

Endless, Mindless Summer Sex

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THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS





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# VAN HALEN

FAIR WARNING



Produced by Ted Templeman. On Warner Bros. Records & Tapes

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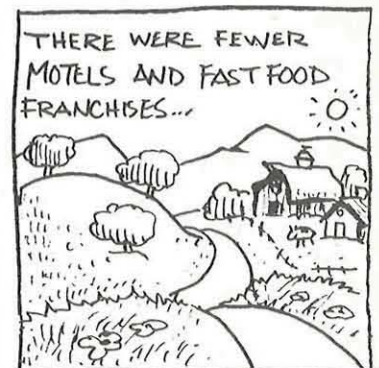
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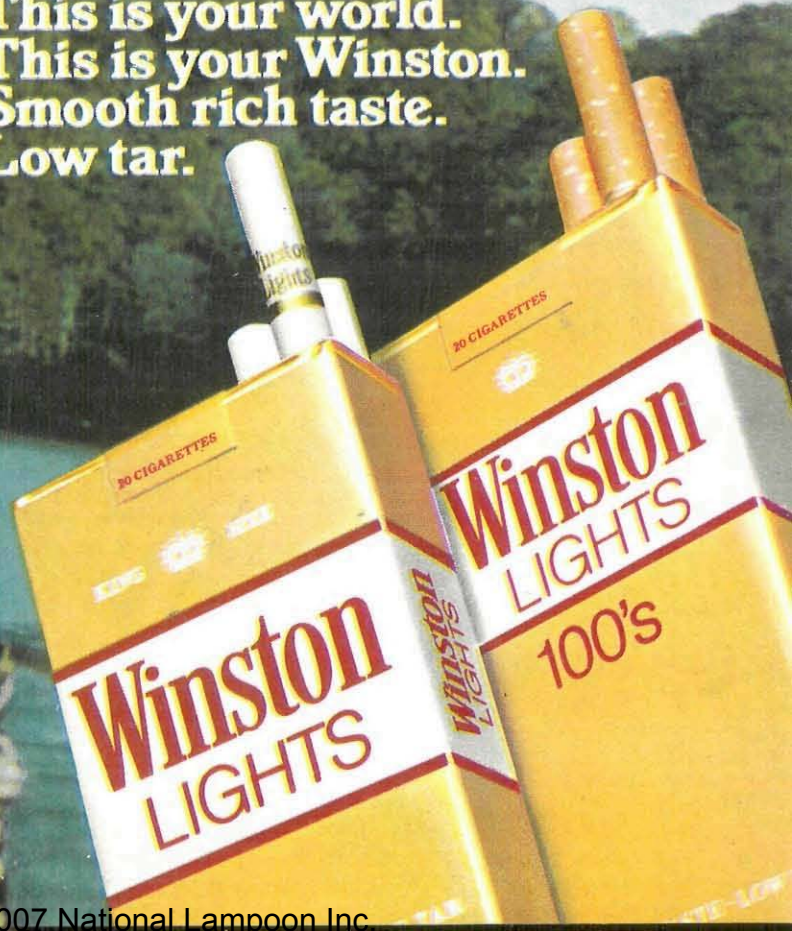
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## Editorial

# A Note from the Editor

Kierkegaard once said, "To be mindless is to be perfect in the eyes of God." It was this kind of quasi-religious passion that prompted editors Tod Carroll and Ted Mann to do their own research for the Endless, Mindless Summer Sex issue.

They spent a month gathering notes and observing the summer scene on both coasts. The intensity of their involvement indeed rivaled the religious fervor of a knight or a pickpocket in a Robert Bresson film, or a criminal in the works of Jean Genet. Carroll and

Mann returned from their pilgrimages feeling "closer to God" and hope to continue this work in lowly bars, on street corners, in studios, on rooftops, in dank cellars—"anywhere the message of endless mindlessness can be promulgated," said Carroll.

*Jared Sumner*

*To Tod,  
Do you still want  
to eat my shorts?  
Sally yum yum*



*To Tod- I'll never forget what you did to me.*



*Brenda*

*Tod baby,  
where can I call you  
when I come to  
New York?  
Yours forever,  
Sue Ellen*



*To Tod you were the first and will always*





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Sirs:

I realize it seems petty to pass a law preventing Gerald Ford from laughing while he's in Washington. Usually we let ex-presidents do pretty much as they please around here. But, Christ, the guy laughs exactly like Woody Woodpecker! He's been doing it ever since Carter got the shitcan, and he's got everyone on Capitol Hill unnerved. Can't they give him a job in international affairs? I bet a six-foot woodpecker would make a dandy ambassador to Albania, don't you?

Tip O'Neill  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

News from Hollywood: I have signed to do the next episode of "The Body Human" on TV, because I'm the only one who can do all the parts.

Rich Little  
Hollywood

Sirs:

Have you ever heard of *The Guinness Book of Rectums*? I was just wondering, because I understand I'm in it several times.

Tom Snyder, David Susskind,  
or any of a thousand assholes  
All Over America

Sirs:

It used to be a stock '55 Chevy. First I chopped and channeled the body. Then I added a bore and stroke, chrome rocker covers, a chrome firewall, and three Holly carbs with chrome stacks. And, of course, a plexiglass hood bubble so you can see all the goodies. Then a heavy-duty Hurst floor shift, completely chromed undercarriage, and fat slicks with baby moon hubcaps. Three coats of candy-apple red with thirty coats of clear lacquer, and, finally, tufted white Naugahyde seats with a Betamax and a mini wine cellar. I mean, you don't drive this car, you appreciate it, right? Huh? Isn't this *Car and Driver*? It's *National Lampoon*? Holy god. Lemme see. Uh, nope, sorry, can't think of a single funny thing to say about cars. Except that I made it to third base with Sheryl Burrito in the backseat when the car was new. Does that qualify?

A California Car Nut  
California

Sirs:

This new development on television where a character from one show turns up on another show has got to stop. If let go unchecked, this "blurring" could lead to a total fusion of all the shows into one giant TV fantasy land, with actors popping in and out and turning up God only knows where next. This would be dangerously close to real life and, because of this similarity, could lead to a disastrous confusion between the giant TV world and the real world. And, gentlemen, I for one don't want to come home and find J. R. Ewing fucking my wife.

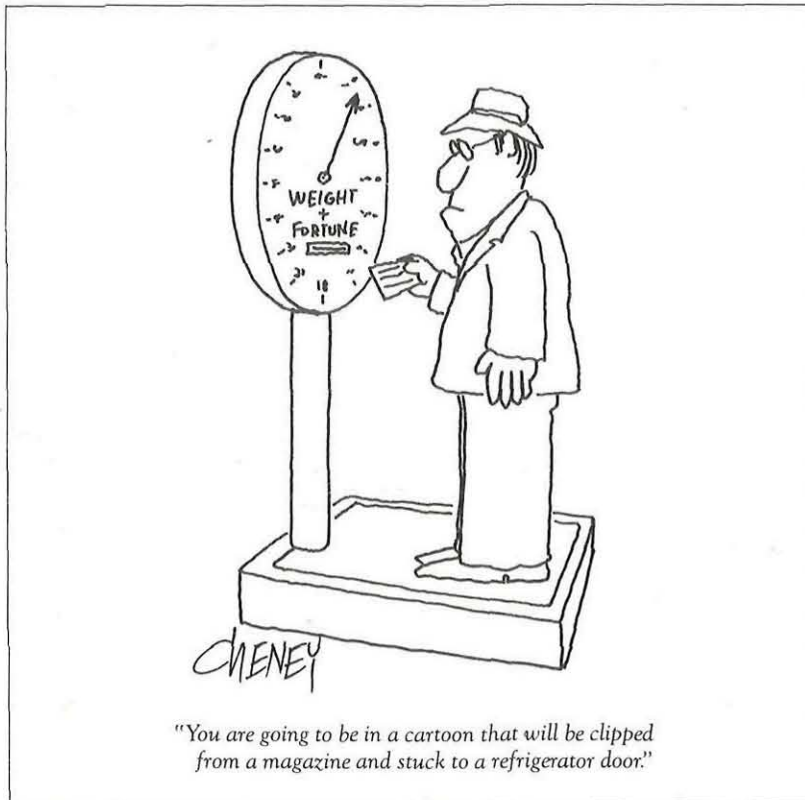
A Very Concerned Citizen  
Scranton, Pa.

Sirs:

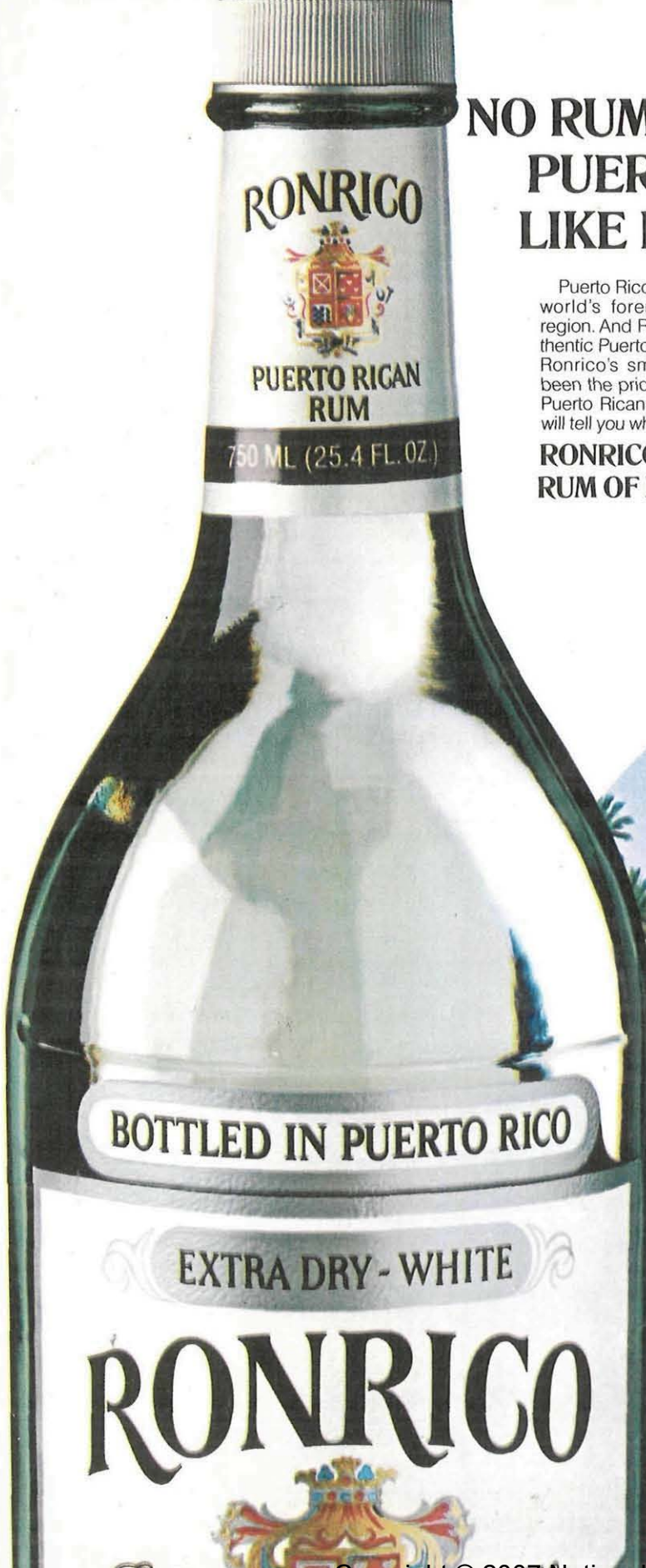
I would like to take the opportunity to publicly confront all the nasty rumors that are currently flying around the film industry to the effect that I was signed to my exclusive \$100,000-a-year acting contract with NBC simply because my father was elected president of the United States. What a monstrous lie! My acting talents are considerable and my histrionic background quite extensive. In the fifth grade I was chosen to play The Voice of Miss Davenport in my elementary school's production of *Me and Juliet*. From there, I graduated to the leading role of Katrina Van Tassel in the local 4-H production of *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*. In high school, I was picked for the part of Ado Annie in Rodgers and Hammerstein's immortal piece of Americana *Oklahoma!* They don't give assignments like this to sophomores unless they're extremely talented, you know! I have also played Hassie's Friend in two separate episodes of "The Real McCoys," Penny's Best Friend in an episode of "Sky King," Beaver's Little Pal in a "Leave It to Beaver," and, more recently, Assistant Librarian in an installment of "Here's Boomer." Enough? Well, on top of all this, I was Head Hershey Kiss in *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory* and Fourth Broomstick in *Bedknobs and Broomsticks*, and I am presently vice-president of the Vera Hruby Ralston fan club, North Hollywood chapter. Now go ahead, you just tell me that all this experience isn't worth a crummy hundred thou a year!

Patti (Reagan) Davis  
Hollywood, Cal.

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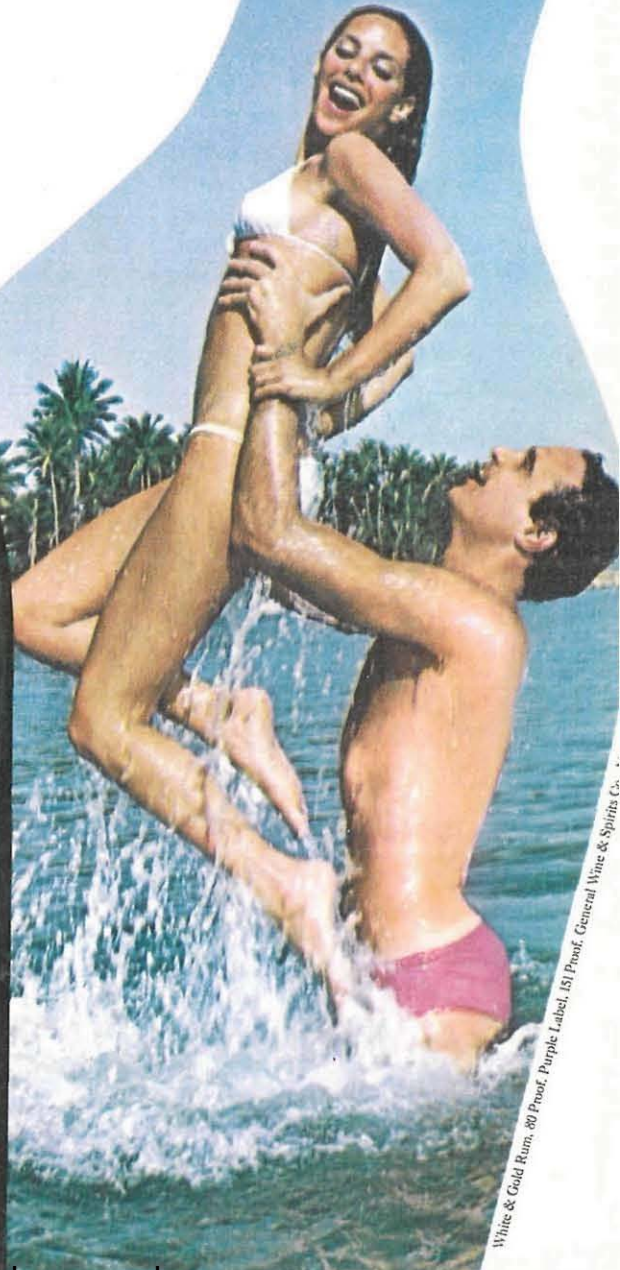
"You are going to be in a cartoon that will be clipped from a magazine and stuck to a refrigerator door."



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# Nancy Reagan's Diary

Dear Diary:

Ronnie decided at the last minute that he wanted to go to Camp David for the weekend. Thank goodness anybody who is anybody stays in Washington until seven every Friday to be available for one of my weekend invitations. I decided to mix up the guest list to include some of the fun people Ronnie likes, as well as the usual crowd. So we had Alex and Patricia Haig, George and Barbara Bush, Charlton and Lydia Heston, who flew in from the coast, and Elizabeth Taylor Warner. Her husband, John, was out of town.

Ronnie has this love-fear thing for Alex Haig. He follows Alex around like a puppy. I want him to outgrow this attitude and treat Alex like another member of the staff. Pat Nixon told me that her husband had the same relationship with Henry Kissinger until he began inviting him to Camp David for the weekends so that Henry had to let his hair down a little.

When Pat isn't catatonic she can be quite perceptive. She said you have to take people like Henry and Alex out

of their working environments to bring them down to earth. "Henry can't even boil an egg or hit a Ping-Pong ball," Pat said. To which Nancy Kissinger once replied, "Thank God he doesn't have to."

But right now Alex Haig just has to look at Ronnie with those steel-blue eyes of his and Ronnie starts to blush and stammer the way he did when he was first courting me. I love Ronnie when he blushes and stammers, but I'm not sure it looks right in public, for a president.

When we arrived at Camp David late Friday night I discovered that no one had alerted the staff. The only one on duty was the caretaker and his wife. I was furious and I'll certainly find out who was responsible, but Ronnie just laughed and said it was a heck of a lot more fun not to have all those servants around. Now we can do whatever we want without all those people hovering over us, he said.

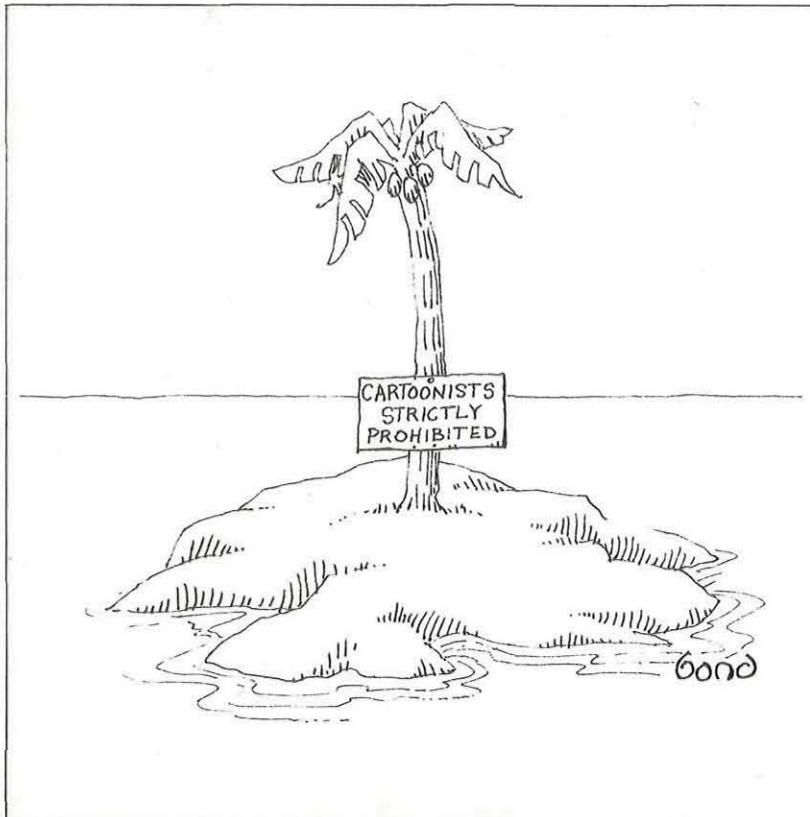
Liz Taylor was starving, as usual, and went right to the kitchen. We hadn't been to Camp David in quite a while and the fridge was a bit scanty.

There was some cottage cheese that looked like a marble table I wanted to order from a shop on Madison Avenue. Liz devoured it, along with an entire liverwurst, six cans of Hormel chili, a slab of Velveeta, and three Sara Lee German coffee cakes directly from the freezer. She didn't even wait for them to thaw out. She just sucked on them until they melted in her mouth. The rest of us raided the storeroom and had canned sardines, tuna, and shrimp on Saltine biscuits. The liquor cabinet was locked. Liz wanted me to shoot the lock open with the little pearl-handled gun I keep in my handbag. I'm scared to death of the thing, but Alex Haig calmly fired it and opened the lock with a single bullet. He must be quite a marksman.

The Bushes insisted on cleaning up and doing all the dishes. George loves to pitch in and help Barbara with everything. Somehow he found lots of soap and cleaning things and really got caught up in it. He went to every guest's cabin and gave it a thorough scrubbing. Barbara turned down everyone's beds and plumped all the pillows. She also provided pomander balls and sachets for all the ladies' closets and bars of French soap with a rugged, manly aroma for all the men. What I like about Barbara is how well she listens to my directions for pleasing my guests. Before retiring, Liz Taylor likes a half dozen boxes of Godiva chocolate soccer balls and a bottle of Southern Comfort. The Hestons adore hot-water bottles and boxes of something called egg matzohs. I haven't got the foggiest idea what they do with them. Alex Haig said he and Patricia just like to lift weights for thirty minutes, play a fast game of chess, and then curl up in bed with a book of Montesquieu's or an Immanuel Kant. I love people who read novels that aren't necessarily on the best-seller list. Ronnie likes to watch tapes of "My Mother the Car," with Jerry Van Dyke, and of course "My Little Margie," with Gale Storm. He thinks the idea of a man's mother in the shape of a talking car is the greatest show he's ever seen.

I don't like to tell my guests when to arrive for breakfast on weekends. If they want to sleep late and waste part of the day, that's their privilege. George and Barbara Bush got up first, I have no idea when, and prepared a lovely meal for the first arrivals. Barbara baked lots of biscuits and pies

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# The Adventures of Susie Johnson, Second Vice-President of the Sorority on the Moon

by Kevin Curran

The room was going to look perfect, thought Susie, as she carefully daubed the green paint on her brush. The new pledges would be tickled pink!

As second vice-president of Omega Epsilon, the first sorority on the moon, Susie had a lot more on her mind than paint. It was an awesome responsibility for the cute, yellow-haired coed, but she shouldered the burden with a solemn sense of duty and a winning smile. Omega Epsilon might have been the first sorority on the moon, but even that fine distinction wouldn't always attract the best pledges. Not with the Gammas and the Thetas, the new kids on the space station, doing everything they could to become number one. No, thought Susie, gazing reflectively into her paintbrush, tradition was not enough. New ideas were important too, as long as they were nice ones.

And what could be nicer than an old-fashioned Earth party, for the new pledges, with the whole sorority done over to look just like that perky planet third from the sun in our universe?

Susie's brainstorm had sent the sisters into a frenzy of activity, and now the common room of Omega house was undergoing a special transformation. Green paint on the floor made it seem just like grass, only stickier.

"Susie, can you help me with these Japanese lanterns?" yelled Jackie from across the room. Susie turned and saw her slightly overweight sorority sister struggling valiantly with an armload of the brightly hued paper products. Jackie sneezed and the lanterns fell helter-skelter to the ground. Susie sighed as she bounced over to help. Poor Jackie, always getting into a scrape with her clumsiness. She also had trouble finding dates from among the many eligibles of the fraternities on the moon, and there were rumors that the funny humming noise coming from her room late at night could be something other than an electric toothbrush.

Jackie smiled weakly amidst the disarray. "I guess I'm just an old fumble-bones," she managed to blurt out.

"Now, Jackie, don't get in a dither,"

Susie smartly responded. "Just think how nice this place will look for the pledges tonight!"

"I guess you're right, Susie," admitted the admonished teen. "You're always right."

"Well, maybe," said Susie, hanging up a cheery red lantern. "But remember, others are right too, when they agree with me."

Just then, Sally Dobbins came down the stairway, arms akimbo and nipples erect. The svelte cheerleader had been Susie's bunkmate the year before, but her loose regard for sorority morality and hygiene standards had cooled their friendship. It wasn't that Sally was a "bad" girl, thought Susie, just a mite too generous when it came to dispensing certain personal favors to the football team.

"Well, girls," remarked Sally, "let me give you a hand."

"I wonder how many boys she's said that to," whispered Susie, saying it low enough so that Sally would not hear and become offended.

With the extra energy Sally provided, the frisky girls quickly declared war on unfestive surroundings, and soon the job was done. Brightly colored ribbons were arrayed to suggest a rainbow—an effect of nature, Jackie observed wryly, that was sorely missed on the moon. Sally's touch, pennants of college football teams from around the PAC 10, made them think they were standing in a room in Anydorm, USA. And pretty cardboard cows, while inefficient milk givers, were fun party favors and made Susie wistful for the fertile valleys and green fields of her native Ohio.

"Gee, Susie," called Jackie. "Do you miss the fertile valleys and green fields of your native Ohio?"

Susie meditatively twisted a fur ball on her pretty blue sweater. "Sure I do," she replied, "but a gal's gotta go where the action is, and for retail fashion and accessory design the moon's the place to be." She laughed impishly. "Heck, there were bad things in Ohio, too. Like Jeff Grottle."

Her two sorority mates were determined not to let this slip pass.

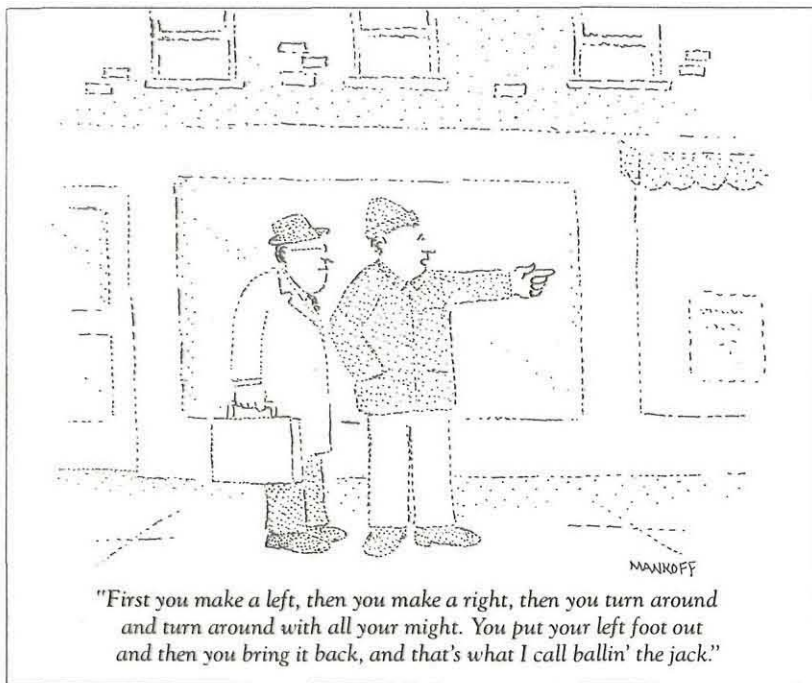
"Like what?" asked Sally, biting Jackie's hand to maintain her poise.

Susie smiled. Might as well let the cat out of the bag!

"He was a boy I used to date in Columbus. Boy, what a jerk!"

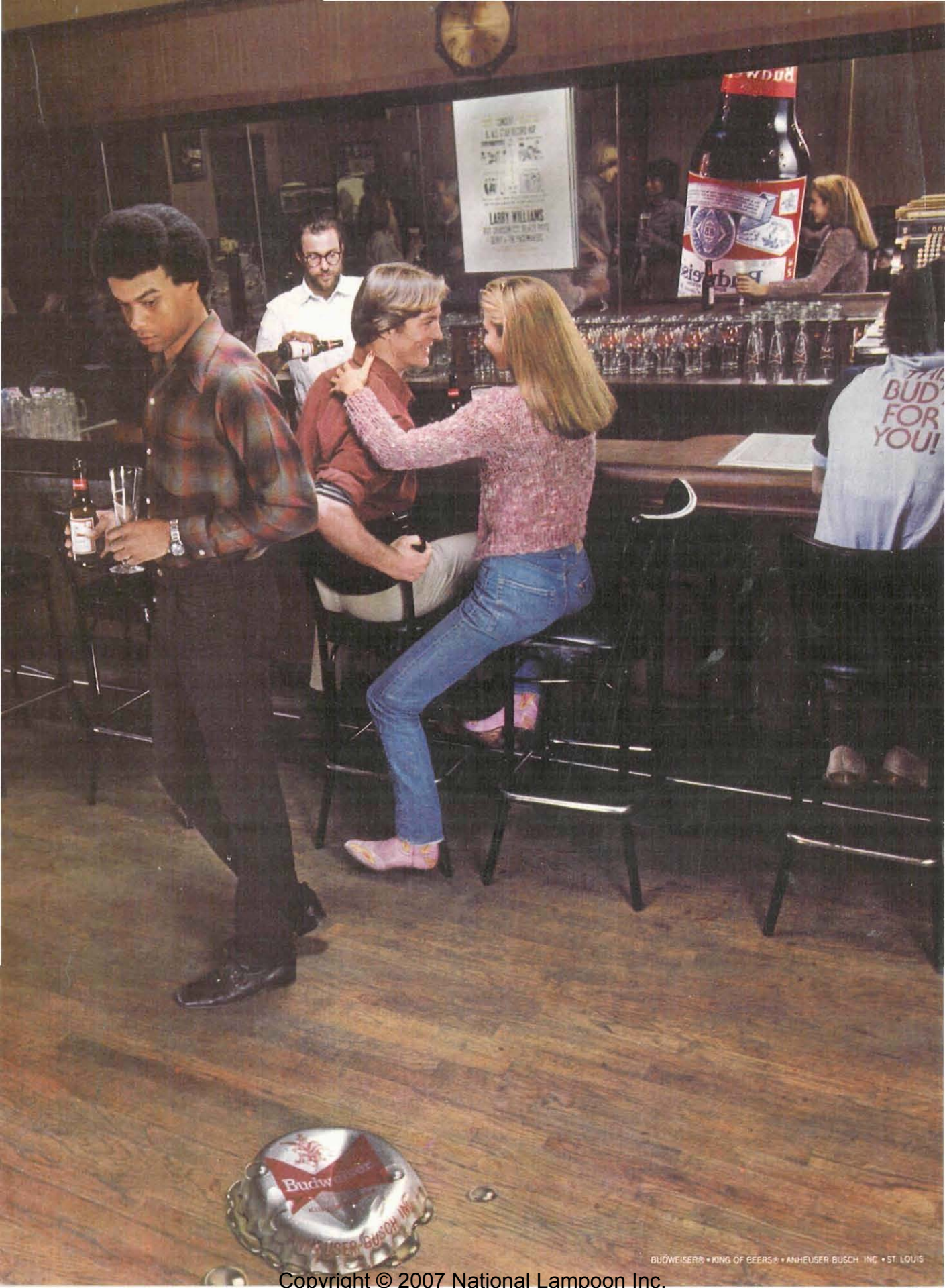
"How was he a jerk?" asked Jackie, who wished to find out anything she

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*"First you make a left, then you make a right, then you turn around and turn around with all your might. You put your left foot out and then you bring it back, and that's what I call ballin' the jack."*





LADY WILLIAMS  
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## LETTERS

continued from page 10

Sirs:

I've got an idea for what to do about rush-hour traffic, and maybe you can help me get it off the ground by putting in a good word with the mayor of New York or other influential persons in City Hall. What I would like to do is pass a law where from 8:00 until 10:00 in the morning and from 4:00 until 6:00 in the evening, cars with two or more passengers could turn left on red. Admittedly this would not help speed up traffic jams or anything, but it sure would make getting back and forth to work more exciting.

Bud Shoetree  
Great Gorge, N.J.

Sirs:

Now that you mention it, I am proud of my tush. I showed it in *Animal House* and *Don't Look Now*, and it was in *Ordinary People* before they cut it out. Redford is insanely jealous, because his has warts on it. What's more, I plan to show it a lot in my next film, the remake of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. And I will keep on mooning my audience until they realize they're paying five dollars for the privilege of being mooned by a no-talent sleazeball from the sixties.

Donald Sutherland  
Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

I went into a theater the other day and sat down behind what looked like a man and a long-haired blond. It turned out to be a man and an Afghan hound, just like on "The Benny Hill Show," which I enjoy. The dog proceeded to bark viciously whenever the villain came on the screen, applaud wildly when the hero finally did the villain in, and generally carry on as if it were enjoying every single minute of the film. I was amazed. When the movie was over, I told the man that I'd never seen anything like it in my life. He said he was surprised too—the dog hated the book.

Herman Furbelow  
Piscataway, N.J.

Sirs:

The future queen of England has titties the size of sofa bolsters. I know; I've seen the press photos.

Old Happy Chuck,  
Prince of Wales  
Buckingham Palace

Dear Sirs:

In the early spring of 1979 it suddenly became fashionable for homosexuals in New York's Greenwich Village to keep large breeds of dogs for sexual purposes. God knows how this "fad" got started. It can only be supposed that some fashionable "force" in the gay community bought one of these large breeds and discovered its sexual possibilities and that this gave rise to a litter of decadent imitators.

At about the same time the next year, as quickly as it had become fashionable, the practice of keeping a "sex dog" became distinctly unfashionable. Large numbers of these fine, large-breed dogs were simply released on the streets by their owners.

That meant that we here at the ASPCA were charged with capturing and finding homes for between three and five hundred large, sexually aggressive dogs. Before we became aware exactly of the sort of animal we were dealing with, several of our officers were sexually assaulted. The canine's technique was simplicity itself: seizing the seat of the officer's pants in its jaws, it tore the material downward, exposing the buttocks, which it then proceeded to mount.

Unfortunately, by the time we discovered the beasts' proclivities most of the captured animals had already been placed with families in New Jersey. This may explain why those people act the way they do.

T. Barrell Slicker,  
Officer in Charge  
Shelter 602, ASPCA, New York

Sirs:

I'm writing to let you know that a somewhat humbling experience has befallen me. For years I labored as a poet, putting all my energies and whatever talent God gave me into my art. And I produced what I felt (and the critics agreed) was a respectable body of work. Then after all those years of effort, I discover that the entire intellectual and artistic content of all my verses has been equaled—nay, surpassed—in a single stroke of poetic genius disguised as a popular song. I am referring, of course, to the lyrics of "Sailing" by Christopher Cross. I consider this the most brilliant thing ever written by Western man.

John Donne  
London, England

Sirs:

"The capital of California is Sacramento." "Russia is a communist country." "I should not bomb England." "India is heavily populated." "Canada is full of Canadians." God damn, how much more of this shit do I have to remember? "Hawaii is one of ours; however, Mexico has oil..." Christ, it's endless.

William ("Ask me another") Clark  
Assistant Deputy Secretary of State

Sirs:

On the following list, which item is out of place?

1. The Bill of Rights
2. The Monroe Doctrine
3. The Emancipation Proclamation
4. The Fourteen Points
5. The Four Freedoms
6. *Bedtime for Bonzo*

Some of us guys on the National Security Council have been taking a night-school course in social studies at one of the local high schools and we think the answer might be the Bill of Rights.

Richard V. Allen  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Being 7'4" is a motherfucker, but being 7'4" and black makes it all worth it. You understand?

Ralph Sampson  
U. of Virginia

Sirs:

I want to offer a little advice to guys in high school who get off on pounding wimps. I went to high school with David Stockman, President Reagan's budget guy, and I'll bet I whopped his fucking ass a thousand times in four years. He was the kind of guy that carried a briefcase and would laugh if you didn't know nothing about economics or politics—Junior Achievement, Foreign Affairs Club, Teens for Goldwater. Well, one time after gym me and some buddies stuffed a cigar butt up his ass and taped his cheeks shut. It was a fuckin' riot. As I was pouring Absorbine Jr. on his nuts he looked up at me real pissed off and said, "I'll get you someday!" I thought that was just about the funniest fucking thing in the world until I lost my food stamps last Tuesday. So, heads up next time you get the urge to lay into your local wang.

Buddy LeConge  
Floridaville, Kentucky

# NEWS ON THE MARCH

DOMESTICANA

## The Reagan Wit

*A flair for humor in the face of tragedy*



*Everyone knew the president was all right, because he hadn't lost his sense of humor.*

According to President Reagan's closest friends, the ready, peppery wit he displayed while being treated for a serious gunshot wound last March reflects an attitude toward calamity and suffering that Reagan has shown since early childhood. Of the countless anecdotes, puns, quips, and barbs attributed to him over the last sixty years, here are some of the more memorable:

When a grammar school

classmate collapsed from heat stroke after pedaling his bicycle up a steep hill on a hot June day, Reagan called out to a passing motorist, "He forgot to get out of the sun."

Twenty years later, Reagan visited a relative in the hospital. On passing a badly maimed patient who had fallen into a grain elevator and hit his head against a long, iron bolt that penetrated his brain and left him in an irremediable

coma, Reagan wrote a note to the nurse and put it in the man's limp hand. It read: "I hope you are a Republican, so you'll vote for the candidate I would have voted for if my cortex was not so badly damaged that I can't get out of bed and walk to the polls."

While driving his date to a school dance, Reagan accidentally ran over a dachshund that darted under his front wheel. Several young children and their mother

ran into the street, horrified and hysterical—the dog had been a beloved member of their family for many years. As the smallest child gingerly prized the lifeless, compacted carcass from beneath Reagan's tire, Reagan clasped the animal's head, wiggled its jaw, and ventriloquized the words "I'd rather be playing in the backyard."

During his term as governor of California, Reagan frequently toured veterans hospitals. On one occasion, he paused at the bed of a burn victim—a sailor who had had 95 percent of his skin seared off by a flaming ball of jet fuel that engulfed him after a Sikorsky helicopter collided with a rack full of armed bombs on the deck of the carrier *Enterprise*. "I'll bet you forgot to get out of the way," Reagan whispered in the man's ear.

When Nancy Reagan was about to deliver her youngest son, Ron Reagan Jr., she began to tremble violently, slamming her arms against the side rails on her bed and screaming horrendously. Reagan frizzed the corners of his mouth into a boyish smile and said to the doctor, "I hope the baby's a Republican, or born dead if it's not."

Shortly after Betty Ford underwent surgery for the removal of a cancerous breast, then-president Ford received a handwritten note from Ronald Reagan. "She'd probably rather be at home with both of her breasts," the inscription read.

PLANET

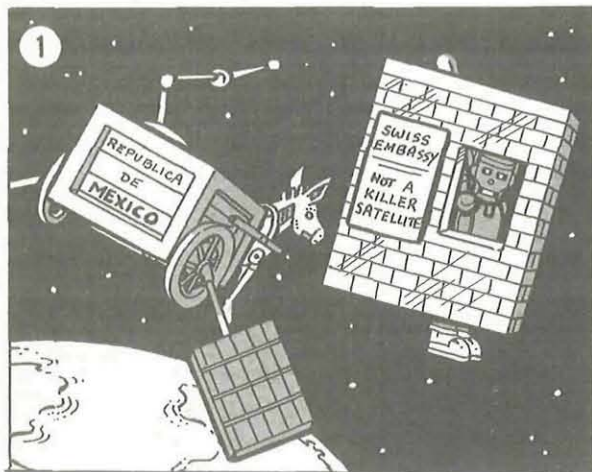
## Satellite Against Satellite

*Russo-Polish War shifts to outer space*

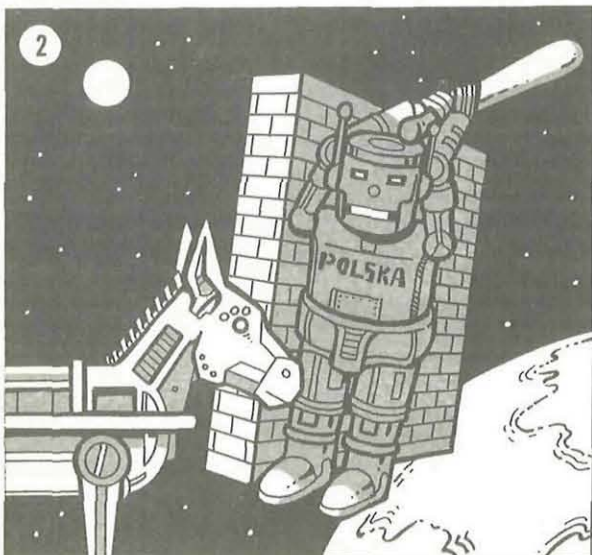
Through a black, vacuum frame of space coursed two killers, automatous chasseurs of the darkness, sworn to combat by their masters beneath the clouds. There was no valor or pain — merely the cold pulses of command and response. The artifice, maneuver, and clash of battle were con-

densed to the light-speed of the computer and the instantaneous motion of a machine; the struggle was over in seconds, defeat knowable only from the silence in loudspeakers hundreds of miles below.

