

The Humor Magazine

Nov. 1978

\$1.50

NATIONAL LAMPOON

IND 34490



"The Body"

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100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

"I smoke for taste,
the best taste I can get.
I smoke Winston."



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King 100's

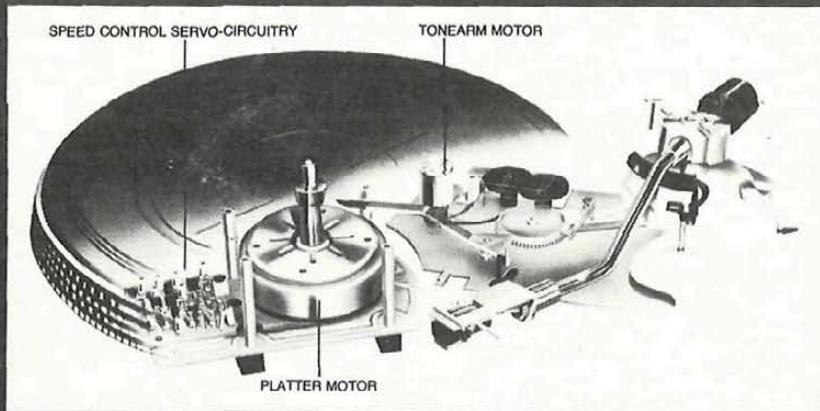
To beat the other turntables, we gave our arm a little extra muscle.

The new Sanyo TP-1030 may look like other direct drive turntables.

But it plays like no other you can buy. Because of a great arm. With a little muscle of its own.

The arm. The TP1030's low mass tonearm says "precision" from its rugged, light-alloy headshell to the micrometer-adjustable stylus force gauge. We counterbalanced it laterally, as well as vertically. The counterweight is heavier, and located closer to the pivot to reduce rotational inertia. The arm, with its anti-skating mechanism, rides in a bearing assembly that's virtually frictionless to provide superior tracking response.

The muscle. Most automatic turntables use a complicated linkage of gears, cams, and levers that "steal" power from the platter in order to operate the tonearm mechanism. While this arrangement works, it's far from ideal. So we gave the TP1030 a separate little DC motor and precision gear train just to operate the tonearm. No linkages to add friction or mass to the tonearm assembly. No slurring of sound when you reject a record as the shock load of the arm



mechanism hits the drive motor. Instead the tonearm is picked up, positioned, and set down more gently than you've ever seen.

The rest. The TP1030's platter motor is special, too. It's an IC-controlled, direct drive servomotor that turns in incredible 0.03% wow & flutter and -70dB rumble specs. And, of

course, the TP1030 offers electronic speed change with a built-in strobe and independently adjustable pitch on 33 and 45 rpm. Plus programmable operation that lets you choose automatic play of a single record, or automatic continuous repeat. Add other nice touches like complete LED status indication, a built-in stylus examination mirror, a base of real wood, and dust cover, and you might think this sophisticated turntable is out of your reach.

The price. Surprise! The cost of this superb high fidelity component is just \$170* . . . which makes it the real value winner in deluxe turntables today.

See the TP1030 and also what's new in Sanyo receivers and cassette tape decks at a nearby Sanyo audio component dealer.

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And they all have one thing in common. By calling us or sending in our coupon, they received the free Warehouse Sound catalog featuring virtually every brand name in components. Seventy pages of stereo systems, separate receivers, turntables, tape decks, direct-disc records and more, much more! Auto stereos, multi-channel mixers, microphones, cartridges and all at Warehouse-to-your-door prices. Our new catalog includes comparison information and frank, straight information on what's what in hi-fi this Fall.

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NATIONAL LAMPOON



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Le Fun Car

Le Car looks like fun.

Right off the bat, Le Car looks like no other small car. The big optional Fun Roof brightens Le Car's insides even on cloudy days. And Le Car's giant rear hatch opens wide right down to the bumper. To swallow even the rewards of a weekend's worth of antique hunting.

Le Car drives like fun.

Le Car's front-wheel drive, four-wheel independent suspension, rack and pinion steering and Michelin steel-belted radials, (a combination of standard features other small cars don't offer as options) make it a ball to drive. As well as a pleasure to ride in. As noted by Car & Driver who said that in terms of interior volume versus exterior space, "there isn't a car on earth that can match Le Car."

Le Car owners are all smiles.

In four independent studies, Le Car owner satisfaction was rated an amazingly high 95%. No wonder. Given all Le Car has going for it, and the low price it goes for (\$3,725*), it's easy to see why Le Car satisfies.

*Price excludes transportation, dealer preparation and taxes. Stripe, Mag Wheels, Sunroof, Rear Wiper/Washer and Rear Antenna optional at extra cost.

Renault USA, Inc.
 Marketing Department
 100 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632
 Please send me more information about Le Fun Car.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NL-11

Le Car by Renault 

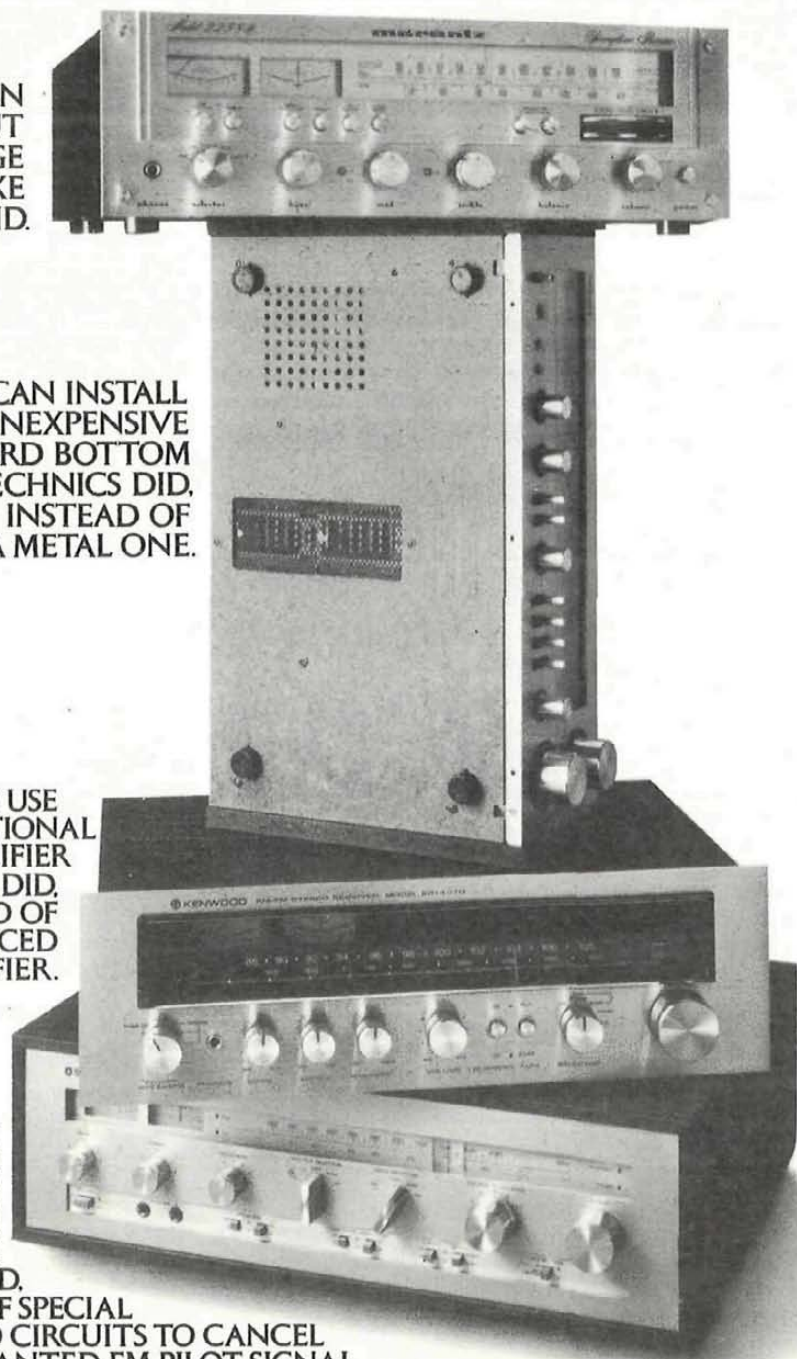
THERE ARE A LOT OF WAYS TO BUILD A RECEIVER THAT SELLS FOR UNDER \$400.

YOU CAN
LEAVE OUT
DUAL WATTAGE
METERS LIKE
MARANTZ DID.

YOU CAN INSTALL
AN INEXPENSIVE
PRESS BOARD BOTTOM
LIKE TECHNICS DID,
INSTEAD OF
A METAL ONE.

YOU CAN USE
A CONVENTIONAL
POWER AMPLIFIER
LIKE KENWOOD DID,
INSTEAD OF
AN ADVANCED
DC AMPLIFIER.

YOU
CAN USE
STANDARD
HIGH BAND
FILTERS LIKE
YAMAHA DID.
INSTEAD OF SPECIAL
INTEGRATED CIRCUITS TO CANCEL
THE UNWANTED FM PILOT SIGNAL.



PIONEER DID IT THE RIGHT WAY.

It seems that our competitors think they've mastered the art of building a moderately priced high fidelity receiver.

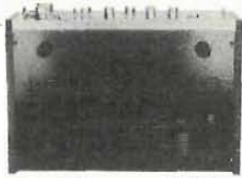
Unfortunately, most competitive receivers appear to be the work of cost reduction engineers, rather than high fidelity engineers.

At Pioneer, our philosophy is somewhat different.

We build a receiver that sells for under \$400

with the same care given to a receiver that sells for over \$1000.

A perfect example is the SX-780.



Metal shields our SX-780 from spurious noise.

A STRONG CASE FOR THE METAL BOTTOM.

If you turn over our SX-780, you'll notice the bottom is made of heavy gauge metal. Not flimsy press board. It's designed that way to shield the tuning section from spurious noise and CB interference.

Then there's our special ventilating system that reduces FM drift due to overheated tuning elements and increases the life expectancy of the circuitry.

A DC AMPLIFIER WITH THE POWER TO ELIMINATE DISTORTION.

The SX-780 features the same DC power configuration found in today's most expensive receiver.

It provides cleaner sound and richer, more natural bass by eliminating feedback and transient intermodulation. (A form of distortion that keeps you from hearing the subtle overtones in your music). Which is why those receivers using a conventional power amplifier could possibly match the specs of the SX-780, but never the sound.



DC power supply found on the most expensive receivers.

A PILOT SIGNAL CANCELING SYSTEM THAT'S ALL BUT UNHEARD OF IN THIS PRICE RANGE.

All stereo FM stations in America broadcast their music over a pilot signal of 19,000 hertz.

If not eliminated, this signal tends to create an extremely high pitched sound (hum) when combined with lower audible frequencies.

But instead of using standard high band filters like the others, Pioneer created a special integrated circuit that eliminates this pilot signal without affecting the music. So that you're assured of hearing everything the musicians had intended you to hear. Nothing more. And nothing less.

Obviously, the SX-780 is the only receiver in this price range that offers you this feature. The others offer you the noise.



A pilot signal canceling circuit that lets you hear only music and nothing more.

WATTAGE METERS THAT LET YOU SEE WHAT YOU'RE HEARING.

Wattage meters give you an accurate picture of exactly how much power is going through your speakers. So they not only help prevent unnecessary damage due to overloading, but help you make cleaner FM recordings.

You won't find them on any other moderately priced receiver.

Of course, the SX-780 has another virtue that's conspicuously absent from our competitors' models.

A built-in wood grain cabinet, which others give you the "option" of paying extra for.

But what really separates Pioneer's SX-780 from other receivers isn't a matter of wood cabinets, wattage meters, metal bottoms, DC power, or even price.

It's our commitment to giving you a quality high fidelity receiver, no matter how much, or how little you plan to spend.

So if you're planning to spend less than \$400, you couldn't ask for more than the SX-780.

PIONEER
We bring it back alive.

POWER: 45 watts per channel min. at 8 ohms from 20-20,000 hertz with no more than .05% total harmonic distortion.
FM SENSITIVITY: Stereo: 37.0 dBf
S/N RATIO: Stereo: 72 dBf

CAPTURE RATIO: 1.0 dBf
POWER METERS: 2
SPEAKERS: A, B, AB
TONE CONTROLS: Dual
TAPE MONITORS: 2



PIONEER'S SX-780.

Editorial

This is the "Body Issue"—which, as you may have guessed, is an issue filled with articles about the body. How's yours? Soft, smooth, thin, and well-tanned, with perky tits and a cute little rounded behind, I hope. Nothing personal. Anyway, the Body seems to be a really important topic lately. I suppose it's all we've got left since the Soul went out to lunch around 1950 and just never came back. And, frankly, the Mind behaved so badly during the sixties that I don't think we'll ever really trust it again. Do you? So that leaves us with this big pink sack of blood and shit we call home.

Let's take this opportunity to briefly examine some of our most compelling beliefs about the body and its social role and physical functions. (I borrowed that sentence from the guys over at Harper's, so don't pee on it or anything because I have to get it back to them in time for their December article about stinky divorced lesbian women who raise their sons as queers.) For instance, remember "feed a cold and starve a fever," "bread crusts make your hair curly," and how you get polio from using public drinking fountains? Those are old wives' tales. You never hear them anymore. What you hear now is young-women-you've-been-living-with's tales:

- The absolute worst thing for you in the whole wide world, worse than anything else, is commercial white bread.
- And the only thing worse than that is refined white sugar.
- In fact, anything white, such as white rice, is bad, while anything brown, such as brown rice, is good.
- The only white thing that's good for you is white wine, which is much healthier than beer or whiskey or even red wine.
- The only other white things that are good for you are fish and chicken, which are much better for you than beef, which is really bad for you unless it's veal, in which case it's sort of okay unless fried.
- In fact, fish is so good for you that it's almost like a vegetable.
- Smoking tobacco is really terrible, but smoking marijuana doesn't hurt you.

TATOOING
REASONABLE



- Exercise is really good for you. The more vigorous the exercise, the better. But you shouldn't work too hard because work really wears you down.
- Cancer is a result of having a certain personality type that represses emotions and things.
- Only really square "business" types repress emotions. And our moms.
- Almost all the diseases we get are caused by the food we eat.
- Almost all the diseases we get are caused by the environment we live in.
- American eating habits are very, very unhealthy and Americans are very, very unhealthy, and even if the statistics do say that we live longer than almost everybody else in the world.
- Anyway, somewhere in the Andes in South America there are these people who live lots longer than we do and are super-healthy and that's because they only eat _____ and _____ and never eat any _____ at all.
- All folk medicine works really well, especially Chinese folk medicine.
- Doctors don't know anything about medicine.
- It is more natural for a baby to be born in a geodesic houseboat in Sausalito than in a hospital in San Rafael.
- Children are really in touch with their bodies.
- Tea is better for you than coffee.
- Butter is awful for you, but milk and cheese and yogurt are good.
- Our bodies give off some kind of aura.
- Karate, Tai Chi, and Tae Kwon Do are good but fighting is bad.
- Women have more endurance than men.
- Shaving your legs or underarms is really barbaric but putting three holes in each ear is cool.
- The country is a really, healthy place to live, and if farmers and their wives and kids don't look really, healthy, it's because their heads are in a bad place.
- Speed is bad, but cocaine is fun and doesn't do you any harm if you rinse out your nose with water.

P.J.

Don't watch TV tonight. Play it!

We're the games you play on your own TV set.

We're the Atari Video Computer System™. (Remember "Pong™"? Well, that was just the beginning.)



Atari is now a sophisticated, computerized programmable unit that hooks up to your television in a matter of seconds.

Atari features a greater selection (20 different Game Program™ cartridges, over 1300 game variations and options —and with many more to come!).

We're sport games. We're mind games. We educate. We entertain.

We can be played by one player (against the computer), two players, 3 or 4.

We're the system that's especially designed to change colors to protect and safeguard your TV tube from any damage.

We offer crisper colors (when played, of course, on a color TV).

We pride ourselves in truer-to-life sound effects, which play through your own TV's sound system.

We're Atari.

And if someone in your family hasn't asked for us yet, get ready.

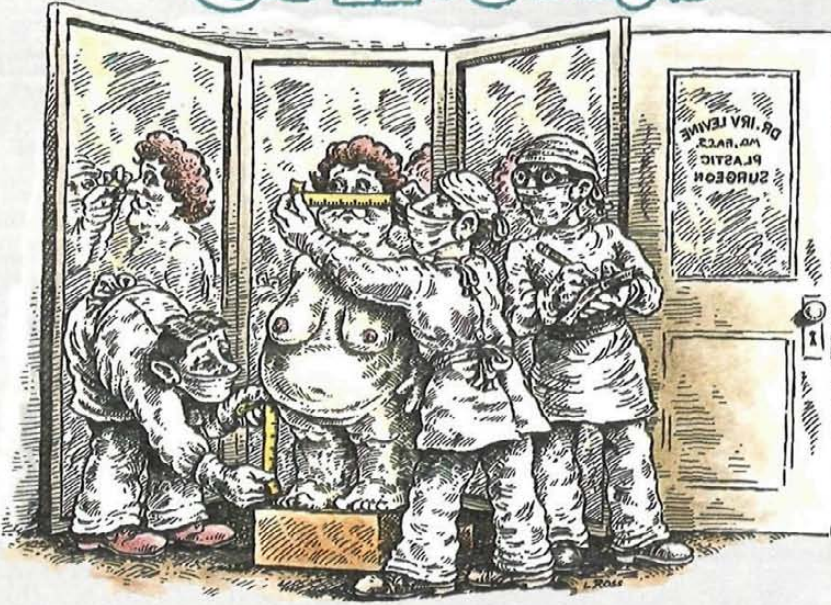
They're going to.

MORE GAMES.

ATARI®

MORE FUN.

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Give any Manhattan the crowning touch.

Seagram's 7 Dry Manhattan.
To 1 part dry vermouth add 3 parts
Seagram's 7. Grace with
a twist of lemon.
Brilliant.



Seagram's 7 Classic Manhattan.
To 1 part sweet vermouth add
3 parts Seagram's 7 and a dash of
bitters. Top off with a cherry. Tops!

Seagram's 7 Perfect Manhattan.
To equal parts sweet and dry
vermouth add 3 parts Seagram's 7.
Bright idea!

Start out with the great taste of Seagram's 7 and
you'll always end up with a great Manhattan.
Any way you like them, enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's 7 Crown
Where quality drinks begin.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.
AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80 PROOF.

*Alive
with pleasure!*
Newport



*After all,
if smoking isn't
a pleasure,
why bother?*

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1978

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine;
Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.



Sirs:

About that contraceptive foam. It tastes awful good, but it sure doesn't work very well.

David Eisenhower Nixon
San Clemente, Jr., Calif.

Sirs:

At last count, how many people had *your* name on their ties?

Pierre Cardin
Paris, New York

Sirs:

Hi! It's me again with another s-e-x question. If it's a French kiss when a guy stuffs his tongue in your mouth, what country is it when he stuffs his thing in there?

Sally Sue Sundae
Study Hall, Ill.

Sirs:

The only thing I like about Karl Marx is that if he were alive and living in Russia today, he wouldn't be able to get a visa to emigrate to Israel.

John Stuart Mills
c/o President's Council on
Economic Planning
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I can't sing to save my butt, so I decided to write a book, too. Because I can't write to save my butt, either.

Mel Tormé
Thesaurus, N.J.

Sirs:

How would you like a great big slurpy slimy kiss from Mario Puzo? I got three left over from last night. They're in the fridge.

Candida Donadio
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I have just been informed that as many as six million sinks in the United States may have hot and cold water faucets in the reverse position, that is, hot on the left and cold on the right, or is it cold on the left and hot on the right? Anyway, it's the wrong

way and if you're not careful you could burn your hands or drink a glass of hot water or make cold Cup-a-Soup. We have legislation pending, but until then, be real careful, okay?

Joseph Califano
Dept. of Health, Education, and
Welfare
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I would certainly hope that my fiction captures all the verve and excitement of my television show.
William F. Buckley
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Don't get me wrong. I'm not queer or anything. But why do hockey players have such big butts?
Arthur MacKenzie
Windsor, Ontario

Sirs:

Did ya' ever read *Paradise Lost*? I mean really read it, not just the *Cliff's Notes*. No? Well, us neither.
11 Billion Past and Present
College Students
All Over the World

Sirs:

I've read all those books about how to get women to go to bed with you, but I've still gotta say, a .44 under the chin is a million times better than a nice dinner, flowers, or a trip to Vegas.
Dave
Out of Town

Sirs:

It's not hard to get a camel through the eye of a needle if you purée it first.
James Beard
c/o New York Times Food Desk
New York Times, N.Y.

Sirs:

I'm having a party two weeks from Saturday and I'd like to serve cocaine to my guests, but I'm in the dark as to what you serve with it and how much each person requires. My dearest friend, Mabsy Tyler, says two nosefuls. Is that correct, and if so, approximately how much is a noseful?
Bunny Bunn-Bunn VanGleep
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Sirs:

I don't talk to my plants anymore, but I *do* still occasionally write my congressman. I mean, I believe that recent scientific research has indicated that congressmen have emotions

somewhat similar to humans. Or has that been debunked? Please let me know; I like to keep up with these things.

Lester Arntwerp
Bethesda, Md.

Sirs:

Can you keep a secret? I go out with colored men.

Donna Summer
Disco Village, Calif.

Sirs:

The main reason you guys don't sell well in our market segment is that your asses smell weird.

Trixie
Heathcoat Kennels
Denver, Colo.

Sirs:

It was a swell peace conference, except the Jews bitched about the food and the air conditioning and swiped the silverware. I just can't wait for the next one, though. Really.

Secretary of State Vance
Camp David, Md.

Sirs:

Here are the answers to the test

that will be given by Ms. Lois Przniak to her History of World Civilizations classes on Tuesday, November 28, 1978. Good luck.

1. A
2. B
3. A
4. D
5. D
6. C
7. Agriculture
8. The British
9. Spices
10. Thomas Eagleton
11. William Miller
12. Sargeant Shriver
13. True
14. False
15. True

Name Withheld by Request
Dayton, Ohio

Sirs:

You guys know what a sardine is? Huh? Give up? It's a fish that smells like a finger.

King Oscar
Bergen, Norway

Sirs:

You guys get it on, I'm sure, so you're probably hip to my problem.

continued

KEEP ROCK

CLEAN

Dirty, fuzzy high frequency sound is great when a rock artist plays it. But not so great when your cassette adds it. Unfortunately, most cassettes, no matter how costly, do just that. Fortunately, our premium AD cassette cleans up that act, and without cleaning out your wallet. A unique ultra-sensitive formulation gives it a hot high end. So you don't have to set those high notes on the back burner—they can cook right up front—loud, clear, and distinct. And AD is ideal for any noise reduction system. AD, like all TDK cassettes, is backed by a full lifetime warranty. *TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, N. Y. 11530.

TDK

Wait till you hear what you've been missing.

*In the unlikely event that any TDK cassette ever fails to perform due to a defect in materials or workmanship, simply return it to your local dealer or to TDK for a free replacement.

© 1978 TDK Electronics Corp



Clarion Hi-Way Fidelity. It's like a Concert in your Car.



Clarion's New Hi-Way Fidelity Series.

You can turn your car into a concert hall on wheels with a Clarion Hi-Way Fidelity System. Choose from a wide variety of high power, low distortion matched component systems, including AM FM stereo cassette or 8-track, exciting new home type 3-way speaker systems, and 30 or 60 watt 5 band graphic equalizer boosters. The EQB's let you custom tailor the sound to the acoustics of your car, and your taste. Complete systems range from \$300 to over \$600.

There's a whole new generation of Hi-Way Fidelity components eager to perform Bach, rock, blue grass, or blues. So if you'd like to be front row center every time you step into your car, see a Clarion retailer, today.



Clarion
The Car Entertainment Company

*SERIES INCLUDES: 751A, 838A, 684A, 453A, 300EQB, SK-102 & SK-103

LETTERS

continued

I'm dickin' a fox and I'm crashing at her joint and, like, my toupee is getting dirty. Now, I don't want to be a jag-off or nothin', so what's, like, good etiquette for getting a babe to wash my rug? Should I just ask her or should I wait a couple days until the hair reeks like skunk cunt and see if she washes it on her own?

Big Tom
c/o Candi's Place
Miami Beach, Fla.

Sirs:

In the fifties they called me a snob for wearing a Brooks Brothers suit. In the sixties they called me a murderer and bigot. Now, in the seventies, when you'd think things would calm down a little, my daughter's borrowing my ties and the fruitcake who trims our poodle wears the same Glen plaid as I do. I'm about to chuck it all and go hide out in the men's store at Sears.

Brooks Brothers Customer # 443433

Acct. # 449949

5th Floor, Men's Hats,
Shoes, and Hose

Sirs:

Should kids be tried as adults? Are you fuckin' crazy!!!! You can't send no little, sweet, innocent kids off to no prison or off to no electric chair, man. We don't know what we're doin' when we do what we do 'cause we're not old enough to know what to do and what not to do, you follow me? We're not bad 'cause we're bad, it's just 'cause we watch too fuckin' much TV. Give us a chance. Wait 'til we get out of high school, huh? Okay?

Carlos, Sammy, and Angel

Sirs:

You guys know the sound of a satisfied woman? Didn't think so.

Mr. Fingers
St. Louis, Mo.

Sirs:

Where are you people coming from? Happy as a clam? Man, a clam does not know happiness. It takes all day to move a fucking inch. We're ugly as sin. We have no friends. Sex is just disgusting. We eat fish shit. Our big thrill is opening our shells a bit and blowing out a little clam gas. If that's happy, then call Mrs. Paul and tell her I'm ready for the freezer section.

A Clam
15°W35°S
Atlantic Ocean

SOME OF THE NEW COMPACT, AUTOMATIC CAMERAS SEEM VERY EASY TO USE. UNTIL YOU START USING THEM.

There's more to an easy-to-use camera than automatic exposure. Yet that's what most of the new 35mm reflex cameras are: automatic, but hard to use.

Here's why the Minolta XG-7 makes fine photography both automatic *and* easy.

It's easy to take perfectly exposed pictures. Just point, focus and shoot. The electronic shutter in the XG-7 sets itself automatically up to 1/1000th of a second.

But it's hard to take an over-exposed picture. On automatic operation, the shutter locks to prevent over-exposures. It also locks when your batteries are too weak.

Easy focusing. The XG-7's viewfinder is big and bright, even in the corners. Your subject snaps into critical sharpness.

It's easy to be creative. You can make the automatic exposure setting brighter or darker for creative effects.

An easy-to-understand electronic viewfinder. Light emitting diodes tell how the XG-7 is setting itself and warn against under- or over-exposure.

An easy-to-see electronic self-timer. The self-timer lets you get into your own pictures. It's a large flashing light mounted on the front of the camera. The flashing speeds up to let you know when the picture is about to be taken.



ously with the winder. This feature allows you to take a sequence of up to 36 flash pictures in about 18 seconds.

An easier-to-use auto winder. It automatically advances film, as fast as two pictures a second. You attach the optional Auto Winder G without having to remove (or lose) any caps from the XG-7.

The easier-to-be-creative flash. The optional Minolta Auto Electroflash 200X synchronizes contin-

The important "little" extras. The XG-7 has a window that shows when film is advancing properly. A memo holder holds the end of a film box as a reminder. There's even an optional remote control cord.

Fast, easy handling. The way a camera feels has a lot to do with how easy it is to use. Is it comfortable or awkward? Are the controls placed where your fingers naturally fall, or are they cramped together? The Minolta XG-7 is human engineered for comfort and smooth handling. It's quiet, with a solid feeling you find only in much more expensive equipment.

Easy-to-change lenses. Remove or attach lenses with less than a quarter turn. And a system of almost 40 different lenses, from fisheye to super-telephoto, makes the XG-7 a key to virtually unlimited creativity.

Try the Minolta XG-7. See it for yourself at your nearest photo dealer, or write for literature to Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada) Inc., Ontario.

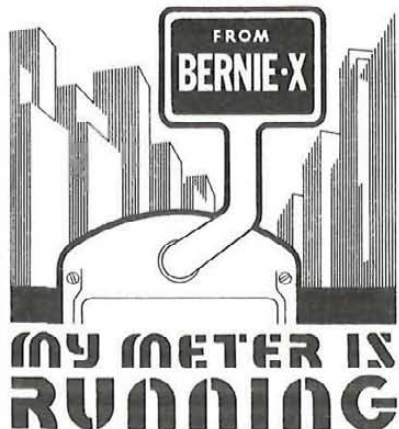


EASY DOES IT.

MINOLTA XG7



TIPS AND TALES



Part I

Where you headed for, Bud? Eighty-sixth and Third? You want to go to Yorkville? Germantown? Jesus, everytime I think about Germans I go a little crazy. You're not German, are you? You just want to buy some German food. Oh yeah, oh sure. I got nothing against Germans. I'm sure there're plenty of nice Germans. But everytime I think of Germans, I think of Nazis. I can't help it. I'm Jewish.

They're still trying to make a comeback, those fucking Nazis. They're like cockroaches. You can't get rid of them. I once tracked down one of the biggest. I'm not shitting you. I'll tell you about it. Got a few extra minutes? I'll take the long way, but I won't charge you what's on the meter. Relax. I'll tell you the whole story.

It happened a couple of years ago. I got this guy in my cab—a very nice-looking man—very respectable looking—looked like an older version of Robert Redford, the actor—moustache, beautiful gray hair, gray flannel suit. But there was something about him that was giving me the willies. I couldn't explain it, but I felt like the guy was going to put a gun to my neck and blow my head off.

I tried to strike up a casual conversation with the guy, but he won't talk. Tight as a clam. I know it's none of my business, but this guy is jiggling my built-in detection system. I can spot a fag or a creep a mile away, and this guy is giving off very strange signals. Since I'm almost finished working that day, I decide to follow this guy around for a while on my own.

Well, it seems this guy has nothing better to do than spend a little money. First he goes to Bonwit Teller, a hotsytotsy department store, and buys a bunch of English shirts and a couple

continued on page 26

THE BEST-SELLING REEL-TO-REEL DECKS SINCE THE BEGINNING OF RECORDED HISTORY.

From the beginning, the name AKAI has been synonymous with some of the most significant discoveries in the audio recording field.

First, AKAI led the industry with the electronics and technology required to produce the very finest motors, the heart of a tape recorder. Another advancement was the exclusive AKAI glass and crystal ferrite (GX) head—it remains totally unsurpassed for optimum sound and wearability—guaranteed for 150,000 hours, the equivalent of playing 24 hours a day for 17½ years.

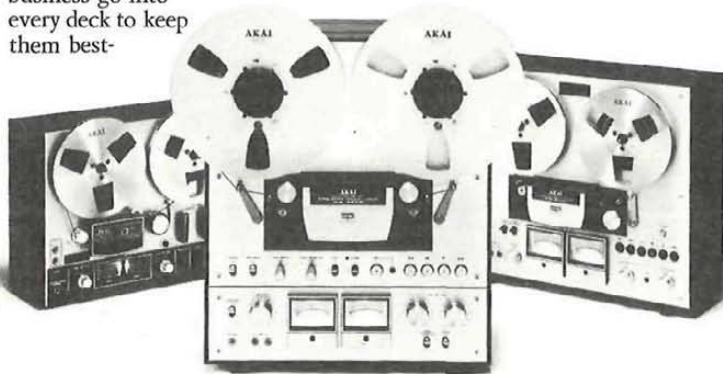
Today, AKAI continues to make one of the broadest lines of two and four channel reel-to-reel decks. And our 20+ years in the business go into every deck to keep them best-

selling. From the high performance GX-650D loaded with features, to the mid-priced GX-270D with reverse record and playback, to the hottest-selling 4000DS Mk II. For multi-track recording, the Quadra-Sync® GX-630DSS is also available.

See your AKAI dealer today, because no matter which of the 11 AKAI decks you choose, you'll be getting the best there is into your system. As well as the best value for your money; something mummy always said to look for.

AKAI

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ART COLLECTORS:

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Building a great speaker is something like building a great violin. Although there are many violin manufacturers, the design artistry and painstaking craftsmanship of the Stradivarius won it the reputation as the world's finest.

