Bitty smiled. "I would never lie down if it weren't to go right to sleep. And anyway, Aunt Addle should be back from gathering stalagmites for lunch centerpieces down at the old cavern."

"Poor Aunt Addle," Anodyne mused. "She's been so restless since Uncle Fleck disappeared."





Suddenly, the sound of careening flesh knocking knickknacks off pedestals resounded from the ranch's vestibule.

"Prairie dogs on locoweed!" guessed Anodyne, edgily snapping her swizzle stick in two.

"Maybe it's the surly half-breed gardener getting the jump on Happy Hour!" Bitty postulated speedily.

They rushed to the vestibule. There stood, or nearly, Aunt Addle, shaking like a frond in an old man's hand. Bits of cat fur clung to her hair and apron, and if she had gathered any stalagmites, she was empty-handed now.

"Aunt Addle!" Bitty raced to her. "What's wrong? Did you just discover the key to a very old and dangerous secret?"

Aunt Addle stared at the girls as if she had just awakened into an intense and unconvincing fiction. "The—! The—!" she began, and fell senseless to the floor.

"Gee, that's not much to go on," said Bitty gravely. "So many things begin with 'the.'" She knelt to examine her unkempt relation.

"There may not be anything to worry about," offered Anodyne faintly. "She does this every night, and sometimes she doesn't get up till morning."

"Yes, but this is early afternoon," Bitty pointed out sternly. "Aunt Addle is...unconscious!"

Anodyne's eyes widened, twin burnt cookies of terror. "Unconscious! What does that mean?"

"Unconscious is like being asleep—and not even knowing it!" Bitty explained. Silence fell over them like a slipcover.

Then, just as suddenly, they were interrupted by an ominous clicking sound from the porch.

"Bitty!" breathed Anodyne. "This is scary times six!"

Bitty opened the thick windowless wood door. There stood a handsome young man in a pristine lab coat, scanning the mission furniture with a Geiger counter.

"I'm sorry if I startled you," he smiled. "I was driving by and noticed a gum wrapper on your porch. I took the liberty of putting it in your trash can, but I thought I should check your radiation levels while I was at it. I hope you don't mind. I'm Blaine Fury."

Anodyne sighed with relief. "Of course, Dr. Fury! Bitty, Dr. Fury is in the Teen Surgery ward at Las Perdidas Hospital. He helped me out of that little problem of mine in *The Mystery of the Co-ed Dormitory*. This is my cousin, Bitty Borax. She was the one who saved the governor's dog from those blackmailers."

"I certainly read about that, Miss Borax," the doctor grinned. "You're beautifully groomed. Will you marry me?"

Bitty tastefully deflected his question. "Nice to meet you, Doctor." A pause followed through which a symbolic train could be driven.

"I'll see to this old lady," Dr. Fury broke the silence. "She's dead, I take it?" He stepped inside.

"Oh, no, just unconscious, thanks!" Bitty answered.

The doctor lifted Aunt Addle in his arms and carried her out of the room. "I'll just bring her into the kitchen.

If you like, I can perform an autopsy. Who wants a sandwich?"

"Not I!" Bitty replied. "I never eat. But you might make one for Anodyne—she's supposed to stay fifteen pounds heavier than me at all times. But again, Doctor, Aunt Addle isn't dead."

"I'm surprised," he called from the kitchen. "She got her hands awfully dirty at the old cavern!"

"Isn't he strong?" chirped Anodyne secretively. "And he seems to want to marry you!"

Bitty was preoccupied, however. "How did he know Aunt Addle was at the old cavern?"

Before they could resolve their curiosity, though, a sound of lumbering footsteps echoed from the cellar, ghostly clunks ascending the steps to the vestibule. With a disdainful clatter, a large, sinister man in a frayed dressing gown appeared, carrying several old-looking hatboxes.

"Mr. Packaday, you startled us!" gasped Anodyne. "We thought you'd be in town at the Carnal Nugget, getting inspiration."

Pilsener Packaday was a houseguest of the Borax family, a dissolute but assured writer from the East who had once saved Uncle Fleck in a beanery collapse. He was supposedly on a writer's retreat, but Bitty had seen him descend to the wine cellar when he said he was going out to scan the horizon charismatically.

"How's your new book coming?" she asked cautiously, watching the disheveled celebrity place the hatboxes on a side table.

"I mustn't be disturbed," he answered testily, and lit a cigarette. He proceeded to stack and rearrange the oddly

quivering boxes as if absorbed in a game whose rules were private and unfathomable. "Leave me, please. I'm very busy."

"I hope all this commotion just now hasn't broken your concentration," Bitty ventured. "Aunt Addle had a fit of some kind."

Mr. Packaday turned to her indifferently, his eyes as cold as fancy spherical ice cubes from novelty ice-cube trays. "I heard nothing. I must work. I tire of you both. Go at once."

This seemed a presumptuous request in a family room, but Bitty bore in mind that he was a guest. Still, she felt she had to be frank. "Isn't there enough privacy in the room we fixed up for you, Mr. Packaday?"

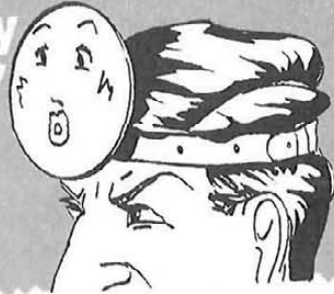
He eyed her as if by legal compulsion only. "I can't work with a dead body lying around. Tell whoever changes the linen." He stacked his boxes in an apparent imitation of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, sighed enigmatically, and turned to face Bitty again. "It seemed to be wearing corrective underwear."

"Uncle Fleck!" theorized Bitty. "He *has* been missing!" Young Dr. Fury returned from the kitchen holding a large pair of hedge clippers.

"As near as I can tell from the autopsy," he said tersely, "your aunt failed to wash her hands after petting the cat. Infection was immediate."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

The doctor grinned.  
"You're beautifully groomed. Will you marry me?"

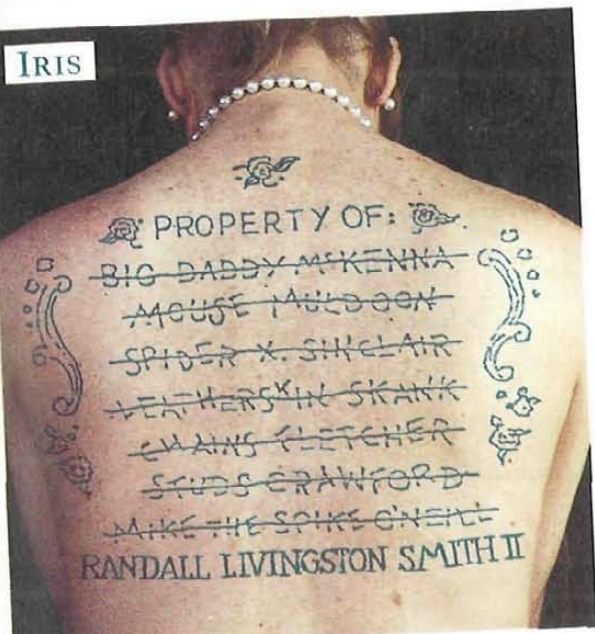




# An Oral History of Regrettable Tattoos

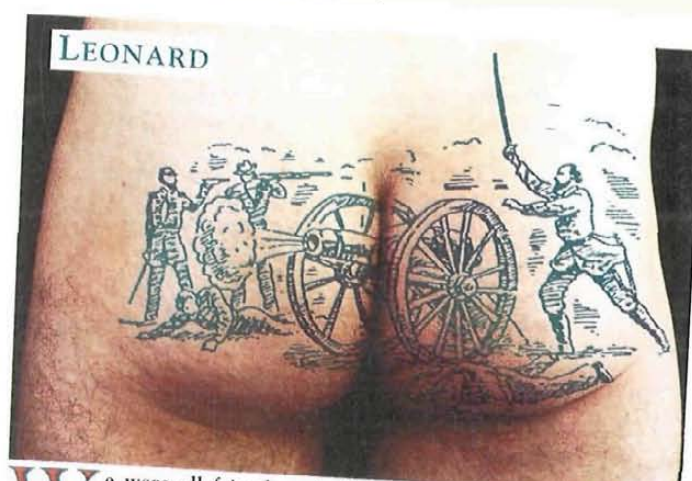
As Told to Anne D. Bernstein

IRIS



I haven't had the most stable life. First there was Big Daddy. He held my hand when I got pierced. Mouse couldn't keep outta trouble. It wasn't his fault that the guy had a weak spine. Spider could of bathed more often but he had good moves. Leatherskin Skank—strictly a transitional relationship. Chains and Studs—can't remember which was which. Mike the Spike—a sweet disposition when he wasn't throwing things. I finally realized I'm really the white-picket-fence type. Now I live in Connecticut and my phone number is unlisted.

LEONARD



We were all friends, pals forever—me, "Peanuts" O'Malley, Harry Houdini, and Henry Timrod, the Confederate War poet. The idea was, when we stood in a row, it would form the Battle of Gettysburg. (Henry voted against it, but it was three to one.) I went first. I had to bend over for *hours and hours* and it killed like a bitch while this briny old coot—his arm's shaking like a palsy. And when it's finally done—I look around and they're gone! Never saw them again. Scumbags. But the best buddies I ever had. I'm trying to get some other guys interested in finishing it, but nobody's interested—got wives and children, they say. Chickenshits. Don't know the first thing about friendship.

GWEN



**I**t was a happier time—heavy, heady time—things were coming down all around us, but I was trying to maintain my optimism. As you can see. This was before Rajneesh. Before the est training. Before Eckankar. Before the deprogramming. Now, when we go on corporate retreats to Bermuda, I wear a one-piece. No one really knows me. Maybe this sixties revival thing will help. I'm so tired.

LEANNE



**I** was reading a lot of Huxley at the time.

DENNY

KGobeas



**M**y brother Jim did it with a safety pin and a bottle of India ink. He told me it would come off. My mother scrubbed and scrubbed. Oh, did he ever get a licking. It all worked out in the end. I'm rich and happy. He died in a car accident.

MURRAY

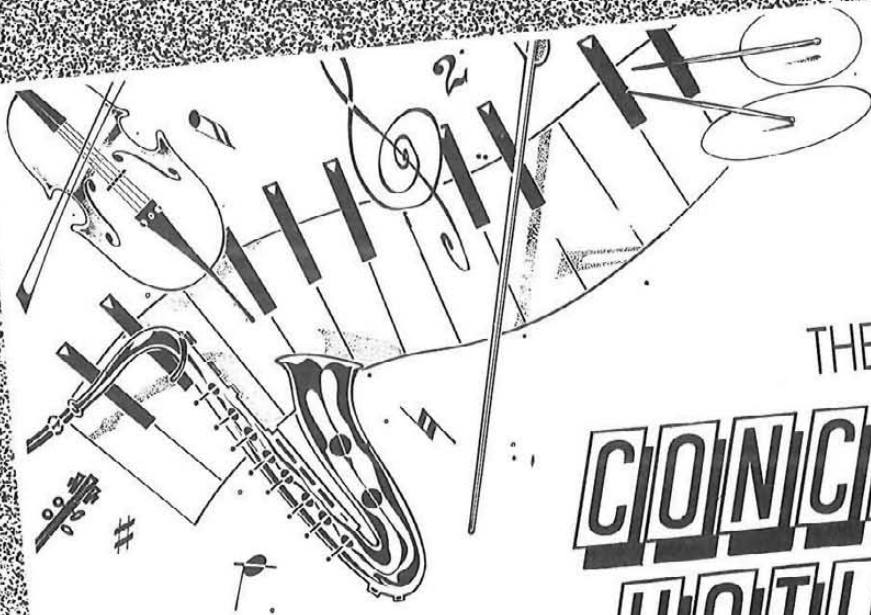


**G**reed warped my thinking process. I was reading about women getting lines tattooed under their eyes so they wouldn't ever have to buy eyeliner again. Some guys getting rich offa this, I think. When's it my turn? Bingo! Brilliant idea—tattoo toupees! Permanent, waterproof, windproof. I thought, I'll be the new Sy Sperling—a walking advertisement. The 3-D factor completely slipped my mind. I look like some spastic kid scribbled on my head with a Bic. Ah, dreams. Now I scrape out a living selling computer ribbons. No client contact. Strictly mail-order.

JACK

I'M WITH STUPID

**I** used to do anything for a laugh. Fun guy. Life of the party. Stupid asshole.



THE ULTIMATE  
**CONCERT  
HOTLINE**

**FIND OUT WHEN YOUR FAVORITE GROUPS AND  
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CLOWN COMICS

TM

# EVIL CLOWN

## COMICS



TM

NO. 7  
SEPT.  
1991

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CLOWN  
AUTHORITY

...THEN THIS TOOTHLESS  
HILLBILLY SAYS, "TAKE  
YOUR PANTS OFF AN'  
SQUEAL LIKE A PIG!"

PROPER!

B-B-BUT,  
FRENCHY!!!!

CHILL OUT... WE  
HAVEN'T EVEN GOTTEN  
TO THE SCARY PART  
YET....

# IN-A-GADDA-DA-FRENCHY! (THE CALL OF THE WILD)

ALAN  
KUPPERBERG  
6-91

# Maturity? It Speaks for Itself!



**"Hey, old dude — can you get me some banana wine?"**

For the immature, participating in meaningful social interaction can be difficult, even humiliating. For the mature, however, fun is just a built-in part of an exciting lifestyle.



**"Set 'em up for my good friend Mr. Davis."**



**"Two super-wing quesadillas and an orange moo-shake? Yes, sir!"**

Mature people make more money and find more pleasure in their work than immature people. Myth? Reality!



**"Dora, bring me the financial projections, please, and my new company credit card."**



**"A what job? Call me — in ten years!"**

When it comes to romance, a youthful attitude doesn't always work, no matter what teenage-oriented movies may say. Let maturity take you "all the way" to where you want to go.



**"To a thousand and one nights of love I'll never forget!"**

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH REESE

These pictures don't lie. A successful, happy life can be only a maturation away. Get more information. Clip this coupon, or call the Accelerate Into Maturity Movement [AIMM] Maturity hotline at 1-900-GROWN-UP.

Yes, an exciting, meaningful, mature lifestyle sounds interesting to me. Please send me more information on the Accelerate Into Maturity Movement, and maturity in general. I understand that I am under no obligation whatsoever to "Accelerate Into Maturity," although I acknowledge that just by filling out this coupon I am already displaying the kind of patience and intelligence that really sets mature people apart from immature people and that these qualities are important steps toward growing up even if I don't fully realize it.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

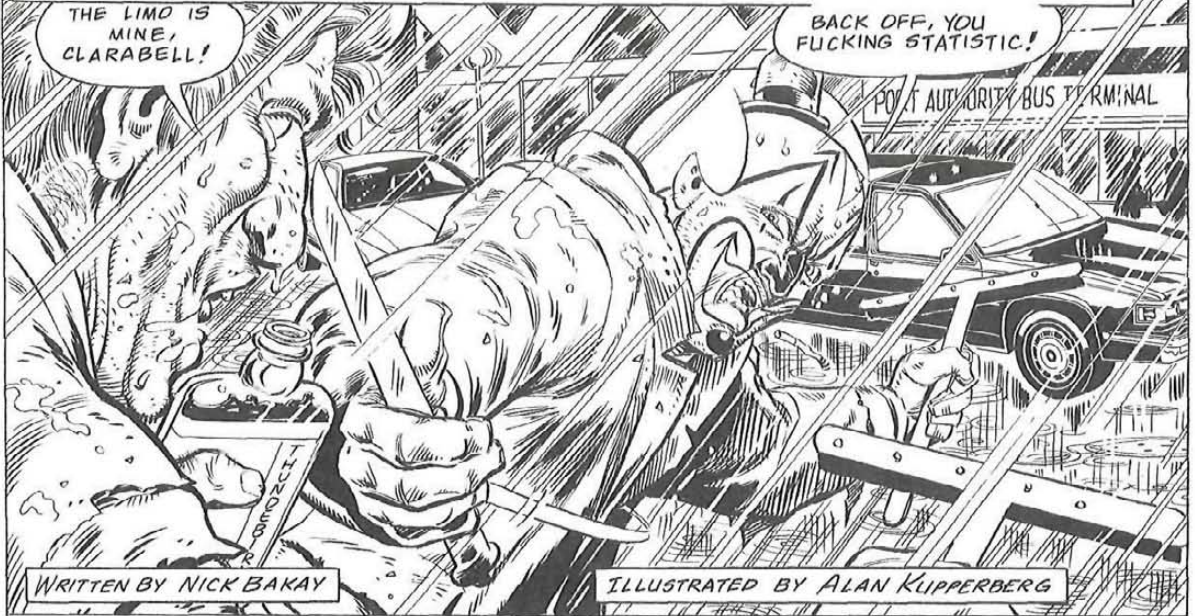
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY / STATE / ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to:  
AIMM, 13 Fontenelle Street, Omaha, NE 68114.

# EVIL CLOWN IN-A-GADDA-DA-FRENCHY! (THE CALL OF THE WILD)

GEE, LIFE'S A FUNNY THING! ONE MINUTE YOU'RE PULLING SOME RIGHTEOUS COIN CLOWNING ON A CRUISE SHIP, THE NEXT MINUTE YOU'RE HOSING DOWN THE MIDWAY OF FATE'S FICKLE SIDESHOW.



