

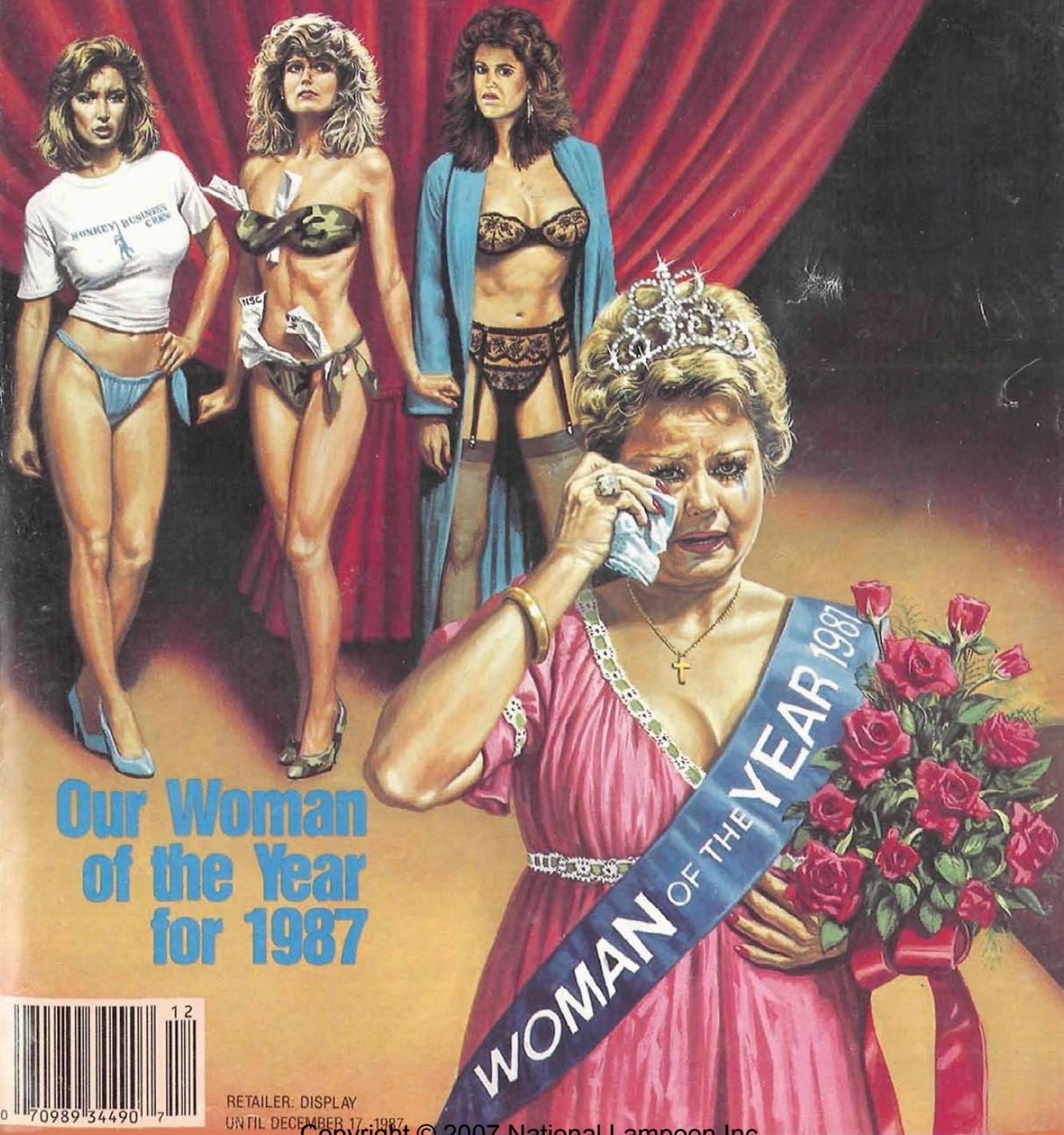
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NATIONAL LAMPPOON

DECEMBER 1987

THE BIMONTHLY HUMOR MAGAZINE

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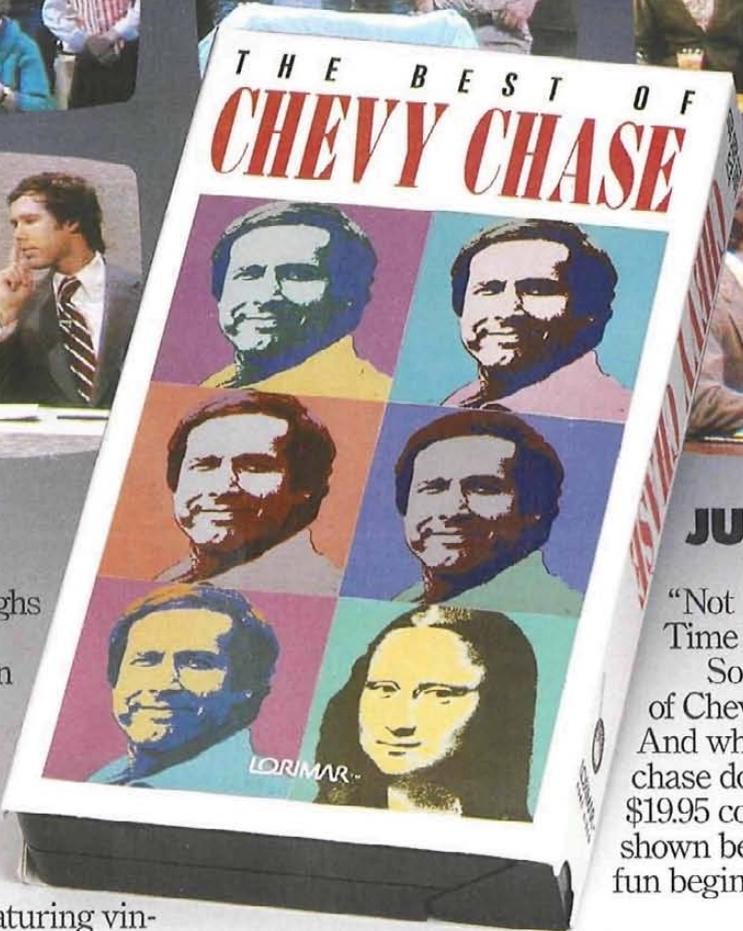


Our Woman
of the Year
for 1987



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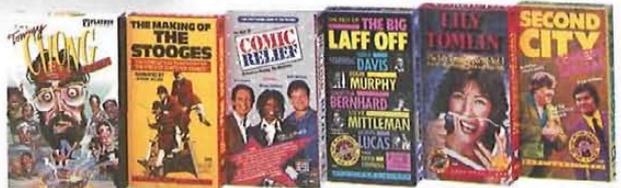
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WHAT DO THE FOLLOWING HAVE IN COMMON?

—A Davis, California, man told police there that someone had broken into his apartment and made a batch of Rice Krispies marshmallow treats, which were then left in the refrigerator. The burglar also dyed a bowl of rice green before escaping.

—The world record for automobile eating has been set by an Indian fakir. Mahegnay Souamin consumed an entire Chevrolet by dismantling it, cutting it into tiny pieces, and eating a few parts each day.

—The ninety-second *National Lampoon True Facts Radio Show* is the longest-running, most widely listened-to comedy feature in the nation.

—An employee of Germaine Monteil Cosmetics in Deer Park, New York, was critically burned when a vat of molten lipstick toppled over on him.

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2	LOS ANGELES	KROQ FM	37	OKLAHOMA CITY (NORMAN)	WVLS AM	76	SPRINGFIELD-DECATUR-CHAMPAIGN	WVDBR FM	129	TALLAHASSEE	WGLF FM
3	LOS ANGELES (SIMA VALLEY)	KCHE FM	38	GREENVILLE-SPARTANBURG	WHTY AM		PADUCAH-CAPE GIRARDEAU (MCLENSBORO)		130	WAUSAU	KLLR AM
4	CHICAGO	WGCI FM	39	MEMPHIS	WDIA AM	77	JACKSON	WVCL FM	131	MACON	WRBN FM
5	CHICAGO (ELGIN)	WRMN FM	39	MEMPHIS (CARLISLESVILLE, MO)	KCRV AM	78	SPOKANE	KEZE FM	136	LA CROSSE-EAU CLAIRE	WISM AM
6	PHILADELPHIA	WIPR FM	40	GRAND RAPIDS-KALAMAZOO (HOLLAND)	WKLO FM	79	PORTLAND, ME	WGAN FM	137	LA CROSSE-EAU CLAIRE	WBIZ FM
7	SAN FRANCISCO	KRQR FM	40	PROVIDENCE	WHYJ FM	81	CHATTANOOGA	WDXB FM	139	ERIE, PA	WBLOQ FM
8	BOSTON	WAAF FM	42	SALT LAKE CITY	KFTY FM	81	TUCSON (BISBEE)	KZMK FM		TRAVERSE CITY (SAULT ST MARIE)	WYSS FM
9	DETROIT	WDTX FM	42	SAN ANTONIO	KSQA FM	85	TUCSON	KHXT AM	139	TRAVERSE CITY (GAYLORD)	WKPK FM
10	DETROIT (MONROE)	WTWR FM	44	HARRISBURG	WRNK FM	86	JACKSON	WTVX FM	139	TRAVERSE CITY	WHLOQ FM
11	DALLAS-FT. WORTH	KTKS FM	44	NORFOLK (HAMPTON ROADS)	WRSR FM	87	JOHNSTOWN-ALTOONA	WBQO FM	140	ODESSA	KQIP FM
12	WASHINGTON, DC (KEYSER, WV)	WKLP AM	46	CHARLESTON-HUNTINGTON	WVAF FM	89	YOUNGSTOWN, OH	WVMO AM	141	CHICO	KEWB FM
13	WASHINGTON, DC (KEYSER, WV)	WQZK FM	51	ALBANY	WHUC AM	90	HUNTSVILLE	WMSL AM	142	COLUMBIA, MO	KCMQ AM
14	HOUSTON	KRBE A/F	51	ALBANY	WVWV FM	92	EVANSVILLE	WSTO FM	142	COLUMBIA, MO	KMOZ AM
15	CLEVELAND	WMJI FM	55	MOBILE-PENSACOLA	WABB FM	94	LINCOLN	KQKY FM	142	COLUMBIA, MO	KCLU FM
16	CLEVELAND (BELLEVUE)	WNRK FM	55	MOBILE-PENSACOLA	WZEW FM	100	LAS VEGAS	KYRK FM	143	BLUEFIELD	WRON AM
17	CLEVELAND (SANDUSKY)	WCZF FM	57	JACKSONVILLE	WVFI FM	100	COLORADO SPRINGS (DENVER)		146	MINOT	KHHT FM
18	PITTSBURGH	WHTX FM	57	JACKSONVILLE (WAYCROSS)	WVUF FM	102	LANSING	KIPN AM	149	ROCHESTER, MN	KROC FM
19	MIAMI	WPOW FM	58	WICHITA	KKQV FM	104	FARGO	KBFZ FM	150	LUBBOCK	KSEL FM
20	MINNEAPOLIS (MORRIS, MN)	KKOK FM	58	WICHITA (LIBERAL, KS)	KSCB FM	105	EL PASO	KZBZ FM	152	WILMINGTON	WHSL FM
21	MINNEAPOLIS (OLIVIA, MN)	KOLV FM	59	WILKES-BARRE	WILK FM	109	EL PASO	KZBZ FM	154	BANGOR	WUGY FM
22	MINNEAPOLIS	KDWB FM	60	RICHMOND	WFLZ FM	109	CHARLESTON, SC (KINGSTREE)	WKSP AM	155	MEDFORD	KBOT FM
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25	DENVER	KIPN AM	64	TOLEDO	WHFD FM	113	SNTA BRBRA-SNTA MARIA-OBISPO		162	LAUREL HATTIESBURG	WNSL FM
26	SACRAMENTO/STOCKTON	KZAF FM	65	ALBUQUERQUE (CLOVIS)	KZZO FM	113	SNTA BRBRA-SNTA MARIA-OBISPO	KCAQ FM	165	ELPIRA	WEGP AM
27	SACRAMENTO/STOCKTON (MODESTO)	KFIV FM	65	ALBUQUERQUE (GALLUP)	KKOR FM	113	SNTA BRBRA-SNTA MARIA-OBISPO	KOTR FM	165	ELPIRA	WNBT A/F
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29	INDIANAPOLIS	WEAG FM	66	DES MOINES	KCLO FM	113	SNTA BRBRA-SNTA MARIA-OBISPO		179	BILOXI	WQFX FM
30	SAN DIEGO	XHRM FM	67	SYRACUSE	WVXQ FM	114	ROCKFORD	WYBR FM	180	ROSWELL	KBPA A/F
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32	PORTLAND (ALBANY-LEBANON)	KIQY FM	68	GREEN BAY	WKAL A/F	118	JOPLIN	KSYN FM	188	ALEXANDRIA, MN (BEMDJI)	KDORS FM
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37	NASHVILLE	WCNG FM	73	ROANOKE	WKZZ FM	121	COLUMBUS, GA	WXKE FM	197	BOWLING GREEN	WZNS FM
38	CHARLOTTE	WROQ FM	73	LEXINGTON	WKLO AM	122	BEAUFORT, NC	WZYC FM	200	ZANESVILLE	WVWJ FM
39	NEW ORLEANS	WSDI FM	74	LEXINGTON	WFMI FM	124	RENO	WWSY FM	203	TWIN FALLS (JEROME, ID)	KFMA FM
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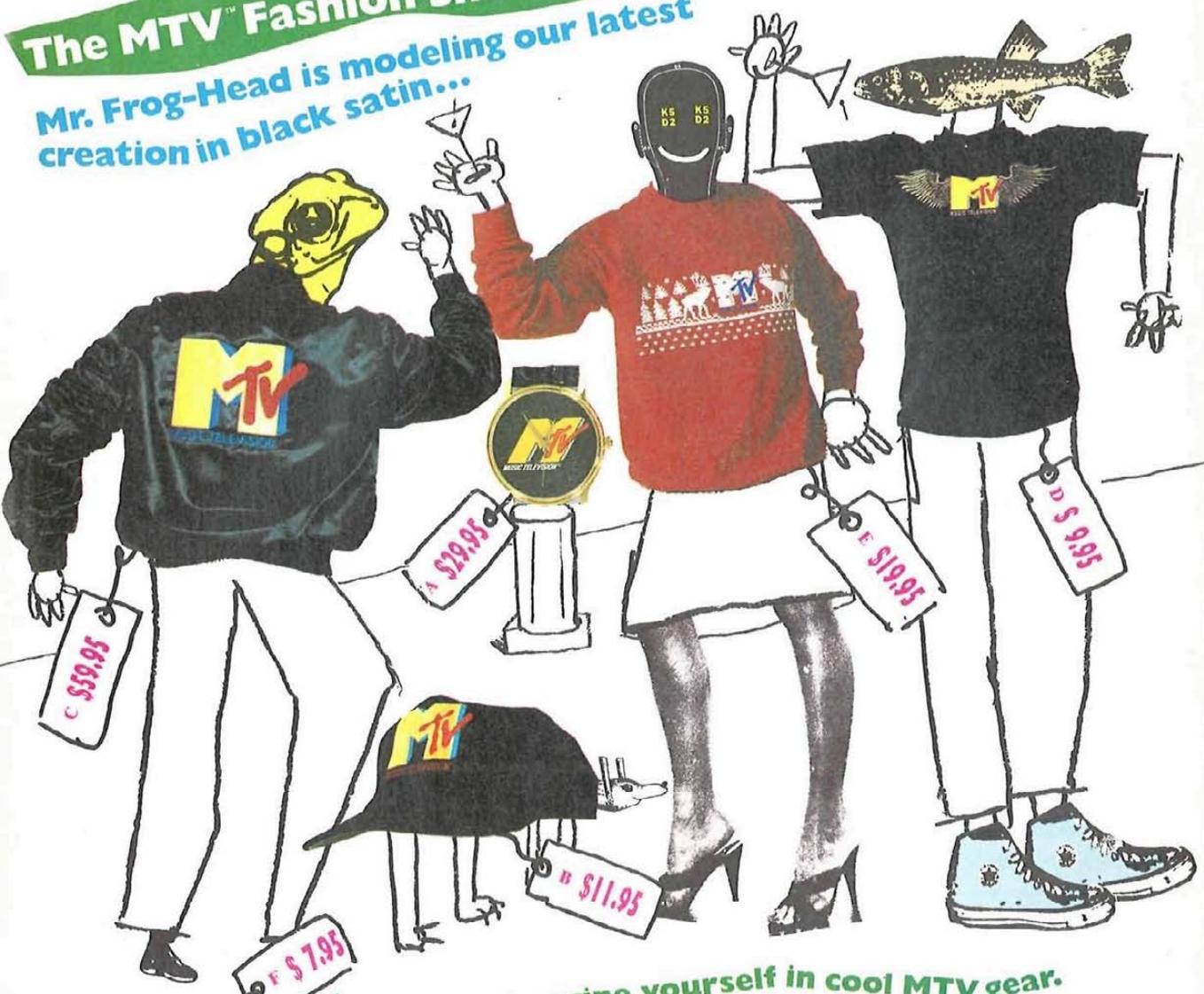


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EDITORIAL

This is ridiculous!

Some guy just perfected a computer that writes poetry. That almost says it all about where we're going.

Poetry by computer.

Why not intercourse by computer? You ejaculate into a speaker and a printout tells you if you've enjoyed yourself.

America's most popular novelists are Jackie Collins and Sidney Sheldon, which is the greatest argument for illiteracy ever made.

Fraud in the name of God isn't honorable—but it's a living.

Jim Bakker is a crook, but Jimmy Swaggart really looks as if he'd swindle your grandma out of the mortgage money.

This is ridiculous.

The teenagers in this country, spoon-fed on *Rambo* and a president whose foreign policy consists of posturing over such vital areas as Grenada and Nicaragua, express that violence in public. What happens at "rap-rock" concerts is like something out of *Marat/Sade*. We are what we vote for.

Yes, Ronald Reagan really liked

Rambo. Can't you tell?

At last reading, there were at least seven viable candidates for the Democratic nomination for president. None of whom has a face. These are the first candidates who will have to be fingerprinted for identification before the primaries.

I'm waiting for the ultimate *Donahue* show in which the studio audience dissects a human being.

New York has finally done it. There are now more buildings than there is space.

And in southern California the new game is freeway roulette. You go for a spin and the chances are only one in six that you'll get shot.

What's a Tama Janowitz?

All those people jogging in the streets in their shorts—where are they going?

I saw the pope at Dodger Stadium. What's all the fuss about? He couldn't run, throw, or hit with power.

I figure that a large part of what I've earned over most of my life has gone toward firing objects into outer space. What I've gotten back from this is that I can

watch the English soccer championships—live.

Violence in the streets—why don't they get it back in the house where it was when I was a kid?

If one more minister from Tupelo, Mississippi, tells us what we can or cannot publish, I'm gonna stop going to my Bible classes.

We may be getting close to the end of the world. George Bush looks more like an undertaker than any undertaker should.

And .220 hitters are getting six hundred thou a year!

I had an editor here complain to me about his salary. He says if .220 hitters get six hundred thousand, *he* should be getting more. He figures that he's about a .250 editor.

It's not safe to eat, drink, fly, or drive anymore. I know a guy who just sits there and molts.

It's totally ridiculous!

When Charlton Heston grows up he wants to be Ronald Reagan—and he's just talentless enough to do it.

What's a Geraldo Rivera?

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I got a message from George Washington the other day. He asked me to tell Shirley MacLaine to stop calling him.

The MX missile is another Reagan home run. His aides figure that if we aim it at Moscow it will hit Stockholm, which will force Iran to return the hostages in Lebanon.

This is all totally ridiculous.

Personally, I favor Nancy Reagan as our next president. She's attractive, smart, and at least she doesn't have a spouse who will try to get involved with running the country.

Matty Simmons

Cover: This bimonth's cover painting was mysteriously dropped off at our reception desk late one afternoon. Susan, our intrepid receptionist, reports that she bent down to retrieve her fallen Find-A-Word puzzle and saw a "bearded, middle-aged-looking guy" rushing back into the elevator. And there on her desk, swathed in old issues of the *National Enquirer*, was the painting that now graces this issue's cover. If the phantom painter is reading this note, please call us, we'd love to work with you again. Then again, maybe the bearded guy was just a messenger and the whole thing was divinely inspired, in which case we can only say, Thank You, Lord!

And thank you to: Michael Berman, our summer intern, who researched, transcribed, indexed, and offered us freebies to any Yale football game to watch him drum-major the marching band; Leo Steiner of the World-Famous Carnegie Deli, who gave us a gooood turkey leg for the blimp show; Richard Buckley, who graciously consented to our use of his father's classic "Scrooge" routine and opened the amazing Lord Buckley archives to us; Butch Ford, musician extraordinaire, who provided the closet for the Ollie North closet poster; the Thirtieth Street police precinct for opening up one of their Inquisition-style cells for our blimp; and finally the Tunnel, downtown's Copacabana, for providing a setting for our rat, which was painstakingly styled by our own Debbie Rabas.

Final plug: Joe Bob Briggs, *National Lampoon* contributing editor and drive-in movie critic of Grapevine, Texas, has written a book, *Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-in* (Delacorte Press). It includes an intro by Stephen King and neatly compiles Joe Bob's "film criticism" of the last few years, including the infamous "We Are the Weird" parody, which raised a whole lot of bleeding-heart-liberal blood pressures. It's a good buy and a great read. ■



SIT TO CHRISTMAS DINNER at Mrs. Bobo's Boarding House in Lynchburg, Tennessee, and you're likely to be there a while.

The occasion calls for unhurried enjoyment of dishes from every lady present. Lynne Tolley's baked turkey; Mary Ruth Hall's scalloped oysters; Diane Dickey's tipsy sweet potatoes; Mary Kathryn Holt's boiled custard and coconut cake. And compliments from one and all. All of us in Lynchburg hope your Christmas dinner will be equally unhurried. And equally well attended by family and close friends.

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LETTERS



Sirs:
All right, Dukakis has the most hair, but what about sheen? I think it's obvious that my hair is more lustrous, flaxen, and, frankly, white bread.
Congressman Richard Gephardt
Missouri

Sirs:
I don't have much hair, but I have a BIIIIIG MOUTH!
Senator Joseph Biden
Delaware

Sirs:
My hair reflects the values, the high-gloss finish, and the "bow-tie quaintness" of the New Deal. I hope this will prevent those nagging comparisons to popular game-show host Bill Cullen.
Senator Paul Simon
Illinois

Sirs:
Had I only realized that I resemble a bloodhound on amphetamines, I would never have run.
Bruce Babbitt
Arizona

Sirs:
Due to the nappiness of my hair, I have decided to play for the Los Angeles Raiders.
Jesse Jackson
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:
I still have the best hair. And the babes love it—Kennedy had hair and he saw more tail than Mötley Crüe and Rafael Septien put together. In the words of Don King, "Vindication will be mine."
Gary Hart
Buried in a Beaver, Colo.

Sirs:
Tipper thinks I should try a "regular" from Floyd.
Senator Albert Gore
Mayberry R.F.D.

Sirs:
So how do you like the Crispin Glover thing so far? Okay, so the Letterman thing didn't turn out as well as, say . . . Gilbert Gottfried has, but it was great TV, right? Right? Ha-ha-ha-ha . . . (cough, cough) Right?
Andy Kaufman
Parts Unknown, Nev.

Sirs:
You say you wanna sell some sneakers, We-ell, you know, We all wanna change the words.
John Lennon
Spinning, Grave

Sirs:
Let's face it, I have the best hair.
Governor Michael Dukakis
Massachusetts

Sirs:
Time to make the doughnuts,
Time to make the doughnuts,
Time to make the doughnuts.
Charles Manson
Vacaville, California

Sirs:
Wow, did I blow it! I didn't mean to say that stuff to Ted Koppel. I was tired. I had no time to prepare. I had just read *Mandingo*. You know how it is. I meant to say so many other things. You see, it isn't buoyancy. Ha! What was I thinking? IT'S THAT SMALL BONE THEY'RE MISSING IN THEIR SHIN! Well, it keeps them from playing hockey, right? Okay, it's a steady diet of corn chips and pork. No? What about role models? Yeah, that's what I meant, it's because of Fred "The Hammer" Williamson and Bobby Seale. NO? Well, how about low SAT scores? NO? But don't you see? It's because they're shovelheads. NO? All right, then it's . . .
Al Campanis
General Manager
La Grange Filter Kings
Mid-America A League
Kentucky

Sirs:
And there goes . . . Edgar!
Johnny, Ed, Freddie, and the guys
Burbank, Calif.

Sirs:
I'd like to meet a modern man who *doesn't* carry an emery board with him everywhere.
Charles Nelson Reilly
Bronson Pinchot
Rob Lowe
Richard Chamberlain
Committee to Vindicate Joe Niekro
Key West, Fla.

Sirs:
I respectfully submit for your perusal my candid and noble desire to play for the Los Angeles Raiders. I assure you this willful urge is neither mendacious nor megalomaniacal. *Au contraire*, it is based on my need to negotiate brutal contact with large men half my age and as intelligent as a common tree slug.
William F. Buckley, Jr.
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
No more Mr. Nice Guy. I'm stuck in a studio every Sunday for twelve hours with a Greek who looks like he lost an acid fight, a porch monkey who smells like bean dip, and this cracker ex-quarterback who wants to sell me a share of his lifetime-partner condo in Heritage USA. At least we got rid of the slits.
Brent Musburger
Hoodoo Tommy's, Haiti



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Larry King
USA Today

Sirs:
Dance around in underwear,
Turn and smirk,
Make tricky aerial maneuver,
Turn and smirk,
Make tricky pool shot,
Turn and smirk,
Make hair look huge,
Turn and smirk.

Tom Cruise
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:
Does anybody know what I can do with five hundred thousand 1988 Mayan calendars?

Shirley MacLaine
Screwball, Oreg.

Sirs:
What's the difference between me and the president? I have a memory and a colon.

An IBM Selectric II
East Wing of the White House

Sirs:
We ain't proud
'Cause we're big.
We chow on white bread
With mayo, dig?
We also like rappin'
An' drivin' our Hyundai.
'Specially when we go to
Our church on Sunday.

The Fat Goys
*Our Lady of
Blessed Cholesterol Cathedral*

Sirs:
You know, if another person asks me about the trial, I swear, I just might SHOOT someone, dammit! . . . Oops, can I say that?

Bernhard Goetz
Somewhere on the IRT

Sirs:
Isn't it funny that Lou Gehrig died of a disease that had the same name he had?
Malcolm Muscular Dystrophy
Mount Vernon, Ohio

Sirs:
Delta is ready. If you are.
Federal Aviation Administration
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:
If good cheeseburgers came in a bottle, everybody would have one.

Sonny
Jack La Lanne Diner

Sirs:
Dig our latest tune, dudes:
First you put in lettuce,
Then you add the oil.
Sprinkle on some vinegar,
Don't sweat it, we don't spoil.
If you have gotten this far,
Then you're doin' well.
We love to sit on salad,
As we party down in HELL!

Mörley Croütöns
Umlautsberg, Idaho

Sirs:
I wanna be in a Stephen King book, I do I do I do, I'd be great, I just know it.

Teddy Ruxpin
Toy Limbo

ZEN BASTARD

by Paul Krassner



An Interview with Elvis

Well, the tabloids went slightly crazy over Elvis Presley. America loves to celebrate events in multiples of ten, and this year marked exactly one decade since he had died.

In the *Weekly World News*, renowned psychic Countess Sophia Sabak predicted that a secret diary kept by Elvis would be found inside one of his old guitars at Graceland, and that it would become a bestselling book. If you could accept that possibility, you might also be prone to believe a few of her other predictions: that Tammy Faye Bakker would leave her evangelist husband, Jim, to star in a one-woman Broadway musical titled *Makeup*; that because of AIDS hysteria, a new law would be passed making it illegal to show any form of affection in public; and that *Wheel of Fortune* letter-turner Vanna White would compile a dictionary that would replace Webster's

as a standard reference work on university campuses.

The *National Enquirer* conducted an Elvis trivia contest, and if you won, you would own a \$30,000 ring once worn by the King of Rock himself on his very own finger, a ring glittering with twenty brilliant diamonds, plus twenty-three other gemstones in a pyramid-shaped, eighteen-karat-gold setting. He had once given this ring to one of his girlfriends, Linda Thompson, who donated it to the Elvis Presley Museum in Memphis, Tennessee. By some mysterious process, the *Enquirer* had obtained that ring.

The *Star* featured a special pullout section, replete with photos of Elvis, including his "hepat white shoes," plus a full-page artist's impression of how he would look if he were still alive today—bloated, wrinkled, and graying—along with an article, "If Elvis Had Lived," by romance novelist Jackie Collins, who contended that he would probably have stayed at the Betty Ford Center, appeared in a major TV special with Madonna, won an Academy Award for his dramatic role in a movie with Meryl Streep, performed a duet with Michael Jackson, and had a torrid affair with Donna Rice.

The *National Examiner* cover headline revealed that "Ten Years After His 'Death' Top Researchers Reveal That ELVIS IS ALIVE!" The article began: "Startling new evidence suggests that Elvis Presley's longtime manager, Colonel Tom Parker, arranged for The King to fake his own death so he could lead a normal life. . . ." I tried to remain open to this possibility. Otherwise, I would also have to dismiss other reports in the *Examiner*. I would have to disbelieve that a female wrestler gave birth to a fifty-pound baby only minutes after she was thrown from the ring—and then, after the delivery, climbed back in and defeated her opponent. I would have to discount their story of an enraged camel who reduced a rapist to mangled bits of

flesh and bone out of revenge for his mistress. I would have to reject their account of six-foot-wide frog-like monsters who attack scientists somewhere in China.

And so I began the task of tracking down Elvis. There were many false leads, but I finally found him, staying at an isolated hotel on a Hawaiian island, bearded and a bit slimmer than the *Star's* artist had depicted him. He agreed to do an interview as long as I didn't reveal his specific location or talk about any of his songs or his movies or his "widow," Priscilla. What follows is a verbatim transcript of our taped conversation:

Q. Why did you decide to fake your own death?

A. Because I wanted to live my own life. I didn't really like having to rent a whole amusement park just so me and my friends could go and have fun unmo- lested. I hated having to go to the dentist at midnight so that I wouldn't be recognized by the other patients.

Q. How do you explain your legendary status?

A. Because I was the prophet of the sexual revolution. Kids could gyrate their hips with a hula hoop, but they weren't allowed to see my bottom half on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. But at the live concerts, I made those little chicks come in their panties. And that's the type of thing that makes someone a legend.

Q. Did you ever come in your own pants while you were performing?

A. Every time. When I did my last TV special they taped two shows, and there was a delay before the second concert till they got me an identical costume, because I came in the first one.

Q. Do you know of any other performers who would actually come while they were onstage?

A. Oh, sure. Bobby Darin came in his pants all the time, but he wore a rubber. I never wore a rubber at a concert. Somehow that would've felt like cheating.

Q. How did you feel about meeting presidents?

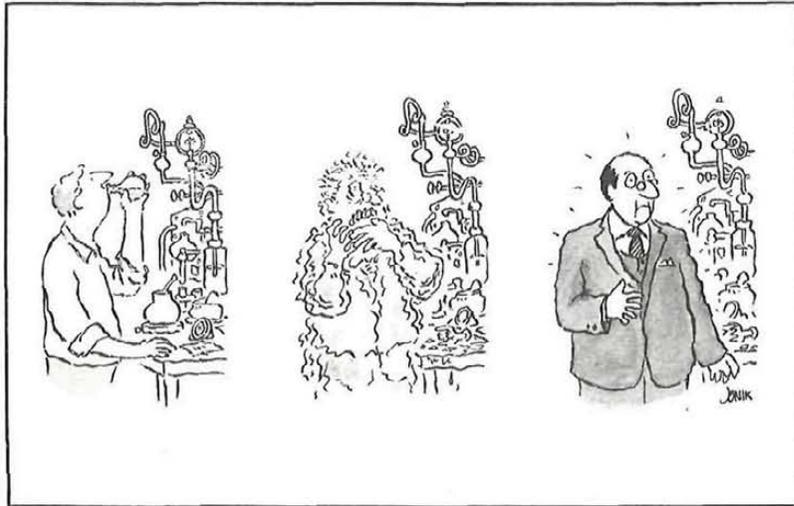
A. I liked Kennedy. He gave me this belt, which I had to stop wearing when I got real bloated. But Nixon—all I know is that when he was presenting me with a federal narcotics officer's badge, I was already totally zonked out of my skull. I knew then that the whole government is really run by public relations.

Q. How do you mean?

A. Like when Dennis Wilson drowned. Ronald Reagan wanted to get the votes of Beach Boys fans, so he granted special presidential permission for Dennis to be buried at sea. Big deal! I mean they could've just left him there.

Q. Do you still use a lot of drugs?

A. No, man. I'm completely clean. I wake up and I get through the day and I go to sleep without the help of a single pill. I just cold-turkeyed out. Maybe once



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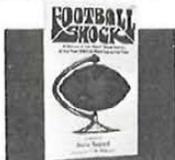
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Greene giving away her agent for some coke: Say it ain't so, Jo-Jo.

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in a while I'll sniff a little liquid paper. You know, that white-out stuff. I got that from the Monkees.

Q. What do you think was the basis of your charisma?

A. Sensuality, man. Nonviolent sensuality. You knew I wanted to fuck your sister, but you knew I would never rape her. People trusted me.

Q. Do you think that you served as a sort of musical version of Horatio Alger?

A. You mean going from rags to riches? Sure. Thirty-five bucks a week for drivin' a truck, and now obscure Mexican artists paint my portrait on velvet.

Q. What do you miss most about your previous life?

A. Singin' and movin' my knees. I do it now in front of the mirror, just like kids used to imitate me. Now I imitate myself.

Q. What do you think of Michael Jackson trying to buy the skeletal remains of the Elephant Man?

A. I'll tell you somethin', I can identify more with the Elephant Man than with Michael Jackson. There's just no morality to it. Whether he buys the Elephant Man's skeleton or the Beatles' songs, what's the difference? What's he gonna do, sell the rights to the Elephant Man for a cosmetics commercial?

Q. How did you feel when John Lennon said that the Beatles were more pop-

ular than Christ?

A. I knew what he meant. You know, a lot of homes have my picture right up there on the wall with Jesus. I mean, it's an honor, all right, but it's just plain ridiculous. I don't even think there's really gonna be a Second Coming. It's just a big publicity stunt, that's all.

Q. You must miss your daughter, Lisa Marie.

A. She comes here to visit me secretly. But she keeps spouting Scientology shit. That bugs me.

Q. What about your other, so-called "illegitimate" children?

A. Not mine. It's all just stories in People magazine. None of 'em ever resulted from any of my sperm. I came in my pants, not inside women.

Q. What about Ginger Alden? You were engaged to marry her at the time of your death.

A. Nah, that was a hoax too. Colonel Parker just hired her to discover my body.

Q. What do you think of all the Elvis imitators?

A. Good luck to 'em. It's the law of supply and demand. But I would hate to make my living being an Elvis imitator. I mean that's exactly what I was doin'.

Q. What music do you listen to now?

A. My favorite is Paul Simon's Grace-

land album. I like his image of the human trampoline. I knew a lot of girls like that.

Q. Do you watch much television?

A. Mostly old movies. But I do a lot of channel switching. I was watching this religious channel the other day, with a Christian rock band, when this real cool young evangelist started doin' his rap, trying to be very modern, you know, and he's saying, "Oh, Lord, I'm a terrible sinner, Lord, I'm a real scumbag. . . ." And I was really shocked at that.

Q. What else shocks you about American culture?

A. It all goes so fast, it means nothin'. That little old lady who died, the one from the Wendy's commercial, they called her an "advertising superstar"—and all she ever did was say, "Where's the beef?" Three little words, that's all—it just takes the real meaning out of the word "superstar."

Q. How else do you pass the time these days?

A. I've been working on this secret diary. Colonel Parker is gonna place it inside one of my old guitars at Grace-land. Then I'll get half of his 50 percent.

Q. Do you still eat grilled peanut butter and mashed-banana sandwiches?

A. Every day, man. It's my personal religious ritual. Let's have some now. We'll have it with burnt bacon, okay? ■

DRINKING TIPS

AND OTHER WAR STORIES



by Michael Simmons

A few months back, I was sitting with my friend Joanne Palace at my watering hole, Marylou's. Joanne is a vivacious and wild spirit who, this night, was matching me ounce for ounce in drinking that fine rust-colored, charcoal-smooth, Tennessee sippin' whiskey. After several rounds I hazily peered into Joanne's eyes and said, "Did anyone ever tell you that you're a great broad?," emphasizing the word "broad" intentionally. Joanne smiled proudly and replied, "Thank you. I've always thought of myself as one, but nobody's ever called me that."

She knew what I meant and she knew it was a compliment. Broads are women who are tough and independent but don't necessarily need to join NOW to prove it. Broads can smile sweet and kiss great but don't take shit. Broads know every cussword in the book, and then some, but when they say 'em, they say 'em with class. Most important, broads have a sense of humor, particularly about themselves.

Thinking about broads reminded me of one of my favorites of all time. Martha Bills is brassy, brainy, and breathtakingly beautiful. Martha is one of the most talented neon artists in the world, but in between creating her glowing sculptures she tends bar at a variety of watering holes in New York City. One quiet summer evening a couple of years ago, Martha was working the late shift at some dive in Greenwich Village. In stumbled a notorious local landlord. Needless to say, folks who raise other folks' rents indiscriminately are nobody's favorite folks to begin with. So this cat ordered a drink and Martha realized the man could barely stand. She suggested that Mr. X, as we shall call him, have a cup of coffee so as to prevent his head from being split open by the floor he was about to collapse on. Mr. X took umbrage at this recommendation and made several lewd remarks to Martha. Martha, being a broad and not one who takes shit, told him to find the street. Mr. X somehow made it to the door to leave, whipped around, glared at Martha, and screamed at the top of his lungs, "Ya know what, honey? You can suck my cock!"

A couple of weeks later, Martha was working the early-evening shift at this same establishment. Customers were having their burgers and after-work beers, when who walks in but Mr. X. This time Mr. X was straight as Geronimo's arrow and accompanied by his rather prim wife. They sat down at a table, and Martha came from behind the bar to ostensibly serve them. Mr. X evidently did not recognize Martha from his previous visit. He looked up at her and ordered a "gin and tonic and a Singapore sling for my wife." Martha quietly looked at him and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. X, but I can't serve you."

Mr. and Mrs. X looked perplexed, and he asked her why. "I have my reasons," said Martha. He started getting hot and his spouse shifted uncomfortably in her chair. He looked at Martha and demanded to know why he and his wife could not get a lousy couple of drinks. With all eyes in the joint on this little

drama, Martha, sweeter than a Singapore sling, looked Mr. X right in the eyes and said, "Why, Mr. X, don't you remember? Last time you were here, you asked me to suck your cock."



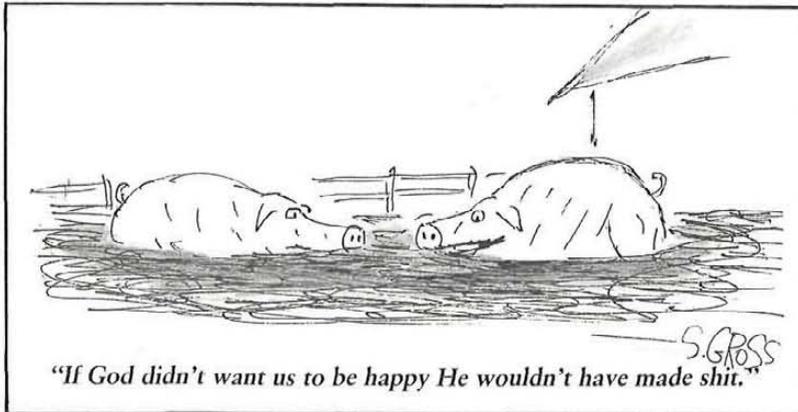
The kid is stone-cold sober. After almost twenty years of a lot of drinking, I've quit.

Don't get me wrong, I love drinking. There's nothing that liberates the soul better than a pint or two of bourbon. It makes one more convivial, more at ease with one's surroundings. It accentuates the madness that lurks within us all, the madness that our inhibitions won't allow to surface. However, I've gotten to the point where that madness comes easy. I can leap tall barstools at a single bound and do it without the aid of fermented beverages. I'm now able to kick out my jams riding on my own lunatic streak, and I wake up in the morning feeling like a virgin, touched for the very first time.

I went to one meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous, strictly for research purposes. A.A. does perform miracles, saving lost souls from the Hell of Hops, but personally I found it to be a drag. Too many of the members were shaking like jackhammers. The moderator chain-smoked cigarettes and drank enough coffee to give a speed freak the jitters, all the while telling us that her life was immeasurably calmer since she quit drinking. I closed my eyes and thought of a shot of sour mash and a frosty mug back. Afterward I split to Marylou's for a dozen club sodas. I felt much more comfortable in the presence of people who can and do drink than people who can't and don't. When somebody tells the sober boozehound that he shouldn't touch mouthwash because it contains alcohol, we're entering pretty extreme territory. Listerine has never reminded me of beer, much less cognac.

Hanging out sober in barrooms is great fun. Drunk-watching is never a dull activity. Seeing your pals walk in the bar like Dr. Jekyll and leaving like Mr. Hyde is fascinating. Unlike most reformed rum rats, I find something terribly amusing in hearing the inebriate repeat the same story seven or eight times. The trick is in looking for the oh-so-subtle variation in each version. Yet when a customer gets out of hand and it's time for the bartender to politely tell him to get lost, the sober drunk can quietly sit back, sip his cranberry-and-soda concoction, and smugly remark that the fellow *was* starting to get on his nerves.

Women find the former boozier to be extremely charming. The irony is that the dude always thought he was charming while wrecked. Not so, the ladies say. You're our kind of man, so confident, so self-assured, so . . . sober. ■



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There was only one Lord Buckley. Back in the staid, taffeta-ed fifties, he was a breath of wild, gone, craaaazy air in a cosmos of complacency. A master comic monologist, he would mount the stage dressed in anything from a safari outfit to the finest Beau Brummellesque aristocratic garb, and then he would open his mouth and the most amazing river of consciousness—clothed in hip, black street talk—would pour forth. He would do contemporary bits like “The Supreme Court Is Swinging” or “God’s Own Drunk,” but he was most noted for his amazing redactions of

classic stories like Jonah and the Whale or Nero and his fiddle or Jesus and his flock (Jesus became “The Nazz” in Buckley’s New Testament). His Lordship had taken on Dickens’s *Christmas Carol*, his own version of Scrooge, and whenever I heard it, it never once failed to make me laugh and give me chills and bring a tear to the eye in joyous celebration of every man’s, even Scrooge’s, eternal capacity to, as his Lordship says, “do the turnabout.” So in the spirit of Christmas past, present, and yet to come, we are proud to present the hippest story ever told.—L.S.

A Hip Christmas Carol

by Lord Buckley

That’s me, I’m Scrooge, and I got ole Marley’s barley. And I’m the baddest cat in all dis world. I been studyin’ all my life how to Scrooge people, and I guarantee you I done some fine work in dat

direction. “Cratchit!!!”

“Yes, suh.”

“You busy?”

“I sho’ is, suh.”

“See d’chou keep busy. Don’ wan’ no

danglin’ or wranglin’ aroun’ here. Keep everybody tight—and tell ’em dat dem two cats comin’ in here dat wanna git some money, I ain’t givin’ no money away. Dey messin’ wid Scrooge. I’m takin’ it in, I ain’t puttin’ it out. Izzat clear?”

“Yes, suh.”

“WELL, KEEP IT CLEAR! People comin’ aroun’ here always wantin’ my gold. Always tryin’ to pry into my vault. Every time I turn aroun’ somebody’s tryin’ to snap . . . Tell my nephew I don’ wanna have no dinner wid him, and if he NEVER come in here again dat’ll be TOO SOON!”

“I’ll tell de cat.”

“See dat you do. Can’t understan’ dese people always after my gold. I’ll close up dis place an’ dey, an’ dey—what?! What?! Let me tell you somethin’ else. You think dat chou gonna get off Christmas Day . . .”

“Well, I was hopin’, suh, dat chou’d let me knock off jus’ a little early fo’ Christmas Eve, ’cause I wanted to go home an’ cool de goose.”

“Well, if you wanna get off Christmas Eve, you gonna have to work aaalllll day Christmas, you hear me?!”

“I hear you, suh. I’m wid it.”

“Well, I guess I’ll go on home heayuh.”

So Scrooge takes off, an’ he cuts on down de street an’ de snow is blowin’ and de wind is howlin’. An’ Scrooge is goin’ along in his loose soul an’ his loose clothes an’ his hard cashbox, an’ his big money mind is goin’ on in his wig. An’ he ding-ding-ding up the stairs an’ he open his door an’ he gets inside an’ he puts his double lock on de door, ’cause



Photo of Lord Buckley courtesy of Richard Buckley



“In the spirit of *glasnost*, I invite the American public to sample the world’s first and best humor magazine, the *National Lampoonski*.”
—Georgi Agogli Gorbachev



Georgi Agogli Gorbachev, General Secretary of the Communist Party and publisher of the *National Lampoonski*, greets American leader Ronald Reagan in a spirit of détente.

Invented in Russia over seventeen years ago by expatriate Harvard graduates, the *National Lampoonski* is the funniest magazine on the face of the planet. To encourage Americans to discover this journal, the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R. has, for a limited time only, authorized me to slash the *National Lampoonski* subscription prices by an incredible seven U.S. dollars (equivalent to over sixteen rubles!). As a subscriber, you will be the first on your American street to guffaw, giggle, and gloat on the most wondrous comedic gems the clever Russian mind can produce. After having been brainwashed by the likes of Dostoevsky and Solzhenitsyn, I can guarantee you that after only *one* reading of our premier humor magazine you will see that the average Russian is just as much a—as you say—“party” animal as any American. I look forward to *personally* opening and fulfilling your subscriptions.

AP/Wide World

Greetings to the American public. As you may have read in your weekly news-magazines, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics has opened its doors, and we are now happy to allow the finest examples of our cultural advances to walk through and enlighten and educate the citizens of the West. In the past, Americans such as yourselves have been able to sample some of our exemplary consumer products, such as Stolichnaya vodka and beluga caviar.

With the warm breeze of *glasnost* defrosting the Cold War imperialistic tendencies of your leaders, we are delighted to expose you Americans to some of our other cultural achievements. This winter, American audiences will have the honor of listening to the master Soviet singer/songwriter Billy Joel, famous the world over for his compositions “Balalaika Man,” “Lenintown,” and “Upsteppe Girl.” But we are most excited about allowing the American public to—for the first time ever—delight in the world’s leading humor magazine, the *National Lampoonski*.

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he's a little bugged tonight. He been sayin' "Humbug" so long—"Humbug" dis and "Humbug" dat—he done give himself a natural humbug. He got de bug hummin' in him, so he double-lock de door. An' he sit dere an' all of a sudden dere's an old bell laying over there in the corner an' de bell go "Ding-ding-ding." An' Scrooge say, "Whassat?"

"Ding-dong."

"Whassat?"

An' the bells start ringin', DING-DING, BANG-BONG, DONG-DANG-DANG, BOOM-BOOM, DANG-DANG, BOOM-BOOM. An' he hears somethin' like some chain, cats pullin' all de chains from de chains of time, up the hill o' strife, ringin' an' dongin', an' he say, "What is all dat ringin' and dongin' with dem chains?"

An' all of a sudden, BAALOO! In come a cat, de wildest cat he ever see in his life. A real gone cat. Scrooge does a real wild take.