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Our new Studio Standard ST400 series speakers, manufactured at our modern speaker plant in Milroy, Pa., are the culmination of everything we've learned in producing hundreds of thousands of speakers. At the top of this new line is the ST461 — a speaker that critical listeners consistently rank among the two or three best they've ever heard.

The ST461 combines the staggering bass capability of the 15" Fisher model 15130 woofer, the flawless midrange of two 5" model 500 midrange drivers, and the ultra-high definition of the 3" model 350 horn tweeter. Plus a precision crossover network with adjustable midrange presence and treble brilliance,

and a resettable circuit breaker overload protector. All in a beautifully finished genuine walnut cabinet, at the reasonable price of \$350*. Other ST400 series speakers start at \$120*.

So, if you'd like to own the "state-of-the-art" in speakers, listen to Fisher's new ST400 series.

Fisher components are available at selected audio dealers or the audio department of your

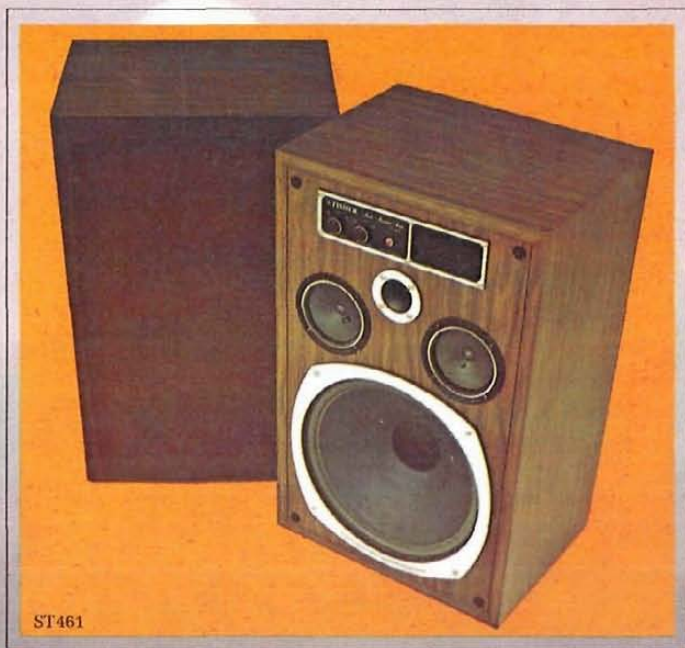
favorite department store. For the name of your nearest dealer, call toll-free 1-800-528-6050, ext. 871 from anywhere in the U.S. (In Arizona, call toll-free 1-955-9710, ext. 871).

*Manufacturer's suggested retail value. Actual selling price is determined solely by the individual Fisher dealer.



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NEWS ON THE MARCH

Mark Lane Cites FBI and TV Bear in Frame-up

JAMES EARL RAY PROFESSES INNOCENCE IN KING SLAYING



THE AMERICAN PEOPLE HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW WHY MARINA OSWALD WAS SEEN EATING MARINARA SALICE IN MARIN COUNTY EXACTLY ONE DAY AFTER VISITING MARINE-LAND!!!! AND HOW CAN MY CLIENT GET A FAIR HEARING WHILE HE'S WEARING THIS PREPOSTEROUS SPORT COAT?!

Attorney Mark Lane and convicted murderer James Earl Ray appeared before a House Committee investigating the assassinations of Dr. Martin Luther King and President John F. Kennedy and revealed what they called "startling evidence that will clear Mr. Ray."

The soft-spoken Mr. Ray told the committee that he was vacationing in Davos, Switzerland, the week the civil rights leader was shot and challenged the members of the committee to cite specific evidence linking him to the murder. Under questioning he explained that he had bought and handled the murder rifle at the request of an FBI friend named Billy Bob Raoul who "was afeared of guns hisself," and also that he'd driven through the South because a UAW official named Raoul J. Scuggs had asked him to road test his uncle's stolen 1965 Ford Fairlane. He told the committee that he had left the scene of the crime and traveled to Canada and then the moon to rendezvous with an extraterrestrial friend of his named Ra40u17.

After Mr. Ray was challenged by committee members, who said they found his story unbelievable, he agreed that he had not told them the whole truth. Stammering and shaking, he mumbled something about sun spots and a motorcycle club of midget snake handlers, then passed out.

Mr. Lane, long known for his involvement with assassination investigations, repeatedly claimed that his client could not get a fair hearing until the committee agreed to hear testimony from psychic Uri Geller, the Vienna Boys Choir, and Gentle Ben. The bearded lawyer accused the committee members of refusing to see the obvious connections in the case between the Memphis police strike, the anniversary of singer Elvis Presley's death, the disappearance of a prominent Russian black hole physicist, and Pete Rose's hitting streak.

Lane, author of a book on the case called *Code Name Zorro*, warned that Zorro, the masked avenger, would almost certainly take matters into his own hands if Mr. Ray was not granted a new trial.

Extra...

JOHN PAUL ELECTED POPE, GEORGE RINGO MIFFED



Ringo in Pope clothes.

Does "Slow Burn"

Iranian Critic Irate

Iranian film critic Nazh Halvahni has published a scathing denunciation of the Iranian film industry in response to a recent showing of the movie, *The Reindeer*, during which the theater burned down, killing hundreds.

Writing in the monthly French publication *Cinecisme*, Halvahni states, "The deplorable conditions under which I viewed *The Reindeer* are only matched by the quality of the film itself. I found the plot to be muddled, the performances unconvincing, the editing slipshod, the pac-

continued

continued

ing amateurish, and the theater in flames. "Why must something always go awry? If the projector is not faulty, then the ceiling crashes down upon my head. I am constantly passing out into unconsciousness, either from boredom or smoke inhalation."

He concluded, "I submit that the fire—in which 377 persons died—was ignited by the Shah himself, who wishes to emulate the former German dictator and psychopath Adolf Hitler. He has created his own Reichstag fire for which to blame his enemies. If these terrible conditions persist, our society will crumble beneath the boot of repression and, worse, distributors will never grant Iran a single print of *Star Wars*, which all of us so fervently desire to see."

Actress Bemoans "Mistake"

Del Rio Denies Suit



NOT ZIO. RIO WITH AN R. NOW BEAT IT!

Actress Delores Del Rio has denied that she brought suit against a doctor who purportedly "aborted" a fetus conceived in a test tube on her behalf. The baby, had it lived, would have become the world's first "test tube" baby.

"No, no, no," Ms. Del Rio told reporters. "It's not me. My name is Del Rio. With an r. Rio. As in Rio Grande? The river? R-r-r-r-io. An r. The woman you want is Delores Del Zio. With a z. As in Zorro. Z-z-z-z-io. Now leave me alone!"

Ms. Del Rio further denied reports that she received a fifty-thousand-dollar settlement from the case, in which she accused the doctor of acting without her consent. "It's not me," she said. "It's her. I'm the one with the r. She's the one with the z. Period!"

"A Startling Transformation"

Nyad Turns Into Dolphin, Halts Swim



HURRY UP! I'VE GOT AN INTERVIEW WITH DONNA DE VERONA IN HALF AN HOUR FOR WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS...

Long-distance swimmer Diana Nyad was pulled from the waters between Cuba and Florida recently when it was discovered that she had, in the course of her attempted marathon swim, turned into a dolphin.

"We're lucky," noted her mother. "It could have been worse. Dolphins have a language, and usually look fairly benign, with that sort of silly smile on their faces. She could have turned into a squid. Yuk."

Marine scientists speculate that the metamorphosis, the first in modern marathon swimming history, came about because of Ms. Nyad's heavy training schedule. "You know the old expression, 'You spend so much time in the water

you're going to turn into a fish?'" said Dr. Janet Stevens of the Florida Marine Research Facility in Miami. "Well, apparently it's based on fact."

During the course of her attempted feat, Ms. Nyad was tossed about by eight-foot waves, stung by remnants of jellyfish sliced up by her mobile shark cage, attacked by sharks, torpedoed by playful Navy submarines, electrocuted by outbreaks of St. Elmo's Fire, kidnapped by pirates, swallowed by a whale, and harpooned by a man with a wooden leg. Marveled her friend and coach, Jane Davis, "She's a helluva competitor and has a lot of heart, even if she is a porpoise now. Or dolphin. Or whatever."

"Boy Wonder" Kucinich Still Has Uphill Battle

Cleveland's Mayor Survives Recall Vote



AND I COULDN'T DO THE BUDGET TODAY BECAUSE MY MOM SAID I HAD TO GO TO BED AND THEN I LOST MY NOTEBOOK AND THE GOVERNOR TOLD ME IT WAS MORE IMPORTANT TO DO HIS WORK OR I WOULD HAVE TO STAY AFTER....

After narrowly winning a recall vote last month, Cleveland's Mayor Dennis Kucinich seems keenly aware that he is working with a shaky mandate from his constituents. The thirty-one-year-old Kucinich has had a troubled administration, marked by criticisms that he is incompetent and lacks the maturity for the job. "It's not fair," he told reporters. "Some people think they're so great and

they like to talk behind my back and I bet if they were mayor they would make big mistakes and then they would see what it's like."

Kucinich vehemently denied that he had ever considered resigning. "I know the policemen hate me," said the mayor, clearly stung by the accusations leveled against him, "but I hate them even more and even if they liked me, I wouldn't like them."

U.S.-French Relations Imperiled

France Forbids "Noiseless" Balloon Landings

In a move that one highly placed NASA official described as "blatant retaliation for our reluctance to permit Concorde landings in New York," the government of France has forbidden landing rights to the U.S.-backed Double Eagle II, prototype of a new and potentially revolutionary development in transatlantic flight.

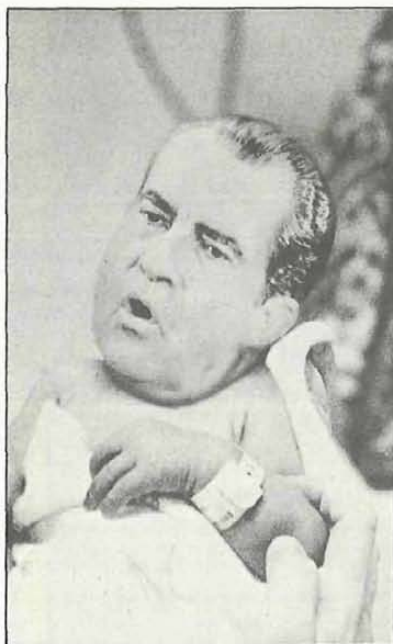
The craft, a large mylar balloon, is the result of research and development aimed at perfecting a slow, small, quiet means of transporting passengers between the U.S. and Europe. French objection to the craft centers around its silent means of operation.

"We cannot hear such a thing flying overhead. It makes us nervous," commented one French aviation official. "To have such a monster constantly sneaking up on your village, this is unacceptable to us at this time."

American investors stand to lose what some estimates hold to be "a couple of hundred bucks" if an agreement cannot be reached. "We simply must have landing rights for regular passenger flights," said Project Chief Donald Graves. "Sure, we could operate out of relatively remote freight fields, and ship blue jeans and Pop Rocks one way and Gauloises and Perrier the other. But the real money is in passengers. Soon we'll have perfected a gondola capable of carrying up to six persons. It'll be a damn shame if we can't use it."



There's only one thing wrong with the Nixon grandchild...



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"Real Ad"

Refs Pinch-hit

Umps Out, but Replacements Safe

Big league baseball teams were forced to resort to hiring arbiters from other pro sports during a recent walkout by major league umpires. Fortunately, few problems arose.

Referees from the NFL found their task surprisingly simple, while basketball referees from the NBA reported having "an easy time of it. After all, we're used to running back and forth all night. These guys just stand around!"

Referees from the National Hockey League did have some difficulties, however. Pierre Gaston, substitute umpire in a game between the Detroit Tigers and the California Angels, had to be hospitalized with a broken ankle after falling when his skates snagged on home plate. Hockey refs were also reportedly puzzled by the absence of a penalty box, and were seen during several games trying to force unruly players to spend ten minutes in the season ticket holders' seats.

China and Japan Discuss Trade Agreement

Japanese officials recently returned from China have confirmed reports that the two countries are discussing a wide range of joint economic ventures. Although information concerning specific projects has thus far been withheld, a new ten-year plan for increasing China's coal production clearly implies the use of sophisticated equipment that only Japan can supply. Until recently, the primary method of coal recovery in China involved having individual citizens walk hundreds of miles to the coalfields in the remote northern province of Mooshu, take a piece of coal, and walk home.

China has apparently also placed an order for four hundred million portable TV sets, all tuned to one station.

Lou Brock Returns from Rome

Disappointed Runner-up Reacts to Choice of New Pope



WHEN I HEARD ONE OF THE CARDINALS WAS GOING TO BE POPE, I DID FIGURE I HAD A GOOD CHANCE TO BE DISAPPOINTING, BUT THERE'S ALWAYS NEXT YEAR.

Furor in the Philippines

Chess Masters Continue Dispute



Chess masters Anatoly Karpov and Viktor Korchnoi continued to accuse one another of cheating and subterfuge as their months-long battle for the World Championship of Chess proceeded without pause in Baguio City in the Philippines.

Korchnoi accused Karpov of receiving coaching signals in the form of cups of yogurt, which he insisted be limited to one flavor. Otherwise, claimed Korchnoi, his opponent could be receiving tips on strategy and tactics sent via coded fruit preserves.

Karpov has since responded by insisting that Korchnoi's eyelids be raped open, suggesting that he had been asking for assistance from his aides through a

complex code involving blinking and squinting. Korchnoi replied with a protest concerning Karpov's selection of neckties, claiming that his opponent was deliberately wearing "outlandish, vulgar neck apparel in an attempt to unnerve me."

Karpov then demanded that Korchnoi wear heavily insulated clothing to prevent Korchnoi from sending signals using his heartbeat. "That one was a little silly, I admit," Karpov told reporters after that day's match. "But I say it as a demonstration that I will not let this man play games with me!" Most observers have called the dispute a draw, neatly paralleling the outcome of the chess games played thus far.

Compromise Sub Proposed

Carter Nixes Nuclear Carrier



President Carter has vetoed a proposal for the development of a 3.7 billion dollar nuclear-powered aircraft carrier, but has proposed a compromise that may satisfy all parties concerned with both America's defense posture and with curbing government defense spending.

The president has endorsed the development of a solar-powered submarine. The craft will be equipped with sunlight collectors that will be deployed during surface travel. Electric power thus gener-

ated will be stored in batteries for use during subsurface operation. In this way, the president hopes to satisfy both pro-armorament factions and pro-solar power elements in his constituency.

"Frankly, he's desperate to do something right," commented one unnamed aide. "If this doesn't work, he's got some other plans. Like a wind-powered breeder reactor. And a cruise missile powered by methane derived from chicken droppings. Anything. You got any ideas?"

**Foes of Unpopular Somoza
Regime Are Greeted by Thousands**

**Terrorists Who
Staged Nicaraguan
Raid Return to
Managua**

The twenty terrorists who staged the recent raid on the National Palace in Managua returned to the Nicaraguan capital today, drawn home by a massive mail campaign from admirers within the country. The terrorists, who have been approached to endorse numerous local products and appear at supermarket openings, held a brief press conference at the airport, where they were greeted by thousands of cheering well-wishers. Their press spokesman would not comment on reports that a national tour had been arranged, or that the twenty terrorists had been invited to guest host a local version of the "Tonight" show called "Huevos Rancheros Live!" After whisking the group away in limousines, airport authorities had a difficult time persuading the ecstatic crowd to disperse. It is not known where the terrorists will be staying while in the country.

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- Oct. 17 Regina
- Oct. 18 Edmonton
- Oct. 19 Calgary
- Oct. 21 Portland, Or.
- Oct. 22 Seattle, Wash.
- Oct. 23-24 Vancouver, B. C.
- Oct. 27 Santa Rosa, Calif.
- Oct. 28 Berkeley, Calif.
- Oct. 31 Los Angeles, Calif.
- Nov. 1 Santa Monica, Calif.
- Nov. 3 San Diego, Calif.
- Nov. 4 Phoenix, Ariz.
- Nov. 5 Albuquerque, N.M.
- Nov. 7 Houston, Tex.
- Nov. 8 Dallas, Tex.
- Nov. 9 Kansas City, Mo.
- Nov. 11 Milwaukee, Wis.
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—FRANK RICH, TIME MAGAZINE



"IT IS WILD AND CRAZY... LEAVES ONE FEELING LIKE
AN ANXIOUS FRESHMAN PLEDGE who at first feels a
little left out of things, but who, in the end, can't resist
joining in all the fun." —KATHLEEN CARROLL, DAILY NEWS



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and IVAN REITMAN • Music by ELMER BERNSTEIN • Written by HAROLD RAMIS,
DOUGLAS KENNEDY & CHRIS MILLER • Directed by JOHN LANDIS
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Under 17 Requires Accompanying Parent or Adult Guardian

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SCHOOL, IF YOU'RE IN
COLLEGE, IF YOU'RE OUT
OF COLLEGE, IF YOU'VE
EVER HEARD OF COLLEGE,
A NATIONAL LAMPOON
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LIVE FAN, or you're just
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college humor you will
have a laughing good time
at 'Animal House.'"

—GENE SHALTZ, NBC-TV



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ROLLING STONE



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HARPO MARX AND ALL
THREE STOOGES.
109 minutes of
horseplay."

—ROBERT TAYLOR,
OAKLAND TRIBUNE

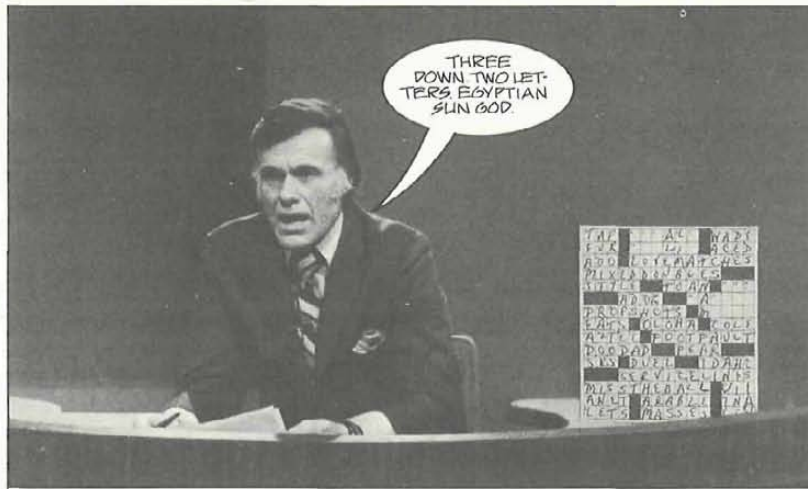


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TV Does Its Part

N.Y. Copes with Paper Strike



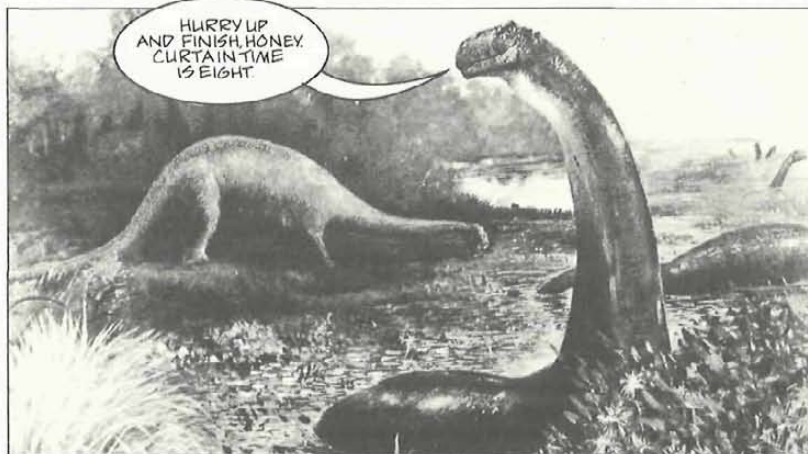
Not only has the protracted newspaper strike in N.Y. left millions without information concerning the day's events, it has also deprived readers of a number of vital services and entertainments. But local television stations have pitched in to help out in many new and exciting ways. WABC-TV has begun a series of "service readings," which include a complete rundown of all New York and AMEX stock exchange figures, option closings, and

commodity quotations. Likewise, WCBS has begun reading daily crossword puzzles on the air—each day's reading preceded by the solutions to the previous day's puzzle.

Meanwhile, WPIX is featuring classified ads (Help Wanted, For Sale, Personal, and Real Estate); WNBC is presenting legal notices and local obituaries; and WABC newscasters are reading amusing typos and the "Jumble."

New Look at Old Monsters

Scientists Revise Conceptions of Dinosaurs



The fields of paleontology and zoology have been rocked recently by a series of discoveries shedding new light on man's conception of the dinosaur.

Formerly thought to be slow, dull-witted, "cold-blooded," ponderous reptiles, speculation is now widespread that these huge prehistoric creatures were, in fact, intelligent, warm-blooded, well-mannered, witty, highly articulate, impeccably polite, and marvelous conversationalists.

Dr. Jacob Markovitz of the University of Pennsylvania has written in *Paleontology Review*: "Several pieces of evidence have come to light suggesting the wide

range of dinosaur capabilities. One is a prehistoric magazine featuring articles on scale grooming, seaweed recipes, and a number of humorous light verses—all by and for pterodactyls. Another, a remnant of what appears to be a diary kept by a Triceratops, includes the entry, 'Lunch-eon with B. Reminded her of Spring Gala arrangements. Her geraniums looked splendid!'

In addition, fossil discoveries indicate that many dinosaur populations had organized their members into debating teams, civic leagues, and amateur light opera groups.

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Photorama
PICTURE NEWS



New York City, New York A man claiming to be the international terrorist "Carlos" tried to give himself up in New York's Central Park. He is shown playing a record of his confessions and shouting for the police to arrest him. "Carlos" was taken to the local precinct for questioning and was eventually released when his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Shrewsbury of Roosevelt, Long Island, came to claim him.

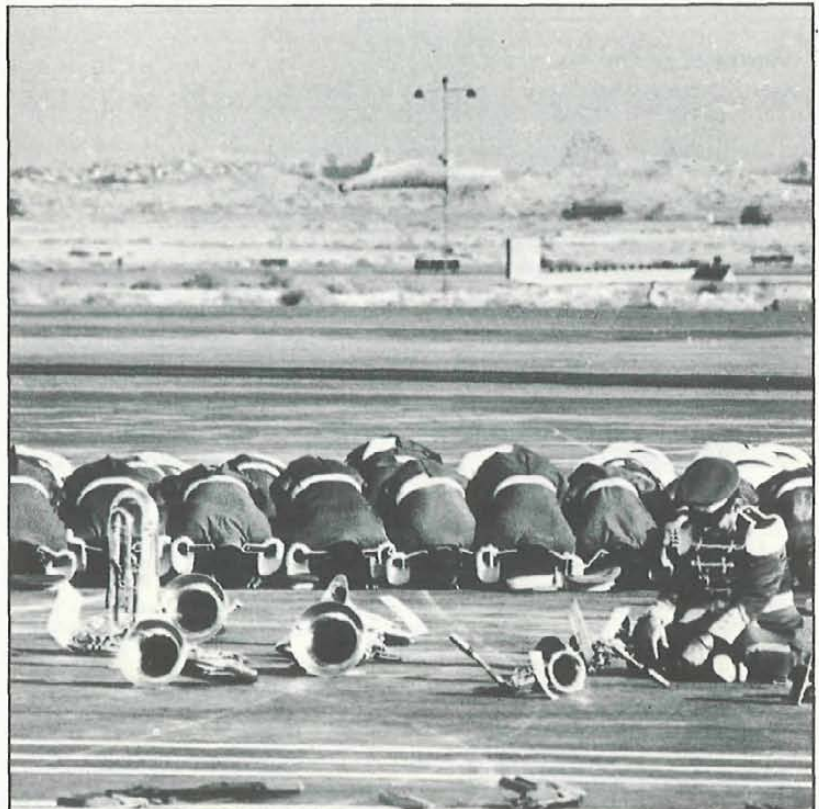


Oakland, California Nancy Lee Spinney of Glendale, California, won first prize in the first annual Odd Pet Competition in Oakland, with her crocodile, Bwana Devil. Miss Spinney got the crocodile three years ago on a safari when it was just a little baby, and confessed that she smuggled it home in a jar. "Bwana Devil is completely tame and loves to play with all the children in the neighborhood," said Miss Spinney.



Randy Epley

Kankakee, Illinois Albert Jessup, a local hardware merchant, performs his monthly ritual of eating money for good luck. Once a month at the B-Z-Bee Diner, Jessup eats a pile of dollar bills, usually about ten dollars' worth, right off a plate, with nothing but salt and pepper. He claims eating money is good for his business head and brings good fortune. Bus driver Jack Holcombe looks on in mild disbelief.



Winnipeg, Canada The Mount Tremblant Marching Band arrived for the all-Canadian band competition in Winnipeg, only to be met by a raging tornado that managed to blow away most of their instruments and cause over three quarters of the band to lose their contact lenses. The band combed every inch of the airfield looking for the lenses, but as bandmaster Jesse Majors said, "It was like looking for a needle in a haystack...well, a bunch of needles, actually."

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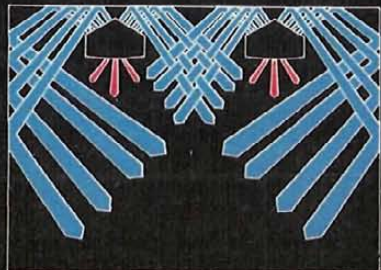
When Bose introduced the original 901® speaker, high-fidelity critics around the world hailed its revolutionary approach to sound reproduction.

"Bose has, in a single giant step, produced one of the finest speaker systems ever made."
(USA)

"The orchestra is there in front and the atmosphere of the concert hall all around."
(Belgium)

"Bose contains more technical innovations than any other speaker of the past 20 years."
(Austria)

"...sets new standards for loud-speaker music reproduction."
(France)



Now the 901® has evolved. Again. Introducing the Bose 901 Series IV Direct/Reflecting® speaker system. With new equalizer controls that consider your room as part of the speaker design. And a new answer to the problem of choosing an amplifier.

It is a known fact that moving a speaker just a few feet in a room will alter its performance. And that the variances in a speaker's performance from one living room to the next can be vast. This is a problem all speakers have regardless of design. Except one.

A new approach to the study of listening room acoustics and an ambitious survey of many actual listening rooms has resulted in new equalizer controls for the Bose 901 IV. These controls allow you to simultaneously adjust several bands of frequencies in a precise manner to match the per-

formance of the 901 IV to your room. In a way that cannot be duplicated even with an expensive graphic equalizer.

As a result, the 901 Series IV speakers perform as well in the living room as in the demonstration room.

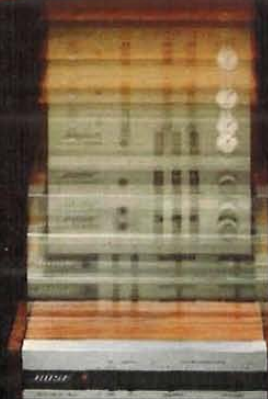
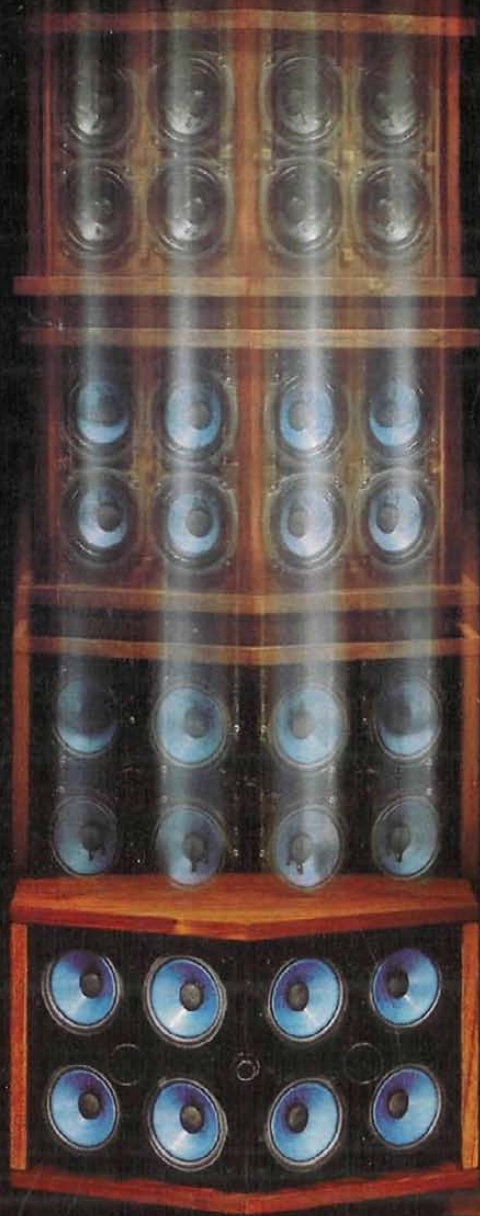
Were our engineers to design a speaker specifically for your living room, you would not get better sound than you do when you properly adjust the equalizer controls on the Bose 901 Series IV.

And the 901 IV provides a simple answer to the problem of choosing the power rating of your amplifier or receiver. Choose any amplifier you wish. The 901 IV provides surprisingly loud sound with as little as 10 watts per channel. Yet it is durable enough for us to remove all power limitations on the 901 IV. There is no power limit. Period.

With these new improvements, the Bose 901 IV gives you a flexibility no other speaker can. You can place the 901 IV in almost any room and get the life-like, spacious sound for which the 901 IV

Direct/Reflecting® speaker is famous. And you can match it to virtually any amplifier.

We think that once you hear the new Bose 901 IV Direct/Reflecting® speaker, you'll agree. The revolution has evolved.



BOSE®

BERNIE X

continued from page 14

of fancy silk bathrobes. Then he goes down the block to a place called André Oliver and buys six cashmere sweaters. He follows this with a stop at Dunhill, where he slips into their mink coat for men and also buys three tweed jackets. He must have spent ten thou already.

Then he goes over to Bloomingdale's and orders all kinds of stuff. He ends up ordering a couple of tickets to *A Chorus Line* and has a drink by himself at the Four Seasons. I follow him from the Four Seasons to his hotel, the U.N. Plaza.

This is no ordinary Joe Doakes. Who the fuck is he? A Mafioso? I don't think so. Gangsters don't give me the creeps. This guy scares the shit out of me, if you want to know the truth. Only one kind of person can do that to me—a Nazi. Maybe I'm crazy, but that's what I felt. And when you're that crazy, there's no point in trying to prove your case by talking to ordinary police or government people. They'll think you're a fucking Jewish crackpot. There's only one guy in the whole world who would listen to me, because he's a little crazy, like me. The only guy who will listen and give me a straight answer—Simon Wiesenthal, the famous Nazi hunter who tracked down Adolf Eichmann. Wiesenthal is this guy who decided to spend the rest of his life tracking down all the Nazis who are still alive, and bringing them back for trial as war criminals. He's supposed to have one of the biggest files on the Nazis, and knows everything about them.

Wiesenthal lives in Vienna, so I had to invest my own money in a long distance phone call. Shit, it was worth it. I had to find out who this guy was. Wiesenthal didn't hang up on me like I was a crackpot. He was very patient and asked me a lot of questions. He probably gets a hundred calls a week from weirdos who thought they spotted Adolf Hitler.

But Wiesenthal is stumped about this guy. He can explain the guy's looks—plastic surgery can work miracles. But the guy doesn't fit any description of any known Nazi who might be still alive—except—and then he stops for a second and asks me a weird question, a question he asks everyone who calls about a suspicious character. He wants to know if there was any strange smell coming from the man, a smell like breaking wind—

what we call a fart, in vulgar language. Wait a second. Wait a fucking second. Come to think of it, I *did* smell a little fart in the air around this guy, even though I was pretty far away from him most of the time. I never dreamed it was him. He didn't look like the type.

Wiesenthal gets more interested now and wants to know if I remembered what it smelled like. What am I? Some kind of creep or something? I don't go around doing things like that. No, no, he says. Forget your sensitivities. This may be the most important sniffing you ever did in your life, he says, almost shouting into the fucking phone. So I tried to remember what they smelled like. You're not going to believe this, I said, but I think they smelled a little like cabbage soup and burned cinnamon, with the usual underlay of rank hard-boiled egg smell.