WRITTEN BY NICK BAKAY

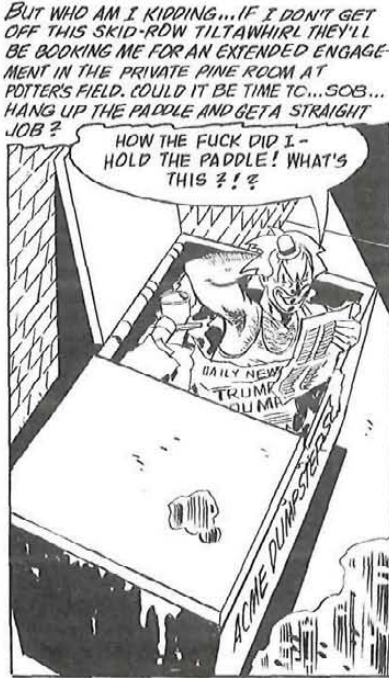
ILLUSTRATED BY ALAN KLIPPERBERG



LIKE I'VE ALWAYS SAID, IT'S NOT HOW YOU MAKE IT, IT'S HOW YOU SPEND IT!

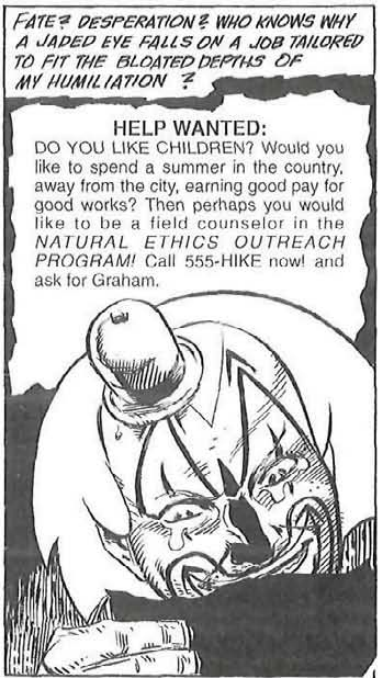
SO, MISTER CLOWN-MAN, HOW COME YOUR HALLWAY ALWAYS SMELL LIKE PEE?

EASE UP, APHRODITE, I JUST WANT ONE MORE TICKET TO THE HALL OF MIRRORS HERE, ...



BUT WHO AM I KIDDING... IF I DON'T GET OFF THIS SKID-ROW TILTAWHIRL THEY'LL BE BOOKING ME FOR AN EXTENDED ENGAGEMENT IN THE PRIVATE PINE ROOM AT POTTER'S FIELD. COULD IT BE TIME TO... SOB... HANG UP THE PADDLE AND GET A STRAIGHT JOB?

HOW THE FUCK DID I - HOLD THE PADDLE! WHAT'S THIS?!?



FATE? DESPERATION? WHO KNOWS WHY A JADED EYE FALLS ON A JOB TAILORED TO FIT THE BLOATED DEPTHS OF MY HUMILIATION?

### HELP WANTED:

DO YOU LIKE CHILDREN? Would you like to spend a summer in the country, away from the city, earning good pay for good works? Then perhaps you would like to be a field counselor in the NATURAL ETHICS OUTREACH PROGRAM! Call 555-HIKE now! and ask for Graham.

HEY, NOBODY WANTS TO KNEEL DOWN AND TONGUE A SLICE OF HUMBLE HAIR PIE, BUT I WAS DESPERATE. AND THIS BO-GRAIN LEFTDIVER FROM A DAVID CROSBY BENEFIT MADE IT EVEN HARDER...HOW I LONGED TO PARDLE HIS DO-GOODER ASS TILL IT WAS CLOWN-NOSE RED... WHOA, NICE AND EASY, CLOWN... DON'T BLOW IT ...

I GUESS WE'VE ALLIED ON OUR RESUMES...

AND YOUR EXPERIENCE SURVIVING IN THE WILDERNESS?

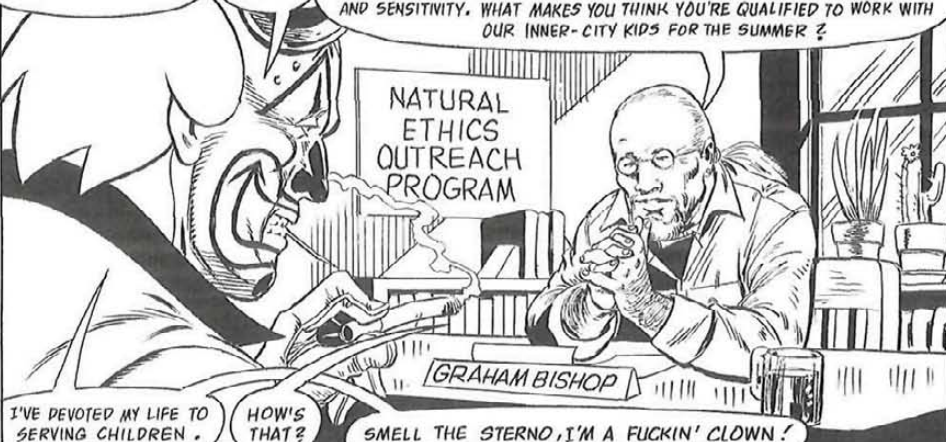
WELL...UH, I DON'T LIKE TO TALK ABOUT IT TOO MUCH, BUT I WAS IN 'NAM...THIS WAS BEFORE MY MASTER CLASS IN HUG THERAPY!...

FINE. WHEN CAN YOU START?

FRENCHY T. CLOWN... WHAT'S THE "T" FOR?

"THE."

I SEE. WELL, THIS PROGRAM FACILITATES THE TRANSITION FROM BOYHOOD TO MANHOOD IN A SETTING OF BUCOLIC CHALLENGE. WE ASK FOR A LOT OF CARING AND SENSITIVITY. WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'RE QUALIFIED TO WORK WITH OUR INNER-CITY KIDS FOR THE SUMMER?



I'VE DEVOTED MY LIFE TO SERVING CHILDREN.

HOW'S THAT?

SMELL THE STERNO, I'M A FUCKIN' CLOWN!

WITH MY KIDS WAITING FOR ME ON THE CORNER OF 42ND AND 10TH AVENUE, WE WERE IN NEED OF A LIFT TO VALHALLA... A COUPLE OF RUBES FROM INDIANA GAVE ME THE PERFECT VEHICLE TO SUFFER THE RIGORS OF NATURE IN STYLE... LIUENTANANT JESTER, N.Y.P.D. BUNKO! I'M SORRY, FOLKS, BUT I'LL HAVE TO COMMANDEER THIS VEHICLE IN PURSUIT OF A FELON...

AHHH, THE KIDS! NOW THAT WE'D MADE IT TO THE WILDERNESS, IT WAS TIME TO START THE LIFE LESSONS... KADEEM... MITCH... PICO. I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU THE KIND OF THINGS THAT CAN'T BE LEARNED FROM A BOOK... THINGS THAT WILL STAY WITH YOU ALL YOUR LIVES. LET'S ALL START BY TELLING A SECRET... I'LL GO FIRST - I ONCE KILLED A MAN FOR SPORT... MITCH?

WELL... THE ONLY OTHER CLOWN I KNOW LIKES TO SMOKE A LITTLE DICK...



B-BUT, OFFICER!

BOB, I DON'T LIKE THIS ONE BIT...



GREAT! YOU'RE REALLY OPENING UP!

THE KIDS REALLY RESPONDED TO THE STRUCTURE I GAVE 'EM. RIGOROUS SCHEDULING...

BROADENING CLASSROOM INSTRUCTION...

AND PRIMAL BOY-VERSUS-NATURE ENCOUNTERS.



GOOD NIGHT, KADEEM...

GOOD NIGHT, FRENCHY...

ALL RIGHT, WHO FARTED? ... MITCH?

EAT ME...

GOOD NIGHT, AMIGO...

STOP SPANKING THE MONKEY AND GO TO SLEEP! IT'S THREE A.M. FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

GET FUCKED, FAT BOY...



AHH, HOW GOOD IT IS TO SEE A CLASSIC BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN THEY SHOT ON FILM STOCK. WHAT IS SIGNIFICANT ABOUT THE POSITION? ... MITCH?

HE'S SHIFTING THE PRESSURE OFF HIS KNEES AND ONTO HER LUMBAR REGION...

THEREBY CREATING A STEADY UNBROKEN RHYTHM...

... TILL THE RONI COMES!

EXCELLENT.



I GOT IT!

AND THAT'S NOT JUST THE NATIONAL SYMBOL! IT'S A COLLECTOR'S ITEM!



BUT WHEN YOU PLAY CHICKEN WITH A PACK OF LEMMINGS, EVERYONE LOSES! WE BAILED JUST IN TIME. BUT THAT WAS IT FOR THE MOBILE UNIT....

WHO KNEW MOTHER NATURE HAD DECIDED TO TAKE THE JOY OUT OF OUR JOYRIDE! BEND US OVER A FENCE, AND ADMINISTER THE HARSH JUSTICE OF THE PADDLE....



GET OUT OF MY WAY, THUMPER! STOP MOANING, YOU PANSIES....

THIS CHUMP IS GOING TO GET US KILLED....

I GOT TO MISS PARTY MACHINE FOR THIS?

WE WERE BETTER OFF AT JUVENILE HALL.

GOT TO KEEP UP THE CHATTER. IF THESE KIDS FIND OUT WE'RE LOST THEY'LL FRAG ME FASTER THAN YOU CAN SAY KHIMER ROUGE!

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR THIS CITY CLOWN TO LEARN THAT NATURE CAN BE CRUELER THAN SIAMESE TWINS WITH DOUBLE YEAST INFECTIONS!

I COULD SEE HUNGER AND HATE IN THEIR SUNKEN, GLAZED EYES... SOMETHING HAD TO BREAK OR PICO WAS GOING TO BE THE ENTREE... WITH A SIDE ORDER OF SCARAMOUCHE!

NO! NOT MY SMOKE! SWEET JESUS, I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE! NATURE HAS WON THIS ROUND, BOYS - GO AHEAD AND EAT ME.

STRANGE, THERE APPEAR TO BE NO 7-ELEVENS FOR MILES....

WHAT DOESN'T KILL US ONLY MAKES US STRONGER!

TELL THAT TO PICO!

BOYS, A QUITTER NEVER WINS, AND A WINNER NEVER EATS HIS OWN KIND.

EAT THE CLOWN



IT WAS LIKE A MIRAGE. THESE CATS HAD FOUND A WAY TO BRING THE COUNTRY CLUB TO HADES....

PICO, SHOW 'EM YOUR STUMP AND COP SOME FOOD FOR US!

LET ME TRY....

I DON'T LIKE IT. THESE GUYS LOOK ABOUT AS GENEROUS AS THE REFUND COUNTER AT A FREAK SHOW.





P-P-PLEASE, SIR, MAY I HAVE SOME PORK?

GET LOST, WE CAME HERE TO GET AWAY FROM YOU PANHANDLING LOSERS!

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, STUMPY? NEED TWO HANDS TO GET ON WELFARE?



BUT WE'RE STARVING!

DANCE, YOU MISCREANT!

GOD, THIS IS GREAT! I REALLY NEEDED TO UNWIND AFTER THE MERGER....

WOW, I HAVE TO PEE AGAIN... CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?



AS I WATCHED THOSE SOFT, CITY-BRED SHIT-LEECHES ABUSE LITTLE PICCO, THE ANIMAL IN ME AWOKED.

GENTLEMEN, IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED THAT IN NATURE, THE MAN WITH THE PADDLE MAKES THE RULES.

DESERT STORM SURPLUS WAR PAINT



LET THE GROWTH PROCESS BEGIN!

GYNAAAA!  
PROPER! THIS BE LIKE MAC GYVER!

ONE FALSE MOVE AND I'LL BLEED YOU LIKE A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HEALER!



IT WAS AMAZING. AS SOON AS WE CUT OUR TEETH ON THAT FIRST, COLLABORATIVE TEAM WIN, THE KIDS' PERSONAL EMPowerMENT RAN RIGHT OFF THE CHARTS!

REMEMBER, CRISTAL GOES WITH WHITE AND RED MEAT....

PLEASE, THE WOLVES, THEY'RE SNIFFING US!

FELLAS, DID YOU KNOW A WOLF CAN ACTUALLY SMELL YOUR FEAR?

WORD TO YOUR MAMMA.

PASS THE FREEZE-DRIED ENDIVE....



THE GUYS SEEMED TO GET MORE GROWN-UP EVERY DAY. I HATED TO THINK THE ADVENTURE WAS OVER JUST BECAUSE WE WERE STRINGING UP THE LOOSE ENDS....

NO, NO, BOYS, USE YOUR WRISTS!

YOU SEEM LIKE A REASONABLE CLOWN. LOOK, WE DIDN'T MEAN TO SHOOT AT THAT KID....

STOP PISSIN' YOUR DOCKERS AND FACE THE MUSIC! BY DAWN YOU'RE NOTHIN' BUT WOLF JERKY....

JUST LIKE BUGSY SIEGEL HAD A VISION IN THE DESERT, THE KIDS AND I DECIDED THE NATURAL LIFE WAS TOO GOOD TO LET GO OF! AND AS LONG AS WE KEPT OUR HUBRIS TO A MINIMUM AND SACRIFICED THE OCCASIONAL TOURIST TO THE GREAT GOD OF RECREATIONAL VEHICLES, OUR LITTLE METROPOLIS WAS ALWAYS SWIMMING IN PREY. RUSTIC PLEASURE DOME, WALDEN III, CALL IT WHAT YOU WANT - TO ME, IT'S SIMPLY THE GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS!



WHERE YOU FOLKS FROM?

G-G-GRAND RAPIDS....

GREAT TOWN, GREAT TOWN....

SRI GROON DIZ BLUNK...  
SRI GROON DIZ BLUNK...

PETTING ZOO

THE END

# THE F-WORD\* COMES OF AGE

by Robert Leighton

When the curtain came down at the opening-night performance of *Revisiting Atlantis*, Frank Rich, the *New York Times*'s notoriously hard-to-please drama critic, rocketed to his feet and applauded until his arms ached. This new play was the best work of American theater he had seen since *Hello, Dolly!* Rushing back to his office, Rich flicked on his computer and, across the top of the screen, typed "Fucking Incredible!" to remind himself of the exuberance he wanted this review to convey.

As Friday's paper was going to press, the cast of *Atlantis* was celebrating just down the street at Sardi's. Tonight's standing ovation was a good omen, but everyone in attendance knew that the future of *Atlantis*, as with all shows, lay in the hands of the so-called Butcher of Broadway. So it was with much trepidation that the first copies of the *Times* were passed around at 2:00 A.M.

## Review/Theater

### 'Atlantis' to Be Revisited for Years

By FRANK RICH

#### Fucking Incredible!

Finally, a Broadway play that asks some serious questions—and finds some serious answers—without taking itself too seriously. "Revisiting Atlantis" represents the utterly astonishing debut of 25-year-old playwright Ellen Galway, and I am already impatient to see what she comes up with next. If this is not a fluke, and I certainly expect it is not, the American theater has just discovered one of its strongest, and ironically youngest, voices in at least a generation.

Spanning six years in the lives of

It was the most talked-about sentence fragment the Newspaper of Record had ever run. By 2:00 the next afternoon, *Atlantis* had gone from being virtually unheard-of to sold out for a year and a half. The show's ecstatic producers joyously submitted an ad for pages 2 and 3 of the following Sunday's Arts and Leisure section.

To their surprise, the *Times* refused

when Amanda (Holly DeMillo) returns the stare, it is an electrifying moment that silently brings to mind the entire "Attention must be paid" soliloquy from "Death of a Salesman." Already we are convulsed with laughter and aching for a good cry—and the curtain's only been up 15 minutes.

The cast is uniformly flawless. David Christopher is so convincing as Mr. Fiore that many will be convinced the actor has actually drowned. Only the fact that no real water is

precision lighting. If I can think of anything negative to say about the production, it would be that I find it unlikely a woman like Aunt Betty would wear a man's shirt, even as a nightie.

But I am quibbling too much. If "Atlantis" does not walk away with every major theater award that exists, my confidence in the future of American theater, already shaky, will be shattered beyond

already knew exactly what Frank Rich thought of the show, they argued; why couldn't he be quoted in the very paper that printed his original review? The producers threatened to run all their *Atlantis* ads in *New York Newsday*.

Faced with the prospect of losing millions of dollars of full-page advertising, the *Times* reluctantly gave in. That Sunday, the King of the Curse Words came of age, in 288 point Helvetica Bold Condensed.

After seeing the *Revisiting Atlantis* ad all the following week, New Yorkers were already getting used to seeing "that word" in print. Friday night, Tom Brokaw closed his Nightly News with a wry piece about the *Times* brouhaha; ironically, the angle was not how shocking it was, but rather how quickly New Yorkers

**"FUCKING  
INCREDIBLE!"**

—FRANK RICH,  
The New York Times

Revisiting Atlantis  
AT THE LAMBI THEATRE TICKETMASTER, INC.

to run it, attributing the "unfortunate wording" in the original review to a "transmission error." The producers were outraged. Everybody in New York

\*Fuck.

had become jaded about the whole thing. Brokaw's lead-in warned viewers they would be hearing "a familiar four-letter word that rhymes with 'duck' . . . and it isn't 'luck.'" As the story was broadcast nationwide, the country had the word pumped into its homes five times in three minutes.

In its coverage of Brokaw's Nightly News piece, the Associated Press carried the word for the first time without disguising it as f---. An addendum to the AP stylebook, the industry's standard bearer, went out with the story.

