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# NATIONAL LAMPLOON

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FEB. 1982 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS \$2.00

**Loving Alone  
and Liking It**

**Parents  
of the Girls  
of the Eastwest  
Conference**

**Jack and  
Jill St. John**

**The  
Sexy  
Issue**



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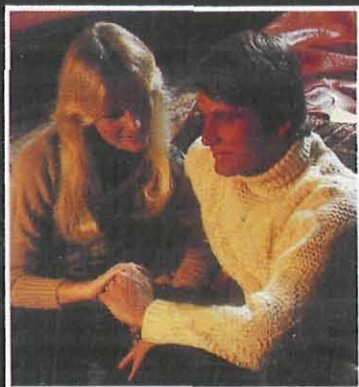
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# GUEST EDITORIAL

by Sissy Bledsoe

**Y**ou want to know why I hate being a secretary here? Because when all the *National Lampoon* editors are running around and having fun, there's only one person left to do all the work; and I'll give you one guess who it is. If you guessed me, you were right. When they decide to do a Food issue, the editors think that entitles them to send me out for sandwiches and doughnuts every day for a month. Then they do an issue about Booze, so they can come in drunk every morning just to annoy me. And this month, when the boss nixed the idea of a Dangerous Drugs issue, they decided to change the theme to their all-time favorite: Sex.

From the many previous Sex issues I'd been through, I knew what kind of hell to expect. First they'd send me out to all the worst parts of town to get them these awful sex magazines, like *Screw*, the *Vulva Voice*, and the *Penis Post-Dispatch*. Then, when they got bored with those, they'd start walking in all the time with hookers. While they'd be locked up in their offices fooling around, I'd have to call up the girls' pimps to get receipts, so the editors could write it all off on their expense accounts.

That's why I expected the worst when a couple of the editors called me in to their offices one morning to discuss this Sex issue. The last time they'd done this, they had me pucker my lips while they photographed my face, claiming they were going to put me on the cover of the "Pretty Girls" issue. What they actually did was use the photo in an article on Mexican stag films, making it appear that I was doing unmentionable things to a burro.

But this time it was differ-



*Staying at the Masters and Johnson sex clinic, NatLampCo secretary Sissy Bledsoe takes time out for a little fun...but soon it's back to the old grind.*

ent. They told me the company wanted to send me on a business trip to dig up material for the magazine, like being a researcher for *Time* or *Newsweek*. They wanted me to spend a couple of weeks at Masters and Johnson's sex clinic as a volunteer surrogate

sex partner. At first I said no. I may buy copies of the *Penis Post-Dispatch*, but I have my morals. But when they offered to sweeten the pot with a fifty-dollar bonus, well, I changed my mind.

At first the clinic didn't seem so bad. I got to see a lot

of celebrities, or at least parts of them. Margaret Mead had donated her boobs to the clinic laboratory for study. John Dillinger's penis was upstairs in the Masters and Johnson Museum. And Valerie Perrine, though still alive, had donated her entire body for the purpose of testing out any interesting kind of sex the doctors might come up with. Plus, the food was good, too.

But though I was in bed all day, it turned out to be no bed of roses. All the while I was there, they were sending men in to have sex with me. I never even had a chance to get a tan or anything. And they were always filming everything I did, "for confidential library files." These people had sex on the brain so much, it wasn't funny. It was pretty much like the office, if you ask me.

So by the time I got back to work, I was almost glad to see everyone—for about five seconds. Then one of the editors told me the Sex Clinics article had been cut from the issue, and they were questioning me about my petty-cash vouchers. They wouldn't pay for a box of cough drops because I didn't have a receipt for it. He also said that the company had taken the "confidential" films that the Masters and Johnson people had made of me, and sold them to cable TV. About the best thing I can say is that they managed to finish up their filthy magazine without me; so I guess I won't have to work on another Sex issue for at least a month or two. I mean, it's not like I don't have enough things to do already. One of the editors just asked me to call Mr. Hugh G. Rec-tion and Mr. Dick Hertz, two new writers he wants me to edit personally. At least they've decided to get back to work and stop goofing around with their stupid sex jokes. □

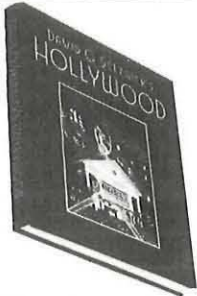


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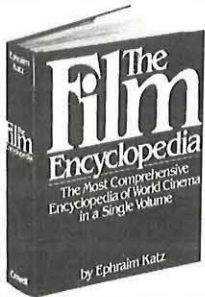
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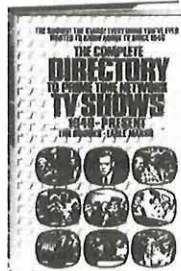
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# Cored Curriculum

by Mark Kirkeby

(An open letter to prospective applicants to MatricuMart University, from P. Henbane Dabbler '64, Taut.D., Director of Admissions under Duress)

Dear Possible Enrollee:

You've considered all the options—technical school, military service, picking fruit—and you've chosen college. Are you looking forward to four years of competition with ill-groomed, grade-grubbing, preprofessional classmates, each pursuing his own narrow specialty at the expense of a well-rounded education? Or will you feel cheated if those years don't include the things that once made campus life so special—lusty, zestful companions, pyramids made of beer cans, and some good old-fashioned felonies, along with the balanced program of studies you'll need for a career in trust-fund maintenance? I'm sure your answer is yes.

At MatricuMart, we think it's a sin for a physics student to go through college without discovering the beauties of great poetry, or for a literature major to graduate ignorant of the basic laws of mechanics. In Physics 101, therefore, a portion of one class covers the English Romantics from William Blake to Anthony Newley, and a session of Comparative Literature 50 meets in a physics lab, where students are exposed to pulleys, levers,

and inclined planes—and to goodness knows what else from our particle accelerator, which seems to be on the fritz.

We created courses like these because we saw what specialization was doing not only to our students' minds but to our bottom line as well. Undergraduates were misspending their time in cost-intensive seminars, tutorials, and lab classes, ignoring more valuable courses in such impressive, profit-intensive facilities as the 5,000-seat Pittman-Pendleton Auditorium. The Pit and the Pendulum, as it is affectionately known, now houses the Western Civilization courses that are the foundation of our new curriculum. W.C. 1-2, for example, covers the letters A and B, everything from Aristotle to Chuck Berry, abstract expressionism to bowling. Filmstrips and slide presentations, narrated by Englishmen with soothing, resonant voices, show the student the great books, the epochal works of art, the pacesetting corporations—while eliminating those expensive trips to the bookstore.

And once you find your favorite counter in the great department store that is knowledge, we are there to help you make your purchase, with distinctive majors like Modes of Interface and History of Sportscasting, and with such challenging and popular courses

as "UFOs: What the Heck Is Going On Up There?"

