

The Humor Magazine

April 1979

NATIONAL

\$1.50

LAMPOON[®]

IND
34490

"APRIL
FOOL!"

Salacious Items
Lewd Articles
Special Florida
Section
LIFE Magazine
Parody
1946 Bulgemobiles



THE SPARKOMATIC SOUND. CAR STEREO FOR THE TRAVELIN' MAN DRIVEN TO PERFECTION.

Sparkomatic car stereo has taken its directions directly from you, the travelin' man. The result is a redefinition of sound and style for the auto audiophile. A new generation of car stereo loaded with high-performance high fidelity features. And engineered with such extraordinarily efficient reception and sound reproduction capabilities that comparison to high

price home components would not be exaggerated.

Sparkomatic's *ears of experience* have produced perfection in high performance high fidelity. So if you're a travelin' man looking for the ultimate in sound, visit a Sparkomatic dealer to see and hear our full line of 20 styles from basic models to state-of-the-art High Power digital units.



SS 100. If you're a travelin' man who gets down to basics by going under-dash with your car sound, Sparkomatic's continuous play 8-track car stereo installs compactly and easily. Accurate slide controls for volume, tone and balance, program selector and program indicator lights are featured. (An under-dash cassette SS 200, is also available.) The sound of these Sparkomatic under-dash units is outstanding—and that's an understatement.

SR 301. To the travelin' man who says car stereo should look and sound sensational, we say Sparkomatic SR 301 cassette AM/FM stereo (or SR 201 8-track model). They're unmatched in eye and ear appeal even by much higher priced car stereos. And features abound, like balance and fader controls, FM muting, rotary controls for volume, tone and tuning, automatic key-off and push-button eject, locking fast forward and rewind and 10 watts of power. If you're into pure listening pleasure, Sparkomatic talks your language.

SR 330. Any travelin' man with a passion for performance and a lust for good looks will respond to Sparkomatic's auto reverse cassette AM/FM stereo SR 330 (or SR 210 8-track AM/FM stereo). This is all out car stereo sound that sits proudly in your dash like a high performance music machine should. Expect no less than *feather touch* electronic controls, separate bass, treble, balance and fader adjustability and an array of cassette handling features. Under the skin there's the guts of 12 watts of power. Whatever you like to hear, Sparkomatic's got your number here.

SR 2400. For the travelin' man in touch with the times, *High Power* car high fidelity should make your adrenalin flow. Sparkomatic's SR 2400 model digital 8-track AM/FM stereo with a precise digital clock is *super-charged* sound. (Other High Power models also available). A full 45 watts of clear audio power over an incredibly wide dynamic range qualifies these stereo machines as the optimum in auto audio. Highly advanced high fidelity features include *feather touch* electronic controls for all major functions and sophisticated tape handling capabilities. When you want to turn up the power, Sparkomatic is the name to turn to.

SPARKOMATIC
For the Travelin' Man™

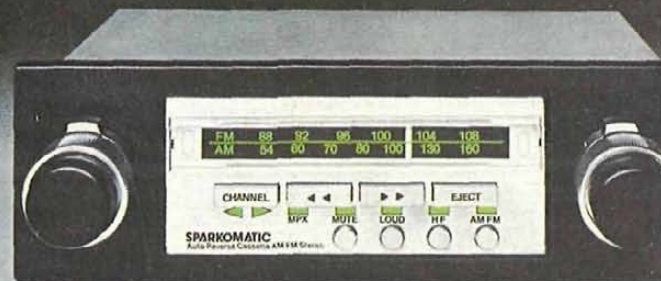
For our free catalogs on Car Stereo and Car High Fidelity Speakers, write: "For The Travelin' Man", Dept. NL, Sparkomatic Corporation, Milford, PA 18337.



SS 100



SR 301



SR 330



SR 2400

**Hilarious
new hit comedy,
now on ABC every
Saturday night!**

DELTA HOUSE

Based on
"NATIONAL
LAMPOON'S
ANIMAL
HOUSE"



Consult local listings
for time and channel.

NATIONAL LAMPOON

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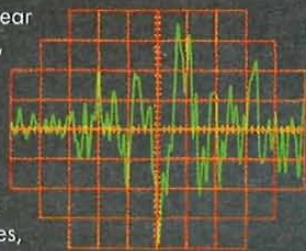
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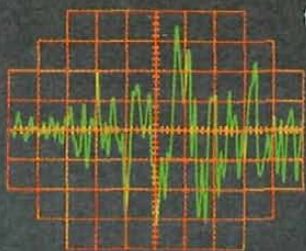
The editors of the National Lampoon accept reader submissions of photos, clippings, and other items for inclusion in the National Lampoon True Section. Upon receipt these items become the exclusive property of the National Lampoon. Other than True Section submissions, the National Lampoon does not accept any unsolicited manuscripts or art. The publisher assumes no liability for unsolicited material of any kind. We apologize for this policy, but our staff is too small to cope with the volume of material we receive.

While our competitors were listening to Technics Linear Phase speakers, we introduced phase two.

When Technics introduced Linear Phase speakers two years ago, we took the audio world by surprise. And why not. After all, Technics Linear Phase speakers were the first speakers to actually show you waveform fidelity. Not simply with tone bursts and sine waves, but by actually comparing the waveforms of live musical instruments



Piano Waveform.



Piano Waveform reproduced by SB-7070.

to the output waveforms of our Linear Phase speakers.

Now with the 3-way SB-6060 and 4-way SB-7070 (shown below), Technics takes you to phase two. Because compared to our first Linear Phase speakers both give you wider frequency extension, flatter frequency response and even more phase linearity, which means even better waveform fidelity.

How did we make such good speakers even better? We started with BASS (Basic Acoustic Simulation System), an IBM 370-based interactive computer system. With it, Technics engineers can do what they only dreamed of doing in the past: Calculate the sound pressure and distortion characteristics of transducers without physically building and measuring countless prototypes.

Next we took these computer-derived drivers and combined them with Technics unique phase-controlling crossover network. And of course we staggered the drivers to align their acoustic centers precisely.

It's easy to see the result of all this technology. Just compare the waveforms. On the left is a waveform of a live piano. On the right, the piano as reproduced by the SB-7070. That's waveform fidelity.

Listen to the 4-way SB-7070. What you'll hear is its smooth transition between low, midrange and high frequencies. Then notice the bass response. It's deep and tight. With much more punch, better definition and even less IM distortion than its predecessor. That's because when the upper bass

frequencies are handled by a separate driver, the woofer does a much better job at handling the lower bass frequencies.

You'll also hear vocals that are smooth and natural. That's because the SB-7070's high-midrange driver was designed with "free edge" construction to avoid coloration of the critical upper-midrange frequencies.

And by adding a new, smaller tweeter with improved dispersion characteristics, the SB-7070's high-end frequency response was extended to 32 kHz.

Technics 3-way SB-6060 and 4-way SB-7070. For music that sounds like it was originally played. Live.

All cabinetry is simulated wood.

Technics
Professional Series



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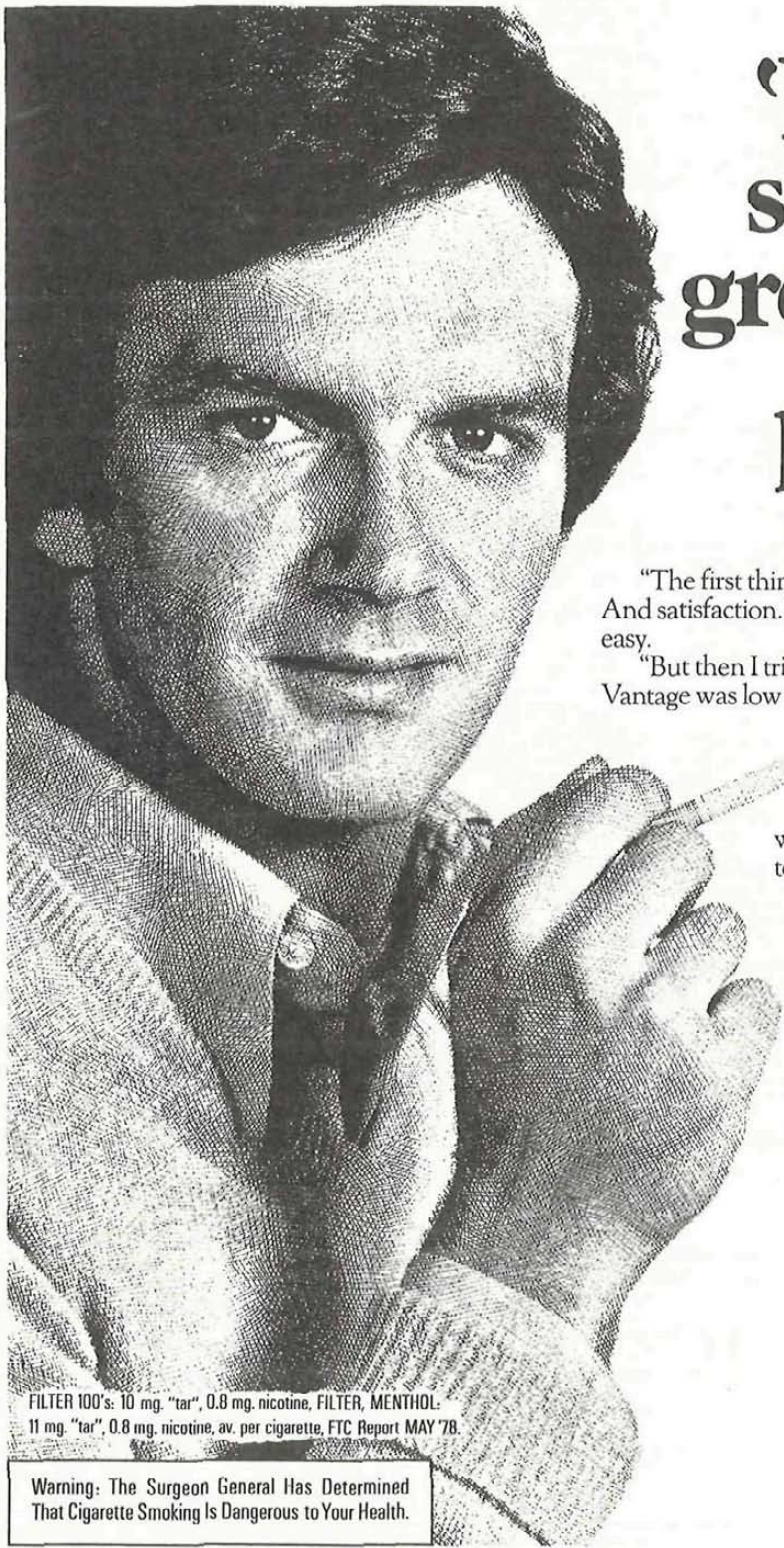
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By Gerald Sussman



"Maybe her feet are dirty."



'I didn't sacrifice great flavor to get low tar.'

"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy.

"But then I tried Vantage. Frankly, I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers.

"That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked. "For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."

Peter Accetta

Peter Accetta
New York City, New York

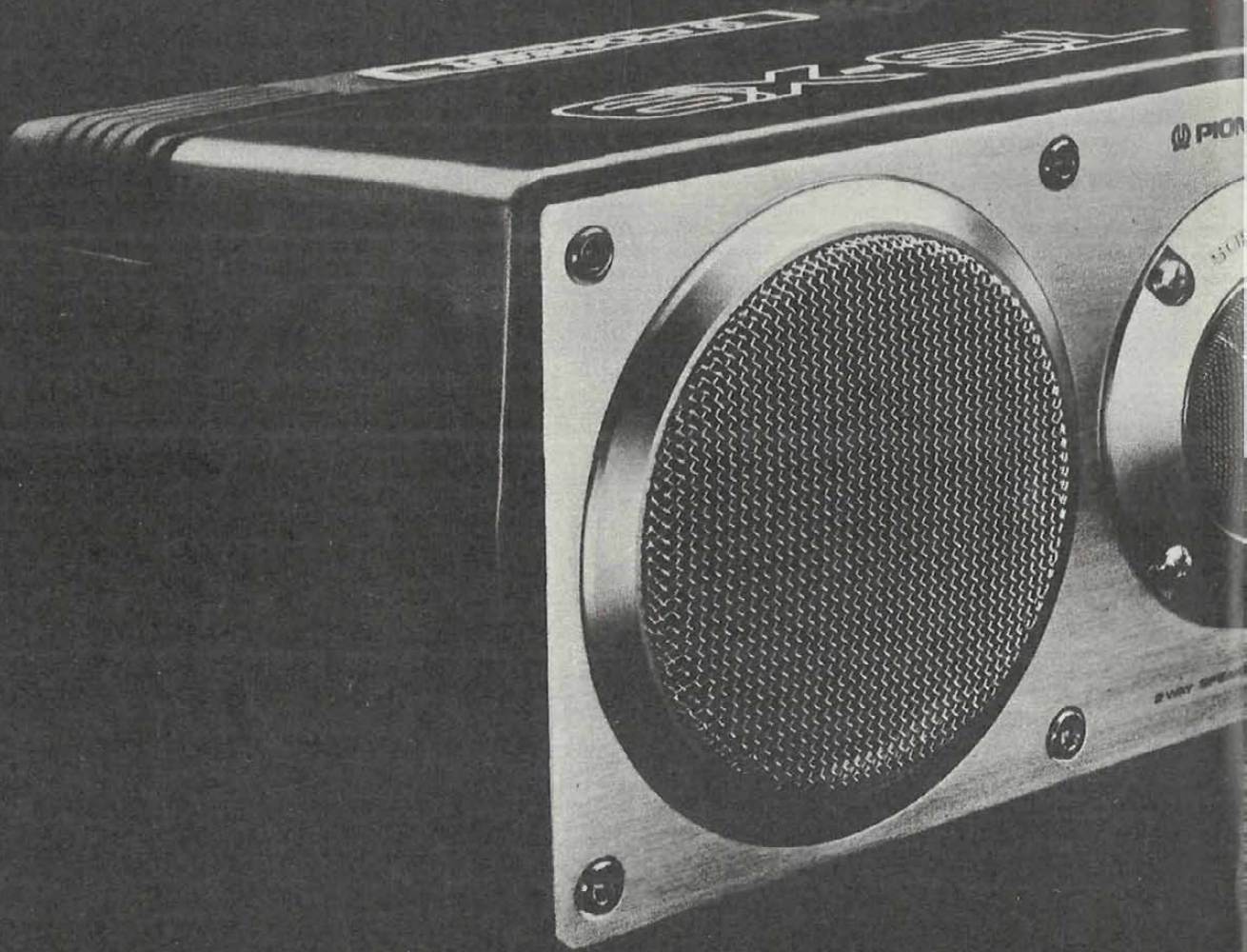


Vantage

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's.

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

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



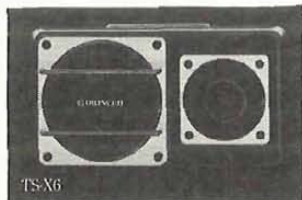
**MAYBE THEY'RE
TOO GOOD
FOR YOUR CAR.**

These are the finest, high performance, two-way acoustic, suspension speakers known to the automobile.

The TS-X9's. From Pioneer.

They put out enough sound to fill a theater. Small wonder some people use them as home speakers.

Each speaker can handle up to 40 watts. With a frequency range of 50-22,000 Hz. Enough to blow your socks off, beautifully.



So if you consider yourself an authentic, hard-core audiophile, invest in a pair of TS-X9's.

However, if this is a bit rich for your blood, there are our TS-X6's as well as over thirty other high-quality Pioneer speakers. One of which will be right for your ears and your wallet.

Pioneer's superb design, solid engi-

neering and superior manufacturing is respected worldwide. It's a reputation we don't sacrifice no matter what the price of our speakers.

But don't take our word. Check our speakers out at your Pioneer dealer.

And judge the TS-X9's for yourself.

After all, only you know if it's what you deserve.

SUPER SYSTEMS BY PIONEER.

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Editorial

This is the April Fool issue, or, more accurately, the potpourri issue. The reason why we have a potpourri of material is because we had too many good theme ideas. Instead of developing just one theme throughout the issue, we decided to give you a little of this and a little of that, so you can see how our minds work. We could have done an entire issue on Florida, or Bulgembobles, or salacious and lewd items, or even building cardigan sweaters. Instead, we chose to give you the best of each theme idea, all in one gala issue. In fact, we had so many other funny ideas we decided to list them, just to show you how many we discuss and discard every month. They're good, mind you—but not good enough for the *National Lampoon*. Gerald Sussman

OTHER FUNNY IDEAS WE DIDN'T USE THIS MONTH

The Waltons
John Travolta as a young Jerry Lewis
Any sports team from Atlanta
Danbo cheese
Any live chicken, as opposed to a cooked one
Tom Landry's hat
Athletes who want to be actors
Muhammad Ali
Muhammad Ali's parka in the Autolite commercial
Anything written by Nat Hentoff in New York's *Village Voice*
Richmond Crinkley
Colgate Dental Cream
Central America
Paul Anka's hat
Flesh-colored nose plugs
Wick dry socks
Odor Eaters

Hummel figurines
Bowling trophies
Scenic checkbooks
Butane
Indoor-outdoor carpeting
The Mara family of the Jersey Football Giants
Having lunch at Elaine's
Men's shirts with little, tiny, rounded small collars
Windsor knots
Very, very skinny ties
The Gulf Coast of Florida
Cleveland
All other decaying industrial cities of the North
Little suede yarmulkes held on by a hairpin
Long, skinny sideburns
Huge, fat cigars
Sunglasses with initials in the corner of the lens
Marlo Thomas
Mobile homes and trailers
Ponchos
Oleo
The smaller Great Lakes: Huron, Erie, Ontario
Most towns with a population under 50,000 in Indiana, Ohio, and Michigan (e.g., Terre Haute)
Imitation oleo
Slime mold
Doilies
All African countries north of Victoria Falls
Prince Sihanouk
The America's Cup
Black skiers
Jon Voight
Sandy Duncan
Sandy Dennis
Other people's relatives
George Segal
Art galleries in Soho, New York City
Clothing prices
Egg McMuffin
Mud flaps
Brown Unit
Paper currency
Esquire magazine
Guys with little bits

Electric carving knives
Grecian sandals
Rolled anchovies with capers in the middle
Lee Marvin
Trini Lopez
Tony Orlando's shirts
Moshe Dayan
Mike Burke, president of the New York Knicks
The New York Knicks
Life magazine
Running shoes
Any article or book on running
Runners
Luncheon meat
Pastrami
Pigs in blankets
Cheez Whiz
Wood-grained veneer
All dried fruit
Farts
The beefalo
Nutria
Douche bags
Sandals
Pencil-thin moustaches
Lapdogs
Lawn ornaments
Plastic hat protectors
Mittens
Tub toys
Yams
Kitty litter
Lip gloss
Men in tights
French cars
Southern California
Wet cats
Gerbils
Chinchilla, mink, and silver fox ranches
"X" prefaced by any letter in the language (e.g., "X King steak")
Sandwiches
Furniture
Loungers
Pon or
Knack
Tons and sundries

A MESSAGE FROM BERNIE X, AS TOLD TO GERALD SUSSMAN

First, Bernie would like to thank everyone who sent him a card or a letter wishing him a speedy recovery. Unfortunately, it was very difficult for him to answer all these letters, so this thank you note will have to suffice.

At the moment, Bernie is resting at home and is rapidly on the mend. After a near-rendezvous with death, he feels that he must take a sober look at his life and try to figure out who he is and where he is going. Perhaps driving a cab isn't his true mission. However, the last time I visited, he was getting restless and eager to "get behind the wheel again." If he docs, he'll no doubt call me and throw a few tales my way.

SERIOUS PLUG DEPARTMENT:

For all people interested in buying clothes in New York (that is, men, women, and children), there is a terrific book called *The Manhattan Clothes Shopping Guide*, by Elaine Louie, a paperback published by Macmillan. This book covers over 350 stores that sell every type of clothing—cheap, middling, and expensive—covered neighborhood by neighborhood, with an encyclopedic subject index. It's so thorough, so useful, and so readable that it's almost frightening. There's never been anything like it. Anybody who wears clothes should have a copy. G.S.

PS. It was written by someone very near and dear to me, and if you don't all buy a copy (as I foolishly promised her that every single one of you would), I will be "hit" by a Chinese juvenile delinquent.

THE SEAGRAM'S GIN CRYSTAL MARTINI.



Fill your glass with ice cubes made from natural spring water. Add Seagram's Extra Dry Gin, the real secret behind a perfect martini. And remember, enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's Extra Dry. The Perfect Martini Gin. Perfect all ways.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 80 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN.

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Sirs:

Here is my schedule: 1979: write five novels. 1980: discover a cure for cancer. 1981: synthesize a particle that travels faster than light. Please have my Nobel Prizes ready.

Menachem Begin
Dead Sea Hilton, Israel

Sirs:

Doubt you guys would still be mad if it had been six million Arabs. Right?

A. Hitler
No Relation
Quasiguay, South America

Sirs:

Phew! I was really scared that we wouldn't Westernize in time for me to appreciate KISS. Like, I was worried I'd just grow up and join the army and get married and work in a bicycle factory. Now I can look forward to becoming a minicam operator or a football color-man.

Yin Wo Meng
Peking, China

Sirs:

I am Polish; I speak Polish. I don't speak Italian. So when I have to go out and address all those Italians I just spread my arms and smile and shout words I've picked up off menus in Italian restaurants. The Italians don't mind. They would just as soon hear about linguini with clam sauce than the Virgin Mary, any day.

Pope John Paul, Jr.
Vatican City

Sirs:

I have just bought you and your magazine for the rest of eternity. Make me laugh.

Mohammed Reza Pahlavi,
Shah of Shahs, Light of the
Aryans, the Shadow of God on
Earth, Masticator of his
Enemies' Rectums, Lord of the
Cunningly-Placed Lightning
Bolt, Son of His Mother in
Beverly Hills

Sirs:

Hi! I'm the Gazpacho Killer, California's newest sicko murderer. I'm a white male, college educated, early thirties, divorced, into group, TM, and mud baths. Here's my MO: I strike other liberated guys who share my life-style. I usually batter them with a wedge of frozen gazpacho that melts, leaving no fingerprints. I've also tried eggplant bludgeoning, asparagus spears stabbings, and pasta garrottings. Lately I've been really getting into my Cuisinart. I always leave a garnish of slivered almonds. Remember, you've got to take *personal responsibility*. If you get killed by me, you're the asshole.

I'm Not Much, Baby,
But I'm All I've Got
Oakland, Calif.

Sirs:

I really enjoyed your food issue. I roasted it with onions, potatoes, and carrots. The next day I made many sandwiches from the leftovers, and the day after that I ground up all the ads and the comics and made a delicious casserole. I commend you on the quality and freshness of your magazine. Thank you.

James Beard
Frozen Vegetable Aisle
Food Clown Grocery Market

Sirs:

As much as I like your magazine, if I had the chance to read a new issue of it or put the blocks to a cute young broad, I would take the cute young broad.

Frank Will WAC
San Antonio, Tex.

P.S. I'd slam an old, ugly broad, too, before I would read your magazine, unless it was late at night and my wife was still up.

Sirs:

In order to comply with new publishing industry standards and practices, we request that you designate pages 1-15 of your publication a non-smoking section for the comfort and safety of those of our readers who do not smoke. Your compliance is greatly appreciated.

National Association of Magazine
Publishers
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Well, maybe it wasn't rape but it sure was a lousy fuck! No foreplay, no

kisses—he didn't even get up and get me a damn Kleenex!

Greta Rideout
Salem, Ore.

Sirs:

Would you straighten something out for me, please? Was it Woodrow Wilson who had the fifteen good reasons for having him do your taxes this year or did he have the fourteen points? Also, who has the four freedoms? Which four are they? And are any of them the same as your four major food groups?

Bob Dormlife
Am. Gov. 102
Ohio State, Ohio

Sirs:

I just finished reading *Les Miserables* for English class and it sucks! What bullshit! No one goes to jail for twenty years for stealing a loaf of bread! That guy could have blown away a cop and gotten off easier. If you steal bread the worst you could possibly get is maybe thirty days, suspended, or if you have an incredibly terrible record you might get sixty days probation. And why the fuck was the dumb shit stealing bread? Couldn't he call the Emergency Human Services Hotline and get something to eat? That Victor Hugo writes O.K., but he sure fucks up the facts!

Stuart G. Bryon, Jr.
Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

Sirs:

You, the business traveler, are our most important customer. You dumb hamhead, who pays full fare when the rest of the plane is going at 102 percent tourist discount. You're our priority traveler, and from now on when you fly with us, we're going to give you more of what you pay for. Our in-flight personnel will polish your tie bar, dust off your hat, open your briefcase for you, and, with your meal, will give you a choice of roll or no roll. At TWA, we know who pays the bills.

TWA
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I've been invited to a sex orgy at the home of a friend of mine from work. I've never been to one of those things, so I don't know what to wear. Does a cowl-neck sweater, slacks, and stick pin with my astrology sign on it sound O.K. to you? Also, should I bring some Fritos and a dip?

Sondra Blessing Lips
Tuscany Falls, Ky.

INTRODUCING A WOLF IN WOLF'S CLOTHING.



It comes dressed in special paint, a sleek teardrop tank, flashy megaphone pipes, and lots of chrome. All the markings of a bigger beast.

And like its big brothers, it's ridden in a more natural, laid-back position. With a low-riding stepped seat. And handlebars that reach back for you instead of the other way around.

But our XS400 has more than the profile. It has the power.

In fact, *Cycle Guide* magazine found that it's the fastest accelerating four-stroke 400 you can buy. And one of the best handling motorcycles anywhere.

Or, as they put it, "the only limit to how much fun you have is how much lean angle you like?"

How did all this come about? Engineering.

For example, the suspension system not only gives you big bike steadiness, but it can be fine tuned for any rider, any riding style.

And the carburetors automatically adjust to engine load. So there's a lot of power, but not a lot of temperment.

Plus there are features like an overhead cam, electric starting, 6-speed transmission, self-canceling turn signals, disc brakes, and

complete instrumentation that's angled back for easier reading.

There's even an economy model, the XS400-2F, for those of you on a little tighter budget. It has wire wheels instead of cast alloy, slightly less chrome, a kick starter, drum brakes. And it comes in one color instead of two. In all other respects, it's identical to our regular model.

Which means it does a whole lot more than look like a bigger bike.

It acts like one.

YAMAHA

When you know how they're built.

**The Craig Corporation
Has Re-designed
The Car Stereo Based Upon
An Astounding
Scientific Fact:**

Cars Move.

When a car is moving, its receiver has to put up with problems that simply don't exist when it's standing still.

Annoying, interruptive problems like Fuzzzzz. Fading. Interference. Overlapping Stations. And, a rather disconcerting phenomenon called "Picket-Fencing" (the thing that causes you to hear a rapid-fire ffft-ffft-ffft-ffft as you drive between tall buildings).

The new standard in car stereos: Road-Rated Receivers.

Here is a line of car stereos specifically designed to combat the problems of receiving a signal in a moving car.

Of course, maximizing one spec at the expense of others does not make a good mobile receiver.

So, the Craig engineers have

carefully balanced Sensitivity, RF Intermodulation, Alternate Channel Rejection, IF Rejection and Capture Ratio to achieve the optimum blend of specifications for mobile performance.

In plain English, Craig Road-Rated Receivers have been designed to provide you with clean, clear, interference-free reception almost anywhere you drive.

The First Car Stereos with "Moving Specs"

If you've been looking to buy a car stereo, we invite you to take a good, long look at one of the Craig Road-Rated Receivers. And, while you're comparing specs with other car stereos, remember that demo rooms stand still.

And cars move.



CRAIG[®]
Receivers for cars that move.

For more information write: Craig Corporation, Dept. TD, 921 W. Artesia Blvd., Compton, Ca. 90220. In Canada: Withers, Evans Ltd., Burnaby, B.C. V5G 3E3.

Canadian Corner



In compiling the *Bombardier Skiddoo Guide to Canadian Authors*, we omitted one vital facet of Canadian literary life: the "Emergency Writer."

In this vast suburb of the polar ice cap, where remote communities huddle around the Northern Lights for warmth, and the long winter silence is broken only by owls calling peoples' names, supplies of literary culture often run dangerously low:

- Inhabitants of a trading post isolated by a blizzard quickly exhaust their only remaining book, a Gideon's Bible, and are forced to cannibalize each other's hastily improvised sonnets.
- During a particularly hard winter, an entire town panics and vanishes into the endless whiteness. The cause: book fever.
- Rescuers find a bush pilot's body

frozen in an agonized pose. Adequate rations and survival gear remain, but the few lines of *The Faerie Queene* he had traced in the snow point the reason: iambic depletion.

Cultural rations must often be rushed to the far-flung fiefs of Canadian democracy. Thus, the Emergency Writer was born. His assignment: to fly in fresh supplies of life-giving literature.

5:56 A.M. The radio crackles: "Blessed Damozel, this is Lord Jim. Only one haiku left. For God's sake, man! Can't last much... longer..."

5:58. A shrilling phone rouses the Emergency Writer from his tense sleep. His rucksack is already packed, ready at the bedside.

6:12. The Emergency Writer huddles beside the pilot in the cockpit of a twin-engine Otter, winging its way into the night. Somewhere out there are people who need form, content, and plot structure. The stars look down with chilly irony, so remote from the merely human. What do they know or care in their eternal heedless winking? Slapping a battered notebook open on his knee, he starts to write. The little plane shudders and dives with each blast of howling wind,

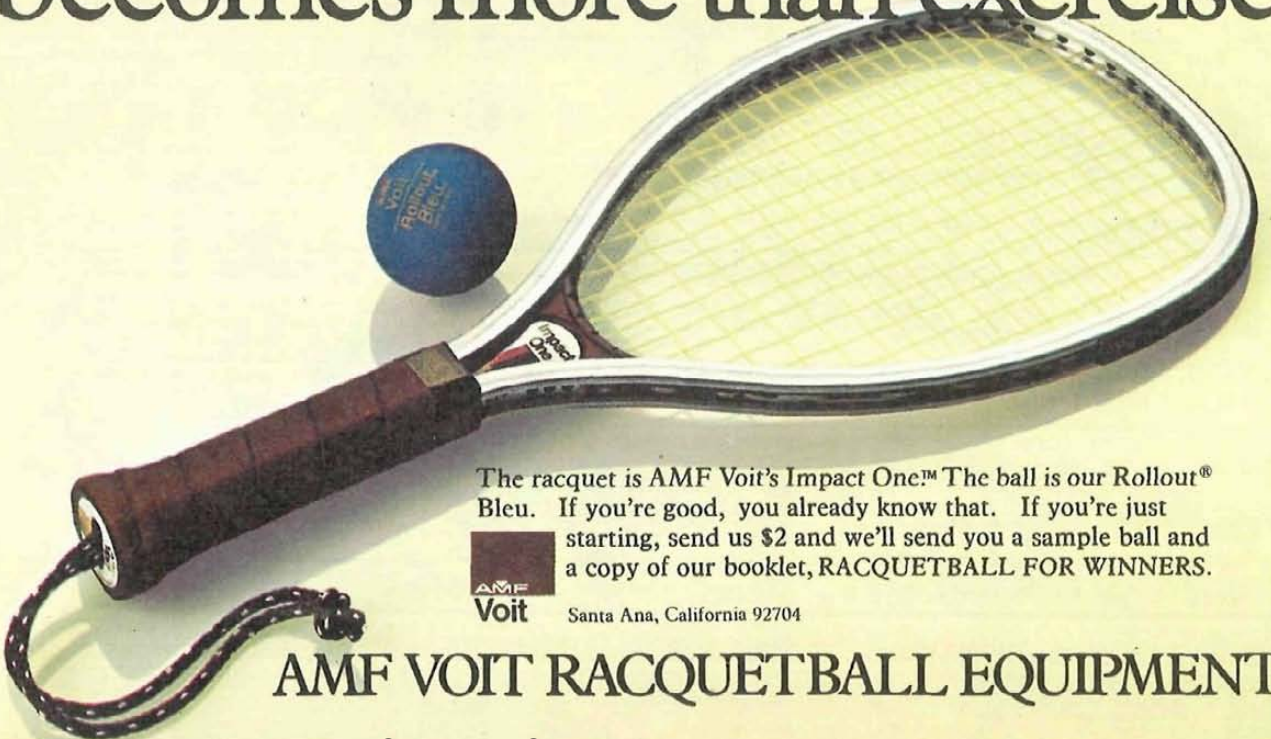
then bravely climbs again. The Emergency Writer pulls his collar a bit higher, sets his jaw, and continues honing his words to a jeweled perfection.

6:25. The plane skids to a halt on the frozen surface of Weasel Lake. Outside, a circle of Eskimos wait, their faces wavering in the eerie glow of the burning oil drum. They will take him to town.

7:03. The settlement's schoolhouse is packed with the worn forms of culture-starved men and women. A baby cries. "He hasn't even had a prose poem in three weeks," the mother explains.

7:04. Standing at a crude podium, the Emergency Writer starts to read. First, from a thin volume of verse, letting the words course through minds hungry for the rich substance of a limited edition. Then he reads stories printed in little magazines, selflessly sharing insights that had once been available only to friends and university professors. And then... he reads what he wrote on the plane: vital, immediate, cutting close to the bone. Faces lift toward him, ears are cupped to catch each carefully calculated line break, eyes close gratefully

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over rare images. The long hard wait is over. This town will live.

9:36. Back in the plane, the Emergency Writer dozes. He has logged so many thousands of miles, so many towns and outposts: Vixen Pass, Frenchman's Revenge, Government Grant River. . . . The pilot glances at him with grudging admiration. "I thought you writers were all sissies," he mutters, "but, buddy, you're one helluva guy. Say," he adds, "but whadabout Patti Smith? I mean, is there anything in rock lyrics as poetry or is that all hogshit?" The Emergency Writer snaps awake, pulling a mimeographed pamphlet from his rucksack. "Here, let me read you something," he says and, as his voice rises with the roar of the engines, the Emergency Writer is once again on the job.

Brian Shein

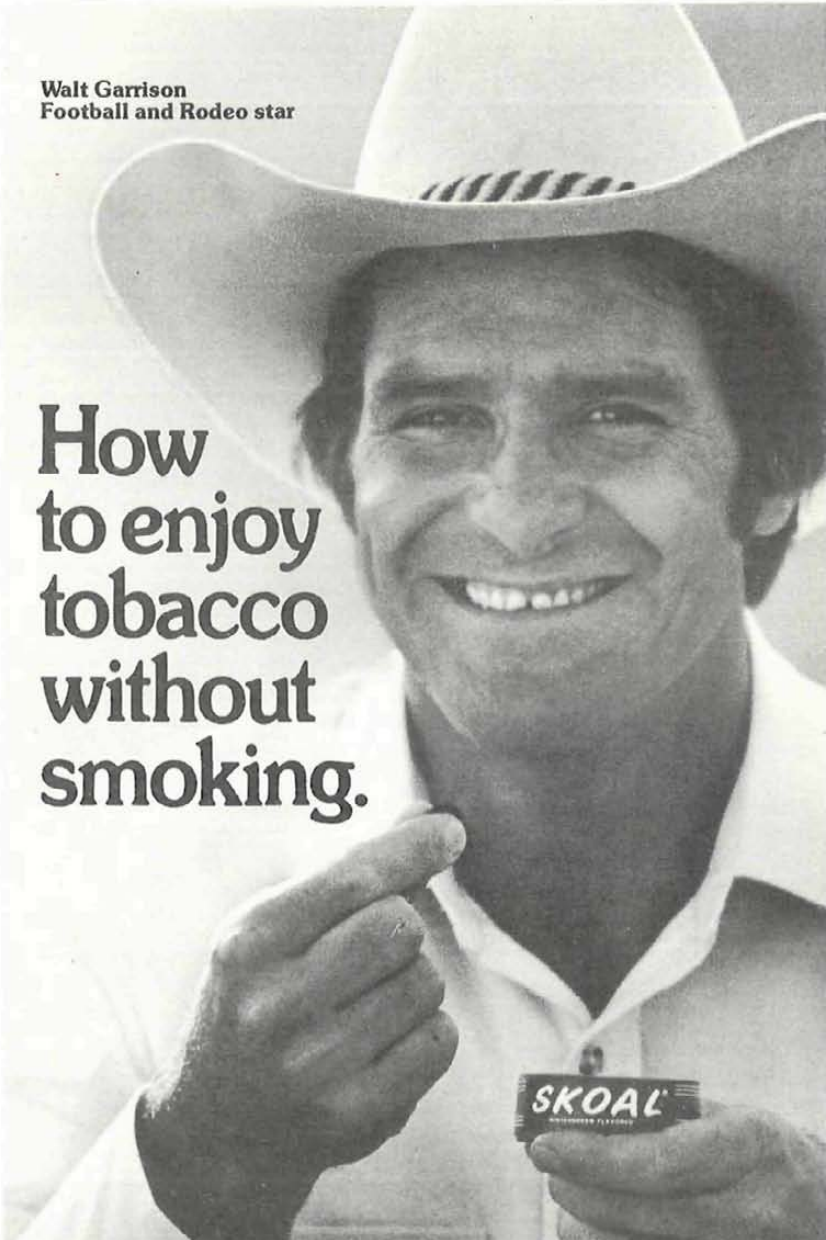
HUMOR IN BRIEF

New Department of Labor Regulations

New regulations have been issued by the Department of Labor concerning reappropriation of desks, equipment, and supplies used by employees who have been laid off or fired. The law reads in part: "No person shall enter upon office premises occupied by a terminated employee for a period of not less than two working days following said employee's last day of employment, and thereafter, shall redistribute his/her office supplies, furniture, and equipment in accordance with the schedule below." Pencils, and paper clips, for example, may be removed almost immediately, while large, high-profile items, such as typewriters and chairs must remain in place for as long as ten days.