**fuck** Still considered offensive in many parts of the country, particularly the Midwest. Use sparingly. May be permissible in direct quotes if the word plays a compelling part in conveying urgency, etc.: The president said, "That's just too *fucking* bad."

For years, reporters have had to clean up politicians' language before printing it; the boiler-room environment of Congress and the campaign trail naturally gives rise to foul-mouthed, though essentially harmless, speech. But with the AP ruling, suddenly the wires were chock-full of quotes, many of which made their way into local papers.

**Davis on FBI Tape; Admits 'I'm Fucked'**

**SNELL TO MIFFLIN: 'YOU DUMB FAT FUCK'**

**FDIC 'Copout'**  
Citicorp CEO 'Fucking Pissed'

Creative directors at all the top ad agencies now saw a golden opportunity: a magic word that would give any campaign an unbeatable hook. The makers of Audi's V8 sports sedan were ripe to give it a try. After unsuccessfully promoting their four-door car as a rugged, down-and-dirty driving machine, they daringly switched their campaign slogan midstream from "TAKE CONTROL" to

**FUCKIN' A, AUDI.**

- The Audi A8 includes such standard features as: • Front wheel drive • 4 speed automatic transmission • Anti-lock brakes • Color side airbag • 2-tier power sunroof • Anti-theft alarm system • Automatic climate control • Cruise control • Power windows, mirrors and locks • Rear defogger • ABS/4 Stereo cassette with auto reverse • Tires with limited warranty for 3 years or 50,000 miles • No charge scheduled maintenance for 3 years or 50,000 miles • Roadside assistance\*\*



Advertising Age magazine reported a 200 percent rise in dealer inquiries in the first two weeks.

William Safire, the Times's astute observer of the English language, was quickly becoming intrigued by this word's growing acceptance. Within weeks he devoted an entire column to what he saw as an important new trend.

Nobody doubted a man who spoke so confidently: the spots were a huge success.

Not long afterward, Wilford Brimley, curmudgeonly grandfather in the Quaker Oats commercials, appeared in a spot exhorting, "You know they're the right thing to do. Now what the fuck're

**On Language**  
BY WILLIAM SAFIRE

**Fucking Around With the 'F' Word**

I'VE SEEN THE RESULTS we've gotten so far, and I'm *fucking* delighted," said Secretary of State James A. Baker 3d, placing his imprimatur on a word common to all but, until recently, rarely uttered in public. He was speaking about the early stages of talks with the new German Government, and he added, later in the press conference, "I think they know the world will be watching to make sure they don't *fuck* around again."

As these two disparate examples graphically illustrate (stopping shy of the more pornographic examples, which would illustrate graphically, *fuck* is a very handy word.

In the former example, adding the suffix *-ing* results in an adverb that resembles the present participle. Mr. Baker is not in the act of *fucking* in a delighted way (one must be diplomatic with our allies but there are, after all, limits). Rather, he is *extremely* delighted — in point of fact, *fucking* delighted.

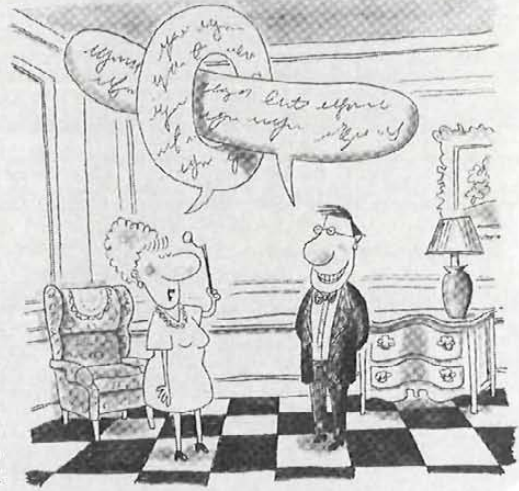
The second use employs a completely different sense of the word. The verb to *fuck* (from the Dutch *fakken*, "to breed," as with cattle) strictly means to *make love*, although only in the most vulgar sense: "Did you *fuck* my wife? Huh?" (De Niro in "Raging Bull").

To *fuck around*, then, is to sleep around, or to make love with many different people indiscriminately. (Ironically, *make love* was once used in casual speech meaning the relatively tame "woo" or "court." No *fucking* involved.)

Mr. Baker was using the word's second sense, to "trifle," as in "Don't *fuck around* with me." He wants the German Government to know that if it *fucks up* like last time, it's going to be in a *fucking* mess of trouble.

Why is the word so pliable? Perhaps because, as an essentially meaningless intensifier, it can be placed anywhere, much as "really" once was. But *fuck* is really far more versatile. (Really? Really.)

"What the *fuck* you looking at?" presents the word as an abstract noun, essentially adding no new information to the sentence. Yet its presence there certainly imparts a degree of menace not carried by the more formal "What are you looking at?" Likewise, a guy who says to his pal, "You *fuck*" is not using the verb form but is actually calling



you waiting for?" What had initially worried industry skeptics as a horrendous move paid off in spades, as the spots became one of the most widely quoted—and imitated—commercials of the year.

With this kind of track record, who could afford not to jump on what Ad Age called "the 'Fuckin' Bandwagon'?" Milton Bradley hurriedly introduced a charades-like party game later that year called

In the column, Safire referred to the word as a "meaningless intensifier," but everybody else knew differently. This word was far from meaningless. It meant big money.

This was not lost on the makers of Ultra Slim-Fast, who brought spokesman Tommy Lasorda back into the studio to "strengthen" their campaign, which had just begun losing some ground to competitors. Now the L.A. Dodgers manager tugged smarmily at his waistband and said, "I feel great and I haven't gained back *one fuckin' pound!*"



That same week, Federal Express's chief competitor, DHL, adopted the slogan



and edged closer to the overnight-mail giant. Ironically, the most flak went to the thrasher rock group Anthrax, when fans felt that by titling their new album *We're on a Fuckin' Roll!* the band had sold out to the Establishment.

Within months the word was appearing so frequently that market research began showing a significant decrease in its effect on buying decisions.

which were cheddar-flavored crackers shaped like little ducks (the campaign launch slogan: "They're Dee-fucking-Licious!") In fact, after six months of poor sales, Pepperidge Farm quietly dropped the product from its line.

CBS-TV promoted its new fall comedies, an anemic bunch of run-of-the-mill sitcoms, with what it thought would be "the next big catch phrase":

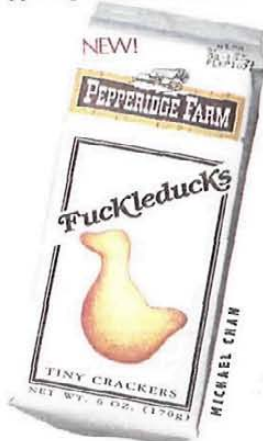


The slogan, which had never been adequately test-marketed, backfired badly: "Big Fucking Deal" was right,



MICHAEL CHAN

Nobody paid much attention when Pepperidge Farm introduced

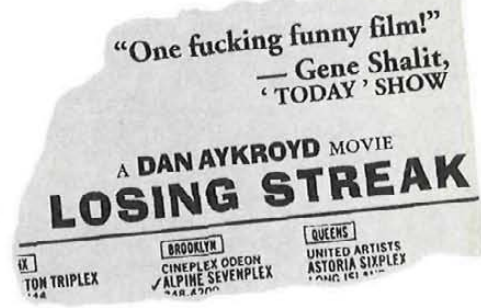


and all seven shows were canceled mid-season for lousy ratings. The same happened when Nickelodeon's hour-long variety show for kids, *Far Fuckin' Out!*, lost out to twenty-year-old reruns of *Yogi's Space Race* on another channel.

But the word's declining power became most obvious when, to the surprise of many, *Revisiting Atlantis* posted notice a year and a half to the day after its spectacular opening. The out-of-town tourist audiences had never understood what Frank Rich found so "fucking incredible" in the stogy and highbrow production. (Rich himself only used "fuck" once more in print, and that was a direct dialogue quote from a short-lived David Mamet revival, which he panned.)



Eventually, when diner menus described the meat-loaf special as "quite 'fucking' good," customers were likely to order something cheaper. When Gene Shalit called Dan Aykroyd's new movie

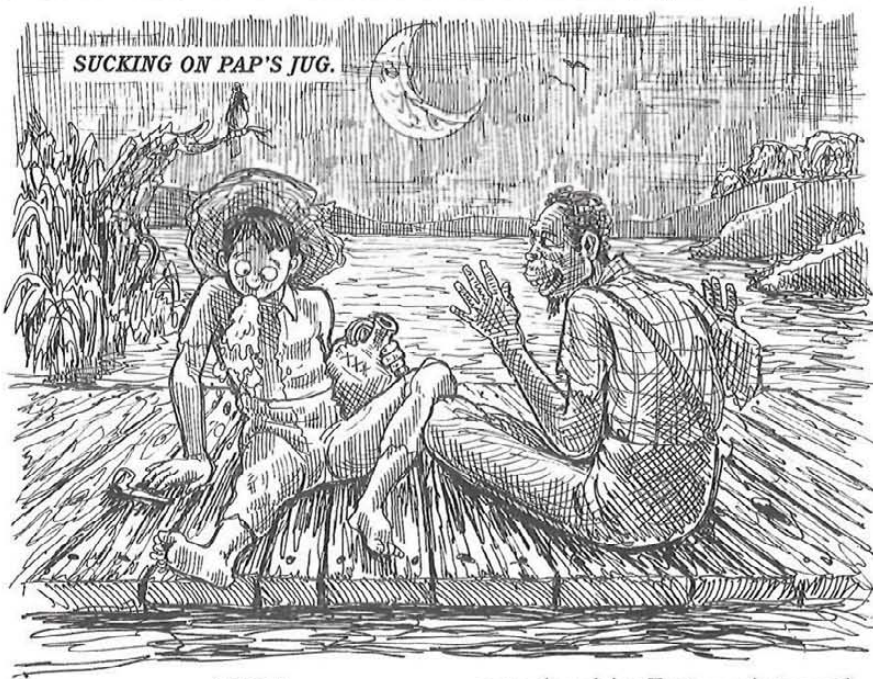


people who knew better waited until it hit video. Leaving a supermarket with an armload of groceries, shoppers were barely conscious of the plastic sign encouraging them to



When all was said and done, "fuck" had become an ersatz "gadzoos," and, in the end, nobody gave a shit. ■

## SUCKING ON PAP'S JUG.



## HUCK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

**EPISODE THREE:  
Huck's "Dream"**

Much has been made of the so-called "Raftsmen's Passage," a fifteen-page episode which appears in the 1876 *Finn* manuscript (between the second and third paragraphs of Chapter XVI), but which was deleted prior to final publication after being used to pad out *Life on the Mississippi*, a book written to cover Twain's losses from an ill-considered attempt to mount "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" as an "All-Singin', All-Jumpin'" traveling minstrel show. But while it can be argued that this "Raftsmen's Passage," in which Huck observes some raftsmen, is an insignificant event in Huck's development, as well as tedious in the extreme, the same certainly cannot be said of the recently discovered "Dream Sequence" deleted from the previous chapter (Chapter XV) for quite different reasons.

Chapter XV begins:

We judged that three nights more would fetch us to Cairo,<sup>18</sup> at the bottom of Illinois, where the Ohio River comes in, and that was what we was after. We would sell the raft and get on a steamboat and go way up the Ohio amongst the free States, and then be out of trouble.

Well, the second night . . .

Clearly, something is missing here, namely: the first night. It must be

<sup>18</sup> Pronounced like the syrup.

remembered that Twain was being paid a then-astrounding seventeen cents a word by the *National Lampton*, and it was certainly not in his character to pass up an unnecessary narrative opportunity.<sup>19</sup> And in point of fact, he did not:

There weren't much to do that first night but smoke and talk, which is what we was doing when Jim said why didn't we make a party of it and suck on pap's jug some? I said I didn't think that was a good idea, on account of we wasn't sick or pained, but Jim says:

"Wud's de harm in it, Huck? A man doan' need no caws t' be feelin' good. Ain't you a man like yo' pap, Huck?"

I didn't want to argue him none on that point, so I tipped the jug and swallered once. That was plenty. The stuff burnt so bad I thought maybe I had set it afire with my pipe by accident and that there was smoke apouring out my ears and eyes. Jim decided this was the funniest sight he'd ever seen ever and laughed so hard he fell over sideways; I would've cussed him out if I could've talked at all, but instead took another swig of my medicine, like a man.

Well, by and by it didn't so much burn as make me feel all warm inside, and I got the sudden urge to lay back on the raft and look up at the sky. It was such a clear night and there was a sight more stars than usual, and friskier, too. This got me

<sup>19</sup> One story, possibly apocryphal, relates that the first installment of *Finn* submitted to the *National Lampton* originally began, "You don't know about me, without you have read a book by the name of 'The Adventures of Tom Sawyer,' so here might be a good place for me to tell you what happened in that one before I take up with this one," followed by a 6,000-word summary of Sawyer from Huck's point of view. According to magazine legend, founding editor Peter Van Oppenclaus red-penciled everything after "Tom Sawyer," replacing it with the now more familiar "but that ain't no matter."

to thinking. I says:

"Jim, Jim—hey, Jim—do you think they's niggers up in heaven?"

Jim puzzled over this for a moment, and then he said:

"I reck'n dey is, Huck, I do reck'n so. De man, wun't he be wantin' his nigger up dah wid him in hiven? or it wun't right' be hiven now, wud it?"

I said I reckoned he was correct about that, that was smart thinking. But then I thought: Jim being a runaway nigger, how was he ever going to get into heaven? Just the thought of being dead and not having Jim to talk to me made me so lonesome I wanted to cry, but I must of fell asleep instead.

I had this powerful horrible dream then. I dreamed I had gone down to the bad place, and there was all over demons and witches and burning runaway niggers, and I was crying on account I didn't know what I had done to be there. Then I was in this tiny room, more like the inside of a stove than a room, and this demon come walking toward me. It was pap, red as the devil himself!

Pap was grabbing at this big spikey tail he had, and was swinging it over his head when, by witch magic, it turned into a terrible spitting snake. He was grinning just



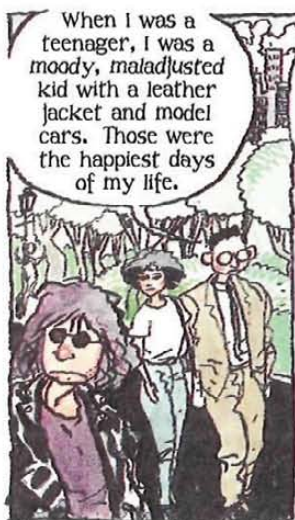
## SNAKE DREAMS.

like he did that one night and kept coming at me, asking wouldn't I like to touch his snake? I said, no thank you just the same.<sup>20</sup> He said, my, didn't I have the dandy manners, maybe he should learn me some other manners about respecting my elders and doing what they say, and he kept coming on, and just when his

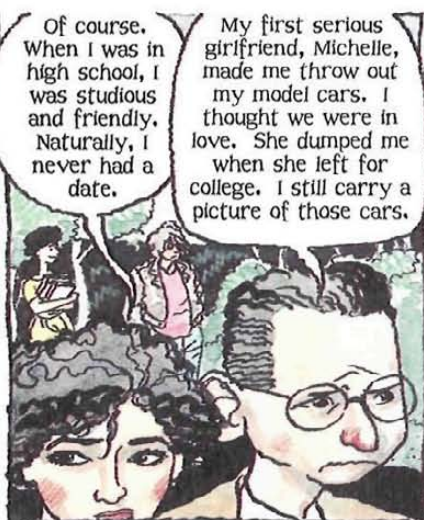
<sup>20</sup> Huck's superstitious aversion to snakes is a recurring theme in the book. In Chapter X, for example, Huck swears he "wouldn't ever take abolt of a snake-skin again with my hands, now that I see what had come of it." And yet, as this passage makes clear, he can't seem to avoid them.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

# SOMEDAY YOU WILL WEAR PLAID



When I was a teenager, I was a moody, maladjusted kid with a leather jacket and model cars. Those were the happiest days of my life.



Of course. When I was in high school, I was studious and friendly. Naturally, I never had a date.

My first serious girlfriend, Michelle, made me throw out my model cars. I thought we were in love. She dumped me when she left for college. I still carry a picture of those cars.



I figured that boys didn't ask me out because something was wrong with me. I worked on improving myself.

I'm basically lazy. I let others improve myself for me. In college, my girlfriend, Carla, wouldn't let me eat junk food. I became a vegetarian. She left me a year later, but I'm still a vegetarian. Mainly because I've never learned to cook.



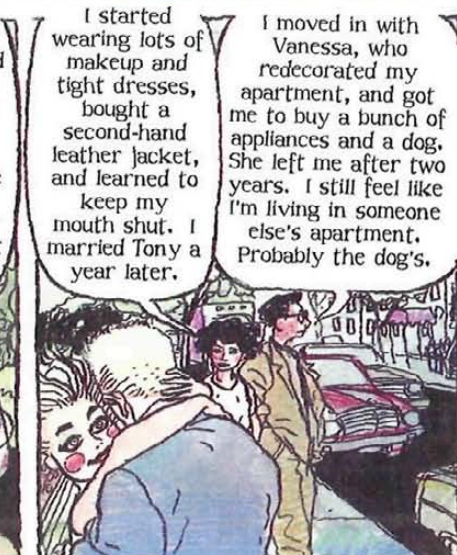
As a result of my quest for self-improvement, I started college with a straight "A" average, a part-time job at a newspaper, and improved social skills and self-confidence. I considered it a waste of effort when I discovered I still didn't get any dates.