There was a real long pause and I thought the connection had gone dead. But then he speaks up again in a very low, calm voice. He says, "Don't let this man out of your sight, even if your life depends on it. I'll be in New York and meet you within seven hours."

So I stay on Robert Redford's tail. About five o'clock he leaves his hotel and goes to an address on Park Avenue in the seventies. I learn that he is seeing a Dr. Felix Magyar, a gastrointestinal specialist. Now it's getting real interesting.

The rest of the evening was nothing special. He liked to have a good time by himself. He went to a Knicks game, which the Knicks lost, of course, blowing a twenty-point lead in the last five minutes. He had a late dinner at Christ Cella, a nightcap at P.J. Clarke's, and then went back to the hotel. I hung around the lobby and waited for Wiesenthal.

The Nazi hunter arrived about two hours later. Turned out to be a terrific guy. He took me into his confidence immediately and made me his deputy on this case. Then he broke the news to me. There was nothing in my description of the Robert Redford character that fit any known Nazi except one thing—the guy's unusual fart odor. No amount of plastic surgery could change that. And only one man had that unmistakable smell—Martin Bormann. Bormann—the number two man to Hitler himself at the end of the war. Hitler's most trusted minister, the power behind the scenes, the slimiest, most inhuman Nazi of them

all, and the smartest, according to Wiesenthal. Fuck me. No wonder he gave me the creeps!

Wiesenthal told me a little more about Bormann.

"He was the smartest, certainly in terms of survival. He was supposed to have been killed by the Russians when trying to escape from Berlin, but it was never proven conclusively. As far as we know, there is a good chance that he is alive.

"A plastic surgeon may have performed miracles on his body—even his fingerprints can be changed. But no one can change the essence of your windybangers, as the English so aptly call them. Everyone is blessed or cursed with a basic smell. It was a documented fact that Bormann had the worst case of flatulence in Germany, worse than Hitler's, which was very bad. No matter how hard Bormann tried to control it, it always got the best of him. It used to drive his associates crazy. Some of them wanted to sue him for giving them permanent lung damage. He was a terror, that Bormann. Only Hitler could take him in stride. They used to have contests, trying to outgas each other. It was their idea of a good time. German decadence can be puzzling at times, but you know how anal they are.

"All the while, Bormann consulted the best physicians in Germany. They wanted to perform surgery, to take out a portion of his stomach and colon, but the man was terrified of operations and believed that his enemies would take this opportunity to have him liquidated, say, accidentally dying on the operating table. So Bormann lived with his problem. Of course, he tried all sorts of remedies—medicines, herbs, quack cures—even heroin. For years he lived with a device in his anus called the *mello*, which a German scientist invented, claiming it would eliminate the deadly odor from his gaseous emissions. The *mello* was like a permanent suppository, made of plastic, I suppose. It had some kind of filter trap built into it that captured a lot of the offending odor. An emission from Bormann would also trigger a tiny air spray device built into the *mello*, which would automatically spray the air with a pleasant perfumed scent and deaden the telltale sound. An ingenious little item, but it never worked properly. The Germans couldn't iron the bugs out of it, although I heard later that the Japanese had a similar device made for Prime Minister Tojo

continued on page 52

TWO SPEEDS!

B·I·C introduces the two speed cassette deck — 1 7/8 ips for compatibility, 3 3/4 ips for extraordinary performance.

Recording engineers recognize that the way to obtain more professional results is to increase the speed at which tape is moved past the heads.

Until now, all conventional cassette decks have recorded and played back at 1 7/8 inches per second only. The new B·I·C tape decks do this... superbly. When used at 1 7/8 ips, they exceed virtually every existing performance spec. At 3 3/4 ips, they establish new standards.

This faster tape speed results in dramatic improvements in frequency response, dynamic range, signal-to-noise, and wow and flutter. It also provides much quicker rewind and fast forward times, automatically at either speed.

As an example, consider the model T-3's 3 3/4 ips specs. Performance unheard of

in any other cassette deck. Guaranteed frequency response of at least 25-22,000 hz \pm 3 dB. Wow and flutter less than .035% WRMS. Total harmonic distortion below 1.5%. Signal-to-noise ratio better than 67 dB (A-weighted).

To achieve these new performance standards we used a fresh approach to the electronics. The result — a group of new circuitry concepts which we have named "Broadband Electronics." These circuitry concepts lower residual noise and distortion. They enhance frequency response and stereo imaging. And — most important, these improvements are audible at either speed on all B·I·C tape decks.

The result is sound that is cleaner and more detailed than you have ever heard from cassette tape.

There are three B·I·C cassette decks, from the "no frills" Model T-1 at under \$300, to the 3-head, dual capstan T-3... all at prices you'd expect to pay for an ordinary one speed machine.

For a free 24-page brochure, see your B·I·C dealer or write B·I·C/Avnet, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

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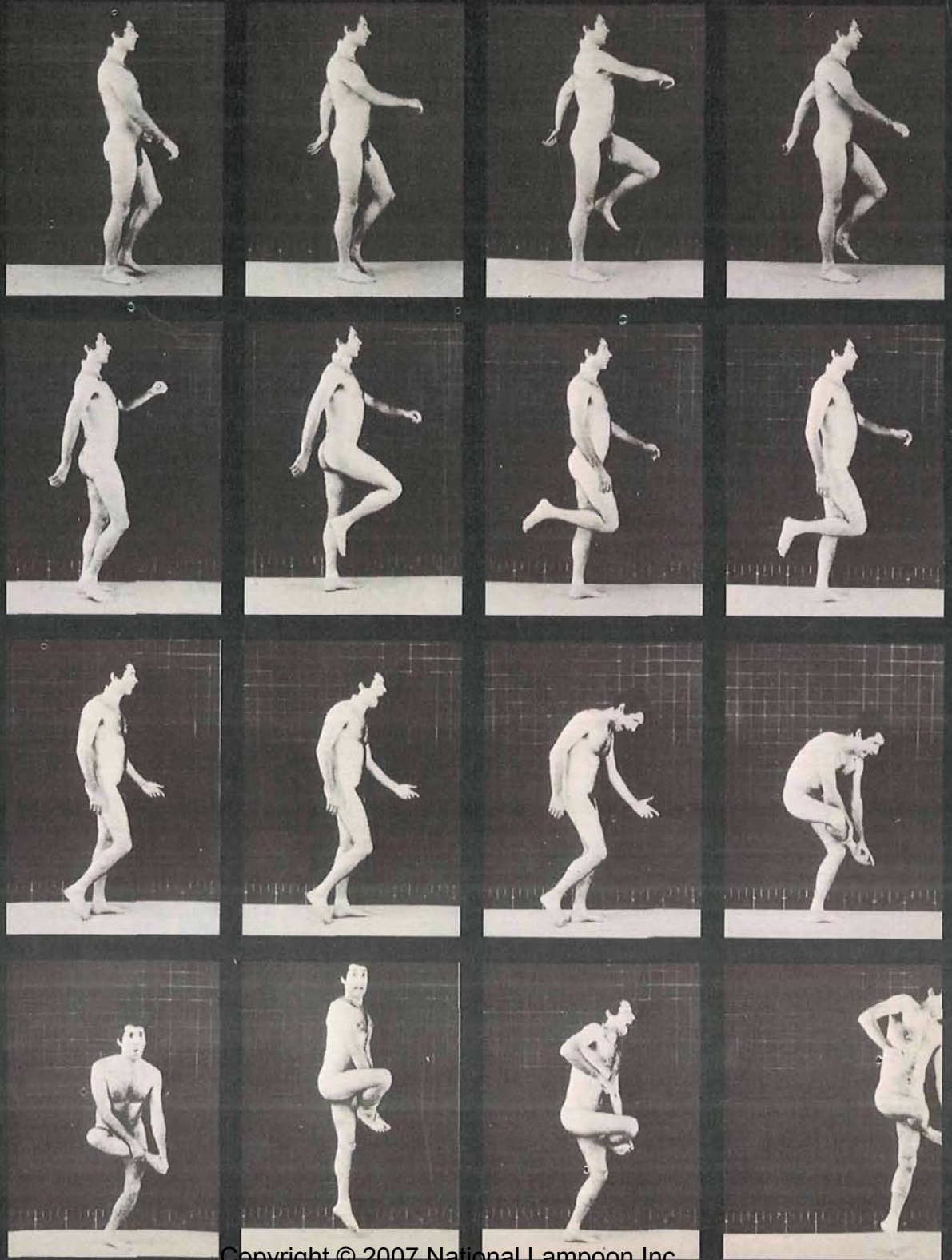
MS/MR/MRS

Address

Zip

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE

NATIONAL
LAMPOON
"The Body"



MY PENIS

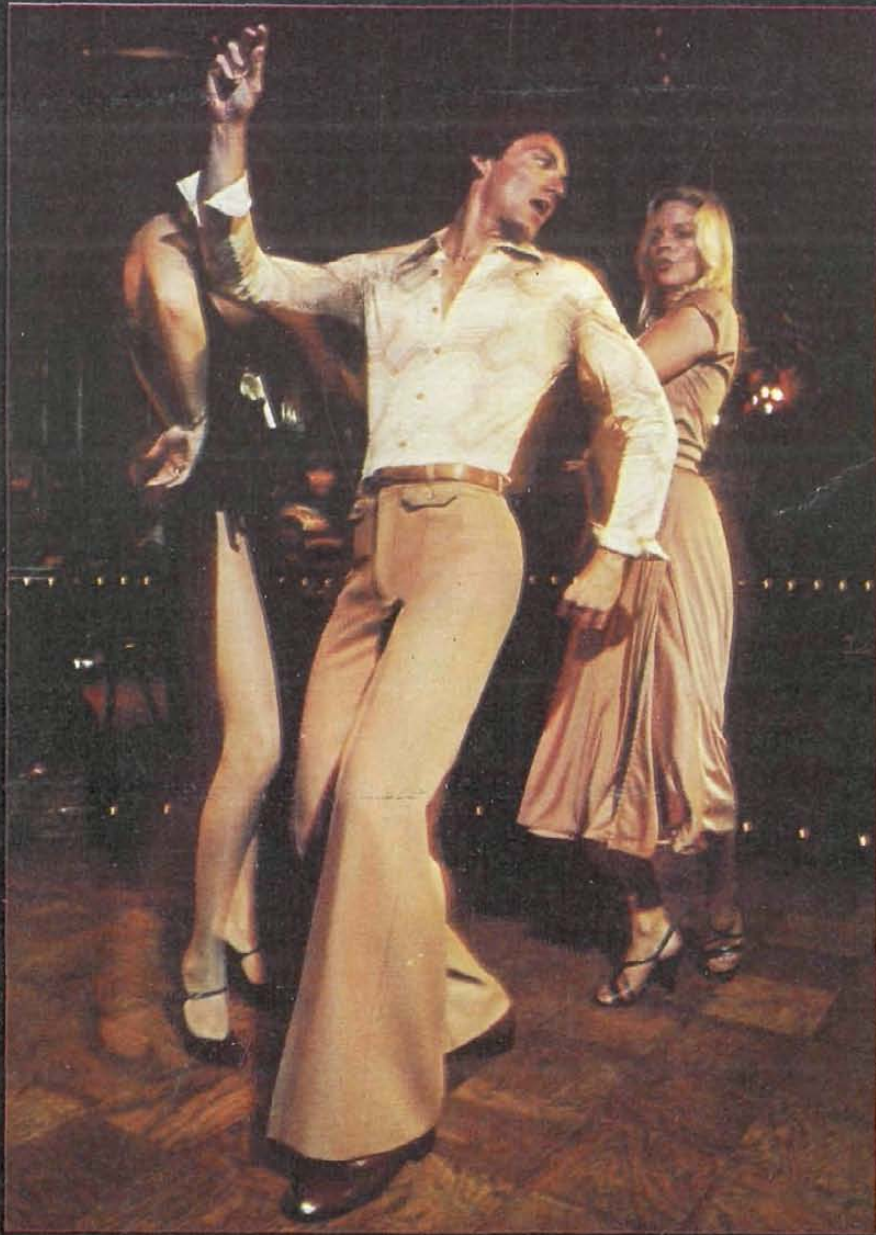
by
Karen
Wheatley
as told to
John
Hughes

One day last fall, I woke up with a...with this...with a...well, it was, it was all covered with hair and um, it was, oh, it was big and, ah, it was a...you know, it was a...what it was was a...it was like a, well...it was a penis. A real one. It scared me to death!

continued on page 67



If You've Got It, Flaunt It!



If you're lucky enough to have a lean, trim, hard body, make the most of it.
Get into Angels Flight™ pants and turn the ladies on.
Angels Flight is the original — the dressy gabardine pant that started the disco look.
The fit is so snug and provocative it's downright sinful.
You'll even feel sexier wearing them.
Add a matching vest and blazer and you'll have to fight the girls off.

Angels Flight
Anyway you look at it,
it's a winner!



CAPT. CAD AVER

With Corpses For Kids

by Gahan Wilson



Music: Theme: "Bodies, Bodies, Bodies!"

1. Ann-cr: "Hi, kids—say, we all know what that good old bouncy-bone music means, don't we? Sure we do! It means it's time for us to start the morning with good old Captain Cadaver!"

Music: Up and out.



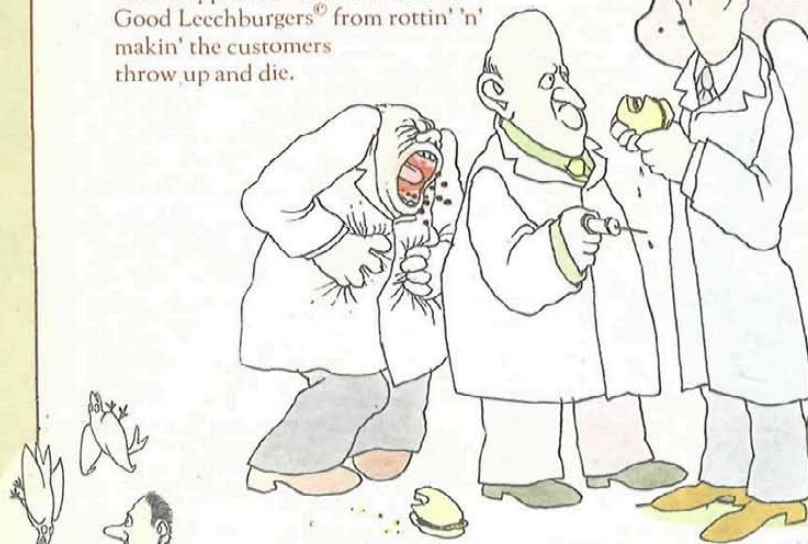
2. "Hello there, all my little buddy corpse-could-bes, this is your old charnel chum, Captain Cadaver! This morning's more serious than most, gang, because it's time for the annual telling of how you and your Mom and Pop got to be so lucky having all these swell dead bodies around, so if you older kids have a new brother or sister, bring 'em up close to the set!

3. "Time was when folks had to work real hard to keep a dead body from rotting—no kidding! This here's a mummy from ancient Egypt, and in spite of them puttin' spices in it 'n' pullin' out its heart and bowels 'n' dryin' it out, it still looks a mess, don't it, kids? Haw, haw, haw, haw!"



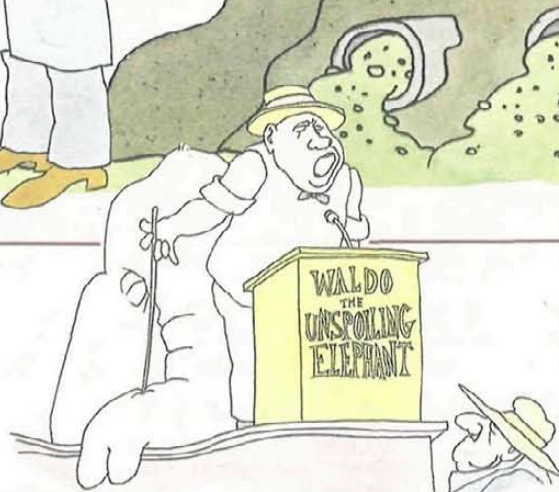
4. "Even in modern times, dead bodies rotted so gosh darn fast you had to crowd around 'em to get a quick look before they shoveled a lot o' dirt over it so's it wouldn't stink things up!

5. "Then came the big break for which we're all so grateful, gang! Doctor Ira Irwin Habster, working in the Research and Development Department at Suckin' Good Leechburgers,[®] figured out a chemical that stopped the leeches in Suckin' Good Leechburgers[®] from rottin' 'n' makin' the customers throw up and die.



7. "Wellsiree, the first thing you knew, that ol' chemical had seeped into th' ground and got into th' rivers 'n' oceans 'n' stuff until there wasn't hardly a chunk o' th' planet that wasn't soaked with it!

6. "The chemical worked so well, gang, that all the big food people took to using it, 'n' huge factories all over the world did nothin' but make more 'n' more 'n' more of it.



8. "Course, there were a lot of crybabies 'n' goody two shoes who thought that was just awful. But it wasn't long before smart folks caught on to the wonderful thing the chemical was doing—just as it had preserved those good old leeches in th' Suckin' Good Leechburgers,[®] it was now preserving everything else, everywhere!

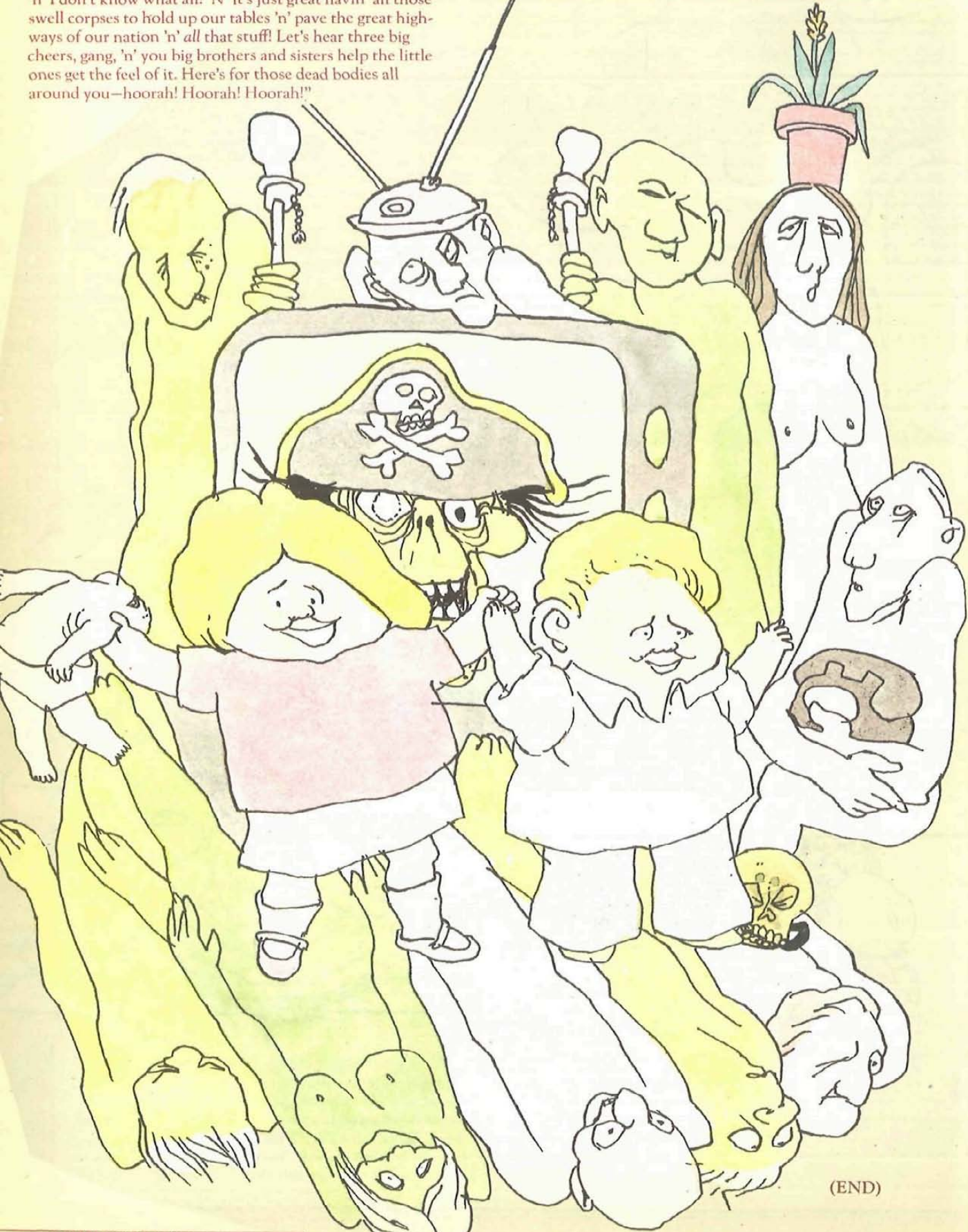


9. "So it didn't matter no more if a kid's pet died, they still had it to play with! 'N' the same went for their dead brothers or sisters, big or little!

10. "Then, when it turned out the bodies preserved by the chemical were so well preserved it was impossible to destroy them, the same old sissies 'n' gloomy Gusses moaned and groaned about how awful it'd be to have all those corpses around. 'What're you goin' to do with them?' they boo-hoed. 'Every day there's goin' to be thousands more!' they sneveled.

11. "Well, we know what we do with 'em, don't we, gang? We have one heck of a swell time with 'em, that's what—and we make good use of 'em in building material 'n' clothes 'n' I don't know what all! 'N' it's just great havin' all those swell corpses to hold up our tables 'n' pave the great high-ways of our nation 'n' all that stuff! Let's hear three big cheers, gang, 'n' you big brothers and sisters help the little ones get the feel of it. Here's for those dead bodies all around you—hoorah! Hoorah! Hoorah!"

Music: Theme: "Bodies, Bodies, Bodies!" Up and out.



(END)

National Lampoon's Exercises for Attractive Girls

This Month:
Breast Developing Exercises for Attractive Girls in the Offices Facing Ours Across the Street
 In today's busy world, there are plenty of days when a working girl just doesn't have the time for a regular exercise program. But even on the busiest days, there are always a few quiet moments around the office that a smart gal can take advantage of to do some simple "tone-ups." Try this one for a week and see if your breasts don't feel more firm, more perky, more attractive, pert, adorable, smooth, luscious, heaving, and melon-like.



Step 1: Come to the window on Fifty-ninth Street.



Step 2: Unbutton your blouse.



Step 3: Expose your breasts.



Step 4: Stretch luxuriously.



Step 5: Write your phone number on a sheet of paper and hold it up to the window.



Step 6: Wave.

Repeat three times daily, and get all your girl friends to try it, too. Except the fat ones.

Next Month: National Lampoon's Exercises for Attractive Girls #49: "Let's Firm Up That Penis"

"SHE HAS A WONDER"

A Translation into English

Of More Than One Hundred Words and Phrases Used by Sisters, Mothers, and Middle-Aged Aunts to Describe the Human Face and Figure.



a real
Teddy bear

Compiled by John Hughes
and P.J. O'Rourke,
with the assistance of Tod Carroll,
Gerald Sussman,
and John Weidman



cute as a button

WORD OR PHRASE	TRANSLATION
athletic (girl)	Muscular, thighs like tree trunks, great big shoulders, real biceps.
big-boned (girl)	6' 6", huge hands, giant nose and face.
delicate (man)	Queer.
fair complected	Pale with ugly moles.
olive-skinned	Has hair on her upper lip.
friendly face	Retarded looking.
shy	Retarded acting.
dignified good looks	Old enough to be your mother.
gracious	Even older.
healthy glow	Great big girl who sweats.
petite	Little tiny girl with a face like a rat.
sweet (girl)	Not pretty enough to be a threat.
sweet (man)	Queer or real old.
graceful	Hard to figure; probably means bad breath.
pleasant-looking	Not pleasant-looking.
girl next door	Homely.
nice girl	Real homely.
She has a wonderful personality	Very homely indeed.
She takes after her father	Big and homely.
aquiline	Big nose on a rich girl.
striking	Even bigger nose than aquiline, and taller but not quite as rich.
handsome (woman)	Like aquiline but older.
classic features	Like striking, but might be part Jewish or Italian.
fine-featured (girl)	Long, skinny nose and no chin.

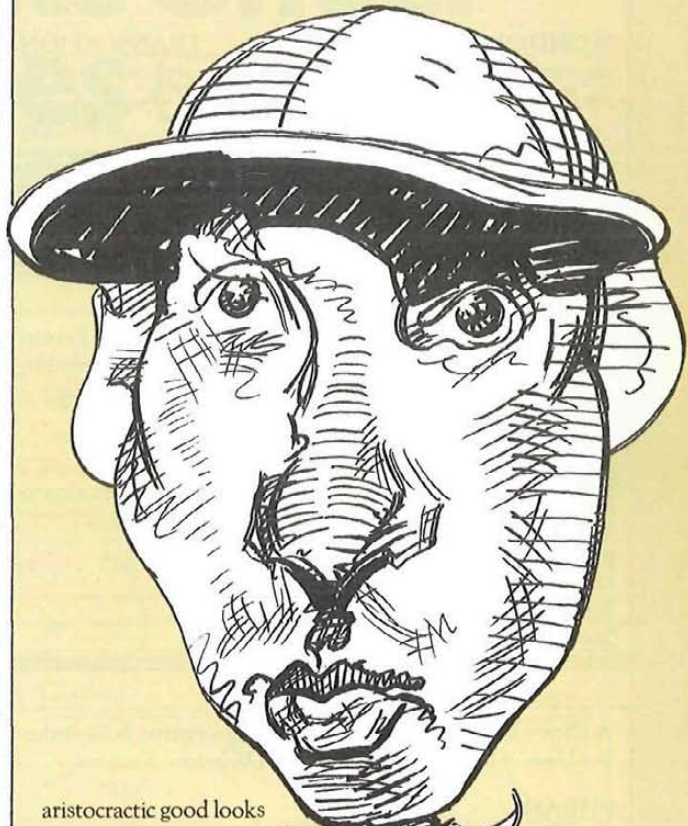


coltish

fine-featured (man)	Queer.
classic features (man)	Big nose.
Roman nose	Real big nose.
strong features	Huge nose.
His face has a lot of character	Huge nose, pockmarks, lines, scars, big bushy eyebrows that grow together in the middle, and lots of ear and nose hair.
sensual features	Big wide nose, big thick lips, looks like an ape.
coarse, sensual features	Looks like Yassir Arafat.
quiet good looks	No good looks at all.
aristocratic good looks (woman)	Quiet good looks with money.
aristocratic good looks (man)	Queer.
exotic good looks	Not all white.
dark, brooding good looks	Jewish psychotic.
cute (girl)	Under 5' 1", blond, turned-up nose, ten pounds overweight.
cute as a button	Under 5' 1", blond, turned-up nose, twenty pounds overweight.
pert	Similar to cute, but pie-faced and with a nose like a pig.
perky	Like pert with a constant nervous giggle.
pixieish	Skimpy perky with ugly freckles and no tits.
womanly	Fat.
full-figured	Huge hips, real fat.
statuesque	Tall and fat.
earth-mother type	Young and fat.
motherly	Old and fat.
talented	Fat and twirls the baton.

RFUL PERSONALITY"

bubbly	Fat but fun at cookouts. Owns own car.
fun to be with	Fat as a hog but likes to drink. Lets anybody fuck her.
a great kidder	Like fun to be with but a lot louder.
good sense of humor	You can call her boat-hips and she won't get it.
ample figure	Fat, fat, fat.
Rubenesque	A blimp and a half. A real pig boat.
beautiful eyes	Even fatter than Rubenesque.
beautiful hair	So fat you can't even see her eyes.
cute (man)	Approaching critical mass.
big-boned	Only a little fat, but real short.
robust	Fat.
large	Fat but outdoorsy.
athletic	Tall and fat.
imposing	Will be fat when he gets older.
barrel-chested	Rich and fat and a little drunk.
big	Fat with with good posture.
a real Teddy bear	Fat, fat, fat.
coltish (girl)	Fat guy with a gratifying sense of his own inferiority.
tomboyish	No tits, legs like pipe cleaners.
svelte	Coltish with bad grades.
willowy	Skinny.
chic	Skinny and over 6'.
vivacious	Skinny, no tits, 6' 8", and real bad posture
scintillating	Manic-depressive scarecrow.
riveting personality	Vivacious on a diet pill jag.
delicate (girl)	Like vivacious or scintillating but a lot scarier.
lean	Terminal anorexia nervosa victim.
wiry	Tall and skinny and gawky.
	Short and skinny and nervous.



aristocratic good looks



good sport



APPENDIX A

Words or Phrases the Use of Which Indicates That the Person So Described Is Ugly to the Point of Rendering Euphemism Almost Impossible.

WORD OR PHRASE	TRANSLATION
amusing looking	Actually physically deformed.
rawboned	Huge, dirty person who cannot count above eight.
unusual face	Ugly in a truly surprising way.
pleasingly plump, a little on the plump side, portly, or rotund	All kidding aside, this person could get a job with any carnival sideshow in the country.

APPENDIX B

Words or Phrases the Use of Which Indicates that the Person So Described Is Ugly to the Point of Rendering Euphemism Completely Impossible. (These terms are not readily translatable.)

WORD OR PHRASE
going through an awkward stage
good with children
nice to his/her parents
such a help around the house
Lincolnesque
Beauty's only skin deep.
Looks aren't everything.

APPENDIX C

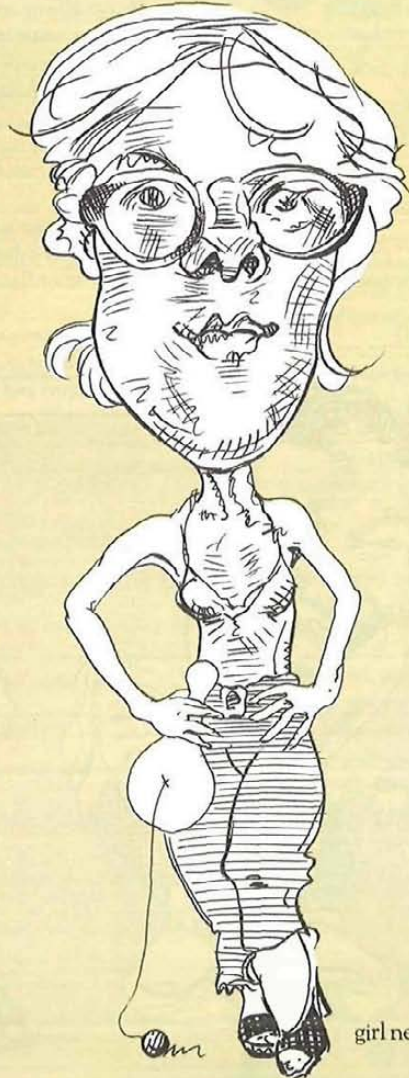
A Phrase Which, While Not Directly Descriptive, Is Nonetheless Usually Indicative of a Seriously Dangerous Situation.

PHRASE
They have a daughter just your age.

APPENDIX D

Euphemistic Words and Phrases Used by Members of Our Own Generation and Sex.

WORD OR PHRASE	TRANSLATION
great figure	Big tits, ugly face.
really built	Great big tits, real ugly face.
built like a brick shithouse	Humongous tits and a face that can crack glass.
sexy	Homely, nice ass, puts out.
has a lot of animal magnetism	Ugly as a snake, but will blow you with her mouth full of ice cubes, get into threesomes with another girl, and let you tie her up.
outdoorsy (girl)	Homely but good-natured. Doesn't mind cleaning fish.
very attractive but not really my type	Hideous shrew married to your best friend.
high-energy person	Schizo coke freak.
I really like her as a friend.	Call the zoo.
good sport (man)	Fat wiseass who's bad at athletics.
good sport (girl)	Fat vanner chick into group sex.
just like one of the guys	A good sport who's too fat to fuck.



girl next door

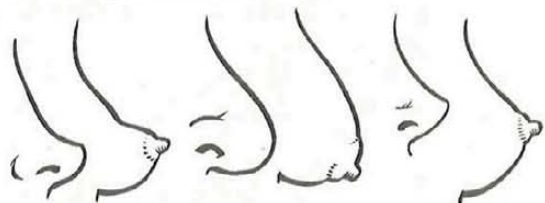
How to Tell What Girls Are Like Under Their Clothes

by John Hughes

The Breasts

Shape

Breast shape mimics nose shape.