As shown in this artist's re-creation, Russia made the first move.



The Russian satellite, disguised as a Mexican satellite, approached the Polish satellite, disguised as a neutral Swiss embassy. The Russian satellite, suspecting a trap, intended to expose the enemy by luring him to attack.



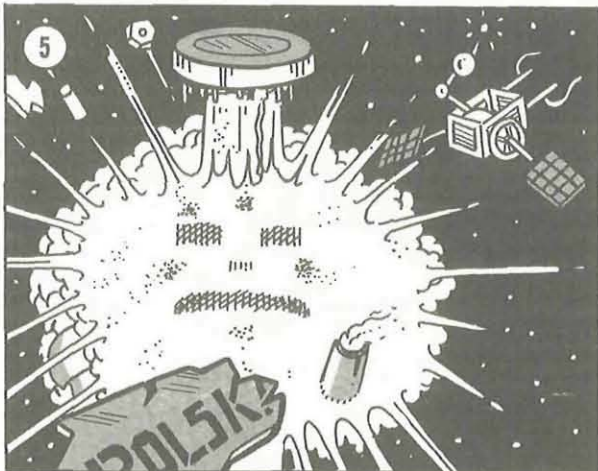
The Polish satellite, believing the Russian satellite to be an easily subdued Mexican satellite, prepared to attack it.



The false Mexican satellite was apparently destroyed, releasing dozens of enticing candies and treats.



Unable to constrain itself, the Polish satellite devoured several Mexican treats.



The candies were bombs, however, which obliterated the Polish satellite, as the genuine Russian satellite, hidden in the cart, floated away intact. The last of Poland's resistance to Moscow was quashed; no hope for freedom remained.

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## OTHER PLANETS

### Pleas from Stebulon-XIII

The high regent commissioner of Stebulon-XIII has declared that an epidemic of brown stalks has overwhelmed his planet, inciting chaos and panic as millions of the tubular, fibrous intruders take root across wide swaths of land. According to initial reports, many of the stalks are three

and four feet tall and are sprouting reticulated fronds that appear to terrorize Stebulonians even more than the stalks themselves. Because local efforts to contain the peril have failed, the regent commissioner has appealed to the Elexian Council for spots and striped cubes.

## SCIENCE AND SCIENCEOLOGY

### Empire State Erupts

*World's tallest building-volcano*

The eruption apparently began at about 3:15 P.M. when a metal file cabinet pushed through the roof of New York's Empire State Building, followed by a typewriter or two and a desk calculator. But this

preliminary blast of office magma did not yet have the energy to overshoot the ledge and so passed unnoticed to the pedestrians 102 stories below.

At 4:26 P.M. the lanky building showed its true

intentions. The ground trembled as far as Bloomingdale's uptown and Macy's downtown. The long, needlelike broadcasting antenna on top swayed like a conductor's wand during the climax of the 1812 Overture. The roof bulged like the biceps of a muscleman showing off at the beach. The bulge tore rapidly along a crooked line in its center, the tear growing into a huge, seething maw.

It was an unprecedented spectacle, according to Joseph Remmers, a bookkeeper trainee observing from behind the safety of a window across the street. "The small things started pushing out first—typewriters, adding machines, water coolers. The force thrust them high up into the air like a fountain, and they formed a gray, swirling

cloud around the building. Just as they finally began to fall, the big things started shooting out—rotating secretary chairs, Xerox machines, huge executive

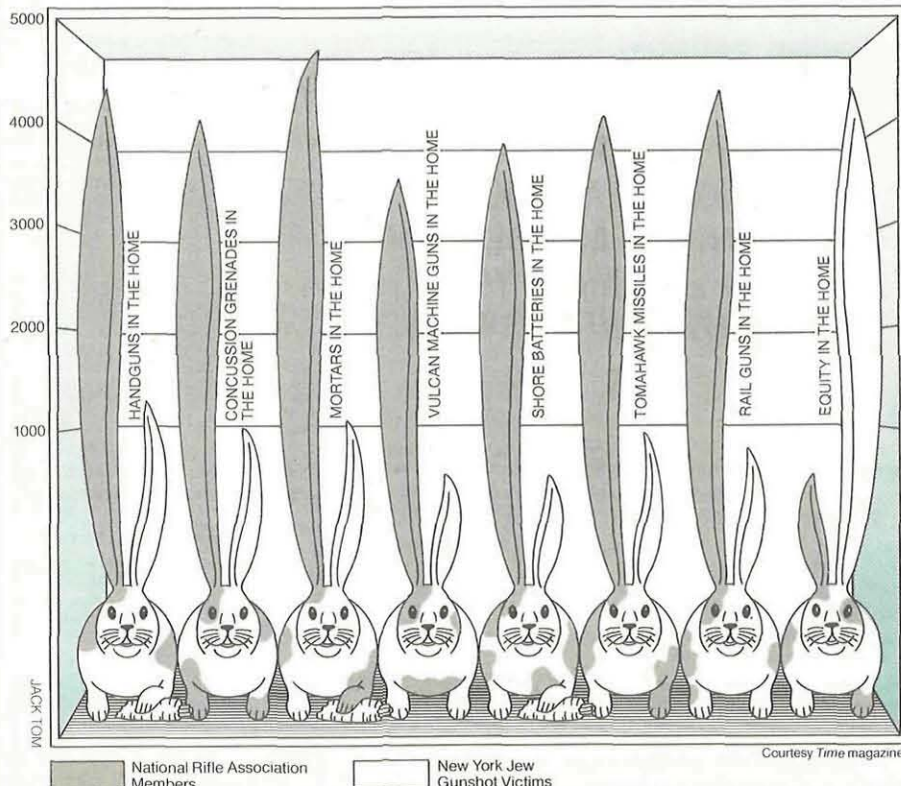


desks, rubber plants. They shot up through the falling debris of broken typewriters and file cabinets, pushing them skyward again. It was deafening, like a million car crashes at once." In fact, the Armageddon-like roar of splintering metal and flapping paper could be heard all the way to Connecticut. So terrible was the force of the explosion that falling typewriters were reported as far north as East 116th Street and a singed ink pad was found in Staten Island.

Then, abruptly, like a faucet being turned off, the great building was silent. But the damage had been done. Not a sliver of pavement could be seen for blocks around; the entire area was a smoking mass of shattered water coolers and twisted file cabinets, overturned coffee wagons and tangled multiline telephones, all white-hot from friction. Scattered among the rubble, like raisins in a nightmarish pudding, were the remains of thousands of dead—an unspeakable number.

What caused the eruption? One investigator, letting out a sigh, said, "We're not really sure of that,

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either. Executive stresses of some kind, I suppose. In its midtown Manhattan location, the Empire State Building has more top man-

agement per square inch than any other skyscraper we know of. Those boys play on a fast track, and the pressures really build up."

## MEDICINE

### Quick Cuts and Cut Rates

*The man of several thousand faces*

It was once a joke in New York medical circles that the legal definition of death was when you went to Dr. Jack Glynn for treatment. But today it is Glynn who is doing the laughing. Known to millions of television viewers as Dr. Jack, the Spastic Plastic Surgeon, he is one of the nation's most successful doctors.

Just three years ago, Glynn had been reduced to working as a tattoo artist in a Boy Scout camp, when a New York State Supreme Court ruling decreed that plastic surgeons were permitted to advertise. He immediately bought television time on several local stations and sponsored "Facelift Theater," a series of popular films broken into neat, four-minute segments by his commercials. "Hello, picklepuss!" began a typical advertisement, featuring Glynn lunging at the camera with a rake-sized scalpel. "You look like the blind date the leper stood up! So let me take a knife to you before your wife does! Dr. Jack'll fix yer Hide!"

His hard-sell approach has apparently paid off, as thousands of patients flock

to his Dr. Jack's Surgery Shack's franchises. Glynn has dramatically sped up the surgical process, utilizing such tools as epoxy, the staple gun, and, for more radical surgery, the M-80 firecracker; he now performs as many as 3,500 operations each day. While Glynn modestly remarks, "You can't do much wrong to an ugly guy," several of his patients swear by his techniques. Typical is the story of Chick Harmon, a traveling salesman who felt he did not look aggressive enough, until Dr. Jack spot-welded an Incredible Hulk mask onto his face. "Not only have my door-to-door sales increased," beams the monstrous-looking Harmon, "but I get candy at every house I stop at."

A tireless promoter, Glynn has most recently introduced the Dr. Jack Home Game and Discount Triple Features, a cut-rate surgery package offering a patient two, three, even four noses, and up to six eyes and ears, for a single low price. Asked how sales were going, Glynn admitted, "Just so-so. Not even my patients are that stupid."

## BUSINESS AND DOLLARS

### Taking It Cool and Slow

*Twenty-five degrees and four miles per hour, for example*

OPEC countries currently produce only 60 percent of the world's total oil. American energy strate-

gists are now suggesting that we can become entirely independent of OPEC petroleum.

"We simply cut consumption back 60 percent," says energy secretary James B. Edwards. "That means driving our cars between three and four miles an hour, not heating our homes above twenty-five degrees, and doing without dressing on our salads. We must make these sacrifices to achieve a completely independent energy posture."

NBC president Fred Silverman is offering a novel excuse for the failure of numerous shows created or supported by him this year. "I saw these things in the newspaper; I just imitated them, so it's not my fault. Newspapers should be more responsible."

Their cry is "We are deductible!" They are the tax rebels hiding out in Beverly Hills; and their elusive cut-and-run tactics make conventional revenue-gathering strategies useless against them.

As yet, their numbers are few, say IRS spokesmen, but more are being at-

tracted to the cause every day. The IRS plans a big fall offensive against the tax rebels, hoping to wipe out once and for all the Beverly Hills base from which this sedition is spread.

Eccentric millionaire economist H. Beard has caused a sensation in financial circles by declaring that it is useless to compare a nation's economy to that of a company's and to suggest that like a company's a nation's books should balance. "There are no companies with a nonexistent product that spend 30 percent of their income on security guards," says Beard.

*This from the prestigious Kiplinger Report:*

It's a most peculiar time  
When the interest rates  
decline.  
One segment of the market  
falls too fast,  
But the bonds go climbing up,  
Interest floods the cautious cup,  
And the gold bugs got to  
take it in the ass.

## BELIEF

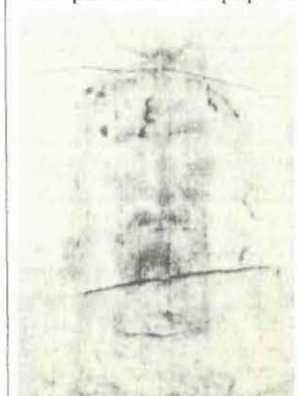
### One-Shroud Show

*Certified genuine Shroud of Turin slated for fifty-city tour*

The famous Shroud of Turin, now absolutely authenticated (by Swiss scientists) as the actual burial garment of Jesus Christ, is about to begin a fabulous world tour, the Vatican announced today.

Opening for the miraculous winding sheet, which bears the full body-length likeness of the crucified Son of God, will be Veronica's Veil, the cloth with which that holy virgin wiped the brow of Christ on the way to Calvary and which likewise bears the image of the

Lord's face, in the earliest example of the now popular



*Dry transfer number 1.*



form Xerox Art.

The forty-two-country tour by the two holy Polaroids will mean big profits for the impoverished town of Turin, and other cities are eager to obtain similar exposure for their sacred relics, weeping icons, femurs of martyrs, and similar venerable artifacts.

Florence has mounted a massive campaign to publicize the sacred souvenir ensconced in the altar stone of its cathedral—a small, rubbery, black object reputed to be the Beatific Prepuce, the foreskin removed from the Christ child at His circumcision. Some theologians question the authenticity of the relic, observing that it is a matter of doctrine that Jesus ascended bodily into heaven, leaving not a trace of His physical incarnation behind.

The aged archbishop of Florence, a fierce defender of his relic's integrity and miraculous powers, counters, "Oh, yeah? And I suppose all the Savior's fingernail clippings and ear wax, booger snots and everything, went floatin' up to heaven at the same time too, huh? Musta looked pretty stupid, all that stuff risin' up out the ground all over Palestine. Nuts! This here relic is the real goods, believe me."

But the Holy See remains reluctant to confirm that Florence possesses a genuine fragment of "the Word made flesh" and will send around the waiting world only the shroud and napkin, both certifiably "the real goods," to be displayed on a portable stage, 100 by 50 by 20 feet, made entirely of pieces of the True Cross.

*Edited by Tod Carroll.  
Contributions by T.C.,  
T.M., Al Jean, Michael  
Reiss, and Ed Subitzky.*

# BACK ISSUES

- OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES?** With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics. "Waffle in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album
- DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER:** With Son-o'-God comics #2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement
- MAY, 1973/FRAUD:** With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, *Borrow This Book: The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return*, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin
- SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR:** With Life parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, Whitelove comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerre Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards
- AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE:** With *Agony's A Very Sizable Advance*, *Seed Magazine*, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster #7, and True Menu
- SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE:** With Unexciting Stones, *Rodriguez' Senior Sex*, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and *Ballard Comics*
- NOVEMBER, 1974/CONVICTS:** With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Prison Farm, *Cinematic Comics*, and *Watergate Down*
- JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE:** With *Negligent Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, *Watergate Trivia Test*, and *Night of the Iceless Capades Massacre*
- MAY, 1975/MEDICINE:** With *National Sore*, Terminal Fidelity, *Blue Cross in Peace and War*, *Rodriguez Comics*, and *Our Wonderful Bodies*
- AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE:** With the Rockefeller *Attica Report*, *Code of Hammurabi*, *Citizen's Arrest Magazine* inherit Their Wind, and *World Night Court*
- SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE:** With the *Vassar Yearbook*, *Football Preview*, *Scholastic Scams*, *Academic Prigs*, and the *Esquire* parody
- DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY:** With *The Great Price War*, *Entrepreneurs*, and a *Fortune* parody
- APRIL, 1976/SPORTS:** With *Dogfishing*, *Silver Jack*, *The Glory of Their Hands*, *The U.S. Olympic Handbook*, and *The Puck Stops Here*
- OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES:** With a four-page, full-color *Nuts*, the *Aesop Brothers* on honeymoon, *Vermin*, *Sherran* the Tank, *Odd Bodkins*, and dozens of other comics and cartoons
- NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE:** Is Democracy fixed? The complete story of the *Townville* campaign, starring Ford and Carter look-alikes, with the traditional bribery, corruption, and natural gas
- JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE:** With *Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Final Days*, lots of hilarious cartoons, eight 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 Concordance*, and *Danah's Dumpster*
- JUNE, 1977/CAREERS:** With mercenaries, wetbacks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, *Sussman's get-rich tips*, and *Sam Gross*
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- MARCH, 1978/CRIME AND PUNISHMENT:** With *Short Hairs*, the *History of Crime in the Cinema*, the *Maltese Canary*, *Pointless Crimes*, and *Just Deserts*
- APRIL, 1978/SPRING CLEANING:** With *The Birds of Ireland*, the *New York Supplement*, *four-color comics* by *Rodriguez*, *Wilson*, *Fleinniken*, and *Browne*, and the *Autotama*
- JUNE, 1978/THE WILD WEST:** With *Even Young Bluegirls Get the Cows*, the *Indian Section*, *Our Family Journey to the West*, and *Cowboys of Many Lands*
- JULY, 1978/100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE:** With a *garland of parodies*, *Sussman* and *Greenheld's history of Nat'l amp*, *Born Again on the Fourth of July*, and comics by *Wilson*, *Rodriguez*, and *Subitzky*
- AUGUST, 1978/TODAY'S TEENS:** With *Savvyteen* and *Real Teen* magazines, comics by *Wilson* and *Fleinniken*, *Then and Now*, a *Field Guide to Young Teen-age Girls*, and a *Nat'l amp* report on education in *America*
- SEPTEMBER, 1978/STYLE:** With *Regular Guy Quarterly Dress for Successfulness*, *Alto Sheek*, and a complete fall fashion forecast
- OCTOBER, 1978/ENTERTAINMENT:** With *movie*, *TV*, and *music sections*, *Porter and Beth*, *self-amusement*, *Wilson*, *Rodriguez*, and a *Nat'l amp* guide to the *Big Ten*
- 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 *Fleinniken*
- 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*, *Un-chained Melodrama*, *How to Drive Fast*, and *John and Gerry's risk section*
- APRIL, 1979/APRIL FOOL:** With *Satucious Items* and *Lewd Articles*, *Florida College Spring Vacation Travel Supplement*, the *1946 Bulgernobles*, 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 Burns*, *Big Boys*, *Child Pornography*, and comics by *Shary Fleinniken* and *Gahan Wilson*
- JULY, 1979/SPORTS:** With *Action Golf*, *Game Bunnies*, *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 Aid*, and *Where to Get the Best Sex in Europe*
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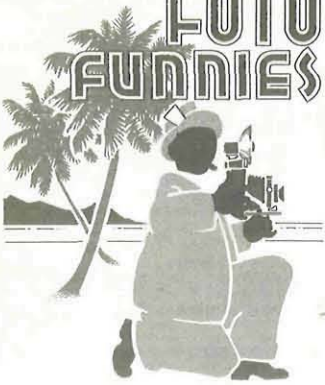
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I guess when you're  
beautiful and a  
nymphomaniac  
you just don't  
have time to  
keep a diary!

## SUSIE JOHNSON

continued from page 14

could about boys and what they did.

"Well, A-number-one, he used to call me up all the time and just drool over the phone like Niagara Falls or something, and A-number-two, he always wore the same flannel shirt for weeks..."

Sally and Jackie both let out a simultaneous "Gross!" just as House-mother Weimar descended the stairs, bearing a plate chock full of cookies and milk.

"There, there," remarked the chunky matron. "I've brought a special treat for all my hardworking girls." The portly authority figure gave Jackie a sly glance and a light pat on the cheek. "I know you've worked hardest of all, right, Jackie?" she purred softly, with a wink and a leer.

Jackie would have none of these lecherous shenanigans. Although snubbed by attractive boys, she still maintained a shred of dignity and coolly responded, "We've all worked hard. Just put the gunk on the table."

The gunk was deposited and Mrs. Weimar trundled off, softly whistling an old love ballad from the beer halls of Munich, where she had been employed as a barmaid.

Jackie eyed the food and beverage with chagrin. "Boy, she's more yucky than a moon creature. She gives me the willies." She shivered.

"I bet that's not all she'd like to give you," remarked the worldly-wise Sally.

Susie was a peacemaker by nature and brightly stepped in. "Now, girls...Mrs. Weimar has many fine qualities. Sexual preference just doesn't happen to be one of them."

On that all three girls concurred.

The room looked pretty as a picture, and in a few hours the arrival of the pledges and their escorts would make the preparations all worthwhile. But Susie, despite the happy surroundings, wore a face with an upside-

down smile. Imagine, a pledge party and the second vice-president without a date! Perhaps she shouldn't have gotten into that argument with Tom Robinson, she reflected dourly. But she knew there was just no way in the solar system she could have ever done what Tom asked, no matter how many astronauts' wives Tom said did it all the time—and twice, before they sent their men off to space. The very thought made the plucky girl gag.

\* \* \*

It was a few minutes till party time. The Omega banner was waving proudly in the windless world outside, thanks to the tiny air jets cleverly concealed in the shrubbery, a thoughtful gift from the class of '95.

Inside the party room all the girls went over last-minute details. Short and tall, lithe and pudgy...it was hard to know the bond that drew them together, thought Susie. But on second thought it became easy. It was a love of Omega house and all it stood for! Plus fathers with lots of money and the proper social standing.

Gingerly cradling a large bowl of avocado dip and a tray of assorted cheeses, Jackie thought back to her own first pledge party. She had felt so inferior to the bevy of blonds she had mingled with that night. They didn't seem as though they would ever be without a date or get food particles caught in their teeth. She had imagined a giant conspiracy of yellow-haired sex princesses bent on taking over the galaxy.

Now Jackie was an equal among them but still felt pangs of jealousy and resentment over sleek figures and finely chiseled features. Oh, well, she thought, as she sampled the soggy brie, if life wasn't fair, it was fairly okay. She could have been born a cripple or a Jew or something.

The doorbell rang for the first of many times, and Susie, official greeter for the evening, adjusted her dress and her smile and strode purposefully toward the entrance. Soon the pledges, their escorts, and the Omegas' dates began streaming in, arriving in luminous jet packs and snazzy high-powered lunar land rovers.

The party was soon in full swing. Armed with gab galore, chatty chicks soon formed around the more fashionable girls. Spirits ran high even as dip dwindled. For a while, Earth seemed to have taken a holiday cruise

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# How the English Mate

by Gerard Van der Leun

If you simply must futter an Englishperson and are yourself English, there is little this researcher can do for you. If you are not English but are masochistic enough to actually want to penetrate or be penetrated by a member of a nation whose chief executive is known as "The Iron Maiden," the following seven stages will help prepare you for the shock of coming to grips with the dreaded loins of steel.

ONE: *Take your vitamins, get plenty of rest, and exercise the jaw constantly.* If you attempt to seduce Britons, you will have to talk your quarry into the ground or the floor. Since this may involve a rambling conversation across days with no sleep whatsoever, you must have the jaw of Hercules. Also, since the rate of botched fucks is abnormally high in the United Kingdom, vitamins and exercise will take your mind off sex if nothing or no one goes down—unless you are British or Australian, in which case nothing will take your mind off sex, least of all sex itself. Assuming that your seduction succeeds and on the third day you rise from the dead and ascend into heaven, vitamins, rest, and exercise will be essential, since you will, getting there, be required to...

TWO: *Drink noxious potions to excess and convince your English quarry to drink twice as much as you do.* While convincing the English to drink is the soul of simplicity, keeping up with them when someone else is paying is

quite another thing. Drinking is required foreplay among the English. Why? Because if they know they are going to Do It, they want to Forget It. If they can't Forget It, they bloody well might not Do It; or if they do Do It, they might know they are Doing It and thus not enjoy It. Since they don't Do It often, they damn well want to enjoy it when they do. Do It, that is.

Another advantage to copious drinking is that it numbs the body and prepares it for the terrible shock of...

THREE: *The Lunge.* This opening caress of the classic English hump is a bruiser under the most benign circumstances. Some say the Lunge originated among a circle of homophile knights who practiced nude horseless jousting at fleeing Arabs during the First Crusade. This is purely apocryphal, since recent research has shown that the maneuver was first perfected by homophile vicars during the Children's Crusade.

Like nuclear weapons, the Lunge must be held in constant readiness. Why? Because the English truly believe that there is a proper time and place for everything—especially salami wrestling. But since the proper time for sex in England rarely, if ever, intersects with the proper place, the crucial moment may come at any instant. It may, and often does, come winging blithely along in the midst of a 5:00 A.M. interchange of passionate opinions on Jacobean drama, French foreign policy in the eleventh century, or

the techniques of live badger skinning. But no matter when it comes, the aware party must instantly leap up and lunge at the other without qualm or quarter. If both parties are English and both recognize "the moment" and perform the Lunge simultaneously, the impact speed can be mortal. Barring multiple fractures and internal hemorrhage, however, the Lunger must be prepared to go whole hog on the Lungee and thrust on through a chorus of "No, no, never, no, no!" that will, with time and brutal foreplay, fade away into tiny musical cries of...

FOUR: *"Rape me, rape me, rape me!"* Next to farting in the presence of the Queen Mother, being raped is still the fantasy of choice among both sexes in England. Why? Because being raped is merely a subcorollary of the Prime Axiom. If one is being raped, one has not *really* asked for sex, and thus sex isn't *really* happening. Since it isn't happening, it can be enjoyed without limit, guilt, or inhibition. Indeed, dulcet and at times four-part refrains of "Rape me, rape me!" can be heard in many English dells, cemeteries, cheap hotels, and back alleys on sylvan summer nights. The police never interfere, since they and other neighboring voyeurs know that these pleas are merely the coos arising from a respectable English couple who are grunting, wheezing, and sweating their way toward that moment that signals the consummation of English pronging.

FIVE: *The Grand Silence.* This is the dominant species of English orgasm and is ordinarily detectable only by sensitive instruments. Rarer than the quark, the standard British orgasm existed only in arcane mathematical equations until 1979, when a testing program deep in the salt mines of South Wales detected one on the Intervaginal Particle Speculoscope. Since it proved to be the queen's, the scientists involved were knighted and the orgasm itself was installed in a glass case in the Tower of London, to the amazement of many Britons who didn't think she had it in her. Before this discovery, most scientists had entirely written off the normal orgasm as being impossible, impolite, and quite un-British. But because of the triumph of science, and the royal example, we now know that just because an Englishperson appears unmoved after repeated simultaneous futtering by three well-hung Nubians, it does not mean that he or she is unfulfilled. No. It merely means that the person



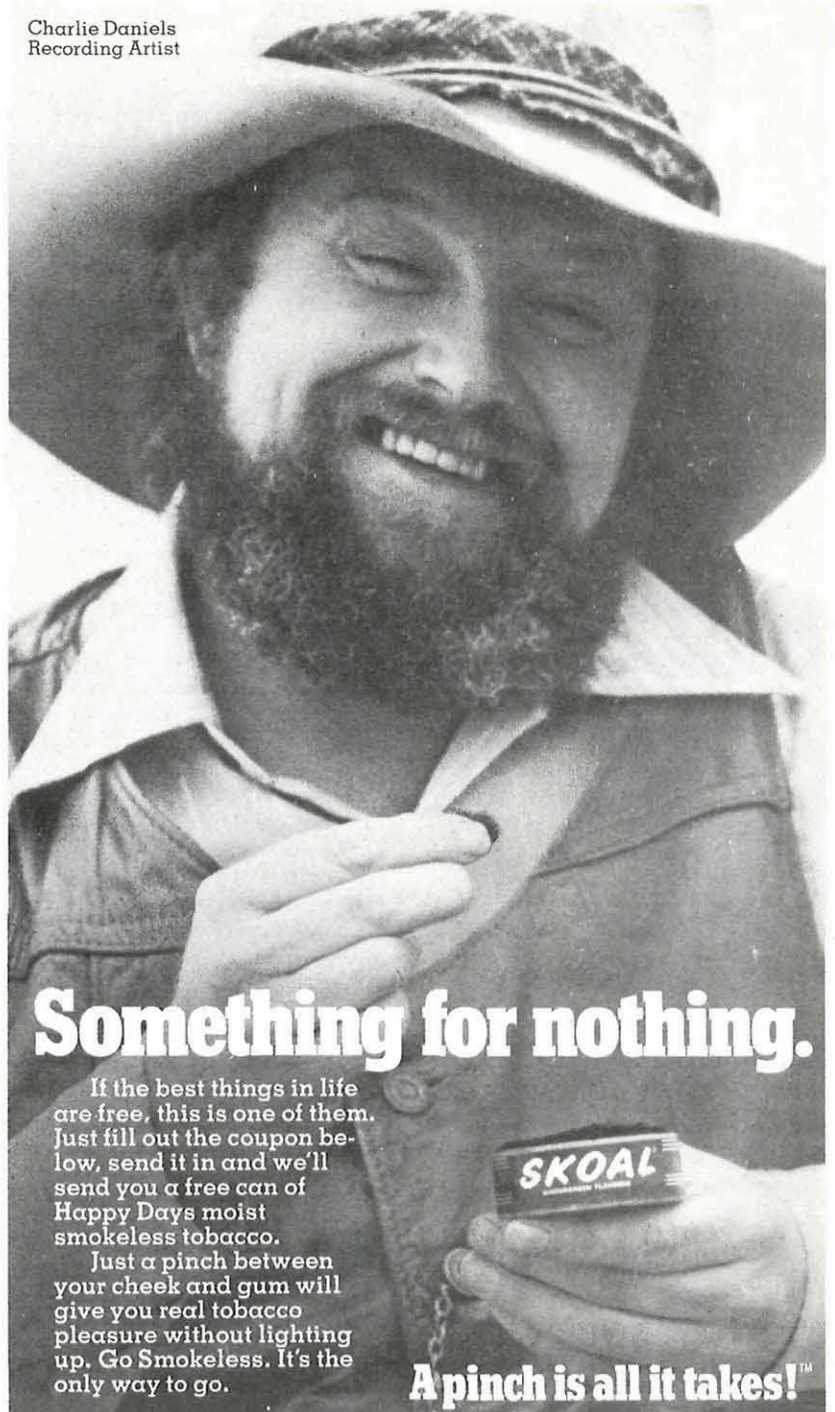
experiencing the bone-twisting, thigh-shattering, heart-swallowing crescendo of jerking, spurting, and frying nerve ends is quite simply not admitting it to anyone—especially themselves. Every so often, however, a person mounted atop or astride an Englishperson can be damaged by...

SIX: *The Real Screamer*. More rare and precious than ambergris, the Real Screamer has been known to shatter windows for blocks in the heart of London, bring out the air-raid wardens, and scramble a sortie of Spitfires up over the Channel to hunt the Hun. How, given the minimal nature of the normal English orgasm, can such a thing be set off? Science and Scotland Yard remain baffled. Perhaps it is a mere lapse of taste. More likely, the offending party simply forgets that he or she is English and simply rips one off. Society, being understanding, forgives an Englishperson for this fall from grace. Once. But still, since the English, like Hemingway characters, are allowed only one Real Screamer in their entire life, many sad souls save it up until it is too late and they are taken away quietly by the police to be...

SEVEN: *Married*. No screamers here, only quiet desperation. This doleful state marks the end of the reproductive cycle of Englishpersons and they go on to more satisfying projects, such as croquet, crochet, or striking for a seventh daily tea break. Why? Because although for aeons marriage was thought to be the only way to manufacture small Englishpersons—indeed, English couples once were forced to copulate (*at home and in bed*) at least once a fortnight until conception occurred—British science has brought a new dawn to England. By producing the world's first test-tube babies, the English have eliminated the odious necessity of introducing one's organ to and into another of the opposite sex. This is a great relief to all and sundry, especially homophiles in the House of Lords.

Admittedly, a live female womb is still necessary to bring the child to term, but with the great number of Pakistani immigrants in the country cheap labor prevails. Thus it is possible to continue the normally abnormal way of English mating into marriage and beyond. Not only that, but, freed from the biological imperative, the English can now devote themselves to those gardens and perversions that they *do* do so well. □

Charlie Daniels  
Recording Artist



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## NANCY REAGAN'S DIARY

continued from page 12

and croissants and then prepared a delicious English hunt breakfast, complete with kippers, kidneys, mixed grills, and various smoked fish. I have no idea where she found all this. She also cooked plenty of Irish oatmeal, Chinese congee, and Russian blini with sour cream and caviar. George was busying himself building an extra wing to our lodge, a rumpus room, promising me that it would be finished by noon.

Just before putting on my sleep mask and applying my night facial, I saw a man's face at my window. It was Chuck Heston, I'm sure of it. Ronnie was already asleep. Chuck was staring at me with a strange look on his face. I didn't know whether to scream or wave at him. And then he disappeared.

I asked Patricia Haig and Barbara Bush if they had seen a man peering into their windows the night before and they said yes and that it looked like Charlton Heston. And here was Chuck, as big and bold as daylight, eating a hearty breakfast and telling movie stories as if nothing had happened. Lydia could detect that we were giving him odd looks and she took us aside for a moment to explain Chuck's behavior. "He's a Peeping Tom," she said. "He likes to watch people prepare for bed. You know, put on their pajamas and nightgowns and do sort of personal things. He loves it. He can watch a woman or a man reading in bed, scratching, occasionally

picking their noses, for hours. It's an outlet for him, a way to relieve all that muscle tension in his face." The thing to do, said Lydia, is to completely ignore him and behave naturally. He won't remember a thing he saw the night before. He just goes into some kind of Peeping Tom trance that's completely harmless. The next morning he wakes up relaxed and refreshed and has forgotten everything.

No sign of Liz Taylor at breakfast or lunch. Liz likes to sleep late. She claims that serious eating is a form of exercise and that it tires her out. I hope she never loses that beautiful, beautiful face of hers, no matter how plump she gets. Although I can hardly see it anymore.

I watched Alex Haig playing tennis with Ronnie, George Bush, and Chuck Heston this afternoon. Chuck still looks good in tennis garb, but Alex looks quite stunning. He can play a formidable game of singles and read a fifty-page NATO briefing at the same time. He also has a little transmitter and receiver to get messages from his staff at all times. I must admit I feel awfully secure and comfy knowing Alex is our secretary of state. But I wish Ronnie would hit his share of balls when they play doubles together. He lets Alex take almost every shot. And Ronnie picks up most of the loose balls as if he were Alex's ball boy, and Alex seems to accept it as his due. George assured me he was just getting in a fast set while he was waiting for the paint to dry in the new wing. Barbara was busying herself pre-

paring the Saturday-night dinner.

We finally heard Liz Taylor getting up. The sounds she makes in the bathroom seem to echo through the mountains like a Swiss yodeler's. Liz has no apologies or qualms. A good bowel movement is the sign of good digestion and a long life, she says. I hope that doesn't say anything about me. I must confess that I'm a little remiss (lax) in this area. I try not to let it bother me, but sometimes I actually envy a gal like Liz, who's just about let herself go in every way. She does seem to be happy. I'd know for sure if I could find her beautiful, beautiful face, but it's getting lost somewhere in the mounds of flesh surrounding it. Also, she loves to pop pills. Any kind. She says she just takes them by the color she's in the mood for. She doesn't care what they do to her. She says she likes surprises. When she finally came down in time for tea she took five blues, three greens, a very large dark brown, and about a dozen whites. Suddenly she stood up on a table, did a perfect imitation of Sammy Davis, collapsed into an epileptic fit, snapped out of it, and sat in a corner, completely silent for the next two hours, not moving a muscle.

Barbara Bush asked me if she could prepare dinner. She found a big rib roast in the freezer, and she can do wonders with frozen veggies and, of course, bake some desserts. I wonder if Barbara is trying to make herself well liked, knowing that her husband was certainly not my first choice for vice-president. And the way George fusses over Ronnie—holding Ronnie's jelly beans, so that Ronnie won't get his hands all colored and sticky, and then actually popping them into Ronnie's mouth when he snaps his fingers. It's as if George is trying to make up for something.

No one really knows how Barbara Bush burned the roast, but she did. We smelled it at about seven o'clock, as everyone was getting ready for cocktails. If there was a hole in the floor, Barbara would have buried herself in it. I've never seen a person so ashamed, so embarrassed and humiliated. She claimed she set the wrong roasting temperature because she wasn't wearing her reading glasses and the numbers were blurred. I had to take her to the little-girls' room, because I knew she would break down and cry. In privacy, she sobbed in great racking noises and fell down to her

continued on page 30



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## NANCY REAGAN'S DIARY

continued from page 28

knees to beg my forgiveness. I hugged her and told her that people make mistakes. That's why we put erasers on pencils. Well, that cheered her up. She so admired my metaphor and how it got right to the heart of the matter, how simple yet how true it was. I pud-dled up a little myself and forgave her.

When Ronnie heard about the roast, he didn't bat an eyelash. He patted Barbara on the back for a darn good try and said that he and the boys would prepare dinner, that it was time for the ladies to relax, have a few more drinks, and let the men take over the kitchen for a change. Liz Taylor ate the burned roast, which was better than throwing it in the garbage.

Chuck Heston found one of those *nouvelle cuisine* cookbooks and announced he was going to make chicken breasts stuffed with cold pickled mackerel and Bing cherries in a green-peppercorn-and-walnut salmon mousseline sauce. There was a mackerel and some chicken in the freezer. The other stuff he found in cans. George did all of Chuck's galley work. Ronnie jumped about, kibitzing and giving a blow-by-blow of Chuck's cooking, as if he were still a football announcer back in college. They say he breaks up cabinet meetings with this routine and has everyone in stitches. Alex Haig and I had a martini, and he told me how he was going to run the world, with Ronnie's supervision of course. He makes the most exciting martini I've ever drunk.

Well, about three hours later, dinner was ready, and it's really best not to dwell much on Chuck's effort. Barbara actually had a mild seizure after swallowing two mouthfuls. The food seemed to attack you when it came near your mouth. Liz, of course, ate four large helpings, so, again, it didn't go to waste. But, needless to say, gloom and doom was in the air.

It looked like we'd all go to bed hungry, when Alex Haig slipped out with a rifle and came back minutes later with a brace of rabbits. He deftly skinned the animals, boiled them briskly, chopped them into bite-size pieces, and cooked them with garlic, bay leaf, a *bouquet garni*, a carrot, some pearl onions, a bit of salt pork, some red wine and beef broth, and a touch of this and that. About forty minutes later we had the most delicious rabbit *au vin* I've ever tasted. Alex Haig is a miracle worker. It seems that he picked up the recipe from the chef at Le Grand Vefour in Paris while he was running NATO.