The regulation was passed following the discovery of scientific evidence that the electrochemical imprint of an employee doesn't leave his or her office for some twenty-four to thirty-six hours after the employee is dismissed. Labor lawyers concluded the desecration of an office and its contents before they are legally dead is tantamount to an offense against the person of the terminated employee, and subject to criminal sanctions. Thus, an office worker who takes an electric pencil sharpener twenty minutes after the individual who used it was fired may be guilty of assault and battery, second-degree kidnapping, or slavery, and, should the pencil sharpener break, involuntary manslaughter.

Walt Garrison
Football and Rodeo star



How to enjoy tobacco without smoking.

Free. Just fill out this coupon, send it in and we'll send you a can of mild Happy Days, one of America's favorite "smokeless tobaccos." My brand is Skoal. But, if you're just starting out, I'd suggest easygoing Happy Days. It's so easy to enjoy. Just a pinch of mint flavored Happy Days between your cheek and gum gives you real tobacco pleasure without lighting up. And each can is dated for freshness.

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Greenwich, Conn. 06830



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Smokeless tobacco. A pinch is all it takes.

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The Smart Set

by
John
Hughes



On the set during the filming of their current smash flop *Moment by Moment*, **LILY TOMLIN** and **JOHN TRAVOLTA** flipped a coin to see which of them was the bigger deadass. To the surprise of no one, the coin landed on its edge. . . . Talk show flap-jaw **DICK CAVETT** says in an interview with the French personality rag, *Ouink!* that he was told by a psychic who appeared on his television show that in a previous life he was a stack of dirty dinner dishes. . . . When will red-hot **JANE FONDA**, currently busy proving that her forty-plus body can still set pulses fluttering, get tired of her hose-nose, flower-child husband **TOM HAYDEN**? "Oh, I guess by next Tuesday," Jane chirps. Hasn't it been an embarrassing one-sided marriage? "It sure has! If Tom weren't such a good cook and housekeeper, I'd have dumped him right after I won my Academy Award." . . . The music industry is still wondering why the **BEACH BOYS** can't all get in a car wreck and die. . . . "If Ann gets any bigger, I'll need a catcher's mitt to feel her up!" **ROGER SMITH** said recently of wife **ANN-MARGRET**. Though their marriage is one of filmdom's healthiest, Smith has said he'd jettison the ever-expanding singer/actress if he could figure out a way to "make half a buck on my own." . . . **JIMMY CONNORS** has gone back to school! "I had to put off my education while I perfected my tennis game," the cocky, shit-filled tennis whiz said. Jimmy has excelled in all subjects so far, and his teachers report that he may be jumped ahead to the fourth grade if his good work continues! . . . Is **BILLY CRYSTAL** a homo like the character he portrays on the television show "Soap"? "No way!" says one close friend, "he just kisses like one!" . . . **SONDRA THEODORE**, *Playboy* Bunny and current main squeeze of publisher and flaming dung-

wagon **HUGH HEFNER**, is suing an L.A. supermarket for 20 million clams after she suffered severe injury to her mouth when a chicken pot pie collapsed in it. "If I can't use my mouth," Sondra says, "my career will be shot!" . . . The **REVEREND JESSE JACKSON** is back in the news again, this time apologizing to the producers of the sci-fi epic *The Black Hole* for denouncing that film as being degrading to black women before ever reading the script. "In my neighborhood, a black hole ain't no imploded star," Jesse said. . . . Not content with the dimpled butt of **DINAH SHORE** or the well-aged loins of **ANGIE DICKINSON**, actor **BURT REYNOLDS** has his pecker pointed at octogenarian sex symbol **MAE WEST**. "Now she's really worn out," Ole' Burt says with relish. . . . Speaking of octogenarians, **GEORGE BURNS** was honored recently by the American Geriatric Society for not wetting his pants or crabbing about how everything on him hurts. . . . Close friends of **BETTY FORD** are advising the former first lady to can the frank and candid approach to her personal affairs. The outspoken Betty, who has shared her personal problems with the nation, is currently making the gab circuit rounds talking about her "crazy-mixed-up old rectum," and it has those close to her wondering if honesty is the best policy. But while we're on the subject, how's hubby **GERALD R. DOING**? "Fine, he had all of his shirts monogrammed and he just went down to the store for a package of Rice-A-Roni. He keeps very busy!" . . . **O.J. SIMPSON** is reeling from the news that he is just a fast colored guy and not a gifted actor. The news came to him in a telegram from the Screen Actors Guild. . . . **DICK CLARK** and his pals are still chuckling over an incident that happened at a party celebrating the cancellation of Dick's Wednesday night TV barf-up. It seems the eternally youthful fanny-smoocher got his dinky stuck in the cap of a Bic pen. How did he remove it? "As soon as I lost my hard-on, it just slipped out," a considerably more sober Dick said the next day. . . . **RINGO STARR** is considering changing his name to **PAUL McCARTNEY** so that people will like him and he'll sell more records. Don't hold your breath, Mr. Jingle-Fingers. . . . Speaking of name changing, **GERALDO RIVERA** says he is going to change his name back to Jerry Rivers, the

name he formerly used to disguise his wetback roots and get a fair shake in the white world. "I've had enough of being Puerto Rican," Jerry confesses. "I'd forgotten how horrible it is to eat dog meat and wash in drinking fountains." . . . Former bionic woman **LINDSAY WAGNER** has turned down a contract to mud wrestle in Hong Kong. The money, she claims, just isn't right yet. . . . After finishing a taping of a "Gong Show," deformed dwarf singer **PAUL WILLIAMS** was eaten by a stage cat. . . . **WARREN BEATTY** and **DIANE KEATON** have gone their separate ways. Warren gave Diane a choice between staying in New York or going back with him to Hollywood, where he would smack her off the walls when he got drunk and keep her from pursuing her career and drive her to use too many drugs so that she would kill herself and he could go find a younger, prettier mate. "It was a tough decision," Diane reports. "But I don't drive, so L.A. was ultimately out of the question." . . . **VALERIE PERRINE** is reportedly looking for a film script in which she would portray a swine flu virus. . . . While on the subject of hogs, **DYAN CANNON** recently wowed French truffle hunters and friends when she sniffed out and rooted up a record 180 pounds of the prized fungus. "It hurts to dig with my nose like that," Dyan admitted, "but when I smell a truffle I just have to dig it up." . . . The American Academy of Recording Artists has sent a formal thank you to **JOHN DENVER**, the Colorado sparrow cock, for his hiatus from recording. "John is a big embarrassment to all of us who make a living in the music field, and we're just delighted that he isn't making records at this time," a spokesman said. . . . **CHEVY CHASE** got the surprise of his life when a practical-joking proctologist shoved a *Daily Variety* up his chute. Chev, who was in to have a light bulb removed from his famous butt, didn't find any humor in the gag. "I hadn't even read it yet," the prat-falling giggle master said with a hilarious scowl. . . . The family of **ROBERT REDFORD** was shocked to learn after cranial X-rays that Bob's noggin was filled with synthetic goose down. . . . And finally, a telephone installer has written in an upcoming issue of a major women's magazine that while installing a telephone at **JOAN CRAWFORD**'s house in the early 1950s, the late actress swatted his ass with a rolled up newspaper and hid his lunch pail. □



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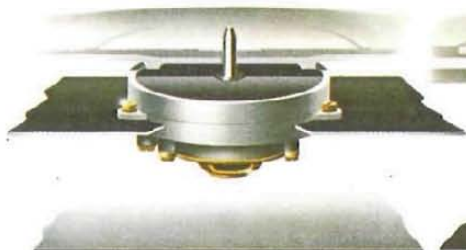
For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. NL-2 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019 ©1979 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

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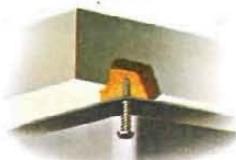
TO FULLY APPRECIATE PIONEER'S NEW DIRECT-DRIVE TURNTABLE, YOU HAVE TO TAKE APART THE COMPETITION.

When you compare what goes into most \$175* high-fidelity turntables to what goes into Pioneer's new PL-518, you'll find there's no comparison.

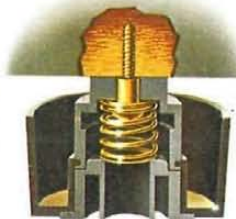


Most high-fidelity turntables have flimsy plastic or metal headshells that can distort the music. Pioneer's is made of glass fiber, a substance with far greater size yet less weight, which is unaltered by resonance.

On many turntables, the motor is suspended from the base itself, where the slightest vibration can be picked up by the stylus. The PL-518's direct-drive motor is anchored to a metal plate beneath the base, where this is far less likely to happen.



Some turntables are held together by staples, which can work themselves loose. Pioneer uses aluminum screws to seal the base to the base plate.



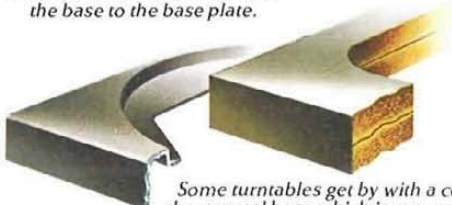
A lot of turntables have skinny plastic legs that merely support the weight of the turntable. The feet of the PL-518 are spring-mounted which helps reduce acoustic feedback. So you can play your music loud enough to rattle the walls without rattling the turntable.



Many tone arms are mounted on piano wire and cheap plastic casings which vibrate. Instead, ours float on pivot bearings which are immune to vibration.



Some rely on 3 ball bearings for stability in the tone arm shaft, but Pioneer uses 34.



Some turntables get by with a common plastic or sheet metal base which is susceptible to vibration and can cause acoustic feedback. Not the base of the PL-518. It's made of two solid blocks of compressed wood, which when joined eliminate feedback.

What you see here will tell you a lot about Pioneer's PL-518.

It'll not only tell you what kind of care and engineering went into it, but also the kind of exceptional performance you can expect to get out of it. Performance free of audible distortion, acoustic feedback and rumble.

Because at Pioneer, we believe that to get the most out of every piece of music, you've got to get the most out of every part of the turntable.

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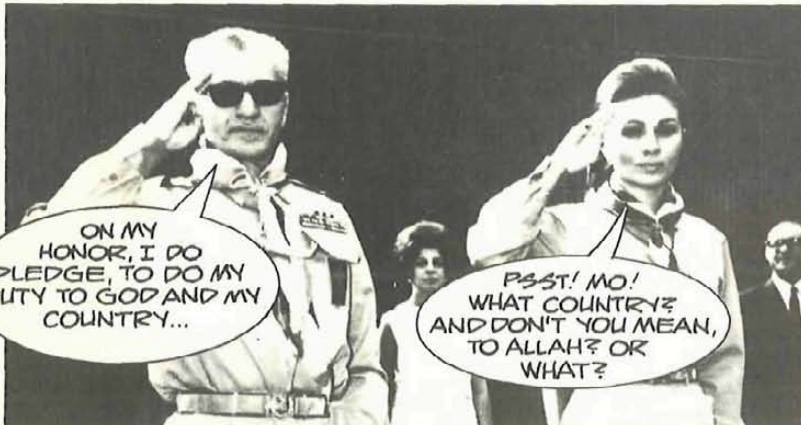


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*Manufacturer's suggested retail price.

NEWS ON THE MARCH

“New and Significant Responsibilities” SHAH ASSUMES NEW POST



ON MY HONOR, I DO PLEDGE, TO DO MY DUTY TO GOD AND MY COUNTRY...

PSST! MO! WHAT COUNTRY? AND DON'T YOU MEAN, TO ALLAH? OR WHAT?

Mohammed Riza Pahlavi, one-time Shah of Iran, has resigned that job in order to accept what he terms, “a new position of equal if not greater stature and import.”

The Shah has accepted the post of Shah of the Boy Scouts.

In a ceremony held at the Palm Springs estate of *TV Guide* publisher Walter Annenberg, the Shah—accompanied by his wife, the Mrs. Shah—donned traditional Boy Scout garb, gave the Boy Scout salute, and swore to redouble his efforts to “be prepared.”

Ex-Coach Attacks Himself

WOODY HAYES RUNS AMOK



I'LL WRING MY FUCKING NECK!

Former Ohio State University football coach Woody Hayes recently attacked and beat himself about the face and head upon learning that he had been fired by university officials.

Hayes, who had a rabid penchant for winning, was said to have been unable to tolerate any degree of human failure, even in himself. “He just went crazy,” said a player who witnessed the incident. “He grabbed himself by the neck and threw himself against an oxygen tank, then punched and slapped his face while kicking and screaming obscenities.”

“You fucking candy-ass, you lost your fucking job, you asshole! You’re not fit to be in the same room with brave men who have jobs,” Hayes reportedly shouted at himself. Later at a press conference, the badly bruised coach claimed that General George S. Patton was his model.

“He killed himself in a car crash after he lost his job,” Hayes declared. “Shit, I let myself off easy.”

LATE ROCKY ASKS: IS MY POLITICAL CAREER DEAD, TOO?



WHAT'S A MATTER, ROCKY?

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DON'T WORRY. I THINK I WAS DEAD WHEN THEY ELECTED ME.

YOU WERE?

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Chicago Paralyzed by Record Snows



Cites Energy Crisis as Motive

Mass Killer Apprehended



John Wayne Gacy, thirty-seven, a building contractor, was apprehended recently in connection with the deaths of as many as thirty-two young boys in the Chicago area. Preliminary evidence that led to Gacy's arrest included the discovery of twenty-nine decomposed bodies in the crawl space underneath his house.

Gacy cited the energy crisis in attempting to explain the buried bodies. "The winters here in Chicago are terrible," he told police, "and my house was freezing.

"So I decided to insulate, and I used the greatest insulating material known to man: the human body."

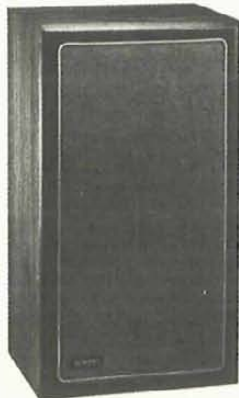
Queried as to why he sexually abused and mutilated the boys prior to killing them, Gacy replied, "Believe me—and I'm a contractor, so I know what I'm talking about—your insulation always 'takes' better after it's been sexually abused and mutilated. And remember: insulation is cheaper than oil."

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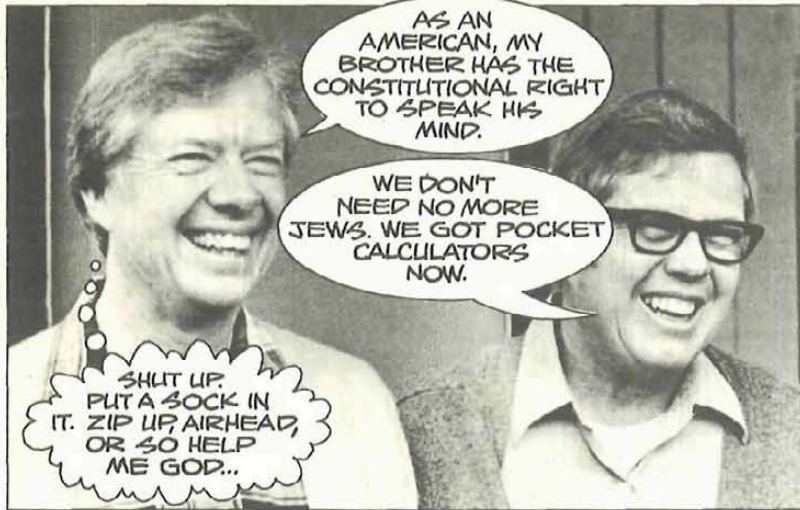
Advent Corporation

195 Albany Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139

NL-4/79

Billy to Strike Again

First Brother Reveals Plan



Billy Carter has announced an all-out campaign to embarrass his brother Jimmy. Thus far, Billy's efforts have included displays of loud, argumentative drunkenness, public urination, anti-Semitic pronouncements, and questionable meetings with Libyan officials.

However, since the president has repeatedly ignored his younger brother, saying, "the president has no control

over the opinions and actions of any American citizen," Billy has vowed to redouble his efforts.

He now reportedly plans to get drunk and drag a half-naked black woman through La Guardia Airport shouting, "I'm sending this boogie back to Africa for giving bad head!"

Should this attempt fail, Billy plans to murder some nurses.

"The Spirits of Guadeloupe"

Leaders Plan High Level Talks



Leaders of the Big Four western powers recently concluded a four-day summit conference on the Caribbean island of Guadeloupe. In a joint communiqué issued following the conclave, participants Jimmy Carter, French President Giscard d'Estaing, British Prime Minister James Callaghan, and German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt described the talks as "hard-nosed, issue-oriented, and highly successful, except for two days of rain, some overcrowding on the tennis courts, and Giscard's badly sunburned bald spot."

Citing "much unfinished business," President Carter expressed interest in a second round of talks, and accordingly invited his confrères to a Deep Sea Fishing Summit to be held off Key West, Florida, sometime in early March, or sooner "if the weather in Washington doesn't clear up." Schmidt, in turn, proposed a Wagnerian Opera Summit to be held in Bayreuth in July, and Callaghan announced plans for a Watney's Pale Ale Summit to begin immediately at the Old Bull and Bear on Fleet Street, London.

Victims, Parents Reimbursed Kent State Tragedy Resolved

A cash settlement in excess of \$400,000 has been awarded the families of the students killed and wounded by National Guardsmen at Kent State University in 1970. The grand jury decision was announced recently in Cleveland, Ohio.

"It wasn't easy," sighed one unidentified grand jury member. "Placing a monetary value on human beings is always tricky.

"For example, we heard testimony that Jennifer Smith was flunking her English and sociology courses. Well, naturally, we had to knock a couple thousand off for that. Then somebody testifies that Sammy Johnson was a 'shoe-in' for Yale Law School, so we tacked on twenty thou to his evaluation.

"All in all, I think we figured out pretty accurately what each of those kids was worth. Of course, there's inflation, and we had to take into consideration that Andy Walsh and Larry Seymour were only wounded, and not killed. But don't worry, they got taken care of."

Has Great View from "Top 'o the Heavens"

Conrad Hilton Checks Out



Conrad Hilton, the man who brought ugly American-style hotels to the rest of the world, checked out of life recently. Hilton died after 3:00 P.M., the regular check-out time, which, according to his will, allowed the funeral parlor to charge for an extra day.

The funeral had to be carried out to the exact specifications of Hilton's will. A wake-up call was made to the Presidential Suite, where Hilton lay in state—a call he failed to answer. His burial suit was cleaned and pressed by the New York branch valet service. His last haircut, shave, and manicure was done by a barber of the Los Angeles Hilton. The coffin was then sealed with sanitized paper strips, and two sanitized glasses were left with Hilton in the coffin. A "Do Not Disturb" sign on the coffin lock completed the arrangement.

These People Don't Subscribe to *National Lampoon*

...YOU CAN SAY
WHAT YOU LIKE
ABOUT WILLIAM F.
BUCKLEY'S POLITICS,
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO
ADMIT HE'S A DARN
GOOD WRITER...

...NOT TO ALLOW
LINA WERTMULLER
INTO MY PANTHEON
OF DIRECTORS; DUE
TO THE UNACCEPTABLE
MORAL AMBIVALENCE
OF *SEVEN BEAUTIES*...

...THIS DECADE IN WHICH
AMERICANS ARE BECOMING
INCREASINGLY CONCERNED
WITH THE EFFECTS OF HASTY
LEGISLATION, ABUSE OF
EXECUTIVE POWER, THE
MIDDLE EAST, ENERGY
ALTERNATIVES, THE COST OF
GOVERNMENT, CORPORATE KICKBACK,
TEEN-AGE DRINKING, TIGHT ANTS, BUCK RUMS,
Chickadee, 1986...

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SAYS TO THE
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Intellectuals**



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See Link Between Cambo Raid, Jackie Vendetta

Secret Report Ties Elephant Rape to Pol Pot Downfall



A secret State Department report, recently released, has theorized that the sudden downfall of the Pol Pot regime in Cambodia may be the result of a bizarre incident involving Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis and an elephant.

In a heretofore classified photograph, taken in 1967, Mrs. Onassis is shown being forcibly violated by a Cambodian elephant while then-Cambodian chief-of-state, Prince Norodom Sihanouk, laughs with unrestrained glee.

Sihanouk, who recently spoke at the United Nations on behalf of the ousted Pol Pot, is thought to be the central tar-

get of a vengeful Mrs. Onassis. State Department officials speculate that the former first lady, enraged over the "elephant incident," used the many millions of dollars she "wangled" out of her late husband's estate to hire thousands of Vietnamese guerrillas to oust Pol Pot, send Sihanouk into exile, and "generally do damage to Cambodia itself."

"The chief asset of this theory is its simplicity," noted State Department official Eleanor Klein. "Any other explanation as to what's going on in Cambodia is just too damn confusing. Nobody can understand it, let alone discuss it."

Spouses Voice Outrage, Gratitude

Rideout Rape Case: "Not Guilty"



John Rideout, the first man to be accused by his own wife of raping her, was found "not guilty" by a jury in Salem, Oregon, recently.

Following the trial, both Rideout and his wife, Greta, voiced their reactions to reporters.

"My wife has been raped," he said in a voice barely concealing his anger, "and yet the rapist is able to walk away scot-free. What kind of a society is this, when a man is able to commit such a crime and go unpunished?"

Greta Rideout was thankful. "My husband is a good man, and I am grateful that he was acquitted," she said tearfully. "I felt it was my duty as his wife to stick by him throughout this terrible ordeal, and I thank God that now we can go back to our normal lives."

The Rideouts, who had been separated during the trial, are now back together again.

Committee Releases Findings

Conspiracy "Probable" in Assassinations

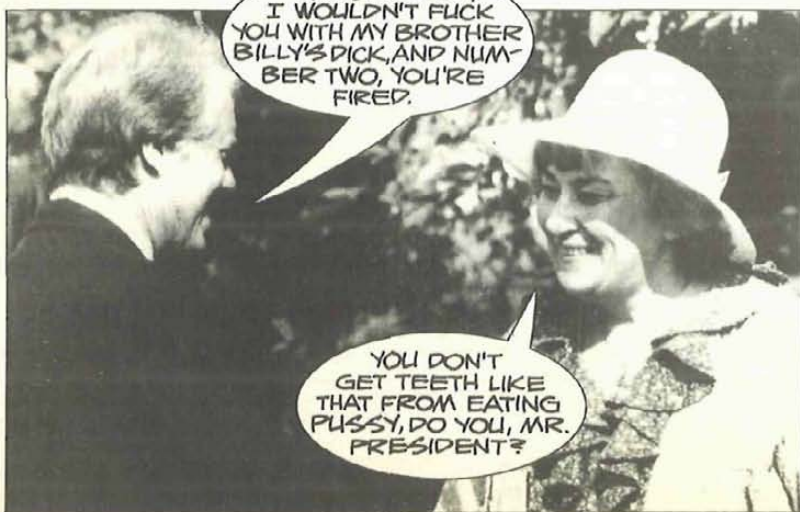
The House Special Committee on Assassinations has released its report on the murders of John F. Kennedy and Dr. Martin Luther King. The committee finds that the existence of a conspiracy was "probable" in the case of both killings.

"We don't know who the other guys are who took part," noted Committee chairman Louis Stokes (D-Ohio). "So we're recommending that the FBI ask everybody in the country to mail in an alibi. All we on the committee know is, we didn't do it."

Another committee member was quick to agree with Stokes. "I'm cleared," he said. "So are my wife, my kids, and my kids' best friends, who were over at the house for a cookout when King got it. I can't wait to see who we catch."

Bella Out of Work Again

Abzug Fired from Prexy's Women's Council



Heavy Metal
Previews the
Sci-Fi Film of the Year!

ALIEN

THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

In April

A spectacular portfolio of
drawings and designs
for the most dazzling
fantasy film since
Star Wars!

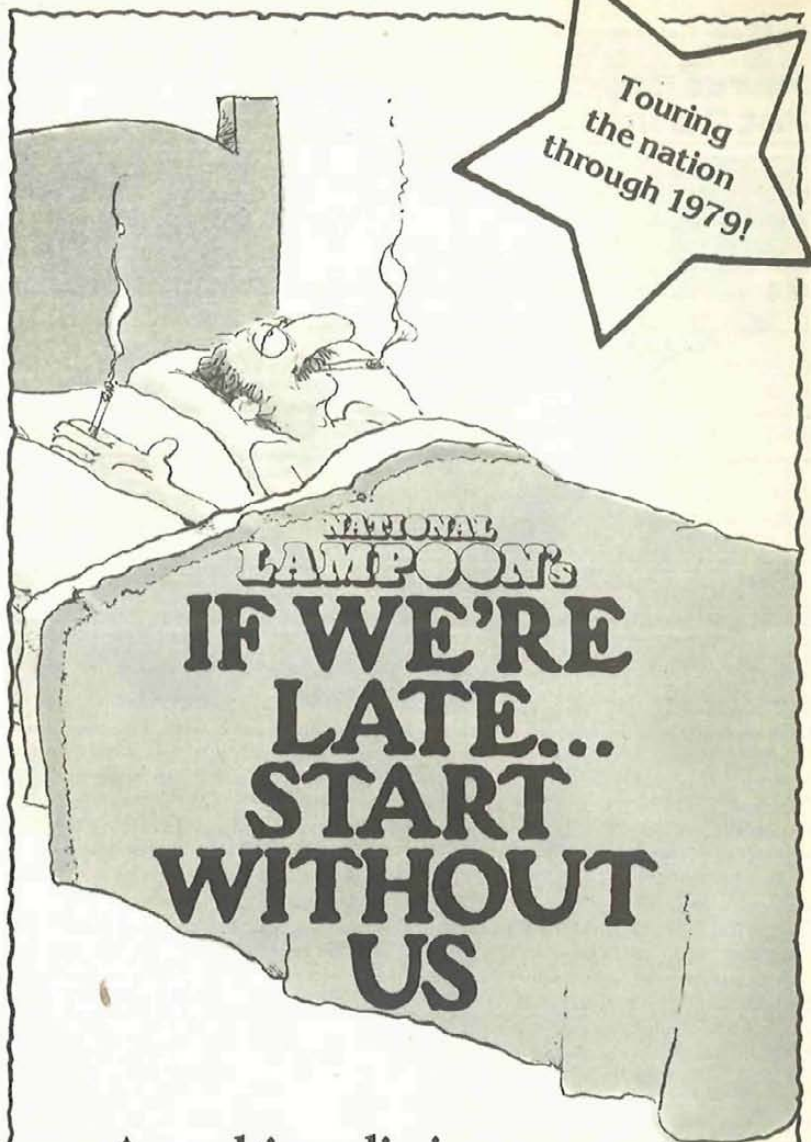
In May

Beginning a three-part
serialization

Alien: The Illustrated Story
by the award-winning
team of Archie Goodwin
and Walt Simonson!

Watch for
Alien

A Brandywine-Ronald Shusett Production
Produced by Gordon Carrol and David Giler
Directed by Ridley Scott
Screenplay by Dan O'Bannon, Walter Hill and David Giler
Story by Dan O'Bannon and Ronald Shusett
From Twentieth Century Fox



A multimedia in-concert
theatrical extravaganza from
the producers, writers,
secretaries, typists, and cleaning
people who brought
you Lemmings,
The National Lampoon Show,
That's Not Funny-That's Sick,
and National Lampoon's
Animal House.

"Have Had Enough"

Whales Quit Water, Beach Selves



A herd of whales recently beached itself on the coast of Southern California, and scientists were at a loss to explain the bizarre mass suicide. Interviews with the whales themselves, however, reveal that the huge creatures were "tired of living in the water."

"We breathe air," explained one unnamed whale, "so who needs it? It's cold, it's wet, I haven't had a dry pair of socks in two months, and everytime I want to read a crummy newspaper, the pages stick together and the ink runs."

Another whale concurred. "Plus, there's nothing to eat but seafood. Once in a while, maybe, it's a nice change of pace, but if I see another anemone I'm going to scream."

The whales had no comment when queried as to when they would ever return to the sea. "Don't hold your breath," said one.

Scientists Deny Danger

Skylab to Fall Harmlessly

NASA scientists have admitted that they are unable to restabilize Skylab, a small space station currently in orbit, and that the craft will eventually fall back to earth.

However, a NASA spokesperson assured reporters that "the falling pieces pose absolutely no threat to life or property, and will probably fall somewhere way the hell out in the Gobi desert or in somebody's potato field, or in Russia, ha-ha."

In what is termed an "unrelated" development, NASA officials are issuing construction-type "hard hats" to the entire population of Wyoming. "This has nothing to do with anything," swore NASA's Dr. Henry Williams. "Every year or so we award hard hats to some deserving state. It's just our way of saying thanks."

Arms control



A good defense helps prevent offense. And here are three sure-fire ways to help you win the battle against perspiration. Each highly effective, each loaded with the crisp, clean scent of famous English Leather.® Whichever you choose, you can't lose in the Arms Control Race.

- English Leather Roll-On Anti-Perspirant Deodorant.
 - English Leather Push Button Spray Deodorant.
 - English Leather Deodorant Stick.
- Wear English Leather...or wear nothing at all.



One man, one scent.

MEM COMPANY, INC., Northvale, NJ 07647 ©1979 Available in Canada

Towel-heads in Jail

Indian Prime Minister Desai has announced a change in his government's policy. Ex-Chief of State Indira Gandhi henceforth will not be jailed, but everybody else in India will. "That way at least we'll all have a clean place to sleep and enough to eat," Desai told reporters.

Spics at It Again

Nicaraguan President Anastasio Somoza says that he will declare war on neighboring Costa Rica just as soon as the Nicaraguan tank gets out of the repair shop. The WW II vintage tank is undergoing repairs to replace a firing mechanism that rusted after vandals stuffed the barrel of the tank's cannon with bananas. Costa Rica said it will be glad to wait until the repairs are made to be attacked.

Yid Trade Nixed

The new government of Iran has cut off all shipments of dirty camel saddles and cheap brass samovars to Israel. State Department sources report.

Rope-hairs Quashed

The situation in Jamaica has returned to normal, resulting in the deaths of more than 400 residents of that filthy and useless Caribbean country.

Chinks Loosen Up

The government of mainland China is allowing increasing freedom to its citizens, who can now sneeze in public, say *phooey* out loud, and own (but not wear) a pair of western blue jeans.

Camel Jockeys Surrender

The hijackers of an Air Tunisia jet liner who recently surrendered to Libyan authorities after releasing all hostages unharmed did so because they couldn't remember what their demands were supposed to be. According to one Libyan source, the hijackers said that they were going to ask somebody to let somebody else out of jail, but they couldn't remember who either of these were, and that they had another demand, too, and it started with *M* and it's on the tip of their tongue and they wouldn't be able to get to sleep until they think of it.

UN Gook Debate

Pleased with its performance on the Cambodian question, the UN Security Council plans, in the future, to "always try to meet and discuss international problems when it's way too late to do anything about them," says General Assembly president Indalecio Lievano.

"That way we don't look quite so dickless, if you know what I mean."

Sand Niggers Launch Raid

Palestinian guerrillas raided a Tel Aviv restaurant and wounded twenty-five people. Patrons did not hear alarms, outside gunfire, or the shouts of police and army personnel. "Who could hear anything," one of the wounded commented. "We were eating."

Plane Crashes to Earth

United Airlines says that it will scrap its fuel economy experiment after a recent plane crash in Oregon. A United spokesman said that under an experimental program, pilots were instructed to "coast" whenever possible to economize on rising fuel bills.

Broads Nag Congress

The National Organization of Women is urging Congress to pass legislation giving civil service job preference to fat women with crabby personalities and bad legs. "This is a group that has been repeatedly and systematically discriminated against over the years," says NOW spokeswoman Eleanor Smeal.

Smiles Are Cheerful

A U.S. study reveals that removal of the testicles in men may result in a more pleasant smile. The HEW report claims that men who have lost their testicles "just seem to have a more open and inviting smile."

Recession Strikes Family

A recession will strike a Minnesota family and spare the nation, says Alfred Kahn, the president's chief inflation fighter. The Arnold T. Rothberger family of St. Paul, Minnesota, will take the brunt of the recession, with Mr. Rothberger's brother in Topeka, Kansas, and his Aunt Marsha in Sacramento, California, and Mrs. Rothberger's sister, Carla, from Rochester, New York, also suffering from the effects of this economic slowdown. "This is a new concept," Kahn said. "Rather than spread out our economic woes we'll level it on one guy." The Rothbergers could not be reached for comment.

Homeless Dinks

Refugee buses are circling Los Angeles looking for a place to park. The old buses loaded with hundreds of Vietnamese refugees are seeking permission from L.A. officials to park somewhere in that city. The Los Angeles city council has thus far denied them parking permits and refuses to comment on the situation other than to say that parking space is limited and that the parking

rights of Los Angeles citizens must be protected.

Abzug Kicked in Butt

Doctors say that President Carter temporarily regained consciousness in late January. Although he has since relapsed, White House physicians claim that they were able to conclude that Carter had full awareness of his surroundings for at least a brief period because he fired Bella Abzug. This medical news raises hopes that Carter has not suffered complete "brain death," as was previously feared. The president has been in a coma for fifty-five years.

Sewers Full of Waste

A California chemical company has been cited by the EPA for flushing banned chemical wastes down service station toilets. Chemtextrics of California is being charged with disposing of 150 tons of toxic chemicals in southern California service station toilets over the last five years. The firm was cited last year for leaving similar wastes in wrapped bundles in bus stations and department stores.

NBC Punts

For the second time in this television season the NBC television network has canceled all of its prime time shows. The canceled programming will be replaced with a five-hour-long nightly variety show, which will feature still photographs of retarded girls in wet T-shirts, dreadful personal confessions by starlets on drugs, documentary footage of actual child abuse being performed by impoverished parents, a man who eats live chickens, an audience participation game where mean tricks are played on old people, and live coverage of the professional dog-fighting circuit down south. "Sure, this is stupid and disgusting," said NBC network President Freddy Silverman. "but what do you expect? We TV people are a pack of slime-balls, and this is what we like."

Burgers Made in Backyard

A Michigan man is suing McDonald's Corporation to prevent the fast-food chain from building a hamburger stand in his backyard. Ray T. Meyer of Detroit says that without his knowledge, construction work had begun on his private property while he vacationed in Florida. McDonald's claims that it needed a restaurant in that area and was unable to find a better site than Mr. Meyer's backyard. McDonald's lawyers are confident that they will be allowed to build on Meyer's property because "we're a billion-dollar concern and he's just a bo-hunk auto worker."

One of a kind.

The man. The cigarette. They speak for themselves.

Ordinary cigarettes just don't have what Camel Filters has.

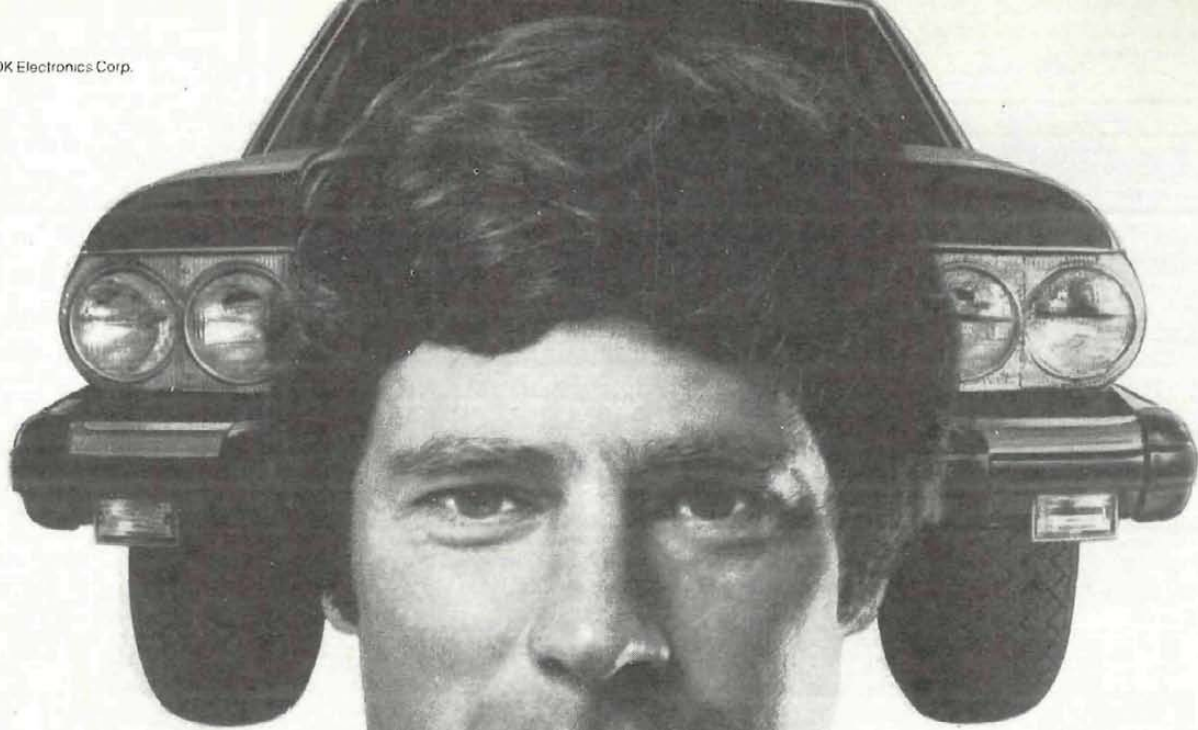
Its blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos gives him what he smokes for.

Pleasure. Satisfaction.

A Camel Filters Man understands why the best times are often the simplest.

