

SEX ROLES ISSUE

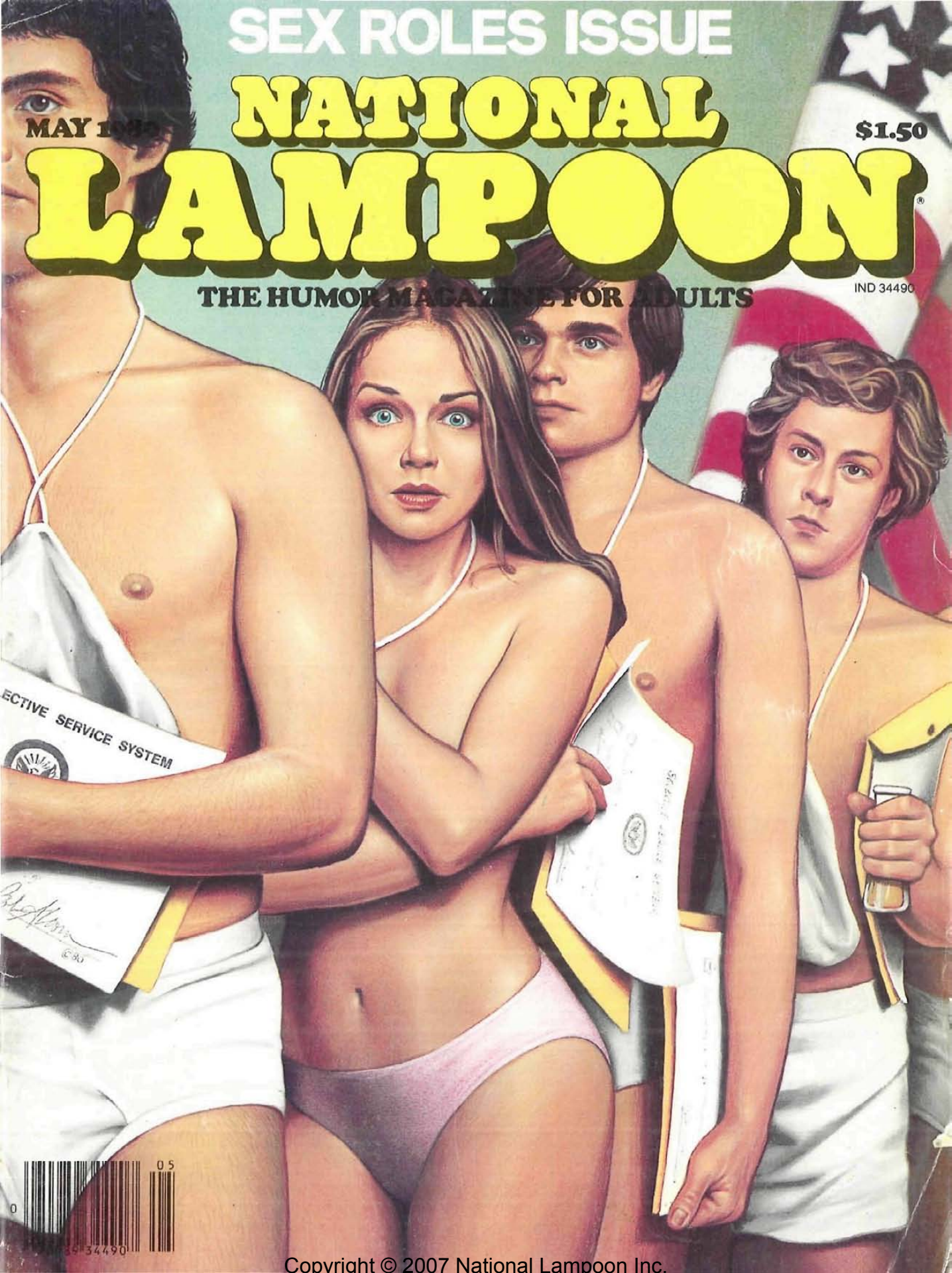
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NATIONAL LAMPOON

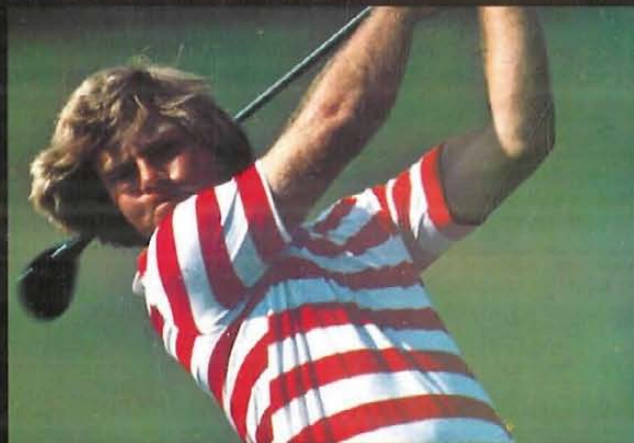
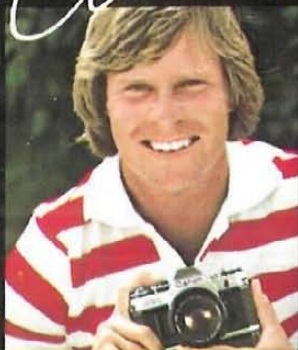
THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS

IND 34490



Ben Crenshaw

SATISFIED.



Nearly three years ago, Ben Crenshaw became an accomplished photographer with the revolutionary Canon AE-1. The camera that took advanced electronics technology, unsurpassed optics and superior quality and made fine photography simpler than ever before. Now, Ben Crenshaw has added a Power Winder, several lenses and accessories. To make himself an outfit that he carries everywhere. The AE-1 has made photography his favorite occupation. Next to golf.

Ben Crenshaw isn't alone. In the time since its introduction, more than *one million* Canon AE-1's have been bought in the United States alone and it's still going strong. Making it far and away the most successful camera of its type in history.

A million satisfied customers must know something!

What they know is this. The Canon AE-1 was, and still is, unmatched for its combination of cost and performance. It has shutter-priority automation that's as simple as focus and click. Shutter-priority automation is a long way of saying that you can get sharper

pictures, because you select a shutter speed fast enough to prevent blur and the camera adjusts the lens for the light. You get great pictures automatically, but remain in control. You can shoot with full confidence that every shot will be as sharp and bright as the next.

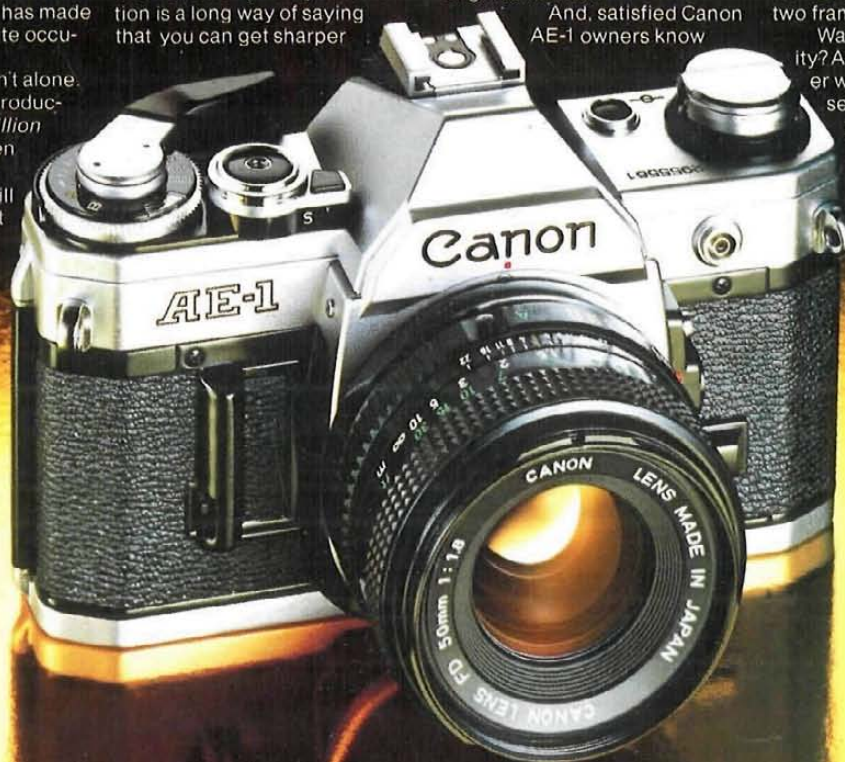
And, satisfied Canon AE-1 owners know

some other smart things too. They know that special Canon "A" Series Speedlites make the AE-1 the most automatic flash available. They set the AE-1's shutter speed *and* aperture as soon as they're ready to fire.

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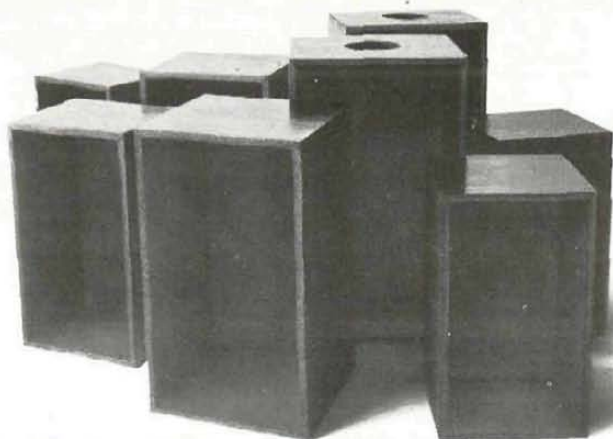
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it works on a thin piece of High Polymer Molecular (HPM) film that converts electrical impulses into sound waves without a magnet, voice coil, cone or dome.

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You'll never hear a sound out of these die cast aluminum frames.

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voice coil let you hear even the deepest notes exactly the way the musicians

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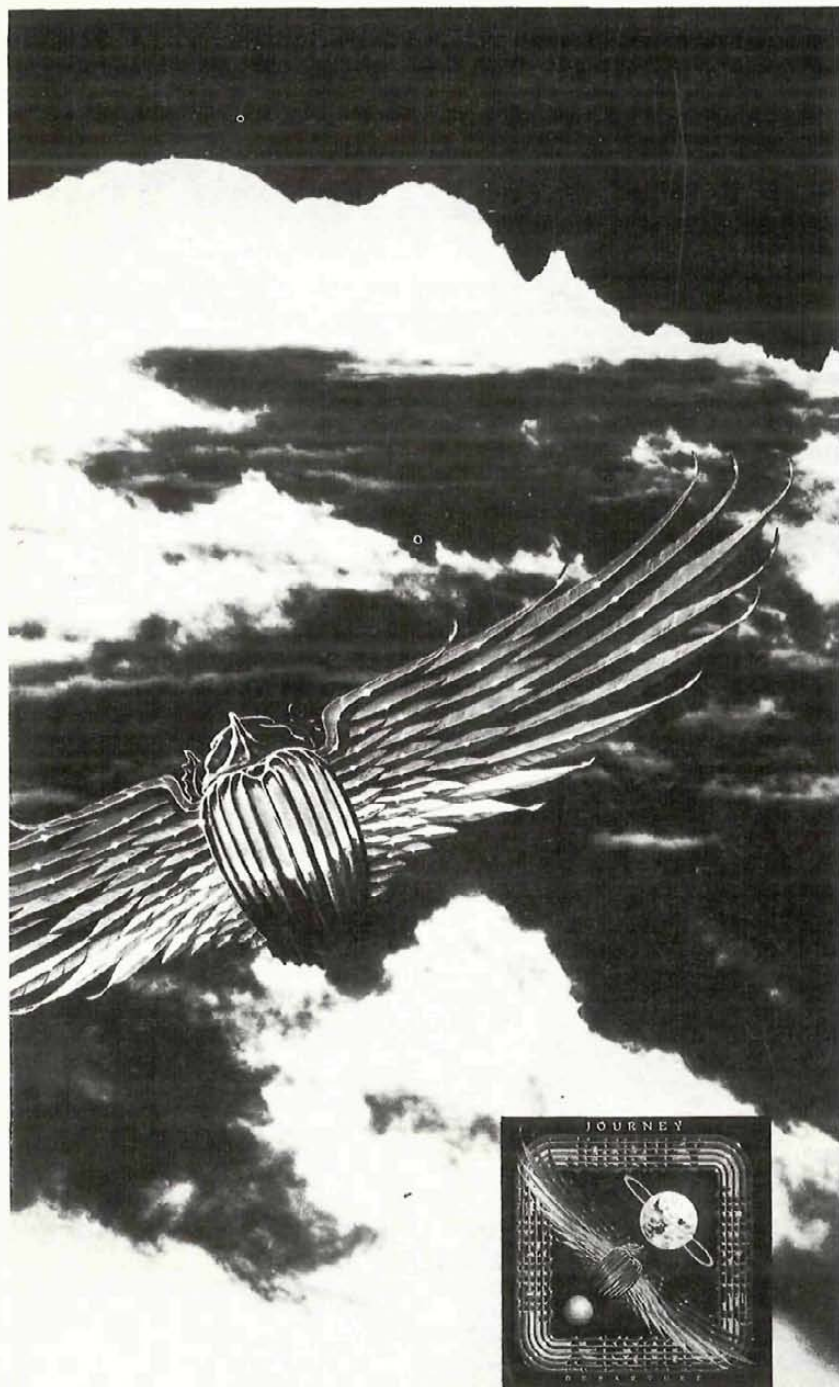
At this point, we suggest you take your favorite record into any Pioneer dealer and audition a pair of HPM speakers in person.

If you think what went into them sounds impressive, wait till you hear what comes out of them.



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IT'S EVERYTHING OUR BIG SPECIALS ARE. EXCEPT BIG.

Our 1980 XS400 Special could easily be mistaken for one of our larger Specials. Not surprising, since the only real difference is its size.

The XS400 is smaller. Which certainly has some advantages. Like maneuverability. It's lightweight, agile and exceptionally stable.

Gas mileage is phenomenal. Over 60 miles per gallon.*

And to prove that mid-size

doesn't have to mean mid-performance, the 400's tried-and-true 391cc, four-stroke engine is more than generous with power. While a six-speed transmission doles out the power precisely as you need it.

Like the bigger Specials, the XS400 sports all the extras considered standard on a Special: a redesigned frame and seat mounting system that lowers the seat height, giving you that

feet-on-the-ground stability. Graceful, pullback handlebars. Tapered megaphone pipes. And one-piece cast alloy wheels.

It all adds up to the XS400 Special.

Big-bike styling. Big-bike performance. Mid-size price.

That's the special beauty of this beautiful Special.

YAMAHA

When you know how they're built.

*Mileage figures based on EPA testing, for city riding. Your mileage may vary depending on the way you ride.
Rear view mirror(s) standard equipment. Always wear a helmet and eye protection.

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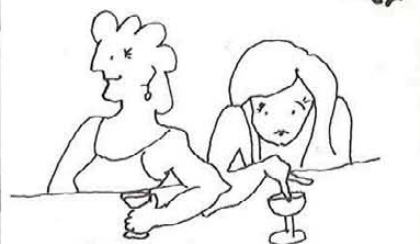
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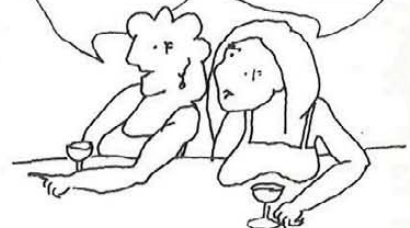
wouldja look at the shoulders on that guy?
with the shirt open to the waist?



no, no, the guy right next to him.
in the station with his chest pushed out too far?



no, the guy on the other side
eating peanuts real slow?



NO! the guy throwing up on the jukebox.
yeah, nice shoulders!





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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

LIGHT 100's: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS: 14 mg. "tar",
1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '79.

EDITORIAL

I'd like to use this space to offer a service to a certain segment of our reading audience, the short people. Specifically, I would like to help short people in the one area where they may have a sexual problem, their relationships with tall people.

I am short, but I've had remarkable sexual success with big girls. What I'd like to do is give all our short readers the benefit of my experience. These are just hints and tips. Nothing is written on stone. There are no hard and fast formulas. I'm sure a lot of you short guys out there have plenty of advice to give me. But for whatever it's worth, here's what I've discovered.

First of all, I must be blunt. You've got to have a big you know what. Big girls like big you know whats. Check yours out. If it's not at least eight inches long and three to five inches thick, don't go any further. Most big girls are insatiable and have very big vaginas. If you're smaller than the figures quoted and still want to do the job, I suggest you buy two or three dildos, as well as using your own.

Big girls are notoriously slow starters. They have a lot more erogenous zones for you to cover. You'll have to do at least two or three hours of mouth and hand jobs; so unless you're in excellent physical shape, you should also buy two or three vibrators to assist you in foreplay.

Big girls can be just as sensitive as little girls. In your case you'll have to use your fists a lot. They'll feel like fingers to a big girl. Just pound away. You can also jump up and down on a big girl. This will give her a pleasant tickling sensation.

One good way to excite a big girl is



to take her by surprise. If she's really voluptuous and broad around the ass, you can hide behind it and give her peekaboo bites when she's not looking.

Cunnilingus on a big girl is much easier for a short man. You simply "go up" on her. If she is wearing a voluminous tentlike skirt, you can slip under it and do her standing up, which is especially exciting in public places, such as waiting for a bus or in a quiet, secluded section of an art museum.

Once a big girl gets warmed up she can go for six to eight hours, so be prepared for a lot of extra work. When you get tired you can probably put your entire arm inside her and move it around. If your thing is too small and you still want to give her a good time, you can put it in her navel, her ears, or her nostrils, where it might be a perfect fit.

If you're not sure how well you're satisfying a big girl, make a lot of noise, a lot of animallike sounds and grunts and groans of pleasure. You can cover up a lot of ordinary sexual performance with powerful, sexy sounds.

In classic pornography the hunchbacked dwarf is always a fascinating sex object for big women. You can get her highly excited by bending over and wearing extra padding or lots of vegetables around your shoulders to look a bit freaky and kinky. Or try wearing a pair of football shoulder pads in the middle of your back.

Half the battle is won if you have confidence in yourself. Don't let a big woman throw you with her arrogant airs and wisecracks about your size. And for God's sake don't approach her with the old line "Hi, baby, what do you say to a little fuck?" She'll invariably reply, "Hello, Little Fuck." GS



Sirs:

I've been trying to reach Joan Kennedy at home, but she's never there, so I thought maybe you could let her know that I think there's still a quart of J & B under the bottom shelf of the upstairs linen closet—the board lifts right up. Also, tell her to watch out for that self-righteous Dr. Gelte at Walter Reed. He's got a big mouth, if you know what I mean, and will tell the staff to spy on you and get on your back once he thinks he's caught on to the "problem." Remember, dearie, they can't make you do anything you don't want to. Have a ball.

Yours,
Mamie Eisenhower
Arlington National Cemetery
America

Sirs:

Here's something you probably didn't know. The toilet was actually invented by the Polish. Yes, that's correct. A full five hundred years before the Chinese invented the hole. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Bobby Blue Bland
Greatnegro, Long Island

Sirs:

Here's another thing you probably didn't know. A Polish hit man was arrested the other day after he tied his victims' heads together and shot them through the hands. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Bobby Blue Bland
Greatnegro, Long Island

Sirs:

Following the revelation that the FBI drove Jean Seberg over the deep end, we think it's only fair to point out that the FBI also drove a number of TV actors stark raving stupid. After the Bureau drove them stupid, many of them turned out to be a credit to their profession, appearing on such shows as "Hollywood Squares," etc. That's fair, isn't it?

Yours Sincerely,
The Networks

Sirs:

Did you know that before Neville Chamberlain was voted out of office in 1940 there was a conspiracy to freeze a test tube of his semen and use it to impregnate hundreds of women later on in the century so that Chamberlain's charisma and leadership personality might be preserved long after his demise? The plot, conceived and led by the famous Tory doctor Herman Manchester, also known as the "Conservative Party Angel" to those who served under him, was effectuated in the late 1960s at Manchester's secret laboratory villa in South Africa. There he inseminated 385 unwitting females and schemed with an elite band of prewar Home Office officials to duplicate Chamberlain's personal background for each clone by knight-riding several hundred men named Austin who in turn would represent themselves to the reincarnated Chamberlains as their half-brothers. Fearing traitors in his own group, Dr. Manchester personally traveled to Detroit, Michigan, in 1973 to kidnap fourteen-year-old Ricky Bullock, the secret Chamberlain progeny he had selected to lead an underground army of Conservative party members in an American political takeover. Dr. Manchester was foiled, however, by famed Conservative hunter Joe Wisenthorp, who traced him to a Detroit hotel. The doctor attempted to appease Wisenthorp by offering to surrender most of his cadré, but Wisenthorp was unswerving and upbraided Manchester loudly in the crowded lobby. According to Wisenthorp's agency, the International Center for Criticism of Conservatives, the dishonored Manchester finally capitulated and promised to abandon his plan and return to ordinary life. The case is now considered closed by US officials as well as most governments abroad. Thought you'd like to know.

A Concerned Individual
PO Box 10
New York

Sirs:

I am not leaving this world according to your expectations
And you are not leaving according to mine.
I die my death
And you die yours
And if we never see each other again
It's beautiful.

Dr. Fritz Thanatos
Centre for Adventures in Dying
Dead Sur, Cal.



"21" Brands, Inc., N.Y., N.Y. 90 Proof Rum. ©1980

Sirs:

Einstein was wrong. This $E=mc^2$ business is all crap. How come? He made a spelling mistake is how come. The atom bomb, Three Mile Island—all from one stupid spelling mistake. All I got to say is, they shouldn't let foreigners fool around with the English alphabet.

Bob Guccione
Omni

Sirs:

One day people won't be able to relate to other people at all, only to puppets. Puppets will get all the loving and hating and laughing in the world. I guess I should find that sad, only I don't really give a shit about the human race.

Miss Piggy
Sesame Street, USA

Sirs:

Don't let anyone know I'm asking you this, but could you help my career? Please hurry.

Gabe Kaplan
Outside the Comedy Store
Sunset Blvd.

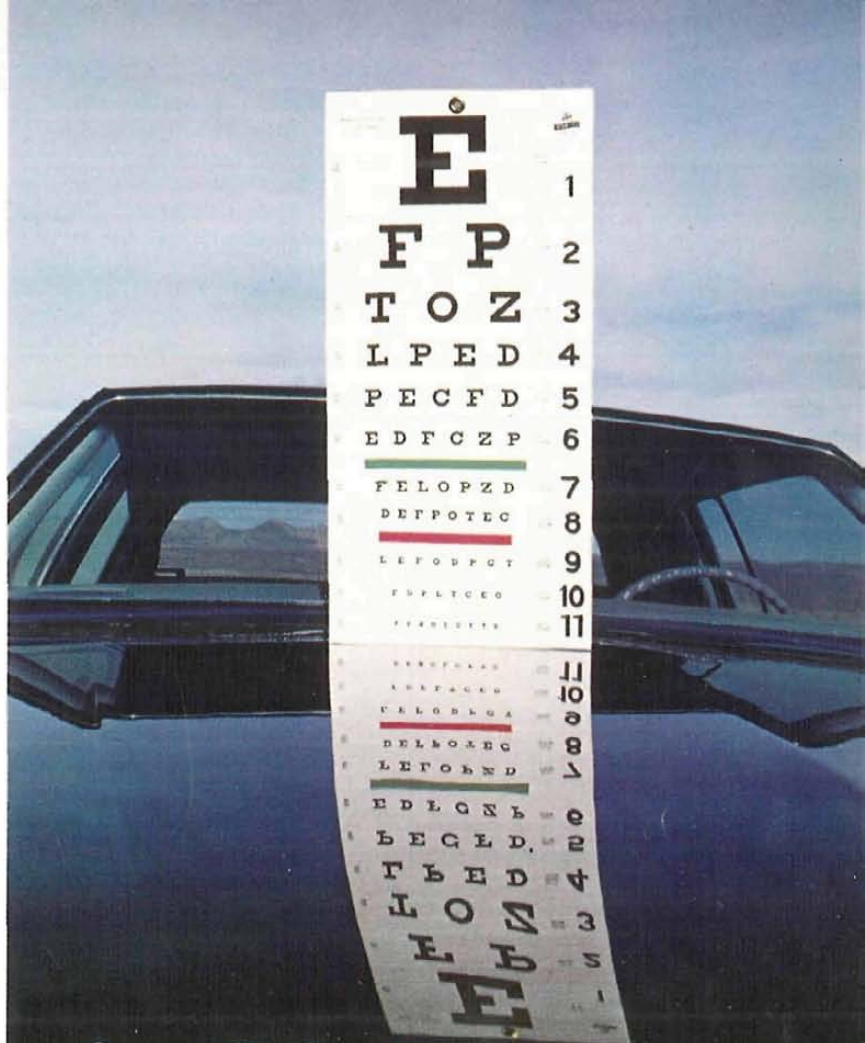
Sirs:

Good afternoon, ladies an gentlemen. Thees ces home of Ernesto Hemingway, great American writer an fren' of thees Cooban people. He was beeg man, he have four wives an dreenk two bottles American wheesky every day. He write many books popoolar in Cooba, also some books becoming movies een thee Hollywood. Ernesto Hemingway was beeg man hoonting the lion een Africa. When he build thees house here een Cooba, he look for thee animals to hoont, but ces nothing here, only cheeckens. So he ces saying, Okay, I weel be beeg man for hoonting thee cheecken, because he ces loving thees hoonting so much. Then he ces hoonting all the cheeckens and when there ces no more he ces going back to America to shoot heemself weeth the gun, boom. That ces why no more cheeckens een Cooba until thee Revolution. Now thees house ces museum for thee Cooban people, for thee frenship.

Ramon Fernandez y Engels
Havana, Cuba

Sirs:

I know you're going to find this really disgusting, but I have to tell you. I'm part of an invading army from outer space. Know what us spacemen look like? Zits. You can't tell the
continued



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LETTERS

continued

difference between us and normal everyday zits. Only, if you squeeze one of us, we release this deadly atomic radiation that works real slowly and painfully, and of course we spread even more. Pretty sick, huh? I guess that's 'cause us spacemen don't give two fucks in a cat's ass for good taste. See ya.

Gzxrqd Prbndfgkl
Supreme Space Command
Mogdar

Sirs:

You know, now that I've put on about twenty pounds and have started to lose my hair, I don't look like such a goddamn jerk.

David Eisenhower

Sirs:

I heard that if a guy drops a comb in a restroom, that means he's queer and wants to do something perverted to you. Is that true?

Until I find out for sure, I'm punching out every fumble-fingered cocksucker, just to be safe.

Biff Baxter
Cicero, Ill.

Sirs:

Shit, man, I'm pissed. My friend says Lola Falana shows her stuff in a movie downtown, so I rush out and go see it fo' \$4.50 (almost \$6.00, includin' dog, slaw, and Coke). Well, she wasn't in the damn thing no way! So whatever you do, don't bother to see *The Black Hole*.

Curtis Jefferson
Saint Louis, Mo.

Sirs:

I seen in the *New York Post* where there's an increase in faggotry in pro sports. There's only one way to put the quietus to these disgusting huggy-poo showers and huddles: elect sports-writer Red Ruffansore mayor of New York City. If Red gets elected, he'll read the names of homo quarterbacks on the radio just like Mayor Koch done with the johns who tried to hump policewomen.

I hope Red reads this in the hospital (where he's recuperating from phlebitis) and will think seriously about running for mayor.

Jack Lord Christian
Rego Park, Queens

Sirs:

Here is my proposal for cutting in-

flation down to size. There are many useless words in the English language, words like *finial*, *ablative*, and, yes, even *harum-scarum* and *dubiety*. Do you realize how much printer's ink these words waste? How much space in dictionaries? How much synapse action somewhere in the back of Wer-nicke's area? Drop them. Just drop them like a hot potato. There's more. Lots more. Drop them all and then
(Name and address omitted as wasteful)

Sirs:

All children born in Mount Sinai Hospital in 1977 should be returned or brought in to have their mucous membranes examined. A sampling from Mount Sinai and other hospitals and clinics in the area indicates that about 35 percent may have faulty membranes. The replacement takes about one hour and is fully covered under our new child warranty.

Leonard Bern, MD
Chief of Pediatrics
Mount Sinai Hospital, NYC

Sirs:

Give my kids a chighting fance! I mean a fancing chight! I mean, just give



'em. A fighting chance, that's it. Give 'em. 'Cause they're my kids. My kids! I mean, really, really mine. I own each and every one of them. I have certificates of title to prove it. That's my angle, see? I depreciate them at the end of the year and save a big bunch of money on taxes. Do you know how fast my kids depreciate? You figure it out. I'm not so dumb—I'm not so dumb—I'm not so dumb—*nyaaaaaaaaaaaaah.*

Jerry Lewis
Next to the cash register
Everywhere

Sirs:

How come Jewish guys never have any dorky nicknames like Spike or Pid or Whizzer? Never once have I seen an H.L. "Stretch" Rabinowitz or a G.T. "Goose" Cohen. Is there a complex sociological reason for this, or do Jews just have better taste than anyone else?

M.L. "Muley" Wilson
Weissbread, Nebraska

Sirs:

The other day I got a D in a fucking American history exam because I forgot some of that bullshit about Paul Revere—you know, how he went rid-

ing around and around and saying that someone was coming. I mean, I know in general what he did, but I don't know who was coming; so what the fuck is the most important, to know what he did or who was coming?

Vino Lambrusco
Trinity College
Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

My tits are sagging and wrinkled, my pussy is like a Brillo pad, and my ass is like a tired old pancake; but don't my jeans look terrific!?

Gloria Vanderbilt
New York City

Sirs:

Here is an episode from my early diplomatic career that I forgot to include in my memoirs. I was four years old when I sensed that Kurt Schwanzkogler, a lad the same age as me, might have territorial designs upon my side of the street. I tried fast-moving shuttle diplomacy, rapidly vibrating his head between two wooden boards. His nose proved extremely recalcitrant, however, and I decided to deploy all of my major strike capacity (several big rocks), demonstrating that I was

prepared to back up my words with forceful action. And do you know, from that day on, little Kurt (he was a frail lad and much smaller than me) was my fast friend. "Ach, you clever, clever Henry, you!" he used to say to me as he gave me his lunch at school.

Henry Kissinger
Among the Immortals

Sirs:

We have started a new child-abuse program in the Department of Early Child Care and Development at City College. Any person who wants to abuse a child should call Clementina Garcia at extension 354 between 9 AM and 5 PM. We also have a few "loaners," for those who want to take children to their homes or garbage dumps for real workouts.

Dr. Maxine Grout, Chairperson
Department of Early Child Care
and Development
CCNY

Sirs:

Can you solve my problem? You see, my sister Maria, she get married soon, but we can only afford twenty guests for the wedding and fiesta. There are two people left I have to *continued on page 15*



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PAPA

Memories are very rarely sequential. They are scattered and seemingly incoherent, like our dreams. This book is like that. It is a flash from an afternoon in 1933, or a capsulization of an entire month; a glimpse of my father through angry adolescent eyes; and, hopefully, a balanced, mature view of the man I called Papa and the rest of the world knew as FDR, Sr.

—Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr.

April 1945

Papa is in failing health and about to leave for Warm Springs, Georgia. It is ironic to me that the press for years has made so much of his polio condition and totally ignored the cancerous tumor growing in his brain these many months. Last February his eyesight finally went, but no one knows that. He told me when he got back from Yalta

that he wasn't sure if it was Poland or Rumania he gave away to the Russians and that he has probably jeopardized the entire postwar political structure. He wanted to tell Truman the results of the conference but couldn't find his number in the book. Now his bladder is gone and the leather is stained on the chair.

Sad. Time moves fast for both of us now. Does he know that I know? The war is ending, as is Papa's life. I see him off at the station. We embrace, and he says, "Good-bye, Jennifer," and I cry. Thank God Lucy is with him. It's been thirty years now, and still Mama doesn't know that Lucy—not Mama—is Elliott's real mother.

Is it right that the destiny of the world should be in Papa's hands? Better Papa than Hitler, I think at the station. At least Papa doesn't foam at the mouth. Yet.

Spring 1933

We move into the White House. Papa, Mama, Grandmama, Delano, Elliott, Anna, James, me, Louis Howe, and Lucy Mercer in the maid's room. It is a rather awesome building, full of large white and blue and red rooms where the spirits of famous people remain—as does Herbert Hoover, until one day when Grandmama Delano tells him to get the hell out and never

come back and throws boiling water in his face.

The family settles down quickly: Papa to his famous First Hundred Days, and Mama to the Pennsylvania coalfields, "to be Papa's legs," as she later tells the press. "Thank God she's not his face," says Grandmama Delano; and we laugh ruefully, for most of us have inherited her chin.

Winter 1944

Glenn Miller has rerecorded "In the Mood" with his air-force base band and is not dead yet. But he will be soon. And so will Papa. Although he has just won an unprecedented fourth term, Papa's mood is dark. The White House is a place of forced cheerfulness and feeble attempts to drive away the gathering gloom. Lucy Mercer has pyorrhea and can't visit my father this week. I make an appointment to see him, knowing how upset he will be. When I open the door to his office, I am totally unprepared for what I see. There, standing with his arms at his neatly attired sides, is General Eisenhower, and next to him is Douglas MacArthur. They are arguing heatedly over something, but I am not sure what. MacArthur's face is violently contorted, like my father's legs. I move to withdraw, not wishing to jeopardize the allied assault on the Philippines in March. My father looks up.

