

INSIDE: Your Parents Having Sex

NOV. 1980

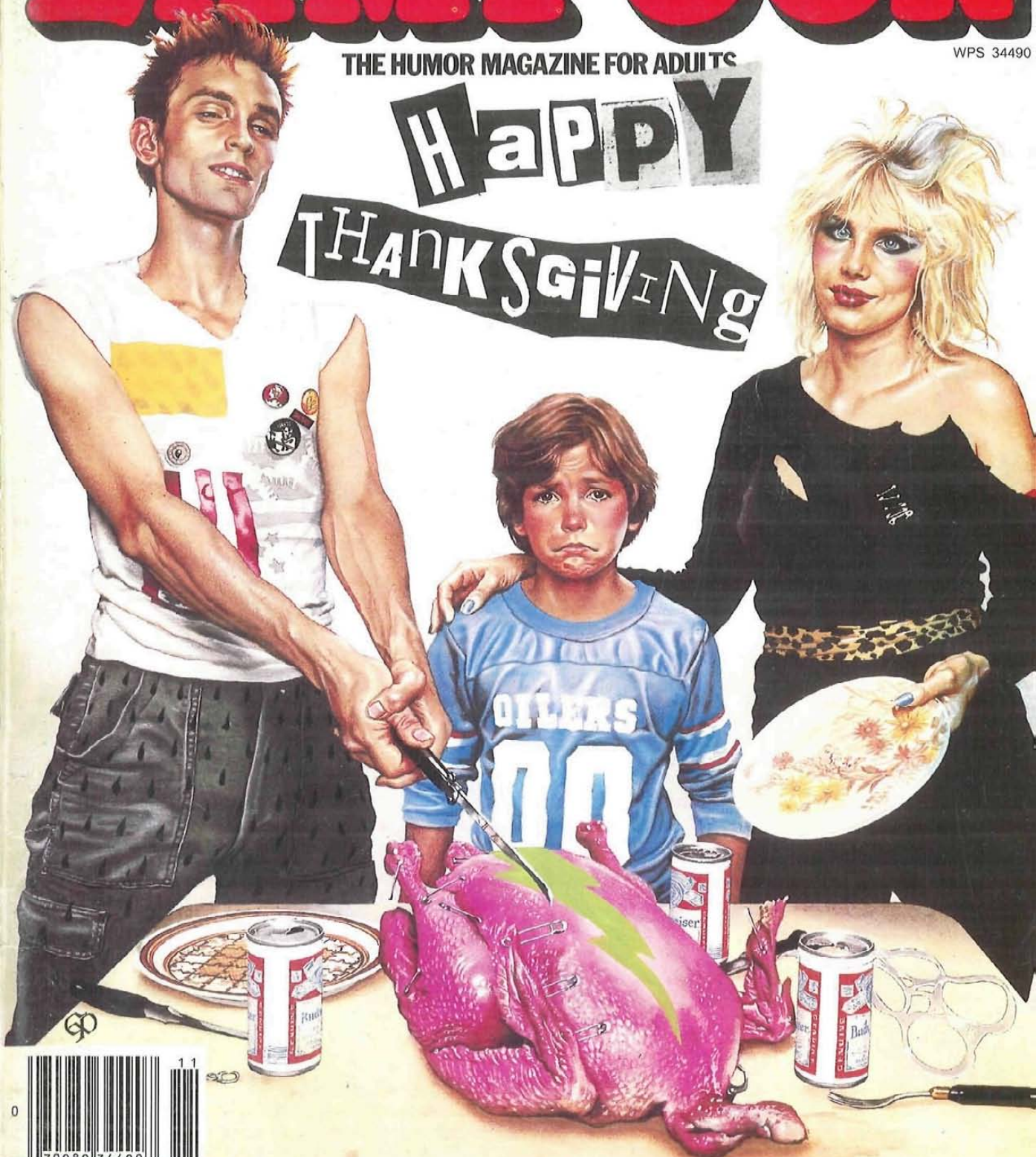
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NATIONAL LAMPOON

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS

WPS 34490

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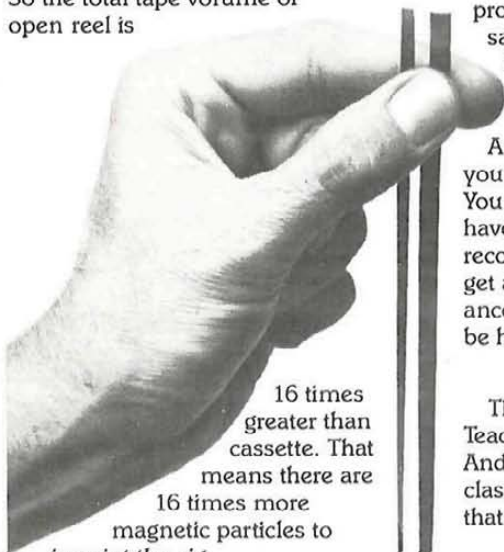
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THE SOUND YOU'LL NEVER GET FROM A CASSETTE DECK IS NOW HERE AT A CASSETTE DECK PRICE.

Teac's new X-3 open reel deck costs no more than a good cassette deck. But its fidelity is far superior to that of even the most expensive cassette deck. For a very simple reason.

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Open reel tape running at $7\frac{1}{2}$ ips is four times faster than standard cassette tape. And twice as wide. So the total tape volume of open reel is



16 times greater than cassette. That means there are 16 times more magnetic particles to imprint the signal. And that means you get as much signal as possible—especially high frequencies—without distortion. Plus a much greater capacity to pre-

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Cassette decks can't give you this kind of performance simply because there are inherent limitations in the cassette format. No matter how good the hardware. Even with improved

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PRICE

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Signal-to-noise ratio (overall)	58 dB (3% THD level, weighted)
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Frequency Response (overall)	30-28,000 Hz at $7\frac{1}{2}$ ips 30-20,000 Hz at $3\frac{3}{4}$ ips
Playing time (both sides)	3 hours at $3\frac{3}{4}$ ips with 1800 feet of one mil tape

TEAC

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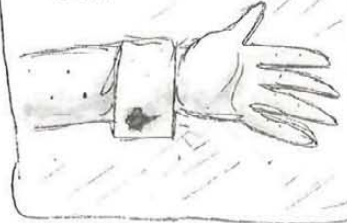
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A LITTLE POEM

Here's a little poem
that's really off-the-
CUFF.



It concerns a
girl who's a diamond
in the ROUGH.



She's from a tiny
hamlet that's known
as Arkins BLUFF.



There's nothing more
to tell; let's go on
to other stuff.



R. Coast

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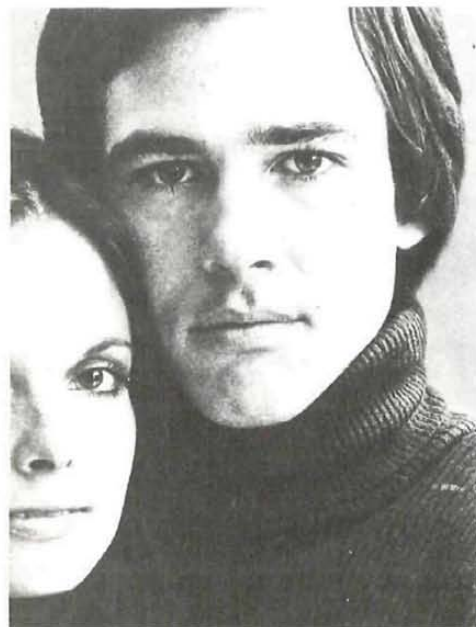
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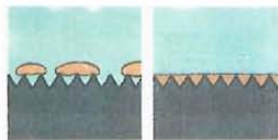
INTRODUCING SCOTCH® RECORD CARE SYSTEM. IT CLEANS,
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Finally there's a way to give your records the kind of care and protection that hasn't been possible until now... a way to insure a long life of true sound.

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The Scotch Record Care System combines new Sound Life™ fluid with a unique dispensing applicator. To use, simply depress the supply container and Sound Life fluid is fed automatically to the pad. That's all there is to it. It's quick, easy and simple. No guesswork about how much fluid you need or how to apply it correctly. Just place the applicator on your turntable spindle, revolve it and the record is cleaned.

Super-wetting action deep-cleans grooves.



Discwasher D3® solution (left) beads up on the grooves. Sound Life (right) with super-wetting action deep-cleans grooves.

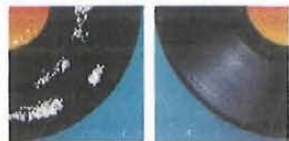
If your present cleaning solution beads up on the record surface, it may not be getting the job done.

Scotch Sound Life spreads onto the disc surface evenly—safely penetrating grooves to remove micro-dust and fingerprints. Sound Life leaves the record with a brilliant look, as brilliant as the sound is clean and true.

As it cleans, it wipes out static.

Even though your record surface is clean, it's generally the electrostatic charge that gets it dirty again. An anti-static gun is just a temporary treatment.

One application of Sound Life reduces the residual charge to near zero. And it prevents static from returning no matter how often the record is played.



(Left) Styrofoam beads are attracted to static charge left on record after cleaning with Discwasher D3®.

Same record (right) after one treatment with new Sound Life fluid.

Friction reduction's a plus.

The same application of Sound Life that super-cleans and removes static can reduce stylus drag up to 15%.

And with your sensitive stylus that can mean less wear and improved record life.

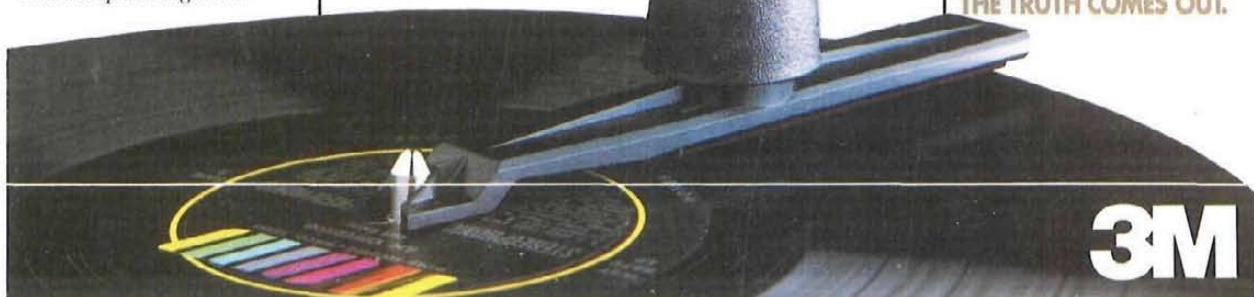
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To get all the true, pure sound you expect from your stereo, you need records that are truly clean, and protected from static and friction. Only the Scotch Record Care System gives you all three in one application. Ask to see a demonstration at your record or stereo store right now.

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3M

SATISFIED

Joe Theismann



Joe Theismann knows the meaning of precision, and the importance of split-second timing. As a professional football quarterback, the "family" he spends Sunday afternoons with won't sit still for a picture. They don't smile too often, either. So when Joe wants to take pictures of the Washington Redskins, he uses a Canon AE-1.

The Canon AE-1 is a quality camera, combining the finest in optics and mechanical engineering with modern electronics that assure sharp, clear, professional-looking pictures every time. Joe Theismann has a real family, too, and the lightweight easy-to-use AE-1 is perfect for everyday picture taking as well. For sports action or on a family vacation, it satisfies his needs. In fact, since he first started using his AE-1, photography has become his favorite occupation. Next to football.

Joe Theismann 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. 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, and 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, like the 177 A, 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. You just can't make a mistake.

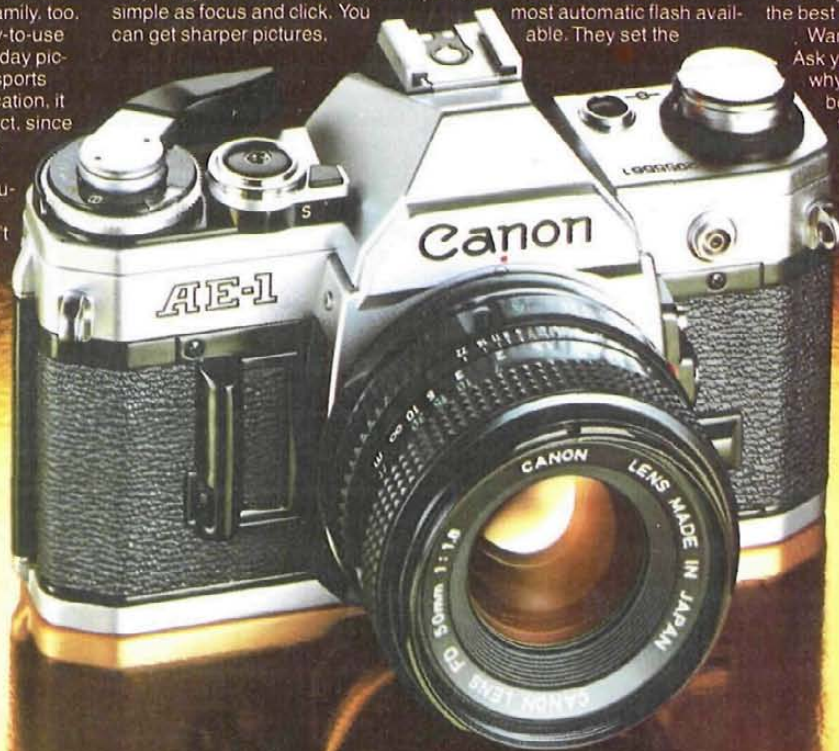
They also know that with the Power Winder A, they'll never miss a shot of the action because they can take fast single frames or sequences as fast as two frames per second.

The Canon AE-1 can bring you in close to the action when you're far back. Or widen a tight shot into a sweeping vista. With more than forty of the world's finest lenses, lenses which have been hailed by professionals as some of the best they've ever experienced.

Want to satisfy your curiosity?

Ask your local Canon dealer why the Canon AE-1 is his best-selling automatic reflex camera. When you buy your AE-1 you'll be opening a door into creative photography (and fun) that you may have never realized was there.

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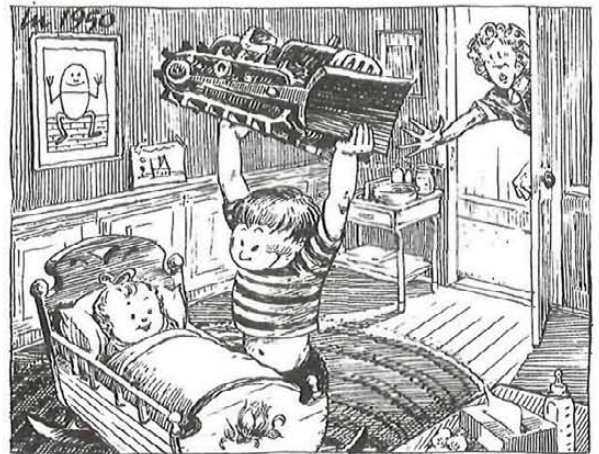
EDITORIAL

It's Thanksgiving time again and, as the word implies, time for thanksgiving. As modern Americans, we may find it hard to give thanks. In fact, what with the president we just elected and a bunch of camel jammers sitting on our oil and the Russians waving their dongas at us in the global picture window, we may want to take a little thanks back. Still, each of us has a few things that he or she is personally thankful for. Maybe we don't know who to thank for them, but that, actually, is one more thing to be thankful about, since it means that nobody will be coming around looking to get thanked. Anyhow, I hereby endeavor to give my own list of gratuities:

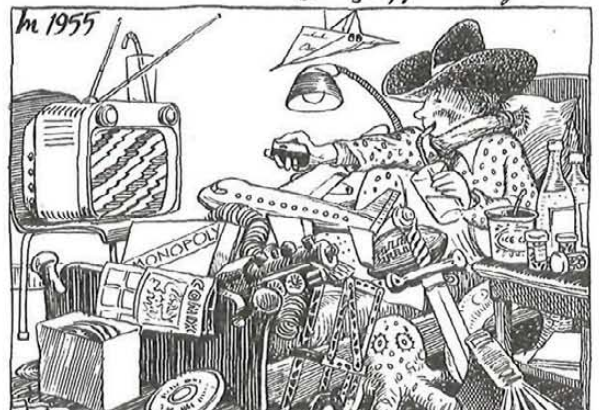
- I'm thankful I'm not a foreigner, because then I'd speak a foreign language, and I wouldn't know what I was talking about.
- I'm thankful I'm not a woman, because if I were a woman, I'd have to fuck men, and men are all sweaty and hairy and lumpy looking—either that or be a lesbian, and I don't have the tits for it.
- And I'm thankful I'm not a queer, because that would be like being a woman but without those tits.
- I'm thankful for Brooks Brothers, because no matter what you buy in there you still look like a normal person; and it doesn't matter if Brooks Brothers clothes fit or not, because none of them do and that's the point. (But watch out for the one polyester tweed hacking jacket they keep on the fifth floor to trick Levantine parvenus.)
- I'm thankful I don't come from a wealthy family, because people who come from wealthy families go to Harvard, Yale, or Princeton, and people who go to Harvard, Yale, or Princeton talk like fruits and can't hold their liquor and never get laid by truck-stop waitresses.
- I'm thankful I've been able to think up a reason for being thankful I don't come from a wealthy family, because it makes me feel better about my lousy tennis and the fact that I can't play golf.
- I'm thankful I'm not Jewish, because Jewish people worry so much and don't like the taste of whiskey, and Jewish guys usually get bald.
- I'm thankful I'm not dead yet, because I've got a cute date tonight.
- I'm thankful I'm not married, because my wife and the cute date probably wouldn't get along, and I'm also thankful I'm not married for about a zillion billion other reasons that I don't have to tell to anyone who is married and that anyone who isn't married but intends to be shouldn't hear because it would just depress them about what the rest of their horrible boring life is going to be like.
- And I'm doubly thankful I didn't marry that girl back in Columbus, Ohio, who married my best friend instead

continued

What I was
thankful
for...



Being bigger than my sister.



A case of tonsillitis that kept me out of school for three weeks.



My mother's boyfriend's convertible.

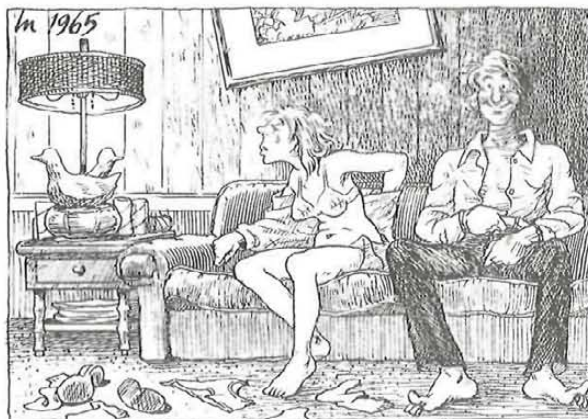
and turned into a vegetarian and went to Oaxaca and left him with the kid.

- I'm thankful I'm not black, because it's never any good to be something that you can't pretend you aren't.
- I'm thankful I don't have a stupid last name like Winklesnifter or Putzburg. Incidentally, anybody who *does* think I have a stupid last name will be thankful if they keep out of the way of me and Shary Flenniken and Tod Carroll and Brian McCormick, because we'll crack your skull open with a hod full of bricks.
- I'm thankful I don't have a real weird-looking dick, although I wouldn't mind having a normal-looking dick that was a little larger and also had better sense about what it wanted to do, even though it doesn't seem to be acting up as much as it used to, but I'm not sure whether to be thankful for that or not.
- I'm thankful my parents are dead, because I wouldn't want them to read that stuff about my dick.
- I'm thankful I have a gun, because there are more than four and a quarter billion people in the world, and how many of them make more than ten grand a year? Ten percent? Five percent? Anyway, there are at least three billion eight hundred and twenty-five million people out there who are what I'd call poor. Sooner or later they're going to wise up. I'd be nuts not to have a gun.
- I'm thankful I'm me and not you, because I get paid for writing this and you don't get anything for reading it.
- I'm thankful I'm not a teenager today, because when I was a teenager I couldn't get any girls to fuck me, but that wasn't so bad, because they didn't fuck anybody else either, but if I were a teenager today and still couldn't get any girls to fuck me, then I'd *really* feel terrible, because nowadays girls fuck anything that moves. Also I'm thankful I'm too old to get drafted.
- I'm thankful they found natural gas down in Mexico, because that's one country we *know* we can whip.

And I'm thankful for lots of other stuff, too, like those ball-point pens that will write in butter, and I'm thankful I don't have to write in butter very often, and I'm thankful that bugs aren't any bigger than they are and that the IRS can't read your mind and that Italians don't have wings, and I'm especially thankful I didn't run out of cocaine before this article was finished.

P.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: While I'm on the subject, I'd like to thank Lynda Obst for her ideas and encouragement re the "Regional Status" article. This item of Fauvist social science was originally intended for the *New York Times Sunday Magazine* and assigned by Ms. Obst in her capacity as an editor thereat. She, however, had the good sense to take flight for climes less fusty and more pecuniarily remunerative (i.e., the movie industry) before the piece saw the light of Gutenbergian day, getting printed-wise. Thus were Mr. Hughes and I spared the indignity of being sandwiched between an agonizing reappraisal of the endangered whales in Palestine and a piece on how to decorate your country house with a truckload of fifty-dollar bills.



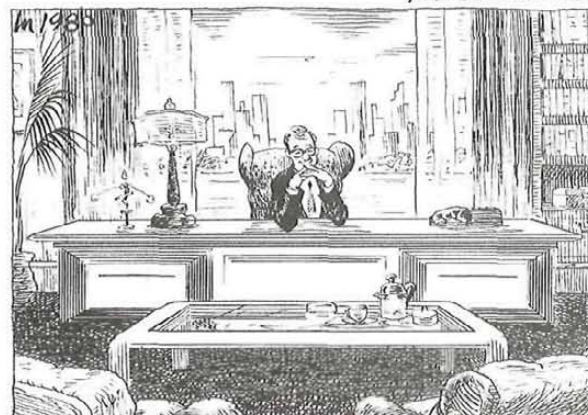
Finally getting laid.



Not being at Kent State.



Tax deductions.



Being able to fire people.

WHAT IF

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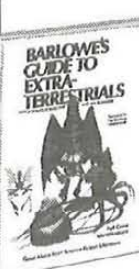
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Sirs:

I am a retarded person. You always make fun of us. You always wonder why we are laughing and/or smiling even though we have nothing to live for. Sorry for ending the last sentence with the word "for."

Louise
Oklahoma City, Okla.

PS: I forgot to tell you why: We are laughing at you. Thank you, that is all. Now I must go back to being silly. Did I scare you? I'm sorry. 'Bye.

Sirs:

If there had been a concentration camp run by Hugh Downs during World War II, the world would be a better place today. Only Hugh Downs makes the world good again.

Lina Wertmüller
Herzog, Pa.

Sirs:

I suffer from motion sickness, and it's causing my marriage to fall apart: I can't have sex without throwing up. All up-and-down motion makes me nauseous, and unfortunately all coital acts, regardless of position, require an up-and-down action, if you know what I mean. Even oral sex is a disaster: I can enjoy cunnilingus if I keep my eyes closed, but my husband insists that I move my head up and down during fellatio, and then he gets really upset when I throw up on him. I finally realized that if my husband didn't have a penis, we wouldn't have this problem. Maybe if he could talk to someone who's been through a sex change, he wouldn't be so nervous about it. Know anybody who's had one?

Box 389*
Central Post Office
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

Just wanted to let you know that nothing funny has happened in Idaho, which is the reason I haven't written before.

John V. Evans, Governor
Boise, Idaho

Sirs:

I like to be in A-mer-ee-ca/Okay by me in A-mer-ee-ca/Everytheeng free in A-mer-ee-ca/Lots of mon-ee in A-mer-ee-ca!

Erik Estrada
Hollywood

Sirs:

Should I put \$10,000 into a commercial bank, \$5,000 into a savings bank, or just jerk off in a sperm bank? Incidentally, do sperm banks pay interest in money or sperm? And why would anybody want more sperm unless they were a nympho or something?

Bob Phillips
Lincoln, Nebr.

Sirs:

Let me clarify my previous position. I have stated numerous times that I would be willing to swear on a stack of Bibles that I had no complicity in inviting the shah of Iran to come to America. I would like to alter my position on that statement slightly and offer to swear my innocence on a stack of pancakes.

Henry Kissinger
c/o CBS, NBC, ABC
New York, NY



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Sirs:

I'm an artist who specializes in free-standing three-dimensional macramé sculptures, and one day last month when my husband was stoned and wasn't moving I made a macramé sculpture right over him. It's really elaborate, with three-quarter half-hitch knots on the upper half, bells dangling from the armpits, and the bottom half an intricate cocoon of beads and knots (with some ingenious openings for nature calls).

It's been incredibly successful. The fifth and sixth graders at Gardenia Elementary came on a field trip to see it, and some people from the Silage County Museum have mentioned that they'd like to put it on display.

Unfortunately, even though I hung a macraméd hash pipe nearby to keep him happy, my husband won't stay still. And I can't let his fingers loose, because it would ruin the whole theme of the sculpture. So I was wondering if maybe you guys have any audio tapes of your magazine, like what blind people use. I'm sure my sculpture would settle down if I could keep him supplied with hash and the *National Lampoon* to listen to all day long.

Ralletta Vanette
Gardenia, Virginia

Sirs:

What do you call a pimple that finally pops! An ex-zit! Get it? Ex-zit. It's pronounced same as exit. Isn't that gross?

Kimberly Teen
Denver, Colo.

Sirs:

Hey, I'm really sorry. No one ever told me that a movie had to have a script.

John Landis
Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

Hey, I just had a great idea: flavored envelopes. You know, the part of the envelope you have to lick. No funny jokes about the flavors, please. Just vanilla for starters, okay?

A smart guy
from New York City

Sirs:

Just thought you'd be interested to know I finally sold the house in Aspen and moved to Newark. I'll be writing different types of songs from now on, probably Negro spirituals or possibly disco. An artist has to grow, you know?

John Denver
Newark, NJ

Sirs:

I've been a successful, respected tree surgeon for over fifteen years, and now I've fallen in love. They always told us in medical school never to become involved with our patients, and I never did, until last week, when I was called to treat a Louisiana broad-leaved maple for blight. The moment we touched, we knew. Maple is everything I ever wanted in a mate—stately, steadfast, yet sensitive and vulnerable. Thanks to my treatment, my darling will live. My problem is that Maple is male. How do I tell my wife and family I've turned gay?

Dr. H. Gordon Boudreaux
Baton Rouge, La.

Sirs:

This is to officially commemorate the 10,000th Italian body found at the bottom of the Chicago River since the count began, back in 1921. The lucky victim was known as Antonio "Bag Man" Vinito of suburban Cicero. A pass good for one year on the river sightseeing boat *Wendella* will be presented to the widow and her children.

Chicago Police Salvage Crew
1st Ward

continued on page 18

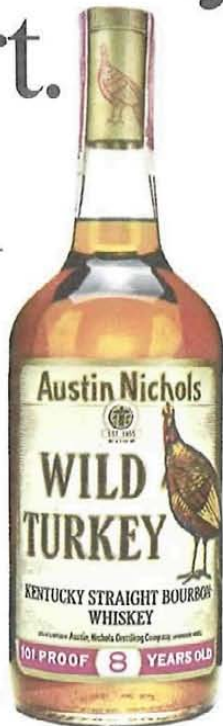


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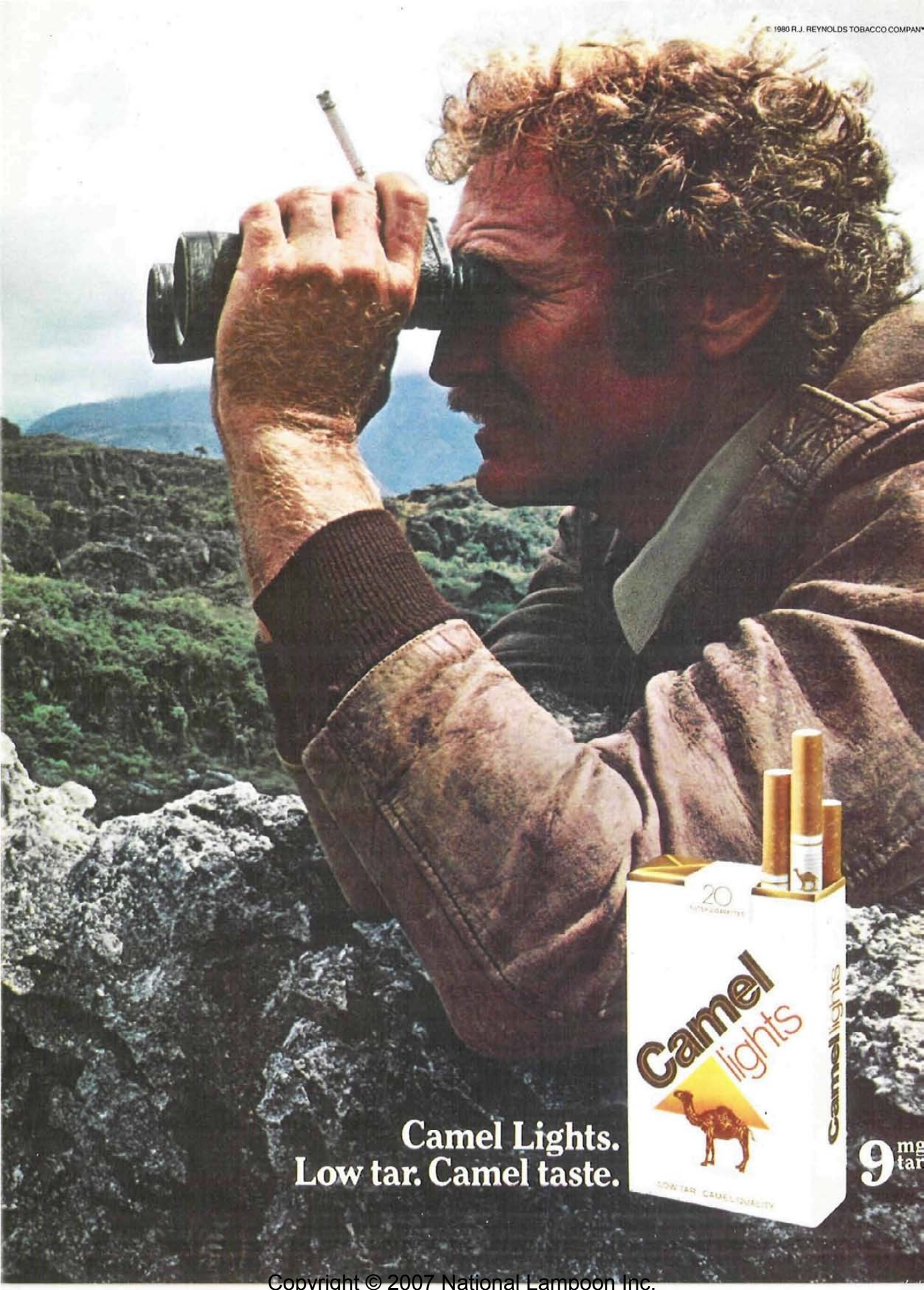
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Then Again

by Ellis Weiner

"I mean, I was uneasy: people who think they are telling you something, something large, and then can't, make me nervous."