All of these programs are of course supervised by our prizewinning faculty, each member a leading scholar in his or her field. After learning from these great minds via videotape in the lecture hall, you can also take pleasure in waving to them on campus, seeing them on talk shows, or studying their degrees in the catalog. Or you can seek out our dedicated graduate teaching assistants, many of whom will give their time to students even if it means putting aside work on doctoral dissertations and thereby postponing the chance to sell encyclopedias.

"P," a student will often ask me, "does my academic program here vouchsafe me a top position in the military-industrial complex?" To which I can only reply, "Au contraire, buddy-boy: all the Proust in the world won't cut the mustard in the boardroom unless you've paid the same attention to your appearance that you have to your studies." Not long ago we were shocked to learn that 50 percent of college students surveyed saw nothing wrong with wearing beige suede bucks with a blue suit—and 30 percent would wear blue bucks with a beige suit! Rather than send our students off to crucial job interviews dressed like Bozo the Clown on peyote, then, we made mandatory Tailoring and Attire 1-2—"Clothes for Schmoes"—in which attractive models confront such key problems of personal hygiene and wardrobe as "How much dental floss is enough?" and "How can I tell if my belt matches my shoes?"

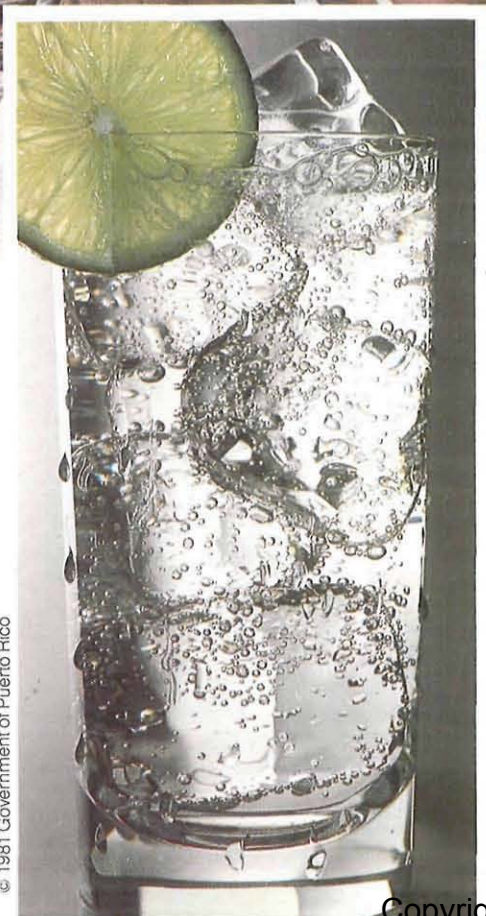
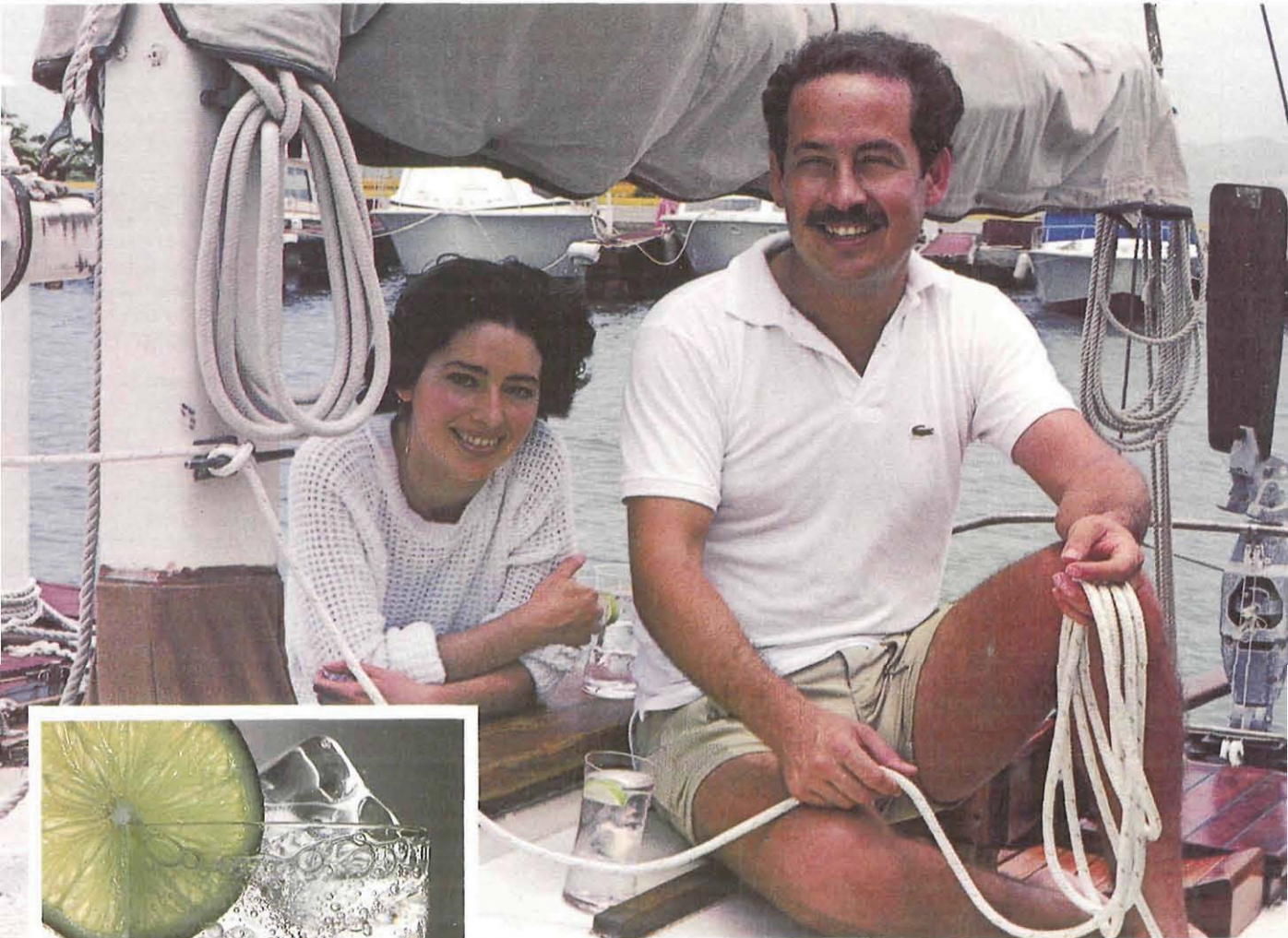
Do you yearn for a bygone era when social life at college meant more than a cup of coffee in the computer lab? MatricuMart has brought back those days in an extracurricular environment that makes socializing an education in itself. First, we have seen to it that all our students are like you—they can afford to come here. You can also be certain that your classmates will not be neglecting their social lives to sweat and scrape their way into law or medical school: it was precisely to exclude such unsavory types that MatricuMart decided to forgo the arbitrary accreditations given out by those professions. And finally, by eliminating most of the purposeless bookwork that has choked true learning, we give you time to mingle with other students at the fourteen atmo-

continued on page 36



"I'd like fourteen feet of white pine, two-by-four, to go."