Do you?

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



Don't lose your highs on the highway.

If music is an important part of your life, you probably spend a good deal of time listening—in your car, as well as at home. Unfortunately your car was designed for transportation, not music. Because of its peculiar shape and size, its soundproofing material, the constant noise level of traffic, wind and motor, and the practicality of speaker placement, the high frequency sounds of music you hear at home are absorbed or obliterated. Without those highs, your music sounds dull and lifeless.

The TDK AD cassette overcomes the problems created by this unfriendly acoustic environment. AD

has a hotter high end than any pure ferric oxide tape. And AD is a normal bias cassette—you can use it in any car stereo.

If you listen to rock, AD will restore the edge and presence that makes that music exciting. If you listen to classical music, AD will reinforce the critical overtones that make an oboe sound like an oboe and not like a clarinet.

AD has a super precision mechanism (backed by a full lifetime warranty*) that eliminates cassette jams during traffic

jams. And its hot high end lets your music come alive at 55.

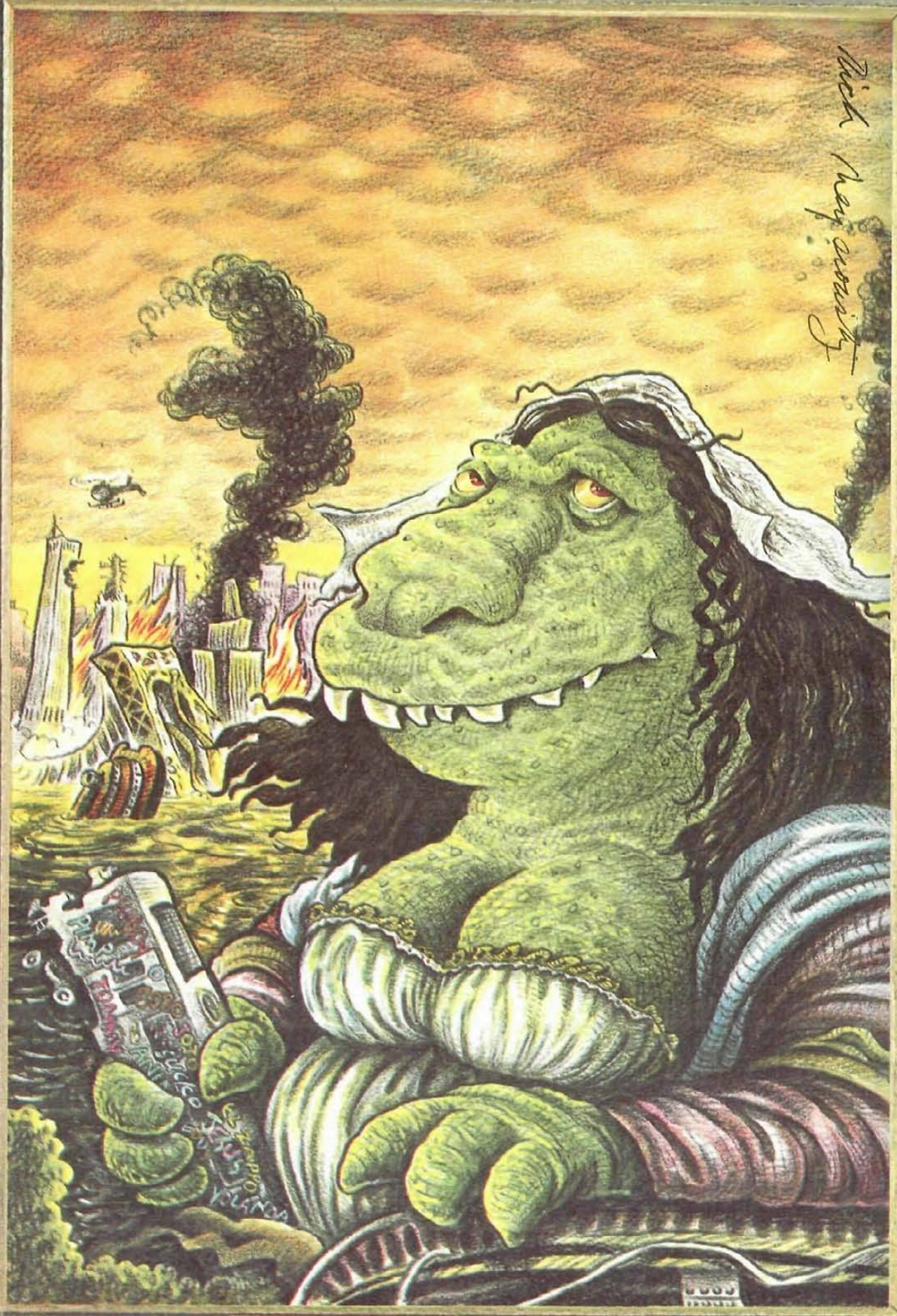
TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, NY 11530



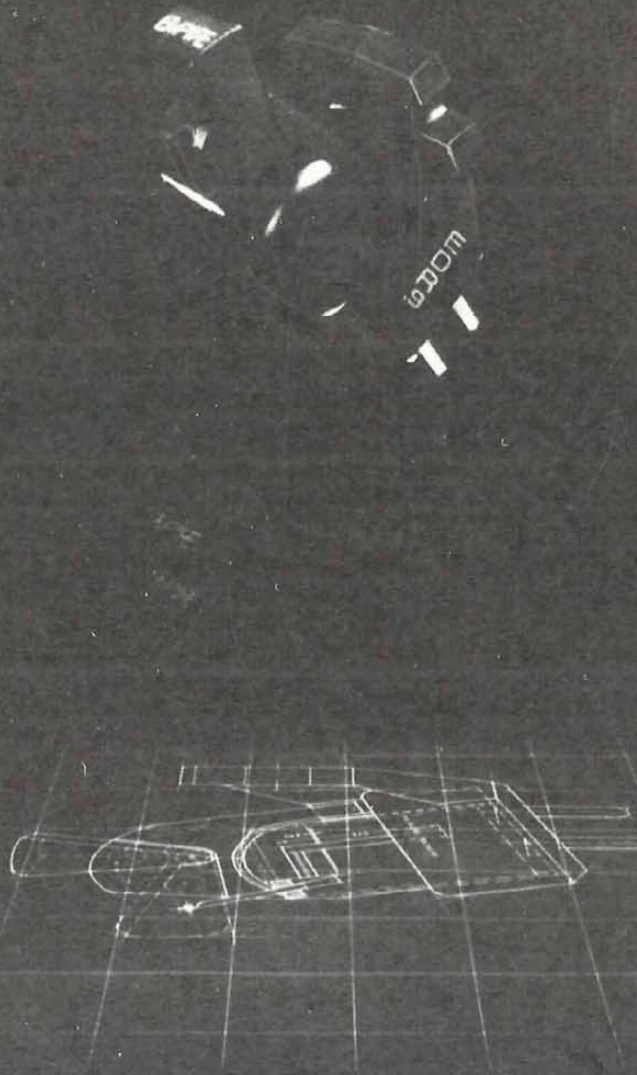
We make you feel at home on the road.

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

Rick Meyers



MONA GODZILLA
BY RICK MEYEROWITZ



INTRODUCING THE EMPIRE EDR.9 PHONO CARTRIDGE. IT SOUNDS AS GOOD ON A RECORD AS IT DOES ON PAPER.

It was inevitable . . .

With all the rapid developments being made in today's high fidelity technology, the tremendous advance in audible performance in Empire's new EDR.9 phono cartridge was bound to happen. And bound to come from Empire, as we have been designing and manufacturing the finest phono cartridges for over 18 years.

Until now, all phono cartridges were designed in the lab to achieve certain engineering characteristics and requirements. These lab characteristics and requirements took priority over actual listening tests because it was considered more important that the cartridges "measure right" or "test right"—so almost everyone was satisfied.

Empire's EDR.9 (for Extended Dynamic Response) has broken with this tradition, and is the first phono cartridge that not only meets the highest technological and design specifications—but also our

demanding listening tests—on an equal basis. In effect, it bridges the gap between the ideal blueprint and the actual sound.

The EDR.9 utilizes an L. A. C. (Large Area Contact) 0.9 stylus based upon—and named after—E. I. A. Standard RS-238B. This new design, resulting in a smaller radius and larger contact area, has a pressure index of 0.9, an improvement of almost six times the typical elliptical stylus and four times over the newest designs recently introduced by several other cartridge manufacturers. The result is that less pressure is applied to the vulnerable record groove, at the same time extending the bandwidth—including the important overtones and harmonic details.

In addition, Empire's exclusive, patented 3-Element Double Damped stylus assembly acts as an equalizer. This eliminates the high "Q" mechanical resonances typical of other stylus assemblies, producing a flatter response, and lessening wear and tear on the record groove.

We could go into more technical detail, describing pole rods that are laminated, rather than just one piece, so as to reduce losses in the magnetic structure, resulting in flatter high frequency response with less distortion. Or how the EDR.9 weighs one gram less than previous Empire phono cartridges, making it a perfect match for today's advanced low mass tonearms.

But more important, as the EDR.9 cartridge represents a new approach to cartridge design, we ask that you consider it in a slightly different way as well. Send for our free technical brochure on the EDR.9, and then visit your audio dealer and listen. Don't go by specs alone.

That's because the new Empire EDR.9 is the first phono cartridge that not only meets the highest technological and design specifications—but also our demanding listening tests.

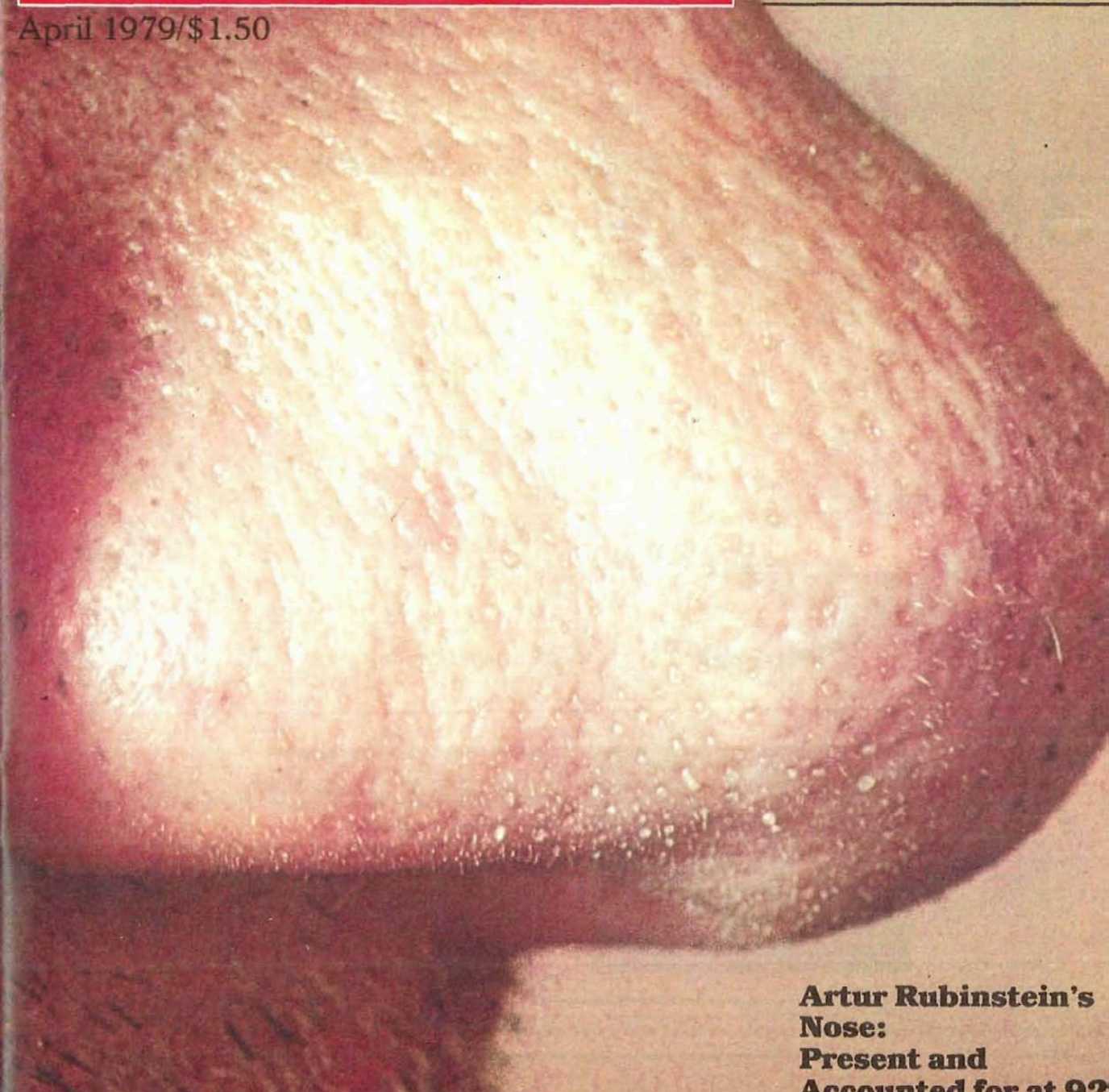
Empire Scientific Corp. **EMPIRE**
Garden City, N.Y. 11530

LITE

**That Crazy
Jogging Fac**

**Blockbusters!
Successful
Movies Mak
Big Money**

April 1979/\$1.50



**Artur Rubinstein's
Nose:
Present and
Accounted for at 92**



22

Five thousand blood donors donate blood on Cleveland's Blood Bank Day

38

Experts predict Alaskan rocks will erode in the course of time



66

The Washington, D.C. shuttle flies to Washington, D.C., every hour



78

The lonely life of Belgium's exiled king, Walter III



Doctors Still Continue Their Research 23
The fight against disease goes on

Paris Sits Atop the High Fashion World 31
City of lights still dazzles the clothing world
Photographs by Dijon Pili

Meow, Mc-OW! 36
Cats line up for Asian flu shots

Luck, Pluck, and Talent, and More Luck 43
Debbie Reynolds recalls a colorful career

After Smokey, What? 46
Burt Reynolds looks ahead

Rapids Transit 51
A 30-minute canoe trip down the Hudson River

Norwegian Moods 55
Lots of weather in the land of the midnight sun
Photographs by T. Eugene Lung

Downtown Down Under 58
On the go in with-it Sydney

Bats in the Belfry 60
Airborne rodents fly at night

Close-up: Campaign '80 66
George Romney hits the comeback trail

Command Performance 69
Frankie Laine sings for Queen of Netherlands

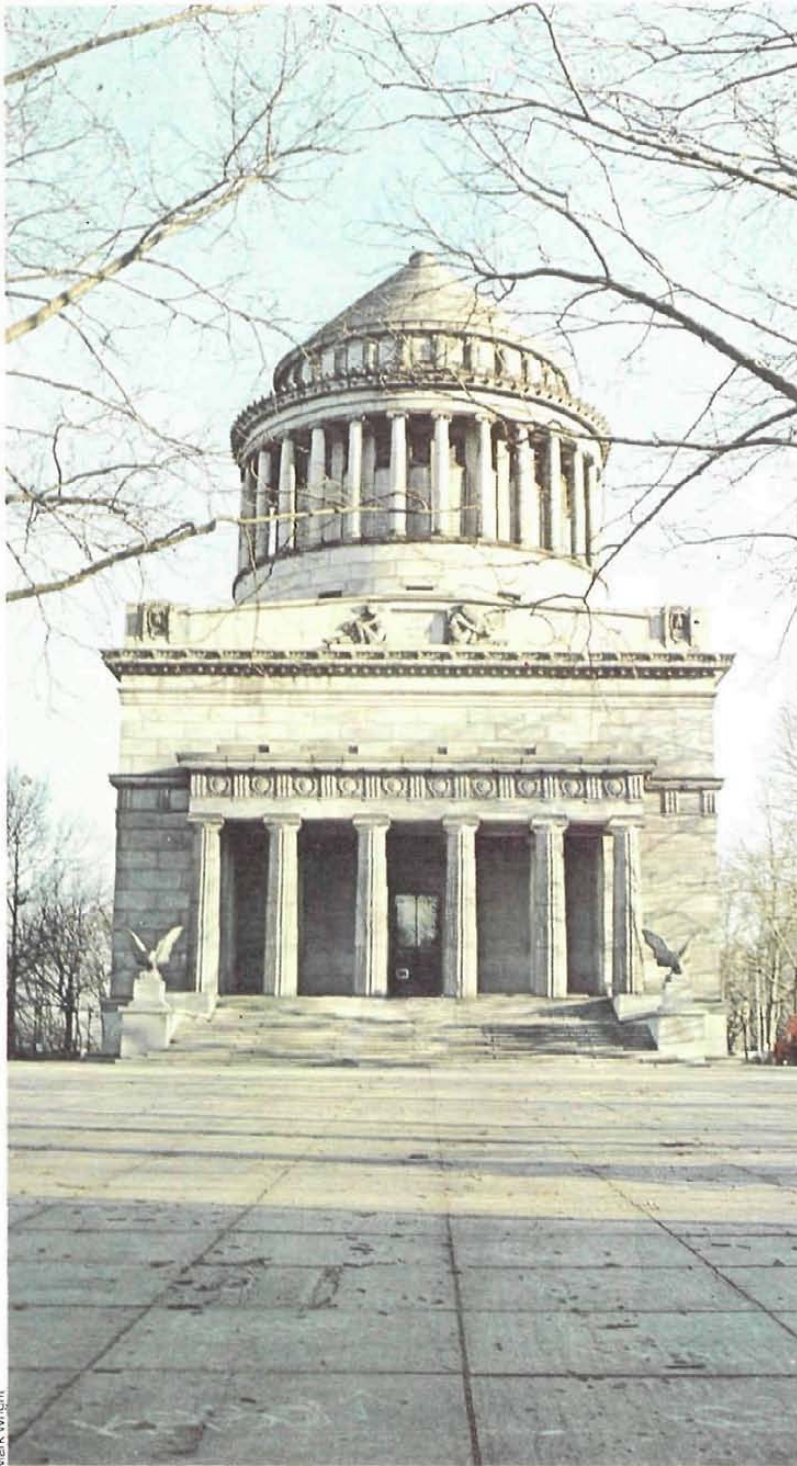
The Whales of Wales 74
None of an extinct breed are left
Photographs by Toshiro Mifune

Mispronouncing the Letter S 75
A personal account of life with a lisper
by Ellen Harbinger

Messieurs, Start Your Engines! 77
Grand Prix de Luxembourg roars into the record books

Lite Around the World
The Royal Shoes of Monaco 80
Dangerous California Floods Rival California Forest Fires 82
Getting to Church on Time 85
Say Ah! 89
China Welcomes American Circus Dogs 90

Just One More Picture, Please



Mark Wright

For more than a year the treasures of Grant's Tomb, on loan from the U.S. government, have been touring Egypt, where they have attracted record crowds in Cairo, Alexandria, and Thebes. Ulysses S. Grant, who was a president of the United States, died in 1885, and his elaborate tomb was erected on the shore of the Hudson River in North America. Sealed inside were a wide range of ceremonial and everyday objects typifying life in America's nineteenth century.

The Treasures of Grant's Tomb



Ivy wreath, probably a funeral offering. Some of the ivy leaves remain intact after 94 years. The inscription reads "R.I.P."

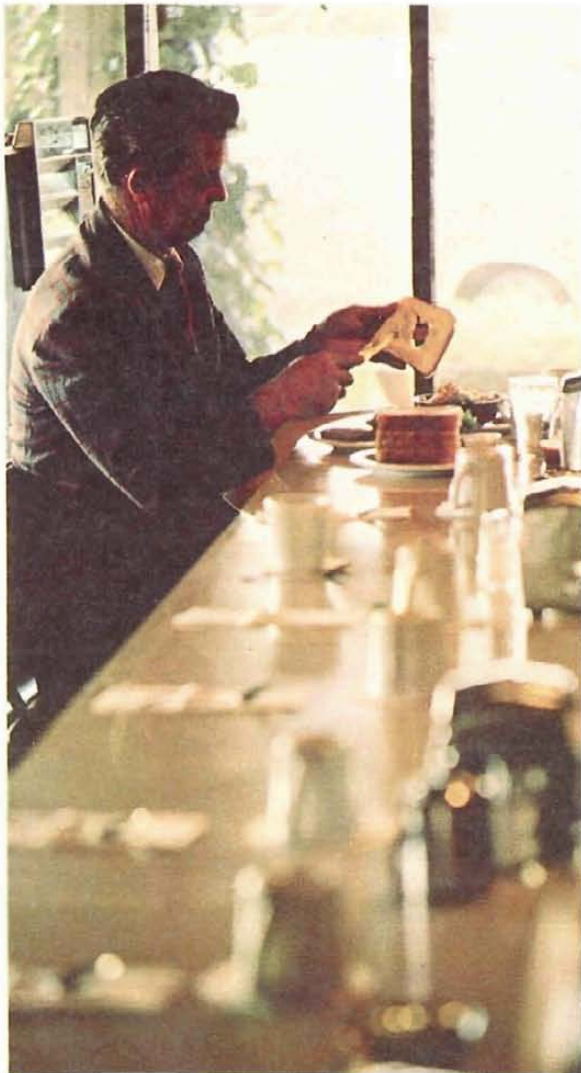


President Grant. He was carefully embalmed, and his coffin weighs more than three hundred pounds.



Indian Head penny, a small coin of the period. Possibly it was dropped by one of the workmen employed in building the tomb. It is made out of copper and bears an engraving of an Indian.

America's Enduring Love Affair With White Bread



Tom Rozniak, a salesman for a chemical company, prefers his white bread untoasted, even though it's harder to spread a hard pat of butter on when it's soft.



Although Sunday dinner at the Hendersons in Leonia, it's served plain or fancy, the Henderson family always

Wherever America eats, you'll see plenty of white bread, whether it's a formal dinner or a late-night snack. "Pass the white bread" is as familiar a phrase as "pass the salt" or "can I have more water, please."

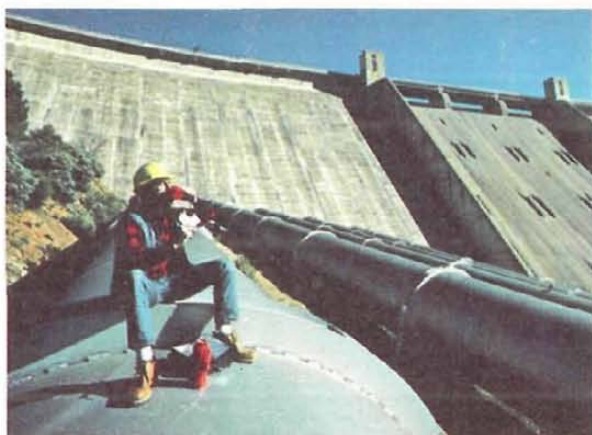
We will always have a tradition of home-baked white bread, but it is the mass-produced loaves that have made us famous, the perfectly-sliced loaves in their colorful, shiny packages that taste precisely the same, whether they're sold in Kennebunkport, Maine, or Seattle, Washington.



New Jersey, usually features turkey and mashed potatoes, no one ever slights the white bread. Whether comes back for more.



Nancy Jeffries and her granddaughter Melissa, of Denver, Colorado, wouldn't dream of having their sandwiches on anything but white bread.



Engineer Bruce Configlia pauses for a lunch break high atop Alaska's Mt. Whitney Hydroelectric Plant. He prefers white bread "at least half of the time."

Our Majestic Cow

Milk, meat, and natural beauty
come together in this all-purpose beast



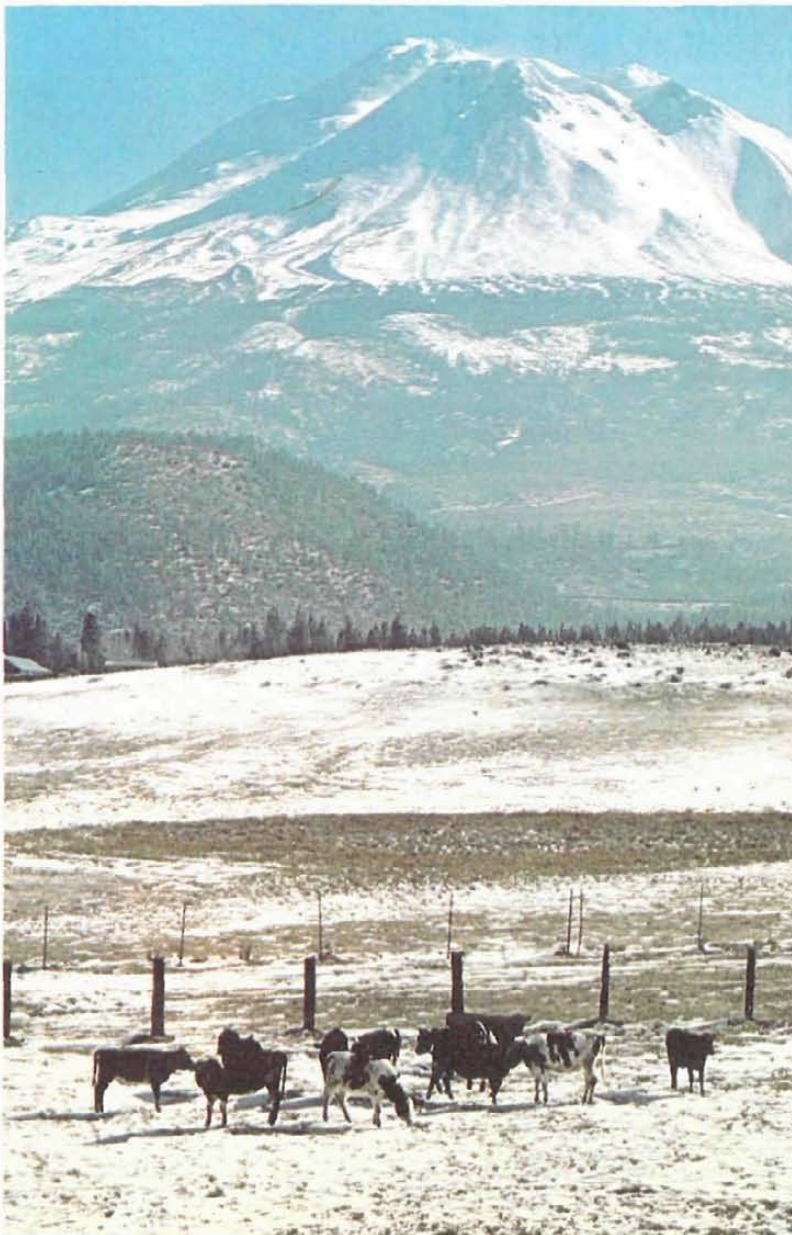
Photography: Chris Callis

Blueball. Buttercup Farm's prize-winning heifer, pauses thoughtfully before her daily date with the milking machines.

They move or sit still with a purposeful majesty, cast against the natural splendor of high, rugged mountains, tall trees, deep-flowing rivers, and perennially green grazing land. Here in this one remarkable animal is a source of both meat and dairy products, as well as valuable by-products. Nutritionists and conservationists both agree that the cow is perhaps our most important beast.



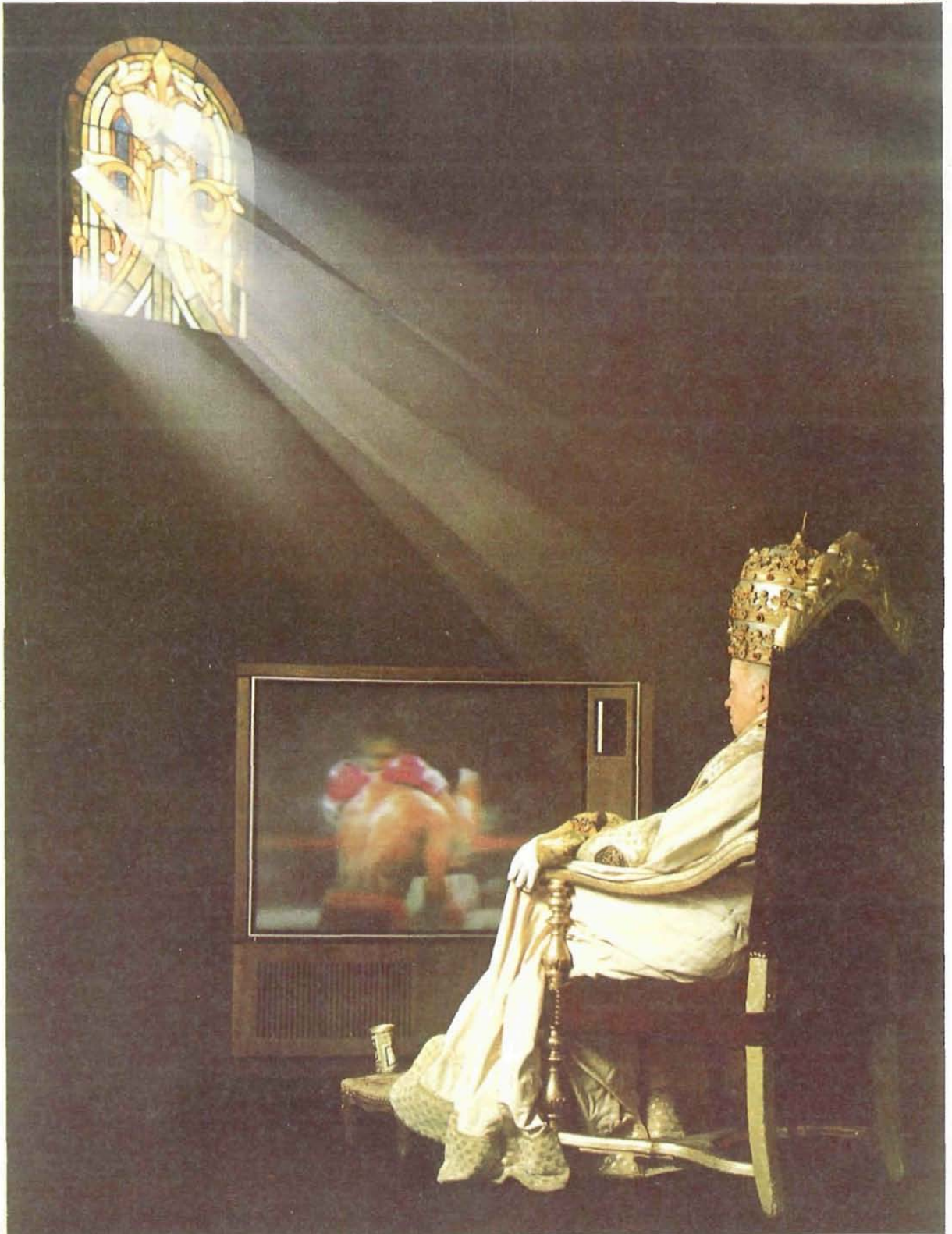
Today's dairy farmer feeds his cows a balanced diet to ensure even better dairy products for us all.



Untroubled by the towering beauty of Mt. Shasta, a grazing herd of cows present a picture of contentment.

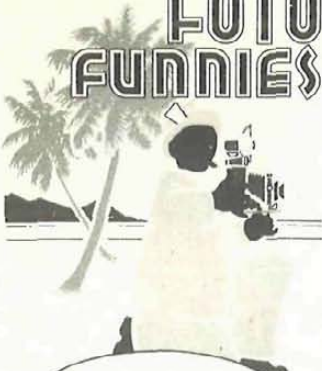
JUST ONE MORE PICTURE, PLEASE

Phil Koenig



Caught in a casual moment at the end of a long day filled with audiences, prayers, and meditation, Pope John Paul II unwinds with a beer, some pretzels, and an hour or two of television. What programs are His Holiness's favorites? "Mostly game shows," says a spokesman for the Vatican, "along with westerns like 'Bonanza.'"

FOTO FUNNIES



I'M A NUDE FIGURE MODEL.

THE MAN I MODEL FOR IS A GREAT ARTIST.



MODELING FOR HIM HAS BEEN MORE THAN JUST A JOB.

I MEAN, I'VE REALLY LEARNED A LOT ABOUT ART.



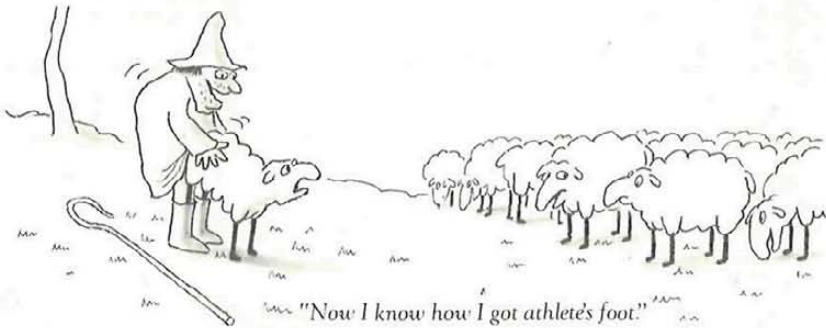
FOR INSTANCE, I HAD NO IDEA CELLO PLAYERS NEEDED NUDE FIGURE MODELS.



"The heartache and the thousand natural shocks/That flesh is heir to..."

—Hamlet, Act III, Scene i

S. GROSS



"Now I know how I got athlete's foot."



"Think nothing of it, Amanda darling.
It's just another sign of puberty."



"Quick! Sterilize a coat hanger! I have to perform an abortion!"



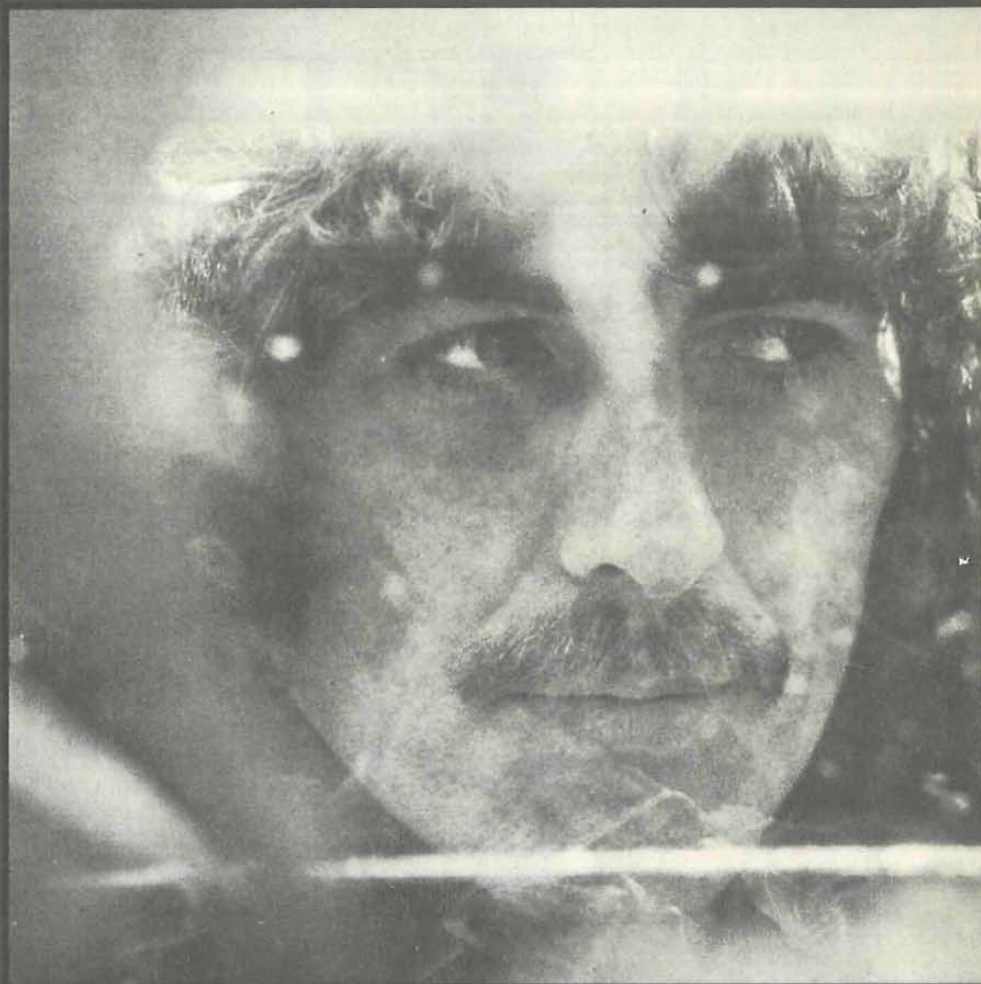
"Good news, Mrs. Mostyn. Not only is it benign,
but it's also herbivorous."



Medusa in a Dublin bar after St. Patrick
chased the snakes out of Ireland.



The 1979 George Harrison



George Harrison

Featuring "Blow Away."

Produced by George Harrison and Russ Titelman.

On Dark Horse Records and Tapes.

Manufactured and distributed by Warner Bros. Records Inc.



DARK HORSE RECORDS
A Loka Productions S.A.