—Lillian Hellman, *Maybe*

In those days it seemed that Lillian was always remembering, or not remembering, or misremembering, with her truth-this and truth-that, or maybe it wasn't like that at all, really. I do know that at one point I found it necessary to find her, to tell or ask her something, something important. But I couldn't remember what, or why.

But as I said, in those days she was always somewhere—in a steak dive drinking puzzling wine, in some fish hole that was not a fish hole, in some caviar-and-champagne pit with the Hollywood swells, or in some beer swamp where everybody except me was, or certainly had been, or certainly was thinking about, drinking. I don't remember where I was when they were all there. But I do know that I was never there, because I never really knew that crowd, which always

seemed to be drinking and passing out and having sex. (I know today, of course, that it is difficult and unpleasant, if not impossible, to have sex after you've passed out on the beer-swamp drinking stuff.)

Like everybody, I guess, I try very hard to remember the truth about Lillian, but as I say, memory is nuts—nuts to me and nuts to you—and I can't remember anything—or, at least, anything truly true—because either I've forgotten or never knew her at all. In those days I didn't much care if I knew her, but of course these days there are many good-looking people who don't much care about what I cared about in those days.

And then there is nothing about Lillian until a few weeks after those days. I was talking to a friend of mine, but what I was really doing was thinking about what I could find on memory's road about what I really knew—although I know now, of course, that I don't really know anything—about Lillian. So I must not have been listening very carefully (none of us listen

very carefully when we are not listening), because my friend said, "Who?"

I said, "Who what?"

My friend said, "Is that who over where?"

I said, "What?"

My friend said, "You asked me is that her. I said who. Is that who?"

I said, "Cut the crap. Who or what is where?"

My friend said, "Never mind. Forget it."

But I cannot be sure that my friend said, "Forget it." I may have supplied that from the maintenance shed you find every ten miles or so along the road of memory. Is that why I have chosen to write about Lillian? Is that why I felt I had to find her? I cannot be sure if I have ever known the reason, and I can't remember why I cannot be sure whether or not I can recall even knowing whether or not I could remember being sure or not sure about knowing or not knowing about the Lillian search.

It is June. I decide, for no apparent reason, to write in the present tense. I don't know why.

I speak to someone I know, who has good looks, and ask her, "Where can I find her?" By "her" I mean Lillian.

"I don't know," this person says.

continued

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THEN AGAIN

continued

"Why do you want to?"

"I want to ask her for something."

Sometimes I say things and people think I mean something else. They think you have said what they want to hear you say. Sometimes I say things and you end up saying something different. Sometimes I start out with I and end up with you. Am I you? I don't remember—but it's no news that sometimes we remember things and sometimes we forget things.

It is this nuts crap I am thinking about when the good-looks person says, "What do you want to ask her?"

"Can this junk and let's keep drinking," I say.

I saw a lady walking along Third Avenue last week, and I think I thought it was Lillian. "Excuse me," I began, but the walking-along-Third Avenue lady turned 'round and I saw that it was someone else. "Oh," I said. "You're someone else."

"Who did you think I was?" she asked.

"I thought you were me," I said, but of course today I know better.

You buy a book and hope it is good.

Then you sit down and read it and it isn't what you'd hoped. You want to know the

truth, to put it on like a lovely fine hat and walk about in the world with your truth hat. But of course you can't. You can't put on truth—even some literary truths—because that takes time. Truth flies out of your grasp no matter how hard you struggle to keep it from blowing away in the wind of time. Memory fades like fabric washed too much, or like an old hat. So in the end we're all left with the same knowledge: time flies, memory fades, and some literary truths are old hat.

But of course men are different from women. At least in those days they were, but when were those days? Fifty years ago? Last Monday and Tuesday? I don't know. It sometimes seems that I don't know anything anymore—although I do know that then, as now, women could write dull, pointless, pompous reminiscences in an affected style and have them published, and do the whole literary thing with the book reviews and the critic junk. Can men do that too? Maybe.

The last mention of the mystery (if it was a mystery) of the finding-and-asking-Lillian-something thing was with another friend or lover—I can't remember which, as if it mattered in those days, which of course it did—and it was the last Lillian thing because it was then that I realized just

why I had been looking for her.

We were at a bookstore on Fifth Avenue, browsing among the new books, when my very good-looking friend said, "Seven ninety-five for this!" She held up a thin book with a pale yellow dust jacket. I cannot be sure of what she said next—it might have been "Wow!" or "Can you believe it?"—but I can be sure of what happened next. For it was then that I said to my good-looking friend or lover, "I know why. I know why I want to find her."

"Find who?" she said.

"Lillian."

"Why?"

"To ask her to give me my seven ninety-five back," I said.

I don't remember whether I continued, "Because in these days seven ninety-five is worth about four fifty, and with four fifty you can buy a fine hamburger and a beer in some hamburger fen, or perhaps a bottle of perplexing wine in some package-goods dump."

As I say, perhaps I said these things and perhaps I didn't. But I was thinking them, or at least, eventually, when I got home and thought very hard about the whole thing, writing them. □

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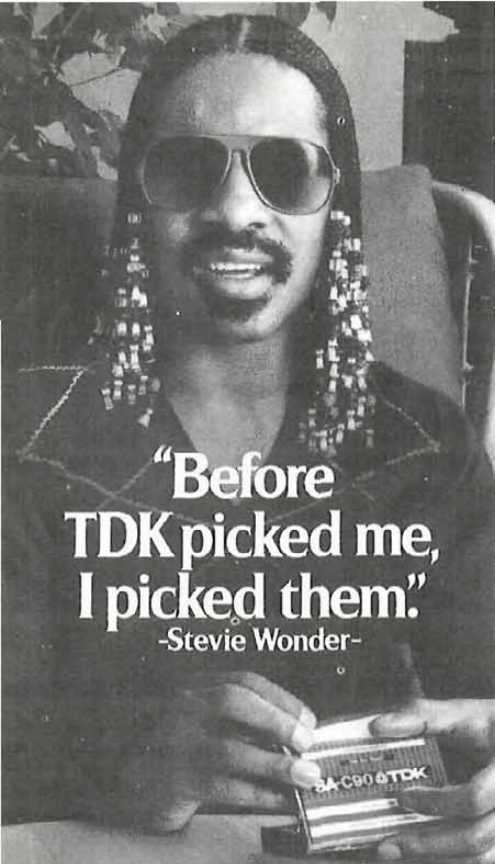
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LETTERS

continued from page 11

Sirs:

I have not mentioned this in the past, as it is a great shame to me, but I now feel I must come forward to say that Ronald Reagan's ballet-dancing son fucked my wife at a party in 1977. She became immediately attached to him and later told me the experience made it impossible for her to enjoy sex with any other man. Others whose wives were fucked by young Reagan at the same party have suffered similar losses of consortium.

Bob Glenn

1234 Not Press Release St.
Not Washington, DC

Sirs:

Can you tell me where I can get in touch with Ron Reagan, the kid of the presidential candidate? He came into my bar last night and busted up five iron workers who criticized the whore he'd been jamming in the back room, and I want to talk to him about maybe managing him in the ring, if he's interested.

Rob Glen

4321 Not Press Release Blvd.
Not Washington, DC

Sirs:

I recently examined the sphincter of Ron Reagan, Jr., and found its tone and shape to be superlative, as is the case with nonhomosexuals who have never deviated from normal, healthy sexual practices.

Dr. Robb Glenn

5678 Not Press Release Ave.
Not Washington, DC

Sirs:

I saw the chest of Ron Reagan, Jr., when he was having sex with me over and over, and it's very muscular and covered with thick hair.

Roberta Glen

8765 Not Press Release Dr.
Not Washington, DC

Sirs:

As far as we're concerned, Bob Dylan missed the biggest break of his career when he was stupid enough to survive that motorcycle accident. Look at him now, trucking his sad-sack ass back and forth across the country, bleating out that pathetic Bible-thumping mush. Fuck, man, we are blessed right out of our fucking skulls that we're so *dead* we don't have to listen to a single note of that shit.

Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix

Rock 'n' Roll Heaven

Sirs:

There must be some kind of a rule or something that says you have to be a real cunt to be a geometry teacher. Like, I had this real ball-busting geometry test yesterday, right? And I just wasn't in the mood for the fuckin' thing. I mean, Daddy and me had flown all the way to New York the night before to catch *Caligula*, then we went to this really terrif' disco and got blown off our asses on these really bitchin' horse tranquilizers, and we didn't get back till, like, six the next morning, right? Plus I was bummed out over the hard time that the fuckin' movie rating board's been giving me about my next flick, *Pippi Longstocking Pulls a Train*, right? Plus I was getting my period and it was, like, cramps city.

Look, I wouldn't even have gone on the friggin' trip if it wasn't for Daddy. He's been all hung up on this guilt trip lately because he took Farrah away from Lee, and I think he's still shell-shocked from his horrible, devastating, traumatic breakups with Ursula and Bianca and Barbra and Diana and Mom. So I thought I'd be white and do the town with him *this one night*, just so he could get his mind off his problems, you know? But did my old stupid-shit geometry teacher understand this? Of course not!

Well, what's a poor kid to do? I mean, she makes maybe ten grand a year with her stupid fuckin' secondary-degree, and I make a half-million without so much as a high-school diploma. Who should be teaching *who*?

Christ, what's this world coming to when they put creeps like *this* in positions of influence!?

Tatum O'Neal
Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

Why is it that all of us really cool guys who ran ninety-yard touchdowns in high school and got voted "Most Valuable Player" and "Most Likely to Succeed" end up selling used cars and life insurance in Akron, when all them skinny wimps from the high-school newspaper and cross-country team end up being movie stars and writing for *National Lampoon* and neat stuff such as this?

Is grown-up life just a chance for the wimps of the world to get even for high school? I gotta know. Things here at Prudential really suck.

"Big Chuck" Highland
Akron, Ohio

continued on page 95



BUDWEISER® • KING OF BEERS® • ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS

An Unbattered Wife

by Brian McCormick

Suburbia: it's a dog-eat-dog-food world where school buses roam the streets in search of human prey and gunshots can be heard blasting from TV sets almost every night. Children are caught cheating on their parents, routinely taken out to dinner by other parents as authorities look the other way. Wives go about unbloodied and unbattered by husbands with fists the size of a clenched hand.

You don't read about it in the papers. The tragedy of unbroken homes, uncest, extracourse and extrauterine devices, teenage virginity reaching epidemic proportions, unwed infants being born to unbattered wives...it's all too easily ignored by a complacent public.

You've seen the girls who grow up to be unbattered wives. They're Valium-injected vixens who eat sugar-coated hair curlers; they're learning Portuguese to stay thin; they're battling blowfish as volleyballs; they're asking trees out on dates, then suffering the indignity of being stood up by a plant.

"Yes, what you say is true," says the below-average reader, "but what can I do about it? I'm no folksinger, you know."

Folk songs are not the answer. It's going to take a few hundred tanks of helium and one helluva hangover to snap them out of it. The helium to make them feel like women again, and the hangover to make them appreciate the pain and wisdom that are womanhood.

You don't have to believe me. Just take the example of a Mrs. Xe (the "e" is silent), who happens to be your basic fictitious housewife whose husband beats her senseless at checkers

whenever he gets drunk. One night, after serving her helpmeet an evening meal of wine, Mrs. Xe retired to the bedroom for a snooze. An hour later, Mr. Xe staggered into the bedroom, drunk on the wine. He proceeded to take advantage of her while she slept, adding four motels to his Marvin Gardens holdings. She never had a chance. After the arrest, police reconstructed the scene using pipe cleaners, macaroni, and glue—not a very pretty sight for those of us who grew up watching bodies being bulldozed into mass graves on the nightly news. And this story isn't even true; imagine how awful the actual facts must be.

Perhaps the reader is skeptical. You have every right to be, Lord knows. Another example might serve to make the situation less clear.

Let's look at our friends in the insect world. Mr. and Mrs. Praying Mantis had been happily married for almost a mating season when Mrs. Mantis got one of her notorious cravings for her husband's flesh, not an uncommon urge among the pregnant set. When she came to her senses, only her husband's wings were left uneaten. She buried them in the backyard. Everyone has an exoskeleton in the closet. She tried to get an abortion when she found out she was pregnant with 300–500 little ones, but the medical costs proved prohibitively expensive. When the 300 tiny ones climbed out of the egg cluster they ate their mother, so hungry were they. Such are the fruits of an unbattered wife. But you needn't take my word for it; let Grandma Mantis verify this story in her own words, rather than the words "sun," "tree," and "the."

"This story is the gosh honest

truth," says Granny M.

Granny M. always uses the words "gosh honest truth." It's a habit of hers, so you know I'm not pulling any fast ones here. Granny M. is the real article.

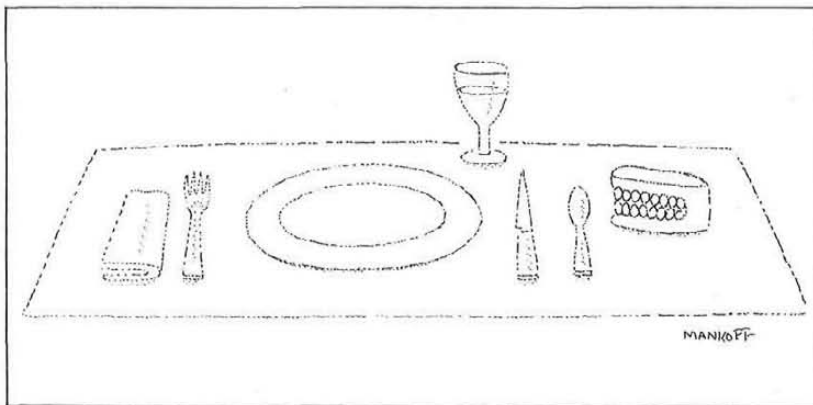
Granny M. and Mrs. Xe are not alone. There are millions just like them, fictitious characters trapped in a magazine article they never wrote. Alone, afraid, and confused, much like the reader of this column, many unbattered wives have turned to the lonely solace of bear baiting. Unless packs of large, wild bears are released into the streets immediately, there's no telling what these women might do. Already many have gone shopping; others have turned to glassblowing. The less artful among them have become international diplomats.

Mrs. Xe has turned to molecular engineering for the solution. "Yesterday I built a bread incubator [really a toaster] out of a carboxyl group. I'm saving my husband's ashes to build a lawn sprinkler," says Mrs. Xe. "Next thing is a steam-powered pencil opener."

Sad, isn't it? It's hard to believe that in this day and age these women can't be locked up in institutions. However, there is a number they can call. If you, or someone like you, knows someone who is not like you but is instead like Mrs. Xe, dial the Operator and ask to be connected with the Battered Seals Hot Line. The battered seals know and understand the problems of the unbattered wife, even though they can communicate only by honking a circus horn.

Should you wish to beat your wife, remember to start her off slowly. Begin a daily regimen of wife bothering. "Honey, your shoes are on" may work for starters. Then buy her a mouse collection. Soon she will be begging to be bopped. And remember, there's only one way to bruise a wife without leaving telltale scuff marks: use Wax-n-Glo wife polish. It removes unsightly scuff marks and leaves your wife with a waxen glow that won't wear off with repeated beatings.

Should you wish to continue taking out your passivity on your wife, don't hesitate to tie her to a bedpost and cut paper silhouettes of her. Better yet, film one of your most brutal sensitivity sessions with the Mammalian Organism Group Therapy Alliance; have your wife bare her bruised ego on the silver screen. When she's finished her interpersonal striptease, there won't be a dry seat in the house. □



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Sansui's new direct-drive automatic **FR-D3 turntable** tracks your records with unusual precision, and its controls are conveniently outside the dustcover. The Dolbyized **D-90 cassette deck**, a convenient front-loader, has bias and EQ switches to match standard and high performance tapes. And when you connect it to a timer, it'll make recordings while you're away.

To deliver the music, we've provided a pair of our fine 3-way acoustic suspension **SPA-3700 speakers**, with great power and clarity over the entire frequency spectrum and special controls to match the sound to your listening environment.

Everything (except the speakers, of course) is conveniently mounted in a handsome walnut veneer cabinet with smoked glass doors, swivel casters, and plenty of room for your records.

Ask your Sansui authorized dealer to show you the Select System 70 and the other fine Systems, turntables and speakers in the Select line.

When your friends listen to the great sound of your Sansui Select System, they'll wonder how you did it. Tell them it was easy — with a little help from another friend. Sansui.



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SUPER COMPO
SELECT SYSTEM 70

The Hot Tub

Modern Life-style and Living for Today's Guy

by John Hughes

Brrr! Winter has arrived; nipples are standing up and the trees are standing bleak. Time to get those old chili and hot chocolate stains off the overcoat and get ready for Snow Bunny Season!... While on the subject of winter, let's talk fake fur. Can you really tell? Here's the rule of thumb: Fake fur that looks like exotic animal fur never fools anyone but your checkbook; but those furs that look like regular old any-kind-of-creature fur could fool a clerk at Tiffany's! Should men wear fake fur? You're used to giving it, but do you have the guts to wear it? Many years ago fur on men was a sign of trouble in the s-e-x department, but today fur on men says more about the wallet than the jock!... **Winter Nose Alert!** When it gets cold outside, noses run faster than Lynn Swann; and the bad news is numb facial flesh can't sense a creeping tide of you-know-what; and more than one Hot Tubber has delivered a romantic plea with a loaded upper lip. When you're outside in whatever Winter Wonderland you frequent, think nose. Check it with the back of your mitten.... One other point: The Hot Tub has received inquiries as to bad breath in cold weather. It's true that certain odors freeze out, but all in all if your breath is stale indoors, a pretty puff of steam won't disguise it!... On to other news: Bill W., of Wheeling, Illinois, wants to know if a man should offer a woman a

tampon. According to modern etiquette, Bill, don't offer unless she asks! A box of Kotex security tampons under the bathroom sink is a real convenience when you entertain at "that time of month"! While on the subject of female grooming *à la* privacy... a lot of Hot Tubbers are confused about the Stayfree® Mini Pad type of female protection: how do they stay stuck in the panties? It's not magic or sleight of hand, guys, it's tape!... **Single Living!** Nothing says "poor host" more than a stack of *Sports Illustrateds* or car magazines or your trade publications in the bathroom. Pick up a few points and stock the dumper with *People*, *Better Homes and Gardens*, and *Cosmo* for the enjoyment of the gals who drop by! (...sent in by Ron H., of Hardyville, Missouri) ... Hey! Is it still The Thing To Do to be p.o.'d at Iran? You bet your fuzzbuster it is! You may not be able to spark any romance with a pledge to "be among the first to hit the beaches at Tehran," but if the subject comes up, it doesn't hurt to drop your best ayatollah zinger!... **Your Wallet!** Where does the Smart Money go these days? Golden Passbook accounts? Credit Union accounts? Collectibles? According to the Hot Tub financial adviser, J. Stan Harding, formerly of the Franklin Mint, an investment you enjoy while it increases in value is your best bet. J. Stan likes gold jew-

elry. "It looks super and it appreciates like all get-out!" May we add that a high-yield gold chain around your neck has a lot more "fox appeal" than municipal bonds in your Fire Safe!... **BSers Beware!** Word has reached this column that more than one of you fellas are trying to get muff with the quadrennial "I was on the US Olympic team" line. Keep in mind that the summer games were boycotted by this country, and unless you're able to fake a British, Afghani, Zambian, or Cuban accent, you'll be caught with your cool hanging out! For those of you who are still fuming over politics being brought into sports, depriving young men of good scoring opportunities, you can write your congressman. Hot Tub did!... Have a sexy Thanksgiving—stuff your T-Day bird with ginseng!... **Hot Tub Auto Tip!** If you're having trouble impressing the vixens with your company-owned fleet-model Olds Omega with the tartan-print interior, why not consider popping for a snazzy Sienna SS, called by its manufacturers the "most beautiful sports-car kit in the world." Sounds like 50,000 clams, doesn't it? But, guess what? It's a car you build yourself with nothing more than a VW engine and chassis, a few simple tools, and a sleek Italian-like 100 percent virgin-fiberglass body that comes via the United Parcel Service ready to turn heads and spread legs! Unless she's a serious car buff or a VW owner, she'll never know you spent only \$2,500!... **More Car News!** Many letters from hairless Hot Tubbers celebrating the demise of the convertible! What about sunroofs! Let's hear from you.... Say "Howdy" to **Carlene Apatosa!** This perky little Urban Cowgirl is our pick for November's Miss Hot Tub! If you get to Saint Joseph, Missouri, be sure to stop by the Double R Bar and watch Miss November take a turn on the big bad mechanical bull! What's your best time, Carlene? "I stayed on for a whole minute, and it was set for a medium-rough ride!" You know what they say about girls and horses. What's the word on girls and mechanical bulls? "Ask my boyfriend!" He's Barry Thaal, a regional rep for Clorox bleach and an avid fan of "the western-style life" who plans to visit Wyoming or Colorado as soon as time permits. In addition to her rodeo skills, Carlene makes killer tacos from scratch and would like to go to bed with J.R. "just to see if he's really as

continued on page 85



Mature poet surrounded by young artists passing mature artist surrounded by young poets.

By day they ran a motel...
by night they ran amok

MOTEL HELL



"MOTEL HELL" starring RORY CALHOUN PAUL LINKE NANCY PARSONS NINA AXELROD
and **WOLFMAN JACK** produced by STEVEN-CHARLES JAFFE and ROBERT JAFFE
executive producer HERB JAFFE written by ROBERT JAFFE and STEVEN-CHARLES JAFFE

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UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING
PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

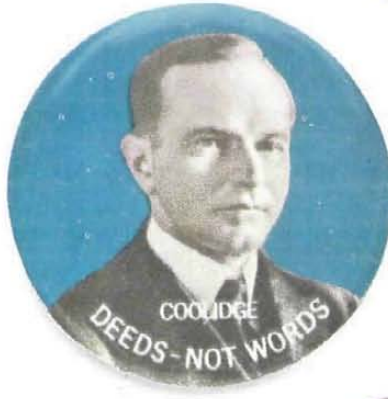
directed by KEVIN CONNOR music by LANCE RUBIN

United Artists
A Transamerica Company

ENTER THE SECRET GARDEN IN **DD DOLBY STEREO**
BY SELECTED THEATRES

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OPENS NATIONWIDE FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24



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No matter how you mix it, Seagram's 7 Crown's a winner. 7 & Cola with a slice of lime? Triumphant! 7 & 7? Victorious! Even all by itself over ice, it's unbeatable! And enjoy our quality in moderation.

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Where quality drinks begin.



AMERICAN WHISKEY - A BLEND, 80 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

NEWS ON THE MARCH

FORD TO CARTER: "HOW ABOUT A CO-V.P.?"



MONDALE COULD
RUN THE SENATE,
AND I COULD FILL IN
FOR YOU AT FUNERALS
AND PARTIES AND
STUFF, OKAY?

G'WAN,
GET OUTTA
HERE.

Governor Brown Proposes Pyramid Draft

California Governor Jerry Brown has advanced a proposal that he says "will ease the tension brought about by the reinstatement of the draft" by utilizing the concept of popular so-called pyramid games. Under his plan, any person called upon to register for the draft may be deferred from service if he persuades four "friends or acquaintances" to register. Each of the four will be similarly exempted if he brings in four others, and so forth. "The best thing about the plan," Brown told reporters, "is that pretty soon every eligible male in the US will be exempt, and then no one will be eligible, and there will be universal peace forever."

Cities Battle to Host '84 Republican Convention

In the wake of glowing reports from the city of Detroit that Republican delegates were so impressed with their treatment in Motown that they are buying winter homes downtown and flying in by the thousands on weekend "get-away" junkets, the cities of Watts, California, and Lagos, Nigeria, have begun a bidding war to host the convention in 1984. Republican spokesman Senator Howard Baker told reporters, "Detroit proves we are willing to overlook poverty and Negroes if a city spends a lot of money on us and the people act friendly. That's the kind of party we are. Just ask all of our close permanent friends in Detroit."

Billy Carter Registers for Everything

Since Billy Carter was pressured to register with the State Department as an agent of the Libyan government, he is believed to have registered with over three hundred more agencies, institutions, and businesses on his own initiative. According to one partial list, Billy has thus far registered for the draft; as a nurse; as an alien; and for gun permits, sweepstakes drawings, license plates, trademarks, hunting tags, private investigator's licenses, tax permits, CETA programs, senior-citizen discounts, and permits to transport nuclear fuel in all fifty states. He has also registered at 257 colleges, and pre-registered at 433 more. "I'm gonna register for ever' goddamn thing on earth," Billy explained.

New York Subway to Get Ten-Sided Wheels

Metropolitan Transit Authority Chairman Richard Ravitch announced the purchase of newly developed ten-sided wheels for New York City's subway system. The new wheels will replace the aging octagonal wheels currently standard on New York subway cars. "The new wheels will result in a 25 percent smoother ride," Ravitch told reporters.

NAB REAGAN IN WEIRDO LOVE TRYST



GIVE
US THE DOG,
GOVERNOR.

WELL, BUT,
THE DOG IS A
CONSENTING ADULT...
WE REALLY LOVE
EACH OTHER...

Waldheim Plan for Shah, Hostages, Revealed

UN Secretary General Kurt Waldheim has revealed a proposal he made to the Iranian government immediately after the death of the former shah of Iran last July. The plan called for the UN to impound the deceased monarch's body and "in a manner mutually acceptable to both concerned parties" (i.e., Iran and the UN) "mutilate, deface, abuse, and generally malign" the corpse for the purposes of antishah propaganda.

In return, Iran was to guarantee the return of the US hostages.

"The idea was for Waldheim himself to mutilate the body," explained a UN official. "He's a great man, and he's truly concerned about world peace."

Poles Dismiss Riot Reports

The government of Poland has officially denied reports of large-scale worker riots in the last few months, claiming the disturbances were merely apparitions projected by beams of light that had become trapped in the ionosphere after riots in Miami, Florida. When questioned about the white skin of the Polish people, as opposed to the color of Negro rioters supposedly reflected from America, a communist official explained that "obviously only the American Negroes in Poland were making the trouble, whereas all the Polish people are content and law-abiding citizens." When asked how the American blacks got to Poland, he said he didn't know and advised checking with airlines and railroads.

POPE VISITS FAITHFUL ON MARS



After having visited every poor, desolate, insufferable nation on earth, John Paul II has begun to extend his papacy to the rest of the solar system, where, according to the pope, "blessings are fewer and life is even more of a trial than in, say, Peru."

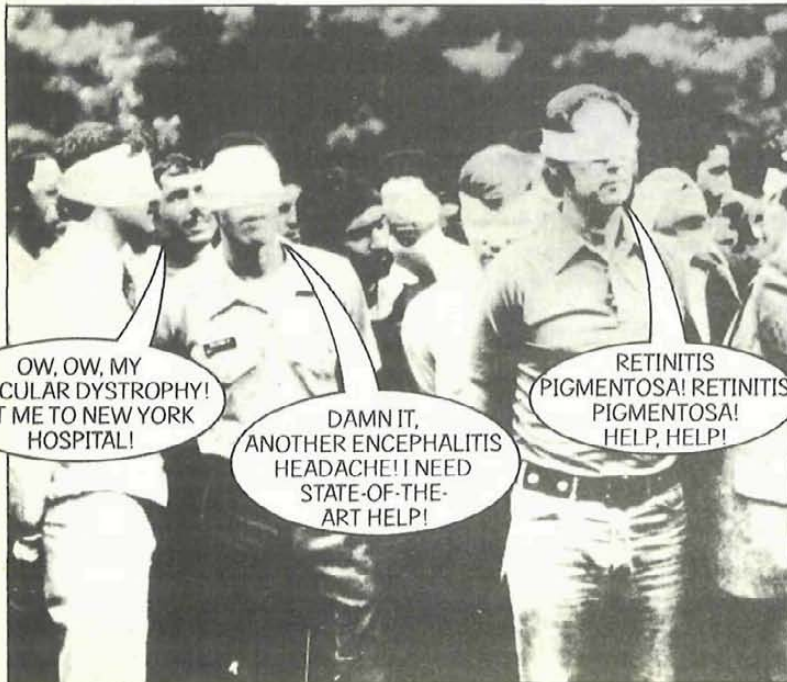
South Africa Dismisses Riot Reports

"The government of South Africa has denied reports that riots and other racial disturbances continue to plague the apartheid-based country. It has explained one recently publicized riot—in which dozens of blacks were thought to have been injured or killed—as "an optical illusion created by the atmosphere."