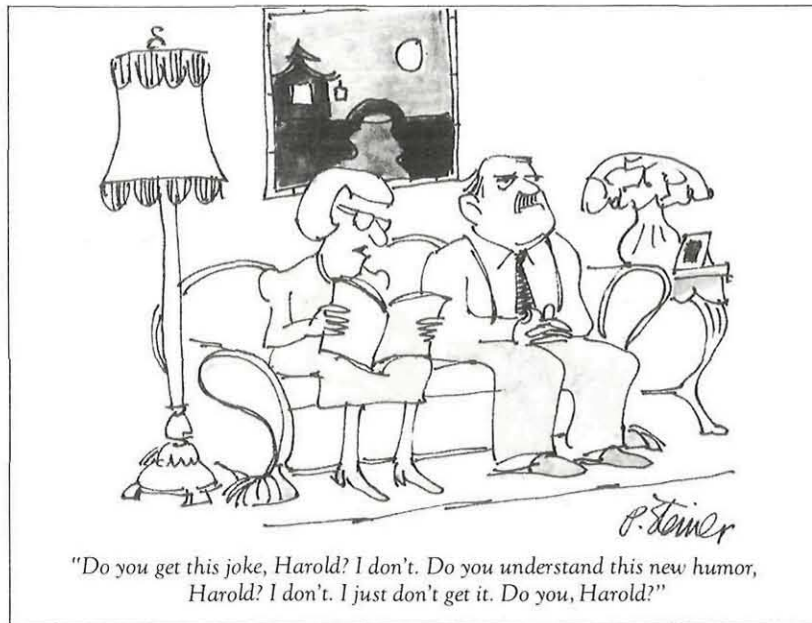
It rained all day Sunday and everyone was getting cranky and wanted to go home early, except for Ronnie, who wanted to drive his Jeep in the mud. I decided to get myself packed early. Whenever it rains I get a case of the tidies. I have to pull out all my things and put them in categories and file them—all my undies and bras and stockings and blouses and things. As I passed one of the bathrooms, I noticed that the door was open and a man was in full view. It was Alex Haig. He was stark naked and he was

playing with himself. I turned away, but he called after me and wanted me to watch him. I must admit I was fascinated. He insisted he was doing it under doctor's orders. His doctor said it was good for his heart. Alex had a severe heart operation a few years ago. Alex has a very small fountain pen. That's what my mother made me call the man's organ. My mother used to explain to me that a man had a fountain pen full of white ink and he injected the ink into a woman's secret place and that's how babies were born. Alex has a tiny fountain pen, even at full growth. Ronnie's is much bigger.

Alex didn't seem at all ashamed of what he was doing. He still had the same steel-blue eyes and strong, confident manner. He said it was cleaner, faster, and more efficient to relieve himself in this manner, that it gave him much more time to work for his country, especially in our efforts to combat Soviet expansionism. He reached his climax without even skipping a beat of his conversation. He was writing a memo to the defense secretary at the time. At first I was shocked, but when he explained it in such a convincing and forceful manner I realized once more how lucky this country is to have him.

When I opened the door to our bedroom to pack I saw Liz and Barbara Bush entangled in each other's arms and legs and whatever. Liz was sort of *eating* Barbara. That's the only way I can describe it. I guess she didn't have enough for dinner. I felt nauseous and dizzy. They were completely oblivious to me as they rolled around on the bed, sucking and biting each other. Liz was wheezing noticeably from all this effort but looked ecstatic. She is a monster without her clothes. And then, to top it off, Chuck was peering through the window again.

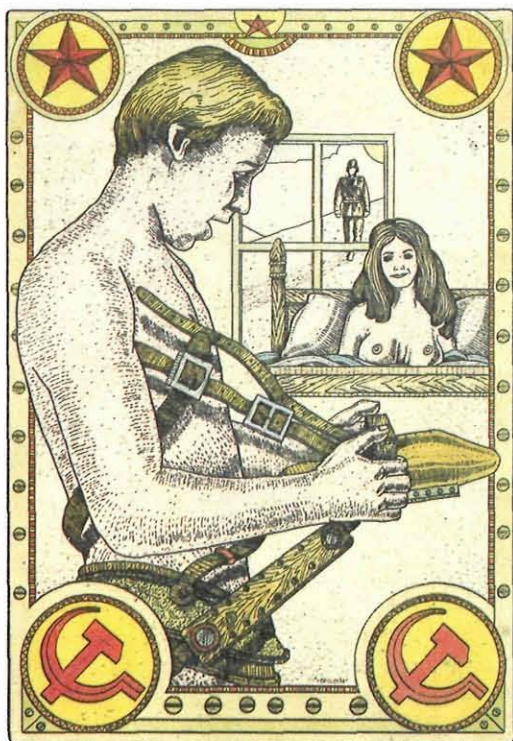
I went back to the living room, where George Bush was shampooing the rugs, cleaning the chimney, and dusting the moose heads. Ronnie went out for a Jeep ride, and Lydia had passed out on the floor, dead drunk. It looked like everyone was getting the Sunday-afternoon crazies. The only thing worse than the Sunday-afternoon crazies is the Sunday-night crazies. I called the hot line at the White House and ordered a helicopter immediately, telling them we had an emergency appendectomy operation to perform on George. Anything to get out of there. □



"Do you get this joke, Harold? I don't. Do you understand this new humor, Harold? I don't. I just don't get it. Do you, Harold?"



# T SUMMMER OF



# '42

1

changed...

He had always wanted to revisit the island, and now he was unambiguously performing this task. He stood on the deck of the highly satisfactory ferrying boat as it neared the perfectly sufficient docking facilities, and gazed about at his fellow passengers. They were, of course, ignorant of the emotions of wistfulness now assailing him. Let them remain so, the man thought.

The man had last seen Pakytsk Island over thirty years ago, when he was a lad of fifteen. By going there, he and his family had tried, without success, to escape the difficulties of the war during the summer of 1942. Of course, since that time, much had

As the man and the other passengers debarked, a dangerously decrepit yet actually entirely serviceable bus pulled up to them. The man assumed a seat by a window, and the vehicle drove off up an adequate, if unpaved, road. Soon they were driving along the beach, and, as he had hoped, the man could see the house. There were the weather-beaten walls, within which he had had so memorable an experience. There was the front door, through which he had entered in such absurd and childish confusion.

The man took pleasure in the fact that the house looked as it had always looked. Indeed, he began to imagine that he could see three young boys gamboling in high-spirited frolic on a dune near the edifice. Above the rattle of the bus he could almost discern their comradely cries:

*Hermien Hermienovitch! Do not dawdle so!*

*Come, Hermien Hermienovitch! You fool!*

*Hermien Hermienovitch, kindly do not be a simpleton!*

Yes, he could hear their cries, but another glance at the house brought to his mind the image and memory of her. For it had been in that house, with her, that so much had occurred...

*"Hermien Hermienovitch! Are you coming?"*

The boy who demanded Hermien Hermienovitch's attention was Oskar Oskarovich. He was a strong, lanky lad of fifteen, and he was Hermien Hermienovitch's best friend. The pair

by  
*Ellis Weiner*

of youths nicknamed each other Stalin and Lenin in unpredictable alternation. "Today I shall be Stalin," Hermien Hermienovitch said, whereupon the larger and more muscular Oskar Oskarovitch retorted, "No, not so, Hermien Hermienovitch. Today I shall be Stalin and you shall be Lenin."

"Agreed," Hermien Hermienovitch replied. "Besides, I prefer being Lenin to being Stalin."

"What is this?" his friend queried. "Have you some objection to Comrade Stalin?"

"No, never," the other answered. "But look, here comes Benjamin Benjaminovitch."

This third boy was a stripling of age twelve, and it was his unhappy lot to be nicknamed Trotsky. Yet Benjamin Benjaminovitch professed indifference to his fellows' jests and bore their taunts with an even temper. "Yaa, yaa, Benjamin Benjaminovitch, I shall dispatch a man to impale you on the head with a pick!" jeered the ram-bunctious Oskar Oskarovitch.

"Your sneers do not faze me, Oskar Oskarovitch," the tiny creature replied. "And you may go and immerse your head in gravy."

"We do not have gravy on Pakytsk," Hermien Hermienovitch stated.

"It is because of the war, Hermien Hermienovitch," Oskar Oskarovitch said. "And if you continue to complain about our conditions of hardship, I will prepare for you a knuckle sandwich to be eaten with your fat lip!"

"I would eat a sandwich of any kind," Benjamin Benjaminovitch mused, at which his friends both nodded and murmured in assent, and stared with vacant wonderment at the gulls flying over the sea.

adults. Last year they ate plaster off the walls. They ate wallpaper paste because they thought it might have been made with potato starch. They offered to trade gold bracelets for bread such as you are making impudent faces over. Eat."

"But this bread is made of wood chips and paper by-products," Hermien Hermienovitch protested feebly.

"Yes, and we are lucky to have it," his mother responded. "In Leningrad citizens are beating up one another for this bread. Those who can get out of bed, that is."

"May I place it on the fire to entost it?"

"Do not pretend to be stupid, Hermien Hermienovitch," she scolded. "You know that if you put it on the fire, it turns into wallboard. In Leningrad—"

"Look, Mother, I am eating."

Hermien Hermienovitch knew all about the German siege of Leningrad, far to the north, and wondered how a youth such as himself would fare if he crossed through occupied Russia with his bread in order to sell it on the streets of Leningrad for a gold bracelet—or, better, for a copy of the sexually titillating periodical entitled *Zhenya, Queen of the Kirov Tractor Factory*.

Hermien Hermienovitch often lingered over this profusely illustrated magazine in a pharmacy in his hometown. On each page he stared at pictures of the physically well-endowed Zhenya, clad in her tightly fitting factory overalls, brandishing her wrench and ball peen hammer, and meeting or exceeding her quota each day. Although of an appropriately serious gray color, the overalls were not effective in concealing the forward thrusting of Zhenya's ample breasts, the attractive sideways jut of her proud hips, and the how-would-you-like-to-put-your-hand-on-me enticement of her buttocks. Hermien Hermienovitch would gaze intently at Zhenya, silently wishing that her uniform would become snagged on a moving piece of machinery, be torn off of her body, and reveal the treasures underneath.

Such reveries—and even the memory of such reveries—caused hot impulses of arousal to race like Bolshevik agitpropists through the social ferment of the boy's endocrine system. He would feel the rapid engorgement and outward straining of his member, aching to stand free and upright, like

Lenin yearning to address the masses. At such a time the urge to implant the dialectical truth of his I-am-ready-for-intercourse penis into the untutored yet prerevolutionarily agitated genitalia of Zhenya quite overwhelmed him, to the point nearing that of a swoon.

He was in the grip of this very sensation when his mother again said, "Eat your bread before I hit you with it." Hermien Hermienovitch, all at once impatient to be out of his mother's presence, ate his bread and bolted from the house.

Oskar Oskarovitch was waiting for him on the beach at the trio's usual sporting place. "Come, Hermien Hermienovitch," he said. "Let us play a round of Each-Punch-the-Other." At this Oskar Oskarovitch struck Hermien Hermienovitch soundly on the shoulder, sending the smaller lad sprawling over a dune.

"I will get even with you, Oskar Oskarovitch!" Herman Hermienovitch cried, and he leaped up to return the blow. But his friend laughed in a raucous fashion and set off running down the beach. Hermien Hermienovitch chased him for several hundred yards, the two boys pausing once to watch in awe and resentment as a patrol of German soldiers marched past on the beach road. When Hermien Hermienovitch finally caught up with Oskar Oskarovitch, it was near a house neither of them had paid much attention to previously.

"You have broken our pact of non-aggression!" Hermien Hermienovitch cried as he commenced to punch his friend. But Oskar Oskarovitch, instead of returning the pummeling, as was customary in their youthful pastime, silenced his friend and pointed to a scene taking place on the steps of the house.

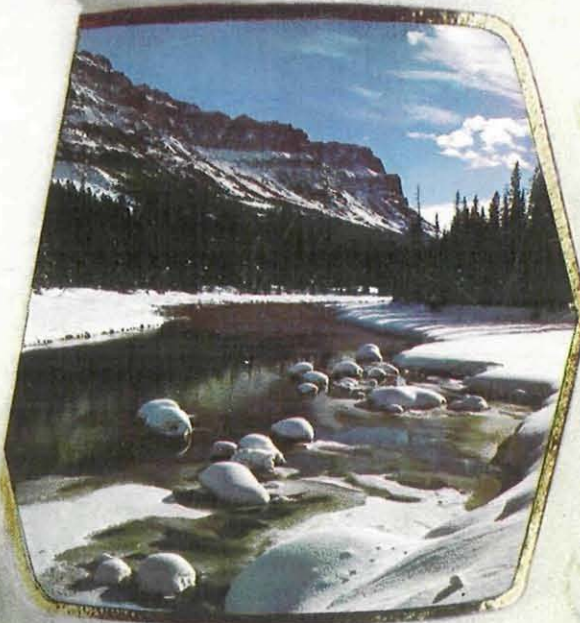
It was then that Hermien Hermienovitch first saw her. She was some years older than he, but slightly shorter in physical stature. She had long, drab brown hair, and very pale skin, and wore a dun-colored skirt and blouse that was not flattering to her thin body. Hermien Hermienovitch could not take his eyes off her, yet it was several moments before he comprehended the scene he was witnessing.

The girl was talking in a furtive manner to a young soldier. At first Hermien Hermienovitch could not understand what a Russian soldier was doing on Pakytsk Island, since all were off fighting at the front, or captured,

## 2

If there was one food concerning which Hermien Hermienovitch did not leap about, ejaculating expressions of joy, it was bread. But Hermien Hermienovitch's mother was adamant that her son eat not only all the bread put before him on his plate but his plate as well. "Children are still starving in Leningrad," she told him with incessant regularity. "So are

MOLSON



GOLDEN

CONTENTS: 12 U.S. FL. OZS.

*Thirsting  
for the best  
of Canada?*

**Make sure it's Molson.**



BREWED AND BOTTLED IN CANADA; imported by Martlet Importing Co., Inc., Great Neck, N.Y.

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or dead. But Oskar Oskarovitch corrected this misimpression when he whispered, "She is talking to a German!"

It was so. After a few minutes of conversation, during which the girl twisted and preened coquettishly, the German soldier stepped heavily up the stairs to the porch and entered the house. The girl looked quickly up and down the beach road, then followed the man into the house and closed the door.

"She did not see us," Oskar Oskarovitch said. "I wager they are going to have sex. What objectionable behavior! To have sex with a German!"

"She is not having sex with him!" Hermien Hermienovitch cried. "And you may go perform copulation with yourself!" He punched his friend with intensity on the shoulder and ran off down the beach in a tempest of inchoate youthful misery.

### 3

For the rest of the day and night Hermien Hermienovitch thought only of the girl. She was certainly the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, but she was much more than that. There was something of a magical nature about her. Her hair was of a loveliness that defied explanation. Her face made him exclaim "Ah!" when he thought of it. She was the very embodiment of all his youthful concepts of feminine delicacy and grace. Yet he also desired to thrust his member into her repeatedly and with abandon. He did not understand this dual feeling. To him she was the most graceful field of golden wheat, to be lovingly harvested with the delicate sickle of his love-besmitten worship. Yet she was also a sturdy, solid anvil on which the mighty iron hammer of his phallus would pound out a rousing chorus of ecstasy screams.

His mother must have thought him ill that evening, for he ate his bread without objection and even gnawed dutifully on his plate, before retiring in brooding silence to his room. There he lay on his bed for the entire evening, thinking of the girl and confusing her image with that of Zhenya, Queen of the Kirov Tractor Factory. In his dreams he was a German sol-

dier, working at the side of Zhenya, meeting or exceeding his quota while she wantonly caressed his ballpeen hammer.

### 4

The next day Hermien Hermienovitch was sent by his mother into town for a loaf of bread. He took with him his youngster's wagon, which he would need for transporting the heavy, if edible, object. As he walked down the dirt road toward the group of shops, he decided that he did not wish to encounter Oskar Oskarovitch or Benjamin Benjaminovitch on his journey. His mind was occupied with fantasies of the girl, and Oskar Oskarovitch's statement that she had been about to have sex with the German soldier had disturbed him deeply. It was simply not possible, he decided. Moreover, if he saw the angellike woman again, he would introduce himself and get to know her as a comrade, and thereby establish beyond a doubt the baselessness of his friend's accusation.

He purchased the bread in the bakery, placed it in the wagon, and had begun his return homeward when, across the street, near the cinema, he saw her. She was struggling with a large sack of canned goods. Several passersby glanced at her and frowned, but none offered her aid. Hermien Hermienovitch nervously approached.

"Hello, comrade," he said.

She directed the beautiful plainness of her facial features directly at him and said, "These damn cans are heavy."

He was charmed by her lack of beating about the bush. "May I assist you in the transporting of them?" he asked, with commendable gallantry.

"Yeah, here. You take these. This way."

She set off at a rapid stride in the direction of her house. The wagon being full with the loaf of bread, Hermien Hermienovitch gathered into his free arm the large, unlabeled tins she had unloaded onto him, and followed.

Her voice failed to disappoint his fondest imaginings of girlish vocal appeal. Her manner was entirely praiseworthy in terms of womanly charms. Indeed, Hermien Hermienovitch was in proximity to a state of fainting with

her exquisite femaleness. Yet, in addition, and awkwardly laden as he was, his close proximity to the girl, and the irrefutable movement of her body, began to have a stimulating effect on Hermien Hermienovitch's genitalia. As he walked briskly to catch up with her, he became aware of an increasingly uncomfortable phallic erection being made manifest in the groin area of his short pants. He hoped that his burden of foodstuffs hid with effectiveness the tubular bulge asserting itself against his crotch buttons. My mighty Peter the Great is commendably tumescent, he thought. Now I must speak forthrightly.

"What might be in these cans?" he asked in a courteous fashion.

"Huh? Nothing. Beans. Just shut up and let's go."

Hermien Hermienovitch marveled. Beans! Even on Pakytsk, where many foods were readily available, beans were a rarity. What a fairy-magician this beauty must be, to have access to such an impressive quantity of beans!

"I like beans," he said, eager to maintain the conversation and hear her voice of seraphic timbre.

"I bet you do," she said. "Yeah, I get it. Okay, you can have one. But after we get there. Listen, what's your name?"

"Hermien Hermienovitch. What is yours, miss?"

She sighed. "Miss. Jesus. It's Dorotyia. Let's move it."

They walked on, Hermien Hermienovitch's unyielding erection now causing him significant discomfort. He feared that his short pants would rip with the pressure, causing his organ to suddenly shoot forth like a Katyusha rocket. I must ask my mother to sew an iron-plate reinforcement into the crotch area of the pants, he thought. Yet such plans failed to aid him at that moment, and as they walked he felt as if he and the cans and the wagon and the bread were being pulled ahead by his aching-to-burst enstiffening.

In due course they arrived at her house, and Hermien Hermienovitch winced as he recognized the doorway and remembered the tableau of the day before. Leaving the wagon at the foot of the steps, he followed her up and into the house, directly into a small, kitchenlike area. She said, "Wait here." He saw her go into an adjacent room and heard her murmur something. Then he heard a man an-

*continued on page 45*

# F R O G



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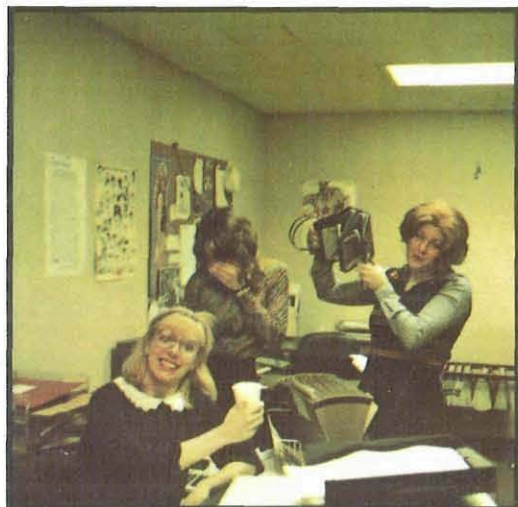
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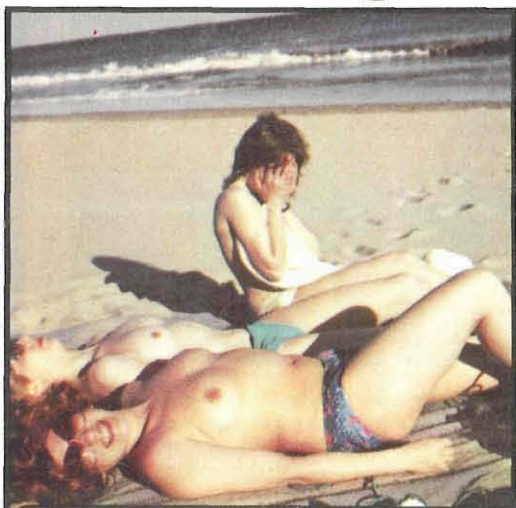
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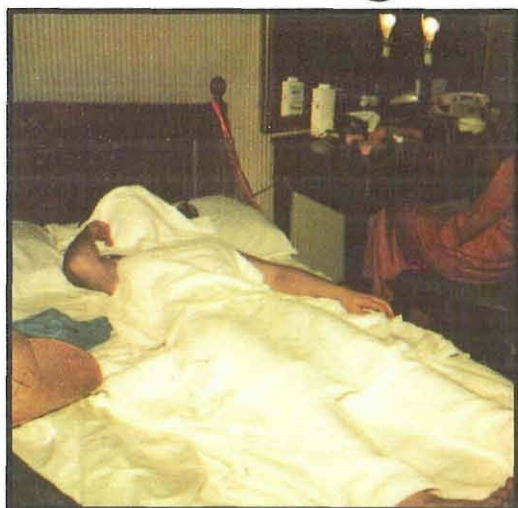
Secretaries  
 IN  
 PARADISE  
 BY JOHN HUGHES



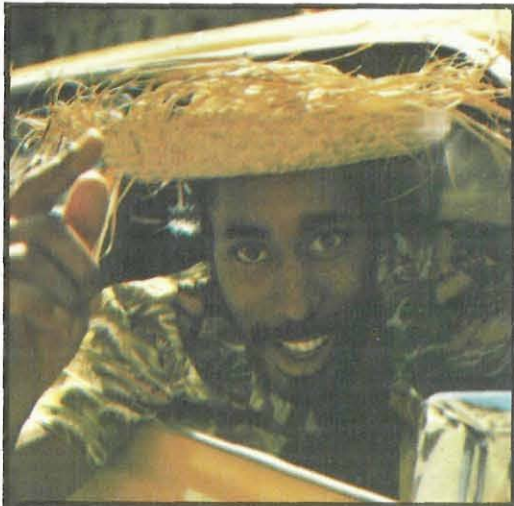
1. Last day at work! Good-bye Sunshine Carpet Co. for five whole days! Patti is covering her face because she sunburned her nose sitting under a sunlamp trying not to look so white for her first day on the beach. I'm broke, as you can see, and Karla is so happy she could just burst! No more typing, no more copying, no more boring nights at "Yodels" talking with dipshit guys who only want to sleep with you and then leave before you get a chance to say "yes." Islands, here we come!



4. Boy, did we feel like three dumb shits! We were sitting on the beach and this guy came over. His name was Mr. George Buckingham and he informed us that the beach was strictly au natural and that if we wanted to sunbathe au bathing suit, we'd have to go to the pool. He was kind of angry with us, so we apologized and took off our suits. We probably would have died from embarrassment except, it being the summer off-season, we had the beach all to ourselves except for Mr. Buckingham. Actually it's fun except for the sand in your crack. P.S. Mr. Buckingham took this photo. He took two but said one didn't turn out. I was worried that the Pronto was going to break down!



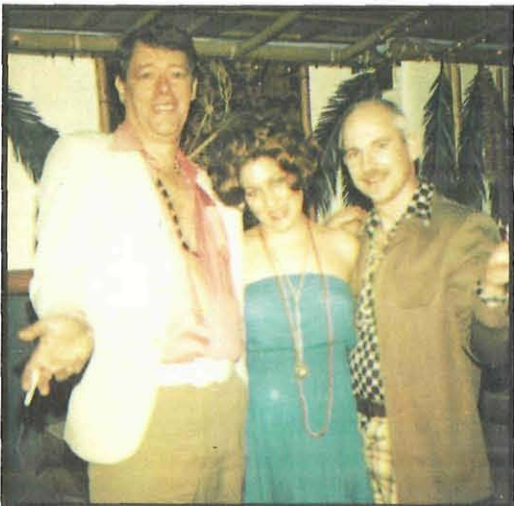
5. They say the summer sun in the Islands is much more intense than the winter sun, and boy, they're not kidding! Karla and I got about a week's worth in just a couple hours, and Patti, whose skin is really fair, got burned real bad. In fact, her nipples were the color of cocktail cherries. One thing about sunbathing bare naked, you get tan all over, and when you get burned you get burned all over! Patti's butt was so sore she cried when she went to the bathroom. Also, don't sunbathe naked with your legs open, because your "intimate details" are the last thing you think to put sunscreen on!



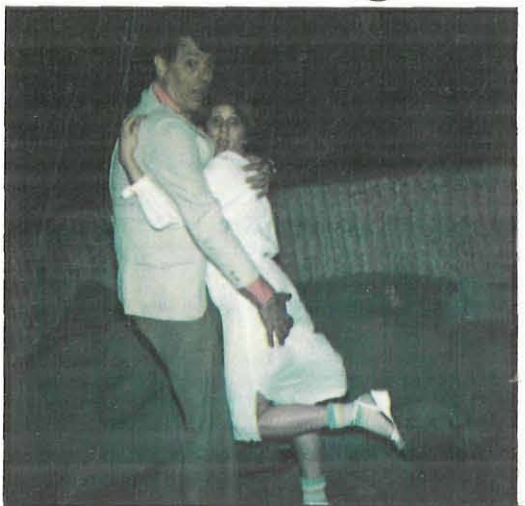
2. Here we are in the Caribbean at last. We had a great flight, except the altitude gave Patti her period a week early. This is our complimentary cab driver, Walker. He took us to the Royal Royale Hotel, where we were staying. When Patti, who was feeling better, asked if the taxi was the limousine the brochure said would take us to the hotel, Walker said, "No, pretty titty, dem limo be all broke up and bust." We wanted him to say "Mon!" (man in Island) for us, but he wouldn't unless we promised to let him see us in our bathing suits. Also he asked if we were virgins. I don't think he was so much nosy as he was just curious about Americans.



3. This was our room. Unfortunately, the "vacation villa" rooms that were in the travel brochures were under repairs, so we had to settle for "vacation suites" instead. The clerk was a doll and so was the bellman, so who cares? The bellman's name was Ricky. He was young and, I think, a Mexican. He asked Patti if her hair was really that color. She said, "Yeah." And then he goes, "There is one way to tell." And he laughed and I gave him a dollar. I think Patti could have played her cards right and gotten a date with him, but she said he was gross. Frankly, she was a little on the "downbeat" side about the trip so far.



6. Did Karla and me ever run into Lady Luck! We were having our first complimentary dinner in the Royal Crab Shell restaurant, pigging out on a local delicacy (Alaskan king crab legs and bananas), and two guys came over and just about swept us off our chairs! That's Horst Beultman (on my right) and Alois Kleiser (on my left). Horst is independently wealthy and Alois is a Grand Pree car driver. One day in the Islands and we find two guys! European guys, no less! They offered to pay for our dinners, but we told them it was free anyhow. We felt guilty as hell about Patti, so I put a crab leg in my purse to take back to her.



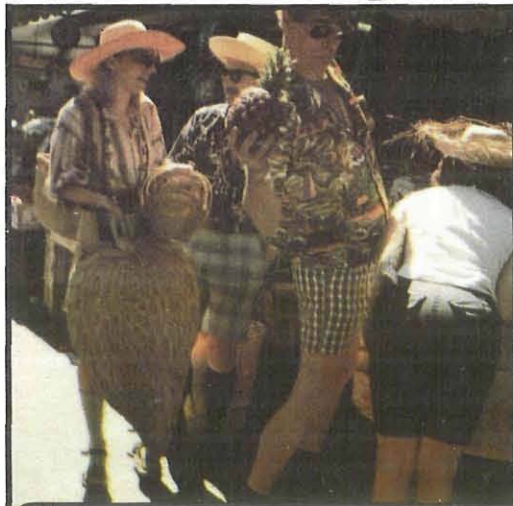
7. You can't see it in this picture, but that's the old fort in the background. Horst pointed it out to us. It was so lovely on the beach at night. I felt like I was in a Boz Scaggs song. Horst sang a song to me in German. They say it's not a romantic language, but when a guy has his hands on your boobs it sure sounds different! Another thing about German men, when they kiss they press their finger in your butt (through your dress, of course). I was falling in love with Horst!



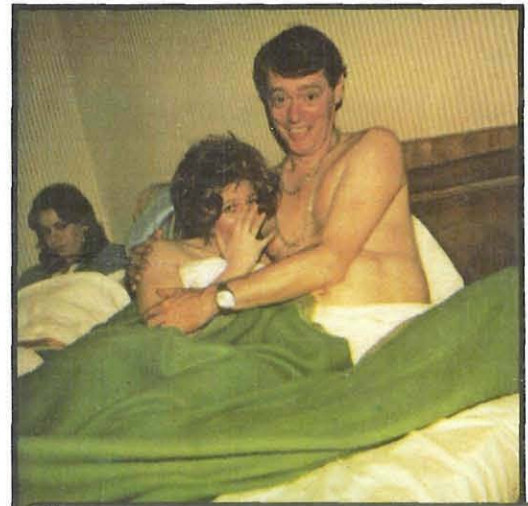
8. In addition to being a car driver, Alois was a professional fashion photographer, and he took this picture of Jean and me. We weren't embarrassed at all, because he was a professional and all. They both said their intentions were not sex, and to prove it they gave us the picture. Again, though, the Pronto screwed up. Alois said only one came out. You know, those things cost about 75¢ each. Then we made plans to meet at the beach in the morning.



9. When you sunbathe bare, you have a lot more body to worry about how it looks. We felt pretty dumb making up our bosoms, but I guess we'd feel dumber if people were talking behind our backs about how dull and ordinary they looked. Also, you have two "heads" of hair to worry about. It was a riot when we actually started shaving "them." Patti was pissed. She said we were gross, but I understood. After all, we were out having the times of our lives with guys from Europe and seafood feasts and whatnot and she was laying in bed with a fire-engine-red set of nipples and a sore vagina.

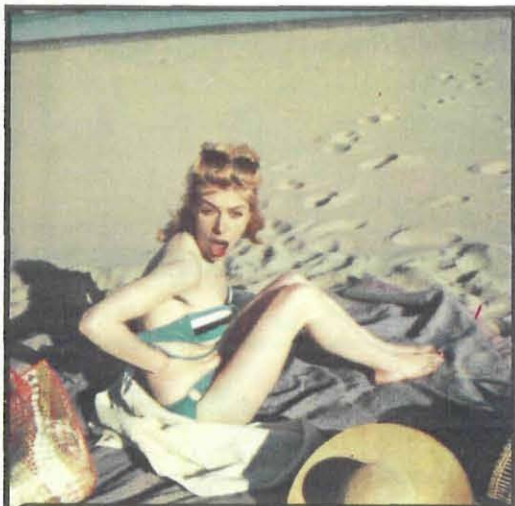


12. Guess who we ran into at the marketplace? You guessed it, our German beaux! They apologized for not meeting us on the beach. We said it was no sweat and had a real fun day. They asked us to go out to dinner with them, and we said sure but first we'd have to go back to the hotel and change into dinner things. They said that would be fine, if they could watch us get dressed. Those guys were too much! We told them about Patti and all, and they said Patti probably needed cheering up. So one thing led to another and before we knew it we were in our underwear and Patti was just as pissed as an old goose!



13. We never got around to getting dressed. Or eating dinner, for that matter. Horst was the most loving and gentle man I've ever met. Ditto for Alois, according to Karla. As for Patti, she's a bitch. She refused to leave the room unless we paid her one-third of one night's stay, and even when Horst offered she refused. She just sat and watched and clicked her tongue and called us sluts, etc. She was just jealous! I was in love with Horst, and Karla was in love with Alois, and that was just too much for Patti's selfish mind to accept. P.U. to her.





10. They must have changed the beach rules overnight, because when we took off our bathing suits everybody on the beach got mad and started yelling at us. Some old guy from Wales called us hussies, which made me furious. It was a real poopay day. Alois and Horst never showed up, and Patti was a bitch. We ordered her some carryout stuff from a restaurant down the street and it must have made her sick. Karla and me played hearts for about three hours and then went to bed. Big Deal, huh?



11. The next day it was raining, so Karla and me went out to find a little native adventure. That guy we're with is a rasta man named Jah Beard. His friend, Rasta Robbie, is not in the picture. We are smokin' da 'erb (it's marijuana). It was pretty powerful stuff. Rasta Robbie asked if we wanted to "wine our goosies." I wasn't in the mood for wine. Karla nudged me--she thought what they meant was that they wanted to have relations. I guess so, because they brought out this big drum and tied us to trees and banged the drum and blew smoke in our faces until we did it. The only bad thing was they stole Karla's purse and refused to drive us back to the hotel.



14. We said good-bye to paradise and our beaus. Good-bye, not so long. Horst and Alois promised to join us in Elk Grove Village as soon as they can get visas. We're planning a double August wedding. If Patti comes around, we'd like her to be maid of honor, but I think she'd decline. It was a wonderful vacation! Finding a rich husband from Germany plus sun and fun for only \$209.99 is such a small price to pay indeed!



15. Meet Horst and his family. That's Greta, Little Horst, Olga, and Anna. So much for the double wedding. Alois wrote Karla and told her that he had a social disease and that he would like to see her again sometime. We both made up with Patti, and she felt sincerely sorry for us. She's not such a bitch, I guess. We're all saving our pennies for another vacation. No, not the Islands. We've had enough of that place. This time we're going to Puerto Vallarta, \$189.00 round trip.



NBC Radio's Young Adult Network

# JUDAS PRIEST UNLEASHED



Photo: Steve Joester

**J**udas Priest. The very nature of rock 'n' roll. Rough. Raw. Primitive. Exclusively on The Source.

Rooted in the stormy, heavy metal tradition. Capturing the 80's with an iron-clad grasp. Judas Priest. Recorded live in concert by EDR/MEDIA at the Chicago Amphitheatre. The fans went wild over "Sinner," "Victim Of Changes," "Green Manalishi," Plus "Hot Rockin'," and "Heading Out To The Highway" from "Point Of Entry," the Priest's latest album on Columbia Records. And more! Judas Priest. Unleashed. On your radio.

The weekend of June 19, 20 & 21. On more than 200 radio stations throughout the country. Check your newspaper for local time and station.



S E C T I O N

by Ed Subitzky, USTE, and Nera K. Dale, USME • Art by Lou Brooks

A special service for male readers, to increase your familiarity with tits, help you get more out of tits, provide you with new tit experience, and assist you in comparing tits you have occasion to see and feel with tits you just wonder about.

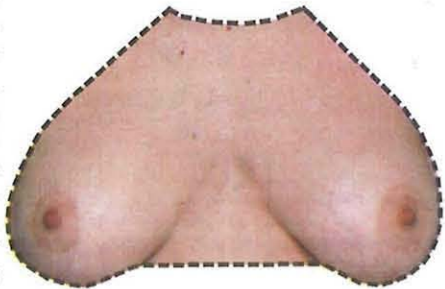
**How Your Girl Friend Would Look with Different-Sized Tits**

Don't tell us you haven't wondered. Don't tell us you haven't thought about it every time she gets undressed. Don't tell us you don't think about it all day long. In fact, we both know you hardly ever think about anything else.

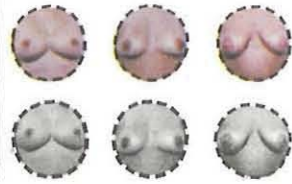
Well, this will satisfy your curiosity. And your girl friend will be happy to cooperate.

Just cut out the two tits you see above. (Be careful not to mutilate.) Then ask your girl friend to take off her blouse and stand about six feet away. Hold the paper tits in front of your eyes. Move them up and down until they cover what you can see of your girl friend's tits. Now hold the paper tits still, but ask your girl friend to move slowly backward. By perspective, her body will become smaller and the "tits" com-

paratively larger. Want to see what she'd look like with smaller tits? Have her move closer. Test her out in various positions until she appears to have the tit size that really turns you on.



In case your girl friend is one of the few percent who refuse to cooperate, or if you'd like to have a permanent keepsake of "what might have been," get a photograph of her, nude if possible, cut out the tit size and type you like best from the ones below (being careful not to mutilate), and paste it in the appropriate position on the photo.



**Your Chance to Have X-ray Vision**

Ever since you read your first Superman comic as a little kid, you've wondered what it would be like to have X-ray vision and look through women's clothes. You used to joke about it in the boys' bathroom, and you still dream about it every night.

Well, wonder no more.

You're going to experience it right now. With a pretty woman, too.

See the woman below? Right now, you can only see her clothes. Bet you wonder what those luscious tits underneath look like. Then



just do the following. Take the page and hold it up to a strong light, as indicated in the diagram. There! Now you're looking through a woman's dress and seeing her tits!

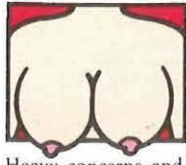


GEOFFREY BARIS

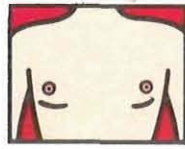
## Tit Reading

As every man knows, tits are only one part of a woman. In order to feel her tits on a regular basis, you have to talk to her, take her to restaurants and movies, and perhaps even live with her or marry her. Naturally, you'll want to tally up the risk/reward ratio and know what you're in for before you get too accustomed to those particular tits.

Fortunately—just as with palm reading—a woman's tits reveal a great deal about her. Use the hints to the right and you'll go into every new tit relationship with your eyes as well as your hands wide open.



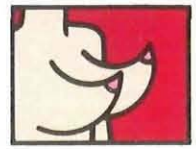
Heavy concerns and heavy conversation. Speaks with gravity.



Flat personality, but stands up for what she believes.



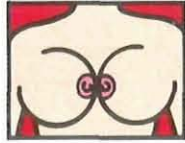
Finds it hard to hide things from people or from you.



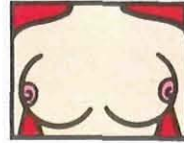
Excels at ski jumping.



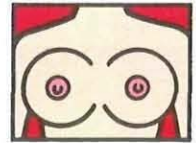
Confused, schizoid, manic-depressive.



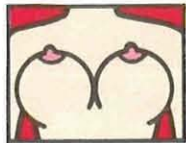
Cross personality; watch out for double-crossing gal.



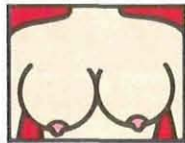
Sees the big sweep of an idea, but misses detail.



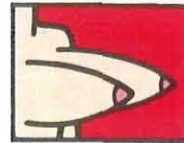
Sees things eye to eye with you.



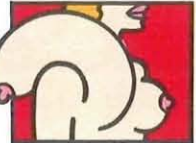
Upward concerns, spiritual.



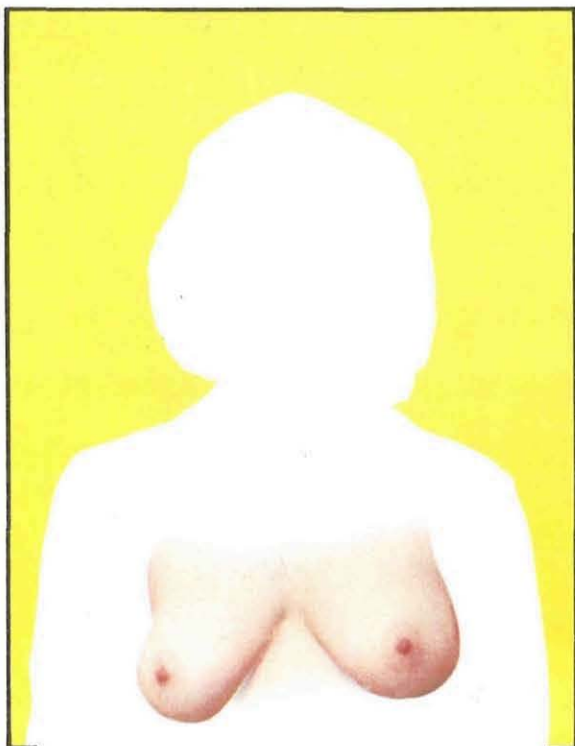
Humble, shy, docile, easily dominated.