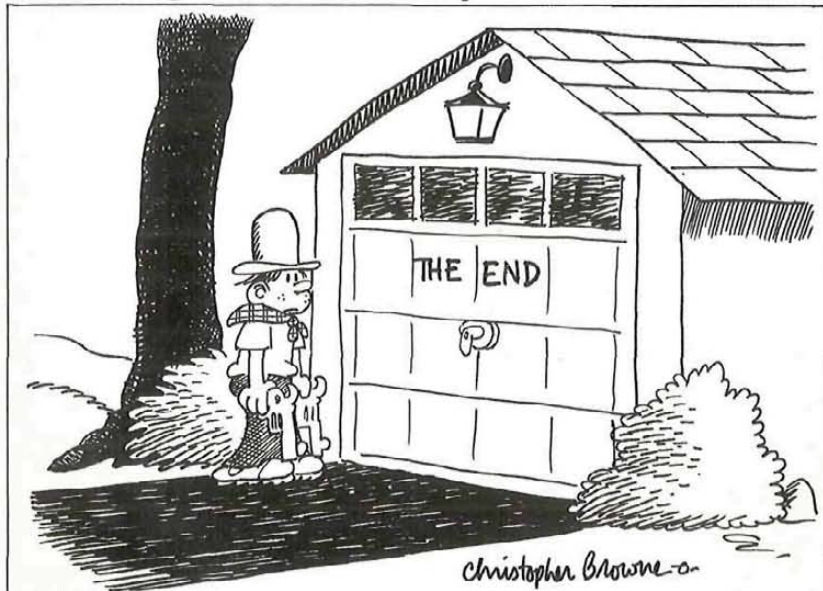
"Come in, Franklin Junior. We can use your expertise here, I expect. Come in, son."

I am amazed. Papa has never asked my advice before. In fact, at times I wasn't sure he was aware of my existence: once, when I was seventeen, Mama had to introduce us at dinner. I sit hesitantly, waiting for Papa to explain. He begins.

"Well," he says, "the problem is this. Doug, here, feels that—" He begins to cough violently, and his body is wracked with pain. It is a precursor of the massive cerebral hemorrhage he will suffer in April at Warm Springs. I withdraw as the ever present nurse and doctor rush in with the oxygen tank.

The next day the jokes about Papa start as the news filters out. People are saying that he can't even drool by himself or bend over to tie the laces in his metal shoes. And that leaving him in charge of a world war is just unnecessary death for thousands of troops. I hate the supposed witticisms as much as I hate my brother Elliott, and move to stop them from spreading. I call the Washington Post and explain to them

Something Chris Browne says is true....



WHEN PLAYING COWBOY, R. B. WOULD DRAW THE WORDS "THE END" ON THE GARAGE DOOR IN THE DUST. THEN, AT THE END OF HIS GUNPLAY, HE WOULD RUN UP AND STARE AT IT TO SIMULATE THE END OF A MOVIE.

that my father's metal shoes were donated to the war effort in a scrap-metal drive along with Mama's silk stockings. The rumors stop, and the boys in Normandy never find out about my father swallowing his tongue one morning while Lucy Mercer desperately tries to retrieve the toothbrush.

Spring 1940

It has often been said that I am very much like my father except that I can walk, and that my sister Anna is very much like my mother except that she still has real eyebrows. None of this is important to me, though, as Papa ponders whether or not to run for a third term. The king and queen of England are visiting us at Hyde Park in early May. It is just before Hitler invades the Low Countries and France brings forty million Frenchmen to their knees. ("Which is where they were before the war anyway," says Papa.) We are sitting in lawn chairs on the front lawn. Mama and Papa ask the king if there is anything else they can get him.

"Yes," says the king. "Get Winston Churchill off my back."

"Which is where he was before the war," says Papa, using the same joke to good effect. Everybody laughs, especially the queen, who has an abrupt

and powerful attack of flatulence and casts a literal pall over the proceedings.

It suddenly clouds over, and we move into the house. It is a dim, musty old place, and Mama never really liked it. "Especially now," I hear her confide to the queen. "What with three stories and Franklin's legs deader than European democracy, it's a real trial." The queen nods in agreement and says that if the king were ever to find his legs feeling like fish-and-chips, they would certainly move out of Buckingham Palace and into a one-story ranch. The two women look at each other with complete understanding in their eyes, each knowing what it is like to be the power behind a throne, even if Mama's has wheels and a little motor on it.

November 1940

Papa has just been elected to a third term and is excited. He likes to win. It was often said of him that he never lost an election in which he headed the ticket, and that was true, which is why I suppose so many people said it.

We are in the upstairs parlor of the White House on election night. Mama knits another comforter for Papa's legs, because if he gets a cold in his joints, they are so paralyzed he might

not know he's sick and die. But we are not thinking of that as the election results come in over the Blue Network.

"Well, Eleanor," says Papa, exulting. "Wendell Willkie hasn't a leg to stand on."

"And neither do you, dear," says Mama, and she and Papa exchange sharp glances. A bitter argument follows. Later, Papa rings for Lucy Mercer and tries to sodomize her but can't because of the upcoming debate in Congress on the WPA.

Spring 1937

Papa is in the middle of his Court-packing plan, and political battles rage throughout Washington. In a recent speech, he has called the Supreme Court justices "nine old men" and especially angered Louis Brandeis. "We may be old," Louis says one day at tea, "but at least we can walk, rubber shins." And with that he twists Papa's legs into a pretzel shape and jams the chair into reverse, shoving Papa through the French doors and into the new swimming pool. Brandeis apologizes later, but the bad feelings remain. He is never invited back to the White House, but it really doesn't matter. He dies soon after all of this,

continued on page 32

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THE KENNEDY LADS



by Father Sweeney Truncheon, SJ

Did yez happen to notice in the papers the other day that William O. Douglas, him that was the judge upon the Supreme Court, is dead? They buried him up there in the Arlington National Cemetery, the very same place where Jack Kennedy is resting. Of course, Justice Douglas didn't get the little Bunsen burner on the grave, which was a special honor granted only to the slain president by a grateful nation unbalanced by grief.

It's a funny thing, that Mr. Douglas wanted a little light like the one Jack has there burning away day and night. He wanted one more than anything. Of course, that wouldn't have been fair to Jack for Mr. Douglas to get a little lamp, and the cemetery people told him he couldn't have one.

After that, Justice Douglas spread all kinds of malarkey around Washington as to how he had seen the gardeners lighting cigars on Jack's flame and the young ones their marrywanna and such. Anyone could see how jealous he was. It was then Mr. Douglas went out and had a nice statue of himself made at the Institute for Solid Photography instead.

Well, he's dead and gone now, which

reminds me of a joke.

It seems there was a funeral for a Kerry man one day and all the people from the village where he had lived his life were gathered in the church for his funeral. Three times the priest asked: "Won't somebody get up and say a few words for this man?" Nobody would. Finally the priest lost his temper. "This man has lived here in this village all his life. Now surely to God one of yez can say a few words on his behalf!" From the back of the church a rough voice called out: "The brother was worse!"

Sure the strangest things are always happening at funerals. At Jack Kennedy's weren't there all those demented fellows wavin' their umbrellas about when we come out of the service? Umbrellas wide open and it as clear a day as you could imagine. And at Bobby's memorial weren't there all those black fellows who said that they were members of the First Church of the Congo and that they wanted to bury Bobby up in a tree, which they said was his right as an honorary chief of the Hoboolabolla people? It's just lucky someone saw them takin' him out the back of the place or there might have been the very devil of a scandal when the reporters found Bobby's mortal form jammed in the crook of an elm.

Well, to look on the bright side, it doesn't look now like anything untoward will happen at Teddy's wake. Most people now are sayin' the candidate got no more chance of being president than that Republican scorch mark from Iowa.

Perhaps now the candidate will take my advice of long standing and get into the race for the papacy. With myself as his adviser it is not likely he would fail. Powerful cigar-smoking cardinals,

such as those from Italy, must at once be cultivated and reassured and, eventually, won over to our side with large gifts of money. Still others may have to be blackmailed. I feel that

Due to space considerations and interest limitations, the rest of Father Truncheon's column has been omitted. It contained an exhortation to readers to write to the magazine's editors and demand that Truncheon be allowed to cover the senator's "race for the papacy."

The remainder of the space that would have been filled by Father Truncheon's column will be filled with a new column that will run once only.



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"Danger; if you don't watch out, it will kill you." "If you can't steer, don't drive." "Obey street signs, not wild impulses." These may sound like slogans to you. You might be one of the people who is going to have an auto accident.

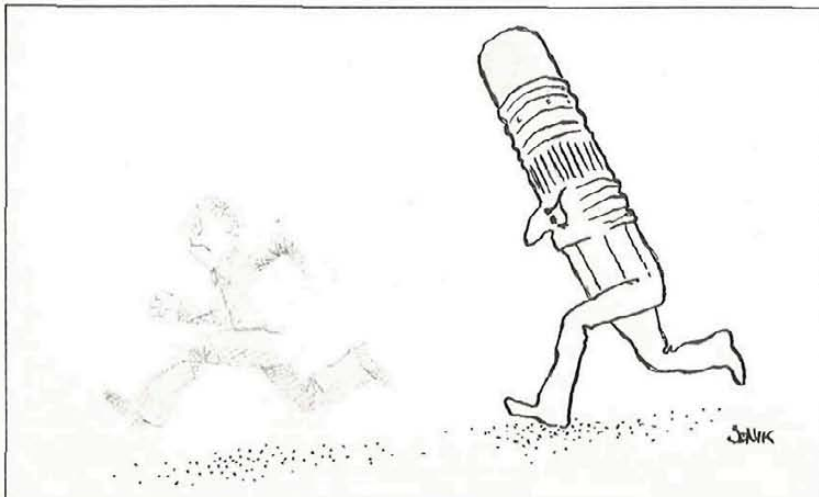
"It's no fun to hit and run." "You're not a star if you crash your car." "You don't have to be smart to illegally park." If you think it's "funny" that the government pays people to write these slogans, maybe you'll think it's funny when you're run over by someone who didn't listen.

"Hit your brakes, not pedestrians." "Stamp out crime, not your accelerator." "There's no word in hip talk for driving on the sidewalk." "Don't vandalize property, destroy impropriety." Sound unhep? Upbeat? Off there, or out of reach? Farfetched or insane? Not probably.

Remember, in a patriotic country you don't have problems with government. Government has problems with you.

—Presented by the
National Safety Council
"We won't believe security won't sell!"

The editors apologize for the foregoing columns. Unfortunately, due to the three-month publication delay and Father Truncheon's inability to turn out an amusing column, we have been forced to fill this space at the last moment with material at hand.



LETTERS

continued from page 11

choose between. Carlos has jumper cables but eats a lot. Ricardo doesn't have the cables, but he eats like, how you say, pigeon. Which one should I invite?

Gracias,
Rose Alvarez
East Los Angeles

Sirs:

It has come to our attention that you have printed, knowingly or otherwise, the work of one of our clients without rendering payment. According to our client, Mr. Roth, in the period of July 1978–May 1979 you published in your "Letters to the Editors" column a series of three epistles, each appearing over the signature "I.P. Freely." Should remuneration of \$1,500 not be forthcoming immediately, we will be forced to take legal action.

Scott Meredith Associates
New York, NY

Sirs:

My husband, Marvin, and I had a wonderful experience on our trip to Mexico. We were in this quaint little

village near Guadalajara and we wanted to know what time it was. So, my husband (his name is Marvin) asked this old man wearing a big sombrero, who was napping underneath a mule. When Marvin asked the time, the old man under the mule woke up, put his hand under the mule's testicles, lifted them a little bit, and said, "Two thirty." Not understanding this, Marvin asked him again, and the old man lifted the testicles in his hand once more and answered, "Two thirty." We asked him why he did that, and he said with a charming Mexican accent, "If I don't, then I can't see the clock over there." Anyway, we loved Mexico and hope a lot of your readers can vacation there soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Falwell
Rochester, Minn.

Sirs:

Oh, God, help my husband! He's choking on a piece of meat and I don't know the Heimlich maneuver. Please send someone over right away!

Mrs. T. Jyelikrs
Reykjavik, Iceland

Sirs:

I'm getting goddamned sick of you

guys and that fucking magazine. I've subscribed to it for almost five years and receive only about five issues a year. The others I have to buy at the fucking newsstand. I've bought almost all that shit that you advertise and nothing good has happened to me—you know, like expensive stereos and cigarette papers. I got one of those *National Lampoon* jackets and thought it would attract the chicks, but all it attracted were some fucking cops who broke my head. Now what the fuck is really going on there?

Paul Whitebread
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sirs:

I can't get it straight, even though I go over it and over it again and again. Am I the dead one, or is Lureen? Or was her name Lurleen? Her name was an awful lot like mine, don't you think? Or am I the dead one? It's real important to me, because if I'm not the dead one, then I'm divorced, and that bastard should be paying me alimony. But if I'm dead, it would be hard to make him cough it up, don't you think?

One of George's Wives
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"You want a Benedictine what...?"

Sundowner: 1/2oz. Benedictine, 1/2oz. light or gold rum, 4oz. orange juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.

Spinnaker: 1/2oz. Benedictine, 1/2oz. gin, 4oz. orange juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.

Moonglow: 1oz. each of Benedictine, white crème de cacao and light cream. shake with ice and pour.

Martinique: 1/2oz. Benedictine, 1/2oz. light rum, 4oz. pineapple juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.

Yellowjacket: 1/2oz. Benedictine, 1/2oz. vodka, 4oz. orange juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.

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NEWS ON THE MARCH

An "Unpopular" War

RUSSIANS SPLIT OVER AFGHAN GRAB

Russian society is reportedly "ripped in half down the middle like a segment of poor-quality burlap from a decadent capitalist country" over the recent Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Citizens disagreeing with government policy have taken to the streets in groups numbering up to five, defying the authorities with deliberate thoughts of protest.

Sociologists have noted other examples of the "breaking down of traditional Russian values"—particularly in the appearance of a quasi-bohemian group of rebels known as the "hipskis." These are principally young people of college age who "wear hair down to their ears, play

Tchaikovsky and Prokofiev and who knows what else at loud volumes, and experiment in a wild, hedonistic fashion with many drugs, including anti-histamines and nose drops."

Most significant of the antiwar protest developments is the impending trial of Sergei Davidovich Panshin, the "Moscow One," who is accused of "using, in public, the word 'Afghanistan' too many times in one sentence." Panshin's wife, Ludmilla, is also being detained for questioning, after a KGB agent heard her say to a neighbor, "The whole world is washing." Mrs. Panshin swears her remark concerned "laundry routines."

State of the Union 1980

Carter to Russia: "Oh, Yeah?"



President Carter responded sternly to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in his recent State of the Union address to Congress, heralding what he called a "new era of cold-war mistrust, American vigilance, and voter approval of the incumbent president." Major points of the address include:

- Immediate appropriation of funds for developing the B-1 bomber, the neutron bomb, the "doomsday device," the cobalt bomb, a "practical, workable death ray," a "Star Wars-type 'Death Star' device," and a "line of comfortable, affordable fallout shelters no one will make fun of"
- A US-operated toll booth at the Strait of Hormuz, to control "speeding" into and out of the Persian Gulf.
- The granting of "most favored military dictator" status to Pakistan's General Zia.
- A pledge to do "something" about unemployment, inflation, health care, energy, and the environment, "eventually"—certainly "sooner than too late," and, "possibly, soon."



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Siesta Bed of Air provides you with the relaxing, sensuous sleep of a water bed without the fuss and weight! Their revolutionary Tubular Air Coil System automatically equalizes body weight so you don't "sink" and sides won't pop up. Your whole body gets the firm yet gentle support it needs to wake up feeling alert, rested, restored!

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Unlike other air mattresses you may have seen, the Siesta Bed of Air is luxuriously covered with a soothing denim-like Rayon that never feels cold or slick. You'll enjoy complete "at-home" comfort even when you camp out on vacation!

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The Siesta Bed of Air is unbelievably strong—kids can jump and play on it without wear and tear. It's double-sealed by the manufacturer for long, leak-proof life... Siesta's are really built to take it. So, you can take your Siesta along wherever you go and get the sleep you need.

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No place to put up guests? No problem when you own a Siesta Bed of Air! Just inflate it in minutes and provide guests with a luxurious "guest room" anywhere. When they're gone, just deflate it and store it easily on a small shelf! But you may well decide to make your Siesta Bed of Air your permanent mattress. No frame or box spring is required—the Siesta is the all-in-one luxury bed for comfort and unprecedented convenience at home or on the road.



Store your Siesta "Guest room" on a shelf when not in use! Inflate it in minutes when guests arrive—or use it every night for a deep, restful sleep.



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We invite you to sleep-test a Siesta Bed of Air for a full 30 nights before you decide a thing. If not convinced that it gives you the most restful, supportive sleep ever, simply return it for a prompt, complete refund.

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Whether you order Full, Twin, Queen or King, you'll enjoy the sleep of a lifetime! And don't forget to order the Custom Air Pump specially designed for use with the revolutionary new Siesta Bed of Air.

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A fine mattress has become a very expensive proposition—but not the Siestas! You may own a Twin-size Siesta for just \$59.95, a Full for \$79.95, a Queen for \$99.95 and a King-size for merely \$109.95 plus \$5.95 for shipping and handling—incredible! The Custom Air Pump is just \$29.95.

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Russians Deny Mistreatment Sakharov Arrested, Procedure Okay

Soviet dissident Andrei Sakharov was arrested recently amid a flurry of international protest. The Nobel Prize-winning physicist was "exiled" to Gorky, a military-industrial city closed to foreigners. However, Soviet authorities have assured the world that there was nothing "improper" about his arrest.

"He was read his Mirandavich rights," a Kremlin press secretary told reporters. "These include the following rights, as everyone knows:

"the right to be rudely shoved around by baboonlike guards;

"the right to be shut away from friends and colleagues in an unpleasant room for weeks at a time;

"the right to make one brief phone call to your wife, who must then also, of course, be arrested;

"the right to the services of a state-appointed attorney, who will decline to assist you because of...

"the right to avoid messy trial proceedings and go directly into sentencing and punishment; and lastly but never leastly...

"the right of the state to do whatever it wants with you, and that's that."



"They Will Be Dealt With Severely..."

Rioters to Be Sent to Jail

Inmates responsible for the recent riot at the New Mexico state penitentiary "will be punished," according to state penal officials. "They will be impounded, tried, and almost certainly sent to jail," declared an aide to Governor Bruce King.

"This may seem harsh," he continued, "but we think it necessary to prevent something like this from ever recurring. The men who perpetrated this disturbance will find that prison is a difficult, frustrating place to live. They'll think twice before instigating such a thing ever again."

Teddy Fights Back Kennedy Rips Carter

Presidential candidate Edward Kennedy has taken what many consider to be his strongest stand yet in opposition to President Carter by publicly criticizing Mr. Carter's "blatant attempts at using the office of the president to win votes for reelection."

Speaking at a recent million-dollar-shrimp fund-raising dinner, Kennedy told both his listeners, "Mr. Carter's very continuation as president is a transparent move to identify himself with that office in the minds of the public."

Kennedy then called for Mr. Carter's "immediate and unconditional resignation" from the office of president, "in order that he might run for the office on an equal footing with the other candidates of both parties."

Kennedy's speech was interrupted five times during its fifteen-minute delivery, twice by applause, once by a loud sneeze, and twice by an argument between his listeners as to who had really eaten the larger half of the shrimp.



I MEAN, WHO WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE NEGOTIATING FOR YOU: MEAN JOE GREEN, OR CYRUS VANCEZ?

"Terrible Towels" in Teheran? Steeler Plan Scuttled

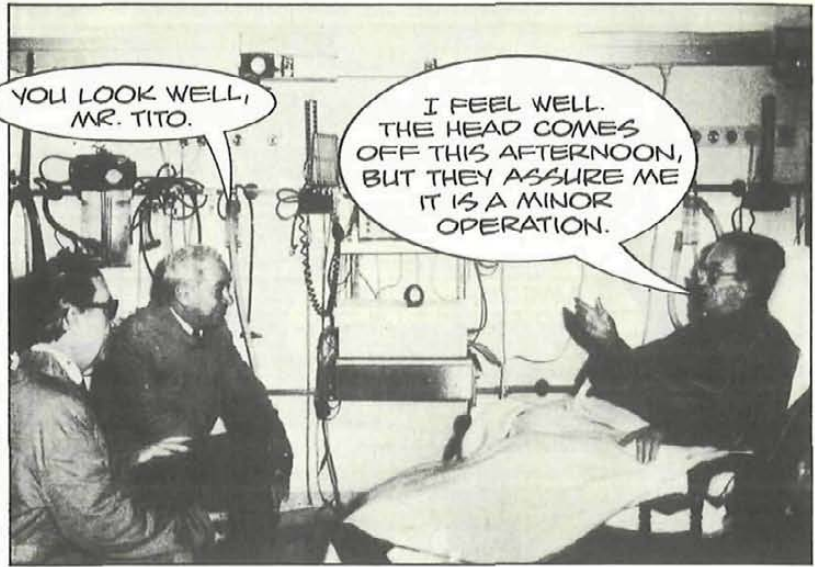
The National Football League and the US State Department revealed recently a secret plan whereby the Pittsburgh Steelers, victors in this year's Super Bowl over the Los Angeles Rams, were to be airlifted into Teheran to rescue the American hostages.

The plan was scrapped, however, when Steeler quarterback Terry Bradshaw insisted on "calling the signals" for the rescue operation, despite the insistence by State Department officials that he was "ill-equipped to make judgments in matters of delicate international counterterrorist strategy."

Bradshaw's plan—approved by Steelers head coach Chuck Noll—was to enter Teheran disguised as a mullah, or holy man. He would then make his way to the embassy, gain entrance, and, assisted by his "students" (actually the Pittsburgh linemen and defensive teams), throw the hostages to ace receivers John Stallworth and Lynn Swann.

"We could have pulled it off, too," Noll insisted. "Terry's arm is real good, and Lynn's injury has responded to treatment. Besides, who else is going to save them? Willie Stargell?"

"Still Hale and Hearty" Tito Fine After Further Surgery



YOU LOOK WELL, MR. TITO.

I FEEL WELL. THE HEAD COMES OFF THIS AFTERNOON, BUT THEY ASSURE ME IT IS A MINOR OPERATION.

Yugoslavian president Josip Broz Tito is reportedly "recovering nicely" from additional surgery following his recent leg amputation, according to Yugoslav officials.

Tito, whose eventual death is expected to usher in an era of political instability and Soviet intimidation, is reported to have required the additional amputation of "his left arm, his right

hip, both collarbones, and his head, but not his neck."

Nevertheless, a Yugoslav official insists: "[Tito] retains his usual good humor and is perfectly able to run the country—no, no, I will go further than that. He is better able than ever to run the country. There is no problem here. No, sir. Yugoslavia is in capable hand."

As a public service, National Lampoon has agreed to cooperate with US Selective Service officials in printing the accompanying form in order to expedite the president's plan for a resumption of draft registration. The form should be mailed to:

U.S. SELECTIVE SERVICE ADMINISTRATION
Dept. NL
Department of Defense
Washington, DC 20003

U.S. SELECTIVE SERVICE REGISTRATION FORM

NAME			DATE OF BIRTH
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ADDRESS			
CITY	STATE		

(Check applicable category)

Single Married

Student (If so, where:)

Male

I am pleased to serve.
 Hell no, I won't go.
 I shall serve, but only if women do.
 I shall serve, but only if there are women in my company. Pretty ones.

Female

I am pleased to serve.
 Hey, I said female! Are you kidding, or what?
 I shall serve, but only if there are men in my company. Cute ones.
 Look, I'm a girl! So forget it!

US Neighbors Seek "Respect" Canada Hostage Plot Foiled



State Department spokesmen have revealed that the much-praised rescue of six American diplomats from Teheran by Canadian consular officials was actually an ill-fated plot designed to seize the six Americans and hold them "until America takes Canada seriously."

"We got fed up with the Americans according so much respect to the Iranians," declared a Canadian government official. "So we decided to grab a few hostages ourselves and see what we could bargain for."

When queried as to what their demands would have been, the official responded: "Oh, the usual, I guess.

Money. Arms. Atomic bombs. Computer games. Cover stories in *Time* and *Newsweek*. And a big fuss made over us at The Hague."

The plan was foiled when State Department negotiators explained to the Canadians: "Don't fuck with us while this Iran thing is still going on, or we'll nuke you suckers to kingdom come." The six Americans were thereupon released, but not before an unnamed Canadian official tied a note to one of the captives reading: "Here. Take your dumb old hostages back. But we could have held them for ransom if we had really wanted to. So don't forget it."

Art-World Espionage Uncovered FURTHER SPY SCANDALS FOLLOW BLUNT



The worlds of art and espionage, still reeling over the news that noted art critic Anthony Blunt was the "fourth man" of the Philby-Burgess-Maclean spy ring in Britain, suffered further shocks recently when a number of other allegations and confessions were made public:

- Pop artist Roy Lichtenstein admitted to selling military secrets to a contact in East Berlin.

- Leo Steinberg, John Russell, and Lucy Lippard—all critics—have confessed to being the "first man, the second man, and the first woman" in a plot to trade US abstract paintings to Russia

in exchange for essays in art criticism by Russian generals.

- Sculptor Mark Di Suvero has been held for questioning in connection with reports that one of his pieces (entitled *Swing*) is actually a sophisticated cipher used for transmitting top-secret intelligence data to communists in Eastern Europe.

- Artist Milton Glaser and critic John Canaday have confessed that they sold Pentagon secrets to terrorists in the employ of the PLO. The information was conveyed to the terrorists via published restaurant reviews written by Glaser and Canaday.

AN EDITORIAL Official Presidential Endorsement

Traditionally, *National Lampoon* has refrained from throwing its official support behind any man or woman seeking public office. We have always felt that our mandate was to remain apart from partisan politics, subjecting all candidates to an equal measure of ridicule, contempt, derision, and constructive satirical commentary.

We hereby break with that tradition, however, and urge our readers to support the candidacy of Senator Edward M. Kennedy (D.-Mass.) for the office of president. We call for Kennedy's nomination by the Democratic party as its presidential candidate, and for his election to the White House this November, because we feel that Kennedy—part man, part myth, inheritor of a noble if painful legacy of public leadership and vision—will provide the American people with:

- A virtually limitless supply of Chappaquiddick jokes, drowning jokes, driving jokes, bridge jokes, and uh-rah-um inarticulateness jokes.

- A potentially hilarious first lady.
- A blizzard of silly and laughable journalistic think pieces about "Camelot II."

- The chance to elect a more colorful, interesting, and joke-provoking vice-president.

- An alternative to four more years of a president whose every word and facial expression reminds one of a weary, aggrieved, moralistic Sunday school teacher disappointed in his students but determined, nonetheless, to set a good example—because Jesus did.

Admittedly, there is a measure of self-interest behind our selection. We are in the humor trade, and Kennedy's administration would make our job that much easier. But our gain is America's gain, too. True, many of the Republican candidates are funnier than Kennedy. But they are insane.

Therefore we endorse Edward Kennedy—because, to paraphrase Orwell: "All men are created funny, but some are more funny than others."

—Ellis Weiner

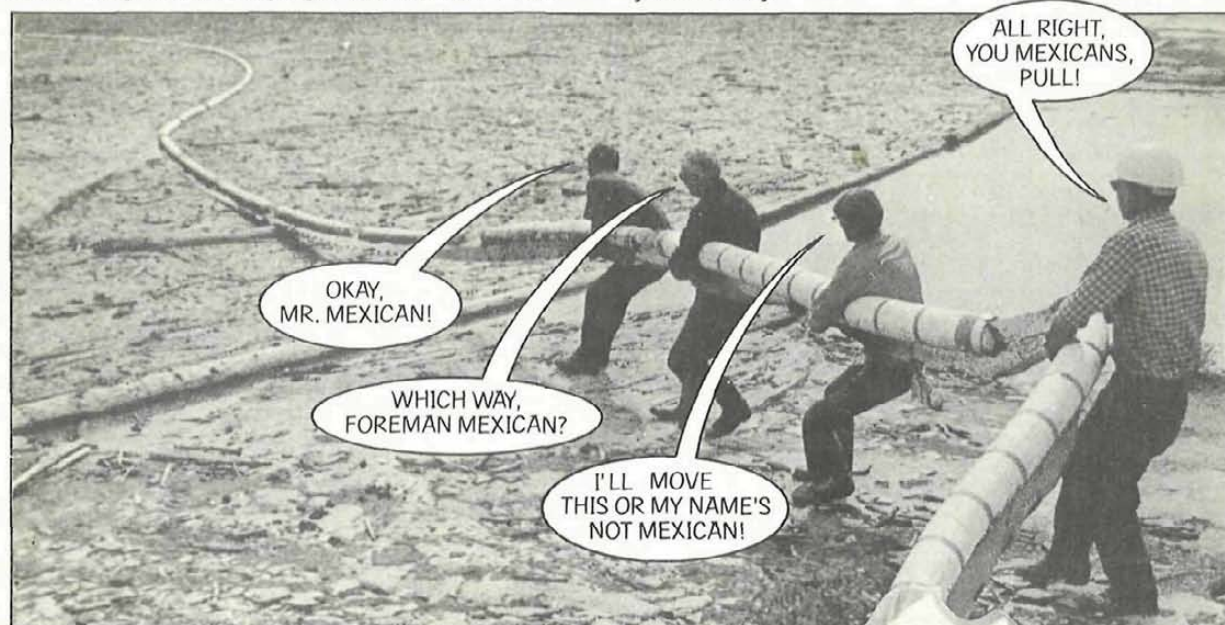


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NEWS BRIEFS



Fireproof Draft Card

The General Services Administration has approved plans for the manufacture of Mylar draft cards, government sources say. The cards, which would be "virtually ripproof, tearproof, and, yes, fireproof," will be issued should Congress approve President Carter's request for reinstating draft registration. "They [draft protestors] will have to eat 'em," laughed one Army spokesman. "And we're thinking of spraying 'em with Agent Orange left over from 'Nam. *Bon fucking appetit, ya pansies.*"

First Lady Denies Rumors

First Lady Rosalynn Carter has denied rumors that the real reason she re-enters Senator Edward Kennedy is that she has a crush on him.

"I don't know who started that rumor," she told reporters recently. "But it's just not true. Well it's *not*...." She went on to detail reasons for her dislike of the virile, handsome senator.

"He's stuck-up, and conceited, and thinks he's so great and all," she said breathlessly. "And he thinks he's God's gift to *women*.... Well, I'm not impressed. Shut up, you all, I'm *serious*...."

Airport '80: Sabotage at JFK

The FBI is investigating the air traffic control personnel of New York's JFK Airport following a near-mishap involving the Aeroflot jet of Soviet ambassador Dobrynin. There is growing suspicion that the ambassador's plane was sabotaged—allowed to drop off the radar screen after illegal tampering with the tower computer.

"Bullshit," noted Bill Brand, a spokesman for the air traffic controllers. "That mistake was just like any other good old-fashioned alcoholic-air-traffic-controller - near - nervous - breakdown - due-to-pressure miscue. We never give the Russians or anyone else special treatment. We mishandle 'em all the same."

Ali Boycott Trip Ended

Muhammad Ali, touring the world on behalf of President Carter's campaign to boycott the Moscow Olympics, has been recalled by the State Department after inviting "everybody in Africa, white folks included," to "come on over to the White House." "We'll have some Olympics there," he said.

"We're all for it," explained Hodding Carter III, State Department spokesman. "But all those skinny black African athletes jumping around the rose garden make Rosalynn nervous."

Dutch Queen to Retire

Queen Juliana of the Netherlands has announced her intention to retire, come her seventy-second birthday. When asked what her plans for retirement include, she laughed, and shrugged, "Just what everyone my age does when they retire. My husband and I will find a nice little condominium retirement community in Fort Lauderdale, move in, and then buy Florida."

Khomeini Installs Bani-Sadr

Ayatollah Khomeini presided over the installation of Abolhassan Bani-Sadr as Iran's first president recently, calling on the president-elect to "serve Iran, and serve Islam, and serve the faghi and do whatever he wants you to." (The ayatollah is the faghi, or supreme head of the Iranian Revolutionary Republic.)

He further demanded of Bani-Sadr: "Be responsive to the desires of Allah, praise his prophet Muhammad, brush after every meal, don't talk back to the faghi, don't shuffle when the faghi talks to you, stop smirking because this is not funny, young man, and now go to your office and don't come out until the faghi sends for you. Or no pension for you after retirement."

House, Senate Shocked at Bribery Scandal

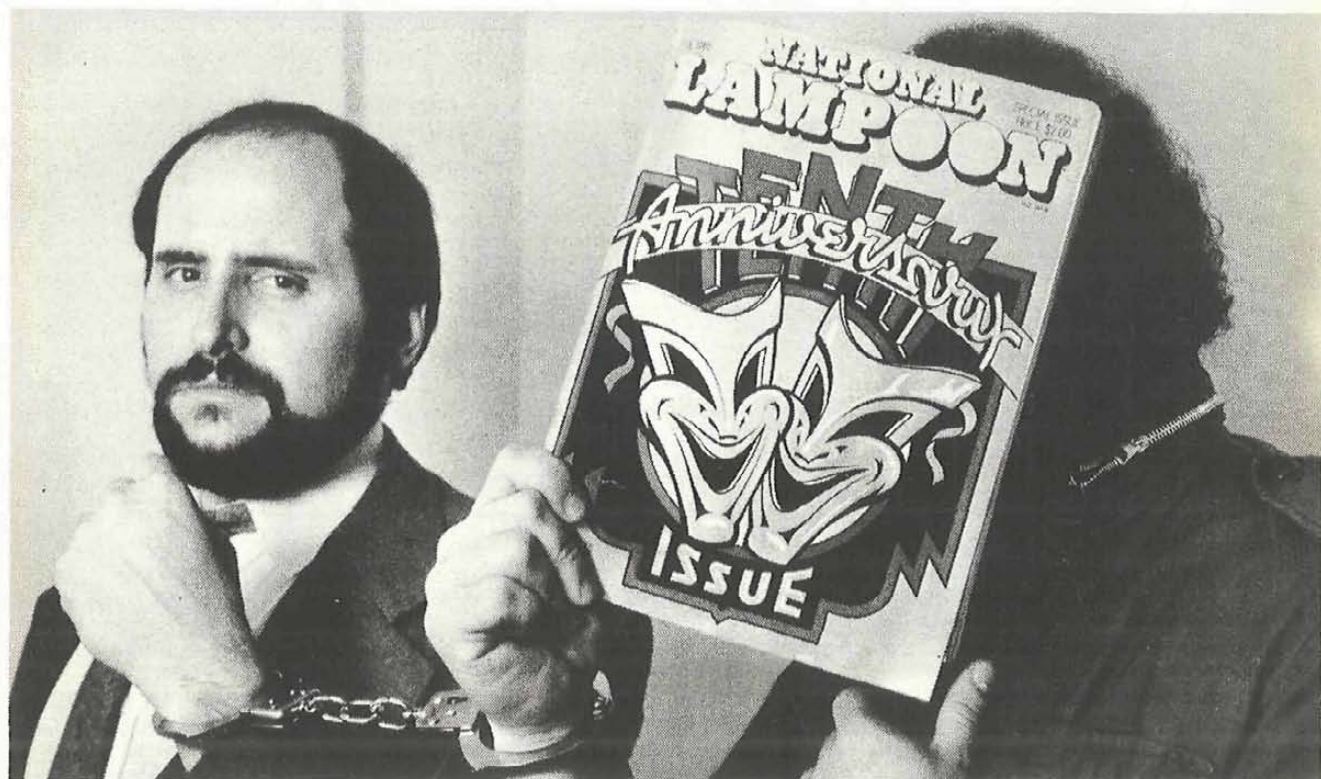
Members of both the House and the Senate have expressed shock at the recent scandal in which seven representatives and one senator were accused of taking bribes offered by FBI agents posing as wealthy Arabs.