There was no riot here," said a government official. "The riot seen and photo-

graphed by reporters actually took place in Miami, Florida, some time ago. The light waves from that disturbance bounced around in the ionosphere and eventually came shooting back down to Johannesburg, where everybody saw them and thought a riot was going on, which it definitely was not. This happens in the desert all the time, as anyone who has ever seen "The Twilight Zone" can tell you. The dead bodies weren't real either, and the gunfire noise was from a nearby radio. I am not lying."

HOSTAGES CLAIMING RASH OF EXOTIC DISORDERS



OW, OW, MY MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY! GET ME TO NEW YORK HOSPITAL!

DAMN IT, ANOTHER ENCEPHALITIS HEADACHE! I NEED STATE-OF-THE-ART HELP!

RETINITIS PIGMENTOSA! RETINITIS PIGMENTOSA! HELP, HELP!

News on the March

Investigative Photographer

QUESTION:

Why didn't you register for the draft?



E. Cole:
"It was too far to drive."



M. Lambert:
"Didn't feel like it."



B. Collins:
"I was on vacation."

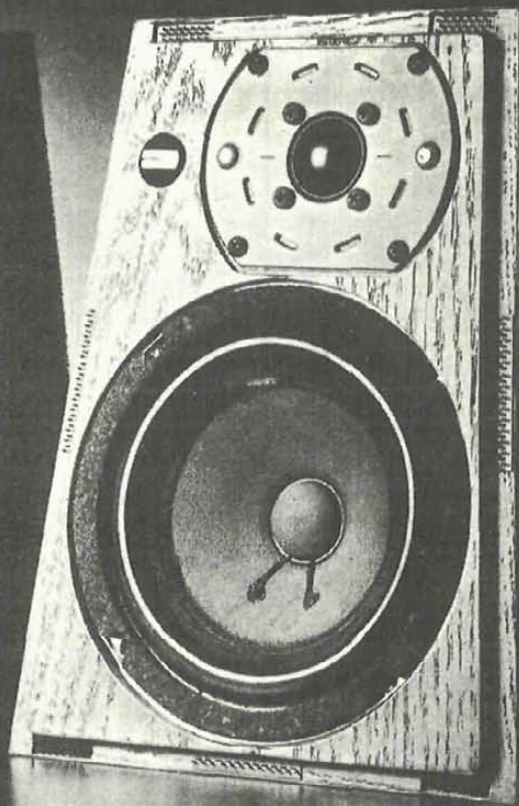


P. Miller:
"My car broke down."



J. Baez:
"This is a flagrantly illegal violation of the rights of living humans; the corrupt cartel of political, military, and corporate fascists is duping everyone; plus, I'm a girl and forty."

When it comes to performance, size doesn't count...anymore.



ADC

Up until now the sound quality of mini-speakers was exactly what you probably imagined... minimal. Minimal bass response. Minimal power handling capacity. Minimal definition.

That was until ADC perfected the incredible new MS-650 mini-speaker system. The only thing small about it, is its size.

Here's why. Unlike conventional mini-system drivers that can overheat and distort under high power, both the MS-650's 1" polyamide soft dome tweeter and 6½" high compliance woofer are specially cooled with ferrofluid in the voice coil gap for better frequency response, lower distortion and greater power handling.

They're so effective the new MS-650 mini-speaker system can handle up to 150 watts of power! But what's even more amazing is that while it can handle all that power, it doesn't need it. A mere 20 watts input produces an awesome 102dB output. That's enough to wake the neighbors. And the whole neighborhood. But that's not all. To further enhance sound quality

the MS-650's feature an effective combination of first and higher order crossover networks for a smooth, natural transition between high and low frequencies. That's a big difference between the crossover systems most mini-speakers use.

But the differences don't stop there. The MS-650's unique non-parallel cabinet sides were computed to allow a gradual termination of midrange frequencies at the cabinet edge. The sound you'll hear will be more natural... at all levels. Even the front face is sloped for improved phase coherency. To minimize the adverse effects of cabinet resonances, the MS-650 is constructed of Isopur T.F.M., a specially formulated non-resonant material.

The new ADC MS-650 mini-speaker system. The only thing small about it, is its size.

For your nearest ADC dealer or more information call (800) 243-9544 or write Audio Dynamics Corporation, Pickett District Road, New Milford, Connecticut 06776.

MS650
MINI-SPEAKER **ADC**
A BSO COMPANY

Asylum for Red Boy Sparks Teen Revolt

A wave of teenage asylum seeking has followed the State Department's recent decision to grant political asylum to a twelve-year-old Ukrainian immigrant who refused to accompany his parents from Chicago back to the Soviet Union. In one case, fifteen-year-old Susie Kaplan, of Great Neck, New York, has formally requested asylum at the plush horse ranch of a girl friend rather than return to the home of her parents; and, similarly, recreational asylum is being sought by Stuart and Gail Flanagan, a brother and sister from Orlando, Florida, who refuse to leave Disney World. As a means of discouraging this behavior, many parents have reportedly threatened to torture brothers and sisters left behind, by incarcerating them in psychiatric clinics and exiling them to the houses of old, out-of-touch relatives in decaying industrial cities from where there is no escape.

Shah Will Turn Up All Over Iran

Officials in Iran predict it may be years before the estate of the late shah is settled, owing to the number of conflicting wills that have begun to surface around the country. One document, produced by a fruit-stand clerk in Tabriz, purports to leave the shah's entire fortune of \$800 million to him and his wife in gratitude for an orange the clerk said he gave the shah thirty years ago when the ruler's hotel ran out of citrus. Another will, which appeared in the office of a leader of the Sunni Moslem sect, bequeaths \$800 billion of the shah's assets to the Sunnis, while a third testamentary device, found in a diplomatic pouch, is alleged to name the president of Egypt, Anwar Sadat, as sole heir to more than \$800 trillion.

Soviets Take Back Own Olympic Medals

After awarding itself a total of 196 Olympic medals in Moscow, the Soviet Union has ordered its athletes to give them all back after uncovering widespread instances of cheating among Russian judges, coaches, and athletes alike. In a related event, the Kremlin announced it will repatriate millions of Ukrainian, Estonian, Georgian, and Lithuanian people to their native republics, grant them total independence, and fine itself one hundred billion dollars to pay reparations to them for losses incurred under Soviet rule. For anyone who is still believing this story, the chief of the Soviet prison system has ordered every labor camp in Russia to be torn down and rebuilt entirely out of chocolate and restaffed with elfin gingerbread guards who are magic and never make anyone work.

BACK ISSUES

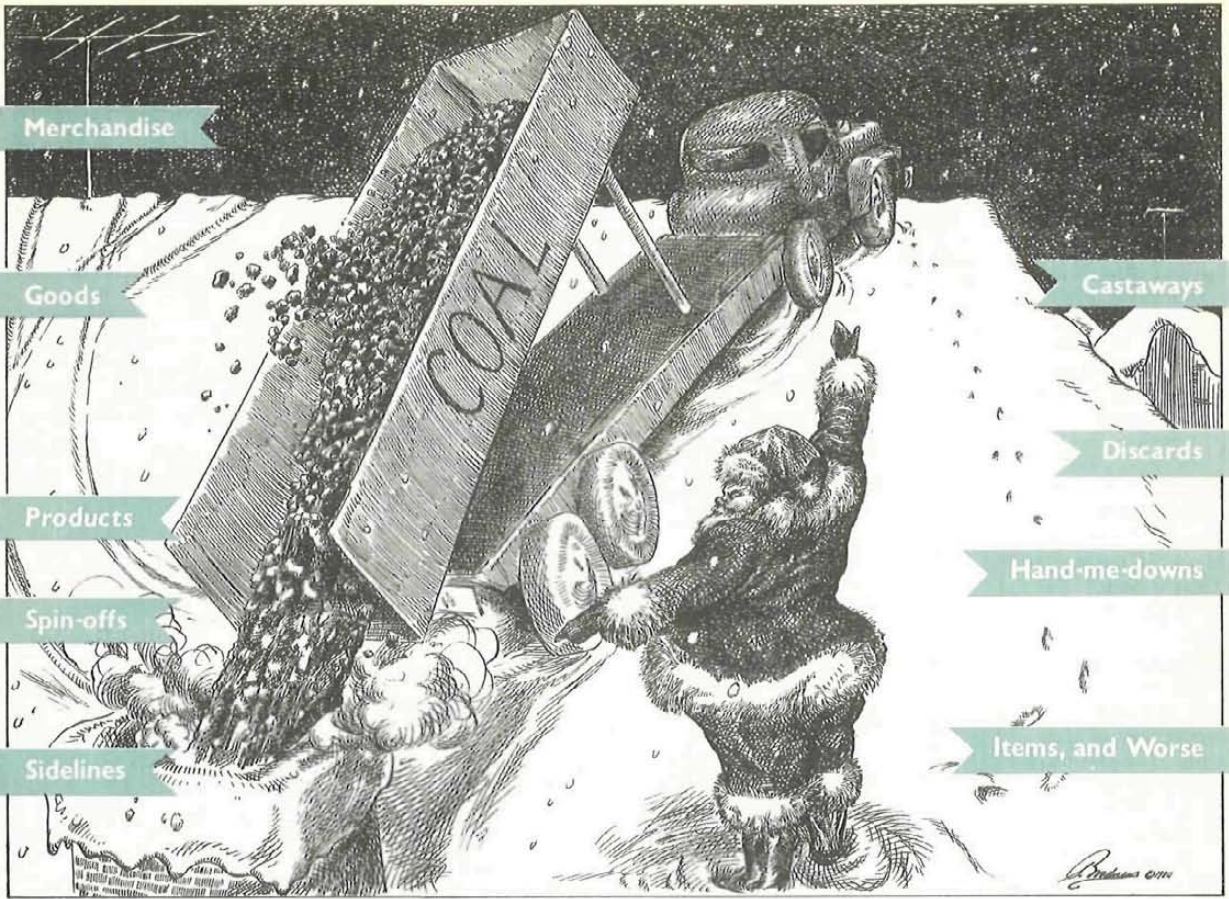
- OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES?** With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics. Torn Walle in Walls, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album.
- DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER:** With Son-o-God comics #2, Chess Miles, Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Insh Supplement.
- MAY, 1973/FRAUD:** With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarins.
- SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR:** With Life parody Naz Regula for Gracious Living, Whiteolive comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerre* Magazine, and Military Trading Cards.
- JULY, 1974/DESSERT:** With *Famne Circa* Magazine, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigue's, Gastronomie Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches* Magazine.
- AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE:** With Agnew's A Very Stable Advance, *Seed* Magazine, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster #7, and True Menu.
- SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE:** With Unexcusing Stories, Rodrigue's Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and *Battar* Comics.
- NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS:** With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics, and Watergate Down.
- JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE:** With *Negligent Mother* Magazine, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, Field High Comics, Watergate Trial, and Night of the Iceless Capades, *Massacre*.
- MAY, 1975/MEDICINE:** With *National Sore*, Terminal Fatigue, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigue's Comedies, and Our Wonderful Bodies.
- AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE:** With the Rockefeller Atica Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Gilzen's Arrest* Magazine, Inherit Their Wind, and World Night Court.
- SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE:** With the Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Plays, and the *F-square* parody.
- DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY:** With The Great Price War, *Entrepreneurs*, and a *fortune* parody.
- APRIL, 1976/SPORTS:** With Dogfighting, *Silver Jock*, The Glory of Their Hindsight, the U.S. Olympic Hand book, and The Fuck Stops Here.
- SEPTEMBER, 1976/THE LATEST ISSUE:** With a complete list of Bad Words, Western Romance Part Three, *Booze-Dog* Magazine, and the return of both Uncle Buckle and Carl Hammer.
- OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES:** With a four-page, full-color Nuts; the Aesop Brothers on honeymoon, Vernon, Sherman the Tank, Odd Bodkins, and dozens of other comics and cartoons.
- NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE:** Is Democracy Fixed? The complete story of the Townville campaign, starting Ford and Carter look-alikes, with the traditional bribery, corruption, and natural gas.
- JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE:** With Those Lazy Hazy Crazy Final Days, lots of hilarious cartoons, sight gags, comics, and the *Scientific American* parody.
- FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINAUGURAL ISSUE:** With JFK's First 6,000 Days (1962-1976), the village voice parody, War in Ireland, and the Jackie Memorial.
- APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV:** With T-Bird and Monza, TV Magazine, Monday Night Sleep, PBS Concurrence, and *Dinah's Dumpster*.
- JUNE, 1977/CAREERS:** With mercenaries, wetbacks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, Superman's get-rich tips, and Sam Gross.
- JULY, 1977/SEX:** With the inevitable *Life Report* parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know, porn flicks, skin books, stroke mags, and the Last True-Life Western Romance.
- SEPTEMBER, 1977/GROW UP:** With the health facts, insurance madness, Gidget Goes Gentle, a guide to adults, and Gahan Wilson's Grow-ups Can Do Anything.
- OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES:** With *Mersey Moptop Faveave Fabgearbeat* Magazine, Beat the Meates, the unreleased albums of John, George, Ringo, Paul, and Frank Sinatra, and the authentic McCartney autopsy report.
- NOVEMBER, 1977/LIFESTYLES:** With Best Medical Field Market, Busting Out of Suburbia, Organic Backlash, White Rastafarians, and Best Negroes in New York.
- DECEMBER, 1977/CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER:** With the death of Sania Claus, alternate good taste covers, cards, presents, and the Texas Supplement.
- JANUARY, 1978/THE ROLE OF SEX IN HISTORY:** With the Socratic Monologue, Sex in Ancient China, the Crests, and the 6 Blunders of the Ancient World.
- FEBRUARY, 1978/SPRING FASCISM PREVIEW:** With *National Socialist Review*, the Toronto Supplement, Euro-nazis, The Real Adolf Hitler, and Fascist Food.
- MARCH, 1978/CRIME AND PUNISHMENT:** With Short Hairs, the History of Crime in the Cinema, the White Canary, Pointless, Games and Just Deserts.
- APRIL, 1978/SPRING CLEANING:** With the Birds of Ireland, the New York Supplement, four-color comics by Rodrigue's, Wilson, Finniken and Browne, and the Aulorama.
- JUNE, 1978/THE WILD WEST:** With *Even Bluegrits Got the Cows*, the Indian Section, Our Family Journey to the West, and Cowboys of Many Lands.
- JULY, 1978/100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE:** With a garden of parodies, Sussman and Greenfield's history of *Nail.amp*, Born Again on the Fourth of July, and comics by Wilson, Rodrigue's, and Subitzky.
- AUGUST, 1978/TODAY'S TEENS:** With *Sawyeeren* and *Real Teen* magazines, comics by Wilson and Finniken, Then and Now, a Field Guide to Young Teen-age Girls, and a *Nail.amp* report on education in America.
- SEPTEMBER, 1978/STYLE:** With *Regular Guy Quarterly*, Dress for Successfulness, Afro Sheek, and a complete fall fashion forecast.
- OCTOBER, 1978/ENTERTAINMENT:** With movie, TV, and music sections, comics by Wilson and Finniken, Wilson, Rodrigue's, and a *Nail.amp* guide to the Big Ten.
- NOVEMBER, 1978/THE BODY:** With *Memoirs of a Surgeon*, Pot Mews and Coke Alley, Captain Cadaver by Gahan Wilson, How Our Bodies Develop, and a True Body Section.
- DECEMBER, 1978/FOOD AND FESTIVITY:** With *Modern Menus*, Foods of Many Nations, a General History of Food Fighting, a Gourmet Guide, and a True Food Section.
- JANUARY, 1979/DEPRESSION:** With Psychopages, What I Got for Christmas, New Year's Eve, special Cheer-Up section, and comics by Gahan Wilson, Subitzky, and Finniken.
- FEBRUARY, 1979/HETEROSEXUALITY:** With *Very Married Sex*, a look at bachelors, Planet of the Living Women, Screwing Your Best Friend's Wife, and a profile of Mr Right.
- MARCH, 1979/CHANCE:** With Track Rats, Vegas, Uncharted Melodrama, How to Drive Fast, and John and Garry's risk section.
- APRIL, 1979/APRIL FOOL:** With Salacious Items and Lewd Articles, Florida College Spring Vacation Travel Supplement, the 1946 Bulgemobiles, and a *Life* Magazine parody.
- MAY, 1979/INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM AND TERRORISM:** With *EXPLO '79*, Boris Bond of KGB, Girls of the Communist Bloc, and the ultimate Commie guide the Pink Pages.
- JUNE, 1979/KIDS:** With Alice in Regularland, Young Bums, Big Boys, Child Pornography, and comics by Shary Finniken and Gahan Wilson.
- JULY, 1979/SPORTS:** With Action Golf, Game Burnes, Weekend Athletes, and a special Encyclopedia of Participatory Sports by the editors.
- AUGUST, 1979/TRAVEL:** With A Girl's Letters Home from Europe, Vacation Travel Then and Now, *Traveler's A-Z*, and Where to Get the Best Sex in Europe.
- SEPTEMBER, 1979/POTPOURRI:** A miscellany of humor with *Vacation '58*, Stan Mack's True Herma Operation, an inside look at Niagara Falls, and a guide to the New Constellations.
- OCTOBER, 1979/COMEDY:** With a women's humor magazine, a guide to practical joking, The Funniest People I Ever Met, and How to Tell a Dirty Joke to a Woman.
- NOVEMBER, 1979/LOVE:** With an informative Engagement Guide, a Wedding Album, Love at First Sight, and a tortured look at obsessive love.
- DECEMBER, 1979/SUCCESS:** With The Little Engine That Did, The Woman's Undress for Success Book, Bitch Goddesses, and a look at failure.
- JANUARY, 1980/FANTASY:** With the Civil War Between the Negroes and the Jews, Sex Fantasies of Richard Nixon, Sex Fantasies, and a novel guitar instruction book.

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

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Seasonal Offerings from National Lampoon

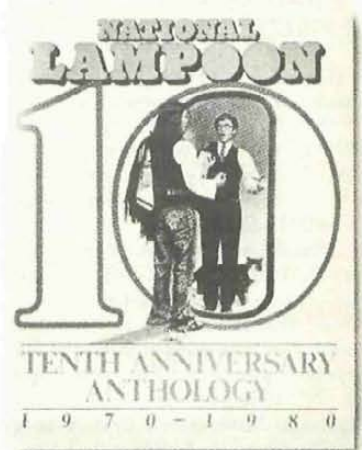


National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket An attractive jacket carefully proportioned on scientific principle to cover the upper torso in a fashionable manner. A great favorite with baseball players, both gentlemen and ladies, and with those whose activities take them outdoors during the summer, spring, and fall seasons.

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National Lampoon Releases Study of Globe for Year 2000

Closely following the issuing of a State Department study of the world in the year 2000, *National Lampoon* has released its own report covering similar topics. These include:

- Population: There will be "many" people on the earth by the year 2000, some of whom are alive today.
- Resources: All natural resources that are used between now and the year 2000 will no longer be available for use by the end of that period.
- Food: There will be some food.

"Pay or Deliver," Supreme Court Tells Pregnant Rabble

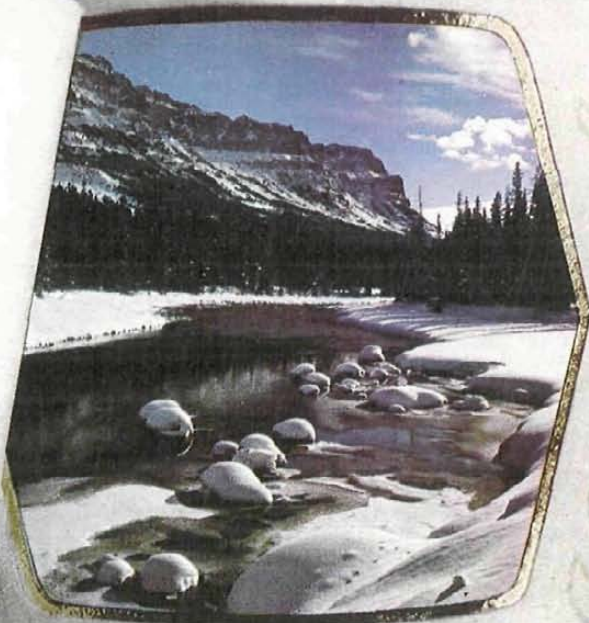
The US Supreme Court, sitting *en banc* to emphasize the importance of the case, has unanimously upheld and enlarged upon its decision earlier in the year to permit states to deny welfare funds for elective abortions. Writing for the Court, Justice Warren Burger held, "Although there exists a well-settled entitlement to a reasonable standard of health care for all levels of society, it remains obvious that the continued subsidy of pregnancy terminations among the destitute and wretched will serve only to reduce their numbers. In that it is also well settled that these aforesaid pariahs are, by virtue of their peculiar intellectual and cultural deficiencies, least capable of forming a cogent criticism of this court and, coincidentally, responsible for most of the really interesting violent crimes in this country, we cannot in fairness to ourselves endorse the public-financed murder of thousands of poor people who may possibly grow up to not criticize us and, as a bonus, commit unspeakable atrocities that will help to break up the soporific docket of corporative nobbling that we are all sick of trying, day after day, week after week, until we can't stand it anymore."

AMA Nixes Docs' Con-KO Shots

Although some states have passed new capital-punishment laws replacing antiquated electric chairs and gas chambers with lethal hypodermic injections, the American Medical Association has officially banned its doctors from administering the shots. "It is an inappropriate use of a doctor's skills," declared an editorial in the *AMA Journal*. "The association insists that all human beings, regardless of status, have the right to be killed through traditional medical procedures: unnecessary surgery; superfluous and misprescribed drugs; fat, slovenly, incompetent hospital employees; and other forms of established treatment."

Edited by Tod Carroll. Contributions by T.C., Ellis Weiner, and John Bendel.

MOLSON

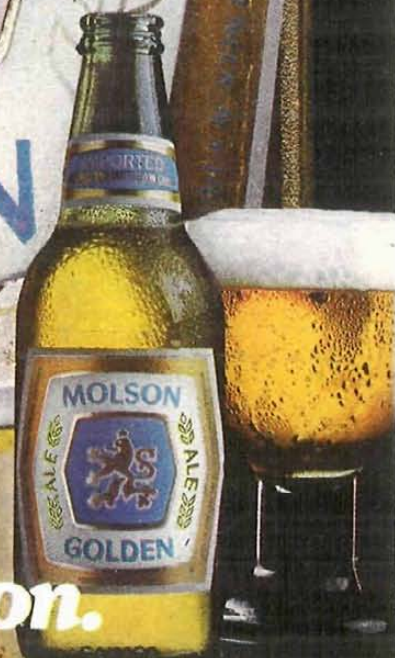


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OLGA KORBU

BY TIMMY BEAUGEREAUX

Olga was the darling of the 1972 Olympics. I fucked her joints loose twelve hours before she won her first gold medal, and I did it on her bunk while a PLO death unit was killing Jews across the courtyard.

It took me about forty-eight hours after my arrival in Munich to meet Olga by chance at the Soviet Relaxation Canteen. Security was surprisingly porous there; I wandered in with a collection of Slavs who were singing an Agfa film jingle they heard on German TV. Olga was seated on a plastic bench drinking Pepsi from a paper cup with fold-out handles and a graphic motif of large yellow, blue, and green disks—apparently the stock leisure cup her government had chosen for the Twentieth Olympiad. She sat next to an eczematous, cork-lipped Russian lummoX whose potato-like chest was fully paneled with dozens of elaborate security passes and credentials. He was Mr. Lubicheva, her personal coach and custodian. I imagined his brain stem had become vulcanized by alcoholic heat processes into a thin chunk of pumice, and that the odds against his “understanding” my need to make some type of degrading contact with pigtailed communist Olympians were 100 percent in my favor. “Agfa, Agfa, fa, la-la, la-la,” a knot of Slavs sang in the adenoidal squeal of Schultz the Agfa Foto Mause, “...click-click, click-click, fa, la-la, la-la.” They liked the “click-click” part best, presumably because it gave them an opportunity to spring several feet in the air and click imaginary shutters like Schultz the Foto Mause.

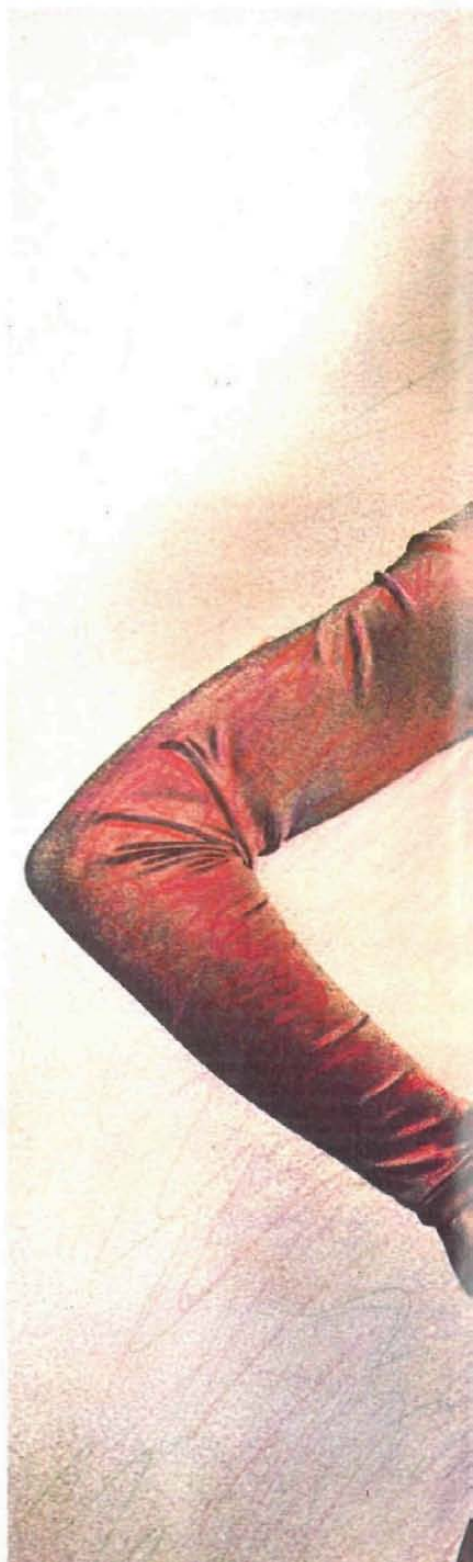
Olga seemed impressed by this. She would giggle and feign embarrassment

whenever one of the hopping Slavs pretended to take her picture. “Shoooltz!” she screeched between the palms of her hands. I decided at that moment to concentrate on her, so I stuffed a paper napkin between my cheek and teeth and sat down on the plastic bench. “Are you with the Czechoslovakian team?” Mr. Lubicheva inquired from Olga’s other side. I pointed to my distended cheek as if I were in extreme dental pain and nodded yes. “Too many Pepsi-Cokes,” he scowled. Then he waved his finger at Olga and confiscated her cup. “Too many Pepsi-Cokes,” he said again.

Having some fluency in the Russian language, I understood what was going on. Olga shot up and walked to an empty table across the room; a minute or two later I wandered through the bouncing crowd of Czechs and sat down across from her, out of Lubicheva’s line of sight. “By way of introduction,” I said after removing the napkin from my mouth, “I am Lord Montgomery, executive director of the International Olympics Committee. I have information that your coach has been withholding Pepsi-Coke from the Soviet athletes....” Olga glanced at me petulantly, then stared at her lap. “Please, do not be afraid to speak,” I said quietly. “We believe that your coach is actually a foreign operative who is attempting to damage Russian morale by denying the popular beverages.” I put my hand on her shoulder, smiled reassuringly, and motioned toward the exit with my eyes. “Perhaps you would feel more comfortable outside,” I said.