Defiant, aggressive; excels at geometry.

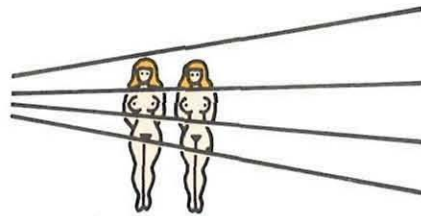


Have to keep her in furs.

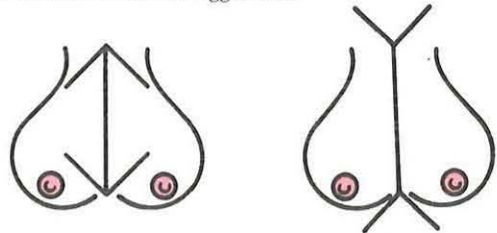


## Optical Illusions

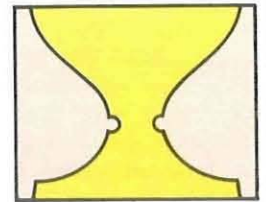
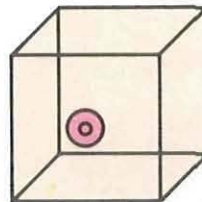
Test your tit eye! See how you "stack up" with your friends.



a. Which woman has the bigger tits?



b. Is the cleavage greater on the left or the right?



c. Does the tit point out of the page and toward you or into the page and away from you? Stare at it for several seconds and watch it change!

d. Is it two tits or a vase? Look again!

ANSWERS: (a) both women have the same size tits; (b) both cleavages are the same.

## Feel a Solid, 3-D Tit Just Minutes from Now!

Magazines have been printing pictures of tits for ages. But that isn't enough. One magazine (us) has even printed them in 3-D, complete with red-and-green glasses [National Lampoon, July 1975]. But major advance that that may be, it still isn't enough. Because looking is only part of the fun. If you're really going to get your money's worth, you've got to get your hands on those tits. And here's your chance, the ultimate: the first actual feelable tit ever to appear in a magazine!

To the right you'll find an exact replica of a famous movie star's tit. (Sorry, we can't tell you whose.) First cut the tit out on the dotted line. Be careful not to mutilate. Then fold the tit in accordance with the instructions given. You'll end up with a full, solid, real tit that you won't be able to wait to get your fingers on!

(Space didn't permit a second tit. If you'd like a more complete, realistic experience, just buy another copy of this magazine.)

### INSTRUCTIONS:

(When you make the folds in the following steps, remember: *sharp creases work best.*)

1. Cut out pink square.
2. Turn square over so that nipple side is facing downward and other side of page is facing up at you.
3. Lift corners slightly so that you can see the little letters on them. (All letters are on the nipple side.) Fold corner A up to corner B, making a diagonal crease.
4. Unfold the paper, keeping nipple side facing down.
5. Fold corner C to corner D, making the other diagonal. Unfold the paper again, keeping nipple side facing down. You now have two diagonal creases crossing each other like an "X."
6. Turn paper over so that nipple side faces up, looking at you. (Try not to get too excited. There's a ways to go yet.)
7. Fold paper in half so that the edge described by points A, F, and C lines up with the edge described by points D, H, and B, respec-

tively. Unfold paper, keeping nipple side facing up.

8. Fold paper in half so that the edge described by points A, G, and D lines up with the edge described by points C, I, and B. Unfold the paper, keeping nipple side facing up.

9. You now have a piece of paper with creases making an "X" and a "+" all crossing in the center. You've done very well so far.

10. Pop the nipple upward, mountain-peak fashion, so that it's higher than all the four corners (points A, B, C, and D). To do this, put your hand under the paper and press upward in the middle (beneath the nipple) with your index finger. The creases you've made will help you pop up (or "erect," as we call it in the trade) the nipple nice and high.

11. Hold point G with thumb and forefinger of one hand. Hold point I with thumb and forefinger of other hand. Bring your hands together and make points G and I touch. The nipple should still be high in the air. Now let go of one hand and hold points G and I together and hold points G and I together with thumb and forefinger of just one hand. It's getting a bit complicated now, so see the illustration. As always, you've got



Step 11

Step 17

Step 18

to work awhile to cop your feel.

12. Now bring points B and C together. Then, similarly, bring points A and D together. You should now have what looks like a triangle with a strange red tip. (Believe it or not, you'll find something similar on the back of a dollar bill, although its nipple is a glowing eye.)

13. The triangle facing you should have corners as follows: left side is B, right side is D, nipple faces up. If this doesn't face you, flop the whole thing over and it will.

14. Fold point B up to meet tip of nipple. *Don't* fold point C up with it. (We know you're drooling, but try to have some patience.)

15. Similarly fold point D up to meet tip of nipple. *Don't* fold point A up with it. (Can you stand it!)

16. Flop triangle over so the side with corners A, C, and nipple faces you. As you did with other side, fold points A and C up to touch nipple.

17. Fold points N and M toward each other so that they just touch. The illustration should help.

18. Lift up point N a little bit. You'll see there's sort of a little pocket in top of it, something like an ice cream cone. Now take point A and tuck it into the pocket as far as it can go. It goes in on kind of a slant, and you'll do it right if you just fold along the dotted line. Check the illustration.

19. Similarly, tuck C into the pocket formed by M.

20. Flop the whole thing over and repeat the process. Fold points K and L so they touch. Again, tuck B into the pocket formed by L, and D into the pocket formed by K.

21. Look at the bottom of what you've created (nipple pointing up). At the bottom, you'll see a tiny little opening. Enlarge it a bit by poking a pencil into it. While hole is open, cover it with your mouth and gently blow. The whole thing should inflate.

22. If it doesn't inflate easily, help it a bit by pushing a pencil in and forcing the sides out, gently pulling on the sides, etc. It'll be obvious what you're supposed to do.

23. That's it—your breast is complete. We bet you don't need instructions about what to do next!

## Draw Your Own Tits

You must have suspected it—all the cartoonists and artists for this and other sexually uninhibited publications really get off on drawing those big, beautiful tits. By having a hand in the process of creation, they probably get off far better than they do with real tits. But you can't get any action because you can't draw.

Well, here it is at last: your chance to draw your own tits. Just follow the numbers and connect the dots to the right. Choose the size you like. We bet art class was never like this!

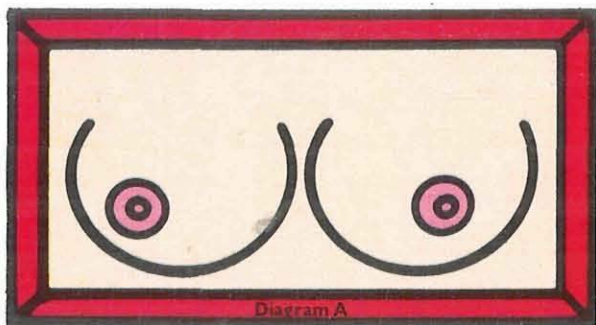
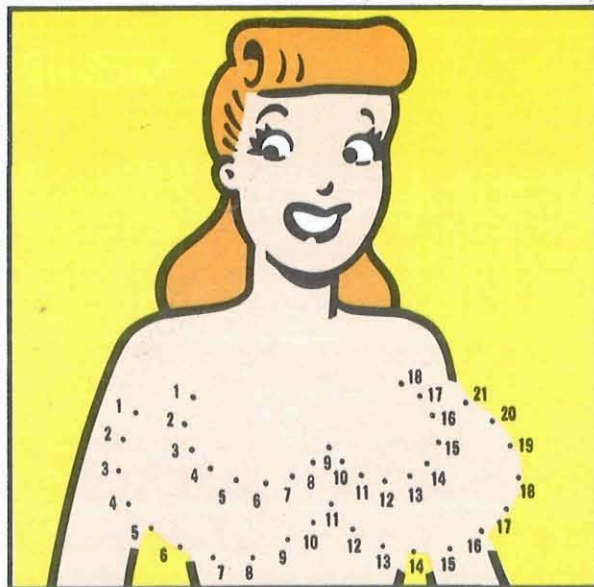


Diagram A

## Self-Developing Tits

Artists drawing tits is one thing. But what about those photographers? Sitting there alone in their darkrooms, watching those luscious tits of beautiful models slowly appear in their developing trays, waiting for each precious detail—that must really work

them up into a lather.

Even if you don't know a developing tank from a tank top, here's your chance to enjoy this same incredible experience.

First you're going to have to "take" your picture. Here's how to do it. See the tits in Diagram A? Trace over them—right here on this page—with a sharp pencil. Press down *hard*, going over the entire outline of the tits and nipples.

Okay. Now you've taken your picture. Whenever you're ready to develop it (and it'll be more fun if you can bring yourself to wait), turn to page 2. You'll see a picture frame waiting for you with nothing inside it. To magically watch your tit picture slowly appear there, rub the white area inside the frame with the side of a pencil. It'll even be a negative with black and white reversed, just like a real photographer's!





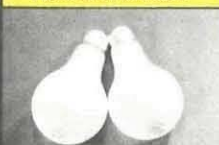



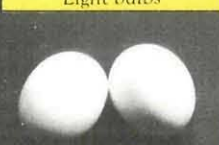

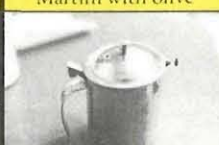
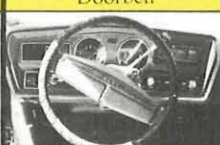
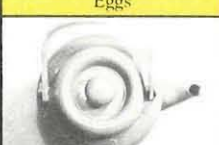

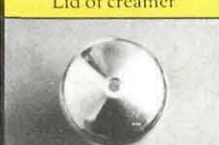

We promise that you'll like what develops!



## In Case of Emergency...

Let's face it. Men like to feel tits all day long. If you had your choice, you'd probably never spend even a second of your life without your hands on a tit. But you may find you're going to have to make it through long "dry spells"—minutes, hours, or even days when you can't get your hand on a tit. Or even see one.

Luckily, though, most environments contain various objects that approximate the shape and even the feel of the female tit. But when you're in need, the last thing you want to do is waste time figuring out what these objects are and where they are. So we suggest you commit this chart to memory. It could come in handy any moment.

AT HOME	OUTDOORS	IN RESTAURANTS	WHILE ON DATE
			
Hostess Snowballs	Hubcaps	Hot chocolate	Buttons
			
Light bulbs	Fire hydrant	Martini with olive	Doorbell
			
Eggs	Signs on stores	Lid of creamer	Steering wheel
			
Lid of tea kettle	Ferris wheel	Sugar dispenser	Full moon

## TSUMMER OF '42

continued from page 34

swer, and laugh. The girl returned to the kitchen and handed Hermien Hermienovitch a can.

"Here," she said. "Now beat it."

"Certainly," Hermien Hermienovitch replied. He took the can and left the house, pulling his wagon down the beach road in a transport of rapturous love.

5

When Hermien Hermienovitch informed Oskar Oskarovitch and Benjamin Benjaminovitch of his experience with the girl, his friends reacted with enthusiasm and envy.

"Beans!" Benjamin Benjaminovitch cried. "I have heard of such things! But have you actually eaten them?"

"My mother is saving them for a celebratory occasion," Hermien Hermienovitch replied. (His mother, who was not a fool, knew better than to inquire as to where the beans had come from.)

"Let her uncan them to celebrate the loss of your virginity after you perform sexual intercourse with that woman," Oskar Oskarovitch said in a dry manner.

"How dare you speak thus?!"

Hermien Hermienovitch protested.

"Because, plainly, such a woman will make herself available to you for fornication," his friend replied with confidence. "I suggest you obtain a contraceptive device from the pharmacy prior to your next visit to her."

"I will hear of no such thing!"

Hermien Hermienovitch declared. But even as he argued, he became conscious of a growing excitement concerning the woman, and soon he found himself persuaded that obtaining a contraceptive device could certainly do no harm. Besides, Oskar Oskarovitch was wiser in these matters and might actually prove correct in his prediction.

Thus it was that Hermien Hermienovitch entered the tiny shop on the town's main street marked Pharmaceutical Items. He was extremely ill at ease and grew more so when the tired-looking, white-haired elderly man at the counter glanced at him and said, "Yes? What is it?"

"I...um..." Hermien Hermienovitch babbled in bumpkinlike inarticulateness. "I...I am confident that Comrade Stalin will defeat the Nazis and expel them from the Motherland."

"Yes," the man said wearily. "What is it you wish to purchase?"

"Oh, a...pencil," Hermien Hermienovitch said, looking about in an agitated way. "And...a flint. And a contraceptive object."

The man sighed and reached below the counter. He produced something and placed it on the wooden surface. It was an odd-looking device, constructed out of wooden slats, tin buckles, and leather thongs, with a pouchlike piece also of leather. Hermien Hermienovitch stared, dubious yet fascinated, at the thing.

"I have no pencils or flints," the man said. "And as for contraceptive devices, I have only this. It is rather old, yet no doubt it is still most functional!"

"When was it manufactured?"

Hermien Hermienovitch asked.

"In 1892."

"That was fifty years ago!"

"Leather and wood are durable materials," the man said with irritation. Then, in a facetious tone of voice, he added, "It will work even with your great big *pupick*."

Hermien Hermienovitch examined the object. He thought he could discern where one put one's legs through, how this buckle must surely be clasped around the waist thus, with

the member placed in the pouch like so. Still, it looked uncomfortable, not to say frightening.

"Have you nothing else?" he asked.

Suddenly the man lost his temper. "Foolish boy!" he shouted. "We are at war! There is no rubber! It is all used for military purposes! Many factories have been destroyed. If you are old enough to have sexual intercourse, you should enlist in the army! Now take this and be gone!"

Hermien Hermienovitch seized the item, thrust his money at the man, and turned about and ran from the shop.

6

"Do not perspire over it," Oskar Oskarovitch told Hermien Hermienovitch later that day. "One may perform sexual intercourse without a contraceptive device. Probably the woman will know what to do in this regard."

The two friends were walking along the town's main street in the twilight. Many other citizens were out and about in the pleasant warm air.

"What you need is practice," Oskar Oskarovitch said. He stopped and peered down the street. "Come with

continued



"Mein Gott! It never occurred to me that Hansel and Gretel might be Hitler Youth."

me," he said, and ambled forward.

He approached two girls who were strolling along the sidewalk. They seemed approximately the same age as the two boys. One was rather pretty, with an ample body and dark, curly hair. The other was thin and sallow, and lacked robustness.

"Good evening, comrades," Oskar Oskarovitch said. "My companion and I are wondering if you would care to join us for a showing at the cinema."

The pretty one looked at Oskar Oskarovitch and said, "The cinema is closed. The Germans are using it as a headquarters."

"Let us share an ice cream preparation, then."

"There is none on Pakytsk."

Oskar Oskarovitch was undeterred. "Well, then, perhaps you would care to join us for a pleasant meander along the beach."

The pretty girl looked at her friend, who giggled. The pretty girl said, "Yes, why not?"

Presently the four were walking along the beach. The pretty girl, whose name was Miriam, had her arm through the arm of Oskar Oskarovitch, while the thin, sallow girl, called Agravna, walked timidly along with Hermien Hermienovitch.

"The sea is beautiful," Hermien Hermienovitch said. He was highly nervous, for he knew it was his part to initiate sexual play and the girl beside him seemed uninterested in that activity. He carefully put his arm around her as they walked.

"Yes, it is," Agravna said, failing to remove the encircling arm.

Hermien Hermienovitch saw that Oskar Oskarovitch and Miriam were now striding briskly down the beach, away from them. Suddenly they turned and ran behind a large dune and could not be seen.

"The sky is beautiful as well," Hermien Hermienovitch observed.

"Yes," said his companion, moving closer to him in a provocative fashion.

Hermien Hermienovitch did not know what to do. That is to say, he knew precisely what he was supposed to do in order to commence sexual activity, but he remained agitated, and did not know if Agravna would welcome his advances or repel him in anger and young girl's virtuousness offended.

"The sand itself is not unbeautiful," he ventured.

"Hermien Hermienovitch," Agravna said. "Let us commence sexual activity."

Hermien Hermienovitch was stunned. "What?"

"Let us conceal ourselves behind a sand dune and do the kissing and hugging and rubbing and sucking and—"

"Agravna!" Hermien Hermienovitch cried in surprise. "Do you mean—"

"Oh, Hermien Hermienovitch, let us do what Dorotyia and her Nazi do!" And in so crying the girl flung herself at Hermien Hermienovitch and threw her arms around his neck.

"What—?"

"It is true, it is true, everyone knows it! She is a collaborator and has sex with that German soldier every night! Come! Let us have sex, too—as a display of support for those brave comrades who have fought and died defending the Motherland, leaving our island with only fourteen males on it all summer, most of whom are feeble, old, children, or insane. Please, Hermien Hermienovitch! You are one of only four presentable men on the whole of Pakytsk! There is no food except wooden bread—"

"There are beans—"

She spat on the ground. "Ptoo! Beans from Germany, which Dorotyia gets from her lover! No, for good Russians there is no food, no cinema, no music, no ice cream preparations, no enjoyment or fun of any description! There is nothing left but sex! Quick! Come!"

Agravna seized his hand and began to drag him toward a nearby sand dune. But Hermien Hermienovitch's mind was ablaze. All he could think of was Dorotyia with *him*, with a Nazi whose army had invaded, decimated, and occupied more than half of Russia during the summer of 1942. He had to know the truth. He had to hear it from Dorotyia's own mouth.

"I am sorry, Agravna," he said, and tore his hand away and ran off down the beach toward the house.

7

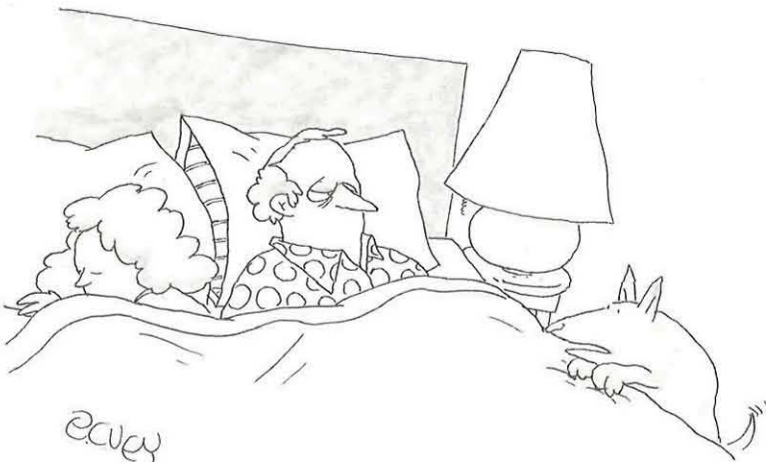
He arrived quickly and out of breath. A light was on in the window of the living room, and all at once a hand swept the curtain aside and Dorotyia's head appeared in the window. Hermien Hermienovitch stopped, his heart pounding fiercely in his breast. He suddenly desired to turn and flee.

But then he saw Dorotyia appear on the porch, waving and calling to him.

"Hermien Hermienovitch! Hey, sweetie, you made it!"

She ran down the steps and across the sand and embraced him and kissed

continued on page 50



"I don't mean to alarm you, but your kid just boned me up the ass and now he's rimming the cat."



TITLE

# AMUSEMENT DEVICE MECHANICAL DEBUTANTE RIDE

DESIGNED FOR MIFFIN'S TAVERN • NEW CANAAN, CONNECTICUT

CREATED BY P.J. O'ROURKE

ILLUSTRATED BY L.D. McENTIRE

\* FULL-COLOR PIGMENT-IMPLANTED HIGH-IMPACT SOLID FIBERGLASS CONSTRUCTION

PLAID SKIRT WITH KICK PLEATS

COTTON PANTIES

PEARL BEADS

FAIR ISLE SWEATER

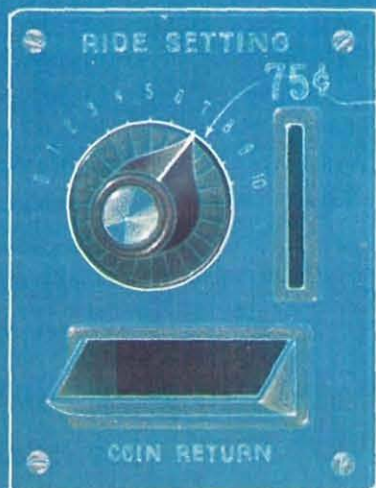
MOCCASINS

RISE SELECTOR AND COIN SLOT

REALISTIC DETAIL  
SCALE: APPROX. 1 3/8" = 1 FT.

SCALE: 1" = APPROX. 1 FT.

SCALE: 1" = 4"



DETAIL: COIN-SLOT MECHANISM AND CONTROL PANEL

RISE SELECTOR WITH GRADUATED SETTINGS FROM 1 TO 10 (DEBUTANTE DOES NOT MOVE AT ALL IN ANY SETTING)

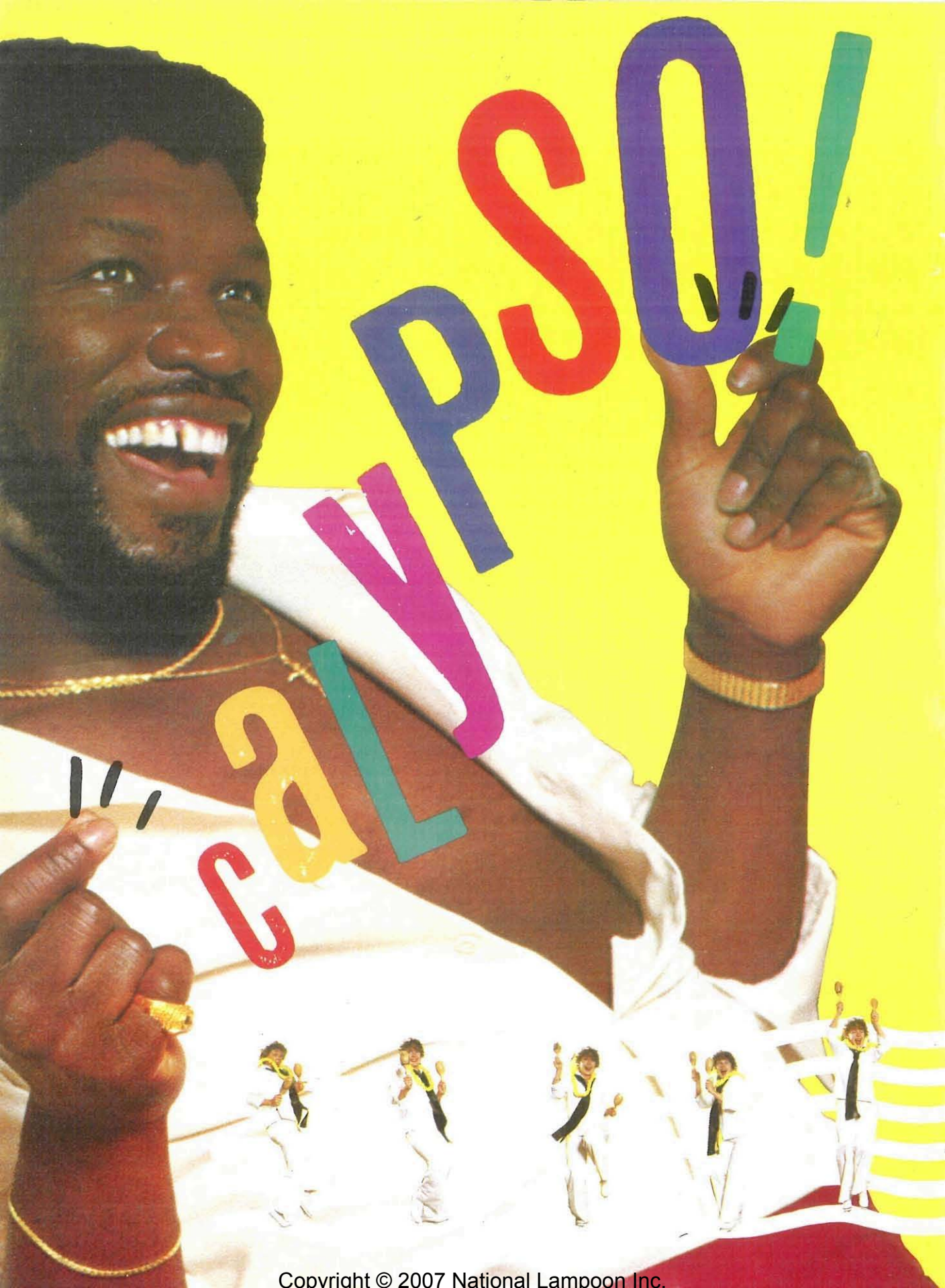
MOLDED FIBERGLASS DEBUTANTE ATTACHED TO BASE BY STURDY TUBULAR STEEL SUPPORT

1.5 HORSEPOWER ELECTRIC MOTOR, NOT CONNECTED IN ANY WAY TO DEBUTANTE MODEL

1.5 HORSEPOWER ELECTRIC MOTOR



CUTAWAY: MECHANICAL DEBUTANTE POWER MECHANISM



CALPSO!

As performed by the Big Bam Boo in the  
Flying Fish Stick Lounge,  
Montego Bay, Jamaica, February 1981

**D**id you heard of marine disastah,  
De worse dat ever be?  
*Calypso* strike de *Love Boat*  
In de Caribbean Sea!  
*Calypso* sailin' nort'ward  
Wit' a scientific cargo,  
De *Love Boat* boun' for Trinidad,  
Jamaica, an' Key Largo.

Sail on, *Calypso!*  
O *Calypso*, O!  
It's fun to go aroun' de worl'  
Wit' Captain Jack Cousteau.

De lookout on *Calypso* was  
Asleep, to his disgrace,  
An' de watchman on de *Love Boat*  
Got someone on his face.  
What in de hell have happen'?  
What is dat awful soun'?  
I hear de cries of screamin' girls  
In de water all aroun'!

Sail on, *Calypso!*  
O *Calypso*, O!  
De Captain got de hem'rroids,  
An' dere's fire down below.

All bobbin' roun' *Calypso*,  
In rubber raf's dey go,  
De girls in two-piece bathin' suits,  
De men in tuxedo.  
Some of dose men is lawyers,  
Vacationin' wit' harlots,  
One man's a Famous Movie Star,  
A fav'rite wit' de starlets.

Sail on, *Calypso!*  
O *Calypso*, O!  
To fin' de golden rivet  
For Captain Jack Cousteau.

De *Love Boat* sink behin' dem,  
Dose swingers, dey don't care,  
Dey writhe in heaps upon de raf's,  
Bums circlin' in de air.  
Dem swingin' white boy singles,  
White lady singles too,  
Dey makin' love like monkeys  
Down in de Kingston zoo.

Sail on, *Calypso!*  
O *Calypso*, O!  
De crabs stay on forever,  
But de divers come an' go.

Now Captain Jack come up on deck,  
See all dat copulatin',  
He warn his crew of manly boys  
Dey'll be no masturbatin'.  
To guard agains' occasion  
For other kin' of sin,  
De Captain plug de cabin boy  
Wit' a grease belayin' pin.

Sail on, *Calypso!*  
O *Calypso*, O!  
An' all de han's, dey haul away  
For Captain Jack Cousteau.

De foredeck of *Calypso*  
Gape open like a mout',  
*Calypso* lis' to starboard,  
Weird stuff come gushin' out!  
Den all upon de water  
Dere spread an awful slick,  
Some gooey sticky gumbo,  
Enough to make you sick.

Sail on, *Calypso!*  
O *Calypso*, O!  
Cod for de crew, but blowfish  
For Captain Jack Cousteau.

It is de Shockley Mensa sperm  
Dat been stored down below.  
To Bennington an' Vassar grads  
Dat jizz was s'posed to go!  
(Though some was from de private stock  
De Captain ate at noon.

Dabbed on a bowl of ice chips  
Wit' a special silver spoon.)

Sail on, *Calypso!*  
O *Calypso*, O!  
De galley's grindin' sausages  
For Captain Jack Cousteau.

Dat scum spread on de water  
Far as de eye can scan,  
De worse case of pollution  
Since de biblical Onan.  
De Captain see de awful slick  
Start spreadin' all about,  
He give de crew de order  
To catch it in de'r mout'.

Sail on, *Calypso!*  
O *Calypso*, O!  
An' give a bran'-new meanin'  
To de cry of "Dere she blow'.

De shark fish swimmin' roun' about,  
Dey lookin' mos' perplex,  
At whitecaps on de ocean,  
As t'ick as pHisoHex.  
De crew have all jump overboard,  
Dey eatin' more an' more,  
But dey can't keep dat sperm slick  
Off de fair Jamaica shore.

Sail on, *Calypso!*  
O *Calypso*, O!  
Musicians play de organ  
Of Captain Jack Cousteau.

De crew, dey cannot catch it all,  
Some startin' in to weep,  
One brave man eat himself to deat'-  
Jack's brudder, sweet Philippe.  
Soon all dat stuff will wash up  
On de white Jamaican strand,  
Makin' physicists and poets  
In what once was Rasta land.

Sail on, *Calypso!*  
O *Calypso*, O!  
We do it underwater  
For Captain Jack Cousteau.

Den de *Love Boat* hol' she rupture,  
An' from her broken belly  
Come bobbin' to de surface  
Tons of spermicidal jelly.  
You see dat stuff go for de sperm,  
De ocean boil an' smoke an' puff,  
It's killin' every tadpole  
Of dat genius Shockley stuff.

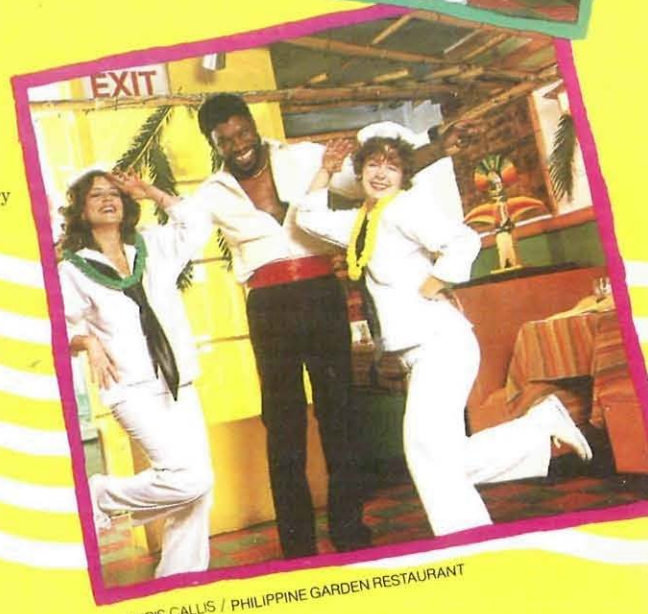
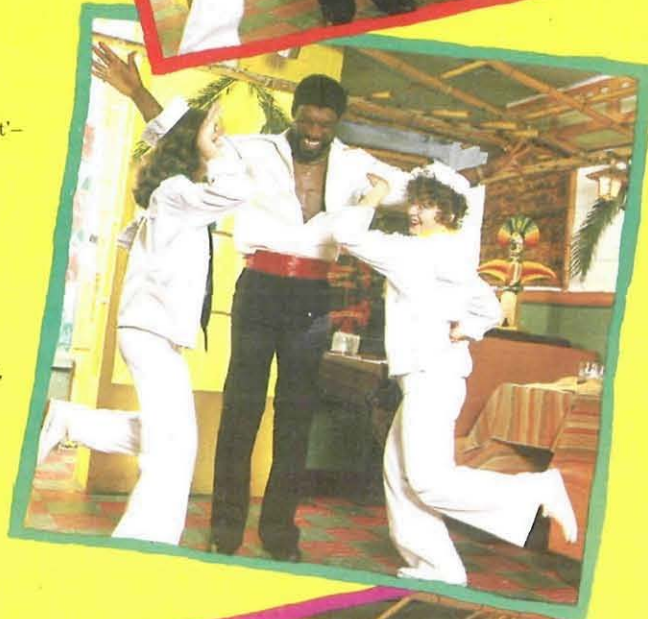
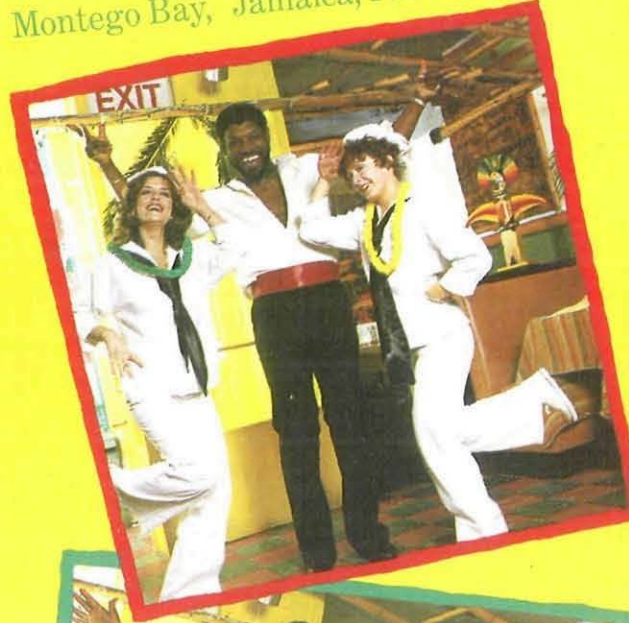
Sail on, *Calypso!*  
O *Calypso*, O!  
An' all hands servin' under  
Our Captain Jack Cousteau.

An' den de crew remember  
Dat on dose trouble seas  
Dose passengers from *Love Boat*  
On de'r bellies, backs, an' knees.  
Dey haul dose lovers up on deck,  
*Calypso's* engines start,  
De crew break crowbars out, to pry  
Dose *Love Boat* folks apart.

Sail on, *Calypso!*  
O *Calypso*, O!  
Here's to de poopdeck porthole  
Of Captain Jack Cousteau.

De Captain, he was so distress',  
He to his cabin took  
Alone wit' dat dere Movie Star  
An' a pornographic book.  
An dat is why dis season,  
On your public broadcas' station,  
A Famous Movie Star will do  
De voiceover narration.

Sail on, *Calypso!*  
O *Calypso*, O!  
Dat's de story of de seamen  
Of Captain Jack Cousteau.



CHRIS CALLIS / PHILIPPINE GARDEN RESTAURANT

him hotly on the mouth. Then, as she pushed him toward the house and up the steps, she whispered, "Tell 'em you're bangin' me."

In the house, arrayed about the living room, sat a number of old people. Hermien Hermienovitch recognized them as various leaders of the small community of Pakytsk. They were all staring at him and scowling in indubitable disapprobation.

"Here he is," Dorotyia said. "This is my lover. Not some filthy Nazi. Now, all of you, please, hurry up and go."

A man said from a shadowy corner, "You are in a rush about something, Dorotyia Serafima?"

"None of your business, Aleksander Ivanovitch. Just scram."

An elderly woman in a brown, shapeless garment said to Hermien Hermienovitch, "Are you this woman's lover? Yes or no?"

"Of course he is," Dorotyia said.

"Shush. Let him answer."

Hermien Hermienovitch looked at the old woman and said, "Yes."

"Very well," the woman said, and stood, as did the others. "Just as long as you are not sleeping with a Nazi, Dorotyia Serafima," the old woman said, and she and the others silently left.

Dorotyia closed the door behind them and sighed. Then she turned to Hermien Hermienovitch and said, "Thanks, kid."

"You are welcome," he said. "Is it true?"

"Is what true?"

"Are you having sex with that German soldier?"

"What's it to you? Hey, are you—"

"Oh, I won't tell anyone," Hermien Hermienovitch added quickly. "I simply..."

He saw Dorotyia looking at him warily. Suddenly she smiled in a sardonic way, and nodded.

"Oh, yeah. I get it. Well, why not. I got some time to kill. Besides, what the hell. This is the end of the world anyway..."

And so saying she led Hermien Hermienovitch by the hand into the small, cramped bedroom. He followed in a wordless daze. Then she helped him to undress. As she removed his short pants, she felt the contraceptive device in their rear pocket and withdrew it in wonder.

"What the hell's this?" she asked.

"It is a...a..." Hermien Hermienovitch was utterly beside himself with emotions. He did not know what to say or do. But then he saw that Dorotyia was casually undressing while she looked at the object as it lay

on the bed, and the sight of her unconcealed breasts and flat white stomach and dark mysterious genital area sent him mad with desire.

"Zis some kinda old-fashioned rubber?" she asked.

"It is a contraceptive device!" he cried, and buried his face in her breasts, which, being small and ungenerous, were ill-suited to facial emburyment.

"Hey, take it easy!" she said, laughing in a sardonic manner.

"Oh, Dorotyia, I love you! I love you!" he murmured repetitively as he forced her to lie back on the lumpy bed.

"Yeah, really?"

He knew that it was time. His hitherto unruly member, which had erected itself countless times to no avail, now did not disappoint him, and stood forth prepared for its task. He sat up and found the contraceptive object, and, not wanting to divert his attention from the beloved creature now lying supine and yielding and perfect beneath him, totally naked in a state of complete undress, he madly threw himself into the device in an attempt to put it on. He was not successful, however; his leg, which ought to have been placed through one leather loop, went through a tightening cinch and became pinched by one of the tin buckles. The leather pouch for his still engorged phallus ended up off to one side, while now a wooden slat was impressing itself with persistent discomfort into his scrotal sac.

He withdrew his leg and tried it once more. He rapidly shoved both feet through the paired leg openings of the device and worked it up until it was around his waist. Suddenly remembering that the woman who awaited him required sexual stimulation, he abandoned the device and fell back upon her, rubbing and kissing her in a frenzy. Her left leg doubled up in pleasure, and her foot became ensnared by one of the cinches of the contraceptive tool. Hermien Hermienovitch felt it tug at him and felt the wooden slat dig more deeply into his scrotum, and he panicked. He unintentionally bit her. She screamed out, "Yowtch! Watch it!" and lashed out with her left leg. In so doing she caught her foot in the cinch, and as her leg thrust forward it threw the contraceptive object, with Hermien Hermienovitch still wearing it, flying

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# Summer Fun with O.C. and Stiggs

by Mark Stiggs

The summer for me and O.C. ("Out of Control") Oglevy started in the last month of school. Mr. Deakin, the guidance counselor, made me join Young Life. Young Life is a Christian youth group. Ours was led by a fart named Mr. Nicatchos, who played a nylon-six-string guitar and worked for his father's company. He always introduced himself as "Mr. Nicatchos" and insisted we call him "Nick." Instead of teaching

Nick said going along with the crowd might seem *daring* but really was just another type of conformity.

O.C. got booted from Young Life for telling Nick he obviously had never been laid. O.C. got really worked. He jumped from a full lotus on the floor while Nick was picking the intro to "Michael, Row the Boat Ashore."