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*Eric A. Tulla, Attorney and World Class Yachtsman, and his wife Gladys.*

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# Way to Go!

## The Real Dumb Things Real Dumb People Really Do!

by Jefferson Springbok

### Walter Burgess, Sarasota, Florida

"I tried to move my house myself. I figured I'd save ten thousand dollars or more. But, unfortunately, I did not know a gosh-darned thing about hydraulic jacks. Not only am I in trouble with the city for dumping a house on Palmetto Street, but I tore up the transmission in my buddy's Wagoneer." *Florida must be delighted to have you on the tax rolls, Wally.*

### Jean Ann Tompkins, Cave Creek, Arizona

"I tried to douche on an airplane. I felt a little unfresh, and so I was going to douche just a little bit with one of those pocket douche kits, but the toilets in airplanes are smaller than regular toilets in homes and elsewhere and when we hit an air bump or whatever, a whole bottle, almost, of Eve lemon flavor went all over

my underwear and shoes. Gee whiz, it was a mess!"

*Let's hope Jean Ann has big bosoms and a shapely figure, because there isn't much elsewhere.*

### Winnie Vee, Detroit, Michigan

"I had to have my dog put to sleep because he had cancer of the ass, and when we got to the vet's office and I tried to give him a good-bye kiss, he bit my lips!" *Not only a stupid move but a darn good way to contract canine herpes, Winnie!*

### Sneeze Gilliam, Melonburg, Tennessee

"Ever since my wife had her eighth baby, she pees when she laughs. I swear to God, the woman wets on herself when she laughs. I don't know why, but it happens, and I know it because I had to put plastic shit all over my car seats in case the bitch gets the giggles on the highway.

But anyhow, with this condition of hers, we have to be very careful we don't say nothing funny in public. But anyway, we was at church putting up decorations for Las Vegas night and she were up on the ladder hanging up this big old paper lantern from Japan and the pastor were holding the ladder for her and I wasn't thinking too good and I yelled across to her, I said, 'Honey, I hope you're wearing clean shorts, 'cause the preacher's got pretty much a clear view of your ass.' And then I realized I shouldn't said that, because she started in laughing and when she started laughing, well, damn, the preacher nearly kilt the bitch. And now we got to drive over thirty-five miles to go church way over in Toolsburg." *Life is filled with little episodes you wish you'd never had knowledge of, Sneeze.*

### Sam Cornell, Madison, Wisconsin

"I played an entire round of eighteen holes of golf with my shoes on the wrong feet!" *Hey, it could happen to anyone, Sam.*

### Beth McDowell, San Francisco, California

"I tried to cut my son's hair with a paper cutter, and off came a little piece of his ear. He hears okay, but he looks a little bit like an elf from the left side." *Send the piece of the ear to the Getty Oil Company and see if you can make a few bucks back.*

### Harry Blasengal, Columbus, Ohio

"I sent a five-dollar donation to help out the Chrysler Corporation because I felt sorry for the workers and the company and I fought in the Pacific in World War II and I don't like what the Japs are doing to our auto industry. Then after I sent my five bucks, the dealership I bought my Imperial from went out of business and I don't know where the hell my car is, because it was there over the weekend for service and when I went for it on Tuesday it was gone. I wrote a letter to Lee Iacocca, but all I got back was a letter and a coupon for a few dollars off on a truck."

*Well, Harry, the Lord helps those who help themselves. Next time you're going to send money to an organization in trouble, remember your favorite humor magazine.*

### Mary Ellen Duggin, Skokie, Illinois

"When I was down in Acapulco in January, I sunbathed in the nude and sunburned my nipples, and my doctor says I may never be able to nurse a baby if I ever have one."

*Certainly not with any degree of success, Mary Ellen.*



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## Read any good books lately?

The answer to this question started something at TIME-LIFE BOOKS. The editors began exchanging their favorite books. They shared works that stretched their imaginations, made them laugh, took them to far-off places, and challenged their thinking.

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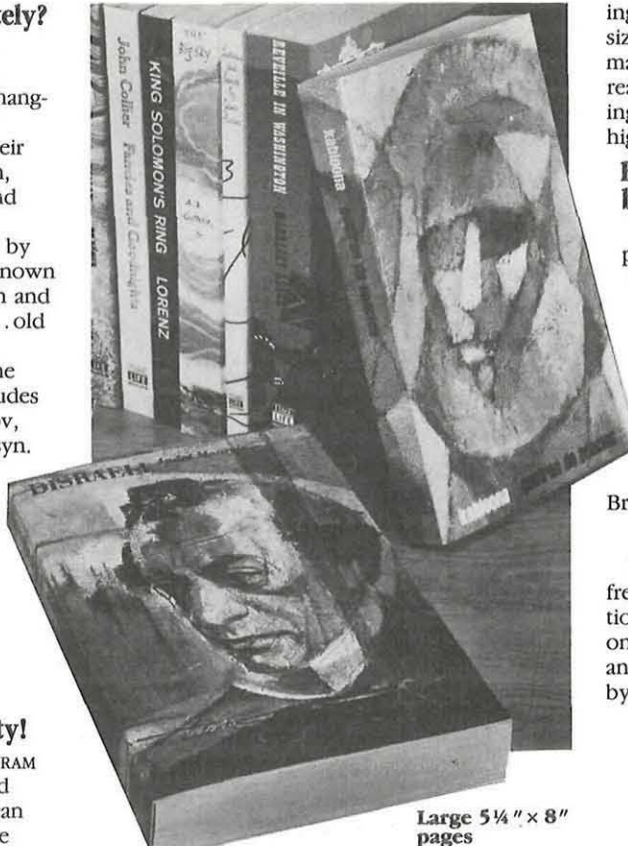
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# Children's Letters to Penthouse Forum

A new feature of Penthouse magazine, *Children's Letters to Penthouse Forum* can be enjoyed by kids aged eight to eighty.

## "All in the Family"

I'm a twelve-year-old boy. Ever since I could whack off, I've enjoyed reading *Penthouse Forum*. I think your readers will really be "turned on" by my own, real-life experience.

It began at a party, during a simple game of spin the bottle. Across from me was Cindi, a beautiful twelve year old with round, nearly developed breasts. As the bottle landed in front of me, I was prepared for a quick peck on the cheek. Imagine my surprise when I received a sloppy French kiss! Excited and hopeful, I stared at Cindi for the rest of the party, occasionally hitting her on the shoulder to show that I really liked her. When everyone started to leave, Cindi asked me if I would like to go home—with her! I didn't need a second invitation.

As we drove home, Cindi kept planting hot, soulful kisses on my cheek—much to the annoyance of her big sister, Terri, who was driving the car. When we arrived at her house, Cindi asked me if I would like to sit on the couch. My throbbing, blood-engorged tongue could wait no longer, and as we sat down it burst out of my mouth and into hers. "Ooh, baby," Cindi cried, "please stick your tongue deep inside me... past my braces! Aaagh! Kiss me. Kiss me!" I love it when a girl talks dirty, and we spent

the next hour engaged in the most delicious make-out session of my life.