PLANET

OF THE

NAKED WOMEN

by P.J. O'Rourke

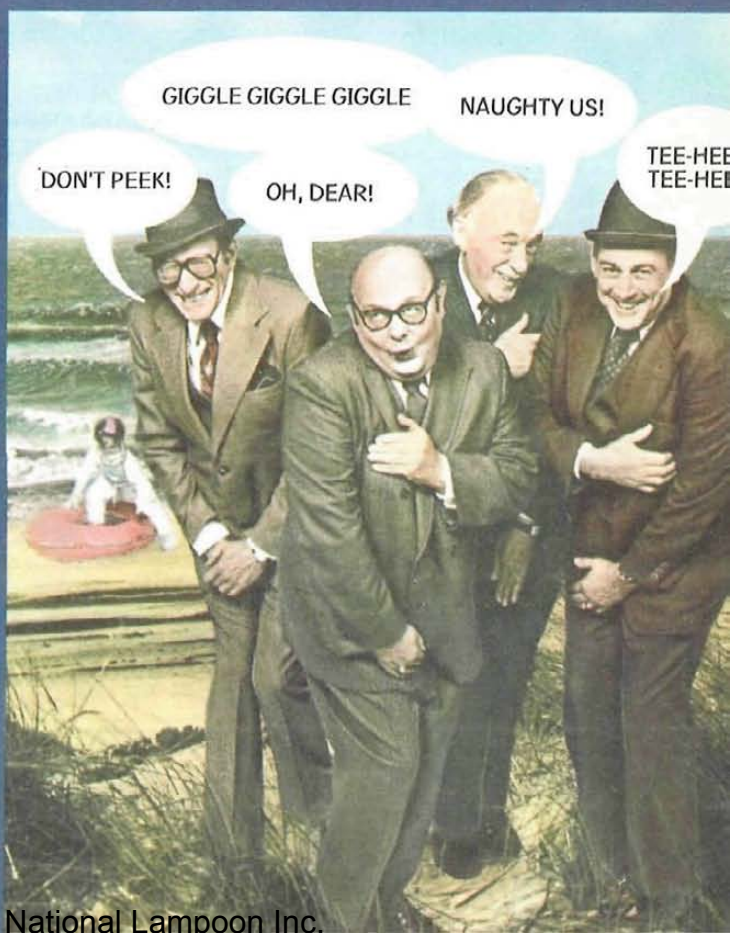


WHERE NAKED WOMEN ARE REGULAR PEOPLE



AND ALL THE REGULAR PEOPLE BEHAVE LIKE NAKED WOMEN

A lone astronaut crash-lands after a long journey through space.



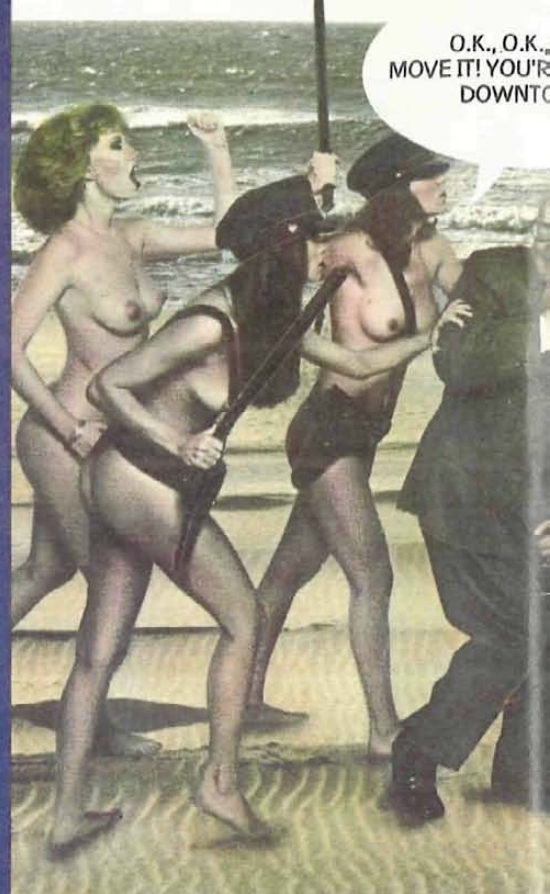
DON'T PEEK!
GIGGLE GIGGLE GIGGLE
OH, DEAR!
NAUGHTY US!
TEE-HEE TEE-HEE

MY GOD!!
THIS IS SCANDALOUS!!

POLICE!
ARREST THESE PEOPLE
AT ONCE!

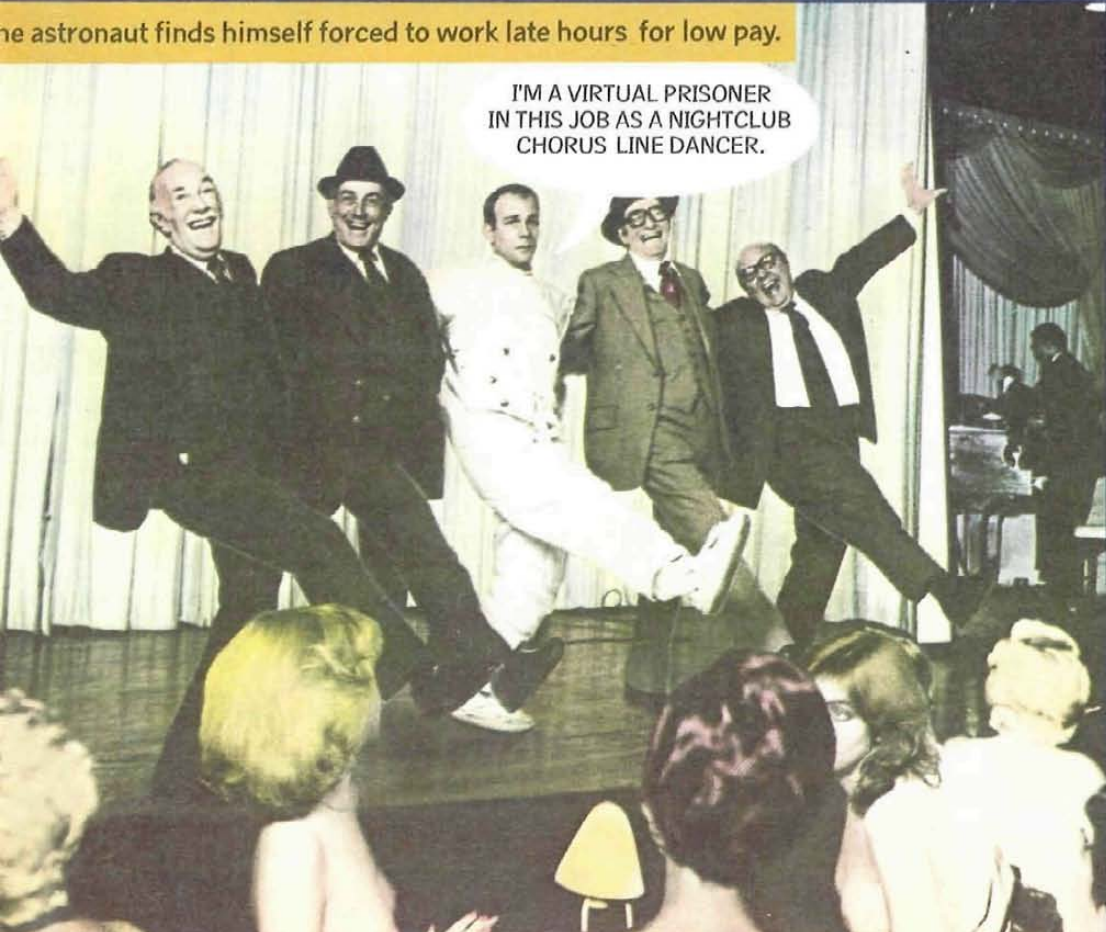


O.K., O.K.,
MOVE IT! YOU'RE
DOWNTOWN



The astronaut finds himself forced to work late hours for low pay.

I'M A VIRTUAL PRISONER
IN THIS JOB AS A NIGHTCLUB
CHORUS LINE DANCER.



He tries to talk to his

DON'T
UNDERSTAND
WHITE S



TEE-HEE...SOME
SENT TWO DOZEN R
MY DRESSING R



LET'S
RIE ALL GOIN'
OWN.

THERE IS SOMETHING
STRANGE ABOUT THE IN-
HABITANTS OF THIS
PLANET.



Later, a mysterious stranger posts bail
for the astronaut and his companions.

ALRIGHT, I'LL SPR
THE BUNCH OF YOU—
ONE CONDITION

OOOOO...YOU'RE
SO MASTERFUL.

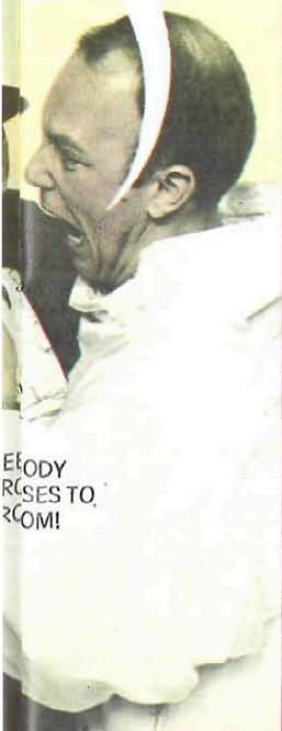
DON'T PEEK.

GIGGLE
GIGGLE
GIGGLE

TEE-HEE!
TEE-HEE!

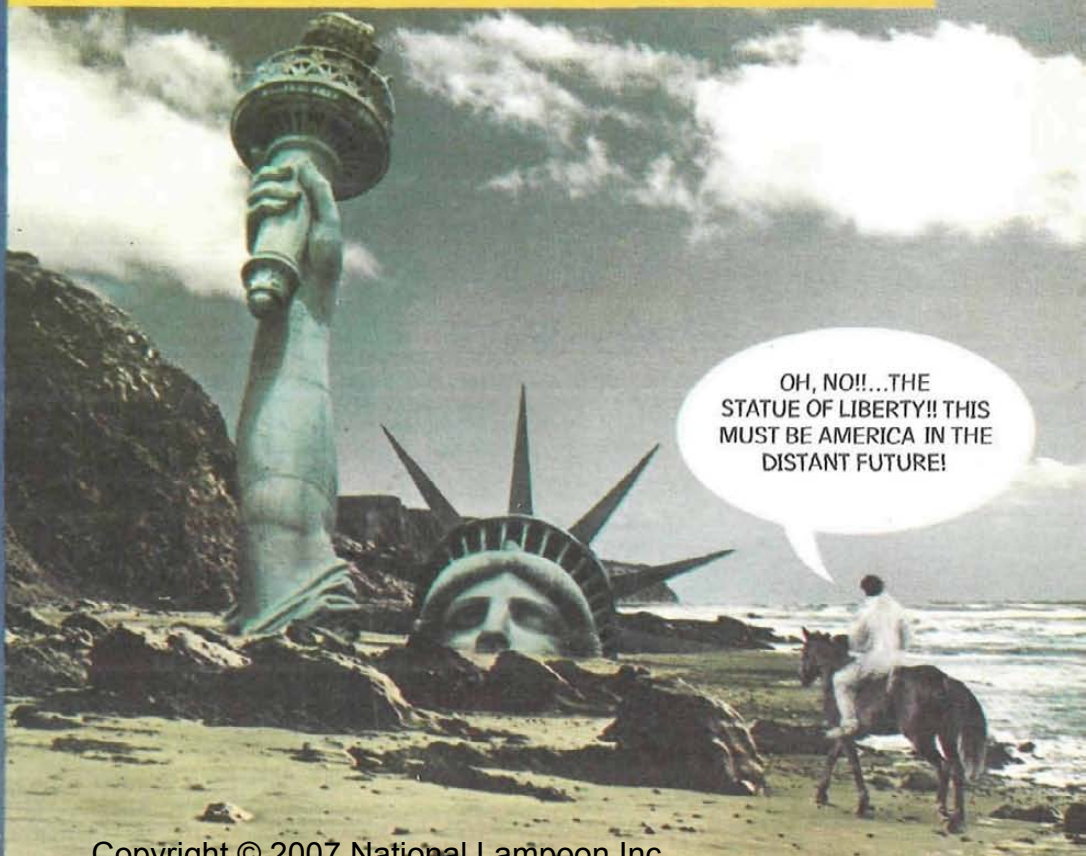
is fellow performers.

IF YOU
NO?! WHY, IT'S
SLAVERY!



EVERY
RSES TO
ROM!

Finally, the astronaut escapes and takes a horseback ride along the beach.



OH, NO!!...THE
STATUE OF LIBERTY!! THIS
MUST BE AMERICA IN THE
DISTANT FUTURE!

Two great Fisher "firsts" make one fantastic tape deck.

Not long ago, Fisher announced two tape decks unlike any the world had ever seen before.

One was the ER8150—the first high fidelity tape deck to handle both cassettes and 8-track cartridges, with Dolby noise reduction on both.

The other "first" was our revolutionary CR4025 cassette deck with wireless remote editing that lets you start and stop recording from across the room.

Both decks were instant successes. But then people started asking, why not combine the features of both into one "superdeck"?

We listened, and here it is: the Fisher ER8155. A dynamite combination of a stereo 8-track cartridge deck with Dolby, and a stereo cassette deck with Dolby and wireless remote editing!

The ER8155 records and plays cassettes or 8-track cartridges, records simultaneously on both, and copies from either one to the other—all in sparkling stereo high fidelity.

Here's one of the many ways you might use it: You want to tape a record album, omitting certain



cuts. Just put on the album, start the cassette section of the ER8155 recording, and sit back and relax. When a cut you don't want comes up, just hit the Pause button on the wireless remote control. Instantly the tape stops, until you push again to resume recording. *No more jumping up every 3 minutes to start and stop the recording!*

When you're finished, you might want to make an 8-track copy of your edited recording for your car. Just pop in a blank 8-track tape, turn a knob, and you get a perfect tape-to-tape transfer, with Dolby noise reduction.

You can select Dolby processing on either or both tapes, and even use it with your receiver to receive Dolbyized FM broadcasts.

If you're into both cassettes and 8-tracks, the ER8155 makes a lot of sense. It can also save you some dollars, because its \$449.95* price is considerably less than you'd pay for two separate decks of equivalent quality.

You can see the Fisher ER8155 now at selected audio dealers or the audio department of your favorite department store. We think it's one of the most unique and practical components you'll find anywhere. But you'd expect that from Fisher.

Because even after 42 years, we never run out of good ideas.

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

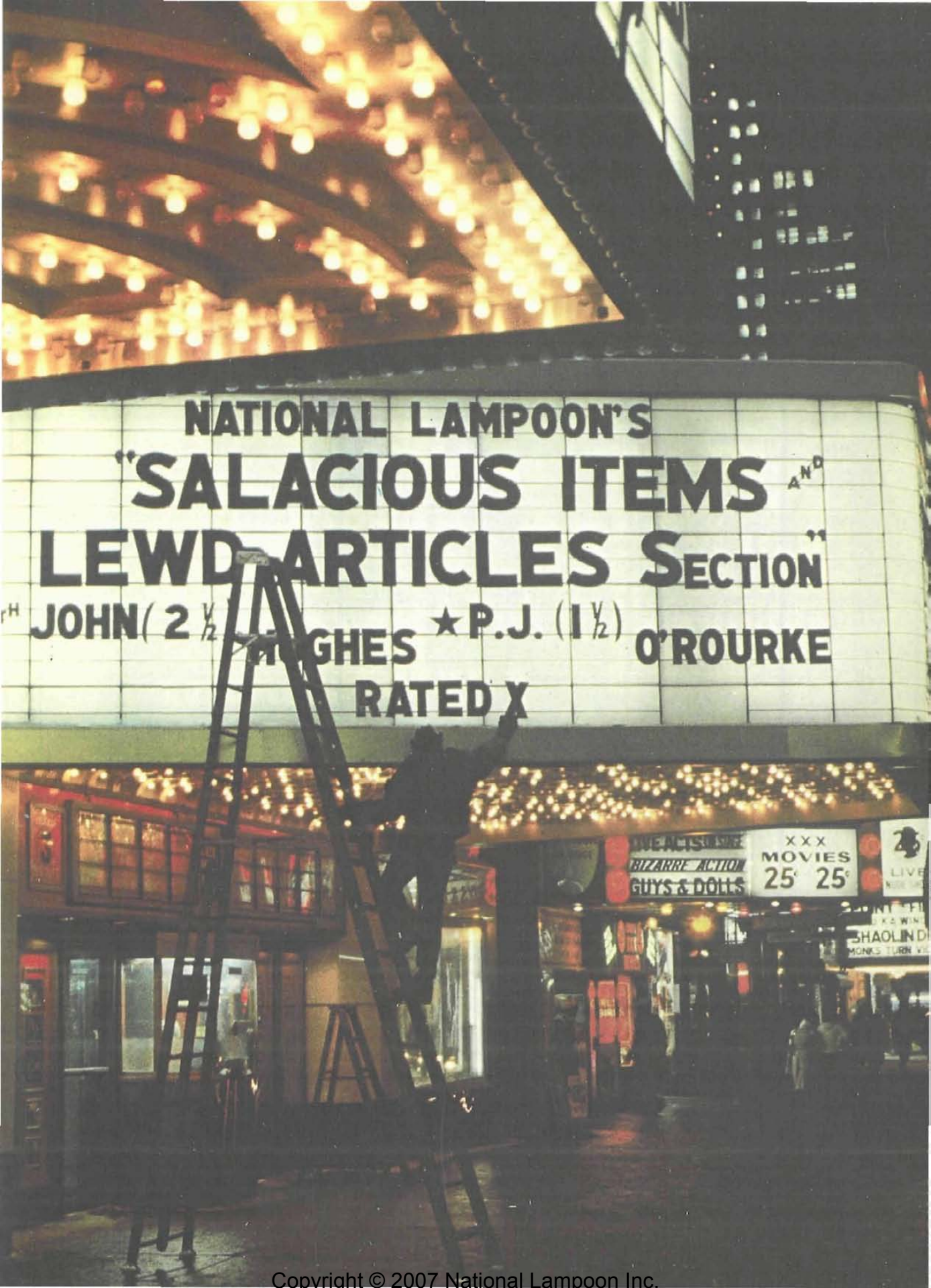
New guide for buying high fidelity equipment. Send \$2.00 with name and address for Fisher handbook to Fisher Corporation, Dept. H, 21314 Lassen Street, Chatsworth, CA 91311.

 **FISHER**
The first name in high fidelity.®



ER8155

Dolby is registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories. © 1979 Fisher Corp., Chatsworth, Calif. 91311



NATIONAL LAMPOON'S

"SALACIOUS ITEMS AND

LEWD ARTICLES SECTION"

JOHN (2 1/2) HUGHES ★ P.J. (1 1/2) O'ROURKE

RATED X

WE ADORE
BIZARRE ACTION
GUYS & DOLLS

XXX
MOVIES
25¢ 25¢

LIVE
NOW ON

SHAOLIN D
MONKS TURN X

EMERGENCY EROTIC SOURCES

BY JOHN HUGHES

IN THE EVENT that you are isolated from conventional forms of titillation, any of the following may be used for that purpose.

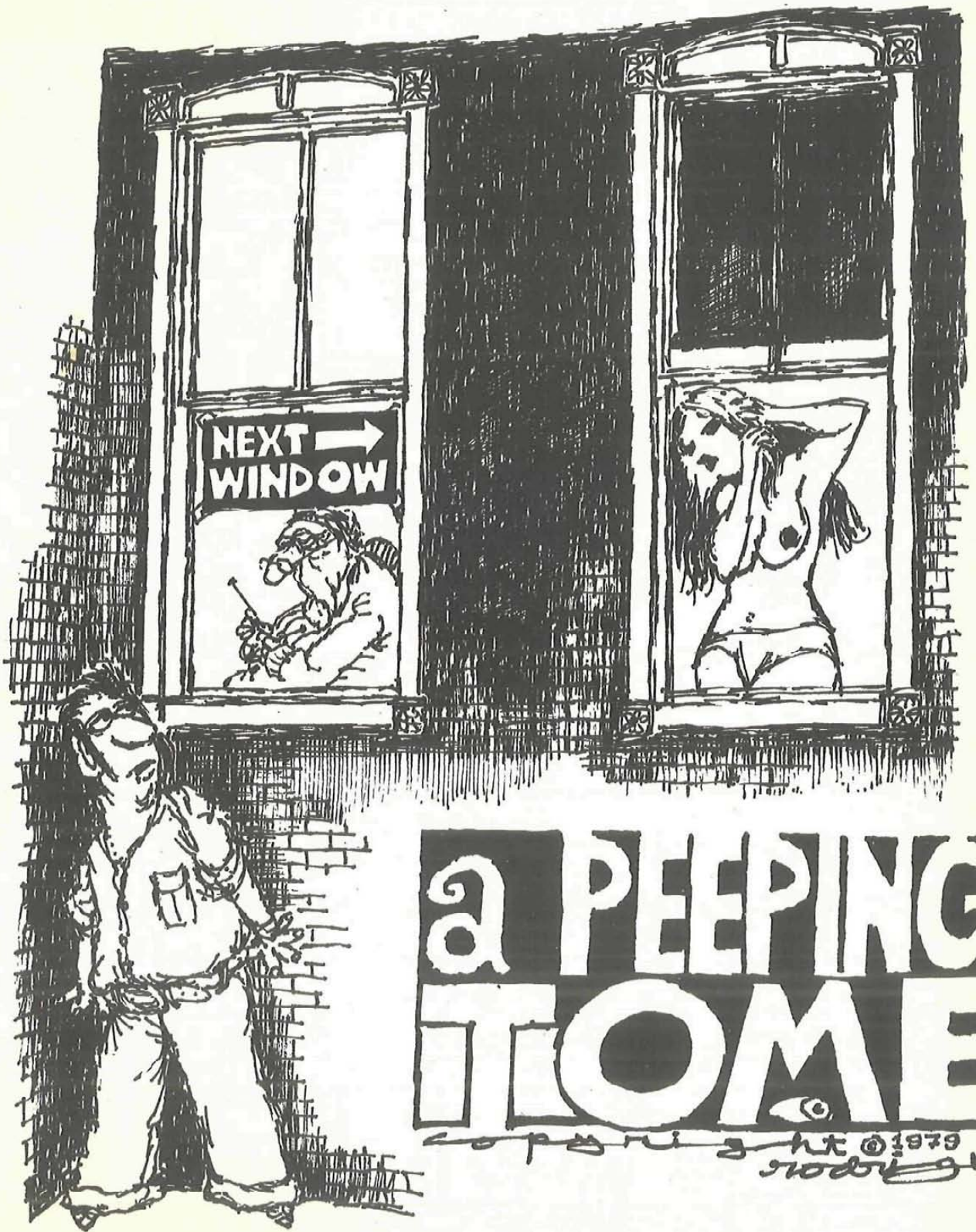
Attach to refrigerator, bathroom, or nightstand.

Folds for easy wallet storage.

READ THIS CARD **NOW!**
BE PREPARED
FOR EMERGENCIES!

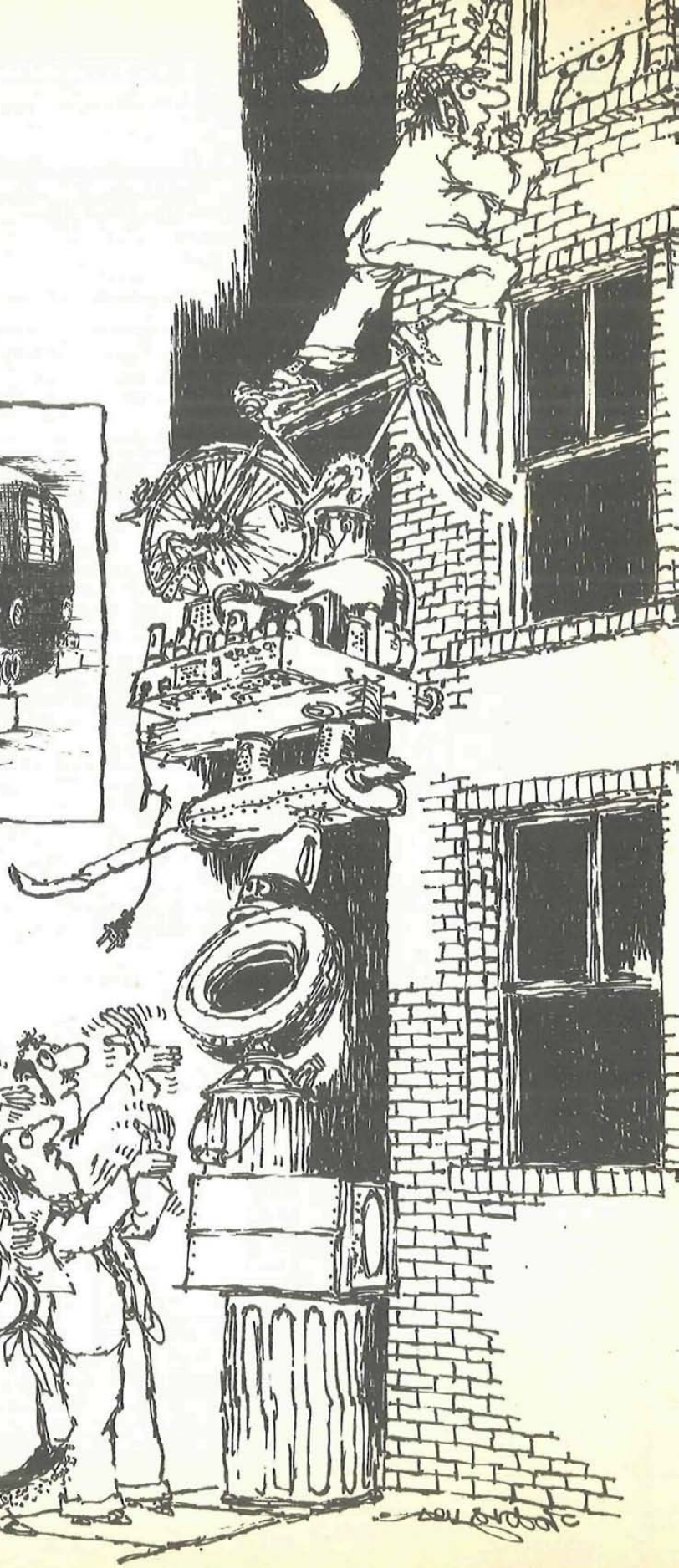
<p>TV</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● "Charlie's Angels": Swimming pool/beach scenes ● "Vegas": Women running scenes ● "Three's Company": Nipple bumps between jokes ● Breast cancer news reports 	<p>WOMEN'S MAGAZINES</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● Cosmopolitan: Check the cover, "What's Going On" section, questions to gynecologist, lead story photo, ads, fashion (especially sleepwear, underwear, and bathing suits), and stories about how to give a polite hand job. ● Vogue: Possibly the most erotic magazine in the country. Body care usually concerns whole body, including breasts, and if not, they show the breasts anyway; also asses and legs. ● Seventeen: Young. No nudity but heartbreaking faces and crotch-bending figures. Watch for the annual spring bathing suit preview. ● Glamour: In trying to keep up with <i>Vogue</i>, this rag has opened up with tits and ass and stories about satin sheets, fuzzy finger mitts, and strawberry rub jobs. Not as much style as <i>Vogue</i>, but often younger. ● Better Homes and Gardens: Zero ● Good Housekeeping: Less than zero. ● Imported French fashion magazines: Half of the magazine is nude sunbathing, dining in leather panties, shopping in a towel, plus occasional features on what to wear to a rape, slapping yourself unconscious, or licking killer dogs. Very bizarre ads for very bizarre body aides, too. ● Playgirl: For homos only.
<p>MOVIES</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● A G movie won't have any tits in it but a PG may, and while not all that much will be showing, it's still going to be thirty-five feet wide and fifty-five feet high. 	<p>WOMEN'S BOOKS</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● Our Bodies, Ourselves: The classic body manual with earthy instructions and descriptions of the female anatomy. Some interesting but slightly gross hairy-leg liberated-woman-inspecting-split-beaver-with-mirror-between-thighs shots. ● Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape: No pictures but plenty of disgusting tales of mistreatment of women over the centuries. Like most anti-female exploitation authors, this gal writes a pretty steamy paragraph. ● The Hite Report: Rather the <i>Gallery</i> magazine "Girl Next Door" in print. Real broads talking about all kinds of dirty stuff. Of special interest is the section on oral sex.
<p>ALBUM COVERS</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● Montrose: <i>Jump on It</i> ● Carly Simon: <i>Playing Possum, No Secrets</i> ● Be-Bop Deluxe: <i>Sunburst Finish</i> ● Jimi Hendrix: <i>Electric Lady Land</i> (Import cover only) ● Wet Willie: <i>The Wetter the Better</i> ● Ohio Players: <i>Rattlesnake, Fire, Climax, Honey</i>, and anything else they ever came out with ● Roxy Music: <i>Stranded, Country Life</i> ● UFO: <i>Force It</i> ● Santana: <i>Abraxas</i> ● Robert Palmer: <i>Pressure Drop</i> ● Linda Ronstadt: <i>Silk Purse</i> ● Blind Faith: <i>Blind Faith</i> (Import cover only) 	<p>LOW GRADE SOURCES</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● Medical disease books ● Nursing books ● Instamatic photos of yourself
<p>COMMERCIALS AND ADS</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● Cougar commercial: Girl's nipples ● Freshen-Up gum: Teen girls and suggestive product ● Nair: Legs and asses ● Douche commercials: Keep in my mind where the product is and what it does as you watch ● Bra commercials: Lots of women thrusting out their chests ● Tampon commercials: Very raunchy talk ● Underalls: Superbly shaped asses ● Bra ads: Lightweight models feature nipple bumps ● Panty ads: Cunt lumps and hair ripples ● Belair cigarettes: Wet, erect nipples ● Bust developers: Huge, amazing tits and weird machinery 	<p>EQUIVALENCIES</p>	<p>Titillation is often a matter not so much of what you saw as where you saw it. Here is a table of titillation equivalents:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● Anus in Playboy = Partial beaver in Vogue. ● Sharp-focus manually split beaver in Oui = Tit in Time. ● Finger insertion past first knuckle in Penthouse = Woman in bathing suit in U.S. News and World Report. ● Second-party anal finger insertion in Club = Tit in a newspaper. ● Penis insertion with double interracial fellatio in Hustler = Pubic hair in Sports Illustrated. ● Dog rape and underage lesbian cunnilingus in Cheri = Nipple bump in TV Guide.
<p>CATALOGS</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> **** Better than <i>Oui</i> *** As good as an average calendar in a gas station ** About equal to a biology textbook * Worse than watching your wife sunbathe ● Saks **** Underwear, sleepwear: adult ● Lord and Taylor *** Underwear, sleepwear, swimwear: adult ● Bloomingdale's ***** Special underwear circular only ● Neiman Marcus * Conservative underpants: adult, pre-teen ● Ward's 1/2 * See teen panties ● Sears ** Underwear: women and junior miss 		
<p>PACKAGING</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● Tampon instructions ● Contraceptive foam instructions ● Douche containers 		

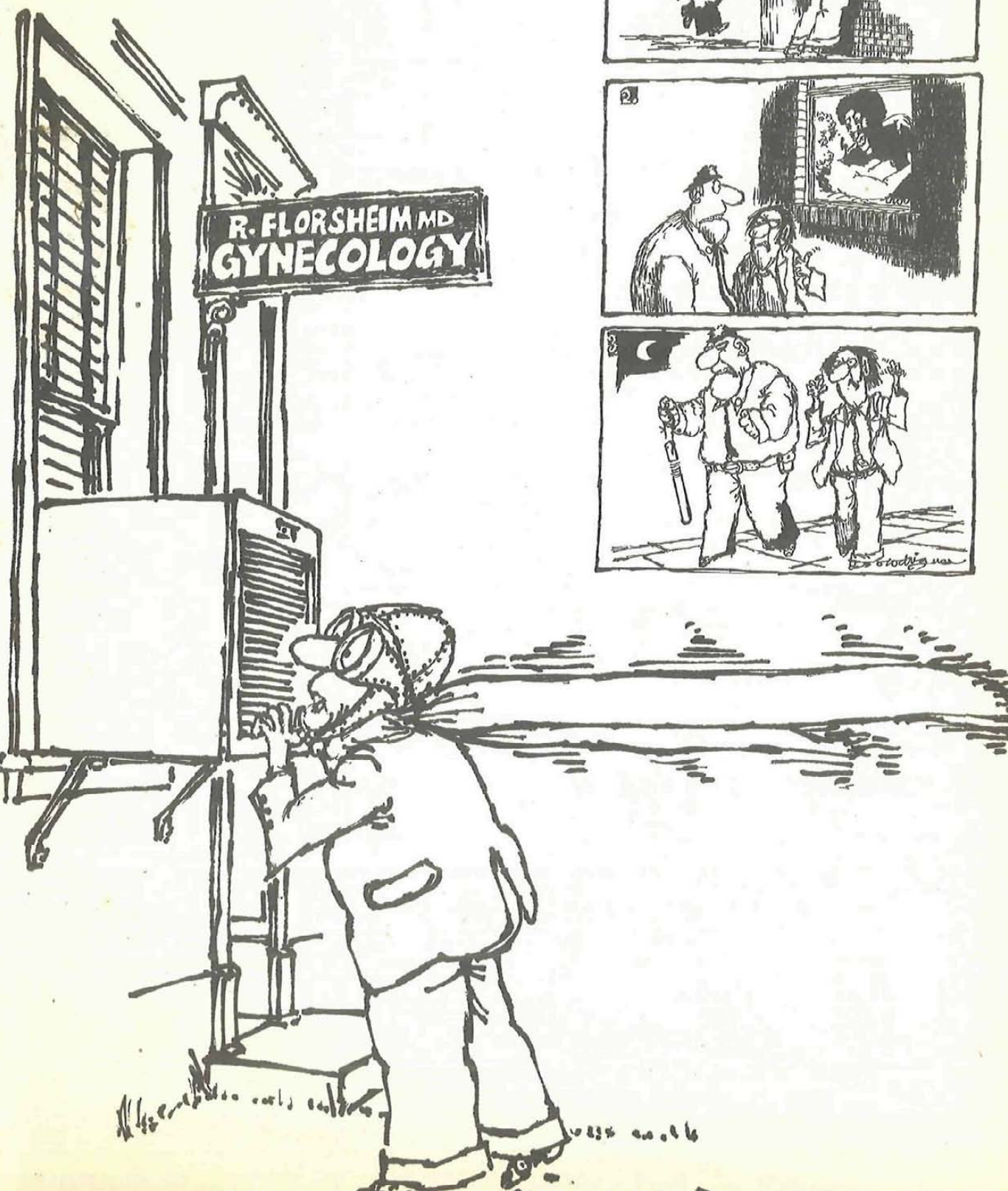
Distributed by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, Washington, D.C.

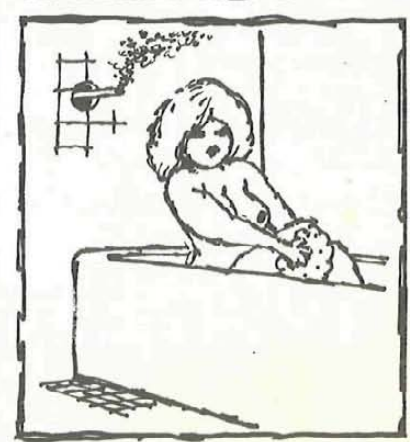
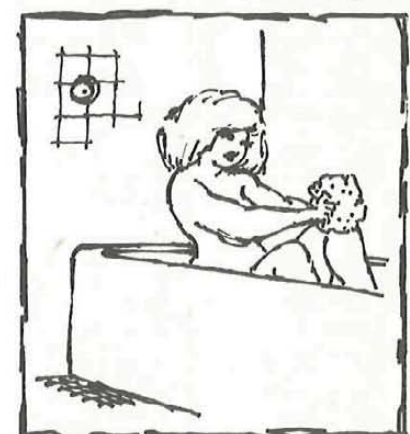
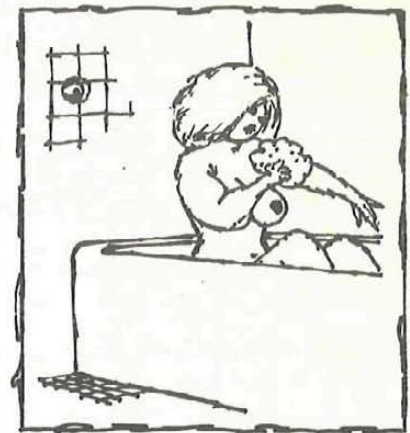
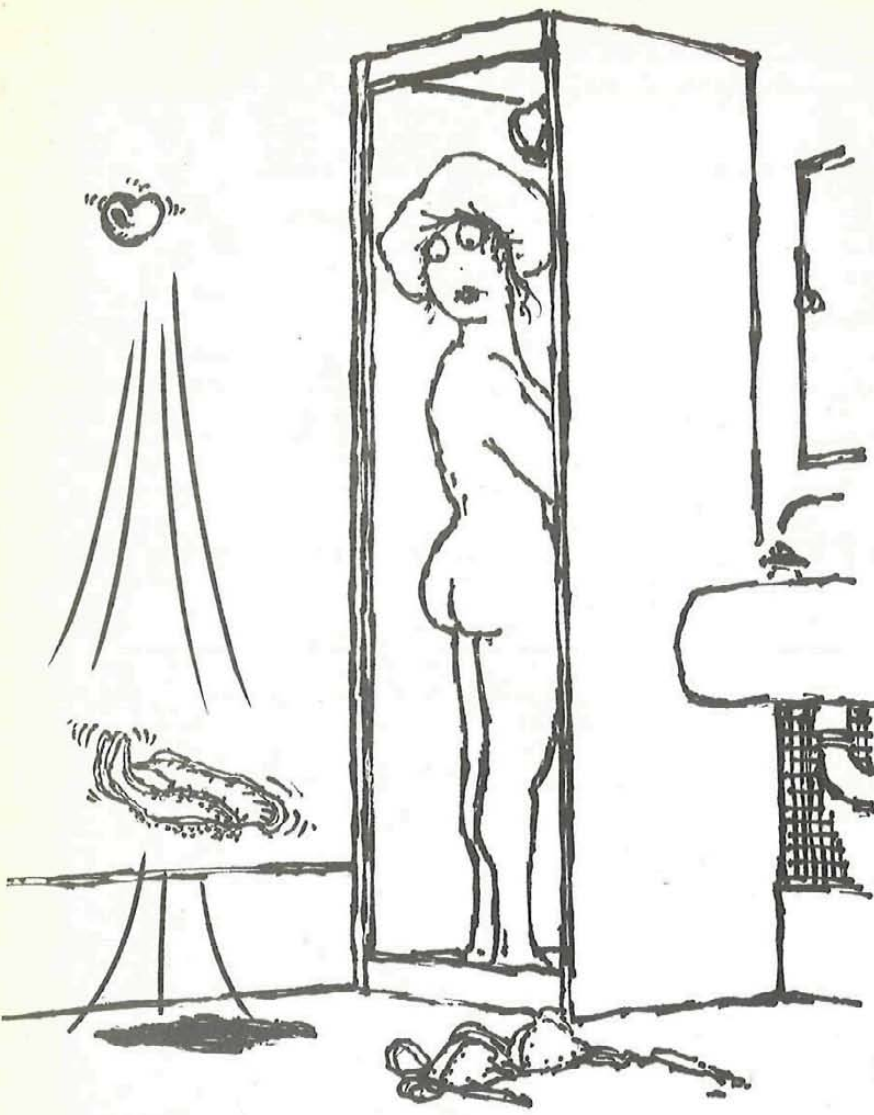


a PEEPING TOME

ROBERT S. HART © 1979
HODDY G. W.