"This is certainly the first instance of dishonesty in Congress since the last one," said House Speaker "Tip" O'Neill. "I only hope it's the last one until the next one."

"The American people deserve to have confidence in their duly elected legislators," declared Daniel Patrick Moynihan, senator from New York. "Any fool congressman who can't tell the difference between an Arab and an FBI man, and who can't conduct his secret bribery and graft business without detection, does not deserve the trust of the electorate."

Jailbird sings:

"THANK GOD FOR MY NATIONAL LAMPOON SUBSCRIPTION!"



Barry Flash Simon; © Copyright 1980 NatLamp News, Inc.

Spirochete arrested. On April 2, 1980, Benny "Oyster Breath" Spirochete was arrested by federal agents and charged with grand theft (train), insecticide, assaulting

a police horse, and numerous other offenses. Oyster Breath was able to avoid having his mug splashed all over the papers because he had a copy of *National Lampoon* handy, thanks to his subscription, placed the month before.

Now, when Oyster Breath is released from prison he will be able to resume his life of crime without attracting undue attention. As he himself says: "Thanks to *National Lampoon*, my livelihood ain't been destroyed by a lot of people recognizin' me. Take it from me, the subscription was worth every nickel I stole for it."

So cut out the coupon and send it to *National Lampoon*. Not only will you get your sub at a special reduced criminal rate, you may also save yourself a great deal of embarrassment if photogs catch you coming out of the courthouse. Don't risk your livelihood. Subscribe today.

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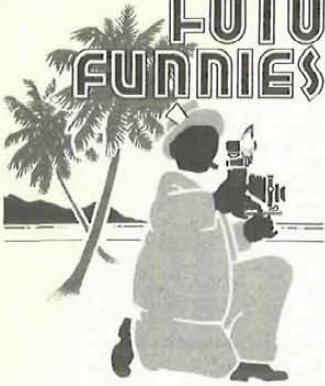
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CLOTHES OFF AND PUT
THEM BACK ON, AND THEN
YOU CAN OPEN YOUR
EYES AGAIN.
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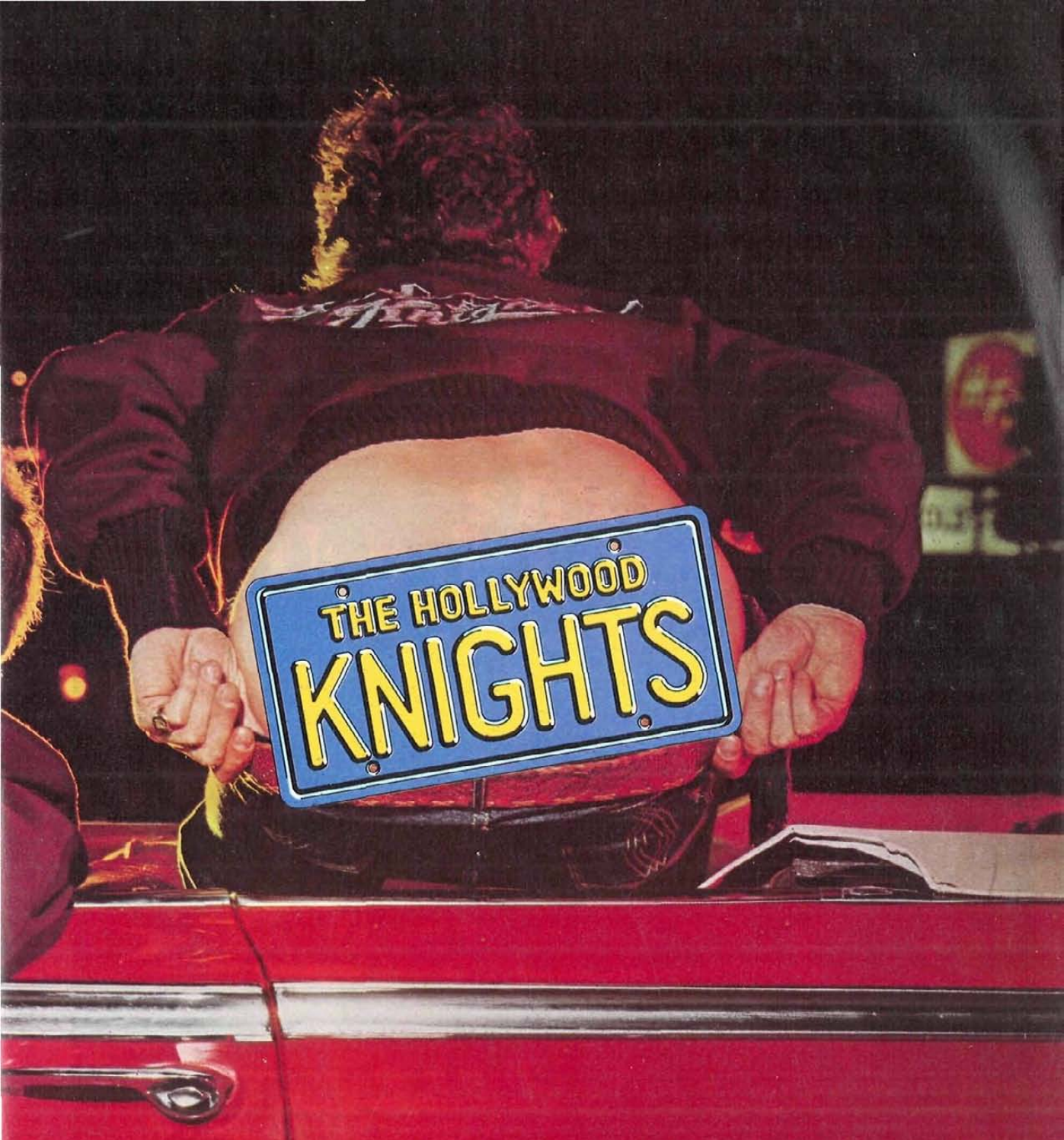


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HOLLYWOOD BABYLONA



The Autobiography of

LONA TURNER

As told to Gerald Sussman

To paraphrase the Greek poet Homer, it all began at the beginning. The beginning was 1938. I was fifteen and still a baby in many ways, but I was hoping to pass for twenty-one. I was going through the basic

unhappy-at-home-with-puritanical-widowed-mother syndrome. I saved my pennies and dollars and took the bus to Hollywood to become a movie star, like thousands of other pretty young things. But I knew that I was going to make it.

parts in a new musical. I was stopped at the gate by the guard, a big, beefy Irishman. When he found out what I wanted, he looked me over carefully and shook his head.

"Pull down your bloomers and let me look at your quim," he said.

Lona Turner's autobiography, Hollywood Babylona, from which this article is excerpted, will be published by Semen and Shuster.

"Those were the days, my friend. We thought they'd never end..."



I had already done bit parts for a visiting summer stock company in my hometown of Columbus, Ohio. One of the featured actors assured me that I could become a star. He said I had "good bones." That was important. The rest could be taught. He tried to massage my good bones in his dressing room, but I fought him off. His breath reeked of Sen-Sen and he used a cream hair tonic on his hair that he didn't rub in hard enough. Little white streaks showed. But his assurances were all I needed. You have no idea how naive kids were in 1938.

So there I was, knocking on fortune's door, which in my case was the front gate of the fabled MGM studios, where I heard there was an audition for small

HOLLYWOOD BABY

I nearly fainted.

"Now don't come over all shy, young miss. I'll not harm yez at all," he said.

He had the kind of Irish brogue I associated with honest policemen who help kids across a street.

"You see, darlin' child, there are a power of fine young lasses like you, all of them beautiful, and all with the fine figures, they're coming to Hollywood every day for auditions. And sure do you know what? They all look good in front of the camera. I know. I've seen them. A fine-looking girl looks fine in front of the camera and that's the truth. And there will be many, many more arriving after you've come and gone. But I'll tell the God's truth about how these here movie moguls pick the stars. Sure isn't it always the ones with the prettiest pussies get the parts? They've got so many girls to choose from that they pick them for no other reason, don't you see? It's a kind of strangeness, to be sure. So why don't you step over to this room behind the commissary and show me your darlin' pussy? I can tell in a twink if you're to be hired. Don't I know the kind they like."

You've got to understand how naive I was in those days. I was just a babe in the woods. Besides, the guard had such a warm, kindly manner. He made me think of the father I never had. And he was such an *old* man. So I went with him to this little room and lifted my dress and pulled down my panties for just a second, to show him my precious genitalia. No sooner did I lift the dress than two huge men, also security guards, leaped out of the shad-

ows, threw me to the floor, and pinned my arms and legs. The kindly, fatherly Irish guard stuffed my mouth with the up-lifted dress and fell on top of me. I struggled, but there must have been half a ton of weight on me. Luckily, I fainted.

When I woke up I realized I was in better shape than I thought. I wasn't even sure if I had lost my virginity or not, but my clothes were a mess. I knew that if I reported the incident to the police, it would simply be the guard's word against mine, and if I told them the whole story, they would laugh in my face. Welcome to Hollywood, I said to myself.



Let's skip the parts about how my career fared after the guard tried to rape me. The important thing is that I got lucky. I became the darling of none other than Louis B. Mayer, the Mayer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the mogul of moguls.

I was staying at the Celluloid Club, a kind of half dormitory, half studio apartment building, mostly for young aspiring actresses. This is where you picked up your basic education in how to crack the studios. You also learned how to cope with the "bedbugs." Bedbugs was the nickname for the resident lesbians. They were the older women, usually over twenty-five, who still hadn't made it and were beaten down by the Hollywood system. They were bitter women still living on the splinters of their broken dreams.

Every night the bedbugs would wander around the rooms looking for new victims. Some of the girls didn't resist, some did. I resisted until one night when I was so tired from making the rounds of the studios that I didn't have the

After I was made "Pumpkin Queen" of the Pasadena Harvest Ball, the studio cast me in simple country-girl parts.



Under my contract, I had to pose for any publicity shot, even for the National Lobster Association, who chose me "Miss Shore Dinner" of 1939.



One of my first speaking parts, Liza

LONA "You've got to understand. In those days I was just a babe in the woods"

strength to say no. I'm sure I lost my virginity to a girl named Brenda, and it wasn't half bad. I didn't have to do anything. Brenda did it all. And she was a lot more gentle than most of the men I knew.

Brenda started my chain of luck. She introduced me to her agent, Arnold Hebrew. Arnold was a typical agent. "First fuck me, then we'll talk about your career," he said. So he chased me around his desk. He was a good chaser. We ran around and around for what seemed like hours. I thought I was going to turn into butter. Just as I was about to faint from dizziness, Arnold fainted instead. Arnold never got me, but he admired my stamina. Thanks to him, my resume and pictures got to MGM. Somebody at MGM liked what they saw and showed them to L.B. Mayer. The next thing I knew, I had an appointment with the most powerful man in Hollywood.

I was ushered into his gigantic office and the door was shut behind me. He was seated at his massive desk, holding one of my eight-by-ten glossies. I was nervous. I didn't know what to say. But when Mayer got up to greet me I didn't have to say a thing. I just gasped. His fly was open, and out of it protruded a huge erection. It was the biggest penis I had ever seen (at the time). Mr. Mayer advanced toward me, all smiles, with that huge thing of his way out in front of him.

"Do you like it?" Mayer asked me.

"Uh...like it?" (How do you answer that question?)

"It all happened because of you, you darling girl!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Mayer. I don't quite follow."

"Of course not. But I'm going to let you in on a very big secret." (He was always letting me in on very big secrets.)

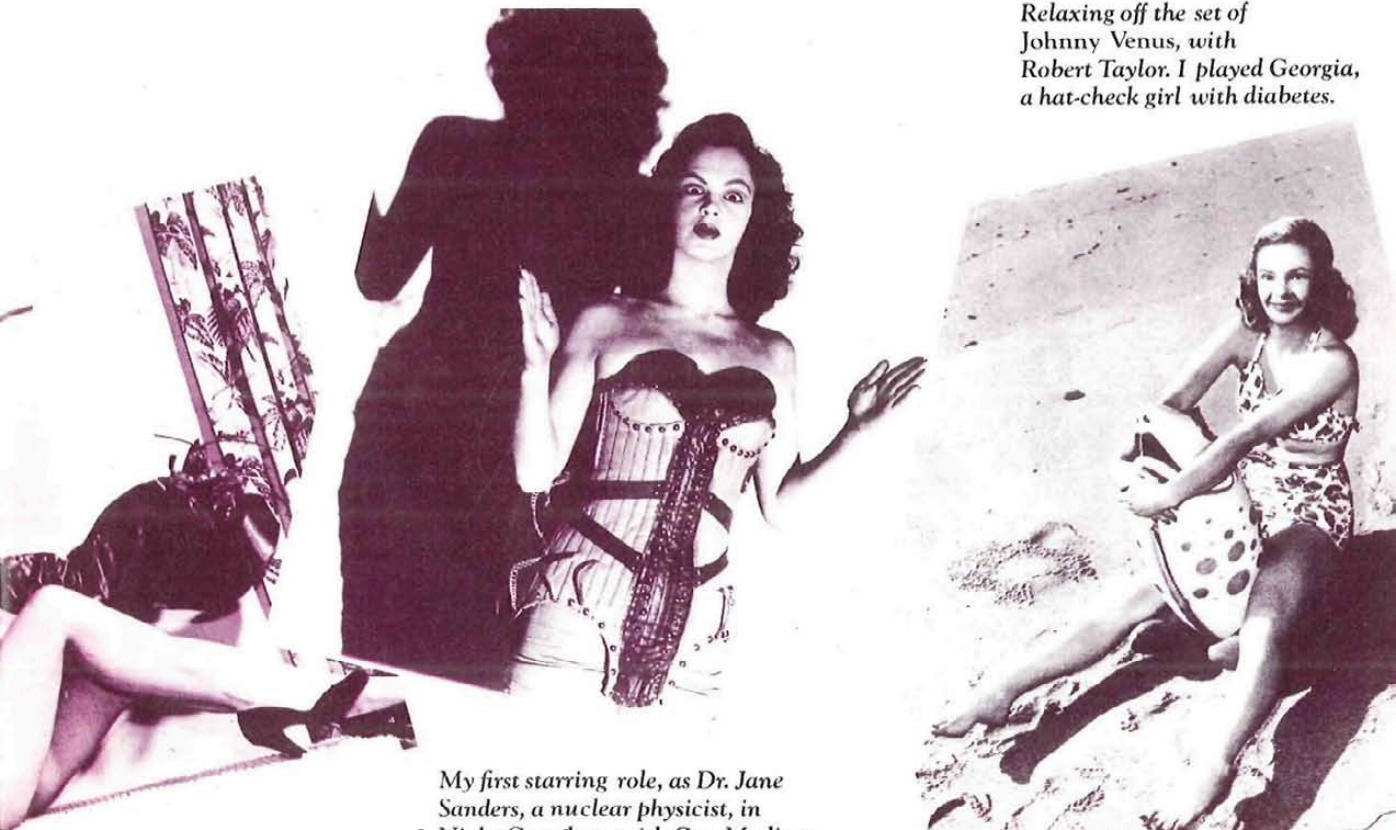
"Because of certain personal problems, which need not concern us at the moment, I have had problems with my masculinity, if you know what I mean."

(I didn't know what he meant, but I nodded.)

"There is a word for it, which I'm sure you never heard of and I hope you never will," said Mayer. "My doctors claimed it was from overwork, fatigue, whatever. And then, dear girl, your pictures were sent to me. Not another aspiring starlet, please! I said to my secretary. I can't look at another picture. They all look alike to me. I threw them in the wastebasket. I threw them in the garbage. I said to myself, What could that *shmendrick* Arnold Hebrew, that putz with ears, be sending me that I need? But another voice in me said, Take a look. What do you have to lose? Maybe there's another Garbo in that envelope. I opened it, and there you were, in a two-piece bathing suit, with those legs and those perfect titties and a *tuchis* that is dying to be squeezed and that darling *punim*, that face. And before I could say Slavko Vorkapich, my sick little thing got well. I got such a bone from just looking at your picture that it wouldn't go away. It actually got bigger than I ever remembered it. Look at it. Isn't it a beauty? I still can't believe it."

And then he took out a measuring tape and measured the length and circumference. I hadn't said a word. I was too horrified. Yet I was strangely fascinated by this little man with the outrageously big penis. And here's the strangest part of all. He never went near me with it. He never made the *continued on page 53*

Relaxing off the set of Johnny Venus, with Robert Taylor. I played Georgia, a hat-check girl with diabetes.



My first starring role, as Dr. Jane Sanders, a nuclear physicist, in

PAPA

continued from page 13

because he really was an old man, like my father said.

Summer 1936

The first reelection campaign is in full swing. Grandmama Delano and Elliott and I are in Boston for a Democratic fund-raising dinner at the Ritz Carlton. Grandmama Delano has had a bit more wine than she is usually accustomed to, and her tongue loosens rather embarrassingly.

"Eleanor," she yells out, "made my son the cripple he is today!" We try to quiet her. "Let them know it! Let everyone know the truth: Eleanor was so upset about that Mercer woman, she tied him up with a rope and kept his legs in ice water for three days, and then when the doctor came she—" Elliott, meanwhile, after trying unsuccessfully to quiet Grandmama, and not wishing to make a scene in front of the photographers, has slipped under the table and slashed the bottoms of Grandmama's feet with a steak knife. Later, in Washington, Mama tries to nurse Grandmama back to health in the White House, but it is a slow process, which ends rather abruptly and

tragically when Grandmama one day accidentally gags, ties, and locks herself in a storage box in the attic.

Spring 1936

The campaign for reelection is in its first stages. Although the nomination is assured and Huey Long has finally been killed, my father decided to campaign heavily, as if all the people who are now on welfare and unemployment and Social Security because of his legislation will throw it away and vote Republican. The first drafts of his famous "Malefactors of Great Wealth" speech are being circulated in the White House. I do not see these first drafts, or the final one either, and Papa does not mention the speech to me, but I do listen to it on the Blue Network and like it very much. For some reason, I remember this speech when my father dies on April 12, 1945. Again in 1962 when Mama dies. But that is another time and another book.

August 12, 1938

Westbrook Pegler published a particularly nasty column today and just stopped short of calling Papa a paraplegic. I write this in my diary:

"When Papa appointed Frances

Perkins secretary of labor in 1933, a member of the press corps asked her if, considering her important position, she found being a female any handicap. 'Only in climbing trees,' she replied. Well, the same thing applies to my father. Of course he can't climb trees—he's paralyzed. He can't bowl, or play tennis, or ride a horse, or walk around, or do any of the other things a normal person does; and if he falls out of his chair, he looks sort of like a fish; but that doesn't mean he shouldn't be president. Anyway, most Americans think Papa can walk, because he exhibits such exuberant health and determination, and because any photographer taking a picture of him in his wheelchair is sent to a CCC camp in North Dakota. But I must set the record straight here: No matter what America thinks, Papa is a total cripple. If God be the judge, he has sentenced Papa to the chair. And it's not because he's a lousy father who doesn't care about the welfare of his children, I'm sure, but some other reason."

December 7, 1941

Pearl Harbor has just been bombed, but Papa is strangely happy. When I remind him that Mama was scheduled

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to visit the base that Sunday morning, he turns to me with undisguised glee in his face. "I know," he says. "Now all four of my legs are dead." I then remember how strongly Papa had urged her to visit the base "around seven in the morning. No later."

We learn a few hours later that at the time of the attack Mama was having breakfast in a submarine and has escaped injury. Lucy Mercer moves back to the maid's room, and Mama adds three extra Secret Service agents to her staff.

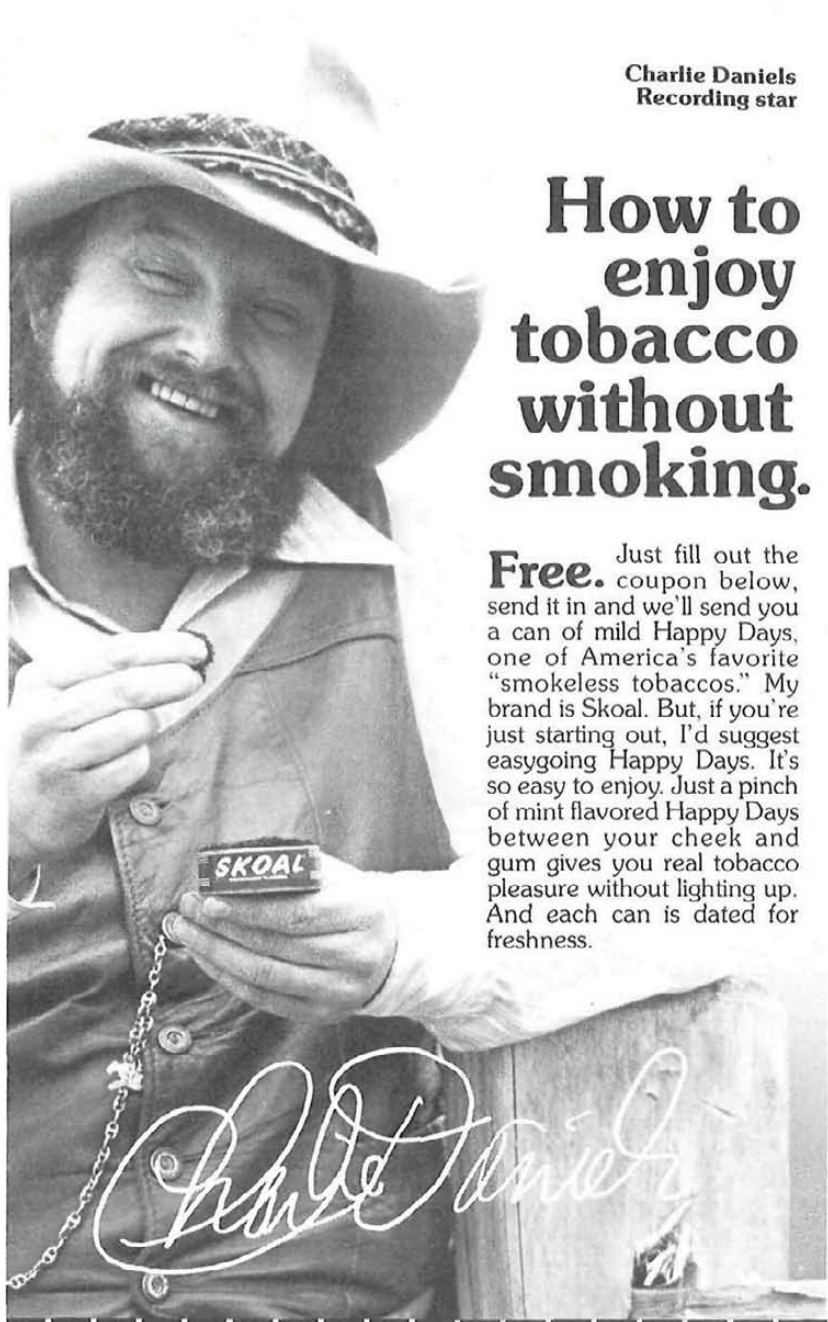
A few weeks later, though, it is Christmas and peace reigns in our family. Mama has given Papa a brand new suede and leather chair, all chrome and battery powered. When Papa pushes the on switch, he suddenly jumps up to the chandeliers and then falls with a loud thump on the slate floor. It is the most Papa has moved since that day of the Red Tide in Campobello in 1924. He looks up at Mama, dazed. "But, Franklin," Mama explained patiently, "I told you it was an electric chair." They never speak to each other again, but my father does try to reestablish contact with her in 1945. By then, his speech is so slurred, no one can understand him; but I am able to make out the words "Hiroshima" and "August."

February 1977

I fell down the stairs today and thought about Papa. The memories of him, especially of his death, are more acute now than thirty years ago. It is strange how a dead man can live on and on and on in memory, and seem more alive than when he was actually living. Why should this be? I try to follow in his footsteps, but I realize that this is impossible. I must be my own man and try to stand alone, as Papa tried to.

April 12, 1945

Papa died today. I am numb. I say nothing. I cry no tears. I feel nothing and yet I suppose the sorrow of the world is in my heart. Is Mama now sorry that she hasn't talked to him since 1941? Will she find out about Lucy? No matter, I suppose. Mama has long ceased to be Papa's judge. It is America, the world, and the future that will judge my father and decide if he was a great man or a willful, patronizing, self-centered, patrician mama's boy who couldn't even walk. But now, at the station waiting for Papa's funeral cortege to arrive, I am empty and numb. I suppose.



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"Hey, nurse," I said. "I really mean it. I want the name and address of the person who pushed you into the furniture. I'll kill him."

I first met Robin Brubaker at a lounge called the Islander near Fort Myers, Florida. She was grumbling to another customer about the number of tables in her section and how badly her teeth hurt from a filling that had been installed before work, when I snatched a short glimpse at Robin's wonderfully unhealthy face, and body, which looked like it had been fucked on a slab of blacktop since she was old enough to say, "Parking lot? Sure. I'll wad up my dress and use it for cushioning." I ordered a Daniel's and water from her, along with a Dar-San ham and cheese. Apart from the fact that I like shrink-wrapped bar food as much as any other kind of food, I wanted to send a subtle message to Robin Brubaker that I took as little care of myself as she did. Plus, it gave her a reason to come back to my table an extra time.

"Thanks for the sandwich, Robin. It'll go nicely with the Jack Daniel's," I said convincingly. She smiled at me for an instant with that granitic, sallow face of hers, then glanced at my cocktail. "An-

screamed across the room, "My mouth really fucking hurts, that's why!" As best I could tell, no one had asked Robin about her mouth, or impugned her attitude or her job performance, or spoken to her at all. The remark was thoroughly and ludicrously irrational, and I was practically coming in my pants at the thought of screwing Robin Brubaker in the immediate afterglow of this purest of moments in the cocktail waitress experience. Another cocktail waitress tried to calm her down, but Robin angrily swiped the girl away and broke into a whimpering canter toward the back room for her purse and coat.

I went to the parking lot and waited; Robin raced out a moment later, still sobbing, and climbed into a gray 1971 Dodge Dart with massive salt damage and several holes in the roof where the police flasher had been anchored before a guy at a used car lot sold the vehicle to her for \$300 above blue book. I walked over to her window and spoke sympathetically as she rifled her purse for the car keys. "I'll bet you've got a lot of fine memories on



other Daniel's?" she asked. I noticed a sliver-shaped bruise across her left cheek in addition to the three immense, jet-black welts I spotted earlier on her thighs. "Certainly," I replied. "On the condition you'll let me kill the man who must have put those horrible marks on your skin." She stiffened and inhaled loudly; I had her right where I wanted her. I assured her I was seriously incensed, then carefully removed the cellophane from my ham and cheese sandwich and took a long bite. I continued to speak through the food. "Robin, I'll have that cocktail now." She silently resurrected the latest crop of injustices, tragedies, and pain in her life, then snapped back from the daze and gestured to my empty glass. "Wanna 'nother one?" she asked with a crack in her voice.

I swallowed the last chalky bolus of my ham and cheese sandwich, grimaced, and shook my head as if I passionately empathized with her troubles. Robin was on the verge of a breakdown, a major cocktail waitress breakdown where they drop their drink trays and scowl at the customers, followed by weeping and totally inexplicable, hysterical outbursts at the person in charge. Robin Brubaker did all of that, and it was a masterpiece. She

this asphalt," I said. "You fuckin' bet," she snapped, completely oblivious to my point. I opened the door and sat down in the driver's seat beside her. "This may be an unexpected suggestion," I said softly, "but I think we should drive to Phoenix, Arizona, immediately. By immediately I mean right now, as soon as you find your keys. Do you mind traveling in your cocktail waitress uniform?" Robin was quiet for a moment, as is frequently the case when cocktail waitresses are presented with unexpected suggestions. "Phoenix? What's in Phoenix?" she asked.

The grimy smell of transmission fluid rose from the footwell: the puissant musk of failure. Everything about this situation was exciting. "Phoenix needs cocktail waitresses," I told her. "The food and beverage retailers in Phoenix are desperate for girls with the right credentials. Girls who know a lot about life and people, girls who understand the science of cocktailing." This was exactly the button to push, because many cocktail waitresses are altogether convinced there is a vastly complicated and valuable set of skills involved in the correct transport of glasses and bottles from a bar to a table, *continued on page 43*





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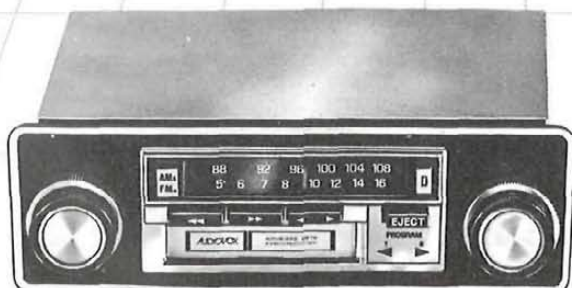
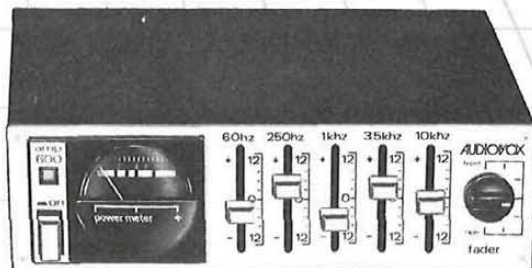
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SEXUAL HEALTH

DR. VISCOUNT H. GOATLIPS II

SEXUAL HEALTH

Introduction.

The author has no apology to make for the outspoken or vulgar manner in which he treats upon delicate or sacredly private matters considered on the following pages. It is his considered belief that parents' false idea of delicacy or their willful belief that "My child is above such thoughts or acts" often prevent them from discovering and interfering in the normal, healthy, and natural sexual development of their offspring.

It is as useless telling parents to meddle with the development process of their child's sexuality as it is informing a parrot he should speak if he has not been taught what to say. Misplaced intuition or well-meaning intelligence often lead parents to simply dismiss as natural or ignore as healthy the burgeoning, potentially explosive sexuality of their offspring.

Sexual Health of the Male.

It is a mistaken belief that the sexual organs demand no attention before puberty. It is true that while ἀσχημος develops and ἀνθυγιεινός takes place more frequently at that age, sexual life begins before birth with the formation of the sexual organs in the ἐσώρρουχα, or womb, of the wife or mother.

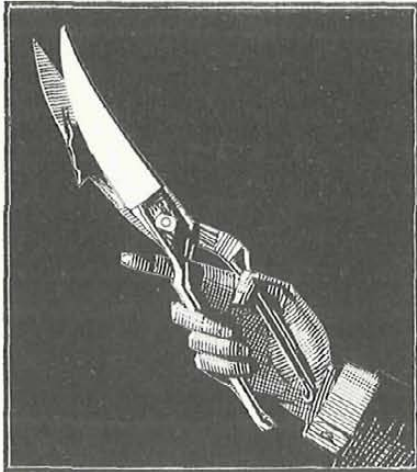


FIG. 1.

The new circumcision shear invented by Dr. Dougherty. Although the practice of circumcision had its origin with the Jews, today's medical men do not hold it in contempt, just the Jews.

If the child persists in unclean practices, it is well to see a physician who will refer the parent to a trained pugilist, whose blows will no doubt halt the child before the damage is irreparable.

Circumcision.

With regard to the boy, the first attention demanded by the genitals per se, as such, is circumcision. The foreskin, a cap or bag at the extreme end of the male organ, which, like the feathered hat on a cavalier, serves as a constant invitation to licentiousness, must be removed at once. There are several reasons for this. When retracted, the foreskin will expose the glans penis, which in this state glistens with a bright red color and is easy to find in the dark, thus posing greater temptation to the child.

The glans penis is also the most sensitive of the human organs, with the possible exception of the

σταφύλι, or hemorrhoid, and it is therefore of the greatest importance that the foreskin be removed, for like an ill-fitting suit that chafes the bottoms of the arms, the foreskin allows the glans penis stimulus, which may lead to bed wetting, stammering, or twitching when the child is beaten.

Circumcision, as is well known, was of fundamental religious importance to the Jews but was by no means limited to descendants of Abraham. Like their custom of having intercourse with women through a hole in the sheet, it was undoubtedly established as a sanitary precaution: since the invention of soap, though, the latter custom has gone out of style except among the most doctrinaire members of the mosaic cosmogony.

After Circumcision.

As the boy grows older, even though he be circumcised it becomes necessary that he should be actively employed at all times. The more work of an arduous and exhausting nature in the life of a boy, the less likely he will be to develop morbid tendencies toward touching the body.

A Boy Should Be Taught.

A boy should be taught that the genitals are natural organs and have a natural purpose in helping us keep our balance. Like a kangaroo's tail, they should not be tampered with or twisted or pummed up and down, lest epilepsy set in or coordination be otherwise destroyed.

A boy may be told that his urine is a fluid and that it is yellow: for if you attempt to deceive him on this point, he will soon discover it and may cease to believe the other teachings he has received. On no account tell him urine is made of tin or otherwise attempt to mislead him as to its qualities. To do so is to risk the child's contamination by the moral poison of his schoolmates.

Fuller Information.