An' he say, "I know who dat stud is, dat's Marley. What's he doin' here?" He say, "Hey, Marley."

An' he say, "Yes, suh, it's me."

"Man, you sure chained up dere, man. You got chainsville all over you dere."

"Well, I put 'em on m'self. Dat's de way I lived, and I chained m'self. I hung m'self with all dese chains being parsimonious. Unnerstan' what I mean? I can't get 'em off. I been luggin' dese chains all over de country fo' the pas' seven years."

"'At's a long time. What you want

with me dere, Marley-Marley? 'Cause I got your barley."

"I don' mess with no barley no mo'. I wish I'd gived it all away when I had it. And I'm gonna tell you somethin' else, too. I am a spook, you know dat?"

"You tellin' me? I know you a spook, an'—"

"An' I wanna get straight wid' chou. I'm even gonna tell you somethin' else, Mr. Scroogie-Scroogie. Dere gonna be three more gas-lightin' spooks comin' to see you."

"Three more gas-lightin' spooks? Man, one spook's enough. Can I have 'em all at one time?"

"No, dey comin' one at a time. First one be here at eleven, de nex' one be here at twelve, and de nex' one at one."

"Man, I don' dig dis!"

"It ain't what you dig, Scrooge. It's what you puttin' down. You been a very surly cat all this time. You gonna be gas-lighted by dese spooks."

"Well," he say, "if it got to be gas, it ain't gonna cost me no money, is it?"

"Cost you more dan dat, Scrooge!"

"Dere ain't no more dan money!"

"You'll find out."

BRRAAPPP! An' Marley split.

An' ole Scrooge is sittin dere an' sweatin' an' clingin' an' clangin'. An' all of a sudden, man . . . he hear some crazy wild kind of clingin' an' clangin', he don' know just what it is, an' all of a sudden, WHOOOO WHOOOO WHISSHH WHOOOO WHISSHH BOOM BOOM!

In come dis great big fat spook look like it'd take 170 wings to lift him over de housetop. An' he got an ole beat-up cat and strangly legs and strangly arms an' pedicured eyes all out of his skull, spookin' up a storm, an' he look at ole Scrooge.

An' Scrooge is standin' in de corner, he feel like a disrupted small disregarded unclean white mouse midget-style. He sittin over dere.

An' dis spook say, "Come with me, 'cause I is de ghost of Christmas past."

An' Scrooge say, "Do I have to?"

An' he say, "YOU CERTAINLY DO!"

An' he got on de ghost's wings and VEERRTT! dey took off. An' he's flyin' ole Scrooge over de top of de mountain an' de wind is blowin' an' de wind is poppin' his wig an' he's lookin' down seein' all dese crazy scenes goin' on. ZOOM! He goes for a few more miles an' WHOOSHH! he takes him down to a sunlit pasture. An' the sunlit pasture is full o' chillun an' dey're singin' an' dancin' an' lovin' an goin' an' swingin'.

An' Scrooge say, "But but but dat's me down dere. I look pretty good down dere."

"Yeah, but you don' look good now," he say. "I wanna hip you. You better get yo'self straight or something terrible gonna happen to you."

VEERRTT! ZOOM! He takes him over to another place an' he shows him a pretty little chick. She got dimples, three dimples on each chin, an' she got three little dimpled children an' a nex' little dimple on the way. An' dere's a real swingin' cat around dere an' it's a happy-time place, looks like seventeen carnivals takin' off, an' Scrooge look at dis chick an' he say, "I remember dat chick. I coulda married her one time."

De spook say, "Yeah, you coulda if you wasn't so tight in yo' purse. You-all were thinkin' 'bout yo'self, that's what happened. Let me hip you further, Mr. Scrooge. Let me tell you one thing. You coulda got everythin' straight if you wanted, an' you better straighten up."

Scrooge say, "Take me home."

De ghost say, "I will." VEERRTT! BOOM!

An' he home again. An' he say, "Whooo, man, dat was a shaker. I don' know what's jumpin' off here, but dis whole thing, dis whole thing is shakin' me up pretty bad. I'm gonna tell you—"

An' all of a sudden, WHAMMM!!!! Here come another big spook. WHOOOOOOO! He a wild-lookin' spook. He a crazy-lookin' spook, he a far-out spook, he a gas-light spook, he got a gas light right on de top of his wig—VROOOM—goin' aroun' like one o' dem automatic pilot lights in a lighthouse. An' he done gassed up the whole

continued on page 110

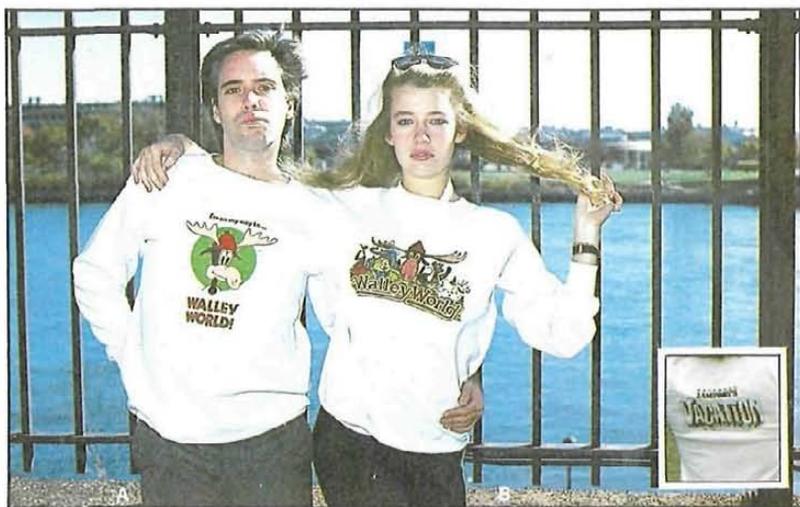


Now!

THE MOST POPULAR T-SHIRT IN THE HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL LAMPOON IS AVAILABLE AS A SWEATSHIRT IN TWO DESIGNS THAT WILL MAKE DISNEY CRINGE!

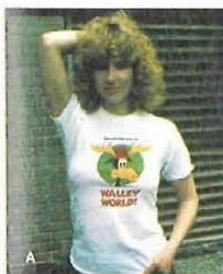
Introducing the new *National Lampoon's Vacation* Sweatshirt. On the left is the sweatshirt in precisely the same design as the enormously popular *Vacation* T-shirt. On the right is the new "Walley World" Sweatshirt as worn by the Griswalds in *National Lampoon's European Vacation*.

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



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

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



National Lampoon's *Vacation* T-shirt or



National Lampoon's *Vacation* T-shirt or



National Lampoon's *Animal House* Baseball Shirt



National Lampoon's *European Vacation* shirt



National Lampoon, Dept. 1287
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

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- SM MD LG NL European Vacation shirts @ \$6.95 each
 - SM MD LG NL Vacation shirts (A) @ \$7.95 each
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 - SM MD LG XL NL Vacation sweatshirts (B) @ \$16.95 each
- Please add \$1.00 per shirt for postage and handling. New York residents, please add 8 1/4% sales tax.

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The owner of a tailor shop in Norwalk, Connecticut, Steve Mysirlidis, was charged with sexual assault. Police alleged that during a pants-fitting session, Mysirlidis deliberately pinned a woman's pants to her underwear "so that the underwear dropped when she removed the pants for sewing." *Bridgeport* (Connecticut) *Post* (contributed by Jaynis Pixley)

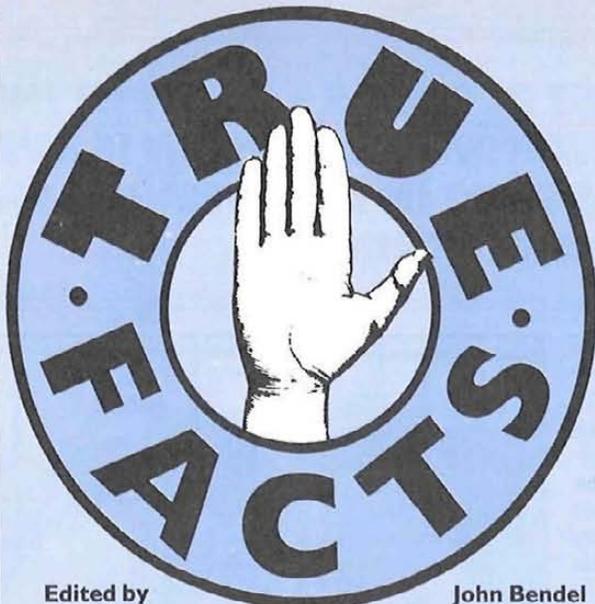
According to the "Police Watch" column of the *Marin* (California) *Independent Journal*, Louis W. Ciccotti "was found dead in his San Rafael home on July 4. The coroner's office reports his death as a possible suicide. He was found with a plastic bag covering his head." Immediately next to this item was Ciccotti's obituary, which read: "Mr. Ciccotti, who was forty-three, died Saturday, July 4, 1987, in San Rafael after a short illness." (contributed by Sharon Tuohy)

The rock group Megadeth won a temporary court order restraining a Los Angeles band from using the name Megadeth. Though differing by one letter, both names are based on the term for one million dead people, presumably in a nuclear disaster.

"We're considered the real Megadeaths around here in L.A.," said Bob Rickets of Megadeth. "What difference does it make if the other group has a following of thousands and thousands? We were playing around first." Rickets claims that Megadeth, the better-known group, is "just a bunch of blockheads who sing about all kinds of chauvinistic stuff, which grinds against me."

"We're a global band," countered Dave Mustaine, Megadeth's lead singer. The lesser-known Los Angeles group, Mustaine charged, is a "joke band that dresses up in white wigs and looks like Q-Tips." While the dispute goes on, Rickets is considering new names for his group. Leather Armpit is one alternative, said Rickets. "But it's just a possibility." *Wall Street Journal* (contributed by Carl Wolf)

The *Lewiston* (Maine) *Daily Sun* reported that Sheila McCormick "was driving south on An-



Edited by

John Bendel

droscoggin Avenue and opened her door while the car was still in motion to lean out and grab a hat in the roadway as she passed it. Ms. McCormick leaned too far, according to police, and fell out of the car. The unoccupied car then traveled approximately two hundred feet before striking a tree at 15 Androscoggin Avenue." (contributed by Paul Beuparlant)

In Sydney, Australia, Jessie Olsen strangled to death while trying to open a door using a key she kept tied around her neck. (Brisbane, Australia) *Courier-Mail* (contributed by Jon Thomasson)

From the *Western Morning News* of England:

"Alan Nance, the pioneer of spiritual medicine from St. Austell, has died after tripping over his healing stool." (contributed by Steven Newman)

The following editorial appeared in the *Philadelphia Daily News*:

"Delisa Harris Spence is suing Bucks County, its sheriff, two deputy sheriffs, and the warden at the county prison because of a little 'misunderstanding.'

"The deputies dragged her out of her apartment, handcuffed her, and took her to county prison, where she was fingerprinted, photographed, strip-searched, and placed in a holding cell. When it was discovered the next day in County

Court that the arrest warrant was for someone else, the judge ordered her released, but first, she was taken back to prison, fingerprinted and strip-searched again, and made to clean up her cell, then put out in a snowstorm with no transportation.

"Fortunately, the system did work," said a lawyer for the defendants." (contributed by John Moore)

This correction appeared in the *Chicago Sun-Times*: "Former Judge James Oakey was convicted last week of paying bribes while a private attorney. In a story that appeared May 16, the *Chicago Sun-Times* reported that Oakey also was convicted of taking bribes as a judge. Oakey, who was convicted of racketeering, conspiracy, mail fraud, and income-tax evasion, was not charged with taking bribes while on the bench. The *Sun-Times* regrets 'the error.'" (contributed by Peter Kleinman)

John Irby of Casselton, North Dakota, wanted golf balls and a chocolate cake for his thirty-first birthday, so his wife, Janice, decided to bake four golf balls into a cake as a surprise.

"About ten minutes before I was supposed to take it out, the balls exploded," said Mrs. Casselton. "My cake looked like someone took a shotgun and plugged a couple of rounds into it." (Woodbridge, Virginia) *Potomac News* (contributed by Johnny Miller)

In Sonoma County, California, Patrick Wolfe was unable to help wheelchair-bound Dennis Bouchard into his pickup truck, so he decided to tow Bouchard to a neighborhood restaurant. Along the way, according to police, Bouchard's wheelchair "drifted in front of a car driven by Michael Lawrence. Bouchard told officers he tried to avoid the collision by letting go of the tow-rope, but it got tangled in his feet. Lawrence's car sideswiped the wheelchair, knocking Bouchard to the ground."

In its report of the incident, the *San Francisco Chronicle* noted that California's "Motor Vehicle Code prohibits towing people on bikes, coasters, or even roller skates, but it does not say anything about wheelchairs." (contributed by Dennis Senft)

Dennis Holte of Villa Park, Illinois, was arrested after he hit another man with a battery. He was charged with battery. *Villa Park Argus* (contributed by Mark Pauga)

City officials in Peking have issued new regulations which allow hotels, restaurants, and other "cultural work units" to sponsor dances. However, some restrictions remain.

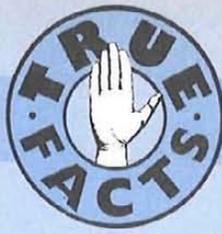
According to the Reuter news wire, "The dance hall must have at least five watts of light per square yard, and the organizer cannot hire hosts or hostesses to serve liquor."

In addition, "the band must wear the same clothes, have at least four musicians, and know at least two tunes." (contributed by Jay Leites)

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

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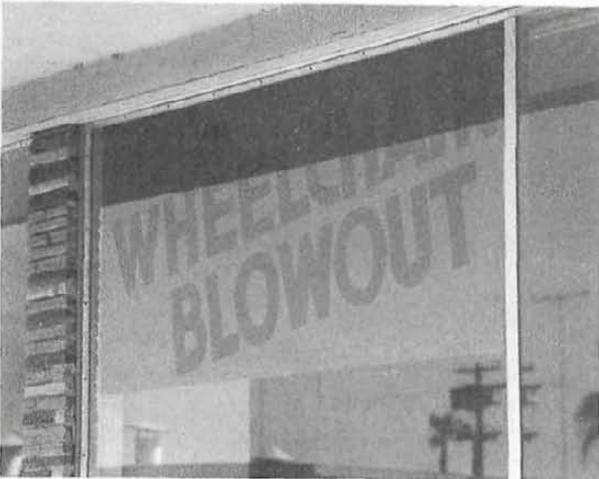
Signs of the Times



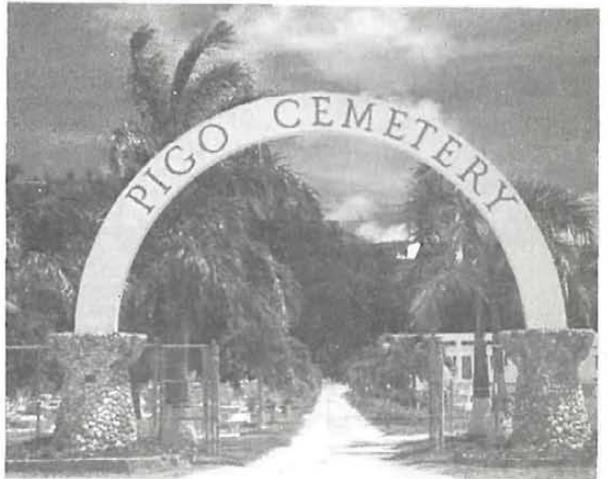
Richard P. Hays



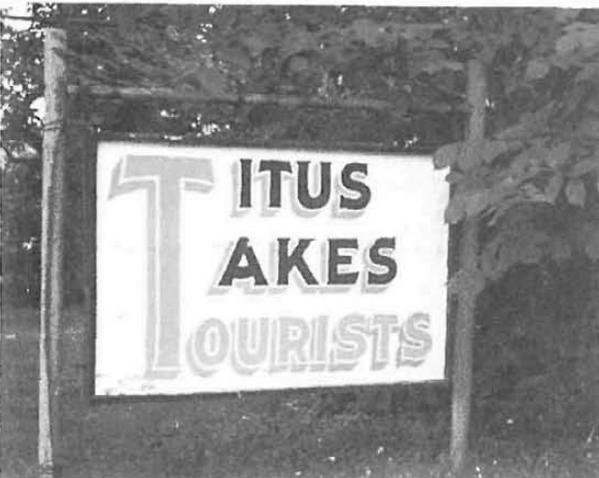
John & Ronnie Marshall



Robert Beck



Christopher M. Landrum

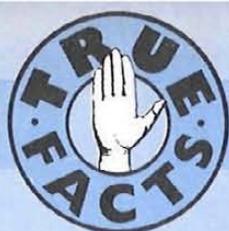


Raymond Brewster



Jeff Watt

Who Named



the Business?



Tara Price



Bard Dorros



Dave Jarvis



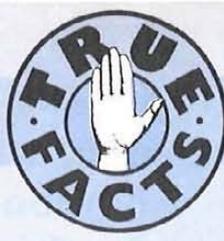
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Fidelno J. Amargo



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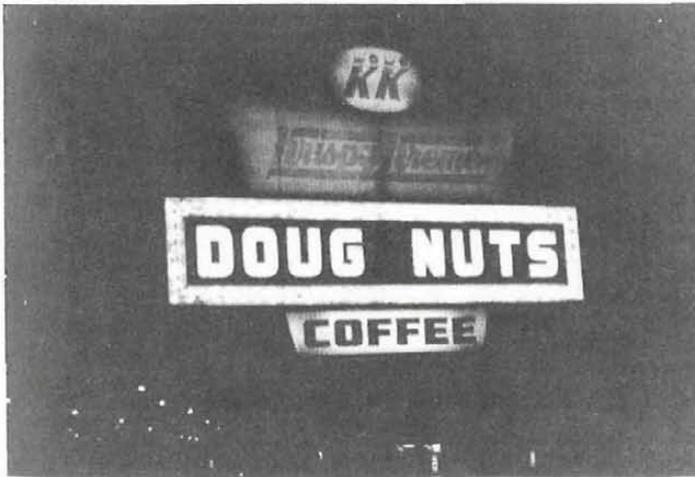
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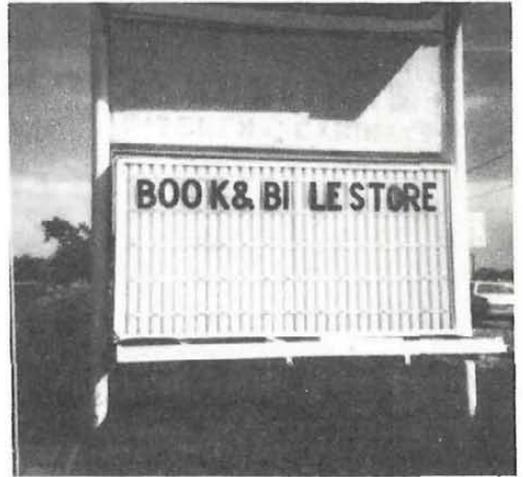
Tom Haley



Joseph Asaro



J. Scott Lambdin



Dave Shearer



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

Why not?

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

This Christmas, think *NatLamp!*



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



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



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

TS1060—*National Lampoon Moose Polo Shirt*. Same shirt. Different animal. In white, blue, or yellow. \$14.95



National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt

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



National Lampoon's European Vacation shirt



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



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

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

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

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

National Lampoon's True Facts '86 The funniest of the True Facts books and the most difficult to believe yet. Third all-new collection not even we could dream up. (TF-1106) \$2.95

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

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National Lampoon Dirty T-shirt This is for the slob in the family, the one who eats dinner with his shirt. It already comes with stains, footprints, grease marks, you name it. No matter what that pig does, he can't ruin this shirt. White. (TS-1067) \$7.95

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National Lampoon's Untold Story of the Iran-Contra Affair

Just when you thought it was safe to sell arms to Iran.



(BO-1066) \$2.50

National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Jersey

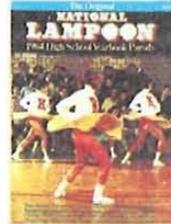
This good-appearing baseball jersey is a clean-made garment that is certain to give satisfaction. It is exactly the one worn by the famous National Lampoon Black Sox; yet it lacks the odor of use, as it is an entirely new product.



(TS-1027) \$7.00

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The most popular American book of parody ever published. A must for anyone who ever attended high school.



(BO-1007A) Deluxe Edition \$4.95

National Lampoon's Animal House Book Again, for fans of the film. Tells the whole story plus, and also has loads of photos and illustrations. From the biggest comedy of all time. (BO-1024) \$2.95, Deluxe Edition \$4.95

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TS1062 Trots and Bonnie T-shirt. America's most beloved dog and teen team jump off the pages of this mag and onto your back with their very own T-shirt. White, in sizes S-M-L-XL. \$7.95



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



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This handsome, comfortable sweater is for those who want to look as if they went to Choate but actually went to a public school outside of Detroit. It's a looker, actually handwoven by machines. Available in gray Blue, Camel and black.



(TS-1038) \$20.95

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YELLOW JOURNAL

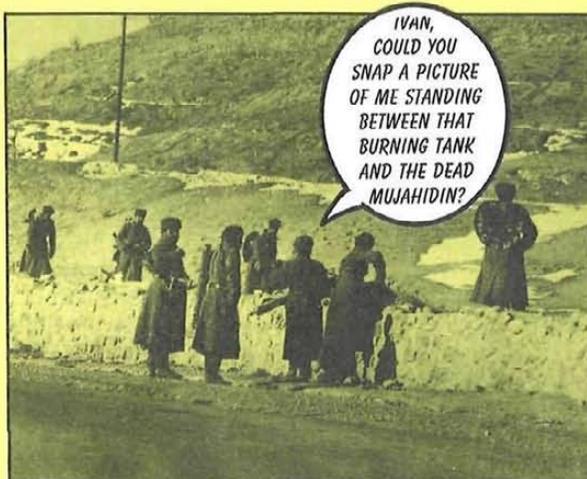
The Official Organ of the Pepsi Generation

SOVIET UNION CELEBRATES *GLASNOST* BY ALLOWING TRAVEL TO AFGHANISTAN

UNDER ITS NEW POLICY OF *GLASNOST*, THE SOVIET Union in recent months has experienced a true catharsis. Soviet society has become more open, and newspapers are free to report on news that would have been censored in years past. In keeping with this trend, *glasnost* has been extended to another area: foreign travel. More and more Soviets are being allowed to travel outside the U.S.S.R.

Of course, change does come slowly here, and there are still restrictions. "After all," as one Soviet official observed, "Prague wasn't crushed in a day." Travel is restricted solely to Afghanistan, and even then, only Soviet males between the ages of eighteen and twenty-seven are allowed to cross the border, as long as they are accompanied by 115,000 other tourists, flanked by sixteen armored divisions, and preceded by a squadron of MiG-20 fighter jets. "Since open travel is new to our citizens, we don't want them to be overwhelmed. Hence the restrictions," says the secretary of tourism, General Igor Strabovich.

Soviet authorities say that if the open-border policy to Afghanistan proves successful, they will allow travel to other countries. Says General Strabovich, "We would pre-



Soviet tourists enjoy sightseeing in the beautiful Afghanistan countryside.

fer a country with a warm-water port, say, Iran or Pakistan. But we'll see . . . we'll see." **A.S.**



Bork Fires Cox Again



IN RESPONSE TO UNFLATTERING REPORTS ORIGINATING with the liberal lobbying group Common Cause that he is a neolithic slob whose interpretation of the Constitution comes from reading the memoirs of Jefferson Davis, and that he possesses as much compassion for human rights and dignity as Jason, the protagonist of *Friday the 13th*, Supreme Court justice nominee Robert Bork announced that he has once again fired Archibald Cox, the chairman of Common Cause. In 1974 it was Bork, acting on behalf of President Nixon, who fired the then-Watergate special prosecutor Cox, after the attorney general and deputy attorney general refused and were themselves summarily fired. Bork claimed he fired Cox because "I didn't like the bum then, and I don't like the bum now!"

When told he didn't have the authority to fire Cox, Bork argued that that was a revisionist view of the Constitution and as a Supreme Court justice he would work to block such thinking in the future. —A.S.

Inside Larry King

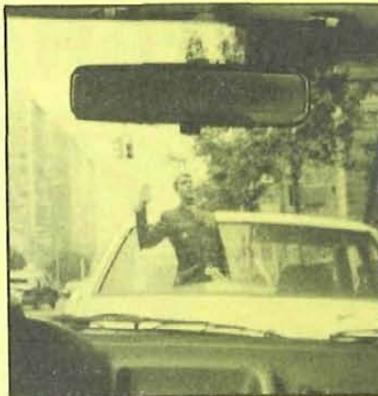


Some thoughts on the young talent in the entertainment industry. . . I think Scott Baio would look great in a Nazi uniform. . . Do you ever get a boner watching *AI!*? That makes two of us. . . Why hasn't Seka been up for some of those Meryl Streep parts? . . . Dick Van Patten looks awfully good in lederhosen. . . Did you know that Forrest Tucker had Hollywood's largest heat-seeking missile? . . . I'd like to run into Tony Danza in a dark alley. . . For someone with a penis, Ally Sheedy is remarkably convincing. . . Who says Lynda Carter doesn't swallow? . . . Is there anyone who doesn't think Ralph Macchio is fag bait? . . . Rock, we hardly knew ye. . . A newly slim, trim Whitey Herzog is getting gals wet from coast to coast. . . Save me a seat when Matt Dillon is urinating at a posh New York nightclub. . . Was that Judd Nelson this reporter saw mounting Andrew McCarthy backstage at Lou Rawls's telethon to benefit the Shovelhead Fund? . . . The word on Rob Lowe's budding talent is that he purchased it from Tab Hunter. . . Casey Kasem is actually a form of rodent. . . Word is Erik Estrada will trod the boards for Joe Papp in *Coriolanus*. . . I can't help thinking that *L.A. Law*'s Harry Hamlin would look awfully good sporting a crew cut and clown makeup while wielding a makeshift fraternity paddle. . . Geraldo Rivera to get to the bottom of those rumors that the preserved member of John Dillinger (rumored to rival that of Forrest Tucker) lies in state at the Smithsonian Institution. . . —N.B.

Oliver North to Be Merchandised

Taking advantage of his immense popularity, Oliver North has struck agreements with various companies to use his name, picture, or likeness in the promotion of their products. He is reportedly netting well over a million dollars for the deals and is expected to be second only to Bill Cosby in the number of products endorsed.

The numerous products that Colonel North will help merchandise include: an Oliver North Pez dispenser; an Oliver North automobile air freshener; Oliver North medals for students (medals for good homework, good hygiene, good citizenship, etc.); chicken cutlets formed in the likeness of Oliver North; Oliver North bourbon



with the slogan "Take the fifth with Ollie"; and even an Oliver North condom, which lays the claim "There's nothing tougher than this Marine!" —A.S.

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Dave Hanson

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Michael Jann

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Bo Jackson, Others to Branch Out



Kansas City Royals outfielder/Los Angeles Raiders tailback Bo Jackson has announced that he plans to play ice hockey for the Edmonton Oilers between the football and baseball seasons, as well as pursuing careers as a rock guitarist, thermonuclear physicist, tax accountant, CEO of Westinghouse, manicurist, yacht captain, and thoracic surgeon.

Following Jackson's cue, Chrysler chairman Lee Iacocca has announced plans to become a quality-control inspector at Ford, as well as a concert pianist, playwright, plastic surgeon, congressman (R.—Ill.), fry chef, bunny salesman, and windsurfer.

And the TV creature Alf has announced that he is going to become a horse, a cow, a corporate lawyer, a scarab, a bag of M&M's, an archbishop, a book of limericks, and a chess master.

Chrysler management has expressed displeasure with Iacocca's decision. "Malcolm Baldrige decided to do a little moonlighting," said an unnamed spokesman, "and look what happened to him."

—D.H.

CONDOM CORNER

with Connie Condom



Creating a Fashion Flair While Keeping Your Erection Safe from Infection

What you wear says *so much* about you—you can project any *number* of personal images simply by the selection of your outfit! Your clothes make a very personal statement about *you!* . . . and the condom you wear makes a very personal statement about *just* what kind of a lover *you are!!!* You can be the pursuer . . . or the pursued! A smoldering falcon . . . or a kindly hardware salesman! An evening with Andre Kostelanetz . . . or a bagful of Lithuanian trouser cakes! With the right condom you can project whatever boudoir persona *you* want!

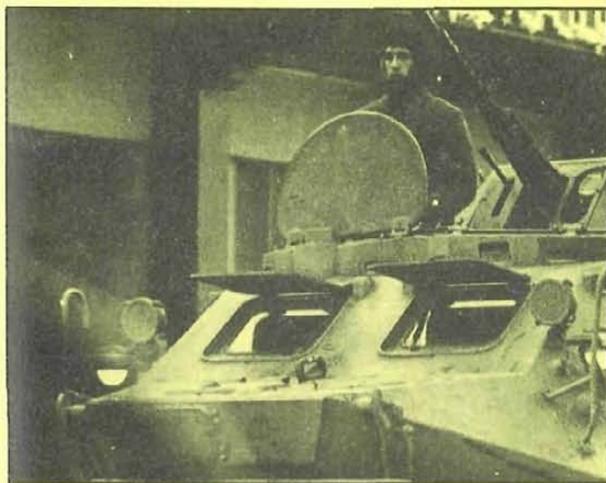
And now that condoms are being hailed worldwide as an evening-wear accessory as important as cuff links or pocket squares, Paris and Seventh Avenue alike are getting into the act. Under the marketing heading Interior Apparel, Playtex is offering condoms in a multitude of styles—many inspired by the successful categorizations of brassiere lines—including support and padded condoms, minimizers, strapless, front clasp, push-up, and underwire. Traditional rival Maidenform is countering with a new Cross Your Part collection, and slated for winter distribution from Members Only is the new extra-large Serendipity Collection.

From Billy of France comes the provocative demi-cup condom in faux lambskin, also available in the spring with houndstooth ribbing and the flattering insouciance of a seamless bodice; from Ralph Lauren comes a collection which promises the daring sensuality of ultra sheer to go *with* an already plunging shaftline; and from Anne Klein's Arabian Nites collection, turtlenecks, many featuring dickey collars with cinched elastic, available in rich tones like eggplant and olivewood.

But perhaps the most significant innovations in the condom sector of the intimate-apparel market are coming from Frederick's of Hollywood. On line in their spring Ambience Collection are the daring peekaboo condom, the French-style Reservoir and Condomette, and the newly designed condom camisole. Also scheduled from Frederick's but not available for review until summer are a racy collection entitled Exoticacies, including musk-scented, and a new line of gourmet-flavored edible condoms in tempting flavors like butter-scotch, grilled swordfish, cherry cheesecake, and turtle-throat teriyaki.

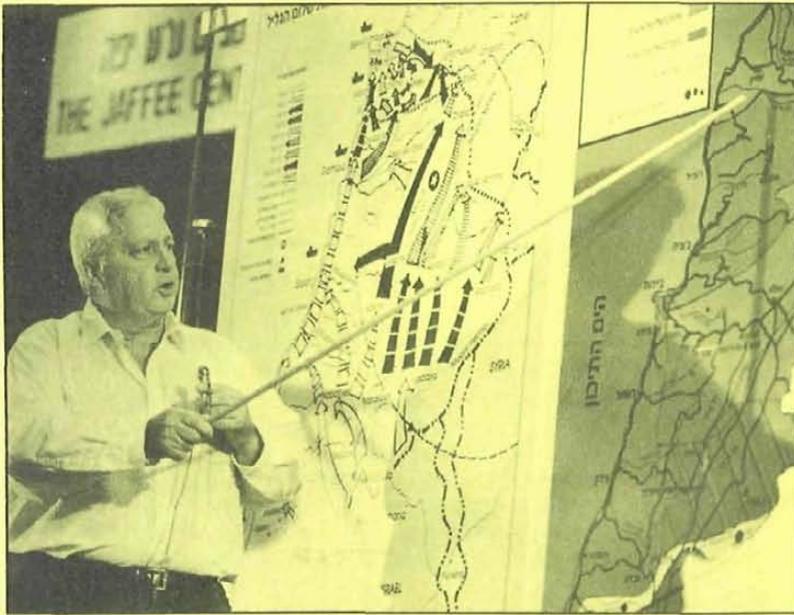
So there you have it—a year-long assortment of enthralling new fashions to make every night in the bedroom a swirling, glamorous trip down the runway with an adoring audience of *your mate!!!* How peachy!!! Enjoy!!!

Confidential to Needs 'Em Bigger in Cincinnati: Silly, you're not supposed to wear it on your head. —D.H.



Chrysler has announced the introduction of a new series entitled the Santa Monica Freeway Collection, on line for sale next month. A sister to the highly successful Route 1 Series, this line boasts bulletproof visor, windshield, and chassis along with exhaust-pipe cannon-launch reciprocator missiles, radar sensors that will detect gunplay in neighboring vehicles and alert you via robotic voice box, and rich bulletproof leathers on the seats and dashboard.

—D.H.



AP/Wide World

Former Israeli defense minister Ariel Sharon will fill in for vacationing Willard Scott on NBC's Today show, according to network official Brandon Tartikoff. "The viewers love him," said Tartikoff of Sharon, who intersperses his weather reports with tips on how the U.S. could easily bomb Canada if it ever felt like it.

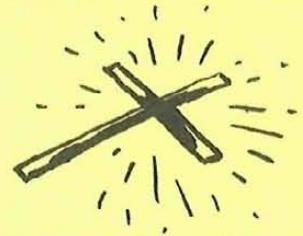
—M.J.



AP/Wide World

The world's best-loved dolphin, Flipper, voluntarily admitted himself to the Betty Ford Center just seventy-two hours after a Paramount Pictures deal fell through for a production of Flipper: The Movie. "He took it real hard," said one marine biologist. "He started drinking like a fish."

—M.J.



Catholic Church Evolves

In keeping with the Supreme Court's decision to strike down Louisiana's mandatory teaching of "creation-science" in the public schools, which gave the doctrine equal status with Darwinian scientific thought, the Louisiana state senate has passed legislation calling for the mandatory teaching of evolution in church.

The landmark bill calls for all religious services to be accompanied by a bonded secular humanist, who will assist clergymen by periodically interrupting their services with irrefutable scientific evidence that everything they say is bullshit.

In addition, services will henceforth be translated into appropriate secular language, as demonstrated by "Darwin's Prayer":

Our forefather,
Who art in the food chain,
Homo be thy name,
Thy genus come
With opposable thumbs
On earth
As it is.
Give us this day
Our naturally occurring assortment of
animal and vegetable proteins
And select just our best
As we select below us.
Lead us not into extinction
And deliver us from large carnivores.
For thine is the kingdom
And the phylum and the order
Forever
Men.

Church leaders refrained from public comment, instead gathering their congregations for an extended period of chanting, worship of the dead, and collection of donations. —B.H.

The story of evolution doesn't have an ending as yet, but a quick look around should convince even the most recalcitrant bonehead that humans (and we reluctantly include even you, dear reader) are residents of nature's outhouse. When the family of man sits for its next group portrait, we will be there in all our diverse glory, faces untroubled by a single useful thought, gleefully yanking on the flusher and struggling to be first down the evolutionary drain. Is this the termination of the species? What about the survival of the fittest? Well, if change is in the wind, we'd like to make some predictions before heading for the exit. So we present some visions of the future that we call

THE DESCENT OF MAN

by Rick Meyerowitz

Our family tree bears bitter fruit. Presented here: some current versions of mankind's greatest hits.



YO MAN

MODERN MAN

GAY MAN

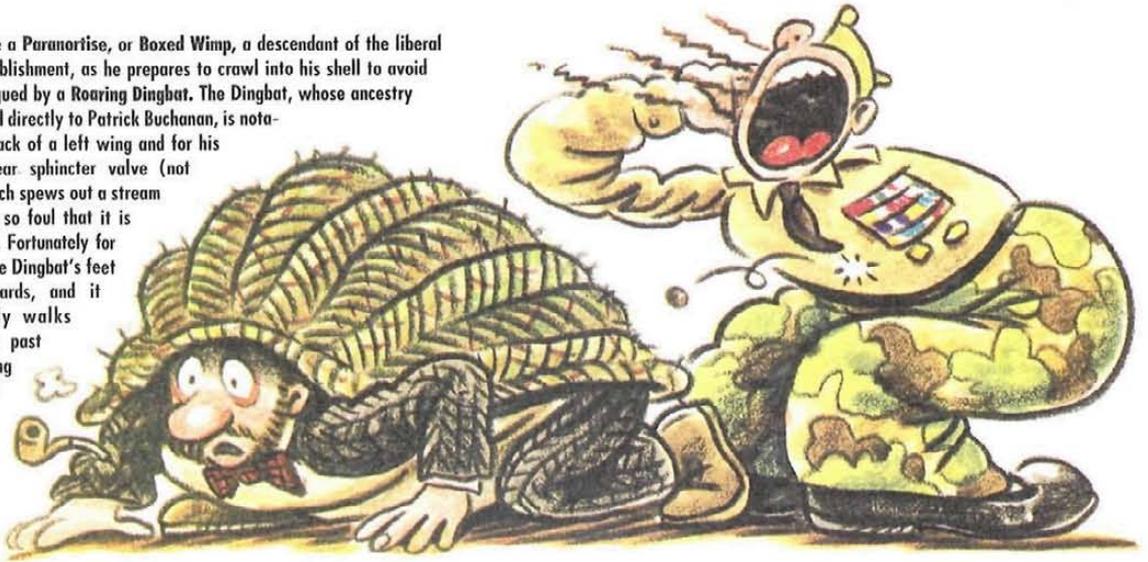


SHIITE MAN

AFRIKANERMAN

SIKH MAN

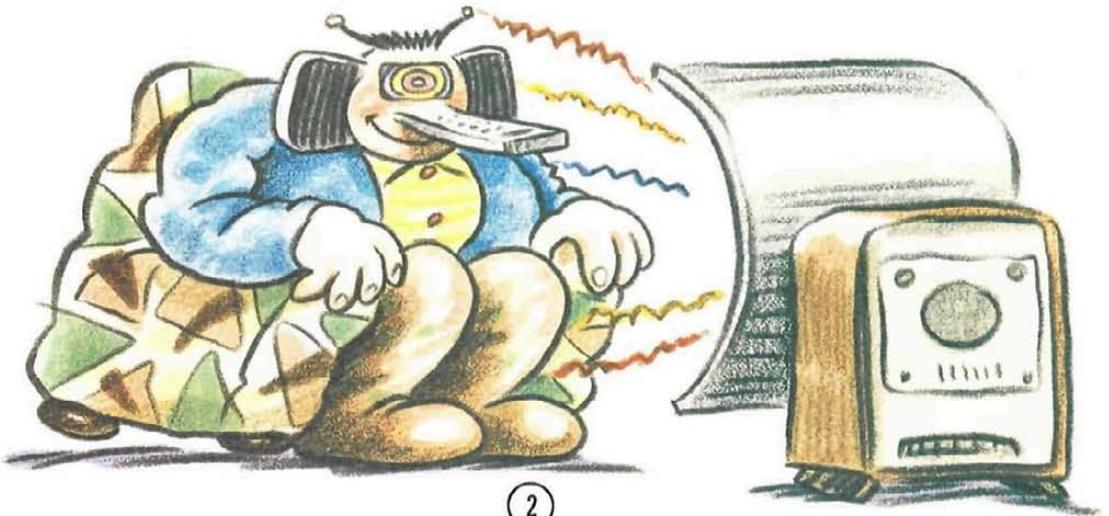
Here we see a Paranortise, or Boxed Wimp, a descendant of the liberal Eastern establishment, as he prepares to crawl into his shell to avoid being harangued by a Roaring Dingbat. The Dingbat, whose ancestry can be traced directly to Patrick Buchanan, is notable for his lack of a left wing and for his enormous rear sphincter valve (not shown), which spews out a stream of invective so foul that it is usually fatal. Fortunately for everyone, the Dingbat's feet face backwards, and it permanently walks toward the past while gagging on its own noxious opinions.



In the future, rest assured, there will be more sporting events than ever and huge domed and armored stadiums to hold them. Best of all, there will be twenty-four-hour tailgate parties attended by the likes of this fellow, a Keg-Shaped Guzzler. Descended from the beer brats and big brewery guts of our time, he'll spend his life swilling and redistributing brew and loudly shoving his opinions about sports on anybody within range of his grating voice.



①



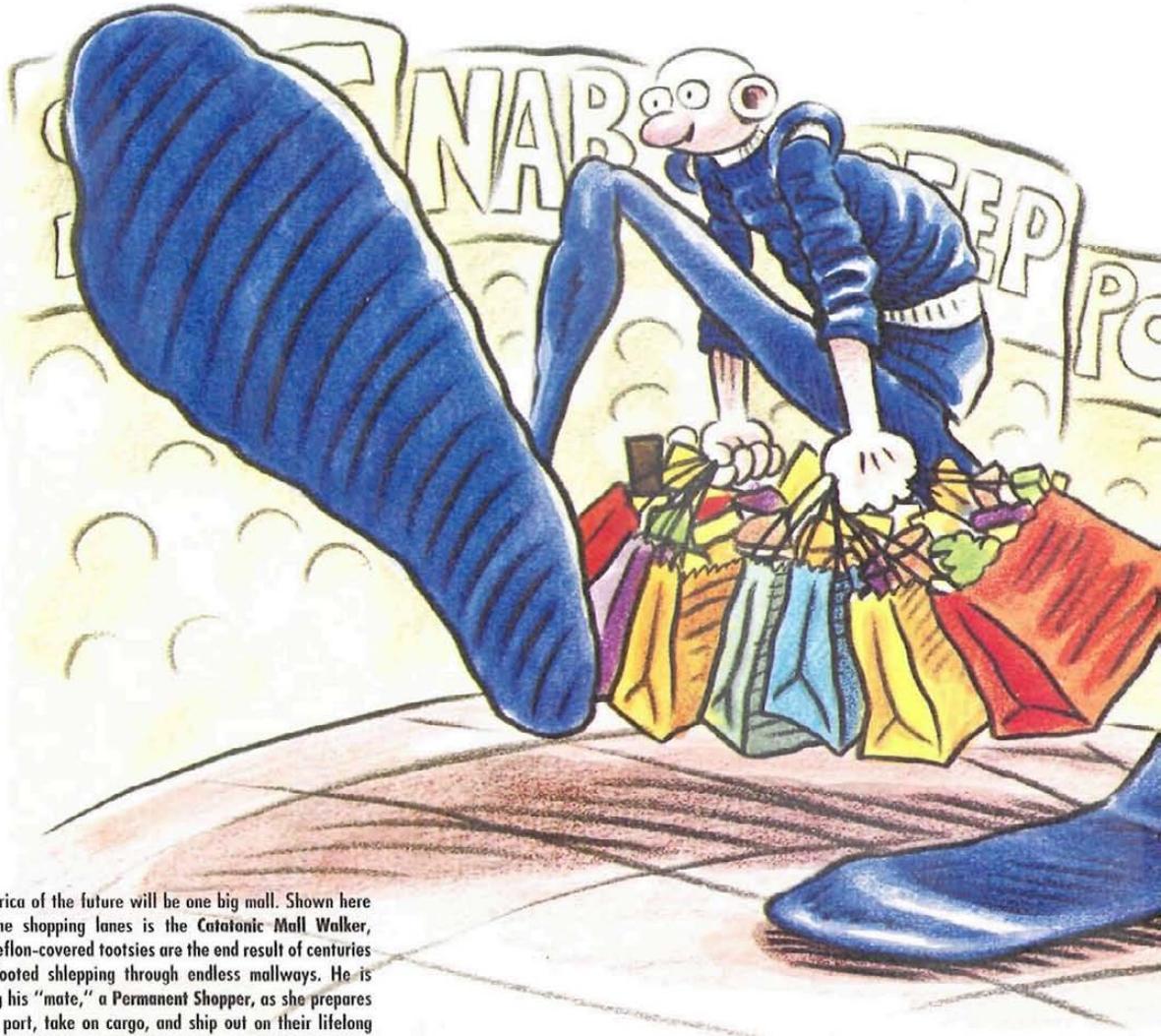
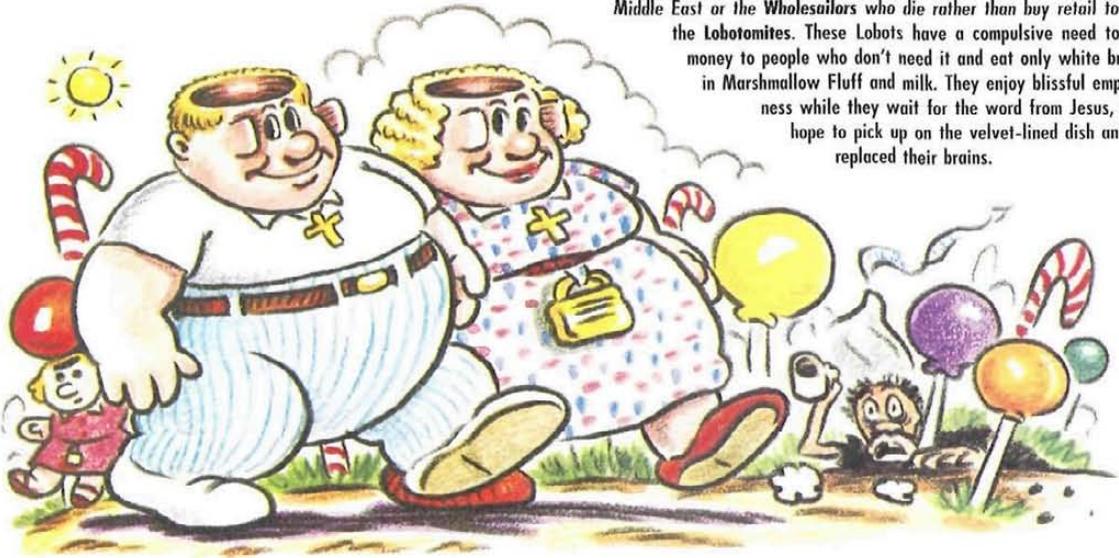
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③

The future foretold can be a tricky business, but it seems clear that television will replace dogs as our best friends. And if you can believe this caption, some of us will start to look like our TVs. Thus we introduce the Videomorph—part human, part video, and part comfy chair. He lives to be “turned on” by random sexual encounters with loose TVs (usually prostitutes). Today’s vidiot can turn his brain to mush with the flick of a switch. But with total symbiosis, the Videomorph risks the whole enchilada (which, incidentally, this mess looks like the filling for).

With the rise of fundamentalism in our century, religious sects evolved into many shapes, wacky and weird. One has only to think of the Whirling Doofuses in the Middle East or the Wholesailors who die rather than buy retail to appreciate the Lobotomites. These Lobots have a compulsive need to give their money to people who don't need it and eat only white bread dipped in Marshmallow Fluff and milk. They enjoy blissful empty-headedness while they wait for the word from Jesus, which they hope to pick up on the velvet-lined dish antennas that replaced their brains.

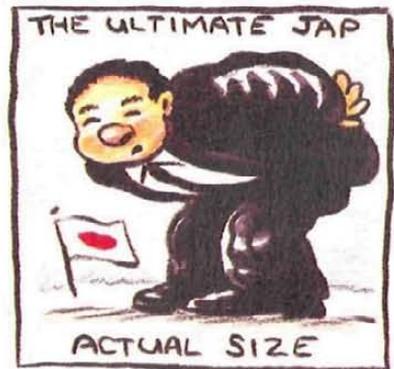


The America of the future will be one big mall. Shown here plying the shopping lanes is the Catastrophic Mall Walker, whose Teflon-covered tootsies are the end result of centuries of flat-footed schlepping through endless mallways. He is escorting his "mate," a Permanent Shopper, as she prepares to make port, take on cargo, and ship out on their lifelong cruise to nowhere. Permanent Shoppers, who buy only retail, never date Wholesailors.