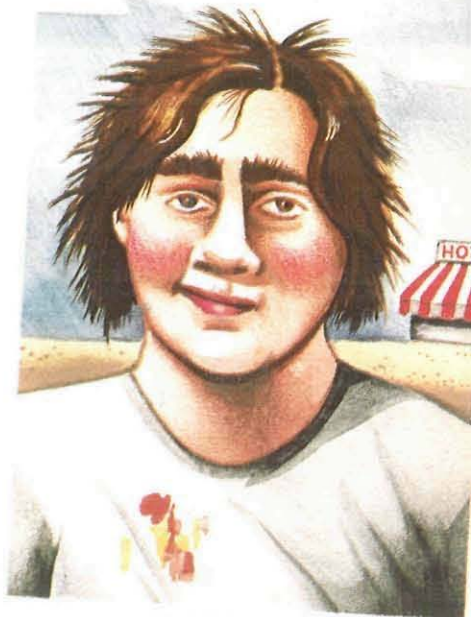
"Tell you something," said O.C. "It takes a lot more guts to get laid—to ram your meat missile into ground-zero grotto!—than it does to sit on a stool in a furnished basement sipping decocoanated cocoa.

Everyone was totally blown away. Nick asked O.C. to leave.

At first I was sort of sympathetic to Nick. Even though I hung out with O.C. I mean, Nick was only trying to do his job—collecting dues in a little tin box every week and singing folk songs and trying to get us all to go on trips to contemplate community spirit that would serve us well later in life and drinking mineral water in six-packs.

After O.C. left, Nick started talking about him. That got me pissed. Nick said that O.C. was afraid to show his tender side because he was from a one-mother family, that O.C.'s dad had left his mom to raise him up on her own and only came back on Saturdays to give him a short haircut. He said the experience had made O.C. into a repressed type of personality struggling to compensate. He said O.C.'s greatest need was for male attention and he would get it any way he could. That was psychology.

There was this kid there, Eric Croft was his name. He was a blond guy with a kind of phony, half-put-on low voice. His parents gave him a sports

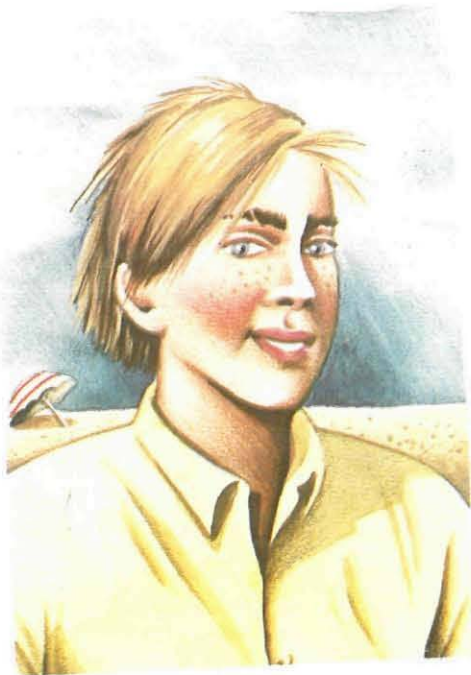


O.C. Oglevy.

car because he kept his marks up. He played every sport there was and he was good at them. His head was weird shaped. It kind of stuck out at the back. And he was always licking his forefinger and wiping specks off his shoes.

"If I may clarify the matter, Nick," says Croft, "for those of you unfamiliar with the works of Sigmund Freud, the brilliant Jewish brain analyst, Oglevy shows all the *classic* symptoms of latent homosexuality." Nick nodded and everyone giggled as Croft resettled himself with a squeak into the recliner lounge.

"Well, after all that, perhaps we could use another cocoa?" Nick glanced about, eyebrows ironically



Stiggs.

from the Bible, he sat on a stool in front of us in somebody's living room and gave a relevant message. He pointed out that it took more guts *not* to drink spiked punch or get laid or say words like "boobs" or "box" than it did to "go along" with the crowd.

# SOME OTHER STUFF WE DID

by O.C. ("Out of Control") Oglevy

**T**here was a whole shitload of parties this summer, but the best ones were two of them that were thrown on the same night, one at this girl's house who's kind of a pig, and the other at another girl's place that goes to another school. All the people in our class were invited to the first one because the girl never had a party before and didn't know how bad we'd fuck up her house. So me and Stiggs show up at her place with about fifty other guys, fucked up on an amazing amount of quarts, and practically scared the shit out of her parents by the time the night was over. When guys started getting sick and puking on their chairs and carpet and shit, the girl's parents were so fucking stupid that they started having everyone lie down in the bedrooms, because they probably hadn't ever seen anyone fucked up before and thought we were all going to die from drinking too much beer. So Stiggs tells this asshole he's drunk and that it's made him blind, and then he fakes like the liquor's giving him an epileptic seizure and starts throwing himself all over the bedroom. I couldn't believe it. He must have fucked up about a thousand dollars worth of figurines and furniture and shit before the asshole dad calls an ambulance because he still thinks it's an actual medical emergency. Meanwhile, I swiped the girl's entire record supply and we hauled ass. I sailed all the records I didn't want onto the freeway as we went to the second party, where it was almost over because it was about two in the morning. It turns out that the parents are out of town and the girl who's having the party is drunk and crying, trying to get everyone to leave. But there's a train going on in the bedroom and nobody's about to take off, especially since the girl that's pulling it is Stephanie Clark from Jodsten, this private school for real rich fucked-up kids who start fucking and having breakfast in Paris and shit when they're about ten. So I fucked her about fifteenth or so, and then Stiggs did. Even Barney and Schwab fucked her, which was great because while everyone was laughing, Stiggs rips off thirty-five dollars from the girl's purse and we went to this all-night hotel restaurant and had fucking lobsters. Also, I got the girl's records, but they were shit, so we threw them in the hotel pool with about thirty pool chairs and hauled ass.



*In a train situation, it's a real good thing as a favor to the next guy in line to tell the girl you love her. That'll keep up the crack's enthusiasm. A lot of girls will just stop for no reason in the middle of a train unless you make them feel like they're special or some shit.*

raised. "Deborah?" Debby rose to fetch the company's mugs as they murmured impressed assent.

I made an excuse, having to pick up my sister at her music teacher's, and left. "Really cool people don't have to swear to get things done..." began Nick, the leader.

"Yeah, you can say so much with just a slimy intonation," enthused Croft as the door shut behind me.

"Croft said you were a 'mo'."

O.C. glared at me. "Bullshit."

"He did. Everyone laughed. Suck-holes. You know? He's a shit."

"What did you do?"

"I didn't laugh."

"Did you cry?"

"I just sat there. Then I said I had to go pick up my sister at her music teacher's."

"Thank God I have one friend," said O.C. Then he picked up his tuna melt and he upturned it on the table and stalked out of the school lunchroom.

He didn't go to grad, and I hear he had his diploma mailed to him instead. There were a lot of rumors going around about his living with this forty-year-old woman who was divorced.

Three days after grad I called up Barney and Schwab. Barney's old man was a barber and Schwab had an ass like a jello teardrop, so the two of them hung out together. They were always desperate to get in on whatever anyone was doing. Schwab could get his mom's Trans-Am anytime. She didn't like to drive it because it was "too powerful," but old man Schwab stuck her with it because he drove it on weekends when he went to Sneaky's Steak-O-Theque for some outside action.

I made Barney and Schwab sit in the backseat of the Trans-Am and cruised down to the DMZ to score some rum from wino Bob.

Schwab gave the money to Barney, and he went out to deal with wino Bob. Barney was pathetically eager to deal with the rummy because he imagined himself performing a dangerous yet essential service. Barney saw the half-minded derelict as a hardbitten, cynical trafficker in liquid sin, desperate and dangerous as a man could be.

O.C. Oglevy followed Barney back to the car.

O.C. got into the passenger seat and, taking the bottle from Barney, up-ended it and took a long draw. He belched.

"Schwab!" he said.

Schwab leaned forward over the seat.

"Have you still got your credit card?"

"Yes..." said Schwab cautiously.

"Good. Good. As this is our first summer out of school for keeps, in a real way," said O.C., "it is imperative that we give some thought to our futures. For that reason we shall have a think tank in a suite at the Dashlet Court Hotel. Like the Hudson Institute. After that, we'll see."

I began to drive toward the Dashlet

Court. Barney and Schwab were more puzzled than protesting, even when Schwab's credit card booked the room and Barney was sent for even more liquor from wino Bob.

After the busboy had wheeled the blackboard into the suite and made his exit, O.C. began to speak. Periodically he struck at the board with a chunk of chalk.

"Members of the think tank are not to leave this room for three days, on pain of being declared Woosies. No one goes in or out except to leave, and then only for a good reason. Right, Schwab? Right, Barney?"

The two dogs chorused their agreement.

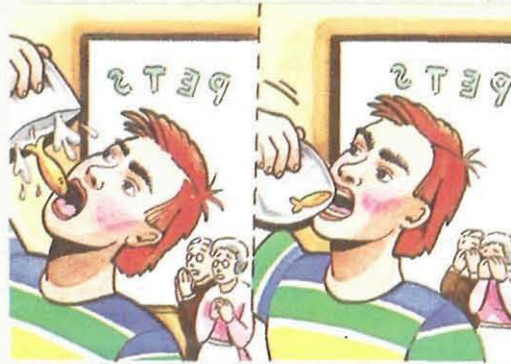
"Okay. We have a lot to think about in the next few days. I think we can begin usefully by thinking up as many ways as possible to fuck over Eric Croft. He is a douche bag, he has an unusually shaped head, and he is a Woosie. Does anyone have any ideas?"

The conference went on. I had some ideas. O.C. had a lot of ideas. Barney and Schwab wanted to carry them all out. After a few hours our plans were worked out. We sent Barney out for seventeen bottles of rum, and the conference had three days to run.

The next day O.C. showed up at my house driving Schwab's Trans-Am. My parents were pissed at me, but I explained my three-day absence by claiming to have been kidnapped by

**S**ome great places we mooned are: 1. A graduation ceremony at a Catholic girls' school. About five hundred girls were lined up in the church parking lot waiting to go inside to get their diplomas or hear a sermon about fucking in college or something, and we drove by the entire line of them with both me and Barney hanging our asses out the windows and yelling "B.A." as loud as we could. Then we hauled ass. 2. We ran thirty-five red lights in a row with continuous B.A.'s on both sides of the car. 3. Stiggs mooned a TV news camera that was covering some funeral. 4. Vacation families on the freeway with lots of kids in the back of the car are great. The parents really get pissed off, because the kids usually see you first and start laughing.

**I**f you know a guy who'll eat all kinds of shit, like bugs or already chewed food, here's something that's great. We know a guy named Eisenbach who actually did this. Go into a pet shop and tell them you want a couple of goldfish. They give you them in a little baggie full of water. So open it up and say, "Shit, I don't want it to take out," and then eat the fish's head. A lot of the time pet shops are run by old people who love all the animals like they were their children or something, so they really go out of their fucking heads when someone eats a fish right in the store.



Here's a couple good ways to eat a fish you just bought in a pet store. Eisenbach likes to bite right through the bag and swallow the plastic and everything. It's great.

members of the Hasty Pudding Club. As I had applied to Harvard and they hoped I would get in, they did not make too much of a fuss.

"Ready?" asked O.C.

"Sure." I jumped in the car and we patched out of the driveway. No sweat, as it was a gravel driveway.

"Shit, O.C., I'm going to have to rake that off the lawn. You know?"

"Fuck it. We'll send Barney and Schwab. They'll do it. Do you remember the plan?"

"Barely."

"First we're going to see Wally the faggot. Right?"

I nodded.

"He'll never do it," I suggested.

"He'll do it."

Wally the faggot was Wally De-Marco, our school's assistant coach of everything. Wally was really friendly. He was always asking guys over to his apartment. He let you smoke in front of him and sometimes he brought out a liquor bottle. He liked to talk about life, in the wider sense. He had lived in Europe, near France. Somehow the conversation always worked around to sex or jacking off. Some guys said Wally was just lonely, but most said he was a faggot.

Wally seemed pleased to see us. He invited us in and offered us a gin and orange juice.

O.C. got right to the point. "Wally, you've got the lowest voice of any guy we know."

"Well, thanks O.C.," Wally began.

"But you're a faggot. I happen to know for a fact that after the Easter game when we all came over to see the Danish film at your place you boned Mike Darby up the ass when he was passed out on your couch. I know because you gave him pain pills and offered him a massage while we were there and the next day he told me he dreamt he was hatching a zucchini and woke up to find you hanging on to his sideburns."

**S**ometimes a real dipshit that wants to hang around with you will have his parents' car, so you get him so drunk that he can't drive and then he'll give you the keys. Not only can you totally wreck the car then, but if there's a gas card in the glove compartment, me and Stiggs always charge about six or seven lifetime-guarantee car batteries and a stack of radial tires so we'll have plenty of spares, or just to throw out on the freeway at about a hundred miles an hour.

"I, I, I've never heard anything so..."

"Not only that, Wally. I ran some of the stuff in his hair under the microscope in bio and what I saw made me physically sick. It was jism. Fag jism. Unmistakable."

Wally shuddered brokenly. "What

do you want from me?"

"Here's what you have to do..."

O.C. dictated Wally's message to him, and as he repeated it back O.C. and I helped ourselves to the assistant

pool chlorine..."

"Mr. Croft? This is Rick Nashua with the United States Federal Bureau of Investigation. We have a rather serious problem here and it concerns

Wally convulsed in involuntary hilarity a second time. O.C. gave him a menacing look.

"Sir, after protecting the American way of life, our next goal is to protect athletic stars like Eric. What we want you to do is to find out, in as much detail as possible, exactly what Eric's Young Life activities are. We want to know everything they talk about, who is at the meetings, and where the meetings are to be held. I'm sure you will do your best. You must not bend Eric's fingers or torture him in any way. The essence of our operation is secrecy. If, with your help and Eric's unknowing help, we are able to wrap up this seditious bunch of, uh, uh..."

"Fucking cunts," suggested O.C.

"Fucking cunts, as the president calls them, you will have earned the gratitude of your country and will be reimbursed for your phone bill. Also, a handsome medal from the Franklin Mint, sure to appreciate in value with every passing year, may be awarded."

"A secret medal," whispered O.C. "A secret medal, which may be worn only under the coat. Pinned on the inside pocket by the president in a private ceremony..."

Wally waved O.C. to silence.

"I agree, Mr. Croft. A sense of having done one's duty is as satisfying as all but the largest and most ornate of

**W**e found a landlord who would rent us an apartment for the month of July and practically destroyed the place. It was great. Once when we'd spent the night there pulling a train on Cheryl Tillits, this incredible whore who sneaks out of the Good Shepherd Home to fuck her brains out, some Jehovah's Witnesses showed up at the door on Sunday morning. I answered the door in my underwear and said, "Come on the fuck in." They were these two forty-year-old women, real skinny and totally fucked up in the head. They gave us these pamphlets, so we gave one to Eisenbach, who had pulled the train with us, and he eats the entire fucking thing right in front of them. "We like to fuck and eat Bibles," I said to them, and then I offered them a quart of beer and some acid from the refrigerator. They started to get scared as shit and got up to go to the door when Barney and Schwab backed into the room in a double-inverted B.A. where one guy locks arms back-to-back with the other guy and then one of them bends over so the other guy's upside down on his back and their asses are right on top of each other. Then Cheryl walks into the room with half her clothes on and starts crying and screaming, and the two cracks were about to go nuts. "Wanna pull a train?" I said, but they hauled ass.

coach's gin. O.C. corrected Wally half a dozen times on his reading, rehearsed him again and again.

"Okay. Not bad. Now let's make the call."

By this time I was too crapped out on gin to even grin stupidly as O.C. dialed Croft's house. Getting a ring, he shoved the handset to Wally. "Don't fuck it up," O.C. warned.

Eric Croft's mother answered. "Mrs. Croft? Is Mr. Croft at home? Good. Yes, I would like to speak to

your son, Eric. Yes. I wouldn't be calling you, except you *are* a member of the National Rifle Association, a dentist, and a taxpayer. Well, sir, this is the problem. Sir, your son is a member of an organization known as Young Life. Not orgies, exactly, sir. Not in the Roman sense at least. Communism. Sir, we need your help if Eric is to stay out of the electric chair. *Sir, don't try to bribe me!* This conversation is being recorded by Columbia Records..." Wally clapped a pudgy paw over the handset and croaked in hysterical spasms, gleeful tears streaming uncontrollably from the corners of his clenched eyes. "I can't," he gasped, "it's too, too..."

"You better, Wally, or you're going to be coaching cockroaches in county jail and all you'll get to homo will be a jelly doughnut..."

Wally sobered immediately.

"Mr. Croft, we are aware your son is an unwitting dupe of these sinister commies. We want to use him, or, more precisely, the information you can get out of him about the cell's activities. It is essential that he know nothing of this. If the commissar of the Young Life cell had the vaguest suspicion we were on to his game, Eric would be interrogated with welding equipment and, having unwillingly told all he knew, fed into a food processor and sold as soyburger in health-food restaurants."

**H**ere's some shit that guys I know are doing to food this summer: Hockner at the Jack-in-the-Box is blowing huge lungers into the taco cheese. Barney, when he had a job for three days at Village Inn Pizza, would go into the walk-in cooler and chew up baby shrimps and then spit them into the salads. Miller says there's this guy at Bob's Big Boy that pisses in the fry bins.

him. No ma'am, I'm not a dental patient of his. I'm with the United States Federal Bureau of Investigation. I'm afraid that's extremely confidential, ma'am. If I may speak to Mr. Croft?"

Wally cupped a hand over the phone. "He's coming. He's testing the

**G**olf courses are especially great for driving across with a piece of construction equipment. We always do it around four in the morning, after the sprinklers have been running all night, so you put a trench about a foot deep into the grass. And the greens cost about \$20,000 to fix if you really fuck one up, so we do it all the time, and haul ass.



Sometimes if a golf-course green is on a hill, you can really ream it.



**P**ool hopping is one of the things we did a lot of this summer, especially when the people were on vacation. Some guys would even put their dorks into the water jets in the side of the pool and beat off, but not me. Barney and Schwab are great to have along pool hopping because they'll do anything you tell them when they're fucked up, like the time Stiggs got them to break into Ann Snyder's house while we were swimming and lay a couple of giant Lincoln Logs on this fucking Oriental rug right in the middle of their living room. It was incredible.

medals. Now, here is the procedure. Have you got a pencil? Well, can you get one?" Wally rolled his eyes in exasperation. "He's going to type it onto his Apple II computer."

"Mr. Croft? You are to report daily on Eric's activities, particularly those concerning Young Life, to this number—688-4070, area 212. There is an automatic answering machine. Just leave the message. If we require greater detail, we will get in touch with you. Now, very important: the code word for the operation is 'rimlapper.' Remember that. Only our agents will use that word. Yes, that's why we chose the word. It's not commonly used. Except by us. Got it?"

Wally hung up the phone. "Okay. He's got it. Now, would you guys like to see this new movie I've acquired? Hot..."

O.C. declined and we split. Riding in Schwab's Trans-Am, O.C. was uncommunicative. He turned up the radio to full volume and tuned it to a rock station. It was not really a station at all. Just a few well-tested songs interspersed between deafening and eccentric local ads.

"Roll up the window," shouted O.C. "You're letting the noise out." We drove for a while before O.C. turned down the radio.

"You know, we had some good ideas at the conference. Some were so good I wrote them down without even remembering them. Check out this list..." He shoved a scrap of ballpoint-scratched notepaper at me.

It said:

**H**ere's a thing to do in restaurants. If they have one of those metal cream pitchers on the table with a lid on it, drop a big hocker in the cream. The next guy to use it will never even notice until the fucking glob is already half down his throat.

1. Release bag of pigeons during screening of *The Birds*.

*Comment:* Easily executed. Stiggs's plan. Why?

2. Roll faggots.

*Comment:* Best to photograph homo in act. Schwab or Barney? O.C.'s idea. Good.

3. Harbor and enslave runaway girls.

*Comment:* Usually willing to

them fight.

*Comment:* Stiggs's plan. Again, why?

7. Think up new words for "dick" and "pussy" and sell on postcards.

*Comment:* Thanks, Barney. Stick to opening Coke with teeth.

8. Find forty-year-old women and fuck them.

*Comment:* Schwab. Maybe he should hit the can and do himself a favor...

9. Rent summer houses at the lake to foreigners in winter.

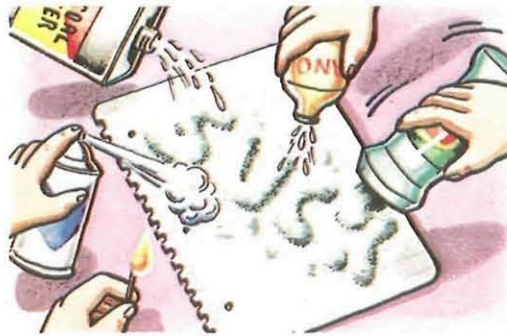
*Comment:* Stiggs's idea. Too much like real life?

10. Throw balloons full of piss at local disk jockey playing charity ball game.

*Comment:* O.C.'s idea. Good. Good as done.

11. Break into shrink's office and find out who's afraid of what and

**H**ere's a great thing we figured out how to make while we were fucking around at our apartment. You get a piece of paper and spell out FUCK YOU or whatever you want on the paper with Comet or Ajax. Then you spray the whole thing with Right Guard and English Leather and anything that has stuff in it that will burn, plus charcoal lighter and lighter fluid, and then you slip the paper under the guy's door you want to fuck over and spray a stream of lighter fluid to it, kind of like a liquid fuse, and light it. The fucking paper blows up instantly, and the Comet burns the "fuck you" message into the floor so good it never comes off. It even works on concrete floors, like in a college dorm or something. We did it to the lobby at the Good Shepherd Home, where we left a great big "Thanks for the train, Cheryl Tillits, from all fifty of us" permanently burned on the floor. It was great.



As soon as we light this, the SUCK will burn into the floor or car hood, or wherever you put it. It'll last forever.

work and pull trains. Parents often offer reward for return. Check personal columns. Schwab's idea.

4. Pissing into people's coat pockets through rolled-up magazine in crowds.

*Comment:* Barney's idea. Interesting to see it tried out.

5. Invent a sex pill, such as Coke and aspirin, but with no taste.

*Comment:* Schwab's idea. Says he could sell plenty, test on sisters.

6. Take pins out of all lobsters in tank at Surfside 6 restaurant. Watch

why.

*Comment:* O.C.'s idea.

12. Make Schwab and Barney do stuff that can get them in jail. The first person to get one of them in jail gets to call the other a homo.

*Comment:* Stiggs's idea. Better than Monopoly or Othello.

There was more, but I gave the list back to O.C. I felt uneasy and vaguely ill at being reminded of the three-day debauch at the Dashlet Court.

"Well, what do you think? Huh?"

Good stuff. Almost enough for a summer."

O.C. pulled into the parking lot of the Blackhawk Lounge, a seedy bar with a Camelot motif catering to underage drinkers and people who just like places with plastic halberds and Styrofoam lances on the walls.

"Mark, Mr. Stiggs," toasted O.C., lifting his Sir Dancelot cocktail, "I think the last idea on the list is the best of all. For that reason, and to return his car to him, I have asked Schwab down here. Barney will follow. Now, as the man who suggested the duel, you may choose your weapon. Will you choose Barney or Schwab?"

I couldn't refuse the challenge. "I choose Schwab."

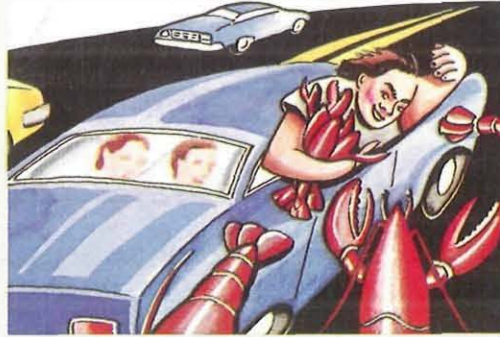
"... Hey, Barney, you fucking asshole, you're late. Look, we have a new plan, you two. We're going to separate into teams. Schwab, you're with Stiggs. Barney, you come with me. We'll meet back here in an hour."

"What's happening?" asked Schwab as he slid into the passenger seat of his car. He had probably heard my teeth grinding and it made him curious.

"Never mind. I'll show him..."

I drove to the limit of my abilities; my sober abilities, that is, which I no longer possessed, thanks to something the bartender slipped between the three kinds of soft drink, the lime juice, and the cherry syrup that made up most of my cocktail at the Blackhawk Lounge. Nevertheless, I retained enough of my native road sense to honk the horn furiously before glanc-

**R**olling queers is about my favorite thing to do. When we had our apartment in July, we'd send Schwab into a homo bar and he'd let a fag pick him up, and then he'd have the fag drive him over to our apartment, where I'd beat the shit out of him and take his money. The queers would never turn us in because they knew we'd tell the cops they were fags. One time a homo had about a hundred dollars, so we went to a restaurant and ordered eight lobsters for two of us, and then threw six of them out on the freeway.



*Whenever we get some extra money, like from queers we roll, we buy a whole bunch of lobsters at an expensive restaurant and throw the ones we don't eat onto the freeway.*

ing the rear-quarter panel of Schwab's Trans-Am off a lamppost or a flagpole or a tree or something.

Heedless of Schwab's cries of pain, I drove toward Nicholson's Marine Supply Mart. There were scant moments before the store closed. Or so I thought. Actually it was only one in the afternoon and Nicholson's Marine Supply Mart was open for another six hours. Funny how time and liquor play tricks with the mind.

I pulled the car up sharply behind the store, using the car beside me as a cushion, neatly coming to rest with the front wheels on the other side of an asphalt hump designed to prevent

runaway vehicles. That struck me as odd, as the lot was as flat as the top of O.C.'s brush-cut head. I was thinking of this when Schwab's whimpering

**A** good place to get liquor from is an old Negro. We know a guy called Wino Bob who lives in these oleander bushes behind a gas station. He'll buy us whatever we want.

brought me to my senses.

"Schwab, I have brought you here for a purpose. Nicholson's Marine Supply has been plagued lately by a series of bold thefts. Shoplifters recently boosted two Hobart winches, five-inchers, and a Nipponese sextant. Nicholson's has doubled its security. Mr. Nicholson himself came to me and asked if I would help him test the effectiveness of the new stock-control methods. How could I refuse? Therefore I want you to walk in, go to the back of the store, pick up a forty-horse Mercury engine and a five-gallon fuel tank, and bring it back here at once. If anyone tries to stop you, just say the word 'rimlapper' and everything will be okay."

"But, but..."

"Chances are you'll be caught, Schwab...but you never know. Part of the deal is we keep what we steal..."

Schwab headed off. My head dropped to rest on the steering wheel.

*continued on page 70*

**M**e and Stiggs got real heavily into squeezing food this summer, especially fruit pies in 7-11s. We'd just go in and squeeze all the little individual Hostess pies we could, twenty or thirty of them, until they exploded out of their wrappers and squirted between our fingers like goeey toothpaste. It feels real weird, but it's great, plus it really fucks up the pastry counter. Once we wrecked about a hundred pies, and other shit, like Snowballs, and hauled ass.



*Squeezing fruit pies is great. People don't know what the fuck to do when they see you do it.*

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**NATIONAL LAMPOON'S BLACK SOX**

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(On individual items, please enclose \$1.50 for postage and handling.)

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Some Real Stupid Guys  
That O.C. and Stiggs Know  
Go to the Beach

by Harry Beaugereaux

This girl knows where there might be a place to stay where the landlord is an old lady and won't give them any shit.



ART BONANNO

"The girls on the beach  
Are all within reach,  
If you know what to do."

—Brian Wilson

"I started to grab her tit  
And she took off."

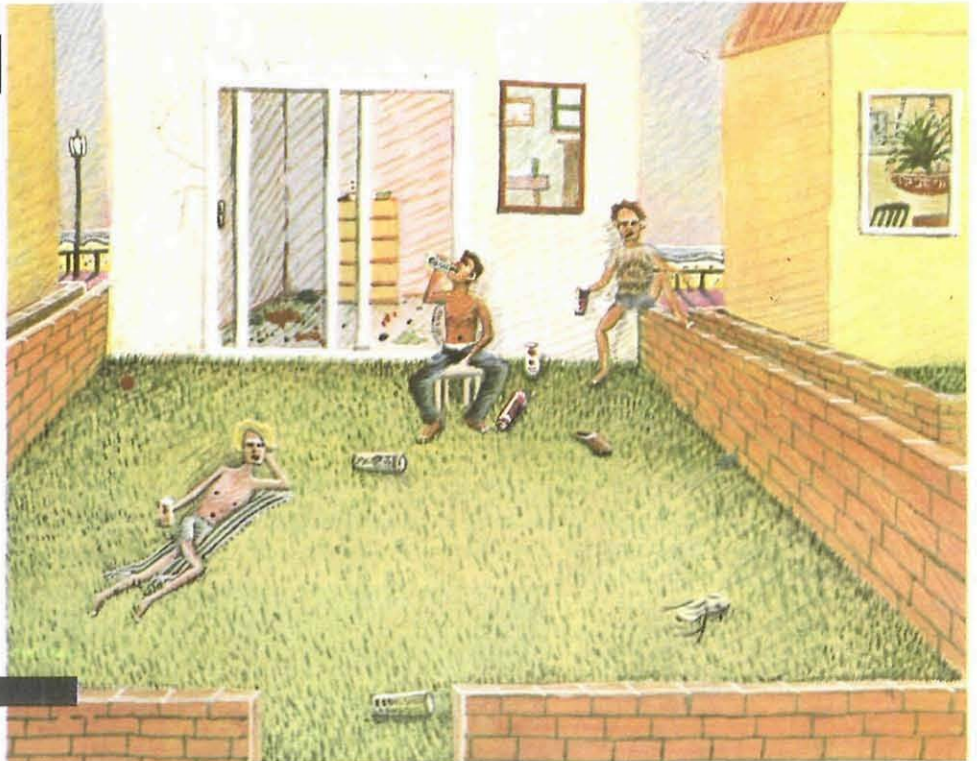
—Harry Beaugereaux

**W**e got some bucks together and figured we'd take a week and go to San Diego or Newport or someplace and get a place on the beach, so I got a new belt and some hoses that my car needed and loaded about three cases of beer in the

station. The guy asks Blinn if he has any fruit or plants and Blinn looks at him with his face all covered with this red shit and says that his lips are chapped and then he says that he's got a couple thousand boll weevils on him, which was not a good thing to say with beer cans all over the car and toothpaste all over his face, plus us drunk and the fact that the inspector is an asshole. So, anyway, we get to San Diego about when the sun was coming up, but it was too early to look for a place on the beach so we went to

house or something at Mission Beach, where we ran into this girl walking along the beachwalk, Sheila, that Burger knew in grade school and jammed once at a party in the seventh grade. Anyway, Sheila says there's this place near there where some guys got thrown out by the landlord and that maybe we could stay there, so we found this woman named Marion who was the landlord and she said the guys she kicked out had put this horrible stuff called Atomic Bomb that they use to fix cuts in football all over her

**T**his is where the guys usually are, if they're not inside or walking around the beach or someplace.

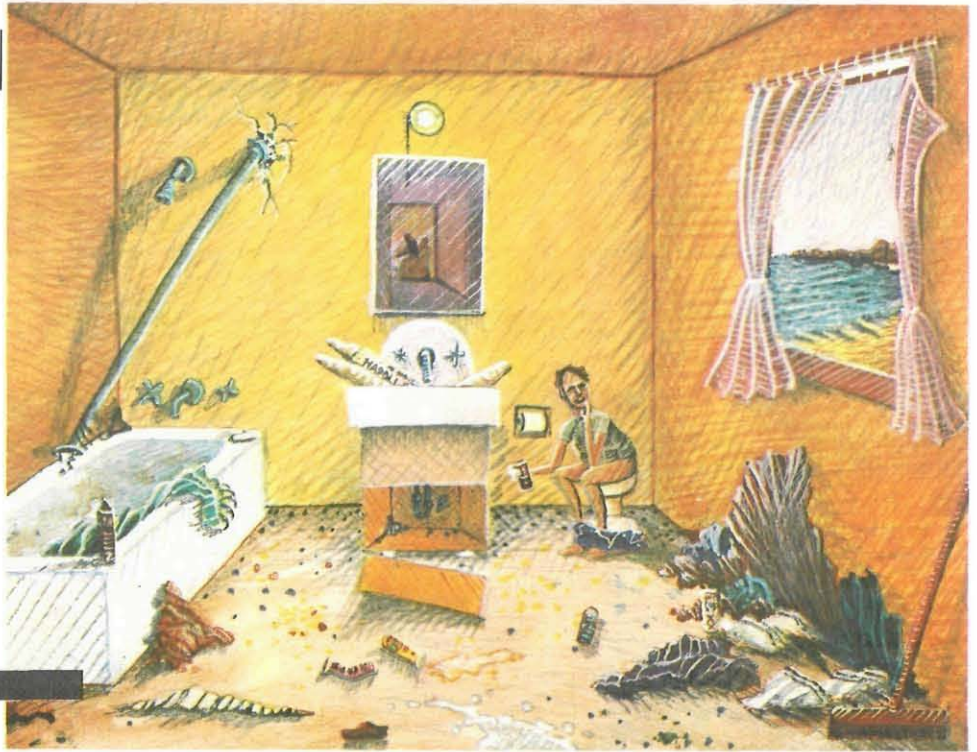


backseat, and me and Blinn and Burger took off. It was about ten at night, because Blinn didn't get off work at the Safeway until around then, and he was going to run a case of quarts out the loading dock, which would put our brew supply up to about twelve gallons plus a quart of hard stuff and a giant chest full of mixer and more cans of beer. By about one or two we got to Yuma and had drunk about half the beers and Blinn was totally blotto, which was pretty easy to figure out because he'd found a tube of Brite in my stuff, or whatever that toothpaste is that's red, and smeared it all over his lips and chin and his cheeks like fingerpaint because according to him his lips were chapped. He actually said that to a guy at the border inspection

this guy we know's parents' house near Mission Beach and woke them up to see if we could rack there for a while. We were really fucked up, and just about blew away the guy's mom when she answered the door, especially since I wasn't wearing any shirt and had these powdered soap grains all in my hair from when we spun out on the highway near Winterhaven. Blinn and I had been ripping soap dispensers out of gas stations and we had about ten of them in the car when Burger went to sleep at the wheel and the car started spinning three-sixties and the soap went everywhere just after another car almost totaled us. So, the guy's mom let us in anyway, and we racked until around noon and went looking for an apartment or a

wiener dog, real thick, and then the dog went rolling in the sand to get the stuff off and got run over by a life-guard jeep. Somebody put some of that stuff up my ass in P.E. once and it burnt like hell. So the lady was pissed and we had to really bullshit our brains out to convince her we were okay enough to stay in her place; so she finally took my driver's license number and gave us the place for a week. First thing we did was move some stuff to sit on out in the yard. The house was like all the other places along the beach, with little front yards right up against the beachwalk and about two-foot-high brick walls around them so you could sit on the lawn and look out at the ocean and the beach and all the people walking

One of the guys wonders if they should try to get some girls to come over and try to fuck them.

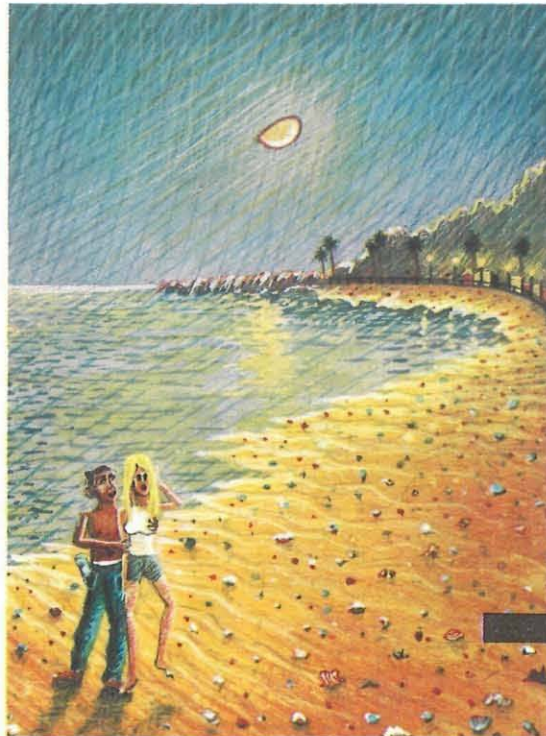


by on the beachwalk. So we put these chairs in the yard and got some beers and sat out in the sun and watched all the people going by, mainly about a million girls. I sat in a chair by the arcadia door and Blinn laid out on a towel on the grass while Burger sometimes sat on a side wall that divided our lawn from the next one, and the rest of the time he sat in a stuffed chair next to the side wall and stayed there until we went inside around five or six. Burger wanted to try to find Sheila so he could maybe screw her again and see if she had some friends for me and Blinn, so we found the house she was staying in about a mile up the beach, but she was there with a couple of guys about twenty years old or so who looked like sort of lifeguard types, pretty big guys with a TR-7. Sheila's dad was also there. He was this divorced, fat guy in swimming trunks who spent the whole time hosing down his driveway, and acted pretty drunk, but he was so fucked up he bought us some more brew, so Burger wasn't too pissed off about not getting anything off Sheila. The next day we stole a huge stack of lunch meat from this grocery store and bought these big French loaves of bread from a bakery, and then Brown pulled a bunch of bread out of the middle of the loaves and stuffed about fifty slices of ham

into them, which turned into a thing we did every day so that the only things we lived on were bread and ham and beer for a week. Blinn got real hooked on these bread loaves and started getting seven or eight of them every day, so that there were crumbs

from the crust everywhere in the house and when you'd open up a cupboard about fifty loaves of the shit would fall out all over. For the next couple days we just sat around in the yard and ate these loaves of bread and drank, and

*continued on page 85*



This girl might do it because she's fucked up on PCR, one of the guys thinks as he grabs her tit.

## TSUMMER OF '42

continued from page 50

across the room and slamming into the wall.

"Jesus Christ—" she began to remonstrate, when they both heard a step on the stairs, followed by a firm knock on the front door.

"Oh, shit!" she said. "He's here. Get your stuff and beat it. Come back later."

In a daze Hermien Hermienovitch climbed out of the entanglement of the contraceptive device, gathered his clothes, quickly donned his short pants, and went sprawling out the rear door, down the rickety steps onto the sand. Blindly he threw on the rest of his clothing and ran toward home.

8

The man waited for the bus to stop, then stepped off it and onto the sand. Attempting to feign nonchalance as he approached the house, he smiled. You are a sentimental fool, he chided himself with amusement. Did she not say to come back? he challenged his disapproving self. Yes, but not forty years later, came the indignant reply. You should have gone back during the summer of '42. Not now, in this blatant display of nostalgic foolishness, paying your imbecilic respects to an empty shell of a house.