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WITH VIBRA-SNOOT

REAL-SOUNDING BARK

Explore this lifelike pooch. She's perfectly proportioned with loads of detail. Party Dog is a true duplication of the dog you've always dreamed of. She's hot, she's horny, and she's always in heat!

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- German Shepherd
- Great Schnauzer
- Poodle
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- ★ Functioning organs
- ★ Cold nose
- ★ French and Greek design

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Super Hard-on Gum!

The more you chew the harder your cock gets, and as long as you keep chewing, it stays hard for up to three hours. When ordinary men have to call it quits, you've still got lots of stiff. Freshly minty taste freshens breath! Won't stick to most dental work. Gals! Blow job Gum! Cleanses mouth, kills ugly semen aftertaste, and leaves breath smelling minty fresh. AVAILABLE MOUTH PRODUCTS, Box 44043, Panorama, Cal. 99021

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Only \$19.00 each

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- Hogs and Dogs
- Hogs and Hogs
- Women and Women
- Hogs, Dogs, and Women
- Hogs, Hogs, Dogs, Dogs, Women, and Women

DOZE PRODUCTS P.O. Box 7650 Machete, Tex. 75227

10,000 Holes!

- Big holes: \$30.00
- Small holes: \$25.00
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Garage Dist., 3390 S. Placenta Ave., Lodi, Calif. 80088

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The unique new Rectalizer[®] anal enlarger is imported from China and it's designed to make a man more manly where it counts! Working on the principle of gravity, the Rectalizer[®] gently enlarges the anus until, after just one month, it's as big as a horse! Women love men with super-huge anuses!

FAR EAST SEX AND IMPORT TRADERS CO. 5545 Barkley Dr. Santa Susan, Calif. 93102



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YOUR MOTHER AND A PIG!



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I'LL HIT YOU AND SLAP YOU AND PULL YOUR NOSE!



I've got one black ball and one black man and women. Disgrace a wife and I'll come over and beat the crap out of you and smack up your nose with hissing my \$50 in four plus travel expenses. Not subject to request.

DAVE, Apt. 889, 776 E. Bullock Blvd., San Bazooka, Calif. 94422

Finger-Lips[®]



Makes a Blow Job Feel Just Like a Hand Job!

Only \$24.95

SEXAPEUTICS LTD Box 3, Fez, Tex. 9196

I'D LIKE TO SUCK YOU

For every penny you have by selling your pictures of beautiful old whores spreading their legs and holding up their worn out old jugs with down mottled nipples, it makes me sick, but if you'll pay ridiculous sums of money for the trash just so you can wiggle the worm over it, be my guest! Look, I'm making \$750,000 a year dealing in this slime, and your \$10 will not be added to the pile, you lonely degraded hunk of queer shit. Enclose \$10 and I'll send you some filthy pictures. Enclose \$100 and I'll send you filthy pictures of crippled girls and babies being abused by insane old men that will make your skin crawl! Send me \$1,000 and I'll mail you the body of a Mexican streetwalker. Mail me \$10,000 and I'll deliver a cub scout troop, girl scout troop or circus elephant to your door you flaming dick nose!

IRV THE MONGREL P.O. Box 22122, Canker, Miss 39393

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Homo fun for everyone Lots of rubber things, tickling spongy stuff, and junk that feels great! Mailed in confidential brown paper wrapped shipping crate

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STAG PARTY 14

Home Cardigan Project

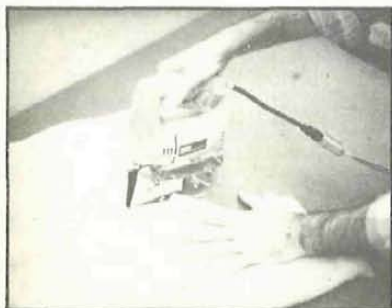


A Fine Sweater You Can Build in Your Own Workshop

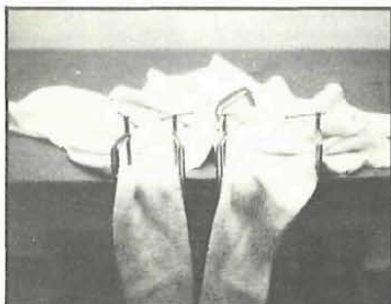
by Tod Carroll

MANY of you realize that the price of men's fashions has skyrocketed in recent years. Expensive new fabrics, rising labor costs, and most of all, greedy designers are at fault, while the clothing itself has become, if anything, less attractive and less durable. To help you combat this inflationary, budget-straining trend, as well as perk up your wardrobe with a garment you'll really like, we present a good-looking, one-size-fits-everyone cardigan that can be assembled in a couple of weekends. And best of all, it shouldn't cost more than a few dollars in materials and supplies! Here's what you'll need:

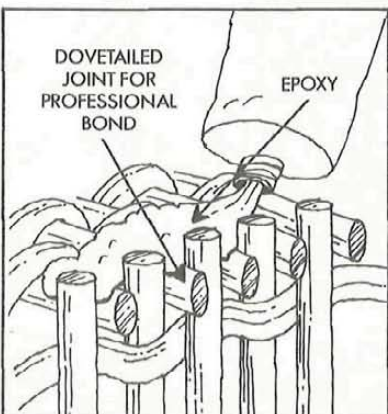
- 3 yds. 1/4" x 36" No. 3-grade clear cardigan
- 1 box metal sleeve joiners
- 12 3/32" x 5/8" machine screws and nuts
- 1 large tube epoxy glue
- 1 gal. "Reddy-Pitch" cardigan sealer
- 1 length 5/8" button dowel
- 6 No. 7 fine textile sander disks
- 2 cans spray sweater primer
- 4 cans all-weather spray enamel finish



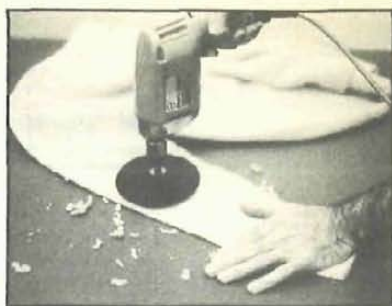
STEP 1. Spread your cardigan fabric on a flat work surface. Enlarge the pattern (opposite page) 300%, pencil it on the fabric, and cut. (Hint: A standard carpenter's pencil will not make a very clear line on cardigan material. Use an Ulrich's "Tex-Mark" soft-point pen for clean, smudge-proof results.)



STEP 2. Join the sections together by applying epoxy to seams AF, AE, BC, AC, and BD. You will want to dovetail joints to get a strong, professional bond. C-clamps will hold your sections in place while the glue sets overnight.



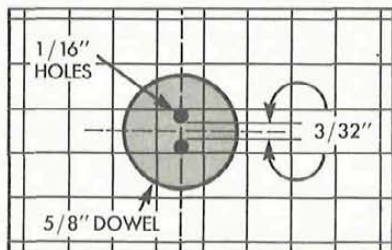
STEP 3. Attach sleeves at seams AB with epoxy. Metal sleeve joiners are also suggested for extra reinforcement at critical wear points.



STEP 4. Plane and sand. (Hint: No cardigan, whatever grade, leaves the mill perfectly smooth. If you want a rich, attractive finish that distinguishes a truly well-crafted sweater, don't short-cut this important step. A thorough job now will provide a source of beauty and pride for years to come.)

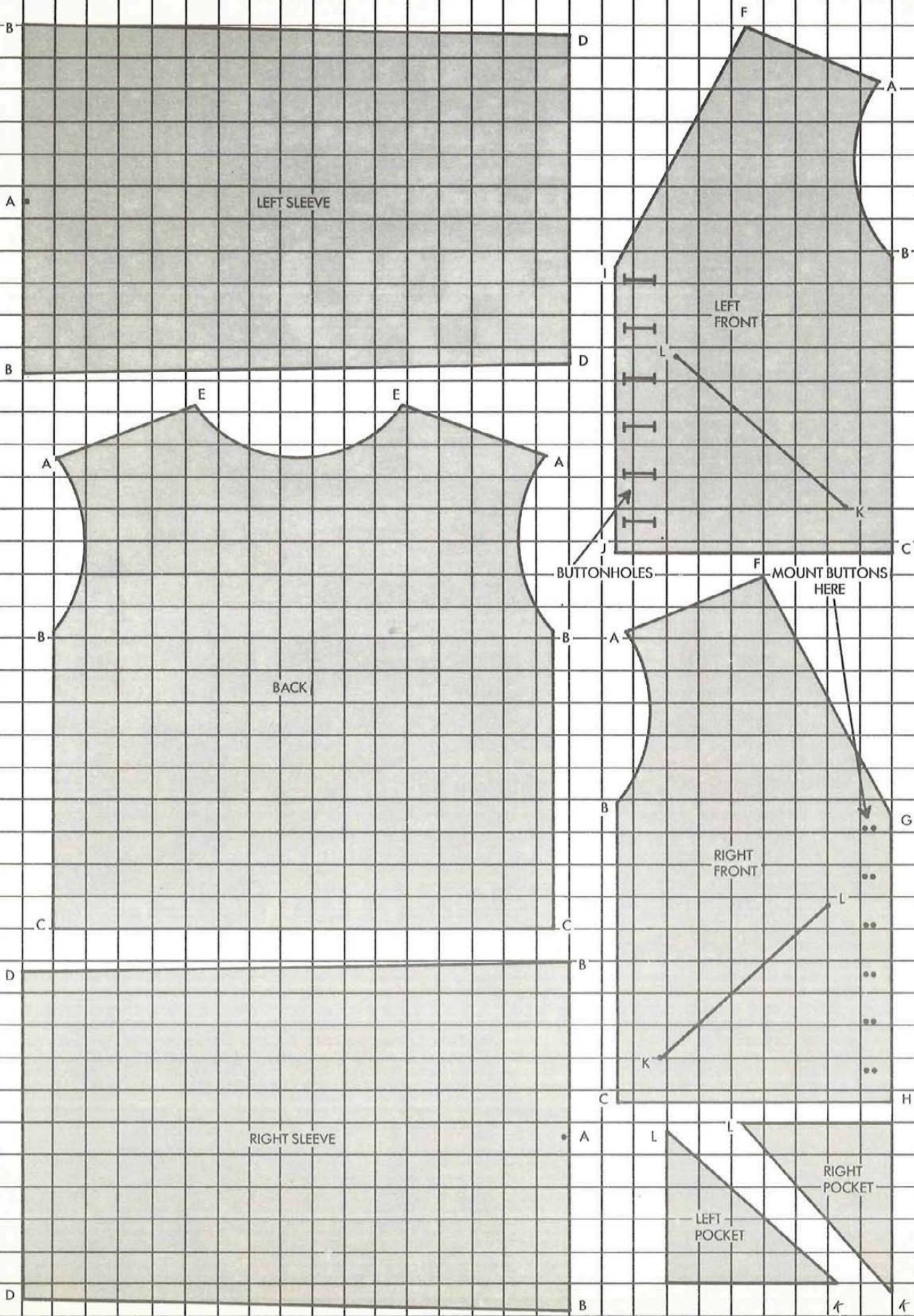


STEP 5. Spray on primer, let dry for three hours, then add two coats of your finish enamel. If waterproofing is desired, apply a thick coat of "Reddy-Pitch" cardigan sealer. (Hint: To preserve the original luster of your fabric, clean it periodically with a damp rag and mild detergent. Then rub in "Restorzit" natural cardigan oil for a deep, luxurious shine that actually improves the look of your sweater with age.)



STEP 6. Cut six 1/8"-thick buttons from your dowel, and drill as shown. Drill corresponding holes along edge GH, then mount buttons with 3/32" x 5/8" machine screws and nuts. Cut 5/8"-slits along edge IJ, and pocket slits at KL. Adhere pockets to inside right and left front panels at KL. (Hint: You cannot be too careful when drilling fabrics. If your cardigan is milled from oil-based fabric, cotton, wool, or any other flammable fiber, heat generated by a high-speed drill may create a serious fire hazard. Most professional textile workers recommend the use of variable speed or hand-operated equipment to insure maximum safety.)

Your cardigan is now ready to wear. Its sturdy construction and eye-pleasing style are ideal for home, work, or recreation—anywhere you need a good sweater.



Icelandic.
The best deal
to Europe:
\$299*
roundtrip.
(\$149⁵⁰ one way)

New York to Luxembourg.
No restrictions.

Every seat at the same price.

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Special fares also available from
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See your travel agent. Or write Dept. *NL-4 Icelandic Airlines, P.O. Box 105, West Hempstead, NY 11552. Phone 212-757-8585 (New York City only) or call 800-555-1212 for the toll-free number in your area.

Please send me a timetable of Icelandic's flights from New York, Chicago and Baltimore/Washington.

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25 years of low air fares to Europe.



College Spring Vacation



The Cuban is the
State Negro of
Florida



Feeding the
Old People--
SOUTH
MIAMI BEACH



The Learning Tower
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Hotel Room Rates--
BOCA RATON



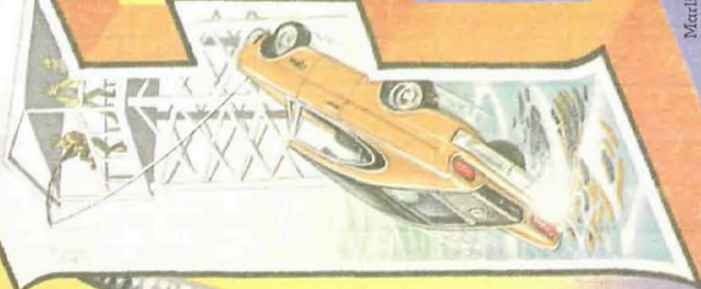
Seminole Indian Wrestling
& Tailor--EVERGLADES
NATIONAL PARK



Dog Races--
FT. LAUDERDALE



World's Tallest
Souvenir Ashtray--
POMPANO
BEACH

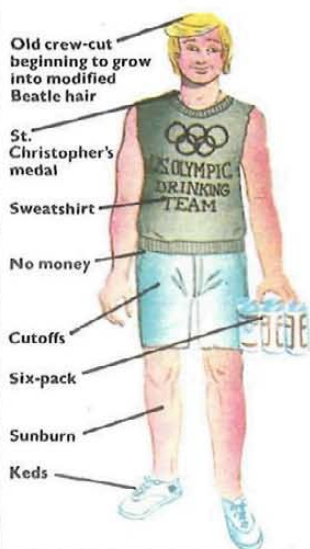


Marlin Fishing--
ORLANDO

Travel Supplement

EVOLUTION OF THE SPRING VACATION COLLEGE STUDENT IN FT. LAUDERDALE

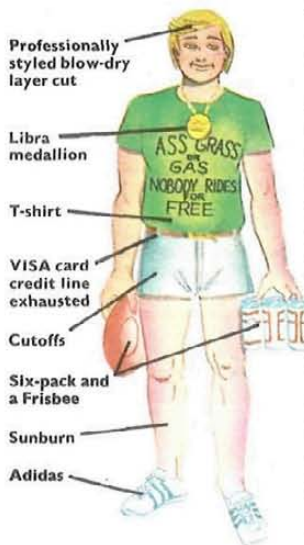
MID-SIXTIES



EARLY SEVENTIES



PRESENT



COLLEGE

Ohio State, Michigan State, Purdue.	Antioch, Oberlin, Bard.	Dayton Community College, Cuyahoga County Junior College, Akron Tech.
-------------------------------------	-------------------------	---

MAJOR

Government, Business Administration, Phys. Ed.	English, American Studies, Philosophy.	Computer programming, Medical Technology, Fast Food Management.
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GOAL IN LIFE

Stay drunk.	Stay high.	Get a good job.
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TRANSPORTATION

Buddy's beat-up old MGA.	Hitched a ride with a bus full of Krishna freaks.	My van.
--------------------------	---	---------

ACCOMMODATIONS

Palm Breeze Motel—10 to a room.	Palm Breeze Motel—20 to a room.	International Palm Breeze Hyatt—2 to a room.
---------------------------------	---------------------------------	--

REASON FOR COMING TO FLORIDA

"Get loaded and hump some broads."	"Dig the vibes."	"Get a tan!"
------------------------------------	------------------	--------------

THE GIRLS

(For the last fifteen years there has been a more or less constant ratio of about one young woman you could look at without vomiting to every forty guys.)

SUZY	SUNSHINE	DAWN
Hand jobs to guys with 'Vettes.	Blow jobs to guys with drugs.	Fucks for premeds.

WHEN YOU RETURN FROM FLORIDA:

What to Tell Your Parents

"Golly, I had a grand time. I went to Cypress Gardens and Marine World and took a tour of Cape Canaveral; I went for a glass-bottomed boat ride and saw a trained porpoise, and visited Silver Springs and Parrot Jungle and Everglades National Park; and I went shell hunting and snorkeling, and swam every day, but it sure was a terrible shame that I lost the watch that you gave me for graduation somewhere on the beach."

WHEN YOU RETURN FROM FLORIDA:

What to Tell Your Friends Who You Went With

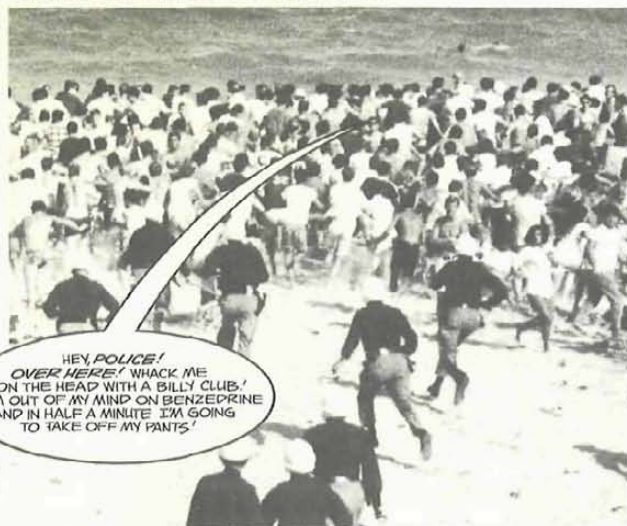
"Come on, it was just as much your idea as it was mine and it's not my fault your mom reported her Master Charge card stolen, and besides, if it wasn't for me hocking my fucking wristwatch you'd still be in jail. Ouch! Who's got the goddamned Solarcaine?"

WHEN YOU RETURN FROM FLORIDA:

What to Tell Your Friends Who Didn't Go With You

"Yeah. It was a pretty cool scene. Like, you know, the Eagles were down there. Don Henley is a pretty cool guy. I liked Glenn Frey, too. They're good guys, the Eagles. Really good dope down in Florida, too. Of course, you've got to know the guys who fly it in from Colombia, but they're pretty cool guys. Really. Met this out-of-sight chick. She's a model in New York. Jesus, I practically wrecked her Mercedes one night. We were really stoned. Did some skin diving, too. Ruined a good watch going down to two hundred feet. Must have been so coked up I forgot I had it on."

WHAT IT USED TO BE LIKE



Well, actually it was just as boring fifteen years ago as it is now. But at least we had balls. I mean, when you kids get bored you just stand around and talk about the job market; when we got bored we smashed store windows, turned over cars, and set fire to the mattresses in our motel rooms. You know what the trouble with you kids is? You just don't have any *despair*. Really. Take nuclear holocaust, for instance. This is nothing to you, just another kind of freaky ecological disaster as far as you're concerned. You grew up with this stuff. You're used to it. But, Christ, guys my age, some of us can remember when the Ruskies were still our pals—fighting the Nips and Nazis and everything. We can remember before television—no shit. We can remember when the world was a regular place. Then all of a sudden they tell us the whole schmeer is going to get blown up—fucking Rosenbergs told the Commies how you make A-bombs and that's it. Any moment the missiles'll be sailing through the windows, and that's all she wrote. So what did we care about grades or whether being thrown in jail in Daytona went on our permanent record? Man, the world was going to end. We had despair. And because we

had despair, we didn't give a fuck. And because we didn't give a fuck we had a better time than you'll ever even hear about. Eat your heart out, tenderfeet. Of course, on the other hand, we're all unemployed, too. And after you turn thirty-five you start to look pretty creepy in a pair of madras Bermuda shorts and a Budweiser hat. So maybe you kids aren't all wrong either.

HOW TO PRETEND YOU'RE A DOPE SMUGGLER

There's only about one really cool thing to be in Florida and that's one of the people who smuggles marijuana or cocaine into the States from South America. The coke smugglers are super greasy and heavy into organized crime, so you don't want to pretend to be one of them. That leaves marijuana. And there are two kinds of marijuana smugglers: those who use sailboats and those who use airplanes. The airplane guys tend to be your asshole quick-buck student pilot types; therefore, the best thing to pretend to be is a sailboat marijuana smuggler. Here's how:

- Clothes: a very faded pair of straight-leg jeans about two inches shorter than you'd usually wear them, a Hawaiian hukilau shirt (a

real cotton one from the fifties), Sperry Topsider moccasins (not the cheaper imitations), and a pair of sunglasses hung around your neck on monofilament fishline.

- To this simple and unvarying costume try to add one small but expensive-seeming touch—a very fancy diver's watch, a gold doubloon on a chain around your neck, a luxurious belt buckle, etc.

- Get a huge roll of ones, put the largest denomination bill you can afford on the outside of it, and carry it in your side pocket (marijuana smugglers conduct all business in cash).

- What you're pretending to be is called a "scammer" or "scam artist." You should never use the words yourself, however.

- When somebody asks you what you do, you should say you "deliver sailboats for people."

- Talk a lot about "the boys."

- Mention the Cayman Islands frequently.

- Retire often and ostentatiously to the men's room and return sniffing.

- You don't have to know anything about dope, but it

does help to know something about sailboats. Use these terms frequently: "sloop-rigged," "winch handle," "spinnaker," "reef the mainsail," and "deck."

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU GET TO FT. LAUDERDALE

- Walk up A1A.
- Walk down the beach.
- Say hello to the friendly policemen. (They've been to encounter groups to help them learn to deal with youth.)
- See how many beers you can drink before 9 A.M.
- Go in for a swim.
- Refrain from throwing your Frisbee. (It's illegal to throw things on the beach.)
- Pretend the drinking age is still twenty-one and imagine whether the guy at the door would have let you in or not.
- Flirt with the girl in the souvenir T-shirt store.
- Walk up the beach.
- Walk down A1A.
- Time the maid and see how fast she can pick up thirty wet towels in the bathroom.
- Secretly take your bathing suit off under water.

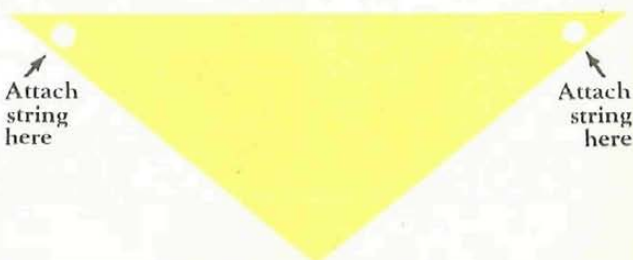
continued

EXTRA INFORMATION FOR RICH KIDS ONLY

Who don't have to stop in Florida and can afford to keep going down to the islands.

Hot roulette table tip for the Playboy Casino in Nassau: Play "32," "34," and "38."

Jimmy Buffett's phone number in Martinique: 54-2307



Monokini (actual size). Just cut out and fasten on your cute little girl friend.

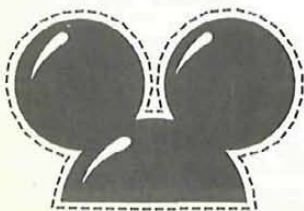
- See if you can masturbate in the ocean in the middle of the day while thousands of people are on the beach.
- Try to find a parking space.
- Start your own wet T-shirt contest.



You win!

- Watch for girls whose breasts fall out of their bathing suit tops.
- See how many beers you can drink before 10 A.M.
- Swim way way out until the lifeguard yells at you.
- Swim back.
- Drive to Miami.
- Drive back.
- See if you can think of any famous people who live in Ft. Lauderdale and then look them up in the phone book and drive by their houses.
- Watch for girls who have pubic hair sticking out of their bathing suit bottoms.
- Count all the dead jellyfish.
- Play golf.

HOW TO GET THROWN OUT OF DISNEY WORLD



Here's a pair of mouse ears to put on your dork.

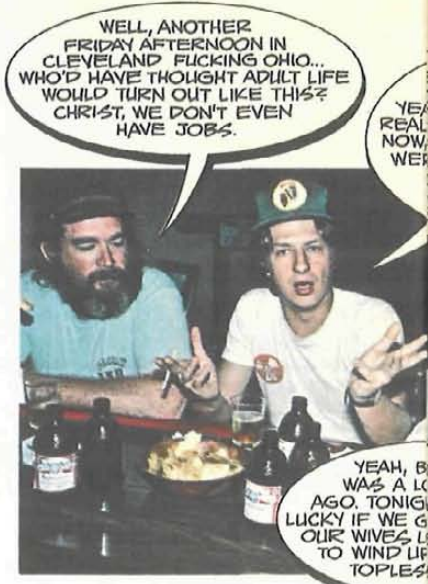
Phil, Pat, & Rick RELIVE the PAST

BY TOM CORCORAN AND P.J. O'ROURKE
PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOM CORCORAN

STARRING

PHIL TENNEY AS "PHIL," P.J. O'ROURKE AS "PAT,"
AND RICK LUTZ AS "RICK"

WITH GUEST STARS (IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE):
PAT TENNEY, JED TENNEY, AND JUDY CORCORAN
AS WIVES AND FAMILY. MARI AN VITIG, ANGELA
IGREC, BERNIE GIALLOMBARDO, AND LAURA
ALBINO AS COLLEGE GIRLS.



JESUS, DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME OF DAY THIS IS? DO YOU GUYS KNOW WHERE WE WERE RIGHT NOW, SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO? WE WERE DOWN IN FUCKING FT. WORTH, PERDALE, MAN! BOZE! BROADS! BOOG-A-LOO!

DAMN IT, THE HELL WITH THAT SHIT! LET'S GO! I MEAN, LET'S GET IN THE GODDAMNED CAR AND GO TO FLORIDA, GODDAMN IT. COME ON, PHIL, WE'LL TAKE YOUR CAR!

WHAT LONG TIME IT WILL BE GETTING AWAY FROM US LONG ENOUGH TO GET SOME SEX.



WELL...UH...O.K....

I'LL BOUNCE A CHECK AT THE 7-11.

JUST YOU WAIT A MINUTE, BUSTER! YOU'RE A MARRIED MAN, YOU KNOW!

IT'LL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE YOU HEAR THE END OF THIS, MR. BIG SHOT!



JESUS, WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU GUYS EVER GET MARRIED FOR?

IT MUST BE ALMOST 50?

WHO ARE THOSE WEIRD-LOOKING GUYS WHO ARE OVER THIRTY?

I DUNNO, MUST BE NARCS.

IS ALL OF THAT REALLY YOUR REAL STOMACH? TEE-HEE.

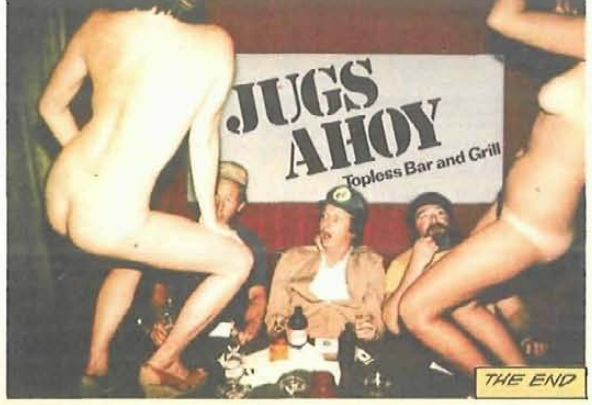


OH, OLD OLD.

THIS SURE IS FUN, ASSHOLE.

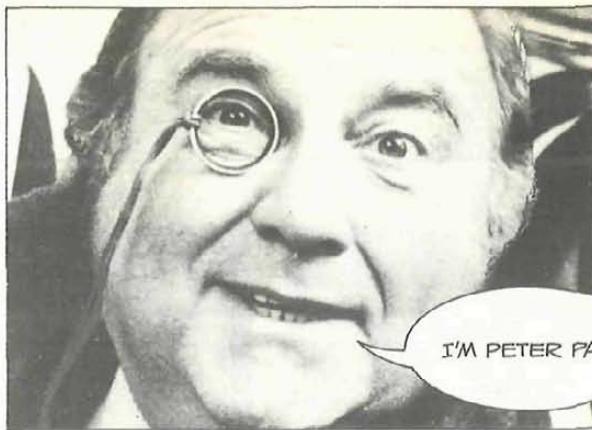
YEAH.

AW, COME ON, GUYS. GIVE ME A CHANCE. I KNOW SOMEPLACE WE CAN GO! YOU'LL LOVE IT! REALLY.



THE END

FOTO FUNNIES



I'M PETER PAN.



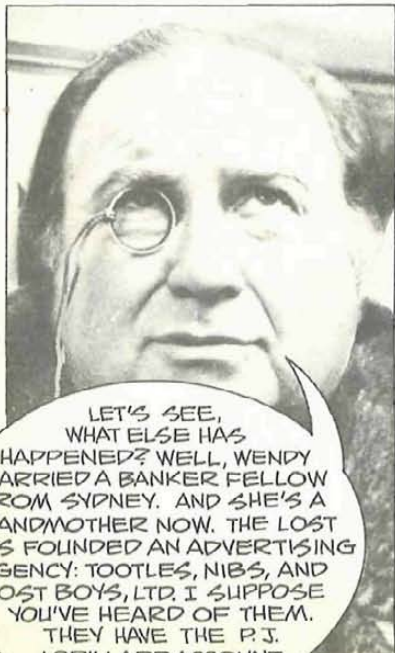
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU RECOGNIZED ME. BUT, THEN, IT'S BEEN SOME TIME SINCE YOU SAW ME LAST.



WENDY CONVINCED ME TO EMIGRATE FROM NEVERLAND, YOU SEE, AND MR. DARLING, HER FATHER (YOU REMEMBER HIM, SURELY), FOUND ME A POSITION IN A LONDON INVESTMENT HOUSE. VERY KIND OF HIM, I MIGHT ADD.



SINCE THEN I'VE PROSPERED NICELY, THANK YOU.



LET'S SEE, WHAT ELSE HAS HAPPENED? WELL, WENDY MARRIED A BANKER FELLOW FROM SYDNEY. AND SHE'S A GRANDMOTHER NOW. THE LOST BOYS FOUNDED AN ADVERTISING AGENCY: TOOTLES, NIBS, AND LOST BOYS, LTD. I SUPPOSE YOU'VE HEARD OF THEM. THEY HAVE THE P.J. LORILLARD ACCOUNT.



OH, YES, AND TINKER BELL DIED. POOR GIRL, IT'LL BE FIVE YEARS AGO NEXT MONTH.

BUT I CAN STILL FLY, YOU KNOW...



...AND FIRST CLASS, TOO!

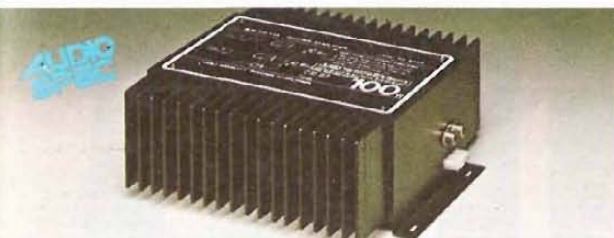
Superb* Awesome** Outrageous***

Great car stereo sound used to be an all-or-nothing affair. Either you blew a bundle, or you settled for second best.

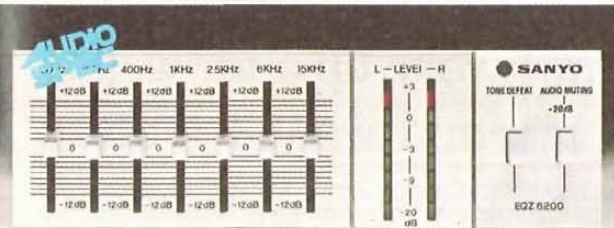
Now meet the Sanyo Expandables. Car components engineered to let you work your way up from "superb" to "outrageous." In steps that your budget can handle.



FT646 AM/FM/Cassette. Sendust Alloy head. 40-19,000Hz (± 3 dB) with metal tape. 1.5 μ V FM sensitivity (IHF). \$219.95†



PA6100 Stereo Power Amp. 50 watts RMS per channel into 4 ohms, 20-20,000Hz, with no more than 0.05% total harmonic distortion. \$149.95†



EQZ6200 Graphic Equalizer. 7 frequency bands with 12dB boost or cut. LED signal level meters. Audio muting & equalizer defeat. \$69.95†

*Step 1: "Superb."

Start off your system with one of Sanyo's new AUDIO/SPEC car stereos and a pair of Sanyo speakers. You'll get great specs, great sound, and the superior engineering of the world's largest tape equipment manufacturer.

Some models give you Dolby noise reduction, Sendust Alloy heads (for all tapes including metal particle), and electronic tuning with digital readout of frequency, time, and date. You can also get super-low distortion preamp level outputs — highly recommended for Step 2.

**Step 2: "Awesome."

Whenever you're ready to really *feel* the music, get hold of an AUDIO/SPEC high fidelity power amplifier. We've got four models with 25 to 60 watts RMS per channel into 4 ohms. *All rated per FTC home hi-fi specs, with full 20-20,000Hz power bandwidth and no more than 0.05% total harmonic distortion!* Some have a unique motor-driven fader for balancing front and rear speakers.

The amplifiers accept preamp level or high level (speaker) inputs, so they'll work with just about any radio/tape unit. Awesome!

***Step 3: "Outrageous."

If nothing less than the ultimate will do, plug in a Sanyo AUDIO/SPEC graphic equalizer between your radio/tape player and the power amp. With 7 bands of precise control, you can customize the sound to fit your taste and your car's acoustics. In seconds, you can actually "re-engineer" any recording to bring out any vocal or instrumental range. Hear it, and you'll be hooked!

The Sanyo Expandables are at better auto sound dealers now. Check out the features and the phenomenal sound, and start planning your Expandable system.

Then watch it grow on you.

The Sanyo Expandables: great sound that grows on you.