The amazing creatures that will evolve in southern California's balmy climate boggle the mind. Among those that exist in notable profusion is this fellow. A 10 on the cringe meter, he's called the Double-Dealing Gonif, or Two-Faced Chiseler. Born without a leg to stand on and spineless, the Gonif makes it a practice never to express a sincere emotion and has a genetic inability to own any car but a Mercedes.



"Smaller is better," say the Nips. So with resources shrinking and food scarce, the Japanese "breed down" and don't just lose face, they lose 98 percent of their body!



The Kama Sutra of Jim Bakker

Cherished Erotic Secrets of Christian Fundamentalist Evangelists
Translated by Vatsyayana and then back from the Hindu
by Dave Hanson

About the importance to a man of a suitable clenchbox which will serve to drain him speedily and with thoroughness.

For a man to remain municipally vital and spiritually proficient he must keep his scagbag on all days freshly drained. To do this properly he must have an anode to his diode which will urge the lungers from his lingam in rapt'rous fashion. Irreplaceable in this manifestation is clenching, which must be garnered from the flesh-filled aperture of another. Unless it is absolutely necessary, no hands or dairy products should be used in the facilitation of dong-drainage, as doing so would refute the Lord's roster of appropriate uses for semen.

About the ways of a man meeting the woman he wants for his wife; and apprising her of his affections.

When a man meets a woman he'd like to see on the receiving end of his stinkhammer, he shall convey to her his affection by unsnapping the back flap of her Dr. Dentons and worming his finger into her anus until she indicates her mutual attraction by squeaking.

About the business of a man



properly emptying his crimson kingfish within the confines of his wife.

A man who wishes to properly enact congress must execute the following procedures of eroticism:

1. "Foreplay"
2. Penetration of the beefpit
3. Washing
4. Slumber

Firstly a woman must have her "breasts" enlarged and adorn herself with a wig which shall kindle the embers of desire within a man in a way that he shall want to manifest via the thrustful expressions of his stinklog. When a man is in bed with his wife and they are wearing only their underclothes, he shall em-

bark on "foreplay." "Foreplay" begins with the man lightly touching the "breasts," which are the mounds of fat on a woman adjacent to her biceps. Then, with his tongue and the palms of his hands, he caresses the deep, pungent crinkles of her rectum, exciting the woman until her bouillabaisse is moist and fretful. These actions shall also make the man boil with the hot bristling hemoglobin of passion, and he shall feel as if his stinkhammer were full of a hundred hard-bearing hummingbird hearts.

When "foreplay" is completed it is time for the man to place his cheese-flag into the flesh-filled fissure at the fork of the woman's gams, often called her "beef-pit." Once penetration is achieved he shall extrude

his juice along the slippery walls of the woman's sperm-thirsting stench-trench, while she uses her fingernails to fondly taunt the fatty flesh that forms the front curtain of the scrotum.

As this is being done the man shall exaltedly chant, "Jean Baptiste hath sown the grayest grapes" and selections from the New Testament, and the woman shall break into a joyful chorus of "Kama kama kama ka - me - li - um." Once the babygravy has been completely pumped, the man shall reclaim his wilting stalk and walk it to the comfort station for bathing.

Once in the bath, he makes for himself a hot shower, and with a large amount of scouring soap and loofah pads laves from his member the gunk which has accrued and made it all shiny and glisten-

ing and ripe like a chowder.

After this the man returns to his matress, where he may enjoy the rewards of sleep and thick vivid dreams about automobiles and fine tailoring.

About the cruciality of achieving a hasty and thund'rous ejaculation so that the woman may know she hath inspired an ardor too powerful to beat back.

For a man to let a woman know the genuineness of his passion he must strive also for a speedier ejaculation, as this will make her know that she has stirred within him a latitude of mindset far too dizzying to sustain. Men who ferry their members in and out of the pit of their wife repeatedly without busting an acorn will as an act of gentlemanliness emit grunts and utterances denoting pleasure so that she may feel she has performed her wifely duties commendably, but a man can properly show his true caring for a woman only with a splashy and expedient creaming. There is a saying and it goes:

The oven knows it has done its job only when the bread browns, and it shall judge the quality of its baking by the speed with which it causes the bread to brown.

A man who has exalted his prowess wherein he can attain spurtation without unrolling his underclothes is known as a "Mister Creamydrawers" and is the most cherished form of husband, whose wife will always grin broad and wide, for she knows the passion she inspires within the trousers of her beau is great and irrefutable. Of course, it is no great feat to achieve a speedy creaming when one hoards semen until the silo of his scrotum is stockpiled to bursting with itchy clamorous seed, or if one is congressing with an unfamiliar and richly freckled nubile with her skin still drawn tightly over the lipose swells of her womanhood, her pubis packed fat and taut, but only a true master can maintain his speediness while performing with frequency and in reaction to a floundergash which repetition of unioning has made as commonplace and familiar to the man as his own silverware. But with altruism

at the prow a devoted and skillful hubby will proceed and, unless her trench is like a great yawning abyss or emits the odor of turned mussel gumbo, he shall reward her often with *huitres al dente* or Ivory Liquid.

Why a man should ne'er employ his own hand in congressional matters in which his wife's furrow has failed him.

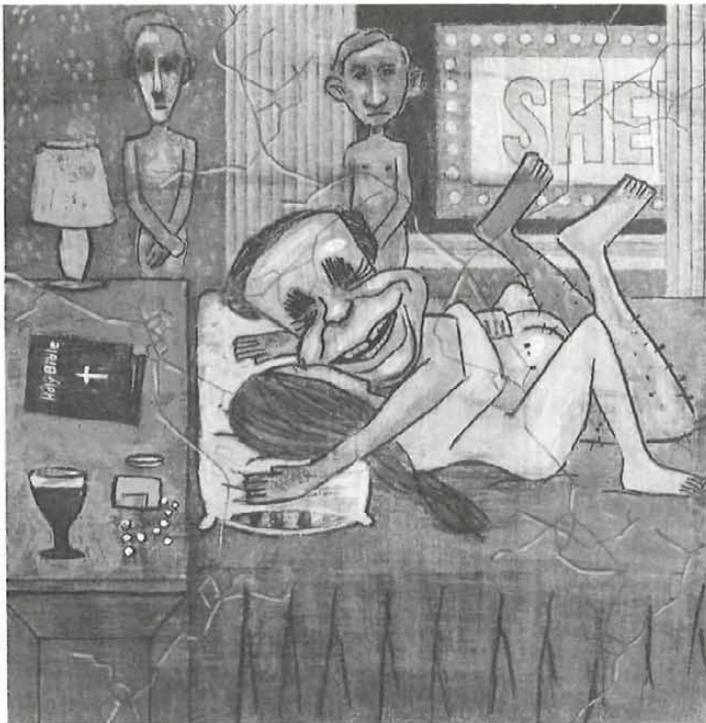
A man, finding that the elasticity of his wife's crabhole has failed her over the course of aging and paxtoning, may discover that because he lacks the portly dork of a donkey he cannot reap from her the clenching needed to generate a

the sin Lust, thou art better off with a different woman or farm produce or a man spun around, because of this principle: To appease thyself with the hand requires the conjuring of fantasy, which entails Covetousness; further, if love is Lust, then flogging is self-love, which is surely Vanity, and so slamming your own seedstick breaches not one but three of the Seven Deadly Sins. And so whereas sexual congress with one's hand is three times a sin, impaling a fleshy-fruited farm product or enjoying the attentions of a young woman other than one's wife or a man spun around is but one sin and is neutralized by its being a proclamation of a man's love for nature.

About a man who, finding the flounderchasm of his wife

is too gaping for him to achieve satisfaction, resorts to trysts agricultural in origination.

Of course, nothing in science or art can replace the organic majesty of handsome genitalia, but should the beefpit of a bride loosen and the man's backlog become so great that his thoughts grow dizzy and his abdomen swollen, the man is well off to choose a suitable agricultural product and use it for mating. Recommended here are the fruits of the melon and mango families; the man is cautioned to warm the item above the interior temperature of a Hebraic woman so as to avoid freezer burn, and to remove the seeds



flect jism. In this he may become dispirited and glum (when a man's lingam tubes are not content, goes the chestnut, his medulla oblongata shall also have the blues) and wanting of a mode by which to replenish his spirit and unladen the cargo of sperm he has not released from the tip of his stick. He, like the man whose bride performs fellatio in the clumsy and hazardous fashion of a cotton gin, must resort to outside sources for a suitable clenchtrench. Here the man may be wont to enpalm himself in the greased piston of his fist so that he may unearthe the breath-seeking semen from its carnal tomb and at last allow himself relief from the buzzing spine of the backlogged. But the Lord here sayeth, If thou art going to baldly squander reproductive potential anyhow in the interests of

from the inside of the fruit, as otherwise it shall feel like the hole of a French woman. By following these dictums a man shall achieve a pedigree of bliss encompassing both the spiritual and the physical.

About what a man must do when he must resort to outside women to achieve the satisfaction of his stinkstick.

When a man discovers that he and his wife are hopelessly ill-matched because her hole is like that in which a Brontosaurus could lose his neck, and vegetation will not slake his longings, for his heart whines out for solace, a man must resort to the baptism of a young Chris-

tian secretary. Of these, the phylum Warbling Choir-Slits is accepted as the premium, since their epiglottal canal and other analogous channels interspersed about their physiognomies brag extraordinary skills of spasmodification and clenching.

Proper baptism is conducted according to that printed below:

1. Preparation and gifting—also motel acquisition
2. Wooing
3. Consumption of the wine necessary to lubricate both conversation and genital organs
4. "Foreplay"
5. Insertion of the hard pink baloney-pole
6. Hot soapy shower to wash off the gunk
7. Delivery of hahn-snatch to airport
8. Thank-you gift and call

Once the groupergash has been researched and shown to be a woman who has depthless faith, boundless spirituality, and a big scratchy bush, she shall be contacted, usually by means of a third party, poignant missive, or Jesus-O-Gram. Also, a gift should be sent; a box of chocolates along with a living room set and a Cadillac are generally considered a tempting exhortation and not excessive.

Next is the step of wooing: this is critical, as it shall entail the man's first meeting with the catfishcanyon. Essential is lengthy discourse on the joys of the Lord, and also the use of research data to establish a strong

empathy base, by which he can compare his plight to hers, and make her remark with raised eyebrows upon the similarities of their lives. This done, it is without hesitation that she shall agree to go back to your motel room to see your stained-glass collection.

Once back in the room, you must investigate the metamorphosis by which the carpgap goes from disciple and student to being the place that will garage your hardstick. Crucial to this is that she must feel that if she should do a good service to a representative of the Lord, she would be doing a good service to the Lord Himself. Once she is believing of this, she will be eager to act selflessly on behalf of any of the Lord's reps.

It is now that she must become gently aware that below your hazy halo hangs

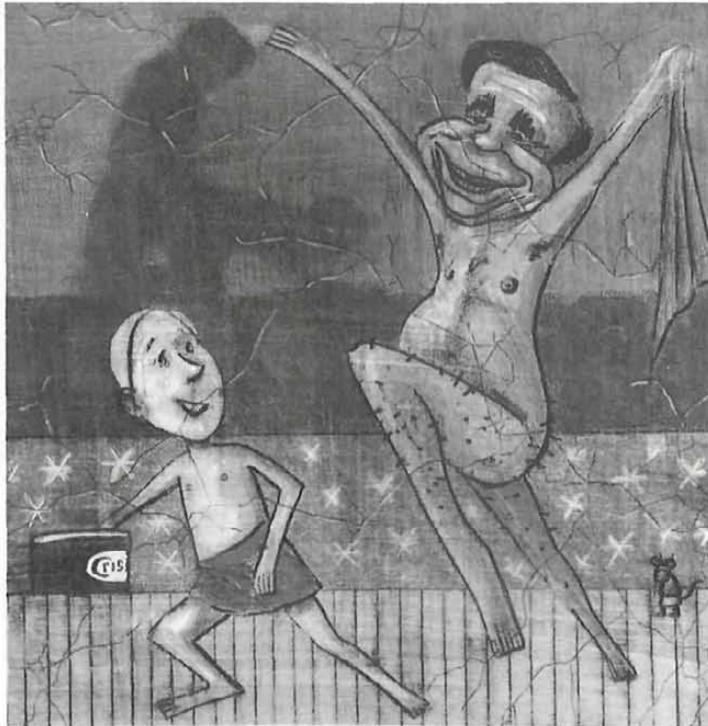
a full runyon that wants some action too, and she must conjure a strong hunger for its insistent throb. This transition of emotionalities would be all but impossible to accomplish within an abbreviated period of time but for the richly pharmaceutical wine of the throneberry, a wine of wond'rous influence which shall ply free the bloomers of one young and fresh and under other circumstances hesitant to take leave of any garb at all, even too parsimonious with her carnality to part with the suction of her mouth, let alone share the pleasures of her labia pajama. But oh, with her palate embraced by this soft wine, her feeder magenta areolae shall pucker and punch out for the air even beneath the staunchness of underwire, and she shall leak from her honeyhole mothermoistures of the

"gifts of afterplay"; a dozen roses and a check for an amount in the neighborhood of \$265,000 is usually considered adequate.

About enjoying the companionship of men, the highest form of cerebral and professional companionship; and turning them around so they may be a source of clenching.

Along with his interactions with women, a man wishing to be well-rounded should also enjoy the companionship of other men. To properly enjoy these friendships, he should go to a sauna room with his middle wrapped in a towel, prepared to talk of topics interesting exclusively to those possessing puds. After enjoyable discussion of baseball, motor vehicles, cattle, and the movie lunk Schwarzenegger, the eldest man shall proclaim that the sweltering steam room in tandem with his thirsty terry towel is hot enough to melt a brass monkey's uncles and that to the good of all the towels should be hurled to the floor. Once the towels are removed, the second eldest shall make a taunting jape to the youngest about the now-exposed terrain of his body, either about his weak-muscled torso or the fact that he has a cocktail frank for a weenie.

Then, whilst the others giggle, the teased one should affect great offense and romp in pursuit of his offender, and he shall endeavor to place nail imprints by pinching at the shoulder blades of this offender. The others, including the chased, shall giggle uncontrollably at the failure or success of the pincher, and as they run so shall their whangies bob whappingly up and down, until the vertical motion causes stimulation and they find only their ballcase bobbing, for their pee-pee proper is protruding in a great rigid slab outward and in a state not unlike rigor mortis and so is not of the soft composition of things bounceable. Soon distraction and pleasurable sensation make the taunted party abandon all remembrance of his haranguing and a jolly game of tush-kebob tag is played. The person who is "it" must use his weenie to poke



antsiest and most desirous and sweet sort, and we shall see her breaths growing short and the heaves of her bosoms growing fevered, and she shall touch the man gently, and he shall soon be urged to know the blisses of her interior. But first he must perform the rites of "foreplay" as described above.

This done, it is time for the man to remove his athletic supporter and sink the diving rod of his loins into the tiny hahn-snatch until he may dampen her further.

After the trouser trout is drained and the shower is completed, the man has his servants drive the mackereltrench to the airport and he sends her gifts, perhaps a bouquet of flowers or a crystal puppy. In later months, the man traditionally presents his postcoital "offerings" or

another between the gluteus cheeks, whereupon he will become "it." The game is played until everyone is both jubilant and exhausted, and goes home to a dishful of his wife's fine cooking.

The greatest pleasure of a preacher is, during the delivery of an inspired sermon, to glance down b'low the pulpit and see a bald spot abob at his fly. This shall fire the preacher furthest, when every surging resource of spirit and flesh is being marshaled upward, corralled to breathtaking fruition by this divine tandem of lordly inspiration and worldly rodguzzling experience.

About the artistic science of transcendent pleasures of the senses.

Just as the Lord placed upon this earth cheese and ground chuck and jelly to feed us, and wood and aluminum and stucco to house us, he placed upon this earth the seemingly lowly non-stinging ant to propel us to heretofore uncharted heights of pleasure.

Only when a man has perfected his sexual prowess and has attained the title of Mister Creamydrawers in marital congresses, but his wife is out of town on business or visiting relatives, is it accepted for him to dabble in the pleasures of ants. These pleasures are to be enjoyed either of the two ways described:

1) Suppositorially: After a 1/4-inch-in-diameter tube is positioned snugly in the gate of the anus, a colony of ants is ushered through, either by an assistant's exhalation or honey bait, and the tube is removed. Once inside the rectum the ants will scramble and clamor and cavort in a manner which shall bring great joy as they swarm against the mushroom-like gland of the prostate.

2) Via the scrotum: In all of Christian treatise the pleasure regarded as the highest is that of an ant-covered scrotum. According to mystic Christian sensualist Rex Humbard, the road to achieving the highest erotic peak possible to a man who isn't getting blown by Morgan Fairchild is through the means of ants in conjunction with a warmed papaya fruit. The man begins thrusting into the hot fleshy fruit until his meticulously shaven scrotum tightens into a

hard bag of urgency, at which point he coats its crinkled area with corn syrup and releases upon it a colony of agile-limbed ants, who swarm over his sensitized flesh and raise him to an astronomical echelon of rapture.

About the peak application of joy which can only be shared by a pair of people longly wedded.

The most exalted pleasure in which any man is able to engage is with his wife only and may only be enjoyed on their anniversary and on the birthdate of their eldest son. Prior to this day it is advised that the man should dress only in loose-fitting poplin garments so that free clean

wrapped around her ankles and neck and up around to caress her other armpit. His breaths now thick and frequent, the man shall slide his piddlestick into the armpit and rub it around inside it, guiding the vein-mapped creamstick with his hand or with tweezers and reveling in the unaccustomed friction. Simultaneously the woman shall use a clod of Vaseline to stimulate the man's heinie, and she shall snake her warm tongue in and out of his navel. Also throughout this she should wear a woolen cap and footed leggings so as to precipitate a metabolic swell in temperature and thusly generate a thick, substantial sweat in her armpits to lubricate the thrustings of his fishmallet. When the man achieves his final inestimable pleasure the woman shall celebrate her unutterable joy by using the nails of her fingers to harry the pimply, pleasure-rich nodules of his nipples.

About the convocations of bliss which are unavailable from wives, which may be sampled only by men single or philand'rous.

Some pleasures are not to be acquired at the holes in a man's wife, and as such are to be enjoyed only by men who are unmarried or are philandering on account of their wives' horse-sized holes. These pleasures would generally be gleaned from the holes in a Catholic or Jewish woman or generic cour-

tesan, and are always regarded as excellent. First of these pleasures is a practice called "having sex," which is similar to congress but without "foreplay"; second is that in which the woman fills her mouth with cantaloupe, bitter chocolate, and bay leaves and accepts the man's pulsepole into her face, and then rotates her gizzard until the man attains his jollies. The man's pleasure can be further expanded if the woman simultaneously maneuvers a wad of dough or a citrus fruit about the darker meat of his anus.

These are pleasures to be enjoyed whenever they are offered up to a man not harnessed by benevolent union, and are considered even more joyous if they occur on lunch hour or in a subway car or fitting room.

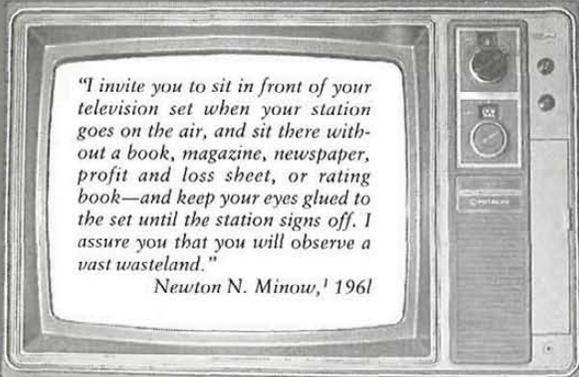
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air may circulate about his scrotum, enabling peach-blossom zephyrs to embrace the entirety of his genitalia. This will make him conjure a bristling sense of anticipation.

After the couple have enjoyed a fine repast of saffron rice and cangelosi beans and peeled away all their clothing but ornamental rings, the man shall stand still until his lotionrod is stiff like the stalk of the poinsettia when it is ripe to bursting. Then the couple should attain the proper positioning, the woman kneeling and the man squatting adjacent to her, the helmet of his lingam pressed against the crease of her controlling armpit, his scrotum resting squarely at all times against her "breasts," his buttocks facing out, his mouth nuzzling the crown dimples of her buttocks, his arms

THE WASTE

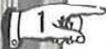


"I invite you to sit in front of your television set when your station goes on the air, and sit there without a book, magazine, newspaper, profit and loss sheet, or rating book—and keep your eyes glued to the set until the station signs off. I assure you that you will observe a vast wasteland."

Newton N. Minow,¹ 1961

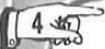


Walter Cronkite, famous clairvoyant,
Had a bad cold, nevertheless
Is known to be the wisest man on the tube,
With a wicked pack of cards. Here, said he,
Is your News: the drowned Phoneyician Sailor,
(Those are pearls that were supplied. Look!)
Here is Bela Lugosi, the Lad of the Rocks,
The lad of situations.
Here is the pitcher with three saves, and here the
Bigwheels,
And here is the documentary, and this card,
Which is blank, is the sponsor he carries on his
back,
Which I am forbidden to see. I do not find
The Changed Man. Fear death by viewing.
I see crowds of contestants, walking around in a
circle.
Thank you and good night. If you see dear
Edward R. Murrow,
Tell him I edit these scripts myself:
One must be so careful these days.



September is the cruellest month, breeding
Comedy out of dead pilots, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull programming with live sports.
Summer kept us warm, promising
Constellations of new stars, feeding
A little life into dried plots.

An occasional movie surprised us, coming over the airwaves
With its shower of ads. We tasted the new series
And went from network to network, into cable and beyond
And drank coffee, while Cavett talked for an hour.
*Bin gar keine CBS, stamm' aus NBC, echt ABC.*²
And when we were children, visiting the golden arches,
My cousin turned me toward the Late Show
And we were frightened. He said, Marie,
Marie, change the channel. Down their ratings went.
With a videotape recorder, one can feel free.
I watch Carson much of the night and go south in the winter



Unreal Programming,
Under the mental fog of a multichannelled dawn,
A crowd flowed through the air, so many,
I had not thought ratings had undone so many.
Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,
And each viewer fixed his eyes before his feet.
Television flowed up the hill and down
To where St. TV Guide kept the hours
With canned laughter at the final stroke of nine.
There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying:
"Silverman!"⁶

"You who were with me with the quips at Mylae!
"That series you planted last year in your schedule,
"Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?
"Or has lack of audience disturbed its bead?
"O keep the RCA Dog far hence, that's friend to men,
"Or with his writers he'll dig up *Supertrain* again!
"You! hypocrite videoeur!—mon same babble,—mon
frère!"⁷

LAND

by Louis Phillips

2

What are the commercials that clutch? What affiliates grow
Out of this electronic rubbish? Son of Nielsen,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where game show hosts
Spin off no shelter, Jiminy Cricket no relief,³
And MTV no sound of water. Only
There is video under this hard rock,
(Come in under the shadow of this hard rock),
And I will show you something different from either
The *Today* show at morning striding behind you,
Or the News at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you ratings in a handful of surveys.

*Frisch weht der Omnibus
Der Heimat zu
Mein Alistair Cooke,
Wo weilest du?*⁴

'You gave me educational television some decades ago,
'They called me the Anglophile girl.'
—Yet when we tuned in late for the *Hyacinth Hour*,
Your head filled with British classics, you could not
Speak, and your eyes failed. Our favorite programs
Were neither sponsored nor renewed, and I knew nothing,
Looking into *Hart to Hart*, the silence.
*Oed' und Norman Lear das Meer.*⁵

5

NOTES

¹In 1961, Newton N. Minow became the new chairman of the Federal Communications Commission (sometimes spelled FCC). He also said, "It's time you creative television professionals lit a few million candles to take our children out of the darkness." Candle sales were not visibly affected.

²"I am by no means CBS, I come from NBC, am really ABC." See following notes to Fred Silverman.

³Sometimes spelled R-O-L-A-I-D-S.

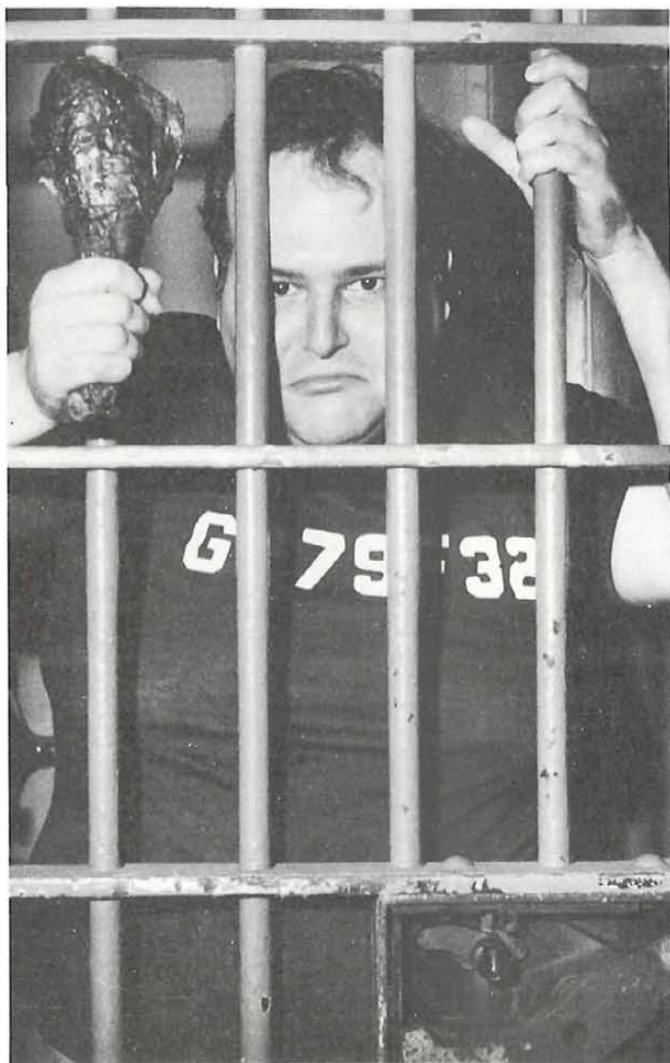
⁴The so-called Golden Age of Television, Sunday afternoon. (Eliot's note.) This is the song from Wagner (*Robert*): "Fresh blows the program Omnibus towards home, but we were watching something else. My Alistair Cooke, where are you lingering?"

⁵Great is the influence of Norman Lear, who is not to be confused with the King.

⁶Fred (cf. *Inferno*, III, 55–57).

⁷V, Baudelaire, Preface to his *Fleurs du TV*. "You! hypocrite television viewer! We all watch the same programs, even if we say we prefer 'Et o ces voix d'enfants chantant dans la coupé.'"

BLOMP!!!



Confessions of an Unredeemed Slob by "XXL" as told to Tony Kisch

Even as I write this, my entire body quivers with the HUNGER. Any sane man, placed in my position, would be too anxious and ashamed to even *think* of eating. But then, if I were sane I'd never be in this cell, awaiting trial for . . . what did the papers call it? Oh yeah, my "heinous crime." Go ahead, call me a fat monster, a perverted mound of satanic lard. All I know is I was hungry—hungry and broke. Oh Lord, I just couldn't help myself! I've always been a deviant. Let me tell you my story . . .

I had a rather difficult childhood. My father owned a successful Chicago bakery, and from the start I always loved hanging out in the shop, ostensibly helping out but mostly helping myself. For every five pies that went into the oven, only four would make it to the shelves. At ten I weighed an even 180 pounds. At twelve, a healthy 240. By the time I reached fifteen I tipped in at 325. My folks couldn't help noticing: "The kid's fillin' out fast, ain't he?" my dad keenly observed. The kids at school gave me

plenty of grief, but I managed to fix things. I waited in ambush in a darkened stairwell, and when my tormentor passed by, I pounced. He never knew what hit him. After I'd flattened a few bigmouths, the rest got the picture; everyone gave me a very wide berth. I became a loner, kinda like a rogue elephant. While all the other boys chased girls, I sat in the bathroom and masturbated, staring at the foldouts in *Gourmet* magazine.

Getting clothes was always a humiliating ordeal. At first it wasn't so bad; the

salesman would take one look and mutter, "Husky Department, third floor." As I got fatter, though, it really started to get embarrassing. I graduated to Portly, then Short Stout, then Chub Club, then Yards for Lards. Finally, they would just haughtily sniff, "Basement . . ." No department, just "basement," and they really meant it. They had a cellar four flights down that doubled as a fallout shelter. There was only one guy down there, a hunchbacked Jewish dwarf named Solly. Solly was always overjoyed to see me. "Look, it's mein friend," he'd laugh, clapping his gnarled hands. "It's mein big, beautiful lump of fat!"

My father would usually be with me, squirming with shame. "Poppy!" Solly would shout. "You gonna get broke yun day, feeding dis . . . dis . . . RY-NOZZERUS!"

My father's face would turn red. "Just fit him, ya little bastard!" he'd growl. "I ain't got all day!" Then Solly would be galvanized into action. He would stuff me into all sorts of double- and triple-knit monstrosities, all the while cooing, "From behind this looks gorgeous," and "Oy, dis vun makes you look so skinny, I thought you vus anudder poison!" I would scream how much I hated polyes-ter. Solly would say, "You need it! You stretch, the pants stretch!"

Dad would complain about the loud colors and patterns: "Even the coloreds wouldn't wear that!"

"Listen, mister," Solly would shoot back. "I ain't no miracle woiker. *You* try fitting dis animal! Fred Astaire he ain't!"

Finally, I threw in the towel and started going to the fat freak shops—you know, Wide World, The Fat Rack, Tailored Tubs. The first thing I saw when I walked in was a rack of belts on the wall; each belt was over six feet long. I knew I was home.

After I finished school, I started working full-time at the bakery, but Pop couldn't afford my eating up all the profits, so he reluctantly let me go. Then I got lucky—I found a real good-paying job as a shocks-tester at General Motors. It was challenging work, and things were going pretty good for a while, until a friend of mine introduced me to marijuana. Every time I smoked I became a ravenous animal, and I soon reached a new high of 550 pounds. All my money went to supporting my habit (the food, that is—the pot only cost me a few bucks a week); mentally, I found myself changing into a very wide Mr. Hyde. Whenever I ate with other people I would wrap my arms defensively around my plate, terrified of having even the tiniest morsel snatched away.

One night a waitress innocently reached to clear away a plateful of bones before I had finished sucking out the marrow and, shrieking in horror, I stabbed

I reminded the cops that I was allowed one phone call. I promptly called a pizza place.

her hand with my salad fork. I bribed her out of pressing charges, and thereafter I confined my gorging to my own kitchen. I installed a giant industrial freezer in my basement, and I kept it filled with gallons of ice cream, sides of beef, suckling pigs, thousands of frozen entrées, and, as a concession to moderation, some lo-cal Creamy Whipp. But then, one terrible day at work, I got wedged into an Eldorado Coup de Ville; they had to cut the roof off with an acetylene torch in order to get me out. All things considered, they were pretty nice about it: they presented me with a gold-plated toothpick and one last lunch at the company cafeteria before sending me on my way.

I managed for a while on my unemployment checks, but eventually things got so bad that I had to hock my deluxe walk-in microwave and my beloved freezer. I stopped smoking pot and borrowed money from my father to have my jaws wired shut. I could only drink liquids through a straw, and I started shedding some flab. Pop was delighted, and he gave me a second chance at the bakery. That was my undoing. I started blending cakes, pastries, and pies with heavy cream and nearly put him out of business with my straw. I got fired and unwired.

I needed a change real bad, so I decided to give show biz a whirl. I hired myself out as a display space for a famous Chicago tattooist. At first it was real flattering, having everybody oohing and aahing over me all the time. I even attracted a small, very kinky set of gay groupies; they would tuck these steamy mash notes between my folds, asking me to waddle

by when I had the time. I finally told them that as far as I knew I was straight, and they all eventually drifted away.

After a while, the glamour of the job started to wear off. I had terrible arguments with the tattooist. He complained that I was gaining too much weight and stretching his masterpieces out of shape. I told him that he oughtta be grateful for the free extra space. Finally things came to a head—mine. He said he wanted to sketch my entire torso into a giant sundae, and that he would have to dye my entire head red to be the maraschino cherry on top! This was too much, even for me, and I walked out while I still had any skin left.

There followed a particularly black period for me. I wouldn't leave the house for weeks at a time, except to forage for food. I tried shoplifting for a while and became rather good at it. I would stuff fifty or sixty dollars' worth of meats down my pants and no one would ever notice. After all, when you're a dainty quarter-ton, what difference do a dozen pounds of purloined porterhouse make, profile-wise? One day, though, a woman in the market looked at me and screamed. Unbeknownst to me, all this blood from a rib roast had soaked through my shirt and pants; I looked like I'd taken both barrels of a sawed-off shotgun! I sprinted out of there and just lost all my nerve for "Spam-jamming."

One night soon after, I went berserk. I ordered up six extra-large pizzas with everything plus anchovies and pineapple. When the delivery boy came, I snatched away the pies and kicked the door in his face. The police arrived shortly afterward and took me downtown. During the interrogation, I sat as if catatonic, until they tried to pry loose the two still-uneaten pizzas. Then I became hysterical, bellowing on about police brutality. I reminded them that I was allowed one phone call. I promptly called another pizza place, but before I could place my order the bulls wrestled the phone from my hands. Vinnie, the parlor owner, told the cops to drop the case (after all, I was his best customer), and they reluctantly let me go.

After this incident, my folks engaged a succession of psychiatrists. One after another these shrinks gave up, almost as soon as their couches did. I simply had no desire to change my so-called lifestyle. Then one day I spotted an ad in the paper asking for obese volunteers. I thought it was some kinda fat foreign legion, so I called. It turned out that this group of doctors was trying out some radical new treatments for the "profoundly immense," and they were in the market for some real hefty guinea pigs. I decided to try it, and reported the next morning to the clinic.

Things started out great. Each blimp

was given his or her own room, containing a cozy couch, a large remote-control color TV, and a large fridge stuffed with goodies. Each night we were monitored as we waddled back and forth from fridge to couch, couch to fridge, an average of thirty times per evening. It was wonderful. I would lie on my back like a beached whale, with a tray full of cold cuts, potato salad, spareribs, stuffed peppers, Twinkies, Ding Dongs, corn dogs, and God knows what else balanced gingerly on my distended belly. Some nights, when there was no more room on my tray, I would tie long salamis on my big toe, adroitly flipping them up into my hands whenever my whimsy dictated. Meanwhile, I would work the remote control like a chimp on Dexedrine, scanning the screen for the Stooges, *F Troop*, *The Outer Limits*, and especially the fast-food ads. It was clear to me that if there were such a thing as heaven, I was in it.

Then, suddenly, the honeymoon was over. Our nightly viewing was constantly interrupted and even preempted by public service spots warning of the dangers of cholesterol, obesity, and a sedentary lifestyle. I zapped the channels feverishly, but there was no escape. I was bombarded with films of triple-bypass surgery and the ravages of colon cancer. I resisted with all my might, but I finally succumbed. I decided to face reality and act sensibly: I unplugged the TV and kept eating.

Next, the doctors tried an experimental new drug called Caloric Barrier for Restricted Feeding, or Calo-Barf. It was designed to force the patient to develop normal eating habits by making him vio-

lently ill when more than eight hundred calories were consumed at one sitting. It was a horrible ordeal which, in the end, proved futile. We hefties are a stubborn lot; it takes more than a little vomit to slow us down. Soon everyone was eating and puking, puking and eating—we were being made into a waddling herd of bulimics. The doctors sighed and went back to the drawing board.

One really good thing came of this fiasco, though. Something that brought joy to my cholesterol-choked heart. Something called love.

All my life I'd believed the saying "Love is blind," because no matter how big I got it could never find me. It didn't seem fair. I yearned for romance, for someone who could weigh up to my expectations, someone I could give all of myself to. I'd pretty much given up hope until the day I met Roselle. I bumped into her at the vomitorium during the Calo-Barf business. She was about seventeen, a nubile three-hundred-pounder whose lovely body shook seductively as she daintily retched her guts out. There was a terrific chemistry (not to mention about half a ton) between us, and we quickly became inseparable. We were always smiling and giggling, and the clinic staff affectionately dubbed us the "Happy Hippos." Often we would sit silently for hours, gnawing on turkey legs and staring into each other's eyes. We gulped greedily from the trough of love, and soon we were exploring each other's vast bodies as eagerly as Lewis and Clark. After we had flattened three hospital beds with our carnal lust, I brushed aside Rosie's tears and proclaimed, "There's not a bed

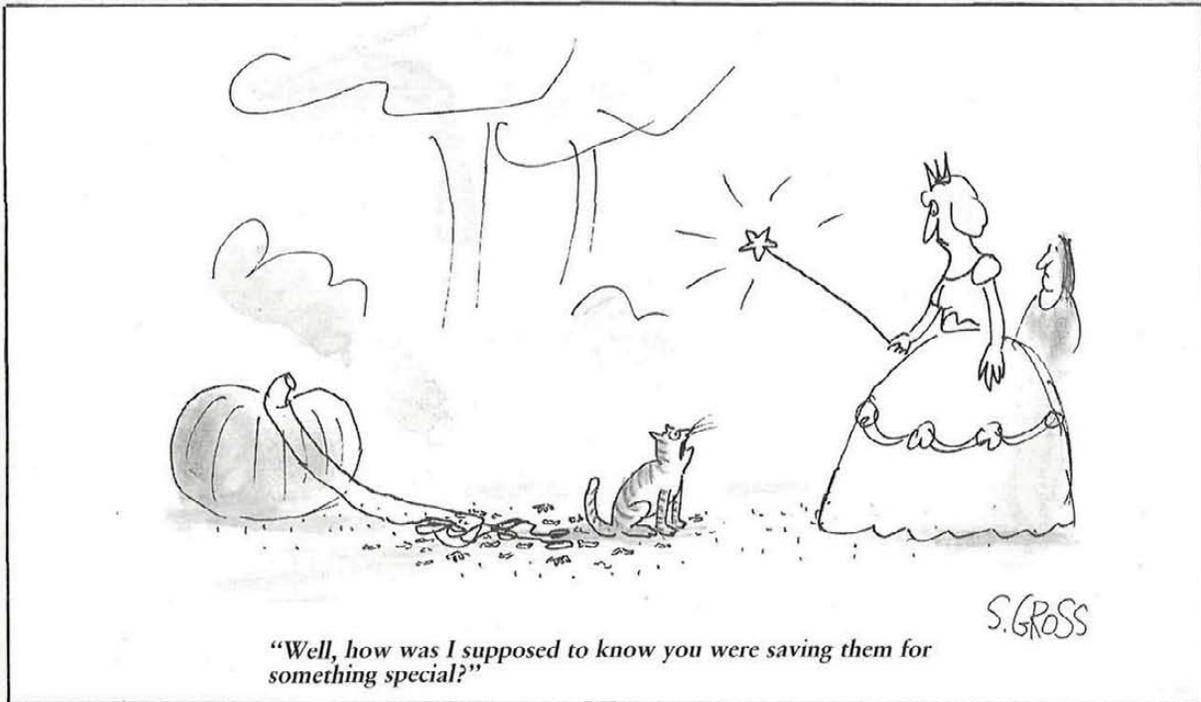
strong enough to contain our love!" I'll never forget the day she held my pudgy hand in hers and whispered sweetly, "I love you more than Tunnel of Fudge Cake." The night before we were both scheduled for stomach-stapling operations, we left the clinic and eloped.

We had a wonderful honeymoon. We traveled all over the country, sleeping under the stars. I remember so many sweet, funny moments, like the time we got in trouble in California. The rangers chased us out of a national park, saying we were distracting tourists away from the redwoods. We also became a well-known attraction as a husband/wife team at pie-eating contests. We even made the papers in Pawnee, Oklahoma. The *Pawnee Picayune* said: "The _____s of Chicago quickly leveled the competition at our county fair by demolishing one rhubarb, two boysenberry, one peach, and three Nesselrode pies in 3 min., 28 sec., with hands tied behind their backs. Pawnee will not soon see their like again." I still have that clipping—that sorta thing makes a man feel proud and useful.

Finally, we settled back in Chicago. I was about 480 pounds, and I landed a swell job, along with two other fat guys, testing elevator cables. Roselle worked part-time as a model at a maternity dress shop. We were very happy, but I should have known it couldn't last. We'd had each other for only four brief months when fate cruelly struck.

One day after work, Rosie heard the jingling bells of an ice-cream wagon and, without looking both ways, ran out into

continued on page 110



"Well, how was I supposed to know you were saving them for something special?"

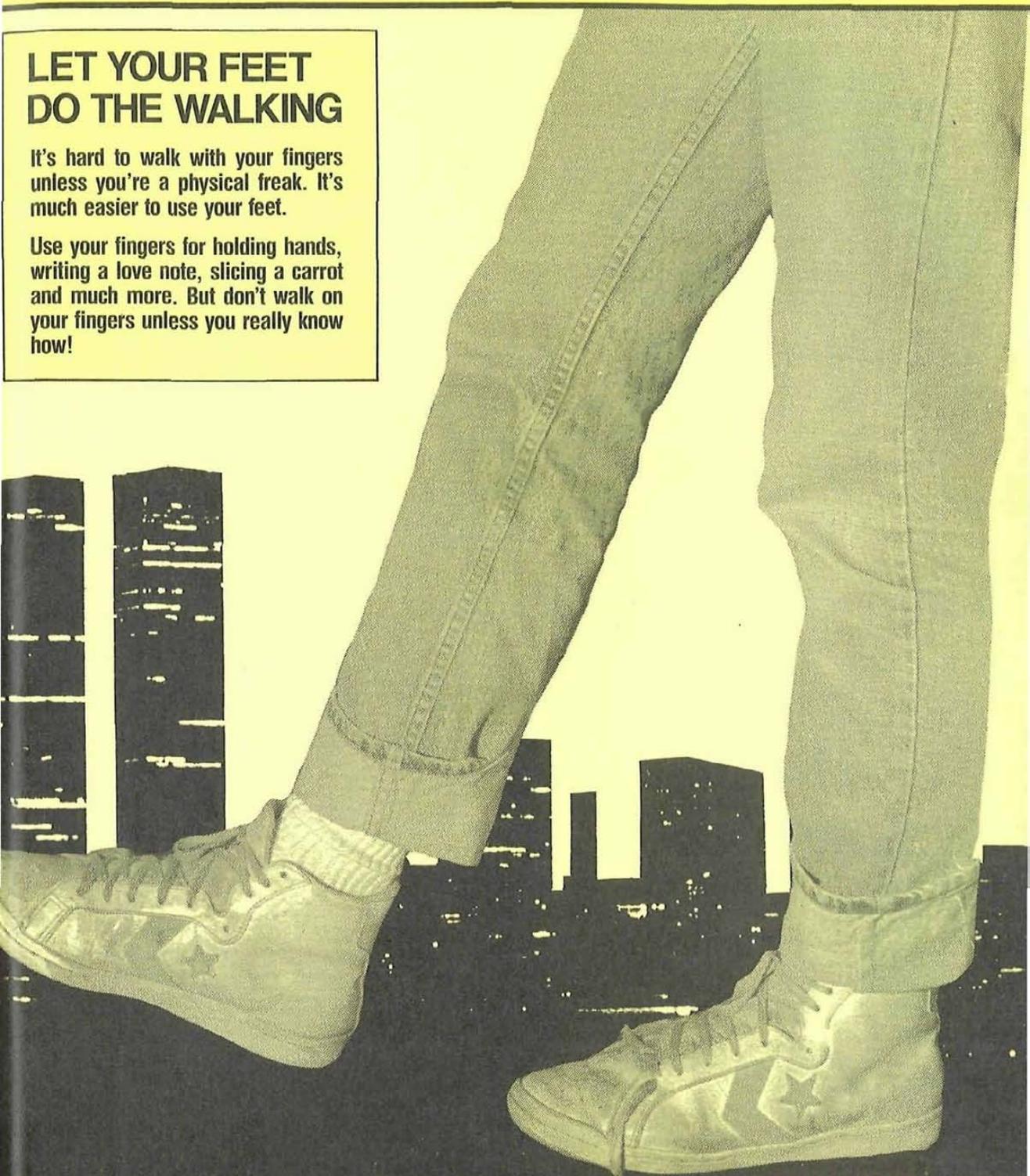
GERRY SUSSMAN'S

YELLOW PAGES

LET YOUR FEET DO THE WALKING

It's hard to walk with your fingers unless you're a physical freak. It's much easier to use your feet.

Use your fingers for holding hands, writing a love note, slicing a carrot and much more. But don't walk on your fingers unless you really know how!



How to Use the YELLO PAGES



- 1. Decide on what you are looking for. Is it a taxi? A taxidermist? A sun dryer for food? Graffiti supplies? It's important to remember exactly what you need before you look it up. The **YELLO PAGES** has thousands of services!*
- 2. The **YELLO PAGES** are numbered in numerical order. That means page 2 follows page 1 and page 3 follows page 2, and so on, until the end of the book.*
- 3. All **YELLO PAGES** entries are arranged in more or less alphabetical order. Alphabetical means that if you are looking for an airline, you start looking under "A", then look for "Air", "Airl", "Airlin", until you get to "Airlines". Then find the specific airline you want, which is also listed alphabetically. Remember: A's come first. Then B's, C's, D's, and so on, until you get to Z. There are no entries after Z.*
- 4. When you find the entry you need, look for the address and phone number of the company. This will tell you where they are located and how to call them.*
- 5. If you want to get more information about the company, dial the number listed. After you have dialed the number the phone will ring. Here's an example of what you can say: "Is this Search and Destroy Exterminating Company of 2320 Shady Lane Avenue? Do you exterminate silverfish? Large rodents? Rodents up to 12 inches? Thank you. That's what I wanted to know." Ask the company to repeat the address and cross street so there is no room for mistakes. Remember: Wasted time is wasted money.*

POST OFFICE INFORMATION

If you want your mail to get there faster don't forget to use stamps. And for Zippy's sake, use your zip codes!



How to Address a Mailing Envelope

1. Write the name of the person or company on the envelope.
2. Write the address of that person or company under the name.
3. Make sure you include the zip code.
4. Make sure your own name and address is on the envelope. This is called a "return address."
5. Place the exact number of stamps on the envelope. If you are not sure how many stamps are needed, go to your nearest post office for help.
6. Affix the stamp(s) by moistening the sticky side (the side that has no picture) and pressing it firmly on the envelope until it sticks.
7. Don't forget to mail your envelope. A lot of people get this far and forget this important step. Look for the bright blue mailbox or go to your nearest post office and get the proper mailing instructions.

Remember: It can't get there unless you mail it!