Yet even as he mounted the decaying, weather-worn steps, he shook his head and chuckled. It did not surprise him that the door was unlocked; indeed the lock, and the doorknob assembly, had long since been removed. He gently pushed the door open and entered. The interior was dark and cold and smelled of mildew and neglect.

"Is that you, Hermien Hermienovitch?" a voice called.

In a state of shock the man walked quickly to the small bedroom in the rear and flung open its door.

Before him, sitting up on the bed, was an enormous and ugly hag in a tattered, cheap nightgown. Her hair was limp and stringy, and the pudginess of her face and neck was matched by the rotund heftiness of her immense body.

"Dorotya...?" he stammered, as one bereft of clarity of mind.

She grinned at him and said, "I knew you'd come back. Darling."

Then, suddenly, she leaped up in an athletic manner and tightened her arms around him in an embrace that

was of sufficient power to have destroyed a bear. She let herself fall backward onto the bed, the man still in her arms.

"I knew you would return to me, Hermien Hermienovitch!" she cried ecstatically. "I knew it as soon as you said you loved me! You were the only man who ever said that!" She rolled over on top of him, diving in toward his neck with a bruising pummeling of kisses. All at once she sat up. "Look!" she said. "I still got your rubber!"

She reached under the pillow at the head of the bed and brought forth the contraceptive object. Its bizarre array of leather, tin, and wood components looked no different from when he had first seen it. "You left it here that night," she said, her fat fingers working with frantic determination to unbutton his shirt.

He tried to escape her massive body and foul breath, but his efforts proved unavailing. She was as large as an Olympic weight lifter of the male variety, and as strong. She had about her the unpleasant aroma of a species of cheese. As she removed his shirt, and then his pants, he lashed out blindly, throwing wild, random punches with outraged vigor at whatever portion of her anatomy he could hit. But they were absorbed easily and had no effect. Then, sitting on his stomach, she

slipped the contraceptive object around his feet and began working it up his body, oblivious of the fact that he was not aroused in the slightest degree.

"We got some unfinished business," she said gleefully, pausing to rip off her decrepit, soiled nightgown.

The man squirmed, but he was pinned down. He punched her. He kicked his legs. He attempted to heave up and throw her off. He cried out, "Let me go! You are insane!" But she laughed at what she took to be his enthusiastic foreplay, and as he continued to struggle he thought: Such is what happens when one makes silly nostalgic pilgrimages to the scenes of one's youth. I'll never make this mistake again. □



**Daffier than  
The Godfather!**

**Zanier than  
The Seventh Seal!**



"All those in favor of getting even drunker and blowing lunch on the working class, say 'Aye.'"

## SUSIE JOHNSON

continued from page 25

to visit her lonely rock-pocked step-sister, the moon. But, thought Susie, this was even better than Earth, because there were no unpleasant smells and everyone looked so nice. If only everything could be so nice all the time!

Suddenly the front door crashed inward with a loud bang. Four large moon creatures burst through the space, each wielding a large and deadly ray gun! Gasps and gapes were emitted at the startling turn of events. The room became so quiet that you could hear a pledge pin drop.

The silence was quickly broken, the shrieks of the young merry-makers mingling with the low, wolflike growls of the sultry moon creatures. These horrid man-beasts, the unfortunate results of a genetic experiment gone haywire, roamed the moon's surface in packs and lived in untidy lairs where the rules of God and man were paid scant heed.

Biff Dale, cochairman of Psi Epsilon's social committee and star fletch-back of the school's slugball team, was a boy of more muscle than brain. With a wild lunge, he started to leap over the nicely arranged buffet table but managed to get only as far as the center punch bowl, tipping it over onto a plate of miniature sugared cakes.

The half-witted heroics were rewarded by an evil stream of light from the deadly weapons. The steady drip of Biff's vital life juices slowly stained the pure white of the embroidered linen tablecloth. The sight of the squirming youth and the blood-spattered baked goods caused panic in the sorority. Several more escorts dropped

to the ground from the swift and steady ray fire, much to the displeasure of their dates.

Susie had seen enough. These unwanted guests had ruined the party and caused great harm. She marched up to the moon creatures, intent on giving them a piece of her mind. But they had other ideas. Before she had finished her reprimand, the largest of the group took hold of her in a gruff manner and carried her out of the sorority house! His uncouth friends soon followed, caring not a whit about the damage they'd caused.

Susie had known tight scrapes before, but she had always solved them by being nice or crying. Neither approach worked now, nor did yelling or biting or clawing. Fainting wouldn't, either, but she did it anyway as they made their way across the dark and dreary moonscape.

\* \* \*

When she awoke, Susie was far from the good cheer and tasteful surroundings of Omega house. She gathered her wits and bravely opened her eyes, and then pinched herself to see if she were really awake. Before her she saw luna firma gently receding in the distance. She was captive on a rocket ship, a spacenapped sorority girl stranded among the stars!

Only one moon creature was left to watch over her. But as she watched him fiddle with the astral navigator, Susie lost all hope of daring escape. For one thing, this was the largest of the bunch, and he looked the meanest, too. His back was broad and covered with coarse hair. His face seemed a horrible parody of a man's, with large bushy eyebrows and sharp yellow fangs. He reminded Susie of the hip-

pies she had read about in her American history course.

For another thing, Susie had never learned to drive one of these darn rockets, no matter how patiently Tom had tried to teach her. All those buttons and dials had made her head spin.

If only she could make friends, perhaps he'd let her go... She gathered her courage and cleared her throat. "Hi! I'm Susie Johnson," she began, with a grin as warm as the core of the sun. Her words seemed only to agitate the misshapen figure. "Maybe we could play cards or something," she continued bravely. But the monster shuffled ominously closer with every word.

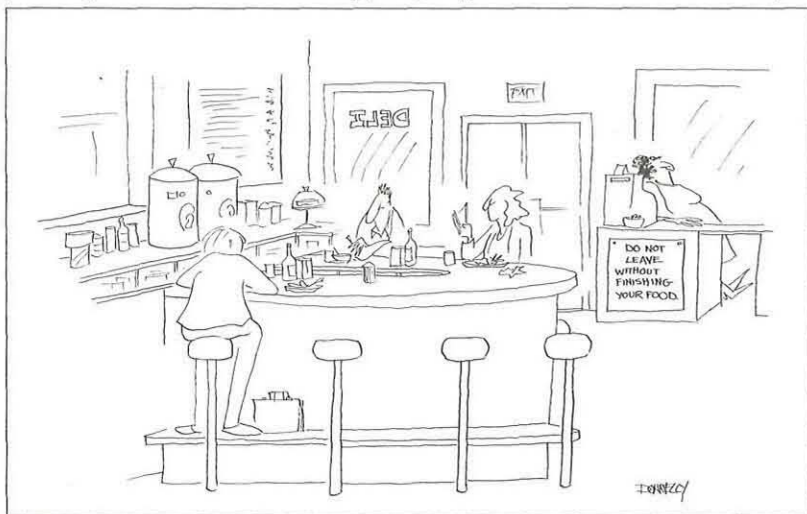
"Or Twister. But I guess you don't have the board."

The horrible grotesquerie had something other than board games on his mind. He began to kiss her roughly, rubbing his body excitedly against hers. There was just no reasoning with the beast. His darting tongue savagely probed the recesses of her inner ear. Then, growing bolder, he forced a slimy hand down beneath her nice, freshly laundered sweater, anxiously pawing her small but firm breasts. Moaning softly now, he forced her head down toward his throbbing organ. Due to the slight reduction of gravity aboard the ship, he could freely bob her head up and down. Susie's small, round, luscious mouth was soon too full to object...

When the unwholesome deed was over, the creature let out a small sigh and withdrew to his corner of the ship, flagrantly violating the No Smoking sign posted over the food synthesizer. Susie collapsed in a heap. Nothing could be worse than this humiliation! If only she could get a message to her friends.

"Susie!" called a chubby voice. Susie's ears perked up smartly. Could it possibly be? Before she had time to respond, she heard a door whoosh

continued on page 84



NATIONAL  
**LAMPOON**  
GOES TO THE MOVIES

**"Funnier than an  
analog computer in  
a hog pen!"**  
—Scientific American



HAROLD CHAMPION's production of

# Viking

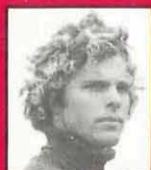
AT PARTY BEACH

PUBLICITY  
PROMOTION  
EXPLOITATION



by BRIAN McCORMICK and KEVIN CURRAN

# THE STARS



JOSEPH BOTTOMS  
AS  
THE BEST SURFER



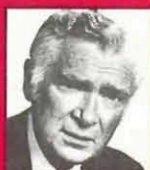
SUSAN BLAKELY  
AS  
THE SEXY VICTIM



BERT CONVY  
AS  
THE PERTURBED  
SCIENTIST



KAREN VALENTINE  
AS  
JANET WAYNE



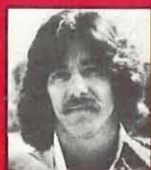
BUDDY EBSEN  
AS  
THE SQUIMMY JUDGE



JOE KAPP  
AS  
SVEN



WOLFMAN JACK  
AS  
OLAF THE WHITE



GERALD RIVERA  
AS  
THE PREENING  
OVERREACHING  
REPORTER



ERIN MORAN  
AS  
GIRL IN BAR



SEÑOR WENCES  
AS  
THE SEVERED HAND



STEVEN CONNORS  
AS  
THE MAN WITH  
WIGGLING EARS



WILLIE FREEMAN  
AS  
THE BUD-EYED  
MINISTER



JOEY WINSTON  
AS  
THE GLUTMASTER



PINKY HIGGINS  
AS  
THE EXTRAS

# THE STORY

It is difficult to describe all the action, excitement, and stimulation of *Viking at Party Beach*. "Everyone loves the beach," says director Patrick Michael Connors, "and everyone loves to be in love. But to be in love on the beach and be menaced by a ravaging horde of blood-lusting Vikings is an experience you'd love to forget. Except if it's in a movie."

The excitement begins on a deserted beach in southern California. A group of fun-loving teenagers, about to return reluctantly to school after a season of sandy fun, holds a final party. A boy and his buxom summer girl decide to break away from the group to try some moonlit skinny-dipping. Their innocent naked swim comes to a horrible end as a menacing sword emerges from the water and relentlessly hacks their smooth bodies to tiny shreds.

The following day a strange visitor floats to shore. Encased in a block of ice lies Sven (Joe Kapp), a Viking warrior placed in a state of suspended animation for 1,000 years, thanks to a secret Norse cryogenic process. The freeze-dried Norseman is discovered by Billy (Herve Villechaize), the mayor's six-year-old son, as he builds castles on the beach.

The strange visitor attracts much publicity for the small town. Over the strong objections of Janet Wayne (Karen Valentine), the town's local Vikings expert, Sven is unfrozen at a clam-bake and placed in front of the city hall. Though he is seemingly immobile, an evil grin appears beneath his beard as the sun's rays complete the thawing process.

At a wet T-shirt contest the next day, the local lovelies are putting on quite a show. A fight breaks out between the leader of the surfers, Michael Goodman (Joseph Bottoms), and his counterpart in the local motorcycle gang, Slick (Patrick Wayne), over who the winner should be—Slick's girl friend, Cheri (Adrienne Barbeau), or Sara (Susan Blakely), a waitress at the local coffee shop. But the trouble quickly stops when the crowd realizes that Sven has kidnapped the girls and is dragging them off toward the sea! His pursuers are forced to retreat as a legion of Vikings in full battle regalia emerge from the ocean. "Vikings always travel in hordes," explains Janet, "usually in orderly phalanxes. If only they had listened!"

Still, the mayor (Bart Braverman) refuses to close the beaches; it would sound a death knell for the town's tourism industry. A crusading reporter, Debbie Lawrence (Pamela Sue

Martin), tries to get the true story but is given only a run-around. Michael and Slick fret over Cheri and Sara and decide it's time for a truce between the two gangs at a meeting chaired by Judge Tyler (Buddy Ebsen) to decide what measures the town must take. As various plans are brought up and discarded, word comes that a large group of battle-ax-carrying blond men are attacking a cheerleaders camp a few miles down the road. Using a portable Viking battle tower, the sword-wielding sea rovers attack the camp while the cheerleaders take their evening shower. They abduct the partially clad girls and take them on a forced moonlit march. The fearsome Norsemen take their squirming female plunder to a Viking death ship now anchored off the coast, pausing only to kill Billy, the mayor's son, who had been ordered by his father to continue building castles, to show how safe the beaches remained. The army, under the direction of General Relco (Bradford Dillman) and Major Howard (James Farentino), order their troops choppered onto the ship, but a secret Viking death ray wipes them out completely.

A leading husband-and-wife Vikings research team, Dr. and Helen Speer (Bert Convy and Diana Canova), are flown in from Washington and attempt to develop a special anti-Viking toxin or enzyme. Meanwhile, the surfers and bikers construct makeshift motorized surfboards with heavy-duty Gatling guns attached to the sides.

Aboard the Viking vessel, Sven and Olaf the White (Wolfman Jack) argue and fight a duel over Sara. Sven triumphs and makes her his queen, ordering the other girls to man the oars of the seafaring craft. The Jolly Eric is hoisted and the vessel cuts its way through the choppy waters.

Onshore, a preliminary test of the antitoxin at a local sorority fails miserably, as the substance succeeds only in slowly dissolving outer layers of clothing. In fact the compound has been tampered with by Helen Speer, who has learned of the resumed affair between Janet and her husband, who were lovers as graduate students at MIT's Viking Research Center.

Mankind faces its greatest challenge as a ragtag collection of bikers and surfers takes off after the satanic ship. And so it comes to this: Vikings against teenagers in a classic confrontation that could determine whether future armies of frozen invaders ever attempt the conquest of our beaches.

## Notes on the Director

Patrick Michael Connors, the director of *Viking at Party Beach*, has a long reputation for creating films that deal in an entertaining fashion with the issues of the day. Starting his career in the fast-paced world of New York advertising, he received a Clio, the ad world's highest award, for the creation and direction of "The Scouring Demons," the devilish herd that removed difficult grease stains from pots and pans.

Scorning the lure of Hollywood, Connors began making a series of small, personal films south of the border in Mexico. Of this period he notes, "It greatly helped influence my style, making me disregard standard film procedures and go with the moment. As an example, due to my poor Spanish when we were filming *Las Chicas Sororidadas*, the fifty beach towels I thought I had ordered turned out to be five hundred very noisy chickens. Working them into the film proved a difficult and rewarding challenge."

Indeed such scenes as the famous coed egg bath in *Las Chicas Sororidadas* quickly caught the attention of American producers. Given a great amount of artistic freedom Connors could no longer turn

down the film capital to the north. His first American film, *Sex Kill at Santa Monica*, reaffirmed his commitment to "movies that entertain as well as instruct."

Connors comments on his latest film: "What fascinated me about the script was its meaning to the issues of today. Suspended animation is a real possibility in our future. It could be used to lengthen the lives of people who have contracted diseases that present-day science is unable to combat. The film seeks to provide a hypothetical, fictionalized account of the possibilities."

*Viking at Party Beach*, an Avco-Embassy release, produced by Harold Champion, continues the career of this innovative young filmmaker.

Patrick Michael Connors's—previous credits:

*Tres Caballeros Insaños*  
*Las Cheerleaders Bonitas y el Hombre Fantastico*  
*Las Chicas Sororidadas*  
*El Mayhemo Loco en el Beacho*  
*Los Murderos Grisly*  
*El Diablo Super Sexo*  
*El Professor Hippy*  
*Sex Kill at Santa Monica*  
*Teenage Sharecroppers*  
*The Death Cheerleader*  
*Emmanuelle Plays Hooky*  
*Summer Nurse Camp*  
*Amazon Sweater Girls*

# NATIONAL TELEVISION EXPOSURE

## For This New Multidimensional Transtemporal Movie of Dynamic Proportions

Producer Harold Champion, on a Viking media blitzkrieg of promotional dynamism, warns talk-show hosts of potential Viking threat. He dressed as one to make his point heard by all.



## The Producer

Harold Champion, the producer of *Viking at Party Beach*, is known throughout filmdom as innovator and iconoclast. Having made his first money through the invention of a process that allowed the projection of film onto the back of people's heads, he began financing a

series of low-budget pictures that have won him a large reputation among an ever widening circle of cultists. Among his more famous films are *The Day of the Brain Pickers*, *The Bloodbiters' Revenge*, and *Action Man Goes to the Sun* (original Japanese release, with subtitles).

## THE CAST

Michael Goodman.....JOSEPH BOTTOMS  
 Sara.....SUSAN BLAKELY  
 Cheri.....ADRIENNE BARBEAU  
 Slick.....PATRICK WAYNE  
 Janet Wayne.....KAREN VALENTINE  
 Dr. Speer.....BERT CONVY  
 Mrs. Speer.....DIANA CANOVA  
 Debbie Lawrence.....PAMELA SUE MARTIN  
 Judge Tyler.....BUDDY EBSEN  
 General Relco.....BRADFORD DILLMAN  
 Mayor Brooks.....BART BRAVERMAN  
 Donnie Brooks.....HERVE VILLECHAIZE  
 Major Howard.....JAMES FARENTINO  
 Sven.....JOE KAPP  
 Olaf the White.....WOLFMAN JACK  
 Viking #1.....DAN FURILLO  
 Viking #2.....JAY SHAYNE  
 Viking #3.....PETER CONRAD  
 Sorority Girl.....TERRY CONNORS  
 Korean Girl.....VIKI FONG  
 Police Officer.....DON GALLOWAY  
 Geraldo Rivera.....GERALDO RIVERA  
 Severed Hand.....SENOR WENCES

Cheerleaders.....SUE CULVER  
 PATTY HAIG  
 Girl in Bar.....ERIN MORAN  
 Crazy Man.....PACO  
 Big-Eared Man.....STEVEN CONNORS  
 Zookeeper.....MICKEY SPENCER  
 Nurse #2.....JENNY RUSSELL  
 Minister.....WILLIE FREEMAN  
 Waldo the Great.....MICHAEL SWANSON  
 Acrobat.....CHUCK JENSON  
 Frisbee Player.....JANET WARREN  
 Young Lovers.....MICHAEL DELGROTTO  
 MIREILLE JACSON  
 Goat Boy.....JOEY WINSTON  
 Pregnant Woman.....KAREN ARCHER

### SONGS

"My Heart Lies on the Beach"  
 and

"This Time It's Real Right"  
 (Theme from *Viking at Party Beach*) performed by Charcoal.

"Viking Death March"  
 adapted from Stravinski's *Firebird Suite*.

*Dear Mr. Exhibitor or Cinematic Proprietor:*

# **DON'T FORGET TO BUILD UP OF THIS PICTURE THE FOLLOWING SHOWMA**

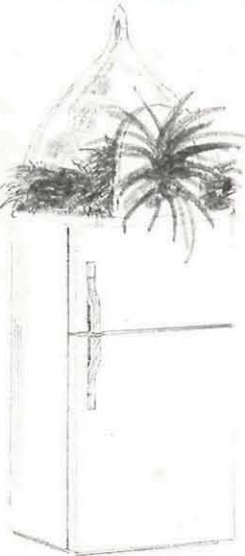
## **PARTY PRIZE GIVEAWAYS AT THE LOCAL PARTY-RELATED STORES**



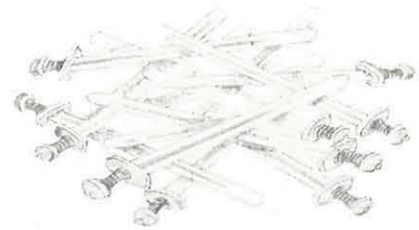
*Cocktail ice cube with Viking inside... will frighten drinkers into seeing movie!*



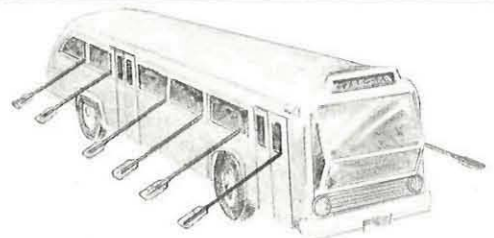
*At record stores, set up a rotating Vikings record-dispenser display*



*Papier-mâché Vikings hat... fits over a kitchen refrigerator, reminds snackers to see movie!*



*Foam-rubber swords—lots of them!*



*Be sure to outfit the town buses with oars, so passengers can stick oars out windows, row at full speed to see movie!*

# THE BIGNESS WITH SHIP ITEMS:

## OTHER SHOWMANSHIP ITEMS



Odin jeans galore!



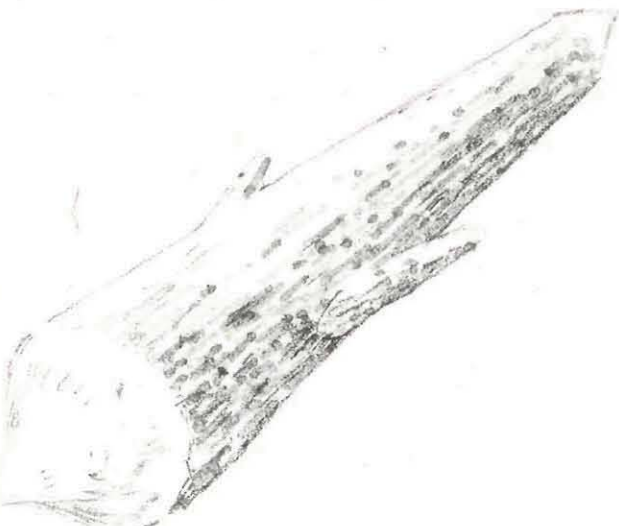
T-shirts just like the Vikings wore!



Viking bathrobes, too!



Party fjords made of durable plywood!



Party log for wrestling over a pit of rabid dogs!

## Contests Ahoy: The Vikings Have Landed in Your Town!

An interesting way to arouse community interest and support for *Viking at Party Beach* is through the use of fun contests and activities in your town.

A great crowd grabber would be a local Viking Death Match, held at the beach, or in a park or playground if you are far away from the ocean. It could be sponsored by a local radio-station deejay, who would urge his listeners to go watch the festivities. Contestants would dress up as different Viking heroes and engage in battle with foam-rubber swords, suction-cup arrows, and the like. The winners and losers could all be invited to a special Viking Celebration Feast afterward, at which food like that which the ancient Norsemen ate would be consumed, without the aid of utensils.

A variation would be a Viking Tomato Match for the exceptional and/or handicapped children in your area.

The kids could each be given a bag of overripe tomatoes and told to hunt each other in the woods. If you were hit by a thrown tomato, you would then drop out of the competition. Winners could be given free passes to see *Viking at Party Beach*, if they were allowed to.

There must be a local store owner who would appreciate the publicity a "Guess the Amount of Viking Treasure" contest would bring to his business. Passersby would guess the number of (fake) gold coins contained in a large wooden sea chest. Such a stunt would undoubtedly attract local newspaper and TV coverage. The winner—that is, he or she who comes closest to guessing the correct number of coins—could be given free passes to see *Viking at Party Beach*, as well as perhaps some merchandise from the store, such as shoes or a couple of pairs of socks.

## A Letter to: Civic Officials, Business Leaders, Educators in Your Community

Dear Sir / Madam:

We think it of considerable interest to our community that the motion picture *Viking at Party Beach* will soon be coming to the \_\_\_\_\_ theater.

Directed by Patrick Michael Connors, one of the film world's most daring and innovative authors, and featuring an internationally renowned cast, *Viking at Party Beach* details what could happen if a horde of Vikings placed in a state of suspended animation were to suddenly become unfrozen and imperil a beachside community. The technique of suspended animation, or cryogenics, as it is known in the scientific community, is an issue that will become more and more important in the years to come. Much research has already been formulated in this area, the ultimate results of which will affect us all in the not too distant future.

*Viking at Party Beach* is also a testament to human courage in the face of unbelievable odds and a parable about getting along and working with our fellow man. We know this film will be of interest to you, your family, and your many co-workers.

*Viking at Party Beach*, an Avco-Embassy release, was produced by Harold Champion.

Yours,  
Theater Manager

# Would You Like Something to Read?

by SEAN KELLY and TED MANN

**T**hose of us who love a "good read" from time to time—and who doesn't?—find summer vacation the perfect occasion to "get into" a book or two. The ideal beach book should be big and fat, with sand-resistant covers and suntan-lotion-absorbent pages, and the very best "summertime lit." demands no more of the reader than a television show in terms of attention span or, for that matter, literacy. But so many volumes meeting these basic requirements were published this season, how is one to choose? Listed here are the editors' choices, our very own recommendations, listed by subject or area of interest, to help you get the most out of the many, many rainy afternoons that you will be spending this holiday shivering on a ratty sofa in the screened-in porch of an expensively rented, bug-infested shack with a group of fellow vacationers who are either total strangers or quickly becoming so.

## CRIME

Monthly, John D. MacDonald issues a new paperback private-eye thriller from his costly Florida bunker chronicling the adventures of that "slightly tarnished knight in tanned and lanky armor" Travis McGee. But fans of the series have detected a certain drop-off in quality recently. *The Awful Yellow Chinaman* was just a reworking of last year's *The East Is Terribly Red*; and *The Horrible Key Lime Pie* was not so much a murder mystery as a Miami restaurant review. *The Terrific Pink Gin* and its successor, *The Scary Purple Elephant*, suggested that John D. was losing his battle with the bottle, and one feared that an appropriate title for the next McGee caper might be *A Black Eye for Detective Fiction*.

But we are pleased to be able to praise without reservation Mr. MacDonald's new book, another in the Travis saga but in every way a superior departure from the norm. Set in the demimonde of the homosexual writing community in Key West, it sheds new light on the relationship between Travis and his swarthy longtime boat buddy, Meyer. Most exciting scene? The bitchy brunch chez Tennessee Williams, after which Meyer solves



Travis's many psychic bruises and seduces him gently with a twelve-page monologue explaining supply-side economics. We can heartily recommend this new and different Travis adventure, *The Winking Brown Eye*.

Angelica Sitwell, heiress apparent to Agatha Christie's title as queen of English detective fiction, has another elegant whodunit in the bookshops this summer. It features the intelligent and charming amateur detective, herself a successful writer of detective fiction, Angela Standgood, to whom we were first introduced in Ms. Sitwell's previous *Murder Most British*. This one is titled, in England, *Murder at the Women Writers of Detective Fiction Club*, but it has been released in America as *Scribble Scribble Die Die!* The plot? In a series of gruesomely fitting murders, Ruth Rendell, P. D. James, Amanda Cross, Catherine Aird, and Mary Stewart are all bumped off, leaving the indefatigable and delightful Ms. Standgood as the only member, and thus president, of the club. The identity of the killer is a real surprise!

A aficionado of offbeat European

detective fiction—and aren't we all?—will be sure to enjoy *A Specter Is Haunting*, the latest case for Eurocommunist vegetarian Interpol inspector Marco Venzetti to solve. Marco, a "big, hairy, lovable, mystical bear of a proletarian intellectual of a man," this time investigates a series of Swiss industrial accidents, and proves, with the aid of his underground pal, Carlos the Jackal, that reactionary capitalists are the real culprits! Marco's many American devotees will eat this one up like mung beans!

## SCI-FI/FANTASY

Other worlds, future worlds, magic, monsters, and machines—the fabulous universe of science fiction/fantasy is as limited as only the imagination of the people who write and read it. And this summer, for your seaside reading pleasure, may we suggest *The Snout of God*, the ninth volume of the Gorgonzolian Trilogy, by the prolific E. Claude Boll. One need not have read all six thousand pages of the previous tomes in this series (*Mogdar Rules Okay*, *The Throbbing Blade*, *Tiger's Revenge*, etc.) to pick up the spoor and follow with

fascination the escapades of Dunbar the Sorcerer, the Eight-Armed Coot, the mysterious Wrongo, and their nervous guide, Anal Sam (whose plea "Don't touch my stuff" echoes through the tale like an operatic leit-motiv). Nor does it spoil this epic tale of treason, high deeds, and revenge to know that critics have decoded the allegory and demonstrated that the

Gorgonzolian Circle tells, in thinly disguised symbols, the sordid story of author Boll's long-ago expulsion from private school, for so-called crimes against nature, by a narrow-minded and cruel housemaster.

For those who prefer more sci in their fi, as it were, there's Hugo Les-toil's new *The Cleansing Comet*, a story of the germ-free planet Ajax in some

distant, more hygienic time. In this lemon-fresh world, the threat of ancient, terrestrial bacteria is countered by a robot army of aerosol spray cans, and the devil take the ozone! A must read for "techies," the book comes with an ingenious packaging gimmick—disposable rubber gloves, to facilitate sanitary page turning!  
*continued on page 94*

## Nonfiction

If self-improvement is one of your summertime goals, you could do worse than to curl up on your beach blanket with one of these true, factual best-sellers based on real historical incidents or at least ideas about them.

**TURNING AND TURNING**, by Ludmyra Smirnoff. A Minsk-trained ballerina who defected to the USA, then returned to her homeland, and now wishes to come back here, describes her life in art. Dizzying!

**IN THE WIDENING GYRE**. A Reagan budget adviser describes how his supply-side economic model was inspired by a Ouija-board seance encounter with Malthus. A must for money buffs!

**THE FALCON CANNOT HEAR**, by Perry Mann. A deaf air-traffic controller's desperate attempts to keep his handicap secret from co-workers and friends. Touching.

**THE FALCONER**, by John Cheever. The now-it-can-be-told story of William Faulkner's lifelong, code-named membership in the CIA. Cryptic.

**THINGS FALL APART**. A do-it-yourself manual—thousands of uses for Krazy Glue around the house. Sexy fun!

**THE CENTER CANNOT HOLD**, by "Gentleman Jim" Grzwynek. Sports bio of the least penalized lineman in NFL history.

**MERE ANARCHY IS LOOSED** (Irving Howe, ed.). The long-suppressed journals of Lower East Side nineteenth-century Russian Jewish syndicalist, theoretician, and tailor Schlomo Mere. Very Jewish, very political.

**UPON THE WORLD**, by Gunther Kroed. Memoirs of the first explorer to walk backward to the North Pole. Offbeat but fascinating.

**THE BLOOD-DIMMED TIDE IS LOOSED**, by Peter Tauber. The true story of an oceanographic ecological disaster, recounting the time when an entire writers colony on Martha's Vineyard ate polluted mollusks and got sick. Scary.

**AND EVERYWHERE THE CEREMONY OF INNOCENCE IS**. From Marin County—where else?—a handbook of "alternate," "free" liturgies for experimental hot-tub group marriages.

**DROWNED**, by Bert Houdini. His brother describes the life and death of Canada's greatest underwater escape artist.

**THE BEST LACK ALL CONVICTION**. Congressman Pete "Watergate" Rodino's off-the-cuff thoughts about ethics. Foreword by Frank Sinatra.

**WHILE THE WORST ARE FULL**. A UNESCO official suggests possible redistribution of world food resources. Radical but thought provoking.

**OF PASSIONATE INTENSITY**, by Jeff Greenfield. A comparative study of the on-camera styles of Geraldo Rivera, David Susskind, and Phil Donahue.

**SURELY SOME**. Alfred Teller's nuclear survival manual. He suggests wrapping your head in tinfoil just before the blast. Useful, maybe.

**REVELATION IS AT HAND**, by Billy Graham. The famous theologian demonstrates, citing chapter and verse, how today's designer-jeans commercials were foretold in the last book of the Bible. Uplifting.

**SURELY THE SECOND COMING IS AT HAND**. Self-help sex therapy, which suggests masturbation after intercourse as an aid to multi-orgasmic response. Worth a try.

**HARDLY ARE THESE WORDS OUT**. A former *Penthouse* editor describes the difficulties of producing topical exposés with a four-month lead time.

**WHEN**. Germaine Greer's thorough, impassioned history of the Australian women's-liberation movement.

**A VAST IMAGE**. Elizabeth Taylor's long-awaited diet tips.

**OUT OF SPIRITUS MUNDI**. A feisty, junkie lesbian ex-nun protests her ex-communication from the Catholic church as "political."

**TROUBLES MY SIGHT**, by Peter Kaminsky. A history of blind blues musicians, adapted from the backs of hundreds of record-album jackets. Scholarly.

**SOMEWHERE IN SANDS OF THE DESERT**. Newly discovered, Bishop Pike's last journals. Mystical, erotic.

**A SHAPE WITH LION BODY**. A big, colorful, coffee-table book treating lamps from ethnic variety stores as collectibles.

**AND THE HEAD OF A MAN**. W. H. Auden's sizzling sexual memoirs.

**A GAZE BLANK**, by Karen Ann Quinlan. As told to Dave Fisher.

**AND PITILESS AS THE SUN**. Cautionary tips for tanners from a California holistic dermatologist.

**IS MOVING**. An anonymous Carter-administration urban-affairs official offers relocation tips for Negro families.

**ITS SLOW THIGHS**, by "X." A compassionate plea for society's understanding of sloth fanciers. In the great tradition of *Men Who Love Muts*.

**WHILE**, by Mrs. Allen Funt. Hobbies of the wives of famous men. Señora Pancho Villa, Madame Albert Camus, Mr. Margaret Thatcher, and others.

**ALL ABOUT IT**. Carl Sagan comes clean. Illustrated.

**REEL SHADOWS OF THE INDIGNANT**, by Arthur Knight. A penetrating study of social significance in the films of Stanley Kramer. Many stills.

**DESERT BIRDS**. British photographer Nik Cohn's pinup studies of Hopi Indian girls.

**THE DARKNESS DROPS AGAIN**. Bobby Seale reveals that Black Panther policies were formulated under the influence of LSD. A trip.

**BUT NOW I KNOW**. Marital disclosures by former U.S. senator Jake Javits.

**THAT TWENTY CENTURIES**. Barbara Tuchman goes "pop"—a history of the Western world in 150 pages. With many photographs, maps.

**OF STONY SLEEP**. Pop idol John Denver's long struggle back from Nembutal addiction.

**WERE VEXED TO NIGHTMARE**. Harold Bloom angrily dismisses Norman O. Brown's mistaken interpretation of Anthony Burgess's misreading of *Finnegans Wake*. Heavy going, but rewarding lit. crit.

**BY ROCKING A CRADLE AND WHAT**. Phyllis Chesler's sympathetic exploration of infanticide through the ages. A must for expectant mothers.

**ROUGH BEAST**, by Dick Cavett. A tell-all sexual bio. Names names.

**ITS HOUR COME ROUND AT LAST**. Filmmaker Jerry Lewis tells this ultimately triumphant but harrowing tale of his attempts to sell his movie *The Day the Clown Cried* to cable television.

**SLOUCHES TOWARD BETHLEHEM**. Something is wrong with southern California—but what? Joan Didion asks again, and this time gets the quote right.

**TO BE BORN**. Jerzy Kozinski's aching reminiscences about his birth trauma. Not for the squeamish.

# Make every day your Brut Day.



Great Days seem to happen more often when you're wearing Brut® by Fabergé. After shave, after shower, after anything®.

## O.C. AND STIGGS

continued from page 56

In another part of town, O.C., never one for indirect methods, marched Barney into a police station.

"I found this guy in the park, sir, exposing his cock to birds. When I demanded he put his pants on he began nipping at my pant legs and cursing in a language I don't understand. I think he must have been exposed to drugs or religion of some sort."

O.C. would have won; however, he was taken into custody, along with Barney, on suspicion. I, on the other hand, did not even wake up until early the next day. Luckily for me, Schwab had managed to steal the outboard motor and its fuel tank, stow them in the back of the car, drive to his home, tow me into his spare bedroom, and explain the matter to his parents in a believable fashion.

Technically, although he had himself been arrested, O.C. had won the bet and claimed the right to call me a homo. Nevertheless, he was green with envy when he set eyes on my Mercury outboard motor. He offered to stop calling me homo if I would let him fix it to a sharpened telephone pole and direct it into the midst of the milling yachts at the yacht club. Antisocial idea, I thought.

O.C. had rented an "apartment" in the basement of a warehouse in the worst part of town. His parents were divorced and he had little difficulty convincing each that he preferred to spend the summer with the other. There was nothing in his apartment but a telephone attached to an answering machine and a cold fold-a-bed couch that O.C. had borrowed from Barney's place and left Barney to explain to his parents.

"It must have been burglars," suggested Barney.

Playing back the messages on O.C.'s answering machine was one of the few leisurely pleasures of the summer. There was inevitably a message from the methodical Mr. Croft.

Mr. Croft would hear, "This is a division of the United States government's Federal Bureau of Investigation. All our agents are out at the moment, but if you will leave your name, code word, and message at the beep, we will log it into our big file of intelligence. Beep."

"This is Mr. Croft. 'Rimlapper.' Eric was out tennis playing today with Judy and Chris and some others of the

Young Life gang. They took a Frisbee. One of them has a dog. They were gone three hours. Eric made a phone call in private after getting back. I listened in. It was to a young woman named Mrs. Deakin. He is going to clean her pool while her daughter is at riding lessons. She may be involved. Young Life meets Friday to plan end-of-summer outing. Eric says he may become president of chapter next year. I am sure he is unaware of the nature of their activities. Signing off."

"The end-of-summer 'do'! That could be interesting," suggested O.C.

O.C. was acting weird, even for him. The summer dragged on. Well, it didn't precisely drag. More of an uncontrolled two-wheel drift, really.

We spent about a week thinking up new names for "jeans jerky" (cock) and "dink divot" (pussy). I even managed to get laid (big deal!) for the first time, though I was third, after the guy that brought her over and after O.C. 'cause it was his place. Barney had to go last, after Schwab, even, because the slut was his cousin and it was incest, which the rest of us had no wish to catch. Not that incest is really catching. But why take a chance? What else happened? Oh, yeah, we all got laid again at that forty-year-old woman's place that Eric's old man talked about. We went pool hopping and Barney laid a humongous Lincoln Log in this TV actor's pool. We went drinking out at the lake a lot and the police used to come and if they found the vodka, they'd dump it on the fire, because fires and vodka were illegal. Well, O.C. filled a bottle with gas and sure enough some cop dumps it on the fire. O.C.'s a psycho, I think. That cop's uniform melted right into his skin, and if he hadn't run into the lake like some kind of stunt man in a TV movie, he would have just crusted up there on the beach and they would have found nothing in the morning but a badge on the remains, looking like a mess of deputized spare ribs. Things got pretty hot after that and O.C. and I didn't hang around together much. Me and a couple of other guys, Lenny and Mole, raided a slumber party for these girls that went to Jodsten. They're all supposed to fuck like pigs, but they called the cops on us. The Mole's parents had to come and get him from jail and he got charged with possession of alcohol and disturbing. He got put on probation and had to cool it. He did, too, mostly. The one time he decided to go



out with Lenny and me he got killed. He was standing up in the back of Lenny's dad's Country Squire taking a piss. We were driving through the parking lot at the mall and he got hit on the back of the head by one of those low-clearance bars. He never saw it coming. Well, neither did we and we were driving. We felt pretty bad about it, but the coroner said that those bars should be made out of something soft and that station wagons were pretty dangerous.