My next girlfriend, Sharon, got me to start showering and shaving regularly. I also got a haircut.

Grooming's important. I realized that men were only interested in stupid women with lots of makeup.

My next girlfriend, Christine, said I should stop dressing like a kid. I bought some suits that she picked out, and gave my leather jacket to Goodwill.



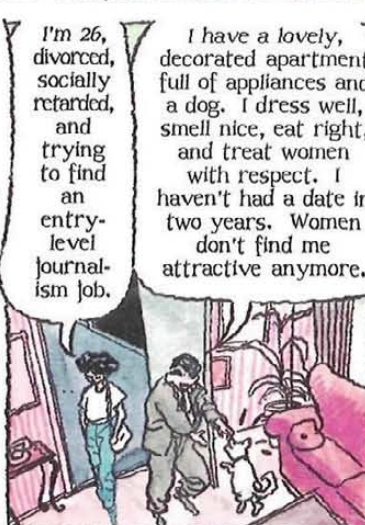
I started wearing lots of makeup and tight dresses, bought a second-hand leather jacket, and learned to keep my mouth shut. I married Tony a year later.

I moved in with Vanessa, who redecorated my apartment, and got me to buy a bunch of appliances and a dog. She left me after two years. I still feel like I'm living in someone else's apartment. Probably the dog's.



I was so happy to finally have a man. I quit my job, and stopped seeing my old friends, except for the married ones.

Natalie got me to read a lot of books by women, and give up what she viewed as "sexist" thought. She dumped me for an Italian. Now I wake up in Vanessa's apartment, with Natalie's brain, and put on Christine's clothes.



I'm 26, divorced, socially retarded, and trying to find an entry-level journalism job.

I have a lovely, decorated apartment full of appliances and a dog. I dress well, smell nice, eat right, and treat women with respect. I haven't had a date in two years. Women don't find me attractive anymore.



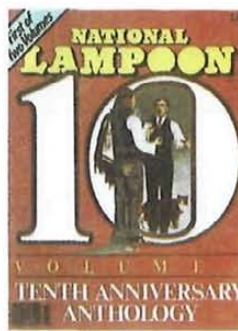
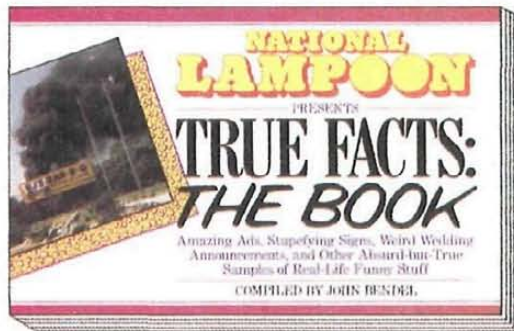
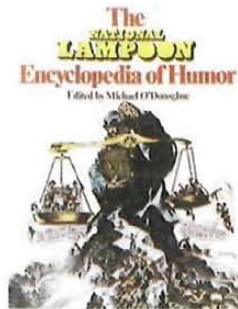
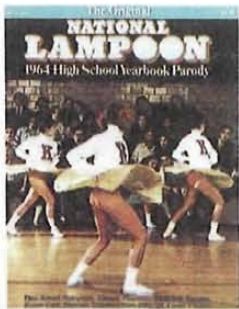
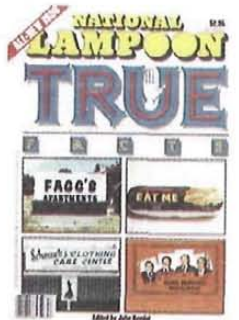
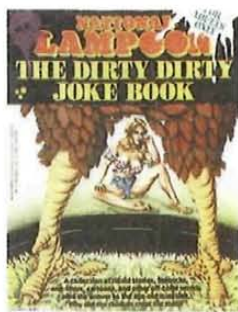
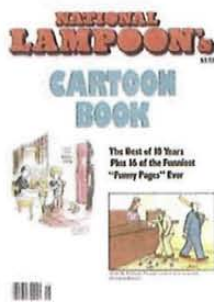
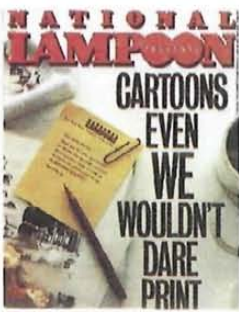
I feel I wasted a lot of time and potential on men. I'm not interested in a relationship at this point in my life.

I love you.

Suddenly every man wants me. You're all alike.

I can change.

by Kyle Baker



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# A Kiss-O-Gram from MELANIE



A Letter To My Daughter  
Written On My 15th Birthday  
To Be Opened On Her ~~15th~~ Birthday  
By Melanie Hittens

~~14th~~ ~~13th~~ 12th

Dear Daughter,

I'm writing you this letter so that when you're 15 you will know how I felt when I was 15 and maybe it will help us relate. And also so that you can benefit from what I've learned in life. But if you're 15 already then maybe you've already made the same mistakes as me so maybe it would be better if you read it on your 14th or even your 13th birthday so you can plan ahead. I'll have to think about that.

Anyway... so how are you? How's the future? Do there still a GAP? I bet the world is really different. I bet all the stores have computerized checkout. Am I right?

If I don't get the abortion, I think I'll name you Emma or Courtney. I don't think I'll get one but I don't think I can keep you either (I don't even have my own room now!!!) And even though my mother (your grandmother) always says that all babies are from heaven, I think that in this case she'd shit & I guess we'll just have to go away for a while. Maybe we can go to Orlando. I bet there are a lot of jobs there. I wonder if Disney World has day care?

I've also been thinking about adoption. If I give you up don't be pissed, ok? It seems really freaky that you would live with strangers but I guess they wouldn't be strangers to you and you'd get to live in a much nicer place than this (it's ok for a burb, but we live near the water tower which is very uncool.) Then I figure they get to name you whatever they want - if it's something lame like Joam or Darlene just remember that it's what's inside that counts. Do not get down on yourself and have a bad self-image, even if you are fat and no guy likes you except some shrimp from the A.V. Squad. Just so you know - I am middle popular but I try not to snub. (New color! My pen ran out!) If I have to give you up for adoption I'll tell them to

give you this letter and I swear I will not yell at you if you come and find me. So anyway, here are some really basic things I've learned. ① No one really knows anyone else totally. ② Long Island Ice Teas don't taste like they're all that strong but they are. ③ THIS IS REALLY IMPORTANT! PAY ATTENTION! If you get dumped by a really cute guy like Andy Codazzi don't go out on the rebound with a loser stoner like David Rindner just to have a boyfriend. (I guess he could be your father so I take back that part about his being a loser.) ④ Saran Wrap doesn't work. ⑤ Money doesn't buy happiness. I know this because I hung out all day Saturday with Lucy Fisher and she was really depressed the whole time and they have a pool and everything. ⑥ I don't know if there's a God but I do know that I prayed about Andy Codazzi and it didn't help. ⑦ There are people who will act like your friend but it's all a facade. A real friend will listen to your problems and not run out and tell half the school. (I wonder if things were always this way even in cave times. Were people two faced then too?) ⑧ Sometimes life is like buying Chicken McNuggets to go and you get home and they gave you the wrong dipping sauce.

Hold on. I have to go check something. (sp?)

I'm back!!! Well, I guess I was having a kinkipion fit for nothing - I was just late. What a cosmikummy! But I'll save this letter anyway because I figure I'll have you eventually. I think all the stuff I said applies even though I'm not pregnant after all. Except that I take back taking back that David Rindner is a loser - he is!!!!

I just realized that you could be a boy but if you are then I don't know what to say to you.

Love and XXXX's  
Your Mother,

Melanie

Sorry  
Sloppy!



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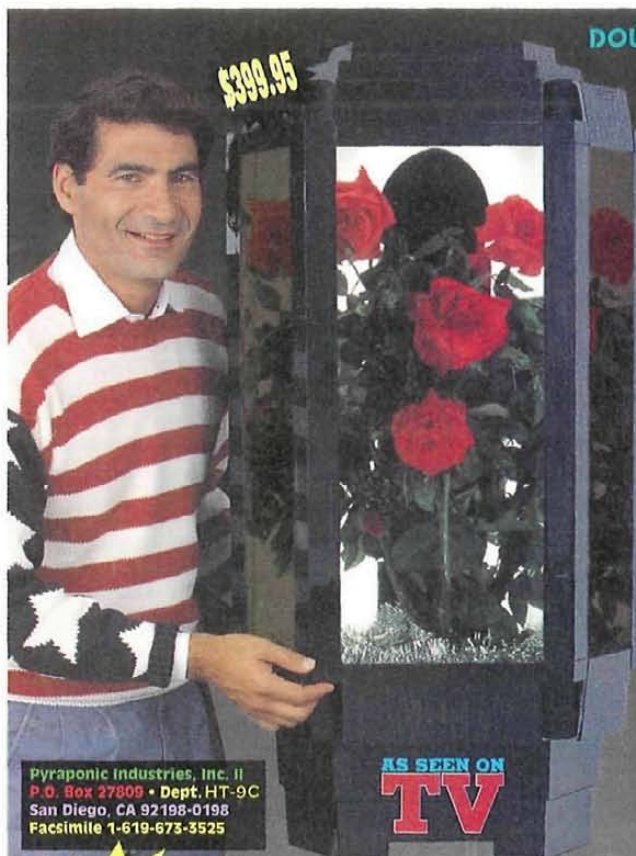
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ENTERING OUR SECOND DECADE OF STATE-OF-THE-ART SERVICE

Edited by John Bendel



**TRUE FACTS**

SCOTT BALDWIN

FROM THE SEATTLE Times police blotter, dated Bothell, Washington: "12500 block, Northeast 199th Street—A man reported finding a loaf of bread buried in his yard. When an officer arrived, several neighbors also reported making a similar discovery. The bread was buried neatly and there were no teeth marks indicating an animal was responsible, the officer reported." (contributed by Christopher W. Bowers).

□ T □ F

A GUNMAN DESCRIBED by police as tall, burly, white, and about thirty-five years old entered a San Francisco liquor store, pointed a revolver at clerk Frank Boutte, and demanded cash. "I don't want to hurt you," he said.

Boutte responded with an adamant "No." Then, according to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the gunman burst into tears, put the gun in his rear pants pocket, and fled down Eddy Street crying. (contributed by Bill Talley)

□ T □ F

FROM THE WASHINGTON Post: "A commercial laundry worker in Boston was killed when he was apparently knocked into a huge dryer by one hundred pounds of wet clothing. Alfredo Castro, thirty-one, was trapped inside the dryer for its six-minute cycle and ejected when it was completed, police said." (contributed by Andy Shore)

□ T □ F

FROM AN UNSPECIFIED British newspaper: "Timothy Parkin, forty-three, of Low Fell, Gateshead, a judge who was allegedly followed by undercover police after picking up a prostitute in Leeds, was fined for kerb crawling at the city's crown court. He was said to have told the police who approached him: 'Thank God, officers. Can you help me? I can't get this woman out of my car.'" (contributed by Nick Booth)

□ T □ F

CAMP HARTELL, A WINDSOR Locks, Connecticut, facility where drunk drivers undergo rehabilitation, announced its support of U.S. troops in the Persian Gulf, urging inmates and staff to place yellow ribbons on their auto antennas. The program, reported the *Hartford Courant*, was called "Tie-One-On." (contributed by Richard Mackrewicz)

□ T □ F

A MAN IDENTIFYING himself as a college dean called a West Valley, Utah, day-care center to ask for help in punishing a cheating student. The dean said he wanted the cheater to spend time in day care.

The *Salt Lake Tribune* reported that "a six-foot three-inch-tall, 220-pound Caucasian in his late twenties arrived at the day-care center to do his penance. The man wore a girl's pink dress, bloomers, pink slippers, and a diaper. He wore heavy pink makeup and blue eye shadow, and his brown hair was swept back under a pink bonnet. He carried a black diaper bag containing baby food and a baby bottle."

In the man's mouth, according to police, "was a binky that squeaked."

When employees noticed that the man often had his hand in his diaper they refused to bed him down with the children, but he remained on the premises until 1:00 P.M., when the center director recognized him.

Dressed in a similar outfit, he had talked his way into another center two years earlier, claiming it was for a fraternity initiation. (contributed by Clark Lile)

□ T □ F

FRANK CHARLES SNYDER, a former Suicide Prevention Center volunteer, confessed to slitting the wrists of a suicidal man, hoping to put an end to the man's frequent calls to the center.

"[He] was sucking the life out of me," Snyder said of his victim, Benjamin Carlson. "He wanted to die, but didn't have the courage to do it. It was ruining my life."

Snyder said he tried to help Carlson and even visited him in person. But when Carlson continued to call, Snyder and an acquaintance attacked Carlson and slit his wrists.

Carlson survived the attack, while Snyder was ordered to stand trial for attempted murder. *New York Post* (contributed by Ian Maxtone-Graham)

□ T □ F



KYLE COMPTON



AN UNIDENTIFIED DES Plaines, Illinois, narcotics officer placed a canvas bag containing \$80,000 on the roof of his car in order to open the door, then drove off. The money, intended for a drug bust, has not been recovered.

"He's extremely upset about it," Police Chief Kenneth Randolph said of the officer, a twenty-year veteran, then informed anyone who might have found the bag of fifty- and one-hundred-dollar bills: "We want our money back." *Winnipeg Free Press* (contributed by Munroe Pharmacy)

T  F

## True Titillation: Sex by the Roadside

SIXTY-NINE-YEAR-OLD William E. Conte died in his car after pulling off the street into an East Rochester, New York, car dealership. According to the *Times Herald Record*, "Mark Simzer, an employee of the John Holtz Mazda dealership, said he saw Conte sitting in his car in front of the showroom at about 1:00 P.M. February 19. Simzer, who was in charge of the car lot, said he went up to Conte, but left him alone when Conte didn't answer his questions.

"Simzer said Conte, whose emergency lights were flashing, grunted and made gurgling sounds.

"He was acting like he was handicapped," Simzer said. "I stood there and looked at him and he didn't even ask me for help."

Conte's body was discovered the next morning, still in his car. An autopsy showed he had died of a heart attack the previous day.

"I'll know better the next time," said Simzer. (contributed by Richard J. Vila)

T  F

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Robert Klocki recently testified against his Riverside, California, dentist, claiming that Dr. James Ellenberger threatened to kill him if he didn't sit still during a root canal. Klocki said the dentist showed him "a picture of a dead woman with an ax in her neck" and said the same thing would happen to him if he didn't stop squirming. Five other children also testified against the dentist. *San Diego Union* (contributed by Jim Covington)

T  F

THE REVEREND JOHN Steinbruck, pastor of Luther Place Memorial Church in Washington, D.C., reported receiving a computer-generated letter from the Chevy Chase Federal Savings Bank in suburban Maryland offering a \$6,000 line of credit to Martin Luther. The letter informed Mr. Luther, who died in 1546, that a gold card awaited him.

"It said he was part of a unique and distinguished group of people," said Steinbruck. "It said he has preferred status." *Richmond (Virginia) Times-Dispatch*

T  F

INGE VIDAR SVINGEN slid down a Norwegian ski slope on a bed of nails. Svingen removed his shirt and lay on the bed of 270 six-inch nails mounted on skis, then slid 500 yards down a children's hill of a ski run. His device failed to achieve the sixty-mile-per-hour speed he had predicted, moving forward slowly instead.