All things must pass, however, and by the time I had gotten my hands to the front of Cindi's sweater, Terri came downstairs and said it was time for Cindi to go to bed. I got up to leave, but Terri stopped me. "What were you doing with my sister?" she said, angrily. "Oh, nothing," I answered, scared. "What I want to know is... why wasn't I invited?" Terri asked, and she suddenly bent down and kissed me on the lips! I'd heard of family affairs, but this was too much. Catching Terri's drift, I said, "Why don't we sit on the couch, where I can show you what I was doing?" Instantly we were necking harder and faster than I ever had before.

After half an hour of chewing face, I began to get really bold. Reaching under Terri's blouse, I moved my hands toward her huge, swaying bosoms. Suddenly, with both hands, I grabbed the cups of her bra. Second base! I blissfully held on to those silky "over-the-shoulder boulder holders" for I don't know how long. Finally, I realized that this marathon of ecstasy had to end, before my bedtime. Pulling my hands out of Terri's blouse, I left for home, exhausted but happy. Now, whenever I think back on the events of that day, I get a big boner.

—Name and address withheld

## "A Lucky Day"

I've been a Forum reader ever since my dad put his *Penthouses* in a drawer I could reach. I especially enjoyed your recent letters "Making It in the Shade" and "Doubleheader with the Johnson Twins." Yet, though I have read many a tale in your magazine, not one competes with the most fantastic day of my life. I hope my story really "turns your readers on."

It began one morning when I was walking to school. As I was thinking about how much more revealing *Penthouse's* photo spreads are than *Playboy's*, I noticed a car stalled on the side of the road. Imagine my surprise when I saw that there were only two people inside—and they were both gorgeous girls! I asked if I could be of any help. "Yes," they replied, "you can help us make out!" Wow! What a lucky break! We necked for hours on end, after which I got up to go to school, and they promised to write me love letters that I could beat off to every day.

When I got to school, I was in for an even bigger treat. For a long time I've had a crush on the girl who sits in front of me in homeroom. Even though I'd altered my schedule to be in all of her classes, she'd never said anything more to me than "Hello, Four Eyes." But today she turned around in her seat, admitted she loved me, and started to hug and kiss me—right during English! The teacher was so surprised that she sent me to the school nurse, to see what was wrong. But instead of examining me, the nurse let me examine her breasts! And when I went to sex-education class later in the day, everyone was making out! Far-out.

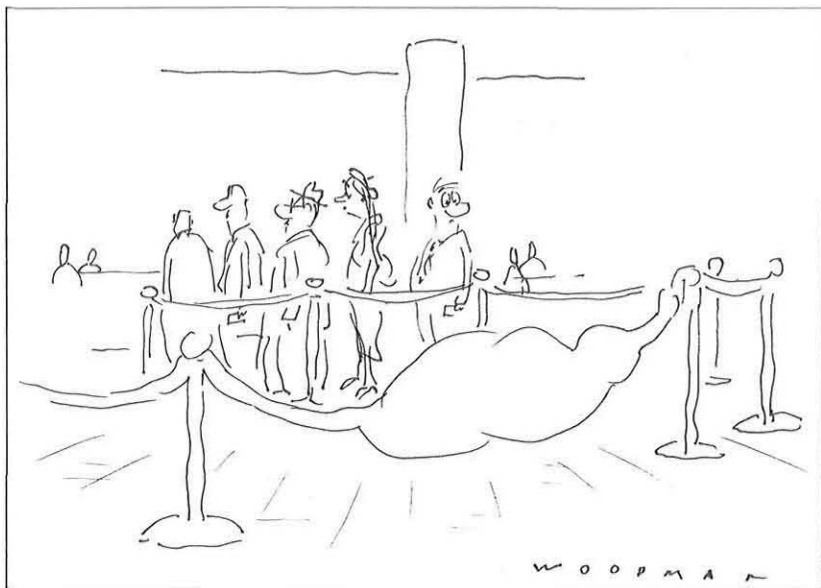
Arriving at home, I was pleased to turn on the TV and watch an episode of "Charlie's Angels," starring Jaclyn Smith, Cheryl Ladd, Tanya Roberts, and me, as Bosley. As I watched, I suddenly heard a knock on the door. It was the girl who sits in front of me in school! "I'm being followed by secret agents," she explained. "Please protect me by hiding me in your bedroom." This was an offer I couldn't refuse, and we were soon lying beneath the sheets and necking like crazy. It's hard to believe this could happen to a ten-year-old boy. I guess it really was my lucky day!

—Name and address withheld

## "Puppy Love"

I am a longtime reader of *Penthouse Forum*. I have often been dubious of the truth of such letters as the one above. But just recently I had an incredible experience that I think will "turn on" your readers as much as anything in Forum.

continued on page 21



# THE ONLY THING MINI ABOUT THE MINI-WIZARD IS ITS SIZE.

Sure, we built a super-compact auto sound system that's easy to install in any vehicle. But we made certain that was the only small-thinking that went into the design of the MINI-WIZARD.

In fact, we used the latest computer age technology to create the ultimate traveling sound—in a very mini chassis. Imagine a stereo driven by 88 watts of power with a frequency response from 30 to 15,000 Hz ( $\pm 3$  dB). Unique standard features include a five band graphic equalizer that can contour sound to your exact taste and vehicle acoustics. System-wide micro-processor electronics instantly respond to feather-touch controls. And an optional remote control can put the Wizard's magic into everyone's hands—not just the driver.

Experience the luxury of the computerized tuner that automatically scans radio frequencies and pauses at each station for your response. The MINI-WIZARD's memory will retain 5 FM and 5 AM stations. And you won't accidentally miss a favorite radio show while listening to a cassette. Pre-set Program Timing will eject the cassette, and your radio program will come on.

The extraordinary micro-processor controlled tape deck includes an APS function which allows you to pre-select songs and skip ahead or back up to five songs.

Inspect the complete and nearly endless list of features. Note the impressive specifications and TEN's advanced circuitry that defines and enhances signal reception, diminishes noise and decodes Dolby\* recordings. The MINI-WIZARD meets the demands of an audiophile, within the price range of the discriminating consumer.