► Accountants-Jewish

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Aaaaaron Aran 2105 N Ziska Blvd	555-3170
Aaaron Aron 777 Snide Av	555-2916
Aaron Aron 5643 Pisher Av	555-7324
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Abrahamsberg Albert 454 W Pupik Av	555-1665
Abrahamskowitz Arnold 909 Kurveh Lane	555-2389
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Balabuster Robert 231 S Tefillin Av	555-2951
BEBLACH & BUNZ 521 Lektor Av	555-0194
Beltz Murray 12 N Mug Av	555-0010
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Biller Jay 876 Kosher Av	555-1738
Blintzkrieg David 89 Shvengadik Av	555-3945
BRILLBUARD NAT 45 Narrishkeit Av	555-4862
Bris Stuart 789-81 Gevalt St	555-8829
Brisket Marlon 342 S Rectum Av	555-0206
Bubkes Martin 125 Garbanzo Lane	555-0591
Bunjamin Benjamin 65 Boobi Av	555-9916
Buttweller & Wurme 675 Passover Av	555-2584
Carmel & Zion 32 Nafka Pl	555-8553
Challah & Weber 41 Tuchis Av	555-2257
Chimpkin Leon 709 Bialy Av	555-6457
Chutzpa George 87 Lingle Av	555-8386
Chwurst Seymour 67 S Matzoh Blvd	555-8065
Chynik Peter 897 Gezund Av	555-1072
Cramerstone Jerome 541 Yeshiva Blvd	555-7454
Demograf Ira 65 Boner Av	555-2822
Dreidel David 321 Putz Blvd	555-7254
Drooper Ben 99 Gefelyach Pl	555-1932
Dropkick Seymour 765 Putz Blvd	555-6963
Drugstein Sam 786 Pareve Av	555-0789
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Farfel Elliot 90 Dreidel St	555-7954
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Feigenfelder Abe 987 Brisket Pl	555-3172
Felderfeister Brian 71 Dreckster Av	555-9985
Fendermacher Sidney 128 Borscht Pl	555-8941
Ferg George 90 Grepps Av	555-1369
Finderskeepers Nathan 78 Gefelyach Blvd	555-6927
FINGERFOOD IRA 56 Gribinis Av	555-6976
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Firm Irving 12 Chitlin Pl	555-1007
Fliegel Stanley 154 Zitt Av	555-8867
Fliegelfarber Bruce 122 Naches Av	555-4523
Frankincense Murray 232 Naches Av	555-4950
Fruchtsensiel John 908 Sputum St	555-2686
Funnelfinger Neil 567 N Bumhole Blvd	555-0279
Gefilte Paul 678 Naches Av	555-7522
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Gevalt Morris 6721 W Palooka Blvd	555-4074
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Grossbamb Marty 984 Spunk Av	555-4476
<i>Grubstake Saul</i> 21 N Dingleberry Av	555-2849
Hanukkah Stanley 768 Hanukkah Av	555-3435
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Hesch Milton 32 N Zionist Av	555-7059
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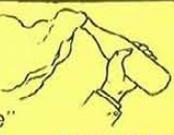
Loltzer Samuel 653 Filbert St	555-3561	Sputumberg Ben 909 S Pletzel Av	555-3784
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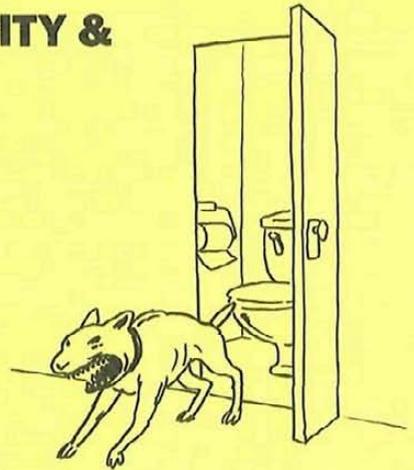
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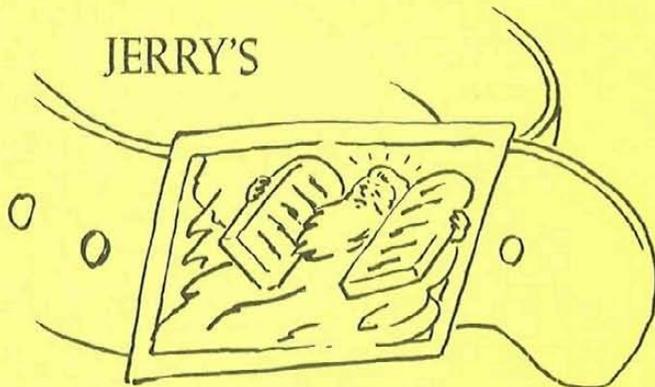
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The Chest Hair People



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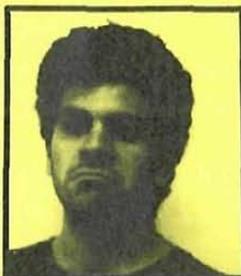
Kids that will scare the Dickens out of anybody. Our kids have no fear, no scruples. They go anywhere, do anything for very little money.

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Turn your embarrassed smile into a deep, dark permanent frown!

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The Frown Center

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DUMB WAITERS UNLIMITED

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HOUSE OF CRIME

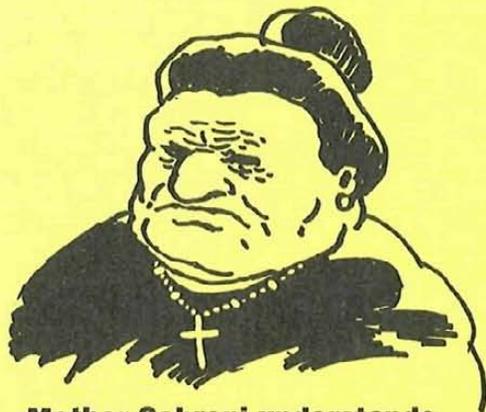
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Never give your wallet to a stranger. Bureau of Consumer Affairs, Washington, D.C.

**CURSED?
POSSESSED?
IS THERE A DEVIL LIVING INSIDE
YOUR BODY?**



**Mother Cabrini understands.
Mother Cabrini fights and wins for you.
Mother Cabrini never rests until the demon is
destroyed.**

**Attention, parents: I specialize in children, from
infants to teenagers.**

**GIVE ONLY WHAT YOU CAN AFFORD
Minimum credit card donation, \$15.00
4241 PUPIK AVE. 555-2072**

► **Jokes-Cures**

JOKE-ENDERS

The cure for chronic joke tellers that really works. Join us for a Joke-Enders Marathon Weekend. No pacifiers. No food substitutes.

5609 Gargantua Ave. 555-9193

► **Kidnapping**

The Phantom & Partners

We specialize in custody cases, errant spouses, grudges. New York State only. No multimillionaire jobs, no elaborate capers. All victims guaranteed unharmed. Reasonable fee structure based on ability to pay. No fee if we are unsuccessful.

A family business since 1926
Call 555-6259 and ask for "Maurice"

► **Kissing Schools**

Henry Kissinger School of Kissing
See Our Display Ad Page 8

789 W 42 St 555-8417

► **Labor Unions**

- Account Executives Council 555-0216
- 7098 Van Spick Av 555-3631
- Bankers Union 6609 W Migraine Av 555-3631
- Bottle & Can Redeemers, Local 3
- 6676 S Negro Av 555-0023
- Espresso Machine Repairers, Local 6
- 778 N Sinus Blvd 555-0445
- International Ladies of the Night, Local 7
- 2231 Porcupine Av 555-3637
- Kosher Athletes Alliance 4421 Whitefish Pl 555-5235
- Label Forgers, Local 4
- 870 Artichoke Hwy 555-8992
- Light Machinery Operators, International
- 23 Perfection St 555-7016
- Meat Patty Patters, Local 12
- 88 N Pomade Dr 555-0335
- Street Singers Union 7709 Bogus Blvd 555-5713
- Wine & Liquor Drinkers 2134 Pork Pl 555-1078
- Young Presidents, Local 9
- 5543 E Gentile Av 555-8619

► **Home Entertainers**

VULVINA

The world's most exciting woman

Watch her take a bath in your own tub! An exotic art form practiced in ancient Persia can now be seen in your own home.

*Vulvina . . . sensual, delightful, clean!
Vulvina . . . a different kind of show for discriminating people.
Special low rate for showers, hot tubs.*

VULVINA
All major credit cards accepted

2480 NOSTRIL RD. 555-6347

► **Informal Wear-Rentals**

Bogratz & Schoob

Renting the finest casual wear since 1947

Informal clothes, sportswear for men and women. Designer labels, nationally advertised brands—all in immaculate condition. The latest styles. Hard-to-fit sizes. Shoes, sneakers, sweats, all accessories.

Going to an informal affair? Rent for a fraction of what it costs to buy!

We deliver to all major resort areas.
21 E. 298 St. 555-3218

► **Itch Treatment**

RALPH'S ITCH CONTROL CENTERS

Steam Therapy • Mustard Plasters •
Diet and Nutrition Consultations •
Natural Vitamin Massage
Guaranteed to end embarrassing
scratching forever.

4432 Lumbago Av 555-6860
1245 Albumen Pl 555-6861

DIALING A NUMBER?

Make sure you dial all seven digits (numbers) or your call won't go through. Dialing four, five or six digits will not get you your call.

► **Home Security Systems**

Nick Manucci's Black Belt Rabbits

See Our Display Ad Page 9
8386 S Negro 555-5841

► **Hydrogen Bombs**

ACME HYDROGEN BOMBS, INC.

To the trade only
5676 S Airborne Blvd 555-0399

► **Left-Wing Groups**

- Albanian Marxist-Leninists 4432 Nostril Blvd --- 555-5926
- Catholic Anarchists 4454 Abby Lane 555-3475
- Communist Party of America
- 8875 Freedom Way 555-8713
- Loyal Order of Trotskyites 789 Beeline Av 555-4768

► **Lice Finders**

Lice Finders 555-0275
See Our Display Ad Page 10

► **Loan Sharks**

UNEEDA LOAN COMPANY

Borrow anything from a dollar to a million. Take up to 50 years to pay. Low, low weekly payments. No paperwork, no billing necessary. Friendly pickup service at your office or home. Free pizza with every loan of \$100 or more. "If Uneeda a loan, call Uneeda"
Convenient locations in all five boroughs of New York

555-6117

► **Medical Insurance**

HMI
See Our Display Ad Page 10
7887 Rathskeller Blvd 555-8022

► **Merchandise-Wholesale, Retail**

OFF THE TRUCK

Every day is sale day.
6644 Earwax Av 555-6232

► **Museums**

ACCOUNTANTS MUSEUM

Solomon Dropnick Collection of early ledger books, double-entry bookkeeping, CPA exams from the 1920s. "Visor Caps and Elbow Guards," an exhibition of accountants' accessories from the collection of Ernest Schimley.

6798 Madison Ave. 555-6824
Open 7 days, 9-6

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF CHEESE SCULPTURE

"200 Years of Roquefort"—French regional works, including early examples of LaPierre, Frougard and Moribunde. "Modern Parmesan"—the minimalist works of Bustello, Medaglia and the Milanese School. "The New Californians"—goat-cheese works by Billy Bibbstein, Lionel Alabaster and Gloria Spool.

1822 S. Broadway 555-9632
Tues-Sun, 11-7

MEDICAL MALPRACTICE MUSEUM

Eugenie Lastreiter Collection of Allergic Penicillin Victims (photographs, artists' drawings). "Human Vegetables"—an exhibition of actual coma victims from the '50s and '60s. Film: "Emergency Ward"—the hit-or-miss diagnoses of the interns and residents of a major metropolitan hospital.

3421 Stinson St. 555-2972
Mon-Sat, 10-5

► **Nail & Tack Straightening**

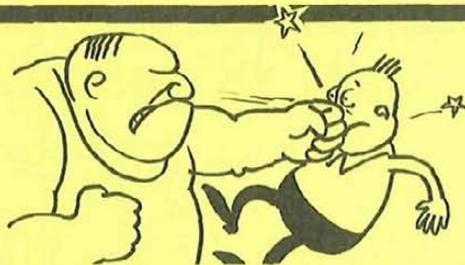
NESTOR'S

We straighten out bent nails. No waste.
Free estimates.

8890 Firewater Av 555-6529

► **Nose Breakers**

MR. FIST



All our jobs done by hand. No weapons. If you can't do it yourself, let our professionals do it in one clean shot. Quick, efficient work done by ex-boxers, many championship contenders.

"Don't get mad. Get even. And break his nose."

6676 Alabama Ave.

555-5621

► **Orgasms-Instruction**

TONY'S COLLEGE OF ORGASM INSTRUCTION

Tony Tartagliano, Theresa Tartagliano,
your instructors
Individual, private instruction
Relaxed atmosphere.
Free refreshments.

5565 N. Vulva Ave. 555-9077

► **Party Services**

High Spirits RENT-A-DRUNK

Funny, charming drunks to liven up your party

Warm, friendly lovable types. Genuine raconteurs and joke tellers. No meanies. No embarrassing scenes. No derelicts.

Choose from Charming Irish, Sunny Italian, Witty Jew and many, many more!

- Our drunks are pre-loaded before arrival. You do not have to give them any more drinks.
- Our drunks are bonded and insured for \$2,000,000.
- Singing and clowning drunks for special occasions.
- We supply costumes and lampshades for a small fee.

High Spirits RENT-A-DRUNK

"Turn a Poopy Party into a Peppy Affair!"
1637 NOSTRIL AVE. 555-0863

► **Power Trips**

ADVENTURES IN UTILITIES

Day trips to electric power plants, gas tanks, hydroelectric dams, nuclear power plants.
6677 Spigot Ave. 555-0045

► **Prostitutes**

JIMMY'S WHORES OF DISTINCTION

Best lays in town. Blondes, Orientals, Fine Brown Bitches and much more. Reasonable. No scams or rip-offs. Clean, hospital-inspected whores only.

6687 S. Nipple Ave. 555-2587

HENRY KISSINGER SCHOOL OF KISSING

Learn the patented Kissinger Method preferred by the stars!



AP/Wide World

There's the right way and the wrong way to kiss. Henry Kissinger, former secretary of state and escort to many of the world's most beautiful women, has developed the perfect kissing technique, a technique that has made him one of the world's most desirable men.

Now all his secrets are available to you!

- Intensive mouth-to-mouth instruction
- Beginner's courses
- Newest techniques from Japan, Africa, Singapore
- Tongue-strengthening exercises
 - Body kissing
 - Social kissing
- Non-sexual religious kissing
- Special honeymoon techniques
 - Refresher courses

Celebrity guests show you their kissing secrets



AP/Wide World

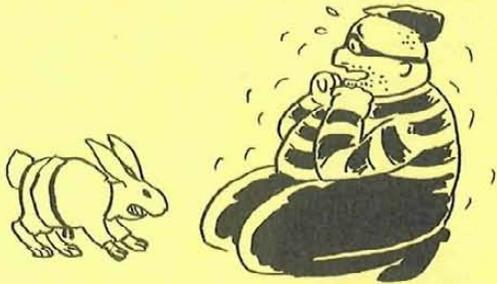
"My whole success I owe to Henry Kissinger. Gracias, Henry!"

HENRY KISSINGER SCHOOL OF KISSING

789 W. 42nd St.
555-8417

Schools also in Los Angeles, Atlanta, Miami, Houston, Chicago and in every major city in Europe and the Far East

**Nick Manucci's
BLACK BELT RABBITS**



**The Ultimate in Personal Security
The attack rabbits seen on the Regis Philbin show**

- Deadlier than a pair of Dobermans.
- Deceptive in appearance, formidable in action.
 - Small, easy to care for.
 - Friendly when not in combat.
 - Clean-living vegetarians.

"Go ahead, try something. Make my day."

8386 S. NEGRO AVE.

555-5841

► **Punk Hats**

ROBERTA DESIGNS HATS FOR ODD HAIR

I specialize in punk, weird, kinky, embarrassing
hairdo cover-ups.

5509 W Bogota 555-4438

► **Rectal Protection**

VANGUARD

The original rectal shield
"Don't accept substitutes"

Protect yourself against unwanted attack with
the finest rectal shield made. Patented safety
lock prevents shield removal. Only you know
the combination. Summer and winter models in
lightweight but strong metal alloys, plastic and
extra-durable woods.

AUTHORIZED VANGUARD DEALERS

- All Things Rectal
8704 N. Baduga Ave.
555-7097
- The Back Door Shop
1654 La Holly Dr.
555-8449
- Body Guards Unlimited
675 Bombay Blvd.
555-5231

► **Restaurant Destroyers**

**WANT A RIVAL RESTAURANT
DESTROYED?**

Hire our professional vulgarians and send
them to your competitor. Our trained
experts will create a mess, talk loudly,
curse, throw up, complain... do anything
to ruin the reputation and image of your
competitors!

VULGAR PATRONS, INC.

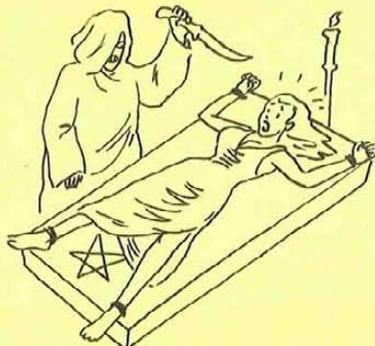
9876 Nostril Ave. 555-5339

► **Restaurants**

Burger Prince 564 Torando Av	555-7603
Chink Food 7698 Doyers St	555-0082
Ding Ding 6787 Mott St	555-5786
Fishy's 3212 Hairpin Dr	555-0007
Fuk Yu 8943 Pell St	555-2441
House of Fat 6789 Mott St	555-6945
Kimono My House Home Deliveries	555-8045
La Merde 908 Van Dork	555-0139
Le Pain de Tete 987 Nostradamus Av	555-2046
Le Petit Portion 6787 Canker Av	555-5729
Le Poison 654 Belly St	555-7247
Le Pouf 98 Fairyland Av	555-0811
Le Ptomaine 6543 Canker Av	555-1634
Mama Scumbaggi 3421 Mafioso Pkwy	555-2408
Mussolini's 22 Vigorish Av	555-8024
Nip's 785 Bronchial Way	555-6688
Original Joe, Ray, Mario, Guido & Josh	
6712 Garlic Av	555-6987
Pearl Harbor 1941 Bullet Av	555-7832
Rat Patrol 6721 Gargantua Av	555-2023
Salmonella's Fried Chicken Shack	
897 Scrotula Blvd	555-4423
Turky's Steak House 76 Nostril Av	555-5906

► **Rites**

**Your one-stop
shopping source for
human sacrifice
rites. All our virgins
are guaranteed.
Choose from
hundreds of
blondes, brunettes,
redheads and
hybrids.
We are the prime
suppliers for the
leading devil
worship cults in the
greater New York
area.
555-8403
Ask for "Sabu"**



VIRGINS UNLIMITED

► **Rusting**

BARNEY'S RUSTING SERVICE

Same-day rusting—
cars, garden equipment our specialty.
540 Zitt Av 555-0426

► **Semi-Private Investigators**

HUMPHREY'S
SEMI-PRIVATE INVESTIGATION AGENCY

Cheaper rates than private investigators. Four
clients per office.
890 Parkway Pkwy 555-3645

► **Slaves**

Harvey and Al's Slave Mart

Always a big selection
Auctions every Tuesday and Friday

The finest from all over the world. All races,
colors, physical types. We supply your special
needs in our custom department. Many
exotics with unique skills.

All our personnel is guaranteed physically fit.
No retards, no handicapped people.
90-day warranty on all purchases
Call about our special warehouse sales

Free brochure

678 N. Harlequin Dr.

555-2035

► **Spankers**

**LARRY "HAMS"
HESELTEINE**



**Professional spanker,
at your service, day or
night.**

**23 Scrotum Ave.
555-8030**

► Theater Groups

KORNWASSER KOSHER THEATER

Orthodox Yiddish plays. Hasidic ballet group, comedy workshop. Regular Sunday matinee of long-running hit "Pull My Payess."
890 Yeshiva Blvd. 555-4850

MAHWAH MIDGET THEATER

of Mahway, New Jersey

World's oldest theater group using midgets and dwarfs.
Classic and modern works. Annual SNOW WHITE Christmas show for kids.
6789 S. Kotowa St.
Performances Tues.-Sun. 8 p.m.
555-8219

THEATER OF THE BLIND

Shakespeare, Tennessee Williams, Neil Simon, bedroom farce, musicals. Special group rates.
8976 Zaruga Av. 555-5471

► Velcro Restoration

STICKY'S

I restore Velcro like new

6743 Hobo Av. 555-0010

► Voodoo

MACUMBA MAN

All voodoo performed. Your wishes will come true. Macumba Man has the power of the snake, the lion, the roach.

5632 Negro Blvd. 555-7721

► Windmill Repairs

WALTERS WINDMILL REPAIRS

If it blows we can fix it.
Dutch technicians only.

789 Gouda St. 555-6427

► Xavier Cugat Orchestra

Cugie Lives! Re-creation of the classic Latin-style band, available for all party functions.



AP/Wide World

XAVIER CUGAT ORCHESTRA
1654 La Cucaracha Ave.
555-4430

► X-Ray Retouching

WE MAKE YOUR X-RAYS A PICTURE OF HEALTH
The Original Ray's X-Ray Retouching Studio
4321 Apex Ave. 555-5625

► Yams-Information

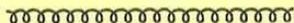
YAM INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

Free yam cooking classes. Yam films and tapes.
Call the YAM HOTLINE for answers to all your yam questions.

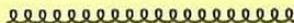
45 Conestoga Ave. 555-0971

► Zebras

JIMMY'S ZEBRA RENTALS



Perfect kiddie party entertainment. Trained zebras will not soil apartments. Gentle, loving, responsive.



5409 Creation Blvd. 555-6587

STILL PICKING OUT LICE AND LICE EGGS BY HAND?

Bring your child to Lice Finders for 100% results



No shampoos • No tedious hand picking
Our patented MicroWave treatment kills all lice in minutes! Guaranteed safe. No side effects.

LICE FINDERS

25 Salons. There's one near you!

555-0275

HMI

Handshake Medical Insurance

"All we need is a handshake. You're insured!"



HMI gives you medical insurance immediately. No costly delays, no paperwork necessary. We cover most basic needs for normal, healthy people.

HMI

All the medical insurance you really need
A division of Lloyds of Brooklyn

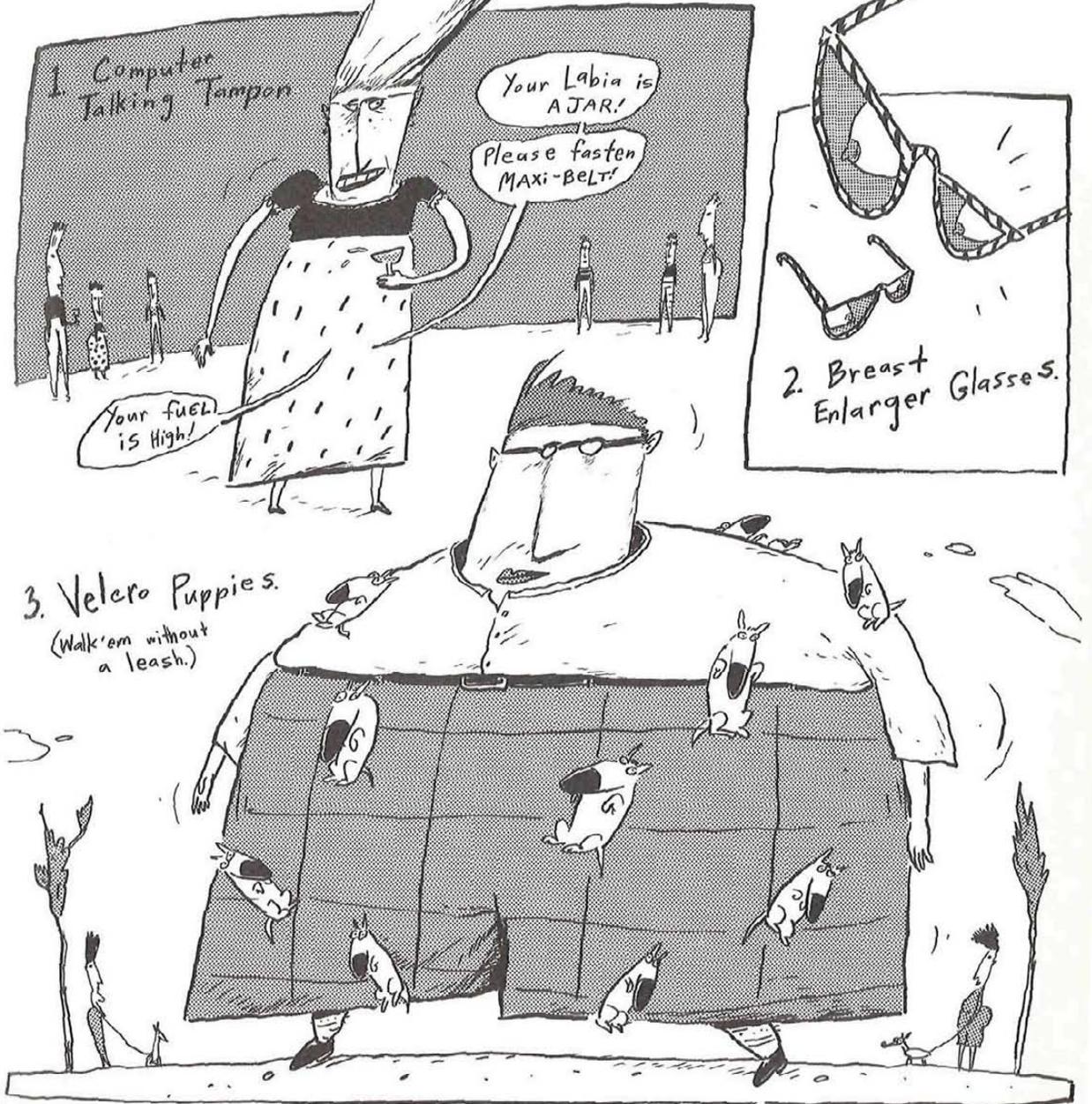
7887 RATHSKELLER BLVD.

555-8022

buddy hickerson's

Things of the Future!

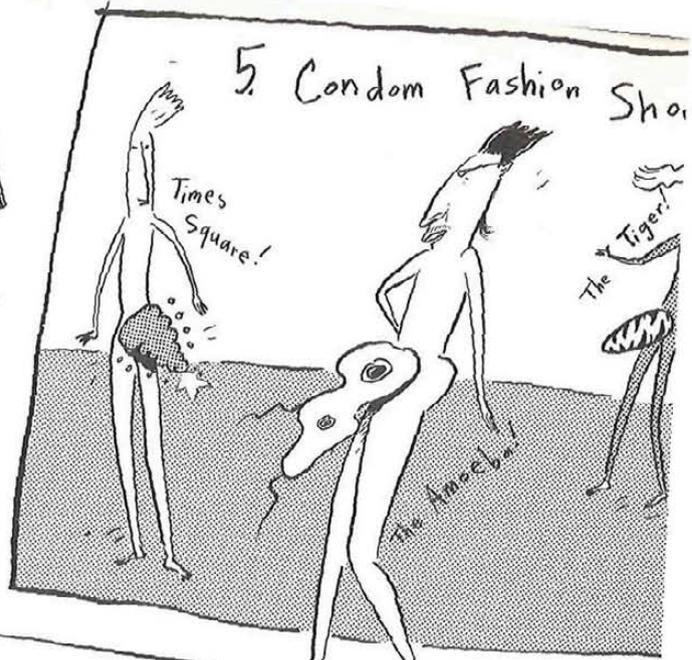
* with help from Mike Stanfill



4. Lesbo Bed



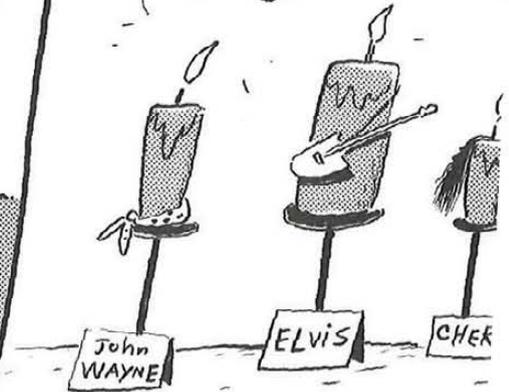
5. Condom Fashion Show



7. Barbie and Ken's Divorce lawyer, Murray



8. Cut-rate Wa

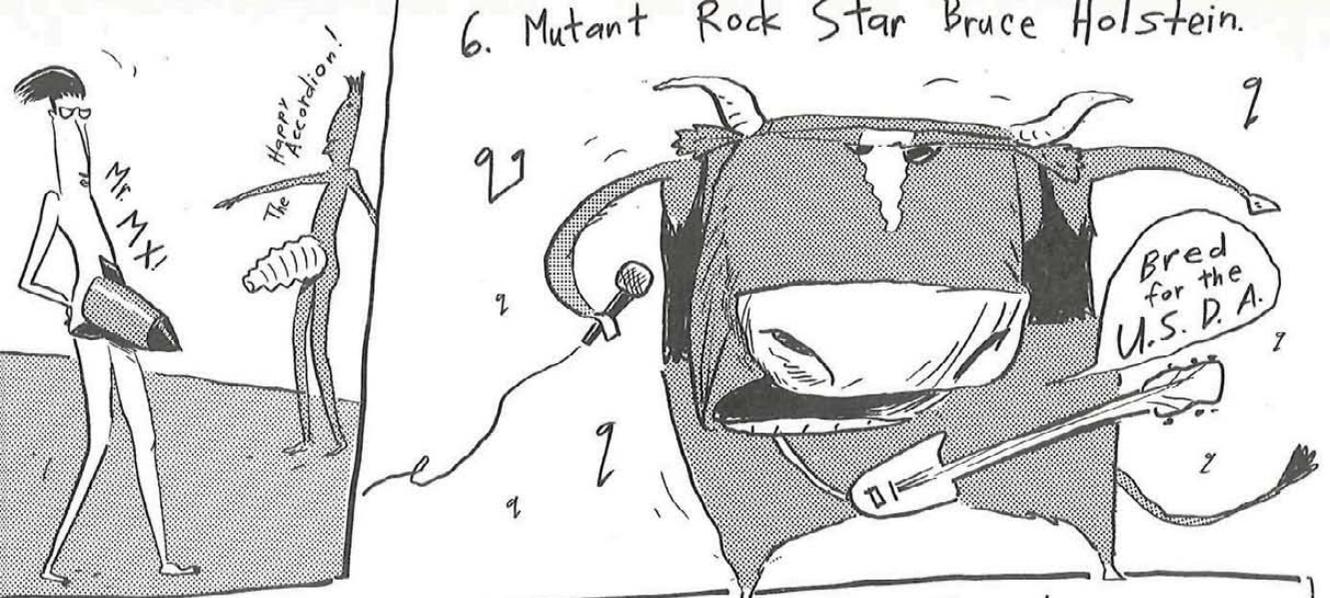


10. Date Mart



11. "Puberty Days" Brothel

6. Mutant Rock Star Bruce Holstein.



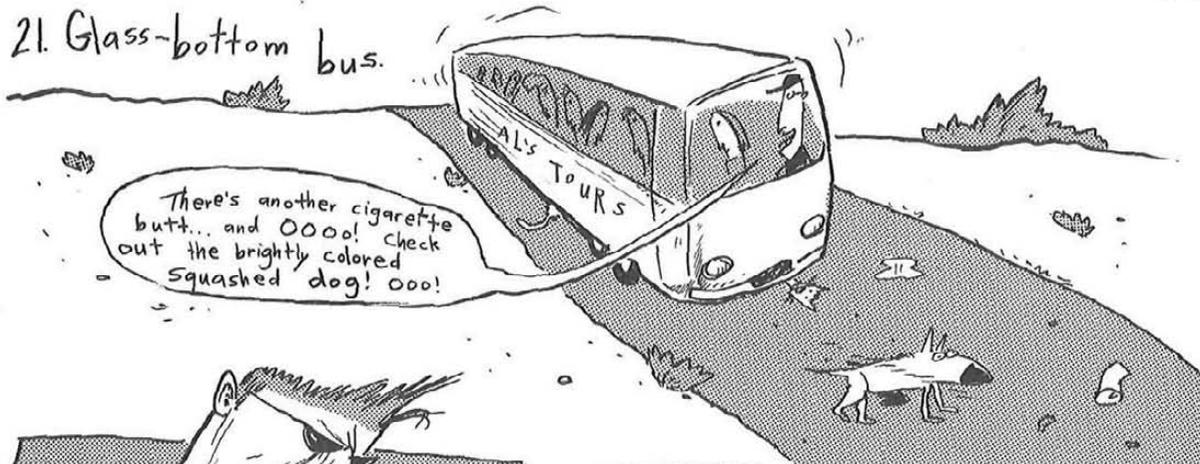
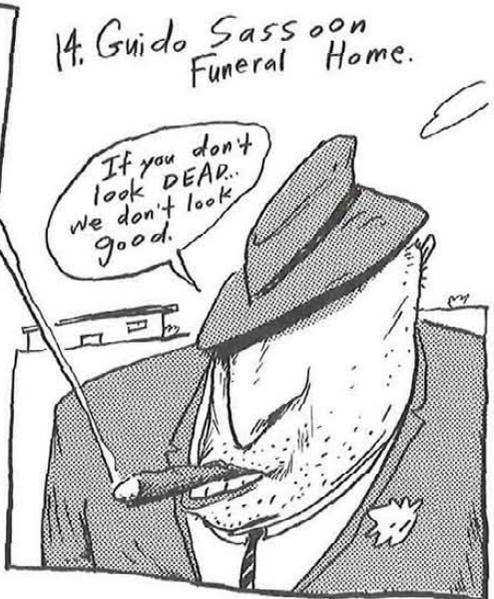
9 Slasher Film Star Becomes U.S. President!

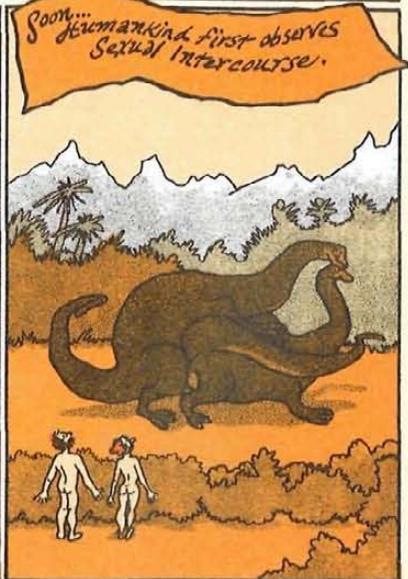
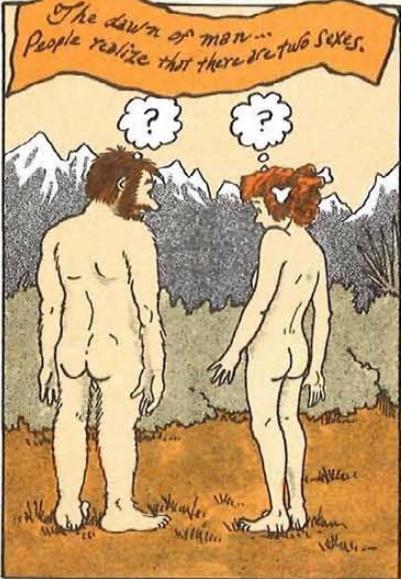
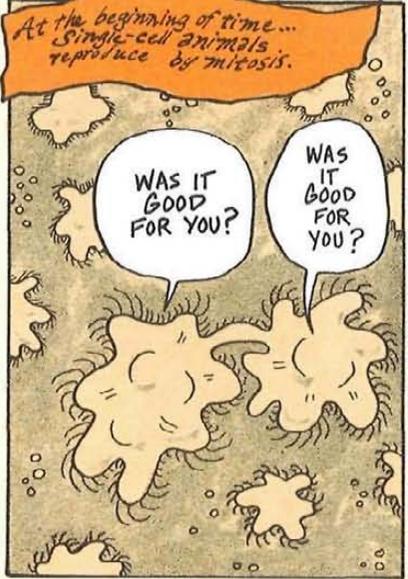
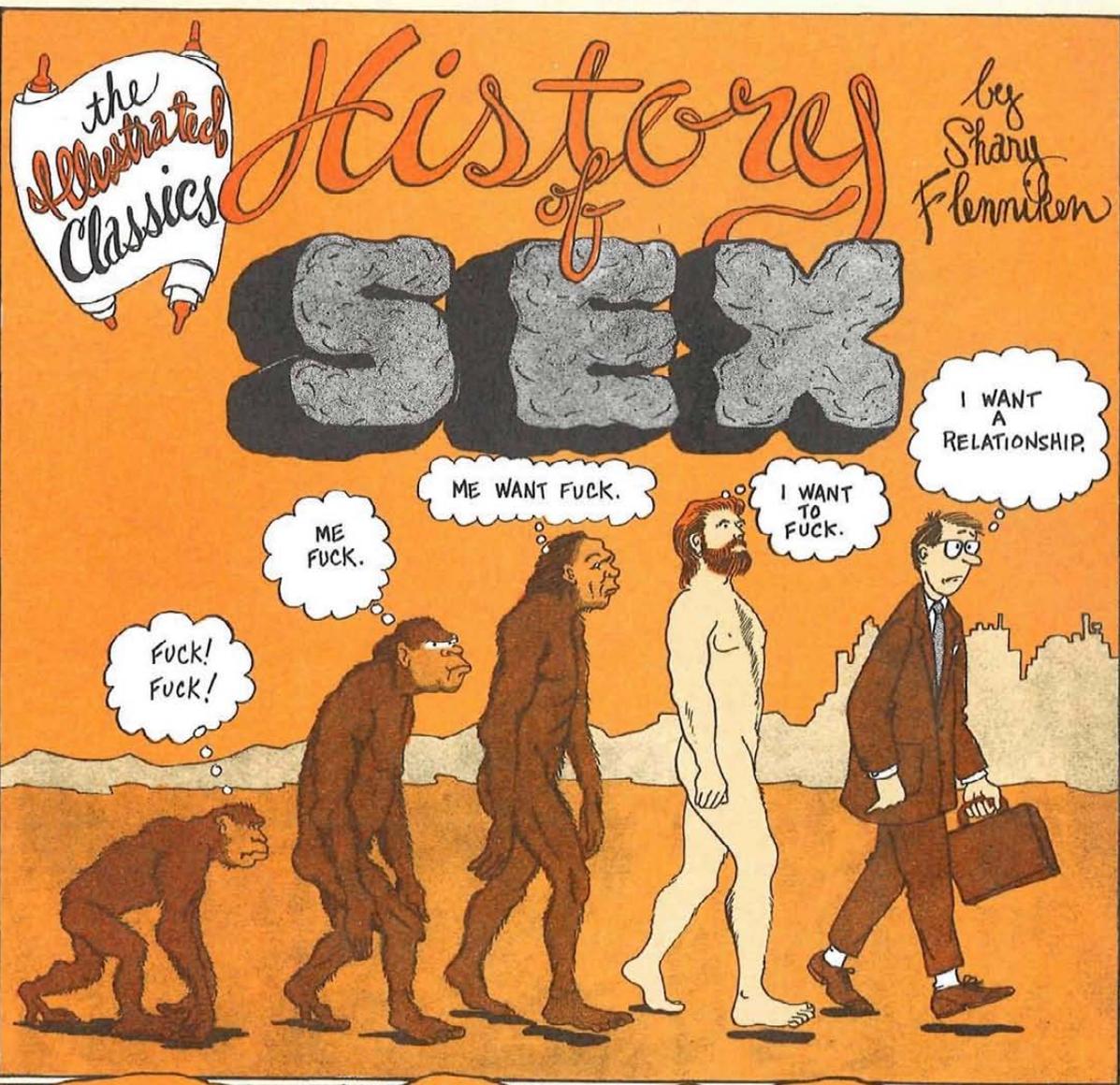
Museum.



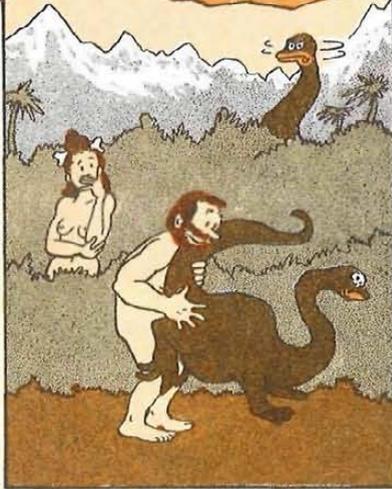
12. Show-biz cocaine-reared super-race.



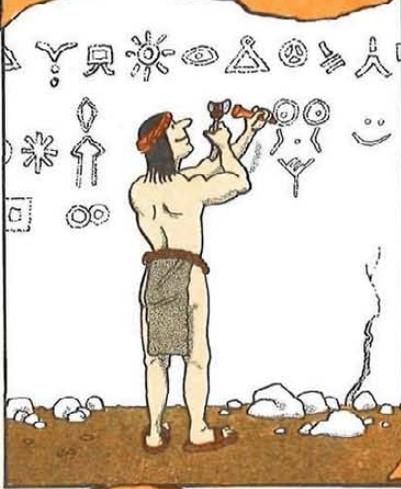




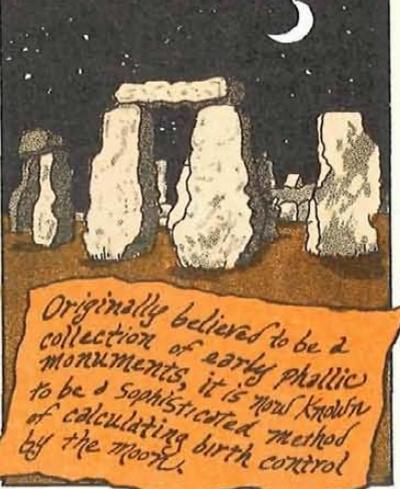
The age of experimentation...
Mankind attempts to have sex.



4000 B.C....
Ancient Sumerians invent writing.

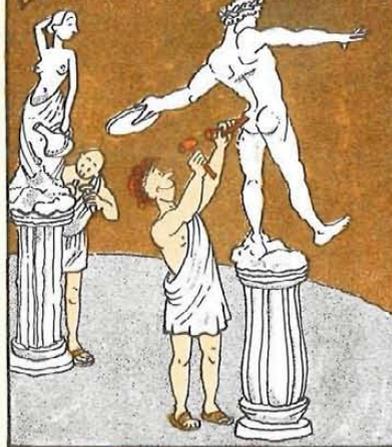


2000 B.C.... Stonehenge erected.

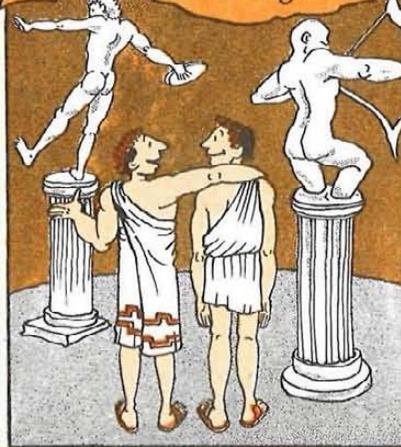


Originally believed to be a collection of early phallic monuments, it is now known to be a sophisticated method of calculating birth control by the moon.

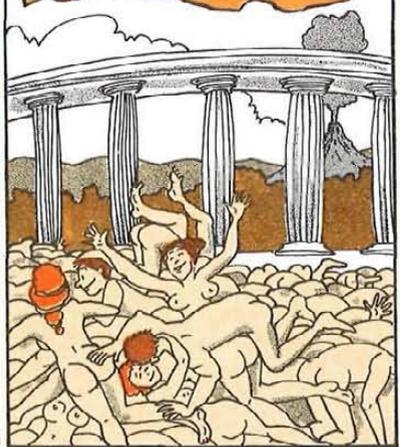
452 B.C....
Ancient Greeks develop erotic art.



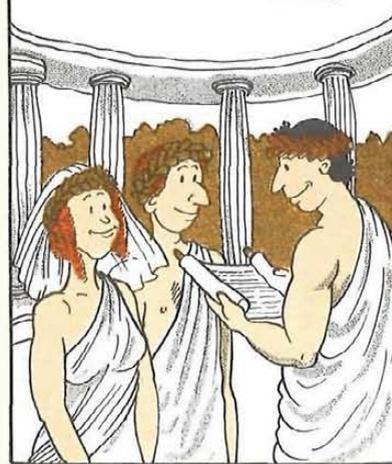
450 B.C.... While enjoying statues, ancient Greeks get carried away... accidentally invent homosexuality.



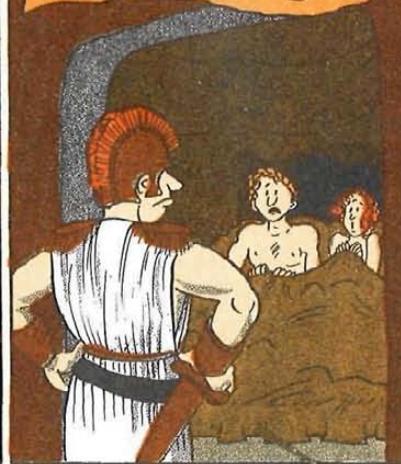
100 B.C....
Romans invent the orgy.



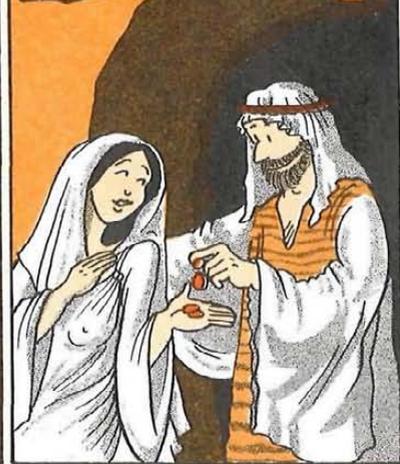
99 B.C.... Exhausted Romans invent monogamy.



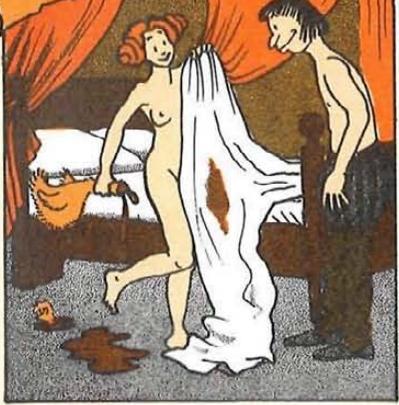
which soon led to the discovery of adultery.



30 A.D.... Mary Magdalene, world's first career woman, invents prostitution.



Following ages of exploration and the subsequent discovery of the female hymen, women spent many years perfecting the art of faking virginity.



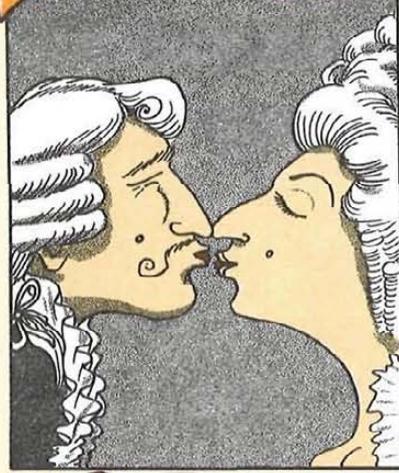
The Renaissance...
Breasts decreed sexy.



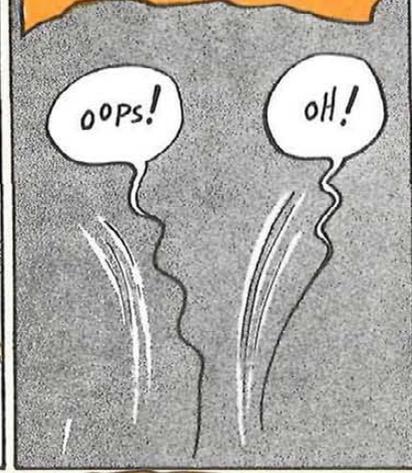
1509... Michelangelo found painting nudes on chapel ceiling.



1606... French invent kissing.



1607... French slip and accidentally invent oral sex.