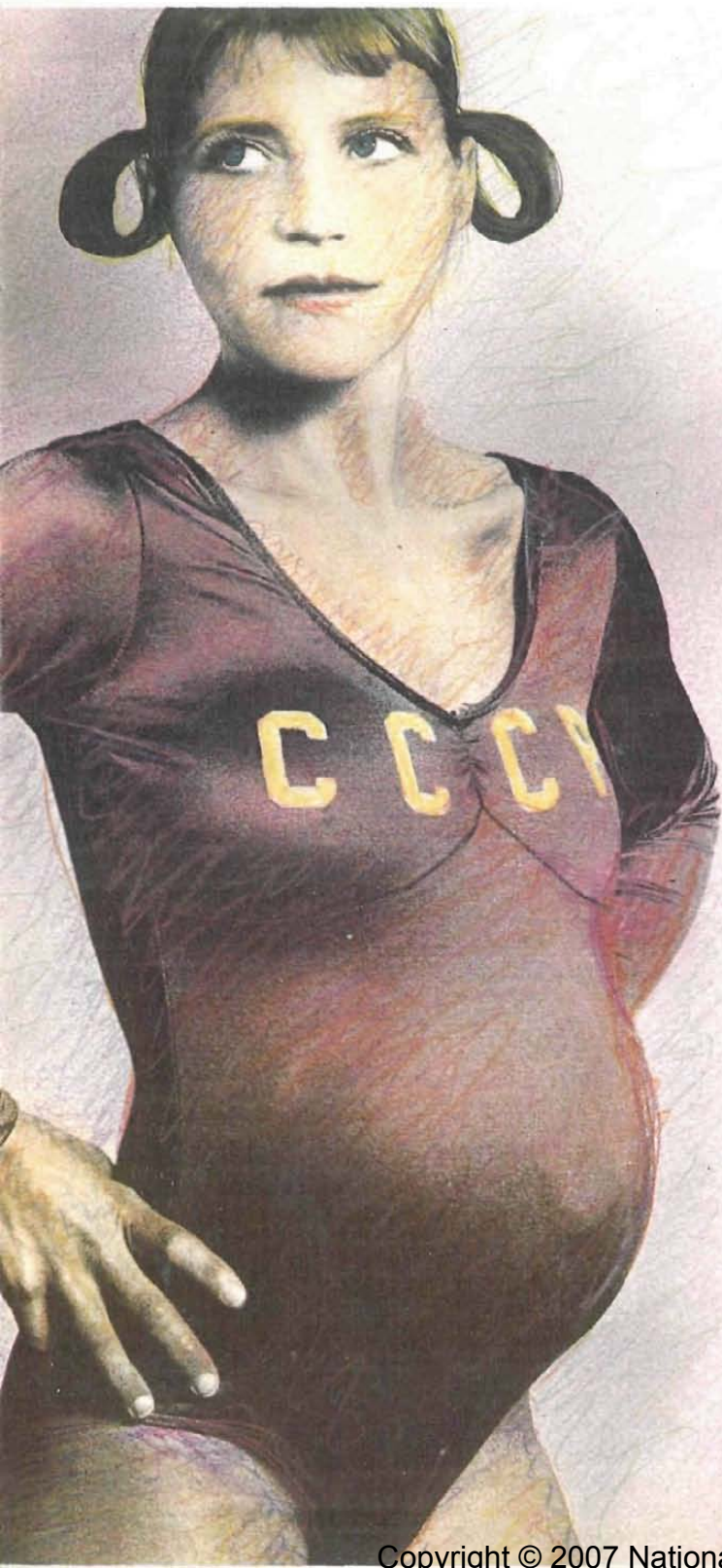
WE WALKED

along the western perimeter of the Olympic Village as Olga disgorged her complaints about Mr. Lubicheva. “And he is always making us...” she whined before I touched my finger



LARRY WILLIAMS

T HAD MY BABY



lightly to her mouth. "Of course he is never satisfied with your floor exercises," I interrupted. "He is a saboteur, and that is what he is paid to do." She thought for a moment and looked up at me with helpless, wide-set eyes. "I am afraid," she said. I pulled Olga's tiny chest against my ribs and gently pawed her head. "Oh my god, the fucking pigtails," I moaned in English. "I've finally got my hands on the pigtails." I snagged one of her yarn bows with my little finger and slowly drew it loose. Suddenly, she tilted her head back and asked what I had said.

"It is essential that you cooperate with the Olympics Committee in counteracting the work of Mr. Lubicheva by demoralizing and subverting the teams from other countries. This way, we might at least accomplish a parity of disadvantages between them, you see. May I count on you, Olga?" Her other bow fell to the ground as I snarled the component fibers of the world's cutest hair arrangement between all of my fingers. "Okay," she said, a little frightened. "But what must I do?"

"We must create the illusion that you have taken up a degenerate relationship with a powerful member of the Olympics Committee," I explained. "Then all of the competitors will assume you and your team have influence on the scoring, which will cause them to give up prematurely or lose their poise in an imbroglio of protest and disaffection."

T HE NEXT DAY

was a free one for Olga, so she agreed to meet me at the EssenKart, a giant Munich supermarket where I intended to lay the groundwork for her phony tryst with Lord Montgomery, executive director of the International Committee.

"Why are we shopping for food?"

Olga wondered loudly by the carts. "We are not shopping, Olga," I cautioned, "we are shoplifting. This is the fundamental way to establish the disreputable nature of our affair." I gave her a list of items, mostly top-quality steaks, premium beers and liquors, and a variety of ridiculously expensive gourmet selections like rattlesnake eggs to throw out the car window on the way to my filthy hotel room. "Just fill up a basket and push it out to the car," I said. "I'll wait outside to make sure no one follows you."

Olga did a commendable job. She found a sundries section in the Essen-Kart that sold small appliances and took it upon herself to add a Doktor-deck tape deck and five digital clock radios to the food and liquor. "All right," I said as we pulled out of the parking lot, "if we are going to sustain the proper fiction, you'd better release the clock radios." One by one, she cheerfully exploded them against passing utility poles, laughing out loud when one of them glanced off a woman's dog and caused the animal to collapse sideways over the curb. "The other athletes will think we are degenerate, that is correct?" Olga asked as she jettisoned 50DM worth of rattlesnake eggs through my sunroof. "Correct, Olga," I chuckled. "You are thoroughly correct."

FORTUNATELY,

I had taken an efficiency hotel room with complete cooking facilities. "We'll prepare half the steaks now and save half for later," I said as we spread the goods across the kitchen floor. "But we have over thirty-five steaks!" she bellowed with great astonishment. "Exactly," I said. "The hallmark of any truly sick relationship is a vast excess of costly, wasted meat lying around the love den." She dutifully shoved seventeen steaks larger than almost any plate into the oven while I unpacked a voluminous, fur-trimmed negligee I had purchased for her the night before. "This will indicate that you are a decadent sex hog," I said. My Russian vocabulary was limited in some instances. I draped the garment over Olga's taut, finely sinewed shoulders, then, as the

steaks began to sputter and bombard the burners with an overload of grease, ushered her to the bedroom and advised her to practice wearing the negligee "in the manner of an incontinent slut, especially for the appreciation of Mr. McKay and Miss Rigby, from the American 'Up Close and Personal' unit, whom I have invited to visit us in the immediate future."

THE VIRGINAL

communist mite had trouble grasping her role but nevertheless locked herself in the bathroom with the negligee to try. In the meantime, the steaks were burning out of control and the entire kitchen/living-room complex was reeking with dense, greasy smoke. I tossed a ten-pound bag of salt on the flames and dumped the oozing, crackling slabs of beef directly on a coffee table, pausing to eat the center "eye" out of a couple of them and lay the remains over an arm of the couch just before the ABC "Up Close and Personal" crew announced themselves from a phone in the lobby. "It's time to begin our scheme," I yelled to Olga in the bathroom. "When I request your appearance, don't forget to enter the living room like a dilatory nymphomaniac who has just had hours of sex. Also, answer the questions any way you wish; I will provide the suitable translations."

Several crewmen winced and choked from the steak fumes as they set up film cameras and lights among heaps of dirty laundry, newspapers, rotting potatoes, and other debris I had accumulated over almost every horizontal surface in the room. "Can I offer you gents a steak?" I asked grandly, holding a handful of the fifteen-inch monsters from the coffee table over my head. "You too, Miss Rigby. Feel free to chip off a mouthful if you like. No need to wait for an invitation," I said, "we've got plenty more on the floor in the kitchen." Jim McKay, who was quite uneasy by this time, looked at me for a few seconds and asked the nature of my association with Olga Korbut. "Well," I answered, "fuck, Jim, she's the star of the show; why not ask her?" I shouted toward the bedroom in English, "Hey, Olga,

why don't you slide out here so the..." then started over in Russian, "They are here, Olga. Remember to conduct yourself like a slut!" She emerged from the bedroom practically hidden inside the giant red negligee, leaned against the doorjamb, cleared her throat, and spit a great, long, clear mass on the rug. That was her rendition of a slut. "Hello, everybody, I am a prostitute," she announced, then sashayed coyly to the sofa and dropped herself on my lap.

"Olga asks you to please excuse her appearance," I told everyone. "She's a little fucked up right now." I instructed Olga to fetch a half-gallon bottle of J&B from the groceries in the kitchen, then confided sotto voce, "She's like a goddamn slave." I winked at Jim McKay. "Get yourself a fucking Red gymnast," I advised him. "Not only can they do the work of three broads, they can do most any of it hanging upside down from a shower rod." I laughed crudely at the joke and clapped my hands as McKay smiled uncomfortably and Kathy Rigby began to blush and become increasingly nervous. "Are you worried about the Americans, Olga?" she asked loud enough for Olga to hear in the kitchen. "They look very strong on the beam and parallels..." I yelled a translation: "Don't forget to offer Jim and Kathy some meat when you come out."

I fished a pungent, horribly decayed hunk of cantaloupe from beneath the sofa and said with grave, pinched eyes, "Olga will worry about the Americans as soon as she makes some progress cleaning this fucking apartment." She pranced in with the liquor and dropped a stack of paper cups on the coffee table. "Some beef for you," she said, passing a dripping steak with her hand to Jim McKay. "She says you can just eat the center and throw away the rest if you want," I explained while gesturing to some partially chewed cuts on the armrest.

Jim McKay looked confused and annoyed. "Tell us about your life at home, Olga," he said. "Tell us about Russia." We were interrupted at that point by a loud call from a crewman's walkie-talkie reporting that the Israeli team had been seized by PLO terrorists. Almost immediately the ABC "Up Close and Personal" unit was dismantling its equipment; Jim McKay phoned his headquarters while Kathy sat stunned in her chair. "Hey, Kathy," I said. "Olga wants to know if your

continued on page 64

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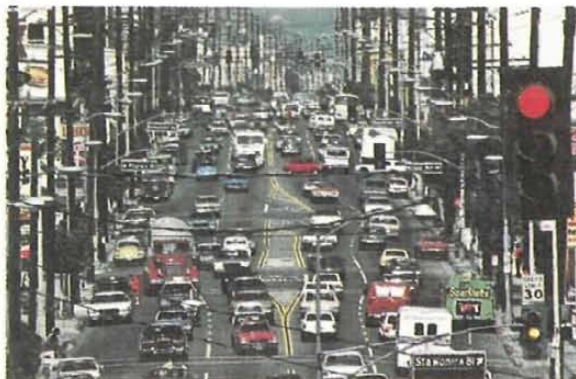
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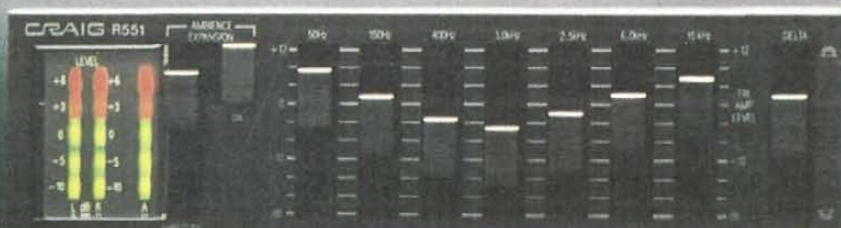
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HOW YOUR PARENTS HAD SEX

by John Hughes

Photographed by James Salzano

It's late Saturday night and your mom and dad have just come home from a dinner and bridge party at the Petersons! The Walkers and the Packards were there, too. You and your sister and brother are sound asleep in the family room along with the baby-sitter. As your dad drives the baby-sitter home, your mom gently rouses you all and herds you up to bed.

Before your dad gets home, your mom draws a bath and pours in a capful of Ivory Liquid so she'll smell clean for your dad. Then she undresses. Yes, she's naked, and she lowers herself into the tub. Your dad returns and puts the car into the garage. He runs your bike in, too. He notices that the bathroom light is on, and he chuckles to himself. In the kitchen he mixes a couple of Manhattans and locks up the house. He whistles "I Get a Kick out of You" as he cha-chas up the stairs. He opens the bathroom door a crack.

"Oo-la-la!" he says, winking at your mom.

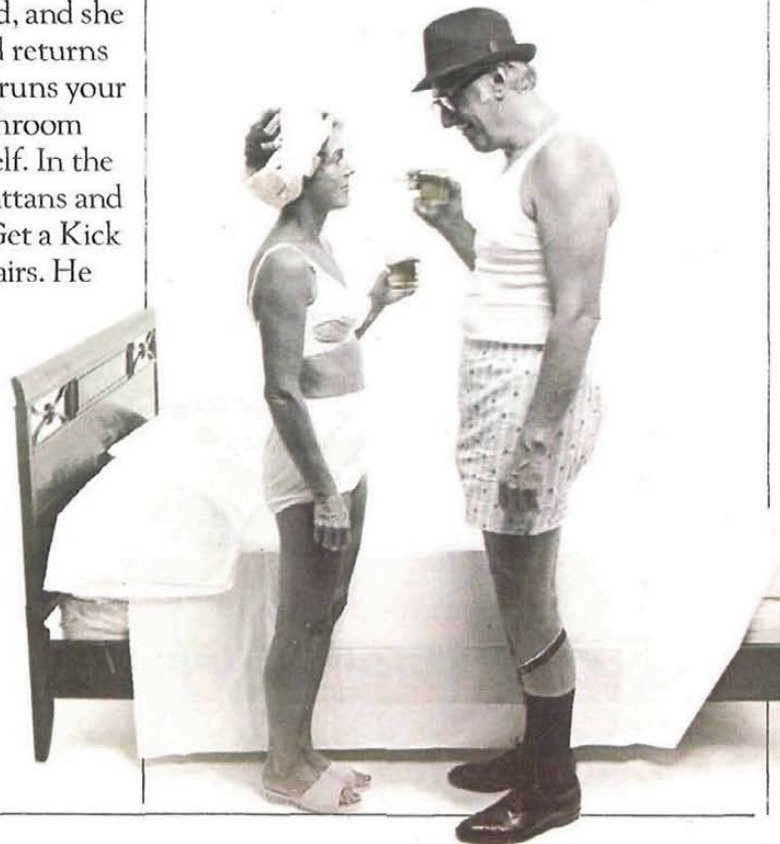
"Go on!" she giggles.

He cha-chas into the bedroom and sets the drinks down on the nightstand. He twirls an imaginary partner—probably Betty Grable—and finishes his cha-cha.

"Mere alcohol doesn't thrill me at all..." he sings softly as he loosens his tie. He tilts his hat forward and slings his suit coat over his shoulder.

"I get no thrill from champaaaaaaa-aaaaaagne!"

Meanwhile, your mom towels off her large bosoms. They are actually bigger than you thought they were. In fact, they're huge. Then she dries the rest of her body. Using her Lady Schick, she mows her legs, her armpits, and trims the stray hairs crawling unattractively down her inner thighs. Yes, she has inner thighs. She packs her bosoms into her bra, slips on those underpants that are so big you can dry a whole car with one old pair, and



**Only these two pigeons
could dress up as woodpeckers...**

**and get framed
for robbing
a bank...
and when
these two
cuckoos
discover
that
prison
life is for
the birds
they try
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**STIR
CRAZY**

COLUMBIA PICTURES Presents A HANNAH WEINSTEIN PRODUCTION
GENE WILDER RICHARD PRYOR in "STIR CRAZY"
Executive Producer MELVILLE TUCKER Produced by HANNAH WEINSTEIN
Written by BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN Directed by SIDNEY POITIER



Coming This Christmas

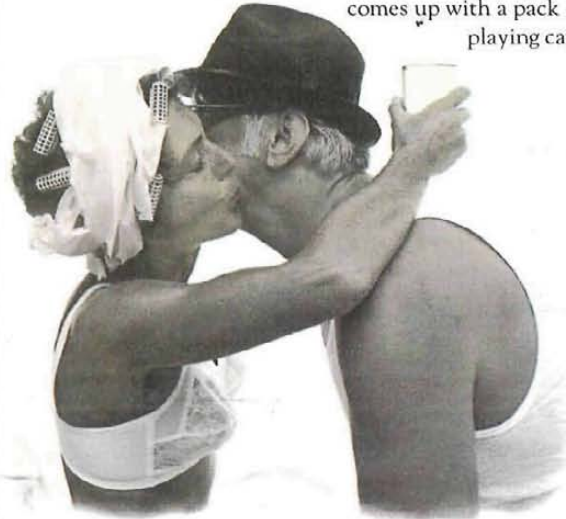
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HOW YOUR PARENTS HAD SEX

drops a nightgown over her head. She ruffles the collar so it looks pretty. Puckering her lips, she applies red lipstick.

Your dad sits on the edge of the bed, stuffing shoe trees into his wing tips. He stands and drops his boxer shorts. Geez! He's got a big one. And it's not pink. But it sure is hairy. He unbuttons his shirt and neatly folds it across the chair. He deposits his cuff links in the top left dresser drawer. He reaches down under all the junk in there and

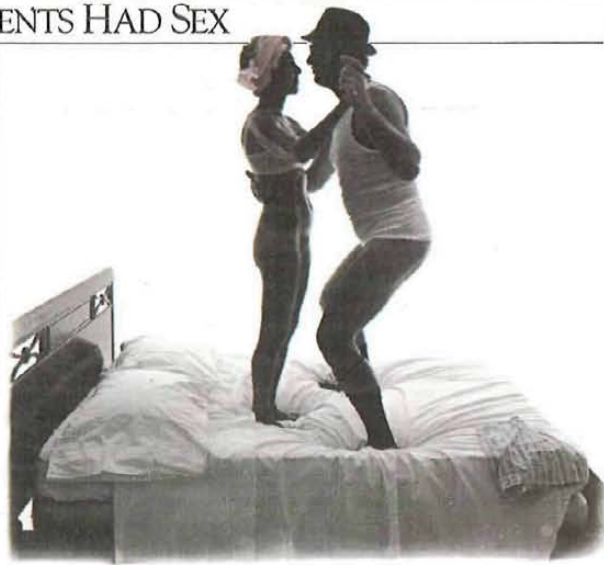
comes up with a pack of playing cards



with naked women on them—bathing beauties. He shuffles through them, as you yourself so often do.

Your mom has just about finished wrapping her hair in toilet paper and is considering birth-control methods. She decides on the diaphragm over spermicide. You probably remember the diaphragm. It was in the cupboard under the sink in the bathroom in the pastel blue box with the flowers on it. Well, she takes it out. It's about the size of an individual pizza, and it's crusty with white cement. She puts on those rubber gloves that are also under the sink. She puts the thing in. Because of you kids, it goes in very easily, despite its great bulk.

Dad is done with the playing cards. They have aroused



him enough to put on his birth-control device. He puts the cards back and fishes out a rubber, or, as he calls it, a "cun-drum." It's about fifteen inches long and made out of the kind of rubber they use to make fish-tank hoses. He blows the thing full of cigarette smoke and checks for leaks. Satisfied that the worker who packed it in the plant in France didn't poke a hole in it, he puts it on. He flips on the radio and dials in some lovely-type music. He stands by the window sipping his Manhattan and smoking his cigarette.

Your mom checks on you kids, makes sure you're covered and sleeping soundly. She walks like a duck into the bedroom to keep from getting the diaphragm cement on her legs. She goes into the bedroom and closes the door. She locks it.



"Herb, will you help me barricade this door, please," she says as she struggles with the dresser. Your dad helps her slide the dresser, the dressing table, and the love seat in front of the door. He hands your mom her drink, and she takes a tiny sip.

"Oooh, this is too strong! Are you trying to get me drunk?" she jokes.

"Oui, mademoiselle!" your dad winks.

There is a moment of silence as your mom and dad face the fact that a certain special event is imminent.

"Honey," your dad says tenderly. "Shall we have congress?"

We gave our engineers a free hand. They gave us the remarkable KX-2060.



THE KENWOOD KX-2060 STEREO CASSETTE DECK

Recently, we challenged our designers and engineers to solve an extremely difficult assignment: design a cassette deck that each of them would be proud to own.

The result is an impressive array of engineering, performance and styling features. The remarkable KX-2060.

Twin oscillator variable fine-bias adjustment allows you to precisely adjust frequency response to get the best performance from every cassette tape formulation, including metal.

Three head, Double Dolby* design provides true monitoring of Dolby-encoded signals while you're recording. And our unique Dolby calibration

system lets you match input and output characteristics with the sensitivity of each tape for perfect recording and playback.

Fluorescent peak meters provide fast, 10 millisecond response to give you the most accurate musical peak information.

High stability tape transport uses our unique double back tension system to main-

Performance Specifications:

Frequency Response:
20 Hz to 19,000 Hz (Metal)
Signal to Noise Ratio:
70dB (Dolby ON, Metal)
Wow and Flutter:
0.04% (WRMS)

tain constant tape tension and reduce wow and flutter.

There are even more innovative performance and convenience features engineered into our new KX-2060. Like light-touch solenoid function controls. 4-position equalization switching. Memory indexing. MPX filtering. And more.

See your Kenwood dealer for a demonstration of the new KX-2060. Why settle for any cassette deck, when you can own something truly remarkable.

For the Kenwood dealer nearest you, see your Yellow Pages, or write Kenwood, P.O. Box 6213, Carson, CA 90749.

*Dolby is the trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

 **KENWOOD®**

HOW YOUR PARENTS HAD SEX

"I don't know," your mom says, to be coy. "You're so bold!"

"It's Saturday night, and you know what that means!"

"I hope it's a boy!"

Your dad helps your mom up on the bed, where they dance cheek to cheek.

"That was a nice party tonight," your mom remarks.

"Swell," your dad replies. "Delicious hors d'oeuvres. What were they?"

"Grated Parmesan cheese with onion and bacon on circles of white bread," your mom coos.

"Would you like to do anything before we have intimacy?"

"No, not that I can think of right now, dear," your mom answers softly. "But we better get on with our coition before it gets too late. I have floors to do in the morning."

Your mom opens the bed and fluffs the pillows. Your dad splashes Old Spice on his cheeks.

"You don't want to do a little experimenting, huh? It might be a hoot!"

"Just what do you have on your mind?" your mom says, a little irritated.

"Oh, maybe I could tie you to the bed with your hose and tickle you with my shaving brush?"

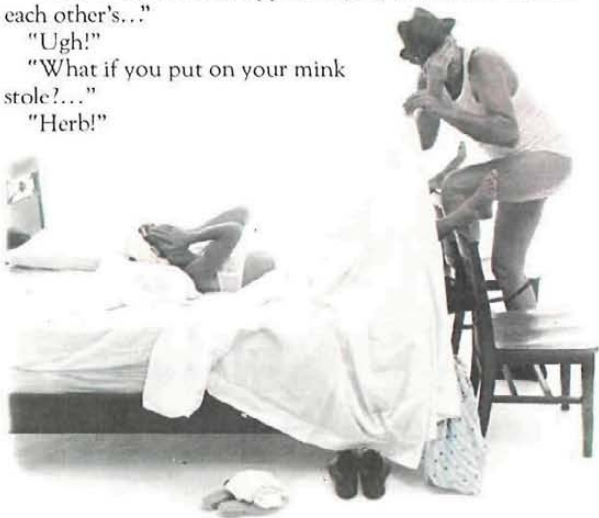
"For crying out loud!" your mom says, with her hands on her hips.

"Wait! If that doesn't appeal to you, how about we kiss each other's..."

"Ugh!"

"What if you put on your mink stole?..."

"Herb!"



"There's a thing I heard about at work from one of the fellas in the shipping department..."

"On my mother's grave, I can't believe what you're saying! What do you think we are? A couple of colored people?"

"You're right," your dad says, seeing the error of his ways. "But maybe we could sneak downstairs and go out on the patio lounge..."

"Just hurry up and coitus me, so we can go to bed!"

As it turns out, your mom lets your dad kiss her brassiere and lick part of her ear, and she runs her fingers through his hair, and that's just fine. After warning your dad not to muss her hair, they commence.

"One, two, three, *push!*" your dad says, calling cadence.

"One, two, three, *push!*"

"Did I tell you what your son did today?" your mom mentions. "Well, first he tracked mud all across the floors.



That's why I have to do them all in the morning. Then the little snip calls Grandma in Florida. He just picks up the phone and dials long distance!"

"One, two, three, *push!*" your dad says with great determination.

"I don't mind him spending an hour on the phone with his friends—that's not long distance—but to just call up Grandma and chat like she was next door is a bit much, wouldn't you say?"

"One, two, three, *push!*"

"I wish you'd have a talk with him about the phone," your mom says, noticing a big cobweb in the corner that she somehow managed to miss when she cleaned last Wednesday.

"Oops! Pardon me," your dad groans, "but I'm done."

"Oh, good! So am I," your mom chirps.







Your dad jumps out of the bed and pushes the barricade from the door so your mom can run to the bathroom and get sick. Then he lights up a cigarette and goes to the linen closet and gets clean sheets. As your mom puts the sheets on the bed, your dad disinfects the old ones. Then he showers. When he's done and returns to the room, your mom is asleep. He climbs into bed, switches on the light, reads a few pages of *Youngblood Hawke*, and dozes off.

In the morning, you and your sister and brother are up at six. Since it's Sunday and there isn't anything on TV except Mass, you sit outside your parents' door and listen. You incorrectly judge their normal early-morning rustling and snoring as sexual activity. You try to picture what they're doing in there, but you draw a complete blank. □



Sorority Hazing

by Joey Green and John Hughes

SORORITY	EVENT	AS WE IMAGINE IT	AS IT REALLY IS
ETA PHI DELTA <i>(Eat a Prick for Dinner, Every Pig's Delight, Each Pecker Is Dandy)</i> 	Hell Week	Pledges insert kumquats in each other's rectums and take SX-70 pictures of themselves doing stretching exercises. A scavenger hunt for condoms and lubricants is held. Feather tortures, blindman's bath, and oral chicken is capped by seven nights of midnight, bare-naked, rooftop singalongs of Pretenders' tunes.	Pledges make paper chains out of Carefree Sugarless gum wrappers to give to veterans groups. Pledges can't shave their legs during the entire week. They must wear their bras backward for one whole day, let the hair over the bridge of their noses grow in, and kiss a boy before brushing their teeth in the morning.
LAMBDA PI GAMMA <i>(Lousy Party Givers, Loose Pussy Galore, Low-Price Gash)</i> 	House Tours	Pledges disrobe in the vestibule for a nude wheelbarrow race through the living room, sun room, and dining room, with a stop at the kitchen for a frozen banana and a swat with the wooden spoon. Then it's upstairs: After a fourteen-bedroom pillow fight and leapfrog down the hallway, the pledges head for the bathrooms for a shaving-cream and baby-oil war. Once the pledges have removed the sisters' clothing with their teeth, they head outside for a mud battle.	"...this is our foyer, and if you use our front door often, you're bound to see a lot of it. We leave our coats on this coatrack, or sometimes put them in the closet, which is right behind the coatrack. If you wear a hat, which not many of us do, there is a shelf in the closet, which is behind the coatrack, remember? Or you can keep both your coat and your hat, if you wear one, in your room, which is upstairs, if you'll follow me through our foyer and up our stairs..."
PI EPSILON THETA <i>(Periods Every Thursday, Pretty Easy Tit, Pecker-Eating Time)</i> 	Theme Parties	"Island of Lesbos" party has the pledges in lacy slips, bare feet, leather armbands, and dog collars. The pledge who can hold the most hot dogs in her mouth gets to be Sappho and has the right to make any of the other girls her daughter, Cleis. The evening ends with a mock sacrifice on the front lawn.	"Nancy Drew" party has the pledges dressed as the famous juvenile literary character. Each pledge prepares a special dish for the pot-luck supper and everyone tries to guess who made what. Whoever does poorest has to smile at a boy with a piece of food on her front tooth. Whoever does best gets to make the pledge of her choice wear her shoes on the wrong feet for a whole day.
NU BETA IOTA <i>(Never Beat It, Nervous But Ignorant, Nipple Biters Incorporated)</i> 	Initiation	Pledges must fellate their boyfriends while humming "Baby, I Love You." If they don't know the tune or if they stop humming during ejaculation, they must drive naked past their cutest professor's house.	Pledges must sit on the front lawn with their hair in curlers in their ugliest pajamas and drink shot glasses of skim milk until they pass out.
ALPHA BETA OMICRON <i>(A Bigger Orifice, All-night Beat Off, American Bitches Organization)</i> 	Formal Party	Rushees and sisters take turns with cucumbers attached to Black & Decker drills. The cucumbers are then returned to the kitchen, where they become the soup course of the dinner, which is served on the body of a local high-school boy.	The rushees are forced to wear shoes that don't match their dresses and eat with their opposite hands. After dinner the sisters stand in a circle with a candle and sing the theme song from "The Jeffersons" while standing on one foot.
MU ZETA <i>(Moo Women, More Zits, Mammary Zoo)</i> 	The Pledge Ceremony	The pledges, clad only in leopard panties, run about the campus stapling tampons to bulletin boards.	Pledges spray-paint wicker furniture while chewing an entire pack of Bubblicious.

TRINA ROBBINS

“GET ME TO THE CLUB.”

“And I don’t mean the yacht club!”