Sanyo Electric Inc., 1200 W. Artesia Blvd., Compton, CA 90220

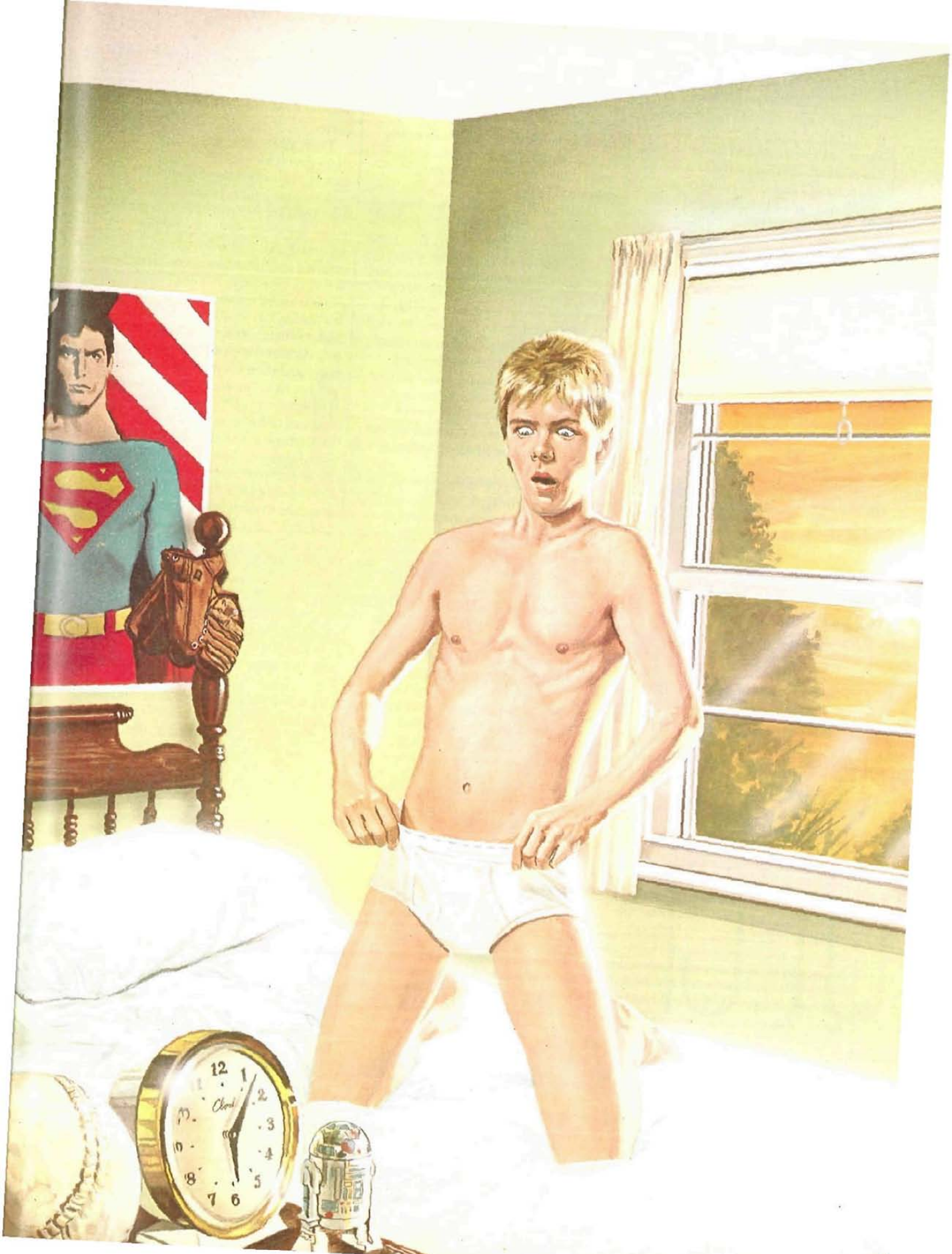
Write for your free copy of our information-packed booklet, "How to buy car stereo (without getting taken for a ride)"

MY WAGGINA

by
Larry
Taft
as told to
John
Hughes

One morning last winter, um, I woke up and, well, I was asleep and then I woke up, and what I found was, um, well, I woke up and there it was, and my... what should have been there wasn't and what was there was... it was... a vagina. I mean, *I was a sixteen-year-old guy with a box!* I had a damn ugly, hairy woman's privates and it was gross and sickening, and I was so pissed off I wanted to punch it right in the face!

continued on page 66



MY VAGINA

continued from page 64

When I went to bed I had a regular guy's cock and nuts and pubic hair. But when I woke up and looked inside my pajamas, all that stuff was gone and instead I had this... vagina and hardly any hair down there and a butt that was pink and bald. It was so disgusting I'm surprised I didn't just march downstairs and go out in the garage and not pull up the door and start my mom's station wagon and die. How could I be a guy when I had a twat? I mean, what was I? Where was my "dick"? Where were my balls? Why did all of this happen?

I thought about it a lot and I think what *maybe* happened was I tried to get high off the gas that's supposed to be inside a can of whipped cream and I was also smoking a lot of Kools, and I eat real shitty and I always sit too close to the TV and I never read with good light and I... well, like a lot of guys my age I... do a lot of... "self-jacking off." It was either that or God did it.

But anyway, there I was with a vagina. Oh, by the way, it isn't polite to say this and I'm not being conceited, but the dick I used to was a pretty good one. It wasn't so big that it was gross and it wasn't so tiny that it was a joke, and it didn't have moles or spots on it-like that of a guy who was in my gym class two years ago (Jim S.), and it didn't bend over to one side when it was in a "hard-on." My balls were O.K., too, and my hair was decent and my rear end was normal, and I was overall happy with that stuff and I was super-sorry to see it gone, really.

So, like, there I was, you know, on the edge of the bed looking down into my lap, and instead of seeing this thing I just saw this shitty little wad of hair. I wouldn't exactly say I cried, but I will admit that I felt so bad that my eyes got really runny, and I felt sad because, you know, I was All-Conference in three sports and I wanted to eventually get a football scholarship to Michigan State or USC, and I had just bought a motorcycle (Kawasaki) and a new stereo (with Bose speakers, MAC amp, and Nakamichi deck), and I had started to shave, and all my friends were friends because I was a guy, and who the fuck but a girl would ever want to be a girl except a homo and I am *not* a homo! That's a fact. Even though I had a pussy I was not a queer! I hate that and I hated it then and I will hate it all of my life, and I looked up "homosexuality" in the dictionary

and in a bunch of other books, and having a vagina doesn't make you a homosexual. Liking guys makes you a homosexual, but you have to like them so much that they are like girls to you (and that is a requirement), and I didn't so I wasn't a homo, I swear to God.

Well, anyway, there I was. I had this pussy and I was feeling real pissed off because I thought my life was over. Then it occurred to me: like, there was a girl's thing only about a foot and a half from my eyes and only about two inches from my hand, you know. So I figured that it's not every day that a guy my age gets to look at an actual living girl's thing, and as long as I wanted to in the daylight and do to it whatever stuff I wanted to do to it, it was O.K., you know? So I sort of "forgot" about how I was freaking out and I opened the thing up and took a peek.

I never saw one in the light. I only felt them in the dark, and, of course, I saw a few hundred in magazines, you know, but never one in the light that was a 3-D one. It was quite a shock to see how big it was. I measured it with a sheet of notebook paper, which is eight-and-one-half inches wide, and it was almost as long as the whole sheet of paper was wide from the top of the hair down to the edge of the butt. A vagina is not like a dick, you know. A dick is just a thing, which is just a stick with a knob on the end and two balls, and that's it and it's real simple. But a vagina is a whole bunch of stuff all crammed in there and buried in a whole bunch of skin and called a vagina although, according to my dictionary, the vagina is only the actual hole part.

Starting at the top, which was the closest part to me and which was just a lot of hair: it was a nice V shape and it didn't spread out all over and become leg hair, like on a guy. It was pretty soft hair, sort of like camel's hair sport coat material only longer and curlier, and sort of darkish-brownish blond. You know how guys' hairs are really weirded out, you know, all twisted up and strange? Girls' hairs are perfect and cool.

O.K., so then I moved down to the middle part and I poked around in there and I found the beginning of the inside skin part. Do you know that the Mississippi River is so small up in Minnesota, where it starts, that you can step over it? That's sort of like the same with a vagina. It's very small at the top and then it gets big and com-

plicated. Where I had my thumb was like the "source" and it was just the beginning, and there weren't any holes or flaps or anything. Just a small curve.

Then all the skin started. Boy, is there ever a lot of skin! There is probably enough extra skin down there to make a whole face. It's all tucked in and wrinkled up, and at first, it doesn't make any sense. It just looks like somebody got it drunk and just mushed everything in there. That skin is sort of two-tone. It's fleshish/pinkish outside and then when you get inside it's redder, like inside-the-mouth skin, and it is very soft and sticky. And it gets stickier the closer you get to the hole, and then it's just "wet." It also can be, like, "molded," and I made a bird shape out of the real long flaps that sort of hang out.

Anyhow, it's all defined into things called, I think, lips, and I think there are about four sets of them, although I'm not sure because they are all attached to each other. Inside all those lips is the actual hole. I'm not sure what all that skin is for except maybe for "show" because, who knows, when we were cavemen maybe guys thought all that stuff looked cool. But anyway, the hole itself isn't even just a hole. Like, it has lots of ridges and bumps and stuff in it, and it's not really a hole like a hole in the ground is a hole—it's more like an opening because it's sort of closed up, and it moves around and opens up and closes; like if you cough, it shuts and if you yawn, it opens up.

It was as deep as a Little League trophy and it stretched, too. So, like, it fit a Magic Marker, and it also stretched big enough to hold a Polaris submarine model. There is a lump up at the end of the hole, and I don't know what it is exactly because it's awful dark in there, even if you take the mirror off your desk and lay it on the floor and squat over it and shine a great big hunter's flashlight up there. But I guess it's just all that reproduction stuff that girls have.

Also, another kind of gross thing about a vagina is that it smells kind of bad. Pardon me for being kind of sickening, but it's true. I smelled one before on my old girl friend and then it smelled O.K., but I think that when you are a guy and you are real hot and with a girl and you are kissing and feeling and all that, I think your nose gets confused, and a vagina doesn't smell bad at all—in fact, it smells pretty cool in a kind of gross way. But when you are just a guy and you are by your-

continued on page 82



1946

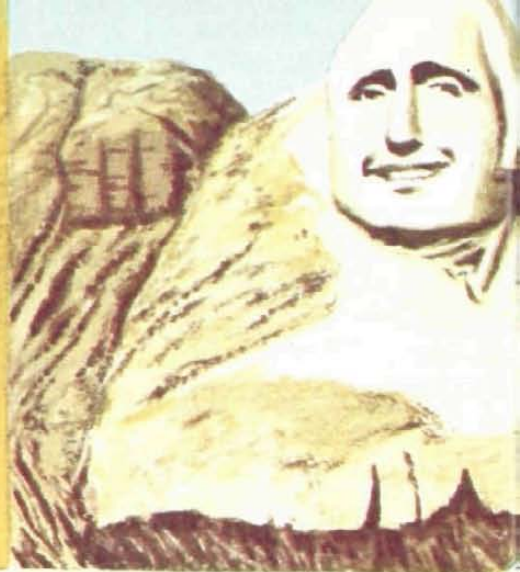
Bulgemobiles

New...from the tires down!

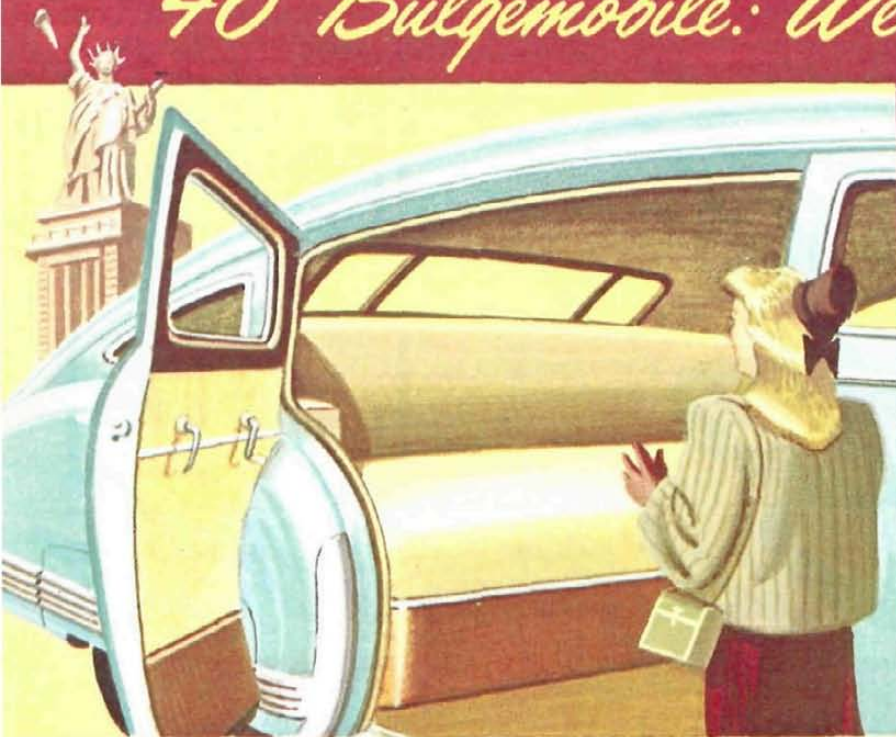


Proudly, Bulgemobile accepted the vital wartime task of making kitch-enware to feed our hungry GIs. Eagerly, Bulgemobile took the excess profits that are patriotism's price tag. Now the honeymoon is over. Peace has returned. And now, Bulgemobile is

forced to plow its wartime profits back into the peacetime battle to build and sell automobiles. And doesn't every ex-GI owe Bulgemobile just a little debt of gratitude for all that wholesome wartime chow? Shouldn't every returned soldier say "thanks for dinner" by ordering a brand-new Bulgemobile today?



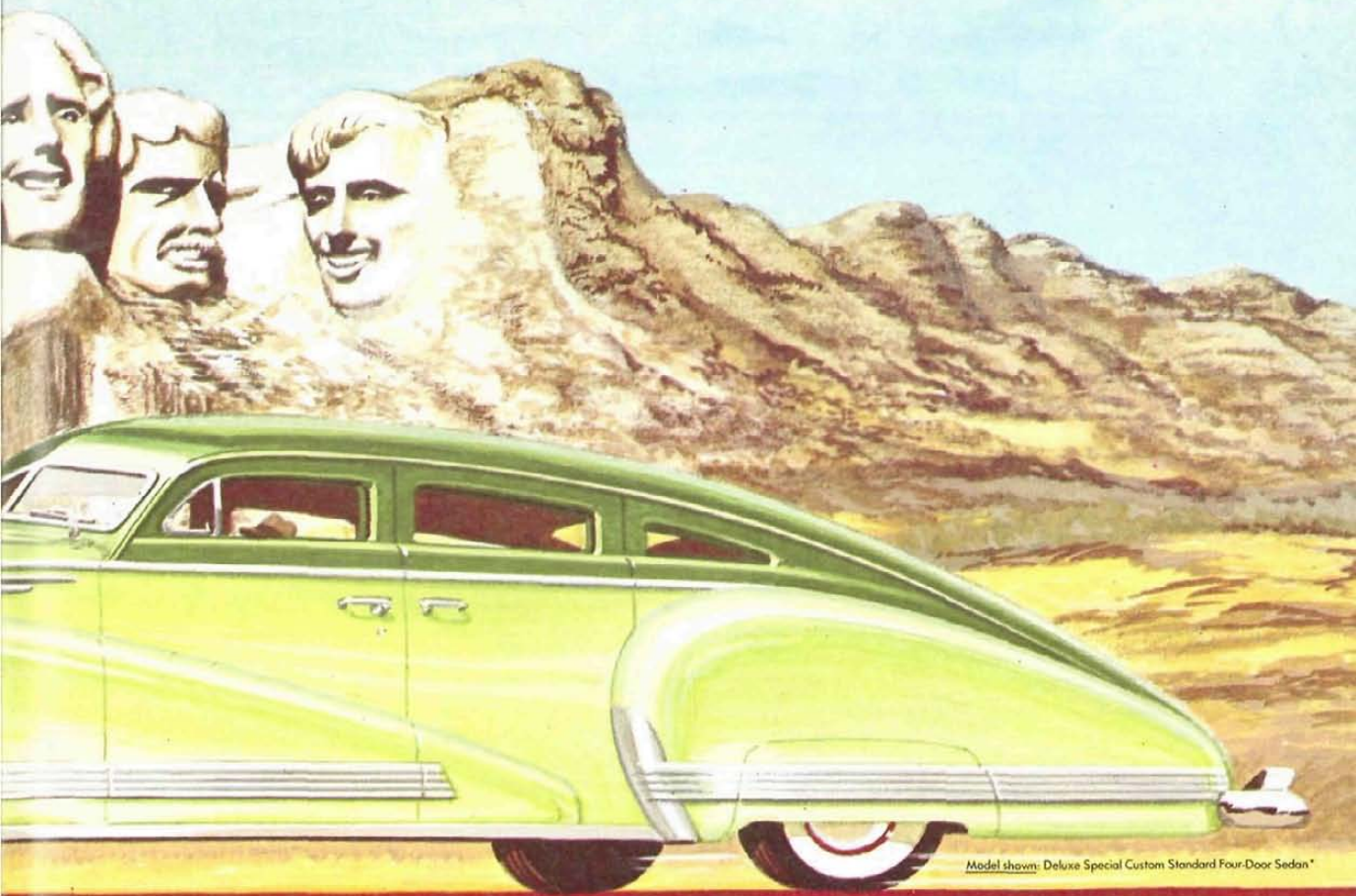
'46 Bulgemobile: We've Forgotten E



LET'S ALL RECITE BULGEMOB

Freedom from Sun Visor Flop...from Hood Ornament Hypnosis...from Floor Mat Breath...from Mohair Itch...from Headliner Sag...from Gas Tank Belch...from Shifter's Knee...from Vent-Pane Pleurisy...from Shifter's Elbow...from Driveline Rhumb...from Shifter's Grip...from Roll-Over Headache...from Back-Seat Blues...from Horn Fright...from Mud-Flap Splatter...from Trunk-Lid Fingers...from Door-Handle Shoulders...from Stale Air Suffocation...from Accelerator Irregularity...from Braker's Instep...from Door Sill Shins...from Glove Box Claustrophobia...from Soft-Seat Spine...from Spare

GIVE US YOUR TIRED, your poor, your huddled car-shopper masses yearning to breathe free in the long-living luxury of new miracle Spongene upholstery fabrics that can't pucker, bunch, or mildew! Durable? You'll be saying, "Bulgemobile is full of sit!"

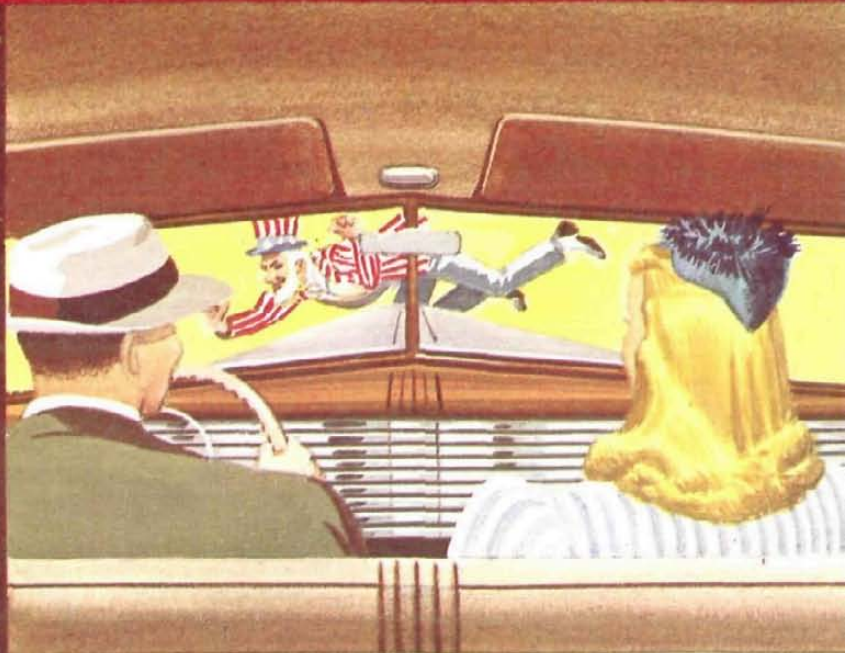


Model shown: Deluxe Special Custom Standard Four-Door Sedan*

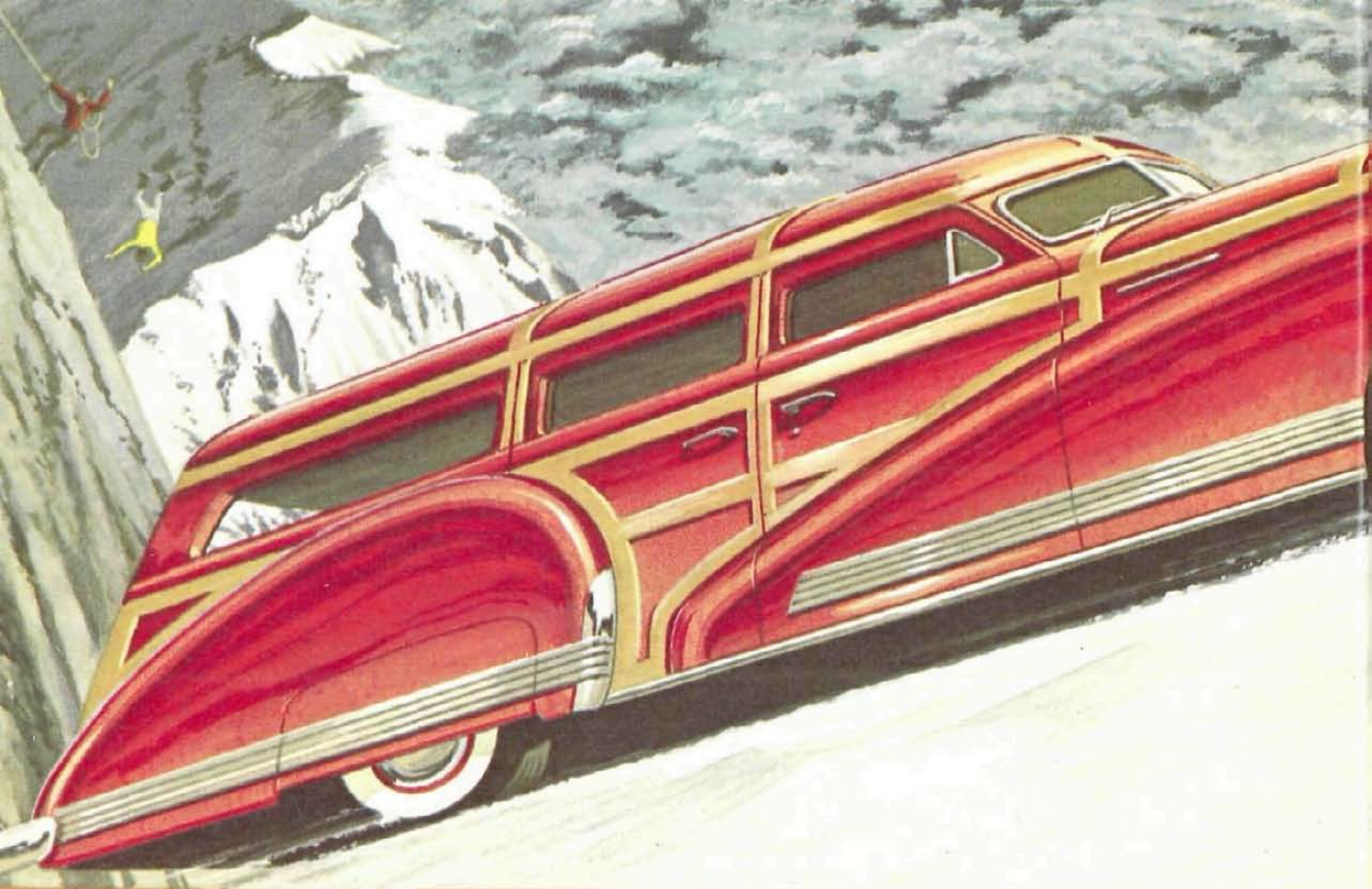
Anything You Ever Knew About Value!

5 '46 FREEDOMS FOR '46

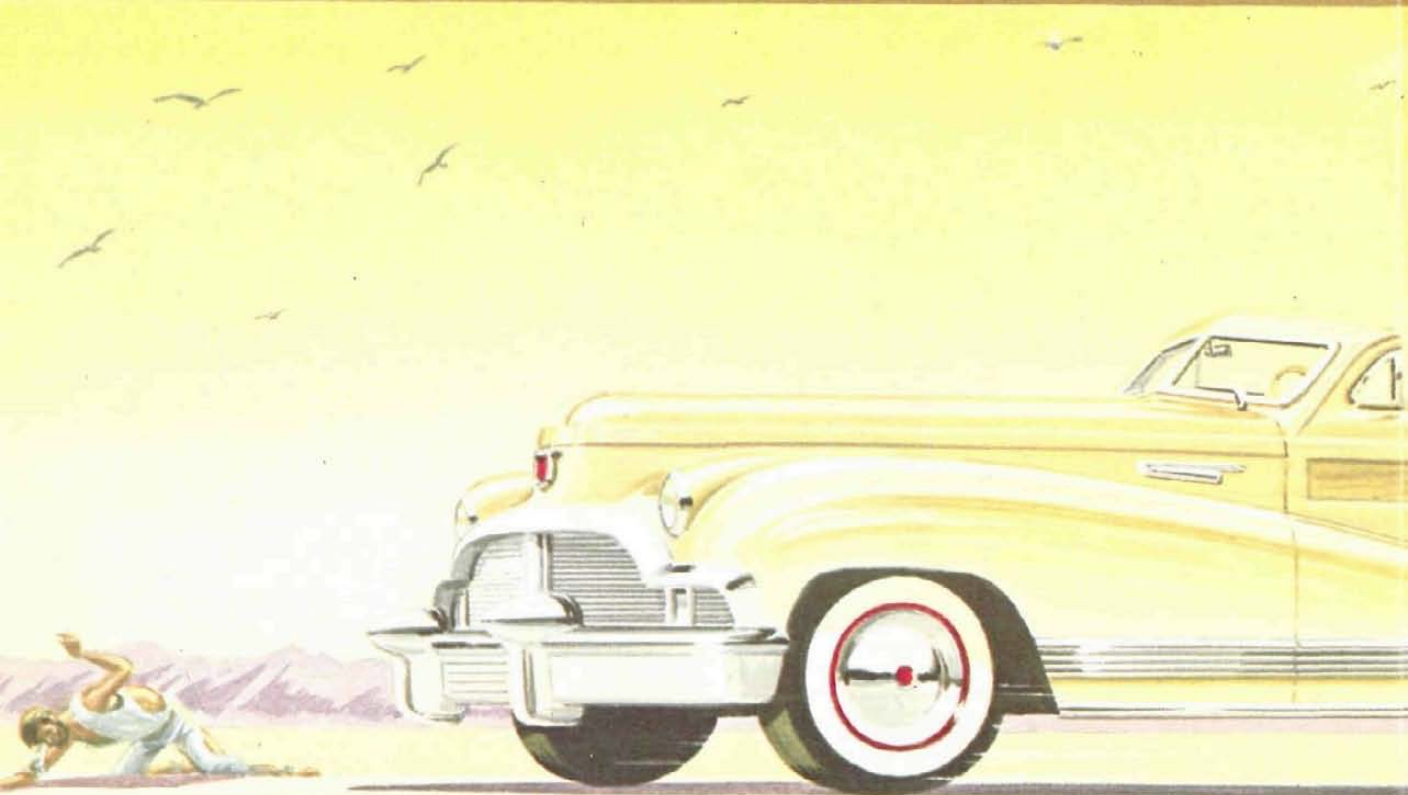
Tire Back...from Head-On Migraine
 ...from Deluxe Envy...from Hubcap
 Roll-Away...from Window-Winder's
 Wrist...from Tailpipe Tremor...
 from Oil Surge...from Dimmer
 Switch Jitters...from Ho-Hum Heater
 Ducts...from Fan Belt Fandango...
 from Bump Hop...from Armrest
 Wobble...from Antenna Jitterbug...
 from Hand Brake Arthritis...from
 Long-Drive Dementia...from Flat
 Floor Feet...from Defroster Fog-Up
 ...from Ashtray Thumbs...from Dip-
 stick Knuckle...from Jack Rattle...
 from Passenger's Palms...from Air
 Filter Asthma...from Exhaust Fume
 Skin!!!



UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU to try new Skid King self-locking dual-fade brakes! Emergency ahead? Step on the pedal and you'll end up way ahead of the pack, every time! Brakes cost-engineered to be as big as a dime and to stop on a dollar!



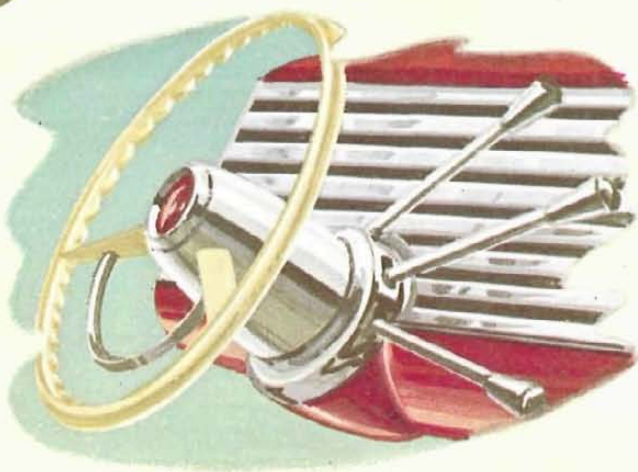
Again for 1946 - Strictly Limited





**Firewood 14-passenger Estate Conveyance:
makes every road feel like a mountain!**

Trust Bulgemobile to pack fourteen people into a space where other cars can seat only four! Trust Bulgemobile to build this new Firewood—and take the space from inside and put it outside, where it shows! Firewood puts everything behind it, including its future!



**It's easy as
1-2-3, 3-1-2, 1-3-2!**

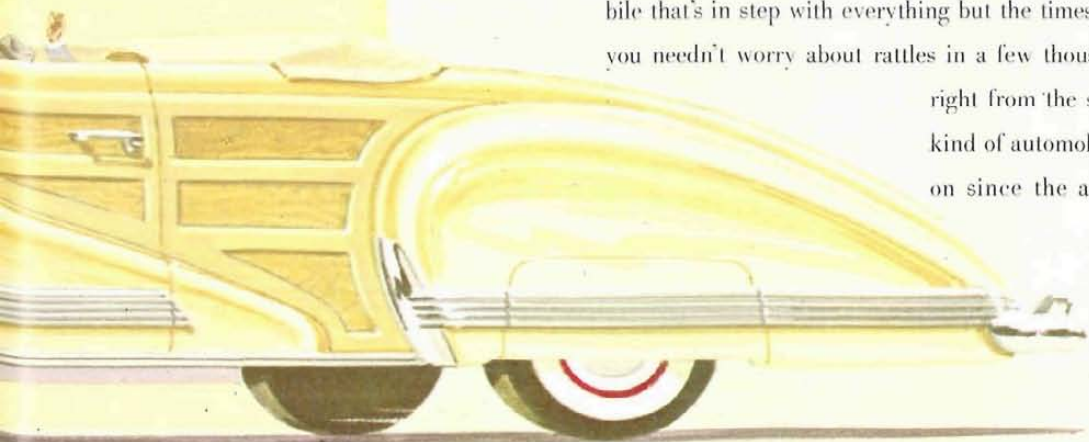
New Versa-Tronic 3-Way Manualmatic Shift with exclusive phantom clutch makes *you* the automatic part of the transmission! There's no gearshift jerk—when *you* do the work!

Production... by Popular Demand!

**Street & Stream Converti-mobile: they said
it shouldn't be done—and it couldn't!**

The impracticality of a convertible, the bother of hard-to-maintain wood, the cramped rear quarters of a two-door car—now you can have 'em all in one single model! This is the kind of value that never goes in style—The kind of style that never gains in value, the kind of Bulgemobile that's in step with everything but the times! Unlike most convertibles, you needn't worry about rattles in a few thousand miles; they're built in

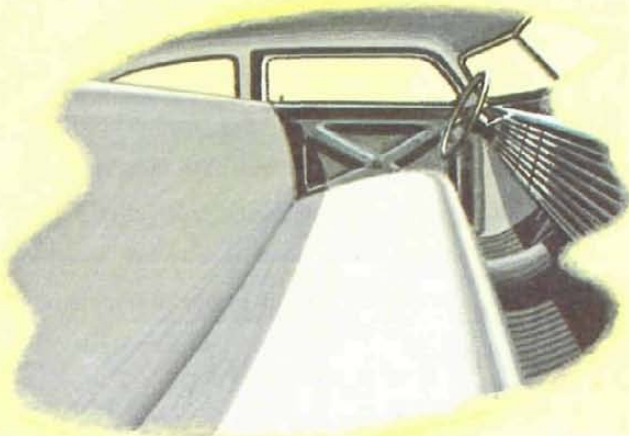
right from the start. *Street & Stream*—the kind of automobile they've been improving on since the automobile was born!



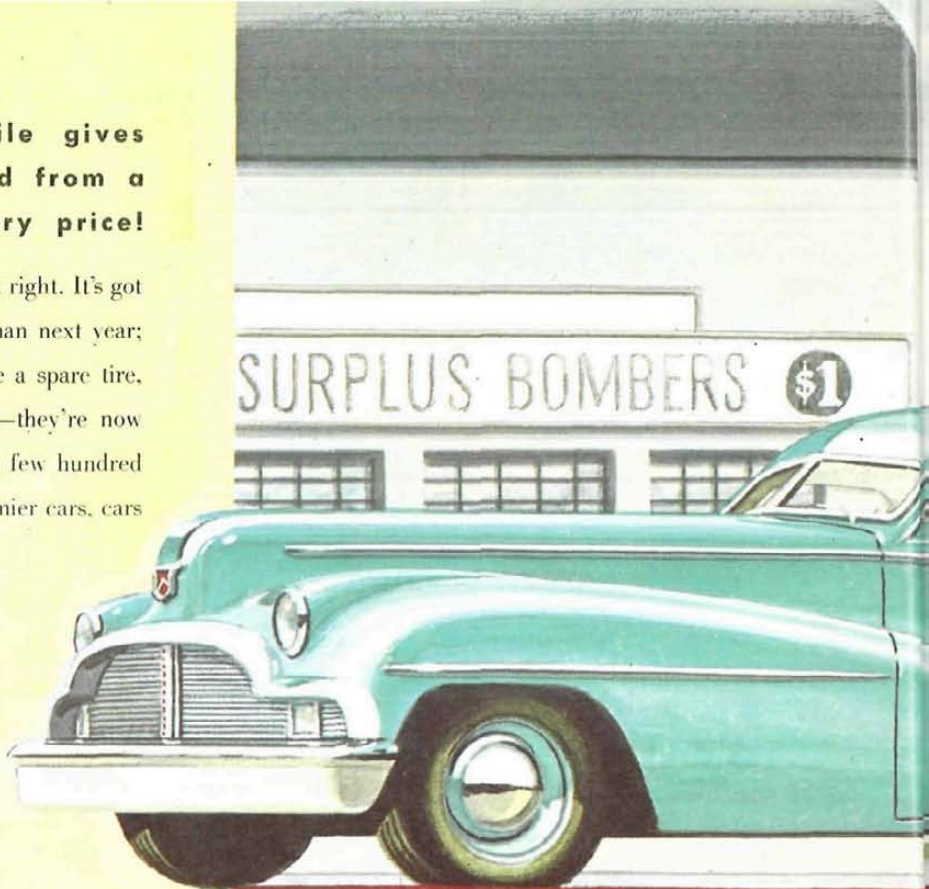
Why pay less? Bulgemobile gives you everything you wanted from a low-priced car — at a luxury price!

Take the new Business Coupe shown at right. It's got a big 38 percent *more* trunk room than next year; and now you don't have to take items like a spare tire, battery, or wheels as standard equipment—they're now optional at extra cost! Yet you pay only a few hundred dollars more per month than for much roomier cars, cars loaded with standard equipment! And while we were at it, we took out the things costlier cars often leave in and left out things cheaper cars often add on! Because after all, who said a budget-priced car can't be twice as expensive as it looks...can't be bigger in price than anything in the low-priced field? If you don't know it, your friends will tell you when you first drive this beauty home: you don't *have* to go to the low-priced field to get a low-priced car!

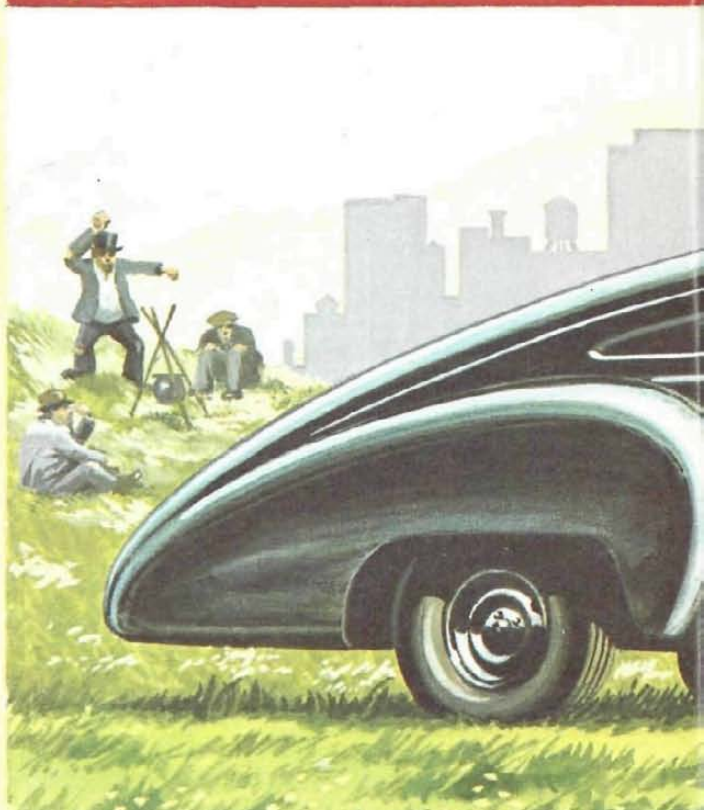
Scumliner: **We're not too proud to sell it — but we are too proud to put our name on it!**

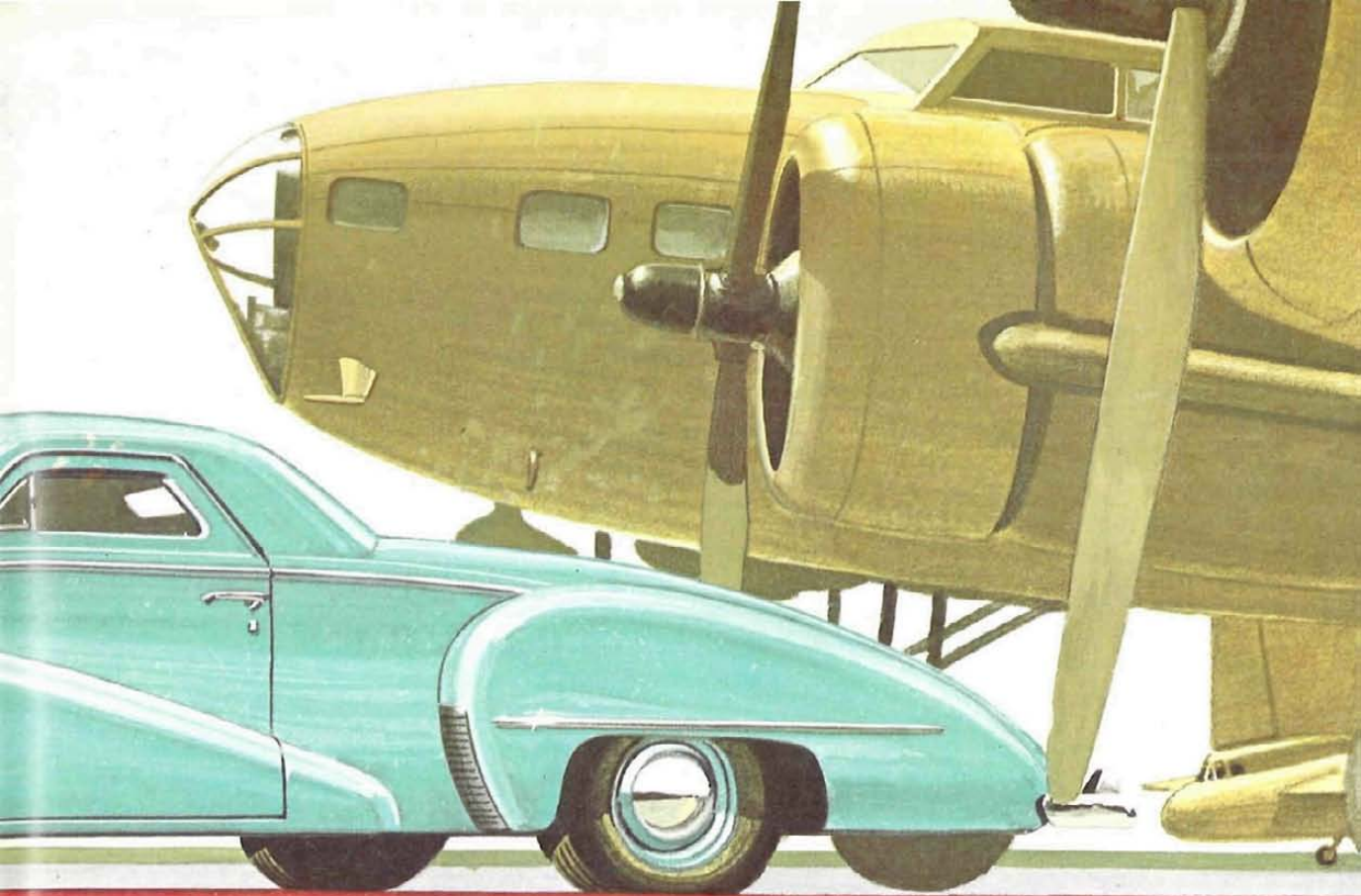


And the nameplate isn't the only thing we left off the Scumliner for '46! Bumpers, door handles, window glass, performance—if you wanted it, chances are Scumliner doesn't give it to you!