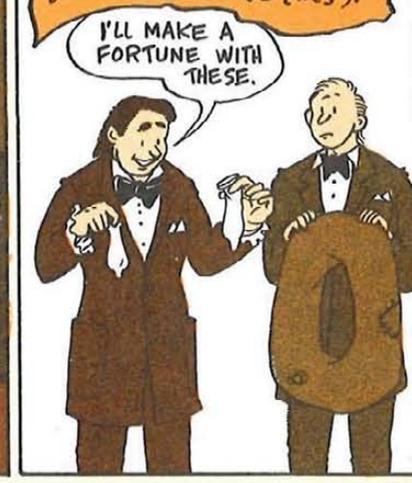
1801... Missionaries discover the missionary position.



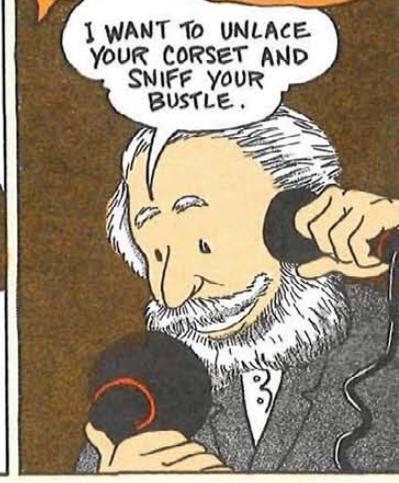
1820... Daguerre develops the photographic process.



1840... Charles Goodyear develops vulcanization process to strengthen condoms (also makes tires).



1876... Alexander Graham Bell invents the telephone.



1900... Sigmund Freud discovers his sexual perversion.

MASTURBATION?... DON'T WORRY.

VE VILL CURE YOU.

1904... New York City Subway opens.

1937... Amelia Earhart becomes charter member of the "Mile-High" Club.

WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

WHO CARES?

1967... The Summer of Love. Hippies discover 32 new sexually transmitted diseases.

1970... While searching for a lost contact lens, sexologists discover the clitoris.

1971... Masters and Johnson marry, discover sexual dysfunction.

1980... While searching for a fabled Mayan "City of Gold," courageous explorers discover the G-Spot.

1985... It is found that women enjoy sex almost as much as getting a backrub.

HARDER...

OOH.

THAT'S GOOD.

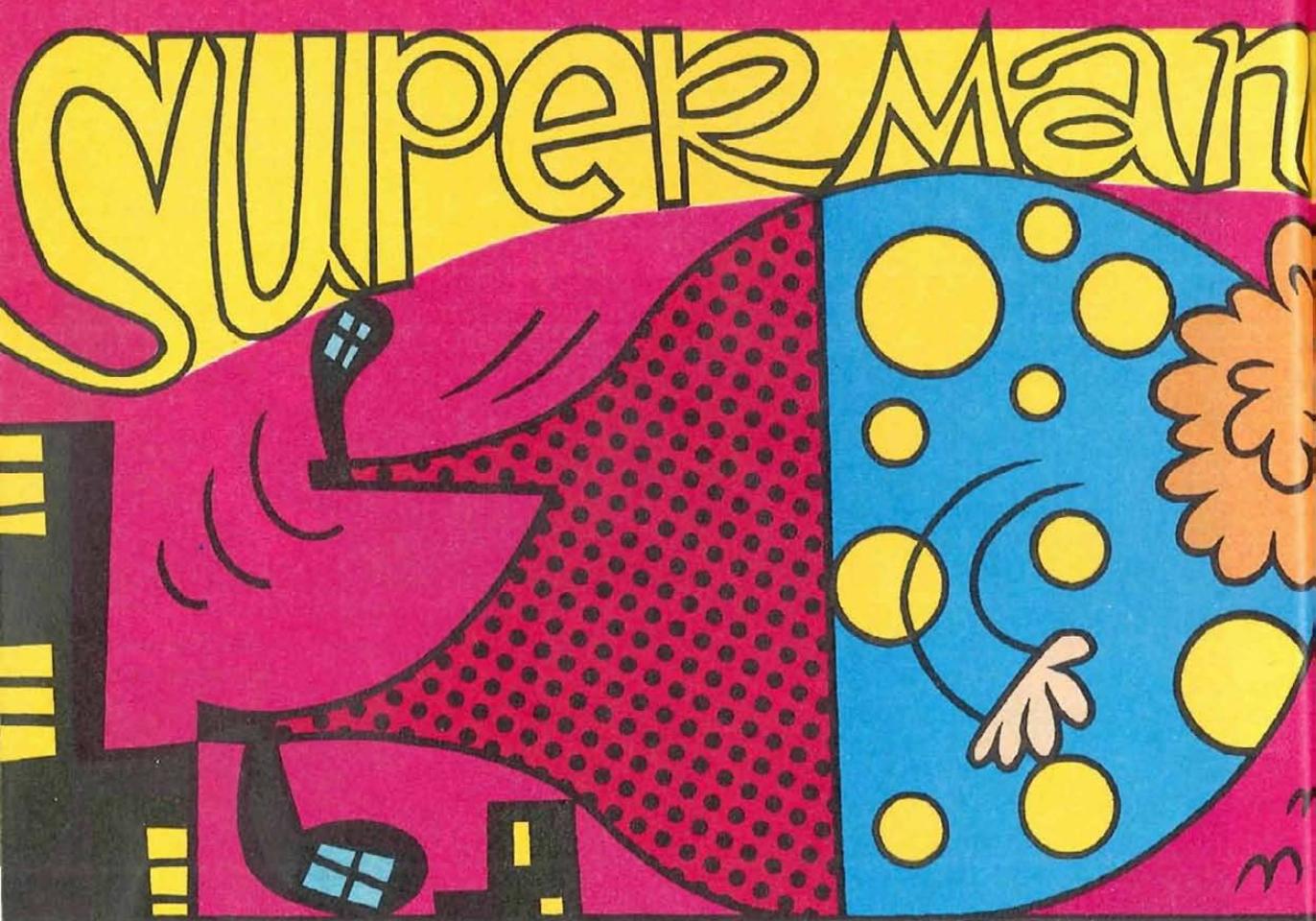
Still to Come... concrete proof of the rumor that our parents ever had sex.

No!

NOT LIKELY...

NOT MINE.

©87 SHARV FLENNIKEN



by Steven Young

Look, Mr. Kent, I'm sorry," the old man at the desk said again, shaking his head, "but rules are rules. You were told not to leave anything in those lockers overnight."

Clark Kent, who of course was really Superman, tried to keep his anger under control. "But you must remember it," he said. "It was a red and blue, er, outfit, with a cape—"

The old man interrupted him. "We see hundreds of red and blue sweat suits every day. This is a popular gym, you know? All that stuff looks the same. But nobody is supposed to leave stuff in the lockers overnight. It all gets cleaned out and thrown away. No exceptions."

Clark considered heat-visioning what little remained of the old man's hair, but just walked away instead. "Super *shit*," he muttered. Now what was he going to do for a costume? Joining the gym had been a lousy idea. It cost a bundle, and with his super strength he didn't need to work out anyway. He had only joined so he would be more apt to run into Lois

Lane, but she hadn't been there in more than a week. There was one other cute girl, but last Friday she had mentioned a boyfriend. And now his costume was gone.

Clark stepped out onto the sidewalk, considering his options. He could call his mother and get her to make another costume, but it would be at least a week before it was done. Would a local tailor be any good? No—it wouldn't be good to raise suspicions, and besides, a tailor would cost too much. All he needed was a temporary costume until his mother could finish a new one. Maybe a costume shop...yes, that was it. Clark walked quickly down the sidewalk, headed for Metropolis Costume.

A few minutes later, Clark stood looking through the display window of the shop. What he saw was encouraging. No Superman costumes were visible, but there was a Batman and a Spiderman among the jesters, giant rabbits, and ballerinas. Just maybe this would work out. Hopefully it wouldn't cost too much. He went inside.

A middle-aged woman greeted him at the counter. "Hello, may I help you?" she asked.

"Yes, well, I'm looking for a Superman costume."

"A *Superman* costume . . ." She frowned.

"Do you have them? I noticed several other superhero costumes in the window," said Clark.

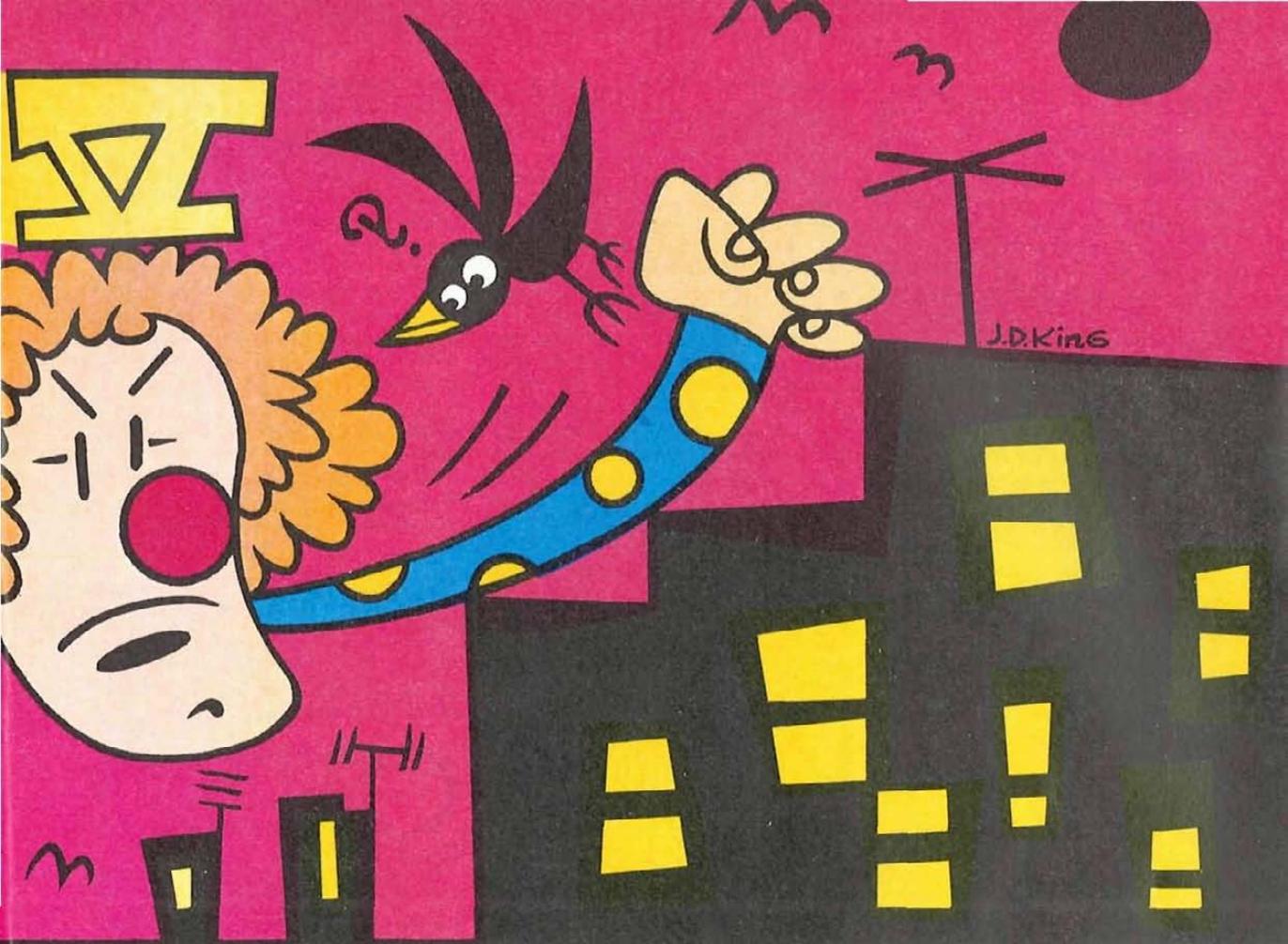
"Well, ordinarily we do have a couple, but I don't think they're in right now," she said, smiling apologetically. "There was a big costume party over the weekend and both Supermans were rented out. I don't think either of them is back yet." She paused. "Let me take a look. When did you need the costume for?"

"As soon as possible," Clark said.

"Hmm. Gina!" the woman yelled into the back room where the racks of costumes stood. "Check to see if we got a Superman back yet." To Clark she said, "I'll look through the slips." She opened a box near the cash register.

Clark stood at the counter, drumming his fingers nervously on the surface. He turned on his X-ray vision and scanned the racks of costumes himself. Soldiers, clowns, George Washingtons, Darth Vaders, a Batman, but no Superman. Darn. He focused on the girl, Gina, who was checking the inventory. Wow! Maybe—

"Yes, both Supermans were rented out Friday and neither has come back yet," the woman at the cash register



announced, startling him. The X-ray vision snapped off and his regular sight slowly returned. "Are you okay, sir?" she asked. "You look—"

"I'm fine," Clark said, blinking. "No Superman, eh? Well, maybe another superhero would do in a pinch. How about that Batman costume—I'll try that."

"All right, sir." The woman turned to Gina, who had returned empty-handed from the stockroom, and said, "See if we have a Batman in stock."

"You have one," Clark said impatiently. "Third rack from the end." The woman and Gina looked at him strangely, but went to get the costume without comment.

He was starting to act like an asshole, and he knew it. But he had to get another costume fast. Terrible things could be happening while he waited in this stupid shop. And it was almost rush hour—he might be needed to sort out the tie-ups that occurred every day now that the northbound lanes of the Metro Thruway were closed for repairs. Maybe it would be good to do another story on that project. . . . Clark winced as he thought of the newspaper. Things had been going downhill since the *Daily Planet* had been taken over by Rupert Murdoch last year.

The new editor was indifferent to Clark's tough, in-depth reporting, and made him spend more and more of his time coming up with new slogans and campaigns for the "Planetary Play-Off" lottery game.

The woman emerged from the back room holding the Batman costume. "Here it is, but I don't think it'll fit," she said. "It's a small, and you look like a large. Try it on if you want."

Clark took the jersey and pulled it over his head, but plainly the costume was too small. The sleeves barely reached past his elbows, and the jersey itself came down just past his rib cage. He took it off carefully so he wouldn't burst it to shreds. "Any other superheroes?" he asked.

"Not in your size, certainly," the woman answered. "I'm sorry, but we're going to be closing in a few minutes. Maybe if you came back tomorrow the Superman would be in. . . ."

"I really need something now," Clark said. "Do you have anything in my size that is fairly colorful which is also a pretty good disguise?"

"Well, there's the clown costume," she said doubtfully.

Clark frowned. A clown . . . not what he'd hoped for at all, but maybe it wouldn't be so bad for one night. "All right, let me see that," he said.

A few minutes later Clark left the costume shop with a large bag slung over his arm. He squinted off to the west, and with his telescopic vision he saw that traffic was indeed bad on the freeway. There had been an accident, and one man was still trapped in a car. "Looks like a job for Superman," he muttered to no one in particular. If he was lucky, the state police would have the problem cleared up by the time he got there. But it was his duty to try to help.

He looked around for a phone booth to change in, but all he could see were the modern clusters of phone pods where the caller just stands next to the phone in the open. Maybe he could use a changing room in the costume shop. He turned to see the woman putting the "Closed" sign in the window. "Do you have a changing room I could use?" he called through the glass, but the woman shook her head. "We're closed," came her faint voice as she pointed to the sign.

There was a bar across the street—Joe's Place. Clark walked over and entered. A row of men seated at the bar looked at him briefly as he made his way through the smoky room and through the door marked "Men." Fortunately, the stall was empty. Clark closed the stall

door and opened his bag.

The main part of the costume consisted of a pants/shirt unit with a large hoop on the inside of the waist that filled out the baggy costume and made the clown appear very fat. The lower part of the costume was of red satin material while the upper part was white with red and yellow polka dots. Big red buttons ran down the front and a frilly collar circled the neck. Two huge plastic shoes slipped on over the wearer's regular shoes, and a frizzy orange wig covered the hair. A big bulbous red nose completed the costume.

Clark put the costume on as rapidly as he could. To get the nose and wig just right, he emerged from the stall and adjusted them in front of the mirror. While he was fiddling with them, the men's-room door opened and a beefy, bearded man entered and squinted suspiciously at Clark. "Are you some kind of faggot or what?"

Clark grabbed the costume bag and left the men's room hastily, struggling to get his hooped body through the door.

As he walked to the exit, the row of men turned to look at him. "Hey, Bozo," somebody called. Clark's eyes met those of a man seated near the door. The man stared at him coldly.

Outside, Clark dashed around the side of the bar into an alley. No one was in sight. He hid the costume bag among some barrels, then took a few steps and leaped into the air. He quickly found that he would not be able to fly at his regular velocity. The baggy clown suit acted as a sail, catching the wind and threatening to rip off if he flew at much more than a brisk jogging speed. Slowly Clark gained altitude and headed for the accident on the freeway.

The sun was low in the sky by the time Clark approached the accident scene. A rescue squad was working to free an injured passenger from a crumpled car. Clark drifted down slowly, trying to come down next to the ambulance. At the last second, a gust of wind caught his suit and pushed him twenty yards out into the sea of snarled traffic. He landed clumsily next to an old Mustang full of long-haired teenage boys. "What the fuck?" they said to each other. One threw a cigarette butt, which lodged in Clark's wig as he strode toward the wreck.

"Excuse me. Excuse me. I'm Superman. Let me through, please," said Clark as he made his way through the ring of policemen and ambulance attendants.

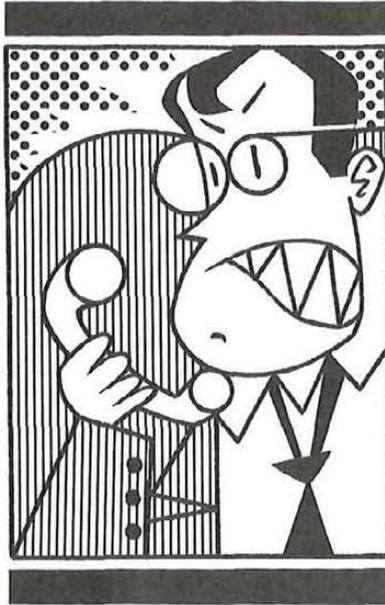
A policeman blocked his path. "All right, fruitcake, why don't you just stand back out of the way."

"I'm Superman. I'm here to help," Clark said in exasperation. "Look, here's my heat vision." A smoking hole

appeared in the highway's pavement. "I just happened to have a little problem with my regular costume. Now let me through so I can help that man."

The policeman stood aside uncertainly. Clark walked over to the wreck, giant shoes crunching through broken glass. The twisted car was wedged under the trailer of an eighteen-wheeler. Clark motioned the emergency technicians aside, and they moved away after receiving nods from the police at the perimeter. Clark gripped the truck and lifted it smoothly into the air. As the crowd gasped in fear and amazement, he carried it to the grassy field at the side of the highway. After setting it down, he went back to the mangled car. With a few judicious shots of heat vision he severed the roof and lifted it off. Clark motioned the ambulance attendants back in.

The victim was being loaded into the ambulance when the police chief came



over to him. "Well, er, Superman, thank you very much. And I'm sure the man in the car will be thanking you too. Apparently he'll be okay." The chief coughed nervously. "You'll have to excuse our not recognizing you at first."

"I understand, Chief," said Clark. "Believe me, it's not—" Suddenly he became aware of an acrid stench. A wisp of smoke drifted past his face. "What the—" He swiped at his wig and knocked free the cigarette butt that had been thrown by the kid in the Mustang. The hair of the wig was smoldering. Clark batted and brushed at it blindly, not daring to remove the wig.

"Here—let me get that—" the police chief said, dabbing at the wig with a handkerchief. The hair stopped burning. Clark heard giggling, and saw that several of the policemen and hangers-on were watching the scene with amuse-

ment. Annoyed, Clark stamped on the troublesome cigarette butt with his huge right foot. He skidded in a patch of oil and fell on the seat of his baggy pants.

Clark tried to ignore the laughter as he got up and brushed off the suit. There was now an oil stain on the pants in addition to the singed wig. It was going to cost him. But he'd worry about that later. "Any other trouble around Metropolis I should know about?" he asked the chief, who had managed to keep a straight face.

The chief leaned through the open window of his car and spoke into his radio mike. "Chief to base . . . give me a general status report on Metropolis, over."

"Base to chief," crackled the reply. "Nothing major to report. A mugging on First Avenue, report of a prowler near some apartments on Buhler Street. Officers are investigating. Over."

The chief turned to Clark and shrugged. "Sorry."

"Okay." Clark turned and took a giant leap into the air. Slowly, waveringly, he left the accident scene behind. He pretended not to hear the chief giggling.

Clark drifted slowly through the evening air, gazing idly at the city a few hundred feet below. All appeared calm. Clark felt a quiet contentment.

Suddenly he heard a squawk. Glancing back, he saw a large bird—a sea gull, he guessed—bearing down on him. With another squawk it landed on his back and folded its wings.

"Go on! Scram! Get off, for crissakes!" Clark hissed, twisting and arching his back in an attempt to dislodge the bird. It merely dug in tighter with its talons and nipped his neck with its beak.

"Dammit! If you wreck this suit . . ." Clark gasped, and wrenched his body around violently. The gull finally let go. Relieved, Clark spun around to his normal flying stance again, and felt his red rubber nose come loose. He watched despondently as it fell and was swiftly lost in the deepening gloom.

"Terrific." He aimed a moderate blast of heat vision at the receding bird and felt a mean sort of satisfaction at its shrill screech. Was the nose worth searching for? They couldn't really charge him that much for it, he supposed. Still, he wouldn't be much of a clown without a nose. "But I'm no clown, I'm Superman. I fight for Truth, Justice, and the . . . ah . . . the . . . ah . . . American Way," Clark reminded himself, as he looked down to try to see where the nose had fallen.

He saw some tents, some strange lights, and suddenly he remembered—the circus was in town!

"What the hell," thought Clark as he started to descend. "I'll try to find it."

Clark had been searching fruitlessly with his X-ray vision for less than a minute among some smaller tents and trailers when he heard a booming voice right behind him. "Murphy! Where the hell have you been! We're on in three minutes!"

He turned to see a group of clowns looking at him. The one who had addressed him as Murphy had his hands on his comically oversized hips.

Clark was unsure of how to proceed. "Ah . . . you go on, I'll be right there. I lost my nose."

The leader reached into the copious recesses of his costume. "Lucky for you I have another one right here." He tossed a red rubber nose to Clark. "Let's go. And if you're late again, you'll be cleaning the monkey cage."

Clark gazed dumbly at the nose. Then, not knowing what else to do, he began trudging after the group.

They ducked inside the big top and headed into a partitioned-off area to wait for their cue. Some smoked cigarettes, some traded insults, but most just stood around.

The one who had called Clark "Murphy" looked at him and said, "Whoa, you forgot your makeup! Fuck it—too late now. Get your nose on."

Clark did as he was told. "Ow," he said. The rubber on this nose was thicker and the slot was narrower, which caused his nose to be pinched shut.

"What did you say?"

"Nothin'. Neber mind," Clark answered, trying to adjust the nose. He managed to get it wedged on the fleshy knob at the tip of his own nose. Relieved, he glanced out into the big top to see what was happening in the show.

What he saw alarmed him. A hundred feet overhead, a man was teetering on the top of a tiny ladder, and as Clark watched, the man fell off and began plunging to earth. Clark joined the crowd in a horrified gasp.

Within one second Clark had rushed into the ring and was springing into the air. The crowd gasped as Clark grabbed the falling form just thirty feet above the ground and swooped gracefully upward.

The baggy clown suit was rippling and straining dangerously as Clark circled the tent and headed for the ground, but he ignored it and concentrated on trying to comfort the man he had just caught. The man seemed to be in shock, reeling off a string of curses and glaring at him furiously. Clark said, "There, you're okay now, mister, everything's all right," as he glided past the lions' cage, the trapeze, and landed next to the little tub of water at the base of the ladder. Little tub of water at the base of the ladder? Suddenly Clark understood. "Oops," he said to the man he had just rescued, who was pointing at him and shouting in some foreign

language.

Clowns, acrobats, and others rushed over. For a second there was silence. Then somebody yelled accusingly, "You're no clown!"

"That's right! I'm Superman! Don't get me mad!" Clark yelled back. He picked up a nearby iron bar and bent it double to drive home his point.

"You asshole! That's part of my equipment!" shouted the lion tamer. The group advanced menacingly.

"Get out of here!"

"You ruined the act!"

"Give back my nose!"

The crowd was booing. Clark backed up against a wall, wondering how to get away gracefully. Several yards away, near the center ring, he saw some clumps of hay. A quick burst of heat vision was enough to get it flaming. "Look!" Clark yelled. "Fire!"

Seeing that it was true, the circus peo-



ple began running in several different directions. As the flames leaped higher, the audience began hooting in alarm and shifting in their seats.

Under the onslaught of several fire extinguishers, the fire was out in less than a minute. By that time, however, Clark had made his way to the exit unchallenged. But just as he was about to step out, the diver whom he had intercepted jumped into his path and began cursing him in the foreign language. Clark had had enough. He picked up the man by the collar and swooped into the air with him. As the man sputtered with rage and fear, Clark positioned himself over the tub of water, then let go. A hushed audience watched the man fall fifteen feet into the tub and make a large splash.

An uncertain smattering of applause accompanied Clark as he flew out the exit and into the dark.

Clark sat at the counter of the diner, picking moodily at his French fries. The clown costume was hidden outside in a neighboring alley.

He'd stopped off at his apartment and called his mother in Kansas. She had been concerned about his plight with the costume and promised to make a new one as soon as she could. "But it will take a couple of days, dear," she warned him. "I can get the material tomorrow, but I won't be able to start sewing until Wednesday. I promised Ellen McFeady—do you remember her?—that I'd take her to—"

"Never mind Ellen McFeady. Just get that costume done quick or who knows, you might find the Golden Gate Bridge blocking your door—oh, gosh, Mother, I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. I've had a really hard day. Sure, you go with Ellen McFeady. Say hi to her for me, okay? Sure. I love you too. Get that costume done on the double! Um, I mean, good-bye."

Now, sitting in the diner, Clark considered his situation. This was the worst day he'd had since the time a co-worker inadvertently gave him kryptonite candy for his birthday, and tomorrow didn't promise to be much better. He couldn't go to the *Planet* tomorrow with no costume on hand, but the thought of toting the clown costume around all day made him balk. If only he could wear his street clothes over it! That was the good thing about his regular costume. He wondered if the people at the gym really had had no idea what they were doing when they threw it out. What if Lex Luthor had managed to get ahold of it? And if anyone bothered to track down who had been using that locker, he was in trouble. Maybe it was time to cancel his membership. Lois Lane didn't give a shit about him, and there was no use pretending otherwise.

The French fries really hadn't been cooked enough. Clark phased the heat vision in and out as quickly as he could, and the fries crackled to a golden brown. "Eat your hearts out, microwaves," he thought. He ate a couple. They were perhaps slightly overdone.

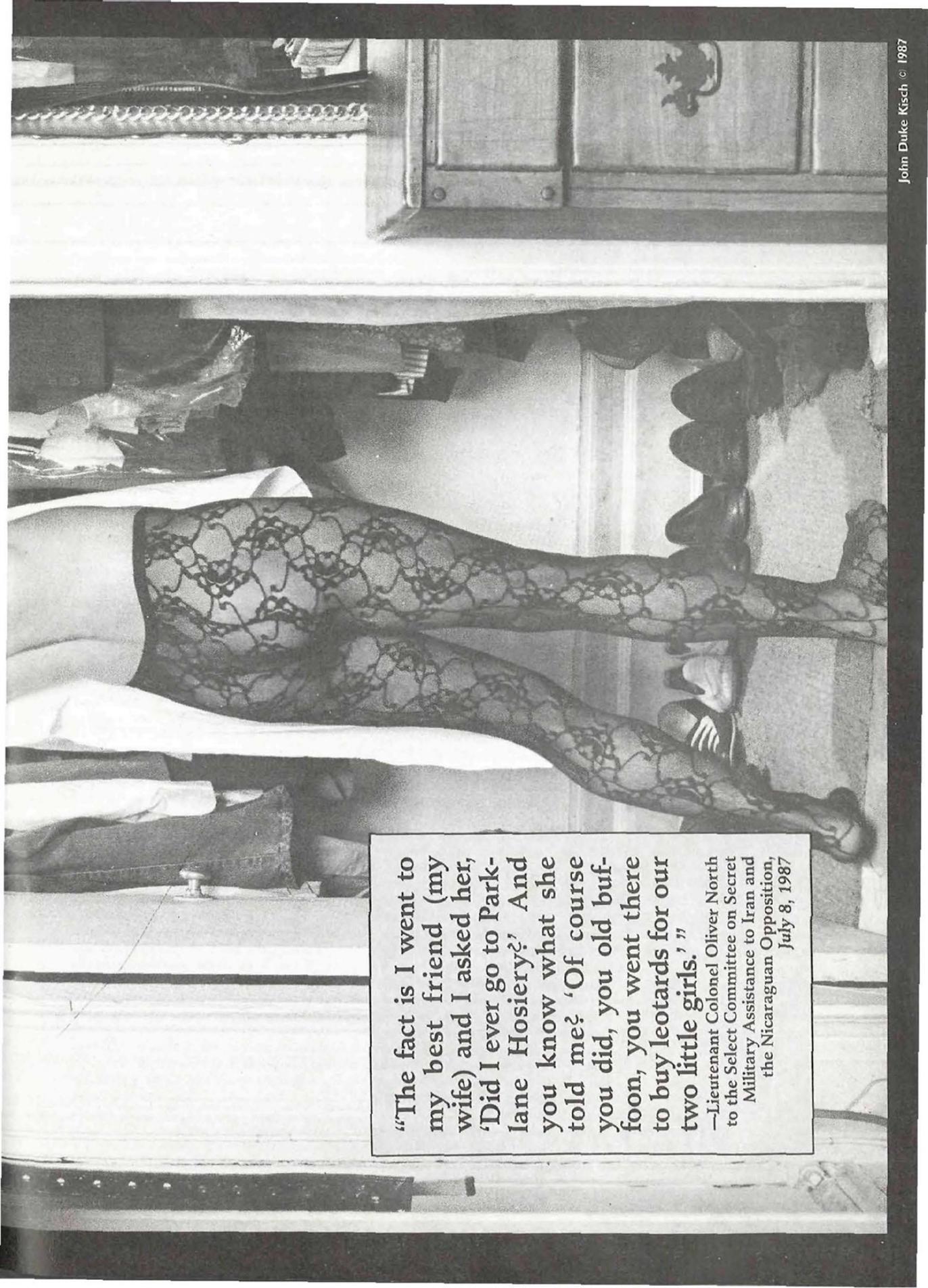
If the counterman had known that he had just served mediocre French fries to an angry Superman, perhaps he would have checked to see if the tip was sizzling hot before he picked the coins up a few minutes later. But he didn't. Clark really hadn't expected him to anyway.

Usually when he took the subway, it was during rush hour, and the near-emptiness of the station now at quarter to nine was unsettling. Clark waited on the platform with the costume in its bag slung over his arm. He had decided to take the

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SURPRISE POSTER: OLLIE NORTH'S CLOSET





"The fact is I went to my best friend (my wife) and I asked her, 'Did I ever go to Park-lane Hosiery?' And you know what she told me? 'Of course you did, you old buffoon, you went there to buy leotards for our two little girls.'"

—Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North
to the Select Committee on Secret
Military Assistance to Iran and
the Nicaraguan Opposition,
July 8, 1987

Superman V

continued from page 65

subway home rather than flying. He didn't feel like changing into the clown costume again, and with his slower air-speed, the subway would be just about as fast.

A few people waited on the platform with him—a teenage couple, an elderly woman, a tall, bald, middle-aged man. Clark looked them over briefly and decided that none of them looked likely to commit crimes or cause disasters. He put the bag down.

The train came. Clark got on and sat down opposite the tall bald man. As the train lurched into motion Clark looked at him closely. There was something disturbingly familiar about him.

The bald man caught Clark staring. "I beg your pardon," the man said coldly. "Do we know each other?"

That voice—of course! It was Lex Luthor!

"Er, no, I don't think so," said Clark rather faintly. "I think I've just seen you in the newspapers or something."

The elderly woman, who was sitting several seats further down, turned and scrutinized the arch-villain. "I know who you are!" she exclaimed. "You're Lex Luthor, the most notorious criminal in Metropolis!"

Lex put on his most martyred, charming smile. "It's true that that's my name, madam," he said, "but my character has been greatly misrepresented by that scandal sheet the *Daily Planet*. If you want the real criminal around here, I suggest you

find Superman. He's remarkably clever in committing all sorts of mayhem and pinning it on honest citizens like you and me."

The woman turned away, a perplexed look on her face. Lex turned back to Clark. "And you, sir? Have you heard the same horrible things about me? What's your opinion of Superman?"

"Gee, I don't know," Clark said abashedly. "Maybe there is something fishy about him. He does seem a little too good to be true."

"Aha. Very good. You're wiser than most people in this city," said Lex with a confidential wink.

"So why are you taking the subway? I'd think you'd have your own car. Did Superman sabotage it?" Clark asked.

"Nothing that dramatic," Lex said, becoming glum. "I have a limousine, but it's in the shop. The brakes went bad this morning. I was hoping it would be fixed by the end of the day, but no such luck. I would have taken a cab, but I couldn't even find one. Isn't that awful?"

Clark grunted assent.

"I swear there's a conspiracy against me," Lex went on, rolling his eyes. Then his eyes narrowed to slits. "Superman's probably mixed up in it somehow. He's the most sinister force of evil anywhere. Did you hear what he did today?"

"No, what?"

"There was an accident out on the freeway. I heard about it on the news. It was a bad one—people trapped, all that. After about forty-five minutes Superman finally bothers to show up. Only he's wearing a clown suit. He rescues a guy, but he also goofs around and does this slapstick comedy routine. In my opinion that's pretty sick. I ask you," Lex said, leaning in close, "can that guy be all there? Can he really be fighting for good if he's spending his time clowning around? Huh?"

"No, I guess not," said Clark uncomfortably.

The train pulled into a station, jerking to a halt. The costume bag fell over and, to Clark's dismay, the red rubber nose fell out and rolled several feet away. Clark looked apprehensively at Lex, but he wasn't paying attention. He was frowning speculatively into space. Clark leaned over and retrieved the nose. The old woman got off, glancing nervously at them. As the train started moving Lex muttered, "Someday that phony's going to make a mistake and I'm going to catch him. Then everyone will see that he's a fraud."

Clark nodded solemnly. Suddenly he had an idea.

"You know," said Clark, "I think I may be able to help you out. Just before I came into the subway I saw a man crouching in an alleyway. He was taking off a clown suit—he was wearing a red

nose and I saw him put an orange wig into a bag. He whispered for me to come over, and he asked me if I had seen a man in the area who was walking the streets flapping his arms and squawking like a chicken. He said the man was his contact for a very important matter. I told him I hadn't seen anyone like that. The guy was annoyed, and beams of light came out of his eyes and set some trash on fire. Then he got all nervous and told me to forget what I had seen. I thought it was pretty weird, so I got right out of there. But after I went into the subway, I remembered that I *had* seen a man like that—flapping his arms and squawking—except he was several blocks away. There was no way the two were going to meet. So I went back out to tell the man in the alley, but he was gone. Do you suppose the guy could have been Superman?"

"Very possibly," Lex said excitedly. The train pulled into another station and Lex got up. "You say the other guy was flapping his arms and squawking—like this?" Lex bobbed and flapped, emitting harsh chicken sounds.

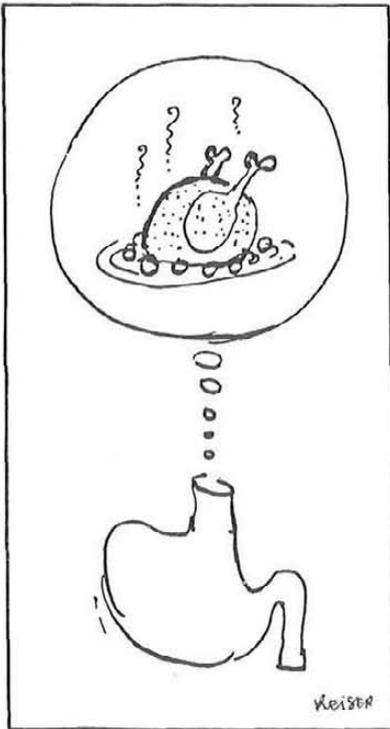
"Yes, that's it," said Clark, trying to keep a straight face. "Do you think you can catch Superman?"

"I certainly hope so," said Lex with an evil gleam in his eye, the effect of which was only partially offset by his absently flapping arms. "Thank you for your help. Perhaps you would be of use in my organization. Think it over." With that Lex Luthor dashed out of the train car. Clark lost sight of him as a few new passengers straggled on. He chuckled despite his tiredness. For the first time that day Clark Kent was genuinely happy.

As the train pulled out, the other passengers were somewhat alarmed by the man with the bag who was cackling to himself and occasionally making obscene gestures at the receding subway station. "You stay away from him," a mother whispered to her inquisitive four-year-old. "He might be a crazy man."

To Clark's great relief, Metropolis Costume had a Superman ready to rent when he went in the next morning. They hassled him a bit about the damage to the clown suit, but Clark meekly agreed to give up his security deposit, and the matter was settled amicably. The Superman costume was a little small and made of much cheaper material than his real one, but Clark was in no mood to be picky. He strode into the *Daily Planet* at exactly nine o'clock and ducked into the men's room, where he put the costume on under his regular clothes.

As he sat down at his typewriter a few minutes later, Clark heard a ripping sound. The back of his costume pants had split wide open. ■



A Contra Guide to Stalking the Sandinista Soldier

by Adolfo Calero
as told to Andy Simmons

**Introduction by
Elliott Abrams,
assistant secretary
of state in charge
of Central America**

Oftentimes I am asked, Why do the Nicaraguan freedom fighters, known as the FDN or contras, need the monetary funds that have been diverted to them? The answer is simple: to continue the good fight against oppressive tyranny and Marxist domination and replace them with a good and just democracy ruled by a good and just junta; a democracy that will deal brutally with the opposition; a democracy that will stanch the flow of the Central American hordes into the fatherland; a democracy that looks to the north and not the east for its bailout money; a democracy that will be a showcase for Western values.

Now, you may be swayed by certain well-meaning peaceniks, such as President Oscar Arias Sánchez of Costa Rica, who has engineered a "peace" plan that calls for the Western Hemisphere to put down its arms and open its "borders" to the wild horde of Nicaraguan refugees, who will turn our ghettos into slums and undermine such American industries as the domestic help business. But don't get too taken with this plan. It is destined for failure, as the Sandinista leadership

will never agree to relinquish total dictatorial control in favor of sharing power with the contras. Besides, Arias will probably be assassinated any day now, and the plan will be buried along with him.

So, who are these Nicaraguan freedom fighters? They are an intelligent group of people, many of whom boast fluency in at least one foreign language, usually Spanish. They are a cosmopolitan crew who feel as comfortable fighting in the occupied border towns of Honduras and Costa Rica as they do in their native hamlets. They are like most Americans, only darker and shorter, and they have trouble hitting curveballs, although they are usually better shortstops.

They are our little brothers. Our friends. Our amigos. And we own them.

And what will happen if they don't get our support? Then everyone dies. It's as simple as that. The Soviets, Cubans, Bulgarians, PLO, Libyans, East Germans, Coretta Scott King . . . they'll all move in, forcing millions of those little brown creeps to flood our borders, taking over all our Taco Bells and going around making everyone's beds! Nicaragua will become a veritable Club Red, as Communists and their voluptuous, full-bodied, rosy-lipped, yet deadly *comunista* sweethearts sun themselves while spy planes are dispatched over Pepperidge Farms and nuclear weapons are aimed

at the Boston Pops!

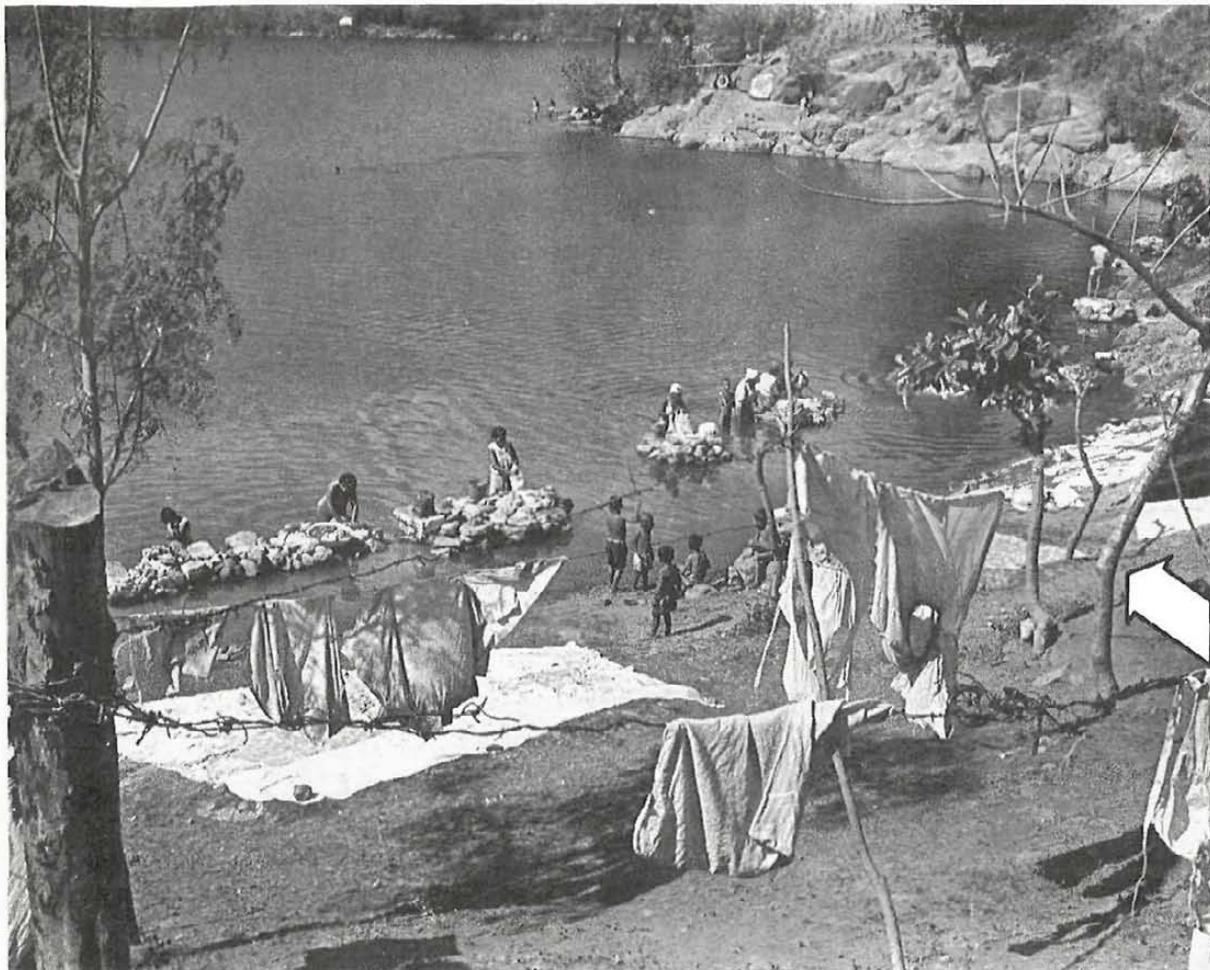
This administration has pledged itself to keeping up the good fight, and to securing our borders from wandering, red, bloodshot eyes. The contras, God bless 'em, are all that stand between us and certain doom. Rather than cutting them down, we should be bowing down to them and saying, "Oh thank you, our little brown brothers." We ought to bestow upon them gifts befitting these present-day Mayan warriors, such as humanitarian aid in the form of medicine, food, and Huey helicopter gunships, replete with antipersonnel rockets and launchers, in which to transport the humanitarian aid.

Instead we nitpick at their little indiscretions, like their tendency to accidentally line villagers up in neat rows and shoot them or to shanghai men of fighting age. This is a great injustice, in my book.

And now the head of the FDN, Adolfo Calero, will take you through the rest of this article as he describes how his soldiers will defend themselves against the Sandinista soldier.

Take it away, Adolfo. . . .

Thank you, Elliott, for those warm words of support. Ladies and gentlemen, Elliott Abrams has told you what kind of man the contra soldier is. It is my turn to tell you, in an unbiased and factual dissertation, what kind of man the Sandinista soldier is.



Camouflaged contra troops garnering valuable information about the Sandinista soldier.

The Sandinista soldier is a cowardly dog who is not above disguising himself as a child or a pregnant peasant woman to avoid a confrontation with the manly contra, thus forcing us to kill what appear to be children and pregnant women and embarrassing us in front of the world's press. Like a dog, the Sandinista soldier must be whipped . . . he must be beaten . . . he must be skinned and allowed to slowly roast over an open flame, then minced and sautéed with onion, tomatoes, cilantro, and peppers, then stuffed in a soft flour tortilla and topped with shredded cheese and sour cream and served with a side order of dirty rice, making for a lovely burrito meal.

No! We will not fall for such treacherous deceptions! If they will not take the battle to us, we will take the battle to them, be it on the battlefields or in the maternity wards! Be he one month pregnant or twenty months pregnant!!!

Stalking the Sandinista Soldier

Stalking a Sandinista soldier is not nearly as difficult as it might seem, seeing

how bulky and slow many of them are. Others have very short legs, which tends to slow them down. Sandinistas can usually be found in their homes cooking, out in the shed tending chickens, down by the banks of a brook washing clothes, or breast-feeding their children; or in school studying or at home doing their homework.

