

POUL ANDERSON'S

DISGUSTING

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT. RESTRICTED TO CONSENTING ADULTS. ALLOWABLE
UNDER THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION, EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT.

Herewith those entries in the Disgusting Television Commercial contest which I deem the unworthiest. If you think this sort of thing is crude, childish, stupid, corrupt, or whatever, be warned and read no further. You're probably right.

We have two dishonorable mentions. The first is by a pair of well-known science fiction writers, *Barry Malaberg* and *K. M. O'Donnell*:

VIDEO: Zapruder, frames 25 *et seq.* AUDIO: Screams, shouts, hysteria, the sound of L. B. Johnson taking the oath of office. 20-second hold and dissolve:

VOICEOVER: John Hancock, huh?

Pure-minded as I am, I edited the foregoing, removing a period after "et".

Vonda McIntyre, who is a promising new writer plus being beautiful and sweet and soft-spoken and providing me with beer once in an hour of great need, sent in a number of excellent entries, if "excellent" is the word I want, but only this one was accompanied by the necessary box top:

FULL SHOT: MISS APHRODITE, of Aphrodite Personals. Miss Aphrodite is about five feet eight, 36-24-39. She wears a translucent (almost transparent) white Greek-style minidress. She has long black hair and dark blue eyes and wears lavender eyeshadow, lip gloss, and no underwear. Her body hair is shaved.

MISS APHRODITE (confidentially): Is it That Time again, ladies? And are you still struggling with bulky, obvious pins, pads, and belts? Do you worry about...*telltale odor*? Forget all those ugly, old-fashioned things. Use APHRODITE TAMPONS, (holds one up) with the new, soft-woven-teflon cover and double-absorbent inner core. Guaranteed not to shift, slip out, get lost, or leak. And so easy to use!

(She lifts up her short skirt, delicately, to the hips, and demonstrates, smiling prettily.)

VOICE OVER (male): And remember, APHRODITE TAMPONS do not impair virginity!

FADE OUT

I dunno. Maybe it's not so different from what we already see at that.

We come now to the prizewinners. *Ed Cagle* took third:

SCENE: Purplish billows of smoke suggesting a totally uninhabitable atmosphere, from which a faint gleam of chromium-plated bumper guard materializes as the shot zooms in.

VOICE (rasps, to the tune of *THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC*):
That junk ... and crud ... that's screwin' up the air
is not emitted from a head of hair.
The true source lurks in ... clouds of rhetoric,
no cure can come till GM's board gets sick.
But we'll go on, and make the market rise
until at last we've only poison skies,
Baby, hackahack we'll go...
dying rich to know...
THIS, OUR LAND IS CIVILIZED!

CUT TO: Fifty-one-year-old mod type with smile and pronounced sneer lines in face.

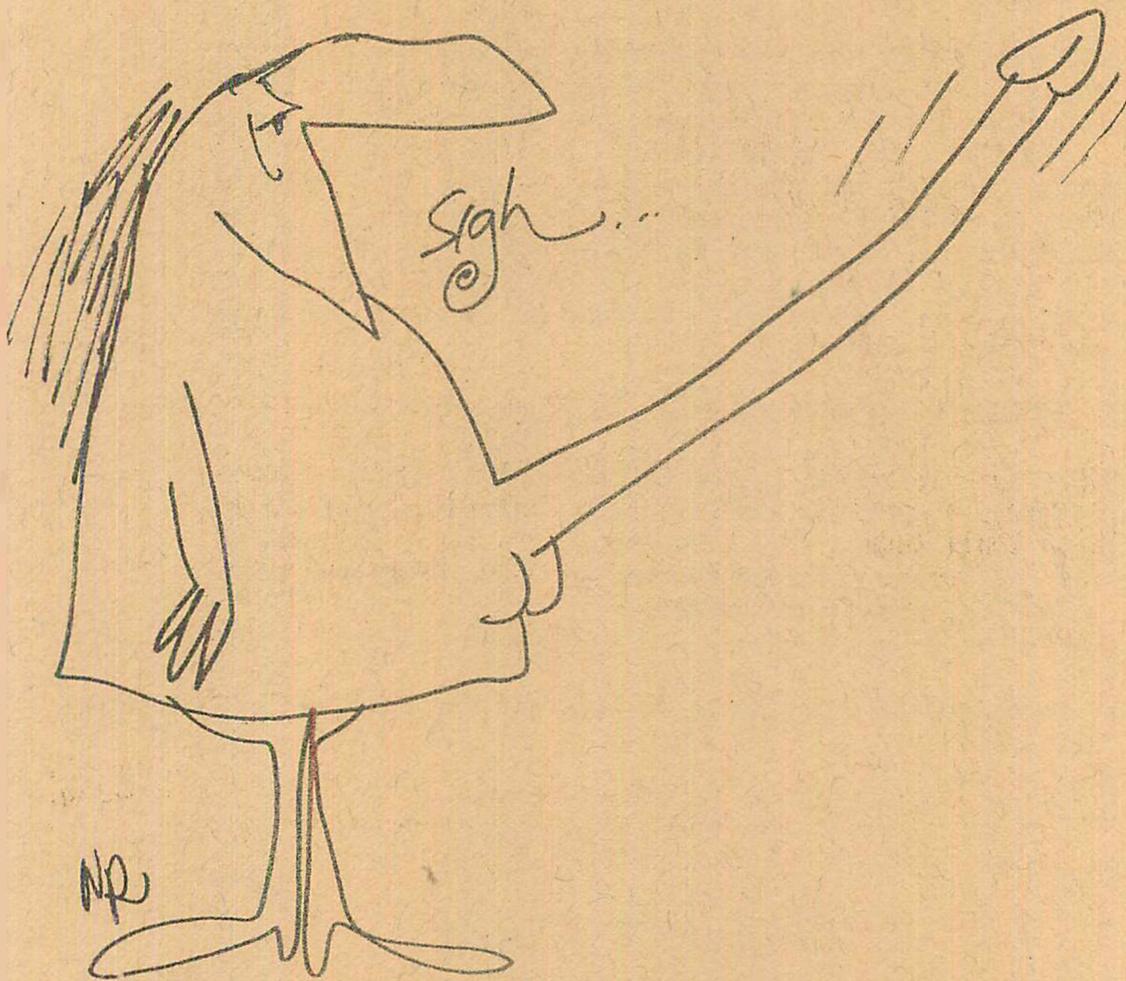
VOICE: Yesirree, folks, the new models are hot off the lines all over the country and coming soon to your local dealer! Go on down! Our bourbon-soaked...bargin-conscious dealers will be proud to gloat ...QUOTE!... our fantastically different prices. That's right, America, General Murders knows what you like, all rightee! And we've got it NOW! You bet, good people, just as sure as Mom and God and Apple Pie fits with Purity and White and Dow-Jones, good old GM will be giving it to you on the regular opening day at your local dealers' showrooms. So come on down and meet the boys and make America strong!