It's where you go for a great tasting cocktail

25 PROOF COCKTAILS: PIÑA COLADA • MARGARITA • SCREWDRIVER • TEQUILA SUNRISE
STRAWBERRY MARGARITA • WHISKEY SOUR • DAIQUIRI • STRAWBERRY DAIQUIRI • MAI TAI

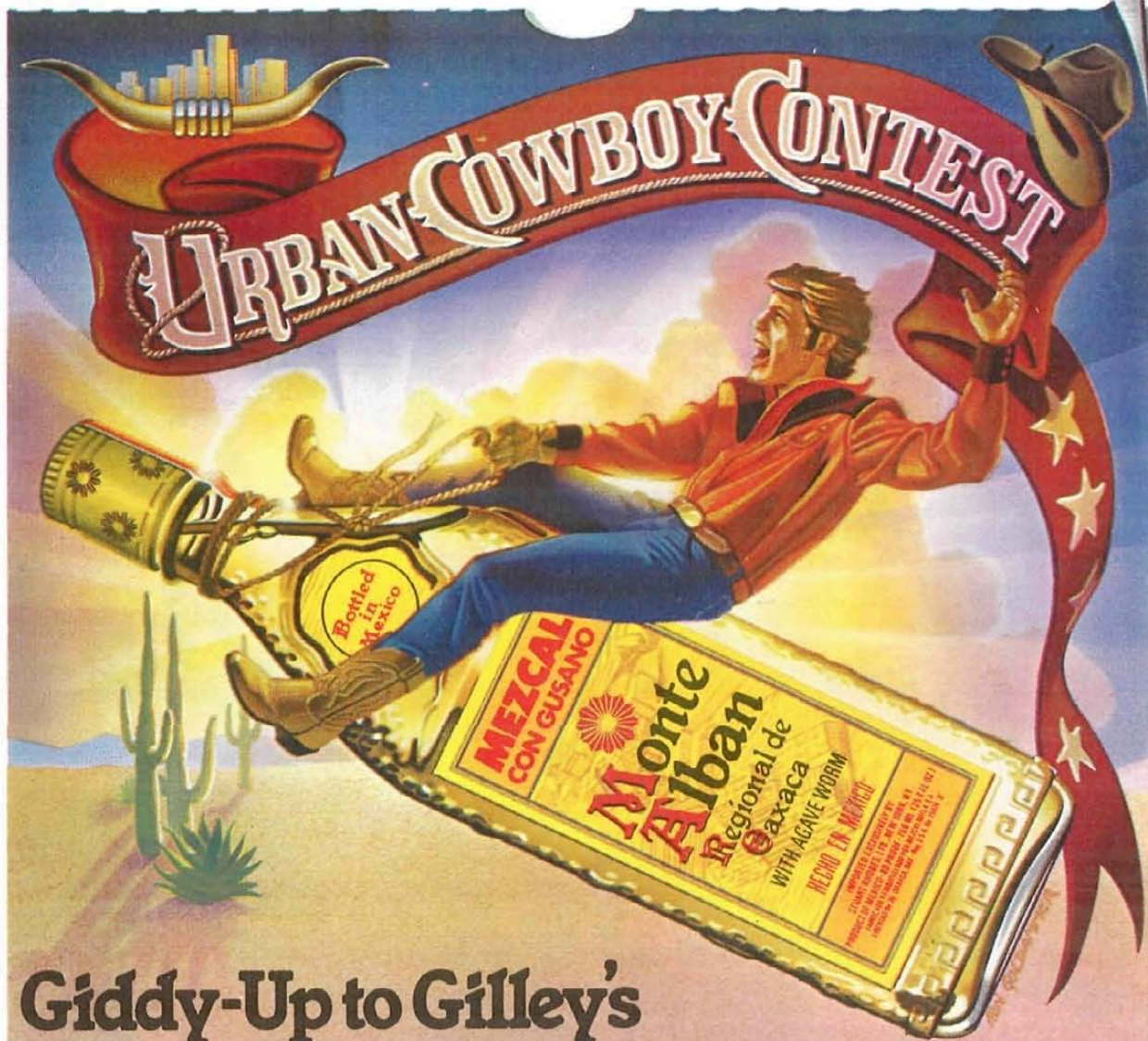
THE CLUB® COCKTAILS • Prepared by The Club Distilling Co., Hartford, CT

WORLD AGGRESSION

BY NORA QUINN AND JOHN HUGHES

COUNTRY	WHAT MAKES THEM MAD	WHAT THEY'LL DO
BRITAIN	Ram one of their frigates.	Launch hundreds of angry editorials, hold all-night sessions of Parliament, cancel royal visits, and hold a hostile luncheon for the offender's British ambassador.
FRANCE	Invasion, occupation, genocide, and defamatory remarks about national literary heroes.	Trade a promise for a pro-US UN vote and send for American troops and equipment.
ITALY	Formally criticize their women of being big in the butt.	Throw their arms up in the air and get red in the face.
WEST GERMANY	Defeat them in a world war.	Wait two decades, then destroy your currency.
ALBANIA, YUGOSLAVIA, RUMANIA, HUNGARY	Lump them in with Albania, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Hungary.	Align with Albania, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Hungary against you.
ISRAEL	Blow up a market stall.	Shell a warehouse.
IRAN	Assist in developing resources or in building cities, hospitals, ports, housing, and military, and/or throw one of their filthy, arrogant students in the gutter, where he belongs.	Hook an F-16 to a Dodge Four-by-Four, tow it to the Arabian Sea, and attempt to fire one of its air-to-air missiles at your nuclear aircraft carrier eighteen miles offshore.
IRAQ	Speak out for or against Iran.	Send Brezhnev an Oriental rug.
KUWAIT	Run <i>The Sheik</i> on the night-owl movie.	Force an oil-price increase and throw forty-four million out of work worldwide.
ETHIOPIA	Mistake an army general for a skycap at the Addis Ababa airport.	Attempt a blockade of the Bab el Mandeb with fishing boats, to control the flow of vacation cruise ships in and out of the Red Sea.
ZAIRE	Miss their ambassador's hand at a UN roll call.	Slaughter half a million of their own people.
MEXICO	Outsmart them in a natural-gas deal.	Raise the fares on Mexicana Air.
USA	Murder ambassadors and diplomats.	Put six battalions on alert and focus attention on the jobless rate.
CUBA	Fail to recognize them as a potent political force in Latin America.	Send troops to any available African disturbance.
NICARAGUA	Who cares?	Who cares?
SOVIET UNION	Jokes about their architecture.	Build more buildings, only bigger, and on your soil.
CHINA	They won't say.	Something having to do with eight hundred million foot soldiers.
CAMBODIA	Send rice and powdered milk instead of military hardware to their starving masses.	Eat the rice and powdered milk and multiply.
JAPAN	Shove a sugarcane up the emperor's rump and hose the diet with scalding horse urine.	Cut off diplomatic relations on Saturday and Sunday, with no contact until business commences on Monday morning.

Enter the Monte Alban Mezcal®



Giddy-Up to Gilley's

Just answer the 2 questions on this entry blank, make your mark and mail it back to Monte Alban. Before you know it, you and 3 friends could be saying "Giddy-Up to Gilley's" for a weekend of cowboy fun. Stomp through Gilley's swinging doors, dance the Texas Two-Step, ride the bull, eat the worm!

Enter as often as you like. There's a whole herd of entry blanks on the Monte Alban Contest Display down at your local package store.

Be sure you enter—if you'd like the chance to "Giddy-Up to Gilley's."

ONE GRAND PRIZE

Weekend for four at Gilley's, the spectacular saloon where Urban Cowboy was filmed. Includes air fare to and from Houston, hotel accommodations for you and your party of 4, and \$1,000 spending money.

20 FIRST PRIZES

20 pairs of top quality cowboy boots from Luskey's of Ft. Worth, world renowned western wear store.

©1980 Monte Alban Mezcal 80 Proof. Imported exclusively by Stuart Rhodes, Ltd., New York, New York. Available in the United States in 750 ml. (25.4 oz.) bottles.

500 SECOND PRIZES

500 Super-macho Monte Alban "Eat the Worm" T-Shirts. Show the world that you're really macho—Show the world you're man enough for Monte Alban. Man enough to eat the worm. Viva Gusano!

Mail your completed form to **Monte Alban Contest**
PO Box 4919 Dept NL Chicago, IL 60677

1. Is there an Agave Worm in every bottle of Monte Alban?
 2. How many times is Mexico mentioned on the label?
- O.K. I'd like a chance to Giddy-Up to Gilley's. I've answered the 2 questions so please enter me in the Monte Alban Contest.

Name _____ Age _____
(Please print)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My T-shirt size is Small Medium Large X-Large
To be eligible you must be of legal drinking age under the laws of your home state.

Official Rules...No Purchase Required

1. To enter, complete the official entry form... print your name, address, zip code and your answers to the two questions (or use a 3" x 5" piece of plain paper, print the questions from the official form, your answers, name, address and zip code). Enter as often as you like, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope to Monte Alban Contest, P.O. Box 4919, Chicago, IL 60677.
2. All entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, December 31, 1980 and received no later than January 7, 1981.
3. Winners will be selected in random drawings from among all correctly answered and eligible entries received by H. Olsen & Co., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Barton Brands reserves the publicity rights to use names and pictures of winners without compensation. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received.
4. Winners will be notified by mail. Prizes are non-transferable... only one prize to a family, and no substitution for prizes is permitted. Trip must be taken by July 31, 1981.
5. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entrants must be of legal drinking age at time of entry. Employees and their families of Barton Brands, their affiliated companies and agencies, and wholesalers and retailers are not eligible.

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no more low tar hot air!

Not after you've found the refreshing taste sensation only a KOOL can deliver. Extra Low 'Tar' KOOL SUPER LIGHTS goes way beyond ordinary low 'tars' that deliver little more than hot air! It's the coolest low 'tar' of them all! No need to look further...C'mon Up to Extra Low 'Tar' KOOL SUPER LIGHTS!

the
coolest
taste around

c'mon



Wup!



Original KOOL Low 'Tar' KOOL

Long famous
for coolness
in smoking.

Super Lights Kings, 7 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Milds Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '80.

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

S T A T U S -

FINE HOMES

FANCY CLOTHES

**N
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BUILT IN 1770 in the English Palladian style. Served as headquarters for Gen. Cornwallis during the Revolution. 22 stately rooms. Upper floors: 6 personal-sized bedrooms, each decorated in the memory of a renowned Dunbury guest; 2 recently restored bathrooms; and a hall closet. First floor: sitting room with three fireplaces, library with fireplace, den, drawing room with fireplace, powder room, front and back parlors, dining hall, kitchen (remodeled, 1930), servant and staff annex. Federal Landmarks Commission approval pending for conversion from coal heat. Upper bracket.



Dunbury House

DARK BLUE, three-button, wool pin-striped Bond Street suit; white Egyptian-cotton Turnbull & Asser spread-collar shirt with French cuffs; and Cartier white-gold initial cufflinks, a gift from Willy Brandt. A dark blue silk Sulka tie (21/-inch) with small red polka dots. Mark Cross belt with polished brass buckle. White cotton boxer shorts, from Liberty of London. Black Scots cashmere calf-length stockings; black Bally slip-ons. Vicuna topcoat, silk muffler, and kid gloves. Tortoise half-glasses in breast pocket. Father's platinum watch (gift from Neville Chamberlain). Locking Dunhill ultrashirt attache case. Splash of heather after-shave on cheeks.

**M
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NEW CUSTOM colonial on 1/2-acre prestige wooded site. 6 bedrooms with walk-in closets; 4 1/2 baths; large country kitchen with Hotpoint appliances and bright, cheery eating area. Formal dining room with peg-and-groove hardwood floor. Family room with pecan paneling; quarry-stone entertaining hearth with sing-along seats. Double sliding glass doors lead out to traditional patio and Sun & Fun pool and cabana with splash bar. Gorgeous formal living room with accent lighting. Finished basement with rumpus room. Two-car garage. Top-rated schools and recreational facilities. \$550,000.

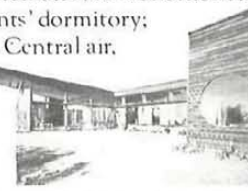


12 Private Road Lane

THREE-PIECE, two-button, two-vent, glen-plaid wool-blend suit from Hart, Schaffner & Marx's private line. White button-down oxford-cloth shirt, bought three at a time from Marshall Field's men's store. Twenty-five-pound wing-tip shoes, black. Sheer, knee-length hose. Blue-and-red-striped rayon tie (37/-inch) with company tie tack. Boxer shorts, monogrammed without wearer's knowledge by wife; Hanes undershirt. \$850 watch from Italy at home on dresser, top-of-the-line Timex on wrist, university class ring. Silk handkerchief in breast pocket for show, cotton handkerchief in hip pocket for nose, Buxton wallet in other hip pocket. Wool overcoat, angora station cap with earflaps. Twenty-year-old Porta-Office suitcase-style briefcase with regilded monogram. Wire-frame bifocals.

**S
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A STUNNING contemporary rancho-modern glass-and-adobe Spanish manor house built in the tradition of fine resort hotels. 18 bedrooms, each with private bath and communications center. Library/den combo, plus library for books. Kitchen, deli, and snack bar. Chapel with hot-and-cold-beverage service. Fully automated, air-conditioned "settin'" porch with wet bar. Servants' dormitory; dry-cleaning and laundry facilities. Central air, music, and room freshener. Extra-large tennis courts, main pool, guests' pool, and servants' pool. Trout pond with video hookup. Included are all ranch buildings, livestock, and aircraft. \$5,999,999.



Fork Foot Ranch

PRACTICALLY ANYTHING: \$90 necktie on a K-Mart polyester dress shirt, Savile Row suit with cowboy boots made out of boa-constrictor skin, green plaid leisure suit at a funeral; you never know. Bank presidents and Methodist bishops wear blue jeans to work; junior-high-school girls groom their 4-H show pigs while wearing thousand-dollar crinolines; and the president of the United States himself dresses like Snuffy Smith. Success in the Sun Belt does not necessarily mean fancy clothes. What it does mean is a real loud voice—even louder than the incredibly loud voices of unsuccessful Sun Belt residents.

**W
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MOORISH FRENCH Baroque Rococo chateau ranch set in 1 1/2 acres of authentic Japanese garden. Formerly owned by John Garfield, Myrna Loy, Buddy Hackett, Monty Hall, and Sheikh Al Fehdez. Master bedroom with hand-painted frescoes, second bedroom with unique Portuguese campanile; 4 formal baths; raised dining room with mosaic ceiling; Renaissance kitchen; dressing room, screening room, solarium, and 7-bay auto basilica. Marble cloister leads through charming colonnade to pool and pagoda. Price includes all furnishings, fountains, and obelisks. \$4,000,000.



Casa Versigh

\$210 RAYON-and-Duraspan-blend camel slacks with belt-look side-buckle button snap, front-pocket "tops," no back pockets, no cuffs, no wrinkles, no stretch. \$100 white-on-white-on-blue shirt with French cuffs, Italian collar, and British fit. \$35 cocoa brown socks with monogrammed toe from the hosier to the Royal Danish Family. \$450 "boat captain," double-breasted, off-navy blazer with Universal Studios emblem buttons. \$300 dog-leather shoes with artisan's signature on heel. 14-karat-gold bracelet (gift from the creator of the "Love Boat" TV series). \$7,800 Coram watch made from ancient Greek gold coin (one hour, eighteen minutes slow). \$235 soft contacts.

PHOTOS: MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES; FREDERIC LEWIS

AMERICAN REGIONAL DEFINITIONS

FAST CARS

TAXI—JUST A PLAIN old taxi, hailed with an umbrella and commanded with no more than four words: "Park and Sixty-eighth, driver." "Grand Central, driver." "Airport, please." Plus a beat-up station wagon in the country. Limousines are for entertainers, people in government, and other questionable types. However, if one is very very busy or very very old, one might have a Buick or a Chrysler with a driver.

VETTE UNTIL MARRIED, Oldsmobile after first child. Olds has luxury interior but gets good mileage and can tow a boat. Wife has a Caprice, wants a Seville. GM motor home for trips out West. Volkswagen for daughter at college. CJ-7 for high-school son.

TORONADO, COUPE DE VILLE, last pink Eldorado convertible ever made, 930 Turbo Porsche, Trans Am, Z-28, Plymouth Superbird, GTO, 427 Cobra, GT-350 Shelby Mustang, '57 T-bird, Chrysler 300-G, Auburn boat-tail speedster, three-quarter-scale fiberglass Cord Replicar, bucket-T street rod with hemi, A/fuel dragster, two sprint cars and a pro stocker, Silverado stepside, Dodge Powerwagon, Harley Sportster, two dirt bikes, three minibikes, and a Jetski.

\$48,000 BIZARRATTI UZO. Can do 180, and will the first time a parking attendant gets his hands on it. Plus chocolate brown 450-SL for the wife and a Range Rover for the kid.

LEISURE FUN

YACHTING, SKIING, polo, fox hunting, mountaineering, big-game stalking, deep-sea fishing, and anything else that's expensive, dangerous, and uncomfortable.

GOLF LOTS AND LOTS of golf with a huge alligator bag loaded with expensive clubs and balls with his company's name on them. He'll never, ever get any better, no matter how many private clinics he takes with Chi-Chi Rodriguez. If his doctor knew how angry and frustrated golf made him, he would have given him a prescription to stop playing. The only thing that saves the weekend for him is poker in the clubhouse, in his underwear, with Scotch. Lots and lots of Scotch. He gets shit-faced and spends the evening snoring in a club chair in the men's grill. At midnight his eldest son picks him up and drives him home in his CJ-7. In the winter he flies somewhere warm and repeats everything he does in summer, except his son drives him home in a dune buggy.

GOLF WATCHING TV and drinking. Drinking after a game of golf. Shooting small animals. Drinking. Watching TV. Poker. Barbecues. Drinking at barbecues. Drinking.

SEX, TENNIS, sitting in a tub full of hot water. Drugs.

BY JOHN HUGHES AND P.J. O'ROURKE

S T A T U S -

	EXCLUSIVE CLUBS	SECRET SYMBOLS	PERSONAL FAME
N O R T H E A S T	YALE CLUB, Jockey Club, Union League Club, yacht club, country club, hunt, Junior League (wife), Alcoholics Anonymous (wife), New York Bar Association, American Academy of Arts and Letters, Amateur Athletic Union of America, CARE, American Civil Liberties Union, American Association of Museums, Academy of Political Science, African American Institute (honorary), Brookings Institute, Adopt-a-Tree.	CUSTOM TAILORING (indicated by suit-coat buttons that actually button), checking account at the Morgan Guaranty Bank, Porcellian Club tie, secretary educated at Katherine Gibbs, banquet table at the Four Seasons Grill for lunch, first table past the door to the kitchen at Elaine's for dinner, platinum cuff links, real pearl shirt studs, patent-leather dancing pumps with dress clothes, and about a hundred dozen million other things that are frequently known to fewer than three people.	A LAST NAME that most people think of only as a thruway or a state park. Familiarity in the seats of power (only sycophants and idiot relatives are on a first-name basis with presidents, but it never hurts to have a few presidents on a first-name basis with you). Quietly pointed out to younger members at the club. Wife mentioned in "Suzy." An awed/affectionate secret nickname among subordinates: "Old Granite Pants Seat," for instance. In the <i>Washington Bluebook</i> but not in <i>Who's Who</i> .
M I D W E S T	PRESBYTERIAN Men's Service Organization; Michigan State Alumni Association; Rotary International; Chamber of Commerce; General Society of Mayflower Descendants (wife); Building Materials Dealers and Producers Association; National Geographic Society; American Red Cross; National Congress of Parents and Teachers; Republican Party; Citizen's Committee for a New Sports Stadium; Veterans of Foreign Wars; Book-of-the-Month Club.	A MASONIC RING, a Revolutionary War hero in the family tree, a son lettering in three sports and majoring in premed, a handwritten note from Gerry Ford thanking him for his support in '76, a Bloomingdale's charge card, White Sox season tickets, photo taken with Arnold Palmer and Miller Barber, a son or daughter who works with retarded children, invitations to consult on downtown projects, Negroes from work who come out and do household chores, full-length sable coat in storage.	HIS SON made the 1980 US Olympic speed-skating team and has been invited to participate in ABC-TV's Superstars competition if he chooses to turn professional. His daughter had a six-page interview in <i>Modern Physical Therapy</i> about her work in rehabilitating burn victims. His career movements make news in the business section of the newspaper. His porch was featured in a decorating magazine. His dog is second cousin to "Best of Show, 1977." The chef at Chez Paul in Chicago named a salad after his wife.
S U N B E L T	CHURCH MEMBER, and the whole family belongs to the Two Trees Country Club just built in Jake Busby's old pea field at the edge of town, but that's about it. Used to belong to the Klan but got worried that it was too no-account for somebody on the way up in the world. Would like to join the Sons of the Confederacy but great-granddaddy spent the whole war hiding in a corner.	A BUNDLE of cash in a shoe box under the bed, a new Cadillac in the garage that he hasn't had time to drive yet, a favor owed him by a congressman, children in college out East, honorary degree from Oral Roberts University, Saudi Arabian phone numbers on the monthly telephone bill, a prearranged cancer memorial fund, a Yankee son-in-law who's smart as the devil and wears a tie even when it isn't Sunday, a bounced check from John Connally, white help, telephone right by the toilet.	HOME CALLED "the [surname] place." Son called "young [ditto]." To have every black person within thirty miles smile and call him "Mr. [first name]." To be known to every white man as "ole [diminutive of Christian and middle names]." A family moniker on a racing stable, private bourbon stock, or special style of dry-fly tying. "Howdy" from every single person he meets the whole day long. Honorary deputy sheriff.
W E S T C O A S T	SCREENWRITERS Guild, Directors Guild, Nuclear Responsibility Committee, Valley Tennis Golf and Health Club, American Film Society, Sierra Club, Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, Jane Fonda for Arts Council Committee, National Audubon Society, Women's Zionist Organization of America (wife), Greenpeace Society, Save the Whales Foundation, Indian Rights Association, Actors and Artists for a Free World, Playboy Clubs of America, Millionaires Club, Friars Club.	IF A STATUS symbol is secret on the West Coast, it isn't a status symbol.	HIS BIRTHDAY was announced on a billboard on Sunset Boulevard and on the scoreboard at Dodger Stadium. He is on the "A" list for funerals and fund raisers. His wife was in a <i>People</i> magazine article about her vitamin counselor. He outbid Ed McMahon for a converted garage in Malibu. His travels are noted in <i>Variety</i> . He got "roasted." He was the model for the "egotistical bastard who uses women like hand towels" in an upcoming TV potboiler about the powerful men who run Hollywood.

AMERICAN REGIONAL DEFINITIONS

SUCCESSFUL TYPES

Great Beauties	Serious Intellectuals	Barons of Industry	Heirs to Ancient Fortunes
<p>YOUTHFUL (forty-one) refrigerator-manufacturing heiress and recent widow of a Swiss-chocolate magnate with an Italian title from her first marriage who gives terrific dinner parties and has a signature line of designer jeans and a style of Cartier gem setting named after her and dates wealthy nineteen-year-old Brazilians.</p>	<p>RHODESCHOLAR. Harvard Ph.D. Ford Foundation Fellow. Held a cabinet-level post in the Kennedy administration. Writes articles for <i>New York Review of Books</i>, <i>Atlantic</i>, <i>Commentary</i>, <i>New York Times Sunday Magazine</i>, <i>The Economist</i>. Latest book is about the fate of state capitalism in Pakistan. Now teaches at NYU. Drinks a lot.</p>	<p>HE MAKES nothing, sells nothing, provides no services, and works for no one. His money is made at parties and receptions by extending his hand and clasping it with that of another man and moving it up and down ever so slightly while inviting that man up to the country place whenever his schedule permits.</p>	<p>GREAT-grandfather bought a coal mine, built a railroad to ship his coal to his steel mills, and founded a great bank to house his wealth. Grandfather expanded the empire westward. Father spent eleven years at Princeton and seven years touring Europe, then spent the remainder of his life trying to breed a short-hair sheep dog.</p>
<p>MISS ILLINOIS State Fair (Miss Teenage Champagne—Urbana, two years previously).</p>	<p>WENT to Purdue.</p>	<p>SELF-MADE toilet-paper-core manufacturer. Worked his way up from factory to office suite with shower and two secretaries and big dictating machine he doesn't need. Works twelve hours a day, hates anyone who works less. Still knows how to operate a blow tank and will if he's wearing an old suit that day.</p>	<p>GREAT-grandfather battled savages, harsh elements, and lawlessness to establish first insurance agency in the Wisconsin Territory. Grandfather developed a profitable personal-injury plan and pioneered in crop-failure protection. Father expanded business, opening offices in Milwaukee, Racine, Green Bay, Kenosha, and Oshkosh and popularizing the desk-calendar giveaway.</p>
<p>ANY WHITE woman under 180 pounds or sixty-five years of age is customarily so described unless her family actually eats possums and makes pot liquor on their front porch.</p>	<p>HAD ONE year at Ole Miss. University. Known as "Doc." Famous for numerous expressions, like "Wouldn't jump off a bug's behind" and "Dumber 'n ditch carp." Privately sympathizes with the plight of the blacks. Drinks a lot.</p>	<p>BEGAN with cut-rate cigarettes and fireworks on the Florida motor route. Branched out with gas stations and pecan bars. Expanded into gospel radio, oil additives, and flag material. He recently added an amusement park, a motel chain, a hybrid line of poultry, and the Roy Orbison catalog of songs to round out his empire.</p>	<p>GREAT-grandfather strapped himself to the underbelly of a pig and stowed away to America. He extorted money from recently freed slaves, bought a suit, and married a widow with a farm. Grandfather discovered oil, sold the farm, and bought a circus. Father turned the circus into a religion and made a fortune.</p>
<p>TARZANA Boulevard Burger-Bite carhop testing for a walk-on in next week's "Love Boat."</p>	<p>MADE a documentary for the BBC (1967).</p>	<p>INVENTED a video surfing game while at UCLA. Set up a company and sold 49 percent to MCA for \$16 million. He invested those funds in a mixed portfolio of vintage Daimlers, fifties furniture, and a hot young improv group. Besides running the electronics game company, he writes TV pilots and does weekend sports for KTLA.</p>	<p>GREAT-grandfather was a Russian peasant. Grandfather was a Polish peasant. Father was a movie mogul who built an empire in the pre-income-tax days, consisting of seven hideous and extravagant mansions (one of which survives today as the Museum of the Occult), a menagerie of animals, and eight thousand pairs of alligator shoes.</p>

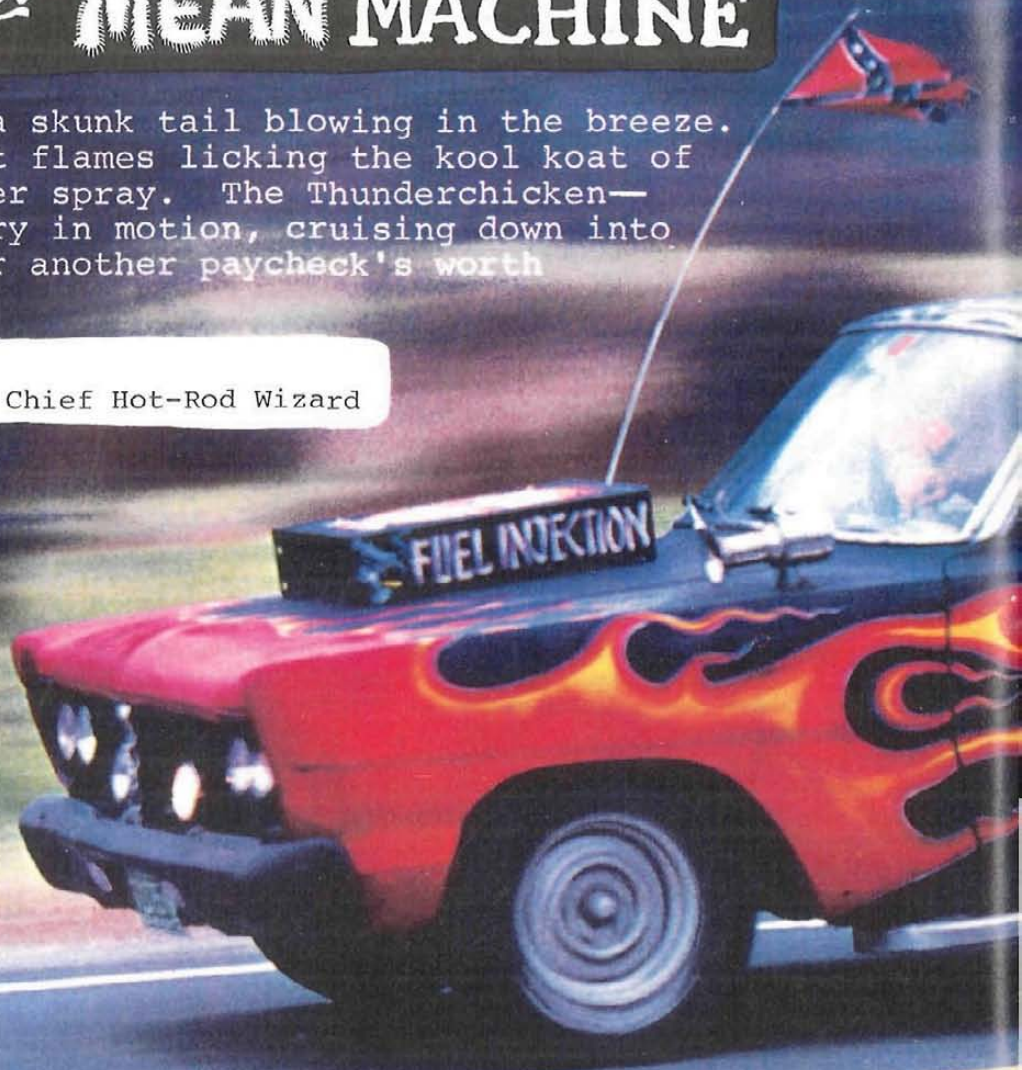
1st of an Informative How-To Shop Series

Thunderchicken

THE \$199.⁹⁹ MEAN MACHINE

Dingleballs and a skunk tail blowing in the breeze. Louisiana Red-Hot flames licking the kool coat of opium-black primer spray. The Thunderchicken— heavy-metal poetry in motion, cruising down into the flatlands for another paycheck's worth of kool fuel.

by Joe Schenkman,
with Dick Mongeur, Chief Hot-Rod Wizard



Shutterbug: Humphrey Sutton

Pit Crew: Liz, Suzi, Kiki, John-Boy, P.J., Gary, Barry, and the gang at the Hotel California, even "Roadrunner" Lothar, last seen tooling south in a Land Rover sporting a battery "borrowed" from Hot Rod José.

RUNS REAL GOOD.
I'D DRIVE 'ER TO
MEXICO TOMORROW
IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO
WATER THE PLANTS.



What it was...

...What it is!?

More than just another grease boat, the Thunderchicken is a radical design concept so futuristic it destroyed Chrysler's corporate billions in the time it took to make a "milk run." Imagine: a cheap muscle car that actually saved gas, while doing everything a muscle car was originally designed for: making young girls cream their jeans and attracting more cops than an all-night Dunkin' Donuts. And cheap? You bet!