"I am no masochist," said the forty-one-year-old Norwegian daredevil. "Abroad I am treated like a big entertainer. Here at home, I'm seen as a half-wit." *AP* (contributed by Wes Pollard)

T  F

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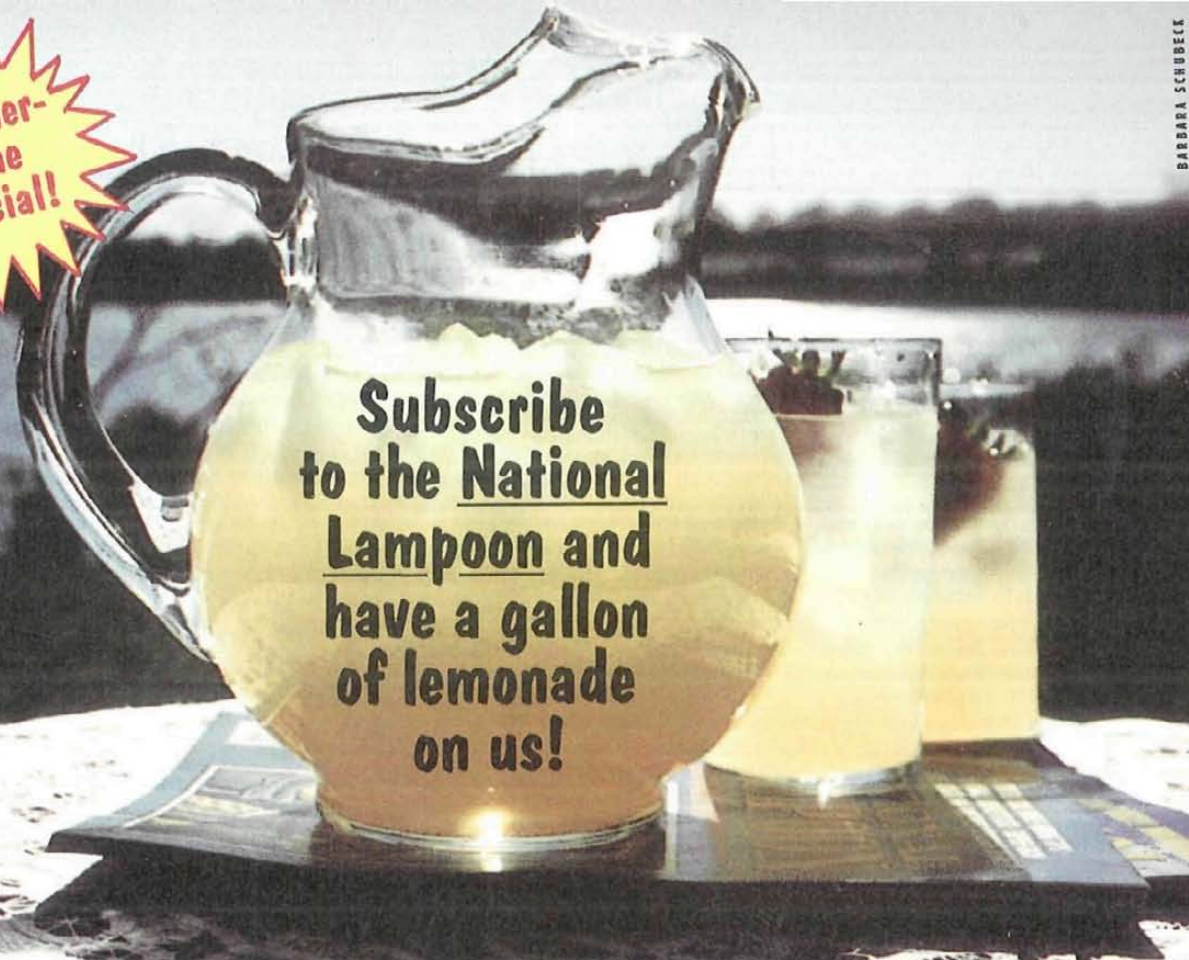
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DARVIN HOWE



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# FRANKENTREATMENT

## SPLATTER 'N' SLASHER MOVIES MADE SIMPLE(R)

by Eugenia Bone



Example: Special Effects (see footnote 14). Some of the indispensable elements to include are: (a) terrifying weapon of death; (b) fake blood and burn makeup; and (c) fishing line used to hold up your props.

It's no coincidence that every two-bit producer in the business has made a horror film. Why? Because gore is good business. You don't need pricey stars, a glam director, or even a qualified scriptwriter to have a hit. Just invent a psycho with style and have a basic understanding of the genre's structure, and you're on your way. But make sure splatter is your subgenre. Forget possession movies (too much research). Don't bother with science fiction (way too expensive, and you'll never be able to afford Schwarzenegger). And, once the Wolf Man and Dracula hooked up with Abbott and Costello, monster movies were dead: they just wouldn't lie down.

So load up on the fake blood, pick a remote location, hire a few waiters and waitresses with the lung capacity to scream and the dexterity to take off their shirts—and base your script on the outline below. We've concocted the basic skeleton for a slasher movie based on a loose synthesis of the greatest-grossing gross-out films of the last thirty years: *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, *Halloween*, *The Evil Dead*, *Friday the 13th*, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, and *Night of the Living Dead*. The footnotes are the work of a team of writers, directors, and producers who have contributed their expertise, and with their insights we have fleshed out the mere bones of analysis and created a hit monster. They are:

- Stuart Gordon, the great gore stylist and director of, among others, *Re-Animator*. His current film is *The Pit and the Pendulum* (Paramount Video).
- John McNaughton and Steve Jones, the director and producer, respectively, of the artfully disgusting *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer* and the newly released *Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll* with Eric Bogosian (Avenue Entertainment).
- Lloyd Kaufman, co-founder of Troma films, a small studio responsible for such megahits in Japan as *The Toxic Avenger*, *Rabid Grannies*, and *Class of Nuke 'Em High*.
- And Paul Morrissey, whose *Dracula* and *Frankenstein* are strange megaliths of the genre.



**Example: Establishing Character (see footnote 6). Recent developments, such as animal-rights activism, may prevent you from fully exploring your psycho's motivations—but, as shown here, stuffed animals will do in a pinch.**

Now then. The kind of people who invest in low-budget slasher pictures aren't going to give a shit about your artistic integrity, so, to start the wheels of production turning, concoct a sensationalistic ad campaign and a catchy title.<sup>1</sup>

Now you're ready to start your script. Slasher films, the *good* ones, open with a pre-credit grabber that gives the audience a taste of what is to come. Scary situations that turn out to be dream sequences are popular with the corny set, but, purely on aesthetic grounds, we prefer something more straightforward, as in the opening sequence of *The Stepfather*, where Terry O'Quinn straightens his tie and smooths his hair while walking by the corpses of his wife and children, whom he has just carved up like a Thanksgiving turkey.

Your movie should be about ninety minutes long. *Do not run over*. It's not as if your audience came to see a lot of exposition. Just show a group of brainless teens arriving at an isolated spot<sup>2</sup>—it may be a holiday of some sort.<sup>3</sup> *Unwittingly, they have stumbled into the killer's lair!* Establish that your characters are not only brainless, but callous and horny too—this sequence should take no more than ten minutes—and don't waste your time making them three- or even two-dimensional. They don't need interesting names like Vivian or Theodore—something like Johnny, Sally, and Sue will do. Traveling along with these shameless teenyboppers, of course, is the Heroine (definitely female; males aren't as sympathetic), who is a virgin and/or goody-goody and/or smart.<sup>4</sup>

Spend the next couple of minutes showing an adult idiot type,<sup>5</sup> often a member of the psycho's family, hiding the truth regarding a psychotic killer in the immediate vicinity. Be sure that this adult is never so idiotic that the audience doesn't pick up on his garbled warning.

An alternative is a scene wherein we meet the psycho and watch him do something that foreshadows his killer instinct,<sup>6</sup> often a sicko ritualistic scene. The psycho killer<sup>7</sup> is a faceless mute who expresses himself with his weapon of choice or, if he talks, he's a wisecracker.<sup>8</sup> (Remember, a major psycho wisecracker will be repeated in junior highs throughout the country, so choose your screenwriter well. And yes, writer/comedian Pauly Shore is available. You can contact his publicist, Levine/Schneider.)

Over the next half hour, the callous horny boys and girls are picked off one by

<sup>1</sup> Gordon thinks a title like *Squish* is sure to pique the curiosity of our young audience. His recommended ad campaign? "This will scare the living shit out of you!" Gordon also suggests the gimmicky publicity stunt, like the ones "William Castle used to do in the fifties—like, for example, for his movie *Macabre*, he gave everyone in the audience life insurance policies. Unless you have a heart condition. Then all bets are off. As you're waiting in line to get into the movie you see them rushing someone out of the theater and into an ambulance."

McNaughton/Jones recommend *Cadaver Beach* if you really want to draw an audience. They go on to suggest the tag line "Life's a beach, and then you die."

Kaufman suggests our ad campaign wouldn't be complete without getting a critic in on the project early so that the posters will be adorned by the requisite "\*\*\*\* Thrilling! It scared the living shit out of me!"—Walter Wallblah, Gannett News Service. A cheap way to do this is to give the critic a cameo.

Morrissey suggests the following title: *Massacre at Condom High*. You'll find out why later.

(Kaufman also suggests that when a horror film is submitted to the critics, it should be called a thriller. The genre of horror, it seems, is too *déclassé* for some critics to review. And be sure you say you're financed by a big studio or they might think you're from Troma.)

<sup>2</sup> Gordon recommends a cabin in the woods far from civilization or a van full of teens who run out of gas in front of an old, dark house, best in partial ruins. But McNaughton/Jones think if it's gonna be exploitation, the movie has got to be set in the perennially popular women's house of correction. "You can never go wrong in a women's prison."

Morrissey would have *Massacre at Condom High* set in a New York City public high school where free condoms are handed out.

<sup>3</sup> According to producer Brad Jenkel of the Motion Picture Corporation of America, those high-concept people behind the ax-wielding-psycho film *Memorial Day* ("An axin' packed adventure"), setting a slasher film on a holiday can be a hot selling point overseas. Jenkel suggests St. Patrick's Day. Why? "It's the only holiday left." Gordon points out, however, that there are still plenty of Jewish holidays. He imagines a killer momma whose slash 'n' kosher rampage would hinge on the line "You never called."

<sup>4</sup> Kaufman thinks Julia Roberts would be perfect in this role, for obvious reasons. It's unlikely she'll work for Troma anytime soon, though. Regarding those callous, horny teens, McNaughton/Jones have hit on the perfect gimmick: make everyone happy and cast the whining, spoiled children of stars in the roles of psycho bait.

<sup>5</sup> McNaughton/Jones see him as a hillbilly who dies, the first victim of the psycho, with his eyes open.

<sup>6</sup> McNaughton/Jones recommend you show him pulling the wings off flies. "The coolest thing you can do is be cruel to animals. It always affects an audience more than cruelty toward people. The adage to remember here is 'Don't fuck with Dirty Harry's dog.'" Also effective is the flashback to bizarre childhood behavior depicting cruelty to animals (like a kid strangling his puppy) and/or the classic: the psycho as a child suffering under the cruel hand of an abusive mom.

<sup>7</sup> Or a nerd who, tired of being humiliated by his/her peers, garners supernatural powers and wipes out his/her school, hometown, family (see *Carrie*, *The Toxic Avenger*).

<sup>8</sup> "Okay," says Jenkel, "we meet the psycho killer and it turns out he's a giant killer leprechaun." (And you thought the movie business was difficult.)

Kaufman, putting himself in the "power elite"'s shoes (i.e., major Hollywood high rollers), suggests the killer be a disgruntled Greenpeace. "It's a way to brainwash the people against the lunatic fringe."

Gordon thought any audience could respond to a killer dentist. (He'd cast Klaus Kinski. His dental hygienist sidekick would be played by the enormously endowed, foreign-accented Sybil Danning.) Gordon adds that, unlike the wimpy *Wolf Man*, who agonized over his full-moon-lighted slash-and-tear-athons, a really scary monster, the one who survives in sequels or the nightmares of audiences, actually likes being the way he is.

Why stop at one psycho killer? Morrissey sees a psycho convention in Atlantic City where Michael, Freddy Krueger, Jason, and Leatherface join forces and call themselves the Fantastic Four of Horror. Their mission? To correct all those horny teenagers in the public school system just at the moment when they slip their condoms on.



9 McNaughton/Jones say buy the use of Aldo Ray's name from his estate for the credits. Who's gonna know who's behind the mask?

10 "Usually the acting is so bad," points out Gordon, "that you actually hope they get bumped off quickly. As a result, a lot of these movies end up putting you on the side of the killer." Is this a by-product of cheapness? Or sophisticated sequel planning?

11 McNaughton/Jones point out that here the beauty of having a Heroine (rather than a hero) is evident. If your audience is going to be allowed to be the killer and off a lot of chicks, you buy yourself some grace by having the killer, in turn, be defeated by a broad.

12 But see footnote 15.

13 McNaughton/Jones recognize the importance (purely to the plot, of course) of seeing the Heroine partly undressed, or at least not wearing a bra. So, to kill two birds with one stone: you get your nudity in if you have the Heroine strip and enter a shower only to find the "sign"—a little dead animal in the drain with a note around the neck that says "You're next, bitch."

14 Gordon is waiting to see a death-by-Cuisinart scene or one involving an electric knife. But McNaughton/Jones have just one thing to contribute: pliers. Morrissey's *Condom High* provides a plethora of killing locals and paraphernalia, from medicine-balling a kid during recess to stabbing a cheerleader through the eye with a compass during geometry.

## Take note: cheesy audience manipulation is a must-do.

15 Remember to always shoot an extra few minutes of your goriest scene to be cut from the film. Later, after the picture seems bound for video release, advertise an uncut version of the film that includes these precious few minutes.

It will up your video sales and could give you a few screens theatrically. Advertise the uncut scene by name, like "Don't miss two extra minutes of the infamous garbage disposal scene!!!" "That way," points out Gordon, "the censors think they've done their job and leave the rest of your movie alone."

16 Gordon describes this character as an expert who knows the killer's Achilles heel and is the killer's nemesis. The character is always real paranoid and intense. Morrissey, in his own world, recommends a twist: the authority figures, the teachers at *Condom High*, really want the *Fantastic Four of Horror* to kill all the horny teenagers who are having safe sex on the taxpayer. Why? Because they are tired of being scared in the classroom. They're tired of being pistol-whipped by freshmen.

17 McNaughton/Jones ponder the mysteries of feminine vanity and the fact that the Heroine always has a nail file on her, which she sticks in the killer's eye.

18 Gordon suggests such standbys as the hands of the psycho suddenly darting out toward the Heroine; hands that she thinks are the psycho's but turn out to belong to her boyfriend (whom she hasn't slept with); the Heroine's discovery of her peers, dead of course, and usually "arranged" by the killer; or the Heroine thinking she's offed the killer, only to have him lunge at her as she is inspecting his body.

19 Flickering lights and smoke also provide useful interference with the Heroine's escape. A staple is when the building in which she's trapped bursts into flames.

20 "Mom was a whore," advises McNaughton/Jones. Why do Morrissey's *Fantastic Four of Horror* want to kill all the horny boys and girls in the New York public school system? Not because they are having safe sex. Nooo. Because they are having GOOD sex. And only bad people hate good sex.

21 McNaughton/Jones recommend a flood scene where the authority figure lets the Heroine stand on his head so that she stays above water. He drowns.

22 But McNaughton/Jones believe that the purest horror films will off the Heroine at the end.

23 Like his eyes pop open, says McNaughton/Jones, or his fingers twitch. Or the Heroine looks around to find no corpse, just a bloody trail.

24 McNaughton/Jones suggest that the Heroine think she's done the killer. She's covered with blood. So what does she do? She strips down to her underwear, only to go one more round with the psycho before the match is called.

one by the deranged, masked<sup>9</sup> psycho killer. Psycho killers strike when the victim is the most vulnerable (and usually nude): particularly when making love or taking a shower. It's also common practice to include a scene where a naughty pair smoke marijuana, only to be rubbed out by our zero-tolerance psycho.<sup>10</sup> Sexy females especially seem to drive the killer (and, coincidentally, the audience) wild; but, whereas virginal beauty used to subdue the monster in the classic horror films of the thirties and forties, today's monsters are immune to the innocence of their victims. So be sure that a significant number of murders, especially the ones involving nude or partially clad girls, are shot through the POV of the killer. And for that perverted twist, heavy breathing is a surefire way to augment the soundtrack.<sup>11</sup> But be careful not to overdo it with the sex, violence, nudity, and profanity—after all, you're shooting for an "R" rating.<sup>12</sup>

During this important section of the movie, the Heroine must witness the killer at work, as in the case of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, where a girl is hung on a meat hook (like, through her back) to watch and squirm while her boyfriend is chainsawed into chops by Leatherface. Or she must be given a "sign" by the killer.<sup>13</sup> This is the time when the picture's most stupendous special effects are spent on the widest variety of forms of death possible.<sup>14</sup> The film *The Toolbox Murders* illustrates by its title alone the importance of creative and varied massacre sequences.<sup>15</sup>

Now we're a little less than halfway through the movie and it's time for what we will loosely define as the story line to kick in. Spend a few minutes showing the Heroine escape the psycho long enough to tell an adult there's a homicidal maniac out there, but she's so hysterical that the adults don't believe her and chalk it up to those crazy teenage hormones. When an adult does happen to believe her, that adult usually (a) gets killed or (b) is the killer. If you like, a secondary plot may get under way, wherein the adult—usually a cop, shrink, or other kindly authority figure—does acknowledge the presence of the killer and is on the psycho's trail.<sup>16</sup>

The plot thickens for the next half-hour, as the Heroine is chased by the killer. The killer pursues her relentlessly, even though the Heroine shows herself to be extremely clever at inflicting a variety of feisty retaliatory wounds.<sup>17</sup> Many false scares (it's nothing but her shadow, her reflection in a mirror, a cat jumping) are key to building suspense and killing screen time.<sup>18</sup> It's not unusual for the lights to go out.<sup>19</sup> The Heroine runs, usually trips and falls to add suspense, and just barely scrambles away from the killer's grasping hands. The Heroine always runs up to the attic, down to the cellar, into a closet or some other confining, trap-like space. Even if and when she does escape danger, she always does what no human being would ever be stupid enough to do: she goes back into the lair to like, duh, hide from the killer. At this point, the audience is begging her not to go in there (or urging her to do so). Take note: this cheesy audience manipulation is a must-do.

Now, follow the secondary plot. Show there is no known explanation for why the killer is psychotic. (Sample dialogue: "His type has fouled the earth since the beginning of time." You can make up a real reason for the sequel.) Have the authority figure discover or reveal some deviant fact about the killer that may help him track the killer down.<sup>20</sup> (Most movies like to suggest the psycho is a homosexual, transsexual, or woman.) Then the authority figure should almost save the Heroine, but... fail, and lose his life in the ickiest way imaginable.<sup>21</sup> Alternatively, the authority figure saves the Heroine at the last moment and conveys a little piece of information to the Heroine regarding the psyche of her wannabe executioner (to wit, in *Halloween*, Donald Pleasence tells a distraught Jamie Lee Curtis that her punisher was the boogeyman).