A helpful aid in stalking the Sandinista is camouflage. Being able to fit into the enemy's environment undetected affords a rare opportunity to study the general routines and schedules the soldiers keep. Such knowledge is invaluable when mapping out a plan of attack. Because the contra ruling committee understands the importance of camouflage, we have set up a company charge account at Moe and Juan's Camouflage and Costume Emporium, conveniently located in the Mendez Mall in the fashion district on the west side of Tegucigalpa, Honduras. Go in. Browse. Then pick yourself out a nice tree trunk, boulder, bush, or stream bed and charge it to the contras' account. Our account number is 4361. Moe and Juan have asked

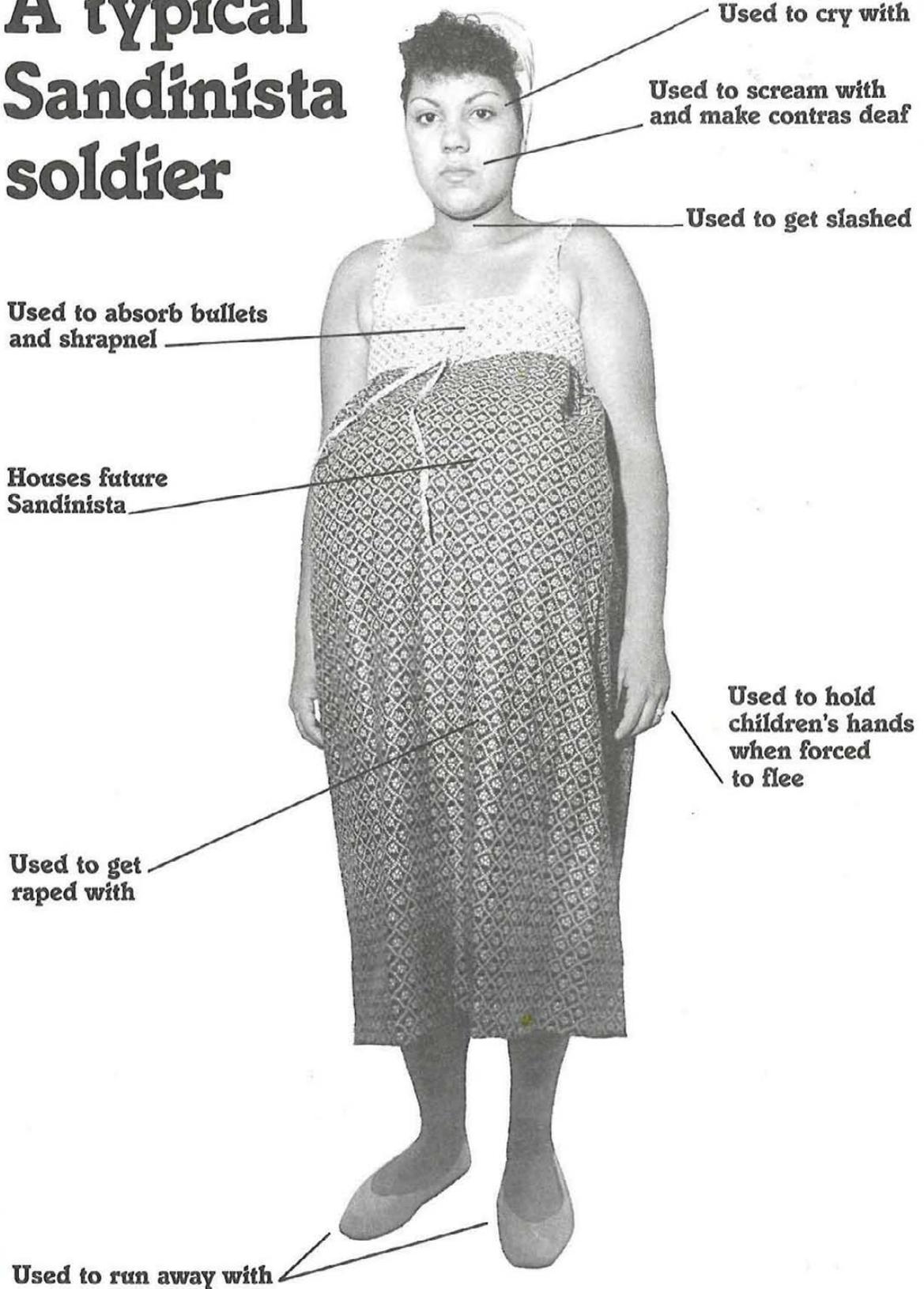
me to remind you, the prospective customer, that you are only allowed to bring two (2) tree trunks into the changing room at a time.

IMPORTANT NOTE: December is Moe and Juan's annual elephant costume sale, when you can buy two elephant costumes for the price of one. Do not succumb to this wonderful deal, as there are no elephants in Nicaragua and any elephants walking around there will be looked upon with suspicion or locked in a zoo. Of course, if you can haggle them down and get three elephants for the price of one, then by all means do it.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT NOTE: Do not purchase the children's or pregnant woman's costume, as you may be subject to attack by friendly fire.

It is also important to realize that one of the benefits of being a contra is that since you look just like a Nicaraguan citizen and you do speak the language, it is very easy to track other Nicaraguans without necessarily raising suspicions—unless, of course, you are dressed like an elephant and are caught taking a leak against the side of a building.

A typical Sandinista soldier



Used to absorb bullets and shrapnel

Houses future Sandinista

Used to get raped with

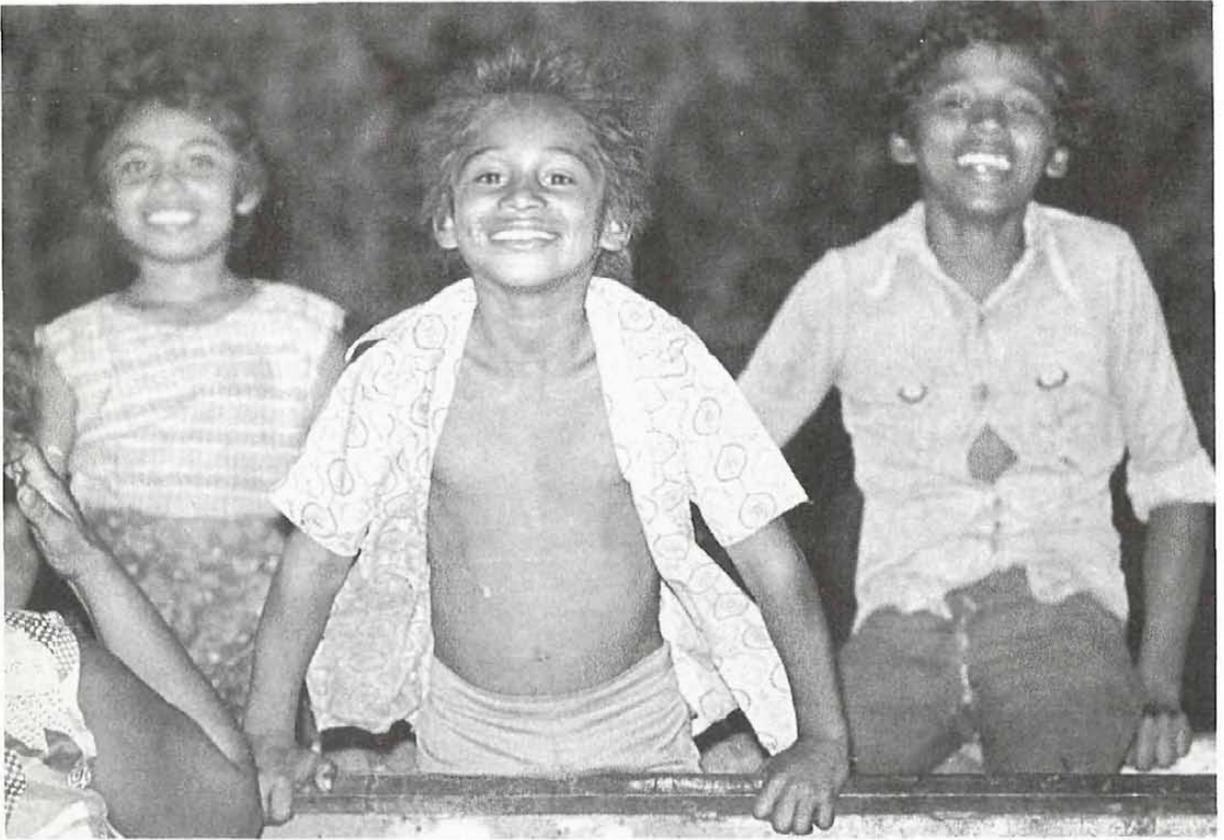
Used to run away with

Used to cry with

Used to scream with and make contras deaf

Used to get slashed

Used to hold children's hands when forced to flee



Sandinista soldiers preparing to attack a contra stronghold in Honduras.

How to Attack the Sandinista Soldier

The Sandinista soldier is not so much a great fighter as he is a great yeller. Sandinistas yell loudly with great conviction such fervent Marxist slogans as "Oh my God, NO! NO!!!" or "Please, spare my baby!" or "Mommy, Mommy, help me!" Because this is all they do to protect themselves, they are pretty easy to do combat with—that is, if you don't mind shooting soldiers that sound like frightened women and children. If you do, there are a number of ways to deal with this. One way is to take advantage of the element of surprise. Get them before they can shriek. This can be done by sniping from far away. Another way is by using artillery or helicopter gunships when the soldiers are all bunched together making their daily tortillas, so that even if they do shriek, you can't hear them.

If you do enjoy the screams of children and pregnant women, conventional weapons, such as machine guns, bayonets, and hand grenades, should be sufficient. The attack should be quick and thorough, preferably under cover of night or at naptime. Do not leave any wounded or take any prisoners, as some Sandinista soldiers might give birth or require burping during the long trek back to camp, when speed is of the essence.

Disposing of the Body

Disposing of the body is often not nearly as big a deal as some make it out to be. Usually a large ditch will do, which often the victim will gladly want to dig himself, since no one knows better his preference in ditches than the victim himself. Sometimes you may not even want to dispose of the body. It makes a nice ornament when dragged from behind a car going through the main street of town at fifty miles per hour.

If somehow you are captured by the Sandinistas, you might as well stay with them for the rest of your scummy life, as there is no way in hell you will ever live it down.

Nonetheless, if you find yourself a prisoner of war, never offer any information, no matter what tortures you may suffer, no matter how many tacos they may ply you with. Just eat the taco and politely thank them. Remember, under international rules governing the treatment of POWs, the Sandinista soldier is not permitted to force you to undertake any activity against your will that might further the Communist cause, such as helping put up a clothesline, clearing the table of dishes, or having a catch.

There are generally three techniques the enemy might employ in getting the prisoner to cooperate. They are repeti-

tion, harassment, and humiliation.

With repetition, the Sandinista interrogator might repeat such phrases as "Will you have a catch with me?" for hours, days, even weeks, until you are broken and he has gotten his way.

If repetition fails to break the spirit, harassment is employed. The interrogator might fall to the ground kicking and flailing his arms and screaming such epithets as "I wanna have a catch! I wanna have a catch!" If this occurs, turn your head and think of the days after our cause is victorious and you will proudly open the first Taco Bell franchise in Managua!

If the prisoner is truly infused with the blood of the contra, the interrogator will have no choice but to attempt the third step: humiliation. This step may prove the most difficult to endure. You will be subjected to every degrading and humiliating accusation the enemy can pin on you, such as "I bet you throw like a girl anyway!" Do not fall prey to such insidious tactics by demanding a baseball to show off your manly arm and unhittable split-finger fastball. Stay calm, and remember, they play baseball in Honduras also.

Of course, if you are a POW, one easy way to escape is by agreeing to have a catch. Then, when the two of you are alone on an open field, bean your captor on the head with the ball and get the hell out of there. ■

GREAT MOMENTS

STORY: ED BLUESTONE ART: FRANK SPRINGER

GREAT MOMENTS IN AVIATION! I.
CHARLES LINDBERGH LANDS IN PARIS AFTER
COMPLETING THE FIRST TRANSATLANTIC
SOLO FLIGHT! BUT MINUTES LATER...

I'M SORRY,
MONSIEUR! YOUR
LUGGAGE MUST
BE ON A DIFFERENT
FLIGHT!



GREAT MOMENT II.
MRS. ROSE WEINSTEIN OF
VERONA, NEW JERSEY, EN-
TRUSTS A MAJOR AIRLINE
WITH HER POODLE...

BUT TWO HOURS LATER, MRS. WEIN-
STEIN IS TOLD THAT HER BELOVED
PET HAS FROZEN TO DEATH IN THE
PLANE'S BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT!
THE FLIGHT ATTENDANT IS NOT EVEN
TACTFUL AS SHE BREAKS THE NEWS.

ALL FLIGHTS



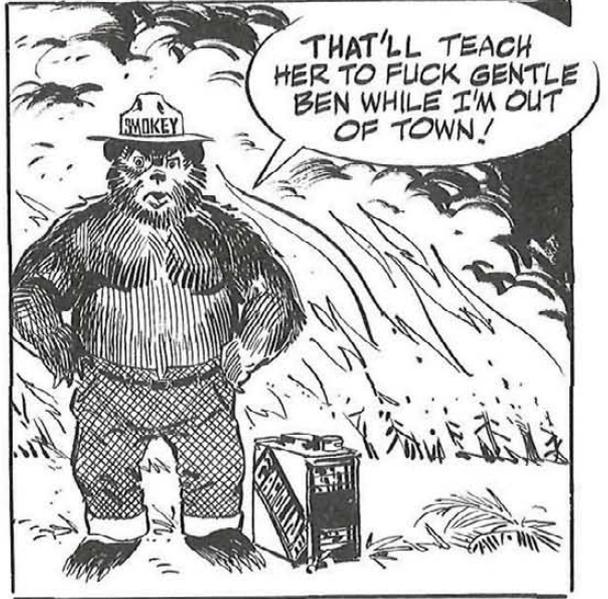
WE'RE OUT OF ICE
FOR COCKTAILS.
CAN WE CHIP SOME
OFF YOUR DOG?



THEN TO ADD INSULT TO INJURY,
THE ATTENDANT ADDS...

A GREAT MOMENT IN
CONSERVATION.

SMOKEY THE BEAR POURS GASO-
LINE ON HIS WIFE'S FAVORITE
PATCH OF FOREST AND SETS IT
ABLAZE!



GREAT MOMENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

BERNARD KIMMELMAN, THE WORLD'S ONLY JEWISH VAMPIRE, TERRORIZES
FLATBUSH AVENUE IN BROOKLYN UNTIL LOCAL RESIDENTS DISCOVER THAT THE
ONLY WAY TO KILL HIM IS BY DRIVING A CADILLAC THROUGH HIS HEART!



A GREAT MOMENT IN TELEVISION!

TELEVISION PRODUCER DAVID WOLPER INTRODUCES THE LONG-AWAITED SEQUEL TO HIS STATUE OF LIBERTY UNVEILING OF LAST YEAR.



THIRTY MINUTES LATER...



It's a Renaissance Man's World

by Lance Contrucci

Every night in gin mills across the country, men can be heard bellowing and bawling like moose: *What do women really want?*

Open your eyes, O poor and bellowing fellows! Women are changing. They carry briefcases, eat power breakfasts, and run big companies. They're upscale, liberated, athletic, and cultured. They've worked hard to get where they are. They want men with that certain combination of sensitivity, depth, intelligence, and charm. (And it doesn't hurt to own a Porsche, either.)

In brief, women want Renaissance men. Renaissance men lead lives of quiet fornication. There just aren't enough of them to go around. High-class women shamelessly pursue the authentic few like hungry sharks.

Now you too can be shark bait. Yes, with only a marginal amount of prep work, you, a regular guy, can become a *Renaissance man of the eighties!*

What Is a Renaissance Man?

Definitions abound. The American Heritage Dictionary defines a Renaissance man as one who has "diversified interests and expertise in a number of areas." Right. In that case, everybody I drink with must be a Renaissance man. Chuck can stack empty shot glasses into pyramids, and burp the first three lines of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Bill, in his magnificent puddle of consciousness, can recite all the words to "Louie Louie," then turn around to deliver a lecture on spark plug maintenance.

How, then, to distinguish the "wide and varying interests"? To name a few: a Renaissance man plays chess, is well-read, dabbles in poetry, enjoys classical

music, and has impeccable taste in wine and food.

But wait, there's more. He's handsome, tanned, tall, and athletic. A Renaissance man is Old World charm and New World technological sophistication. He has money and the expensive hobbies that it buys. He listens to Bach on laser discs. He writes poetry on his computer. His rambling, Tudor country home has a ten-thousand-dollar burglar alarm. A copy of *Don Juan* can be found in the glove compartment of his Porsche.

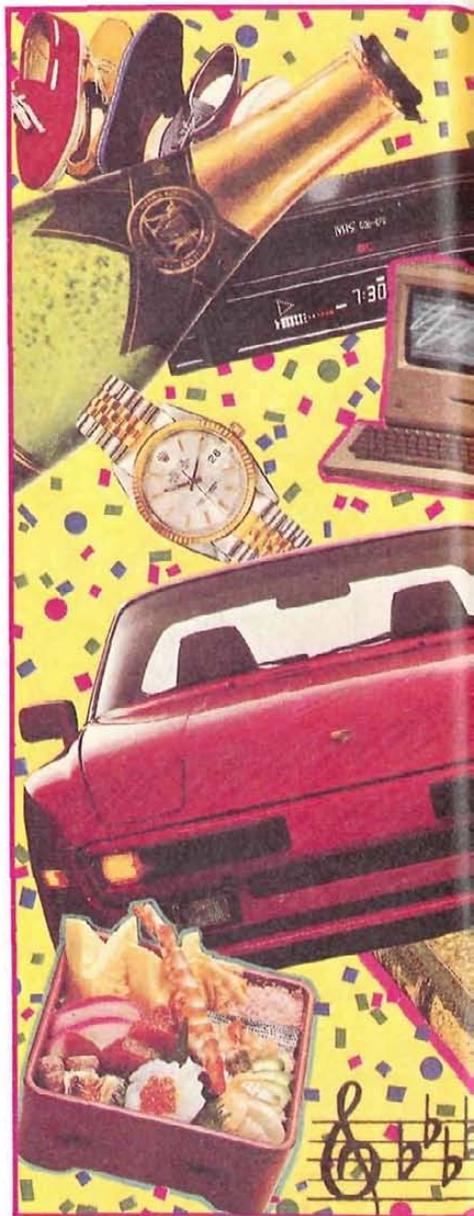
And he's humble. He refers to that rambling country home as a cottage, to the Porsche as a car, and to his alma mater—even if it is Yale—as a school. He can speak French fluently but never does.

NOTE TO THOSE WHO ARE ALREADY RENAISSANCE MEN: Stop reading this article now. Go out on the terrace and speak French to your freeloading friends. You probably inherited every penny you have. May flocks of sea gulls fly over your Porsche, may your masseuse contract AIDS.

Obviously, your work is cut out for you. Nobody said it was going to be easy. Perhaps your first step is to see how you *shouldn't* act.

Renaissance Men Don't

- Wear baseball caps
- Chew Copenhagen
- Have an infatuation with Vanna White
- Tell Polack jokes
- Have Grateful Dead stickers on their cars
- Watch MTV
- Drink double martinis before breakfast
- Whistle beer commercials
- Have pet names for their penis
- Shop in malls
- Bowl



- Read *Hustler*
- Enter chugging contests
- Live in New Jersey
- Throw Frisbees

This article will teach you how to dress, decorate your home, select a wine, acquire culture, etc., like a Renaissance man. But none of that will help you to be one if you don't learn the nuances of conversation. Renaissance men don't say things like "Yo, check out dah Rembrandt."

Conversation

First off, add words like "magnificent," "bravo," and "touché" to your vocabulary. Trade in your stock of "standard" lines for those of a more



poetic quality. "I'm hot to trot" can be replaced effectively with "I love the thunder and I love the rain, but sometimes they scare me." Don't groan, "Boy, do I want you." Say something like "I've conquered Everest and Wall Street, but I've never had an obsession like the one I have for you." That one should get you through to breakfast.

Renaissance men are also excellent listeners. Encourage your date to talk about herself, and *act interested*. Don't miss the cues for when to laugh and when to cry. If you mix them up, you're dead. If she's quiet, talk about Renaissance things, like literature and art, in an off-hand manner. Make the assumption that she knows what you're talking about. If she doesn't, you're in luck. Above all, resist the urge to tell her about the time

you fixed your sink yourself and saved a fortune.

If you have a slurpy, disgusting guffaw for a laugh, change it immediately. Go for quiet and charming ha-ha-ha's, the way that fathers on TV laugh.

Don't Say

pain in the ass
super
A-frame
smorgasbord
wow
huns
fuckhead
tits
blowjob
goodbye
beer

Say

persnickety
delightful
chalet
buffet
bravo
derriere
oaf
mounds of perfection
French
ciao
ale

Pronunciations

Michelangelo — *Mick-el-an-ge-lo*, like Michelob
Cannes — *Con*
Häagen-Dazs — *Hog-in-DOS*
buffet — *boof-hay*
Porsche — *Porsh-ab*
chalet — *shall-lay*
derriere — *dairy-air*
ciao — *chow*

Choice Words

absconded — ran away. "My ex-wife nearly absconded with my Porsche."
non sequitur — irrelevant statement. "I hate to clutter our conversation with yet

another non sequitur, but have you ever had sex in a Porsche?"

aroused — horny. "I can think of nothing more arousing than sex in a Porsche."

loquacious — blabby. "The man who installed the custom seats in my 944 was quite loquacious."

inebriated — drunk. "If we have a few more Courvoisiers, perhaps you'll be inebriated enough to be daring."

obstreperous — nasty drunk. "No, I won't become obstreperous if you don't want to have sex in the Porsche."

enchanting — whoever you're out with. "Are all the girls in the typing pool as enchanting as you?"

ambience — mood. "Isn't the ambience of this car romantic?"

Dress

Most people assume that Renaissance men have a closet full of five-hundred-dollar Armani suits. Nothing is further from the truth. Renaissance men dress however they want to, and that means comfort first.

Your wardrobe should be comfy and outrageous. Buy plenty of tropical shirts and funny, baggy shorts. Collect T-shirts emblazoned with slogans like "Santa Monica Harpsichord Festival." Don't be afraid to wear thongs and beach garb wherever you go—United Nations dinners, weddings, and funerals included. Renaissance men can afford to dress as they please.

Intelligence

The best way to appear intelligent is to hate what others like. It's one of life's little secrets, and it works. Learn to disdain

everything that's popular: Phil Collins, Bill Murray, Ansel Adams, and Japanese management techniques. If Sidney Sheldon's latest book is brought up in conversation, smile condescendingly and say, "I don't read books like that." Of course, you don't read *anything*, but your listener won't know that. She'll assume that you're a literary genius and probably change the subject.

Another trick is to love what others hate. To impress a room full of people, make it known that *Moby Dick* is your favorite book. By the same token, profess a strong affinity for Yoko Ono, Jerry Lewis, wheat germ, Campari, Reaganomics, and PBS.

Acquiring Culture

For most regular guys, culture is something that's found in yogurt. But the other kind of culture, the one that's hard to get down, is what you'll have to familiarize yourself with. Doing this effectively requires a crash course in music, poetry, and, of course, Cliffs Notes. Don't be afraid to spread yourself thin. In no time at all, you'll have the aura of a Harvard professor, particularly if you smoke a pipe.

Music

Listen to Beethoven. Hear how it goes: boom boom boom boom. Think of lightning. Listen to Mozart. Hear how it goes: twinkle twinkle twinkle. Think of "Twinkle twinkle, little star." Listen to Copland. Hear how it goes: clap ka clop ka clap ka clop. Think of cowboys. Got that? See how much fun classical music is?

Opera is a unique experience: it's the only place in the world where the audience is lulled to sleep with songs of death. If you're diligent, you'll study the great

operas at home and then find sound excuses never to attend a live performance.

Poetry/Theater

Memorize a few choice lines (dirty limericks don't count), and you'll go to the head of the class. A little Browning, Blake, and Keats can drive a woman to distraction—she may even forget that you don't have a Porsche. Great lines from the theater should also be quoted as often as possible. Shakespeare is easiest—all you have to do is speak in clichés.

Literature

Cliffs Notes are the silicon chips of education. You can read *War and Peace* in roughly ten minutes; *Nicholas Nickleby* takes eight. And you only need to read one Cliffs Notes booklet per author. Read the Cliffs Notes of *A Tale of Two Cities* and you can get through any discussion of Charles Dickens. (As long as you keep going back to *A Tale of Two Cities*.) Read fifteen to twenty Cliffs Notes booklets and you'll be perceived as a scholar. (If you read over fifty, you'll qualify for a degree in English, as I did.)

There are also certain classics that are very safe to discuss, since nobody has ever read them. Among these, the safest are: *Ulysses* (Joyce), *The Magic Mountain* (Mann), *Remembrance of Things Past* (Proust), and anything written by Dostoevsky (anything).

Famous People You Should Know About

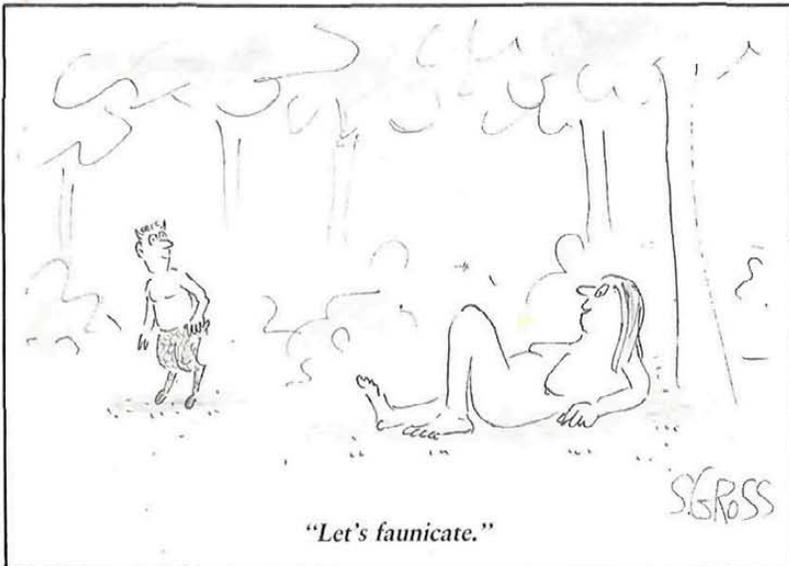
Leonardo da Vinci (*duh-vin-chee*) — Italian painter, sculptor (1452–1519). Painted "The Last Supper" and invented the bicycle.

Michelangelo (*Mick-el-an-ge-lo*) — Italian painter, architect (1475–1564). Believe it or not, this was his first name. Buonarroti was his last. Painted a church ceiling on his back.

Lord (George Gordon) Byron (*Bi-run*) — English poet (1788–1824). Wrote sissy poetry but loved fighting and fucking. If a date says you're "Byronic," she wants to either fight or fuck.

Richard Wagner (*Rikh-art Vahg-ner*) — German composer (1813–1883). Wagner is best remembered for *The Ring*, a cycle of five-hour operas that, in the end, drove him insane.

Fyodor Dostoevsky (*Fyaw-dor Dos-tayef-skee*) — Russian writer (1821–1881). Loquacious epileptic with a gambling problem. One of his best-known works, *The Idiot*, is a highly regarded novel about a compulsive gambler, though it could be an autobiography.



"Let's faunicate."

Oscar Wilde (*Wild*) — Irish writer (1854–1900). Wrote *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and blew half of London.

Culture for a Song

There are dozens of inexpensive galleries, museums, music fairs, etc., to go to. Look in the Entertainment section of the newspaper. It should be just before the Sports page.

Sports

Renaissance men are sportsmen. Regular guys are jocks. In actuality, there isn't much difference in their respective interests:

Regular Guy (Jock)	Renaissance Man (Sportsman)
Swimming	Scuba diving
Trout fishing	Shark fishing
Checkers	Chess
Bowling	Icing
Horseback riding	Polo
Badminton	Tennis
Pool	Billiards
Canoeing	Yachting

Most of these sports are pretty easy to learn. Be cautious with scuba diving and shark fishing, though. Shark fishing isn't much different from trout fishing, except that the "trout" in this case weighs half a ton and can't wait to slaughter you. And scuba diving is trespassing. Sometimes fish eat people, you know.

Now that you're a Renaissance man, be sure to remember protocol. You're competitive, but a gentleman, and must never be a poor sport. So if a woman you're dating wins a match, act as though you let her do it.

Material Possessions

How to appear wealthy when you aren't? You have three choices:

1. Claim that you gave all of your money to an environmental trust.
2. Be a Renaissance bohemian.
3. Fake it.

Fakery requires finesse. One good method is to let pictures work for you. If you have a '68 Bonneville, keep a picture of a Porsche around. Next year you can trade that in for a picture of a Lamborghini.

Your apartment or house doesn't have to be the flagship of Donald Trump's flotilla. It does, however, have to be clean. Renaissance men don't have piles of empty beer cans in their hallways and a collection of disposable razors on their bathroom sinks.

Line your place up with a few Oriental vases from Woolworth's. Buy some arty prints and put them in nice frames,

or nice prints in arty frames. Vinyl can't pass itself off as leather in a jacket, but on a sofa it has no problem.

Subtlety is important. Don't claim that your copy of *A Tale of Two Cities* is autographed by the author. Nobody is fooled by a plastic chandelier or a fake chinchilla bedspread.

Don't hesitate to spend a fortune on the television and VCR. Not only do you look ultra high-tech, but it gives you something to do if you can't convince anybody that you're a Renaissance man. Ditto the stereo. Make it a big rambling thing with plenty of wires to impress her—women are terrified of stereos with a lot of wires. Don't be afraid to arrange the components exotically. Hang the turntable on the wall, push the receiver on its side. Just be careful that the electricity doesn't rush to its head.

For the cost of a good suit, you can pass your house off as a Renaissance domicile. If this sounds like too much work, empty it of everything and pretend you've just been robbed.

Restaurants

Remember, you're more concerned with image than taste. How can you look like a Renaissance man if you make a little dam out of your mashed potatoes? On the other hand, you shouldn't overdo it on the exotic stuff—she may think you're a man of the world if you order rattlesnake, but she sure won't kiss you later. And fresh fish do *not* look impressive. They stare at you.

You won't have to learn a lot about fine wines, only how to pronounce them. When ordering, the best thing to look for is a number to the right of the name of the wine. This figure, usually preceded by a \$ symbol, indicates quality, and the higher

it is, the better (and the worse for your budget). Remember, a fine wine, like a fine date, is full-bodied and rich. When the waiter gives you the cork to sniff, don't say, "Smells okay to me." Say, "Good sir, did you bring me a bottle of wine or salad dressing?" Send it back immediately. You may even get your meal on the house.

The rest from there is pure chivalry. Do most of the ordering. Rise when she gets up to go to the women's room. Get up and seat her when she comes back. Send her food back if she doesn't like it. Remember to keep her glass filled at all times. Pay for the bill. Include her tip when you get the coats in the checkroom.

Jesus, maybe Renee Richards had the right idea after all.

Renaissance Guide to International Cuisine

Rating: One to five stars, five being excellent.

Chinese — * * * * * Excellent! Cheap, good food, international flavor. Learn to use chopsticks.

French — 1/2* Horrible! They baby the food and serve it in minuscule portions. The waiters are malicious thugs in tuxedos. But there are plenty of cheap French restaurants—in France!

Greek — * * * Mildly exotic, reasonably cheap. Food tastes like stale cigar butts.

McDonald's — * * Never take a date to one, but get used to eating in them by yourself, especially if you're going to go to French restaurants.

Japanese — * * * Very exotic, usually expensive. The food is always a little

continued on page 101



"... And then we have the 'Terrorist Special' where you're shot in the head and then dumped at the airport of your choice."

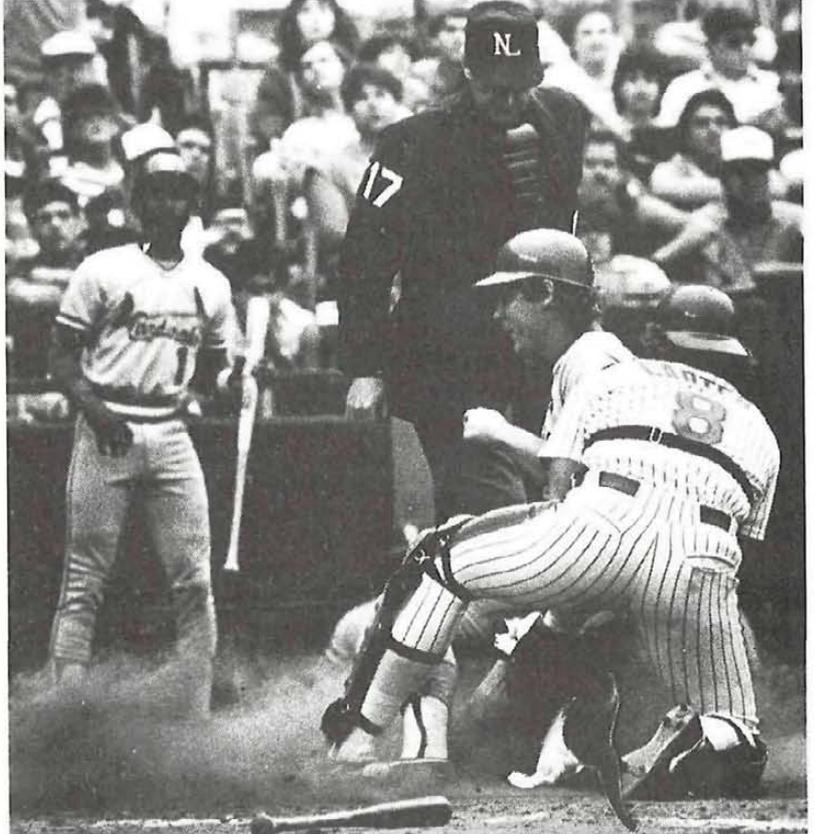
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by Bruce David

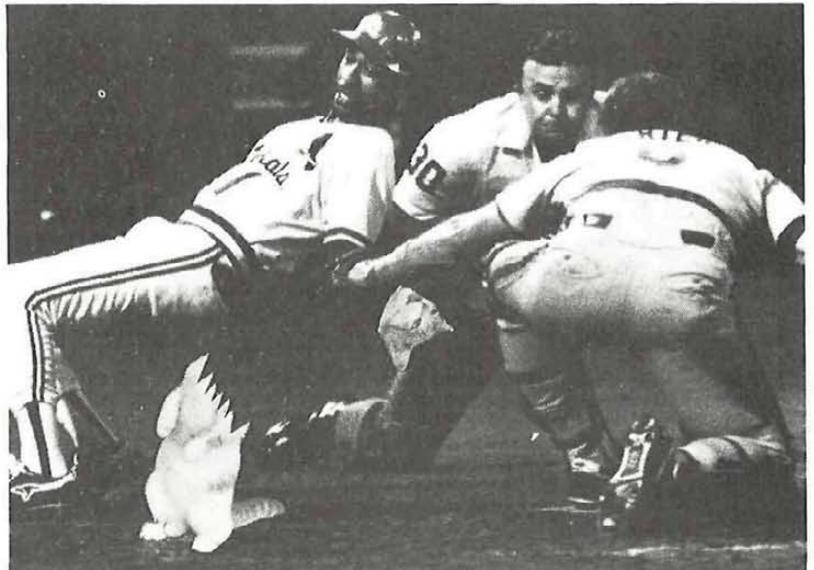
How did catball get its start? Just as with baseball, myth and fact are not easily separated. Some say the game was created by Abner Doubleday's cousin Felix Doubleday, when he became disgruntled over Abner's refusal to let him into a Fourth of July baseball game. (Apparently the two had earlier argued over the placement of bases, Abner favoring ninety-foot intervals, Felix preferring

uneven intervals in the form of an isosceles triangle.) In revenge, the legend goes, Felix and his friends started a game of keep-away with Abner's cat—and thus sports history was made.

Catball cognoscenti, however, ridicule this story, claiming instead the game has its roots in England, where whacking a cat with a long stick was considered a sign of keen wit amongst the intelligent-



Excitement of catball clearly captured in this photo.



Controversy of catball clearly captured in this photo.

sia. Charles Darwin, who struggled unsuccessfully for many years to incorporate cats into his survival-of-the-fittest theory, is said to have hosted many lawn parties where cat whacking was played in lieu of croquet. Still, the actual use of a paddle or bat-like object for striking a cat can be traced to Harrison, New Jersey—with Hartz Mountain's first crude attempt at marketing a reliable way to rid pets of fleas.

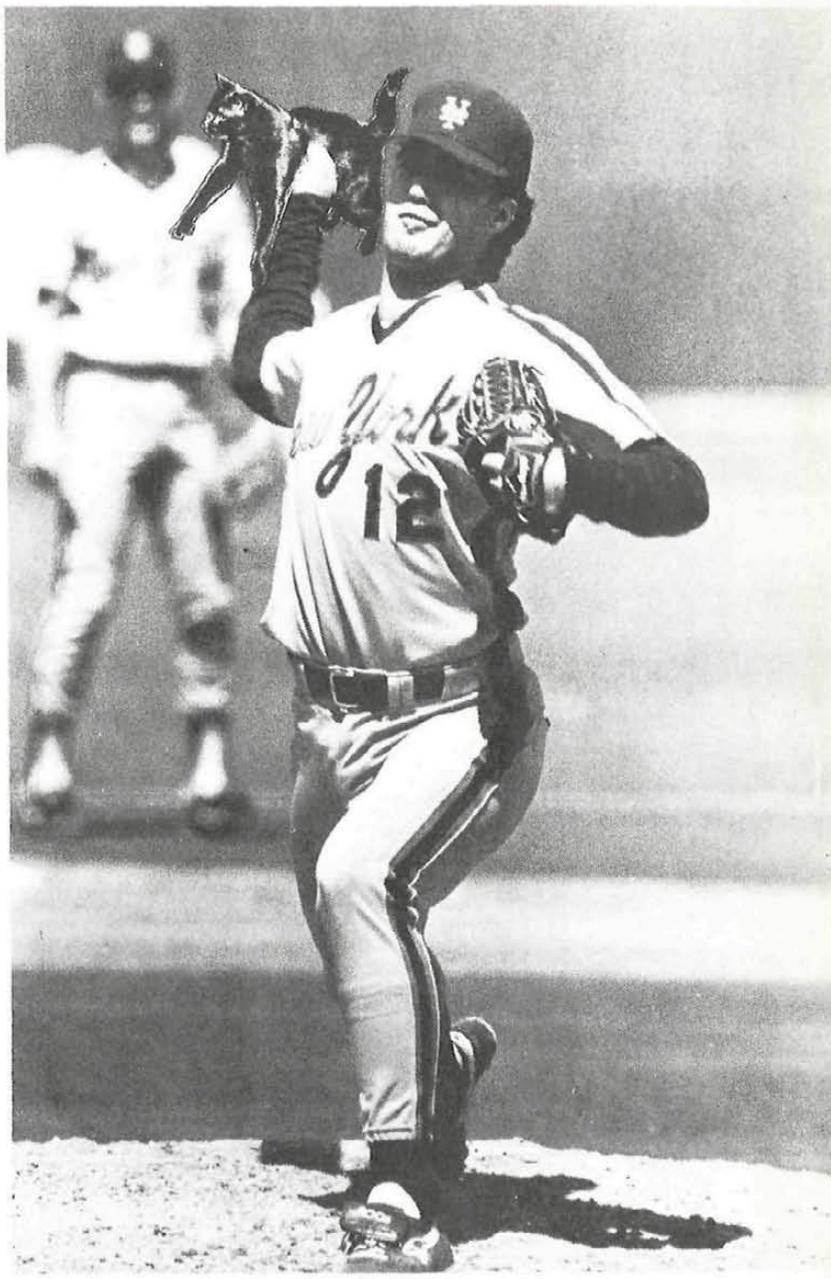
Whatever the truth of the matter, it is certain that catball was already being played in New York City sandlots as early as 1850 by poor immigrants who substituted the easily lured cats for the more expensive, hard-to-come-by Spaldings. Back then the sport was not organized as it is today, and rules varied widely, a fact which, for a long time, forced most teams to play unopposed. It was, however, generally agreed that to get a man out, you had to actually hit him with the cat. (This rule was abandoned when it was determined that the claw marks on players would adversely affect the sale of catball bubble gum cards.)

The modern era of catball was ushered in with the formation of the National Catball League in 1908. Now for the first time, uniform rules and regulations were imposed. Henceforth all cats used in the game would have to weigh 8.6 pounds exactly, measure sixteen inches from nose to tail, and wear a Hartz Two-in-One flea collar. With teams like the New York Non-Agouti, the Albany Albinos, and the Philadelphia Pink-Eyed Dilutes, the game of catball was finally and firmly established.

Unfortunately, merciless persecution by the ASPCA prevented catball from catching on the way baseball already had. Lobbying Congress, the reactionary animal-rights contingent managed to get a law passed which made it illegal to transport cats across state lines for the purpose of hitting them with a bat. To circumvent this law, it soon became mandatory for all catball players to become licensed vivisectionists—a legal formality which had the effect of making it all right to dismember a cat.

It was during this period that some of catball's greatest legends took to the field. Who could forget, for example, the sixty home runs hit by Babe Rough in 1927—or the way he generously autographed the sixtieth cat (despite the obvious difficulty) for that poor hospitalized crippled boy? And what about Lew Garrick's heart-stirring speech to thousands of loyal catball fans when he tearfully announced he was suffering from feline viral rhinotracheitis, the respiratory disease that eventually took his life.

For all of that, the ASPCA continued its senseless campaign against catball by hitting the players in the pocketbook. Not only were salaries kept down by the



CATBALL Q & A

Conducted with professional catball player Larry "Kitty Litter" Haines.

What's the most significant difference between playing baseball and catball?

Baseballs don't cling to your mitt.

What's the major thing you've learned since playing catball?

Cats don't always land on their feet.

What's the main problem in walking a batter?

Getting the cat back.

On the average, how long is a cat in play during a game?

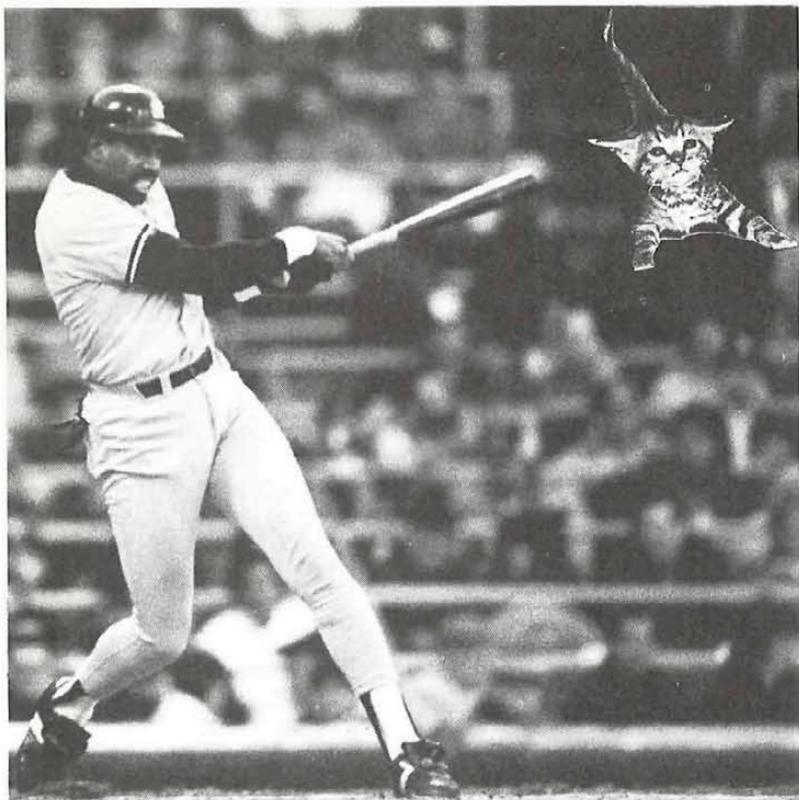
One minute and thirty seconds.

What is the average life expectancy of a cat during a game?

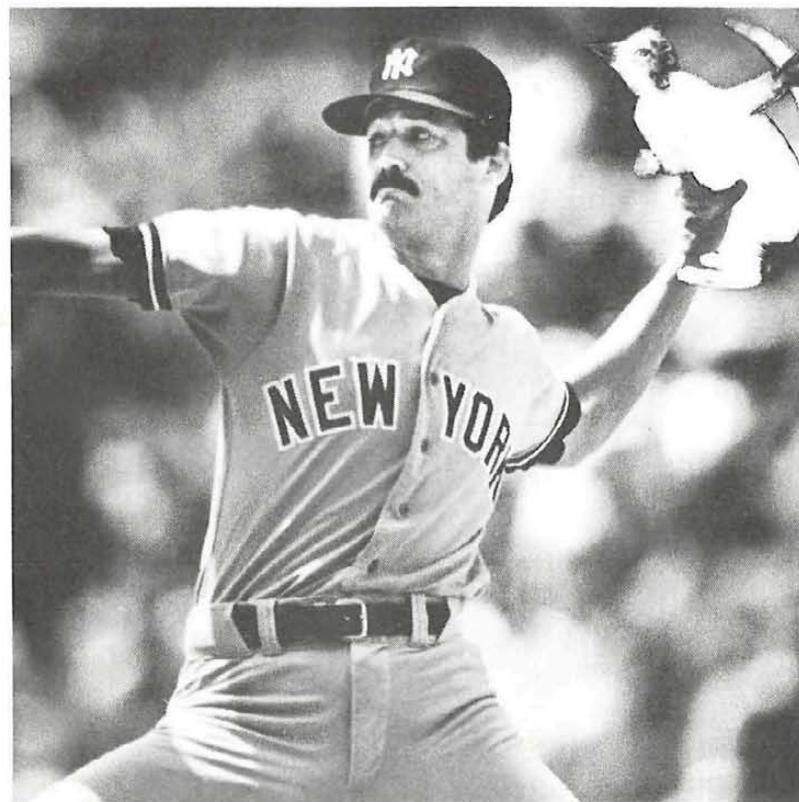
One minute and thirty seconds.

Has the public outcry over catball resulted in the use of animal tranquilizers?

Yes. Most of the players use them.



Are cats too easy to hit? One solution under consideration: using kittens.



Veteran Yankee pitcher Ron Guidry can no longer blaze a cat past a hitter. Nevertheless, he has learned to become a finesse pitcher and can get a cat to perform tricks on the way to the batter most veterinarians never knew were possible.

high legal costs of defending players in court, but by the late forties and early fifties, cat activists had successfully prevented players from cashing in on the lucrative area of product endorsements. While baseball and football players made big bucks hawking various soft drinks and beer, catball players were lucky to get their pictures in the Yellow Pages under "Cesspool-Pumping Services."

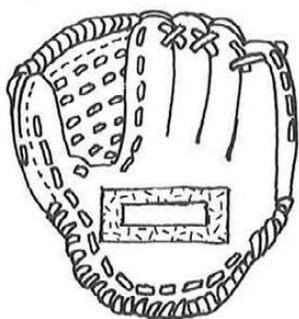
Despite all this, the game of catball has continued to grow and evolve. No longer are the players allowed to swing the cats by their tails while yelling "Yahoo!" Gone, too, are the days when a player could dunk cats in the dugout water bucket just to see how funny they looked. But the most controversial change of all has to be the Infield Cat Rule, wherein a cat popped high in the infield is an automatic out. The reasoning behind this is clear enough; before the rule infielders would routinely let a cat drop to the ground, then pick it up and attempt a double play. This, understandably, produced excessive wear and tear on the cat and frequently caused the first baseman to yell "Ugh!" while hopping up and down and holding his nose. Still, purists argue, it is just this sort of thing that makes catball so wonderfully unique.

Today's fans have their own concerns, chief among which is the belief that cats may have a higher bounce factor than in previous years. A record number of home runs this past season has prompted many to suggest there's been a change in diet or in the type and amount of exercise the animals are allowed to have before being put into a game. Some even say rival baseball teams, attempting to discredit catball, are secretly force-feeding the cats extra-large Plymouth brand rubber bands. Most experts agree, however, that the cats are unchanged and point instead to improved fitness among hitters. As one rookie puts it: "Any 250-pound man who lifts weights can really make those suckers fly." Whatever the reason, 22 percent more cats have rocketed out of the stadium this past season.

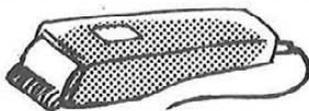
Another source of concern: charges of cat scuffing, the illegal practice of sandpapering a cat before throwing it to the batter. Sandpapering, of course, causes the cat to wriggle frantically as it heads for the plate, thus making it a much more difficult target to hit. Most fans agree that something has to be done about this practice before catball gets a bad name.

Likewise, fans are worried about "corking the cat," another illegal practice that seems to have gained an unwelcome foothold in the sport. Cat corking is a two-part process wherein the pitcher first feeds the cat a pre-game meal of refried beans and tamale sauce, then corks the creature's rear end. Gases build up, and by game time the cat is nothing more than a bomb waiting to be detonated, usually

HOW PITCHERS CHEAT



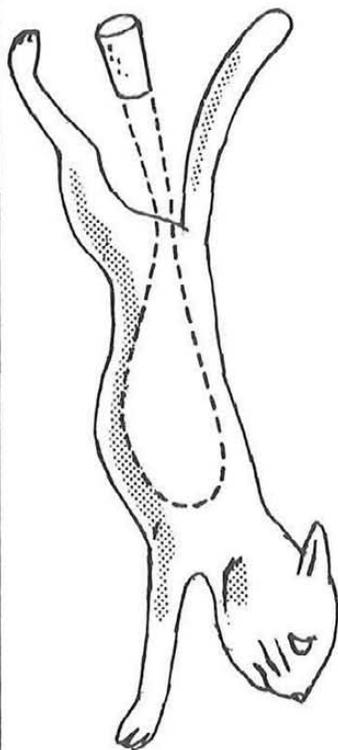
By hiding sandpaper or a tack in their glove to scuff or nick the cat.