Bad Wheels on a Budget

\$199.99! Impossible? Hell, no. A few white lies between the decimals? Well, see the sorry-lookin' '65 Ford Fairlane Klunker in the Square Shooter snap above? Cost us only \$150, leaving us a whopping \$49.99 to blow in the Auto Accessories aisle at K-Mart. Everything over the \$199.99 price tag we either found or, uh, borrowed. That's true. And while it's also true we overspent the budget by a few country yards, this additional expense money was wasted on getting wasted: I have cash receipts from roadhouses, cathouses, and drug dealers from here to Georgia to prove it. And that's lesson numero uno in hot-rodding: Ya don't even think 'bout Thunderchicken-shit like this 'less you're jacked up like a clown. So knock back a few kool ones, puff on some TNT, and snort up a li'l poison, and you'll be set to build the baddest wheels on your block. All you'll need are ordinary household tools found in most medicine chests and a common Mexican signpainter fresh off a lacquer-sniffing high; and try not to gunk up your instruction manual.

**TURN PAGE FOR
10 STEPS
TO BAD
WHEELS**

①

**JACK IT UP
IN THE REAR
AND SPRAY IT
DAY-GLO
ORANGE!**



White works, too; and if you like, you can letter your girl friend's name on the rear axle.

②

**PUT
FAT
TIRES
ON THE
BACK!**



There's no more effective trick in the Book of Hot-Roddin' than this one. True, it makes her handle like a grocery cart on corners, but it looks as sexy as a peek of pink panty showing from under the hiked-up mini of a bent punkette.

Fat tires are badass. We found these monster L-50 fifteen-inch Road Rebels down in the boneyard. Classy mag wheels were found on Smitty's front porch.

③

**RIP OUT
THE GRILL
AND
CHAIN-PADLOCK
DOWN THE HOOD!**



Chain-padlocking down the hood makes it look like ya got a thousand bucks' worth of Speed Shop goodies under there that you're protecting from hostile tribes. Meanwhile you're keeping everyone from finding out the sorry truth. You can rip off the bumper, too, for added badness, and spray everything Bar-B-Q Black.

Technical Tip: Make sure garage door is shut tight to ensure maximum high from noxious paint fumes.

TAKE A BREAK...

Drinking and driving is very much frowned on by Dudley Do-Right. If you're gonna behave like this, might as well call in the Happy Hooker on the CB and tell 'em you're about to get really wrecked and need to get picked up.



4

BOLT ON A HOOD SCOOP!

We found an electrical breaker box hanging off the wall and bolted it on for a hood scoop. You can also use an inverted paint-roller can or wastebasket for "blown"-engine effect.



ANOTHER SURE WAY TO GET A BLOWN ENGINE... TAKE IT UP TO 110 M.P.H. IN SECOND GEAR!

ADD SIDE PIPES.

5



Why bother with expensive hooker headers or cherry-bomb mufflers when you can get the same deep-throb, throaty hot-rod sound and look by simply punching a few holes in your muffler with an ice pick and adding on gutter lake pipes?!

Thunderchicken

6
NAME IT!

"Sex Machine," "The Judge," and "Pussy Patrol" are all highly original. We called ours Thunderchicken because it looks like thunder but runs like a chicken. Also, being a Chevy man myself, it pretty much sums up how I feel about the Ford (Fix Or Repair Daily).



7

**STICK SPEED
DECALS 'N' STICKERS
IN REAR WINDOW.**

It pays to advertise, but who would bother to sponsor the Thunderchicken? Lucky we grabbed a few five-finger-discount decals from our favorite novelty store and were peeling out of there before the dog woke.



8

**ADD STP
STICKERS!**

STP stickers are the baddest. Baretta thinks so. So do Richard Petty and Joe Schenkman. Plaster 'em everywhere, wall-to-wall and treetop tall.

9

JAZZ IT UP INSIDE!

Thunderchicken extras include foam dice, fun fur, coon tail, skunk tail, big foot gas pedal with li'l foot dimmer, and Trans Am spoiler blasted with squirrel shot for trick paint effect. Pretty arty, huh?



10

PAINT IT! PUT A CHERRY ON TOP!

Police cars are, like, really, really bad! You can make your own "Bubble Gum Flasher" out of a truck clearance light and an old honey jar. Screw it on, and you're set for Nite Patrol. As far as paint goes, there's no reason to mess with trick finishes and candy-ass colors: the baddest color to come down the pike ever is hot-rod primer black. Flames, lettering, and pinstriping are traditionally done by alcoholics, I mean sign painters. Same difference: buy one a case and a jug and you'll be in Mexico before the paint dries.



WARNING: SOME THUNDERCHICKENSHIT MAY BE ILLEGAL IN YOUR STATE. Consult Local Rule Books.

250 THINGS TO THINK OF WHEN YOU HEAR THE BABY CRYING

BY BRIAN SHEIN

It's 2:30 in the morning. Your wife is asleep beside you, and you're finally drifting off. This could be the first real sleep you've had in the past two months, since the baby was born.

Suddenly, you snap awake. There it is again in the next room—the blanket rustling, a few low preliminary whimpers, a pause, and then the first full-throated howl. The baby is crying again.

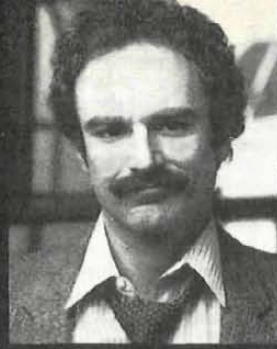
1. No. It can't be. I'm so tired, I'm hallucinating. Next thing, I'll be seeing the screams. They're bright dayglo orange with a green ripple around the edges. 2. Wait a minute. Maybe it's really my wife's breathing, amplified. Listen,...in breath, out breath. Your hearing gets funny after a while. 3. It's the baby all right. She's got a fever. The doctor said they can turn purple and go into spasms. Just like an epileptic fit. Christ, I bet that would snap her spine without any trouble at all. 4. A cold. Pneumonia. Pneumonic plague. She's going to cough up black, suppurative stuff from her lungs. And she's going to choke on it. Then maybe I can get some sleep. 5. I can't say it. I can't even think it. 6. *Leukemia*. There, I said it. Leukemia. 7. Babies have heart attacks. They cry real hard, the blood pressure shoots up, it gets too much for their small veins, and then, bang, that's it. 8. Goddamnit, she's loud! I suppose Earl and Linda next door will hear it, and I wouldn't put it past them to call the cops. Some detective with eight kids of his own will see the scratch the baby got when we changed her diapers. He'll slam me into the corner and pin my neck to the wall with a special cop headlock and vow that he'll see me imprisoned for child abuse even if he has to quit the force

to work on the case twenty-four hours a day. 9. There're two junkies in there. Emaciated, psychopathic guys with long, ratty blond hair and leather jackets. They think babies crying are real funny. Even if I promise them a week's head start with all my credit cards, they'll still do that thing to her that they're giggling about. 10. Yeah, but what if she does die? I mean, I have to report it, and how do I explain that I didn't immediately jump out of bed as soon as I heard the first noise? That's just the point my wife's parents will make at the wrongful-death trial, both of them crazed with revenge for what I did to their irreplaceable granddaughter. Nothing more fucked up than old people after justice. They

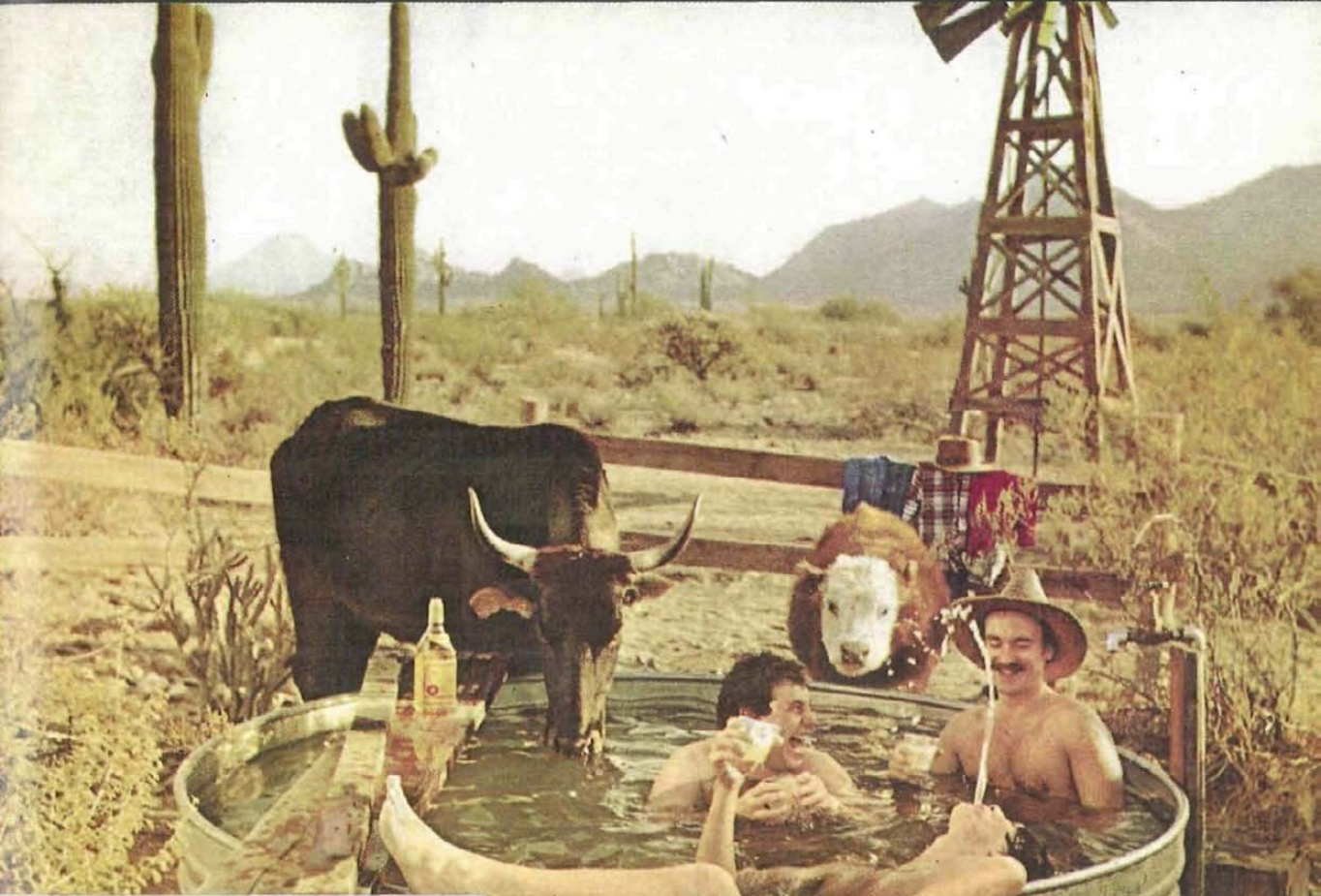


don't understand anything about inconvenience or reputations. All they know is the main thing in their empty lives is gone. I'm responsible, and they haven't got anything better to spend their savings on than nationally famous lawyers who'll reduce me to a pathetic, weeping fool on the witness stand and strap me with a million-dollar judgment for the rest of my life. 11. Maybe they won't sue. It's still embarrassing. I'll have to tell the nice lady at the drugstore, when she asks why we're not buying formula anymore. I'll have to cancel the diaper service, and when I explain it to the driver he'll just slap me on the back and say, "Hey, better luck next time, pal!" 12. I guess we'll have to have a

funeral. A baby funeral with a little quarter-scale coffin and someone droning all sorts of vague, flocculent gibberish about Monique's special infant route to heaven. Then maybe a music box will play something depressing by Schubert. 13. Perhaps we could just stash her out in the front yard. Sure...with the neighbors snooping around all the time. It'd be like an Alfred Hitchcock scene, me out there with a burlap bag and a half-dug trench. "Oh, hi there, Earl. I just bought these tulip bulbs and they say you have to plant them at night when the ground's, uh, cool." 14. Those neighbors on the other side have that goddamn dog, always nosing around in the garbage. If I catch that fucker digging up the spot, I'll take my ceremonial halberd to his head. I don't care if they send me away, I don't want any German shepherd around my baby's bones. 15. But then what do we do? Fake it? Put a doll in the carriage and walk it around the block? We'd have to move. 16. What am I talking about, "we"? She'll divorce me right away. Walk right out. Okay, so I never did finish reading *Fat Is a Feminist Issue*, I'm sorry, but that isn't why our baby died. 17. My wife's gone. I'm alone in the place. Hey, it turns out the baby isn't dead. I hear scratching under the lawn. She was just sleeping—like a coma, only they do it all the time and it's normal. They can breathe without their lungs moving or anything. 18. My wife still blames me. She isn't coming back. I'm stuck with the baby, by myself. The kid cries all the time. When I try to feed her she spits it out and smashes the bottle on the floor. I know the more tense I get the harder she's going to scream. This makes me extremely angry, and she reacts as predicted. "Die, Daddy, die or go crazy" is what she's telling me in her baby body language. 19. I'm alone. I lost my job. It's the middle of the night. She's still crying, for six hours nonstop. My left arm is suddenly numb. The first sign of a heart
(continued on page 247)



No, Mr. Babcock. Yes, Mr. Burns. Never, Ms. Little. Never.
Five days of this and I bust loose with Cuervo & grapefruit



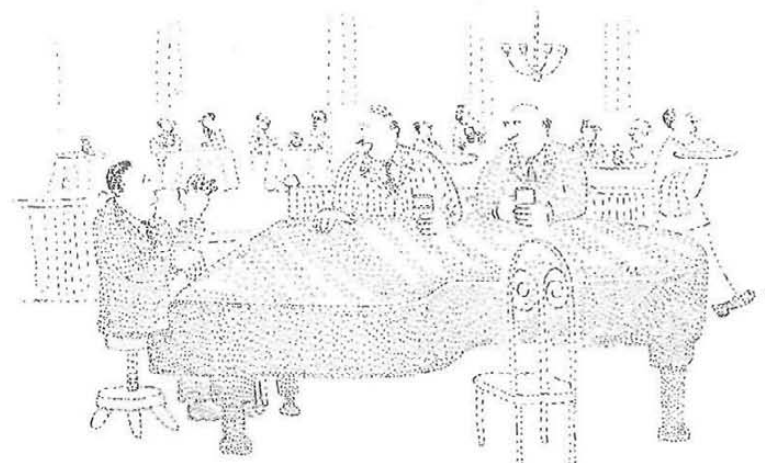
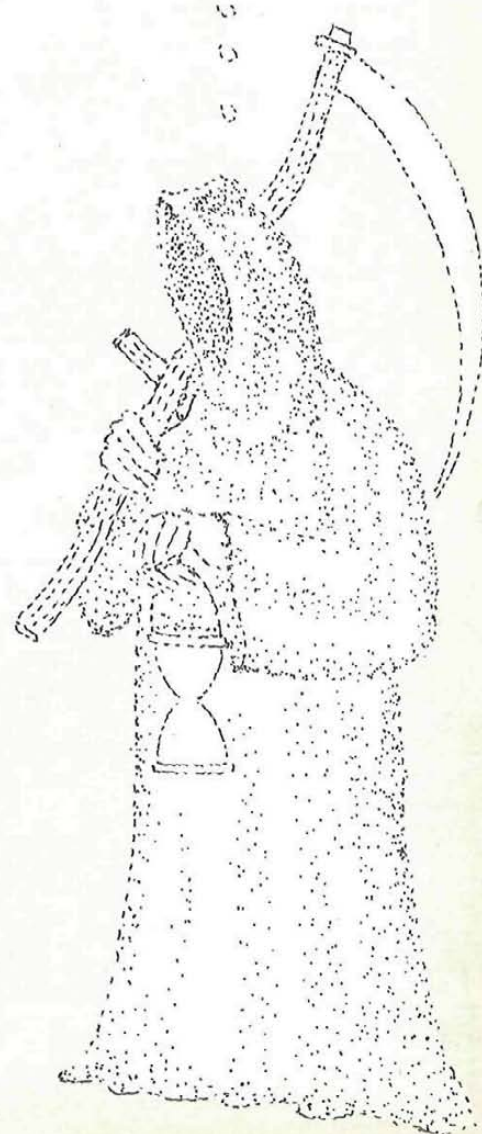
Bust loose with Cuervo Gold.
Dash it on the rocks and
add a splash of grapefruit.
Your mouth's been
waiting for it all week.



Cuervo Especial® Tequila 80 Proof Imported and Bottled by © 1980 Heublein Inc., Hartford, Conn.

Presenting
a Collection of
Cartoons
by
Robert Mankoff
for Which
We Couldn't
Think Up a Title.

Neither Could You.

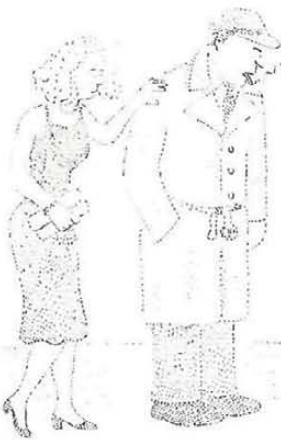


"Hey, keep it down, we're trying to have a conversation."

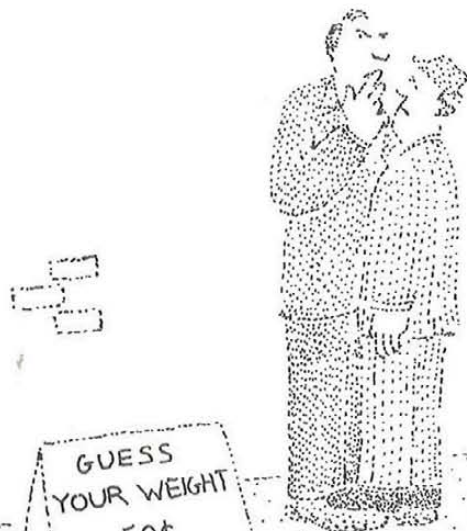
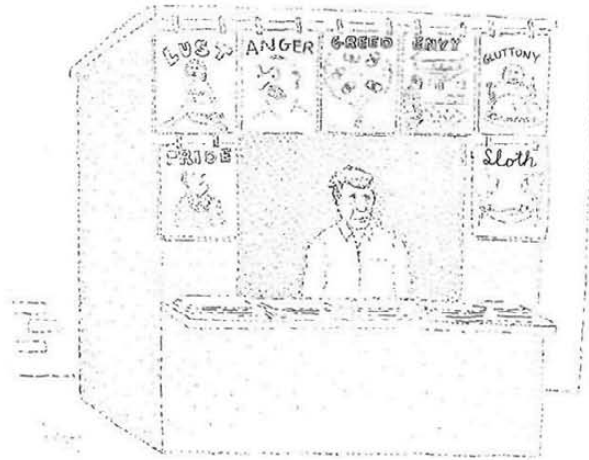
THE NOTION THAT CRUNCH! ARCHITECTURAL
 CRUNCH! CRUNCH! FORMS CAN
 CRUNCH! EXPRESS ANYTHING MAY CRUNCH!
 SEEM DIFFICULT CRUNCH! TO
 CRUNCH! CRUNCH! GRASP
 AT CRUNCH! ALL.



"Generally speaking, the separation of Siamese twins is a difficult and hazardous operation. Your case is an exception, however, since you are only joined at the shoelace."



"No problem, sweetheart; danger is my business."



"Quick! Hide! That may be my husband!"



If you'd like to know how these boys can get charcoal by burning hard maple wood, drop us a line.

BATEMAN, BURNS AND BRANCH sound like Philadelphia lawyers. Actually, they're rickers from Tennessee.

There aren't many men who can take a rick of hard maple wood and burn it into tiny pieces of charcoal. But these three gentlemen can. And, after the charcoal is packed into big vats, we gentle our whiskey down through it. If you're wondering what accounts for Jack Daniel's smoothness, give the credit to this charcoal. But don't overlook a trio of rickers—named Bateman, Burns and Branch.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROPS
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery,
Lem Motlow, Prop. Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

OLGA KORBUS

continued from page 36

pigtails get stiff and hard when you're thinking about a serious international crisis." Kathy ran out of the room while Olga reached over to the phone and handed Jim McKay another steak.

By the time McKay and his crew cleared out of the room, it was obvious that Olga had detected some type of emergency. "There is trouble for us," I said. "Kathy and Jim have rushed away to notify the other teams that we are actually a delightful and unimpeachably scrupulous pair of lovebirds." I quickened my breathing and darted nervously around the carpet. "I cannot understand why they were not influenced by our pretense of degeneracy; now the athletes will fail to suspect that we are manipulating the scores and shall consequently perform with their usual zest." Olga started to cry. "I am sorry," she said, "I should have prepared more stolen steaks, yes?" I spread my hands across Olga's jaws, resting my thumbs against her cheeks to dam the tears. "There is only one course of activity left," I said with great intensity and resolution. "We must kill Lubicheva." Olga squeezed her eyelids shut, then popped them open so they were nearly as circular and wide as the disks on the Soviet leisure cups at the Relaxation Canteen.

"No!" she screamed. "We cannot do that!"

"He is the enemy of the Olympics!" I shouted back. "I pronounce a sentence of death upon the perfidious dog Lubicheva!" I showed Olga my New York driver's license and revealed to her that the "brn" under "Eyes" represented special plenipotentiary authority vested in me by the International Committee, and that a check mark by "Corrective Lenses" empowered me to deputize the athletes.

That night we entered the Soviet team dormitory with a submachine gun I stripped from a West German guard after Olga slammed the Doktor-tape deck against his head from our moving car. This was the ideal time to bash a soldier and use his gun to murder a Red Olympics coach, because the police and half the West German army would blame it on the PLO. The halls were dark and empty. I supposed that most of Olga's team had gone to the Relaxation Canteen to watch the Israelis get the shit blown out of them on TV. Inching along the corridor with our backs pressed against a wall, I asked Olga to point

continued on page 73



SNUTS

REMEMBER HOW GREAT YOUR IMAGINATION WAS AND WHAT FUN YOU COULD HAVE WITH IT BUT HOW, SOMETIMES, IF YOU DIDN'T WATCH IT, IT COULD RUN OFF IN ANY DIRECTION IT WANTED TO, AND EASILY DRAG ALL THE REST OF YOU ALONG WITH IT?

JEEZ, I SHOULD NEVER HAVE GONE FOR THAT LONG WALK WITH LEON... MY FEET ARE FROZEN STIFF!

Graham Wilson ©1980

GOD...WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY'RE LIKE IN THERE?! I CAN HARDLY EVEN FEEL THEM! IT'S LIKE WALKING ON TWO LUMPS INSTEAD OF FEET!

I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE IT BACK HOME! I'M GOING TO BE LIKE THAT MEAN GUY ON YUKON JIM WHEN HE FROZE SO SOLID HE BROKE UP INTO CHUNKS WHEN HE FELL!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?

WHAT'S WRONG, DEAR?

NOTHING. GANGRENE!!! I'LL BE LIKE THE GUY IN GREAT WAR COMICS, AND THEY'LL BE ALL BLACK AND LEAK YELLOW PUS!

ARE YOU ALLRIGHT?

YEAH. I'VE REALLY GOT TO GET CONTROL OF MYSELF...

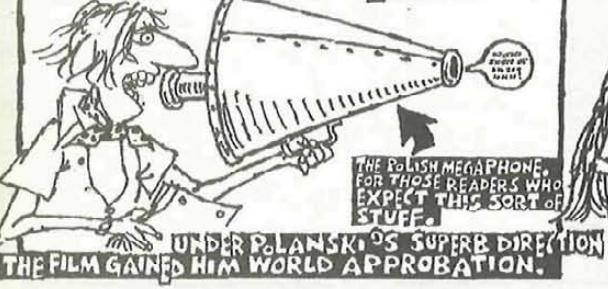
Roman Polanski a biography

ROMAN POLANSKI WAS BORN IN SPRINGFIELD, POLAND-A VILLAGE JUST OUTSIDE WARSAW.



HAVE A SWIG OF KVASS, SWEETSKI- PUTS HAIR ON YOUR KIELBASA!

AS AN INFANT POLANSKI HAD A PENCHANT FOR YOUNGER GIRLS. WANDA PELCZARSKI, 13 HOURS OLD, WAS ONE SUCH GIRL.



THE POLISH MEGAPHONE, FOR THOSE READERS WHO EXPECT THIS SORT OF STUFF.

UNDER POLANSKI'S SUPERB DIRECTION THE FILM GAINED HIM WORLD APPROBATION.

BUT THE CIA ON ORDERS FROM NIXON CONSPIRED WITH THE LOS ANGELES POLICE TO SET A CRUDE ENTRAPMENT SCHEME TO DISCREDIT POLANSKI BECAUSE OF THE BIZARRE NATURE OF HIS FILMS.

USING A SEBUCTIVE, FALSETTO VOICE, A POLICE OFFICER SETS OUT TO TITILLATE POLANSKI...



Hi, big boy! How about showing me how to make whoopee? I just turned thirteen!

SURE, SWEETSKI! HOW ABOUT A PRESCRIP - I MEAN A LEMONADE?

EVEN AS A BOY POLANSKI WAS FASCINATED BY THE MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS.



WHEN I GROW UP I'M GONNA BE FAMOUS LIKE ERROL FLYNN!

WITH THE SUCCESS OF 'KNIFE IN THE WATER' HE HEADED FOR HOLLYWOOD!



TOO BAD! NOW - IF SHE WERE 18 AND LOOKED 13...

NEEDLESS TO SAY, POLANSKI WAS ARRESTED, TRIED, CONVICTED, AND SENTENCED TO PRISON!



NOTE THE OBVIOUSLY FAKE JUDGE!

UNWILLING TO SUBMIT TO THIS 'KANGAROO COURT', POLANSKI FLED TO PARIS, WHERE HE IS NOW DIRECTING A REMAKE OF 'LITTLE WOMEN'.

AND STILL THE CIA CONTINUES ITS INSIDIOUS CAMPAIGN TO DISCREDIT ROMAN POLANSKI!



OH, MONSIEUR, HI 'AVE RUN A-WAY FROM MY CRU-EL FATHER IN LYONS! 'E WANT ME TO SELL ZE ON-IONS HIN ENG-LAND. BUT HI SAY NON! HI HAM TIR-TEEN. YOU BUY ME A DRINK-NO?

THE VOICE OF THE LATE PETER SELLERS ON CASSETTE...

FOR READERS INTERESTED IN NUMEROLOGY, ROMAN POLANSKI CONTAINS 13 LETTERS, SO DOES 'CHARLES MANSON' AND ALSO 'MILK CHOCOLATE.' ©COPYRIGHT 1980

Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London

Dear Nancy Friday,

I hope the following sexual fantasy will appear in your new book "Men in Heat."



I am sixty-nine years old, on social security, five times divorced.



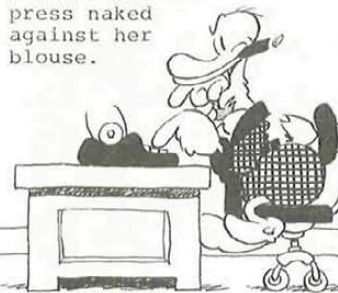
When lonely nights force me to take unrequited love into my own hands, I have one recurring dream.



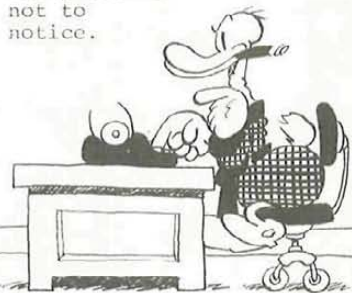
In it, my first wife and I are strolling down the Champs Élysées discussing Camus.



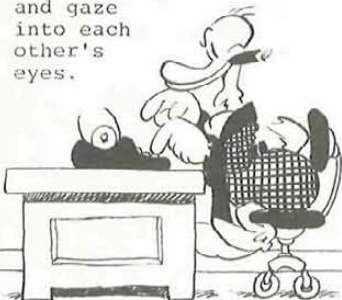
It is spring, we are in the flower of our youth, and her breasts press naked against her blouse.



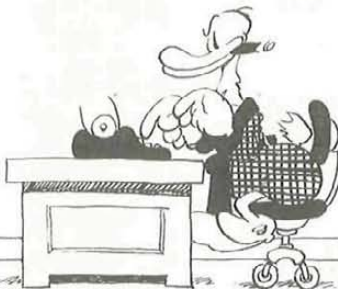
Hunger wells up inside me; she pretends not to notice.



We stop at an old-fashioned French butcher shop and gaze into each other's eyes.



I say, "How about a nice fish dinner?"



She says, "We had fish twice this week already; I want meat loaf."



I say, "I'm the husband, you're the wife. We do what I say!"



She says, "Okay, you win... We'll have fish for dinner."



At this point in the fantasy I usually come to orgasm.





I KNEW THEM BACK IN '36.



HERE ARE JOE AND ROSE.



JOE JR. AND JACK: ALWAYS MIXING IT UP.



TWO OF THE GIRLS: EUNICE AND ROSEMARY.



HIGH JINKS 'ROUND THE DINNER TABLE.



BOBBY - A YOUNG CHARMER.



LITTLE TEDDY, LURKING BEHIND THE FURNITURE.



A GAME OF TOUCH FOOTBALL.



WHAT A FUN-LOVING BUNCH!

YOUNG MODERNS

by Paul Anthony and Ralph Reese



It's a Hit.



It's a Game. It's The Record Game. Play the Hit.

It's easy. Even if you don't have any talent, you can be a big shot in the music industry. You could be "Entertainer of the Year," or you could bomb out in Cleveland. Make a million or lose a million, it all depends on how you play **The Record Game**.

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When you play *the board game of the music business*, you call the shots, take the risks, and make the profits. It takes skill, planning, and luck, just like out in the real world.

It's different. It's entertaining. It's a challenge. **The Record Game** is the one worth having a party for. It is *The Board Game of the 80s*. **It is The Record Game. It's a hit.**

Pick up your platinum copy at your favorite record store, or mail in the coupon below.