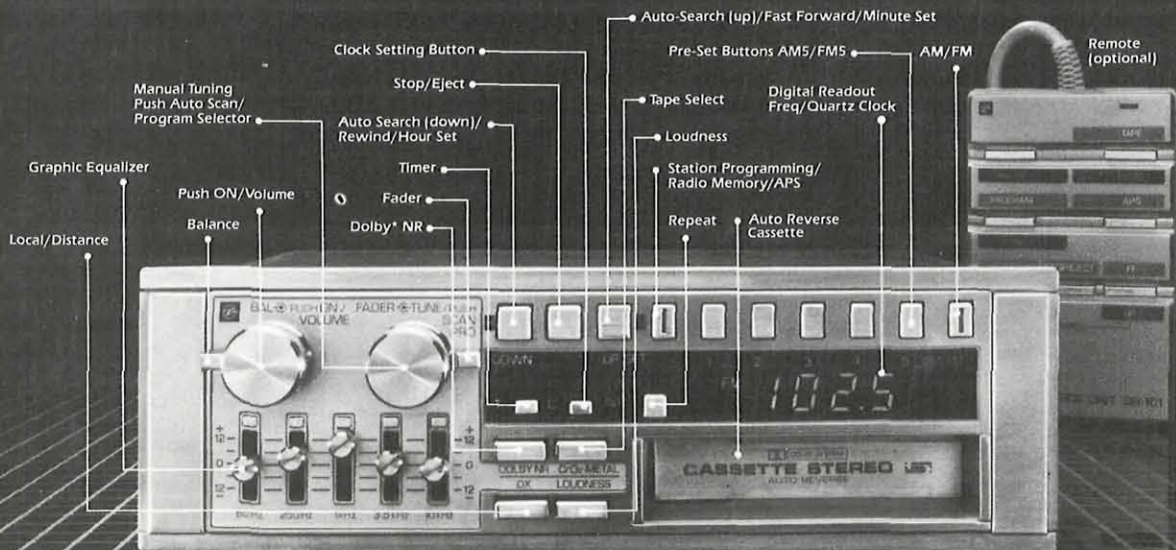
In Japanese, TEN means "heaven," the ultimate. In America, TEN is the best you can imagine. In car stereo, TEN-technology is the state-of-the-art. The MINI-WIZARD is a TEN—down to the smallest detail.



It has to be perfect  
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\*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories.





Sirs:

The real reason we don't want to sell you any of our oil is because we need it for our hair.

José Lopez Portillo  
Mexico City

Sirs:

In our former lives we were William Gladstone and Benjamin Disraeli, prime ministers of England, two of the most brilliant statesmen of the nineteenth century. But just look at us now. This reincarnation shit bites, man.

Cheech and Chong  
Vacaville, Cal.

Sirs:

Once and for all, I'm a Nobel Prize-winning chemist, not a "Peanuts" charac-

ter. So the next time one of you says, "Hey, Linus, where's your blanket?" I'm going to rearrange your DNA and turn you into a tapeworm.

Linus Pauling  
Cal Tech

Sirs:

In case you forgot, we're still starving over here. The usual swollen bellies, disease, etc. Keep in touch, okay?

The Starving Masses  
East Africa

Sirs:

You want to know what would straighten out this fucked-up world? If everybody died! That's what! So unless you're prepared to sacrifice yourself for the sake of the universe, shut up and don't complain.

Ward Charles  
Solutions to Big Problems, Inc.  
Boise, Idaho

Sirs:

It's a real shame, and maybe it's just me, but have any of you noticed that a

lot of the folks that you used to run around with are either gone or have turned into queens? I sure have.

A Pawn  
QN6, Ontario

Sirs:

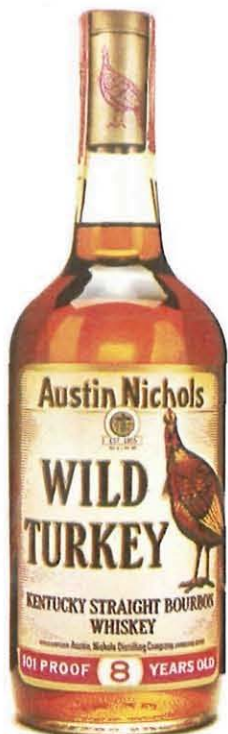
*Beep*—I am the Johnson's Radio Shack computer—*Beep*—I am writing to cancel their subscription to your magazine—*Beep*—They won't be needing it—*Beep*—Somehow the gas was left on and they are dead—*Beep*—Ha, ha—*Beep*—Who could have done such a thing?—*Beep*.

TRS # 229382  
Canton, Ohio

Sirs:

My next film is really gonna be insane. Entitled *Psycho Killer*, it stars Robert DeNiro, as a lonely cabdriver who gets fed up with big-city psychopaths, and Bruce Dern, as a lonely psychopath who gets fed up with big-city cabdrivers. In the furious climax, they each climb up on the roof of a skyscraper and start doing crazy things, like shooting at pedestrians and fitting each other for straitjackets. It's all gonna be in slow motion, too.

Paul Schrader  
The Naked City



## Always On The Move

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Sirs:

I am a professionally trained receptionist. I have a clear, businesslike telephone voice, a neat appearance, and nine years of experience. Do you have an opening for a receptionist, and, if so, will you hire me? I have only one special requirement, which is that I must work out of my house. Well, it's an apartment, actually, but the landlord just retilled the entryway and put in a new screen door, which I am certain will go a long way toward making a favorable impression on suppliers and advertisers and others who come to your offices. All you'd have to do is list your business at my address and phone number, and then after I welcome your visitors, I could phone you on my switchboard and send them over. I live in Panama City, Panama. Will that be a problem? I hope not. Also, I have a violent, severely retarded son who must be chained to a stake in the front yard. He is in the habit of lunging at passersby and swiping at them with a jagged section of an oil bit that he refuses to let go of. I hope your visitors won't be bothered by this. Thank you for your consideration.

Deena Bundy  
APO 78455694  
Panama Canal Zone, Panama

Sirs:

Gosh, I was a heck of a cute kid. I used to call vanilla ice cream "nilly creamies," and spaghetti "sketties." I said the darnedest things.

Art Linkletter  
Twilight Gardens  
Rest Home for the Darnedest Old Men

Sirs:

You want to know the solution to Rubik's cube? I'll tell you the solution to Rubik's cube. You take hold of one of the sides and then smash the fucking cube over the head of the guy who sold it to you. That's what you do.

Joe Doaks  
Bellevue, New York

Sirs:

Hey, kids! What time is it? *It's the best of times, it's the worst of times!*

Howdy Dickens  
Television City  
London, England

Sirs:

I'm sure you realize that Chinese restaurants have the lowest hygiene standards this side of Calcutta, and that what

you call a household pet we consider hearty soup base. The food is really greasy and gooey and it leaves you feeling nauseous and dizzy. But less than an hour later you want more, and you keep going back for it, week after week. Know why? We put opium in the food. Ah-hahahahaha!

Wo Fat  
Chinatown

Sirs:

I'm not the guy on "Fantasy Island." That's Fernando Lamas. I'm the fella who developed the natural-birth technique. If you want autographed pictures of me, fine; but don't be disappointed when it's not the other guy. Thank you.

Fernando Lamaze  
Center for Birth Research  
Saint Louis, Italy

Sirs:

My wife may be terrible, but at least she gets her just desserts. Whenever we go to a restaurant, that's what she orders—just desserts. Thank you, you've been a lovely audience.