Example A

Example B

Example C

Size

Tits come in three sizes: Not Enough, Plenty, and Too Much. The best method for determining the knocker size is to look at the amount of "pull" on the fabric between the bosoms, roughly estimate the distance between mid-breast and shoulder, observe the breasts in motion, and then compare your results with the identification chart below.

Stationary

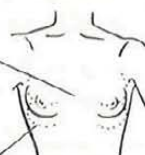
In Motion

Not Enough

Breasts jiggle rapidly up and down, independently of one another.



No stretch—no gap.



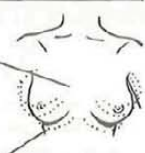
At dead run, max. movement 3" vert., 1" lat.

Plenty

Breasts bounce rhythmically in unison, up and down with slight lateral sway.



Moderate stretch— $\frac{1}{2}$ " gap.



At dead run, max. movement 8" vert., 4" lat.

Too Much

Breasts slosh and roll up and down and from side to side with no apparent pattern.



Ripping—3" gap.



At dead run, max. movement 18" vert. 12" lat.

The Principal Nipple Classifications

The Pygmy Gumdrop



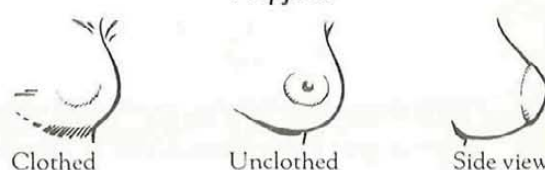
Raised American Beauty



All-Night Salute



Flapjack



Detecting Vaginal Tightness

Look for vaginal tightness in a woman's face. The tightest vaginas belong to the "lemon suckers," the sour-faced girls with the tiny mouths, pursed lips, miniature features, troubled looks, and pointy chins (i.e., the First Lady). The large, open pit variety vaginas are to be found in the women with big mouths, big teeth, lots of hair, and sparkling personalities (i.e., Carly Simon). How close to either of those extremes a gal is will let you know her vaginal size, give or take a thumb or two.

Note: Girls under the age of consent, women under five feet tall, and all Hawaiian females have extremely tight vaginas.

Basic Bush Designs

With the exception of redheads and raven-haired women, all feminine hair is mouse brown. Texture follows the general texture of the head hair. Since pubic hair shape and character is controlled by grooming, the way to figure out what a woman has is to look at her lifestyle indicators.

Secretary



All-American beaver shape, clean, well-scrubbed. Still a year or two away from hairy leg spread and pubis to navel fur bridge.

Cocktail Waitress



Boyfriend clip, keeps the lips shaved for easy access, smells like lilacs, on weekends uses special genital makeup.

Lady Businesswoman



Natural over-thirties muff, untouched except for leg trim and occasional yeast-related trailblazing.

Housewife



Convenient utility cut, kept close after second child, turns on otherwise sleepy husband, is a snap to keep clean.

Fashion Model



Doesn't stick out of bathing suit, emphasizes height.

Philosophy Major



Wilderness designation, uncut, unclean, more hair than a Turk.

Unwanted Hair

Unwanted hair is hair that appears anywhere on the body, with the exception of the head and the pubis. Unwanted hair that appears on the arms and face will tip you off to hidden unwanted hair.

If She Has	She Will Also Have	Armpit hair	Rectal hair	Nipple hair	Back hair	Buttock hair	Chest hair	Navel hair
Arm hair		X			X			
Hairy moles				X				
Moustache		X			X	X		
Sideburns		X			X	X		X
Eyebrow bridge		X	X		X	X		X
Chin hairs		X	X	X			X	
Knuckle hairs		X	X	X	X	X	X	X

The Ass

A great rear end can elevate a homely face, stupidity, bad skin, buck teeth, filth, and sloth to regal status. Most guys can live with a pair of infantile teats, but not too many good men linger around an ugly ass. When the ass goes, as they say, so does the man.

The Perfect Ass

Cheeks separate, forming cute triangular indentation or "chin rest." Feathery stroke of blond down continues to neck.

Charming dimples.

Cheeks form complete circle.

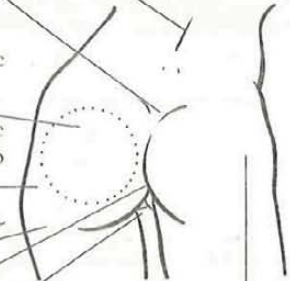
Skin is clear and white and smooth and cool to the touch.

Cheeks meet thigh without creating line.

Pink and hairless.

High cheeks allow view of genitals.

Lots and lots of adorable goosebumps when it's cold.



How to Tell a Good Big Ass from a Bad Big Ass



The Good Big Ass

The Bad Big Ass



Expensive designer jeans

Penney's denim slacks

Buttock definition

One cheeks hangs lower

Light between legs

Thighs rub

Hips jog up and down when in motion

Buttocks vibrate when in motion

The Bag Over the Head Principle

Don't be dope! Just because her mug could spook a horse doesn't mean she can't have a great set of cans. We're all God's children and we each get our fair share of good and bad. For instance, those broads in *Vogue* look pretty sharp, but they can't remember their own phone numbers. So, if you're looking for the best individual parts, they're down on the bargain floor.

BEST TITS—Ugly Jewish girls studying law or medicine

Best Nipples—Fat white girls with freckles

Best Legs—Women over 6' 6"

Best Asses—Short black women

Best Bushes—Girls with acne

Best Overall Genitals—Horse-faced girl athletes

The Four Basic Feminine Odor Groups

Smells But Doesn't Notice

Bless her heart, this little pie-faced sweetie works hard and tries her very best, but she stinks and she's not smart enough to know. She makes the best secretary, but on a hot day, she'll bring your lunch up.

Smells, Knows It, Covers It Up

She's the gal with the false eyelashes, the frosted hair, the blood-red lip gloss, and the skin that looks like flesh-colored paint. Downstairs, she smells like a sewer with an Airwick in it.

Smells And Loves It

You'll recognize her Swiss khaki hiking shorts, wool socks, waffle stompers, and flannel shirt. On the outside she smells like you, but unpeel her and you'll get a hint of what our evolutionary predecessors smelled like. She doesn't believe in covering up what is natural and beautiful and woman.

Doesn't Smell

Best that can be hoped for in real life. Very clean. Smells like soap and shampoo and baby powder and, sometimes, suntan lotion. These are the kind you marry.

Ethnic Considerations

The basic racial and ethnic types have distinct anatomical characteristics.

Black: Large brown nipples, chin-chapping corkscrews of wiry black pubic hair, protruding buttocks.

Oriental: Sparse black pubic hair, very fine texture, small brown nipples, small breasts, flat rear end.



Slavic: Woolly brown pubic hair in great abundance, large pink off-center nipples, big thighs, brownish to liver colored vaginal lips, low-slung butt.

Nordic: Pink nipples well-placed on large breasts, fine wispy light brown pubic hair, firm high buttocks, long legs, no brains.



English/Irish: Pure white skin, red nipples on large milky breasts, red pubic hair, large firm buttocks, short legs, thick ankles, thin waist.

Mediterranean: Huge full breasts, brown nipples, chubby stomach, big round buttocks.

Danger Signs

Women are very adept at concealing their shortcomings, but there are a number of clues and hints that will alert you to major structural, cosmetic, and hygienic flaws.

She's Old

High collar (to hide stringy chicken neck)
Thick yellow toenails
Nice ass but hunched back
Funny spots on hands
Bad breath
Nose veins
Perfect teeth; too perfect

She's Fat

Deep laugh
Long hair parted down the middle
Caftans
Clothing mostly black and twelve to eighteen months out of style
Peasant tops
Unusual wear patterns between upper trouser legs
Stretch waist skirts
Puffy fingers
Looks good standing but bulges when she walks
Goes to the beach in street clothes
Resewn seams on pants' seats

She's Dirty

Makeup line on jawbone
More than three runs per nylon
Crotch stains
Baggy knees on pants
Salt stains on blouse underarms
Open-toe shoes with dirt visible at base of toes
Neck pimples
Wearing scarf on head (to hide greasy hair)
Pubic hair hanging out of bathing suit
Caste mark

She's Crazy

More than three earrings
More than five rings
Black woman with white eye shadow
White woman with black eye shadow
Shorts and heels
Bathing suit in public
Burgundy, blue, or pink hair
Safety pin in cheek
Under 100 lbs. □

BATHROOMS, WOMEN, AND WHAT THEY DO IN THEM

Phase I

These photographs were taken secretly on 18 August 1978 by *National Lampoon* agents Carroll and O'Rourke, installed in the private lavatory of one Debbie Hoagland—23/Cauc/Brn/Brn/116#/5'6"/SS526-76-4082. The agents state they believe Hoagland's actions to be candid and accurately representative of the many thousands of females observed and recorded by them during the course of this study. Subsequent interrogation of Hoagland, combined with collateral intelligence, produced the accompanying descriptions and accounts.

Female has entered the bathroom and closed door; applies French Lobe Mask to forehead, temples, and rear of neck. Such masks contain agents that are absorbed directly into the brain. Their function is to mask synapses controlling informational analysis, permitting the user to "not understand things." Hoagland: "I can hardly do anything for myself after I've put on my French Lobe Mask."



Female treats lips with Pout Dew—stimulates subcutaneous fluids to promote lip puffing and turning. Hoagland: "I put on extra just before I know I'm going to want something."



Female sprays breasts with herbal-strength Nipple Urethane and Conditioner. This substance hardens nipples to effectuate optimal, button-like protrusion through clinging garments.



Female injects larynx with forest-scented Beauty Adrenalin to facilitate high-speed talking. Hoagland: "I can touch up my throat during the day if I have a whole lot of talking to do."



Female sharpens eyes with European fashion grinder that mechanically grinds corneas to optical perfection. Hoagland: "I can see all of the things I want to buy after I do this."

Memiors of a Surgeon

By Dr. Exacto

"Dr. Exacto" is the pen name of a leading surgeon at a major metropolitan hospital in the Midwest. He is a graduate of the Tufts Medical School, a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons, and has been practicing his art for over thirty years. The following are selected excerpts from his forthcoming autobiography, *A Sawbones Speaks*.

Imagine every surgeon has a vivid memory of his first incision. I know I remember mine. I was an intern, wet behind the ears but cocky as all get-out, and the operation was a routine appendectomy. As I was scrubbing up, the senior resident—a fish-eyed coot with Sen Sen breath—came over to me and put his arm around my shoulder. Was I nervous? Did I think that I could handle it? Well, I just sneered at him, spit on my hands, and went to work. I'd show the patronizing bastard! Gingerly I palmed the scalpel. Where to start? I held my breath, took one huge swipe, and I was through into the abdomen...but where was the appendix? Here? No. There? No. Christ, the patient's insides looked like fifty pounds of unstuffed sausage meat. I needed help, but you can bet I wasn't going to ask the smirking resident to bail me out. So in I went. I laid about me like MacDuff. A slice of this, a piece of that... could this be it? I worked for hours like a man possessed, until at last I pulled a six-inch tube of gray-green slime up through the wound and the attending nurse—who didn't like old fish eyes any more than I did—muttered, "Good job, doctor." That was it, then. Hell, I felt so good I almost bit

the damn thing off and spit it in the air. I'd finally soloed. Finally "cracked one" on my own.

* * * *

You hear a lot of talk these days about unnecessary surgery, about unscrupulous physicians slicing people open when some less traumatic means of treatment would suffice. What



"Dr. Exacto" favors fresh air when he operates. Here he has removed a patient's vital organs and is giving them a thorough ventilation on his kitchen windowsill before replacing them. One time, he remembers with a chuckle, a stray German shepherd grabbed a patient's liver from the "airing rack" outside his operating room, and nurses had to chase the dog for seven blocks before recovering it.

utter crap. All operations are performed because there simply is no other way to find out what it is that ails you. X-rays, for example, are a total waste of time. If something went wrong with your car you wouldn't have it X-rayed, would you? No. You'd open up the hood and shove your arms down in the engine till you found the part that wasn't working

right. And that's the way it is with surgery....

Let me repeat. There's no such thing as an unnecessary operation. All surgery is per se good for you. All surgery is beneficial, and I'll tell you why: it airs you out. It ventilates your organs. Surgery and surgery alone can clear the stagnant, fetid air that clogs your abdomen. You don't believe me? That's your problem. An English surgeon named Sir Richard Cooney understood the value of aeration as far back as 1823, and if it weren't for all the mumbo jumbo Lister made up about germs (whatever they are), ventilation still would be the guiding principle of surgical procedure.

Germs? The hell with germs! What's needed is fresh air, and when you come to me you literally get a bellyful. Weather permitting, all my operations are performed beneath an open window so that gentle breezes can massage your oxygen-starved organs. When it's indicated, I'll pull organs out completely so that they can get a really thorough airing (see illustration). Once replaced, these kidneys, livers, etc., invariably function better than they did before. The evidence is overwhelming, incontestable. Aeration is the cornerstone of modern surgical technique, the key to a successful operation, and the essence and essential of a long and healthy life. You mark my words, its time will come again, goddamnit.

* * * *

I've been a surgeon now for over thirty years, and while I've seen some great strides forward in the healing



Here, "Dr. Exacto" demonstrates a surgical technique he's pioneered called simultaneous ambulation. The patient, under general anesthesia, is walked back and forth across the operating room while "Dr. Exacto" "digs in" to fuse a dislocated disk.

arts, I've also seen a number of ridiculous procedures added to our hospital routines—procedures that waste time and money, mollycoddle patients, and accomplish absolutely nothing. Take catheterization. Now, it's normal for a patient to have trouble urinating for a day or two after his operation, but if he's still stuck on the third day, hospitals immediately start jamming catheters into him sixteen ways at once. More tubes, more trauma, more malpractice suits—all totally unnecessary! What do I do about post-op patients who have trouble passing water? I do what we used to do in med school thirty years ago. I give them beer. If they can't take it orally, I pour it in their IVs. And they love it. Two Buds and they're peeing like they used to in the parking lot behind the Hi-Ho Tavern. Plus, it cheers them up. I tell you, not all change is progress. There's some things, tried and true, that should be left alone.

* * * *

Speaking of patients...here's a tip for any parent with a child who's got to have an operation. I suppose that there are kids out there who've got the guts to look an operation in the eye and spit, but trust me when I tell you that they're few and far between. Most kids find out that a strange old man is going to stick a dagger in their bellies and they start to scream like wounded banshees. Take my advice—don't tell them. Lie. Just say they're going to the movies or a birthday party, then drop a half a dozen Mil-towns in their Kool-Aid, and you'll get them to the old O.R. without a lot of totally unnecessary wailing and hysterics. It's easier on you, on them...and on the surgeon.

* * * *

Throughout my long career I've found that pre-op patients are beset by many dreads and terrors, almost all of them well-founded. Surgeons do drink heavily to get their courage up before a tricky operation, and they will permit the orderly on duty to take out your tonsils or appendix. Then there's the fear, a common one among my patients, that I'll start to operate before the anesthetic has completely taken hold. Now, any surgeon who coughs up malpractice premiums will swear to God that such a gross mistake could never happen, but I'm here to tell you that it can and does. A case in point: three weeks ago I had a patient laid out for a simple

cholecystectomy. I got the high sign from my anesthesiologist and started slicing when the guy screamed bloody murder and jumped ten feet in the air. The crazy bastard went up like a marlin that I hooked off Bimini at last June's AMA convention. Jesus, what a sight! We got him down eventually, but by the time we did he'd lost about a hundred pints of blood, and fifteen minutes later he was gone. We lost him...just the way I lost that god-damn fish.

* * * *

Elsewhere in my book I've made allusion to some "great strides forward" in the healing arts. If you'll forgive an old man blowing his own horn for several moments, I'd like to describe a revolutionary practice that I've personally pioneered and that is slowly overcoming the objections of a bunch of yahoo morons at the AMA and gaining general acceptance. I call it *simultaneous ambulation*, or SA.

SA is an extension of early ambulation, a technique whereby the patient, in order to avoid blood clots and blood stagnation, is encouraged to get up and walk around the first or second day after his surgery. I go this admirable technique one better. Whenever possible, I insist my patients stroll about the O.R. while their operation is in progress. When only a local anesthetic has been administered, they are more than capable of locomoting under their own steam; a general anesthetic usually requires that they be helped (*see illustration*). There are, of course, a few malingers and whiners who refuse to get up off the table, but the chances are that later on they'll pay the price for their dumb sloth in stagnant blood and lethal embolisms. Tough luck. All I can do is warn them; after that they're on their own. The hell with 'em.

* * * *

There's one old saw I hear a lot that's always irritated me: a surgeon buries his mistakes. Now, I suppose that's true, up to a point, but did you ever stop to think that we bury lots of our successes, too? We do. I'd estimate that half of the really first-rate jobs I've done have gone unnoticed and uncelebrated just because the weak-willed patient didn't have the stamina to make it through the rigors of the operation. Just last month I did a textbook gastroenterostomy on some old bat who couldn't stand the wear and tear and croaked halfway between the O.R. and Recovery. A "fail-

ure"? A "mistake"? Not on your life. I opened up that broad the way a waiter in a fancy New York restaurant debones a trout. Hell, you could dig her up today and take a picture of her insides and they'd put it in the god-damn medical encyclopedia! Don't talk to me about mistakes....

* * * *

Let's end with a laugh. We tend to think of surgery as a grim and grisly business, filled with blood and pain and death. It does, however, have its lighter side, and here's a silly anecdote to prove it.

Ten years ago, on the occasion of our twentieth wedding anniversary, my wife presented me with a beautiful engraved gold pocket watch. It must have set her back a thousand bucks, and frankly, I was tickled pink. A few days later, however, after successfully removing a pancreatic cyst from a certain Mrs. Smith, I found that I'd misplaced the watch, and though I searched the hospital from top to bottom, I'll be damned if I could find it anywhere. When I told my wife, she blew her stack, claimed that I'd lost the thing deliberately, and said she'd never speak to me again. Needless to say, I was upset the next day as I made my rounds, and when Mrs. Smith complained to me about intense pains in her abdomen, I snapped at her to stop her bellyaching; the operation had gone perfectly and I had problems of my own.

The next two weeks were hell. I couldn't find the watch no matter where I looked, and Blanche, my wife, moved out on me and checked into a fancy-pants hotel. The damn place cost a fortune. Meanwhile, Mrs. Smith continued bitching about stabbing pains and claimed that she heard ticking noises coming from the area of her incision. I told her she was nuts and brushed aside her stupid, whimpering complaints. One night, much to my surprise, she died, and since I'd done the operation on her I was asked to do the autopsy. I did, and what do you suppose I found wedged in between her liver and her pancreas? My watch! Well, let me tell you, I was thrilled. I gave a whoop and kissed the nurse, the orderly—I even kissed old stone-cold Mrs. Smith. When I told Blanche, she laughed so hard I thought she'd bust a gut, and to this day she'll ask me for the time and then start to cackle like a crazy woman.

Surgery...there's more to it than misery and tears. □

B·I·C INTRODUCES NEW TURNTABLES.



Four years ago, B·I·C invented the belt-driven record changer. In two years, it was the most popular turntable in America.

Success achieved so quickly is not easy to repeat. But in all modesty, we're about to do it again.

Consider:

1. Nine totally new B·I·C turntables. One is a single play manual, four are single play fully automatics and four are record changers.

2. V.I.A. It stands for Variable

Isolation Adjustment, the first turntable suspension that can be user-adjusted to dampen acoustic feedback and room vibration frequencies in nearly every listening environment. It's a B·I·C exclusive and all the new B·I·C turntables have it.

3. Triple-isolated chassis. On all B·I·C models, platter and tone arm are mounted on a sub-chassis, isolated between base and top plate by optimized isomer shock mounts.

Coupled with V.I.A., this system intercepts more extraneous vibration frequencies than any we know of.

4. The controlled-mass straight tone arm was computer designed for low mass, strength, and minimal tracking error. Sapphire bearings reduce friction to insignificance.

5. Stroboscopic variable pitch control is standard on the five lower-priced models.

6. Micro-processor digital drive is the most accurate drive system to be had

9 REMARKABLE



at any price. A digital computer continuously monitors platter speed and corrects variations by means of an AC servo system. Pitch can be varied by 3% up or down and locked in. It's standard on the four top B-I-C models as well as . . . a vacuum fluorescent digital display that reads out measured platter speed to .03% accuracy and updates itself every two seconds, and . . . a digital stop watch for timing selections to tape. This is another

micro-processor display function.

7. A carbon fibre tone arm is standard on two B-I-C models, optional on four others.

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9. \$99.95 to \$319.95. Anyone will find a B-I-C turntable with the right features at the right price.

There's more to tell, but only our catalogue has room. We'll happily send you a free copy.

Seven of B-I-C's new turntables are the world's best for the money. Two are the world's best, period.

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WHAT'S NEW IN PARA

MARINATE YOUR WAY TO A LONGER LIFE

That's the password at the Institute of Applied Marinetics, where hundreds of people are living incredibly long, rich, full lives by practicing the theories of a science that goes all the way back to ancient Egypt.

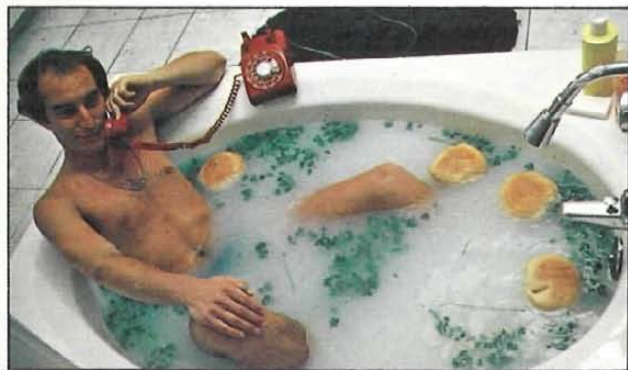
The theory of Marinetics is that certain "recipes" or combinations of ingredients have the ability to prolong life, whether it's the life of a herring or a human being. "You've heard of pickled herring, pickled beets, pickled artichokes — they last forever, they never spoil. Well, pickled, marinated people can last pretty long, too," said Dr. Ralph Tormolinos, director of the Institute of Applied Marinetics.

Dr. Tormolinos has simply modified and updated the theories of Egyptian mummification, a process

very soothing and beneficial to the skin — all very conducive to longevity."

The most potent marinade is a pure brine solution, which is normally used for certain very tough fish. In most humans it gives the skin a hard, horny quality, not unlike the shell of an armadillo or a crocodile. "We're trying a new crash process—brine marinade for people who can't get used to living in the stuff forever," said Dr. Tormolinos. "That is, we're increasing the salt intensity and keeping the patient in the solution for two years, round the clock, until he turns a pinkish-gray in color. Then we're going to try smoking him over hickory logs and sugar curing him for another year. Hopefully, he doesn't have to be marinated in brine after that. Brine isn't everyone's cup of tea."

There is no question that Marinetics works. The brine people live



Dennis Lobe of Tucson, Arizona, age 106, conducts most of his thriving real estate business from his Marinetics tub. Dennis uses Dr. Tormolinos's custom "house" dressing made of vinegar, oil, garlic, mustard, dill, salt, and pepper.

that was greatly influenced by pickling and marinating. Dr. Tormolinos works with many of the same ingredients used to preserve and pickle foods. After thirty years of research, he has discovered various marinade formulas for longevity.

Patients at the Institute are given thorough examinations to determine which marinade is suitable for their body chemistries. It could be the brine formula, the vinaigrette solutions, or the creamy dressings. The patients merely sit naked in oversized bathtubs and marinate in the longevity formulas. Average marinating time is six to nine hours a day for life.

Dr. Tormolinos, a small, cheerful man who claims to be 118 years old, has the good luck to be a "creamy dressing type." "If you've got the skin chemistry and body configuration for your creamy marinades, your skin doesn't get that sharp jolt you get from brine or some of the vinaigrettes. I'm talking about your Green Goddess, your Russian dressing, your Roquefort or Bleu Cheese — all

to be over 200 years old. The vinaigrette people (oil-vinegar-garlic-mustard-type marinades) seem to be the next oldest. The creamy dressing marinades do not live as long as the others, but they do look the best.

TELETHERAPY: THE MEDIUM IS THE MESSAGE

Ten years ago, Paul Gorm was a coked-up, 'luded-out, acidhead junkie electronics genius who dropped out of a top lab job with Ma Bell and became an outlaw phone freak. In his own strange way, Gorm was an idealist, and the phone company was, of course, the enemy. He claims he never made any money on his legendary "blue boxes," the electronic gizmos that enabled you to call anywhere in the world, absolutely free. He gave them away to poor, needy families. "I supported myself at the time by fixing TV sets," said Gorm. "But the more I got into the blue boxes,

the more I realized that there was something bigger to be done with telephones, something that would communicate with people on an entirely different level. That's when I started fooling around with teletherapy."

Teletherapy is a remarkable new curing process for both mental and physical problems that Paul Gorm has invented and perfected, a process that has already changed the lives of hundreds of people in Southern California, where it is in use.

In "fooling around" with underground telephone wires and installations, Gorm discovered highly unusual properties hidden in this equipment, and ways to alter the sound of his voice, to transmit background sounds over the telephonic voice, and other special effects, which, when used in combination with the unique telephone booth Gorm designed, create a strong aura of well-being around the patient.

The patient, or telecaller, as Gorm likes to call him, slips into Gorm's special telebooth, an exact replica of a public phone booth. The telephone is connected directly to Gorm's phone. His number is the only number the telecaller can dial. Gorm answers with one of his long telemessages. He does not say anything complex or profound to the telecaller. The important thing he does is create a feeling of well-being at the most elemental emotional level. He will repeat the same thoughts over and over into the phone, such as, "Relax, it's going to be okay. Don't worry, you're good, you're beautiful." The words are spoken in a soothing manner, almost like a mantra, and continue over and over for at least three hours, along with the special sound effects. A telecaller always gets through to Gorm. There are never any busy signals.

"There is a highly positive energy and aura coming from certain telephone wires, colored wires that none of the commercial companies are using at the moment. They think the wires are dead. They are not dead. They are the wires that contain the telerays," says Gorm.

While Gorm is telecommunicating to the telecaller, the telerays are moving through the telephone lines directly into the carpiece of the phone and right into the entire being of the telecaller. The telerays create an aura, a feeling of energy, well-being, confidence, and near euphoria. The telecaller leaves the telebooth feeling bold, confident, totally in command. The booth itself, made of unique materials, acts as a conductor of the auras, keeping them from escaping into the outer air.

At the moment, the Gorm Telebooth costs \$12,500 completely installed, a necessarily high price. Gorm hopes to manufacture them on a mass basis in the near future,



A teletherapy rap session with Paul Gorm.

and will reduce the price considerably. But you can still make your telecalls for only ten cents!

THE UNIVERSAL ALL-HEALING COPPER TIE CLASP IS ALMOST HERE!

You won't find this tie clasp in any ordinary store, because it's not an ordinary tie clasp. In fact, you won't find it in many places in the U.S., because it's still under investigation by the FDA. Tourists have bought it abroad and smuggled it back in. Soldiers have mailed it home in secret pouches and packages. Businessmen have worn it openly because it looks like any ordinary tie clasp. But this is the *chakura*, the all-copper, universal healing tie clasp from Korea, a remarkable device possessed of incredible healing powers.



The Universal All-Healing Copper Tie Clasp.

If you have any ailment at all—ranging from migraine headaches to arthritis, rheumatism, prostate or gall bladder trouble, and especially cancer—the universal tie clasp will cure it. All that is needed is patience and a willingness to be-

NORMAL MEDICINE A CRITICAL SURVEY

lieve. And, best of all, the universal tie clasp won't make green marks on your wrist, because it's not a bracelet, it's a tie clasp!

Many paranormal physicians and dentists are now lobbying the FDA in Washington to legalize this remarkable curing tool, and the chances look fairly good. Meanwhile, you'll just have to look for it in the medical boutiques and drug-stores of Europe and Asia.

A DAY AT THE GOLDEN SHOT GLASS SPA

An Interview with Dr. John Daniels of the Alcoholistics Foundation

It is eight in the morning on a muggy, unseasonably hot summer day in the mountains outside of Aspen, Colorado. But no one in this incredibly scenic spot seems to care or be affected, because everyone is indoors, in an air-conditioned room, enjoying the first

much more relaxed, carefree, spontaneous, and, in some cases, very creative. The gist of my theory is *controlled drinking*, starting at breakfast time and going steadily until bedtime. You get a complete drink menu—anything you want as long as it agrees with you."

"Alcohol is the perfect curative," said the doctor, as he practiced what he preached by sipping a whiskey sour. "Alcohol goes directly to the bloodstream and into the brain. It works its wonders fast and neat. And another thing—the quality of good whiskey has never changed. Do you realize that? A good Scotch or Irish whiskey has been pretty much the same for decades and decades—just the best distilled water and grain—all natural ingredients."

At the Golden Shot Spa, everyone drinks just enough to achieve what Daniels calls the "happy medium effect." You are supposed to

showing movies on their bodies. Certain types of movies have the power to affect certain ailments. The theme, the subject matter and nature of the film, combined with the "radioactive purifiers" contained in the images and the projecting light, penetrate the sick parts of the patient's body and rid the areas of sick cells, replacing them with healthy ones. This is done by standing the naked patient against a wall and projecting a movie on him as if his body were the movie screen.

The technique was discovered by Dr. Myron Kron, a podiatrist, in 1949. He was showing some home movies when his four-year-old autistic child accidentally walked in front of the screen and had the movie projected on his body. In a few moments, the boy was speaking perfect English. Kron showed over fifty films on the boy over a period of six months, and the child was completely cured. For the next twenty years, Kron worked on his experiments with film and different kinds of ailments. He amassed the first comprehensive film-cure library, matching the right movie to the right ailment.

The Kronology Chart, or simply "Kron's," as it is called, is still used by many movieologists today, although the "auteur" movieologists caused a minor revolution in the sixties with their sweeping reevaluations of the medium. The auteurs believed in the overall vision of the director, and matched the proper director to the proper ailment, as opposed to Kron's point of view, which relied on the ideal subject matter matched to the ailment.

The participants in the seminar agreed that Kron's original film chart now has many weak spots, using films that have lost their original power or seem badly dated. For instance, the Odessa Step sequence in *Potemkin* was always considered to be the perfect cure

for tuberculosis, but now seems to be doing more harm than good. The Howard Hawks classic western, *Red River*, once a surefire cure for sore throats and chest colds, is now prescribed only for things like the blabs.

According to Dr. Millsop, we cannot automatically screen a comedy on a person who is depressed, as Kron dictated. "Kron preferred Chaplin to Keaton and the Ritz Brothers to the Marx Brothers," said Millsop. "Kron had no use for the nihilistic vision of Keaton or the Brothers Marx. In my work in curing depression, I prefer to use the laughter of destruction rather than the laughter of sentiment—Keaton will cure faster—like a cauterizing agent burning out the viruses. In fact, sometimes I even prefer to use an Ingmar Bergman movie to cure depression. A double negative turns into a positive."

Dr. Bootsie, however, defended Kron's Chart for its broad, humane values, its importance as a pioneering work seen in the proper historical context. "Of course, certain films have to be replaced and updated," said Bootsie. "Kron used to treat constipation with Jerry Lewis movies, but nowadays people have developed an immunity to them. The best movie for constipation is *A Star Is Born*, the Streisand-Kristofferson version."

Lay movieologist Ruth Adams Botero discussed some of the more radical new experiments, such as projecting the Bob Dylan movie, *Rinaldo and Clara*, on terminal cancer patients as a form of euthanasia. "But I'm afraid that the trend in movieology is toward the pure entertainment vehicles—the mindless, harmless movies such as *Jaws II* and *Saturday Night Fever*, prescribing them for every kind of ailment. The truly serious movie, such as Woody Allen's *Interiors*, will become more and more specialized, treating the obscure diseases."

Here is an abridged version of the latest movieology chart developed by the "nouvelle filmeurs," the new wave of movieologists who have tried to synthesize Kron's classic theories with the auteurs, coming up with a new, lighter film chart that is both effective and lower in screening time.