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 A Monkey Business Company

Send me _____ RECORD GAME(s) @ \$32⁰⁰ ea. (+ \$2.50 postage/handling)
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(Tennessee residents add 6% sales tax)
 Charge to my MASTERCARD VISA

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery

POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett

POLITENESSMAN IS DRIVING, AT A PRUDENT RATE OF SPEED, THROUGH THE SOUTHLAND...

AHHH DIXIE, WHERE GENTILITY STILL ABIDETH.

SKEETERS IS A-HUMMIN' ON DE HONEY-SUCKLE VINE

BUT WHAT'S THIS?

(THIS IS MAH PAPPY'S HOUSE NIGGER-A REAL LIPPITY COON!

PI-TOO!

QUICK TO SENSE RUDENESS AFOOT, POLITENESSMAN HURLS HIS STEEL HANKIE!

GLONG!

OUCH!

THE PROPER WAY TO INTRODUCE A SERVANT IS TO SAY, "THIS IS MY LOUISA, WHO BROUGHT ME UP."

GOSH, GUESS MAH FERGOT MAH CHIVALRY!

AH TAUGHT YOU BETTER DEN DAT!

THIS IS MY LOUISA, WHO BROUGHT ME UP.

HOW-DO?

NOW LET'S BURN HER SHACK!

YAHOO! SIEG HEIL!

THE NEXT DAY

AH SHO 'PRECIATES YO NICE INTERRDUCKSHUN, SO AH DONE YO' SHEETS!!

THANK YOU! LIGHT ON THE STARCH, I HOPE!

HOW VERY GENTEEL!

ACT LIKE A BAKERY - ALWAYS WELL-BRED! THANK YOU.

Aunt Mary's KITCHEN

M.K. BROWN ©1980

O.K!

WE'RE ALL SET FOR THE SLIDE SHOW AS SOON AS MY TWIN SISTER DOROTHY ARRIVES WITH THE PROJECTOR.

I'M MAKING COFFEE

AND MY BROTHER LEO IS BUSY WITH THE POPCORN MACHINE, WHICH IS ACTING UP NOW THAT THE GUARANTEE HAS EXPIRED.

WHERE IS THAT DOROTHY ????

YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON MY SISTER TO BE LATE!

I HATE THAT SHE'S PROBABLY FUSSING WITH HER HAIR.

I HEAR THE PHONE! THAT WILL BE DOROTHY - STUCK SOMEWHERE

OR LOST - YOU'D NEVER KNOW DOROTHY WAS A DERMATOLOGIST BY THE WAY SHE DRIVES

YES, I KNEW IT WAS YOU - WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU, PARDON MY FRENCH?

LEO, YOU CAN TURN OFF THE POPCORN MACHINE - DOROTHY WILL BE TWO HOURS LATE

SOME "EMERGENCY" HAS ARISEN AT THE OFFICE, OR SO SHE SAYS

I MUST BUY MY OWN PROJECTOR.

NEXT MONTH: SLIDE SHOW

THE APPLETONS



Happy Birthday

By B.K. Taylor

A SUNNY SATURDAY FINDS THE APPLETON FAMILY READYING FOR YOUNG KATHY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY. TENSION FILLS THE AIR, AS WE HEAR THE VOICE OF HER MOTHER...



NOW DON'T WORRY, DEAR, I'LL BE RIGHT NEXT DOOR IF YOU NEED ME.

...AND I'LL BE AT THE GOLF COURSE WITH THE BOYS.

OKAY... DOES MY DRESS LOOK ALLRIGHT?

BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS.

THEY'LL BE HERE SOON, SIS!

THE MOMENT FINALLY ARRIVES, AS DO THE GUESTS, AND THE PARTY IS UNDER WAY, WITH PLENTY OF MUSIC AND LAUGHTER.



WHEN SUDDENLY



SURPRISE!! LUCKY FOR YOU THE GOLF GAME WAS CANCELED. NOW I CAN JOIN THE PARTY!

WHO IS...

IT'S KATHY'S DAD!



ENOUGH OF THIS SISSY DANCING... HUP, HERE SON-GO OUT FOR A PASS...

I MEAN, IF WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A PARTY, LET'S DO IT RIGHT!

WHAT DOES HE MEAN, WE?

OWW!



MR. APPLETON RETRIEVES A SURPRISE FROM THE CLOSET...

OKAY, KIDS, HERE WE GO! LADY OF SPAIN, I ADORE YOU... ALL TOGETHER NOW - LADY OF SPAIN...

I'M GOING HOME!

ME TOO!



WHERE ARE THEY GOING? HUMPH! WE WON'T LET THEM SPOIL OUR FUN.

HEY, MISTER, YOU'RE WRECKING OUR PARTY!



PARDON?

WE DON'T LIKE ACCORDION MUSIC.

I'M SORRY, SON, BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU WITH ALL THAT IVORY IN YOUR MOUTH.

THAT DOES IT! I'M LEAVING TOO!

DADDY!



ON YOUR WAY OUT, HOW 'BOUT CHEWING DOWN THAT DEAD TREE IN THE FRONT YARD. OKAY! 1-2-3-FEELINGS. OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, FEEL...



KATHY, SOMEWHAT FRUSTRATED, INTERRUPTS HER FATHER'S MUSIC.

DADDY, CAN WE PLEASE PLAY A FUN THING?

A FUN THING?



MR. APPLETON LEAVES BRIEFLY AND RETURNS WITH A STRANGE OBJECT.

LET'S HAVE AN INTERNATIONAL BIRTHDAY PARTY! WE'LL CELEBRATE THE WAY THEY DO IN SUNNY MEXICO!



NOW, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO, KATHY, IS HIT THE PINATA, AND GIFTS WILL POUR OUT FOR ALL!



YAAAAAY! HIT IT, KATHY!

LOWER! SWING LOWER!

HIT IT!

HIGHER! SWING HIGHER!



WHACK!

BA

WHOOO



HEY, GOOD ONE!

WHAT A STUPID PARTY!

THIS STINKS!

THOSE MEXICANS ARE CRAZY! I'M GOING HOME!



Later

HELLO! WELL, HOW WAS THE PARTY?

IT WAS GRAND, = TWEET = WASN'T IT, KIDS?

YEAH...

GRAND...



written by Jody Uttall

hilary

art by Mary Wilshire



FUNNY PAGES BUTTONS!



ACTUAL SIZE



FULL SET OF 10 BUTTONS: JUST \$4.00

- Indicate the number of sets you wish to purchase: _____
- Include check or money order payable to *National Lampoon*, for \$4.00 per set, plus \$.75 per set for postage and handling.
- New York residents add 8 percent sales tax. Send to *National Lampoon Dept. NL1180, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.*

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

OLGA KORBUT

continued from page 64

out Lubicheva's room. "At the end," she whispered. I quickly pulled Olga into an open doorway and instructed her to stay put for exactly ten minutes. "Then," I said, "place your head inside Lubicheva's door and say, 'Time for sex?'"

Olga gave me a tentative nod, then peered briefly down the hall. "Thank you for being so courageous, Lord Montgomery," Olga said. "Of course you know that I am proudly admiring you." She solicited an awkward kiss on her rigid, fearful lips before I stuffed the machine gun inside my coat and crept toward the definitive Soviet asshole at the end of the hall. I knocked lightly on his door, then opened it.

Lubicheva was dressed in a red CCCP warm-up suit, hunched over a plastic writing table in the corner of the room. "Mr. Lubicheva," I said, "I am Brendon Moorehead, with the United States government." He swiveled his chair toward me; a crooked ribbon of cabbage was bonded to the crease between his nose and the corner of his vinegar-lacquered mouth. "Department of State," I said, displaying my New York driver's license. In standard Soviet fashion, Lubicheva became instantly suspicious, paranoid, and, moreover, loathsome as he leveraged another forkful of emetic communist slaw from a cardboard tub. "What is it that you want?" he asked coldly. I examined his leaden body for a moment and wondered what grotesque, alien organs were lumbering inside it processing those vile-smelling cabbage leaves into hundreds of pounds of suet and the peculiar cortical nutrients used by a Joseph Stalin or someone who thinks he was a great guy.

"I am here to discuss the payment of certain war reparation bonds," I announced. "Thirty-year notes totaling several billion dollars are due and payable today, Mr. Lubicheva. Do you have the money?"

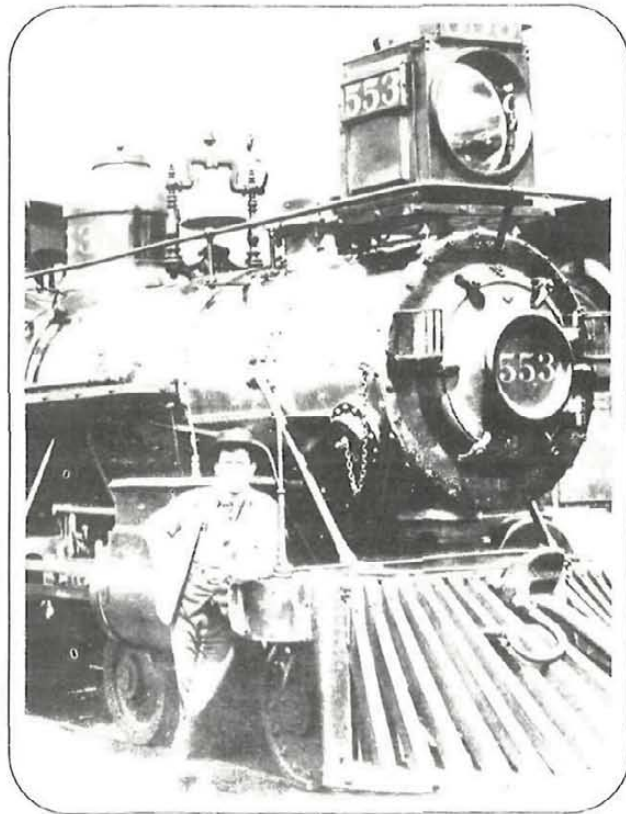
"I know nothing of this," he growled. "Now, you get out of here." I shuffled to Lubicheva's dresser and picked up a can of shaving cream. "Please, Mr. Lubicheva," I said in a controlled voice, "do not try our patience." I began to squirt the shaving cream into my hand. "The United States can give...and give...and give until there is nothing more," I said, holding up the empty can. I dropped it on the floor, then spread the huge

continued on page 82

"We were stopped dead... 'cause Weed had traded all the railroad ties for 2 dozen oysters and a French piano."

Sean Sweeney, Gang Boss, Chicago & Ouray Railroad

The Bettmann Archive, Inc.



Fact was...he was a lot more than a railroad man. He was a man with real good taste. Yet he always liked a good prank. As long as it was done with class.

Jeremiah Weed isn't just a legacy. It's a tribute to a 100 proof maverick.

100 Proof Jeremiah Weed

Jeremiah Weed® Bourbon Liqueur, © 1980 Heublein, Inc. Hartford, Conn.



Supertuner® II. Lightning strikes again.

At last.
A new
Supertuner
with FM
reception so
advanced, you
simply have to
hear it to believe it.

Because Super-
tuner II wasn't design-
ed just to sound
good on paper or
in a lab. It was devel-
oped to sound good in the
the real world, in moving cars.

To sort out stations in the
stereo jungles of cities.

To pull in stations in the stereo
wastelands of the open highway.

features like Auto Reverse
with Automatic Tape Slack
Canceller, an exclusive.



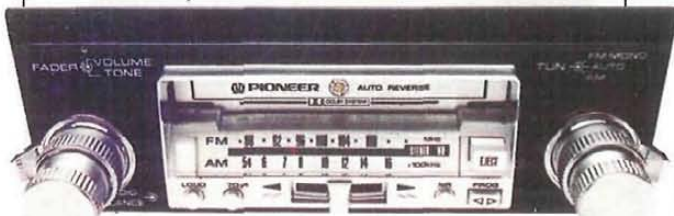
Plus, of course, a com-
plete range of compati-
ble speakers. All with
superb engineering,
performance and de-
pendability you'll find
throughout Pioneer's
complete line.

So if you'd like to
hear the best audio

in motion,
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auto-
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dealer
now.

For Super-
tuner II.

The car
stereo that's
taking the
world by storm.



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To adjust for signal changes
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So smoothly, you're hardly
aware it's happening.

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the good-sounding car stereo. It's
available with advanced cassette



TS-698

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 Commercial Jet

In the event of an emergency landing



Oxygen
 Oxígeno
 Oxygene



It's a little like watering a dead plant, but we have it if you want it.

Emergency exits

Salidas de emergencia

Sortie de secours



Not now, though, or you'll be sucked out into one of the engine compressors.

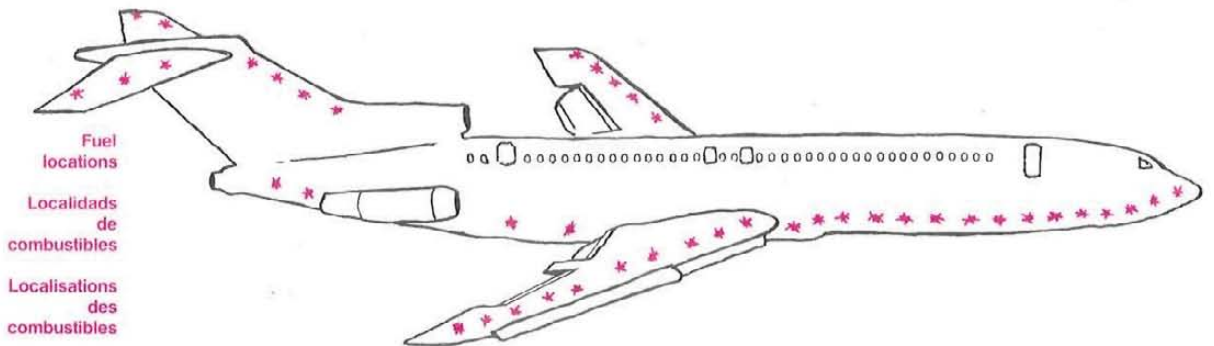
Your seat cushion will keep you afloat

Su asiento le mantendrá a flote

Le coussin de votre siège sert de flotteur



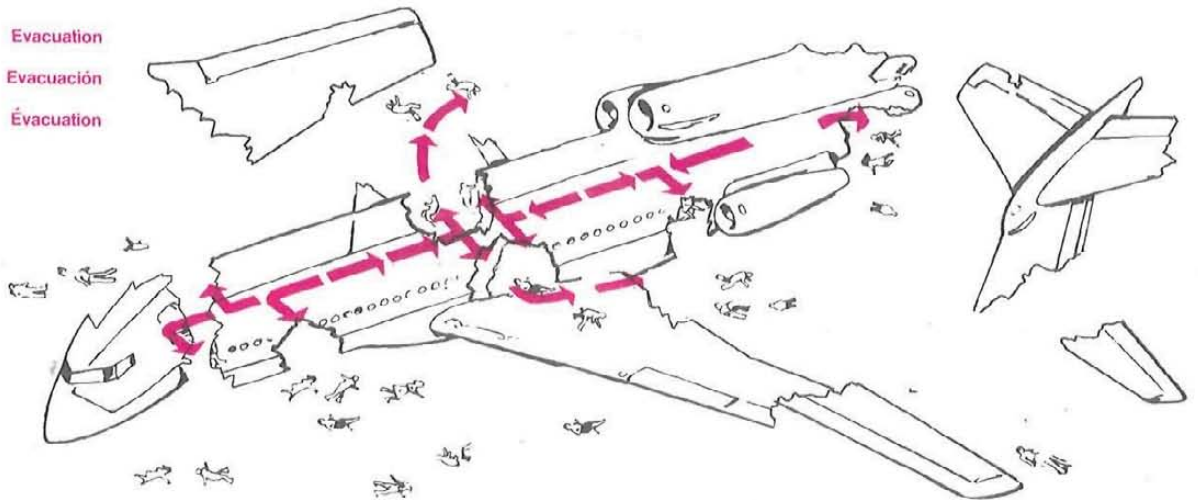
You fool, you're really grabbing at straws, aren't you?



Fuel locations
 Localidades de combustibles
 Localisations des combustibles

Be sure to familiarize yourself with the forty-three fuel-tank locations on this aircraft. Experienced travelers know that violent explosions of kerosene can make the difference between a pleasant trip and an oxidized one.

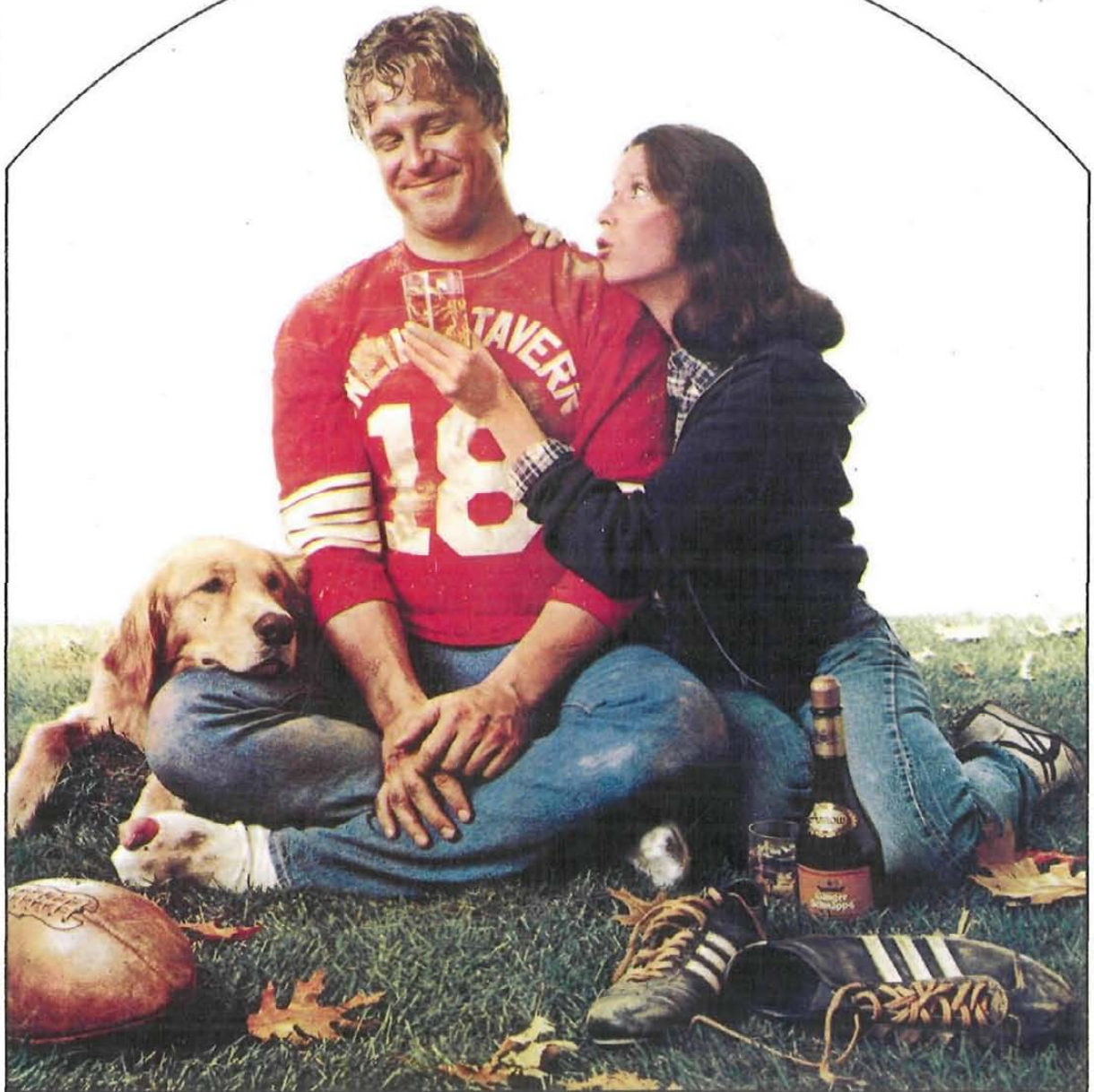
Evacuation
 Evacuación
 Évacuation



Plenty of exits now, so everybody out, okay?

Please glue this page to an airline-safety instruction card

SCHNAPPS



What a game. On the ground and in the air your team did the job.

Now taste the flavors you've always loved. Enjoy our new tangy Ginger, spicy



Cinnamon or minty Spearmint Schnapps over ice, with your favorite mixers, or along with a beer.

The two of you and Arrow Schnapps. What a play.

ARROW. THE FLAVOR OF AMERICA.

ARROW® SCHNAPPS, 60 PROOF. ARROW LIQUORS CO., ALLEN PARK, MICHIGAN

Ladies! National Lampoon Cordially Invites
You to Participate in Our Exciting New
Photography Contest!

Send Us a Photo of Your Husband's Butt!



The Prizes!

Each winner of National Lampoon's "Send Us a Photo of Your Husband's Butt" contest will have his photograph reprinted in an upcoming issue of National Lampoon, which may then be sent to his parents, parish priest, or employer if he refuses to take out the garbage or buy you a car.

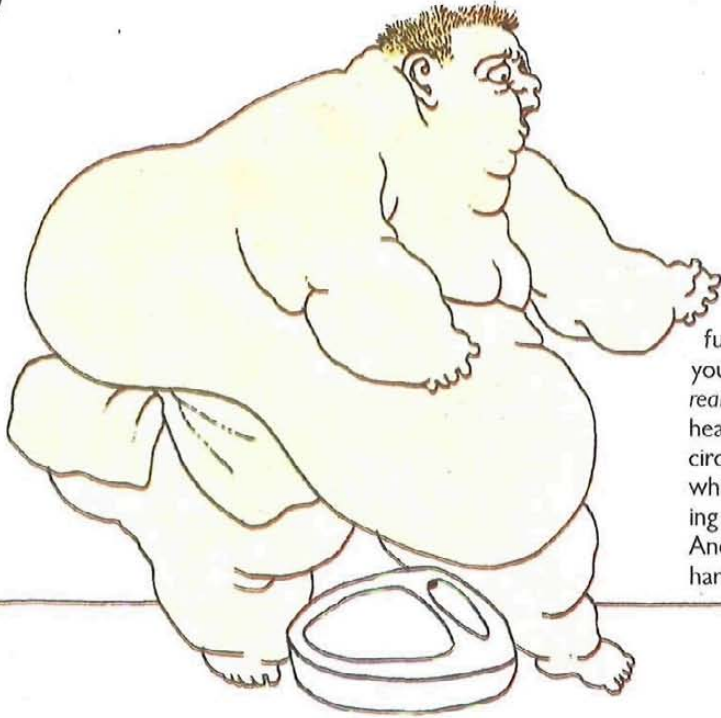
ENTER NOW! SEND YOUR PHOTOS TO:

National Lampoon Photo Contest
635 Madison Avenue New York, NY 10022

The Rules!

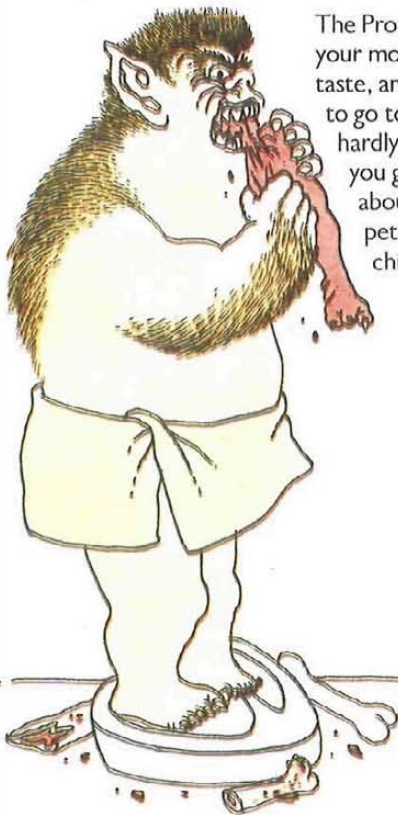
Photographs may be either black and white or color, but all poses must be full standing, rear view. Pants must be at ankles and hands on hips. No pressed, split, or smiling ham, please. And for your protection, no faces. The contest is open to all female photographers and their husbands or boyfriends. Included with all photos must be a brief description of the subject's occupation, hobbies, and interests and his first name. Everyone involved should be over eighteen. Boyfriends are okay substitutes for husbands, but no dads, please. Clearly mark your envelope **PHOTO CONTEST!** so that we don't accidentally open it while we're eating lunch.

JUNK DIETS by GAHAN WILSON



Eating lots of food is fun, but the only catch is you can get *really* fat. And *really* fat people get fat hearts, fat lungs, and fat circulation—even cancer, which can be very annoying and sometimes fatal. And fat people have a hard time reading a scale.

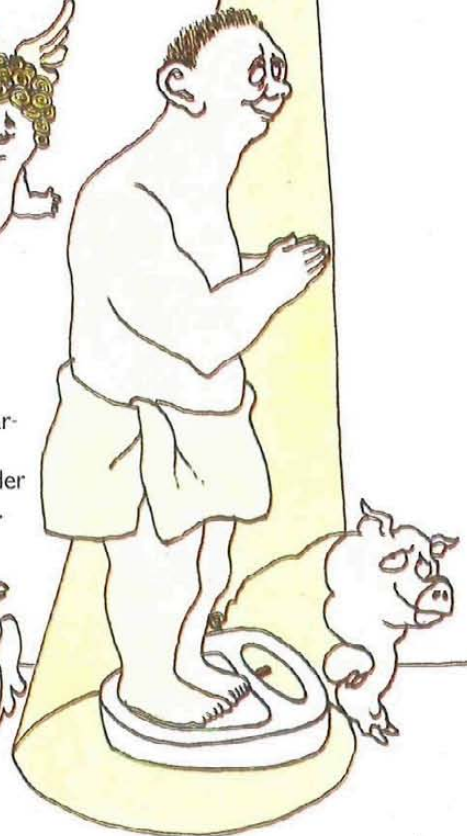
With a little intelligence and a few well-placed mirrors, you can learn how to read a scale and keep track of your first diet.

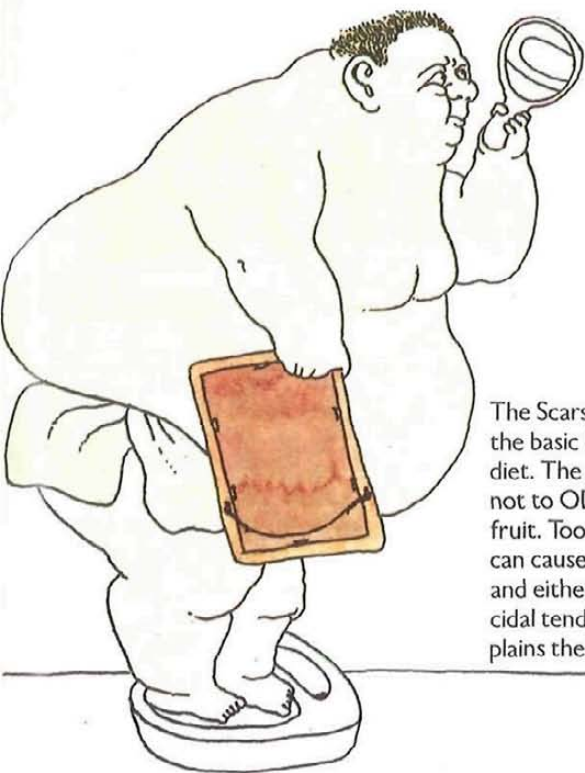


The Protein Diet gives your mouth a metallic taste, and you don't have to go to the bathroom hardly ever, and it gives you great new ideas about your friends' pets and small children.

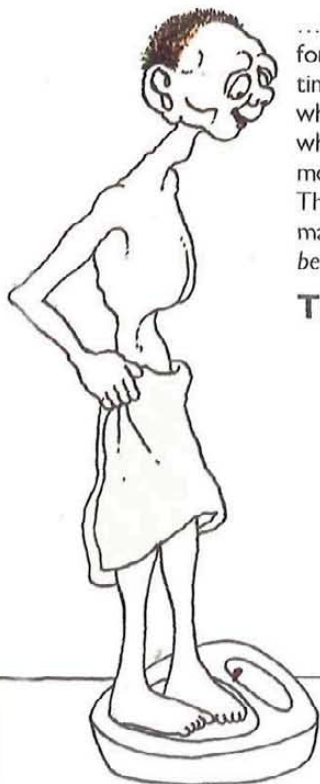
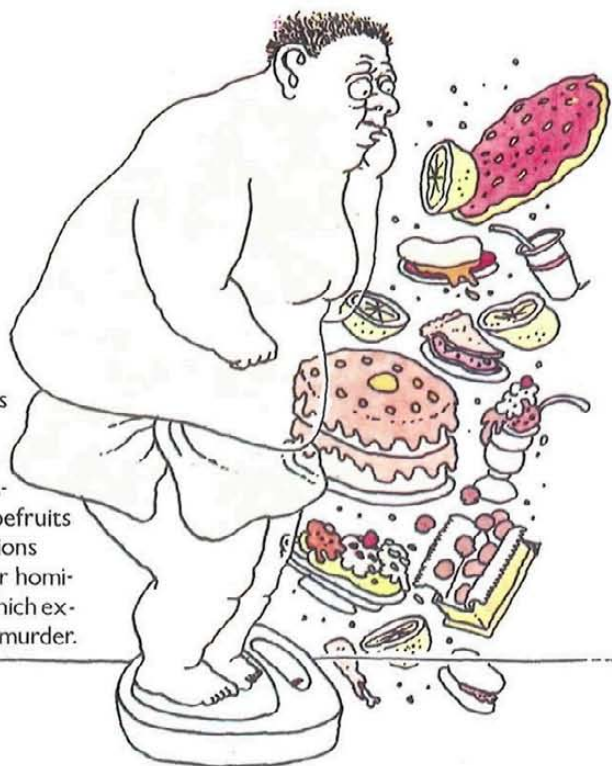


Switching to the Vegetarian Diet from the last one really is a mindbender and leads naturally to...