You Won't B





Believe They're Not Low-priced!



YOUR HEART WILL SKIP A BEAT... and so will your new Scumliner "Blue Cloud" Six! It's the only Six you can buy with Iron Ingot Construction for extra weight *without* extra durability! If you demand the power of a Four but with the thirst of a V-16—and who does these days?—you get it in Scumliner. Let it help scuttle *your* company's fleet!

Models shown only models available.
*Not available.

BULGEMOBILE

SPECIFICATIONS FOR 1946

It's the engineering story of the century—and it has automotive engineers trying to guess *which* century!

EXCLUSIVE "Power Vacuum" engine response!

EXCLUSIVE Miracle Magnet engine mounts!

EXCLUSIVE Liquimatic water cooling with H₂O additive!

EXCLUSIVE V8-type insignia, even on Sixes!

EXCLUSIVE Versa-Tronic 1-2-3 Transmission with Phantom Clutching! No clutch pedal—just shift bomber-type dashboard control stalks, depress and then release gas pedal, and strike center of dashboard with right palm. Easy as 1-2-3, 3-2-1, and 2-1-3 combined!

EXCLUSIVE Pre-rusted, "Iron Ingot" cylinder block!

EXCLUSIVE Tomoro-Matic dash design featuring Streamline Smartsweep all chrome styling—no gauges, no knobs to interrupt a solid wall of chrome!

EXCLUSIVE Hat-Master Fedor-a-Matic Roofline automatically removes headgear as passengers enter or exit car!

EXCLUSIVE Rain-Pruf windshield wipers switch off with the first drop of moisture, switch on when the weather's all clear!

EXCLUSIVE Skid King self-locking dual fade brakes with Quadra-Bubble brake lines. Unique one-position emergency footbrake combines both *on* and *off* functions in one.

EXCLUSIVE "Silver Lining" brake linings give the handsome sheen of bare metal even when new!

EXCLUSIVE New Tomoro-Matic fender design features Smartsweep Styling so aerodynamically smooth there isn't a gas cap!

EXCLUSIVE New "factory-frozen" lug nuts on all wheels. Can't loosen, even in below-zero cold!

EXCLUSIVE Roto-Tuned Mello-Muff muffler, delivers the thrill of 100 mph sounds, even at idle!

EXCLUSIVE New Ocean Liner steering. You *float* as you *glide* as you steer through curves; no annoying "feel of the road," only the smooth, effortless steering that makes every road—even gravel and potholes—feel like solid glare ice!

EXCLUSIVE "Atomic Ignition" for starts that begin with a tiny Hiroshima under the hood! (Extinguisher, optional at extra cost.)

EXCLUSIVE Look-o-Matic Vu-Ports, more transparent than windows!

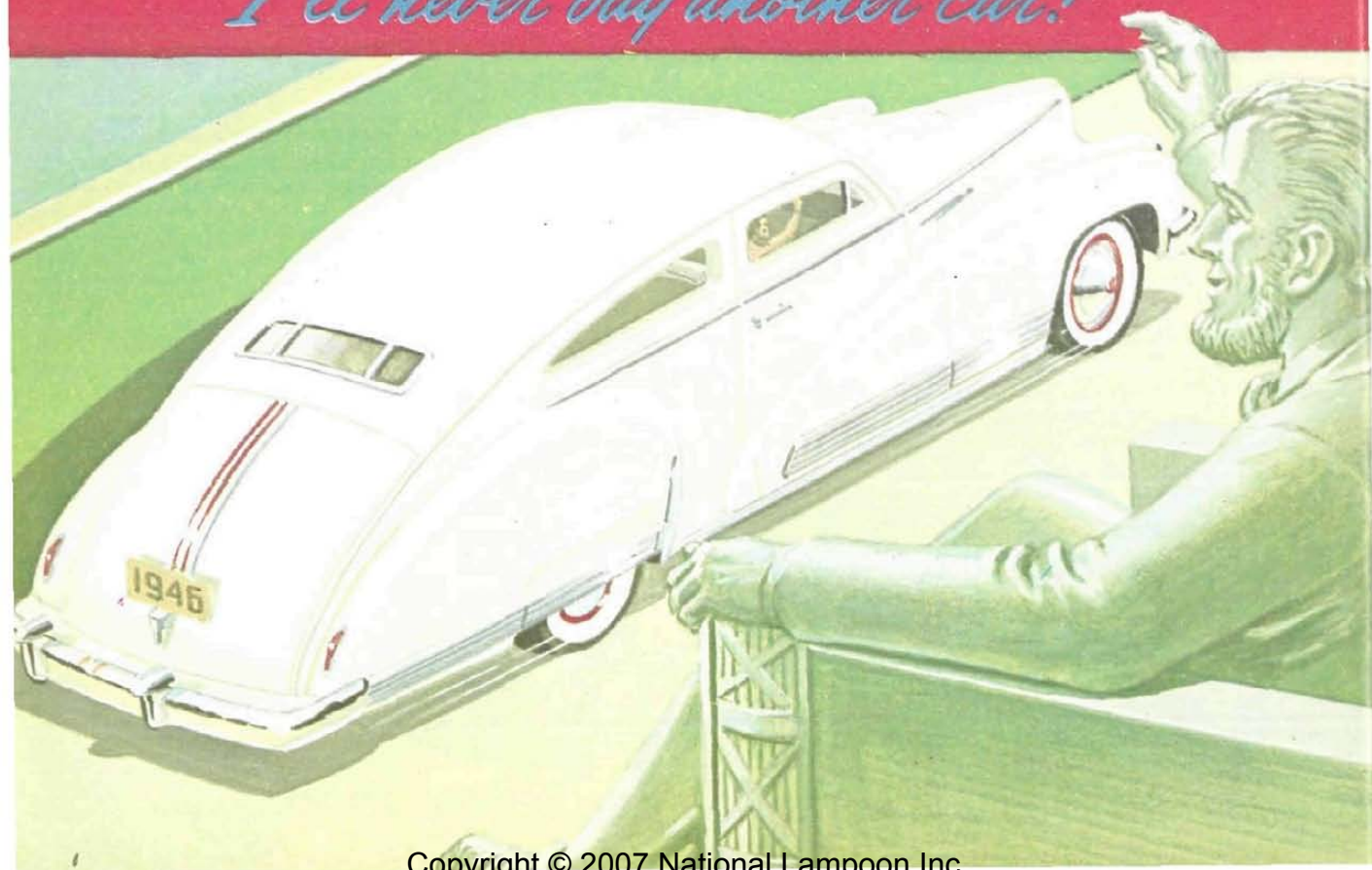
EXCLUSIVE 38 percent more trunk space than next year!

EXCLUSIVE Dura-Jolt heavy-duty shock absorbers to give you that *rail-road ride*. All-iron construction, no complicated valving to wear out or adjust!

Equipment shown in this catalog has nothing to do with equipment available on individual models as sold. See your dealer if you don't believe it.

Bulgemobile Motor Cars, Incorporated
Detroit, Michigan

People who buy Bulgemobile say,
"I'll never buy another car!"



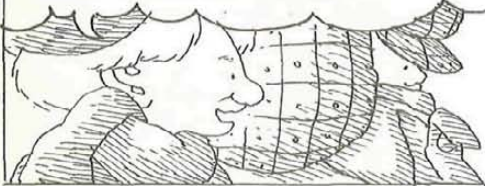


FUNNY PAGES

WUNTS

REMEMBER HOW THERE WERE SOME THINGS THAT DIDN'T MAKE SENSE AT FIRST, BUT DID AFTER YOU THOUGHT THEM OVER, AND HOW THERE WERE OTHER THINGS THAT MADE LESS AND LESS SENSE THE MORE YOU THOUGHT THEM OVER?

I KNOW MY FATHER WISHED I WAS A BOY. YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HOW HAPPY HE WAS WHEN MY LITTLE BROTHER, WILLY, CAME ALONG. WAS HE RELIEVED!



WELL, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, ANYHOW. HE'S SILLY IF HE FEELS THAT WAY.

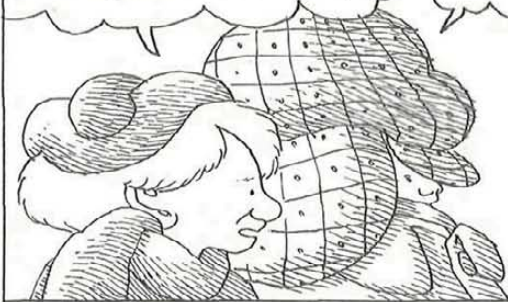


SEE YOU!

OH, I GOT USED TO IT LONG AGO. BUT THANKS. SEE YOU TOMORROW!

GEE, YOU SURE ARE LUCKY BEING A GUY.

WHY?

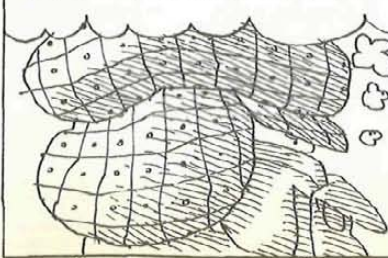


OH, I DON'T THINK YOU'RE RIGHT. HE WAS JUST AS HAPPY ABOUT YOU.

THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU TO SAY, BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S BULLSHIT.



IF THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES, HOW COME MY FATHER ISN'T HAPPIER ABOUT ME?



Gahan Wilson ©1979



answer your letters.

S.O. of N.Y.C. wants to know what the AESOP Brothers do for a living - how they support themselves.

DEAR S.O.,

THEY BOTH WORK IN THE SAME FACTORY AS MARY WORTH.

R. ROTHSTEIN of LAKE BLUFF, ILL., writes and complains that in the SEPT. '78 issue of NATLAMP the AESOP Brothers were disconnected - not joined at the hip - and demands an explanation!

DEAR R. ROTHSTEIN,

THIS PAGE MAKES IT A POLICY NEVER TO RESPOND TO JEWISH DISSIDENTS!

R. LEVESQUE OF MONTREAL WRITES,

"I was born without arms so I know what it is to be handicapped. You two fellows are an inspiration to the handicapped like me. I write this with my Pepe's hand since he was born with ~~one~~ two hands."

DEAR R. LEVESQUE,

YOUR LETTER IS AN INSPIRATION TO ALL THE HANDICAPPED AND WE'D LIKE TO SHAKE YOUR HAND - IF YOU ARE EVER FITTED WITH ARTIFICIAL HANDS.

L.T.L. of DENVER asks if the AESOP Brothers ever have sex - how often and how do they manage it with their disability?

DEAR L.T.L.,

THIS IS A FAMILY PAGE! IF YOU WANT TO BE TITILLATED, GO ELSEWHERE!

THE AESOP BROTHERS ARE CELIBATE AND ENJOY IT VERY MUCH, THANK YOU!

NEXT ON THE

THE AESOP BROTHERS STORM ON OVERTAKING THE COUNTRY!

C.T. of SAN FRANCISCO asks under what Astrological sign the AESOP Brothers were born.

DEAR C.T.,

GEORGE IS A LIBRA AND ALEX IS AN ARIES. THEIR PLACENTA WAS A TAURUS.

P.R. of MUNCIE, INDIANA, asks what the political leanings of the AESOP Brothers are.

DEAR P.R.,

ALEX IS A NEOFASCIST AND GEORGE IS A MONARCHIST. GEORGE SUMMERS ON FIRE ISLAND WITH SEVERAL QUEENS.

THE MARCH OF DIMES WRITES TO ASK IF THE AESOP BROTHERS WOULD CONSENT TO APPEAR IN A PUBLIC SERVICE TELEVISION MESSAGE ON BIRTH DEFECTS.

Dear March of Dimes,

THE AESOP BROTHERS DO NOT VIEW THEIR condition as a birth defect since it did not occur at birth! The joining together came about when they were 4 years old.

They do, however, endorse birth defects.

MISS A.C. of BETHEL, CONN., WRITES,

"This may seem indelicate, but how do the AESOP Brothers manage toilet functions?"

DEAR MISS A.C.,

SIMPLE! WHEN ALEX DEFECATES, GEORGE WIPES AND WHEN GEORGE DEFECATES, GEORGE WIPES.

P.L. of ATLANTA WRITES,

"It seems to me that much of the humor of the AESOP Brothers is based on scatology. Isn't this a cheap way to reach for humor?"

DEAR P.L.,

CA-CA ON YOU!

MS. H.O. WRITES,

"Is there any significance to the phenomenon that for the last 8 years the day that I buy my copy of the National Lampoon my period begins?"

DEAR MS. H.O.,

NONE WHATSOEVER! ALL OUR MALE READERS GET A NOSEBLEED.

EDITOR'S NOTE: WHAT HAS THIS LAST LETTER TO DO WITH THE AESOP BROTHERS?

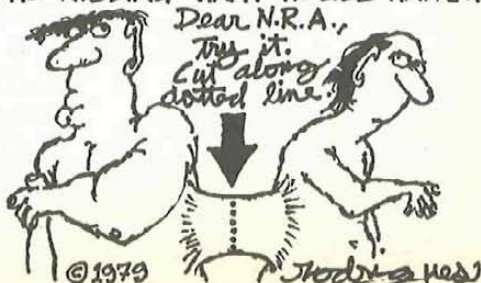
N.R.A. of TAMPA WRITES,

"What would happen if the AESOP Brothers were separated?"

DEAR N.R.A.,

THEY WOULD HAVE TO PAY EACH OTHER \$135 A WEEK ALIMONY.

N.R.A. writes back, "NO KIDDING - WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?"



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Stoddy Ned

DIRTY & DUCK





WE MUTILATE
CATTLE, FORCE
LARGE
CORPORATIONS TO
DIVERSIFY,
AND PLAY HELL
WITH THE
WATER TABLE.
ONLY
OWNERS OF
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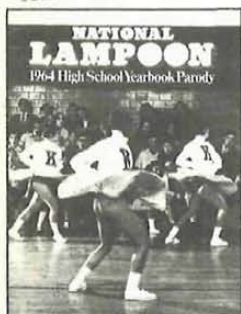
THE ATOMIC MOLE WOMEN ARE COMING

BUY NATIONAL LAMPOON
PRODUCTS BY
MAIL AND BE SPARED.

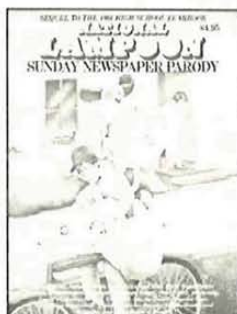
EVEN IF YOU
HAVE NO CATTLE,
CORPORATIONS,
OR
FINISHED
BASEMENTS,
ONE OF
THESE
BINDERS
IS A
GOOD
IDEA.



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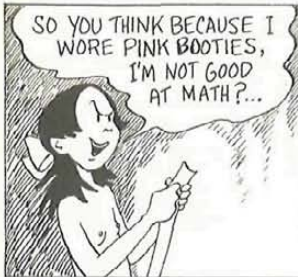
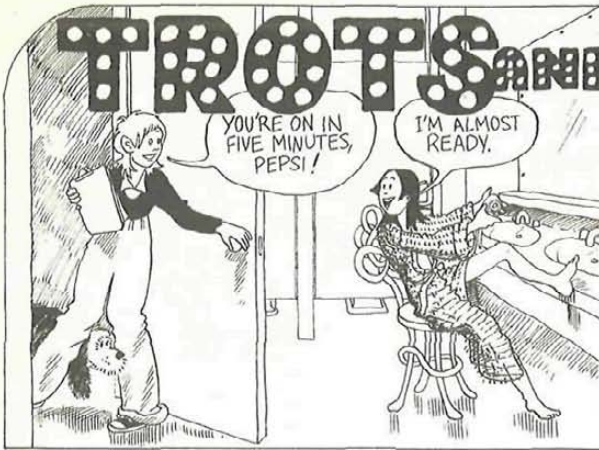
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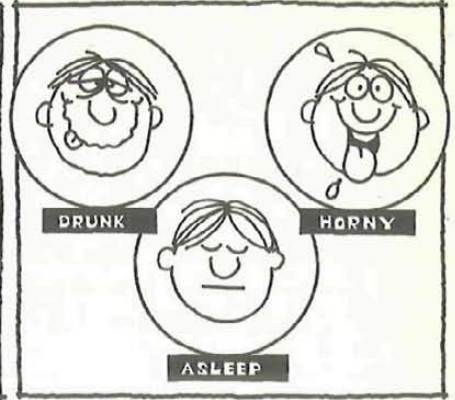
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NEXT: THE ART OF HUGGING

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THE APPLETONS

A Saga of an American Family



By BK Taylor © 1977

BEDTIME AT THE APPLETONS AND MR. APPLETON JOKINGLY COMMANDS ATTENTION --



MY VAGINA

continued from page 66

self, your vagina reeks. They must all do that because there seems to be a lot of those antiperspirant deodorant sprays for females over by the Kotexes at the grocery store.

The other important thing about the vagina was that I located that "little thing." It is so small you can hardly see it! Which is ridiculous because, man, there's a lot of room down there for all kinds of stuff that doesn't even have anything to do with sex. This "little thing" was about as big as the pusher-inner thing on a ball-point pen—it's that tiny! So that may be why girls are not all that crazy about sex, not like guys are. But anyway, besides being so tiny, it's also buried in a wad of skin. I had to uncover it to get to the good part, and it's really good because it's so sensitive that when I touched it I got a huge shiver! It was a sex shiver, but I think it was also a go-to-the-bathroom shiver because I had to whizz like crazy!

"Holding it in" when you are a girl is hard because, where are the hold-it muscles? In a guy they are back near your rear end. So I had to get to the bathroom pretty fast since I didn't know how to use that thing. I was very glad that my mom and my dad and my sisters were gone, because my sister was in a figure skating thing so I didn't have to worry about anybody seeing me, which was one good thing so far.

By having two sisters and a mom, you know, I knew a little bit about how girls go to the bathroom and, I know, thank God, that you better sit down because you don't have anything to point. You just have a little hole, and if you stand up, believe me, it won't work very well; in fact, it will be a huge mess. Sitting down is the stupidest way in the world to take a leak. It's over so fast you don't have time to read or anything, and like, what do you do with your hands? Another thing about sitting down is that you get everything wet and you have to waste a lot of toilet paper.

Also a vagina makes a *rude* sound when you use it to go to the bathroom. It's like this—*fiiiiiisssssss, fss, fss, fiiiiiisssssss*. It's a typical girl's sound, real high and dainty and gross. Well, after getting the go-to-the-bathroom business out of the way, I decided to have a look at myself in the big mirror on the back of the door and look at my whole body. I took off my pajama bottoms and then my top and then I got more bad news!

I had two tits! Shir! What a fucking pain in the ass this whole thing was turning into—next thing I knew I would be down in the basement doing a load of laundry with my mom! Well, at least nobody in my family except my Grandma Jessie, who had torpedo tits but is dead now, has large tits, so I was flat like my mom and my sisters. But... I had big brown nipples. I wouldn't have anything to do with the girls who had brown nipples myself. I personally consider that a deformity and if I ever found out that my wife had them I would get a divorce. Plus, they were *huge* and lopsided! So, not only did I get screwed by having tits in the first place, but I also got screwed by having gross ones. Just my luck!

I looked at myself and it was *weird*. I had muscular-type arms (with the kind of veins that stick out from working out with weights) and hairy pits like normal and good shoulders and neck, and then these smallish tits with big nipples, and a belly button and good stomach ripples and no hair on my chest or on my stomach or below my belly button, and then... the vagina. My legs were slimmer than they used to be, I think. When I turned around and looked at my butt it was real neat. I kind of liked it. It was real round and, well, it was pink and cute and there wasn't any hair on it and it was just... cute. It was a girl's cute little butt.

Anyway, you know, that got boring real fast, just looking in the mirror, so I kind of walked back to my room and I looked around to see if I walked like a girl does and I did, sort of. Then I went into my room. Then what I did was... well, I think, but I'm not sure, what I think I did was what would still be considered "jacking off." It felt pretty good and I had an "orgasm," but I wasn't doing it just to jack off. It was more like an experiment that kind of turned into jacking off, only with a girl's vagina it's more like "rubbing off" because there's nothing to jack.

What I did at first was pretend my hand was me and my vagina was this girl friend I used to have so I could sort of see what it was like for her what I did to her when we were on dates and once at her parents' cottage up north. I think it must have felt lousy because what I did seemed like it had been good, but it wasn't at all. It doesn't feel that great to have somebody showing their finger in and out of you real fast, and it doesn't feel good at all to get your breasts squeezed and pinched. What does feel good is just old-

fashioned rubbing down there. You don't have to fool around with the hole at all because it doesn't have hardly any nerves, so don't waste your time. I know, because later on I tried a lot of stuff, like carrots and candles and hot dogs and breakfast links and one of those toilet paper holder things and rolled up Cliff Notes (*Brave New World*) and bananas and a cucumber and a hairbrush handle and even an old GI Joe's head, and none of them made me have an orgasm. The hole is just for "intercourse" with men.

So, I was rubbing away and then, all of a sudden, I hit the jackpot, and my legs started jumping around and my hips started going back and forth automatically and there was this tremendous tickle feeling up my butt and then *zing!* It was over, but then another one started coming. *Zing! Zing! Zing!* More and more! Not like a guy's at all! Smaller, but tons and tons of them! Guys' are over right away and that's the end of it, and you don't ever want to do it again in your whole life and you feel like a slob and girls are revolting to think about and you want to just burn the magazine you were looking at, you know. But not with a vagina! You can keep going and going and going and there isn't even any mess to clean up. All the messy stuff goes on inside. Also no "hard-on" is required, you know. You're ready to do it any time of the day or the night—it's really pretty cool. And there is no way for anybody to tell that you did it because there's nothing to poke out of your pajamas. Finally, I had to stop because all that feeling good was starting to feel bad, and I was getting sort of afraid that I might have a heart attack or something. When I looked at the clock, I couldn't believe it! I had been masturbating that thing for almost three hours and, boy, was it sore!

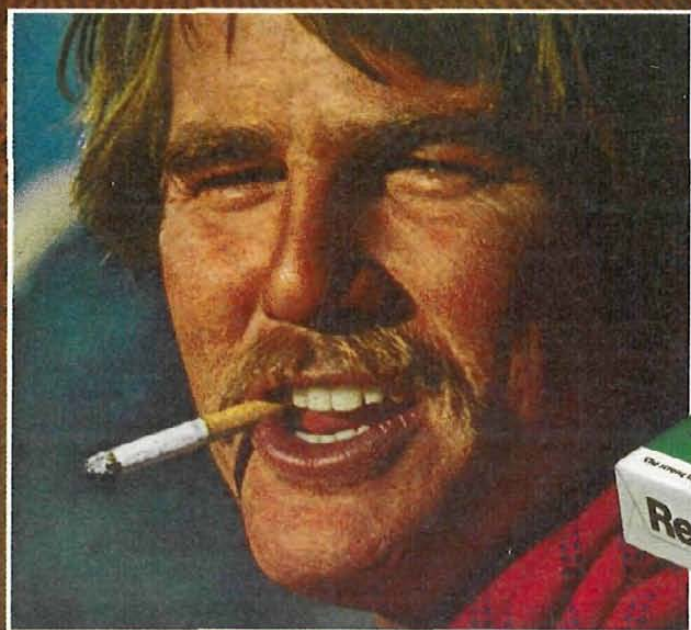
Also, it was almost time to go to my swim meet, which was real important, and I would be in a lot of trouble if I missed it, and I'd let down all the guys on the team and they'd be pissed off. So I washed my hands about fifty times until they smelled like hands again, and then I got dressed. But my shirt scratched up my nipples and my underpants didn't fit because there wasn't a guy's "thing" to fill it up right. I figured I better wear a bra or I might make my tits bleed or something, or I could get cancer or who knows. I sure didn't!

It was really creepy and weird to be going through my sister's underpants

continued on page 86

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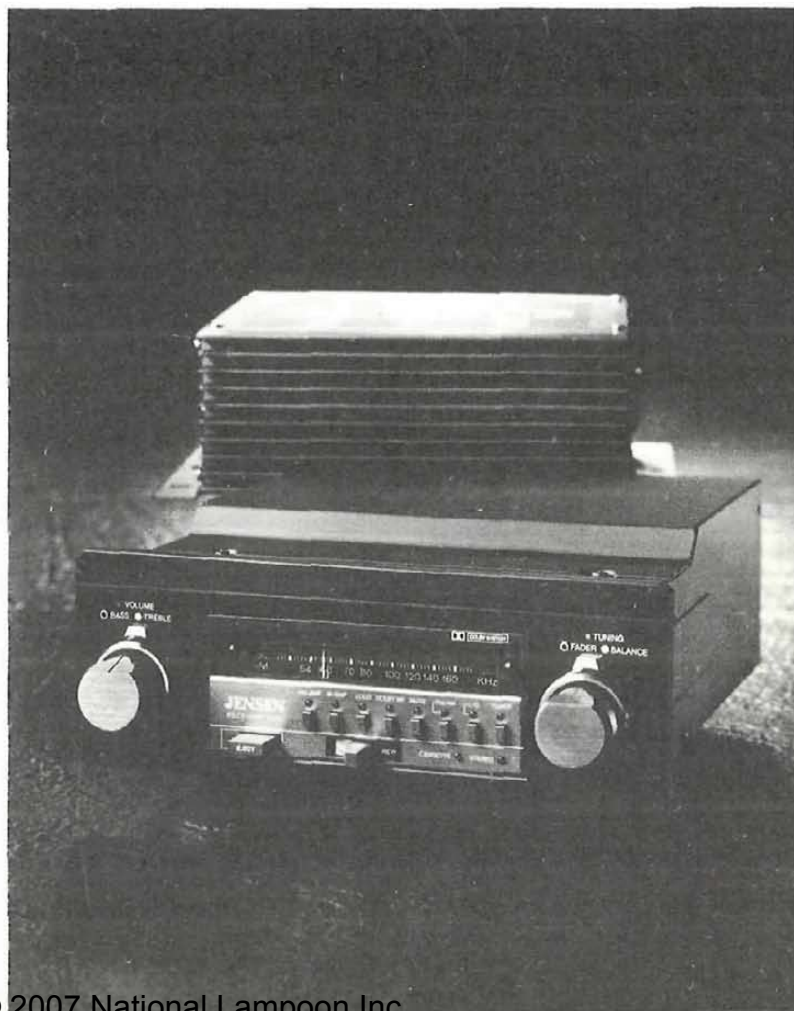
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MY VAGINA

continued from page 82

and bras and boyfriends' letters drawer looking for a bra to wear. There were a whole bunch of them, so I picked out the lightest-weight one that wouldn't show the most, and it was one of those real thin ones and it was O.K. except, how do you put it on? They are real easy to fasten and unfasten when you are holding them in your hand, but when you put them on and put your bosoms in the holders you can't reach behind you far enough to fasten them, which I think is stupid unless women have longer arms and narrower backs. I tried and tried and it was no use, so finally I had to just fasten it, then lay it on the floor, and then step into it and pull it up over my legs and my hips and my stomach and then over my chest, and then stick my bosoms in. But that kind of stretched it out and tore it a little in the middle between the holders. Boy, what a pain!

I decided that I may as well take a pair of underpants as long as I was in her drawer and was feeling creepy anyway. At first, I didn't think I would wear any underpants at all, but if you have a vagina you have to wear underpants because those things leak all the time. I found a nice pair of red ones with a little kitten sewed on the butt. They were real soft and smooth and silky and cool, and they were much better than guys' underpants, and I thought it's too bad that guys don't get a chance to appreciate really nice underwear, except that I guess if guys wore this kind of underwear they'd just spend too much time thinking about how good their underpants felt and they wouldn't get their work done and they'd get fired. By the way, if I had had my regular guy's "thing," I would have gotten a hard-on when I looked at myself in my sister's mirror, because without my arms and my head and my feet I was a pretty cool-looking girl.

So I was all ready to go and I went out to the garage to get my motorcycle. I had a lot of trouble just holding it up, and kicking it over was almost impossible for me because I was just weaker, it seemed, than I was before, and I didn't know if it was because I spent so much time masturbating the vagina, or that I didn't eat breakfast, or that maybe I was losing my muscles as part of the deal of getting a vagina in the first place.

But after I got it going I had another problem. I was sitting right on top of my "little thing" and the motorcycle was vibrating. That made me have

more orgasms, and I just sat there and revved the engine for about ten minutes enjoying it until I was afraid that it would blow up. Then I had to ride, and it's pretty dangerous to drive a motorcycle when you are having non-stop orgasms, especially making a left-hand turn when you are moaning and your hips are moving automatically. I almost creamed myself by running into a truck because I didn't want to let up on the gas since the vibrations were just perfect. It is no surprise to me why there aren't any girls motorcycle gangs or motorcycle cops. I made it to school, but almost not, and my bottom was soaking wet.

I had two problems with the swim meet. Actually, I had three, but number three was the problem of changing into my bathing suit in front of the other guys (and that problem went away because I was late because I went around the parking lot a couple of extra times to finish off my last orgasm). The other two problems were hiding my tits and not having a lump to make it look like I had my regular guy's "thing" when I put on my bathing suit. We wear little thin bathing suits and your thing shows a lot, so to not have your thing show would make people suspicious, and the last thing I needed was to have the whole school know about my vagina, so I put a sock in there, took off my bra, and put my shirt back on and wore it into the pool area and didn't take it off—and that covered up my tits.

The coach was pissed, but I was in the next race they were just about to start so he couldn't be pissed for too long. Anyway, I walked over to the edge of the pool and bent over like I was going to dive in with my arms in front of me, and I took off the shirt and I sort of tossed it the side (but close enough so I could get it when the race was over), and I just stayed in that tucked position so that no one would see my tits or my brown nipples. Except that this dipshit guy from the other school took forever to get ready, and I must have looked like a real jerk being all tucked under and ready to begin the race three or four minutes before we started. Then when we started the race I was so stiff I could hardly keep up, but that was my smallest problem as it turned out.

When I hit that warm water something happened to my stomach and it started to hurt, and when I got to the end of the pool the coach was waving his arms like crazy, and when I finished going into my first turn I saw

what he was waving at! It was red and it was a big cloud in the water and—guess what—it was coming out of me. I had my period!

Holy shit! I wanted to drown! I was treading water with my period and my tits and my vagina, and about 100 people were all watching me! Somehow I had enough brains at the time to swim over to where my shirt was and I grabbed it and climbed out and covered my tits, and the coach came running over and he was real concerned. I told him I had an infected pimple on my groin and that it was bleeding, and he got kind of mad at me for not telling him about it because of the dangers of spreading infection and all that crap. Then he said to go get dressed and go see my family doctor and not to get blood poisoning.

I was so glad to get out of there! But I wasn't that glad because I still had my period and I had a long way to go to get home. But after just a couple of minutes I knew I would never make it home unless I did something that was so horrible and embarrassing and terrible that I almost didn't do it.

Do you know what it's like to go into a girls' bathroom when you are not a girl? It's awful, but where else can a guy get a Kotex? I hurried down the hall as fast as I could with a whole towel stuffed in my pants. I went across the hall and through the cafeteria to the girls' bathroom way over by the music room where there wouldn't be anybody, and there *wasn't* anybody so I was happy about that.

There were two machines in there. One was for Kotexes and the other was for Tampaxes. I didn't know anything about that stuff (my only experience with female hygiene equipment was filling up a sink and soaking them to see how big they get), and I didn't know what to do then, but I bought one of each. They were only ten cents a piece, which was pretty cheap. I am not a moron, it's just that when a guy gets his period he's really out of it because that period stuff isn't taught to guys, and girls don't talk about it. It's one of the "female mysteries." Even the fat, ugly girls don't tell you anything about it. But then, how many guys ever think they're going to get their period?

Anyway, I know that the object of a Kotex is to soak up stuff, and so it has to go into the hole. And that also is the object of a Tampax, which is much, much smaller than a Kotex and is shaped a little different but is made out of the same stuff and smells like

continued on page 88

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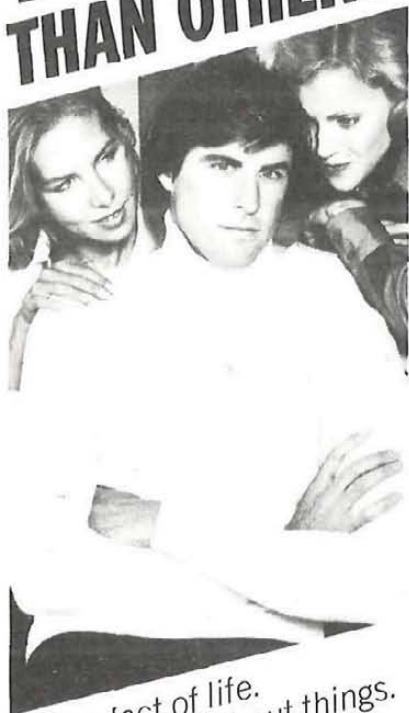
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Sold in drugstores. Also available in Canada.

MY VAGINA

continued from page 86

toilet paper, too. So it was obvious that the Kotex must go in the vagina hole because that hole was the biggest of the holes down there, and the Tampax must go in the rear end because it was smaller. The third hole is for taking a leak, but it's so tiny that I don't know what you could shove up there, and I never saw a commercial for anything smaller than a Tampax so I just left it alone.

Now I know why there are couches in girls' bathrooms. You need them to lay down on to get the Kotex in your vagina and the Tampax in your butt. A Kotex, you know, is about as big as half a box of Kleenex, and it doesn't slide too well. But anyway, after shoving for about ten minutes I got most of it up there. Getting the Tampax in my ass was a little easier but it hurt more.

So there I was with this giant wad of stuff in my vagina and another wad in my rear end. I guessed it was all fixed up, but it sure was hard to walk normal with all that crap in my holes. No wonder women get so crabby when they get their periods. I was pretty crabby myself about having to go through all that, and I felt real sorry for all the girls and I also felt pissed off at the female period supply companies for making their products too big and too hard to put in and not slippery enough.

Anyway, I got home and everything, and by about 4:00 my period stopped and I took a bubble bath. My parents came home about 5:00. It was real weird being around my dad when I had a vagina. But it wasn't so weird around my mom and I helped her cook dinner, which was fun. I made the frozen peas and mashed up the potatoes and I did really good, and it wasn't boring or anything, which was neat.

During dinner I got a phone call. It was my best friend, Dan. He asked about how my groin, which was bleeding at the swim meet, was and I said it was O.K. and it was just nothing and it was all gone away, and he asked if I was still going to go with him and Jeff and Steve and Steve's cousin, who goes to junior college, and I said no, and he got pissed off because before I said I would and I said no again, and he asked why not, but I couldn't tell him the real reason why so I said O.K. and he said, "Great! We're going to get high and look for girls."