THE NOUVELLE FILMEUR MOVIEOLOGY CHART

Ailment	Film
Nose and chest congestion	<i>Lawrence of Arabia</i>
Sore throat	<i>Cries and Whispers</i>
Stomach virus	<i>The Green Berets</i>
Psoriasis	<i>Patton</i>
Headache	<i>The Umbrellas of Cherbourg</i>
Athlete's foot	<i>Brian's Song</i>
Rickets	<i>Lucky Lady</i>
High blood pressure	<i>Claire's Knee or any other Eric Rohmer film</i>
Hemorrhoids	<i>Dirty Harry</i>
Gonorrhea	<i>The Love Bug or Million Dollar Duck</i>
Cold sores	<i>The Night of the Living Dead</i>
Kidney disease	<i>Beyond the Valley of the Dolls</i>
Heart attack	<i>The Vanishing Point</i>
Cancer	<i>National Lampoon's Animal House</i>



Rafael, one of the Golden Shot's skillful bartenders, gets ready for a long, fun-filled day.

round of drinks of the day, the "hair-of-the-dog hour." It is the beginning of a new day at the Golden Shot Glass, the rehabilitation spa of the Alcoholistics Foundation, headed by Dr. John Daniels.

About one hundred people of all ages are gathered around what looks like a perfect replica of the Oak Bar of the Plaza Hotel in New York City. A couple of cheerful, ruddy-faced bartenders are dishing up potent martinis, icy Bloody Marys, dazzling Margaritas, and other assorted beverages of high alcoholic content.

At first, the clientele look sleepy, bleary-eyed, and out of sorts, but as soon as they have their first drink of the day, they change into a happy, fun-loving group—joking, wisecracking, hopping from one table to another. Everyone seems to know each other and is definitely having a good time.

"Most people are inherently sad and depressed because they are not entirely successful in life," said Dr. Daniels. "My therapy changes their outlook and makes them

feel not too high or too low. Regular meals are not important. Neither is exercise. The staff leaves hundreds of little dishes of snacks all over the grounds, little munchies so that the patients can always have enough food in their stomachs to absorb the alcohol.

Dr. Daniels's patients looked like the happiest, best-adjusted people I've ever seen. "Everyone feels good here. In fact, no one wants to leave," said Daniels.

MOVIEOLOGY: PANACEA OR CURE-ALL?

The fourteenth annual Movieology Seminar was conducted last week at Oneonta Junior Teachers College in Oneonta, New York. Doctors Kenneth Millsop and Seth Bootsie and lay movieologists Ruth Adams Botero and Lester Kincaid discussed the latest discoveries and trends in this remarkable field of medicine.

Movieology is the medical term for curing people's illnesses by

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BERNIE X

continued from page 26

that worked quite well. Anyway, all the mello did for Bormann was give him a bad case of hemorrhoids."

Wiesenthal always knew that Bormann was still alive. He had the same kind of detection system I had. We were like blood brothers. Every once in a while he would have to follow up on a Bormann rumor—that he was living in Canada and running a little candy store—that he was disguised as an orthodox Jew and was working in a matzoh bakery in Brooklyn—the stories got crazier and crazier. But my story, as wild as it was, gave the right answer to the fart question.

Wiesenthal called Dr. Felix Magyar, the gastrointestinal specialist, right after he spoke to me. Magyar wouldn't talk at first, but Wiesenthal was very persuasive. It turned out that our Robert Redford character was being treated for a terrible case of flatulence, one of the worst the doctor ever came across. The name of the patient was Bruno Bumbardi.

The next morning we planned our trap for Mr. Bruno Bumbardi, only to discover that he had already checked out. How he escaped us was a mystery. I was knocked for a loop. But Wiesenthal wasn't upset. He got a little more information about Bumbardi from the desk clerk. Bumbardi was supposed to be an Italian traveling with a Swiss passport. He claimed to be in the toy business. "So now he is in the toy business," said Wiesenthal. "I remember talking to the Germans, asking them what they did during the war. Many of them would say they had nothing to do with the war, that they were working in a little factory in the Black Forest making toys. 'Out of whom?' I would ask. No, don't worry about Bumbardi. We'll find him."

Sure enough, a man answering to Bumbardi's odor was traced to a Pan Am flight to Paraguay from JFK airport. When Wiesenthal heard this, he smiled for the first time. Paraguay. Now there was no question about it, he said. It had to be Bormann, no matter how much his looks had changed. No one goes to Paraguay unless he is a Nazi. Paraguay is their official home away from home. About half the country must be German by now. So our next step was to fly to Paraguay and hunt out the most dangerous Nazi alive.

End of Part I. Part II will appear in the next issue.

BATHROOMS, WOMEN, AND WHAT THEY DO IN THEM

Phase II



Female forces Natural Air Gloss into aural canals. Hoagland: "I do not know why I do this—it's just part of my routine."



Female transfers the contents of several vials into a large beaker.



Female introduces palette of chromatically scaled powders.



Female catalyzes the mixture with a placenta-like cream.



Female loses consciousness; falls forward into cosmetics. Hoagland: "I just love being in the bathroom."

Pot Mews and Coke Alley

BY P. J. O'ROURKE AND STEVE BRODNER, WITH APOLOGIES TO WILLIAM HOGARTH

POT MEWS

OPPOSITE

A panegyric on ideal upper-middle class drug habits, *Pot Mews* depicts the health, prosperity, and self-realization that attend the groovy, together lifestyles of young adults who smoke marijuana. A singles-only apartment complex rises in the background. In front of it is a flourishing health food store bearing the yin-yang sign of a balanced diet. Two couples light up "numbers" and sunbathe on its roof while another descends to share a joint with the three meditators in the building next door.

Alongside the health food store, three bicyclists pause; one is rolling reefers. In the street, three joggers pass; a fourth caresses a responsive girl who rests beside her backpack; she holds a "key" of Maui tops, the symbol of access to the good life. A fat, jolly biker chuckles at the couple. On the table in front of him lie a copy of *Select Swinger's Directory* and a *Los Angeles Times* reading, "Complete Text of Governor Jerry Brown's Decriminalization Speech to the California Legislature."

Behind the biker, a rock musician raises a bong in one hand and an electric guitar in the other. Above the musician, a thin coke freak hangs up a sign advertising tiny spoons for sale and totters dangerously on his ladder. The ad for rolling papers above this shows a happy crowd at a rock concert. In the center of the foreground, two feminist video artists pause to read the *Village Voice*, which bears a headline saying, "Paraquat Spraying Banned." To their right, a member of Friends of the Earth finishes a roach before picking up his box of books and records labeled, "To the recycling center, to be ground up for mulch." The box contains works that the artist obviously detests; *Snoubblind*, *Freud, Vol. 40, Serial, Junkie* by William Burroughs, *Saturday Night Fever*, *The 7 Per Cent Solution*, *Hotel California*. Only the house of "N. Pinch, Narcotics Agent" is dilapidated on Pot Mews. Here, the nark must make a buy cautiously, through a peephole. Empty handcuffs, symbol of his business, are visible through the upper windows of his crumbling establishment, and his cat is dead, possibly through vengeance of the people.

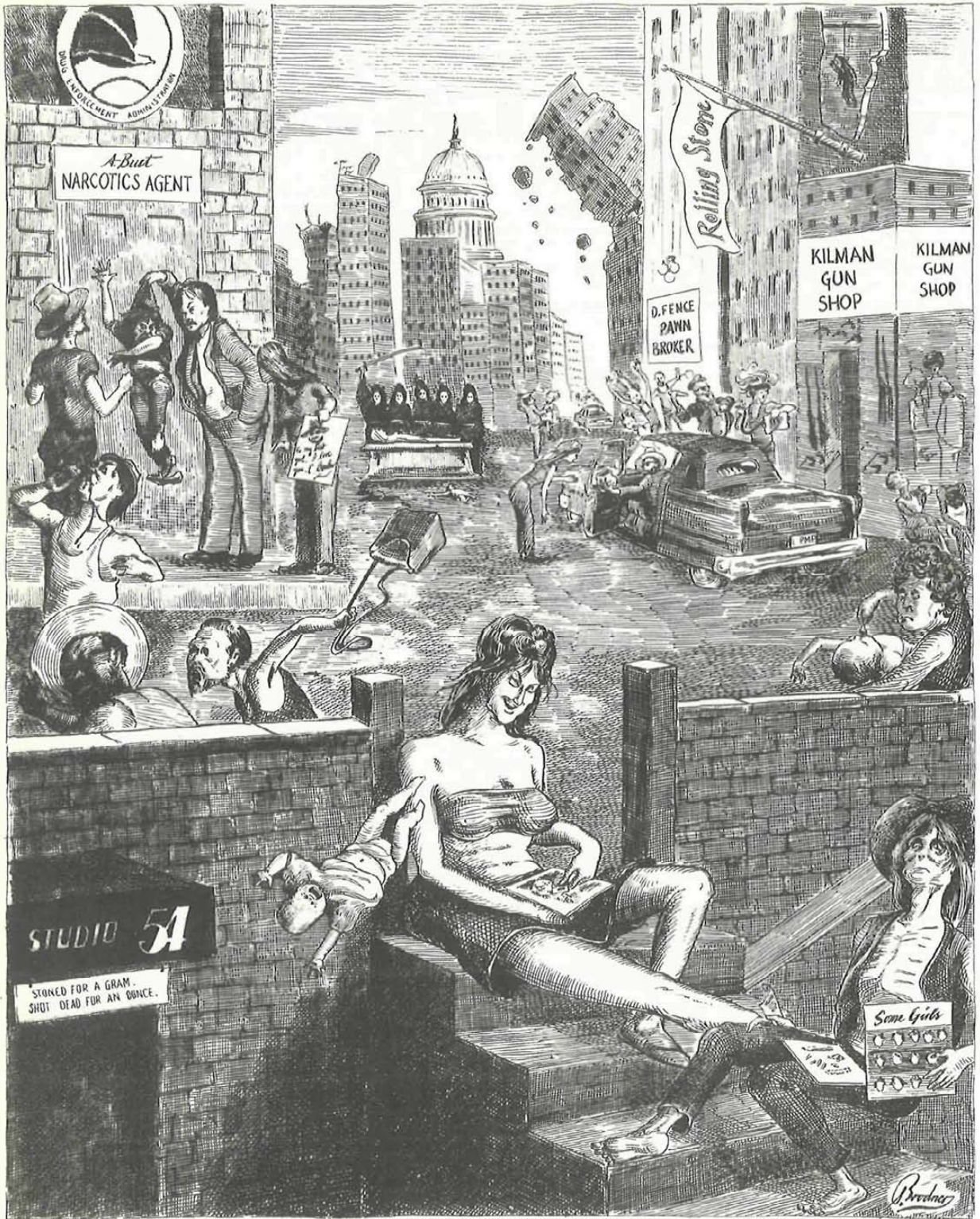
COKE ALLEY

OVERLEAF

This agitated scene illustrates the evil effects of cocaine usage on the middle classes. In the right foreground, a rock star (he holds a copy of *Some Girls* by the Rolling Stones), wasted away to a virtual skeleton, dies, clasping a rolled-up hundred dollar bill. In contrast to the pretty girl with the kilo in the same pose in *Pot Mews*, an unkempt prostitute chops coke; her unattended baby plummets to his death in front of Studio 54. This uninviting disco bears the legend, "Stoned for a gram/Shot dead for an ounce."

Above it, a Negro and a queer fight over a Quaalude. Next to them, a Puerto Rican has a severe nosebleed. A dealer turns his connection into the exploitative "A. Bust, Narcotics Agent," who examines the suspect with an assumed skepticism. An anxious woman stands behind the dealer, waiting to turn state's evidence on her boyfriend, whose photograph she carries. Bust's flourishing house, together with the disco, the fence's, the gun shop, and the capitol building, are the only firm and solidly built structures in the neighborhood.

In the background, a witch oversees a black mass ceremony involving the murder of a virgin; beside the altar lies a dead dog, probably a previous sacrifice. Behind this scene, a limousine (containing a celebrity?) is about to be crushed by a collapsing building. Close by, a film director, chased by a screaming producer, dances down the street with a movie contract on his head and a young girl skewered on his privy member. Next to him, a pimp lures a young girl into his automobile with an offering of cocaine. Behind them, a sadist has taken away a blindfolded masochist's dildo and uses it as a weapon against him. The staggering masochist aims an enema bag at his tormentor; a crowd of homosexuals enjoys the cruel battle. In the ruins of his office, a magazine editor has committed suicide, possibly from loss of circulation. Several figures have entered the "Kilman Gun Shop." Behind them, two small black children shoot drugs. In front of them, a mother forces cocaine up the nose of her unwilling infant.



Coke, cursed fiend, oh damn thy blight,
 Source of a thousand tears,
 Thou makes folks drink and talk all night
 And dance around like queers.

| Their noses bleed, their noses blow,
 | They buy who really shouldn't,
 | And with their brain-pans filled with snow,
 | Do things they wish they wouldn't.

| Thou makes our girl friends want to disco,
 | And go other awful places,
 | And cause a horrid hole to grow
 | In the middle of their faces.

Designed by Steve Brodner. Published by the National Lampoon, November 1, 1978. Price \$1.50.



Doctor Talk

A group of properly licensed practicing physicians have contributed the following terms, actually used in hospitals to describe conditions of the human body and various medical procedures performed thereon.

Bobbing for apples: Unclogging a severely constipated patient with the finger.

FL.K: "Funny-looking Kid." Usually mongoloid.

FL.P: Parents of an EL.K.

Crump, gork: A patient requiring intensive care, incapable of movement, and apparently unaware of his surroundings.

Horrendoplasty: A difficult, time-consuming operation.

Boxed, cooled, X'ed: Dead.

Crock: Hypochondriac.

Haircut: Syphilis.

Marriageable monster: A young female patient who has successfully undergone major plastic surgery.

Gomer: A senile, messy, decrepit patient (from the slang "gome" [gum]: to chew with teeth).

Fascinoma: A "fascinating" tumor; any interesting or amusing malignancy.

Drooler: A catatonic patient.

Cut and paste: To open a patient, discover there is no hope, and immediately sew him up.

Nine-"F'er: Facetious description of a typical gallbladder patient: "Fat, fortyish, fecund, flatulent female with foul, frothy, floating feces."

Pinky cheater: Latex finger-cover used in gynecological and proctological examinations.

Road map: A form of injury generally incurred by going through a windshield face first.

A hole-in-one: Gunshot wound through the mouth.

The "O" sign: The letter *o* as formed by a moribund patient's gaping mouth.

The "Q" sign: The letter *q* as formed by an extremely moribund patient's tongue hanging to one side of his gaping mouth.

Sidewalk soufflé: A patient who has fallen off or out of a building.

The Betty Crocker syndrome: Third degree burns on the buttocks.

Hot to trot: A condition peculiar to female patients whose copper I.U.D. birth control coil has been melted by accidental bombardment of microwaves.

Loose change: A dangling limb in need of amputation.

Bull in the ring: A blocked large intestine.

Gone camping: Reference to a person who has been placed in an oxygen tent.

Moon pie high: Euphoric state obtained by obese persons who have substituted eating for sex.

Eating in: Intravenous feeding.

Bordeaux: Urine with blood in it.

Scratch and sniff: A gynecological examination.

Twinkletoes: A gouty first metatarsal.

Angel lust: Male cadaver with an erection.

Follow the bouncing ball: Procedure during an eye operation when the assisting nurse drops an eyeball on the floor.

Hit and run: The act of operating quickly so as not to be late for another engagement.

Captain Kangaroo: Chairman of a pediatrics department.

Rooters: A collection of indigents and hangers-on who gather in big city emergency rooms to be amused by suffering of legitimate patients.

Short-order chefs: Morgue workers.

Loop the loop: Unusually flamboyant surgical rearrangement of the intestines.

Bugs in the rug: Pubic lice.

Butcher: A successful surgeon with a tendency to operate at the slightest provocation.

Nutmeg liver: An alcoholic's liver.

Hey, Docs!: Alcoholics hand-

cuffed to wheelchairs in big city medical wards complaining of functional distress. At the sight of a white coat, they bleat out in chorus, "Hey, Doc!"

Bag lady: A nurse assigned to take surgical specimens from the operating room to pathology.

Blown mind: Term describing a gunshot wound to the head.

Rotten mouth: A severe pyrogenic infection of the sublingual and submaxillary spaces of the floor of the mouth and the anterior neck.

Icing on the cake: A term used to describe the condition of a heart attack victim whose X-rays have revealed that he or she is also suffering from a brain tumor or similar lethal health problem.

The Garden: Neurosurgical intensive-care ward, so-called because of the great number of "vegetables" found therein.

Boogie, goober: A tumor.

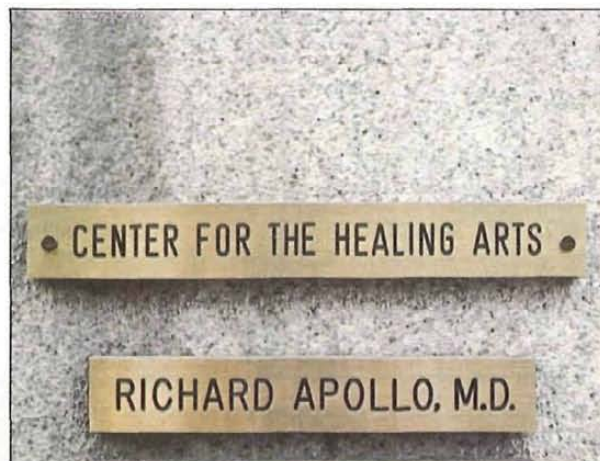
Roasted goober: A tumor after intensive cobalt treatment.

Healthy goober: A dead patient.

Bury the hatchet: To forget a surgical instrument inside a patient.

The Deep Fry: Cobalt therapy.

Bottle return: Removal of a bottle that has been vacuum-jammed in the anal canal. Condition is most common to homosexuals.



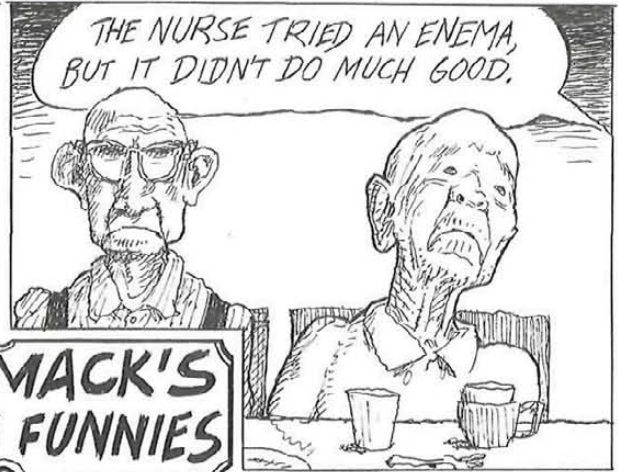
Contributed by Elena Provo

TRUE: The Body

Edited by Tod Carroll
Contributing Editors: John Hughes, Bill Moseley, and Michael Olsham
Art: Alison Antonoff

Visiting Hours at the Nursing Home

by Stan Mack



**STAN MACK'S
REAL LIFE FUNNIES**



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Guarantee: All dialogue recorded verbatim.

T

Understanding Disease

WHO IS WORSE OFF, PATIENT A OR PATIENT B?

Patient A is an acrocephalic suffering from inanation, lipuria, glossolalia, helosis, caeseation, chordee, periodic chromhidrosis, entropion, blepharospasm, ainhum, and ablepsy. He has an androblastoma, hexadactylism, congenital melotia, and a bezoar; needs an omphalectomy, a cheilectomy, and a cryoextraction; is experiencing pip-tonychia and lupinosis; engages in sporadic floccilation, is discharging mucopurulent fluids and melena, and suffers from clinical autophagy, formication, and cynophobia.

Patient B is suffering from onychophagia, acroagnosis, pharyngitis acritochromacy, abulia, calvities, chirospasm, dentalgia, digital lichenification, and otalgia; experiences periodic borborygmus and diaphoresis; suffers from bruxism; and engages in pruritus ani as well as alloerotism. He has canities, bromhidrosis, a cicatrix, and comedo; is given to sporadic coprophemia and ellipses; and he is afflicted with lipophilia, logorrhoea, misocainia, gamophobia, apyrexia, and necrophobia.

IF YOU DID NOT UNDERSTAND THE ABOVE, THESE TRANSLATIONS MAY HELP YOU DECIDE.

Patient A has a pointed head, is starving to death, has fat in his urine, an acute pain in his tongue, and great clusters of corns on his feet; his tissue is degenerating to a cheeselike substance; he is

R

Medical Symptoms

suffering from curvature of the penis, periodic coloration of the sweat, an inverted eyelid, spasmodic winking, and an African disease that causes one or more toes to fall off. He is totally blind, has a tumor in his testicles that causes him to look like a girl, was born with six fingers and an ear on his cheek, and has a large ball of hair in his stomach. He needs to have his navel, lip, and the lens of his eye surgically removed with a frozen scalpel, is experiencing the sudden spontaneous loss of his fingernails and severe chickpea poisoning, sporadically picks at his bedsheets, discharges mucus, pus, and black vomit, and suffers from an insane desire to eat himself and a sensation that worms are crawling on his skin. He is also afraid of dogs.

Patient B bites his fingernails regularly; his leg is asleep; he has a sore throat, is color blind, has difficulty making decisions, and is bald. He suffers from writer's cramp, a toothache, and an earache; he has calluses on his fingers; his stomach rumbles periodically; and he perspires. He scratches his anus, grinds his teeth at night, is interested in sex with others, has gray hair, body odor, a scar, and a pimple, likes to talk dirty every so often, stops speaking in the middle of sentences on the assumption a listener will finish the thought, and has an affinity for fatty foods. He also maintains an aversion to new ideas, is afraid of marriage, has a normal temperature, and is greatly traumatized at the prospect of dying.

U

Headache: Hangover, or it could be meningitis, encephalitis, glaucoma, brain tumor, brain cancer, late syphilis, uremia, yellow fever, acute yellow atrophy, acute infectious hepatitis, stroke, or malaria.

Bloodshot eyes: Poor reading light, or it could be typhus.

Runny nose: A cold, or it could be congenital syphilis, cystic fibrosis, or malignant nasal polyps.

Sore throat: Sore throat, or it could be syphilis, German measles, leukemia, cancer of the tongue, pharynx, or larynx.

Rapid heartbeat: Overexertion, or it could be phlebitis, gout, typhus, the plague, anaphylactic shock, or a stroke.

Change in bowel habits: Change in diet, or it could be cancer of the ovary, rectum, or colon.

Flatulence: Indigestion, or it could be an obstruction in your peptic ulcer, cholecystitis, cancer of the esophagus, pancreas, or colon.

Lines on the skin: Aging, or it could be scabies, lymphangitis, or scarlet fever.

Sore back: A muscle pull, or it could be yellow fever, Hodgkin's disease, smallpox, or cancer of the kidney.

Impotence: Fatigue, or it could be multiple sclerosis, cirrhosis of the liver, prostatitis, diabetes, leukemia, or cancer of the prostate.

E

Some Incurable Diseases

If you have one of the following diseases, you're out of luck. There is nothing anyone can do for you.

Psoriasis: Unsightly silvery patches on skin.

Huntington's disease: Jerking, twisting, loss of memory, mental illness.

Hemophilia: Absence of the clotting factor in the blood.

Gilles de la Tourette's syndrome: Uncontrollable verbal tics, grunting, barking, hissing.

Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (Lou Gehrig's disease): Paralysis, cramps, weakness.

Myasthenia gravis: Breakdown of relay system from nerves to muscle.

Dysautonomia: Malfunction of the autonomic nervous system, causing uncontrollable vomiting, stunted growth, impairment of swallowing action, and inability to feel pain.

Spina bifida: Failure of the spine to develop, leaving the spine exposed and causing paralysis of legs, back, bowel, and bladder.

EIGHT WORMS THAT INVADE HUMAN BODIES, AND HOW LONG THEY ARE

Echinococcus (dog tapeworm)—5 mm.

Enterobiasis (pinworm)—10 mm.

Hookworm—1 cm.

Schistosomiasis—2 cm.

Hymenolepis Nana (dwarf tapeworm)—2 cm.

Ascariasis—16 in.

Taenia Solium (pork tapeworm)—10 ft.

Taenia Sagurata (beef tapeworm)—32 ft.

Body Language

Amusing Body Facts

1. The average human loses 100 hairs each day.
2. In a seventy-year life, a person will walk approximately 75,000 miles.
3. Excessive drinking can damage the ears.
4. You have 3,000 square inches of skin, weighing about six pounds.
5. It only takes twenty minutes for plaque to form on teeth.
6. Nerve impulses travel at 200 mph.
7. Odors must be dissolved in mucus for us to smell them.
8. Fingernails grow faster in the summertime.
9. If we didn't have hemoglobin, we would need 300 quarts of blood.
10. The glob of food you chew up and then inadvertently display to others in crowded restaurants is called a *bolus*.

ANIMALS THAT WILL LIVE LONGER THAN YOU

- Sturgeon
- Mussel
- Cockatoo
- Golden Eagle
- Vulture
- Tortoise

SPARE PARTS

These items are presently available from prosthetic supply houses.

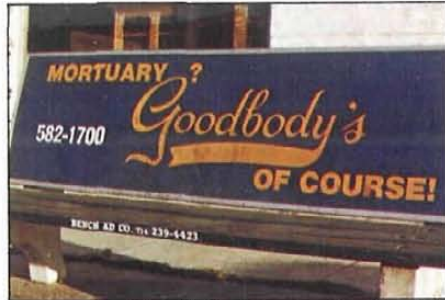
- Silicon ears
- Skull plates
- Nose implants
- Acrylic eyes
- Chin implants
- Brain fluid valves
- Electronic larynxes
- Lung filters
- Plastic intestines
- Artificial feet, elbows, finger joints, and shins
- Cosmetic testicles



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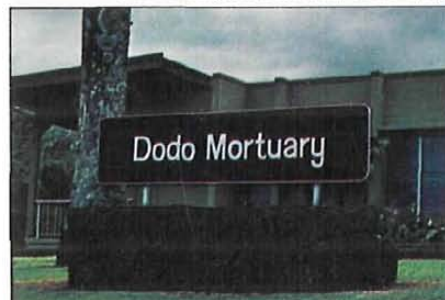
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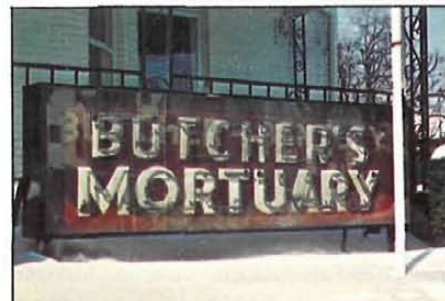
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HOW OUR BODIES DEVELOP

Chart Showing Principal Changes in the Body from Birth through Maturity

by P.J. O'Rourke and John Hughes

with the assistance of Jeff Greenfield and the National Lampoon staff

Birth through five years

Hair

Unbelievably soft, smooth, silky, and beautiful in color and texture. On head and eyebrows only. Smells great.

Internal organs

Tonsils are the only internal organs you have ...

Genitals

Regardless of what Freud said, the only important function of the genitals at this age is for purposes of waste elimination. However, occasional utilization to embarrass parents is also possible.

Navel and toes

Navel is the first thing baby notices about own body. A source of ceaseless enjoyment. Toes are also a primary entertainment device. Toe-sucking does not have same onus as thumb-sucking. Ability to get toes into mouth may persist into adolescence in some individuals.

Digestive system

What goes in, comes out. Immediately. And not much worse for it, either. Waste has earthy, compost-like odor and is great fun to squish around and sit in until toilet training is effected and sometimes even then. Feces are only moderately disgusting to men, not at all to women, and are even considered cute by mothers.

Mouth

Will put anything in mouth except food. Mouth is major play object. Entire fist or foot will fit. No sense of taste. Will eat anything, especially if it's under the sink.

Eyes, nose, and ears

Eyes don't work for first year except on mothers. Can be poked and rubbed incessantly without apparent damage. Nose runs constantly, is otherwise useless except to stick things up. Sense of smell is completely undeveloped, allowing child to sit happily in own feces and vomit. Ears also undeveloped, as any amount of yelling no will attest.

Fat

Lots and lots and lots of fat. Ninety percent of body weight is fat. Fat is regarded as attractive, and actually does look good. Inspires extreme joy in relatives and results in pinching and cooing and many kisses. Fat means you're going to live.

Brains

No brains.

Skin

Pink and rosy and cute. Smells of baby powder. Chaps and reddens easily and must be carefully maintained, but enjoyable to touch and view. Even anus is cute.

Six through eleven years

Smells like a dog when dirty, which is always. Of interest only to mothers, who like to make it look stupid, especially if you're a girl.

...until you're thirty, except for maybe an appendix.

Elimination continues as prime function. Information concerning reproductive functions is exchanged with peers but not believed. Parents make clumsy and frightening instructional attempts. Fun to show genitals to members of the opposite sex but mystification remains as to why. And the same goes for why girls have to cover themselves above the waist. First erection is noted with alarm and explained to self in terms of disease. Is it fatal? Will it spread?

Many hours are spent peering into navel and removing mysterious matter within. Intense fascination with the area between the toes develops. Substances formed or trapped in this space are of enormous interest, but at onset of puberty, navel disappears from consciousness except as a rough guide to bikini bottom size or when filled with sperm. And adult foot odor reduces the importance of toes until they are forgotten completely.

System works fine except for occasional throwing up, especially before piano lessons. Interest in elimination declines but farts become enjoyable.

Teeth come in, rot, fall out (during school, if it can possibly be arranged), and are replaced with ugly crooked second teeth that need thousands of dollars of orthodontic work. All foods high in nonnutritive additives, sugar, and brilliant colors please the mouth. Vegetables taste disgusting.

Twenty-twenty vision except for future homos. Can spot household chores half a mile away. Nose needs extensive picking. Lifetime peak acuity to things that "smell funny," which include old people and all nutritious food. Ears have selective deafness to parents and teachers and some wiggling abilities.

Extreme hyperactivity does not usually allow for fat buildup at this age, but it's okay if it does, if your parents are wealthy and will let you have a mini-bike and your own TV in your room.

Worse than no brains. Bad brains. They tell you to do things that you know are wrong and dangerous. Every time you think, it gets you in trouble.

Suffers enormous abuse, cutting, scraping, etc., with little ill effect. Forever dirty but has healthy animal-like odor. Retains pleasant look of previous period.

Twelve through twenty years

Beard, underarm, leg, and pubic hair develop early, causing great embarrassment, or develop late, causing worse embarrassment. Girls begin spending one to three hours per day fooling around with own and each other's hair. Resemblance of this to monkey and baboon behavior is presumably coincidental.

Genitals at prime of appearance and function as women enter brief perfect body period and males experience extraordinary genital strength and endurance. Genitals become the single most important area of the body, receiving attention far beyond even ideal return on time investment. Major portion of waking hours spent seeking individuals to stimulate genitals. Any remaining time is used in self-stimulation. Genitals also become single most important area of body to others as tempting teen reproductive organs are sought after by adults of all ages and both sexes. But underutilization is nonetheless rife due to extraordinary slowness of teen-age women to realize that sex is fun and no dirtier than it should be. Result is a stupid fascination with horseback riding among girls, and violence, ham radio operations, or smearing penis with sausage and encouraging the family dog to lick it off in boys.

System can (and has to) digest absolutely anything.

Return of mouth as a major play object, especially with opposite sex. Duration of mutual oral contact often extraordinary. Mouth also used for play in ingestion of liquor, tobacco, and drugs and frequent expulsion of remains of same. Major secondary purpose of mouth is talking incessantly, an activity that will continue until the end of college for men and until death for women.

Sudden impairment of vision due to self-abuse requires contact lenses, of which up to six pairs per week will be lost. Sudden enormous nose growth mars appearance. Jewish girls have to have some of theirs lopped off. Ears deaf to all authority.

No fat. Fat teens are really junior old people.

Very rapid brain development. Suddenly you have all the brains in the world. One day when you're twelve or thirteen, you wake up and you know everything there is to know about everything there is to know about. And so do all your friends.