The Mole getting killed was really a drag. Everyone was asking questions. First the police, who wanted to know what happened, then everybody else, who wanted to know what a dead guy looked like and what happened to his brains and what we thought when we first knew he was dead.

It got in the papers, of course, and pretty nearly everyone from that grad class went to the funeral. Most kids felt it was a school thing even though we were graduated. Tammy Glimmer from the Glee Club phoned every single person from grade eleven up and the whole grad class, and most of them turned up at the funeral. Mole might not have been all that popular, but no one could say he didn't go to a good school. We sang the school song, only slow, at the ceremony, and afterward one of the guys said the funeral taker said it was the biggest funeral in history. It made me a little sad. You know, growing up. Friends passing on. It was a reminder almost for the first time that all of us are not here forever on earth.

"Hey, Stiggs, what did you think of the box?" It was O.C. I hadn't expected to see him at the funeral. After all, he hadn't even been at grad. I guess death brings out the school spirit in everyone.

"We have got some business to conclude, Stiggs. With funnyhead up there..." He gestured quickly at Eric Croft.

"I don't know, O.C." In the few weeks apart, O.C. had become a mystery to me. Why had we done the strange things we had done? Was it simple immaturity, or was it worse?

"Okay, Stiggs. Remember the Dashlet conference. We are obligated to carry this summer through to the end."

I really didn't want to, but somehow I felt I was under an obligation to O.C. To the summer. I don't know.

At O.C.'s place he played his answering machine.

"This is Agent Croft. 'Rimplapper' Subject Eric Croft has, under questioning, revealed that the Young Life cell will meet on the last day of August at the Dog and Suds Drive-in. From there they will proceed with hot dogs and bulk containers of root beer to Saint Saliva's cemetery for "ghost night." This is a session of eerie stories told around the grave of a suicide named Remson, to be followed by an inspirational message and heartening folk songs. Or so they say. Croft signing off!"

O.C. smiled in a terrifying fashion. "God has delivered him into my hands."

Friday night O.C., myself, and Barney and Schwab arrived early at Saint Saliva's. After a brief search we found the resting place of the suicide, Remson. O.C. stripped off all his clothes on the spot and, producing several pounds of beef kidneys and some string and a razor from a shopping bag, he ordered Barney and Schwab to lash the meat to his body. This completed, he gave us our final instructions and with some solemnity laid himself upon Remson's plot and allowed himself to be covered with turned earth.

That night Croft himself recounted the terrifying tale of the last hours of Remson the suicide. While he was doing so, Barney attached ropes connecting the bumpers of the Young Life cars to the tombstones of prominent men. Schwab phoned the police to report vandals in the cemetery.

"Remson," concluded Croft, "produced beyond endurance by these events, and unequipped with sustaining faith in God, took a straight razor and slashed repeatedly at his own throat!"

With a ghastly groan O.C. reared an arm from beneath the earth, holding high a straight razor that caught the glint of the moon. He waited a second, then fought free of the clay like a dinosaur wrecking loose from a tar pit. By that time, of course, all members of Young Life were in full flight, and those glancing back over their shoulder caught only the briefest look. By  
*continued on page 85*

### The World's Toughest Tongue Twister

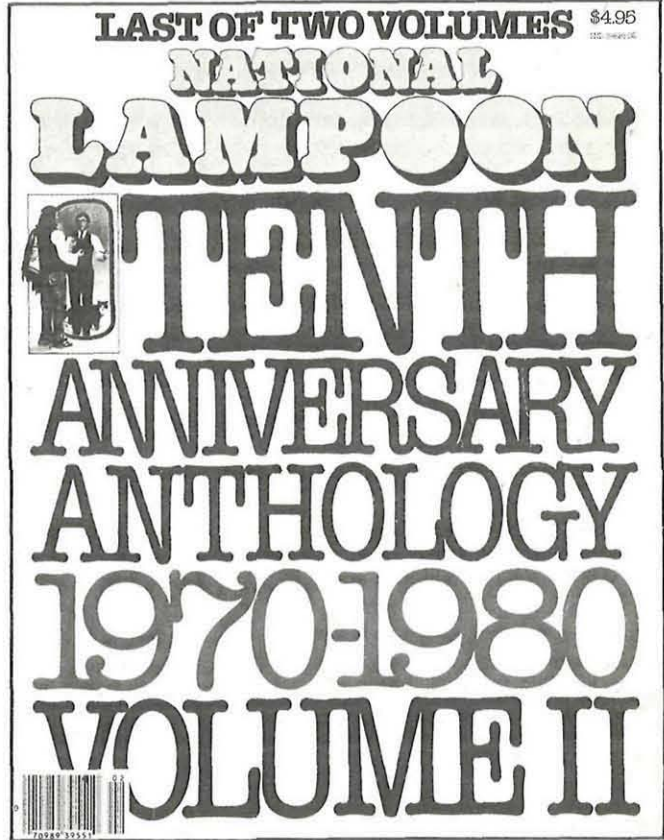
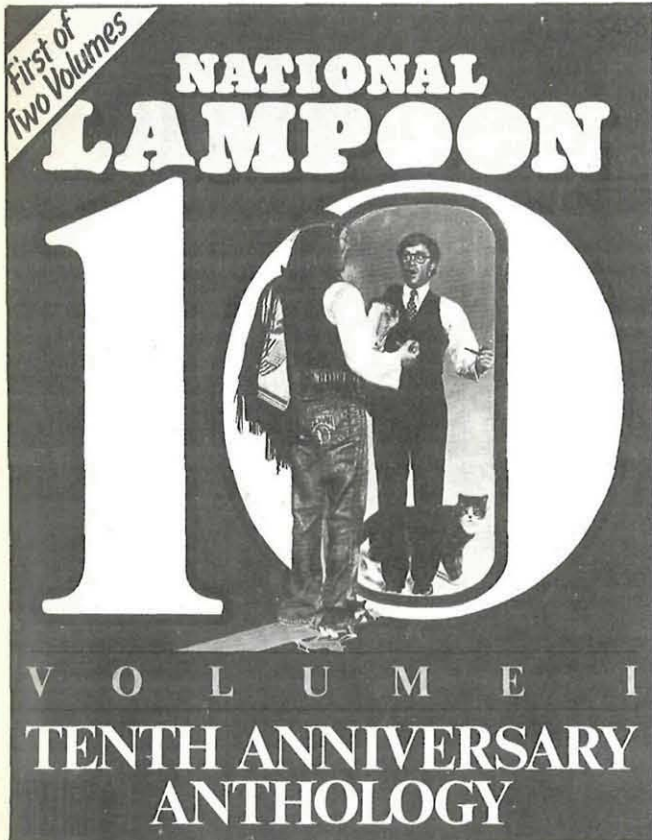
Say "I love you" five times slowly and sincerely to a dirty and dangerous-looking person you've picked up in a bar.

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Great things happen to your hair when you use Balsam Plus Protein Shampoo with the great smell of Brut®. By Fabergé.

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# FUNNY PAGES

**DONUTS**

REMEMBER HOW SOMETIMES YOU GOT A LITTLE GLIMMER OF WHAT GROWN-UPS HAD TO CONTEND WITH WHEN YOU SAW HOW REALLY DUMB A KID COULD BE AND HOW IMPOSSIBLE IT WAS TO TELL HIM ANYTHING AT ALL?

I THINK I'LL GET SOME OF THOSE FUNNY RED THINGS, TOO. AND THOSE GREEN LUMPS WITH ORANGE GOP INSIDE

DON'T GET THOSE GREEN LUMPS. I ATE SOME LAST WEEK AND GOT SICK. THEY'RE PROBABLY WORSE BY NOW.



I DECIDED TO GET SOME ORANGE ONES ANYHOW.

IT'S YOUR STOMACH.

*Wilson*

DRUNK LODGE

NOW PLAYING



OH, BOY... UH... OH, WOW... I REALLY DON'T FEEL GOOD...

JEEZ - THAT BOMB'S GOING TO EXPLODE!

LOOK AT THAT!

GASP!

TIKATIKATIKATIK!



OH, GOD, OH, I'VE GOT TO (UCK) I'VE (UCK) I'VE GOT TO GET (UCK) UP!

OH, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!

HEY, WILL YOU SHUT UP?

QUIET!

YAH-BOO!



WHY THE HELL DOESN'T ANYONE EVER LISTEN TO WHAT I SAY?

AWGA

HUCKAHUCKAHUCKA





HELLO FROM HUMILITY?!



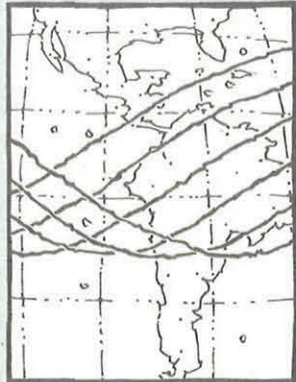
I HAVE ALL I NEED ON BOARD—  
HERE'S MY LUNCH!



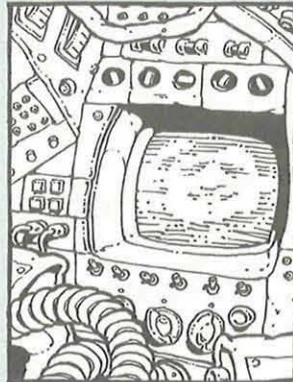
NEEDLESS TO SAY, I'VE GONE  
THRU THE MOST RIGOROUS  
TRAINING.



EVEN SO, I'VE FOUND BRUSHING  
MY TEETH TO BE SOMETHING OF  
A PROBLEM.



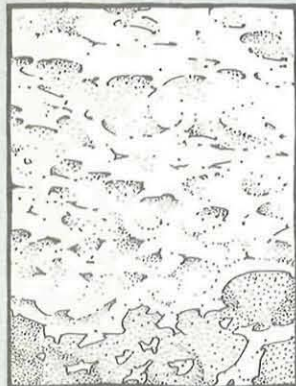
IT'S ALSO DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE  
I'M TRAVELING AT OVER  
3000 MPH.



I TOLD THE PRESIDENT OF  
MY AMAZEMENT WHEN WE  
TALKED VIA TWO-WAY TV.



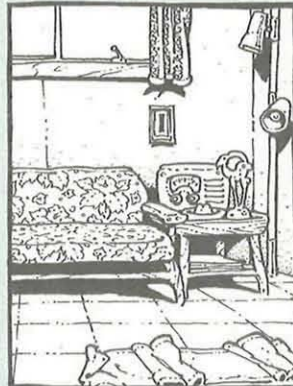
LOOK... THERE'S THE MALAY  
ARCHIPELAGO!



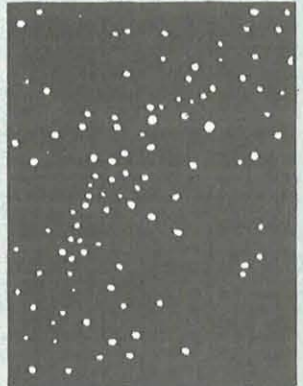
AND THERE'S THE TIP OF  
FLORIDA, WHERE I WAS SLEEPING  
ONLY HOURS AGO.



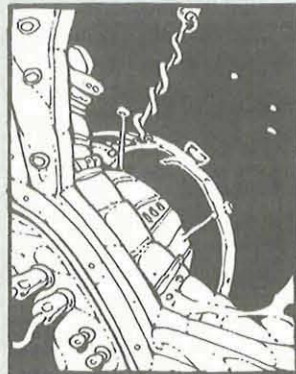
DOWN THERE, NO DOUBT, PEOPLE  
ARE GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS  
AS USUAL.



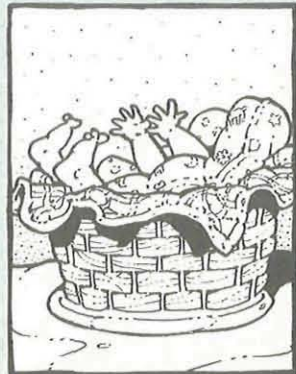
THERE'S MY LIVING ROOM AT  
HOME— IT ALL SEEMS SO  
FAR AWAY NOW.



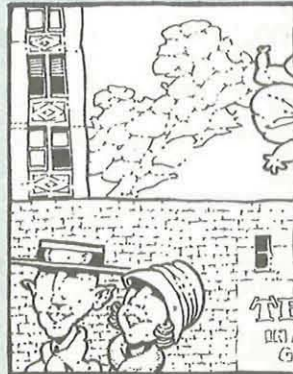
AND SPEAKING OF FAR AWAY,  
WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE?  
ANOTHER BIG MYSTERY?!



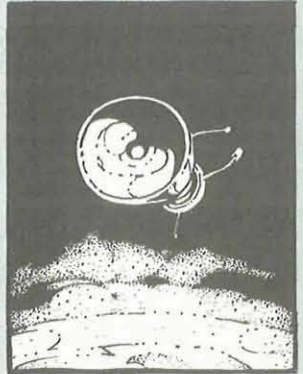
LORD KNOWS I HAVE TIME TO DO  
A LOT OF THINKING UP HERE.



WHEN I WAS AN INFANT, MY  
PARENTS ONCE LEFT ME ON THE  
ROOF OF THE CAR AND DROVE OFF.



I SAILED ACROSS AN ENTIRE  
CITY BLOCK, COMING TO REST  
IN A LAUREL BUSH.



SINCE THEN, I'VE ALWAYS FELT  
RATHER AIRBORNE.

# Deirdre Callahan - a biography

DEIRDRE, WHO LIVES AT THE CITY DUMP WITH BLIND BOB, A BLIND MAN, WAS THROWN AWAY BY HER MOTHER BECAUSE SHE WAS VERY UGLY. BLIND BOB ARRANGES FOR PLASTIC SURGERY, BUT IT FAILS. DEIRDRE IS NO LONGER UGLY - SHE IS HIDEOUS! SO HIDEOUS THAT SOME WHO VIEW HER KILL THEMSELVES! HEARING OF THIS NOTORIETY ON TV, DEIRDRE'S MOTHER SEES AN OPPORTUNITY TO PROFIT BY IT AND SETS OUT WITH A POLICEMAN TO RECLAIM HER DAUGHTER.

AT THE DUMP THE POLICEMAN ORDERS DEIRDRE TO REMOVE A PAPER BAG FROM HER HEAD. SHE DOES, EXPOSING HER HIDEOUS FACE. HORROR STRICKEN, THE POLICEMAN SHOOTS HIMSELF AND THE BULLET CONTINUES ON, STRIKING BLIND BOB IN THE HEAD.

FOLLOWING EMERGENCY SURGERY BLIND BOB IS IN THE RECOVERY ROOM. SUDDENLY HE SPEAKS...

...I...I C-C-CAN, I CAN SEE - I CAN SEE!



DOCTOR, I CAN SEE!!!

GOOD HEAVENS, THE BULLET MUST HAVE DISLODGED THE OPTIC NERVE OBSTRUCTION! MY DEAR FELLOW, I AM PLEASED!!!



NOW I KNOW WHY DEIRDRE ENTERED MY LIFE. A SPIRITUAL POWER MADE HER THE VEHICLE FOR STRANGE HAPPENINGS THAT ENDED WITH MY BEING SHOT - AND THAT SHOT RESTORED MY SIGHT!

I MUST SEE MY BENEFACTOR! WHERE IS SHE? WHERE IS DEIRDRE?



SHE'S AT YOUR SHACK AT THE DUMP, BLIND BOB, BUT YOU'RE STILL NOT WELL ENOUGH TO...

...MY CLOTHES... WHERE ARE MY PANTS?



DEIRDRE, IT'S ME, BLIND BOB! ONLY NOW I CAN SEE, THANKS TO YOU!



I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE COMING HOME TODAY, BLIND BOB...

LATER THAT DAY AT UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL

...BOTH CORNEAS BURNED TO A CRISP! WHEN WILL PEOPLE LEARN NEVER TO STARE INTO AN ARC WELDER?

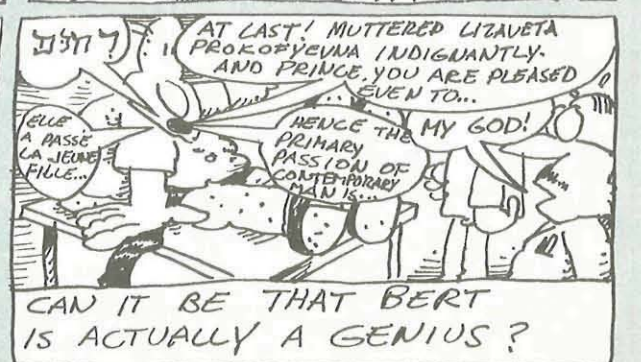
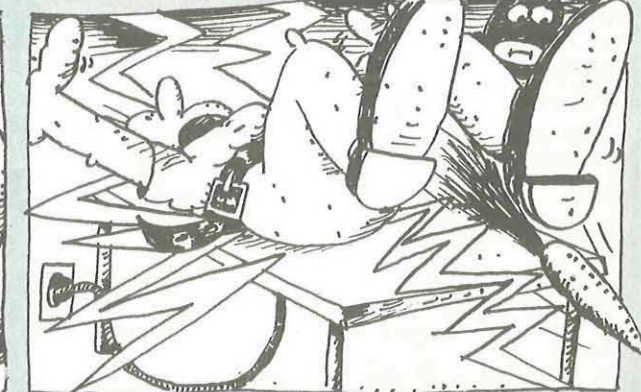


CONTINUED

© copyright 1981 Steven

# THE RABBIT BIT

BY  
LEN GLASER  
© 1981



**Aunt Mary's KITCHEN**

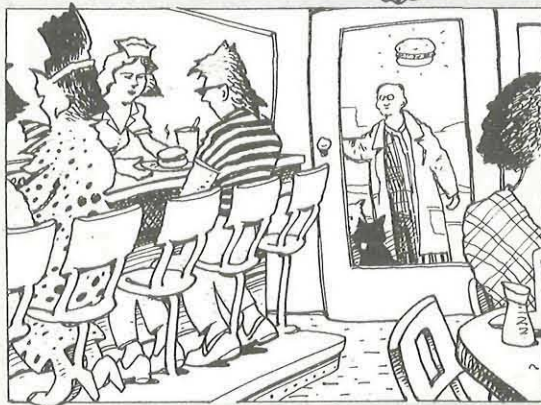
M.K. BROWN ©1981

THIS IS DR. McNOUGLAS CALLING! GUESS WHAT! YOUR BROTHER LEO HAS ESCAPED FROM THE HOSPITAL IN DR. JOHNSON'S WINDBREAKER! HE IS STILL HALLUCINATING, BUT TRY NOT TO WORRY!

BY THE WAY, THESE FIG BARS ARE TERRIFIC!

MEANWHILE

**KOFFEE KLATCH**



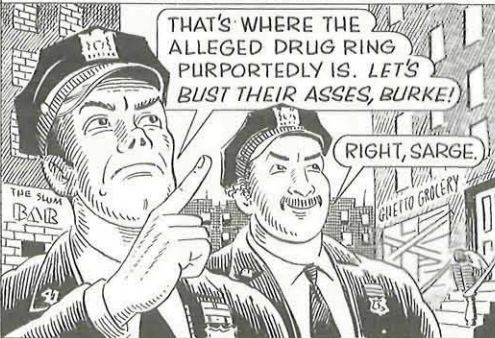
I'LL HAVE WHAT SHE'S HAVING

NEXT MONTH: TROUBLE AT THE KOFFEE KLATCH

# POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett

ON A SLUM STREET IN A MAJOR METROPOLIS -



THAT'S WHERE THE ALLEGED DRUG RING PURPORTEDLY IS. LET'S BUST THEIR ASSES, BURKE!

RIGHT, SARGE.

KICK THE DOOR IN, BURKE. I'LL COVER YOU.



BUT SUDDENLY, THE LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS ARE STRUCK BY A HANKIE OF SHINING STEEL!



JUST A LITTLE REMINDER THAT YOU'RE GOING TO BE PARTICULARLY WELCOME AS HOUSE GUESTS IF YOU'RE THOUGHTFUL ENOUGH TO BRING A SMALL GIFT! A BOX OF MINIATURE DANISH, FOR INSTANCE.



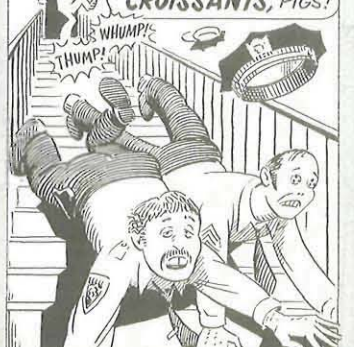
GO TO THE BAKERY, BURKE!

LATER...



OH, WOW! GREAT GRASS! YEAH, AN' DESE LI'L PASTRIES IS GREAT FO' DE MUNCHIES...

BUT NEXT TIME BRING CROISSANTS, PIGS!

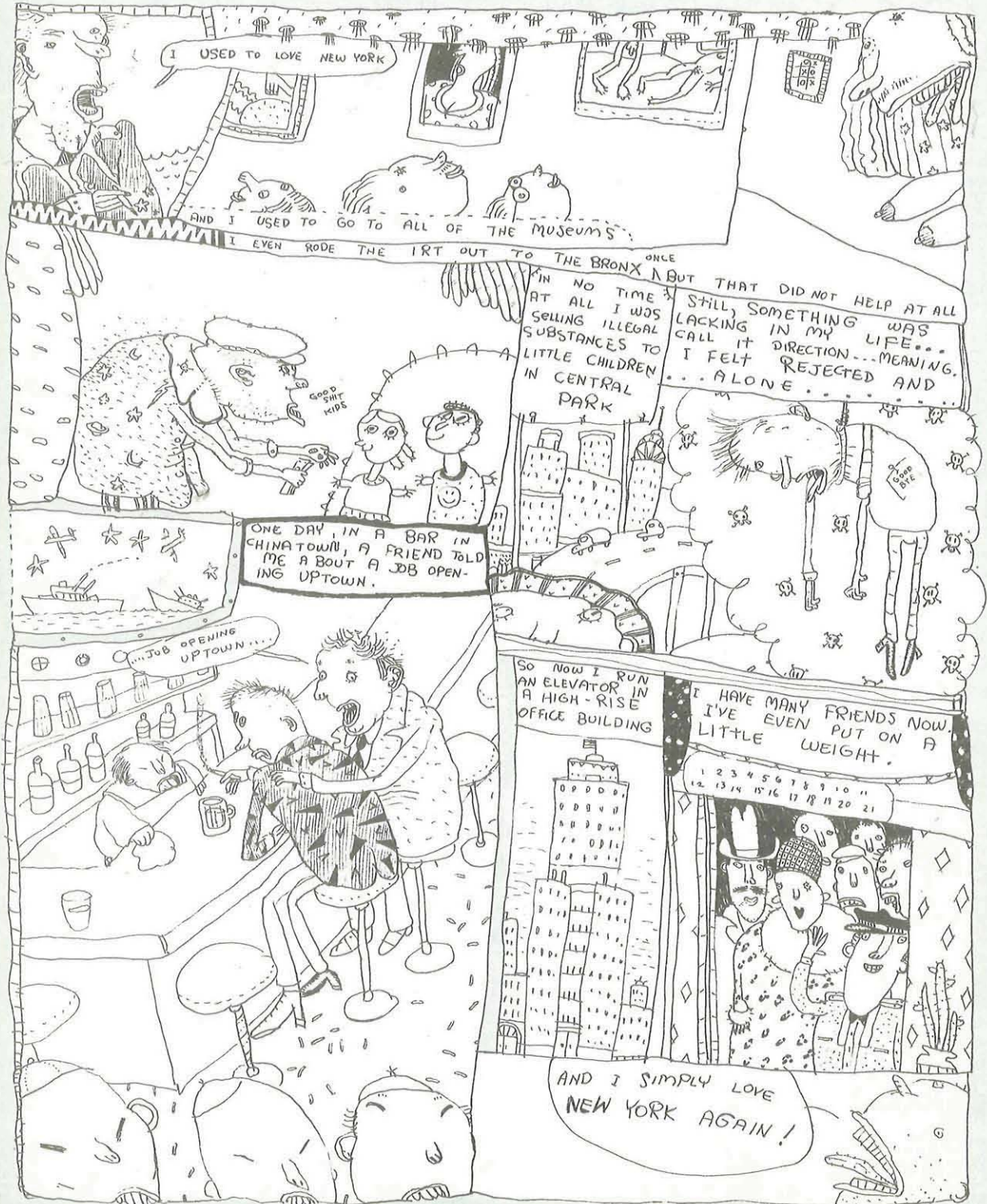


WHEN E'ER YOU DRINK FROM MUG OR CUP, 'TIS CHARMING IF YOUR PINKY'S UP! THANK YOU.

©1981 RON BARRETT

# NEW WAVE COMICS

MARK MARK



I USED TO LOVE NEW YORK

AND I USED TO GO TO ALL OF THE MUSEUMS

I EVEN RODE THE IRT OUT TO THE BRONX ONCE

BUT THAT DID NOT HELP AT ALL  
IN NO TIME AT ALL I WAS  
SELLING ILLEGAL  
SUBSTANCES TO  
LITTLE CHILDREN  
IN CENTRAL  
PARK

STILL, SOMETHING WAS  
LACKING IN MY LIFE...  
I CALLED IT DIRECTION...  
MEANING, I FELT  
REJECTED AND  
ALONE...

ONE DAY, IN A BAR IN  
CHINA TOWN, A FRIEND TOLD  
ME ABOUT A JOB OPENING  
UPTOWN.

...JOB OPENING  
UPTOWN...

SO NOW I RUN  
AN ELEVATOR IN  
A HIGH-RISE  
OFFICE BUILDING

I HAVE MANY FRIENDS NOW,  
I'VE EVEN PUT ON A  
LITTLE WEIGHT.

AND I SIMPLY LOVE  
NEW YORK AGAIN!



# BUS FUNNIES

MIMI POND ©1981



A  
TELEPHONE  
INTERVIEW  
WITH  
**UNCLE  
JACK**  
BY BRUCE COCHRAN



# FUNNY PAGES BUTTONS!



ACTUAL SIZE



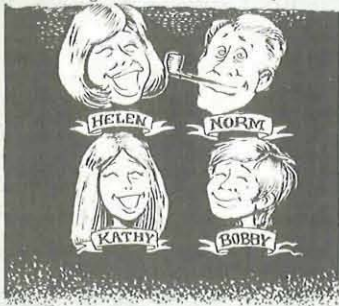
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# THE APPLETONS

A Saga of an American Family



by B.K. Taylor 1981

MRS. APPLETON IS ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE NIGHT, AS WE HEAR...

NORM, HONEY! DON'T BE A SOUR-PUSS! BOBBY AND I WILL ONLY BE VISITING MOTHER FOR ONE NIGHT. NOW PLEASE KEEP AN EYE ON KATHY'S PAJAMA PARTY.



I WAS GOING TO SPEND THE EVENING CATCHING UP ON MY READING... HUMPH... OK, I'LL WATCH THE GIRLS.

MELLOWING DOWN, MR. APPLETON DECIDES TO MAKE IT A NICE EVENING AFTER ALL.

OK, GIRLS, HERE ARE YOUR BLANKETS AND PILLOWS. HAVE A GOOD TIME!



THANK YOU, MR. APPLETON. WILL YOU COME IN LATER AND TELL US SCARY STORIES?

YEAH!

YOU LIKE THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT, EH?

HEY, GIRLS! DAD'S IN THE OTHER ROOM—LET'S HAVE A PILLOW FIGHT!



YEAH!

THE FIRST BLOW IS STRUCK



**WHUMP!**

EAT FEATHERS, KAREN!

HEY! WHO PUT LEAD PELLETS IN MY PILLOW? IT KNOCKED KAREN FOR A LOOP!

DAD!?

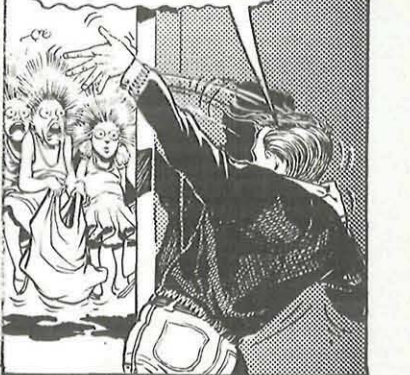


YES!

DAD, WHO PUT LEAD... GASP! I LOOK OUT! THERE'S A HAND IN BACK OF YOU!



GROWL! WE'VE GOT MR. APPLETON! LET'S KILL HIM, THEN WE'LL FIND THOSE GIRLS!



THERE! NOW LET'S GET THOSE GIRLS SO WE CAN PUNCH THEM AND PULL THEIR HAIR!



MR. APPLETON ENTERS THE ROOM TO CONTINUE THE FUN.

I THINK THEY'RE IN THIS ROOM SOMEWHERE! WHAT'S THIS, A BEAN BAG CHAIR? I THINK I'LL SIT DOWN...



AHHHH!

IF I FIND THEM WE'LL REALLY GIVE THEM WHAT FOR!



SQUEEL!

GASP!

GRRRRR, AM I MAD! I WONDER WHERE THEY ARE?



RIDE 'EM, COWBOY...

PITTER PATTER

LATER... THE CHILDREN QUIET DOWN, AND MR. APPLETON SEES IT'S TIME FOR BED...



ARE THEY GONE YET?

AND BEING THE FATHER HE IS, TURNS OUT THE LIGHT AND CHECKS THE CHILDREN ONE MORE TIME.



CLICK!

Boo!

SQUEEL!

WITH THE NIGHT OF EXCITEMENT BEHIND, THE MORNING SUN GREET'S THE APPLETON HOME, AND THE RETURN OF MRS. APPLETON.

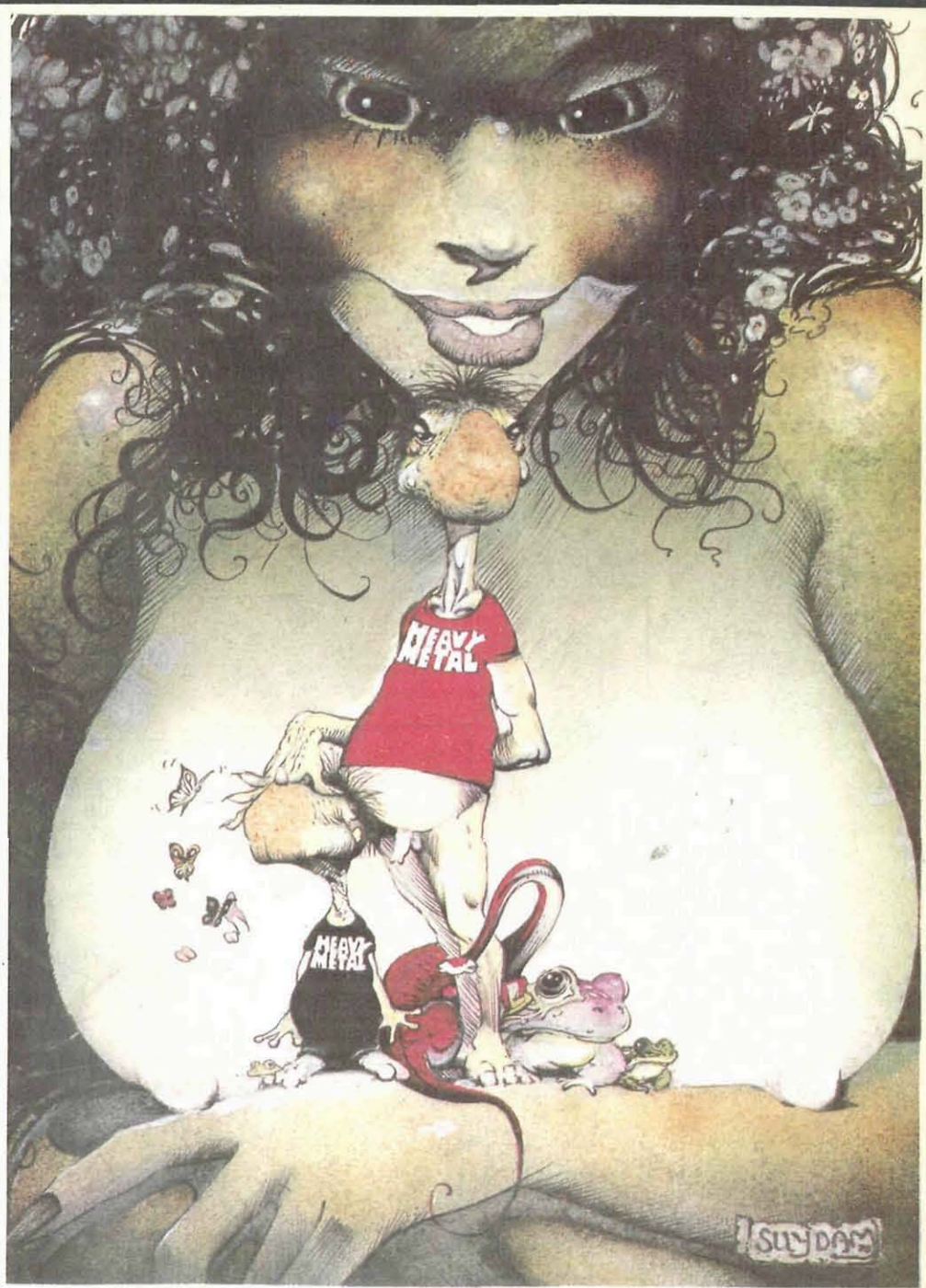


GOODMORNING, DEAR. I JUST LOOKED IN ON THE GIRLS. THAT MUST HAVE BEEN SOME PARTY, THEY LOOK A FRIGHT! I HOPE THEY WEREN'T A BOTHER.

NO TROUBLE AT ALL, CLIPCAKE.

“My men wear HEAVY METAL t-shirts, or they wear nothing at all.”

“You’re not whistling ‘Dixie,’ little lady! We only wear the finest form-fitting material, which I feel accentuates my manly physique. Ray here likes the way the colors blend with his ruddy complexion. No matter what you look like, the HEAVY METAL t-shirt (available in red or black) is the message for summer.”



HEAVY METAL  
Dept. NL 781  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, NY 10022

Black Small  Medium  Large   
Red Small  Medium  Large

Enclosed please find my check or money order. Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ HEAVY METAL t-shirt(s) at \$6.00 (plus 60¢ per shirt for postage and handling).

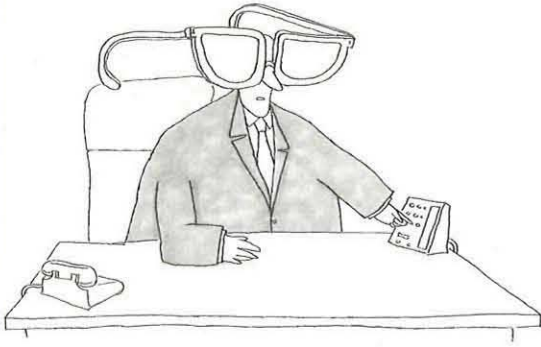
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

If you do wish to order, but do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, please print or type all the necessary info, and enclose it with a check or money order.

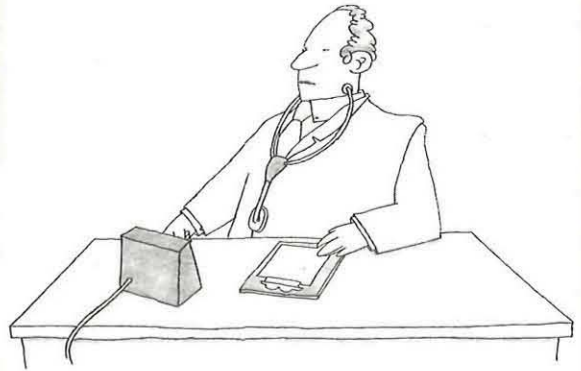
# INTERCOMEDY

e.c.vey

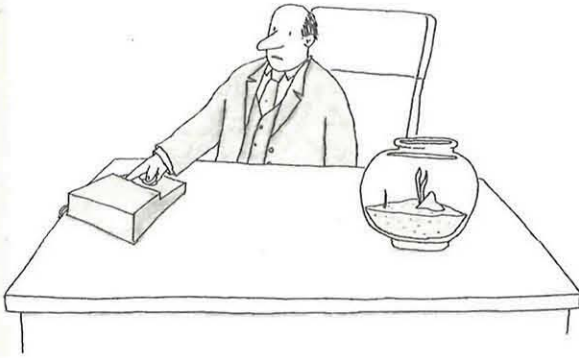




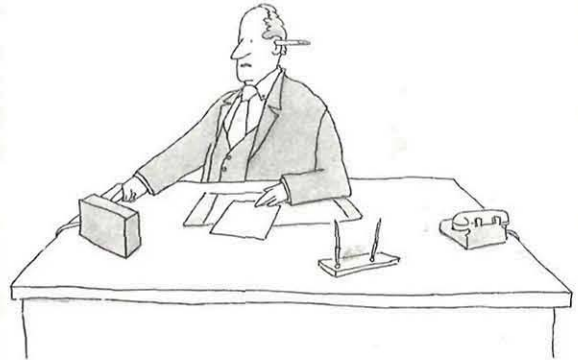
"Miss Williamson, could you please bring in my real glasses now?"



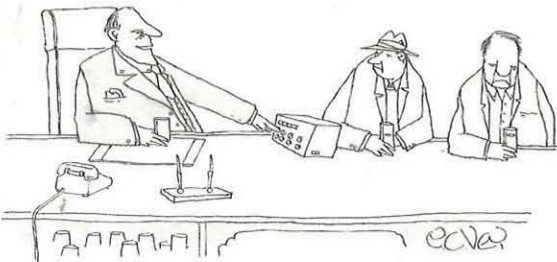
"Now turn your head and cough."



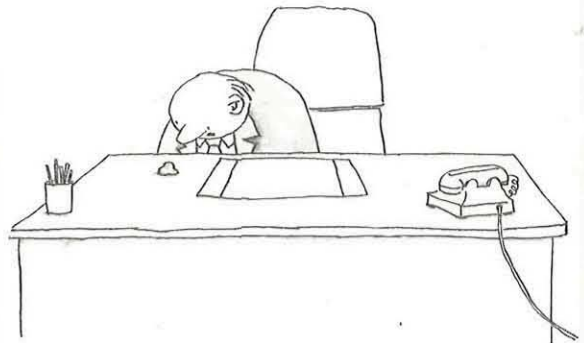
"Miss Smith, have Ernesto and Florence come back from lunch yet?"



"Mrs. Stephens, could you please bring in another pencil? This one is stuck."



"How about another one, Al?"



"Miss Smith, who replaced my intercom with a small rock?"