You've got about twenty minutes left before your audience starts looking at their watches, so you should be heading straight for the movie's conclusion by now. Either on her own or with the help of the authority figure, the Heroine escapes from or destroys the psycho.<sup>22</sup> For the supernatural psycho, the Heroine may learn to use the power of the killer against himself—for example, in *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, the Heroine learns to control her dreams. Note that discouraging the psycho is also popular, as in the case of *Halloween*, where Michael just gets tired of being shot at, stabbed with a wire hanger, and skewered by a knitting needle, so he splits for, like, a generation.

In any case, the psycho comes alive again at the denouement,<sup>23</sup> but will not return to his pursuit of the Heroine, or her descendants, until the sequel. This sequence is part of the stinger or false ending: the climax of the movie has passed, and just as the audience thinks the lights are going to turn up in the theater, you give them another scare.<sup>24</sup>

"It used to be in horror films that the monster had to die at the end," says Gordon, "but it says something about our times that we don't believe the monsters are really dead. We have to know that the monster is still out there and that there will be more carnage. It's more realistic. You can't just live happily ever after anymore." ■

# FURTHER READING

A Brief Survey of Classic Coming-of-Age Literature

by Lynda Gorov

## Romeo and Juliet

William Shakespeare (c. 1596)  
PRE-COMING OF AGE STATUS: Impetuous.  
LIFE-CHANGING EPIPHANY: Heavy  
petting leads to trouble.

## Hamlet, Prince of Denmark

William Shakespeare (c. 1601)  
STATUS: Troubled.  
BELATED EPIPHANY: Don't procrastinate.

## The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling

Henry Fielding (1749)  
STATUS: Randy.  
EPIPHANY: Good help is hard to find.

## Pride and Prejudice

Jane Austen (1813)  
ELIZABETH AND DARCY'S STATUS: Yearning.  
EPIPHANY: To break up to make up is  
hard to do.

## Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus

Mary Shelley (1818)  
BARON'S STATUS: Self-involved.  
MONSTER'S STATUS: Terribly mixed-up.  
BARON'S EPIPHANY: It's best to let  
children go their own way.  
MONSTER'S EPIPHANY: Don't play with fire.

## Jane Eyre

Charlotte Brontë (1847)  
STATUS: Repressed.  
EPIPHANY: Some married men actually  
do leave their wives.

## Moby-Dick; or, The Whale

Herman Melville (1851)  
ISHMAEL'S STATUS: Questing.  
EPIPHANY: A big dick isn't everything.

## Great Expectations

Charles Dickens (1860-61)  
PIP'S STATUS: Just a kid.  
EPIPHANY: Don't trust lawyers.

## Little Women

Louisa May Alcott (1868-69)  
STATUS: Close-knit siblings.  
EPIPHANIES: Too many and too trivial to  
be listed here.

## Anna Karenina

Leo Tolstoy (1873)  
STATUS: Yearning.  
BELATED EPIPHANY: Avoid men in uniform.

## Daisy Miller

Henry James (1878)  
WINTERBOURNE'S STATUS: Repressed.  
EPIPHANY: Not all flirts are sluts.

## The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

Mark Twain (1885)  
STATUS: Adventurous.  
EPIPHANY: Black people are okay.

## Tess of the D'Urbervilles

Thomas Hardy (1891)  
PRELIMINARY STATUS: Virginal.  
BELATED EPIPHANY: Men want to marry  
virgins.

## Sons and Lovers

D. H. Lawrence (1913)  
PAUL'S STATUS: Extremely mixed-up.  
EPIPHANY: Just because your mother dies  
a horrible death, it doesn't mean you have to.

## The Metamorphosis

Franz Kafka (1915)  
GREGOR'S STATUS: Hormone-enraged.  
EPIPHANY: Puberty is ugly.

## A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

James Joyce (1916)  
STEPHEN'S STATUS: Self-involved.  
EPIPHANY: Ironically, none.

## This Side of Paradise

F. Scott Fitzgerald (1920)  
AMORY BLAINE'S STATUS: Mixed-up and rich.  
EPIPHANY: Money can buy love.

## The Sun Also Rises

Ernest Hemingway (1926)  
JAKE'S PRE-BATTLE STATUS: Manly.  
EPIPHANY: It's not the meat; it's the emotion.

## Tropic of Cancer

Henry Miller (1934)  
HENRY'S STATUS: Very randy.  
EPIPHANY: There are many ways to fuck.

## The Catcher in the Rye

J. D. Salinger (1951)  
HOLDEN'S STATUS: Exceptionally mixed-up.  
EPIPHANY: Life sucks.

## Lolita

Vladimir Nabokov (1955)  
STATUS: Precocious preteen.  
EPIPHANIES: The age of coming can  
come before the coming of age; old men  
will buy you gifts if you are nice to them.

## A Separate Peace

John Knowles (1960)  
GENE AND PHINEAS'S STATUS: Pals.  
EPIPHANY: Your best pal might be gay.

## To Kill a Mockingbird

Harper Lee (1960)  
SCOUT'S STATUS: Precocious pre-teen.  
EPIPHANY: Weird, scary men can be nice.

## Catch-22

Joseph Heller (1961)  
YOSSARIAN'S STATUS: Pretty mixed-up,  
though not technically insane.  
EPIPHANY: Either way, you're fucked.

## The Bell Jar

Sylvia Plath (1963)  
STATUS: Extremely troubled.

EPIPHANY: Therapy isn't for everyone.

## The Outsiders

S. E. Hinton (1967)  
PONYBOY'S STATUS: Overly sensitive.  
EPIPHANY: Don't judge a man by the  
color of his jacket.

## The Pigman

Paul Zindel (1968)  
JOHN AND LORRAINE'S STATUS: Alienated.  
EPIPHANY: Old people have feelings, too.

## Portnoy's Complaint

Philip Roth (1969)  
STATUS: Extremely self-involved.  
EPIPHANIES: No one will love you until  
you learn to love yourself; liver isn't half  
bad after all.

## Slaughterhouse Five; or, The Children's Crusade

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. (1969)  
BILLY'S STATUS: Wryly naive.  
EPIPHANY: War is hellish.

## If Beale Street Could Talk

James Baldwin (1974)  
TISH AND FONNY'S STATUS: Black.  
EPIPHANY: You can't fight the power.

## Tiger Eyes

Judy Blume (1981)  
DAVEY'S STATUS: Semi-orphaned.  
EPIPHANY: Let dead dads lie.

## The Color Purple

Alice Walker (1982)  
CELIE'S STATUS: Pre-lesbian.  
EPIPHANY: A black woman needs a black  
man like a fish needs a bicycle.

## Bright Lights, Big City

Jay McInerney (1984)  
YOUR STATUS: Insufferably solipsistic.  
EPIPHANIES: Coke is bad; bread is good.

## Less Than Zero

Bret Easton Ellis (1985)  
BLAIR'S STATUS: Disaffected and  
overprivileged.  
EPIPHANY: Just because your friends rape  
a twelve-year-old girl, it doesn't mean  
you have to.

## Slaves of New York

Tama Janowitz (1986)  
CHARACTERS' STATUS: Whiny.  
EPIPHANY: Penises come in all shapes  
and sizes.

## From Rockaway

Jill Eisenstadt (1987)  
TIMMY'S STATUS: Stoned.  
EPIPHANIES: Just because everyone in  
your town has traditionally jumped off a  
bridge, it doesn't mean you have to.



# RITES OF PASSAGE



**WOMANHOOD                      MANHOOD                      DEATH**

**THE TONGAREVANS**  
 When the girl reaches puberty (identified by the growth of pubic hair), her hymen is punctured digitally by a man from another family. If it is discovered that the hymen is already broken, it is assumed that the girl is not a virgin, and her parents are thus shamed. If everything is satisfactory, the girl is rewarded with a skirt (*tiki*) and begins unfettered sexual activity.

When the boy reaches puberty, the father appoints a woman to instruct the boy in sexual matters. The ceremony ends in intercourse. The boy then wears a loincloth (*maro*) and is allowed to begin unfettered sexual activity.

The body is anointed with oil, wrapped in a mat with a living companion (usually a spouse or a parent), and suspended from the roof. A dance is then performed by the mourners, who lacerate their skin with shells. Later the corpse is sewn up in the mat with its personal possessions and again hung from the roof, and the chief mourner sits under it for six months. The mourner is allowed to leave only at night during this period, which ends with a burial and a feast.

**THE NUBA**  
 Wrestling takes the place of a single puberty ceremony for the Nuba women. Once a year, girls from eight to fifteen wrestle each other. Success and skill in these matches will make the winners more attractive to the males of the tribe. Pregnancy ends a young woman's participation.

Young boys take part in a seclusion ceremony at the village cattle kraal. The boys spend three months there, drinking milk and beer and eating bread and ground nuts—but no fruit. At the end of this period, the boys dress in ceremonial costume and go back to the village, where the older men beat them with a whippy stick. Then the women bring out beer and porridge and the boys dance. The next day, the initiates beat each other with their whippy sticks, and their promised brides grease their wounds.

The Nuba bury their dead in graves shaped like an inverted funnel. A bullock or a goat is killed and eaten by close family members for the benefit of the deceased.

**THE NUER**  
 Female twins are considered especially dangerous to their father, for it is believed that the spirit of twin girls will kill him. The female siblings must go through a sham marriage ceremony with one partner of the opposite sex before they are able to be courted. The twins dress up as men, a young boy dresses up as a woman, and the sham marriage is performed.

The manhood ritual of the Nuer is a ritual scarring of the boy's skull. The lad, his head shaven, lies on his back with a bucket in a hole underneath him to collect the blood. The cuts are very deep, and the boy is usually unconscious from loss of blood by the end of the ceremony. He is taken to a hut where he spends several months in seclusion.

The corpse is put into the fetal position and wrapped in cow skin. Three to six months later, bullocks are killed and meat and porridge are served. The place is then sprinkled with water and swept, and the people scrub their bodies with the clothes of the dead man.

**THE OVAMBO**  
 To test for pregnancy, young girls lie in the sun all day and then grind corn with a forty-five-pound pestle. If the girl shows fatigue, she is considered pregnant. If she faints, she is flogged by the tribe.

Young boys are brought to a secret circumcision ceremony, where their loincloths are removed and burnt. After the ceremony, the boys are not allowed to speak until the wounds have healed.

Only the chief of the tribe is buried. The bodies of the rest of the dead are left to the animals.

**THE NORTH AMERICANS**  
 The young girl is brought to a doctor specializing in the female reproductive system and is taken into an examination room, where she changes into a backless robe made of paper. She then lies on a table with her feet in stirrups so that her open vagina is displayed before the face of the doctor, or "gynecologist," and a cold metal object is inserted into her vagina in order to scrape some cells from her cervix. This is called a "Pap smear." If there are no immediate signs of medical abnormality, the girl is allowed to dress and rewards the gynecologist. Several weeks later, the doctor sends her a small card informing her of the results of her "Pap smear."

The passage to manhood in America varies from case to case. For athletes, manhood usually takes place at a "keg party," where the boy drinks from the keg and then performs the sexual act on an intoxicated female while his friends cheer him on. Alternatively, some reach manhood with the hunting of a large antlered animal. "Geeks," however (boys of slight build), pass into manhood in several ways: by the emergence of first chest hair, the first softball caught in gym class, or the first peer invitation to a party with "real" (that is, maturing) girls.

A common death ritual is the "call from the morgue." Functionaries pick up the deceased from the site of its sudden, unexpected passing, bring it to the "morgue" (a necropolis with large drawers), and deposit it. After the mortuary employees sift through the dead man/woman's belongings, the next of kin is notified. When the next of kin reaches the morgue, the drawer is opened and the relative is asked to identify the body. If it is the person in question, the relative will often break out in tears and may even renounce his/her religious beliefs. If not, and the deceased had an especially grisly death (i.e., fire, car crash), the relative vomits.

## FRECKLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

"But she wasn't dead five minutes ago!" protested Bitty, her head beginning to spin like a washing machine full of mismatched whites and colors.

"By the way," the doctor continued, "I don't mean to alarm you, but it seems as if your phone lines have been cut."

"Cat germs loose in Rancho Contento!" cried Anodyne. "What a horrible lesson in the ways of the real world!"

"Calm yourself," cautioned Bitty. "You know what perspiration stains do to your clothes!"

Surprisingly, it was the urbane Pilsener Packaday who suddenly panicked.

"No phone! What if the pet store wants to reach me!" "What are you talking about, Mr. Packaday?" Bitty asked. "By the way, this is Dr. Fury. Doctor, Pilsener Packaday."

The distracted author gathered his hatboxes and stumbled up the stairs to his room. "They're not going to get us! We're going away! Far away!"

"They? Us?" Bitty struggled to understand.

"I'll give him a sedative," Dr. Fury said briskly. He opened his hedge clippers and followed Packaday up the stairs. "Smoking, no matter what they say, does not calm the nerves!"

Anodyne clutched Bitty in a frightened but nonsuggestive manner. "Who's getting who, Bitty? And what's in those hatboxes?"

Before she could review the story any further, the shadow of a figure filled the front doorway, which had been standing open since the doctor arrived. It was Lazlo, the surly half-breed gardener. Nothing grew in the parched desert, which is one reason he was surly, but another might have been that years before, when he had first come to Rancho Contento, Lazlo had been sleepwalking, owing perhaps to his conflicted nationalities, and groggy Uncle Fleck had mistaken him for an intruder and shot him in the shoulder. Supposedly the incident was long-forgotten, but at this moment Bitty wondered.

"Lazlo!" she breathed, as if to demonstrate she knew who he was.

"City man take my boxes," he said choppily. "I need boxes for debris. I must police area."

"Did Mr. Packaday take your boxes, Lazlo?" Bitty surmised. "Were they *hat* boxes, Lazlo?"

Dr. Fury came back downstairs, his hair tousled and his lab coat wrinkled. "I'm afraid lung cancer has claimed your Mr. Packaday," he announced impassively. "I think you'd all better come with me down to the airtight vault in the cellar."

"But what about the hatboxes?" Anodyne gurgled plaintively. "And—oh!" A new horror swept over her like a forward stranger in a crowded elevator. "Bitty! The lights have gone!"

Bitty quickly surveyed the room. "You're right, Anodyne! Luckily, it's two in the afternoon!"

"Just one second there!" barked Dr. Fury with uncharacteristic emphasis. He had spied Lazlo sneaking up the stairs to Mr. Packaday's room. "Where are you going?"

Lazlo turned, the lone feather in his headband drooping guiltily. "I need boxes—in case I have leaves to rake."

"There are no leaves in this wasteland," the doctor shot back. He turned to Bitty. "Wait here, I'll go with him. I don't trust his mixed allegiances. Those bare feet suggest social discontent!"

He followed Lazlo out of sight up the not-so-brightly-lit-as-before staircase. The air tingled like an application of iodine.

"Bitty, this is Goosebump Central!" murmured Anodyne, nervously lighting a cigarette from the pack the late writer had left behind in his confusion.

"No, Anodyne, don't despair!" Bitty cried. "I'll call the sheriff's office from the pay phone by the waste site." She drew a coin from her pocket and stared in disbelief at it.

"Oh no! What's wrong?" Anodyne babbled, puffing smoke like a toaster nearing short-circuit.

"My dime has been *bent*," announced Bitty. "Making it useless in pay-phone slots."

Upstairs, the sound of a scuffle made the antler chandeliers in the vestibule shake. Bitty struggled to understand.

"Anodyne, how could Aunt Addle have gotten herself so covered with cat hair in the old cavern?"

Dr. Fury reappeared at the head of the stairs, as obsessed as a locomotive, and steamed down to the girls with the hatboxes in his arms. "I'm sorry to have to tell you this, but Lazlo seems to have succumbed to fur balls—rare in humans, but awful deadly. His blood was more mixed than we knew."

"Hurry, let's see what's in those boxes!" shouted Anodyne, stubbing out her cigarette. The doctor glared at her disapprovingly.

"Wait a second, it occurs to me that Aunt Addle had a threatening phone call last night," recalled Bitty suddenly. Anodyne pulled the lid off one of the hatboxes and stared inside, at first with bewilderment, and then dismay. "Not more *kittens*! The ranch is overrun as it is, and there aren't mice enough for the ones we already have."

"Yes," Dr. Fury said ominously. "Your Midnight has been a very, very careless animal, hasn't she?"

"Well, I—" Anodyne's blank face seemed perfectly to complement the benighted mewling that rose from the open hatbox. "I did notice she was putting on weight..."

"You don't even know who the father is, do you?" he continued, his voice as smooth and contained as a medicinal caplet.

Meanwhile, Bitty was absorbed in her real-life mental math. "Whoever it was must have been hysterical, because Aunt Addle got worked up herself. It was something about cycles of fornication, of profane and bestial horror, a rite of blood and rebirth."

"Bitty!" Anodyne called faintly, but powerful fingers on her throat prevented her from disrupting Bitty's concentration.

"Could Aunt Addle have then taken Pilsener Packaday into her confidence? Where is Midnight, anyhow?" Bitty wondered.

"We must sterilize, sterilize all unclean substances!" young Dr. Fury declared, releasing Anodyne's lifeless form to tumble to the floor with a drama unknown in her life. The sound of Anodyne's charm bracelet striking the parquet roused Bitty from her distraction. She beheld her late cousin, whom several of the now-released kittens were vainly nuzzling, and turned to face Dr. Fury. He stood stiffly in his torn lab coat, and his breathing sounded like a great skyscraper's air-conditioning ducts, soft but implicitly awesome in scope, and ineluctably mechanical. It was time for Bitty to grow up.