At puberty, which crisis is signaled by the thumbing through of medical encyclopedias, perusal of dictionaries, and the stealthy removal of spirits from the liquor chest, the boy must be drawn more closely in to the parents' confidence, lest he do himself or the family pet serious injury. If the family possess neither books nor spirits to steal, puberty may be detected most surely from the appearance of growths of dark hair beneath the boy's arms and in the lower abdominal regions. Also at this time it may be confirmed by rapidly stroking the penis of the boy. If a milky fluid emerges from the extreme end of the male organ, it is almost certain puberty has arrived.

At this time it is well to tell the boy that nature has determined that the species must be preserved at any cost. Assure him that his desire to place his penis into anything round, bang it up and down on anything flat, squeeze it between two objects, or press it with weights is perfectly normal and is nature's way of continuing the species but that if he should in the slightest way respond to these urges, he will have failed a great natural test and will be struck down perfectly normally and naturally with double cholera.

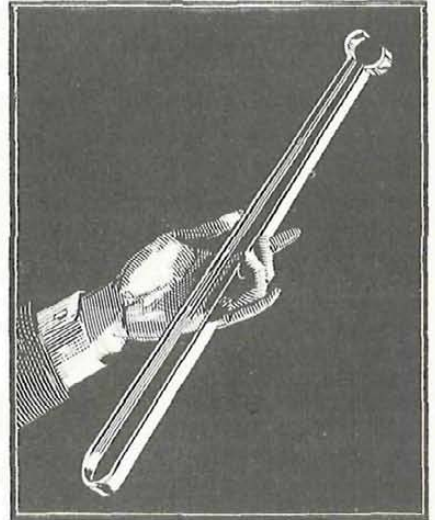
The Treatment.

Keep an eye on what he reads. Consign all books, pamphlets, or printed material to the fire. If he should stare too long at any particular object in the home, make careful notes: it may be a secret source of pleasure. Encourage him to make friends with elderly men, preferably religious, or women who are very sick. Diet should be light but nutritious, consisting of poultry skin, white vegetables, and water. On no account must he eat anything sticky, longer than his fingers, or that rhymes with any synonym for his own genitals.

The Sexual Organs.

The sexual organs of a growing boy need no attention whatsoever after circumcision. Unless, of course, accident befalls them, such as injury received by way of kicks, which in the properly raised boy are to be expected from coarser playmates.

FIG. 2.



The Thribb urinary forceps are a recent invention sure to achieve wide success. They enable the young boy to handle his organ as is necessary for urination.

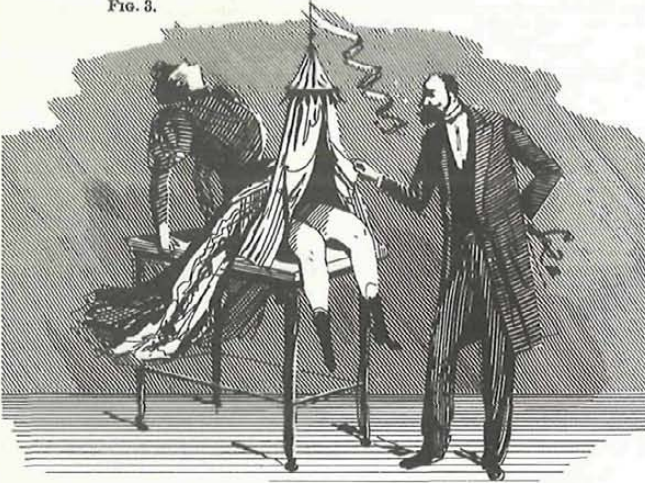
The Temptress.

No young man may reach the age of twenty without being exposed to the temptress. Parents will weigh the danger of telling their youth about this creature, against utter silence as to her existence, and decide to maintain the silence of stone. Nothing could be more wrong. If warned that her whispered word is but the siren's call, designed to lure him into destroying his God-given urinary device (these women are known to insert broken glass and twisted lids of home preserve jars in their private areas), he will avoid these women.

Gonorrhoea.

Gonorrhoea may be recognized easily by the sufferer. Fear is the first symptom to appear, closely followed by guilt and shame. Apprehension will likely set in before a visit to a medical man. Let me stress at this point that

FIG. 3.



The Curtis-Lethbridge Privacy Pavilion enables the medical man to examine the organs of even the daughters of senators or railroad presidents without causing affront to their modesty.

taken in selecting the girl child's nurse, for the same indecent sensations that lie dormant in the sexual organs of the boy child reside in his sister, although perhaps more cleverly concealed.

There are foreign nurses in this country, indeed from places as innocent sounding as Ireland and France, who make a habit of breaking young girls' hymens with a forefinger "pour permit l'escape de la tension," or, as we would say, for the warped and misguided, dark and inscrutable reasons of brutish barbarian tribes. Nurses must also be watched carefully for it is the habit in some rude countries enshadowed by the religion of Rome for women to "paddle the canal," as the scientists say, or, more popularly, to masturbate girls to bring on sleep.

Cleanliness.

Care must be taken with the female infant to maintain cleanliness, particularly about the private parts. However, this should be done while the newborn is asleep, lest the child become in infancy accustomed to the sensation of a washcloth and either progress to worse evils or at best retain the habit and cause a shock to her husband in later years so as to provoke a dangerous startlement.

Thus It Follows.

To all reasonable men the best and most sure method to keep a girl child from falling into pitiful and sordid habits at an early age is like that of the boy identical. At the age where the child may begin to walk it should be encouraged to make good and full use of its arms as a means of propulsion. This is especially important in female children, as their genitalia are so constructed that the lateral movement of the thighs agitates the sexual organs, causing pleasure, which if not immediately stopped will cause the child to forget that the true purpose of walking is not sexual release but transportation of the most basic and fundamental sort. It is quite possible with proper instruction and parental dedication to teach the girl infant at the age of three to walk upon her hands until the upper regions of her legs become thin enough to allow her to walk normally, without danger of unhealthy stimulation of folds of adipose or lardy tissue.

it is far better to seek medical attention immediately than to wait. If one waits too long, cowardice or duplicity may set in. A parent who suspects the existence of this disease in a child (male or female) may verify these suspicions easily by either examining the organs under a strong reading lamp (look for dampness or iridescence) or by breathing deeply twice through the child's undergarments. The garments should be placed over the mouth, with the area suspected directly over the nose. Seven straight deep breaths in succession will tell the tale. If a sneeze does not result, the child is diseased.

The Female.

While the sexual organs of the female seldom require the extreme attention involved in the case of the circumcision of the boy, the corresponding operation may be necessary at times. Great care should be

And Hard Upon That.

The best foundation for the sexual health of the female may be laid upon the childhood years, years during which the female organs lie dormant. The first menses, known commonly as "flash flood," "bridal wave," or the "red vanguard," is, in popular legend, the first blood to flow from the mythic nose of the personified sex of the female, punched by God's angel, and exactly in the way the young woman herself years hence may be punched by her husband or his friends and business acquaintances.

Sexual Feeling of an Amorous Kind.

Insane lust is perhaps less likely to be awakened in the female than in the male before puberty. In fact throughout life it would seem that the female's sexual desires are on the whole less imperious than those of the male. On the other hand, nothing is more certain than that even young girls manifest the ability and the stealth to manipulate genitals, and it is therefore necessary that parents should be on their guard, although not necessarily in shifts, and that young girls as well as boys should be taught the dangers of abusing the genitals.

Questions will present themselves to the girl's mind, and she will not fall behind her male complement in seeking answers. Honesty, except where actual facts are concerned, is essential if the perfect confidence of the girl child is to be kept intact and wholesome parental dominance maintained. Diversions that keep a young girl's mind far from sexual subjects; general instruction in delicacy and modesty; and an emphasis on constant activity, recreation, or employment, combined with positive teaching that no handling of the privates is wholesome or healthy, may prevent this practice from taking root. Usually, however, handcuffs are necessary to prevent sexual abuse, and even those may prove useless if the girl has learned to cross her legs and rock on her heels.

Exceptions to the Rule.

Occasionally young girls, particularly those raised by their natural parents, become so thoroughly impressed with the idea that touching the private area is shameful that they try to deny the very existence of the unmentionable quadrant. As a result, cleanliness is neglected, with terrible consequences. There are in the female, much like in the civet cat, glands between the inner and outer lips of the genitals that discharge a secretion. In primitive times the powerful-smelling gleet discharged served to protect a woman from the amorous advances of all but members of her own species. The odoriferous glandular secretion, like a ripening cheese, to which it is olfactorily similar, hardens over many months and becomes a source of torment to the afflicted woman. She may begin to suffer from such mental afflictions as peevishness, anxiety, irritability, restlessness, discontent, and melancholy.

Let the Word Go Forth.

Before puberty a girl must be taught what to expect. The flow of the blood coming unexpectedly to an uninformed girl is more likely to frighten her into doing something to arrest the bleeding such as might involve linen napkins, lace, or drapery. It is a simple matter to lift the child's dress, bend her over, and examine her for signs of hair growth, dampness, or iridescence.

Both clarity and delicacy may be retained if it is simply explained to the lass coming of age that this is the Creator's way of warning her that she is capable now of having children. Be sure she understands the harmony and simplicity of the monthly flow, which the divine father both intends as a thank-you for not having become pregnant the previous month and a reminder not to next month. You must repeat until you are sure the young woman understands that if the blood should *not* flow one month, she would have to leave home, go alone to a large industrial city and live in the most distressing squalor, and there, penniless and forsaken by all who love her, give birth to a baby whose future is as bleak as her own. Remind her that spiders and other such insects live in such places and have through long familiarity completely lost their fear of man. There is no need of course to tread brutally on the young girl or woman's sensitivity by explaining the actual bodily mechanics by which pregnancy is effected.

FIG. 4.

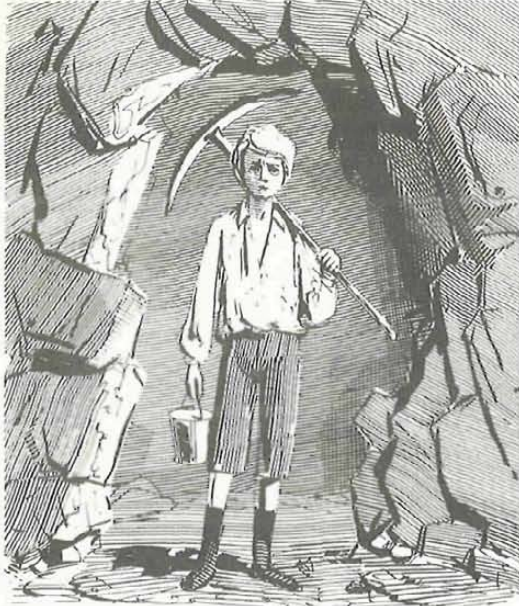


Fits and frenzies such as these are the inevitable result of self-abuse. Alas, medical science is helpless at this stage of degeneration.

The Girl's End.

It is true that the girl who lacks sexual feeling is as much to be pitied as she who lacks a roof to her mouth; but the girl who has sexual feeling and indulges her every impulse with no regard for the proper restraints is as likely to inspire vicious fistfights as she is romantic poetry. She is more to be pitied than horsewhipped, though both may be necessary.

FIG. 5.



Activities such as mining divert a boy from less wholesome recreation.

Until the noble state of true maturity is reached, it is best for young persons to guard themselves, be they man or woman, against impure thoughts with damp blankets or sticks; or, if the need for companionship becomes overwhelming, let them seek the fellowship of a carefully reared dog, preferably of the same sex.

Significance of Marriage.

Having children demands a knowledge of the duties of man and wife before marriage can be consummated. The day of the ceremony should be selected to be remote from the woman's monthly flow. This choice is not because of the possibility of embarrassing odors but because, as a general rule, throughout life the woman should be excused from sexual intercourse during her periods. Likewise from a sore throat or hemorrhoids, if plain speech is to shorten this discourse. Any violence on the part of the husband in initiating this connection is far worse than unnecessary: it is brutal. It should go without saying that the honeymoon night is one that may set the tone and balance for the succeeding years and should be characterized by gentleness and tact. Masks, golliwogs, luminous underclothing, and equipment from the tack room should play no part this first evening.

The Hymen.

If the husband finds absolutely no evidence of the hymen, he should be reminded that this fragile tissue is often ruptured by such activity as horseback riding, croquet, or riding a velocipede. Its absence in no way suggests a history of promiscuity or license. Aside from active sports, the gardener's thumb, or nozzles, there are thousands of ways in which the hymen may have been ruptured.

With Regard to Repetition.

When a second child is desired, the sexual act may be repeated. Medical men hold that to exert the body in its performance twice in one night is to risk grave injury to both parties and to insult our Maker by implication that due to design deficiencies once was not enough.

The End.

Seducers.

A seducer is a man who understands the nature of a girl better than herself, even better than the mother who bore her and who should by her instruction have shielded her daughter in just fulfillment of her duties as guardian and counsel. Guilefully the seducer baits his trap, offering the naive girl the companionship, understanding, and compassion to which, if she is from a respectable family, she has never been exposed.

Impediments to Marriage.

The absence of sexual organs, or their existence in a size too small to be detected with the naked eye; lumps or physical abnormality capable of speech; growth of any fungus mushroom, mistletoe, or other vegetable parasite on the body; spines, or fur, except on the back; the presence of buttons, laces, or other fastenings; fowl of any nature nesting in the hair; the presence of nine or more stomachs or a beak of any shape or color.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

continued from page 35

the ferrying of currency back to the bar, and the return of change to the table. Robin believed her expertise in reading the customers—knowing precisely when to ask them if they want more liquor—was a specialized, worthwhile talent. She would later complain that her talents were unrecognized by the public. I pleaded with her in all sincerity to explain the nuances and intricacies of cocktail waitressing. She told me about how she poured beer on the change before she delivered it, so customers would be less likely to want to put it in their pockets. I asked her what she did with the extra cash, and Robin described an elaborate money chain that ran from three or four wet bills in her tip tray to the cash register at K-Mart, where she bought a weekly case of transmission fluid for the Dart. The thought of pouring beer on a customer's money to keep her car smelling the way it did was a fine one, a thought I found pleasurable to entertain during much of the sexual debasement Robin was to provide on our way to Phoenix.

Robin slammed the contents of her purse against the passenger seat, still unable to find her keys. "Come on, Robin, we'll go to Phoenix. You'll work in a gracious stucco and redwood salad bar restaurant and make seventy-five dollars a night," I said. "You won't have to depend on the generosity of deranged lugs who push you into the furniture every time you bother them." I leaned to the side and kissed her softly on the cheek. Tenderness would really throw her; Robin's idea of a first kiss was to shoot a pointed, spring-loaded tongue down to the back of a guy's throat like a solenoid, then slosh it against every inch of his mouth until his own tongue ached and there wasn't any air left in his lungs. The fact that I'd been in the car with her for several minutes and hadn't forced her to the floorboard and raped her established me as someone exceptional in her eyes. I was almost holy—a state of being that would drive a destabilized, nymphomaniacal cocktail waitress to new extremes.

I reached over her thighs and plucked the car keys from a clump of wet money. Robin looked at me, then ran her hands across the flouncy skirt of her cocktail waitress uniform and said, "I can't go to Phoenix like this." I started the engine and assured her there would be no problem; then her tongue spiked my epiglottis two or

three dozen times, as explosively and vulgarly as I suspected it would.

As we drove away from the sunrise across northern Florida, I realized I'd seen Robin in candlelight, red light, mercury vapor light, auto interior light, but never daylight. A gradually intensifying sun was beginning to reveal the imperfections. This is when the facial accident scars, the discrepancies in tooth color, the infected pierced ears, all of that hard mileage on her body would brighten into view, and I wasn't disappointed. She had contrived a limp Phyllis George ponytail bound in an iridescent scarf. The couture began to disintegrate at her neck, however, where long, dark strands of hair had escaped the scarf and drooped in random, electro-magnetized arcs toward the back of the seat.

Although Robin's face had a pleasing, well-proportioned superstructure, merging systems of dormant, stippled acne, small hematomas, and shoplifted makeup delineated an inelegant topography on her skin, each feature a geological remnant of troubles past. The rest of her body was surprisingly firm and feminine, excluding the marks on her thighs and a pinched, parabolic scar on her right shoulder where a dike die bonder on a Motorola assembly line had bitten her during a fight over rights to a cash reward for an entry in the company suggestion box. Robin, a co-worker on the assembly line at the time, freed herself by toppling a twenty-gallon drum of transistor leads on the dike's head, some of which fell into the dike's mouth and punctured

her trachea.

Robin resigned the next day amid death threats from the dike and went to work at the Islander. "Do you think that fucked-up crazy woman could find me in Phoenix?" Robin asked indignantly as she stared toward the Pensacola shipyards. I smiled, put my arm around her, and patted her lightly on her disfigured shoulder. "No," I said, trying to keep a straight face. "You're safe now." I rolled my eyes, anticipating the crudely lascivious response that generally followed any expression of concern for her welfare. "Thank you for caring," Robin whispered loudly into my ear. Then she rammed her tongue back and forth against the ear drum until my head hurt.

We passed through Bogalusa, Louisiana, around noon. I was tired, but I thought it would be nice to get a few cocktails into Robin and screw her teeth out before dozing off to sleep for a few hours. I put her in a second-story room at a place off the highway called the Marco Polo Efficiency Motel, then walked to a discount mart across the street and bought five cases of transmission fluid and a selection of liquor and mixers. Back at the room, Robin prepared a pair of cocktails in motel glasses as I examined her from the bed. She was real hard-on material in her gold and black cocktail waitress uniform, which looked more like a ruttish cheerleader outfit than anything else. The tiny skirt flared at a forty-five-degree angle from her waist, supported by ratty, labyrinthine petticoats that jutted several inches below

continued on page 56



THE SMART



Newest physical fitness routine on the Bev Hills superstar circuit: everyone jogs around **ORSON WELLES**. Ol' Citizen Kane now has the circumference of a small running track. Twenty laps equal a mile.

HUGH CAREY, sometimes known as the governor of New York, made one of his rare public appearances to confirm that he is nearly alive. He was one of the honored guests at the Winter Antiques Show, a hotsytotsy society charity benefit and antiques exhibition. "I live in an antique," said Carey, referring to his home in Albany. "In fact, I am an antique. Gla goo glub goo ba goog geegla doo doo..." Before we could get the rest of the gov's witty remarks his daughter and two Secret Service men shlepped him into the men's room and jammed a pair of life-giving syringes into his arms.

Noted shyster **ROY COHN** finally confesses that those little bags under his eyes are condoms.... Speaking of scumbubbles, **BILLY MARTIN**, the Irish bar gnat, was arrested last week in Buffalo, New York, on charges of "potentially disturbing the peace." Mr. Klass insisted that he didn't do a thing. "That's bad enough," said the arresting officer.

ANDY WARHOL took the first complete physical examination of his life and discovered that he's had yellow fever since he was six.... Remember **MARK SPITZ**? We don't.... **SAMMY DAVIS, JR.**, very upset

about **FRANK SINATRA** using him as an ashtray at a party in Palm Springs. "Frank fooled me," said the black bug. "He told me to lie down on the floor and open my mouth wide. Shit, I always do that."

NEIL SIMON in the dumpsters about his recurrent case of writer's block. How about washing your typewriter with Kaopectate, Neil?... **HOWARD COSELL** fell asleep in a restaurant in New Orleans and was accidentally scooped into a garbage bag with the remains of his dinner. Unfortunately, he was saved when local sanitation men refused to go near the bag because of the odor.

Close friends of **MARGARET TRUDEAU** say her vaginal lobotomy was a complete success. "The vaginal and the frontal she had last year will set her up for life," said soulmate **BIANCA JAGGER**.... In a brazen attempt at personal publicity, **NORMAN MAILER** has offered to write a novel in the window of Bloomington's about anyone who will donate \$10,000 to help the Cambodian refugees.

That loaf of white bread with nipples **CYBILL SHEPHERD** finally admitted what made her a professional failure. Despite tutelage from mentor **PETER BOGDANOVICH** and years of acting, singing, and dancing lessons, she still couldn't make it. "What I really needed was shtupping lessons," said Cyb ruefully.... **RONALD REAGAN** getting a new neck in his effort to rejuvenate his sagging presidential hopes. "I bought it slightly used, from Bob Cummings. But it comes with a two-year no-sag guarantee," said the California prune face.

New Hollywood game: for five thou a shot, you can enter the What Day Is **GEORGE BURNS** Going to Die lottery. Only twenty-three days left for sale as we go to press.... When will home wrecker **RYAN O'NEAL** quit? After laying some pipe into best friend **LEE MAJORS**'s wife, he ran off with Moonshine, Majors's prize basset hound. From Acapulco, O'Neal announces that they plan to marry in the fall.

BETTE MIDLER is up to her old tricks again, raping exhausted marathon runners in Central Park. "I like 'em when they're sweaty and funky and breathing hard. That's when I can

do anything I want with them," said the BM.... **MICKEY ROONEY** is now hiring himself out as a house pet. He will behave just like a monkey but promises to be a lot cleaner.

MARLON BRANDO up in arms over the attention **ORSON WELLES** is getting as the "official running track" of the Hollywood in-crowd. Brando plans to offer himself and **PETER USTINOV** and **ROBERT MORLEY**. "I'll give them three fatties for the price of one, and they'll get a much bigger track," said Pig Man.

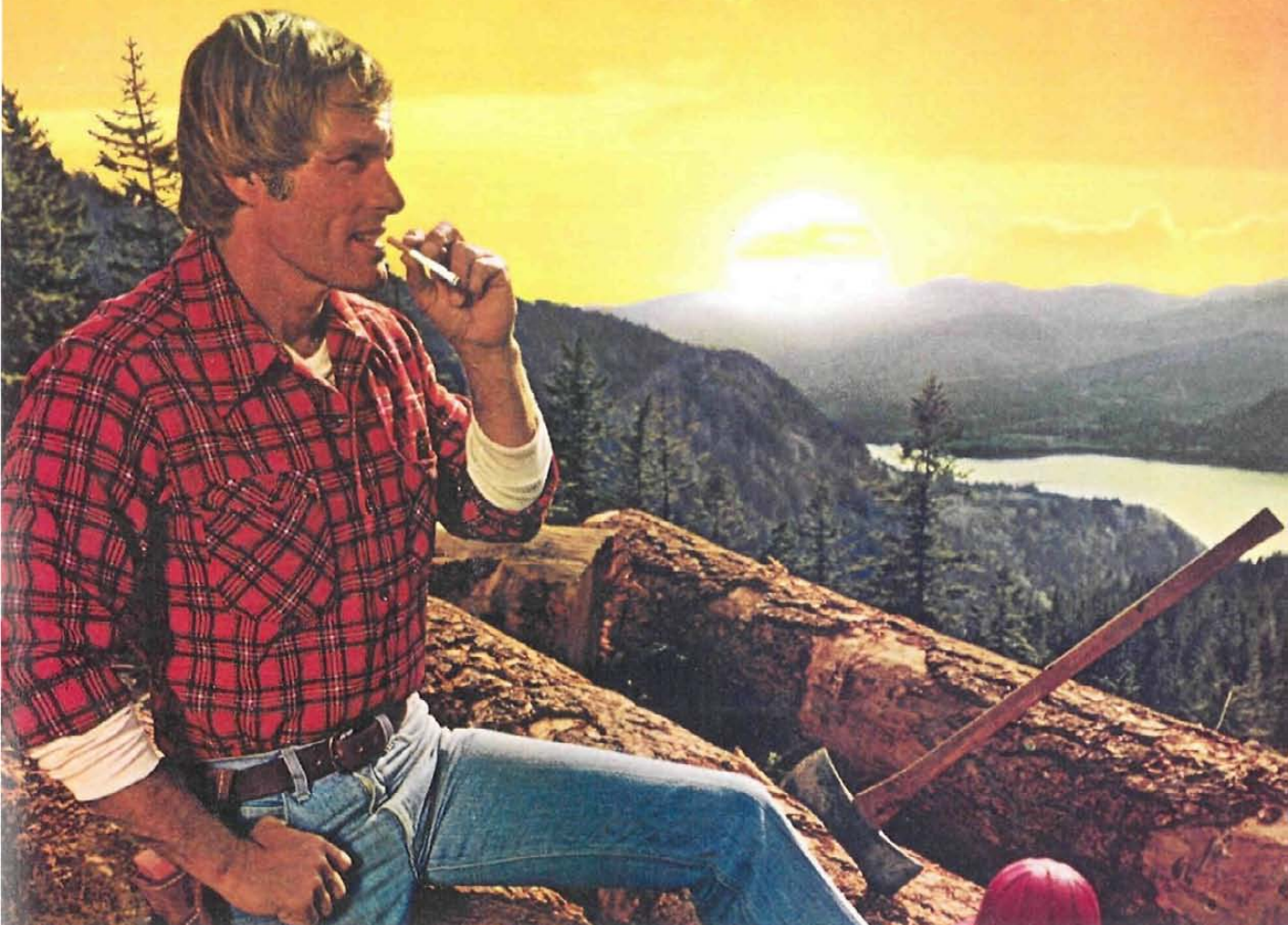
BILL WALTON, the dainty mountain man of the San Diego Clippers, is highly susceptible to paper cuts and may never play basketball again.... Director **STEVEN SPIELBERG** is writing a movie about a man who lives with a slab of corned beef. No car chases, no extravagant special effects, just a man and a corned beef, to prove that he can do a great low-budget film. Sure, Steve. Pass the mustard.

Ever notice how much **JOHN TRAVOLTA** looks like **JERRY LEWIS**? It's no coincidence. Smart Set investigators have ferreted out hospital records proving that Travolta was sired by Lewis out of **JAYNE MANSFIELD** during a steamy weekend in Asbury Park, New Jersey, in 1953.... Painfully shy **WOODY ALLEN** now wearing striped gorilla suits, chicken heads, rabbinical costumes, clown outfits, and football gear in an effort to avoid recognition. What is it that keeps giving him away?

People who know both **LEE** and **MICHELLE MARVIN** are trying desperately to bring the couple together again, preferably on a small boat with a large time bomb on it.... Is **IDA LUPINO** still dead?... **ROBERT DE NIRO**, **AL PACINO**, **MERYL STREEP**, **JOE PAPP**, **JILL CLAYBURGH**, and **TONY PERKINS** were not at **BARRY MANILOW**'s big birthday bash. In fact, none of the two hundred celebs invited came.

Get-well cards keep pouring in for **JAMES CAAN** after people get into a conversation with him.

Last, and very least, diminutive former New York mayor **ABE BEAME** has disappeared. His wife, Mary, thinks he accidentally fell into the clothes dryer and shrank to death. □



When your taste grows up, Winston out-tastes them all.

Only Winston's Sun-Rich™ Blend
of the choicest, richest tobaccos
tastes this full and satisfying.

Winston after Winston.

BOX: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method;
KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '79.

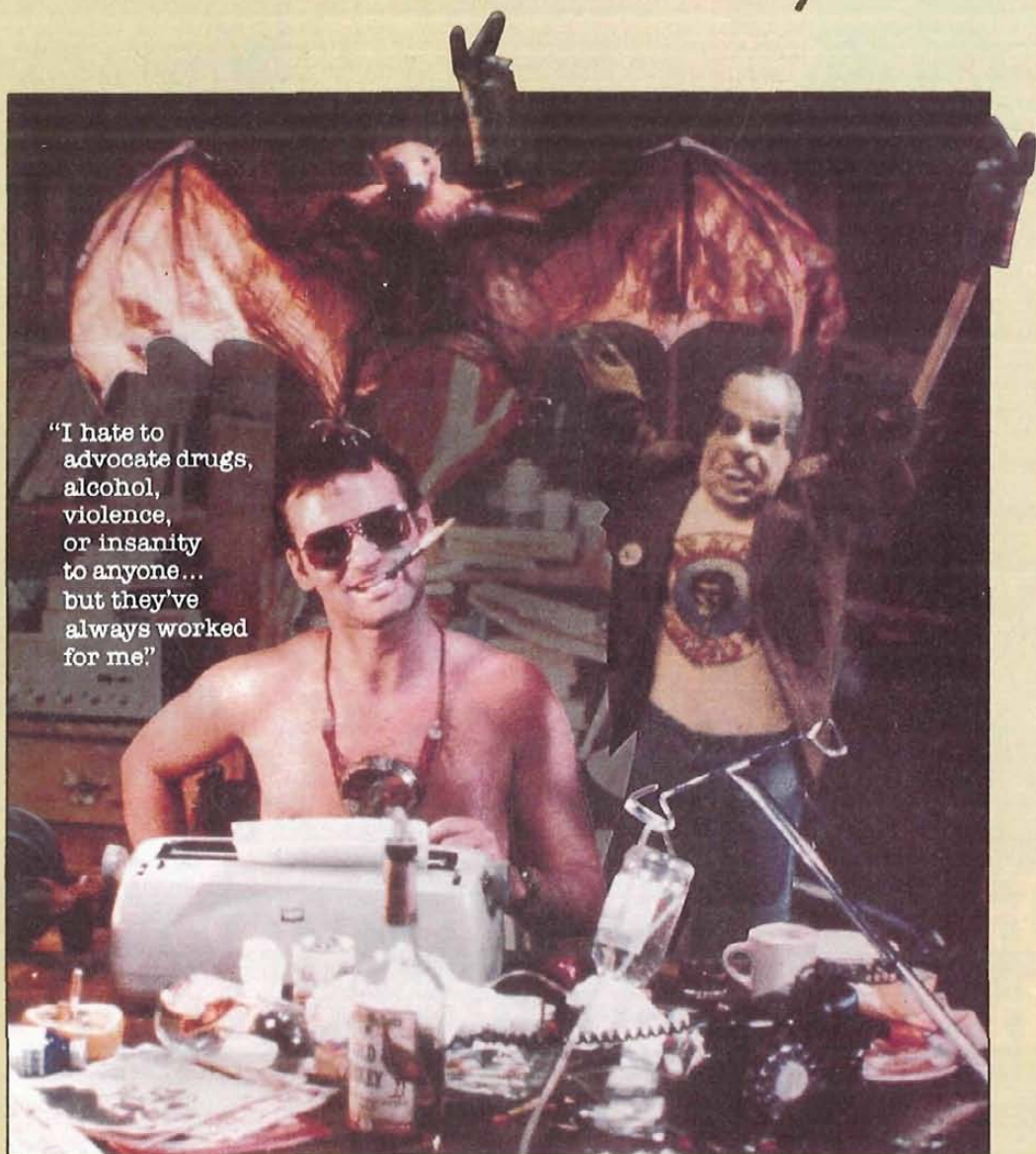


Soft Pack and Box

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

WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM

BASED ON THE TWISTED LEGEND OF *Dr. Hunter S. Thompson*



"I hate to
advocate drugs,
alcohol,
violence,
or insanity
to anyone...
but they've
always worked
for me."

PETER BOYLE • BILL MURRAY as Dr. Hunter S. Thompson
"WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM" co-starring BRUNO KIRBY and
RENE AUBERJONIS • Screenplay by JOHN KAYE • Music by NEIL YOUNG
Produced and Directed by ART LINSON A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

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UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING
PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

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STARTS APRIL 25th AT SELECTED THEATRES NEAR YOU

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THE PERFECT DATE

The perfect date. The perfect evening. Oh, the thrilling ecstasy of it all! You've seen tantalizing hints of it in TV commercials, figured the handsome jocks in school knew what it was like, dreamed of it all your life—but you're just not the kind of guy it ever happened to. Or who even got within a hundred miles of it. Well, relax. Because it's going to happen to you at last. And right now. This very instant. Well, at least we're

by
Ed Subitzky

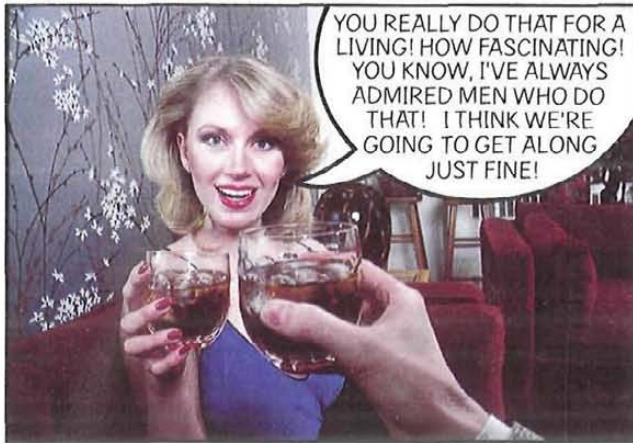
going to get you as close as you ever can get. To our knowledge for the first time in publishing, the following is an actual life-experience-in-a-magazine. And there's no need to

save it for Saturday night, because you can enjoy it again and again!

SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS:

Relax. Take a deep breath. Put yourself in the mood. Ready? Good. Bring the page close to your face. Start with the first panel below. Stare at it until it seems to take up all of your vision. Let it wrap itself around you, pull you completely in. That's all. You're on your way!





YOU REALLY DO THAT FOR A LIVING! HOW FASCINATING! YOU KNOW, I'VE ALWAYS ADMIRER MEN WHO DO THAT! I THINK WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG JUST FINE!



OH, ME? WELL, I WANTED TO BE A MODEL ONCE, BUT I FIGURED IT MIGHT DO BAD THINGS TO MY HEAD! I'M JUST A SECRETARY NOW, BUT I'M TAKING GRADUATE COURSES AT NIGHT IN PAINTING AND PHILOSOPHY!



GOSH, YOU'RE RIGHT! IT IS GETTING LATE! I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I'VE EVER GOTTEN SO LOST IN A CONVERSATION!



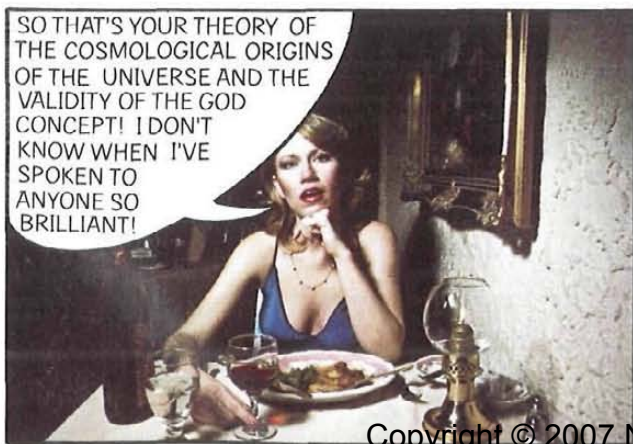
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I SIMPLY DON'T BELIEVE IT! JUST YESTERDAY I WAS TELLING SOMEONE HOW MUCH I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO EAT IN THIS RESTAURANT!