Skin goes berserk, erupting into scads of pimples on face, back, neck, buttocks, thighs. Begins to absorb more and more time as individuals examine pimples and each other. Enormous oil output leaves skin shiny and slick. Skin begins to gain adult odor, which is often extremely strong due to individual's unfamiliarity with methods of hygiene.

Twenty-one through thirty years

Male hair loss causes periodic hysteria and fits of adultery. Places like stomach and back start to grow hair. Men decide on hairstyle they'll keep for life, if there's any hair left to keep it in. Female hair maintenance cost rises 200 to 300 percent. First gray hairs cause wild shopping binges.

Decline in genital power generally goes unnoticed as individual undergoes an increase in genital activity. First incidence of impotence is noted, however, beginning a battle with same that will last until no one cares. Females enjoy an increase in sexual interest in direct proportion to decrease in physical beauty. Also, they experience increase in size and hairiness of genitals and a huge increase in masturbation incidences. Masturbation in men may increase or decrease according to many factors, including marriage, disposition of wife, and how bad having the baby screwed up her body. Fantasy is prevalent and ranges from the exotic to the unspeakably revolting and illegal. Both sexes engage in brief period of semi-abnormal activities involving old neckties and baby oil.

System functions moderately well and goes largely unnoticed except for the discovery of anal stimulation during sex.

Wisdom teeth and root canals replace simple decay as major dental problem. Palate becomes dull enough to make Brussels sprouts, dry wines, and seafood taste good. Individual can make oral contact with sex partner's genitals and not gag.

Men abandon contacts and resume real glasses. Women no longer need to see because they have already found husband or ceased to care what he will look like. Sense of smell begins to dull. Mate's personal odors no longer offensive. Only use of ears is to be awakened with.

Fat first begins to pose serious threat to ego and wardrobe. Males experience belly enlargement, women grow heavy in thighs and rump. Average waist size increases one to six inches. Vigorous exercise or high quality cocaine can result in temporary diet victories, but any food that tastes good and all liquor immediately convert to fat.

Brains are still very good but not quite as good as they were during previous period. First uncertainties of any kind are experienced and your job becomes more difficult, due largely to your having a job.

Skin calms down. Pimple scars replace pimples, except for nose blackheads and gigantic back pimples. Women begin covering facial area with makeup. Men lose all interest in their own skin unless they're gay.

Thirty-one through forty-five years

Men forget about whatever hair they have left. Women adopt most bizarre possible hairstyles. Often purple, orange, or pink. Will not wash hair for full month. Must sleep with head wrapped in toilet paper or plastic cleaners' bag.

Doctor discovers your liver—white wine on the rocks replaces highballs. Lungs begin to make weird noises—switch to low-tar cigarettes is effected. Prostate becomes of interest and you now actually ask the doctor to stick his finger up your ass. Lifelong lower back pain begins. Meaning of numerous terms, such as *sciatica*, *lumbago*, *diuretic*, and *catheterize*, are discovered. First heart palpitations result in sweat-filled sleepless nights and one week of yogurt eating.

Noticeable loss of erectile powers leads to deep-rooted problems that culminate in individual's making an ass of himself with young girls. Women make last brief, desperate attempt to keep husbands interested. Despite claims of sex researchers, sexual contact will be neither requested nor achieved after this age period. Men may, however, enjoy windy days when skirts blow.

Lifelong gastric distress commences. Ulcers develop. Certain foods begin to "disagree." Reading starts during elimination as process becomes more time-consuming. Feces first take on horrible adult odor.

Installation of bridgework begins. Taste discrimination deteriorates to the point that no mixer is required for drinks and even cheeses that smell like people's feet are eaten with relish. Tongue looks and feels strange in A.M.

Prescription for glasses changes about every thirty minutes. Sense of smell is dulled even further until nothing strongly excites or repels and children's waste and own socks become tolerable. Hearing gets extremely sharp. Mothers can hear everything children say for ten-block radius. Men can hear boss through six walls.

Fat overcomes all efforts to control it. Waist grows eight to sixteen inches. Chins develop. Body swells and vast rolls of pudge become obvious even in loose-fitting clothes. Women continue to squeeze into clothes that are years past their capabilities. Accumulated fat begins to take its toll in heart attacks (see "Internal Organs," above).

First episodes of forgetfulness start when you can't remember where you parked the car. Then whole years slip by when you remember nothing.

Wrinkles appear. Face becomes a biography of life experience. Great worry accompanies development of lines. Bags under eyes appear. Volume of neck skin increases. Penis turns a darker color.

Forty-six through sixty years

Sixty-one years and over

Men's hair is gone. Women's, too awful to discuss.

Everything inside you starts to act up and hurt and get cancer.

All of a sudden you have a gall bladder and all of a sudden it doesn't work. Horrible hacking and spitting up of unmentionable matter—all smoking stops by means of willpower or death. All female organs must be removed. Physical exams now take three days. Regular hospital stays and frequent major operations begin. The insides of things, like blood vessels and the marrow in bones, start to screw up. At least one heart attack alert per week. Knees suffer severe damage from jogging. Melba toast replaces ham and Swiss for lunch.

Waste elimination again becomes the only important function of the genitals. And soon they won't even be good for that.

Gastric distress worsens, anal area begins to itch incessantly as body enters peak hemorrhoid development period. Fecal odor further increases and feces start to look *strange*.

All teeth gone. Palate dulled to insensibility. Genital dysfunction results in massive oral compensation. Will eat any amount of anything. Even textures cease to disgust, as okra, oysters, and sashimi are ingested.

Someone has gone around and made all the print tinier and you can hose out the garbage cans, clean the cat box, or spread fish meal on the lawn with impunity. Nose is still growing, however, and you're beginning to look like a Jewish girl. Ears fill up with hair.

Men stabilize, but fat hangs more loosely as muscles disintegrate. Women continue to bloat. Tits become huge fat growths. Buttocks swell to amazing size. Sexual intercourse becomes a logistical impossibility. Exception is people with early life fat, who lose weight in inverse proportion to normal adult gain and quickly die.

Brains are gone. If you don't believe it, ask your kid.

Skin production increases. Mysterious flaps of skin appear under chin and back of arms. Skin takes on ultra-white color, except for patches of brown that appear on hands and face. Women may seek plastic surgery, which will make their eyes and mouths look puppet-like.

Bed-wetting, dizzy spells, and passing out for no reason begin. Everything inside you that can be removed will be, including some stuff you didn't know they could take out. It is now you vs. your heart in a serious battle for survival. House becomes cluttered with books about heart attack prevention. Heart may have already failed once or twice. Strokes are a possibility. Stairs are the subject of nightmares. Time to decide which disorder or disease you fear the most and start hoping that it's some other one that gets you.

Constant uncontrollable and unconscious gas release. Bowels lose ability to properly process waste, and nutrients race through body. Strangling odors accompany trips to the bathroom. Problems may be compounded by incontinence—fair grounds for commitment to nursing homes in most states.

Complete change from previous period. Total disinterest in food. Will put nothing in mouth, especially not dentures. Incessant talking sometimes returns in males.

Bifocals, trifocals, cataract operations, and a sharp lawyer needed, in that order, to keep kids from tricking you into signing yourself into rest home. Sense of smell is completely gone (a good thing, considering what rest homes smell like). Pretense of deafness, but every word can actually be heard and repeated loudly at the worst possible moments.

Fat is eaten away by wasting diseases. Forty years of fat can go practically overnight. And it's no improvement. You look even worse. You should only wish you had fat. Fat means you're going to live.

Body is dominated by skin, which has doubled in area since middle age. Declining undertissue aggravates problem. Skin explodes into color riot of blotches, varicose veins, huge moles, and cancerous lesions. Skin loses all value in keeping body warm and protected or holding internal organs in place.

BATHROOMS, WOMEN, AND WHAT THEY DO IN THEM

Phase III



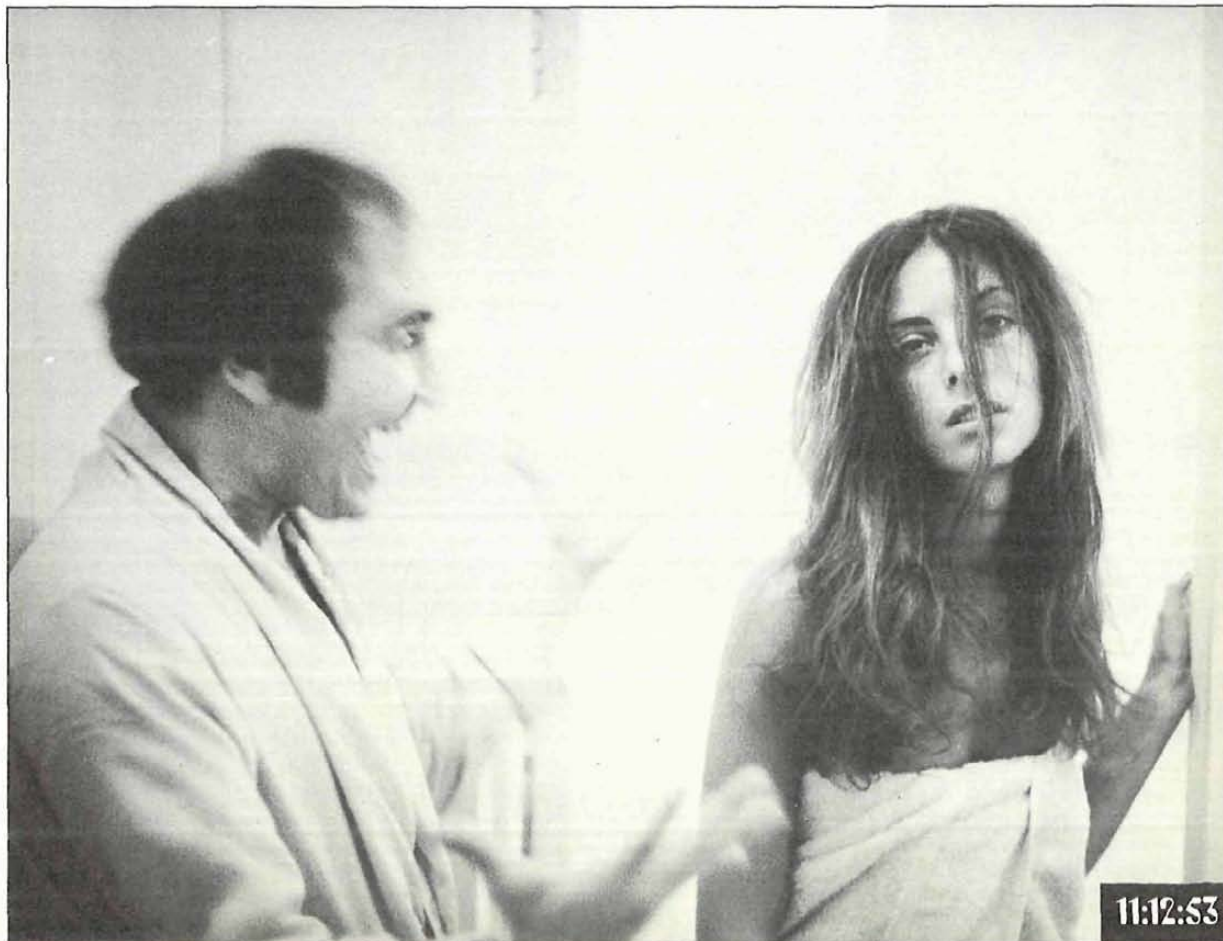
10:43:17

Female regains consciousness. Hoagland: "It's a good thing I'm finished with that step, because now I have to do my face."



10:49:42

Female is interrupted by voice from outside the bathroom door. Voice: "Hey, what in the name of fuck are you doing in there? Jesus fucking Christ, you think this is a fucking private spa or something...come on." Hoagland: "Just a minute."



11:12:53

Female emerges, prepared for her day.



**NATIONAL
LAMPOON**
"The Body"

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MY PENIS

continued from page 31

I had all the right kind of privates when I went to bed, I think, but when I got up I had a you-know-what and some other things from a boy's "down there" and it was terrible. Can you imagine being a sixteen-year-old girl who is very popular and who has a really neat life but suddenly grows a...penis? Oh, God! I thought it was the end of the world or something because I wanted to be a wife or a girl friend, at least, and a mother, and wives and mothers and even girl friends don't have you-know-whats. And if I wasn't a girl anymore, I would have to take boys' gym and shop class and I would have to quit cheerleaders and the girls' gymnastics team. I'd have to get all new clothes and bedroom furniture and I could never be pretty again. Plus I'm sure it would really make my relatives upset.

I don't know how this happened to me. It just did. But I think it had something to do with my hormones, because at my age hormones are really screwy and it doesn't take too much to make them even more screwy. Just before this happened, I had a serious pimple attack, so my hormones must have been wrong already for that to happen. I also was drinking a lot of Cokes and eating a lot of French fries and I went through this period when I kind of craved Kit-Kat candy bars and I think that maybe all that stuff affected my hormones that were not too good in the first place. Also, about a week or so before I woke up with the...with that "thing" "down there," I noticed my little thingie that's in my "down there" and is hard to find because it's so small and all wrapped up in stuff, I noticed that it was kind of sore. I thought it was just a virus or a "girl problem," but then it got, like sort of, you know, it was like swollen? And then a couple of days later it looked a little bigger. And then, that morning... I mean, I don't spend a lot of time staring down at my personal area, if you know what I mean, so I tend to miss things that go on "down there." But I sure couldn't miss *this*. It was as big as a carrot!

"It," the "thing," that is, the "thing" I woke with, was, to describe it, well, it was the stiff kind and as long as my hand and thicker than a bottle of Ban roll-on. It was the color of a Mexican person's skin and it had a whole bunch of gross veins all over it. And the tip part there was like a knob with a hole in it which is for both kinds of

stuff to go out of, you know. Then down below were the what-chamacallits and they were *really* ugly!

I was somewhat terrified by all of this and I really, really missed my girl privates and I wondered where they went and would they ever come back. I didn't want to tell anybody because I didn't want to end up in one of those newspapers at the grocery store that have weird people and stories in them. I felt like the "thing" belonged to somebody else and I just couldn't get used to it poking out of my pajamas. Plus, I had to go the the bathroom super-bad and I had no idea at all of how to use one of those things. Also, how do you walk with one so that your family doesn't know about it?

I tried walking a couple of different ways. They all looked ridiculous. Finally I had to bend way over like my grandmother, who has curvature of the spine, and walk with my legs stiff. I looked out my door. There wasn't anybody around so I went down the hall real quick and into the bathroom. I locked the door and pulled up my nightie, and then I saw myself in the mirror with my, up on the top with my—how do I say it?—with my chest with my bosoms on it and then down "below" with a "thing." It looked pretty weird but, you know, sort of cool, but sort of scary but also not so bad, but actually, probably, gross.

And then I found out pretty fast that girl going-to-the-bathroom is a lot easier than boy going-to-the-bathroom. First of all, you know, the "thing" was going *up* and the toilet was *down*. So, if you think about it, the number one would go up and then come down, but how far up would it go and how hard and where would it come down? I'm no genius in math so I couldn't exactly figure it out, but oh God! I had to go so bad! And I couldn't do it like I usually did because that would mean it would go up and come down in my lap, which would not be too cool. So instead, I stood over the toilet like I was going to sit down only more like straddling it and I didn't sit down either; I leaned way, way back and put my head against the wall (I'm on the girls gymnastics team), and I figured the number one would go up and come down in the toilet, but that's not what happened at all. I relaxed my going-to-the-bathroom muscles (they are the same in boys and girls, for your information), and yucky number one blasted out of the "thing" and it went all over! It was out of control,

spraying like crazy all over the towels and the toilet paper and the floor, and when I turned around to try and point it into the toilet (they don't bend), it squirted all over the sink and the toothbrushes (*yuk!*) and my makeup (brand new!!) and the hair dryer. Boys and dads talk about how they have it made because they can go out in the woods. Well, they don't have it made at all because it's just a mess! Also, those things are practically impossible to, you know, to wipe. Because you wipe off the end and it still drips and drips. No matter how much you wipe it, it still leaks.

After going to the bathroom, the penis became an unstiff one. I was so relieved because I thought that it was going away, but a couple of minutes later, when I tried to put on my underpants, it went and got bigger again. What a pain! Plus, when it's small it's even uglier. It's shrively and wrinkly and it looks liked dried-up fruit.

Speaking of underpants, if all girls grew "things," there sure would be a lot of girls' underpants given to the Goodwill because "things" and what-chamacallits don't fit into girls' underpants at all. Even when it was small it wouldn't fit into my underpants, not even my great big period panties, so I had to steal a pair of my brother's underpants, and if you think it's not sickening to wear somebody else's boys' underpants, you're crazy! Also, boys' underpants are extremely ugly. They have this funny opening in the front and they're white and made out of dumb material and they have real wide waistbands and they're not pretty at all. Plus, the penis kept falling out of the opening, which I don't know why is there if the penis falls out, do you? I had to put it back, but it got twisted around and bent under. And whenever I touched it to move it, it got bigger and that made it harder to move and so I had to touch it more and pretty soon it was all tangled up and it took about ten minutes to fix it and by then my mom was screaming for me to come down and eat breakfast.

It is so embarrassing to eat and talk with your mom and dad and brother with a "thing" in your pants. Plus, it was hard to walk when it was stiff. But it was okay because by the time I sat down, it was small, but then when it was small, it stuck to the skin on my leg and that felt just icky. The good thing about girls' "privates" is that even though you get a "visitor" every month, the stuff stays the same

continued

MY PENIS

continued

size all the time and it doesn't make it hard for you to walk. You know, lots of boys walk funny sometimes, and I'll bet this is why.

Anyway, after breakfast I said good-bye to my parents, who were going to play tennis because it was Saturday, and I said good-bye to my brother, who was going camping with his friends, and when everybody was gone I went back upstairs and looked at myself some more.

This may sound really queer, and please understand that I *don't* do this often and I never did it before, but I laid on my back naked (it sounds ishy but it wasn't at the time, really), but I laid there and, um, I looked down, and sort of, sort of, well, I didn't have my clothes on and I looked between my "busts," I looked between them and down at the penis thing, and to see both of them at the same time was "interesting."

I kind of experimented with it, like, I found out that by squeezing my rear end muscles I could make the "thing" jump, and then when I let go it dropped down, which was neat, sort of, and was something I could never do in a million years with girls' parts. Like I said, it was real ugly, but after looking at it for a while, I sort of decided that it was cool-ugly (the guy who sings for Queen is super-ugly but still cool).

The whatchamacallits, however, are just plain regular ugly. They are in this bag thing that is made of skin that is as gaggy as anything! Sometimes it was loose and felt sort of like a hairy glove and then, like if a breeze blew in the window or I touched the mirror to it and the mirror was cold, it shrunk up and looked like the sides of an accordion.

Way, way back behind the whatchamacallits was the rear end, and I think it was the one I always had, except it had hair around it.

As I was "down there" I kind of wondered, and I don't mean that I thought about this right away, it sort of just flashed in my mind and I'm not into this at all and I was not a big fan of this sort of stuff when I was completely girl and had all the girl stuff, but I wondered about what would happen if I did it to what sometimes happens with boys. Do you know what I mean? Let me start over. I should probably never, ever, ever tell anyone about this and I'm sure that right now my common sense is hav-

ing a s--- fit, but I've, like, made love with my hand about ten times to my boyfriend Chuck (this is embarrassing), which is called a "hand job," which, if you don't know, is sex with your hands. And, to make a long story short, I wondered a little bit if I could do the same thing to myself that I did to Chuck.

I didn't know if it was different when you do it to a boy than when you do it to yourself because I never had a "thing" before and so how could I know? So I decided, and this may sound real sick, but it's what happened and I guess it was kind of gross, but it wasn't, if you knew what I felt like then. I guess you had to be there. But anyhow, I did it like I did it to Chuck, that was, I put my fingers around it and I counted one-two-three like I always do but this time I counted out loud (I don't count out loud with Chuck). I counted one-two-three and then I started going up and down like I was shaking up a can of whipped cream, and boy did it ever hurt! Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! I pulled off some skin. Poor Chuck!

I sure had a lot to learn but it was fun, sort of, learning. I should probably tell you that when a girl gets touched in a "certain way" in a "certain place," if you get what I'm saying, it sort of tickles, then it feels good, then it tickles again, then it feels good again, then it tickles again, and so on until you have to go home or you get scared. But with a boy's "thing," it feels better and better and better until *bang!* You shoot sperms all over yourself. That part feels *great!* You don't even care if you got sperms in your face and your hair and on the curtains that your mom just made for you.

Let me be the first to say that sperm is the absolute *grossiest!* Even when it's your own. Uck! It smells like Comet cleanser and it looks like runny nose.

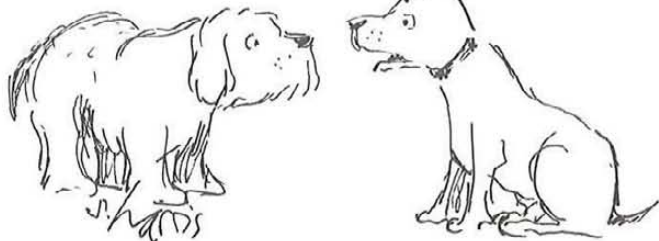
Plus, it is sticky goeey and it splatters out of the...penis in warm, gucky glumps and glops and it keeps coming out even after you get dressed. After you finish, you don't remember how cool it felt, you just feel stupid and guilty and sick with yourself for doing it and getting sperms all over everything, and sperms are living, you know—they're like bugs, and they get all over. On top of that, the penis gets small and ugly. The only thing that is better about boy "sex" by yourself than girl "sex" by yourself is that with boy "sex," you know when it's over.

That afternoon I had gymnastics practice. I rode my ten speed over to the school and, let me tell you, all that riding with a "thing" and the other stuff is a lot different. Mainly because the "stuff" squishes around and you probably already know that when that "stuff" squishes around, the "thing" gets stiff, which it did, and when it's stiff you can't pedal, believe me.

One more thing about a penis. It doesn't look very good in a leotard. Because it shows and it's no secret that you have a penis when you wear one, so I had to bring a pair of culottes and blouse that matches to practice. I'd rather have everybody think I'm retarded than to have them know that I had a penis, because with that I couldn't be in a girls' gymnastics meet, could I? I will say, though, that wearing culottes and a blouse in gymnastics is about as queer a thing as you can do in high school.

I was fifth up on the balance beam, which is my specialty. I was second runner-up at the All-State Girls' Invitational Round Robin Suburban Central Division Finalist Prep Meet and I've practiced a lot since then. My main stunt on the beam was a handstand and then a swing down into a straddle position.

continued on page 84



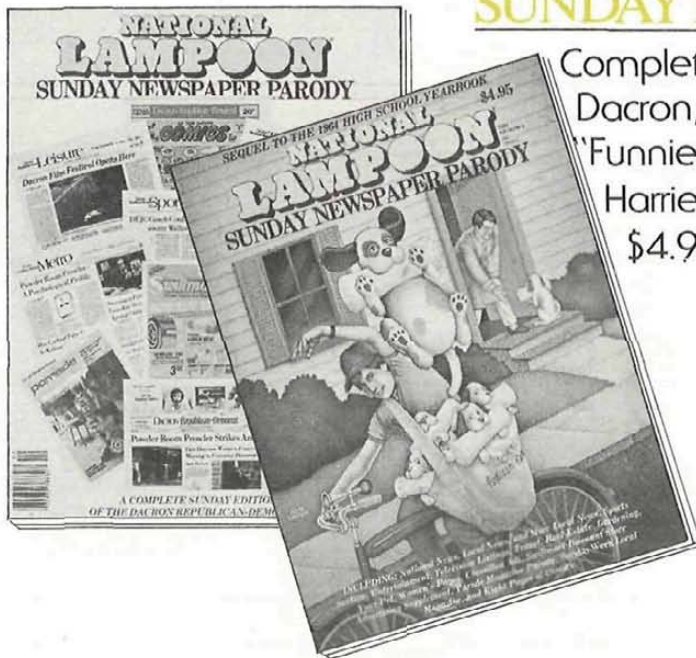
"I'm their pet. They love me. They'll do anything for me. They cut my balls off!"



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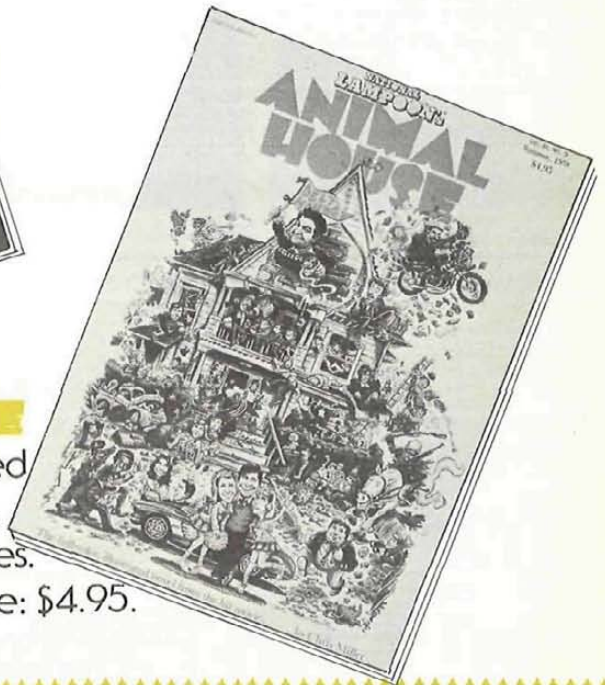
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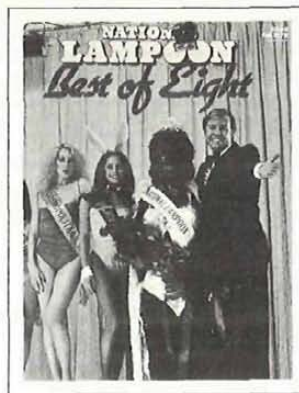
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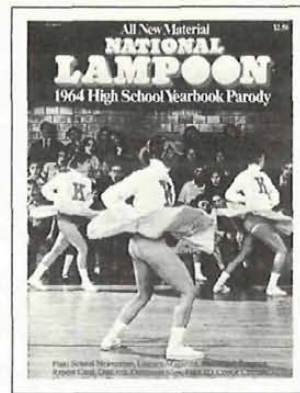
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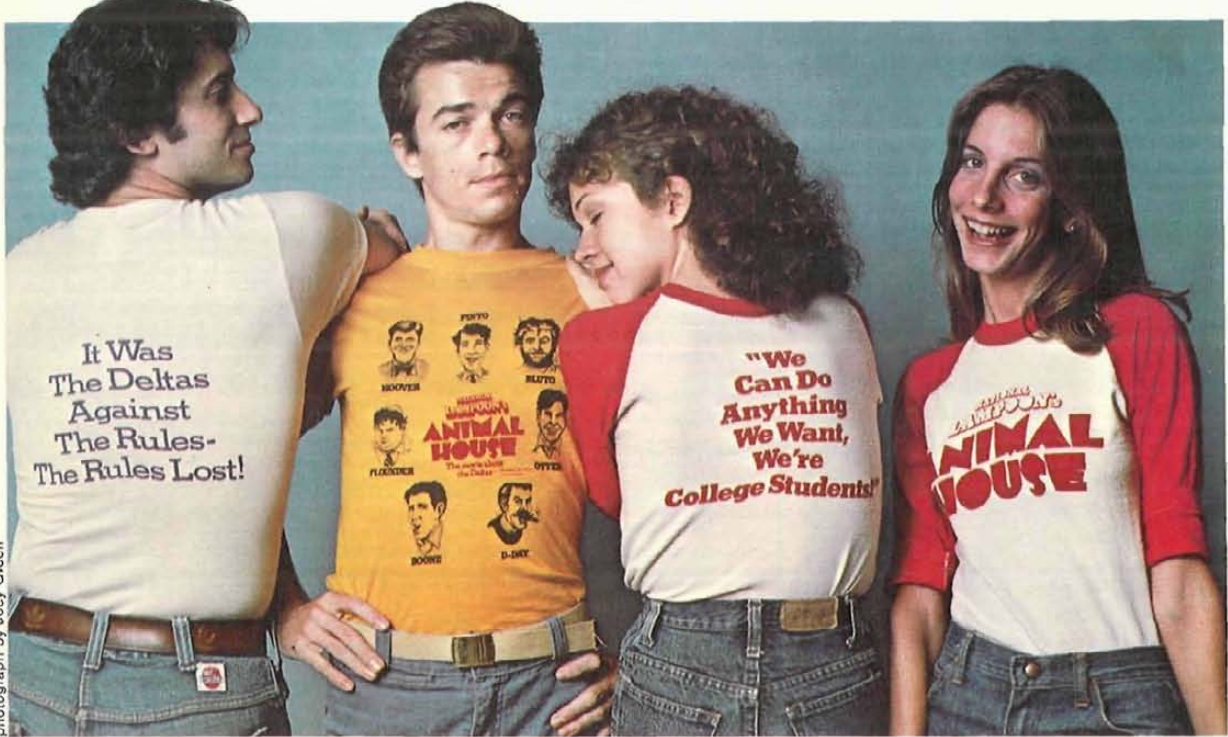
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You've seen the movie! You've read the book! Now you can read the shirts!



Photograph by Joey Green

What else? From the *National Lampoon*, one of the world's great hunters of your loose bucks, comes the T-shirt and the "softball" shirt from the first *NatLamp* film, *National Lampoon's Animal House*.

Now you can wear the glorious *Animal House* softball shirt with half-length sleeves in blushing crimson to go along with the flaming *N.L.A.H.* logo on the front and the statement on the back that gives you complete license to enjoy yourself: "We're college students *and we can do anything we want!*" And listen, you *don't* have to be college students to wear the shirt. You can be sixteen or sixty, semiliterate or just a dropout or never-went, like the guy who wrote this adv...who cares. We'll sell you anything.

Made from 100 percent machine washable cotton. \$6.00 each in large, medium, or small, plus 60 cents for postage and handling.

Or you, you lucky individual you, can buy and wear the *National Lampoon's Animal House* Delta shirt with caricatures of Bluto, Otter, Pinto, the entire "unholy seven" who help make *Animal House* the funniest movie since *Getting Gertie's Garter*. Comes in flaming orange with black caricatures and red and black lettering or in your basic beige with the same trimmings. On the back is the brilliantly conceived slogan, "It was the Deltas against the rules—the rules lost!" This slogan received first prize at the American Slogan Contest held only this past July in Boise, Idaho, the slogan capital of America.

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Yes, I would like to join the house. Please send me the T-shirts I have checked below.

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FUNNY PAGES

SNUTS

REMEMBER HOW YOU SORT OF HAD TO BE PERPETUALLY READY FOR WHATEVER THE GROWN-UPS MIGHT SPRING ON YOU SINCE YOU HAD NO IDEA WHAT THEY WOULD DO NEXT OR WHEN THEY WOULD CHOOSE TO DO IT?

HEY, LOOK! MY RICH UNCLE ARTHUR'S VISITING AND HE GAVE ME A WHOLE FIVE BUCKS!



WOW!

IS THAT YOUR FRIEND, FENTON?

YES, DAD.

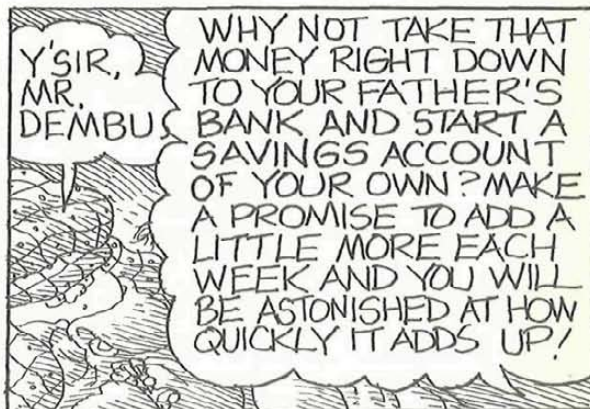
HELLO, MR. DEMBUSTER,

YEAH! WE CAN-



THAT TEN DOLLARS REPRESENTS A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU TO DEVELOP A PATTERN OF LIFE WHICH YOU WILL NEVER REGRET, YOUNG FELLOW!