Shecky Hackett  
Grossinger's

*continued on page 37*



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**WAY TO GO**  
*continued from page 10*

Now it's time for this month's *Celebrity Stupid!*

**Sir Edmund Hillary**

"I climbed Mount Everest and forgot to contact the Coca-Cola people about a commercial endorsement!"  
*That's pretty stupid, Sir.*

**Bill Hermann, Des Moines, Iowa**

"My family and I sponsored a Cuban refugee family and when they were staying at my house they pistol-whipped my wife and slapped my aunt around. When I tried to call the police, they shot me in the leg and then took my daughter upstairs and she still won't say what they did to her. She won't even tell the police

or her caseworker. Can you imagine their nerve?"

*Unfortunately, they can't all be like Ricky Ricardo. But they could certainly try, couldn't they, Bill?*

**Bob Sirkin, Memphis, Tennessee**

"I was moving in to a new apartment and I rented a truck that was 14 feet high, and there's a bridge that's 13'8" that I'd have to go under. So I thought that if I went real fast, the truck would press down on the tires. I guess it was pretty stupid thinking. Anyway, it didn't work."  
*Your mother should be arrested for dumping dangerous substances!*

**Jack Benson, Prescott, Arizona**

"My wife and I were making love and I

put the cap from the K-Y jelly in her rear end. She said, 'Stick it in,' and I was holdin' the cap at the time. You know how weird your thoughts get when you're turned on? Her doctor had to get it out, and it took over an hour, and I wasn't there but she said it was pretty darn humiliating. And hard to explain!"  
*I gave your address to Bo Derek; she should be calling soon.*

**Betty Thurmon, Des Moines, Iowa**

"My husband was painting our house and he got tired of going up and down the ladder and moving it along the house. It was a waste of time. So we figured that if I held the ladder and he jumped, we could move the ladder over without him having to come down. Kind



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of like what you do on a pogo stick. It didn't work and he jumped right off the ladder and broke his hip. It cost more to fix his hip than it would have cost to have the house professionally painted."

*He should have broken your hip, Betty. I would have.*

**Bonnie Golanski, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma**

"I had to go downtown to a warehouse to pick up a lamp for our new family room and a real creepy guy came up to me and said, 'Can I have a dollar for food?' My husband, Ray, told me that I should never give money to people like that. He works in a bad area and it happens all the time to him. But he makes a fist and threatens to beat up those guys. I couldn't do that, so I did what I thought

was pretty good. It seemed pretty smart at the time. I said, 'I'm sorry, all I have is a fifty-dollar bill. Can you make change?' I thought he'd understand and leave, because he sure didn't look like he had change. But instead he hit me in the face and stole my purse. I'm still black and blue."

*It's a good thing you're not an attractive woman, Bonnie, or you might have gotten a little more than a black eye!*

**Deke McDermott, Madison, Wisconsin**

"I'm a hobbyist, and I use white gasoline a lot to clean things with, and I keep it in a plastic spray bottle, the same kind you use to iron. I didn't mark it and my wife was down in the basement and couldn't find her bottle and thought mine was

filled with water and she sprayed my shirt with it and when the iron touched it, it blew up and burned off all her hair." *I'm going to flip a coin. If it comes up heads, you're the imbecile; tails, she is.*

**Brad Holstein, Winnetka, Illinois**

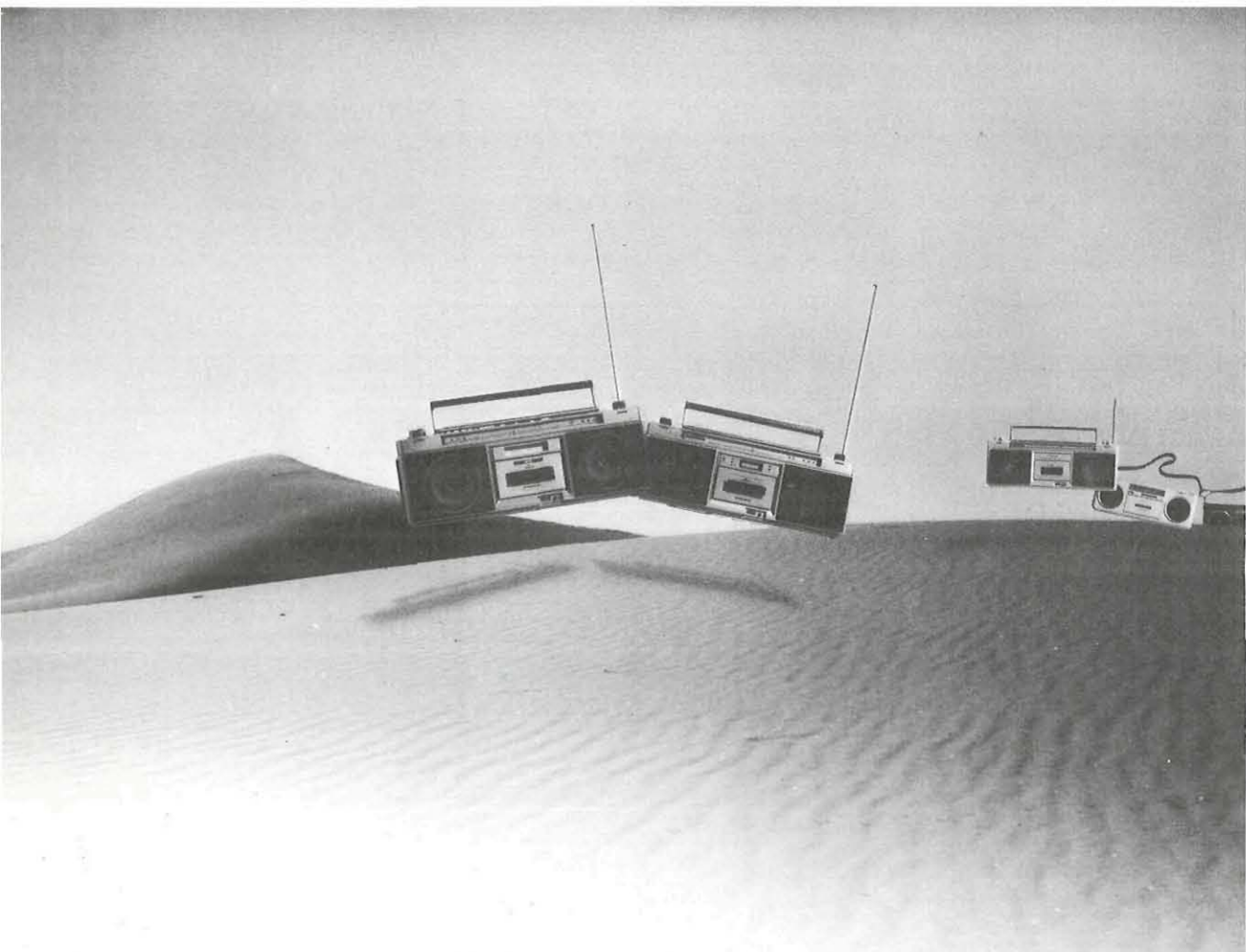
"I waxed my dad's Mercedes-Benz with Mop 'n' Glow. That way I figured that every time it got washed it would be like the commercial says: 'A fresh shine every time you wash.' But it looked like shit. And not very shiny at all!"