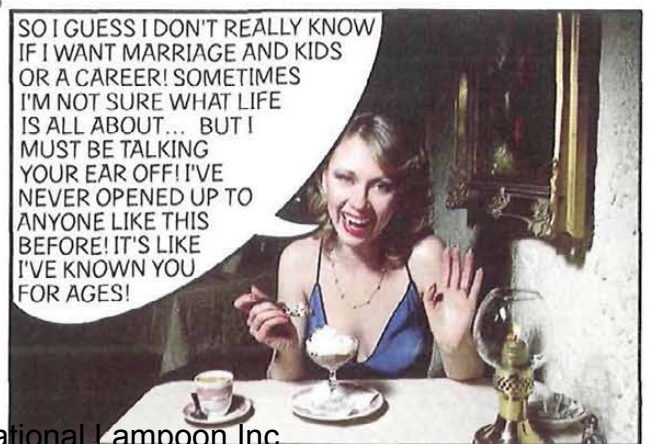
A LAFITTE DES CASAUX 1959! YOU REALLY DO KNOW HOW TO CHOOSE A WINE, DON'T YOU!



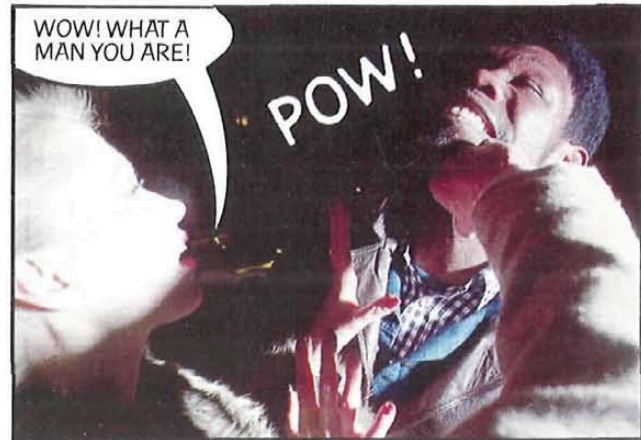
HA! HA! HA! THAT'S TERRIFIC! IT'S ONE OF THE FUNNIEST JOKES I'VE EVER HEARD! AND THE WAY YOU TIMED THE PUNCH LINE - YOU SHOULD BE A TALK-SHOW HOST!



SO THAT'S YOUR THEORY OF THE COSMOLOGICAL ORIGINS OF THE UNIVERSE AND THE VALIDITY OF THE GOD CONCEPT! I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'VE SPOKEN TO ANYONE SO BRILLIANT!



SO I GUESS I DON'T REALLY KNOW IF I WANT MARRIAGE AND KIDS OR A CAREER! SOMETIMES I'M NOT SURE WHAT LIFE IS ALL ABOUT... BUT I MUST BE TALKING YOUR EAR OFF! I'VE NEVER OPENED UP TO ANYONE LIKE THIS BEFORE! IT'S LIKE I'VE KNOWN YOU FOR AGES!





PLEASE DON'T THINK I'M A SLUT! I'VE NEVER DONE THIS ON A FIRST DATE BEFORE! BUT I CAN'T CONTROL MYSELF! HURRY AND GET MY CLOTHES OFF!



NOW LET ME TAKE YOUR PANTS OFF! STOP IT, SILLY! I CAN'T BE TICKLING YOU THAT MUCH!



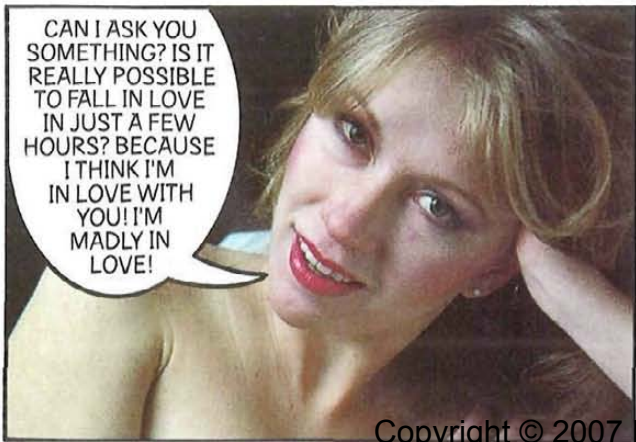
GASP! IS THAT THING FOR REAL!



YES! YES! FUCK ME! FUCK ME! FUCK ME! OOOOH! AHHHH! AHHHHH! AHHGGNNGGHHGN NNGHGGGGHHNNNN!



I CAME FIVE TIMES! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! NO MAN EVER MADE ME COME EVEN ONCE BEFORE!



CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING? IS IT REALLY POSSIBLE TO FALL IN LOVE IN JUST A FEW HOURS? BECAUSE I THINK I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU! I'M MADLY IN LOVE!



GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP NOW, MY DEAREST! IN THE MORNING I'LL COOK YOU A TERRIFIC BREAKFAST! DID I EVER MENTION I'VE WON SEVERAL COOKING AWARDS?

10 AGAINST ONE.

THE MAGIC OF CLARION'S NEW MAGI-TUNE™ OUTWEIGHS TEN LEADING CAR STEREOS IN SAN FRANCISCO CHALLENGE.

The San Francisco area may be a visual delight but it's a nightmare for car stereo reception.

That's why Clarion chose it to test our magical Magi-Tune FM against ten of the best car stereos made.

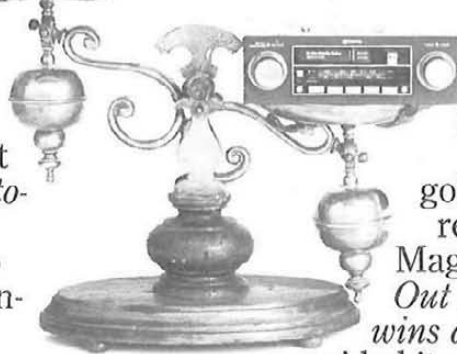
We asked ten leading Bay Area dealers to choose what each considered to be his best FM car stereo. Using the same antenna, the same speakers and the same power supply, we drove around and had each expert listen, then weigh the quality of Magi-Tune's performance against his own choice.

Now taking on ten of the best may sound foolish so before we give you the results, here's our reason why:

Let's start with the Magi-Tune Signal Activated Stereo Control. The all new SASC circuit significantly reduces noise by *automatically* and smoothly adjusting the degree of stereo separation to the optimum point while still maintaining stereo imaging.

Put simply, in weak signal areas the familiar switching noise between stereo and mono is virtually eliminated.

Next, Magi-Tune has Dual Gate MOS FET Front End. In strong signal areas, where there are several strong stations, FM signals can



become "mixed" causing interference noise which degrades the reception quality. Magi-Tune FM utilizes two Dual Gate MOS FET's. One in RF Amp and one in Mixer, to greatly improve RF Intermodulation distortion.

Strong signal areas also experience another phenomenon—jumping. That's where adjacent or alternate channels interfere with the station you're listening to. Magi-Tune utilizes a narrow band filter to minimize the jumping effect. This improves selectivity and also permits the design of a more sensitive tuner section. Resulting in a superior performing design.

Finally, there's the Pin Diode. Our Clarion engineers have designed a new LO/DX Circuit using a Pin Diode. What it does is expand the

usable range of FM reception in strong signal areas to greatly reduce interference noise.

Now with all that going for us we knew it was really no contest. Clarion Magi-Tune won hands down. *Out of ten tests we got nine wins and one tie.* It was so one-sided it almost seemed unfair.

Clarion's new Magi-Tune FM. There's a small difference. Like between night and day.

*Panasonic CQ 8520 EU

 **Clarion**
QUALITY FOR THE MAGIC IN MUSIC

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

© 1978 AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

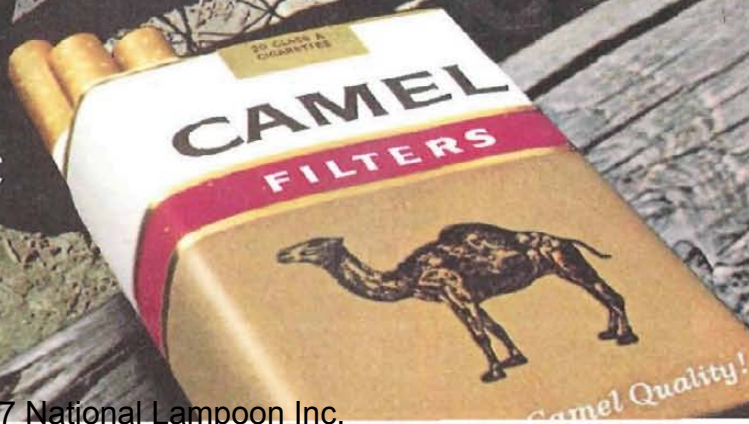
Satisfaction, Camel Filters style.

Some men taste it all: Rich warm flavor. Smooth even taste. Solid satisfaction.

Only from the Camel Filters blend of Turkish and domestic tobaccos.

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

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HOLLYWOOD BABYLONA

continued from page 31

slightest advances. All he wanted me to do was admire it, to look at it while he posed in front of his mirror, like a little peacock.

Sometimes he'd touch it, stroke it a little, and shake his head in wonderment. He was like a little boy with an expensive new toy that his parents warned him not to break. He said he didn't want to get it wet or mussed up. He just wanted to show it to me. And of course anybody who could inspire such a change in him must be hired at once. And that's how I became a starlet at MGM.

I went through the same basic training as the other girls—acting, dancing, singing lessons. But every day, seven days a week, I had to report to Mr. Mayer's office at six o'clock, in the same bathing suit I wore in the publicity picture, and parade in front of him while he maintained his gigantic erection. He could go on for hours.

If he was interrupted by an important visitor, he would lock me in his closet and slip on a bathrobe. Many times he got wrapped up in business and forgot about me, and I was too embarrassed to knock while an important meeting was going on. I'd be trapped in the closet for hours, sometimes overnight.

Finally Mr. Mayer admitted that he was "saving himself" just for me, for the time when I'd be of marrying age. A man in his position couldn't risk having sexual relations with an underage girl. Meanwhile, he asked me to stay "pure" for him, too. Remember, we were pretty naive in those days.

When I was seventeen, I met Errol Flynn. Of course, he didn't know I was only a teenager. I always lied about my age, and, as I said, my endowments had that over-twenty-one look. Errol seemed to have a homing pigeon's instinct for underage girls, though. And I was always looking for a daddy. Except Errol wasn't the daddy type. What was Errol Flynn really like? That's one of the questions I am always asked, since it was well known that I was his mistress for many years.

I met Errol under the most embarrassing of circumstances. I was in Mr. Mayer's closet at the time. He had me walking around his office showing off my bathing suit when the phone rang for one of his meetings. It was a meeting with Errol Flynn and one of the MGM directors. It seems that Mr. Mayer wanted Flynn on a loan from

Warner Brothers to make a new pirate film. Before I had a chance to say boo, I was thrown into his closet. (I neglected to say that Mr. Mayer's closet was as big as most people's living rooms. It had a complete soda fountain, a well-stocked refrigerator, and a double bed.)

L.B. received Flynn and the director in his terrycloth robe, which served to almost hide his gigantic erection, but not quite. I could peek out from the keyhole and see everything. When Flynn spied the protrusion under the robe, he let out a howl. What the hell was L.B. up to? What a marvelous member! "Really, L.B., you should be performing in Havana with that thing. That's amazing," said Flynn. L.B. was secretly flattered, getting compliments from Errol Flynn, surely one of the most publicized lovers in the world and probably the most handsome man who ever lived.

And then Mayer did something very unlike him. He opened the closet where I was hiding and bade me come out. "Here's the little cupcake that's responsible for my... my thing," he said, looking like a bashful teenager. "Come on out, *bubeleh*. Say hello to Errol Flynn."

I wanted to sink into the walls and disappear, but that was impossible. So there I was, in my bathing suit, being introduced to the man of my dreams as this sex object who was responsible for this chubby little Jew's newfound virility. At the time, I felt more shame and humiliation than anger. As I said, I was just a teenager myself and just an amateur in the ways and wiles of Hollywood.

Writing about it now, I feel angry and sick and disgusted. I'd love to find L.B. Mayer's grave, dig him up, and cut that precious thing of his right off. But then, dear reader, I was just a silly, star-struck kid. And I was shak-

ing hands with the man who, just one year earlier, I had worshiped from the balcony of the Loew's Skyline in downtown Columbus.

Of course, Errol Flynn was no dope when it came to making young starlets feel good. He told me how beautiful I was and went on and on. He whispered to me, "My dear, I mean this only as the highest compliment. If I were in L.B.'s shoes, I too would have a thing as big as his, probably a lot bigger." And he let out a roar of laughter. What could I do? I laughed. Mayer laughed. The director laughed.

The next day Errol called me for a date. He was estranged from his wife, the torrid and tempestuous Lili Damita. He was lonely and wanted to talk. A person in my situation didn't say no to Errol Flynn. Who would?

The next thing I knew, he was picking me up in front of the Celluloid Club in his white Hispano-Suiza. He was in matching whites to show off his dazzling tan. We went to all the legendary Hollywood night spots, where he introduced me to all sorts of new things to eat and drink, including some very lethal cocktails that came in coconut shells and pineapples and scooped-out eggplants and God knows what else. By the end of the evening I felt like a warm peach floating in heavy cream. When he proposed a nightcap at his house I accepted without question.

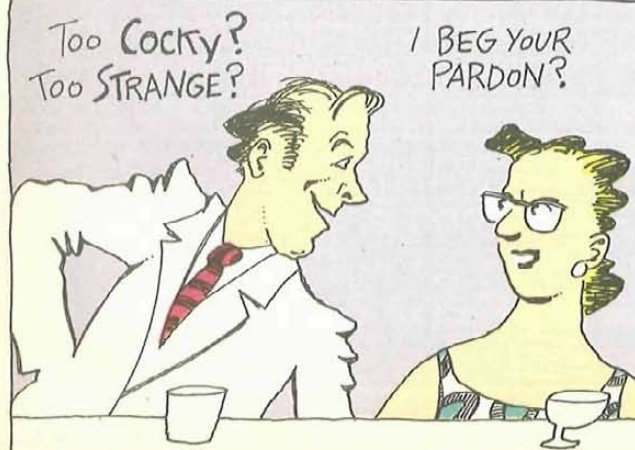
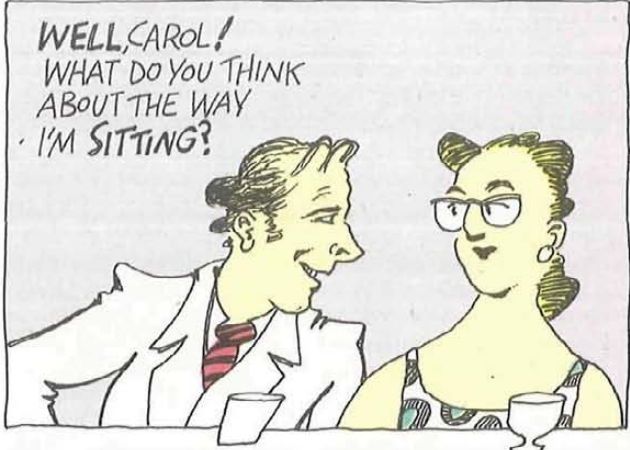
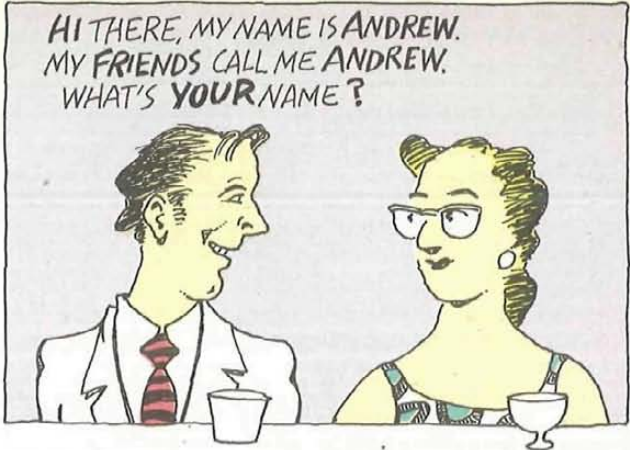
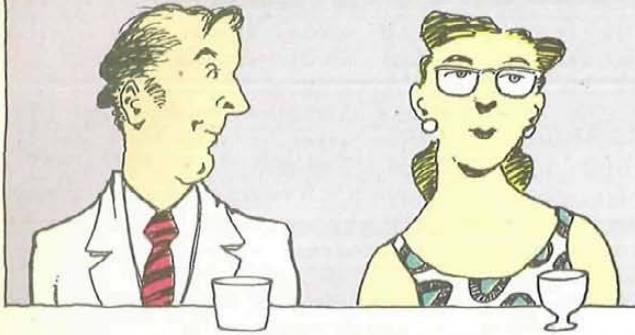
To say that Errol had a fabulous house is sheer understatement. They simply don't make them like that anymore. God, it was all marble and winding staircases and rich, burnished woods and pools and fountains and real animals cavorting on the grounds—fawns and peacocks, egrets and wallabies. Errol pointed them out to me, but I was already pretty far gone. We went into his incredible sunken living room and he gave me some-

continued on page 66



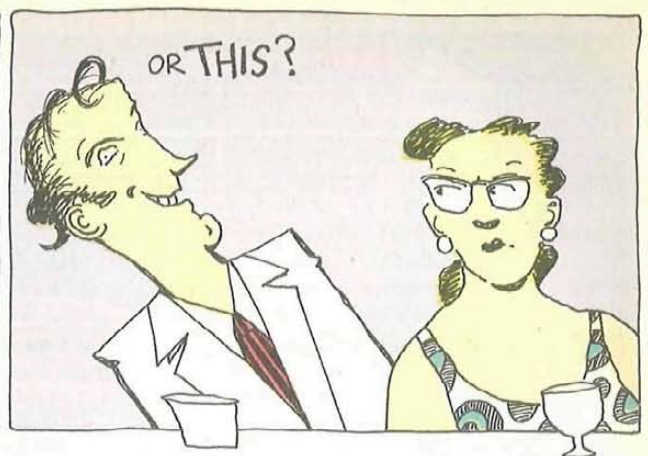
"No chewing during 'Autumn Leaves!'"

SINGLES BAR M.K. BROWN ©1979





HOW ABOUT THIS!



OR THIS?



CAROL!
DON'T GO AWAY!
I WAS JUST
KIDDING
AROUND
WA HA HA HA



SAY!



WHAT DO YOU THINK
ABOUT THIS?



HUH?



SERIOUSLY, CAROL!
EVER SEE ANYBODY
DO THIS?



WELL, GOOD-BYE, CAROL!
IT WAS NICE MEETING YOU!

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

continued from page 43

the hem. The exposed crinoline was obviously the intentional, conscious work of a designer of cocktail waitress uniforms somewhere who actually worked it out on paper that visible petticoats put extra juice in cocktail costumes. "How far should the petticoats stick out?" "How cute should they be?" These are questions the designer had to wrestle with, drawing upon all of his or her knowledge and understanding of the cocktail experience. That wonderful, sparkling moment of complete absorption with the industry of hand carrying alcohol to the lonely, frightened, neurotic, sexually confused, drunk cocktail customers of the United States must have been exquisite, and hopefully equaled in the degrading act of conspicuous lunacy that was about to occur.

Robin moved toward me with the cocktails. Bright sun from the window accentuated dried stains and loose threads across her chest; the designer evidently hadn't factored the effect of natural lighting into his formula for the rousing cocktail waitress uniform. "Say, you do this pretty well," I said as Robin handed me a cocktail. She got the joke instantly. "You just gotta have the talent," she replied, blowing on her fingernails in the closest approximation of humor she could muster. I laid back on the bed; Robin reflexively slithered on top of me and drilled her tongue through my lips. I gently escorted her head down to my chest, then stroked her shoulder with the dent in it. "Tell me more about the

fight on the semiconductor line," I said. "Did workmen's comp handle the bite, or were you able to put it on your Motorola hospitalization?"

Robin tugged a few times at my belt buckle, jerked my shirttail up, and peeled back the front of my pants. She was breathing loudly. "I don't know, man, all I know is they made me fill out a lot of forms," she answered between breaths. She slid her cold hand over my unit and squeezed. It hurt a little, but the line of questioning was beginning to numb me. "Now think, Robin," I admonished her with a crooked, euphoric smile, "this is important. Florida workmen's comp might not cover you against the tortious acts of other employees, but if you filed a workmen's comp claim, you might have waived your right against the insurance company." My unit enlarged as Robin continued her regimen of quick squeezes and strokes. I knew that Robin would be complaining to me shortly about every bad break she had in her entire life, engulfing me thoroughly with her case against the world, and this would lift me into a swirling, ecstatic state of timeless debauchery. "And by the time you get a ruling from the workmen's compensation board," I blurted through swollen, lust-flushed lips, "the statute of limitations will have run out on your civil claim against the dike who bit you." Robin's tongue was plowing my groin like a pneumatic trowel; she guided the pantie section of her cocktail uniform below her pubis, then mounted me squarely. Her face grew bright pink as her staccato exha-

lation trailed off into a vacillating moan. "You mean," she squealed, "I might have to pay the hospital bill?" I grunted affirmatively. "They'll probably sue you," I bellowed. "Looks like another catastrophe for you, Robin, especially when you consider the hatchet job they did on your shoulder."

Robin was battering my midsection through to the box springs now, clutching my chest in a feral, head-bobbing trance. She screamed wildly. "It's all that goddamn supervisor's fault! She screwed it up on purpose, to get even with me for going to Mr. Clark about how she was playing favorites with the overtime! I just wanted my fair share so I could get my transmission fixed!" I felt myself vectoring over the orgasm zone. She was everything I expected, and more. "Don't stop, Robin!" I roared. "More! Tell me more!" She arched her back and pulled her mouth into a racket-tight slit running from jaw to jaw. "I spent \$873 on that fucking car since I got it," she shouted, "and I haven't got that kind of money, you know what I mean... \$873!" I could barely understand her, but the gist of her rambling, ninety-minute diatribe of unrelated misfortunes was enough to lock onto my jizz beam for the final approach and pilot me to a total monster of an orgasm that blew the two of us into five dozen cans of transmission fluid stacked on the floor. I think I blacked out for a second or two; I felt like I had taken a bottle of Demerols and fucked my way through a mail-sorting machine. Strangely enough, the only place that hurt was a red patch on my stomach. Robin rustled beside me, and then I noticed that her jagged cocktail waitress petticoats had chafed my skin down to the second layer. She sensed my discomfort and responded with her usual response to anything—a slutty tonguing across the problem area.

Suddenly, she looked up at me and asked, "Were you going to Phoenix before we met? I mean, did you have a place or a car or something back in Fort Myers?" I fished a can of transmission fluid from the pantie part of her cocktail outfit, which was still down around the middle of her thighs, and crawled back up on the bed. Robin, a figure of exceptional lunacy sprawled on the floor among the remaining fifty-nine cans in her stained, frayed, and dismantled cocktail waitress uniform, pursued the question. "Have you ever been to Phoenix before?"

continued on page 95



"You certainly were right, Addie. That wall was crying out for a nice horizontal!"

Marshall William Newton...

TAKE YOUR POTTED PALMS AND GET OUT... AND STAY OUT!

...AND TAKE YOUR MARIMEKKO CURTAINS, TOO!



CHILD OF DIVORCE

by Shary Flenniken



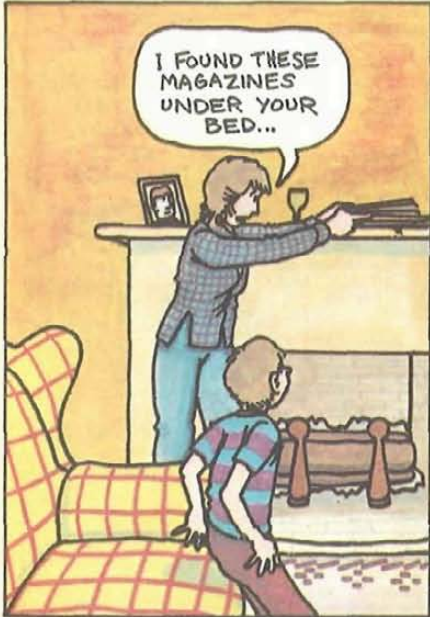
I'VE MADE A POINT OF LETTING YOU KNOW THAT IT'S OKAY FOR YOU TO GROW UP TO BE A STEWARDESS... OR A NURSE... OR A SECRETARY...



AND... LIKE... YOU KNOW I STRONGLY BELIEVE THAT RAISING KIDS TO FOLLOW TRADITIONAL SEX ROLES IS WRONG...



BUT LET'S TAKE OFF OUR MASKS AND BE REAL FOR A MINUTE...



I FOUND THESE MAGAZINES UNDER YOUR BED...



PARIS VOGUE... WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY... BEAUTICIAN'S MONTHLY...

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO THROW THEM OUT, ARE YOU?



YOUR TEACHER TOLD ME YOU OFFERED TO STAY AFTER SCHOOL AND SET HER HAIR.



... AND REMEMBER THE MORNING WHEN YOU WERE LATE FOR SCHOOL BECAUSE YOU WOULDN'T GO IN THE DOOR 'TIL SOMEONE HELD IT OPEN FOR YOU?...

WHY ARE YOU BEING SO NEGATIVE?



... AND YOU WERE CAUGHT SMOKING...



... FOR THE FIFTH TIME...



... IN THE GIRLS' BATHROOM?...



BUT, MOM... I'M JUST NOT COMFORTABLE AROUND BOYS... THE BOYS MAKE FUN OF MY SHERMANS.

YOU SHOULDN'T SMOKE PINK CIGARETTES...

CAN'T YOU SMOKE BEIGE ONES?



I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY YOU'RE HAVING SO MUCH TROUBLE ESTABLISHING YOUR GENDER IDENTITY.

HELLO, HONEY! I'M HOME!



WHAT'S FOR DINNER, BABE?



BUT LET'S FACE IT...

IT'S A COMPLEX WORLD...

AND YOU'RE A CONFUSED KID.



GRETCHEN AND I HAVE TALKED IT OVER AND WE'VE DECIDED THAT WHAT YOU NEED IS A STRONG MALE ROLE MODEL.



...SO I BROKE DOWN AND SPOKE TO YOUR FATHER ABOUT THIS...



WE'VE BOTH DECIDED THAT IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR YOUR SELF-ACTUALIZATION IF YOU CRASHED AT HIS PLACE FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS.

OH!

NO!



I DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITH DAD...

HE HAS HORRIBLE TASTE...

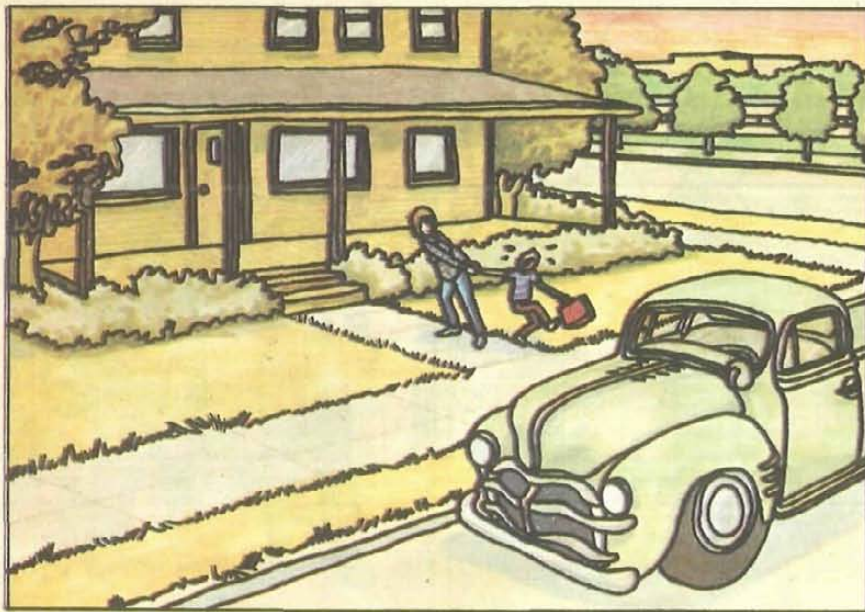
AND HE NEVER CHANGES HIS SHEETS...

AND HE PROBABLY DOESN'T HAVE ANY TOILET PAPER IN HIS BATHROOM!



NON SENSE... YOU WERE ONLY AN INFANT WHEN WE SPLIT... I'M SURE HE'S CHANGED A LOT SINCE THE DIVORCE...

BESIDES, HE'S LIVING WITH SOMEONE NOW.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM...
LEE AND I ARE
HEAVILY INTO
DISCIPLINE.



NO SON OF MINE
IS GOING TO BE
A WHIMPERING
EFFEMINATE
SISSY!

HERE'S SOME NICE
HOT CAPPUCCINO
AND COOKIES FOR
MARSHALL!



CHRIST, GREG!
YOU'VE MADE HIM
CRY ALL OVER MY
FLOKATI RUG!

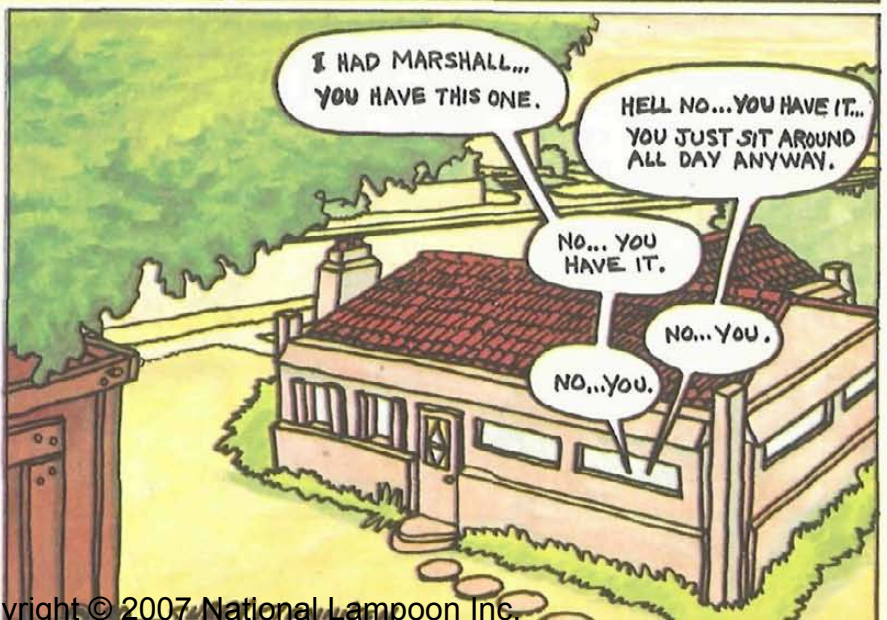
NAG NAG NAG...
YOU'RE SUCH
A BITCH,
LEE.

YOU POOR
THING!



IT'S KINDA QUIET AROUND
HERE WITHOUT MARSHALL...
MAYBE WE SHOULD
HAVE A BABY.

YEAH...
HAVE A BABY
GIRL...



I HAD MARSHALL...
YOU HAVE THIS ONE.

HELL NO... YOU HAVE IT...
YOU JUST SIT AROUND
ALL DAY ANYWAY.

NO... YOU
HAVE IT.

NO... YOU.

NO... YOU.

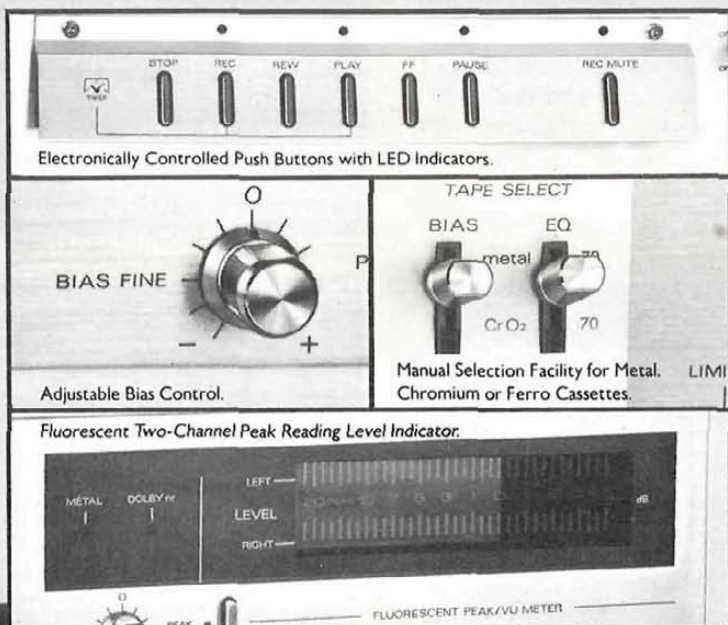
4 NEW CASSETTE DECKS FROM PHILIPS.

YOU CAN SPEND MORE, BUT NOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO.

4 new cassette decks from Philips. With one thing in mind: Good solid performance.

Expensive extras? No. Important features? Yes.