"RATED NO. 1 FOR SERVICE & RELIABILITY"

**THIS MONTH'S SUPER SPECIALS!**

**VIDEO SPECTACULAR!**

VIDEO RECORDERS		VIDEO CAMERAS	
AKAI VHS 7350 Port VHS	\$1295	AKAI VC-X1 Auto Focus	\$875
JVC HR 6700 VHS Recorder	\$795	JVC CV-80 Camera	\$499
JVC HR 2200 Port. VHS Rec.	\$945	MAGNAVOX 8244 Camera	\$699
MAGNAVOX 8340 VHS Rec.	\$990	PANASONIC PK-700 Camera	\$675
MAGNAVOX 8310 VHS Rec.	\$625	PANASONIC PK-750 Camera	\$675
MAGNAVOX 8372 Port. VHS	\$995	PANASONIC PK-600 Camera	\$675
MAGNAVOX 8371 Port. VHS	\$895	RCA CC-007 Camera	\$750
MAGNAVOX 8370 Port. VHS	\$825	RCA CC-010 Camera	\$799
PANASONIC PV 1210 VHS Rec.	\$625	SONY HVC-2210 Camera	\$995
PANASONIC PV 1300 VHS Rec.	\$795	SONY HVC 2200 Camera	\$995
PANASONIC PV 1400 VHS Rec.	\$875	SONY HVM-100 BW Camera	\$225
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PANASONIC PV 3100 Port. VHS	\$795		
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RCA VET 250 VHS Recorder	\$750		
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**SUSIE JOHNSON**

continued from page 62

open and saw Jackie come through!  
"Jackie, oh, Jackie," Susie sobbed to her dark-haired pal. "We've got to get out of here!"

"Not so fast, Miss Susie Johnson," Jackie responded evenly. For the first time, Susie noticed the ray gun Jackie was carrying. It was aimed right at her!  
"Jackie, what does this mean?" Susie's jaw almost dropped to the ground.

"It means I'm the brains in this operation!" cried a smirking Jackie.  
"Susie Johnson, always so right, so perfect. Well, I should have been second vice-president of Omega house, and now the whole world's going to know it!" She offered Susie a knowing glance. "Especially Ohio. In ten seconds, deadly nuclear bombs are going to blow that cow pasture sky-high."

Jackie stripped away a curtain, revealing a computer simulation map of Ohio. Large rockets, represented by small, beeping blips, were hurtling quickly toward the Buckeye State!

"Jackie, you wouldn't!" Susie begged. "Not with homecoming a week away!"

"Three...two...one..." replied Jackie, looking intently at her watch. "Good-bye, fertile valleys and green fields!"

The evil rockets hit their unlucky target dead center!

Susie began to cry softly. Her mind was flooded with visions of sturdy barn animals and shiny farm machinery blown to tiny bits and haphazardly strewn across the scorched earth. With the events of the night and all, Susie felt more gum than she'd ever felt before.

"And now," chortled Jackie, "I think this moon beast has a little business with you."

The creature began to move in a threatening manner toward Susie. He hovered over the dazed girl and... briskly removed his head! It was only a mask, and underneath lurked a normal and familiar human face!

"Surprise, Susie!" he let out with a whoop and a holler.

"Why, Tom..." Susie squealed.

"Fooled you, didn't we?" asked the star poleman of the school's slugball team.

Susie stared at him, eyes agog with fire. "Tom Robinson, I'm never going to speak to you again!"

Jackie had a case of the giggles that

wouldn't take no for an answer. "Come on, Susie," she managed to blurt out. "Can't you take a joke? I'd say this is the best pledge prank ever!"

Susie was taken aback. "You mean the escorts weren't killed?"

"No," answered a bubbling voice as the door to the decompression chamber slid open. It was Sally, leading a file of Omega girls connected by life lines to the nearby sorority space capsule, the Peppy. "No, just severely wounded."

"And Ohio wasn't destroyed either," laughed Jackie merrily.

That's nice, thought Susie—although it meant that Jeff was still alive.

"Are you mad at us, Susie?" queried one of the younger girls.

Susie thought for a second, then burst into a wide grin. "Mad? How could I be mad at the best friends a girl ever had?"

It was true. Susie could never be mad at anyone very long, not even Tom.

After all, it really hadn't tasted that gross.

**Headshrinker**

An ample subject for analysis proved ponderous Pedro, as he sprawled upon my office couch, inclined to reminisce or wail his sorrows—haggard, woebegone.

He sniveled that his father was a wetback

who swam the Hudson, sidestroke, twice a night, while mother's Chinese Lunch sustained a setback when tourists tired of "Chicken Wing Delight."

Those outcries grew so inconsonable, their tenor roused my truculence, in sum,

to murmur: "Things thought uncontrollable are seldom grounds for mawkish martyrdom..."

"Because your father's leaky rowboat sank,

he learned the joy of knowing different strokes—and when your mother's soggy egg rolls shrank, she recognized the risk in mixing whites with yolks."

—Paul Maxim

## SOME REAL STUPID GUYS

continued from page 60

then about two houses down in this great big condominium these families taking their vacations together move in, and one of them turns out to be Bruce Babbitt, the governor of Arizona. He seemed like he was okay, but there were these girls with one of the families he was staying with who had these fucking amazing big tits and these tight little asses that popped out like tiny balls, so we decided to invite them over for a party that night. The house was totally ruined by now with sand and bread and beer cans all over it, but we figured if the girls really wanted it they wouldn't give a shit about the house. So they came over, but it turns out they're crazy as shit and they've got boyfriends and all they want to do is get high. We were real pissed off that we didn't have any dope, but these other guys show up and they've got PCR, which one of the girls takes and in about ten minutes starts saying the same thing over and over again and hitting a bookshelf with her arm real hard and then runs into the kitchen and sees a bunch of the bread loaves and starts throwing them against the refrigerator and moaning, so I tried to take her out onto the beach to calm her down and maybe jam her while she was high, but she just took off. So, the next day we were sitting out in the yard when Blinn starts talking to these twelve-year-old girls from Ventura who told us they only fucked their boyfriends, so Blinn said fuck that, and they took off. Later on, we started talking to this old lady who looked about forty or so, who'd fallen off her skates on the beachwalk in front of our place. She was kind of out of it, like she was high or something, and asked if she could use our phone and then she started shouting at some guy on the phone for fucking her over or something, and slammed down the phone, so I gave her one of our beers and helped her take off her skates and then I noticed that it looked like she wanted to get laid, so I told her she could lay down on a bed until her ankle got better, and before you know it I couldn't fucking believe it but we were making it. I didn't mind that there were all these chunks of bread crust stuck to her arm and the side of her face and in her hair, but then she got pissed off when I started to grab her tit, and she took off. Anyway, that's pretty much it. It was really a great fucking time. □

## O.C. AND STIGGS

continued from page 71

that time, the police sirens could already be heard.

I have not seen O.C. since that night. I drifted into real estate and he drifted into another state, I've heard. The Young Life fellows were brought to trial. Probably they would have got off, but in their haste to escape they hit a police car with one of their vehicles, which was easily traced to its driver, Eric Croft. Although the desecration charges were eventually dismissed and the chaos laid to an untraceable prank, there was no avoiding the charge that Eric Croft had rammed a police car and left the scene.

Eric's case was not helped by the wild tale spun by his father about communists and the FBI. Taking into account various evidences of previous good character, the judge remained aware that respect for the police was sacred in a society that hoped to live by law. Therefore, more as a deterrent to others than as a punishment to the offender, he gave Eric six months definite and six indefinite in the state pen.

A couple of years later I met this

actual FBI agent at a party. He was half-splattered on alcohol and began to mutter about a crazy old man named Croft who had been phoning the bureau for two years, shouting "rimlapper" and raving about a communist frame-up that had got his son sent to the state pen. Apparently the kid had got raped by habitual criminals his first day in, started a bad drug habit, and upon release headed out for San Francisco and more of the same.

"I sympathize with the guy, but what can I do? It happens all the time..."

I sat the agent down in a corner and told him the whole story of Operation Rimlapper. The story you've just read.

The FBI agent scratched his head thoughtfully. "Christ, you really fucked that guy over, didn't you? Well. What the hell. I could never hack guys with funny-shaped heads myself." Then suddenly the agent's casual conviviality fell away like the earth from O.C.'s rising form. "But, buddy," he said, "if you ever, if you ever try anything like that again, you better say you're with the CIA. That sort of thing makes us look bad." □

# 14K Gold Chains \$10 until Sept. 30

As part of an advertising campaign to promote the sale of gold jewelry we will give to each reader of National Lampoon who sees and returns this printed notice before Midnight, September 30, a 16-inch solid 14K gold chain for the sum of \$10 plus \$2 shipping and handling. There is no further monetary requirement. [Each chain is composed entirely of solid 14K gold including the clasp and will be accompanied by our Certificate of Authenticity to that effect.] This advertising notice is being placed simultaneously in other publications. If you see it in more than one publication, please let us know, as this information is helpful to us. Should you wish to return your chain you may do so

at any time to the address below and receive a full refund. There is a limit of one (1) chain per address, but if your request is made before Sept. 22, you may request a second chain by enclosing an additional \$10 plus \$2 shipping and handling. No request will be accepted past the dates noted above; your uncashed check will be returned if postmarked later than those dates. Please enclose this *original* notice with your request; photocopies will not be accepted. Send your name and address (please print) on a sheet of paper together with the appropriate sum to: FLEXNER & KIRBY, LTD., Gold Chain Campaign, Dept. 702-3, Box 1930, Greenwich, Ct. 06830. (X83450)

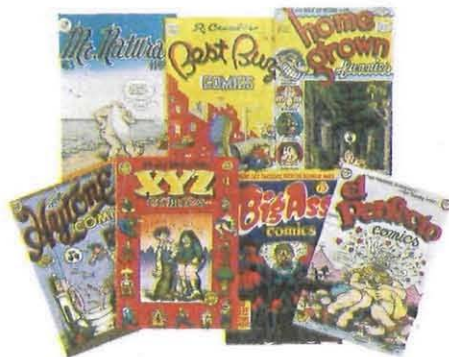
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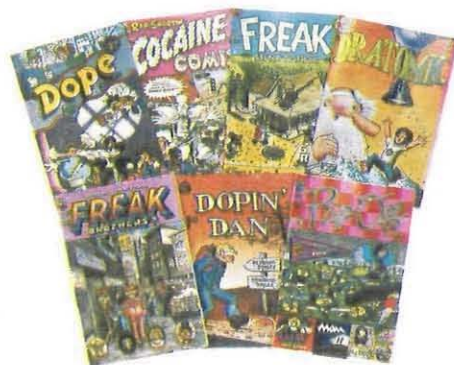
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# TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



## TRUE Facts

- In what seemed like a conciliatory gesture after a rent dispute, Ugo Putti invited all the tenants of his building in Naples, Italy, to a country picnic. But when the tenants returned home that evening they found that their landlord had demolished the building.

"I do not regret my action," said Mr. Putti. "I hated my tenants and they hated me." *Boston Herald-Examiner* (contributed by R. Cooke)

- According to police, Michael Chaplin, twenty-six, gunned down his former girl friend on a street in Marcus Hook, Pennsylvania, then made off as he had arrived—driving a street sweeper. The (*Wilmington*) *Morning News* (contributed by Barbara Bodes DePuy)

- Forty-seven-year-old author Sandra Brown and a codefendant were convicted of swindling \$10 million from the Small Business Administration through a series of dummy corporations. Brown had once penned an article entitled "How to Make a Million Before You're Thirty-four." *UPI* (contributed by W. C. Gallagher)

- More than fifty relatives of the late Taner Yetisal traveled from all over Turkey to hear his last will read in Istanbul. But it turned out that the wealthy businessman had left his entire fortune to his third wife and her family, cutting out many other family members. Disgruntled relatives began a gun and knife battle that lasted four hours and left seventeen casualties, including fourteen dead. *CP* (contributed by Jim Parker)

- Chinese scientists are checking out two sisters from Peking who seem to be able to read with their armpits. Wang Qiang, twelve, and Wang Bin, ten, reportedly identify Chinese characters held under their armpits. Not only that, but one sister can read characters held under the other's armpit. They can also read the characters through their ears, a Chinese reporter claimed.

The *London Daily Telegraph*, meanwhile, reported that other Chinese children with extrasensory powers were under investigation, including a young Wuhan woman who reads characters by sitting on them. According to the British press report, "The Chinese scientific community is uncertain of what all this means." *San Francisco Sunday Examiner* (contributed by Michele Hament)

- Police working a special command post during a weeks-long summer festival in Chicago hauled in their 500th arrestee for a special

booking ceremony. The confused pickpocket was given a standing ovation by police officers, who also presented the thief with a basket of fruit and a ticket to next year's ChicagoFest. *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Marti Smitana)

- Alesandre Garcia, press spokesman for Brazilian president Joao Baptista Figueiredo, granted an interview to *Ele e Ela*, a Brazilian skin magazine. The article appeared showing Garcia in bed, barechested. The caption read, "I've lived sinful sex, mysterious sex, and taboo sex. Finally I've arrived at natural sex." Garcia was fired. *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (contributed by Eric Ambro)

- Patricia Esposito filed suit to enjoin Murray Kaplan from operating his discount record store in Rockaway, New Jersey, or from selling the business. Claiming to own a share of the store, Ms. Esposito contended that Kaplan was under the care of

a psychiatrist and that his mental condition was jeopardizing the future of the company. The record shop is named Mad Man Murray's. *Newark Star-Ledger* (contributed by Dan Burns)

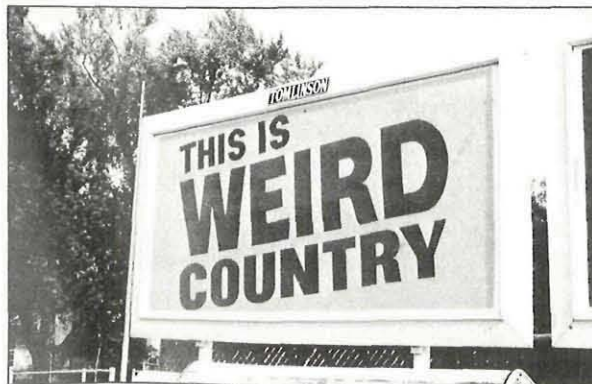
- Australian scientists have developed a way to better distribute cattle dung over pasture land. According to a trade journal there, "A slow-release pellet of photoreactive gallium-arsenide-3" is fed to the cow and finds its way through the digestive tract and into the animal's dung. Then, when an offending cow plop is exposed to the ultraviolet rays of sunlight, it explodes.

"An initial increase in dung production is noted," the journal reports, "but the animals are soon conditioned to the noise of exploding pads." *Food Technology in Australia* (contributed by Elise Brand)

- A twenty-one-year-old driver being pursued by police in a high-speed chase along Oklahoma's Cimarron Turnpike stopped at a toll booth on the roadway, politely paid his eighty-cent toll, then resumed his getaway at speeds of up to 140 mph. He was later caught and arrested. *AP* (contributed by John Sobolewski)

- According to a Sydney, Australia, press report, an early-morning caller told police that a taxi driver was kicking another person on a street in suburban Liverpool. Officers sent to the scene, though, found only an artificial leg, still in a pair of jeans and wearing a sock. *Australian Playboy* (contributed by S. Bradley)

### PHOTO FOR THOUGHT



This unretouched billboard, paid for by a used-car dealer, apparently refers to Lincoln, Nebraska, and its environs.

(contributed by J. Scott Barnes)

# T R U E

## Letters to Welfare

*The following excerpts have been endlessly xeroxed and passed from office to office among employees of New York State. They were culled from letters received by the Saint Lawrence County Welfare Department.*

*(contributed by J. Moerschell)*

"I want my money as quick as I can get it. I have been in bed with the doctor for two weeks and he doesn't do me any good. If things don't improve, I will have to send for another doctor."

"My husband got his project cut off two weeks ago and I haven't had any relief since."

"I am writing to the Welfare Department to say that my baby was born two years old; when do I get my money?"

"I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my three children, one of them which is a mistake as you will see."

"In answer to your letter, I have given birth to a boy weighing ten pounds. I hope this is satisfactory."

"Unless I get my husband's money pretty soon, I will be forced to lead an immortal life."

"You have changed my little girl to a boy. Will it make any difference?"

"I have no children as yet as my husband is a bus driver and works days and nights."

"This is my eighth child. What are you going to do about it?"

"In accordance with your instructions, I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope."

"Please find out for certain if my husband is dead. The man I am living with can't eat or do anything until he knows."

"I am very annoyed that you have branded my boy illiterate as this is a dirty lie. I was married to his father a week before he was born."

"I am glad to report that my husband who was reported missing is dead."

"I am forwarding my marriage certificate and six children: I had seven but one died which was baptized on a half a sheet of paper."

"Mrs. Jones has not had any clothes for a year and has been visited regularly by the clergy."

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

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

### BITE MY CRANK DEPT.

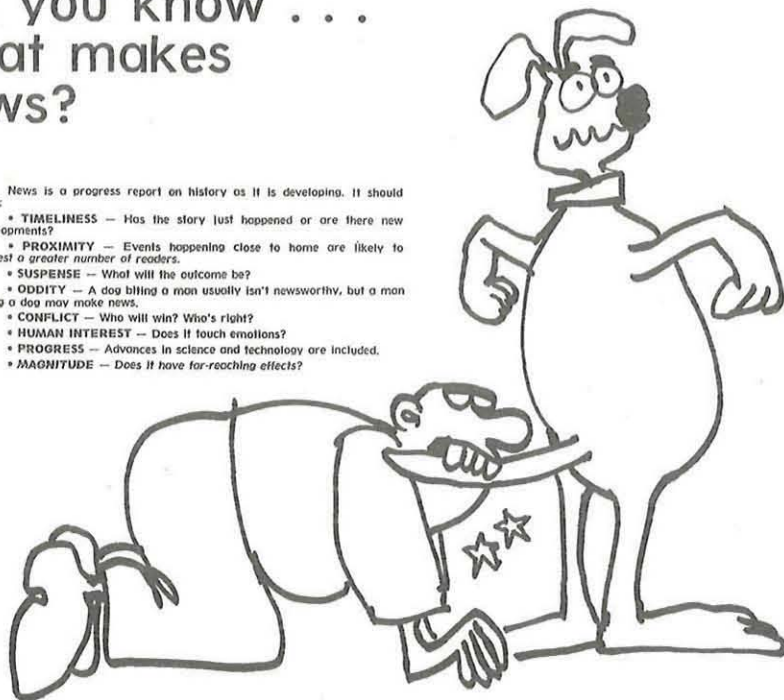
*Ohio school kids were treated to this rendition of the classic man-bites-dog definition of news that appeared in a special publication of the Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

*(contributed by Bob Williams)*

## Do you know . . . what makes news?

News is a progress report on history as it is developing. It should have:

- **TIMELINESS** — Has the story just happened or are there new developments?
- **PROXIMITY** — Events happening close to home are likely to interest a greater number of readers.
- **SUSPENSE** — What will the outcome be?
- **ODDITY** — A dog biting a man usually isn't newsworthy, but a man biting a dog may make news.
- **CONFLICT** — Who will win? Who's right?
- **HUMAN INTEREST** — Does it touch emotions?
- **PROGRESS** — Advances in science and technology are included.
- **MAGNITUDE** — Does it have far-reaching effects?



### SWELL HEADLINES

collected by Eric Ambro

*(All headlines from Cleveland Plain Dealer.)*

*For collectors of oddities*  
**She married a tadpole  
and bliss followed**

**Sex gadgets are  
replacing Tupperware**

**Death:  
A way of life**

*Outgoing cabinet secretary  
appeals for pregnant teens*

**2 powerful bombs  
explode in Beirut;  
15 killed 40 hurt**

**Autopsies show  
beer fatal to slugs**

**Underwear at bottom  
of fertility problem**

Vasectomy trial  
ends in hung jury;  
pair had sued M.D.

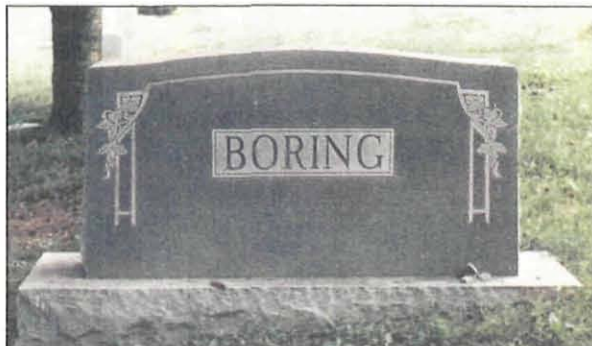
**Dyke's string snapped**

# T R U E

## What's Your Sign? Dead Readers' Page



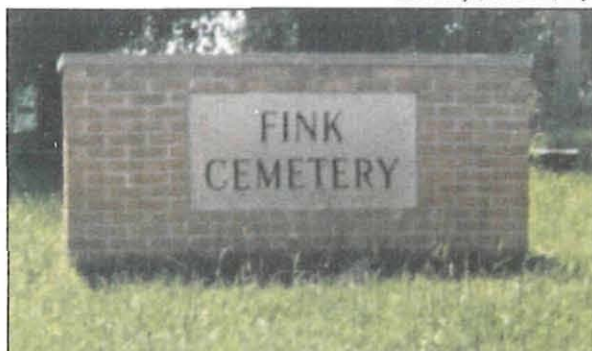
*Sam Forlenza, Buffalo, N.Y.*



*Bob Leafé, Teaneck, N.J.*



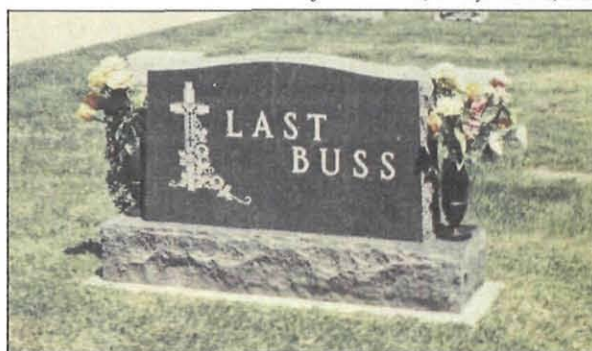
*Dana Bryan, New York, N.Y.*



*James R. Leas, Crawfordsville, Ind.*



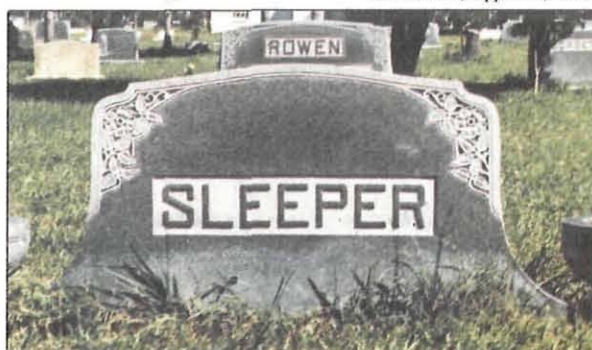
*Arthur Thompson, Syracuse, N.Y.*



*Steve Barta, Appleton, Wisc.*



*Arthur Thompson, Syracuse, N.Y.*



*Terry Hollis, Redington Shores, Fla.*

Not even we could make up

# TRUE FACTS

— a special edition from National Lampoon

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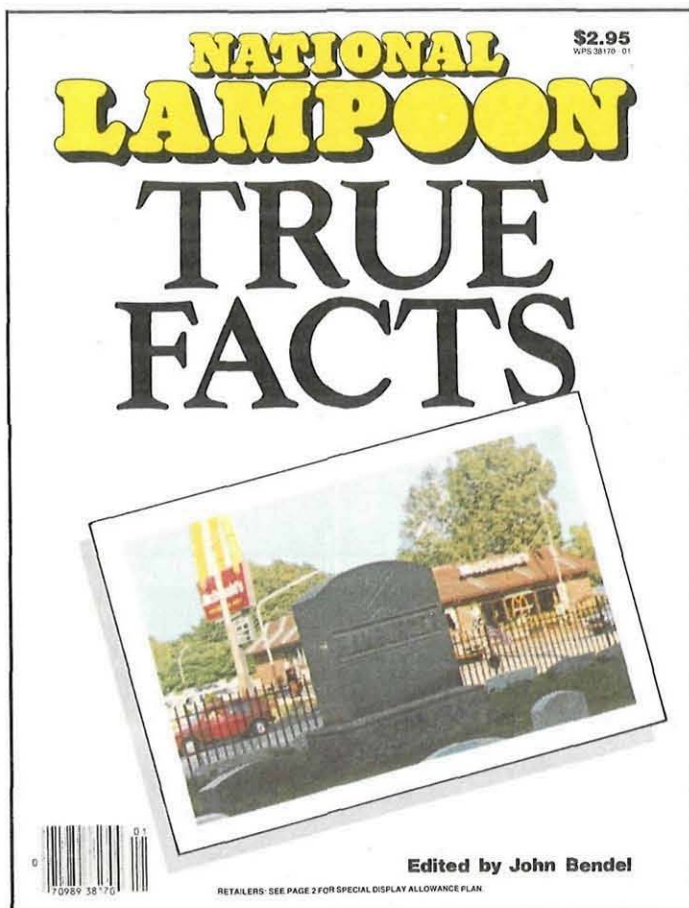
*True Facts* brings you true-life frauds, fracasas, misadventures, and god-awful accidents as they really happened to people just like you, your cousin Bob, and your ax-wielding neighbor across the hall! We're talking exploding toilets, plunging buses, deep-fried gerbils, and sex in strange places with even stranger partners!

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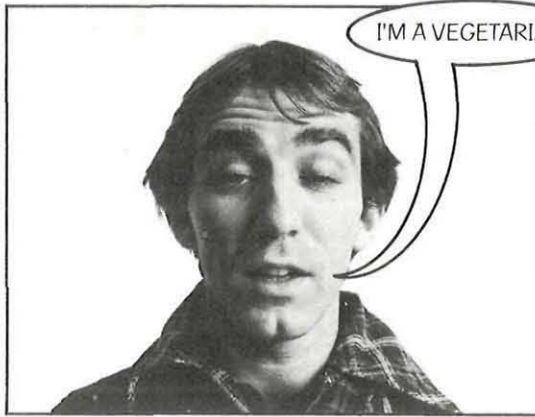
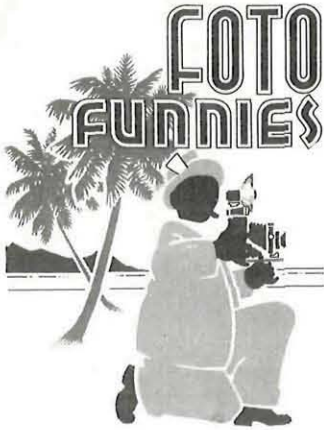
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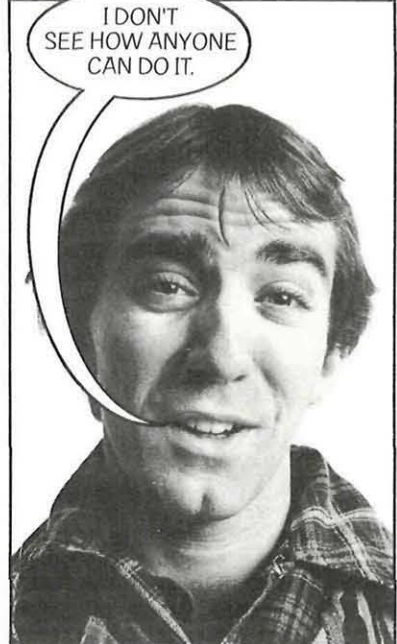
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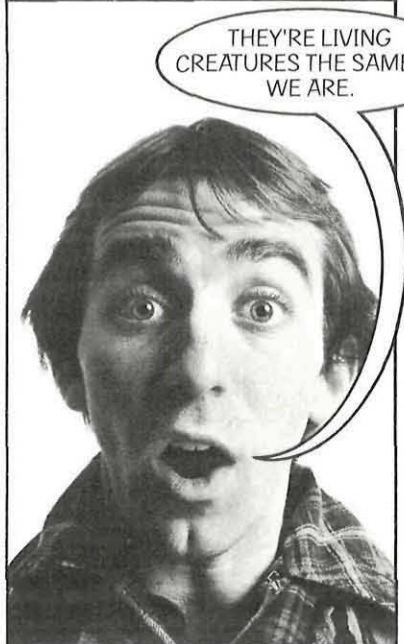
I'M A VEGETARIAN.



I THINK EATING OUR FELLOW ANIMALS IS REALLY DISGUSTING.



I DON'T SEE HOW ANYONE CAN DO IT.

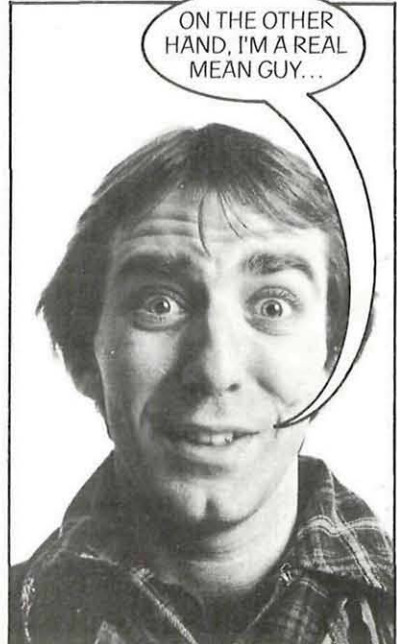


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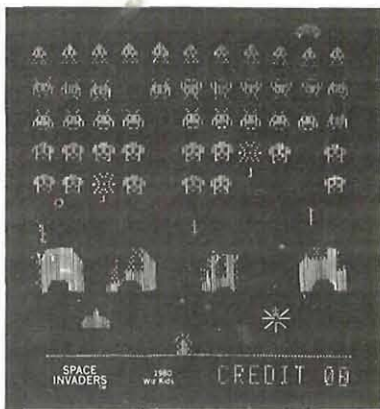


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## SOMETHING TO READ?

continued from page 69

### BEST-SELLERS

In the great tradition of summer best-sellers like *Ordinary People* and *The World According to Garp* comes this season's blockbuster paperback, *A Regular Guy*, by Donald Charlès, a literary-prize-winning, soon-to-be-a-major-motion-picture, book-club-selection publishing event.

John Phillips, the "regular guy" of the title, tells us, simply and directly, the story of his life—which turns out to be not just the Great American Novel but the Great American Myth as well.

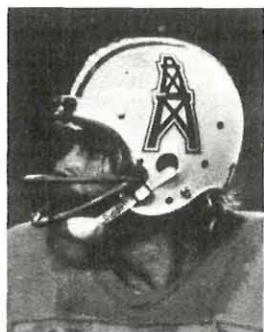
John's birth is mysterious. The man he calls "Dad" cannot be his father, for Dad is employed as an army chef and his secret duty, lacing the troops' mashed potatoes with saltpeter, has rendered him totally impotent. (It is implied that "Mom" became pregnant by swimming in the Y pool.) John's older brother and sister are typical as well: traumatized by the sight of Dillinger's penis while on a school field trip to the Smithsonian, Sis downs an aspirin-spiked Coke and commits sexual suicide on a gearshift, while big brother becomes a hairy-palmed, legally blind, terminal self-abuser.

John endures and survives the classic crises of an American adolescence; for instance, he nearly drowns as a result of going in the water too soon after eating, and suffers temporary lockjaw from cutting himself between the thumb and index finger on a rusty tin-can lid.

The Phillips family is wealthy, living off the interest from the million dollars Dad collected after discovering a dead rat in a bottle of soda pop. While on a safari to an elephants' graveyard, John sees his pseudofather brutally slain by an elephant to which Dad had been cruel many years before, and the young man resolves to become a priest.

But the night before entering the seminary John goes "parking" with Mary, a girl he knows to be "easy" because of the gap between her teeth. Together they commit what John considers to be a mortal sin; then, terrified by what seemed to be rain on the windshield but turns out to be blood, Mary "clamps up" on him. It begins to snow, the exhaust pipe becomes blocked, and thus are they discovered in the morning, locked together. Mary is dead, and although

# WHO CARES?



Kenny Stabler, quarterback and motorcyclist.

*"If I were to show up on the field without any protective gear, chances are I'd be laughed out of the stadium. Or carried out. Yet I see a lot of*

*cyclists riding without even a helmet. And that's nothing to laugh off. Like any sport, motorcycling requires proper equipment.*

*That's why, if I don't have a helmet, I don't ride. Period."*



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John survives, he goes quite mad, certain he has sent her immortal soul to hell.

In the mental home, John is "cured" by a charming, caring, Jewish psychiatrist, the chain-smoking Dr. Stein, who treats John's so-called schizophrenia by changing his blood.

Meanwhile, Mom, too, has died tragically. Having accidentally invented the formula for turning water into gasoline, she has been paid a fortune in hush money by the petroleum cartel and goes to a Chinese restaurant to celebrate. Unfortunately, she brings Rover, the beloved family dog, to the restaurant, sends him to the kitchen to be fed, and, at the end of her own meal, dies of shock upon learning that she has just eaten Rover.

John is now an orphan and has custody of his hairy-palmed brother, who has now gone deaf as well from sitting too near the amps at rock concerts; and to make matters worse, brother's blind eyes are now permanently crossed from a pat on the back he received while making funny faces.

A *Regular Guy*, like all American stories, is a series of sexual incidents in cars. First, there was the death of Mary. Then John's boyhood friend Bill and his fiancée are killed in an auto accident, after which every part of Bill's body *but one* is found. And John himself falls in love with a beautiful nightclub dancer only to discover, in the back of a cab, that "she" is a he... But why go on?

A *Regular Guy* is a treasure—a rich, eventful, life-affirming, heart-warming story of a person like you or me. And whether he's doing battle against the albino alligators in the sewer system, helping to thaw out the body of Walt Disney, or, in the end, sailing into the sunset with JFK and Marilyn Monroe, John Phillips remains that rare thing, a regular guy.

For your international-conspiracy-paranoid, thrill-a-minute, action-adventure reading pleasure, may we suggest a novel that combines the best of Trevanian, Ludlum, and Condon? The Brilliantine Paperback Cartel paid a record-breaking one trillion dollars for this baby, and has just released it with twenty-six different covers, under twenty-six different titles.

Gunther Nashe, master spy, Ph.D., former astronaut, and possessor of the ninety-two secrets of total orgasm, sets out to destroy the web of academic deceit called the *Encyclopedia*,

*Britannica*, in reality an elaborate plot to keep the real truth from mankind, a deliberate network of lies stretching from the lowliest proofreader and contributor to the bedrooms and boardrooms of the world's great universities. The web is scaled and unraveled by Gunther's quick wits and even quicker custom-made, limited-nuclear-device pistol. And not until the final, exhilarating paragraph do we know for certain whose side Zha-Zha, the brilliant and sensuous cross-indexer, is *really* on.

Look for this one in specially designed racks at checkout counters everywhere, under the titles *The Alphabetical Arrangement*, *Betrayal by the Book*, *The Concordance Conspiracy*, *The Devil's Dictionary*, *Encyclopedia Tyrannica*, *The Fallacy Formula*, *A Glossary of Guile*, *The Highbrow Hoax*, *The Informational Illusion*, etc.

For those of us whose favorite things to be scared to death by are Nazis and ghosts—and doesn't that describe us *all?*—there's *Again Nazis!*, an occult-holocaust page turner from the pen of Jasmine Lipschitz. From the ominous note struck in the first sentence, spoken by assimilated Long Island hausfrau Mrs. Conn ("Do you smell gas?"), to the shattering love-

scene conclusion in the cockpit of a bomber over Lebanon, this is a compulsively readable tale of Jewish identity lost and found and of the malign ghosts of former Gestapo beasts who haunt the family's Mercedes. Most frightening moment? The Passover seder held by the newly roots-conscious Conns, terrifyingly disrupted by the demonic spirit of Adolf Eichmann, who wickedly repossesses the rec-room Telefunken stereo system. Enjoy!

In *Our Clique*, the eagerly awaited sequel to her delicious best-seller of last summer, Rhoda Steinberg treats us to the further confessions of those four sophisticated ladies from the class of '69 at the State University of New York at New Paltz whom we first met in her *The Best of All Possible Girls*. This time, the four meet for a bittersweet reunion at the Love and Quiches bar at the North Shore Health and Racquet Club. Did Marci marry the Iranian exchange student who gave her that darling Persian rug for graduation? Did Marlene finally go to Botswana with Gerry, the Weatherperson from Skokie? Is Miranda still anorectic? And is Muffy *really* the author of *The Preppy Handbook*? Ms. Steinberg reveals all! □

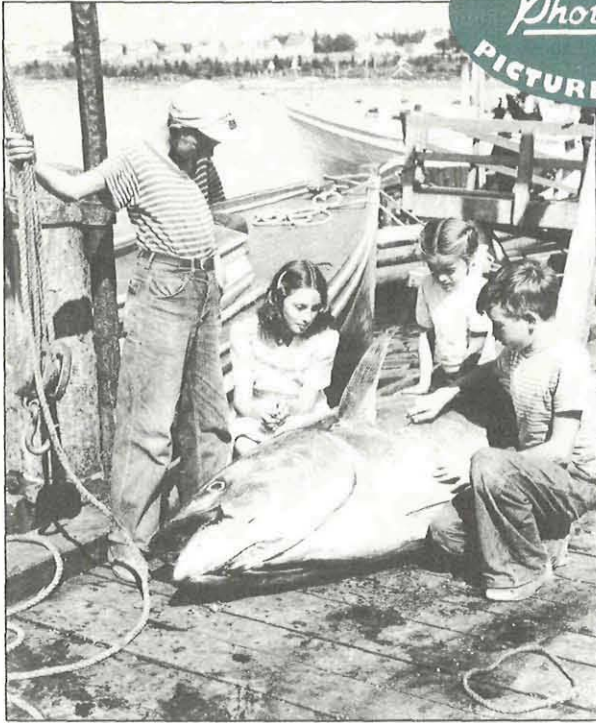
## NEXT MONTH



**National Lampoon solves the crises of American life in the most important issue we have ever published. Coming in August.**

# Photorama

## PICTURE PARADE



**Halifax, Nova Scotia** The U.S. graffiti craze has caught on with Canadian kids. Youngsters from the Yukon to the Maritime provinces are now scribbling their initials and nicknames on fish, moose, Eskimos, and even unwary forestry officers. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau has called for a parliamentary investigation, and sales of all writing instruments are being restricted to people who can prove they have something to sign, such as a time-purchase agreement or a cheery vacation postcard.



**Sofia, Bulgaria** The Bulgarian Surgical Institute has announced the world's first successful double implant of completely functional prosthetic hands. The operation was performed on factory worker Malenka Popeskue, who lost her own hands in a drop-forging accident. Ms. Popeskue's new manual appendages are reported to perform all tasks of strength and dexterity as well as or better than natural hands; plus, they can be used as attractive and lightweight patio furniture.



**Hallandale, Florida** The world-famous family of tightrope walkers the Flying Wallendas has been beset by tragedy in recent years. Over 145 family members have died or been disabled in circus accidents. Recently the Wallendas have begun to replace members of their act with American automobiles. One such automobile is shown here making a descent on an inclined wire. Troupe leader Ned Wallenda claims that the American automobiles add novelty to the act. "Besides," he says, "if an American automobile falls off the high wire, who cares? They are not as good as Jap cars anyway."



**Butte, Montana** Winner of this year's Montana Horse Wrestling Championship was Edward Little Bear, of Livingstone, who threw and pinned a three-year-old mare named Stormy in the deciding match. Little Bear was later disqualified, however, when the judges discovered that he is actually an American Indian and not a horse at all.

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