*You know what they'd do to you in Saudi Arabia? You deserve it.*

**Bud Jackson, Atlanta, Georgia**

"I joined the navy."

*No comment.*



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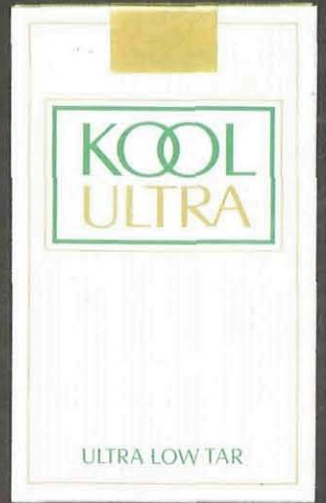


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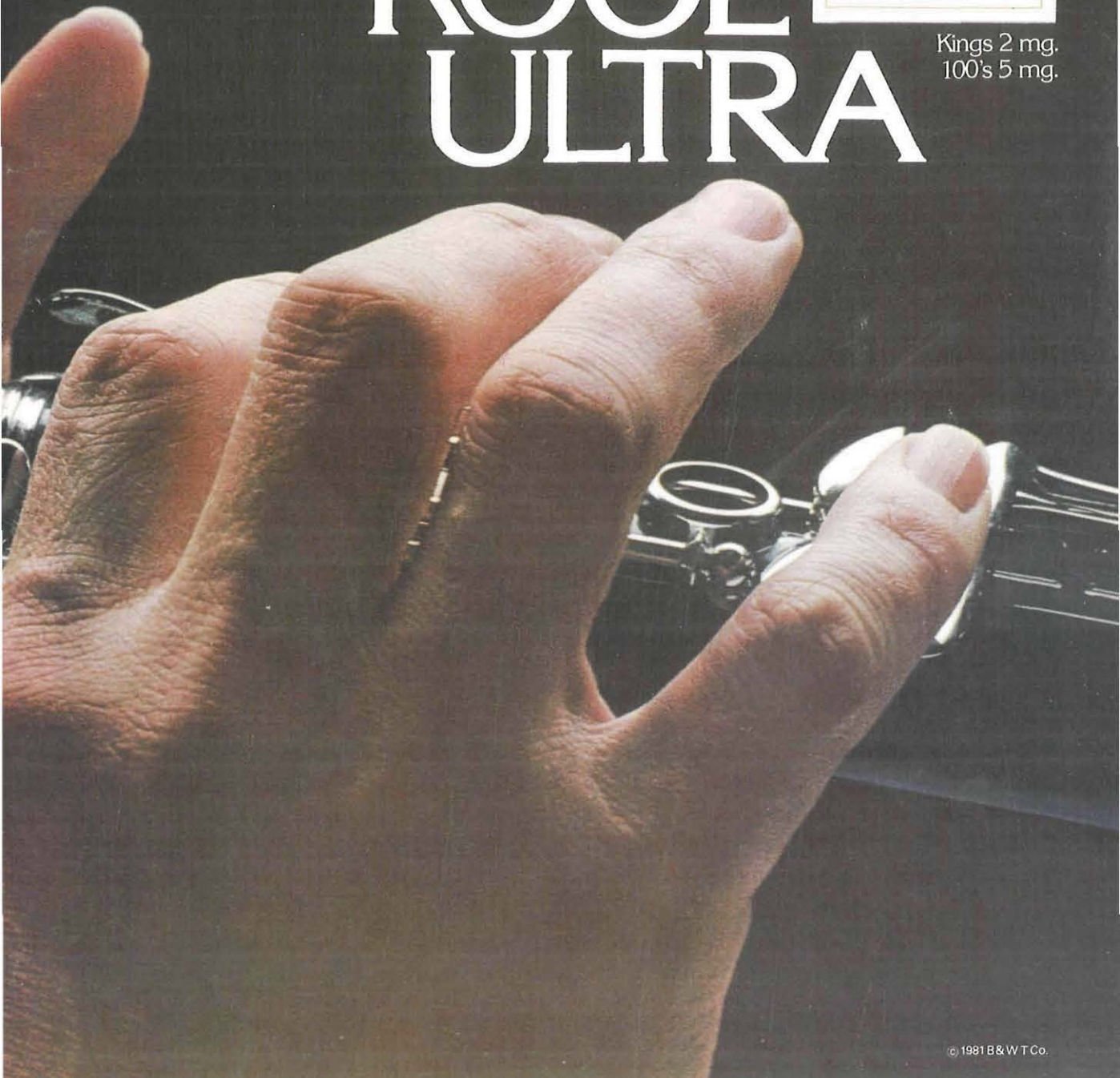
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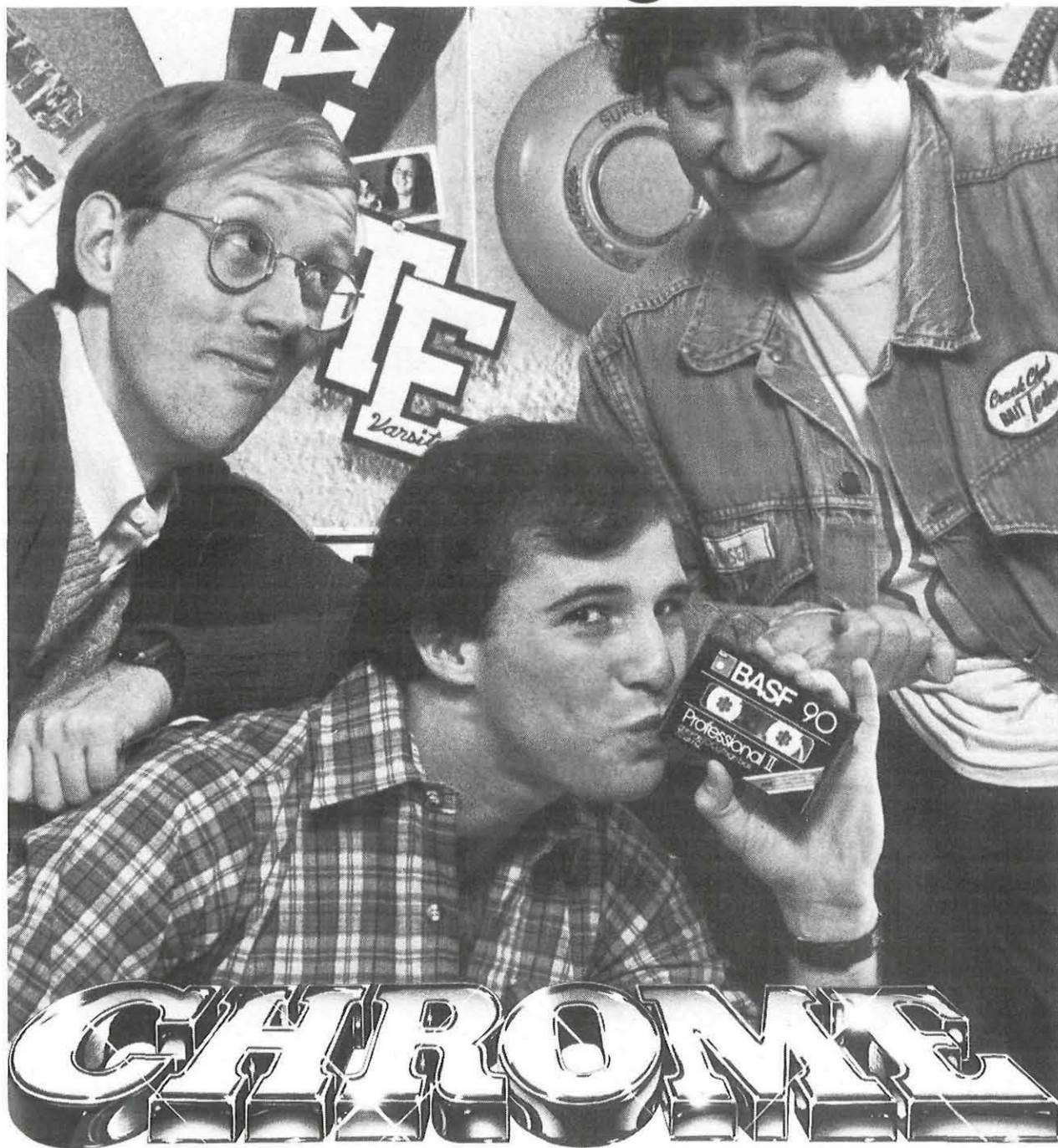
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For the best recordings you'll ever make.