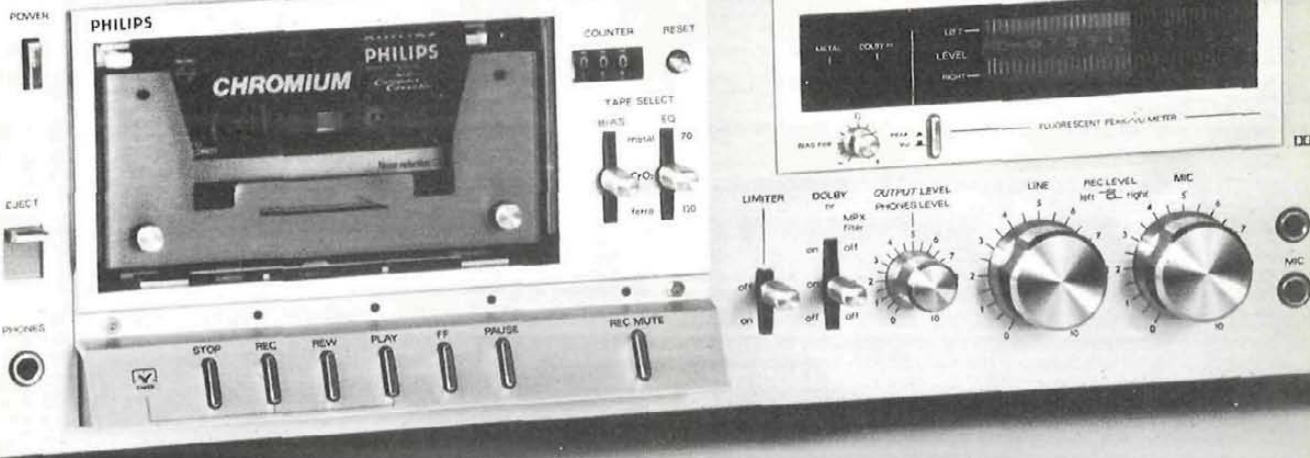
All models have a Dolby noise reduction system, switchable FM pilot-tone suppression filter, Long Life recording/playback head and ferrite erase head, and electronic motor control for stable, smooth tape transport.



The point is this: we give you everything you need to produce bright, clean, true sound.

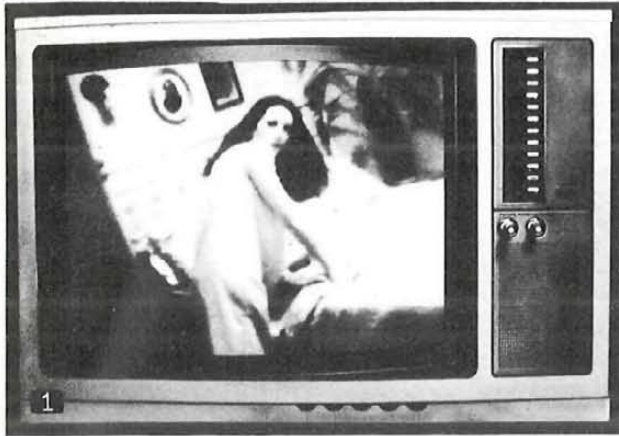
Nothing more. Nothing less. So if you're in the market for a really good cassette deck, without all those expensive "frills," you're in the market for a Philips. Anything fancier will cost you a lot more.

Shown Model NS631
\$370 Suggested Retail Price.
3 other New Philips Cassette Decks from \$180.



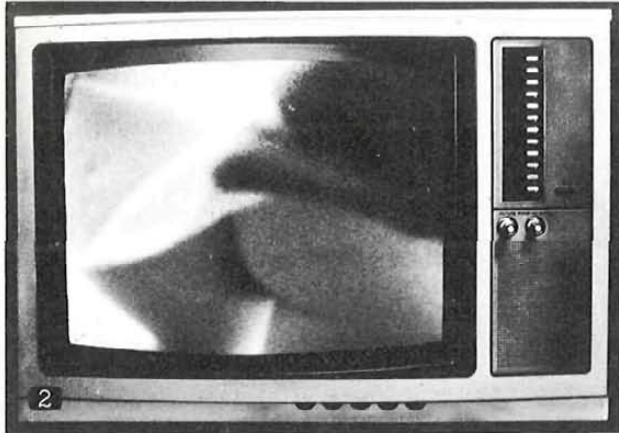
EVERYONE WHO KNOWS, KNOWS
PHILIPS

HIGH-FIDELITY LABORATORIES



SHE: What's the Betamax doing up here?
 HE: I thought we'd watch a movie in bed.
 SHE: Not Deep Throat again. If you think it turns me on, you're wrong.
 HE: I rented Days of Heaven from the Fotomat.
 SHE: What's the camera up here for?
 HE: I want to tape the kids getting up in the morning. It'll be cute.

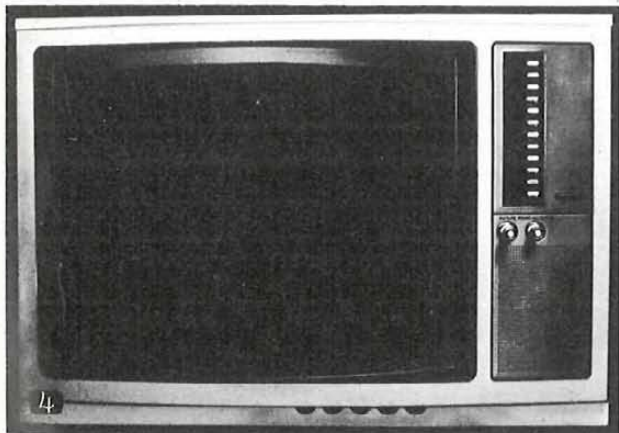
EXCERPTS FROM
HOME VIDEO
 I STOLE FROM A
 IN COLORADO
 HIM AND
 (WHOM I ALWAYS
 by John



SHE: I'm so tired. I just want to go to bed.
 HE: Me too. I'm beat.
 SHE: What a day!
 HE: Aren't you going to do your exercises?
 SHE: Not tonight.
 HE: But you need your exercise, you...
 SHE: What are you doing!?



SHE: You're sick! You were taping my rear end when I bent over!
 HE: I was not! It's not even turned on! It was just a joke!
 SHE: I don't believe you! You're perverted. Turn off the light!



HE: Haven't you ever wondered what we look like when we...
 SHE: Never. Good night.
 HE: Aren't you the least bit curious what it looks like, in action?
 SHE: It looks gross. Good night.
 HE: Good night. (Pause)
 HE: I think it would look...

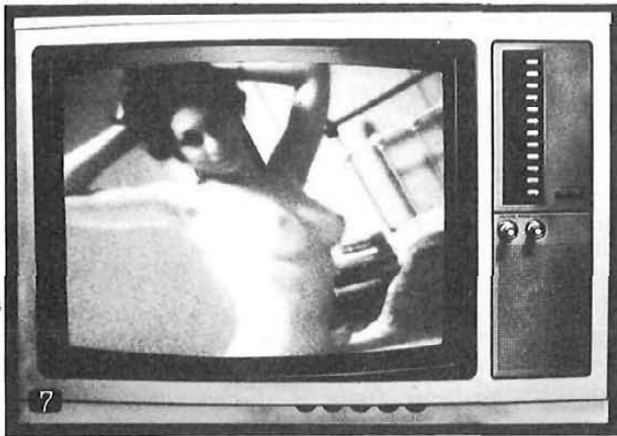


SHE: I knew you brought that damn camera into bed. I knew you were going to try to tape me! I'm sleeping downstairs!
 HE: What's wrong with you? Don't you like fun?
 SHE: Fun? What's wrong with you? God! You are so sick! If you think I'd let you make a tape of our sex, which you're not getting tonight anyway, you're also nuts!
 HE: It doesn't turn you on at all? The idea of watching

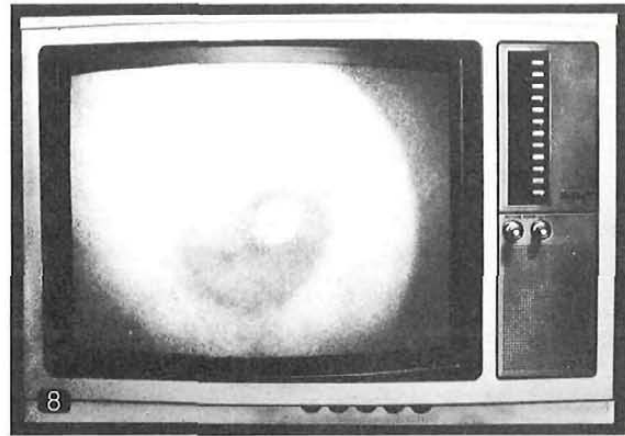
M THE DIRTY
 DEOTAPE
 FRIEND OF MINE
 HAT FEATURES
 HIS WIFE
 AD A THING FOR)
 Hughes



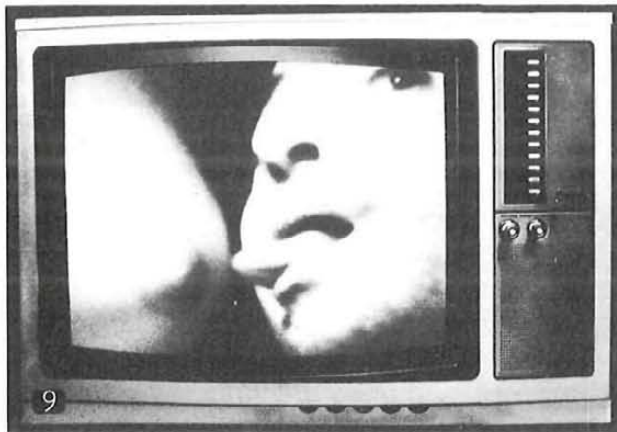
HE: Wait a minute! Just look at how beautiful your face is.
 SHE: Turn that thing off!
 HE: Just look. (Pause)
 SHE: I look fat.
 HE: Are you kidding? You look sensational! Perfect!
 SHE: You don't think I look fat?
 HE: You look great. Let me see a little shoulder.



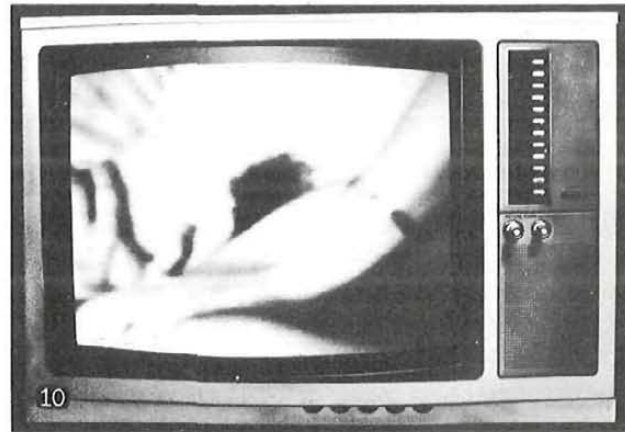
SHE: This is so stupid!
 HE: You look incredible! You could be a centerfold, no problem!
 SHE: I could not.
 HE: You sure could. Now make a mean face and hold your boobs up. I'm moving in for a close-up.
 SHE: Use my left one, the right one is kind of lopsided.



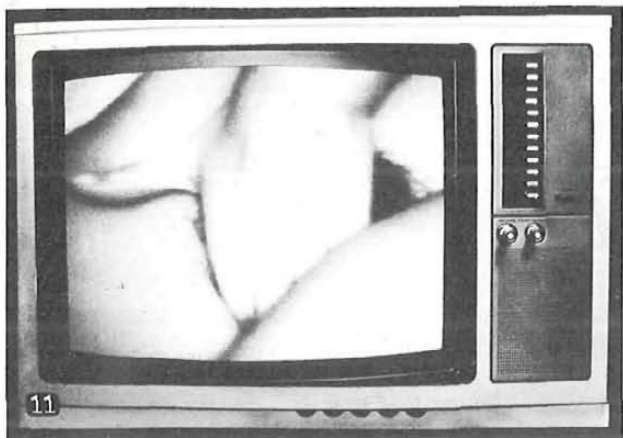
HE: There it is! El nipple perfect!
 SHE: Oh, it's gross!
 HE: No, it's gorgeous. Now wet it and blow on it, so I can catch it getting erect.
 SHE: Oh come on.
 HE: Can you reach with your own tongue?
 SHE: Why don't you do it?



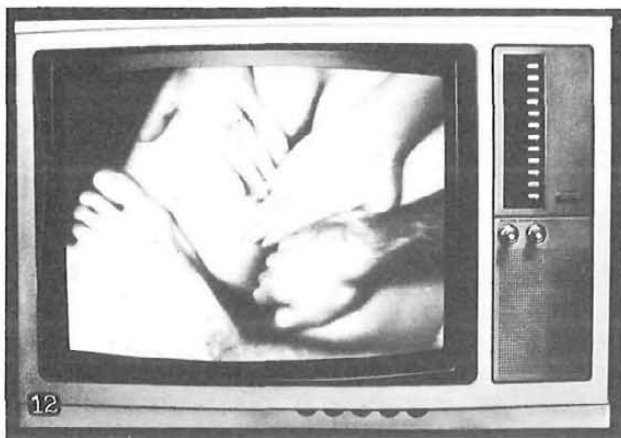
SHE: That tickles!
 HE: Okay, little nipple, stand up and salute!
 SHE: God, I never realized how big my nipples are. They're like pancakes! Is that a hair! Oh, Christ! I have a hair on my nipple! Zoom in on my other one and see if that has hairs too!
 HE: Nothing's happening. You're not concentrating.



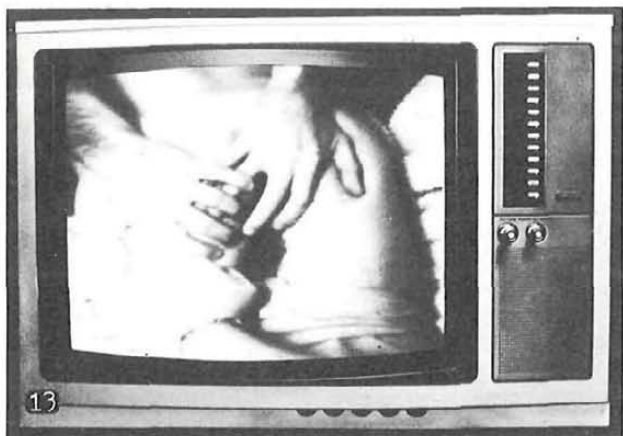
SHE: Okay, that's enough. That's enough! No! You're not going to...
 HE: I want to get the rest of you.
 SHE: Not down there! No!
 HE: Come on, it's beautiful!
 SHE: It's disgusting! Cut it out!
 HE: Just one second. One second and we can go to bed.



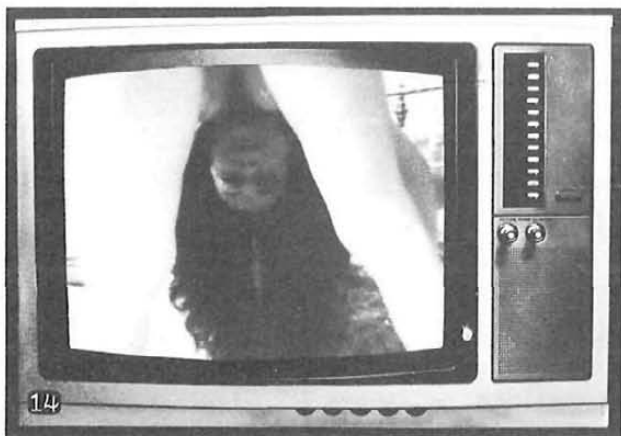
SHE: Cut it out! You said one second!
 HE: This is great! Move your hand!
 SHE: No!
 HE: Just move your hand.
 SHE: You're going to wake the kids!
 HE: Open your legs just a teeny bit!



SHE: I'm getting really pissed! Stop!
 HE: Come on, you've got a great ass! Let me just get one shot! Goddamn, come on, open up!
 SHE: You're an animal, a criminal, a rapist!
 HE: You're a priss! Open up!



HE: Give me the camera! You don't know how to work it!
 SHE: Okay, big guy, open up! Let me take pictures of your butt!
 HE: My butt isn't an object of beauty!
 SHE: Neither is mine! Come on, open up and see how you like a camera up your rear!
 HE: This is ridiculous!
 SHE: Embarrassed, huh? Huh?



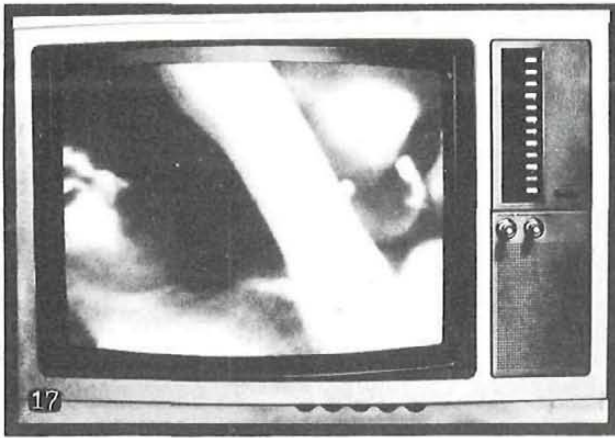
SHE: I don't mind this as much as I thought I would. But...
 HE: Why should you? You're a great gymnast. Always have been.
 SHE: But you keep putting my face in it.
 HE: So?
 SHE: So, I feel real uptight looking at myself doing these things, okay? I'm not as liberated as you.
 HE: No problem. I'll be right back.



SHE: This is a joke! I don't want to do it anymore! Untie me, please.
 HE: It's just getting good. You like this. You did.
 SHE: I never liked it that much, and I don't like it on TV with this dumb mask.
 HE: Trust me. You're going to have a ball!
 SHE: Untie me!
 HE: Just let me work you over with the Q-Tip.

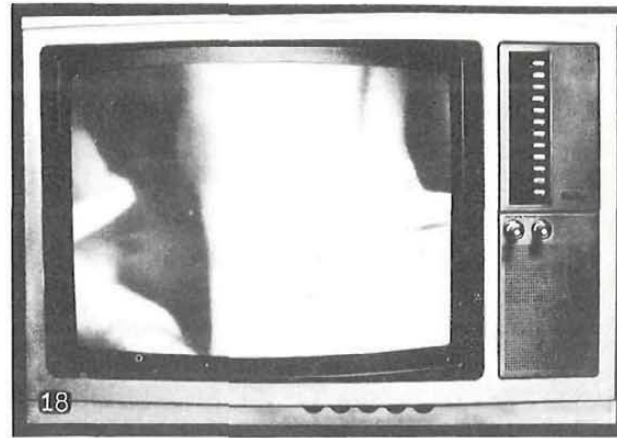


SHE: Oh, God! Get that dog out of here!
 HE: I didn't know she was upstairs. I thought you locked her in the kitchen. Honest!
 SHE: So why did you film it all? Oh, God! Uch! I'm covered with dog spit!



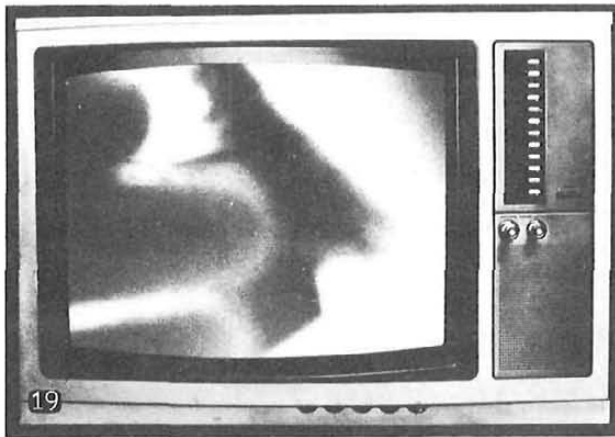
17

SHE: You know, I still think this is sick. But let's do it. Let's get it over with.
 HE: I love you.
 SHE: It's hard to tell sometimes.
 HE: Are you kidding? (Pause)
 SHE: Come on! Nothing's happening! What's wrong?
 HE: I think I hit the pause control by accident.



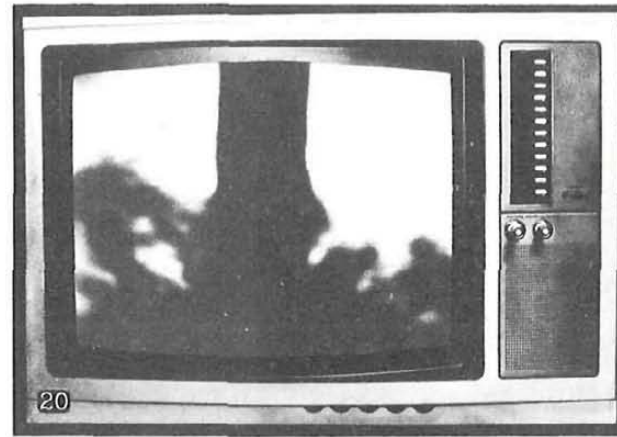
18

SHE: Oh, Jesus! This is sooo good!
 HE: Can you lift your butt up just a little and move a tad closer to me?
 SHE: But it feels so good like this!
 HE: I know, but you're out of focus. And don't go so fast you're making the picture strobe!
 SHE: Mmmmm! Mmmmm! Mmmmm!
 HE: Don't! Not yet! Hold off! I haven't gotten any good close-ups yet!



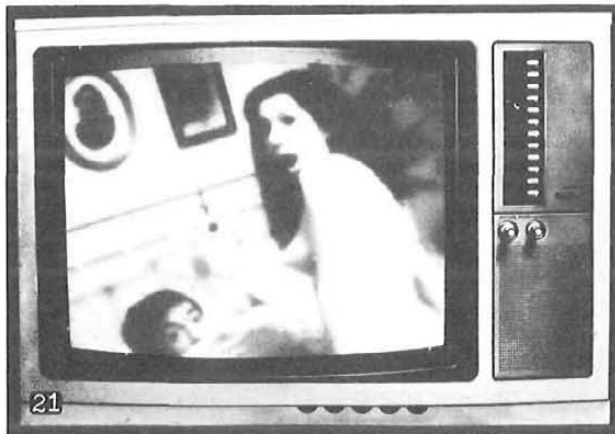
19

HE: Come on! Don't press so damn hard; you're screwing up the shot!
 SHE: Faster! Faster!
 HE: Oh, crap! There isn't enough light. I can't see any detail!
 SHE: For Christ's sake, go! Pound me! Yeeeeee!



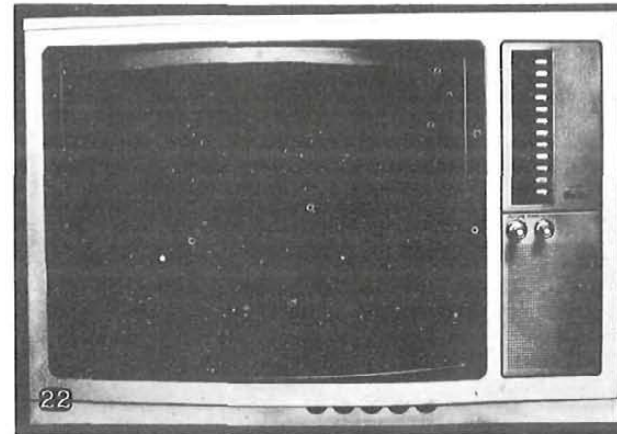
20

SHE: Oh, God! What are you doing with the lamp?
 HE: I need light. I can't pick up any of the good stuff.
 SHE: Fuck! Will you just do me!
 HE: Can you spread your rear end apart a little, so I can bounce the light off your buns? The picture's too hot!
 SHE: Owwwww!
 HE: Sorry. I should have taken the finial off the lamp. I'll just pull it out.
 SHE: No! No, leave it in, I like it.



21

LITTLE GIRL: What kind of TV show is this?!
 LITTLE BOY: Neat! It's guts!
 SHE: Oh my God in heaven!
 HE: Go on! Get out of here! Get back in bed!
 LITTLE GIRL: I want to watch cartoons!



22

HE: It's all erased. Gone forever.
 SHE: It better be. Some asshole like Hughes would love to get hold of it.
 HE: What does he care about our tapes. His wife lets him make tapes all the time.
 SHE: My eye!

HOLLYWOOD BABYLONA

continued from page 53

thing to smoke. It wasn't tobacco. He said it would make me feel at peace with the world. That's just what I wanted. Of course the darling was introducing me to marijuana. Remember, this was 1938. I was pretty young and not too smart at the time.

And then Errol had that look in his eye that meant beddie time. He scooped me up and carried me to his chambers. God, what a room! It was huge and all white. The floor was covered in wall-to-wall ermine. The walls were made of a rare white Brazilian onyx that glistened like diamonds shot through a soft-focus lens. His bed was immense. Errol started to undress me, button by button. It seemed like forever. Then he removed his clothes. He was beautiful. Then this gorgeous man slipped under the covers and put his arms around me and kissed me. And I fell fast asleep. In seconds I was unconscious. The cocktails, the excitement, the strange cigarette. I guess they all combined to knock me for a loop.

The next morning (or was it afternoon?) I awoke with what Errol later described as the occupational hazard of the serious drinker, the famed hangover. It was my first. I was young and naive in those days and I sincerely thought I was going to die. Errol was very kind, offering me all sorts of cures. He even wanted to go down on me, but the slightest movement made me incredibly dizzy.

I took another long nap, and by evening I had improved a bit. Errol took me in his arms and kissed me. This time I was awakening to his thrilling embraces. But he looked preoccupied.

"Lona, do you hear something odd?" he said.

"No, I don't think so."

"Listen carefully."

I listened carefully. Perhaps my ears were stuffed as well as my head. But then I did hear something, something like the ticktock sound of a clock.

"It sounds like the ticktock of a clock," I said.

"Exactly. But I can account for all the clocks around the house and I'll be damned if I know where the sound of this one is coming from."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean it might be more than just an ordinary clock."

He paused for a moment to pour himself a stiff drink.

"You're so young, so innocent

You have no idea of what goes on in this town. I *do* have enemies, Lona. People who are jealous of me, of the way I live. I guess you can say I'm a bit spoiled, a bit arrogant. I guess I've stepped on a few toes, *big* toes. I mean, tocs of big men, powerful men."

I still wasn't sure what he was getting at, but I was getting frightened.

"I might as well tell you another thing," he said. "I have a few gambling debts, and perhaps my creditors are getting impatient. They're all out to get me in this town."

"You mean that clock isn't really a..."

"I'm afraid so. While we were asleep, someone must have slipped into the house and planted a time bomb somewhere."

Suddenly I was cold sober and I could hear the sound even better. Very clearly. It was somewhere in the immediate vicinity. We searched everywhere, and the sound seemed to get louder and louder. I was frightened out of my wits, so bad that I did something inexcusable. I lost control of my bladder.

Errol saw the little pool of liquid and didn't bat an eyelash.

"Wait a second. I've got a hunch," he cried.

He put his ear right next to my wet crotch.

"Just as I thought! Lona, you poor thing! Do you know what my enemies did while we were asleep? They put the time bomb right up your opening. You were so unconscious, you didn't feel a thing. No wonder you could hear it so clearly!"

I reached wildly inside my open-

ing, but he smacked my arm away.

"Don't be a fool! One false move and it could blow us both sky high!"

Instead Errol picked me up very gently, and before I knew what was happening, he threw me into his swimming pool, clothes and all. It was a very cool evening and I was wearing a flimsy little dress. I was not in the mood for a swim. One reason was I didn't know how. I panicked. When I was going down for the third time, Errol dove in and rescued me.

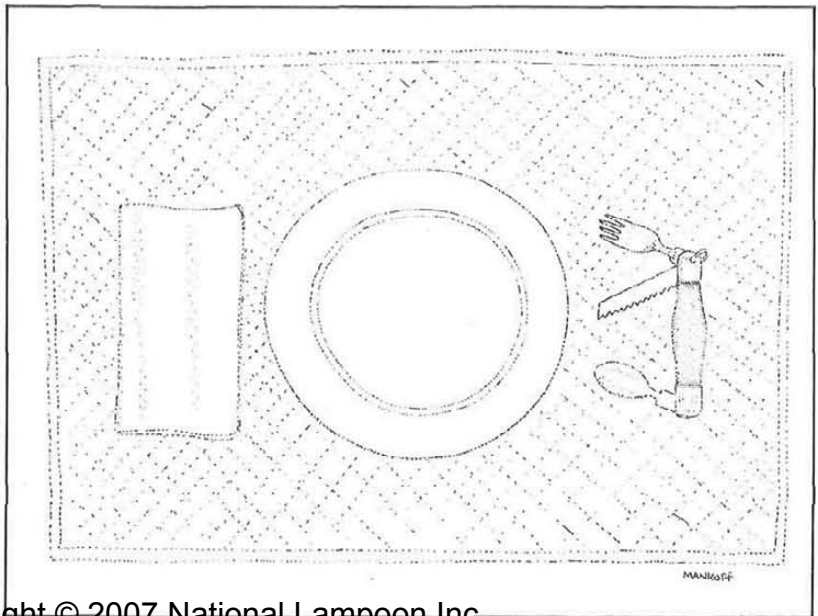
When I was dry and warm, and drinking a cup of hot tea, Errol reached casually into my cunt and pulled out a tiny clock. It was still ticking.

"It's just a little alarm clock after all," he said.

And at that very moment, it went off with a loud tinkle. Well, I guess you must have surmised what that crazy good-for-nothing did while I was fast asleep. He had it all planned. He put the tiny clock up my cunt and I was too hung over to figure out where the heck it was. And then he cried bomb. Errol was one of the great practical jokers of Hollywood, especially sexual jokes. And I was always the perfect patsy for him. Remember, I was just a baby—too young and foolish to know any better.

Hollywood is really a very small town. You can't keep a secret very long. Eventually, L.B. Mayer found out about Errol and me, and he was furious. I belonged to him. He had given me my big break. I was under contract to him for ten years. And he was saving himself for me

continued on page 93



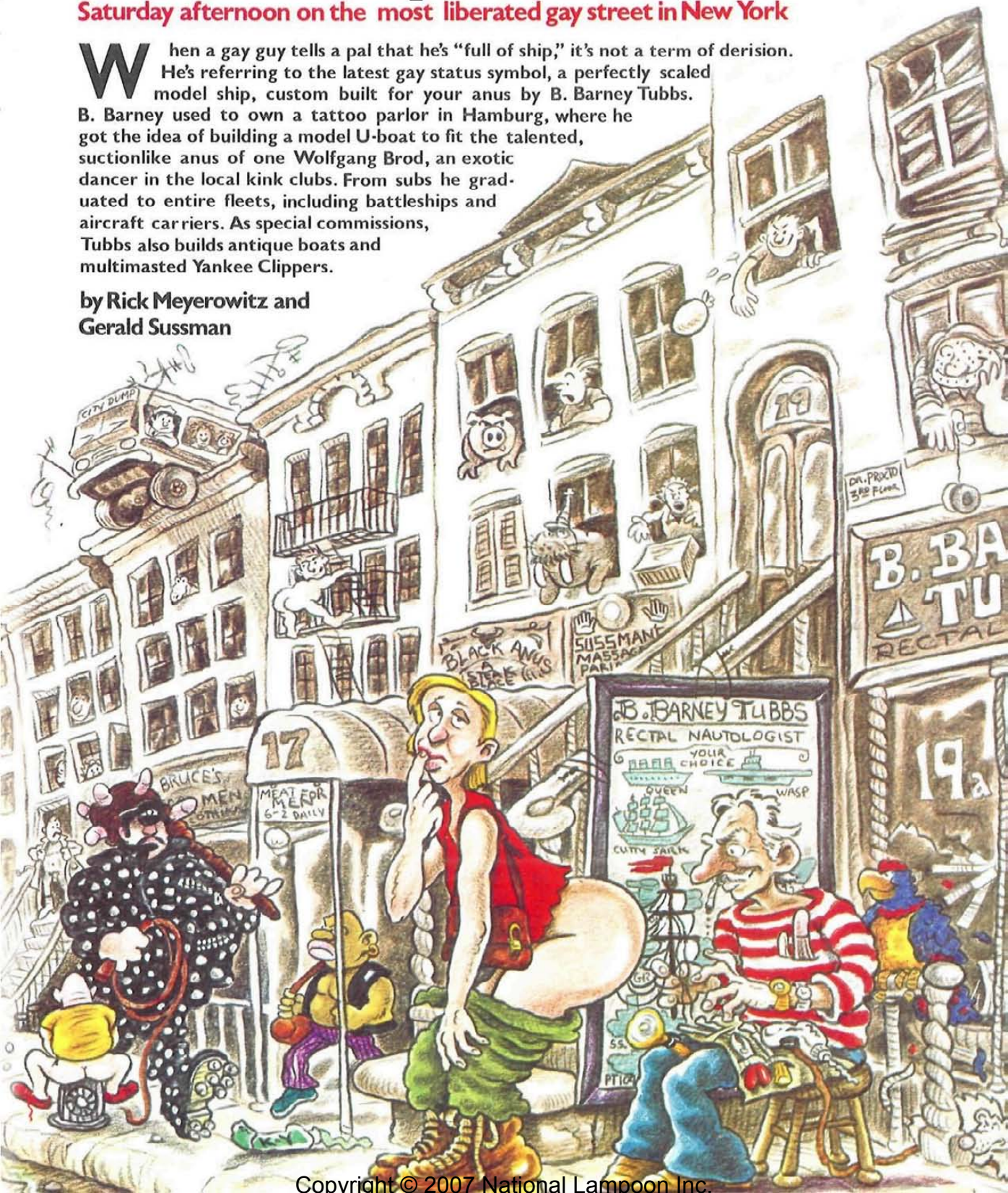
And to Think That I Saw It on Christopher Street!

Saturday afternoon on the most liberated gay street in New York

When a gay guy tells a pal that he's "full of ship," it's not a term of derision. He's referring to the latest gay status symbol, a perfectly scaled model ship, custom built for your anus by B. Barney Tubbs.