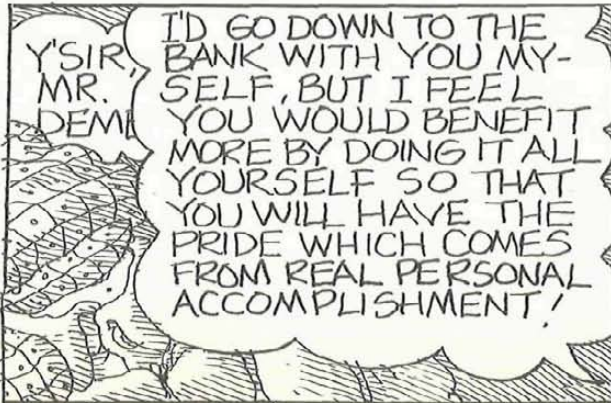
Y'SIR, MR. DEMBUS



WHY NOT TAKE THAT MONEY RIGHT DOWN TO YOUR FATHER'S BANK AND START A SAVINGS ACCOUNT OF YOUR OWN? MAKE A PROMISE TO ADD A LITTLE MORE EACH WEEK AND YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED AT HOW QUICKLY IT ADDS UP!

Y'SIR, MR. DEMB

I'D GO DOWN TO THE BANK WITH YOU MYSELF, BUT I FEEL YOU WOULD BENEFIT MORE BY DOING IT ALL YOURSELF SO THAT YOU WILL HAVE THE PRIDE WHICH COMES FROM REAL PERSONAL ACCOMPLISHMENT!



HOLY JEEZ! I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO FOLLOW ALONG AND MAKE SURE I DID IT!

Graham Wilson



FIRST, LET'S HAVE A SODA!

I'M SORRY-HE GETS LIKE THAT SOME-TIMES.

YEAH!

©1978

TROTS and BONNIE



JUST THINK! IN TWELVE HOURS WE'LL BE IN VIENNA WINNING THE JOHANN STRAUSS EIGHTY-FIFTH ANNUAL BATTLE OF THE BANDS!

BOY! I THOUGHT WE'D NEVER SELL ALL THE CANDY BARS IT TOOK TO FINANCE THIS TRIP!



WARNING! AIR PIRACY IS NOT A LAUGHING MATTER! IT IS UNLAWFUL TO JOKE OR MAKE REFERENCES TO REFERENCES TO HIJACKING OR CRIMINAL RELATIONS. OFFENDERS WILL BE PROSECUTED. PAN-REG. 10/1/00



SAY! DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE HIJACKERS' MOTHER-IN-LAW?

HEE!

SHE MADE 'EM TAKE THE PLANE TO MIAMI BEACH.

HOW MANY PAKISTANIS DOES IT TAKE TO HIJACK A JET?

OOH! HOO HOO OOO!

TWO HUNDRED TO FILL UP THE PLANE AND ONE TO WRITE THE RANSOM NOTE.



OH PLEASE SIR COULD YOU TAKE THIS PLANE TO CUBA OR SHOULD I SHOOT MYSELF?

WHAT'S PURPLE AND CARRIES GRENADES IN ITS COMBAT BOOTS?

YASSIR ARAGRAPE!

WHAT DID THE SOUTH MOLUCCAN TERRORIST SAY TO THE PILOT?

NOTHING!

HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HIM CAUSE HE WAS WEARING SUNGLASSES!

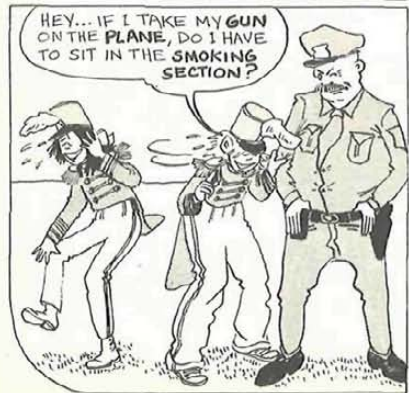


AND THEN THERE WAS THE MAD BOMBER WHO MAILED FIVE STICKS OF DYNAMITE TO HIS NEAREST RELATIVE AND SMUGGLED HIS INSURANCE POLICY ONTO THE PLANE.

WHAT COSTS TEN MILLION DOLLARS AND BLOWS UP??!

WHEW! YAWK! SNUCK!

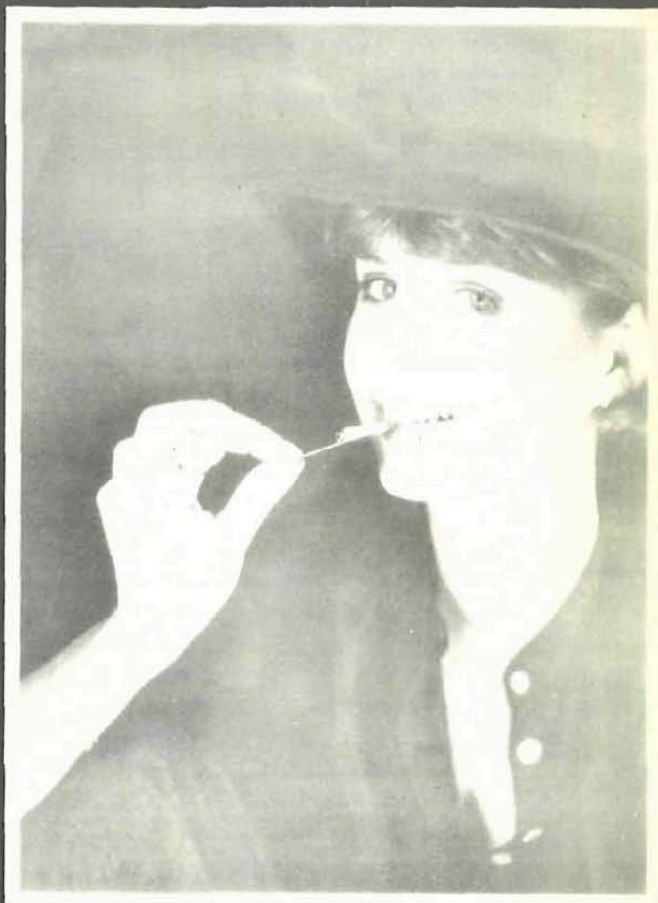
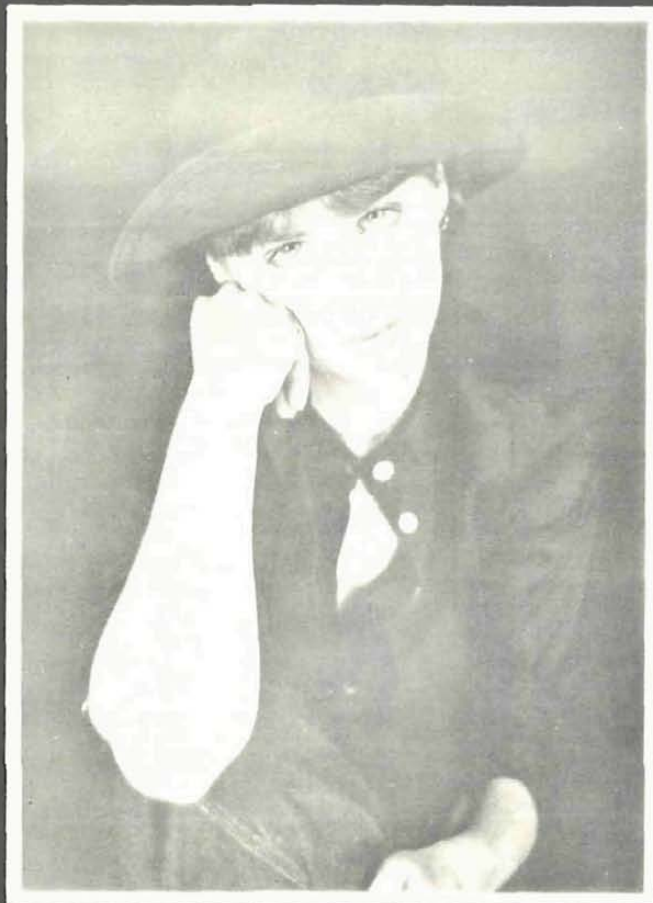
HAR HAR HOO SNORT!



HEY... IF I TAKE MY GUN ON THE PLANE, DO I HAVE TO SIT IN THE SMOKING SECTION?

THE REST OF THE BAND SAYS THEY'RE NOT REALLY MAD THAT YOU MADE THEM MISS THE PLANE AND LOSE THE CONTEST... AND THEY'LL BAIL YOU OUT AS SOON AS THEY SELLENOUGH CANDY BARS.

I WAS A FAILURE UNTIL...



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adds support which makes rolling a cinch. And, as you smoke, more wire becomes exposed (it's really a holder!) and passing becomes simpler. No more burned fingers! And best of all, I can smoke it to the end.

Now, I'm no longer a failure! What a discovery!!!



Wow! I can't wait to be a success too!

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GOOD NEWS by Claire BRETECHER

attempt to overthrow government stifled in Ghana. thirty men summarily executed.



hurricane in the caribbean. three sailboats missing at sea...



earthquake in Chile, 35,000 Boy Scouts crushed to death...



747 exploded in mid-air, no known survivors...



"I love you too much," said the madman, while unloading the contents of his truck on her chest....



yes, poor Mrs. McSillicuddy! it was the right subrice that gave out.



twenty-three dead and four injured in new york city gas main explosion...



huge crowds at the funeral of seven alcoholics from detroit...



Avalanche in the Catskills, forty rabbits vanish...



traffic fatalities light this weekend, only 2014 dead...




♪ la la la la ♪



♪ stayin' alive!... stayin' alive!... ♪



BACK ISSUES



MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE! With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the *Papillon* parody, Swan Song of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins.

APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY: With the '58 Bulgecomics, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Comme Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, *Third Base*, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos 'n' Andy.

MAY, 1972/MEN! With How to Score with Chickies, The Men's Pages, Germaine Spillane, Stacked Like Me, Norman the Barbarian, and the Zircon as Big as the Taft.

JULY, 1972/SURPRISE! With Third World Comics, the Refugee Pages, the Little Black Book of Chairman Mao, How to Be a He-Man, Sermonette, and Col. Jingo's Book of Big Ships.

AUGUST, 1972/THE MIRACLE OF DEMOCRACY: With *True Politics* magazine, The Coronation of King Dick, Gahan Wilson's Miracle of Seniority, and Tales of the South comics.

SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM: With The Wide World of Meat, Our White Heritage, Bland Hotel, the *Chink*, *National Geographic* parody, and the President's Brother comic.

OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES? With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Walls, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album.

NOVEMBER, 1972/DECADENCE: With Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band, Defeat Day, the Meal Chess Set, the Felicit Supplement, and Adlai Stevenson in Remnants-of-Dignity Comics.

DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER: With Son-o'-God comics = 2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement.

JANUARY, 1973/DEATH: With The Adventures of Deadman, *Playdead* magazine, Children's Suicide Letters to Santa, the Last Aid Kit, plus Bobbie Fisher Shows You How to Beat Death.

APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE: With Anti-Dutch Hate Literature, All in de Famby, the Shame of the North, Profiles in Chopped Liver, Surprise Poster = 4, and *Ivory* magazine.

MAY, 1973/FRAUD: With The Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin.

JUNE, 1973/VIOLENCE: With The Seven Secret Japanese Techniques of Self Defense, Kit 'n' Kapoodle Comics, *Gun Lust* Magazine, and Rodrigues' Hemophunnies.

JULY, 1973/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With *Popular Workbench*, Techno-factics, Non-Poisoning Power Sources, National Science Fair Projects, and the Jersey City Exposition of Progress, Industry & Freedom.

AUGUST, 1973/STRANGE BELIEFS: With *Psychology Today* parody, Son-o'-God Comics = 3, Gahan Wilson's Strange Beliefs of Children, and Rubington's Fuzz Against Bunk.

SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR: With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, White dove comics, *Vichy* Supplement, *Guerre Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards.

NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS: With *Sports Illustrated* parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Feeeney's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, Specialty Sports Magazine, 1976 Olympic Preview, Al "Tantrum" O'Neil's Temper Tips, and *Bad Day*.

MARCH, 1974/STUPID: With The Stupid Aptitude Test, Kancer Kare Kosmetics, The Stupid Group, and *Stupid News & World Report*.

APRIL, 1974/TRAVEL: With Gahan Wilson's Paranoid Abroad, *Airline Magazine*, Amish in Space, RMS "Tyrannic" Brochure, 148 Counties You Can't Visit, and Welcome to Cheeseburg.

JULY, 1974/DESSERT: With *Famine Circle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomique Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches* Magazine.

AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE: With Agnew's A Very Sizable Advance, *Seed* Magazine, Executive Deleted, *Soul Drinks*, Surprise Poster = 7, and *True Menu*.

SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE: With Unexciting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home*, *Journal*, and *Rattart Comics*.

OCTOBER, 1974/PUBESCENCE: With VD Comics, Nancy Drew Meets Patty Hearst, Masturbation Funnies, and Tampoon Period Piece.

NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS: With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics and Watergate Down.

JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE: With *Neqigent Mother* Magazine, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Iceless Capades Massacre.

MARCH, 1975/GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT: With *Barbar and His Enemies*, Gone With the Wind '75, Englandland, The '75 Nobels, The Hotel Throckmorton, and *The New Yorker* parody.

APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS: With *Warm Rod* Magazine, Henry Ford's Diary, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1906 Buick Buggies, The Tunnel Policeman's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Shoes.

MAY, 1975/MEDICINE: With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedics, and *Our Wonderful Bodies*.

JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT: With *Fag Hag Mag*, The Vespers of 1610, Hollywood, Hoorary, Mei Brooks, Is God, Airport, 69, and Gitterlums.

AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE: With The Rocketeer *Attica Report*, Code of Hammutabi, *Citizen's Arrest Magazine*, Inherent Their Wind, and *World Night Court*.

SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE: With The Vassar yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Plays, and the *Esquire* Parody.

NOVEMBER, 1975/WORK: With Ferdinand the Bulldozer, The Kitchens of Sara Lee, Trail of Tars, *Shirking*, and Here the Handicapped.

DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY: With The Great Price War, Entrepreneurs, and a *Fortune* parody.

JANUARY, 1976/SECRET ISSUE: With Jackie's Date with Destiny, *The New York Review of Books* parody, IRA Comics, Couched in Secrecy, and The Conspiring Photographer.

APRIL, 1976/SPORTS: With Dogfishing, *Silver Jack*, The Glory of Their Hindsight, the U.S. Olympic Handbook, and The Puck Stops Here.

MAY, 1976/FOREIGNERS: With *The Times of India*, Foreigners around the World, EEC, Whatever Happened to Velosfornimo, and the Culture Villains section.

JUNE, 1976/75th ANNIVERSARY: With *Kafkasoor* High School Reunion, The Story of Douglas Aircraft, Chris Miller's At the Movies, *Canadian Weekly*, and another Bernie Xpote.

SEPTEMBER, 1976/THE LATEST ISSUE: With a complete list of Bad Words, *Western Romance* Part Three, *Brave Dog* Magazine, and the return of both Uncle Buckle and cat hammerer.

OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES: With a four-page, full color Nuts, the Aesop Brothers on non-eyemoon, Verman, Sherman the Tank, Odd Bodkins, and dozens of other comics and cartoons.

NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE: Is Democracy fixed? The complete story of the Townville campaign, starring Ford and Carter look-alikes, with the traditional bribery, corruption and natural oas.

JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE: With Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Final Days, lots of hilarious cartoons, sight gags, comics, and the *Scienterrific American* parody.

FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINAUGURAL ISSUE: With JFK's First 6,000 Days (1962-1976), the *Village Voice* parody *War in Ireland*, and the Jackie Memorial.

MARCH, 1977/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With Poisonous Junk, Stuff That Blows Up, and Large Dangerous Things That Go Fast.

APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV: With T-Bird and Monza, *T.V. magazine*, Monday Night Sleep, PBS Concordance, and *Dinah's Dumper*.

JUNE, 1977/CAREERS: With mercenaries, wetbacks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, Sussman's get rich tips, and Sam Gross.

JULY, 1977/SEX: With the inevitable *Hot Report* parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know, porn flicks, skin books, stroke mags, and the Last True-Lite Western Romance.

AUGUST, 1977/CHEAP THRILLS: With *Wasted Times* magazine, More Tales of Uncle Mike, Can I get a job at the *National Lampoon*?, Sleeping with the Stars, and *Kickz*.

SEPTEMBER, 1977/GROW UP: With the health facts, insurance madness, Gidget Goes Senile, a guide to adults, and Gahan Wilson's Grown-ups Can Do Anything.

OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES: With *Mersey Moptop Favorites Fabgearbeat* Magazine, Beat the Beatles, the unreleased albums of John, George, Ringo, Paul, and Frank Sinatra, and the authentic McCartney autopsy report.

NOVEMBER, 1977/LIFESTYLES: With Best Medical Flea Market, Busting Out of Suburbia, Orgasmic Backlash, White Rastafarians, and Best Negroes in New York.

DECEMBER, 1977/CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER: With the death of Santa Claus, alternate good taste covers, cards, presents, and the Texas Supplement.

JANUARY, 1978/THE ROLE OF SEX IN HISTORY: With the Socratic Monologue, Sex in Ancient China, the Cretins, and the 6 Blunders of the Ancient World.

FEBRUARY, 1978/SPRING FASCISM PREVIEW: With *National Socialist Review*, the Toronto Supplement, Euronazis, The Real Adolf Hitler, and Fascist Food.

MARCH, 1978/CRIME AND PUNISHMENT: With Short Hairs, the History of Crime in the Cinema, the Whiteless Canary, Painless Crimes, and Just Deserts.

APRIL, 1978/SPRING CLEANING: With the Birds of Ireland, the New York Supplement, four-color comics by Rodrigues, Wilson, Fleckenner, and Browne, and the Autorama.

MAY, 1978/FAMILIES: With the Soritz Family Rubinstein, a Nancy Drew parody, "How Did I Get Here?" *Earth's Fertile Yield*, and the debut of Clare Bretscher.

JUNE, 1978/THE WILD WEST: With *Even Bluegirls Get the Cows*, the Indian Section, Our Family Journey to the West, and Cowboys of Many Lands.

JULY, 1978/100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE: With a garland of parodies, Sussman and Greenfield's history of *NatLamp*, Born Again on the Fourth of July, and comics by Wilson, Rodrigues, and Subitzky.

SEPTEMBER, 1978/STYLE: With *Regular Guy Quarterly*, *Dress for Successfulness*, *Afro Sheek*, and a complete fall fashion forecast.

OCTOBER, 1978/ENTERTAINMENT: With movie, TV, and music sections, *Porter and Beth*, self-amusement, Wilson, Rodrigues, and a *NatLamp* guide to the Big Ten.

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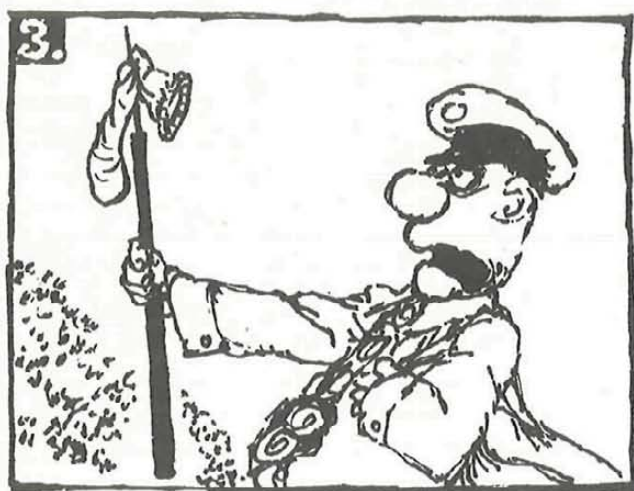
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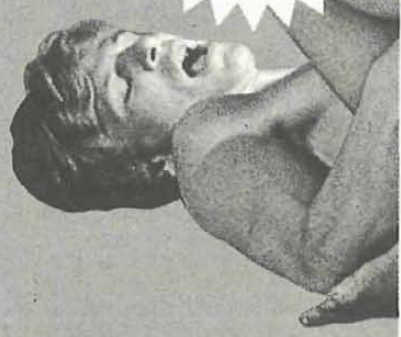
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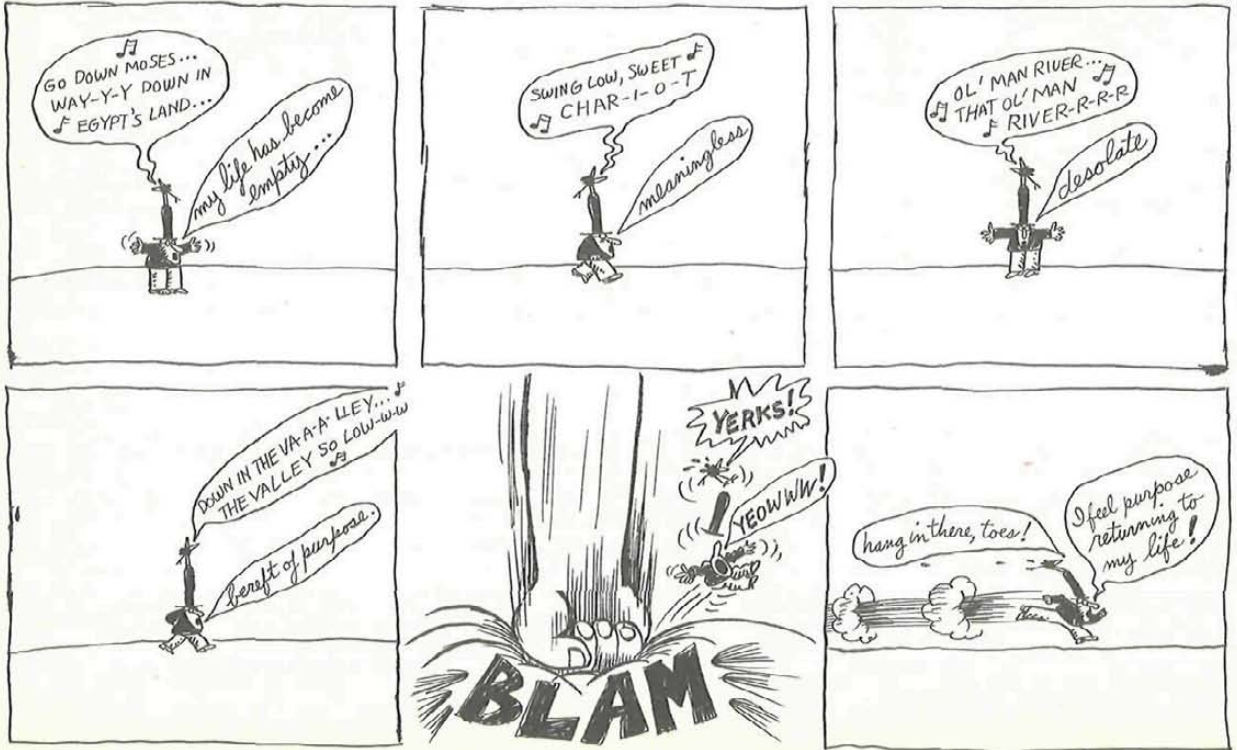


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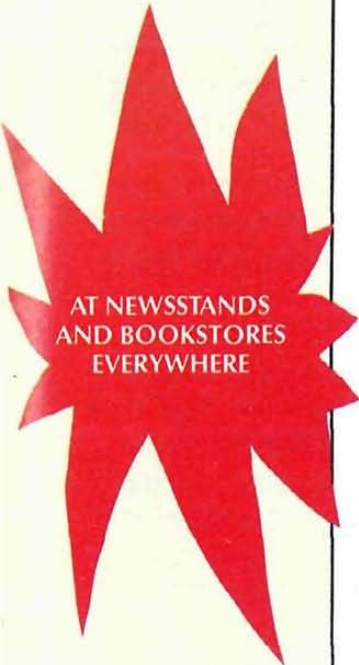
chicken gutz

damn! another fuse blown...

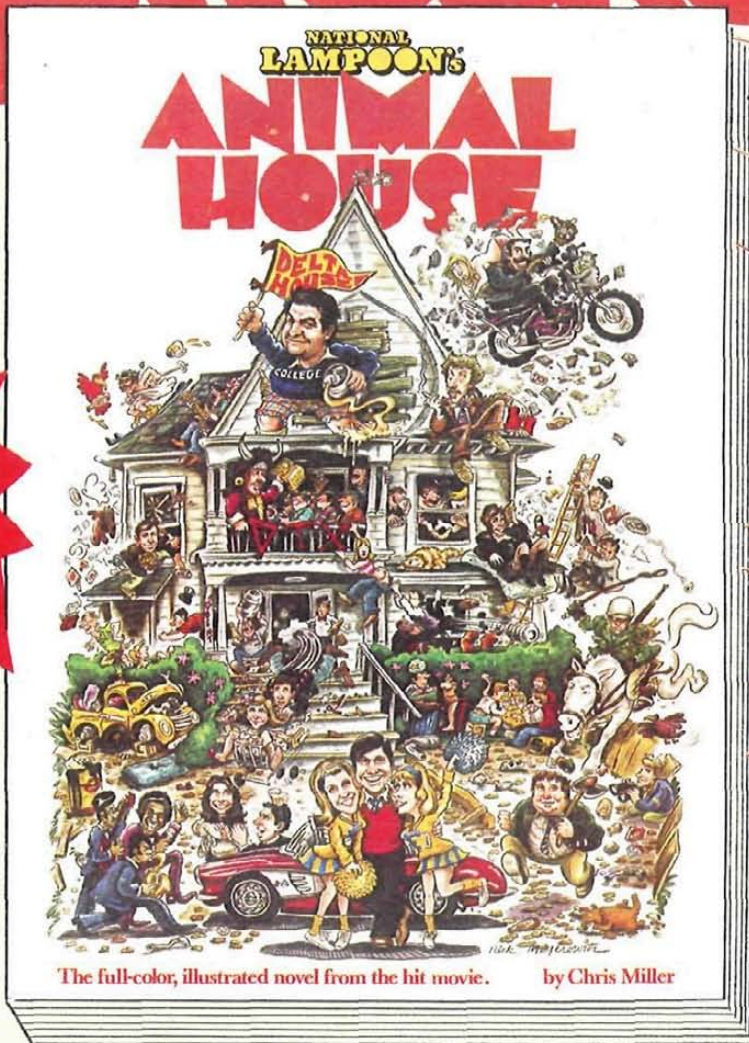
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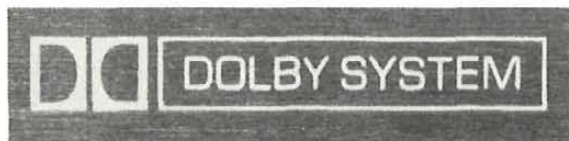
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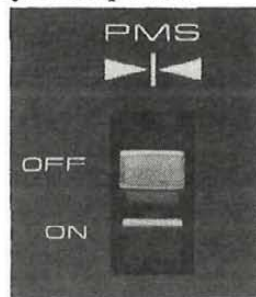
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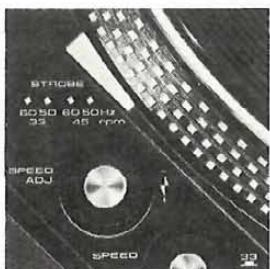


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MY PENIS

continued from page 68

Everything was going just perfect and I felt like I was in the Olympics until I went into my handstand and then swung down into the straddle position and landed on everything "down there"...and it felt like somebody shot a bullet up my rump and clashed cymbals on my head. Then I rolled off the beam and onto the floor and laid there all curled up and screaming.

Naturally, anytime a girl falls down in gym, everybody thinks she's broken her female organs and will never be able to have babies. But I just said I was okay and that some wind got knocked out of me and if it was okay, I'd just go home. My best friend, Roberta, helped me into the locker room. So far, this penis was a real stupid thing.

Roberta has always been my best friend since about three years ago and I like her a lot, but I didn't want her to see "it" because if I didn't like "it" too much and if she was grossed out by "it," I'd feel even worse than I already felt. But Roberta sticks like Super-Glue and I knew she wouldn't leave, and besides, deep down inside,

way, way down in the most secret caves of my personal self, was a little voice that said, "Show her," because secretly I wanted to show someone but then again I didn't.

I said, "Roberta, are you my best friend?" And she said, "For sure!" And I said, "Can I trust you completely? And she said, "For sure!" And so I said, "Even if it was sort of gross?" And she said, "What?" And I pulled down my culottes and she said, "Yeast?" And I said, "No! Look!" And she saw the underpants and she gasped and said, "Boys' underpants!" I said, "Worse," and I pulled down the underpants (girls pull down their underpants a lot when other girls are around and it doesn't bother them). Roberta bent over just a little bit to get a better look and she was watching really intense and then all of a sudden the penis flipped out and Roberta's mouth dropped open and her retainer fell out on the floor, I swear to God! Then she screamed, "A thing! A thing! You have a thing!" She was shrieking. "Oh, my God! God! God! A thing! A thing!"

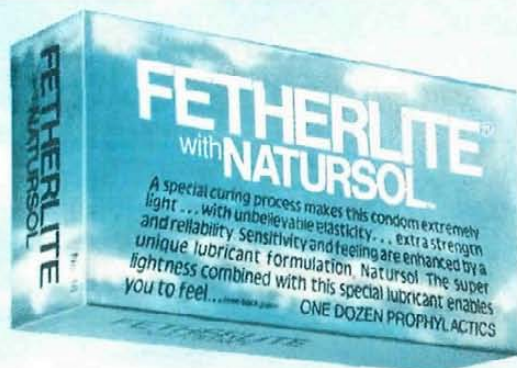
I yanked up the underpants as fast as I could and I shouted, "You jerk!" in my most mad voice. But she just

kept shrieking, "A thing! You have a thing!" She's really immature sometimes.

Obviously she had never seen a penis before. She probably never even saw her dad's and she doesn't have any brothers and she's not very popular with boys because she's fat and not altogether beautiful and so I guess I can't blame her for being as shocked as she was. It was just kind of depressing to have someone act like you're a freak because you have something that you never asked for and have to have anyway.

Roberta acted hysterical for a little while longer and then she sort of calmed down (I think she got tired) and then we sat and stared at each other and I told her how I woke up with "it" and everything like that and she said she was really shocked at first but now it didn't seem so bad. Then she asked if she could look at it again.

Roberta really studied it close and made a lot of remarks about it and asked a whole bunch of questions about stuff that I didn't know about, so I just told her that it was a real, actual man's penis and that was all I knew. And then she asked if she could touch it.



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I didn't know about that. She was a girl and I was a girl. But I wasn't a girl "down there" because girls don't have "those." So I guessed that it couldn't be queer because it's only queer when girls' parts and girls' parts touch. So I said, "Go ahead and touch it because it's not queer to touch it." And she picked it up like it was a little white mouse in biology lab or something and then she looked under it and pulled it and squeezed it.

Can you guess what happened when she did all that? Right! And it got stiff all of a sudden in one big spurt and it flew out of Roberta's hand. It slapped her chin and scared

the life out of her and she screamed and jumped and put her hands up to her mouth like in the movies. I started to laugh, it was just so funny, and Roberta started to laugh, too, and we got real hysterical!

But it wasn't too safe to be out in the locker room with a "thing," so we went into the towel room and locked the door so I could show Roberta how cool it looked to have a "thing" plus boobies. You'd probably do the same if you were in my situation, she was my friend and all. Then Roberta got real excited and she was laughing and she grabbed it and I got that weird feeling in my butt and my hips

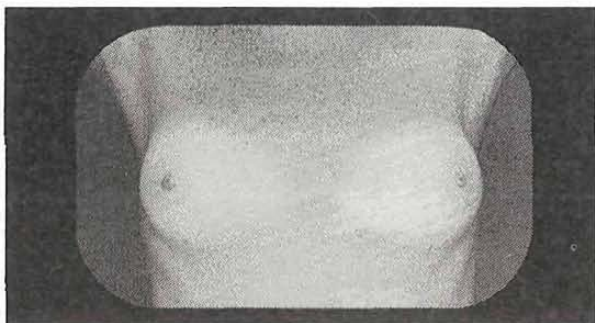
started moving all by themselves and I crouched down and closed my eyes and then, you know, well, it just, it... I squirted sperms all over Roberta's sleeve.