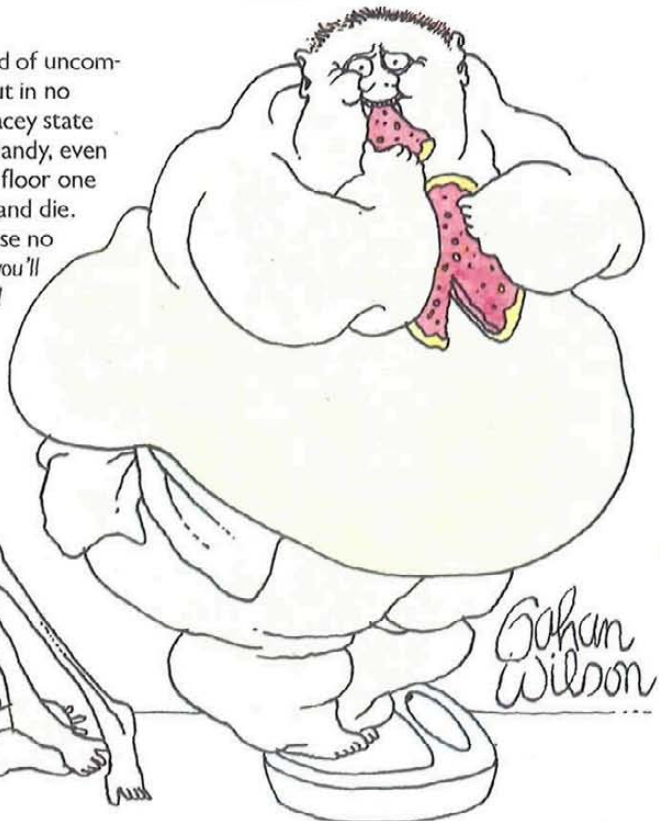


The Scarsdale Diet is the basic beginner's diet. The problem is not to OD on grapefruit. Too many grapefruits can cause hallucinations and either suicidal or homicidal tendencies—which explains the Tarnower murder.



...out-and-out fasting. This is kind of uncomfortable for the first few days, but in no time at all you'll be in a vague, spacey state where everything will seem just dandy, even when you collapse and fall to the floor one morning on the way to the scale and die. Then the fun really begins, because no matter how much pizza you eat, you'll be a ghost and won't weigh a thing!

THE END



NATIONAL LAMPOON HAS PUBLISHED A LOT OF VERY INTELLIGENT MATERIAL—



INCISIVE SATIRES, THOUGHT-PROVOKING PARODIES, DEEP AND FEARLESS PEEKS INTO THE HUMAN PSYCHE.

NONE OF THOSE ARE REPRINTED IN THIS BOOK.

Please send me _____ copies of National Lampoon Foto Funnies at \$2.95 each.

Enclosed is my check or money order payable within the continental USA or Canada, made out to

National Lampoon Dept. NL 1180, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022

Please add \$.50 per order for postage and handling in the US. \$1.50 for outside the US. New York residents, please add 8 percent sales tax

I enclose \$ _____

Name _____ (please print)

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POP THE TOP, PUNCH THE TAPE, AND JOIN THE



NATIONAL LAMPOON



Kustom Kar Krash Klub

Here's what you get!

STOLEN CAR

A BUMPER STICKER—racy red on wiggly white vinyl, guaranteed to last 'til the police arrive!

ALL FOR JUST **\$199**

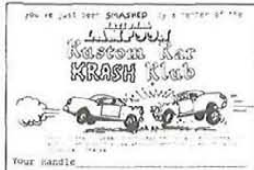
GOSH DARN IRAN

PLUS! WHILE THE CRISIS LASTS!

Tasteful 2 1/8" **BUTTON** telling A-rabs and Gas Hogs just how you feel about the messy oil business without mincing words (and if the crisis is over, then have an historical memento you can show the kids—on us!).



1 1/2" BUTTON—new-wave white, printed on bitchin' black.



MEMBERSHIP CARD that's sure to get you in even more trouble!

ALSO! You will receive a questionnaire for our membership files concerning your driving habits (like fingerprints and police records) in which you will be asked to describe, in twenty-five words (more or less), the **WORST** wreck you ever had. **Best WORST WRECKS** will be printed on the Klub Newz page and winners will receive checks for \$9.99.

Joe Schenkman SAYS:

I WILL PAY YOU **\$29⁹⁹** IF YOU SEND ME A SNAPSHOT OF A REALLY, REALLY FUNNY CAR... **...AND WE PRINT IT IN THE TRUE SECTION OF THIS MAG!**



DO YA REALLY THINK THEY'LL SEND IN, SCHENKMAN? I MEAN, AS LONG AS I GET MY PICTURE IN THE MAG, I GUESS IT'S OKAY WITH ME!

HEY! REALLY REALLY REALLY! IT'S ALL REALLY GOOD QUALITY THUNDERCHICKENSIT MADE RIGHT HERE IN THE GOOD OL' U.S.A. AND CHEAPER THAN LAUGHING GAS!

P. J. O'Rourke—PRESIDENT

Joe Schenkman—TREASURER

Enclosed is my check or money order for \$2.50 (\$1.99 plus 51¢ for postage and handling) payable to:

National Lampoon Kustom Kar Krash Klub
Dept. NL1180
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Rush me my buttons, bumper sticker, membership card, and questionnaire today!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

COMING SOON! "JANXORIST III," A \$169.99 EL CAMINO SPOOK de VILLE LOW RIDER!

THE PADDLE WHEEL SHOP

Riverboat Weaving—For Your Wall or Floor



Either way, you'll enjoy this rich decorator piece, woven on original looms in Greenville, Mississippi. It's a delightful wall hanging or throw rug for your recreation room, home bar or den. Comes in a stunning blend of 14 colors, and is 35" x 27". Only \$34.95 (includes shipping). Money-back guarantee.

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THE PADDLE WHEEL SHOP
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Please send me _____ Southern Comfort Riverboat Weavings at \$34.95 each (includes shipping). Check or money order enclosed. Or charge to my MasterCard Visa

Credit Card # _____

Interbank # (MC) _____ Exp date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please send FREE Paddle Wheel Shop catalog.

OLGA KORBUS

continued from page 73

mound of shaving cream across Lubicheva's credentials and security-pass jacket hanging by the door. He jumped up and shouted, "What are you doing?" then lunged at me with his hands straight out in front of him like a raised forklift. I ducked, drew the machine gun, rolled across the room, and fired a burst up a steel closet door to his side. One of the bullets sheered off a towel bracket, causing some of its screws to lodge in Lubicheva's wrist. "Now, please sit down, Mr. Lubicheva," I said calmly, "and we will continue our talking." He moved back to the desk and grimaced at the screws.

"In the event you and your country choose to avoid the debt," I said, "I am authorized to accept an alternative token until final payment is arranged." Lubicheva looked at me in shock and anger. "The United States will defer, let us say, 50 percent of your war debt in exchange for a piece of sex from Olga Korbus. Furthermore, I have been designated for the fucking." I went on to explain that a further condition of the offer required Lubicheva to describe all of the Russian suffering and misery and death he saw during World War II, and that this was to be recited out loud while "Olga and myself have love on a bunk."

Olga pushed her head in the door. "Time for sex?" she said. "Of course," I replied, nudging Lubicheva from his chair with a jab of the gun barrel to his neck. I marched him to Olga's room and tied him to a window with eleven of her leotards. "Now do we kill the spy?" Olga asked. I took her aside. "Not yet," I whispered. "I have analyzed him and discovered that Lubicheva will crack and tell us the secrets of the Olympics enemies if he is exposed to a traumatic occurrence from his childhood such as might be suggested by the two of us naked and fully perverted."

"There were carcasses and burning blood-hot hulks that once were the houses of the people," Lubicheva cried obligingly from the window. "Every living thing was racked by the inexorable, pounding shells; crops blackened to ashen flakes beneath the waves of fire; there was hunger and nothing to eat. All was lost for Russia."

"Oh...oh...more...I must have more!" Olga moaned to me as we steadily hammered the Olympics bunk with her finely honed body. "What, more?" Lubicheva cried, lost in a delirious flashback of terror and ruin.

"There was nothing more for Russia to suffer or to give."

"Couldn't have happened to a better nation of assholes," I screamed at the top of my lungs while climaxing. Olga collapsed into a purring, paradisiacal delirium of her own, unaware that I had disengaged myself from her and put on my clothes. I kissed her good-bye softly on her neck, then fired three or four rounds into Lubicheva's foot and made him apologize for being a Russian.

Olga won a gold medal in the uneven parallel bars the next day; Lubicheva was arrested upon his return to the Soviet Union and committed to a psychiatric prison for "dereliction and recklessness." He died within a week when a technician accidentally punched a six-inch electrical probe through his eardrum. Nine months later, Olga gave birth to a six-pound boy who, as I told Kathy Rigby when I sat next to her on a plane to the Montreal Games, "could be just the little guy to grow up and put a particle beam through every one of our fucking heads." □

Fun Fax:

Romeo v. Juliet—the first palimony case ever tried successfully. The appellant, Capulet, won general and special damages from the defendant, Montague. Montague's estate was attached and held in escrow pending the appellant's sanity hearing. Both appellant and defendant died before termination of the case.

The blue-ringer squid is the only mollusk known to have a detachable penis. The penis separates from the male and drops to the ocean floor, where it mates with the female squid. After mating, it returns to the male and gives him the clap.

A species of wild deer related to illegal Mexican immigrants has been found to eat only certain kinds of toast. Cinnamon toast, jellied toast, and French toast are favorites. A special cut of choice toast parts called the toast cutlet is also held in high esteem. Breaded bread is a greaseball delicacy.



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HOT TUB
continued from page 22

cool as he thinks he is!" Carlene works for a hydraulic-valve firm as an executive receptionist and hopes someday to breed, raise, train, sell, and board white stallions. As for sex, Carlene likes it ABC Sports style—"Up Close and Personal"! Carlene and Barry will receive, compliments of the Hot Tub, a case of Scotchgard® fabric protector, a selection of major motion pictures on video cassettes from VID-X; a twenty-two-karat-gold replica Krugger-Brand from the Bethlehem Mint, and an exclusive "hint" on the whereabouts of a hidden case of Canadian Club from Hiram Walker Importers, Inc.... **Personal and Private!** To S.B.: That sure was an interesting and creative idea for a new Budweiser Taste Buds commercial, but probably too "dirty" for TV. But you're right, it sure would be hilarious! W.P.: If it was in your bladder, you'd know it; check your rear end before consulting a physician, and find a new girl friend! T.R.: Tuxedo-rental outfits get those kinds of stains all the time and they know what to do about them! E.F.: You can't blame a girl for laughing, but you can blame yourself for turning on the light. Ribbed condoms in any color look pretty darn funny!... **Eating Out!** It's considered Bad Form to visit a salad bar more than twice. Also, if your croutons and cherry tomatoes roll off the salad plate, you've taken too much! By the way, have you tried that new Malibu chicken? Yum!... **Hot Tub Xmas Gift Suggestions!** Some sharp, out-of-the-way gifts that'll open the bedroom suite for any gift giver: Monogrammed driving gloves (in her favorite color and leather), a gift certificate for shoes (gals love shoes; and who but a guy really tuned in to feminine tastes would give such a dynamite gift?), a Popcorn Pumper (perennial favorite and super gift, because she won't need fattening oil to pop up great corn!), a pillowcase with a poem printed on it (see your T-shirt Outpost for this unique and personal little number!), a hardcover book autographed by an author (any of the larger bookstore chains stock these items at Christmas; and why not add your own sentiment beneath the author's?), and, from the man who has bucks to burn, an antique!... That's all for now! Have a Brut Day and a Happy Holiday! (Send your Miss Hot Tub entries to: The Hot Tub, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022).

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TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

• Nine-year-old Debbie Lopez sued Robert Hill for \$15,000 after the defendant allegedly bruised her with a plastic paw while performing his routine as Winnie the Pooh at Disneyland. Hill, who appeared at the California trial in his bear costume, testified that he had actually struck Lopez with one of his wiggling, plastic, fur-covered ears, and that he had been pushed from behind. After successfully demonstrating the "cautious and prudent" manner in which he walks around Disneyland, Hill nuzzled the court reporter and was acquitted. *UPI* (contributed by Jeff Jordan)

• A Toledo, Ohio, woman suffering from tendonitis bought a pair of crutches believing they would make it easier for her to get around. She tripped over one of them soon afterward and broke her leg. *South Bend Tribune* (contributed by Jim Rockhill)

• When seventy-one-year-old Giovanni Mercadante battered his seventy-five-year-old wife to death in the bathroom of their apartment in southern Italy, Mrs. Mercadante, described by police as fat, collapsed on top of him. Authorities found Mr. Mercadante several hours later pinned to the floor beneath her rigid corpse, barely breathing and nearly dead. *UPI* (contributed by Mary Hart)

• Valerie Taylor, one of the underwater photographers used in *Jaws* and *Jaws II*, was attacked by a shark off the coast of California. According to marine experts, the species that bit her rarely attacks humans. *UPI*

• Michael DeNardo injured his arm in 1975 when he struck a coffee machine at the foundry where he worked. Claiming the injury disabled him, he filed a claim for workmen's compensation, which was denied on grounds that the volitional act of punching a vending device for its failure to surrender goods or the coins used to pay for them was not related to his regular work. The Rhode Island Supreme Court overturned the decision, however, apparently holding that a clear causal nexus exists between the inherency of coffee to employment and the irresistible human instinct to assault machines that refuse to provide that coffee. *AP* (contributed by Dennis Mahr)

• Wan Li, a former employee of the People's Bank of China, was tried for embezzling \$52,000 from his office in Pe-

king and sentenced to fifteen years in prison. Charging the term was excessive, Wan appealed his case to the Chinese Supreme Court, which reviewed the case, ruled that the punishment handed down by the lower court was inadequate, and sentenced Wan to death. *Zodiac News Service* (contributed by Sheryl Williams)

• A four-year-old boy from Seymour, Missouri, died during a Memorial Day visit to the grave of his grandfather. The tombstone fell on his head. *UPI* (contributed by Bill Moseley)

• Father René Fabre, a Catholic priest who ran a home for mentally handicapped children in Montpellier, France, was sentenced to ten years in prison for hanging a thirteen-year-old epileptic to death in a straightjacket. Fabre testified that the child was being

punished for "disrupting a Sunday Mass with incoherent noises." He also admitted to other disciplinary abuses, such as stuffing girls' mouths with bird droppings and immersing their heads in toilets. "These aren't really methods," Fabre stated, "but rather tricks that I invented. The conditioning of the handicapped by violence is necessary to compel them to acquire a sense of responsibility." The priest went on to assure the court that his tricks "worked!" *UPI* (contributed by Bill Moseley)

• Three teenagers burglarized a delicatessen in Garwood, New Jersey, taking \$291 in cash, forty-eight cartons of cigarettes, \$214 in lottery tickets, a loaf of bread, and a large ham. Ninety minutes after the crime was reported, police stopped one of the burglars for a traffic violation and noticed a piece of ham on his backseat. The meat was shown to the delicatessen owner, who identified it as the type of ham taken from his store but claimed that a major portion of the ham was still missing. Police developed further leads the following day and obtained a warrant to search an apartment rented by another of the burglars. There they found a five-pound two-ounce slab of ham in the refrigerator and arrested the suspect when the ham in the refrigerator was fitted together with the chunk found in the backseat of the car and shown to be "morphologically compatible." The three defendants face a possible ten years in prison. Elizabeth, New Jersey. *Daily Journal* (contributed by Sheryl Williams)

HEADLINES YOU CAN'T WAIT TO READ THE STORIES UNDER

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awaited

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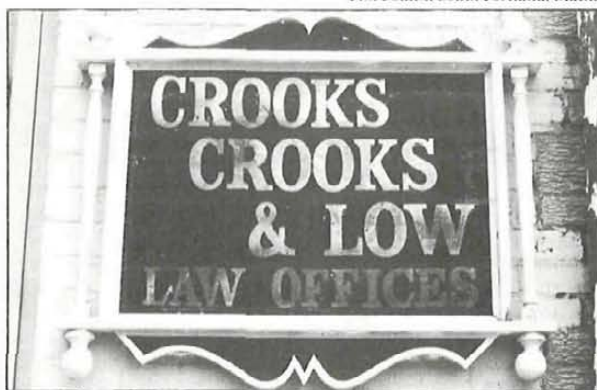
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Tim Poulin, South Portland, Maine



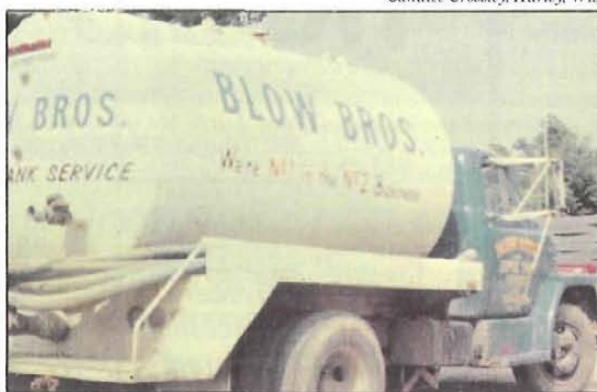
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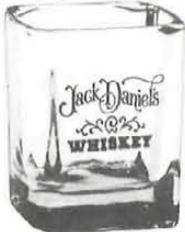
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Good
sense...
Good times.

For 16" x 22" poster, send \$2.00 to Gerald Taylor, publisher,
National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.
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LETTERS

continued from page 18

Sirs:

I am a poet. My material is superior to what you can find anywhere, even on Hallmark cards. I may be interested in writing poetry for your magazine, so please put me on your free list.

PS: If it helps, I am black.

Robert Anthony Williams
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

Say, do you guys know of any wholesale outlet where we can buy a quantity of scissors and paste? You see, our writers have to cut up different newspaper articles and stick them in order on the script, and it's getting expensive.

Ted Turner
Cable News Network
Atlanta, Ga.

Sirs:

All right, who squealed? Look, it's no one else's business if I hire gorillas to whip me with green banana skins till their arms get tired. That's how I stay funny and that's how gorillas like to unwind, okay?

Jonathan Winters
Hollywood

Sirs:

We want you to know this: No single oil company can run the whole world's energy program. No single oil company can use its astronomical profits to buy a majority interest in all the corporations in the American economy. No single oil company can force Congress to vote for deregulation. In short, no single oil company can "run the world." But we at Exxon are doing our best.

Herb Schmertz
Exxon
Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

Sirs:

What do Sammy Davis Jr. and a tree have in common?

You can tell how old they are by counting the rings.

What is Sammy Davis Jr.'s favorite food?

Uncle Ben's Converted Rice.

Why did Sammy Davis Jr. get along with Peter Falk when they made *Robin and the Seven Hoods*?

They always saw eye to eye.

How about it, am I hired?

Andrew Young
New York, NY

Sirs:

Most people think anyone can be a barfly, but actually it's a very elite group. Secretaries who just party on the weekend aren't barflies, they're weekend drunks. Same thing with those young girls you see at college bars. A real barfly must be (a) between the ages of thirty and sixty, (b) work seven days a week at it, (c) have at least two kids and one broken marriage, and (d) drink only real drinks. No frozen daiquiris or stuff like that. It takes about ten years to make it, but it is a hell of a lot of fun along the way.

Just call me Cindi
Houston, Tex.

Sirs:

You may have wondered what's become of me. Well, I'm still pursuing a literary career. In fact I'd like to write for your magazine. Why did the little Greek boy run away from home? Because he didn't like the way he was being reared! Why'd he come back? He didn't want to leave his friend's behind! Pretty good, huh? You can pay me in cash.

Spiro Agnew
Baltimore, Md.

COMING NEXT MONTH IN THE DECEMBER NATIONAL LAMPOON

FUN

- FAMILY FUN!
- SOPHISTICATED FUN!
- DESPERATE FUN!
- A VISIT TO THE FUNNY FARM!
- AND MUCH MORE!

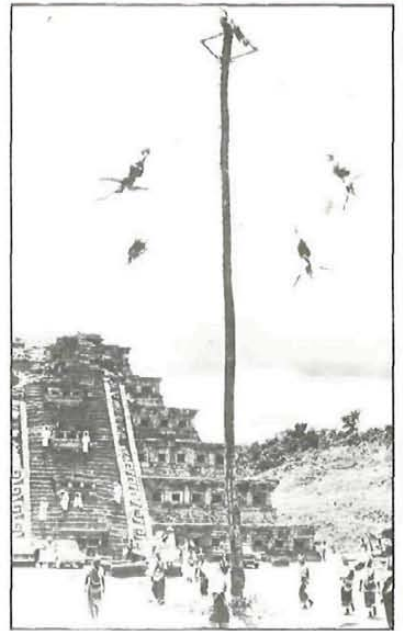
Don't miss the fun-filled pages of the December Fun Issue.



GERALD SUSSMAN'S
Photorama
PICTURE PARADE



Pasadena, California The first annual Miss Mustached Lady USA contest was held recently in the Pasadena Civic Auditorium. The eight finalists shown represent California, New York, Illinois, Ohio, Tennessee, Kentucky, Texas, and Idaho. The winner will compete in the Miss Mustached Lady Universe contest to be held later this year in Zagreb, Yugoslavia.



La Paz, Bolivia The ancient punishment of foot hanging is still practiced by the Pupayadans, a mountain tribe who claim to be descendants of the Incas of Peru. Foot hanging is meted out for burro stealing, the worst crime a Pupayadan can commit. His punishment is to hang by his feet until he dies. Below the criminals, the high priests of the tribe pray for the deaths to come slowly.



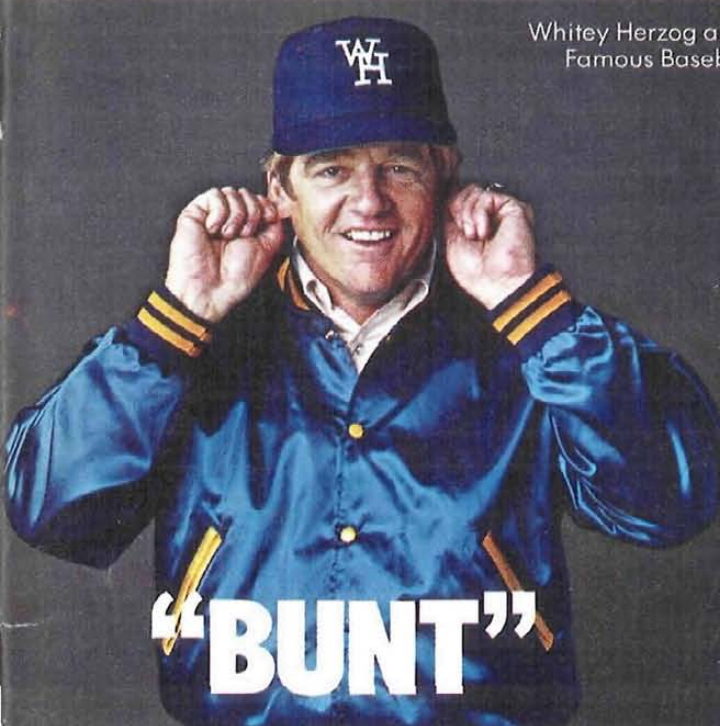
Denver, Colorado Richard Buzenko, a former carnival barker and convicted swindler, is shown just before his capture by Denver police for impersonating Ronald Reagan on the campaign trail. Buzenko, a trained mimic, used a Reagan face mask of his own design for the trick and had managed to raise over \$300,000 in bogus campaign funds before he was caught.



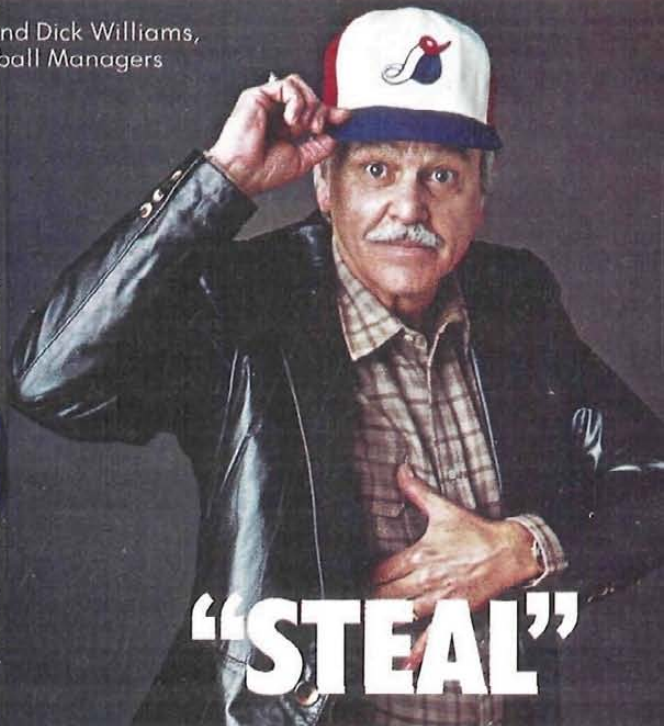
Antwerp, Belgium Claude Perreau, a retired schoolteacher, introduces his broom entertainment center, a combination he claims will "take the drudgery out of housecleaning forever." The broom has a tiny, virtually noiseless motor that rotates the bristles to eliminate manual operation, while at the same time a built-in radio and cassette player reproduce your favorite music.

THE MOST POPULAR SIGNS IN BASEBALL.

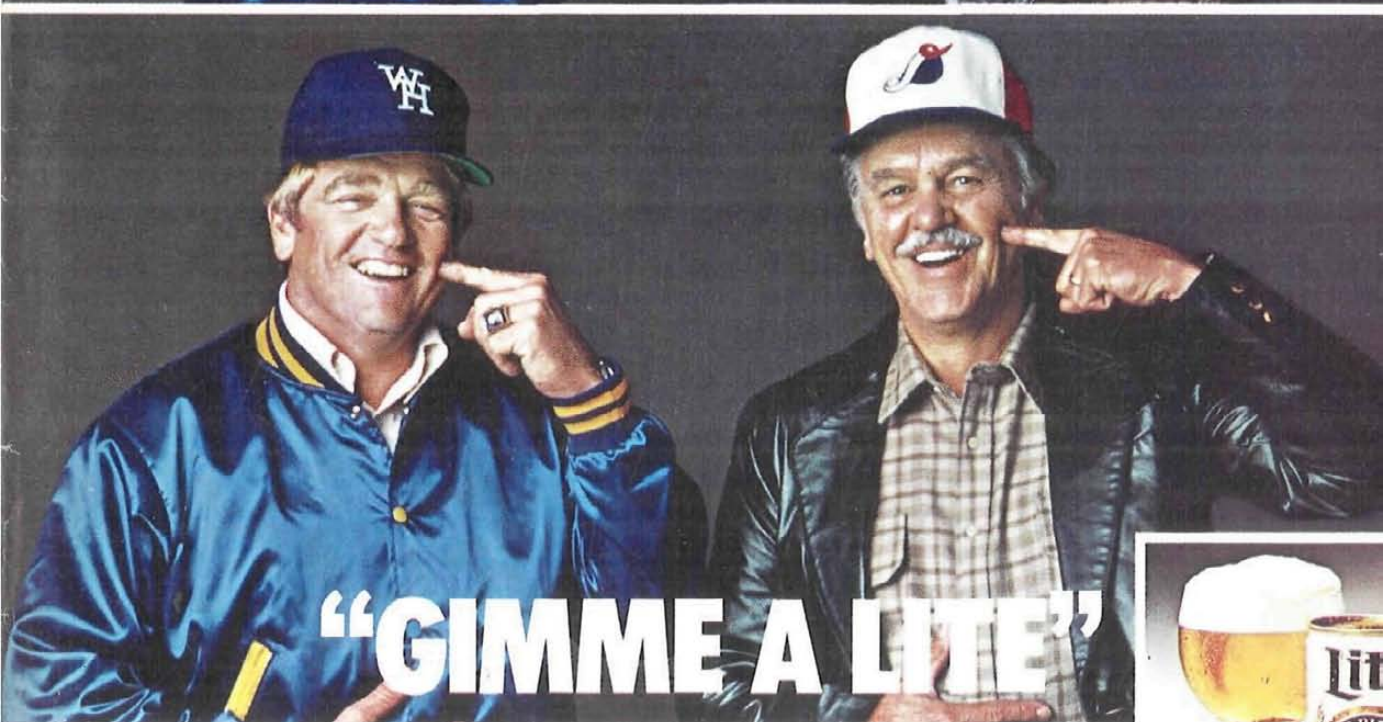
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0.00% switching distortion. 0.00% FM drift.
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Technics SU-V8 amplifier with New Class A circuitry eliminates switching distortion. The ST-S7 quartz synthesizer tuner eliminates FM drift. And as you'll discover, the more we eliminate, the more we add.

Take the SU-V8. You won't hear any switching distortion because, unlike most of today's amplifiers, its output transistors don't switch on and off as the input waveform goes from positive to negative. The reason: Technics synchro-bias circuitry. What it does is employ high-speed diodes that constantly send minute amounts of current to the transistor not in use. And since the transistors are always on, switching distortion is eliminated.

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output: 110 watts per channel from 20 Hz to 20 kHz into 8 ohms with no more than 0.005% THD. The results: Music that's rich, crisp and bursting with dynamic range.

In concert with the SU-V8 is the ST-S7. With its quartz-crystal oscillator, only the broadcast frequencies you select can be received. And since both frequencies are quartz-synthesized, the tuner can't drift. That means any station you tune is perfectly in tune.

And the ST-S7's microprocessor allows you to preset eight AM and eight FM stations and even turn the power on and tune three stations all by itself.

Discover Technics new amps and tuners. When it comes to New Class A and quartz, Technics gets an A plus.

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