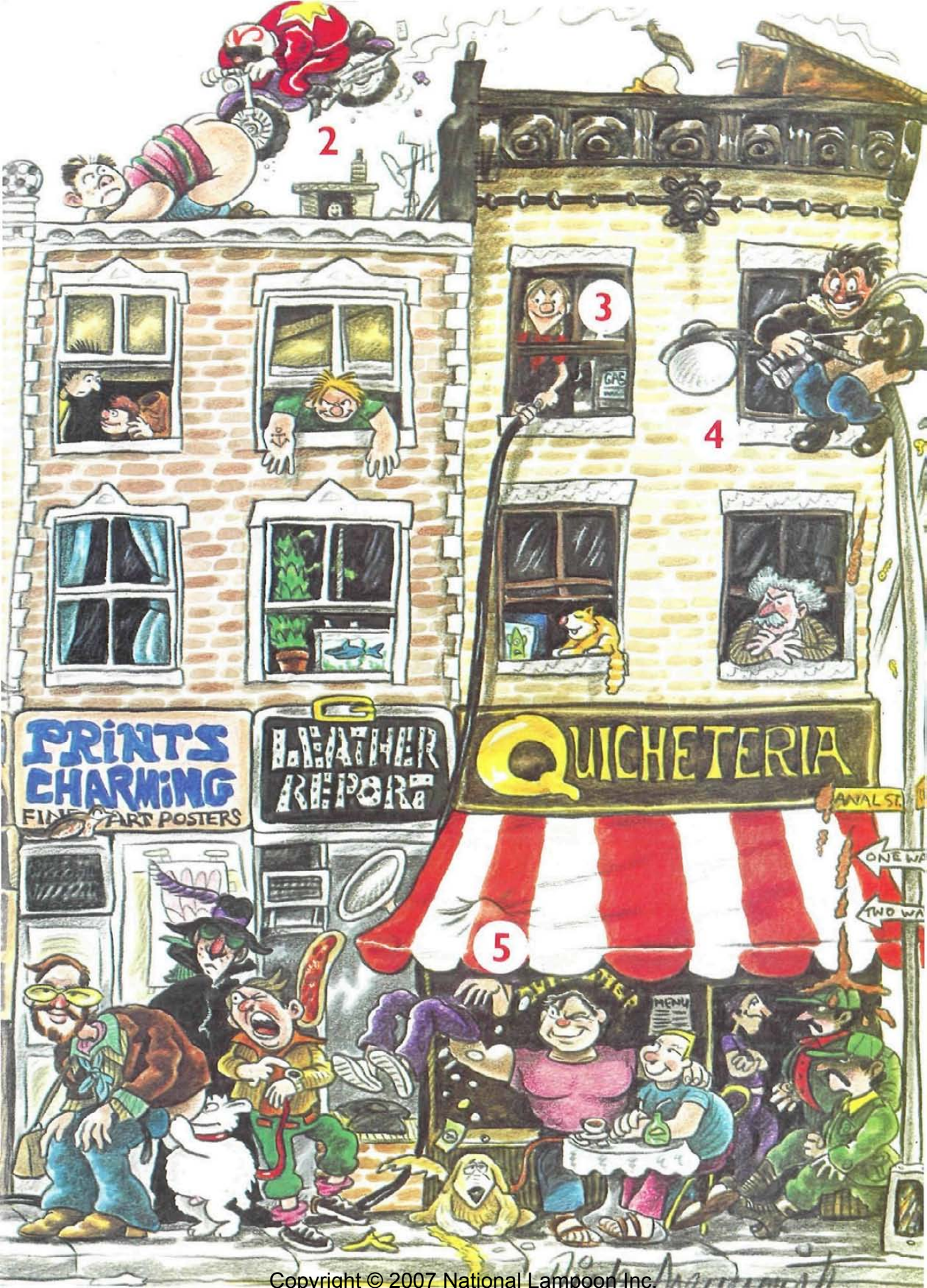
B. Barney used to own a tattoo parlor in Hamburg, where he got the idea of building a model U-boat to fit the talented, suctionlike anus of one Wolfgang Brod, an exotic dancer in the local kink clubs. From subs he graduated to entire fleets, including battleships and aircraft carriers. As special commissions, Tubbs also builds antique boats and multimasted Yankee Clippers.

by Rick Meyerowitz and
Gerald Sussman



1. "Getting on the ball."
2. A rump jump on the Hershey Highway.
3. A Mobilizer—giving a gas enema.
4. The Brown Bomber. Or, turd base coach.
5. Getting shtipped—a *shtup* and a tip.
6. Giving and getting head.
7. Foot fucker—also known as Legs Diamond.
8. Getting Mobilized—a gas enema.
9. Getting a snake job—or a "stinky slinky."
10. A "natural"—with a real snake.





2

3

4

5

**PRINTS
CHARMING**
FINE ART POSTERS

**WEATHER
REPORT**

QUICHETERIA

ANALYST

ONE WAY

TWO WAY

2345

SANDY BELMONT, MALE NURSE

Rick St. James

R



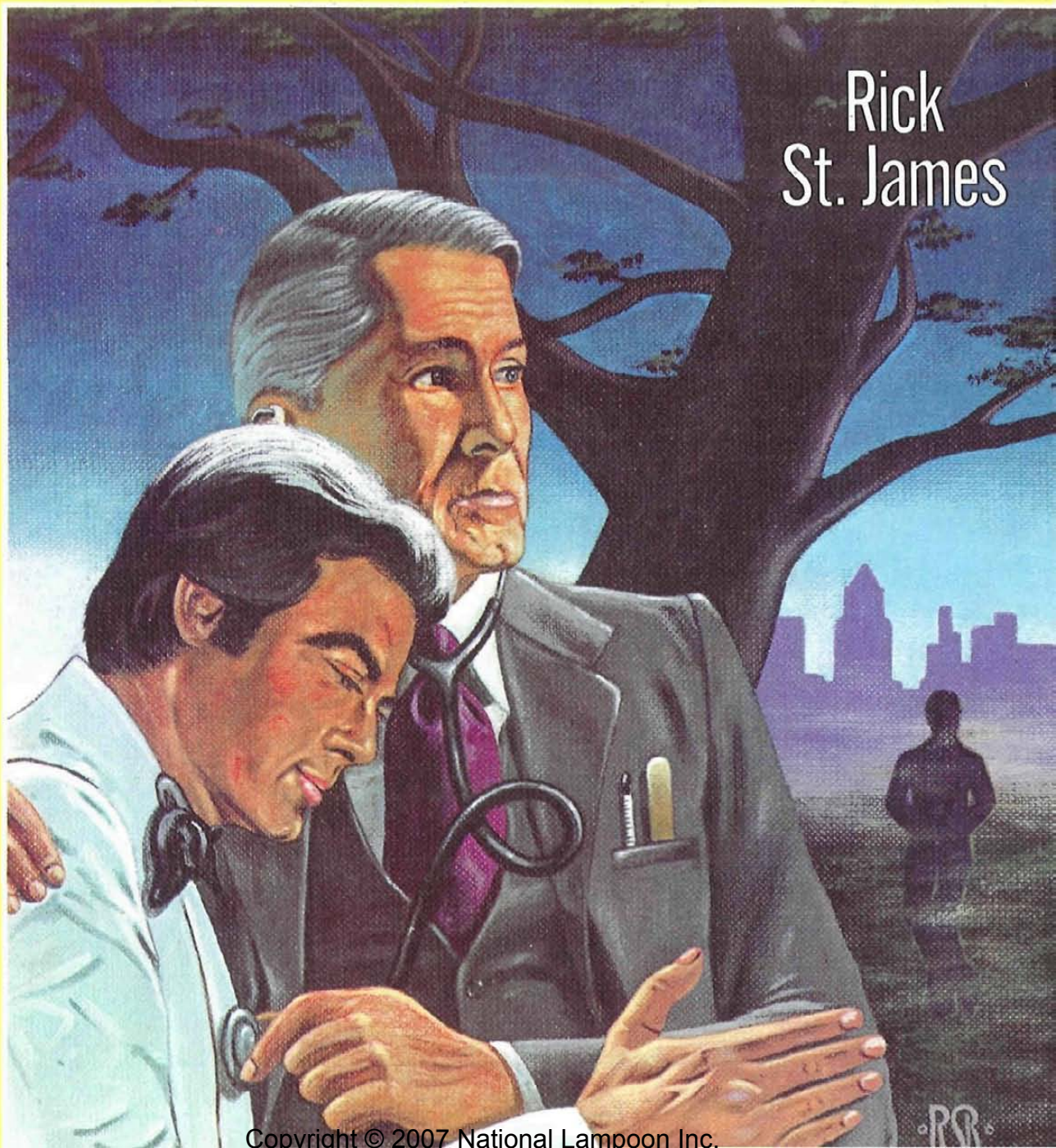
2345

A HARLEQUIN ROMANCE

45

Sandy Belmont, Male Nurse

Rick
St. James



CHAPTER ELEVEN

DINNER was announced. Simple but elegant: asparagus tips, followed by a deliciously exotic prune whip.

"And what will you have to drink, my dear?" the Countess asked.

Sandy hesitated and then, feeling daring, murmured: "Just a little glass of sherry."

Perhaps the wine went to Sandy's head, or perhaps it was the presence of both Filipe O'Horgan and Rudy Margolis, but Sandy found his hands trembling uncontrollably and tried to hide them in his lap. As the Countess and her two guests exchanged witty, sophisticated remarks in sardonic voices, Sandy felt like a dowdy little fool. Everything was wrong. He was tongue-tied. His clothes felt uncomfortable and months out of style. And why were Filipe and Rudy both there? They seemed to share some secret between them and were constantly whispering together. Filipe was as he had always been, paying Sandy compliments that seemed to contain some hidden insult that would only have its full wounding effect hours later. Rudy maintained a cold distance, once again the solitary eagle, but this time Sandy feared the eagle's claws.

As the meal drew to a close, Filipe leaned across the table, his brown and blue eyes shining maliciously.

"I understand our little nurse has taken an interest in *women*, of all things," he hissed. "I certainly hope he won't carry on in that manner under the Countess's roof. Don't you, Rudy?"

Did Filipe know Rudy's secret? Did he know about the hint of friendship Rudy had offered?

Rudy's hooded eyes gave no clues. Filipe's final cruel sarcasm was more than Sandy could bear, and with tears stinging in his eyes he pleaded a headache and hurried from the table up to his room.

"Women?" the Countess's voice rang out behind him. "I should say not!"

Slowly and listlessly, Sandy began to unpack his suitcase. *Should I just give my notice? he wondered. No, it would be dreadfully irresponsible to throw up a nursing assignment just like that, and on my first day, too. But if Filipe continues to torment me, and Rudy remains so cold, I will have to leave.*

CHAPTER TWELVE

IN the days that followed, Sandy's nursing duties kept him so busy he had little time for romantic musing. But then, one afternoon, there was a knock on the door. The Countess entered, a wise smile playing across her features.

"We will talk about love," the Countess announced firmly. "And I will tell your fortune."

Sandy let himself be led to the low table by the window, where the Countess spread out a pack of playing cards, shuffling them with her long, jeweled fingers.

"Love, Sandy, is what is in the cards. This Jack of Hearts, Sandy, is you. And who shall we pair you with? The Queen of Clubs? Too rough. The Ace of Spades? I should think not. Ah, here is the Well-Hung Man, and here I see Death by

Going Down. But no, not for you. Look, here is Filipe O'Horgan. Clever, cruel, faithless. And here is Rudy Margolis. Mysterious, threatening, fascinating. But Rudy, as you know, is not what he seems. Not the King of Hearts but the Queen. I know, Sandy, because he is my child, the offspring of a tragic marriage. I named him—*her*—Josephina, but she took the name Joseph Rudolph and became, for all purposes, a man in order to satisfy her burning desire to advance in the field of medical research. Those were troubled times in Europe, but Josephina Mengele was unstinting in her—*his*—devotion to the science of medicine. She was working on a process that would ensure that young men like yourself remain forever young. Foolish, jealous people forced him to abandon his laboratory, wrecked his career, and drove him to take up a new life in a more hospitable climate. Joseph Mengele, who you know as Rudy Margolis, is a great man...but a woman."

Sandy gasped. Proud Rudy Margolis a doctor with a worldwide reputation? But with one fatal flaw: his—*her*—sex.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

SANDY stepped into the garden. There, under the cypress tree by the wall, stood the figure of a man in evening clothes. The figure approached Sandy and placed an arm on his shoulder. It was Rudy Margolis. Sandy could see those two eyes, the tawny brown and the blue, shining in the darkness.

"Sandy?" Rudy's voice was low, hesitant. "Do you think you could ever love a woman like myself?"

"Rudy, I know now that being a woman makes you have to be so much more of a man, the firmest and most masculine of men."

"Yes. Not even another woman could mean anything to me."

"And no ordinary man mean anything to me."

The stern lines of Rudy's face broke into a warm smile.

"Sandy Belmont, male nurse," Rudy laughed playfully. "There are some things that only two *real* men can understand."

Sandy felt his old self again, cheerful, practical, forthright, and just the slightest bit daring.

"There are some things that only a nurse can look after," he whispered. "Rudy—*Josephina*—let me help you with your research."

A window opened high above them and the Countess's voice drifted down to them on the night air:

"Yes, Sandy, you've found him, the only man it could possibly be."

The Countess's voice, so wise and so affectionate, faded into a charming rattle, and the sound of that aristocratic body collapsing to the floor blended with all the vivid sounds of the Lower East Side night.

Before he could say another word, Sandy found himself lost in Rudy's embrace, sinking further into those arms that caught up the whole future of his life in one masterful motion: and, as his lips sought and found the fascinating edge of the scar and traced it downward to Rudy's lips, those lips that were meant to speak with a slight foreign accent, Sandy Belmont knew he had found his King of Hearts.

continued on page 357

NEVER TAKE
A DRUG
YOU DON'T
REALLY
UNDERSTAND

Consider the powerful effects of drugs. Why use your body as a testing ground for substances you may know nothing about? It makes no difference if a drug is legal or illegal, for medicinal use or for recreation—you owe it to yourself to learn everything you can before taking it. The facts could save your life.

(A public service message from the editors of **High Times** magazine)

An authority
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Stonehill

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SNUTS

REMEMBER HOW THERE WERE SOME THINGS THAT WERE SO AWFUL YOU DIDN'T EVEN WANT TO THINK ABOUT THEM BECAUSE JUST THE THOUGHT OF THEM MADE YOU SICK AND SO YOU TRIED HARD NOT TO THINK BUT FAILED?

GOD--TIME TO PACK FOR CAMP TALL ONE TREE! I KEEP HOPING THAT THE PLACE WILL BURN DOWN OR THAT MR. KNUDSON WILL DROP DEAD, BUT THAT DOESN'T HAPPEN--- IT JUST KEEPS GOING ON AND ON FOREVER!



I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CLIMB DEAD PINE TOP AGAIN, AND DRINK THAT RED CRAP AT BREAKFAST, AND GO ON THOSE GODDAMN NATURE HIKES!

I COULD EAT THE POISON IN MY BUTTERFLY JAR, ONLY IT'S ALL MESSED IN WITH THE COTTON AND PROBABLY IT'S NO GOOD ANYMORE AND I'D JUST PUKE AND THAT WOULDN'T STOP ANYBODY FROM SENDING ME TO THE GODDAMN CAMP!



Gahan Wilson ©1980

TIME TO GO TO BED, DEAR! WE'LL HAVE TO GET UP AT THE CRACK OF DAWN IF I'M TO GET YOUR THINGS READY!

SHIT--IT'S NOT ENOUGH I HAVE TO BE THERE TOMORROW, I HAVE TO DREAM ABOUT IT TONIGHT!

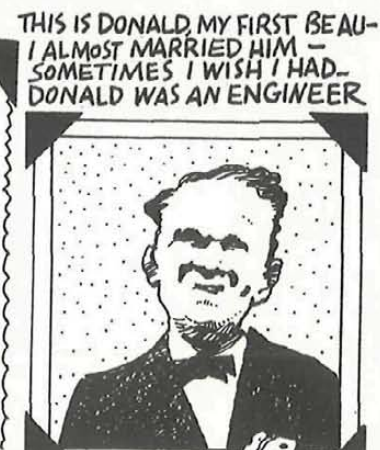
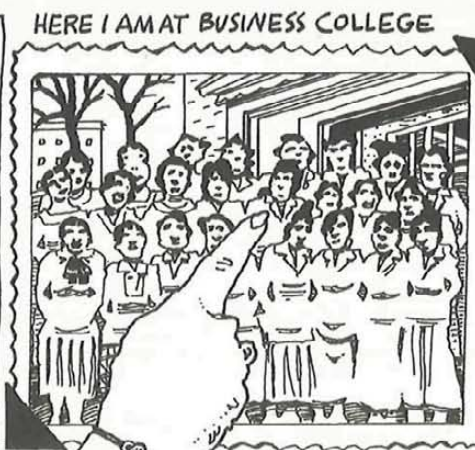
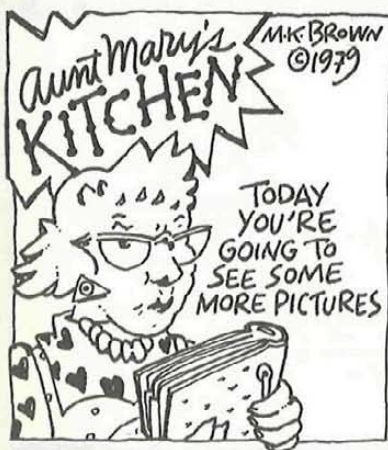
GOD, IS THAT KID STILL UP?

OKAY, MA!



YOUNG MODERNS

by Paul Anthony and Ralph Reese



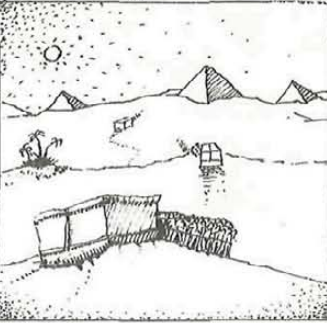
WHAT A WAY TO GO

A continuing Series exploring the many miserable and unfortunate experiences of death throughout history.

David B. Simpson

©1979

Ancient Egypt: Under the blazing sun numerous slave teams haul stones to build the great pyramids.



I love when I'm assigned to the same slave line as Mentu. He's such a fool, always working so hard.

Shhh! Just hold the rope and grunt. The little jerk never notices.



During a rare break:

Hey, Mentu! Get down here. I've something to tell you.

Oh, no, what did I do wrong?



Hard work is rewarded:

The King has had his eye on you, Mentu. He appreciates how hard you work while the others rest. There is a big promotion in store for you. As of tomorrow you will be come one of his personal slaves.

Wow. At last. My big break.

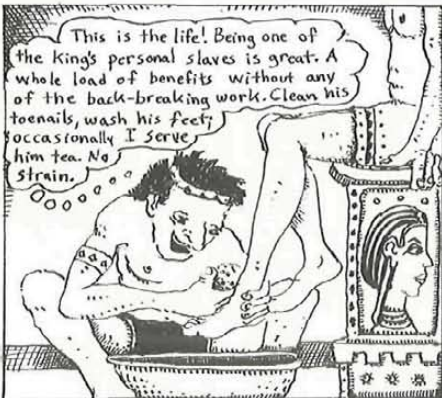


The next day:

Gee this is great! New sandals, my own sleeping mat, and no more hauling those one-ton stones under that miserable desert sun.



This is the life! Being one of the King's personal slaves is great. A whole load of benefits without any of the back-breaking work. Clean his toenails, wash his feet, occasionally I serve him tea. No strain.



After just two weeks on the job, tragedy strikes:

Last night, minutes after the sun had set, our great King died. As of now, we have a new ruler, the great King Tut!



After hearing the news, Mentu went into a deep depression. He realized King Tut would handpick a whole new set of personal slaves. He'd be out of a plush job.



Ahhell! Two weeks of the good life, and it's back to hauling those lousy stones!

As he expected:

Mentu, we must talk to you. Oh, no, here it comes. Back outside to the sweaty slave teams.



Trinkets, jewels, his pots and pans, whatever, but me, no way, not me. I'm not going. You can't be serious, this must be a joke, right? I step inside his tomb and ten coffins pop open and every-one yells surprise! Ha, ha. It's my birthday tomorrow, you know. Aw, c'mon, fellas, put me down, you don't really believe this shit! Do you? Besides, I only knew him two weeks! He was delicious when he pickled me. I used to put too much sugar in his tea!



That night:

Let me out, let me out of here! I'm useless to him here or anywhere! I even forgot how he likes his eggs! Let me out, please.



A few more nights, we won't hear a word.

- WHAT A WAY TO GO -

OUR HOLY RELIC

RICK GEARY © 1979



HERE IS THE LEFT HAND AND FOREARM OF ST. GRENADINE, WHO WAS MARTYRED IN THE FIFTH CENTURY A.D.



ED IS MAKING A SATIN-LINED BOX FOR IT.



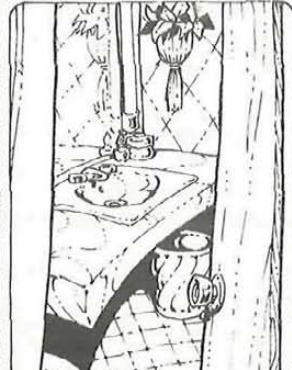
THE RELIC IS ABSOLUTELY AUTHENTIC, OR SO I WAS TOLD BY THIS LADY AT ST. BRIGID'S RUMMAGE SALE.



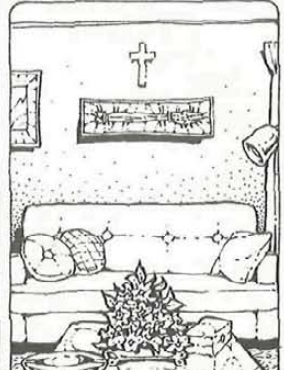
APPARENTLY IT LAY FORGOTTEN FOR CENTURIES IN THE BASEMENT OF SOME CHURCH IN BULGARIA.



WE'VE OBSERVED TWO MIRACLES ALREADY: A WASHER-DRYER COMBINATION...



A NEW COLOR SCHEME FOR THE BATHROOM.



IT IS THE ONLY SUCH RELIC I KNOW OF IN THE DES MOINES AREA.

RADIO ROULETTE

by John Bendel and SPAIN

AND NOW IT'S WBKB "RADIO ROULETTE TIME!" HERE'S HOW IT WORKS—I'VE GOT A LITTLE RED BUTTON RIGHT HERE IN FRONT OF ME AND WHEN I PRESS IT A RADIO OUT THERE SOMEWHERE—MAYBE YOUR RADIO—WILL BLOW TO SMITHEREENS!

...SO IF YOU'RE LISTENING TO A LITTLE TRANSISTOR, KEEP IT AWAY FROM YOUR EAR! IF YOU'RE LISTENING IN YOUR CAR, BETTER ROLL DOWN THE WINDOWS! AND IF YOU'RE LISTENING ON ONE OF THOSE BIG MULTI-BAND SHORTWAVE BABIES, YOU BETTER PULL THE PLUG OR GET OUT OF THE HOUSE. BECAUSE...HERE WE GO!

BEEEEEEEEEP

BOOM

WE HAVE A WINNER OUT THERE SOMEWHERE! JUST SEND THE REMAINS OF YOUR RADIO TO WBKB AND WE'LL SEND YOU A NEW RADIO AND A \$100 BILL!

I WON! I WON!

POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett



COURTESY IS CONTAGIOUS. CATCH IT! THANK YOU.

Ms. Snakey in Street Wise

1979 ©



OF THE PEOPLE

☆☆☆☆☆☆

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NOW, DIRECT FROM THE LOBBY OF HIS APARTMENT HOUSE, WE BRING YOU A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT...

LOOK, FLO — A TV CREW, MINICAMS, THE WHOLE BALL OF WAX.

IT MUST BE FOR THAT GUY ON THE THIRD FLOOR.

ALL RIGHT — COMING THROUGH. THE SUPER MAY BE OFF TODAY, BUT THE GARBAGE MEN WILL BE AT IT BRIGHT AND EARLY. STAND BY, AMERICA.



OUR MOBILE CAMERA NOW SHOWS HIM PLACING HIS TRASH... OH, OH, HE'S PUTTING IT IN THE WRONG PLACE... INTERRUPTING "MORK AND MINDY" FOR THIS!!!



MY FELLOW CITIZENS... THAT DOES IT. CUT TO THE COMMERCIAL. WHEN WE GIVE A GUY TWO MINUTES IN PRIME TIME, HE SHOULDN'T TAKE HIS GARBAGE FOR A WALK.

SCREW 'EM, MADGE. I'LL DO IT FROM THE BALCONY. BUT IT'S JUST A FIRE ESCAPE.

IN SOUTH AMERICA YOU CAN GO OUT AND ADDRESS THROUGHS. HERE, I'M TALKING TO MYSELF.



WHO PUT THIS GARBAGE CAN HERE?

CRASH SCREECH HONK

©1980 J. Harris

THE ADVENTURES OF

THE APPLETONS

By B.K. Taylor © 1989

IT'S SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT THE APPLETONS', AS WE HEAR...

GO TO A DANCE? SHE'S JUST A CHILD!

IT'S A SPECIAL ETIQUETTE DANCE, TO SHOW THE CHILDREN THE SOCIAL GRACES, THAT'S ALL. DON'T WORRY, DEAR.

...WELL...
...OK...

LATER

MOM! CAN YOU GIVE ME SOME HELP GETTING READY?

I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND, PRINCESS.

WELL... DADDY, MAYBE MOM SHOULD HELP...

NONSENSE.

SO MR. APPLETON, DEVOTED FATHER THAT HE IS, LENDS A HELPING HAND.

A LITTLE IMAGINATION AND DADDY WILL MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE A MOVIE STAR. ALL IT TAKES IS A LITTLE LIPSTICK, A TOUCH OF PENCIL, AND A NEW COIFFURE.

NOW, A BOW AND A FEW OF THESE IN YOUR HAIR AND— OULA! A VERITABLE BO DEREK!

DING DONG

THERE'S YOUR ESCORT. THERE'S HURRY ALONG...

OOP...

DADDY!

RIP!

HERE'S OUR LITTLE BEAUTY!

GOOD HEAVENS!

DAD HELPED ME LOOK LIKE BO DEREK.

WHY HAS SHE GOT MY TAMPONS IN HER HAIR?! AND...

OKAY! ENOUGH CHITCHAT. C'MON KIDS, WE'RE LATE.

FINALLY ON THEIR WAY...

MR. APPLETON, WHY DO I HAVE TO SIT IN THE BACKSEAT?

IT'S SAFER, SON

WHILE DRIVING THROUGH A FRAGRANT FARM AREA ...

WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

SMELL? OH, THAT. MY DAUGHTER HAS A SLIGHT GASTROINTESTINAL PROBLEM.

DADDY, I DO NOT!

DON'T WORRY, DEAR. HE UNDERSTANDS.

MR. APPLETON, ARE YOU TAKING THE LONG ROUTE? THE DANCE WILL BE OVER IN 15 MINUTES.

FINALLY AT THE DANCE ...

OKAY, HURRY. I'LL WAIT HERE.

HEY, WAIT FOR ME!

...TEN MINUTES LEFT!
HUMPHS

MR. APPLETON PATIENTLY WAITS.

DRIVING HOME...

SO, DID YOU TWO HAVE A GOOD TIME TONIGHT? WELL, LOOK AT THESE SLEEPING ANGELS.

WAKE UP! WAKE UP! HERE WE ARE.

WHA—? OH, YES, THANK YOU, MR. APPLETON.


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The Sexiest Man Who Ever Lived

Fernando Rollini was a self-styled "count," a man who created a spurious title to enhance his status with the royal families of Italy, Spain, and France. He was a contemporary of the great Casanova and was considered far sexier. In fact, Casanova studied with Rollini and gives the count full credit for teaching him the "four in one" and the "Spanish hat," two of his most sought-after sex tricks.

Why was Count Rollini considered the greatest lover of all time? There is reliable evidence that he was born with a most unusual penis: not only large, but remarkably flexible, so that it could be curved and twisted into odd, exotic shapes that were highly stimulating and pleasurable to women.

Count Rollini (or Count No Account, as he was called by thousands of cuckolded husbands) liked to disguise himself for many of his affairs, posing as a tiara repairman, a wig powderer, or a harpsichord tuner in order to gain admittance to a lady's boudoir and confound her husband.

His protégé, Casanova, admitted in one of his memoirs that Rollini was the *numero uno*. "Plain or fancy, straight or bent, Fernando forgot more than I shall ever know."



Count Fernando Rollini
1746-1798

WHAT'S NEW in S&M BONDAGE

The newest thing in S&M is carpentry, preferably with power tools. Women have always been excited by (and not a little afraid of) power tools. The wood-carver and the carpenter are recurrent images in female sexual fantasies. (Ever notice how women are fascinated by power-tool TV commercials and catalogs?) Many cultures openly recognize the sex role of man as carpenter. In Rumania, a wedding is not legal, nor can it be consummated, until the groom can show the bride's father that he can make and install a bookshelf properly.

For basic bondage, start with a home workshop table (sex in the basement or garage is a turn-on itself).

Instead of tying up your partner with rope or silk scarves, try clamps, or staple your partner's fingers to the table with a staple gun. Use large-size staples. A vise is good for legs and genitals. The vise should fit snugly, but not so tight as to cause permanent damage. Gentleness is next to godliness. You can also nail your partner to a worktable if the nails just barely graze the skin or miss it by a pubic hair.



Never operate your sander when you feel it overheating. It can create a short circuit or blow the fuses in your house, thus breaking the mood and the fun.

Once you have your partner bound, try a bit of power sanding. Use a medium sanding disk first. A variable-speed drill, which you can control, is ideal. Change from medium to fine to extra fine and sand your partner with a slow, easy, circular motion, just barely touching the skin but keeping the stimulation level high. Finish off with a lamb's wool buffer. Spread a coat of furniture wax on your partner first, so you can buff the skin to a deep luster.

The more adventurous S&M lovers have taken to playing with power saws, exposing the genitalia to that relentless whirring blade as it moves toward the target, then just stopping at the tip of the genital opening. It offers a delicious feeling of danger, but it's not a game for the inexperienced.

The important thing to remember about carpentry S&M is to get to know your tools. Work on an ordinary piece of wood first, or even on a mannequin if you can get one. Remember: You are the master of your tools. Don't be awed by them. Control them and they will do your bidding effortlessly.

Health and Medical Plans

It's a good idea to check your company or individual medical plan very carefully before going into your S&M games.

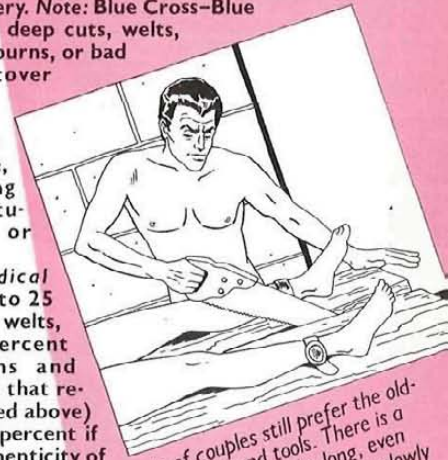
(a) *Blue Cross-Blue Shield* Provides partial coverage on standard S&M injuries; 50 percent on broken limbs, fractures, and first-degree burns. Semiprivate room in hospital, plus partial payment for X rays, anesthesia. Twenty percent coverage on surgery. *Note:* Blue Cross-Blue Shield does not cover deep cuts, welts, lacerations, cigarette burns, or bad bruises. It does not cover any complications that could arise from S&M, such as internal bleeding, heart failure, kidney disorder, lung collapse, pulmonary tuberculosis, hernia, or blood poisoning.

(b) *Major Medical Plans* Provide up to 25 percent on deep cuts, welts, burns, etc., and 50 percent toward transfusions and plasma. Complications that result from S&M (as noted above) are covered up to 50 percent if you can prove the authenticity of origin.

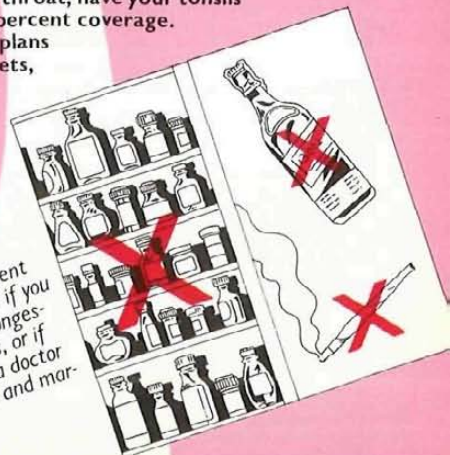
Some coverage is listed for nervous disorders, but the terms are vague and written in legalese. You almost have to be certifiably insane to get 25 percent coverage. It's not worth it.

Note: Some Major Med plans cover tonsillitis. If S&M stuff gives you a severe sore throat, have your tonsils checked; you get 100 percent coverage.

Almost all Major Med plans cover diphtheria, ricketts, yellow fever, and beriberi due to S&M, so it might be worth the extra payments for that kind of peace of mind alone.



Lots of couples still prefer the old-fashioned hand tools. There is a lot to be said for the long, even stroking of a hacksaw as it slowly approaches your partner's private parts.



Never operate power equipment or any kind of carpentry tool if you are taking antibiotics, decongestants, or time-capsule pills, or if you are being treated by a doctor for hypertension. Alcohol and marijuana are forbidden.

Special Masturbation Section

MI: The Male Problem of the Eighties

The tremendous upsurge of masturbation has already spawned its own unique psychological problems. The most prevalent at the moment seems to be Masturbation Impotence, or MI, as it is commonly called.

Sex researchers have discovered that many young male masturbators, especially between the ages of twenty-one and thirty, are having problems in living up to their sexual fantasies. The responsibilities are too great. The thought of satisfying the insatiable sexual appetites of the Bo Dereks and Susan Antons, even in a masturbatory situation, has become too much for them to cope with. Anxiety, inadequacy, fear of failure are common problems.

Dr. Morris Rossabi of the Columbia University Psychosexual Research Program is treating the problem with what he calls Super Realism. "I tell my patients to ask themselves one realistic question: Why fantasize about a beautiful nymphomaniac actress who is a sex symbol for millions, a girl who couldn't care less about you as a person? Why not pick someone who is not only dying to have sex with you but will treat you like a king? In short, I tell them to bring their fantasies closer to home."

Rossabi continues: "Let's say you always see a certain girl on the bus every morning. The one in the shiny brown raincoat. It's hard to make out what she looks like under the coat, but you can see a pair of thick ankles, straight calves, ample waist, and large square buttocks when she sits down. Behind those glasses her light blue watery eyes are always looking at your Adam's apple. Dr. Carl Jung used to say that anyone who looks at a man's Adam's apple is actually repressing a desire to suck his penis."

"I stress the sexual potential of a girl like this to my patients. This is the kind of woman who would be incredibly grateful for any favor. You could make her the happiest woman in the world by just showing up in her room some night. In fact, I'm sure she's thinking of you and using a gigantic cucumber on herself at this very moment."