"Well, Doctor," she said in as even a voice as she could muster. "If you insist, I will marry you." ■

"Bitty, this is Goosebump Central!"

**NAKED**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

**Part Five: Street-Fighting Man**

For weeks I wandered the grassy lawns of our campus, tormenting myself with questions: Why do I live while others are dead? Why was I naked while others were clothed? How could such things happen in the richest, most advanced nation in the world?

Despairing of change at the ballot box, I threw myself into direct action. I identified myself with the oppressed. I was a politician of the spirit. My constituency was all humankind.

I stopped eating grapes, marched for divestment, picketed professors with patriarchal views, and wrote angry letters to our school newspaper. What better spokesman for diversity than I, born naked and resolved to stay that way forever. I was a thorn in the side of the college administration. Secretaries locked office doors when they saw me coming. They were afraid of me, and their fear showed.

Sadly, my fellow activists seemed to feel much the same way. To feminists, I was flaunting the symbol of their oppression. To gays, I was a dangerous exhibitionist, threatening their hard-won gains on campus. Black students saw me as some kind of hippie, the kind of person who had invaded the inner cities twenty years ago and forced their parents into the suburbs. No one seemed to want me around.

Meetings were changed, demonstrations were canceled, until, finally, all activism on campus ground to a halt. In despair, I began to use drugs heavily. Pot, crack, heroin, acid, "grass," cocaine, blow, ganja, crank, speed, LSD, ecstasy, "Mary Jane," MDMA, dope, and reefer form only a partial list. Nothing helped. Despairing of change, I abandoned drugs and switched my major to business administration.

**Part Six: Bars of Gold, Bars of Steel**

It was among the captains of finance that I found my true home. I was heavily recruited by New York investment firms, and took a job with one immediately after graduating. Unlike the other trainees, my eye was not distracted by the minutiae of red suspenders and power ties. For me, the only patterns that mattered were the naked lines at the bottom of a balance sheet. Soon I had a corner office, a secretary, and a limousine of my own. For all I knew at the time, I was happy.



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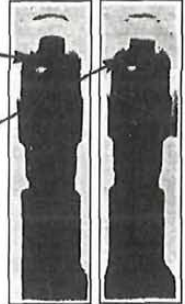
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One day, instead of taking my usual place at Le Cirque, I bought a hot dog and headed for the Central Park Zoo. There, tiny snow monkeys chattered on rocks, and sea lions swam in a glass pool. On a sculpted terrace prowled the polar bear, enormous and white. Yet up close, his coat seemed shabby, green in patches, bald in others.

Our eyes met, he stared, then turned away, unable to meet my gaze. At first I was exhilarated by my victory—proof, I thought, of man's primary place among the beasts. Here in the zoo sat hundreds of powerful animals from around the globe, confined behind bars of steel forged by human hands. The polar bear met my eyes again with his mesmerizing gaze. I staggered backward; the logic of oppression collapsed on my head like a ton of bricks. Nudity by itself was no guarantee of freedom. The oppressor himself could be as naked as the oppressed. I returned to my office, handed in my resignation, and left to contemplate all I had learned.

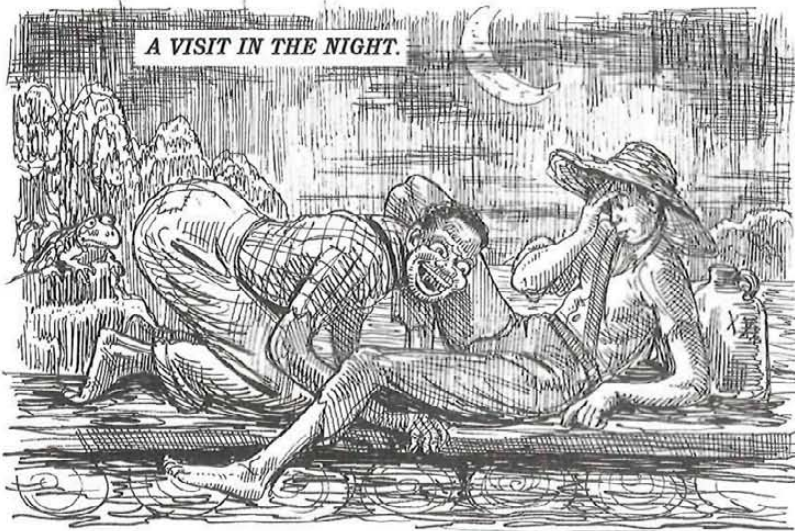
**Part Seven: My Philosophy**

If I had to boil down the many lessons of my naked life into a single truth, it would be this: a life in the nude is not yet a life that is free. If

given more time to elaborate, I would add that the capacity for freedom is inside every human, naked or clothed. To smaller children I might say that your lives are bounded only by your dreams. For the elderly I might perform a song or a dance, as those arts comprise a kind of universal language that distracts old people from their aches and pains.

Yet though such observations are pleasing, they are beside the point. Truth can also be found in a tree, in a leaf, or in the smiles of children. Truth is no big deal. In life, it is the little things you remember most. A well-turned double play. A laugh that tinkles like broken glass on marble floors. The rush of wind against a naked body on a warm summer's day. All stay lodged in the memory long after other questions are answered by the big men with the giant-size brains.

It would be wonderful news if I could end my story with my election to a high governmental position or the Académie Française. That I cannot do so is unjust, yet my knowledge would indeed be worthless if it gained immediate acceptance. Instead, I hope for a long life, and I look forward to my death as the beginning of my vindication in the eyes of the world. ■



## HUCK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

snake was about to bite me, I woke up in a thick sweat.

I felt sick. My heart was beating like a jackrabbit; my face was red hot and my body all ashiver, and I didn't know what to do. I tried to sit up quick but something held me flat. I looked down, and there was ol' Jim, bending over them parts of me that Judge Thatcher said was so private and sacred even I had no business with them, and all of a sudden it made final and horrible sense to me: Jim was a night vampyre coming to suck out my immortal soul!

I tried to escape his niggery fangs, but it was too late. I felt a jerking all down my back and an awful itch in my belly and my soul started shooting out of me like a steamboat whistle; the devil Jim was laughing like a banshee and sucking it all up! I felt my body go all tingly and then I reckon I must of passed out from the fright.

I didn't wake up the next morning until near about eight o'clock, and Jim was there sitting next to me, swabbing my brow with a soaked rag. He says:

"Easy dah, easy, chile. It's jis' dem bad whisky dreams is all. You be 'right en fine; I reck'n you gwine get t' likin' it, too, you en'thin' like yo' pap. Y'suh; you is a man now, Huck."

Is this the smoking "naked sword" of which Fiedler wrote, or was the whole episode, as Jim claims, just an adolescent wet dream? Any suggestion of the latter is dispelled the very next night, when Huck and Jim are separated for many hours in a dense fog. Huck describes feeling "dismal and lonesome," and when finally reunited with Jim, Jim exclaims:

Goodness gracious, is dat you, Huck? . . . It's too good for true, honey, it's too good for true. Lemme look at you, chile, lemme feel o' you. . . .

Huck, however, cannot resist playing a boyish prank on Jim, pretending the entire separation has been a dream.<sup>21</sup> This precipitates what is probably the most famous lovers' tiff in literary history:

" . . . En when I wake up en fine you back agin, all safe en soun', de tears come en I could a got down on my knees en kiss' yo' foot<sup>22</sup> I's so thankful. En all you wuz thinkin' 'bout wuz how you could make a fool uv ole Jim wid a lie. . . ."

Then he got up slow, and walked to the wigwam, and went in there, without saying anything but that. But that was enough. It made me feel so mean I could almost kiss his foot<sup>23</sup> to get him to take it<sup>24</sup> back.

It was fifteen minutes before I could work myself up to go and humble myself to a nigger—but I done it, and I warn't ever sorry for it afterwards, neither.

Clearly, then, the lost "Dream Sequence" is an integral, some might say crucial, event in Huck's coming of age. But if so, why was it omitted? Sadly, the fault may lie with this very magazine. A search behind our files has turned up the following undated letter written to Twain by editor Schuyler Livingston Newburyport Schenk, probably between late summer or early fall 1876.

<sup>21</sup> When Huck tells Jim, "You couldn't a got drunk . . . so of course you've been dreaming," he is making a sly reference to the previous evening, a reference that readers, until now, have been unable to enjoy. It is difficult to imagine how much more satisfying this passage, and consequently the entire novel, might have been had the dream sequence been intact from the very beginning. The book very well might have sold better, and Twain would not have been forced, as he was in later life, to write for television.

<sup>22</sup> Twain apparently chose several other words before settling on this one, but they are too heavily marked out to be deciphered.

<sup>23</sup> Again, as above. In a couple of instances, Twain's alternative wordings are so vigorously edited that he actually tore a hole in the manuscript.

<sup>24</sup> "Me" in the original draft.

Dear Sam,

Thank you for sending along the most recent installment of "A Boy and His Boy," but I am afraid we are going to have to pass on this one. I know we asked you to "spice it up a bit," but some of us here felt that perhaps you stepped over the line separating spice from perversion. I am sorry to disappoint you.

I do, however, have one suggestion, and please feel free to disregard it if it is not in keeping with what you intended for this piece. We thought that perhaps this sequence would work better, and be more palatable to our readers, if Nigger Jim were instead a Negress Jemima. It is our feeling that if you made the switch now, very few readers would notice, and you could revise the earlier installments accordingly should you ever wish to put this together as a book.

Please let me know what you think.  
All the best,



Twain immediately broke off correspondence with the *National Lampon* and put the manuscript aside for nearly two years. Unable to write, he traveled to Europe, where he struck up a friendship with a Viennese medical intern named Sigmund Freud. A series of long conversations with the young physician apparently freed Twain of his writer's block, and he returned to America eager to "finish that damnable book, and make it Huck's, not my own."<sup>25</sup>

Of course, by that time he was well behind in his deadlines for the *National Lampon*,<sup>26</sup> and was compelled to write the last twenty-eight chapters of *Huckleberry Finn* over a concentrated two-week period,<sup>27</sup> giving the latter half of the book that "dashed-off" quality about which many critics have rightly complained. ■

<sup>25</sup> Manufactured quotation.

<sup>26</sup> And in fact, he missed several installments altogether: these were supplied by contributing editor Charles Dickens, who, as usual, needed the money. Twain was either too proud to allow these episodes to appear in his book, or could not come to terms with Dickens, but these outrageously entertaining *Finn* chapters later supplied the inspiration for Ted Mann and Tod Carroll's popular "O.C. and Stiggs" narratives.

<sup>27</sup> During which he reportedly slept at the magazine's offices, not bathing one. Some say Twain's aura lingers there to this day.

## LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

Sirs:

I would like to write for your magazine. I know it takes a certain sensibility to write humor—a certain way of looking at the world. And I know I've got it.

I mean, I don't just see a McDonald's. I see a place where they give you God-knows-what on a bun and expect you to believe it's beef.

I don't just see Santa Claus. I see a ridiculous old fat guy in an ugly red suit, who breaks into houses one night a year!

To sum up, I don't just see the planet Earth, I see a place where a lot of ridiculous things happen. Crazy things. What kind of a sorry excuse for a planet is this, anyway?

Please allow me to write for your magazine so that I may share this skewed outlook with your readers.

Ron Porter

*Not just a human being,  
but an absurd-looking thing  
with hair on top and these  
stick-like things coming  
out of the sides, and all of it  
stuck on two little poles*



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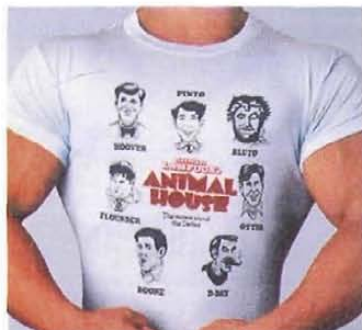
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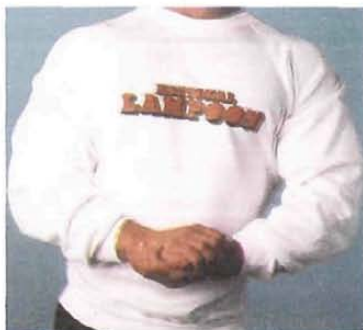
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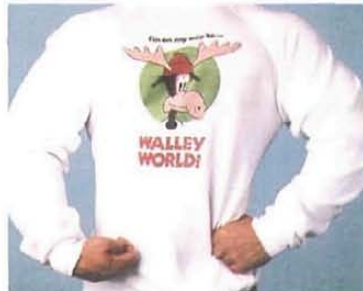
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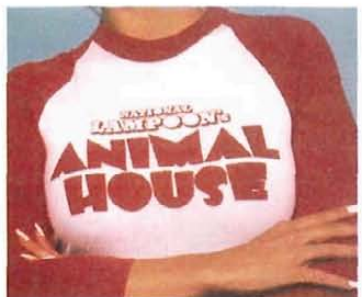
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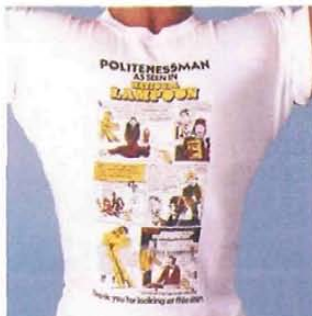




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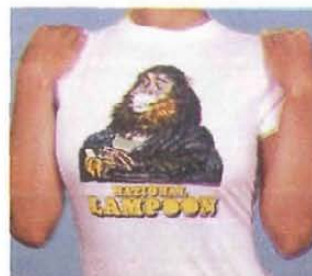


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—San Francisco Chronicle

**B** MANCHESTER, IOWA—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck.  
—Washington Post

**C** After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks.  
—UMKC University News

**D** A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of slaw dressing at the local supermarket.  
—Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter



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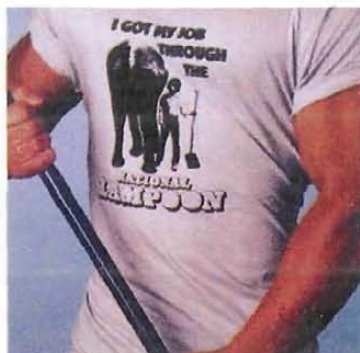
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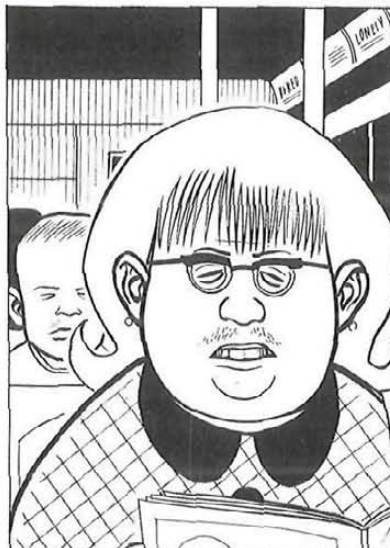
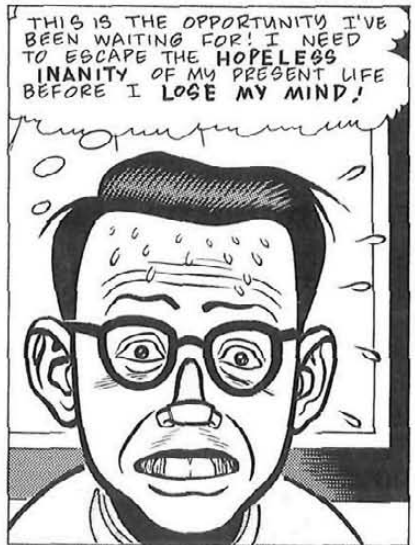
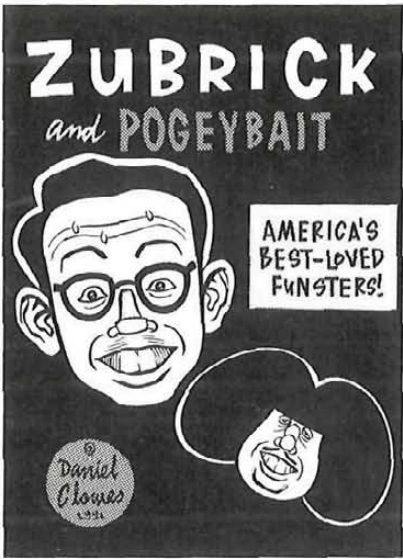
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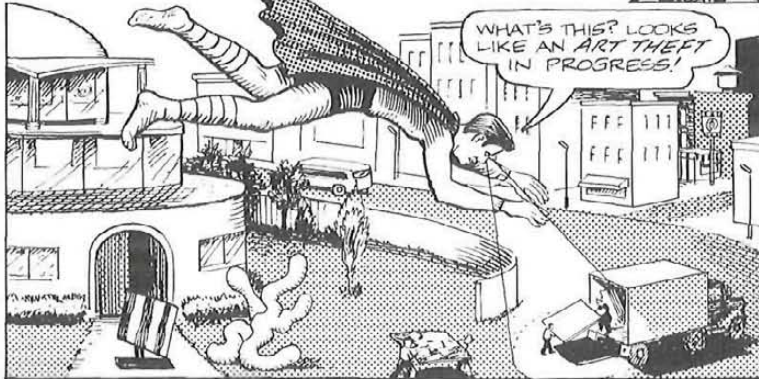
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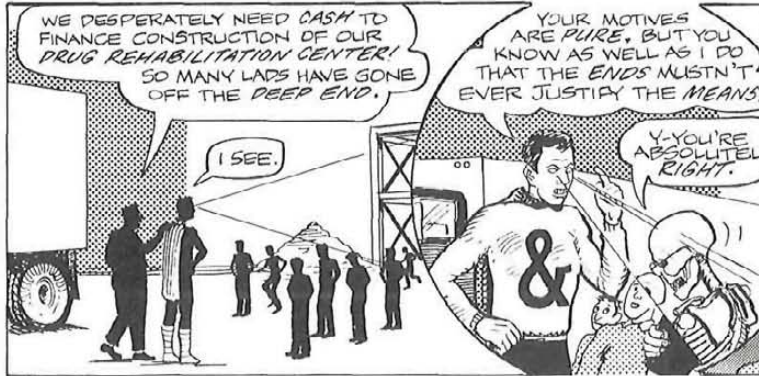
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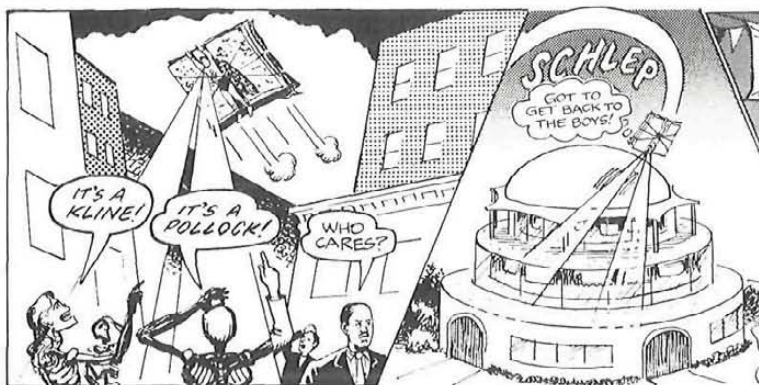
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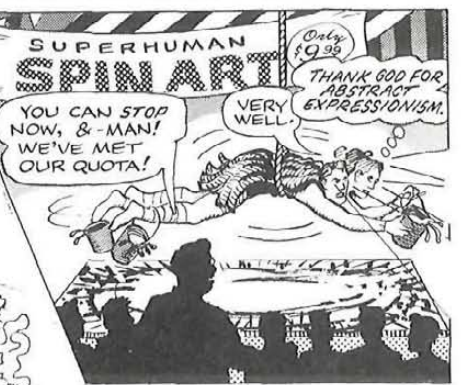