It completely grossed Roberta out to have sperms on her sleeve. She grabbed a towel and started rubbing like crazy and I thought she was going to throw up, but then she asked me if that was a "hand job" she'd just done and I said I guessed so and then she seemed to look sort of happy, real happy all of a sudden, and she said, "I did a hand job? That was a hand job?" and she forgot all about the sperms that were swimming on her blouse

continued

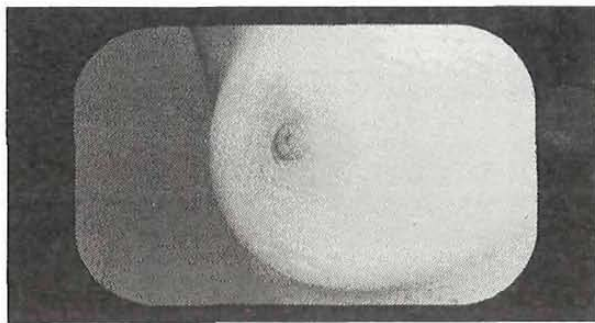
How to Examine Yourself for Breast Cancer

The recent breast cancer epidemic (there seemed to be particular danger if you were the wife of a prominent political figure) had at least one beneficial result. Indeed, every cloud, however positively obsidian of aspect, must at its core contain some tiny particle of silver lining—no matter if that bit of argentine undercoat is so miniscule as to be bonded in its entirety to a single nitrate molecule or some such. That is to say, it's a really truly double-rotten awful extra-super ill wind that doesn't get *somebody* blown. Thus it was that the recent breast cancer epidemic had at least one beneficial result: it allowed every television station in America to show bare tit in prime time. Four examples are presented below.



Station: WYBY-TV, Nashville, Tennessee
Program: "6 P.M. News," with the Channel 9 Here Your Are News Team

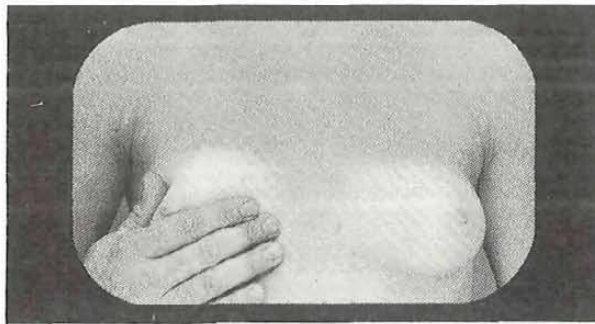
Announcer: These breasts are fine. But lumps can develop very quickly. So we'd better check them again on the "11 O'Clock News." And every other night this week.



Station: KRBR-TV, San Bernardino, California
Program: Glib Welberry's "This Afternoon Show"
Announcer: Let's look real hard at this breast. Can dangerous lumps usually be seen with the unaided eye? No, they cannot. But let's look real hard at this breast some more. Just to make sure.



Station: WUWB-TV, Wilmette, Illinois
Program: "Channel 5 Nightly News at Night"
Announcer: Nope. No cancer here. Wait a minute. Is that a lump? Better squeeze it and stroke it and squeeze it and stroke it for a while to make sure. Mmmm...mmmm...no, no lump there.



Station: WEVD-TV, Raleigh, North Carolina
Program: Special: "Your Body and How to Keep It Swell"
Announcer: Oh, oh! Here's a lump. It's very distinct. You can feel it easily. You'd better have that checked, young lady. Whoops, turns out it's a nipple. Silly us. □

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MY PENIS
continued
 because she was so relieved to find out that "hand jobs" don't hurt or make you bleed and you don't have to put anything gross in your mouth. But I was still really surprised when she said, "Let's go over to your parents' house and have 'sex relations' with it." Which was what she said next.
 You see, although Roberta and I are virgins, I am less of a virgin than she is, and anyway, we both know that a man puts his... you know, there's a woman's too and together they put this, um, oh, let's see, they he, she, he puts the... penis in her, you know what it is, it's a vagina and he puts "it" in there. In other words, he sticks his in hers.
 So, the first thing to do at my house was to get naked, which we did, and although I've seen Roberta naked about a million times (we have gym

together), I thought it was kind of gross, but now it didn't look too bad. She bent over to take off her underpants and I sneaked a look up at her bottom. Now that sounds very sick, but at the time it was okay.
 Then we had to decide which way to do "it," so I just said for Roberta to bend over and we could do "it" like "that" and she said no because then she couldn't see. It was her idea for us to lay on top of each other, but I said that our boobies would be touching and, if that happened, it would definitely be "lezzie" plus how could she see that way and she said she could point toward the mirror, but that was ishy. We tried sitting in a chair, but Roberta was too fat and the "thing" bent and it hurt.
 We thought about it for a while and then finally we cleared all the junk off the top of my desk and Roberta climbed up on it and laid down (this gets a little weird and embarrass-

THE IDEAL

The Ideal Female Body The Ideal Male Body

HUMAN BODY

ing) and her legs hung over the edge so that I could stand and point "it" at "hers." The part that was the worst was opening up her legs because when I did, I saw all of the most private, private parts on the inside and that should be a complete secret from everybody and I felt kind of sick and didn't want to do it but I thought that I'd better in case this "thing" went away tomorrow. Anyway, I pointed "it" at her "place" and it looked pretty big and her... vagina looked pretty small. Roberta said, "It won't fit. It'll hurt."

I personally didn't think it would fit either, but I didn't tell Roberta because, well... actually I really wanted to do this now. I mean, I don't know why, I just did. (Are you sick yet?) And so I put "it" on her skin and stuff and pushed. Roberta said, "Owww! Let's not do this, okay?"

I pushed harder and harder and harder. Roberta gritted her teeth and moaned and then all of a sudden, *whoooooosh!* It slid in all the way and bumped into something and squirted sperms inside of Roberta just about under her belly button. Roberta grunted really loud, like a pig, and her hips started going back and forth so fast that I could hardly see them, they were all blurry. It was disgusting to see, but the "thing" felt the best. "Intercourse," for all the bad things you hear about it, was pretty cool.

Roberta stopped moving and grunting a couple of seconds later and she laid there and then she started to cry. I pulled out the "thing" and it was coated with gunk from Roberta and some sperms were still coming out of it and that was the grossest part, so far, of all, about having a "thing."

Incidentally, when you have "sex" *continued on page 93*



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THE NEW ALBUM. ON EPIC RECORDS AND TAPES.**



TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



● Miffed by a decision to re-name a university after an untouchable, upper-caste Hindu stormed a settlement of untouchables in western India and burned down eighty-nine of their huts with kerosine-soaked loom spindles. *The New York Times*

● Several members of President Carter's White House staff bought fifty tickets to see Root Boy Slim and the Sex Change Band at a Washington club. The group's best known hits include: "I Used to Be a Radical," "Boogie Till You Puke," and "Jailed in Jacksonville (All I had was a roach/Too bad that cocaine was around)." *High Times Magazine*

● Idi Amin vested temporary control of the Ugandan government in his senior wife, Medin Amin, so that he might have time to race a 1971 Citroen Maserati in Uganda's first "Economic War Motor Rally." The event, described on national radio as "historically significant," was intended to commemorate the deportation of 40,000 Asian merchants in 1973. His junior wife, a soldier in the Ugandan "Suicide Mechanized Regiment," served as co-driver. To prevent the Amin car from being stopped during practice, police were asked to note the vehicle's registration number "because the number plates are old." *New York Daily News*

● Subsequent to the murder of a New York cocaine dealer by alleged professional hit men, Domingo Osario was arrested and charged with driving the getaway car. District attorneys must resolve an apparent defect in their case, however, in that Osario

does not now, nor did he at the time of the murder, have arms. *New York Daily News*

● A 200-pound New York woman plummeted seventeen stories from an apartment window, crashed through the roof of a station wagon, and never even lost consciousness. Her name is Victoria Lard. *New York Post*

● While jogging near his home, fifty-five-year-old Robert Summers suffered a massive heart attack and fell dead, face down in the middle of the street. Mr. Summers was the president

of the Miami Heart Institute. *New York Post*

● When Jimmy Carter visited Poland, a number of his aides gathered in CBS correspondent Bob Schieffer's room at the Warsaw International Hotel. A National Security Council employee ordered duck dinner for everyone, but nothing came. He re-placed the order, waited for an hour, and still nothing came. The order was submitted a third time. After another hour without a response, the group gave up and adjourned. Just as Schieffer turned out the

lights, a room service waiter appeared at the door with duck for twenty. Schieffer signed the check, and during the course of the night, signed several other checks for a total of 200 roast, barbecued, and carried duck dinners that filled the room by morning. *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Bruce Mocking)

● A Dayton, Ohio, judge suspended the five-year prison sentence of a thief who stole \$100,000 worth of art objects because the defendant had an I.Q. of 140. The Honorable Russell E. Yeazel questioned the propriety of jailing abnormal violators, both incompetent and unusually competent, commenting, "I don't understand the dummies and I don't understand the brighties." *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* (contributed by Elizabeth Longueuiel)

● Psychology professor Nancy Hirschberg has published the results of a ten-year study she conducted on the physical features of women as they relate to the male personality types who are attracted to them. Professor Hirschberg found men who like women's legs are socially active, helpful, and generally nicer to be around than subjects who were more inclined to like large breasts and buttocks. Breast enthusiasts tend to be show-offy, self-reliant, and not particularly helpful, according to the report, while those males interested in large buttocks are fastidious, socially dependent, guilty, and feel they are lacking in prestige. When asked the meaning of her findings, Hirschberg stated, "I don't know." *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Peter Chiang)

• LIVES OF THE GREAT •

THIS MONTH:

DWIGHT DAVID "IKE" EISENHOWER (1890-1969)

MEMORABLE QUOTE: EISENHOWER, WHEN DENOUNCING DISCRIMINATION, WOULD ADD THE QUALIFICATION: "IT DOESN'T MEAN A NEGRO CAN DATE MY DAUGHTER."

DURING WHITE HOUSE STORYTELLING SESSIONS, IKE WOULD TRIM HIS FINGERNAILS WITH FOOT-LONG SHEARS, CLEAN THEM WITH A LETTER OPENER, AND FINALLY APPLY THREE COATS OF WOMEN'S CLEAR NAIL POLISH.

IKE FOUNDED A WOMEN-HATERS CLUB AT WEST POINT, BUT WAS BUSTED FROM SERGEANT TO PRIVATE THERE FOLLOWING AN EPISODE OF "WILD DANCING" WITH A PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER AND LATER, AS ALLIED COMMANDER, HE DEVISED A PLAN THAT WOULD ALLOW 15,000 AMERICAN SOLDIERS TO SPEND THEIR LEAVES IN THE HOMES OF BRITISH WOMEN.



AFTER COMPLETING HIS SECOND TERM, IKE SERVED AS PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, DURING WHICH TIME HE WOULD OFTEN TAKE LATE NIGHT WALKS IN MORNINGSIDE PARK CARRYING A LOADED SERVICE REVOLVER.



A WHITE HOUSE AIDE REPORTED THAT EISENHOWER WOULD "FLUSS ALL PAY OVER WHICH PINNER JACKET TO WEAR THAT NIGHT."

by Ellis Weiner

"Hey, I don't mean anything by these racial cracks," he says. "There are bad Christians around too, right? It's just that, you know, a bad Jew is worse, right? You won't find any pictures of me with a swastika and a German army helmet." As for "the blacks," Turner says, "Most of them aren't black anyway. They're brown. Well, aren't they? It's very seldom you see a really black black. The blacks can tell who pays lip service and who's sincere. The blacks love me."

—Ted Turner, quoted in "Going Real Strawwwg," by Curry Kirkpatrick. *Sports Illustrated*, August 21, 1978.

"One of the nice things about working today is that we don't have to change our names," claims Feldshuh, who nonetheless did alter her first name from the rather bland Terry to the more mysterious Tovah (Hebrew for "good").

—Scott Haller re actress Tovah Feldshuh, in his article "Star Treks." *Horizon*, August 1978.

"I didn't want to accept the fact that the Pope was dead," she said softly. "To me it's a very personal loss, because he was so much like my dad in appearance and mannerisms. He had blue eyes and my dad had brown eyes, but otherwise they might have been twins."

—Louise Montini Soifer, quoted by Deborah Orin in "A Very Personal Loss, Cousin Here Says." *The New York Post*, August 7, 1978.

Hawn was still in the chorus when she met Trikonis. Both were unknown. But in 1969, when they wed, only Gus was unknown. The strain showed. "He's Greek," Hawn says of her first husband, "and it's very important to Greek men to bring home the bread and butter. Gus couldn't cope with it...my money, the house, all the pretty things that he couldn't afford and which I bought."

Their parting was not friendly. Trikonis put a \$75,000 price tag on her freedom.

—re Goldie Hawn and her ex, in "Goldie Tells How She GotBackHer Smile," by Alan Ebert. *Us*, August 22, 1978.

Retraction: Jane Pauley informs Bullshit that she did *not* say, "In the sixties that would have been a bomb," when someone threw a cup of cold coffee on her during Columbia University's recent graduation exercises. The remark stands as a bullshit utterance par excellence (unless meant ironically), but the co-anchor of the "Today" program is not responsible. Bullshit, therefore, retracts.

Plea: *Bullshit solicits contributions from its readers. Items should be current, and in original form—i.e., the article itself, including name of publication, name of article, and date. Send to: True Facts (see True Masthead).*

Here are the endings to some things which you'd only read or sit through to find out the endings.

BOOKS

The Promise by Danielle Steel: After Michael and Nancy are involved in a car accident while eloping, Michael's wealthy mother offers Nancy money to get her damaged face restructured if she promises never to see Michael again. Nancy agrees, not knowing that the mother has told Michael that Nancy is dead. He becomes an unfeeling workaholic in Manhattan; she becomes a photographer in California. After two years, their work brings them face to face, and they fall in love all over again.

Altered States by Paddy Chayefsky: Edward Jessup, psychophysicologist, experiments with mind-altering drugs in the hopes of discov-

ering the origins of consciousness. He is so successful that not only is his mind altered to primitive consciousness but his body ultimately takes on the form of a primitive man. He loses control of the experiment, and it is his wife's love that saves him from the forces that have taken possession of him.

MOVIES

Hooper: Burt Reynolds and Jan-Michael Vincent do the death-defying stunt for the movie they are making. Both live. Brian Keith recovers from the stroke. Sally Fields returns to Burt. And Burt punches out Robert Klein, the effete movie director whose character is based on Peter Bogdanovich.

Interiors: E.G. Marshall marries Maureen Stapleton, thus disrupting the household. Geraldine Page, in a fit of acute depression and rage, walks into the ocean and kills herself, witnessed by the middle daughter.

Six Holiday Meal Ideas

TURKEY LUNCHEON



(contributed by Ben Ellard)

A seasonally appropriate item from the New Jersey Department of Transportation's monthly newsletter.

True Masthead

Edited by Tod Carroll
Bullshit by Ellis Weiner
Spoilers by Danny Abelson
Lives by Bradley Razook
Art: Alison Antonoff
Research: Betsy Aaron and Elise Cagan

Contributing Editors: Tom Corcoran, Ben Ellard, P. Howard Lyons, Bill Moseley, Pedar Ness, Alan Rose

Contributions: We will pay \$10 for every item used, \$20 for b&w photos, \$30 for color photos. Send to: True Facts, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. In case of duplication, earliest postmark is selected.

Editor's Note: The items which appear in the True Section are, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. We will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in the *National Lampoon* is fictional. Except the ads.

Wonderful Auto Ads

We often hear the automobile described as a product of our cultural ego, or libido, or whatever; or conversely that our self-image is actually crafted in part by car manufacturers and their ad agencies. Regardless, *Obst/Random House* will publish a book, *Auto Ads*, by Jane and Michael Stern, which contains a generous selection of enlightening and curious car ads from 1901 on.



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AERO WILLYS



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"Off-the-Shoulder Look"

'57 Pontiac



GOOD TASTE IS NEVER EXTREME

Wildcat

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T

Amazing Lawsuits

Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Simpson brought suit in federal district court against Contadina Foods, Inc., after Mrs. Simpson claimed to have discovered a dead mouse inside a can of Contadina stewed tomatoes.

THE TRAGIC STORY

The Simpsons alleged in their complaint: "Plaintiff did purchase... 'Contadina Stewed Tomatoes'...with the view to preparing and serving them to her family...as a special treat. She (Mrs. Simpson) did proceed to open said stewed tomatoes, empty them into a kettle, and begin to add seasoning...sipping, tasting, and testing the contents and exuding great pleasures in the results...when, there she discovered the presence of a mouse in said stewed tomatoes.

"... She immediately felt faint; became nauseated; started to vomit...a state of hysteria beset her...Plaintiff says that the illnesses which plague her are permanent and incurable.

"Plaintiff (Mr. Simpson) represents to the court that he is the spouse of plaintiff Lucille Simpson...(and) that the love, affection, and companionship which were his by virtue of that marriage prior to (the discovery of the mouse in the stewed tomatoes) converged to produce nothing short of a state of ecstasy.

"...That Lucille Simpson was a good wife who greeted this plaintiff at the door with kisses as he would come home from work; who prepared his meals on time, drew his bath water every night, and who joined with him in the act of sexual intercourse from two to three times each night for four to six nights a week and sometimes seven. Ever since (the discovery of the mouse in the stewed tomatoes) Lucille Simpson has developed an increasingly cold, dispa-

R

sionate, and unaffectionate attitude towards (Mr. Simpson) sometimes bordering on contempt....

"Plaintiff says...she cannot tolerate plaintiff's weight on her stomach; that she is too sore and 'doped up' from the medicines she consumes to reverse positions so as to put her on top and this plaintiff on bottom, and that on at least two occasions the reasons given by Lucille for rebelling against (Mr. Simpson's) advances have been that she associates the prospect of his lying on her stomach making love to her with the mouse in the...tomato can...being in her stomach.

"Plaintiff says that the happiness he once knew and derived from his marriage has all been destroyed and is gone forever."

THE DAMAGES

The Simpsons calculated that \$979,000 from Contadina Foods, Inc., would properly settle the score. The case is still in litigation.

U

Foresight

The following letters were written to Forbes Magazine over the past six decades by various of its more knowledgeable readers.

SIR: Thus far in our industrial development the worker has not evidenced any particular desire for a vacation. Even the organized workers have not put forth this demand in their programs. Today, the supreme duty of industry is to give the world more production. Industry must strike a balance between its social duty not to shorten or make unhappy the lives of its workers and its duty to provide for the physical wants of the public. The selling prices of goods are dependent upon production cost, and the cost of vacations would eventually be passed on to the public.

—George Eastman
Eastman Kodak

November 15, 1919

SIR: I'm sorry that I did not have an opportunity to talk

with your H.S. Kahm who wrote the article on opportunities in postwar radio and television, as I might have given him some thoughts that would have made him less optimistic about television. It's technically sound, but economically it's unsound.

—E.F. McDonald, Jr.
President,
Zenith Radio Corp.

April 15, 1943

SIR: I have read George E. MacIlwain's article, "Mortgaging To-morrow Puts 'Pep' Into Today," in your Mar. 1 issue, and I am moved to express to you my surprise at your printing it. This piece is so unsound as to be definitely dangerous to any reader who might take it seriously. Mr. MacIlwain advocates a life-scheme wherein debt is to be the motive force. He happily calls the resulting state of mind "divine discontent," when he should say deadly worry and anxiety. I read, "The man whose pay envelope is all spent before he gets it has the divine discontent. His face may get wrinkled, his hair may turn grey, the fillings may come out of his teeth—but he has something to work for! There is more and still more to life, and he has it within his grasp." This is pernicious rot. A man in that position works because the sheriff is breathing down his neck; he is sick with misery and his discontent is not divine.

—Atrous von Schrader
May 1, 1926

SIR: I look for a minor business recession, but this stock market liquidation should have no lasting effect on our business conditions.

—John Moody
President,

Moody's Investors Service
November 15, 1929

Reprinted by permission of Forbes Magazine from the September 15, 1977, issue.

We Have Nothing to Offer but Blood, Sweat, Toil, Tears, Candy, and a Little Wine



Pedar Ness

MY PENIS

continued from page 87

girl-style you feel warm and cuddly and you want to hug and kiss and get married and have a house and children, but with boy "sex" you just want to get up and go outside and never think about girls again. So I didn't want to hang around and listen to Roberta cry. She was moaning and saying that her vagina hurt and that it was probably all stretched out and wrecked and she couldn't tell her husband that she was a virgin and she was only fifteen and all that stuff, and I didn't want to hear it. Then she was putting on her bra and I was putting on my blouse and we both stopped and looked at each other and said, "The sperms!" There were sperms inside Roberta and we had forgotten all about what they can do to girls our age.

But by dinner time I was real comfortable with the penis. I wasn't upset about Roberta anymore because she called and said that the sperms came out in her underpants on her way home and just as a precaution she jumped up and down 100 times and put two Midols in her vagina. And also I didn't really care all that much at the time because I figured that would be her problem and, besides, who would make two girls get married?

I noticed one thing and that was that I felt like I was stronger. A lot stronger. For example, I did twenty push-ups (boy push-ups, not on-my-knees kind) and I chinned myself ten times and before I couldn't even do one. That was neat. I guess it went with the penis.

I had a date with Chuck that night and he came over sort of early and had to stay downstairs and talk to my

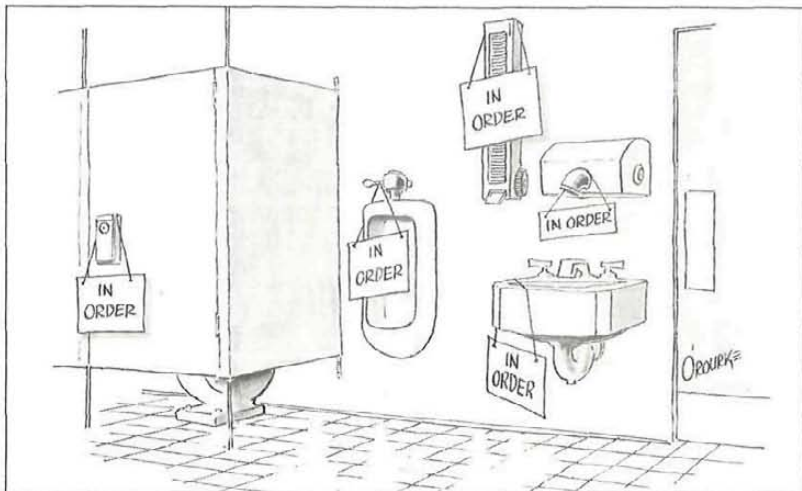
parents while I got ready, which took me a long time because for some reason or other, it was real boring to do my hair, which I usually like to do, and I also hated putting on my makeup and I had to do it over about five times. But finally I got ready and I put on jeans and a long sweater and when I walked downstairs, I put my hand in front of my lump.

Chuck took me to a party and it was strange because I knew he was going to take me to a party and try to get me drunk or stoned, which is what he did, and I knew he was going to drive out to the pumping station and park, which is also what he did, and I knew he was going to do all this because that was what I wanted to do, too. Which was really strange.

Anyway, I let Chuck rub all over my boobies. I usually don't let him do that right away and I still don't, because I think a girl shouldn't make herself available to that sort of stuff just like it was there for the taking without any meaningful relationships or anything, but that night it was okay, I guess. (But I don't do it anymore.) But, anyway, it felt super and it made my "thing" get stiff.

He took my blouse off, which I hardly ever let happen because it's kind of embarrassing to be almost naked in a car, but it felt great when he rubbed on my bare boobies. By this time, my "thing" was huge! It was twisted and bent under and I had to move my legs and shake my hips to get it into a more comfortable position. Chuck was having the same problem. When we got our penises fixed, he put his mouth to my boobie and his tongue licked on it. Next he took my hand and put it on his "thing" outside his pants and he said in a real panting voice, "Take it out!"

continued on page 96



TERMPAPER

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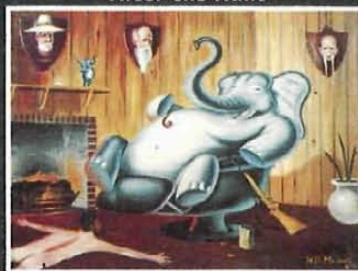
"A Good Scalping"



"Behind the Barn"



"After the Hunt"



"Hooker Rabbit"



"Thar She Blows"



"Dinner for Two"



"A Heavy Date"

MY PENIS

continued from page 93

So I pulled down his zipper and his "thing" flopped out. Meanwhile he pulled my zipper down and my "thing" flopped out. We were kissing at the time and Chuck's tongue was feeling my teeth and suddenly it stopped feeling and just stayed still. He went up and down on my "thing" with his fingers and then he broke away from the kiss and looked down. I think he thought he was holding his own "thing," but what he saw were two "things." My big one and his sort of smaller one.

I said to him, "I grew a thing!" Chuck let go of it like it was a dead rat and he looked at his hand and I thought he was going to cry, and he wiped it on the seat and started breathing fast and making choking sounds. He was so emotional about it that I got kind of worried.

I don't think Chuck felt too good and he looked real white and he started to shout, "What's going on?" What is this? Is it a joke? Are you a guy? What is this?" And I said, "It's okay, Chuck. It's still me."

Then he got really mad and screamed, "I touched a prick, I touched a cock, a pecker, a cock, a prick. I touched a *priiiiiiiick!*" He was berserk!

He grabbed me and shook me and said, "Who are you? What are you?" Which I thought was a little over-dramatic. He was ten thousand times worse than Roberta, and boys were supposed to be more insensitive than girls. I couldn't stand all his shouting anymore, so I had no choice. I punched him in the face.

Then I explained to him that it was okay. I said, "I'm me and there's nothing wrong except that I have a 'thing.' You have a 'thing' and I never acted like this when I touched yours." And he got all emotional again and said, "Don't you understand? This is gay! This is fag stuff. You can't be a guy and touch another person's *cock!*" And I had to explain to him that a gay is a guy who loves guys and I'm not a guy so how could I be a gay? That didn't seem to make much difference, so I leaned over and grabbed him by the shoulder and gave him a big kiss and he struggled like mad, but I kept kissing until he gave in and enjoyed it and we kissed and kissed.

I asked him if it was okay if I, you know, if I held onto him "down there" and he said, "I don't know." But I did anyway and he didn't seem to mind. I used all the stuff I learned that morning and I must have learned pretty good because Chuck was breathing real hard. Then in the middle of a great big kiss, I moved his hand down to my "thing" and I was expecting him to get angry but instead he just grabbed it and started going real fast up and down and he did it very well, which means he probably practices at home a lot. I started going faster on him and Chuck was in a sort of frenzy and he was making funny noises in the back of his throat and I'm pretty sure he was crying.

Then he started to lick my boobies again and it was then that I whispered something in his ear that he whispers in my ear a lot. I whispered, "Use your mouth."

He got very mad and sat up and let go of my "thing" and said, "This is

sick, I'm not going to do it anymore!" He tried to pull away from me but I grabbed his shirt and held him. He said, "You're disgusting. We're going home!"

I took my hand and grabbed Chuck by the hair on the back of his head. I pulled it just enough so that it hurt and Chuck was really scared because at that point I think I was stronger than he was and he couldn't move. "No," he said, "don't." I slowly forced his face down into my lap. Then I used my thumb and fingers to squeeze just below Chuck's cheeks and force his jaws open. I pushed his open mouth down on my you-know-what.

It was over in about three minutes and it was super! Chuck almost choked and he almost barfed and all the way home he spit out the window and gagged. But all in all, he did a real good job.

I don't see Chuck anymore because he's not around. After that night, he got kind of strange and he beat up a lot of people including his aunt and he's at military school now. As for my "thing," it got smaller the next day and then smaller the next day and so on until about a week later it was all gone and I got all of my girl stuff back and I'm happy about it. Roberta never got pregnant from me but she likes "intercourse" quite a bit and she ended up getting pregnant from some Italian guy who works for her Dad and she's a lot different now. I never told anybody about the... penis, and I don't think anybody found out. I hardly ever think of it anymore, but I am very careful about what I eat and I never, ever, squeeze pimples on my face. □

Coming Next Month

In the December National Lampoon

FOOD AND FESTIVITY

A toothsome issue to be served up with:

Leftover pig and cattle innards and tongues and brains and body parts such as ears and anuses all slashed to bits and mushed up and wrapped in intestines and hot bird ovums and powdered grass seeds mixed with fungus and other stuff and burned twice and covered with excretions from cow glands that have been beaten into a paste.

Or, in other words:

Sausage, eggs, and buttered toast.

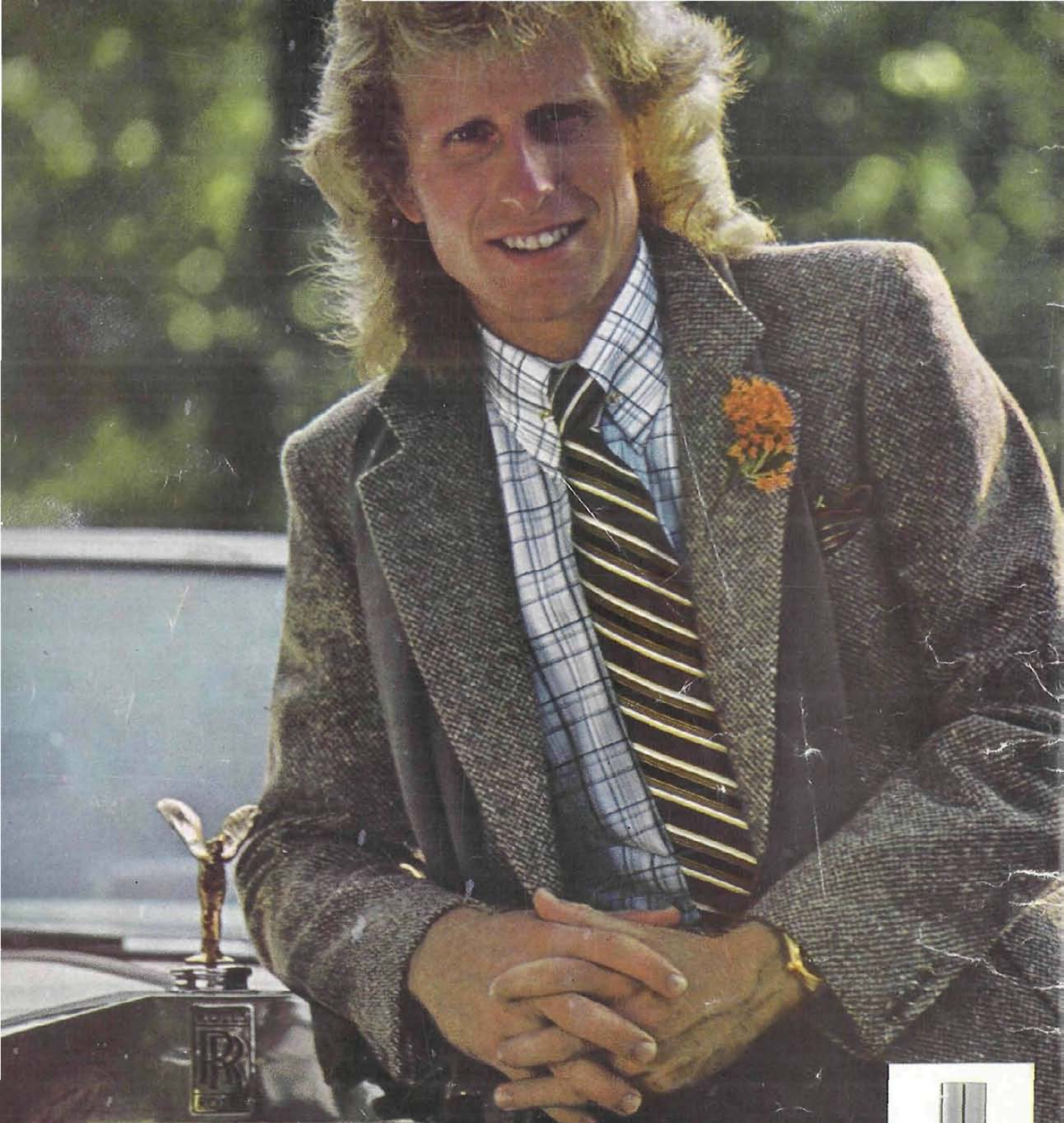
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nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.



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