Dr. Rossabi makes it clear that a masturbator need not concentrate on ugly ducklings all his life. He insists that he is not asking men to become "sexual underachievers." "But I do say that there are millions of plain but incredibly eager girls out there who are dying to shed their repressions and perform in men's sex fantasies," said Rossabi.

"These women will give you something real and beautiful, not the cheap, empty thrills of the stars. Masturbate to the images of girls who really need sex, not the ones who are jacked and jaded to death."

Bo Derek, one of the prime causes of MI.



"Mary Jones," the "girl next door." Rx for the cure.



Ask Dr. Sex

Our readers are invited to submit their questions to Dr. Sex, a pseudonym for a well-known doctor and specialist in sexual behavior. This month, Dr. Sex will deal with masturbation.

Q. Can you achieve orgasm masturbating with a soft erection?

Ralph Emerson
Boston, Mass.

A. Yes. A soft erection combined with a soft palm (rub it with baby oil or hand lotion) is highly recommended to those who are ill or extremely tired and do not wish to get up a "full head of steam." You will simply have a quiet, low-key, "soft" orgasm, a whimper instead of a bang. But you'll still have a good time, and that's the important thing.

Q. Can you have someone else masturbate you and still get the same pleasure?

E. Cummings
New York City

A. Absolutely not. You are introducing a foreign object (someone else's hand) to your penis, and the result could be

dangerous. Just as everyone has a unique set of fingerprints, so does everyone have a unique hand for masturbating. The odds of getting a perfect match with someone else's palm are about one hundred million to one. Why take chances and end up with an infection caused by poor fit or chafing?

Q. Is there really a correlation between masturbation and blindness?

William C. Williams
Paterson, New Jersey

A. There finally seems to be enough evidence to suggest a causal effect. Researchers have discovered that over 65 percent of chronic masturbators have some kind of eye problem. Within this group, 36 percent eventually go blind. The main reason cited is the intense involvement of the masturbator in his actions. He becomes so aroused and preoccupied that he leans too close to his penis and many times accidentally ejaculates in his eyes. Unfortunately, some of the semen cannot be washed out, and eventually it causes eye deterioration.

Q. I am a normal healthy person who likes to masturbate at regular intervals. I have one odd problem, though. Every time I start to come, my nose starts running too. It's getting very embarrassing and messy. What can I do?

W. Stevens
Hartford, Connecticut

A. You have nothing to be ashamed of or worried about. The nose is a highly sensitive organ, and yours is far more sensitive than most. It becomes highly aroused when you masturbate. A research team at Stanford University measured the noses of a group of men during masturbation and discovered that they increased in length and nostril width by as much as three inches. You have what is commonly called a "nose hard-on," or "nose-on." Most men simply ignore it. If you're too sensitive, why not wear a hanky over your face and pretend you're a cowboy? Or put a condom on your nose. If these solutions are too distracting, take a decongestant tablet about an hour before masturbating.

New Sex Findings on Cockroaches

Two scientists at the Institute of Animal and Insect Behavior in Hamburg, West Germany, have recently released the results of a two-year study that has alternately shocked, puzzled, and enraged insect experts throughout the world. The study, entitled "On the Being of Cockroaches," asserts that the majority of these common household pests are ...lesbians.

"The proof is conclusive," says Dr. Heinrich Schweiss, originator of the project. "At first we thought we were seeing things, but as the months went by, the original pattern became more and more pronounced. We are now certain that most of them are indeed 'der dykenroch.' It's hard to believe, but it's true."

The report asserts that almost 80 percent of all common household roaches are female and that these females prefer to "keep to their own kind," associating with males only when the population of the colony is threatened. "You ought to see the expressions on their ugly little faces when they have to mate," says Dr. Klaus Mann, assistant to Dr. Schweiss. "They just grit their little teeth, scrunch up their ugly little eyes, and do it. Then they rush back to their girl friends and cry!"

What about the male? What role does he play in all of this? "Well," says Dr. Schweiss slowly, "I'm afraid the male

cockroach is just a prisoner in his little world. He's kept under the hamper, or in the back of the cabinet, and used for mating only once. Then there's a party and the girls eat him." The doctor shakes his head. "It's sort of sad, really."

The two associates have come under attack not only from fellow scientists but also from several women's groups who declare them to be "hysterical misogynists in search of scientific proof of their biases." For the moment the doctors are silent, but they hope to counter these attacks next year with a report, now in progress, on waterbugs.

Intercourse by Mail

It works with chess (which is much harder to learn and play well), why not with sex? Male partner starts by writing to his mate about how he'd undress her and play with her breasts, buttocks, clitoris, etc. Female writes back with equally suggestive foreplay ideas. Male partner returns with a glowing description of their sex. Female comes back with hers. They send off their orgasm letters at the same time. If their mail arrives at roughly the same time, they can open their letters and come simultaneously. The beauty of it is you can make your intercourse as long or as short as you want, doing it as a quickie via picture postcard or in a lavishly detailed Proustian letter.

The Top Ten

The ten biggest and thickest erect penises in the world.*

Nationality	Size (inches)	Best Female Fit	Comments
1. Negro (American)	17-28	Negro (American)	Not a myth. Negroes are the biggest. Can also go the longest—up to fourteen hours nonstop. Do not match a Negro with anything less than his female counterpart, or a Russian or Cuban, or there will be bad chafing and genital sores.
2. Negro (African)	15-25	Negro (African or American)	African and American Negroes fit nicely, seem to be almost interchangeable. Mulattoes and other mixtures will not have the same ease of fit.
3. Russian	14-22	Russian	As in everything else, the Russians like to do it big. Compulsory gymnastic training makes their penises very acrobatic.
4. Cuban	12-19	French, New England American	Cubans were once the biggest. Since the Castro takeover they've lost at least six inches.
5. Belgian	11-16	Dutch, Swiss	Thickness is a Belgian forte. Also, their semen has the highest cholesterol content because of their vast consumption of butter and cream.
6. Bulgarian	10-15	Hungarian, Rumanian	Bulgarians love everybody but their own kind. They are always trying to make it with Turks and Greeks, anatomically a bad match.
7. Paraguayan	9-14	Paraguayan	Paraguayan penises are very smooth, showing very little vein or bumps. They look like small baseball bats. Unfortunately, they are rarely seen outside their country of origin.
8. Tibetan	8½-12½	Paraguayan, Pakistani, Malaysian	Tibetans are anxious to find new mates in other countries. Write to IGO for a Tibetan pen pal.
9. Brazilian	7¾-11	Small Negro, German	Big penises when young. Seem to go flaccid in middle age. Burned out by excessive macho complexes.
10. Israeli	7-9½	Israeli, German, Arab	Not the biggest, but the hardest. Will never go soft. Rumored to be part of their war weaponry as well. Not to be confused with Jews.

*According to the 1979 census compiled by the IGO (International Genital Organization) of UNESCO. Full erections are measured from the beginning of the shaft to the tip. The figures given are mean averages. Slight variations must be allowed for.

The Teeny Ten

In order of smallness:

1. **Irish**—About ¼ inch. There seems to be no difference between repose and erection.
2. **Germans**—½ to ¾ inch in length, but over one inch thick. This explains their preoccupation with kinky sex.
3. **Indonesians**—1-1½ inches. Used to be the smallest, now are getting a more Westernized penis.
4. **Chinese**—2 inches. Same thing happening to the Chinese.
5. **Indians**—2-2½ inches. The only penis with a slight curl.
6. **Arabs**—3 inches. Hard to figure out, since they are same racial types as many Israelis, who measure 7-9 inches. Big noses used as penis substitutes.
7. **Canadians**—3-4 inches. A stolid group. No improvement predicted.
8. **Italians**—Same as Canadians. Lots of talk. No action.
9. **Turks**—4½ inches. The fabled Turks are a major disappointment. We would like to know the number of dildos sold in their country.
10. **Greeks**—4½-5 inches. The Greeks get by somehow, as they have for thousands of years.

New Product News Romco Introduces Jiffy-Sickle

"Pocket Cutting Tool Beautiful Women Love to Have Their Clothes Torn Off With"

"Hey, guys," the ad reads. "Tired of turned-off girls? You know the kind—won't take off their clothes no matter how hard you try? Well, talk to the guy with experience and he'll tell you that most beautiful women need more than simple coaxing. He'll tell you they respond best to force—tough and brawny—the kind your Jiffy-Sickle will show them fast as it rips through that thin fabric wall between you and romance."

The sales copy is as blunt as the product is sharp; nevertheless, the Jiffy-Sickle is catching on across the country. It seems that all sorts of people—high schoolers, businessmen, even senior citizens, many of whom come from ordinary traditional backgrounds—are discovering that Jiffy-Sickle really works.

The Romco Company produces thousands of letters from satisfied users. A typical example is Edward N., a sixteen-year-old student at New Trier High School in Chicago, a self-confessed shy kid with a plain, deadpan face and no particular reputation with the girls. He'd taken Dayle G. on a few dates but hadn't gotten anywhere. Edward was crazy about her, so he took a friend's advice and got a Jiffy-Sickle. "I picked her up at her house," said Edward. "When she got in the car, I slid over next to her. As usual, she stiffened and started to make excuses about being late for the game. So I grabbed hold of my Jiffy-Sickle—I had it handy above the visor—and said, 'I won't be denied,' with steel in my voice. One swipe of the Jiffy-Sickle across her chest and I had Dayle's sweater and blouse open to her navel. She went crazy. She started heaving and moaning like a real slut. She told me I was the only man who ever turned her on."

Edward's story is not unique—evidently the dangerous, wild shock of having their clothes sliced off is a genuine aphrodisiac to women. And Romco Company spokesmen claim their product is absolutely safe to use. Its "Rim-Gard" flange keeps the cutting edge away from the skin, and a textured handle ensures a safe, sure grip. The Jiffy-Sickle comes in a variety of colors and retails for \$9.95.

See back of package for tips and complete instructions

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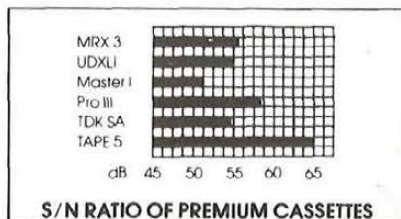
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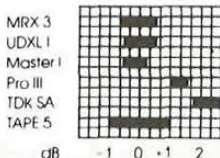
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TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

- Vernon Wicomb was picnicking with his wife and two children in the Platteklip Gorge near Cape Town, South Africa, when a gang of baboons grabbed their supplies. Wicomb scrambled up a tree and his family ran off screaming while six baboons scooped up a bottle of wine, cigarettes, and a six-pack of beer, then fled to the bush, stashed the liquor and cigarettes, returned to the picnic site, and stole Wicomb's wallet and car keys. "The animals were very aggressive," Wicomb said. *UPI* (contributed by Kevin Mulligan)

- When jailers checked Eduardo Nedilskyj's cell in Maywood, California, they discovered he had chewed off four of his own fingers to the first knuckle. As doctors attempted to sew the digits back on, Nedilskyj's wife was recovering in another hospital from the attack that resulted in his arrest. He had bitten off her nose. *UPI* (contributed by Jim Smelle)

- A thirty-three-year-old German-American, Michael Dengler, petitioned the state of Minnesota to change his legal name to 1069, claiming the number "symbolizes [his] interrelationship with society and conceptually reflects [his] personal and philosophical identity." When Dengler's petition was refused, he appealed to the Minnesota Supreme Court, which upheld the decision and advised Dengler that under Minnesota law Ten Sixty-nine or One Zero Six Nine would be more acceptable. Judges allowed, however, that anyone wishing to call Dengler 1069 informally may continue to do so. *Newsday* (contributed by Rachelle Stein)

- Ronald Marks was arrested and brought to trial for shoplifting in Ilford, England, found innocent, and released. New charges were filed, however, after police discovered Marks had left the courtroom with a juror's coat. *Eugene Register-Guard* (contributed by Lowell Simmons)

- A restaurant in the Chinese city of Jilin ran out of dog meat, so the owner put up a notice offering to buy dogs from local citizens. "In less than one month, 1,369 dogs were bought," according to the Chinese Communist party newspaper *People's Daily*, "a supply that can last

- one year for this restaurant." The newspaper commended the owner for using capitalist-style enterprise in buying dogs directly from the people instead of "waiting for some central government organization to ship him dog meat." *UPI* (contributed by R. Miller)

- A large force of police was called to restrain frenzied mobs in Rio de Janeiro as they attempted to lynch two men who had been charged with the voodoo murder of a two-year-old boy. The child was allegedly sacrificed to ensure the success of a new cement business. *New York Post* (contributed by Bill Moseley)

- Police in Norfolk, Virginia, arrested Kenneth Harsh and charged him with disorderly conduct after he refused to surrender a bag containing a cookie to a theater usher who had instructed Harsh that food from sources other than the theater snack bar was prohibited. Harsh contended that he satisfied his obligation to the theater by purchasing a box of popcorn at an earlier time and, as he testified at his trial, that the charge was unfounded because he didn't intend to eat the cookie until after the show. Harsh produced the cookie and sack in court to corroborate his story and was acquitted. *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by John Brixie)

- Officials at the Santa Clara county jail in California have released statistics showing that the number of fights among inmates there has declined by one-third since a holding cell was painted pink. *UPI* (contributed by Bill Moseley)

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This ad appeared in the March 1979 edition of Petroleum Engineer International. The manufacturer states that its balls are tougher, more resistant to erosion, and better sealed than balls available from competitors. The True Section has no reason to dispute the veracity of these claims; however in fairness to other manufacturers of petroleum industry balls, we invite them to send product information to the True Section, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. The True Section will publish the ball literature of any company producing better balls than the balls described above. Contributed by Conan Daly,

A Question of Balance

by Bill Moseley

God Made Easy

These photographs are presented on the assumption you haven't seen Europeans upside down on other Europeans' heads recently, especially six combinations at once.



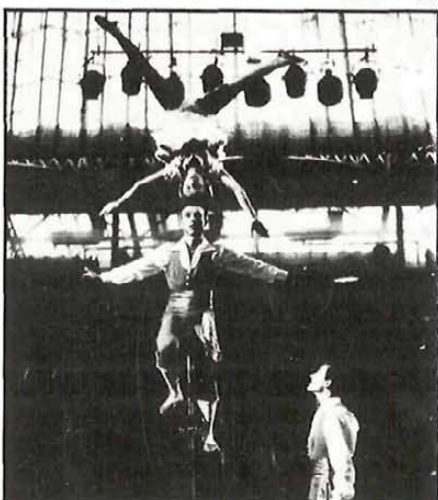
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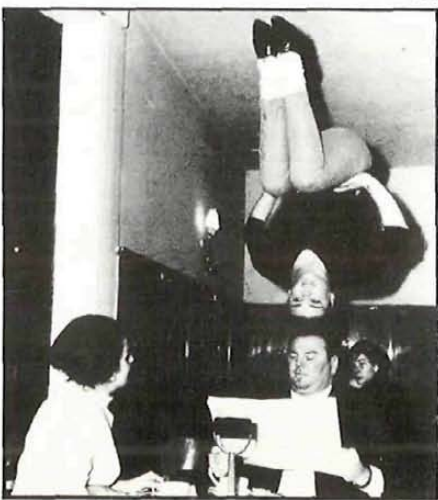
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UPI



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AP

The Good News Bible offers a modern translation of the Scriptures designed to "give today's readers maximum understanding of the content of the original texts"; for example, "Dead flies can make a whole bottle of perfume stink..."—Ecclesiastes 10:1. Compare the following excerpts from the standard King James Bible's Book of Proverbs with their corresponding Good News Bible interpretations.

A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back. Prov. 26:3 (*King James Bible*)

Even if you beat a fool half to death, you still can't beat his foolishness out of him. Prov. 27:22 (*Good News Bible*)

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it. Prov. 10:22
Being lazy will make you poor, but hard work will make you rich. Prov. 10:4

There is no wisdom nor understanding nor counsel against the Lord. Prov. 21:30
You may be sure that wisdom is good for the soul. Get wisdom and you have a bright future. Prov. 24:14

He that winketh with the eye causeth sorrow; but a prating fool shall fall. Prov. 10:10
Stupid people express their anger openly, but sensible people are patient and hold it back. Prov. 29:11

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

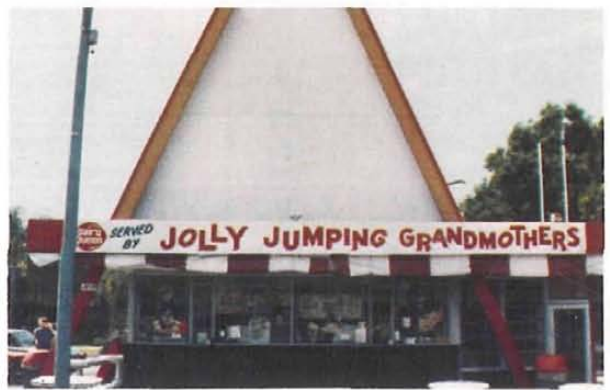
Editor's note: All items appearing in the True Section are, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. We will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in *National Lampoon* is fiction. Except the ads.

You Are Where You Eat

Readers' Page



Kurt Koehler, Baltimore, Md.



Bob Leafe, Fort Myers, Fla.



Michael Fumian, Stafford Springs, Conn.



Fred Hammon (no address)



Casey Batule, Cleveland, Ohio



George Buckman, San Antonio, Tex.



Terry Wiederich, South Saint Paul, Minn.



Perry Pessia, El Segundo, Cal.

UNCLASSIFIED ADS

I USED TO BE DISGUSTED NOW I'M JUST AMUSED

2. "PARDON ME, BUT...YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE WHO GIVES A SHIT." 3. "PARDON ME, BUT...GIVES A DAMN." 4. "I'm never sincere, even when I say I'm not." 5. "HAVE AN ORDINARY DAY" with (Un)Smiling Face 6. "Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean everyone isn't out to get you." 7. "IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS" 8. "Life is like a shit sandwich. The more bread you have the less shit you have to eat." 9. "QUESTION AUTHORITY" 10. "WARNING! This t-shirt contains a highly sophisticated bullshit detector. When alarm sounds please reengage your brain." 11. "SO?" 12. "If you can't dazzle 'em with brilliance, baffle 'em with bullshit." 13. "I'm not of the left or of the right. I'm above." 14. "WHY?" 15. "It's not that you and I are so clever, but that the others are such fools." 16. "Sounds like BULLSHIT To Me" All in appropriate lettering styles. Silk screened brown on tan or navy on light blue. 1st quality 100% cotton Hanes T-shirts. S,M,L,XL. wholesale and custom inquiries invited **MONEYBACK GUARANTEE!**

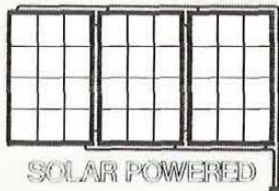
IMAGE DESIGNS Dept. NL5
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Cleveland, Ohio 44106

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HOLLYWOOD BABYLONA

continued from page 66

until I was twenty-one. Didn't he re-decorate his closet just for me? He cried like a baby, and then he fired me.

But it was too late to go back to the Celluloid Club. I had a taste of real tinsel and glamour, and I was hooked. Sure, Errol abused me a bit and left me for other women, but he did get me into Warner Brothers, where I began to get small roles. I was in *Noontime Sinners* with Eddie Robinson and Rosemary Lane. I played Ida Lupino's younger sister in *Brown Fury*. And, more important, I was meeting new men.

There was Humphrey Bogart, or Bogey, as he was called. Bogey liked to bite girls. I guess he read a book about it somewhere that said it turned women on. I don't mind little love bites, but Bogart almost killed me. I was so sick that I had to take rabies shots.

Gable was a dirty old man. I don't mean sex. I mean he simply never washed. Gary Cooper only talked to his dogs and to fish, never to humans. And Tyrone Power liked to tie me to an operating table and make love to me in a surgeon's outfit and mask.

But the man who gave me my Ph.D. in sex education was Charlie Chaplin. Everyone knew of Charlie's penchant for young girls. Except me. I still had a lot to learn in those days. Charlie had quite a reputation as a ladies man, and I was warned to watch out for his impetuous ways. "He's a continental lover—Russian hands and Roman fingers," said Bette Davis to me one day. Bette liked me and often invited me to her palatial villa in the Hollywood hills. But that's another story.

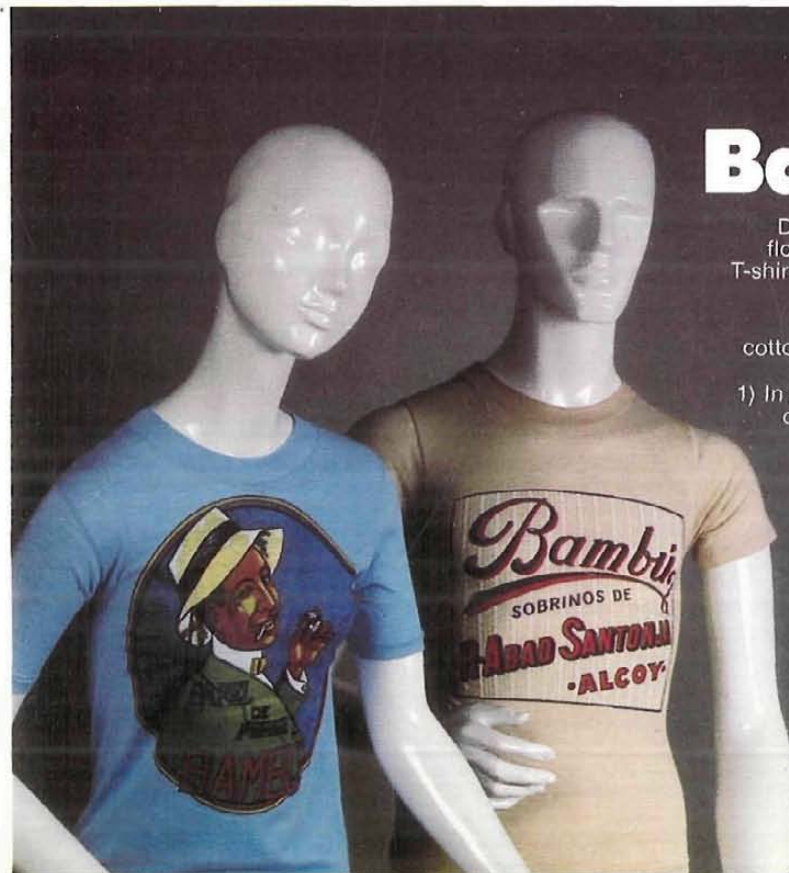
Charlie liked to entertain me at his magnificent home in Bel Air. He would serve a magnificent dinner, complete with vintage wines, and then take me to his screening room for some of his hilarious films.

Charlie was remarkable in so many ways. Anyone who has ever seen his movies knows what I mean when I say he was a born dancer. His body was amazingly supple and limber. That's the only way I can explain how he managed to bring me to countless orgasms. I mean countless. How about one hundred and fifty a night?

He was a small, slender man in those days, and he had this incredible knack of disappearing right into me.

All of him. I know, it sounds impossible. But this was the most talented actor who ever lived. He could do anything. Imagine. Not just a penis but an entire body inside of me, doing everything at once. He claimed it had something to do with how much I laughed at his films. They made me feel so loose and relaxed that by the time we went to bed I could accommodate almost anything. And he was insatiable. Just when I thought I couldn't stand another minute, he would emerge from inside, pick up his funny umbrella, and drive me insane with it, poking me this way and that. Charlie was a madman.

Pretty soon I was doing it almost all the time, night and day. Oh, sure, there were parties and chartered planes to Acapulco and bullfights in Mexico City and water skiing. But that was mostly publicity stuff. I guess I was just driven by some kind of un-conscious lust that went beyond ordinary libido. I don't know. Sometimes I stop and think about whether I was happy or not, whether I liked what I was doing. I'm not sure. Maybe I was just born weird. Isn't that part and parcel of being an actress? A movie star? □



Have a Bambo Fit!

Don't be just another faceless head in life, floating in a sea of mediocrity. The Bambo T-shirts could be just the thing you need to lift you out of your shell.

Made in the USA, of the finest quality cotton-poly blend, our great fitting shirts are available in two models:

- 1) In powder blue, with our winking Spaniard on the front and the famous Bambo logo on the back, for only \$6.00
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Small prices to pay for a face lift. Both shirts come in small, medium, large and extra large.

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TATATA TARA!
TAT! TAT! TATATA
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COCKTAIL WAITRESS

continued from page 56

"Of course," I answered. "In fact, I was about to catch a plane there when I stopped into the Islander. But I said to myself, 'Why take an airplane when I can take a Dart?'"

"Are you making fun of Rattles?" Robin whined in mock anger. This was my first awareness that she had named her car, which was significant because it pointed to the existence of a whole fantasy, "girl" aspect to Robin that I had failed to detect in the fourteen hours since we met. "Robin," I cautioned sternly, "please understand that it would be a critical error for you to divulge the name of your car to anyone in the cocktail trade in Phoenix. The city is already overflowing with females who name their cars, which is exactly why there is such a desperate demand there for cocktail waitresses like yourself who have the personality and background men like to have cocktails around. If you don't want to kiss off that seventy-five dollars a night, please, stick to the Robin Brubaker with the dike bite in her arm and \$873 in car bills." Although I intended my lecture to reinforce the vividly depressing side of Robin that attracted me from the start, I couldn't

help wonder what hidden reservoir of infantile, bunny-rabbit cuteness lay buried in the Muppet makeup bag of her mind.

The next few days were largely routine, the routine having been established in Bogalusa. There were some variations, including eight blowjobs and a self-worship service conducted in our hotel in Santa Rosa, New Mexico, where Robin got down on her knees and recited a group of prayers I had composed for her, asking my indulgence and forgiveness for a long list of petty annoyances and generally pledging obeisance to me, her god, Timmy Beaugereaux.

The Dart was barely operable by the time we descended into the valley surrounding Phoenix. A low yellow smog floated above the mostly one-story city of lounges, bars, and stucco salad bar restaurants that would be willing to line up for the chance to offer Robin seventy-five dollars a night. "We'll go straight to the Clown's Room on McDowell Road," I said. "It's real dark and attached to a hotel, so the bar will be stuffed with plenty of visiting sales assholes who'll love you. Sound good?" Robin nodded, then winced at her cocktail uniform. "Don't worry," I said. "I know the manager. I'll present

your credentials to him while you clean up in the hotel room."

Robin was hired immediately. Her third night on the job she made \$84.33 in tips and got fucked by a guy who said he was chief operations officer of the Masonite Company. She did it to spite me, because I told her I wouldn't be seeing her anymore, and she was unable to reconcile that, especially after the Timmy Beaugereaux worship service in Santa Rosa. I tried to explain the situation to her frankly and tactfully. "I've lost interest in cocktail waitresses," I said. "I met an airport security girl yesterday. I think I'd like to hang around with airport security girls for a while." Robin didn't understand. I told her that it was okay that she didn't understand; an airport security girl wouldn't understand if I left her for a cocktail waitress. Robin threw a quart of transmission fluid at me. She still had a case on the dresser. I left her an inveighing, uncontrollable wreck, but that was the state of mind Robin knew best, and it didn't matter anyway because I would soon be in a \$185-a-month studio apartment in West Phoenix, reveling in the mysteries of luggage fluoroscopy until my unit exploded with another million gallons of joy. □

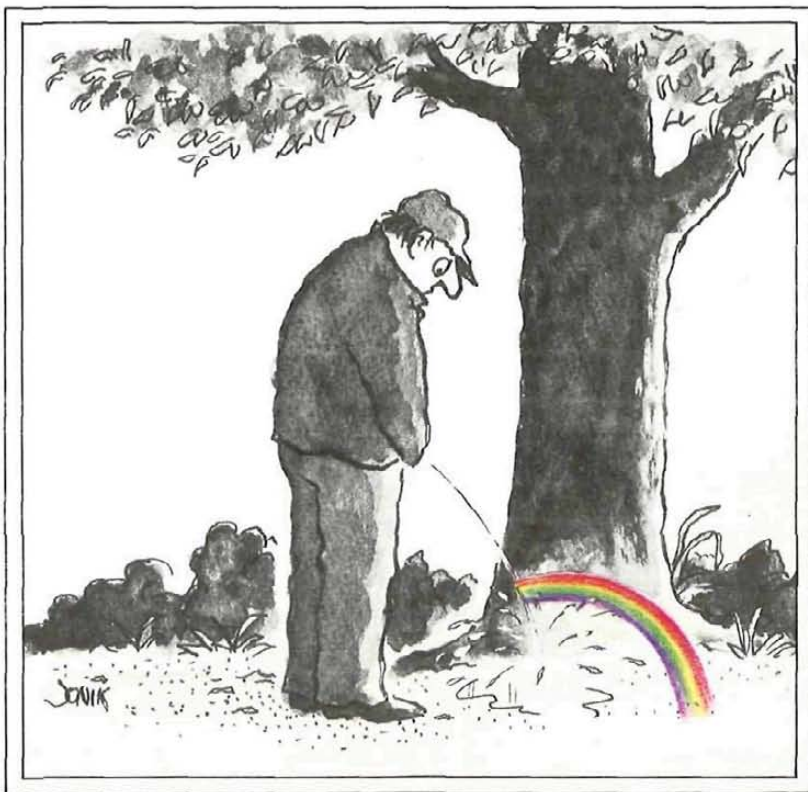
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Fresh Air!

Boy, is it stuffy in here! Why don't we get out of the house for a bit? It's a shame to be indoors on a beautiful day like today! We'll feel 100 percent better if we just get out and get some exercise! It's so nice out, there's no reason to just lie around the house. We can watch TV anytime; on a day like today we should get out and enjoy the sunshine!

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- **Stained-Glass Climbing!**
- **One Man's Revenge on the Fly That Wronged Him!**
- **Not-So-Rugged Indoorsmen!**
- **Rural Sexing in Bosky Glens!**
- **Plus: Pictures of Young Boys and Wild Wood Women with Almost No Clothes! A Special Olympics Miscellany! and: An Adventure Section!**



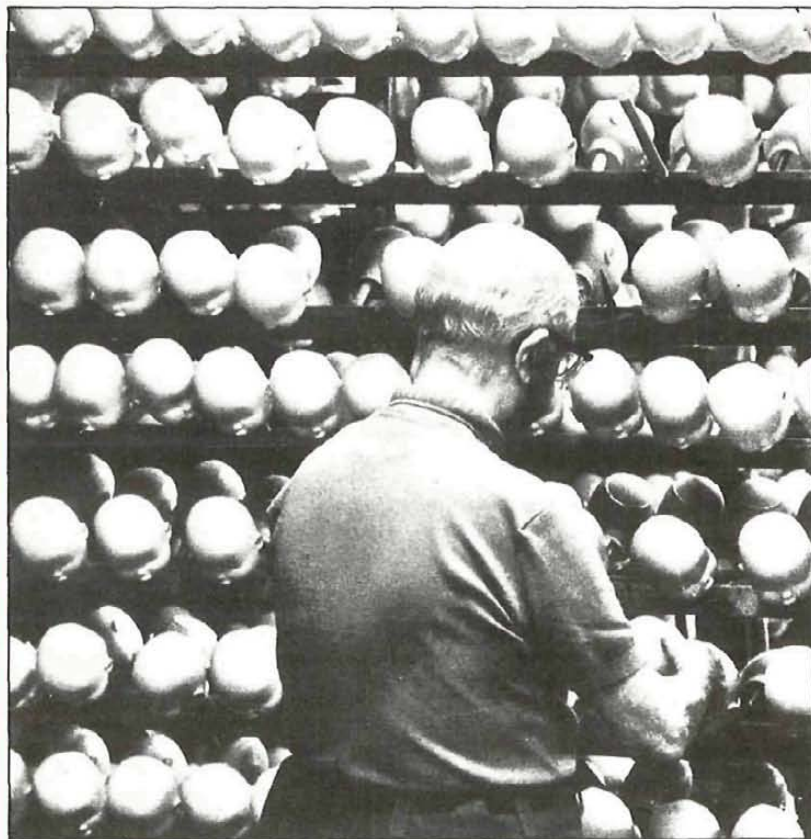
GERALD SUSSMAN'S
Photorama
PICTURE PARADE



Washington, DC The nation's three highest-ranking military bakers are being decorated for over 100 years of combined service to their country. From left to right, they are Major Mark "Muffin" Campbell, Captain James "Cupcake" O'Brien, and Colonel Lee "Ladyfingers" Mandell. Upon reaching the mandatory retirement age next year, the threesome plans to open their own bakery in the Georgetown section of Washington, called Pastry Zone.



Chicago, Illinois Walter Avery, also known as the Fiend Without a Face, a professional wrestler, demonstrates the sport of car wrestling. Avery thought up the idea of hand-to-hand combat with an out-of-control car on a track filled with oil slicks. In the office of the State Wrestling Commission, Avery applies a half nelson to a mock-up of a 1976 Chevrolet Malibu.



Nairobi, Kenya A recent exposé of the shrunken head souvenir business in the African press revealed that many of the heads were actually "manufactured" in such faraway places as Brooklyn, New York, and then shipped to Africa, where they are sold as the authentic articles. This photo, taken with a hidden camera, shows the heads in their raw state, before being sprayed and given authentic hair and skin.



Barcelona, Spain Members of the Barcelona Golden Bears, Spain's leading sleeping team, warm up before a championship sleeping match with Madrid. Sleeping, a relatively new sport, took its impetus from the siesta, the Spanish national custom, and is now the third most popular athletic event in the country. The Golden Bears have swept every category from catnapping to the long weekend "sleepathon."



**"Anything gin or vodka can do, white rum can do better.
We're glad you're learning what we Puerto Ricans have always known."**

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Mix Puerto Rican white rum with orange juice, tonic or soda. Or in a deliciously dry martini. You'll find it makes decidedly smoother, better tasting drinks.

For a very good reason.

By law, every drop of Puerto Rican white rum is aged at least one full year. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican.

The name Puerto Rico on the label is your assurance of excellence.

The Puerto Rican people have been making rum for almost five centuries. Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional taste and purity.

No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.



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Aged for smoothness and taste.



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to settle for too much
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