I finished dinner, and my sister, Kristen, gave me a whole bunch of

shit about hogging the bathroom and leaving hair in the sink, and I started to cry and my mom told Kristen to shut up, and I went upstairs to steal another pair of her underpants, because the other ones were buried in the backyard along with my pants. By the way, don't flush Kotexes down the toilet because they back it up, which is what happened in our downstairs bathroom, and there was a big fight between my dad and my younger sister, Mandy, who is thirteen, for flushing Kotex, and she got embarrassed and screamed, "I don't have my time of month, I don't have my time of month, it's Kristen!" And Kristen screamed back, but louder because she is nineteen and really an asshole, "I don't even use Kotex, you little shit!" That earned her no car for two weeks, and finally my old man got so embarrassed listening to his daughters fight about periods that he left and said he was going to the hardware store to buy some washers for his sailboat. Boy, what would he have done if he knew it was my Kotex that caused the trouble?

I was not in love with the idea of going out with all those guys, but at about 8:00 they showed up, and while I took one last look at my face and hair and checked to see if there was anything up my nose, the guys joked around downstairs with my dad. Finally, my dad got sick of them and yelled at me to come down, and I did.

I was the last guy to be picked up so I had to sit in the back seat in the middle, which is not a great place to sit. I had Steve on one side of me and Steve's cousin, who goes to junior college, Jim, on the other side. Up in front Dan was driving and Jeff was shotgunned, and there was a case of Stroh's beer in the middle. We smoked some joints and drank and talked and listened to Ace Frehley's solo album (he is the guy who plays lead for KISS), which I used to love but suddenly did not love anymore, and I think I would have rather listened to Fleetwood Mac or Chuck Mangione or the Bee Gees, but even though I didn't like the music, I still sort of sang along with it like my sisters do. Jim told me to shut up. It hurt my feelings real bad and I almost wanted to cry.

I was real quiet (except for singing that time) because my vagina was sort of pulsating and throbbing. I think it was doing that because of the Kotex being up there before, and also my butt was in pain. Everybody wanted to know why I was so quiet and I said I

didn't feel too good. If you ever want a bunch of guys my age to leave you alone, don't tell them you don't feel too good, because if they know that something is wrong they will attack you and take advantage of you and try to make you feel worse, which is just what Jeff did when he turned around in the seat and looked right at my face and said, "Ass Patrol on alert!" "Al-right!" Dan shouted. And I freaked out inside.

Ass Patrol is the same as mooning, and mooning is hanging your ass out of a car window, and I couldn't hang my ass out of the window because (a) I was wearing my sister's underpants, and (b) the vagina was right in front of my ass. "It's your turn, Larry," Dan said. "Flash flesh."

"I can't," I said. "I have a cold."

"Bullshit!"

"Fuck you!"

No matter how much I said no they said yes, and they would have pulled my pants down and shoved my ass out (they were so drunk and high), and the dangerous part about that is that when you are going sixty-five miles an hour and a bunch of drunk guys are trying to get your butt out the window, you can fall out and die or get into a crash and have to die with your pants down and have people laugh at you for the rest of your life—and even laugh louder if you have a vagina! So I said I would do it then. On top of everything terrible that had just happened, Steve's cousin said, "Why don't we moon the drive-in window at the Burger King?"

Everybody thought that was the coolest thing they ever heard, and we turned around and headed back for the Burger King. One good thing was that it gave me time to figure out how to put my ass out without revealing my sister's underpants or the vagina and also to get my pants ready so that I could do it quickly and get it over with. Except everything got fucked up because Dan was too busy trying to watch and not busy enough driving, and he crashed into the Burger King and I flew forward into the front seat and hit my head on the ashtray. I knew I was in big trouble because I could see four faces staring at the beaver I was flashing.

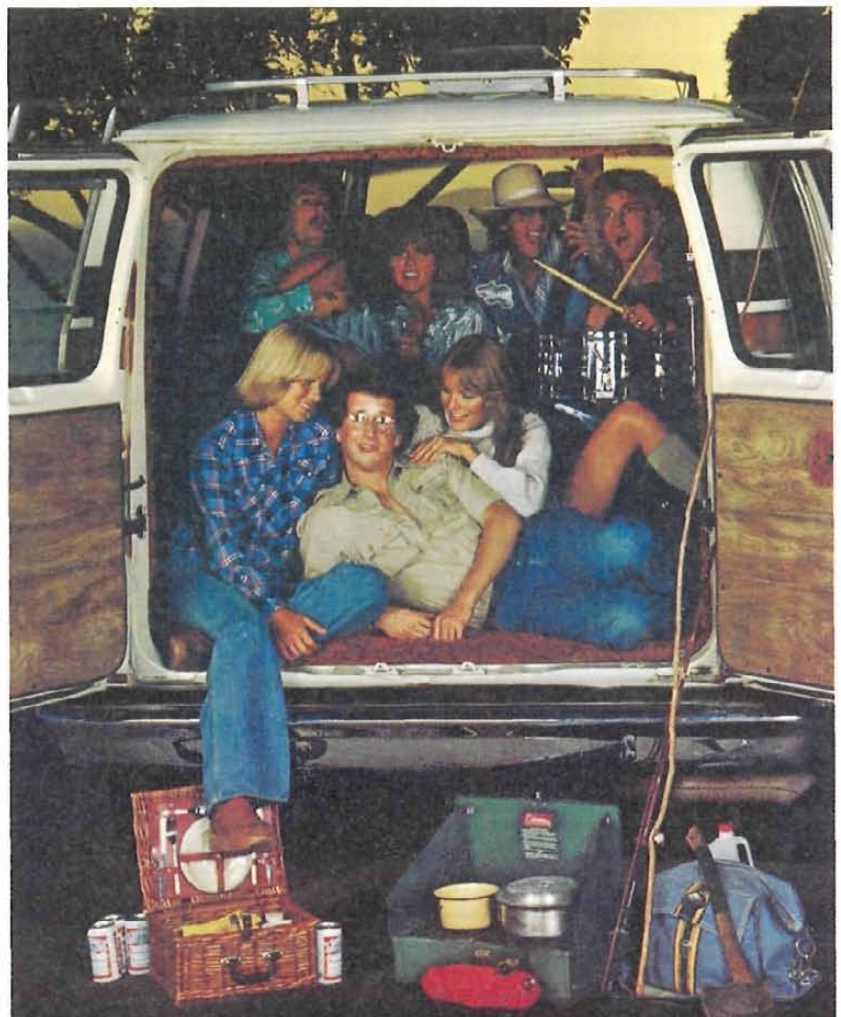
"It's a cunt!"

"Larry's got a cunt!"

"It's real!"

I didn't do anything except almost shit in my pants, which were down by my knees. And do you know what else? All the people who worked at the

continued on page 98



Clarion Hi-Way Fidelity. It's Like A Concert In Your Van.



Ask your retailer about Clarion's 3-year warranty program.

I can't understand it. ME. Melvin Dimsdale! An overnight sensation! That Dimsdale wit and charm finally came shinin' through! It's like they say... when you've got it flaunt it.

"What you hear ladies is the first completely matched high power, low distortion hi-fi system designed exclusively for the road!" Clarion has dozens of combinations to choose from... mine is a high performance AM FM stereo cassette with a 30 watt five band equalizer booster and a pair of 3-way hi-fi speakers. The whole system cost me under \$400!

I guess when they start askin' "Mel... what's your system!" I'll have to tell 'em Clarion— It's like a concert in your van.

 **Clarion**
Corporation of America

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 '56 Bulgarnobles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Comme Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, *Third Base*, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos n Andy

SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM: With The Wide World of Meat, Our White Heritage, Bland Hotel, the *I 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 Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album

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

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

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, *Guerra Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards

MARCH, 1974/STUPID: With The Stupid Aptitude Test, Kancer Kare Cosmetics, 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 Countries You Can 1 Visit, and Welcome to Cheeseburg

JULY, 1974/DESSERT: With *Famine Circle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers, Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomie 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 *Balfart Comics*

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

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

APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS: With *Warm Rod Magazine*, Henry Ford's Dairy, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1906 Bulge Buggies, The Tunnel Policemen'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, Hoary Mel Brooks as God, Airport '69, and Gitter Burns

AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE: With The Rockefeller Attica Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Citizen's Arrest Magazine*, Inherit 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

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

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

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 honeymoon, 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 gas

JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE: With Those Lazy Hazy Crazy Final Days, lots of hilarious cartoons, sight gags, comics, and the *Scientific 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, TV magazine, Monday Night Sleep, *PBS Concordance*, and Dinah's Dumpster

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

JULY, 1977/SEX: With the inevitable *Hill Report* parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know, porn flicks, skin backs, drink mugs, and the *Just* and *True* Lie Western Romance

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

OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES: With *Mersey Mootop*, *Faveave 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, Euronazi, The Real Adolf Hitler, and Fascist Food

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

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

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 *Natl.amp*, Born Again on the Fourth of July, and comics by Wilson, Rodrigues, and Subitzky

AUGUST, 1978/TODAY'S TEENS: With *Savvyteen* and *Real Teen* magazines, comics by Wilson and Flenniken, Then and Now, a Field Guide to Young Teen-age Girls, and a *Natl.amp* report on education in America

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 *Natl.amp* guide to the Big Ten

NOVEMBER, 1978/THE BODY: With *Memoirs of a Surgeon*, Pot Mews and Coke Alley, Captain Cadaver by Gahan Wilson, How Our Bodies Develop, and a True Body Section

DECEMBER, 1978/FOOD AND FESTIVITY: With *Modern Menus*, Foods of Many Nations, a General History of Food Fighting, a Gourmet Guide, and a True Food Section

JANUARY, 1979/DEPRESSION: With Psychopages, What I Got for Christmas, New Year's Eve, special Cheer-Up section, and comics by Gahan Wilson, Subitzky, and Flenniken

FEBRUARY, 1979/HETEROSEXUALITY: With *Very Married Sex*, a look at bachelors, Planet of the Living Women, *Screwing Your Best Friend's Wife*, and a profile of Mr. Right

MARCH, 1979/CHANCE: With *Track Rats*, Vegas, Unchained Melodrama, How to Drive Fast, and John and Gerry's risk section

THE NATIONAL LAMPOON

Dept. NL479 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

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TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

● A recent crash involving a plane operated by National Airlines will net that company a handsome profit. Company officials explained National's insurance recovery will total \$1.5 million in excess of the book value of the plane, which translated into terms of conventional income, means that each of the fifty-eight dead passengers paid over \$25,000 for his ticket. *Wall Street Journal* (contributed by Allen Horowitz)

● A Kentucky man read the Bible passage, "Wherefore if thy hand or foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee. It is better to enter life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee." He subsequently assembled three pocket knives, positioned himself in the middle of the street, sliced off his right foot and right hand, and gouged out his right eye. "He thought he done it to get to heaven," his sister said. *Louisville Courier-Journal* (contributed by David Clark)

● Ralph Graves entered a doughnut shop with a gun and demanded money from the cashier. A customer recognized him; however, when Graves lifted up a corner of his pillowcase mask to find his way out the door. Graves had forgotten to cut eye-holes. *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by Cindy Ishmael)

● An unknown man smashed a window at Roger Smith's house in Watsonville, California, entered the home, made Roger's bed, and fled.

UPI (contributed by Alan Cohen)

● Charles A. Merriweather broke into the home of a thirty-four-year-old Baltimore woman, raped her, and ransacked the premises. After finding only \$11.50, Merriweather asked the victim how she paid her bills. When she replied "by check," he forced her to make out a check to Charles A. Merriweather for fifty dollars, warning her, "It better not bounce, or I'll be back." Police arrested the payee a short time later. *UPI*

● A twenty-three-year-old woman was resting at a rice farm in the district of Garut,

West Java, when a monkey raped her. She claimed to have resisted, but "could not surpass the force of the tall and strong animal." The woman's husband, who was working in another field at the time of the assault, stated that he was not jealous because, "after all, it was only a monkey." *El Tiempo*, Bogota, Colombia (contributed by Bill Lamer)

● Mark Maybry of Albuquerque, New Mexico, was arrested when he attempted to use his mother's Master Charge card in a California liquor store. The card was listed as stolen because she had been found shot to death in

her garage, and Mark became implicated when police reportedly found a list in his room which read: "Things to do: (1) Buy shells. (2) Shoot father. (3) Shoot mother." *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by J.K. Jones)

● According to relatives, Australian sports fisherman Doug Le Poudevin had always dreamed of catching the "big one." He got his wish on October 19, 1978, while trolling in the Murray River, where Le Poudevin caught a seventy-nine-pound cod. The ecstatic fisherman shouted "you bloody beauty" as he took the prize fish aboard, then collapsed and died from a heart attack. Le Poudevin's grandson hauled the body ashore, where he laid the cod beside it and sobbed, "Here poppy, here's your fish." The catch was served at his wake. *UPI* (contributed by Kathy Wiler)

● A burglar entered the home of Thomas Schimmel in Tawas City, Michigan; collected valuables; fixed himself a bowl of cereal; laid down in Schimmel's bed, and fell asleep. When Schimmel returned to his house and discovered the crime, he called police. Officers investigated, completed their reports, and departed. When Schimmel noticed the sleeping burglar several hours later, he summoned the police again. They awakened the man and identified him as the thief. *UPI* (contributed by Nancy Sydlosky)

● A ninety-one-year-old rest home patient refused to bathe in front of other people. Police reported that he subsequently drowned while bathing alone. *The Daily Press* (contributed by Mike Austin)

·LIVES OF THE GREAT·
THIS MONTH:
ERNEST MILLER HEMINGWAY
"PAPA" (1899-1961)

"HE'S GUILTY OF TOO MUCH DRINKING AND NOT ENOUGH WASHING." —MRS. HEMINGWAY ON THE MATTER OF HER HUSBAND'S ODOR.

HEMINGWAY (WHO BELIEVED EVERY MAN IS BORN WITH A PREORDAINED NUMBER OF ORGASMS) ALWAYS INSISTED THAT HE "FLICKED" MATA HARI. SHE WAS KILLED A YEAR BEFORE HE SET FOOT IN EUROPE.

DURING WWI, HEMINGWAY INTRODUCED HIMSELF TO SOLDIERS AS "ERNE HEMORRHOID, THE POOK MAN'S PYLE."

HEMINGWAY HAD 50 MANY CATS ON HIS CUBAN ESTATE, HE WAS FORCED TO BUILD A SEPARATE GUEST HOUSE FOR THEM.

IN 1944 A JEALOUS HEMINGWAY DESTROYED THE PORTRAIT OF HIS LOVER WITH A SUB-MACHINE GUN. A STRAY SHOT BLEW APART HER TOILET AND FLOODED THE APARTMENT.

T**Spoilers**

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

MOVIES

The Great Train Robbery: Sean Connery is apprehended at the last minute by Scotland Yard, but Donald Sutherland and Lesley-Anne Down stage a daring getaway and they all escape to freedom.

Invasion of the Body Snatchers: Donald Sutherland finally succumbs to the pod people and turns on Veronica Cartwright, the only real human being left in San Francisco.

Quintet: Paul Newman figures out a murderous, backgammon-type game called Quintet, which is being played in a future ice age. He does not get killed, although practically everyone else does, including his brother. There is, however, a ringing affirmation of life at the end.

BOOKS

Dress Gray by Lucian K. Truscott IV: West Point cadet Ry Slight discovers that homosexual cadet David Hand was murdered by Van Riper, who later dies in Vietnam. Slight wins a moral victory over the establishment, but is forced to resign from the academy.

By Reason of Insanity by Shane Stevens: The psychopathic murderer who believes he's Caryl Chessman's son is finally caught in the Barbizon Hotel by a *Newstime* reporter. The psychopathic murderer turns out not to be Caryl Chessman's son after all.

Marilyn Monroe Confidential by Lena Pepitone with Stadiem: Frank Sinatra and Joe DiMaggio have similarly sized cocks.

R**Misc.**

On the Ethics Of Using Recordings Posthumously



The late Van Morrison—Seven years after his death, a lavish "new" album raises "suspicions of exploitation."

Attention New York Times: No, Jim's the one that's "late." Van is the little Orangeman who vibrates up and down and repeats himself. A convenient method for keeping the two straight is: A, the middle letter of Van, stands for alive, and Jim has one less letter than dead.



Without recommending one submarine tour service over another, the Whaling City Dredge and Dock Corporation appears to offer an excellent way to see submarines.

U**Armed Women**

The following true items are reprinted from *American Rifleman* magazine, published by the National Rifle Association of America.

● Having fallen asleep while baby-sitting, Denise Y. Lee of Birmingham, Ala., was violently awakened by a 200-lb. man who gagged her with his left hand and threatened to kill her with a poised screwdriver if she screamed. Lee slipped her hand under a nearby coat where she had hidden a .38 cal. pistol, pulled it out, and shot him point blank in the chest.

● A Greenville, Miss., housewife, awakened by the sound of a table bumping against her bed, looked up to see an armed man who threatened to kill her. The young mother of two grabbed the intruder's gun hand while reaching for her own pistol which she kept near the bed, and fired twice, causing the man to flee. The bandit was later found dead in a nearby yard.

● After being kidnapped at knifepoint in her own car, a New Orleans woman managed to slip a .25 cal. pistol into her purse from a hiding place in her car. She was taken to a house under construction; and when the would-be rapist turned to look out the window for the arrival of his accomplice, the woman drew her gun and fired three times, mortally wounding her attacker. His body was discovered later in a parked car.

● Awakened by the growling of her dog, Gertrude Ross, 71, of Baltimore, Md., looked up from her bed to see a man in a stocking mask standing in the doorway. The robber demanded money, slapped her and dragged her off the bed. Ross crawled toward a dresser saying she would get her money. Instead, she reached under a piece of furniture, grabbed her gun and fired two shots, one of which struck the assailant fatally in the head.

E

● After unsuccessfully trying to break in the front door of a home in Inglewood, Calif., a hoodlum forced his way through a bedroom window where the female resident's six-year-old daughter was sleeping. The woman intercepted the intruder, leveled her revolver, and ordered him to halt. When the man continued his assault, the woman fired, mortally wounding him in the chest.

● Having been raped twice before by the same man, the 51-year-old Los Angeles woman was ready when her attacker broke into her apartment for a third time. Armed since the last assault, the woman drew her handgun when the man entered her bedroom and, following a brief struggle, fatally shot the would-be rapist in the chest.

True Masthead

Edited by Tod Carroll
Spoilers by Susan Rosenthal
Lives by Bradley Razook
 Art: Wendy Burden
 Research: Susan Rosenthal and Betsy Aaron
 Contributing Editors: Tom Corcoran, Ben Ellard, P. Howard Lyons, Bill Moseley, Pedar Ness, Alan Rose.

Contributions: We will pay \$10 for every item used, \$30 for color and b&w photos. Send to: True Facts, *National Lampon*, 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 Lampon* is fictional. Except the ads.

These devices, garments, and furnishings have been registered at the U.S. Patent Office by individuals who believe others will buy them.



TONGUE CLEANER

Features a scraper blade at the end of a thin handle, intended for use by smokers, cold and hangover sufferers, and others who may accumulate substances on their tongues.



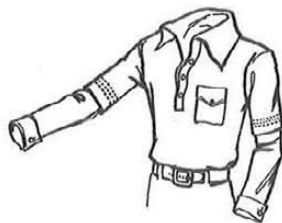
SOFA DUST GUARDS

Clear vinyl sheets designed to supplant opaque cloth and lace arm guards, which disturb pattern flow of upholstery. Plastic lets fabric show through while protecting it.



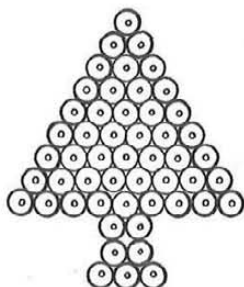
TOILET-EVAC

Plastic duct fits around lip of toilet. A fan and ventilation system connected to it draws air from the bowl, transmitting unpleasant odors to another location.



ZIPPER-SLEEVED SHIRT

Sleeves unzip at the elbow to provide both short- and long-sleeve option in same shirt. Offered as an aid to parents wishing to avoid the expense of replacing shirts of youngsters whose arms grow faster than the rest of their bodies.



CAN TREE

Hobby kit containing a variety of tin cans that may be soldered into decorative trees, wine racks, and centerpieces.



COMBINATION FOOTSTOOL AND CHRISTMAS TREE HOLDER

Top of hassock removes to expose center hole, into which a tree trunk may be inserted. Footstool is adjustable so trees can be supported vertically on uneven floors.

Supply and Demand Dept.

A leading Merchant Bank in Nigeria

is looking for

NIGERIAN BANKERS

with extensive post-qualification Commercial banking experience in Credit appraisal and Foreign Exchange.

The positions command good salaries and fringe benefits including housing.

Applications specifying areas of specialization should reach:

The Chief of Administration,
P.O. Box 3633,
Lagos.

by 31st December, 1978

This ad appeared in the Barbados Pelican, placed by a Nigerian bank that evidently believes one must take his Nigerian bankers wherever he may find them, presumably excluding Nigeria.

Informative Headlines

Beer sales increase as the mercury rises

DTH 6/26/78

Inflation costly to most of U.S.

DTH 8/1/78

Mines can be safety hazard

DTH 8/6/78

Texas Stadium site of crowds

DMN 8/31/78

Parents often fail

DTH 7/18/78

Swimming pool drownings needless

DMN 8/4/78

Entertainment sure bet in Vegas

Dallas Morning News 7/30/78

Boredom's a problem

DTH 6/28/78

Kids love sandwiches

DTH 7/13/78

Leaves love lawns

DMN 6/24/78

Tourists ask questions

DTH 7/16/78

Botulism poisoning serious

DMN 9/21/78

Cost of homes increases

DMN 6/24/78

Cuisine tempts diverse tastes

Dallas Times Herald 7/9/78

Collected from the Dallas Morning News (DMN) and the Dallas Times Herald (DTH) by Susan Hoffman.



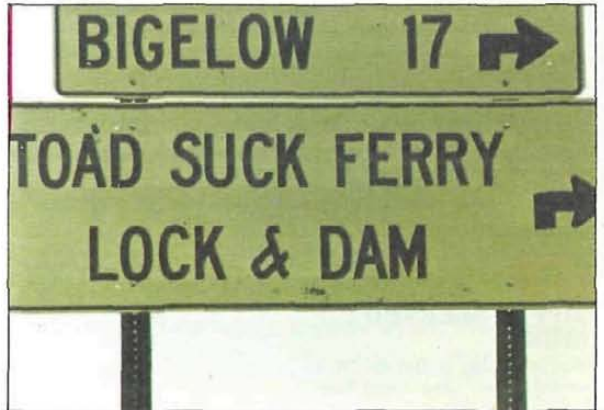
Alan Moringiello, Valley Stream, N.Y.



Tim Griffin, Miami, Fla.



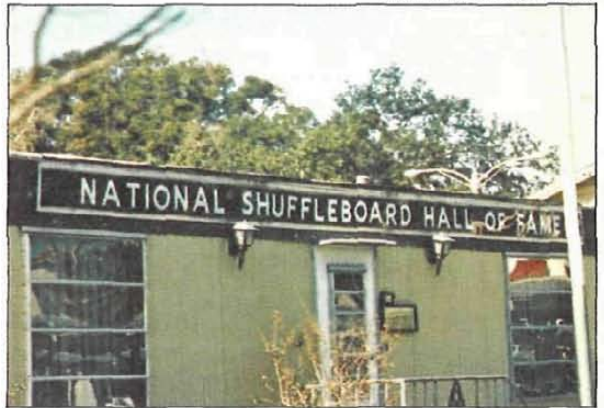
John Koury, Niagara Falls, N.Y.



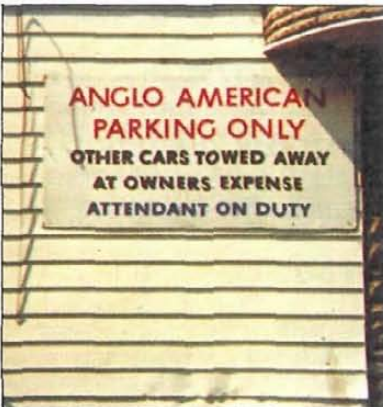
Greg Susong, Wellington, Kans.



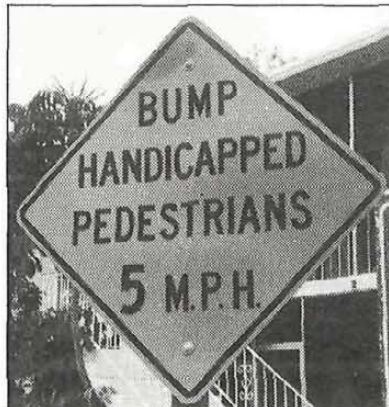
J. Broude, Panorama City, Calif.



Douglas Tatchman, St. Petersburg, Fla.



Pete Booth, Lackawanna, N.Y.



Carl J. Roof, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.



A. R. Miller, Ventura, Calif.

The Bose® 901® Series IV: A new approach to room acoustics creates a major advance in performance.

It's well known that living room acoustics are a major factor in how any speaker will sound in your home. Recently, an ambitious Bose research program analyzed speaker performance in dozens of actual home listening rooms. The study showed that, while rooms vary greatly, their prin-

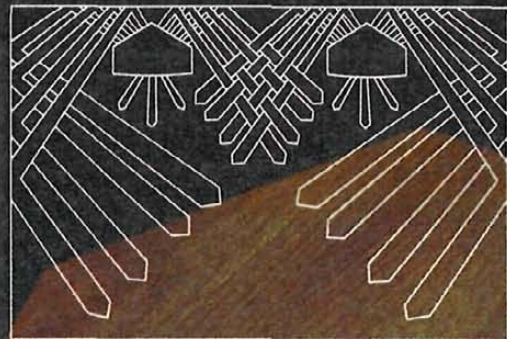
cipal effects can be isolated to specific types of frequency unbalances.

Based on this research, the electronic Active Equalizer of the new Bose 901® Series IV speaker system has been totally redesigned. New controls allow greater capability for adjustment of room factors

than conventional electronics, and make possible superb performance in almost any home listening room.

These new room controls also let us develop a basic equalization curve with no compromises for room effects, allowing still more accurate tonal balance. In addition, an important improvement in the design of the 901 driver makes possible even greater efficiency and virtually unlimited power handling.

These innovations combine with proven Bose concepts to create a dramatic advance in performance: in practically any listening room, with virtually any amplifier, large or small, the 901 Series IV sets a new standard for the open, spacious, life-like reproduction of sound that has distinguished Bose Direct/Reflecting® speakers since the first 901.



The 901 Series IV Direct/Reflecting speaker creates a life-like balance of reflected and direct sound.



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The guy who claims he can drink everyone under the table looks pretty low. Especially if he gets there.

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**IT'S PEOPLE WHO GIVE DRINKING
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In the early days of baseball, players on the Chicago White Sox (notably "Shoeless" Joe Jackson, hitter) conspired to fix the World Series. They were caught and barred from professional baseball for life. From that day forth, the team that had brought the great game into disgrace was styled the "Black Sox" in memory of their dark attempt on the game's integrity.

History, like history teachers, seems to repeat itself. So it was that last year, *National Lampoon* Black Sox pitcher John "Whizzer" Weidman conspired with several others to throw

the magazine league championship game.

"Whizzer" Weidman and his co-conspirators will never play again. But you can, and help to keep alive the memory of the man who betrayed baseball. Team manager Sean Kelly retired after that game. A brokenhearted, disillusioned old man, he would never play again with the team he had founded, the game he loved so well. Part of the money we receive for these jackets goes to help support Kelly in his haunted old age.

So buy a jacket...lest we forget.

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Please send jacket to:

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Please indicate size:

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MY VAGINA

continued from page 89

Burger King were crowded in the window looking at my vagina. I think they must have thought I was a girl but still, shit, that's super embarrassing! Dan suddenly got smart and saw that he was going to get into trouble for hitting a Burger King, so he pulled out into the street and swerved to miss a car and we were gone.

"Far out!" Steve said.

"It's incredible, look at it!"

I just laid there, mainly because of the position I was in I couldn't do anything else. My head was down on the floor and my back was on the beer and my legs were hanging over the back seat, and there was a guy on either side of me and two guys in the back about a foot from my vagina, just staring like morons. Then the guy from junior college reached out and touched it.

"Get out of there!" I screamed!

"Where's your dork?" Jeff asked me.

"What's happened to you?" Dan said.

Then the guy from junior college tried to open my legs up, and I kicked him but he just started laughing like an animal and then he made me faint

when he said, "Let's fuck Larry!"

Oh, God! I was in deep-shit trouble!

When I woke up, the car was parked at the golf course and my pants were completely off. I tried to get up but no one would help me.

"You can't fuck me!" I said. "I am a guy!"

That sort of slowed them down, and they were all quiet for a minute and then Dan said that I was right. But then Jeff said, "If he's a guy, what's he doing with that!"

"You know what?" Steve said, like he suddenly figured out what was going on but he really didn't, "Larry's a girl who's pretending to be a guy and has always been a girl!"

"I have not," I said. "You guys have seen my..."

Nope, I never had gym with any of those guys and as far as I know they never saw my "thing" out in the open, and it didn't make any difference because they were so drunk and high that I could have been a zebra and they wouldn't have known it.

"I don't want to take any chances on being a homo," Dan said.

"It's a vagina, dumb shit!" Jeff said.

"You can't be a homo if it's a vagina."

"Yeah," Dan said. "I guess so."

"Let's do it," Steve said.

"Is it O.K. with you, Larry?"

"No!" I screamed!

I was scared shit and I was struggling like crazy, and normally I could have whipped those guys in about one and a half minutes, but I just didn't have any muscles left. I have to admit this and it's really gross and disgusting and horrible and a nightmare but... my friends all fucked me.

Everything worked out O.K., I guess. I never talked to those guys again and they never talked to me, either, and then my dad got transferred to California and we moved there in the summer, so I don't know what happened to them, except I heard Steve's cousin joined the navy and got thrown out for setting fire to a guy's bed. The vagina went away after a few months. The "little thing" just got bigger and bigger until one day it was my regular guy's thing again. It doesn't bother me any more that I had the vagina. I mean, it didn't make me insane or anything. I guess the worst thing that happened was that I had to use up most of my money I was saving for new skis and waste my Easter vacation having to get an abortion. □

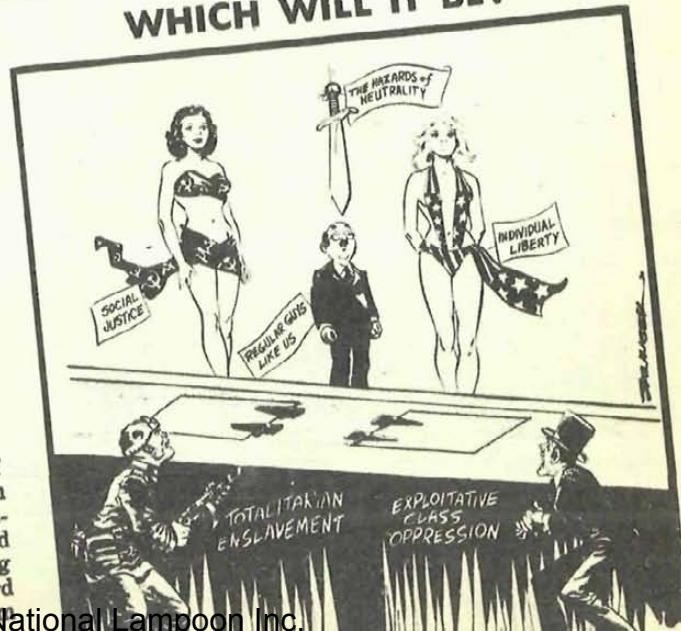
THE END

Coming Next Month

W.S. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1979

33

WHICH WILL IT BE?



INTER-
NATIONAL
COMMUNISM
AND
TERRORISM

In the May National Lampoon



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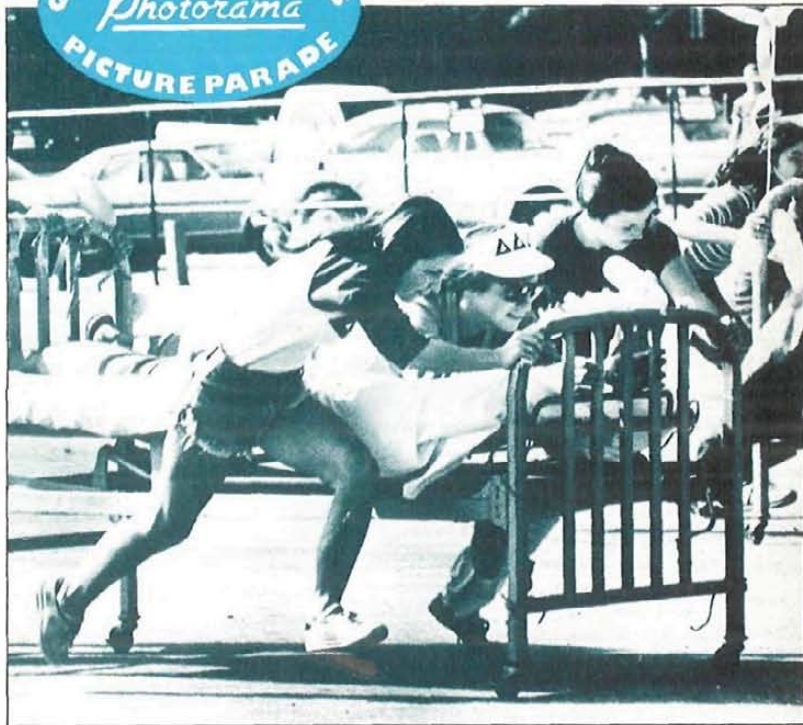
I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE

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Peking, China With the normalization of relations between the U.S. and China, the Chinese are preparing to export their Kweng T'ai, roughly translated as "midget westerns," a unique film genre that features the "Cowboy Cubs of Canton," a band of tiny adventurers who roam the vast countryside doing good deeds and righting wrongs.



Des Moines, Iowa Dedicated joggers in this city refuse to lose a single day of exercise, even when they are hospitalized. A group of these men have formed a club called the "Bed Riders," and have hired local students to push their wheeled beds around the hospital parking lot for the equivalent of ten miles every day. Bed Riders report a significant improvement in their muscle tone, energy capacity, and all-around alertness since adopting this new technique.



Stockholm, Sweden Jeurgen Holmberg, twenty-two, poses for a publicity photograph with his girl friend, Greta Schmidt, after being treated with a new hormone serum. Until six months ago, Holmberg stood only five feet, two inches tall, and his parents feared he would never grow. They agreed to try the untested serum, which was derived from unborn giraffe testicles. Holmberg is now over ten feet tall. "He likes it this way," said Miss Schmidt. But Swedish medical authorities insist they can bring him back to normal.



Spokane, Washington Dr. Reva Mergenstern looks over her invention, a mobile toilet, before a test run at Spokane's Mount Olive Hospital. The toilet was designed primarily for colitis sufferers, people who are subject to frequent and unexpected bowel movements. The toilet, which has no nickname, can also be used as a three-wheel bicycle.

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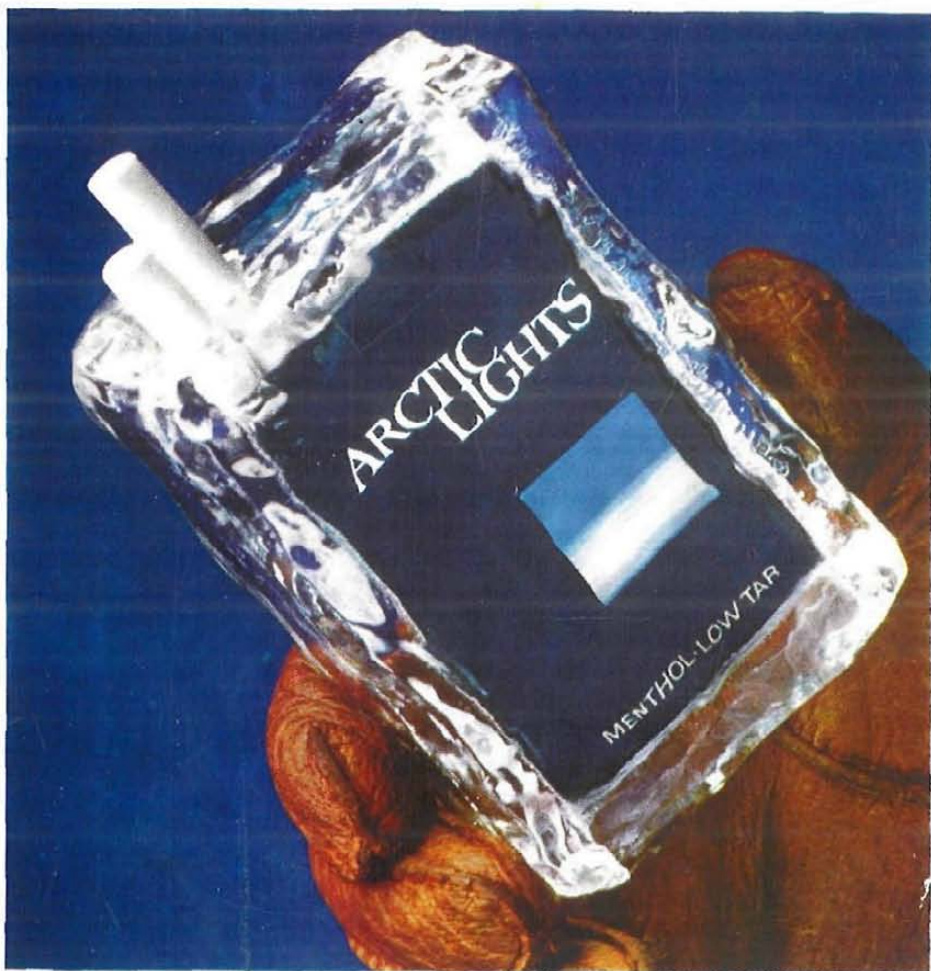


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