HEAD SHOT: ANNOUNCER. (Smile freezes, locks in place.)

TIGHT SHOT: (Crack starts at corner of Announcer's mouth, goes up over top of head, down other side of face, splits in many directions. Three small chunks fall off Announcer's face, followed by a number of defective steering mechanisms and separated ball-joints.... RASTER, baby, just raster....)

Of course, to me anything having to do with cars as they are is disgusting.





G. C. Edmondson has been delighting you for so many years with his stories of the mad friend (who, incidentally, exists; I've played poker with him) and others, that I feel almost shy about revealing that he is capable of such things as this second prize winner:

(To be read in the bell tone and organlike boomings of Sincerity)

Men, do you have a faltering phallus, a dead dick, gone gonads? Is your jock prematurely retiring? Has your love life gone down memory lane? Do you need friends to hold your family together?

Modern Medicine knows the sense of smell is most closely linked to the seat of the emotions. If you're having trouble getting your emotion off its seat, maybe you've forgotten the thrill, the indefinably erotic scent of a ravishing, naturally seductive 100% woman.

Do you want to get your emotion off its seat, make it stand proudly erect, face fearlessly forward in the tradition of young America?

Try LOX!

LOX has that secret ingredient lost to mankind since the days of the Kitchen Midden People. Only now, thanks to the wonders of modern technology, can that elusive scent be savored, eaten, chewed to your heart's content.

So, friends, if you're feeling tired, wrung out, not quite up to it tonight, try LOX. LOX puts that old sock back into a tired jock!

And, finally, we come to the absolute nadir, the first prize winner, by *Darrell Schweitzer*. Mr. Schweitzer has himself begun to sell professionally. Perhaps he could be called a New Wave writer. I'm not sure what the wave consists of.

OPENING SHOT: (A bathroom door, closed, natch.)

SOUND FROM WITHIN: (Groans, something splashing twice in the water. A pause. Sound of paper tearing. Another pause. Increased volume: Rasping, grinding sound.)

MAN'S VOICE: Goddamn it! This stuff is like sandpaper. I ain't gonna have any skin left after this!

SALESMAN (walks on stage, turns, faces the camera): Friends, are you tired of sandpapering your ass? Are you sick and tired of losing your skin to coarse, rough toilet paper?

VOICE FROM WITHIN THE BATHROOM: Damn right!

SALESMAN: Well, then I have just the thing for you! New, improved, homogenized, chemically treated Softass Toilet Tissue with the secret ingredient XY123, the same brand used in all the johns at Cape Kennedy, will guarantee you smoother, cleaner wipes and more skin left on your rump. Once, going to the bathroom was a test of how well a man could endure pain. But not any more! Now you can do it cleanly and painlessly with new Softass. If it's good enough for our astronauts to take into space, it's good enough for your posterior right here on Earth! And it's so squeezably soft! You could cuddle it all day if you didn't have to stop and go to the bathroom! Just watch this scientific demonstration!

SWITCH SCENE TO LABORATORY. (Man with his pants down stands smiling next to a toilet.)

SALESMAN: Here at the Softass Laboratories deep in the heart of Hoboken, New Jersey, we made this amazing scientific test to prove that Softass wipes 75.3% more efficiently than any other brand. We wrapped these two rolls in plain paper so they couldn't be identified. Then we fed this subject a huge bowl of molasses mixed with glue and when he let it out he produced what can literally be called *tough shit*. Just watch this fascinating closeup.

SWITCH VIEWPOINT. (Inside toilet, camera pointing up at a man's rear end. It's pretty grimy.)