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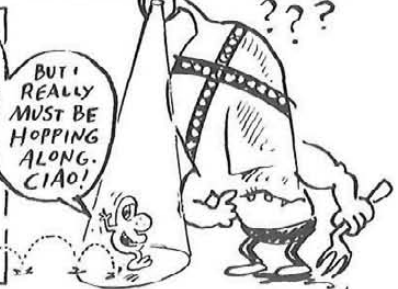
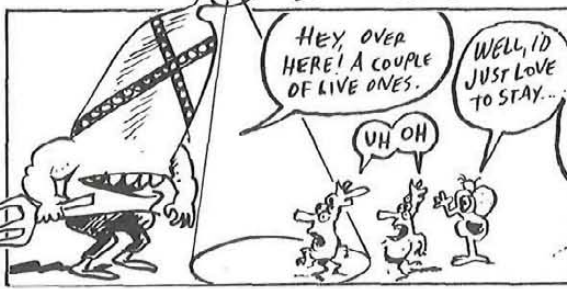
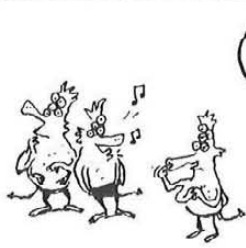
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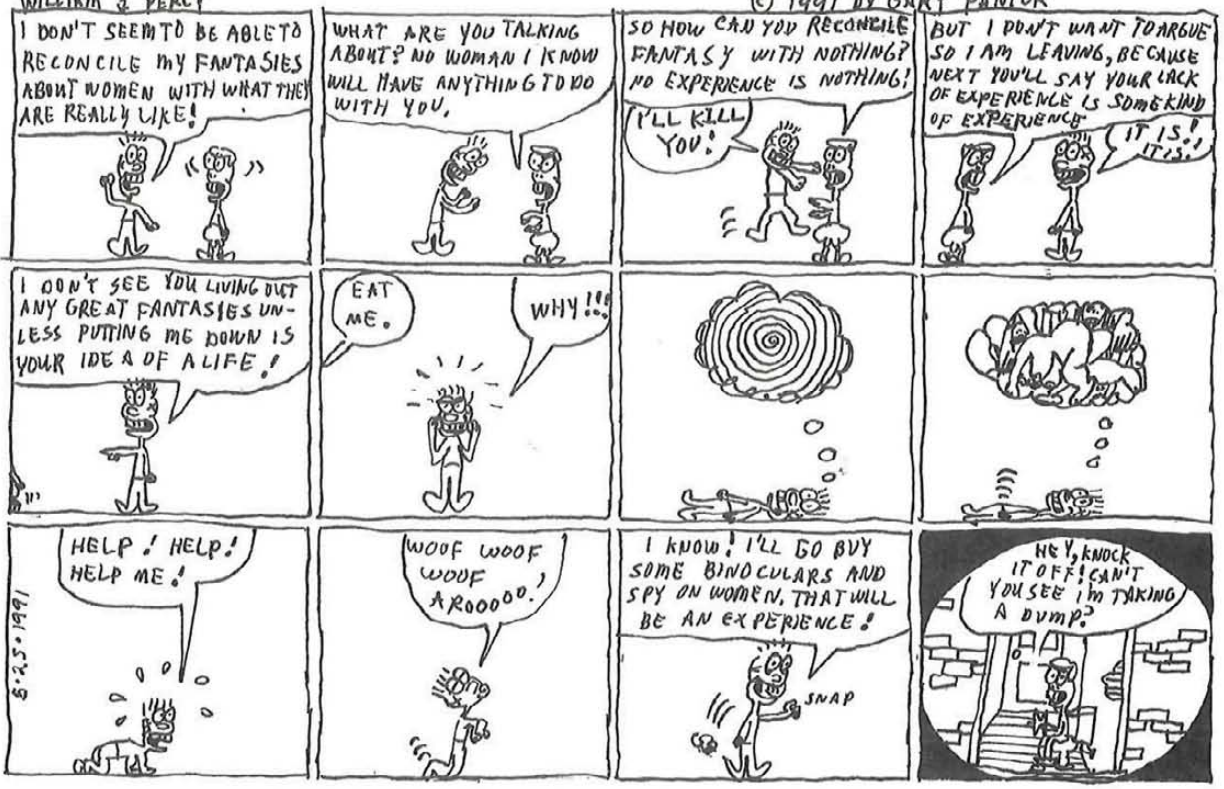
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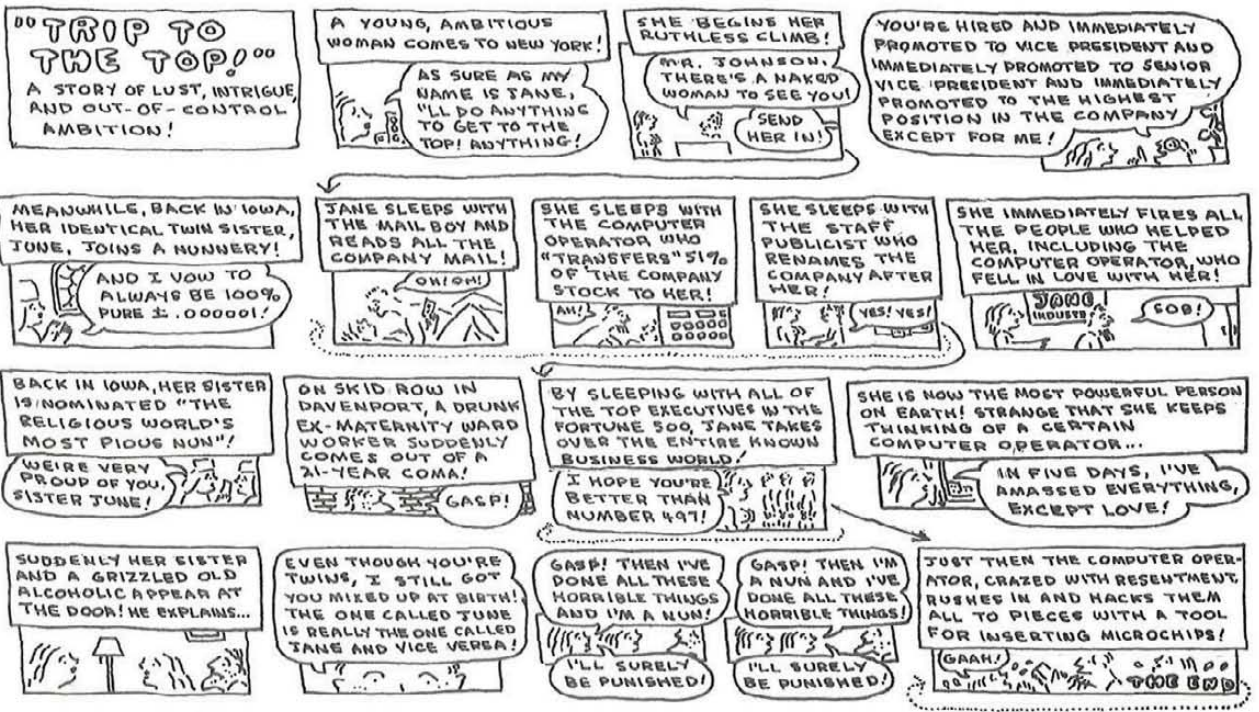
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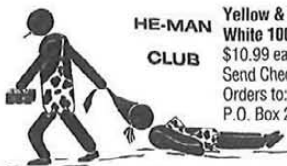


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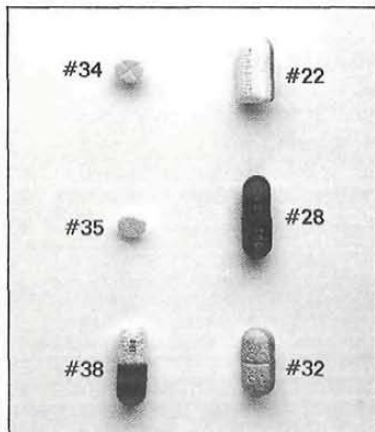


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# FORM 1800-A Federal Adulthood Deferment Request



(Must be filed no later than 30 days after 18th birthday unless filing FORM 1810-EZX, Extension of Adulthood Deferment Deadline. Deferment does not exempt recipient from federal income tax.)

NAME (Last, First, M.I.) Ve 11a, Charles  
 ADDRESS 10137 Tradewinds Cove  
 CITY, STATE, ZIP Wheeling, OH 44202

S.S. # (216) 555-12791  
 D.O.B. ? Sex  M  F

**HIGHEST LEVEL OF EDUCATION COMPLETED:**

High School Maple Heights High School  
Class of '91

Junior College Stomp 'Em Lumberjacks

4-year College

Graduate School

(If presently enrolled in college, graduate school, or enlisted in armed forces, deferment is automatic. Staple verifying document to 1800-A and mail in uncompleted form.)

**HAVE YOU PREVIOUSLY APPLIED FOR ADULTHOOD DEFERMENT?**

Yes  No

(If yes, please consult County Deferment Officer regarding continued eligibility of deferred status.)

**CHECK IF YOU ARE CURRENTLY DEPENDENT ON:**

Parents  Legal Guardian  Other (include name and address)

This guy gets me in the Agora free for Metal Madness Weekend. Ronnie something.

**CHECK THE FOLLOWING BOXES THAT APPLY TO YOU:**

I have a job I once sold inflatable bunnies on a highway divider but the fumes were not advantageous to my healthful condition.

I have a bank account

I have a credit card

I have a responsible attitude

I have a desire to be a productive member of society

**ADULT RESPONSIBILITIES YOU WOULD LIKE TO DEFER:**

Buying or renting home

Maintenance of home

Buying and preparing meals

Purchasing and laundering clothes

Getting out of bed before 11:00 A.M. Lords poster in my bedroom.

Managing finances

Voting I know a guy who voted once and got testicle cancer.

Jury duty Exceptions made for serial murder cases.

Other (please list) 1. Obtaining contraceptive devices. 2. Regulating alcohol consumption. 3. Treating members of the female persuasion with respect. 4. Picking out a reliable and honest long-distance phone service. 5. Leaving incriminating information on parked cars accidentally sideswiped. 6. Putting thought into gift-giving instead of buying first novelty shot glass I see. 7. Working an office job without masturbating under the desk. 8. Supervising instead of getting to ignite M-80 stuck in fish's mouth. 9. Knowing when a toothbrush is too nasty. 10. Accepting homosexuals even if they're guys.

**ADOLESCENT BENEFITS YOU WISH TO CONTINUE:**

Receiving allowance

Enjoying jokes about bodily functions

Lighter criminal penalties

Being a general disappointment

Other (please list) 1. Calling people dickbreath. 2. Asking sweet waitresses to dry-hump my face. 3. Throwing keggers in the woods and charging five bucks a head. 4. Watching dogs fuck. 5. Laughing hysterically when most utterly despised acquaintance wipe@s out on his bike and has brain damage.

**REASONS FOR ADULTHOOD DEFERMENT:**

Physical illness

Mental incompetence

Lack of applicable job skills or training

Other (please list) I have a conscientious objection to the advancement to the final developmental stage of my potential existence known as adulthood on the grounds that it is personally objectionable to me to be compared to my peers simply because we are physically the same age. Also, I'd like to hang around my old high school parking lot and score some freshman ass.

**INTERNAL OFFICE USE ONLY**

Comes off as a malingerer. Has no problem urinating in crowded public rest rooms. Deferment quota already reached for this trimester, plus adult dues below projected levels.

**LENGTH OF ADULTHOOD DEFERMENT:**

3 months  6 months  9 months  12 months  Other (please specify)

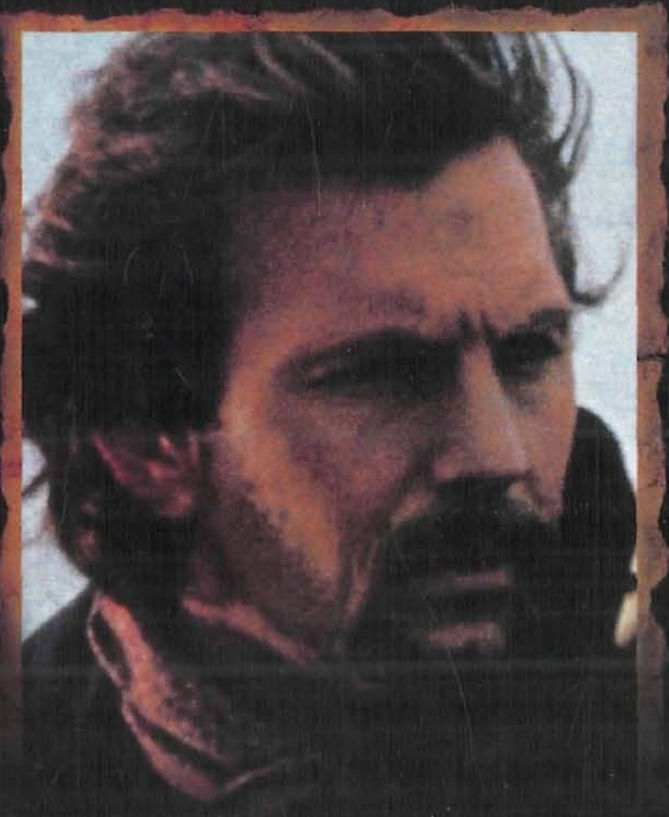
The optimum preferable duration would be if possible to place no deadline on my deferment.

**FINAL EVALUATION**

**DEFERMENT DENIED**



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INCLUDING  
**BEST PICTURE**



**KEVIN COSTNER**

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 DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY JAKE EBERTS EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS MICHAEL BLAKE PRODUCED BY JIM WILSON STARRING KEVIN COSTNER DIRECTED BY KEVIN COSTNER



PG-13



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Downtown Smooth  
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Viva Los Suaves!  
Los Tipos Suaves  
Rio Smootho

You're The Ultra One (For Me)  
The Ultras  
They Came From Ultra

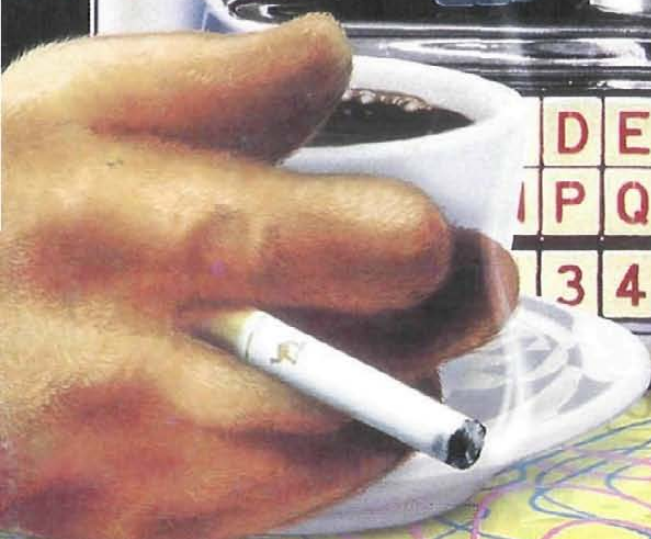
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