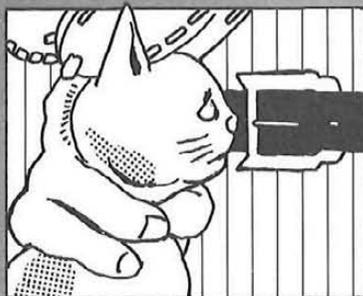
By using hidden clippers to snip off swatches of fur.



By sharpening their fingernails so they can cut the cat without a tool.



By corking the cat with refried beans and tamale sauce.



By sharpening their uniform's belt buckle and using it to nick the cat.

by contact with the bat. While an exploding cat is treated only as a foul ball, it does tend to throw the batter off for the next pitch.

Despite all the controversy, attendance is up this year. The record levels indicate to many that catball is finally starting to gain the respectability that somehow eluded it in the past. Even so, bleeding-heart do-gooders continue to deride catball as a vicious sport which puts the animals under high levels of stress. "Nonsense," says one loyal fan. "After the first pitch they're not under any stress at all." Besides, argue the players with some validity, what good are cats anyway?

Catball will, no doubt, always have its detractors. But for those of us who truly love the game, nothing can dampen our enthusiasm. What, after all, is better than a nice warm day at the ballpark, drinking beer and eating hot dogs while watching a long-haired Siamese sail into the grandstand? And what's more satisfying than the muffled thud of a batter connecting with a screaming Abyssinian?

Batter up, I say. Let the cats fly. ■

Other Innovative Cat Sports

Cat Bowling

This has been successfully tried a number of places. Enthusiasts say the cats slide nicely down a well-waxed lane and remain stunned enough by the collision with the pins to be easily retrieved. The only serious drawback noted to date: the cats tend to get clogged in the automatic ball return.

Cat Hockey

A fairly exciting game, especially because of the way the "puck" scrambles around the ice trying to get out of the way of the hockey sticks.

Basket Cat

The cats bounce down the court easily enough, but players complain

they're hell to get out of the basket netting.

Volley Cat

Not a good idea unless wearing heavy protective clothing and a face mask.

The Cat Put

Tried with mixed results. Fans like the high-pitched sound the cat makes as it hurtles through the air. Getting the cat back for a second throw is, however, a problem.

Cat Flying

Tie them to a kite and watch them soar. Great fun for the whole family, but probably not a true sport.



JOHN GURNEY



John Gurney

HEALTH FOOD HELL

by Dave Hanson

The whole misadventure started—as so many of my misadventures have—with my brother. He was flying into town from his home in Golden, Colorado, to show off his fifth and, he claimed, final wife, a plank-bellied aerobics instructor he'd met at a Buddhism seminar.

You know how usually in the genetic divvying up there is a pretty standard distribution table—like one kid gets the brains and one gets the looks? Well, my brother got the wives and I got the paunch. And boy, am I grateful. I don't pay any alimony or child support; all I gotta do is buy it an occasional beer. Anyway, Bart assured me up and down that THIS WAS THE ONE. He was finally ready to settle down, he said, and she was the one he wanted to do it with. She was an old-fashioned girl, as worn

out by the hectic pace and shallow transits of the single life as he was. Like him, all she'd ever really wanted was to settle down, extrude a few toddlers, have a house with a front porch and a white picket fence and kiddie toys scattered in the front yard. I didn't have the heart to ask him how old she was and how long he'd known her.

A couple hours before their plane was due the phone rang. It was my brother, at O'Hare Airport.

"Thank God you haven't left yet," he panted. "Tami forgot her shoulder bag. It had all her vitamins in it. You gotta stop off on the way to the airport and pick up a bottle of B-12 and a tube of lentil toothpaste."

"What the fuck kind of store sells lentil toothpaste?" I asked him. "I always

thought the taste of lentils was a reason to brush your teeth."

"If your waist was as narrow as your mind, you wouldn't have room for a belly button," he replied in typical endearing fraternal fashion. "I know it goes against all your principles to shop anywhere but at the beer distributor, but you'll have to go to a health food store. Get the stuff with the ginseng supplement if you can find it. We can get everything else tomorrow, but without the B-12 she'll crash."

"All right, I'll take care of it," I muttered, restraining myself. "I just don't want anybody breathing on me after they brush their teeth with that shmarg."

"Thanks a million, you're a peach," he said, ignoring me. "See ya in a couple hours."

Just as I suspected. He'd married yet another beacon of temperance.

As I entered the Wondrous Sunshine Health Food Shoppe, I was immediately hit with two things: the first was a whiny, shrieky request to put out my cigarette; the second, and more offensive, thing was the smell of the place—more like you'd expect in the workout room at a nursing home than at a place where youth and vigor are the bywords.

The cigarette request had come from the proprietor, a woman named Sunbelt who had frizzy hair and was clinging by herb-tea-stained teeth to her memories of macrobiotic hippiedom. She probably had a master's in something like anarchic lesbian poetry of East Africa and had been sulking for fifteen years about the fact that all of her friends got jobs on Wall Street and bought Lady Schicks and married the fathers of their children. At this point she was on a ladder, rummaging exasperatedly through boxes heaped atop the shelves.

"Okay, we got the cabbage soap and the garlic foot powder," she said down to the middle-aged, artsy-looking woman standing at the cash register, "but I can't find the turnip shampoo."

From the makeshift shelves of humbly designed brown, green, and white bottles and products, I picked out the ones I'd been sent for and got on line behind the artsy woman, who was obviously a Johnny-come-lately in the health food world, since she looked well-fed. The woman asked Sunbelt to please keep looking.

A small boy, obviously Sunbelt's son, was playing on the floor nearby with a flopsy rabbit doll. No Rambo or Terminator toys for this little peacenik. But his mother would have popped a valve if she'd seen what he was doing: the doll was being used as a warplane, complete with crash and burn sound effects—bombarding the multivitamins, buzzing the aloe supplement, then blitzkrieging a stringy cat, which flinched and slunk

"Potato chips?
And more junk
food?" he
squawked.
"Cigarettes?!
Liquor?! Oh my
God, what the
hell are you
doing to
yourself?!"

away. Sunbelt continued her fruitless search.

As I stood on line, listless with no cigarette and my brother and his bride du jour landing in half an hour, I aimlessly picked up a printed card from the only display near the register that wasn't selling ugly candy. Absentmindedly I read it and filled it out, entering a promotional sweepstakes in which first prize was a long weekend at Doctor Albrok Carmakjian's Institute of Total Wellness Through High Fiber in the beautiful unblemished mountains of central Pennsylvania; second prize was a soybean turkey delivered to your house on Thanksgiving; and third prize was one dozen carob chamomile candies.

Not since Gary Hart thought a little fling would be fun has such a seemingly mundane action sown such nightmarish fruits.

I was lucky I didn't wreck the car on the way home from the airport. If there were girl shows like there are cat shows, her category would have been "Luscious Blond Ditz" and she'd have been a cinch for "Best of Breed." She had the IQ of a clam, but I hardly noticed because she looked like Suzanne Somers with her skin tightened twenty years. As soon as we got home I pulled him to the side.

"Yo, Bart, man, how the hell do you do it?" I demanded, giving him the once-over, twice. "Did you inherit a different set of family jewels than I did or what?"

He smiled calmly. "You gotta find out what their game is, and you gotta play it. Tell them what they wanna hear, do what they want you to do. And they're yours, putty in your hands." He saw my

skeptical expression. "Hey, man," he said, gesturing to the room where she sat, "that is worth eating bean sprouts for. I'm telling you." He saw me glance questioningly at my cigarette. "Hey, it's even worth quitting those things."

"For a weekend maybe."

"For always," he said smugly. "For always."

Four Saturday afternoons later, as I sat washing down eight dollars' worth of Taco Bell with four dollars' worth of beer, my phone rang. Or actually, nowadays phones don't ring, they are more likely to beep or cheep or emulate some extinct Tasmanian finch or the trill of a castrato kitty cat. Anyhow I got a call from a woman with a feeble voice telling me I'd won first prize in the health sweepstakes.

Quite frankly I wished my extraordinary vaulting of the odds had happened in a state lottery or something with Ed McMahon on the envelope, but I was in no position to refuse the prize. I had some days coming from work but not enough money to enjoy them, and I figured if my bimbo-in-law was whelped on tofu, there could very well be similar fleshy, dim-witted twinkies roving the grounds of this place. I told the woman to sign me up.

There was a courtesy bus service leaving from a parking lot in Roanoke at six A.M.; I did a little quick math and figured out that before a day off six A.M. was closer to my bedtime than to my wake-up time, and that the ride would give me plenty of time to nap. Knowing it was my last hurrah for a while, I went on a good hearty rampage, starting right after work Thursday and hitting almost every bar in Richmond County.

When I awoke the next morning, feeling like Rocky Balboa in round 38, I knew I was on a bus, but I hadn't the vaguest notion of how I'd gotten there. I became aware of an odd crunching noise and opened my eyes slowly, cautiously. I was met by the contemptuous glower of a middle-aged, heavily face-lifted, overly made-up, body-rotted battle-ax who was munching demonstratively on carrot sticks and not doing a very good job of containing the chewed stuff. Quickly, I shut my eyes and tried to recall the events of the previous night. Failing that, I went back to sleep, with a fruitless prayer that I'd wake up feeling better.

After each of the ensuing naps I would open my eyes and see people regarding me with an animated horror as if, during my sleep, I'd murmured explicit sexual fantasies about Gary Coleman wearing only galoshes and a latex training bra.

I should make it clear in advance that I am not a junk food junkie—no, far from it. After a meal of Burger King

bowel grout or a bag of Cheez Doodles and a tub of cola I feel uncomfortable, listless, cranky. And I'm too much of a hypochondriac to disregard the terror-striking warnings that fill the news: I am no longer able to enjoy a cheeseburger or a butter 'n' cheese omelet without feeling my circulatory system grinding to a halt; I can no longer get a whiff of oven cleaner without imagining my lungs sealing over with ragged scar tissue and my brain shriveling and seeping blood; I can no longer eat a meal of Cheez Whiz on Wonder Bread or drive the New Jersey Turnpike without feeling unwanted formations of tissue congregating in parts of my anatomy that are only reachable with scalpels and lasers.

In other words I am not someone who in a show of blasphemous defiance is challenging God to muck up my interior anatomy. It's just that to me—a person who believes food should be a combination of convenient, cheap, and tasty—health food is idiotic. It demands as much conspicuous preparation and extra expense as yuppie food does, and while at least we are sure yuppie food tastes good, we can only guess that health food is as beneficial as it claims to be. After all, many doctors, for many years, assured us that a diet of beef and viscous dairy products would make for a strong healthy heart, and nowadays it seems like *the* definitive cancer or anti-cancer agent is pinpointed every month and disavowed the next. Whom can you believe? If you want to base the benefits of health food on the gusty proclamations of health food zealots who say it makes them feel good, consider the fact that you would get equally fevered proclamations from drunks, junkies, and swingers on what makes them feel good.

The bottom line is, after millions of years, the brainiest species in the history of the planet still can't agree on what it should eat. Food research devoted decades to removing the fiber from bread and making salt, sugar, and preservatives an inherent part of all packaged foods; food research has spent the last twenty years laboring to undo all this progress.

So it's back to the days before junk food was perfected, before cows were given steroids, and before foods were processed. Those were also the days when everyone croaked before they hit forty, from black plague or scurvy or malaria—that is, if a spear in the chest didn't end their chances of living long enough to contract angina or cholesterol overclog. But does it occur to today's sniffing socio-anthropologists that diet could have been responsible for the fact that all people did back then was kill, beat, rape, and plunder? In a society raised on Jell-O and Miracle Whip, the percentage of deaths at the hands of violent foes is nowhere near what it once

Vegetables were
run in, and
quickly excreted
was a hearty
glass of
dirt-flavored
juice topped
with sparkling
dirt-flavored
foam.

was. Nowadays most people die at the hands of glassy-eyed rookie interns.

When we pulled into the parking lot at about noon, amid the cooing of my fellow passengers about how beautiful and lush and green and Pennsylvanian everything was, I was relieved beyond words—at least now my sore shriveled brain would no longer be banging up and down to the harsh anapestic rhythm of the interstate. But then I came to a dismal realization—I had come to the land of no coffee, no aspirin, no Bloody Marys, no Alka-Seltzer. I was only glad I'd had the foresight to pack two cartons of cigarettes.

We were welcomed by an enormous sign which read "Albrok Carmakjian's Institute of Total Wellness Through High Fiber" and a bevy of eager-looking welcomers, obviously all worshipers of the Carmakjian lifestyle. They were all knobby-elbowed, blotchy-skinned hippie women, victims of a Rip Van Winkle consciousness. This was appropriate, since the camp was built on the grounds of a failed commune (what a rarity, eh?). The compound was set on several acres of farmland, with a nice big lake, badly mowed where it wasn't wooded. There was a main house, a huge rambling resort-type construction in which the meals were served and in which Carmakjian made his home and office when he wasn't at Total Wellness headquarters in Malibu; there were also several dozen bungalows set along the edge of the lake, in which the visitors were housed.

We were given a bunch of blithering pamphlets about the Carmakjian System

of Microcosmic Food Therapy for Comprehensive Revivification and a set of rules that strictly prohibited the smuggling in of liquor, cigarettes, or processed foods, and also a map of the place and our eating and sleeping schedules and arrangements. First things first—I decided to skip lunch and sneak in a nap.

The bungalow was small and cramped, dingy and undecorated, and contained five cots—I would be rooming with four other people—and a small drippy bathroom. The bungalow was also home to about a dozen scrawny cats and dogs, who were free to come and go as they pleased because the doors wouldn't shut. Unfortunately, these animals were as much as the humans the victims of the grossly unsatisfying diet—basically a chunk of goat cheese embellished with brewer's yeast and a handful of wheat germ for, say, a grown Labrador—and so, in their desperation for something tasty, the dogs spent hours combing the grounds for carrion and cat turds. What made this especially unlivable was that they insisted on sharing the cots with the visitors, and snuggling in close at that.

Further enhancing the opulence of this boudoir was the fact that, because health brands of flea and tick shampoo and clove-scented flea collars are completely lame, and Carmakjian's followers were too softhearted to kill insects—the extent of their brutality would be to shoo them away—each bed was infested with fleas and flea eggs, and each beast was the site of a thriving entomological population. Also, as a result of the staff's policy of using health-based organic remedies and products—insisting all the while they were just as effective as the stuff that Dow makes—the mildew ran wild. Either that or, who knows, Carmakjian had proclaimed that mold was a sentient being and thus sacred, and so they refused on moral grounds to combat it.

When I awoke from a fitful nap around six o'clock, the snout of a huge dirty bony collie was burrowed in my armpit and I had scratched myself red. But my headache was mostly gone, and I was ravenous. When I arrived at the main house, though, I was met with a large sign announcing that tonight was "Tofu Night." Tofu, for those who have never eaten it, is not one of those dishes you think about when you've been at sea for two years or when you're grocery shopping after smoking pot. It is not a food which makes mouths water with fretful anticipation; it is functional at best, with the charisma of cream of wheat without the cozy charm; the electric appeal of paste but not as yummy.

As I entered the dining hall—a large sloppily painted room decorated with posters bearing lame aphorisms about

health food and healthy living—I got my first real glimpse of the crowd. Of the two hundred or so people there, many were buoy-bellied businessmen types who had been told by their companies they would be uninsurable until they lost sixty pounds off their midribs and another ten out of their arteries; they were hoping that in two weeks they could reverse the effects of a lifelong diet consisting of goblets of butter, pitchers of Rob Roys, and sides of beef.

There were also a number of women, mostly aged forty to sixty, making yet another stop on their lifelong search for a miracle cure. They had already gone to every imaginable form of fat farm, had every imaginable kind of plastic surgery, including fat-suck-ectomies, had tried dieting with hypnosis and amphetamines and Dianetics and Pritikin and Dale Carnegie and primal screams, but would never be successful until there was a total prohibition on European frozen desserts, vodka martinis, and the pool cleaner's semen.

Then there were the fanatics—the ex-Buddhists, ex-rolfers, ex-est-ers, ex-Freudians, ex-addicts, ex-everythings, each with plenty of ex-wives, each a maelstrom of raving dogma about whatever it was that was giving them an examined and fruitful life that month. Cousins of these were the Carmakjian followers—self-improvement-crazy zealots who had narrowed their search for a panacea to the area of health food. They were basically the same genus as Carmakjian's assistants, weakies who joined the hippie movement late with natural living in mind; ultimately the combination of healthy living and earthy lifestyle had deprived them of the joys of either drugs or solvency. Another difference between them and the fanatics was that they were markedly uglier. Given a

chance they would bitterly denounce things like business and advertising, yet they had fallen hook, line, and sinker for Carmakjian's marketing strategy.

The missing sector of the population? The bimbos, damn it.

I located my assigned table; I had four tablemates, among them a Carmakjian couple—Colbert, who was grayish and looked like he couldn't handle an adult-weight bowling ball, and Gretchen, a tall, skinny sniveler with bad sinuses and a snooty face you'd love to punch—along with Rob, a fanatic orthodoxist who had traded in cocaine for fiber and was urgently telling the whole world about it, and Mella, a miracle-cure seeker whose volume of makeup would have made Divine look like an Ivory girl.

"Prime rib looks good tonight, eh?" I said with a grin, extending my hand to Colbert. He timidly smiled and offered me a feeble paw, which he withdrew as soon as I let him; a look around the table told me I was among people who were all deadly serious about getting healthy.

"Dave Frin," I said as I sat down. "Roanoke, Virginia. Don't get too full. Dessert is big tonight, triple-fudge freezer cake, à la double mode. Double cognacs for the house."

I was met with dour, disapproving scowls.

The waitress, who looked as if she had lived here before the commune failed, brought soup. It was a brown broth containing lumps of tofu, discs of shriveled fungus, reconstituted seaweed, plankton, and little chunks of something that most closely resembled florist's sponges. It was capped with a floating clump of itchy, bitter, woolly bean sprouts that looked like an unkempt public bush.

The other denizens of my table emitted enthusiastic slurping and grunts of delight, a medley of sounds usually heard

round the Thanksgiving table.

I took a spoonful. The inside of my mouth tasted like I'd used a dead turtle as a lozenge. Now maybe I was ready to brush my teeth with lentil toothpaste. Unfortunately there was a frightening dictum in the Carmakjian rulebook: since the nutritional content of each portion was meticulously meted out and charted, you had to finish every bite. And until you did, no one else at the table could have his next course. Resisting the temptation to spill it in my lap, I choked it down.

The waitress returned. "Here's your vegetable juice," she said, as if she were Heather Locklear whispering hoarsely to you that she was going to take off her bra now.

Vegetable juice, I would find, was served with every meal, made fresh with Carmakjian's brand-new giant juicer. Fresh vegetables were run in, and quickly excreted was a hearty glass of dirt-flavored juice topped with a tier of sparkling dirt-flavored foam. While my tablemates greeted each glass with gusto, I was gagging from the first sip all the way until that dreadful moment I realized I had to lick away a kale/rhubarb-flavored foam mustache.

After a casserole of tofu mash and stringy vegetables, it was time for dessert. I prayed for something that would nullify the taste in my mouth.

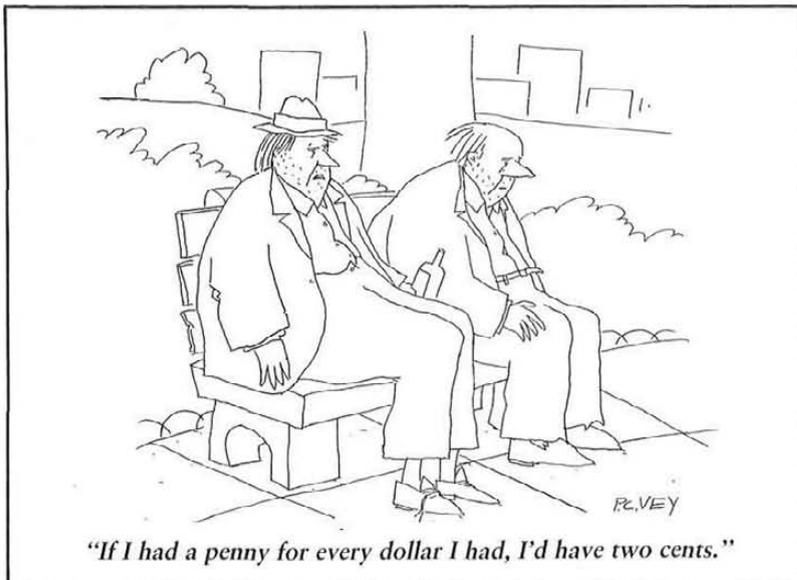
In its missionary work it seems as if the health food world is always trying to sell itself on the premise that health substitutes, from organic cough syrup to unsweetened candy to homeopathic laundry detergent, are "just as good as what you're used to," but they always, always fall short of the mark; this was certainly the case with the mousse we were served, a mixture of carob, goat milk, and honey.

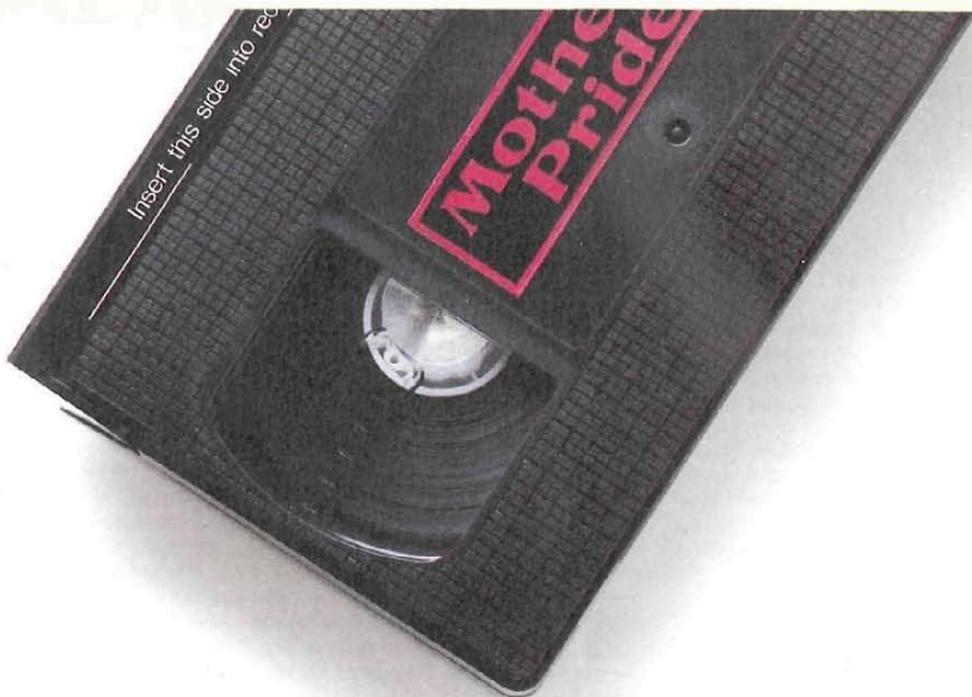
The waitress, seeing me eyeing the bowel-colored suds skeptically, enlightened me. "It tastes just like chocolate," she said.

"And monkey piss tastes just like bonded bourbon," I muttered, elevating the metaphor.

Personally, I am an advocate of the Sea Gull Diet, or mixed bag. To say that a diet of pure health food is doing you good is to say you're doing your muscles good by lying in bed and letting them atrophy because you're not risking straining or tearing them. Because health zealots with their rigid diets have so pampered their innards, they are unable to digest things a normal American's intestinal juices would make short shrift of; I have seen people who consider themselves the pinnacle of health become sick and mis-colored from eating an order of French fries; get severe headaches from the consumption of a chocolate bunny. I believe that

continued on page 90





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Health Food Hell

continued from page 88

you must toughen and build up your digestive system, push it to the limit with a variety of foods in order to strengthen it, put calluses on the inside of your stomach the same way you'd put them on your hands.

After the dinner mess was cleared away we were told to register for our Intimate Total Health Encounter for the next morning, when we would meet Carmakjian in person. An excited buzz ran through the room; after we registered, everybody settled down for an evening of playing a variety of card games and backgammon with dried-fruit snacks as the stakes. For me the evening was like a return to high school, running to the bathroom and outside to sneak cigarettes every half hour.

At ten-thirty herb tea was served and at eleven bedtime was announced. We headed back to our bungalows, where—along with the discovery that the place was full of some of the most voracious mosquitoes I'd ever in my life encountered, big thirsty wren-sized monsters coming in off the lake—I met my bunkmates, two of whom were Gretchen and Colbert. The others were an angst-addled, fortyish, overcultured spinster who had more liver spots than laugh lines and was here to cure her asthma, and a whale of a businessman who looked like he had a kickball between his belt buckle and his crotch, and a throat as white and soft and fat as a British tit. In him I saw my only possible ally, a guy who was an epicure of midnight snacks, an eighth of a ton of extensive shameless barbecuing and numberless happy hours and not far from going belly up, a man not accus-

tomed to being sober at this late hour—but it was obvious he'd been gotten to when he began talking passionately with Colbert about the philosophies of Carmakjian, and comparing health mavens of the seventies on whose theories Carmakjianism was based but whom Carmakjian had clearly transcended.

When I went into the bathroom to change, I realized that all I'd brought to sleep in was a pair of red satin "Home of the Whopper" briefs given to me by a friend who'd obviously never seen me naked. When I came out, my Redskins T-shirt pulled down as much like a dress as I could make it, everybody was tucked in, waiting for me to turn off the light. I was ready to hit the hay; I hoped I could sleep my way through this hunger.

Along with several thousand fleas and a haze of mosquitoes there were three dogs eagerly keeping my cot warm for me, with that stupid grateful look dogs always have, regardless of whether you're feeding them or beating them over the head with a stick. I wriggled my way down between them, eventually getting comfortable enough to lie still and settle down to my scratching.

And so I had at last escaped the barrage of vulgar-tasting foodstuffs, but it was to an eighteen-by-eighteen scratching den with one wheezer, two sniffers, and a fat fuck who was going to snore so loud it would show up on the Richter scale in San Diego. Not to mention that I was spending Friday night curled up with a bunch of dogs whose breath would gag a maggot and who panted and chewed their feet and nestled against me and kicked fleas and ticks on me and got me messy when they had a good dream. Plus I had dried fruit caked in my teeth and I was too hungry to sleep. Ah, nature. Curse my fucking brother for getting me

in that damn health food store.

I lay back and closed my eyes, but there were no sheep to count. . . . Instead, there were Hostess products . . . French fries . . . pastries . . . big slabs of Velveta melting over order after order of nachos grande . . . mugs full of ice-cold beer . . . grease-dripping cheeseburgers . . . chocolate thick shakes . . . visions of candy bars dancing through my head . . .

The hunger was huge, with the gnawing psychotic urgency of a screaming ambulance in a traffic jam, or Jack Nicholson in a body cast with an itch. I could not force or trick it out of my mind. I scratched silently, trying not to displace the dogs, waiting to hear the others sleep, but despite themselves they just itched and scratched. A half hour passed. The hunger swelled. I had to make a move.

I wriggled out from beneath the quilt of beasts, picked up the gym bag which was my luggage, and tiptoed into the bathroom, closing the door gently behind me. I hadn't counted on needing my emergency provisions this soon, but this was a crisis. Along with the cigarettes I pulled out a pound bag of cheese Doritos, three packs of FunnyBones, a 375-milliliter tank of rotgut bourbon, and a *Sports Illustrated*. I lit a ciggy, took a long pull on the bourbon, and smashed two FunnyBones into my mouth, my ecstasy uncontrollable as I licked the peanut butter foam out of my mustache. I felt like I was home. I turned to "Inside Baseball" and tore open the Doritos—starved as much for the crunch as for the potassium bicenzoate phosphate—but suddenly there was a commotion at the door. The dogs had scented the food. And then there was an anxious knock.

"Be right out," I yelled, stuffing my treasures back into the bag. "All that seaweed, you know, cathartic. Just be a minute."

"What's that burning smell?" came a horrified voice, then a whiny cough. "Are you . . . smoking in there?"

"Yeah," said another voice accusingly, "are you smoking cigarettes in there?" Then another gaspy cough, the way non-smokers do when they're trying to show you how affected they are by your smoke.

Like a Cheech and Chong movie with the cops at the door, I threw the cigarette in the toilet and, panicking, threw the FunnyBones wrappers in after it. Giving the toilet a flush, I flung open the door and grinned big.

"Hi," I said, all innocence.

This approach did not work at all.

Between the weak water pressure, which could not choke down the garbage, their smoke-sensitive noses, and the dogs attacking my bag now that the packages were opened, I was nailed. I

continued on page 97





Well... it's Part II of my life story... I'm an infant...

hickerson and Stanfill

"The epicurean bliss of Mom's knobs awake in me an altruistic sense."

Let me know next time you invite all your FRIENDS to DINNER, Baby Ven-geance.

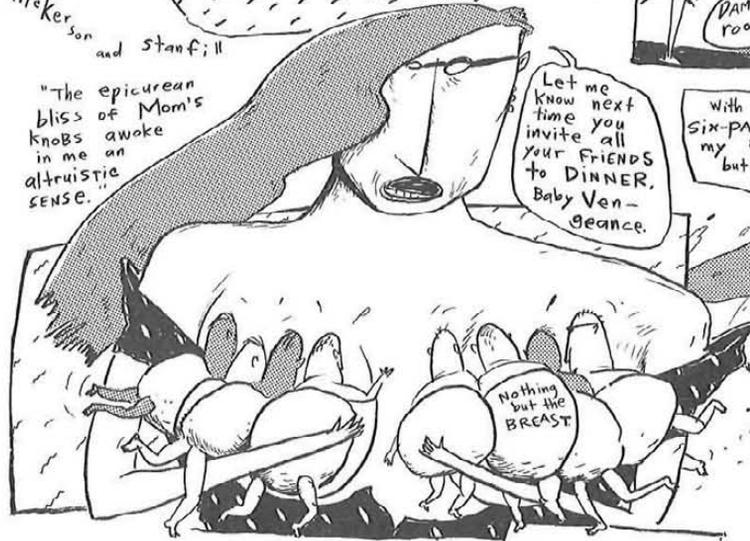


...That's why I'm smokin' with a FILTER. From day one I took to Life like a PIT BULL takes to ME. The only TROUBLE I had was... POTTY TRAINING.

MY CASSEPOLE!!

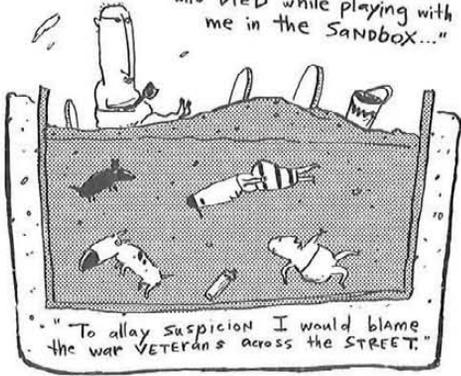
DAMN! Wrong room AGAIN!

with my black leather diapers and a six-pack of FORMULA... the WORLD was my PLAYPEN!!! I was STREET-WISE, but I had trouble with the CURBS.

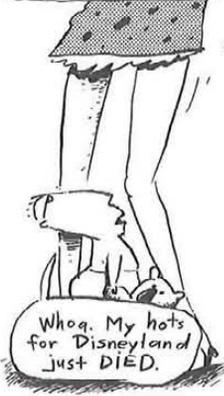


Then one day I came across some-thing I would LATER try to get to COME ACROSS...

"I started to think I'd make a good MORTICIAN because of the NEAT tombstones I made for my FRIENDS who DIED while playing with me in the SANDBOX..."



"To allay suspicion I would blame the war VETERANS across the STREET."



Whoa. My hots for Disneyland just DIED.



HEY! Babysitter Girl! They call ME the ORIGINAL Potty ANIMAL! This bulge in my DISPOSABLES ain't what you THINK!

NEXT TIME: PART III !!

Stories from
UNCLE KUNTA



by B.K. Taylor © 1987

UNCLE KUNTA CONTINUES TELLING MOLLY AND TODD THE STORY OF CREATION.



...WELL, YOU RECALL LAST TIME DA DEVIL WAS TRYING TO GET ADAM AND EVA TO EAT DAT APPLE, EVEN THOUGH GOD SAID, "DON'T EAT NO APPLE!"
WELL, DAT SNEAKY DEVIL FIGURE DA ONLY WAY HE GONNA GET EVA TO EAT IT IS TO SEPARATE DEM. SO HE SEND ADAM TO GO FETCH SOMETHIN' SO'S HE CAN GET EVA ALONE....

...REMEMBER, GOD CHANGE HISSSELF INTO A TREE SO'S HE COULD WATCH WITHOUT THEM KNOWIN'



...C'MON, EVA TRY A LITTLE BITE

WELL, I DON'T KNOW...OKAY, JUS' ONE.



CHOMP! GRUMPH! SAY, DIS IS DA BEST THING I EVER ET....

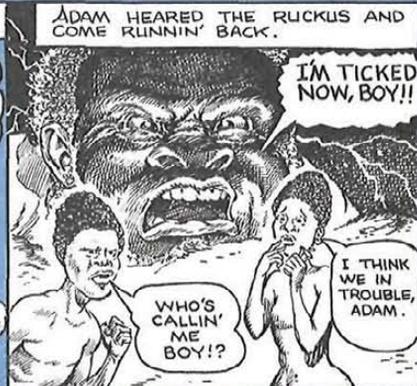
DAT'S IT! EAT DAT THANG!



GRRRR!

PATOOE GOOD GOD! WHAT...

WELL, I BE GOIN' NOW!

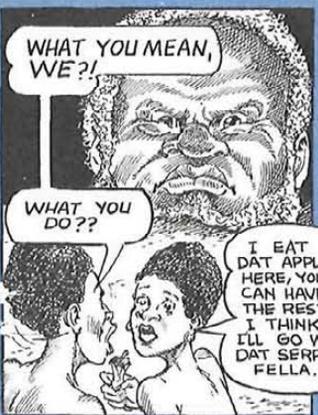


ADAM HEARD THE RUCKUS AND COME RUNNIN' BACK.

I'M TICKED NOW, BOY!!

WHO'S CALLIN' ME BOY!?

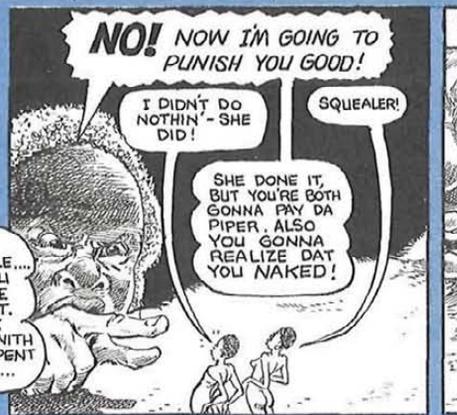
I THINK WE IN TROUBLE, ADAM.



WHAT YOU MEAN, WE?!

WHAT YOU DO??

I EAT DAT APPLE.... HERE, YOU CAN HAVE THE REST. I THINK I'LL GO WITH DAT SERPENT FELLA....



NO! NOW I'M GOING TO PUNISH YOU GOOD!

I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN' - SHE DID!

SQUEALER!

SHE DONE IT, BUT YOU'RE BOTH GONNA PAY DA PIPER. ALSO YOU GONNA REALIZE DAT YOU NAKED!



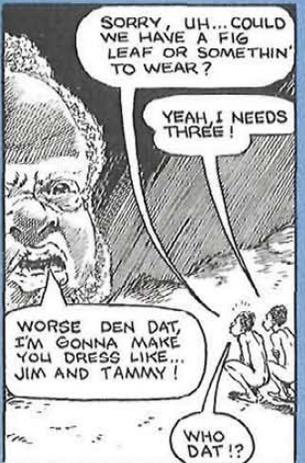
SEE, LIP TO DIS POINT DEY DIDN'T KNOW DEY WAS NAKED.

WE IS NAKED!

LORDY, WE IS! I THOUGHT I FELT A BREEZE....

HEY! YOU LOOK PRETTY GOOD NAKED....

STOP DAT!!



SORRY, UH... COULD WE HAVE A FIG LEAF OR SOMETHIN' TO WEAR?

YEAH, I NEEDS THREE!

WORSE DEN DAT, I'M GONNA MAKE YOU DRESS LIKE... JIM AND TAMMY!

WHO DAT!?



AND SO A BIG POOF WAS HEARD AND THEY WAS CHANGED!

OH MAN! MY HAIR IS HARD AS A ROCK!

I GOTTS SOMETHIN' IN MY EYES! AH!! I THINK I GOIN' BLIND!

I DON'T KNOW WHO JIM AND TAMMY IS, BUT I'M SO ASHAMED! I AINT GOING NOWHERE DRESSED LIKE DIS!



GEE! WHAT HAPPENED NEXT, UNCLE KUNTA?

CAN'T TELL NO MORE 'CAUSE WE OUTA ROOM.

OUT OF ROOM?

YEAH, BUT YOU COME BACK NEXT TIME AND I'LL TELL YOU A WHOLE NEW TALE.

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EVERETT IS FORCE-FEEDING SAM EGG CUSTARD, WHICH SAM LOVES!

SAM, THIS IS YOUR THIRD BOWL OF CUSTARD TODAY! AT THE RATE YOU'RE PUTTING ON POUNDS, IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE IT'S TIME FOR "YOU KNOW WHAT"*



SAM, USING THE PYTHAGOREAN THEOREM, THE SQUARE OF YOUR OBESE HYPOTENUSE TRIANGULAR SQUARE PUTS YOUR WEIGHT AT 428 POUNDS.



I'M SHOOTING FOR 500 POUNDS IN FIVE OR SIX DAYS...



KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

I BRING YOU SALVATION, BROTHER! THE GOOD BOOK SAYS THE FOOLISH MAN STORES UP SPITTLE IN LEAKY PAILS, AND JUST AS THE WIND...



...RAISETH NOT THE SKIRT OF AN UGLY WOMAN...

AMMM, I NEVER LOOKED AT IT THAT WAY...



...SO TOO, A WISE MAN PLANTETH NOT A MUSTARD SEED IN THE DUNG OF A BEAST!

TRUE...SO TRUE... I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT!



THE FINGER THAT FALLETH FROM THE HAND OF THE LEPER POINTS NO MORE!



OH, HOW WRONG I'VE BEEN ABOUT CANNIBALISM!

HEY, EVERETT! HOW ABOUT SOME CUSTARD?!!



OH, SAM, MY DEAR FRIEND, WHAT AN EVIL THING I HAVE DONE TO YOU! YOUR ORDEAL IS OVER, I'M GOING TO SET YOU FREE!



WHAT ABOUT THE CUSTARD?

IT IS BETTER TO RIDE A CAMEL THAT LIMPS THAN AN ASS THAT SMELLS!



ONE HECTARE OF CUKES IS WORTH A THOUSAND HECTARES OF SUMMER SQUASH!



WEARETH NOT THE LOINCLOTH OF A GENTILE, SAM, IT COVERETH NOT THE SINS OF THE HEART!

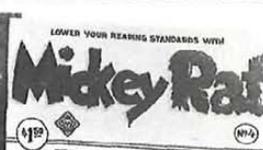
GENTILE SCHMENTILE! WHERE'S THE GODDAMN CUSTARD?!!





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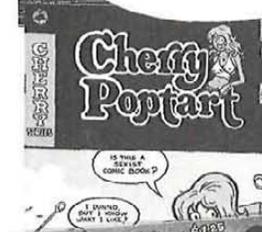
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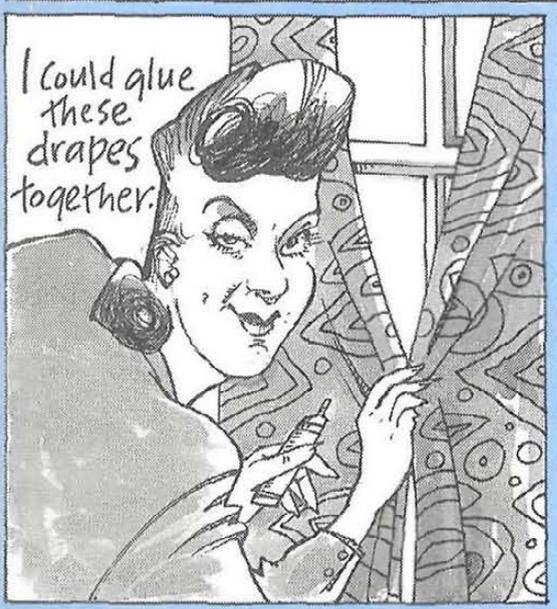
OH MY GOD!

I've just received a free glue sample!



Maybe I should glue something!

I could glue all my shoes together!
ha ha ha



I could glue these drapes together.



I could glue the lamp to the telephone, or the telephone to the table.



But why would I do that?

That's stupid.

Why should I have to glue everything just because it comes in the mail?



maybe just this one little item.

Health Food Hell

continued from page 90

had no idea how badly.

Along with a symphony of appalled coughing, I was greeted with a barrage of disgust and horror.

"Packaged pastries?!" squawked Gretchen, horrified. "And I smell . . . alcohol!"

"Potato chips?! And more junk food?" yelled Colbert, opening the bag as the dogs lunged at it desperately. "A carton of cigarettes? Liquor?! Oh my God, what are you . . . what are you doing to yourself?!"

"Jesus," said Fatso indignantly. "How the hell can you come here and expect to have the wondrousness of Carmakjian work for you when you do . . . when you do . . . this?!"

Trembling with a mixture of rage and recrimination, Gretchen moved her face close to mine, her head tilted and her eyes bugging out obscenely, and bayed accusingly, "You saw the sign. You know the rules. You're in big trouble. Big, big trouble. We're gonna have to turn you in, you know, there's no second chances, you're probably gonna have so many demerits you won't be allowed to have fresh fruit with lunch tomorrow!"

Feigning distress, I reacted as if I were buckling with remorse. I knew if I reacted the way I wanted to I would be made responsible for my bus fare home, and I might never get to meet Carmakjian. I pleaded for forgiveness, begged them not to tell on me.

"No, no, we must tell him," bleated the asthmatic bitch. "You must learn your lesson! You smoked! Plus, we get extra vegetables for reporting you."

My entreaties were fruitless: I'd broken the rules and I would be made to pay the price. Meanwhile the cocksuckers were dumping my liquor and flushing the chips and the remaining FunnyBones, deeming them unfit even for canine consumption. The dogs surrounded the toilet and watched mournfully as the finest-tasting victuals were flushed away.

The food and booze were sacrifices I could make in the interests of diplomacy, but when they started on the cigarettes, I drew the line.

"No, no, that's a chemical dependency," I said, doing my best Norman Bates. "I need professional help to stop with those. I'm joining SmokEnders this week. I won't smoke 'em inside anymore, I know they make you wheeze, but you can't take 'em away, I'll go blibba-blibba-blodda-blay, you won't want to be on the same scaboard as me if you flush those."

Seeing the ferocity in my eyes, Colbert let the carton go and handed me the gym bag. But his wife was a tougher sell.

"Don't let him have those," she said in a piercingly righteous voice, trying to

wrestle the bag away. "He doesn't need those things, that's a sickness. If he doesn't have them here he won't smoke them, anyway he's been drinking, he'll burn the place down, he—"

I yanked the bag from her with complete authority, with a look that said leave-me-alone-or-your-sex-organs-will-be-impaled-on-my-sneaker. She finally backed off, although it was obvious she still wanted her husband to play Health-Vindicator-Man.

We all slowly, warily walked back into the other room, each ready for some violent lunge. I could see that they had unified, as if they had shared something special with this "intervention," drawn closer like people who have survived a near-miss together.

I wriggled back between my recolored dogs, who were extra-friendly since my mouth was ringed with Cheez powder, and lay back, less angry but still itchy, and listened to them scratching and snoring and wheezing and sniffing.

The next morning, early, came my Intimate Total Health Encounter with Carmakjian. I got to the waiting room—a stark affair decorated with unappealing still lifes of health food—and nodded hello to a woman wearing a "Hello—My Name Is Karen" badge who was obviously his assistant. Already about eight people were there, each glancing nervously at the imposing, carved-oak door marked "OFFICE OF DOCTOR CARMAKJIAN—PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB." Exhausted from a long night of scratching and sweating and nicotine fits and dog smells, I sprawled onto a couch near Carmakjian's door. The assistant—indeed the picture of health with a body bony everywhere but her abdomen, crummy shy posture, and eyes hollow below a brow which was wrinkled from maintaining a self-righteous scowl—regarded my seating arrangement uneasily and nervously consulted a clipboard.

About ten more people came in, each glancing deferentially at the door and sitting down, before Karen closed the front door and stood before us to speak; her delivery was a strange combination of dogmatic personal conviction coming out of a person who was totally ineffectual.

"Good morning," she said in a scragging, cracking voice. "It's a beautiful morning, just beautiful. Wasn't that a beautiful grain breakfast we shared this morning?"

Everybody nodded with everything they had.

Now she told us that since Carmakjian was engaged in his cherished meditation at the moment she would explain his principles to us. If he emerged from his

continued on page 100

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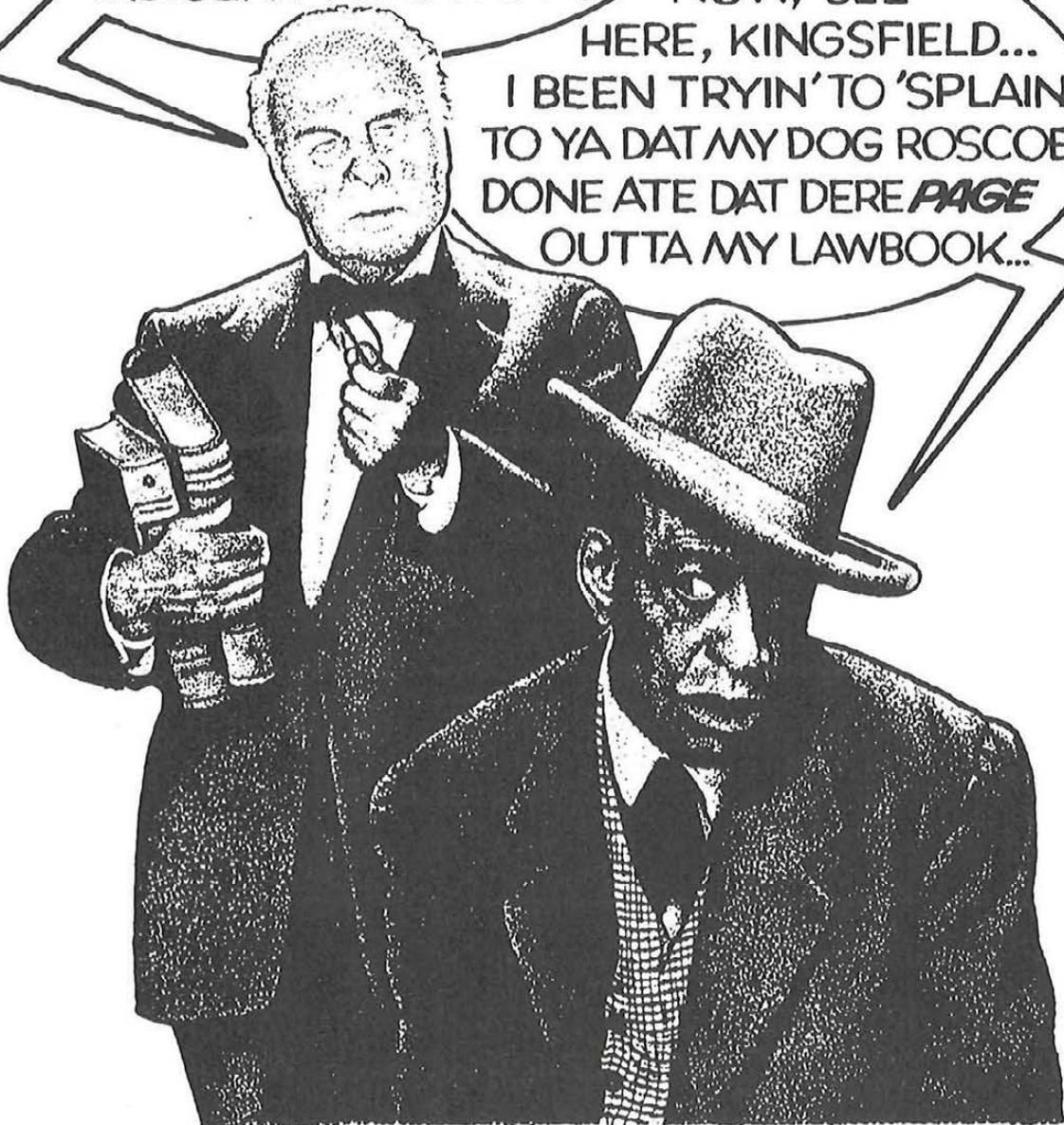
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I am over 19 years old and request this material

I'M ASKING YOU
FOR THE THIRD TIME, MR.
KINGFISH. IN THE CASE OF
BROWN VS. CARTER, WHAT
DID THE SUPREME COURT RULE
WAS A PRIMARY RIGHT OF AN
INDIGENT PLAINTIFF?

NOW, SEE
HERE, KINGSFIELD...
I BEEN TRYIN' TO 'SPLAIN
TO YA DAT MY DOG ROSCOE
DONE ATE DAT DERE *PAGE*
OUTTA MY LAWBOOK...



KINGSFIELD meets the KINGFISH

by Drew Friedman and Ed Bluestone

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SON OF HERCULES

AMONGST THE NORTH AMERICANS

IT'S DIFFICULT TO SAY FOR CERTAIN WHO ENJOYS MOST THE RITES OF HALLOWEEN, HERCULES OR HIS SON PENOS.



THE CARVING OF THE CYCLOPS-O-LANTERN HAS BECOME A SEMI-EPIC TRADITION AT THE HERCULES HOME.



UNFORTUNATELY, SHOPPING FOR A COSTUME IS NO EASY TASK



AND, OF COURSE, TREATS. CHOCOLATE-COATED GRAPES AND BAKLAVA BALLS



"OFF TO BED, YOUNG MAN, YOU CAN TALLY YOUR SPOILS IN THE MORNING"



LATER HERCULES PEEKS IN TO FIND HIS SON MAKING AN OFFERING OF BITE-SIZE CHOCOLATE BARS TO ATHENA. SUCH MOMENTS MAKE ALL THE FRUSTRATIONS OF PARENTING WORTH THE EFFORT



IF ONLY ONE OF HIS WIVES WAS HERE TO SHARE THIS TOUCHING MOMENT WITH HIM.

Health Food Hell

continued from page 97

trance he would come out and join us, but if not we would be with him in spirit, and anyway he would be sharing Saturday dinner with us. What an Intimate Encounter, I thought—twenty people and the guru's lackey.

She snapped to business, which meant her whining became firm and factual. "The principles of Glorious Total Wellness are based on the principle of our human body being its own individual ecosystem, a microcosm of the planet Earth and the laws of nature which govern it. In employing the basis of microcosms we are seeking to nurture the whole; hence the term 'Total Wellness.'"

Her voice was like a choir of fingernails raking across a chalkboard. But now, more quietly, I heard something else—coming from behind Carmakjian's door, a big meaty smoker's cough, and the crinkle of cellophane.

Meanwhile an oblivious Mrs. Chalkboard continued. "And so in order for the ecosystem of our body to maintain its glorious balance and sylvan flow of harmoniousness, we must offer to it the same balance maintained by mother earth."

Again I heard the juicy cough, the crinkling, and then the sound of a phone being push-button dialed. Then, no sound; then the phone being replaced in its cradle and a "Fuck!" and then a sniffing sound, and then another ravioli-juicy cough.

"... As you know, in ancient Chinese medicine, it was believed that a substance found in nature which closely resembled a particular human anatomical feature would contain many properties similar to that of the organ and could

thus be used to treat that part of the human anatomy. For example, a root or bud shaped like a kidney would be used to treat the malfunctions of the human kidney. The ginseng root, however, resembled an entire human form, and so it was used as a comprehensive tonic and curative. . . ."

I couldn't believe I had been awakened from a dream where it was just me and Fawn Hall on a yacht and all she was wearing was sunburn stuff on her nose so I could listen to this.

She went on for quite some time, as did the noises behind the door, until finally I heard the sound of a door way in the back being opened and closed and then moments later the sound of a car being started.

This guy was no fool.

The rest of the day was a swirl of irritations, annoyances, and worse. A comprehensive sweep of the grounds, including scouting the aerobics class, turned up not even one bimbo, and of course, there were no bartenders to provide consolation. Later, looking for new places to sneak cigarettes, I took a walk and discovered that from a nearby knoll I had a perfect view of Three Mile Island. I resolved not to eat anything in the salad that looked fresh-picked or bulbous. Then I walked back to Carmakjian's offices, but everything was locked up tight and there was no sign of a car. I figured I'd cool off by taking a swim in the lake, but some lady came squawking out and told me not to because the lake was full of snapping turtles. So then I figured I'd just drop a towel down by the edge of the lake and lie down for a while, since I was exhausted from coffee withdrawal, and also to get some sun to try to hide the bug bites, but as soon as I dropped off a

couple of swans came off the lake and attacked me ferociously, and the lady came out and screamed that I had provoked them, so I went inside to sleep and there were fleas and dogs and cats and ticks and holy shit was the whole purpose of this place to eat things that tasted awful and pander to things below you on the food chain? And then, at lunch, sure enough, I got a shrieky lecture and was docked my fresh fruit, which it turned out was the only edible thing on the table, all the while receiving gloating smiles from Gretchen. Like the old "Sloop John B." song, this was the worst trip I'd ever been on. If it hadn't been for my cigarettes, this could have been a crime case in which it was health food, not junk food, which motivated the murderer.

The last straw came at dinnertime.

Noticing I was down to one cigarette in the pack in my pocket, I swung by the bungalow on the way to the dining hall to pick up some replacements. They were gone. Gone! Eighteen packs of cigarettes. A disbelieving second search of my bag revealed that in their place was a note saying "You don't need those things—they're coffin nails!"

The synergistic culmination of rage and frustration that coursed through me was unspeakable; if I'd caught the fuck-head in the act I would have force-fed him or her about fifteen of the packs, making him or her chew slowly, and then stapled his or her lips together so the only escape route for the vomit would be his or her nostrils.

Fortunately the mind of a smoker, like that of any addict, crosses new vistas of resourcefulness when it comes to ways of finding fuel. I was reasonably sure Carmakjian smoked, judging by the fact that it sounded like he was coughing up a pot roast last time I heard him. And I knew if he had cigarettes he'd gladly give me some in exchange for keeping mum. I just hoped he wasn't a menthol man. Meanwhile, it was time to go get my first glimpse of him.

When I got to the table it was immediately clear that Gretchen and Colbert were responsible for the ciggies, because she was looking at me smugly and challengingly, and he was terrified and desperately avoided meeting my eyes. I glowered threateningly at them, but she just got smugger—knowing I wasn't going to punch her—and he got more scared, knowing that if I punched someone it would be him, and also knowing his wife was increasing the likelihood of that occurrence by the minute.

But now there was a hubbub at the door, and in walked Carmakjian, surrounded by assistants who were puppy-dog servile to him; he got a standing ovation.

continued on page 107



Renaissance Man

continued from page 79

undercooked, if not crawling around on your plate.

German — ***** "Would you like another stein of beer, yah?"

Italian — ** Stick to southern Italian, which is less expensive (and less exotic) than northern Italian. Stay away from the ones with an "interesting past." It means that somebody was machine-gunned at your table.

Women

Ultra-intelligent women will challenge you on everything. Make the mistake of ordering in French and she'll want to start a conversation in that tongue. Once she spots your fakery, she won't let you off the hook. She'll say, in French, "My, but your French sounds odd," and you, flustered, will reply, "Such lovely hams they grow by the bay."

So stay away from women who know their chess. You can only fool some of them some of the time, and you don't want to play chess anyway.

An Ivy Leaguer will also prove impossible to bluff, even if her major was phys. ed. She'll have gone to school with Michelangelo's great-great nephew, and subscribe to *Boring Poetry Monthly*. Ivy League schools teach girls how to act genuinely bright, and she can act more genuinely bright than you. (You won't miss too much by avoiding them—most of them look like librarians in penny loafers.)

Bimbos, on the other hand, will believe anything. You can tell one that your '68 Pontiac has a Porsche engine, and that you're an international jewel thief. Claim to be Michelangelo's nephew. She won't know who he was, but she'll be impressed all the same.

The problem is that it's actually very hard to impress a bimbo, because every regular guy lies to them like that. That's why they're always so happy. They think that the world is a fascinating place, full of jewel thieves and Porsche engines.

You'll want to move up to women with more class. The kind of woman to start off with should be reasonably bright. Reasonably bright women have ridiculously high-paying jobs in blasé corporations. In time you'll be dating beautiful models, talented actresses, and very nice rich girls. The world will be your clam. They'll take you away on expensive vacations, buy you Porsches, and never make you wonder what they want.

In other words, through diligent effort, you can find yourself on Renaissance Street in Regular Guy Heaven.

Unless, of course, you prefer bellowing with the boys. ■



SEKA

CAROLYN CHAMBERS



TRACEY ADAMS

RACHEL RYAN



TIFFANY CLARK

BARBI DAHL



LEAH LYONS

DIANNA N.



LACEY LOGAN

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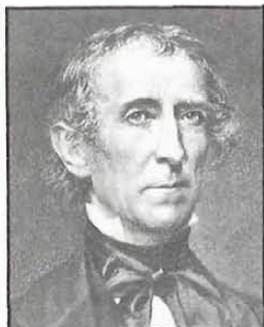
Age / Date / Sig _____

VICE PRESIDENT

America's Most Ridiculous \$101,000-a-Year Job

BIG WINNERS These guys, appointed by their own parties to the consummate position of obscurity, were thrust

John Tyler



(1790–1862)

Took over for William "Lucky" Harrison, who caught a cold during his inauguration and died a month later of pneumonia.

Nickname—"His Accidency."

Highlights—Entire Cabinet resigned at once. Elected to Confederate Congress.

Millard Fillmore



(1800–1874)

His boss, Zachary Taylor, died of cholera, elevating to president the man with the funniest name ever to hold the office.

Nickname—Not Applicable.

Highlights—Ran for election on his own behalf as a member of the Know-Nothing party. Lost. Learned nothing.

Theodore Roosevelt



(1858–1919)

Got his chance when William McKinley was blown away by an anarchist at a party.

Nickname—"Teddy"

Highlights—First veep who actually was up to the job. First veep to get elected to his own term after being called in from the bench. First national officeholder to have a national toy craze named after him.

Calvin Coolidge



(1872–1933)

Warren G. Harding was felled when ptomaine poisoning, a heart attack, and apoplexy struck; Coolidge's vacation was ruined.

Nickname—"Cal"

Highlights—Fabulous phrasemaker: "The business of America is business"; "Keep cool with Coolidge."

Became first national officeholder to have brand of fake wine named for him.



GREAT NAMES OF THE VICE PRESIDENTS



ELBRIDGE GERRY
MILLARD FILLMORE
(SOURCE OF THE FAMOUS PUNCH LINE "MILLARD! FILLMORE!")

HANNIBAL HAMLIN
SCHUYLER COLFAX
ALBEN W. BARKLEY
HUBERT H. HUMPHREY
SPIRO T. AGNEW



What's in a Job?



All but one of the following quotes describing the vice presidency were said by vice presidents. Can you identify it?

"First-rate second-rate men."

"Doesn't begin to have the influence the governor of New York has."

"About as useful as a cow's fifth teat."

"Once upon a time there was a farmer who had two sons. One of them ran off to sea. The other was elected vice president of the United States. Nothing was heard of either of them again."

"An office that requires four years of silence."

"The butt of more jokes than any other office in the land, if not the whole world."

"I am vice president. In this I am nothing."

"I'm in charge here."



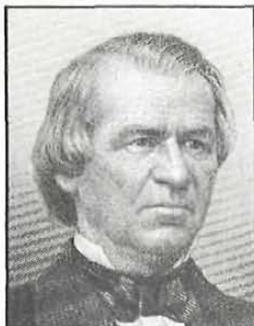
All photos courtesy of the Bettmann Archive

WHOJAMACALLIT

by John Tebbel and Martha Thomases

into the spotlight by the careless hand of death.

Andrew Johnson



(1808–1875)

Kept in the background by Abraham Lincoln, but rose to power over Lincoln's assassinated body. Got drunk and nasty at his inauguration.

Nickname—"Senate Bait."

Highlights—First president to be impeached. Almost convicted.

Chester A. Arthur



(1830–1886)

Ascended to presidency when James Garfield was shot in the back by a guy who wanted a job.

Nickname—"Who?"
Highlights—Handed presidency to Democrats for the first time since before the Civil War.

"Probably the least distinguished American president." —Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

Harry Truman



(1884–1972)

Was so obscure that when he did a good job and didn't tell a lot of lies he started looking like a saint.

Nickname—"The Haberdasher"

Highlights—Stopped buck. And human commerce in Hiroshima.

Lyndon B. Johnson



(1908–1973)

His boss was assassinated while visiting Johnson's home state.

Nickname—"LBJ"
Highlights—Bungled war in Vietnam. Made "my fellow Americans" sound like an insult.

Great Moments in the Vice Presidency

First Scandal

Aaron Burr, vice president under Jefferson, killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel. Burr, the third vice president, became the first not to later become president, starting the general trend that persists to this day.

Those Fabulous Appointed Vice Presidents

Lyndon Johnson managed to serve out Kennedy's term without a buttboy, the last unelected president to do so. Hereafter, under the Twenty-fifth Amendment to the Constitution, a veep-less president nominates one of his own choosing, like the Farmer in the Dell.

The first vice president to be appointed was Gerald Ford. Then he appointed Nelson Rockefeller. Government is a mysterious thing.

Veep Gets Day Job

John C. Calhoun resigned the vice presidency to become a senator from North Carolina.

Inexperience Is a Virtue

John Tyler, the vice president who served longest as president, was not even nominated for another term. Lyndon Johnson, who served the least time, won in a landslide.

Publicity Stunts That Didn't Work

Seven vice presidents have died in office. You haven't heard of any of them.

REJECTED

Modern Jewess

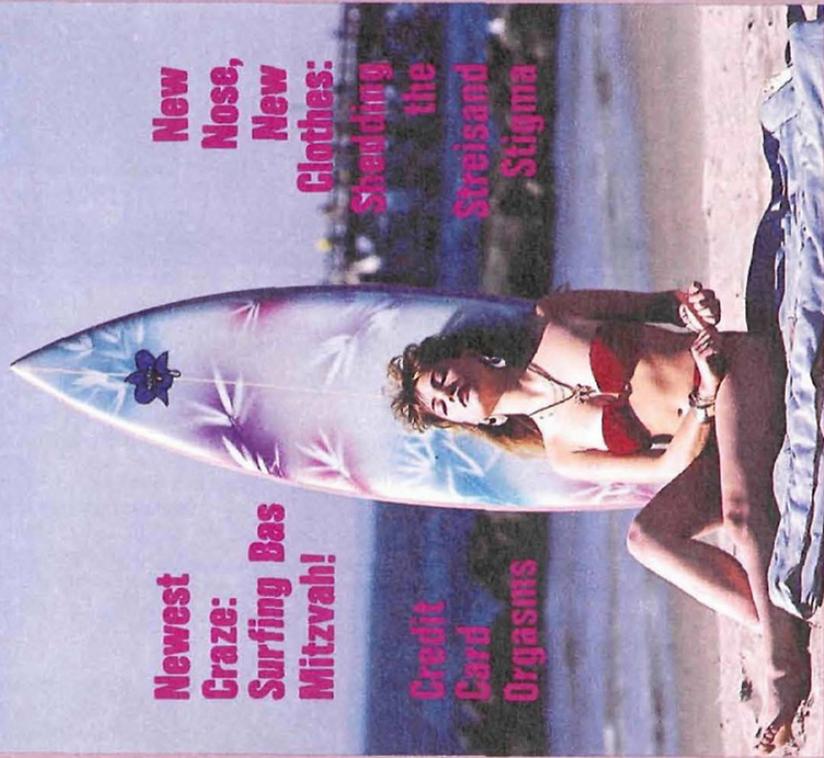
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Israel: 100 shekels

Newest
Craze:
Surfing Bas
Mitzvah!

Credit
Card
Orgasms

New
Nose,
New
Clothes:
Shedding
the
Streisand
Stigma



BLACK BUNIONS

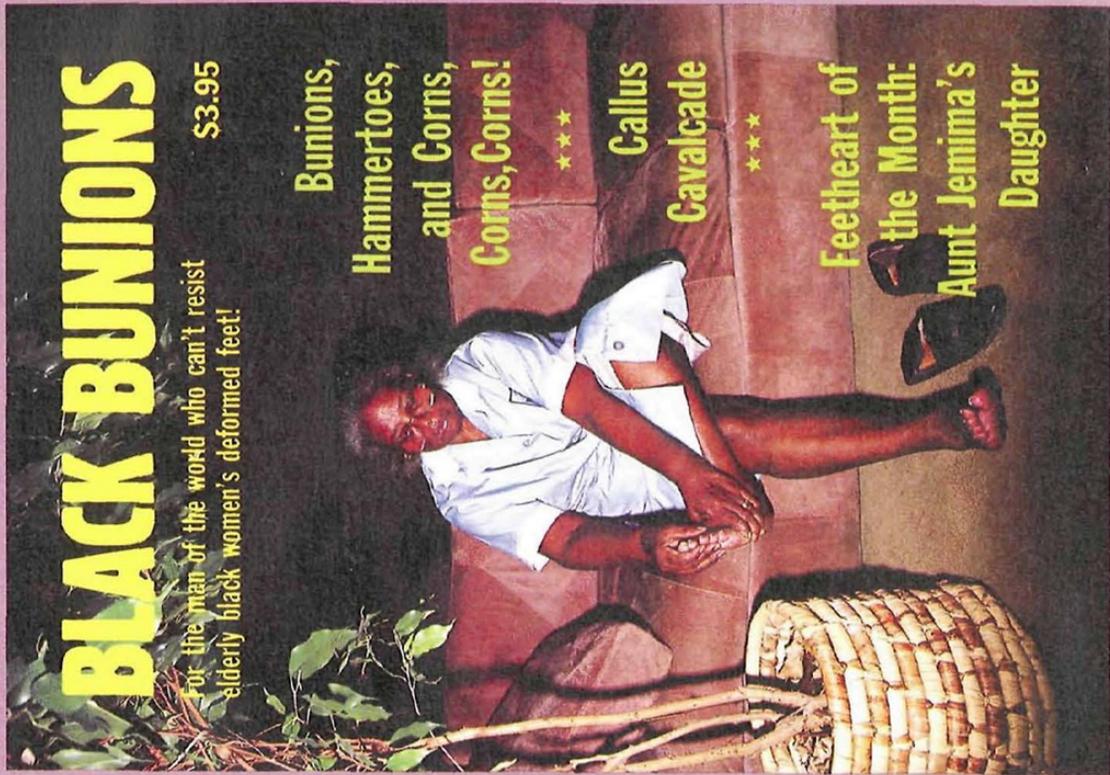
Put the men of the world who can't resist elderly black women's deformed feet!

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Bunions,
Hammertoes,
and Corns,
Corns, Corns!

Callus
Cavalcade

Feetheart of
the Month:
Aunt Jemima's
Daughter



Manhattan Wildlife 75¢

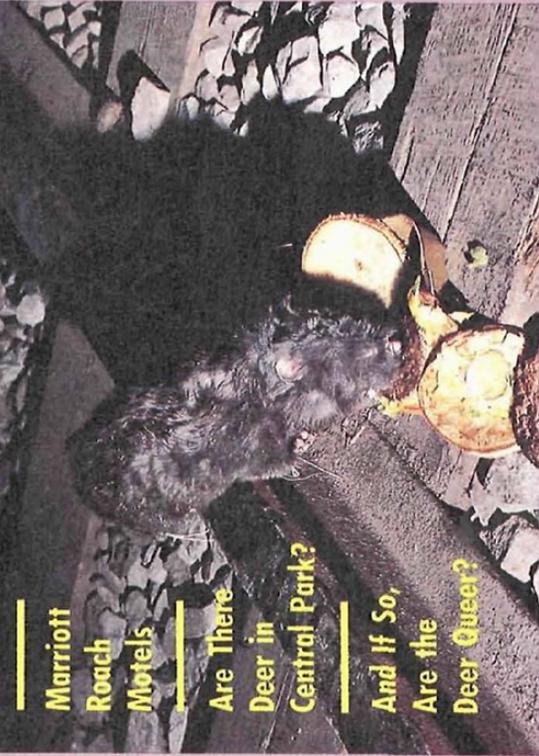
Subway Rats:
Robust Urban
Survivors

Are Pigeons
Really Filthy?

Marriott
Roach
Motels

Are There
Deer in
Central Park?

And If So,
Are the
Deer Queer?



PIT BULL BETTING FORM

\$1

1 WFS D/D CLMG 11.5/9,500 AUP F&M 6F

A	WELCOME FRIEND	C. LAUNER	5-1
B	REGENTS PALACE	G. MCCARRON	15-1
C	MISS JUVAVATE	B. ANTLEY	12-1
D	NO NO NICKY	K. DESORBEAUX	4-1
E	BUTTERFLY WED	M. HUNTER	3-1
F	TANNER'S GIRL	K. DESORBEAUX	10-1
G	JIG TIME LOVER	J. LLOYD	8-1
H	ABSURD BIRD	M. PINO	3-1

(WFS & D/D CLOSES 12:59)
(POST TIME 1:00 P.M.)

4 WFS EX CLMG 6.5/6,000 AUP 6F

A	HARDI GRAS	G. MCCARRON	6-1
B	DUKE OF HEARTS	K. DESORBEAUX	12-1
C	PASS THE GREEN	S. MACKINNON	10-1
D	ORIENTAL FLYER	B. ANTLEY	20-1
E	DEFENDER	D. MILLER	8-1
F	BOUNDOU	T. KUPFER	20-1
G	WYVERN	J. DAVIDSON	15-1
H	WYVERN	M. HUNTER	8-1
I	WYVERN	B.M. FELLICIANO	20-1
J	WYVERN	J. DAVIDSON	12-1
K	WYVERN	J. LLOYD	5-2
L	WYVERN	M. PINO	3-1

2 WFS D/D CLMG 14.5/10,000 364YOS

A	DEGENERATE DOMING	E. MARSH	6-1
B	CARRAC	M. HUNTER	6-1
C	BOLD	D. WRIGHT	6-1
D	HAL	G. HUTTON	5-1
E	MALIBU	R. FRANKLIN	10-1
F	MUSTY DUCK	M. HUNTER	9-1
G	DRY	D. MILLER	20-1
H	MOLE	A. DECON	20-1
I	QUADRUPPER	D. WELLS	20-1
J	ENDLESS MAVE	M. HUNTER	20-1

(APPROX. CLOSINGS: WFS & EX 2:26)

5 WFS QUIN MDN SPCF WGT YVOS 6F

A	GOLDEN HONOR	F. NICO	12-1
B	KENNESSE FAR	K. DESORBEAUX	5-2
C	APPALVALLEY	J. DAYTON	10-1
D	ALLA FUNNYFACE	B.M. FELLICIANO	3-1
E	LEADER	K. DESORBEAUX	10-1
F	PARTNER	M. HUNTER	30-1
G	THOMAS	V. BRACCIALE	20-1
H	SUPER	EDWARDS	30-1
I	COOPER	V. BRACCIALE	8-1
J	CRACKNUT	J. LLOYD	10-1
K	WYVERN	K. DESORBEAUX	10-1
L	WYVERN	G. MCCARRON	10-1
M	WYVERN	EDWARDS	20-1
N	WYVERN	J. LLOYD	10-1
O	WYVERN	EDWARDS	20-1
P	WYVERN	J. LLOYD	10-1
Q	WYVERN	EDWARDS	20-1
R	WYVERN	J. LLOYD	10-1
S	WYVERN	EDWARDS	20-1
T	WYVERN	J. LLOYD	10-1
U	WYVERN	EDWARDS	20-1
V	WYVERN	J. LLOYD	10-1
W	WYVERN	EDWARDS	20-1
X	WYVERN	J. LLOYD	10-1
Y	WYVERN	EDWARDS	20-1
Z	WYVERN	J. LLOYD	10-1

(APPROX. CLOSINGS: WFS & EX 2:57)

3 WFS QUIN MDN SPCF WGT 364YOS

A	ROLLING SMOKE	L. SAUNELL	5-1
B	CATCH THE BEAT	M. PINO	12-1
C	HEART DANCER	V. BRACCIALE	3-1
D	PRINCELY TREASURE	K. DESORBEAUX	10-1
E	PUNT RETURN	K. DESORBEAUX	20-1
F	CROSS THE LINE	J. DAVIDSON	6-1
G	STAR RACER	D. WRIGHT	8-1

6 WFS EX CLMG 10,000 YVOF 6F

A	SABASOTA SWINGER	M. PINO	10-1
B	CHEERFUL REWARD	K. DESORBEAUX	12-1
C	DILIGENT FRIEND	A. NUNEZ	3-1
D	MS STARLIGHT	M. WILEY	8-1
E	NO SONG	D. NIED	5-2
F	LAKE TOBA	L. SAUNELL	6-1
G	DESSA	C. LAUNER	6-1
H	TUNE OUT	G. MCCARRON	8-1

(APPROX. CLOSINGS: WFS & EX 3:25)

Evening Final! Tonight's Odds!

Brutus vs. Dracula

Rabies Face vs. Bite Machine

Jaws vs. ten kittens

MAGAZINES

by Josh Alan Friedman

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- SEPTEMBER 1973** / Postwar
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- JANUARY 1974** / Animals
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Health Food Hell

continued from page 100

He was quite something to see; I hadn't counted on gurus evolving at the same pace as hippies had evolved into yuppies. Whereas the traditional 1970s health guru looked, at least in pictures, like he was backlit with high beams to create the effect of a 5,000-watt halo, the only thing this guy emanated was the stench of nicotine thinly veiled with Binaca; where the old gurus dressed in the style of some high Afghan holy man—which is to say like a vagrant but without a Pittsburgh Steelers ski cap—the new guy dressed in the clean-fitting summer-suit style of the televangelist; where the old gurus were a mayhem of wild unkempt hair, this guy's grooming was fastidious. Perfect posture, a waxy face—he looked like a guy who owned a stereo warehouse and did his own strident TV commercials, except that he spoke quietly, which was either the old actor's trick of getting people to lean in closer and listen more carefully, or more likely he did it so as not to stir up the gunk in his lungs. The difference in what they said was only in the delivery; it was essentially the same text, but delivered in about a third the time and with a salesman's caesurae.

His speech was basically from the same cue cards his assistant had used that morning, only with more winning smiles thrown in. All I could think was, He'd better be a smoker.

As we consumed the evening's repast of bulgur wheat, turnip hearts, and tempeh, with a dessert of algae frappe, the members of my table raved about Carmakjian, and what a visionary he was, and how profound his teachings were. Grouchy without a cigarette and with an ungodly aftertaste and completely fed up with hearing this, I was at the end of my tether.

"You gotta be kidding me," I snapped, "if you believe a word of this crap. Oh, believe it, maybe, but worship it? This is based on a combination of the medical theories that were replaced by leeching and a bunch of shit he read in some *Modern Self* magazine about exalting the spirit by sundering the bowels."

I then whirled on Mella of the cosmetic bulk purchase: "You think some three-thousand-year-old Moo Goo Gai Pan doctor coulda hoisted up your milkers like that? Given you those Lombard cheekbones? No way, lady. Stick with twentieth-century doctors, they're doing a nice job on you so far."

As she broke into a flattered smile, I saw Carmakjian sneaking out the front door, and I turned to Colbert and Gretchen, who were now both horrified. To them I was committing blasphemy in the Vatican. "You guys oughta go to her doctor too," I said as I rose to my feet, "right

after you finish seeing an endocrinologist and a beef salesman." I turned and started after Carmakjian, then turned back to Gretchen. "And you owe me twenty-two dollars for the cigarettes, you fat-faced tick."

Carmakjian's front door wasn't locked, so I entered his waiting room without resistance. And then . . . I approached the big, foreboding oak door . . . I turned the knob . . . and it opened. I stepped in to a delightful blast of air-conditioning and the long-awaited fragrance of bug spray, and there he was at his desk, calmly munching on a Big Mac, a cigarette burning in the ashtray, a peach of a bimbo sitting close beside him reading *Cosmo*. He looked up and smiled, a genuine I've-been-caught-but-who-gives-a-shit smile, and gestured for me to have a seat while he finished swallowing. I didn't even have a chance to be angry or indignant.

"Beer?" he offered. "You hungry?"

"Cigarette. Please. They flushed mine to save me from myself."

His office was luxurious, rich with plush pile carpeting, an enormous aquarium, framed pictures of classic cars, and the *coup de grâce*, an enormous leather couch that probably encompassed the souls of dozens of animals.

Grinning, he picked up a pack of cigarettes, lighter tucked into the cellophane, and tossed them to me. I pulled one out and lit it. He saw my frayed nerves; smiling, he pulled out a longneck from a small refrigerator behind his desk, opened it, and handed it to me. I accepted it gratefully.

"So Doc," I said after a cold, delicious draft, "what's the story here?"

The bimbo suddenly noticed me and smiled, then giggled and nuzzled Carmakjian's neck.

"Ah, same old thing," he said, pushing a container of French fries and a quarter-pounder my way. "Same market that all those hairy fuckers worked back in the seventies. Lotta these people read a few articles, get all panicky, then they think if they take a good dump they're revolutionizing their health. Hey, it's Christian Science. If they think they're better for it, I guess they are, right?"

"Not me. This is fucking torture. I got a pinup of a pork chop back in my gym bag. Smothered in butter. It's my Betty Grable."

"You're the guy who won the weekend here, right?"

"How'd you know?"

"Anyone who shells out this much to come here is looking to reroute their lives. They eat up all these rules, not to mention all that awful food."

"Is it ever awful," I said, wincing at the remembrance as I took a hearty rip out of the burger.

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"It's gotta be. This whole place is based on infantilism—people remember how they had to eat nasty-tasting spinach when they were kids 'cause it was healthy. Same thing now; their mind-body connection associates things that taste rotten with good health. The more putrid the food, the healthier. Most of the people out there, if you fed 'em compost they'd go home glowing, they'd look in the mirror and see the picture of health." He opened his drawer and gestured. "Wanna do some coke?"

I took the straw and helped myself to another cigarette. "What's with the 'Doctor'?"

"It's my first name."

"Man, those suckers might as well be worshipping Pee-wee Herman, huh?"

With a big smile, he handed me another beer, then got serious. "You know, I'm doing well here. Real well. I'm thinking about franchising. Interested?"

I was dumbfounded. Twenty minutes ago, this guy was starving me to death; now he was offering me a chance at a much-needed, can't-lose, lucrative career. We emptied a bottle of Scotch and filled two ashtrays, and talked into the night.

Shit-faced, I bumbled back to the bungalow and slept like a log, until a sharp knock at the front door awoke me

continued on page 114





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George S. Agoglia
Publisher

Blimp!!!

continued from page 42

the street. She was struck head-on by a Japanese sports car, badly denting its hood. She was still on her feet, a bit dazed, when, seconds later, a big eighteen-wheeler slammed into her. Although I'd begged her not to, she'd been dieting and had lost some weight, and her delicate frame just couldn't shrug off the impact. Ironically, the truck belonged to a fat-rendering plant, and they kindly offered to take care of her remains. I said no—I wanted my little darling sparrow cremated. I placed her ashes in an urn atop our refrigerator. She would have liked that.

After that I quit my job, preferring to lie around the house, nibbling and brooding. My money ran out, and that's how I got into this jam. I was sitting in my apartment, ravenous and desperate. I had ransacked the place, unable to find so much as a nickel or a crumb. I was still devastated with grief, and I couldn't even afford to find comfort in gluttony! Just as I was getting ready to boil an old pair of leather gloves, there came a knock at the door. It was my neighbor, Mrs. Doolie. She said she was on her way to her seniors' jazzercise class, and asked if I would mind watching her little dog, Shotzie, for an hour or two. I nodded yes, hoping to hit on her for a sandwich, but before I could say a word she pushed the damn mutt past my door and was half-way down the stairs, yelling, "Don't worry, she's no trouble at all . . ."

As soon as the old bag was gone, the dog promptly peed on the floor and began chewing my only good pair of shoes. Shotzie was a dachshund, and as I stared at her I began to hallucinate. Instead of a flop-eared, lovable pooch, I saw her as a bratwurst tucked inside a warm bun and smeared with mustard. I saw her as a juicy mortadella sausage being handed to me by a smiling Italian butcher. I saw her as a bubbling potful of bitch bourguignon.

That last image proved too good to resist. Mrs. Doolie came back just in time to see me taking the stewpot from the stove, using Shotzie's cute floppy ears as potholders. The ASPCA raised a helluva stink, and that's how I ended up here in the slammer.

I know I should feel some sort of remorse, but all I can think about is how GOOD that dog tasted! The Chinese are right: tender, full of flavor, piquant yet not overpowering, dog beats beef by a mile. And another thing—I'm not sorry about my life, either. I've always been a blimp and always will be. I'm proud to be among the biggest people in America. One lousy dog? Tough. Folks should just be happy that no one ever asked me to babysit. ■

Kama Sutra

continued from page 37

About a man who fancies himself to desire to taste the slippery nectars of a woman's honeyhole.

What are you, out of your mind sick?! Yeccccch!

Gentle and joyous readers seeking further enlightenment are urged to view the original manuscript of the above text in its entirety at Heritage USA in Gatlinburg, Tennessee, at Fourex Plaza.

Xmas Carol

continued from page 16

scene.

He say, "Come with me, I am de Ghost of Christmas Present."

An' Scrooge look aroun' an' see the joint's loaded with apples an' bananas an' oranges an' cradelees an' acrovots an' rip-a-bits an' all kin's of crazy wild grapes an' crazy Christmas scenes an' nuts an' candy.

An' he say, "Come with me."

VEERRTT! They done took off again.

An' he say, "I am de Ghost of Christmas Present. I'm gonna show you what's goin' on in dis world an' how de people dig Christmas and how dey all enjoy it."

An' he took him over to a little old outcast island, an' dere, sittin' on a small bear-up rock, was two studs chompin' up on a can o' beans singin' "Merry Christmas wid 'chou, Merry Christmas wid 'chou, Merry Christmas to the whole wide world," an' so on an' so forth. An' he show the people jumpin' for joy here, an' he show dat de cats who ain't got nothin' got somethin' anyway and dey all jumpin' for joy, singin' "Merry Christmas." An' the bells is ringin'.

An' he say, "Now you get yo'self straight, an' see how things is done. Come with me."

So they fly over to the Cratchits' place, and dere is li'l Tiny Tim. He's singin' over dere in de corner, diggin' dat li'l ole crazy scene on his crutch, fiddlin' aroun', know what I mean, playin' an' carryin' on, see? An' dey're all takin' a look at dis here goose. An' dey look down at dis little goose 'bout the size of a beat-up retarded sparrow, an' everybody's oohin' an' aahin' all over dis goose, an' dey sayin' "When we goin' to split it?" An' den Tiny Tim say, "God bless everyone, even up to an' includin' ole Scroogie-Scrooge! GOD BLESS EVERYONE!" That's what Tiny Tim say.

An' ole Scrooge got wet eyes.

VEERRTT! De spook took him back again.

WHEEEWW! BOOM! Over the

whole side of the building BOM! DONG! in came a long angular spook, he look like seventeen gas-lighted stovepipes come together with jingle-jangle bells all over.

Scrooge take a look at dis cat and say, "Do I have to go wid 'chou?"

An' he say, "You certainly do, 'cause I am de Ghost of Christmas Future! Come with me!"

Scrooge say, "Where are we goin'?"

He say, "None o' yo' business."

But he take Scrooge an' dey cut off down the pike an' dey're flyin' aroun', the moonlight shinin' down at them. BOOM! Dey in a graveyard! WHOOOO! A wild whooooo crazy spooky graveyard, an' ole Scrooge's walkin' around, an' suddenly somethin' step out at him like it was stuck in front of his eyes like it's some sort of electric pitchfork. An' he reads on one of dem billboards in that graveyard, it say "This is Scrooge, the baddest cat that ever lived, he ain't had nothin', he won't have nothin', an' he ain't got nothin' now! Pe-riod!" An' Scrooge is lookin' an' he say, "What's goin' on, what's the trouble with me?"

An' VEERRTT! dey go to another place, an' a cat say, "You goin' to the funeral?"

"Not me, man, I wouldn't go near dat cat, dead or alive! Ha-ha-ha! Couldn't PAY me to get near dat cat."

An' he say, "What cat is dat?"

An' den he takes him to the coffin factory, an' dey see all these coffins lyin' aroun'. An' he see one coffin, all de rest got flowers around 'em, an' dis poor little coffin ain't got nothin' on it but just a pinewood board. An' ole Scrooge look up to de coffin, he look at dis an' dat, but he afraid to look all the way 'cause he KNOW who in dat coffin!

ZOOOM! He swings on back again, an' de ghost puts him down. An' ole Scrooge is shakin' and shiverin', an' he finally falls into a real wild crazy miser's coma. An' he falls off for how long, he don't know.

An' when he wakes up in the morning, AHHHHH, the sun is shinin' on de glorious snow, an' ole Scrooge is feeling so groovy an' so wild, an' he tip-tip-tip-toe over to the window, an' VEERRTT! an' open the window an' he see a little cat outside an' he say, "Hey boy!"

"Yes, suh!"

He say, "You know dat great big giant king-size bird down in Doodley's window?"

The cat say, "You mean the prize bird?"

He say, "No, I mean that GREAT BIG

KING-SIZE bird. Go get that bird! Here's a twenty!"

Scrooge knocks a twenty on him an' he say, "Go get that bird. An' here's ten more for a cab, an' here's five dollars for yo' sister, an' here's \$22.50 for your uncle's new bicycle. Tell anybody wants anythin' to 'See Scrooge! I am flyin' dis here Christmas. I wanna see Cratchit swing out with a great big swingin' dinner." He say, "I am wid it all de way!"

An' ole Scrooge got dressed an' he walkin' down de street an' DING DING DONG DONG DING DONG DING DONG the bells is ringin'. Scrooge got a big smile on his face an' people dat he's seen fo' twenty years who never said hello say, "Good morning, Mr. Scrooge!"

An' he say, "What you say, baby!" An' he carryin' on, an' carryin' on, an' happy as de day is long. An' he finally fall into ole Bob Cratchit's place, an' he's got Christmas toys an' Christmas joys and Christmas presents fo' everybody. An' dey just opened de goose, an' little Tiny Tim see him comin', an' he say, "GOD BLESS MR. SCROOGE! HE DONE DID DE TURNABOUT. He de Lord's boy today!"

An' dat's de story of Scrooge. You can get with it if you want to. Dere's only one way *straight* to the road of love. ■

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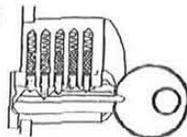
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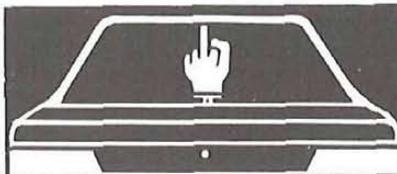
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Health Food Hell

continued from page 107

at some ungodly hour of the morning.

"Phone call for Mr. Frin," she said. She'd awakened everyone else too; they all shot me sleepy, hateful glares.

"Thanks, sweetheart," I said, barely conscious.

I followed her hurriedly to Carmakjian's office, unsure of what to expect. It was my brother.

"Hey, Davy," he said in an unrevealing, marginally tipsy voice. "I'm getting divorced."

How refreshing, I thought. How new and different. And I'd imagined this call might hold something unusual.

"I'm sorry to hear that," I said, and I was. Deep down I like him, and I could have gotten used to having her at family reunions.

"No problem," he said smugly. "It was worth it for those five weeks. Especially since the whole thing is on vidcotape."

"You gonna show it to Mom and Dad?" I asked. "After all, they never got a chance to meet her."

"Right now I'm watching a tape of her shaving her legs in a motel room in Denver. As long as I live I'll never say anything bad about natural foods."

"Is this tape gonna spare you the necessity of a sixth wife?" I asked. "Or is this gonna give you some sorely needed inspiration?"

"Never can tell," he answered dreamily. "Never can tell. Gotta go, bro, I just wanted you to know."

On the bus ride home that afternoon I wound up sitting next to Matilda,

a self-righteous feminist health dogmatic, and across the aisle from George, a talkative Zoroastrian nihilist. Since I didn't have a Walkman, I had to pretend I was asleep.

I tried to imagine my brother's next wife, what new religion or lifestyle or creaky semantics he would marry himself into, and I vowed I would not open any letters he sent me on *Wheel of Fortune* stationery.

But mostly I thought about Carmakjian's offer; it sounded good. But I'll get back to that: first let me tell about the immediate joys which came of my weekend at Doctor Albrok Carmakjian's Institute of Total Wellness Through High Fiber:

Like Christian fundamentalism, a devotion to health food demands abstinence, self-denial, and abolishment of sensual pleasure, all in the interests of ultimate, eventual betterment, the short-term dividends almost indiscernible. The advantages that health food has over fundamentalism are the ones authored by my large intestine—indeed, my bowel movements were absolutely splendid: thick, beefy pillars of extrusion which all but choked the bus lavatory.

About halfway home, things really started happening. The passengers voted 22-7 to stop off at Roy Rogers and, after a terrific meal—I spent twelve dollars and cleaned my plate—I was approached by Mella, the woman from my dinner table who had the rhinoplastic facial landscaping and makeup she put on with a stucco knife. She smelled lovely, like gin and American cheese.

"So you really think my doctor did a good job on my tits?" she asked, glancing

downward.

"Hell yeah," I said with gusto, benevolent beyond reason with my belly full of good chow.

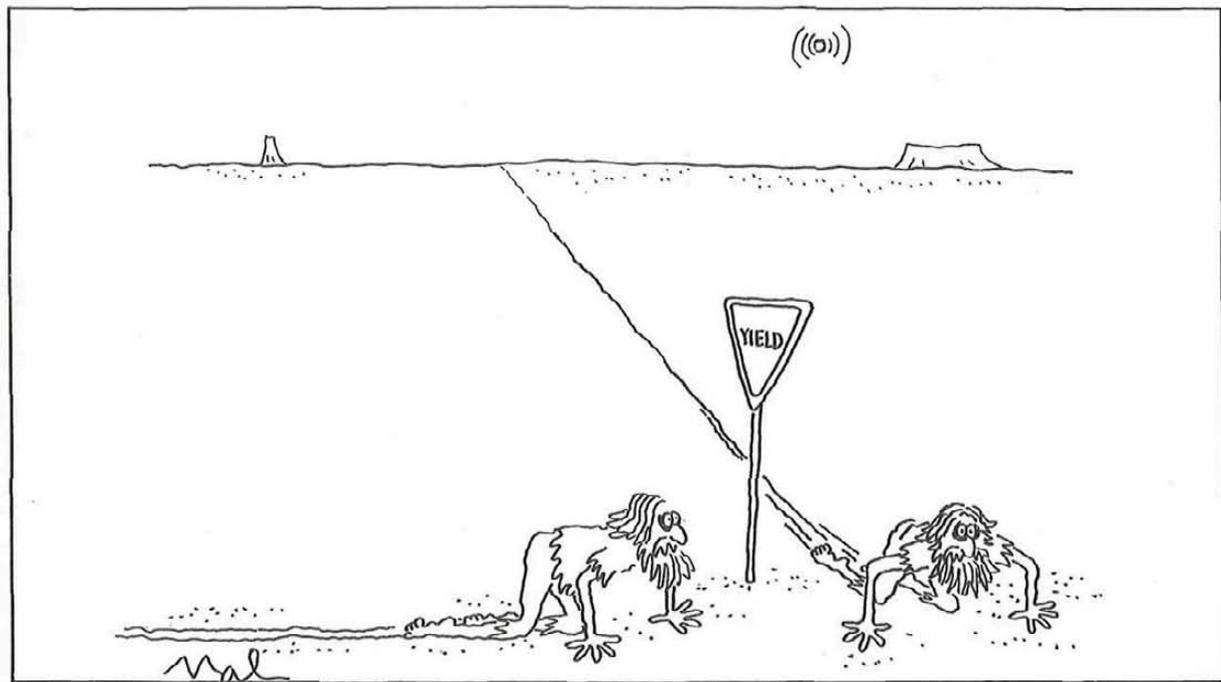
She smiled, genuinely happy. "Hey, wanna sit with me the rest of the way? I'm getting pretty lonely back there with just a quart of gin to keep me company."

What a woman she was! If bus drivers, like ship's captains, were qualified to perform marriages, I might have done something worthy of my brother. I took her home to my house, to a refrigerator full of the decaying health food he'd left me, and gave thanks to the Lord above that the stuff I considered edible was in hermetically sealed packages and impervious to the smell of rotting floribunda. Then I took every healthful thing in the refrigerator, from vitamins to carrots, and threw it all on the compost heap that I use to fertilize my pot plants. Then we ate macaroni and cheese in a ketchup sauce and drank malt liquor and, in our first concession to the current guidelines of health fixation, made love with a triple-reinforced condom.

So ultimately, I guess, it was a pretty healthful weekend.

Anyway, all that goes back a couple years. Meantime I ran a Carmakjian franchise in Virginia for about eight months; eventually I sold it off and made enough to open a chain called Mankies Hot Dogs & Live Go-Go Castle, where we have a bunch of slogans like "Your Weiner Hot—Guaranteed" and "Get Your Weiner Just How You Like It to Be."

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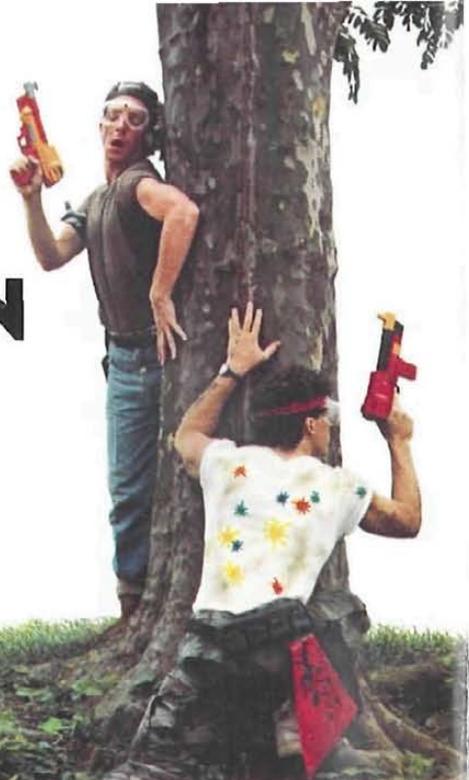


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