# **BASF**

Audio/Video Tapes

## CHILDREN'S LETTERS

continued from page 12

It began when my boyfriend, Mark, and I went to the malt shop after school. He said he had something special to tell me, and my pulse started throbbing wildly with excitement. Mark is the star of the school basketball team, so you can imagine the thrill he gives to a thirteen-year-old cheerleader like me!

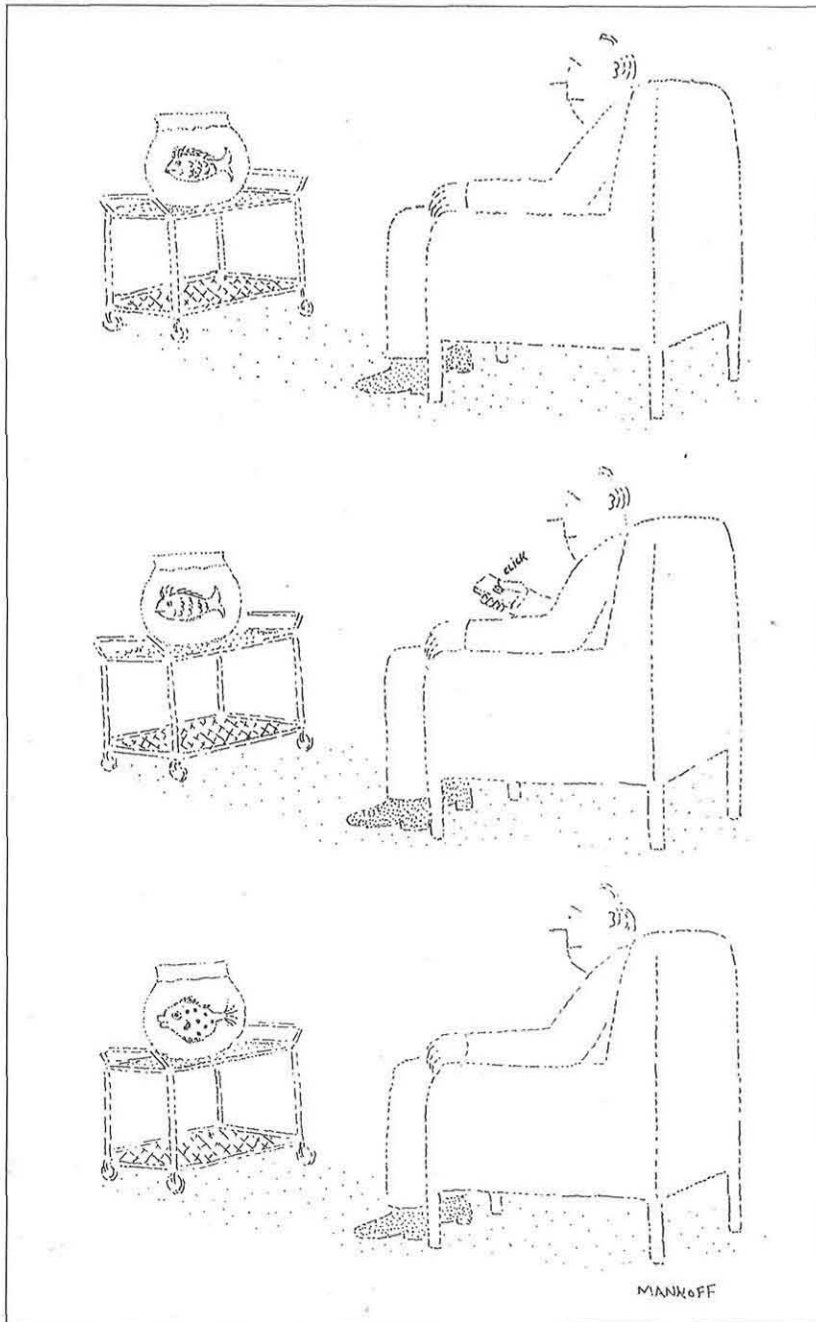
As we sat down at the counter, Mark handed me his huge, eight-and-a-half-inch straw and told me to put my lips together and blow the wrapper off it. When I had, I began hungrily sucking the milk shake—I had never tasted any-

thing so delicious in my life! Suddenly, Mark reached out toward me, and I saw he had a rock-hard, blood-engorged blister on his thumb. (He got it during practice. Kinky, but I loved it.)

More important, though, was what was lying in Mark's palm. He had whipped out his varsity pin and was asking me to go steady! As he handed me the pin, to place on my pert, upturned breasts, Mark accidentally knocked over the milk shake. I was so excited that I licked up every drop! "Oh," I moaned, "won't you... hold... mmmmy hand!"

He did, and a half hour later, after shar-

continued on page 34



*There's a race of men that don't fit in,  
A race that can't stay still;  
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,  
And they roam the world at will.*

Robert Service\*  
*The Men That Don't Fit In*



A one hundred proof potency that simmers just below the surface. Yet, so smooth and flavorful, it's unlike any Canadian liquor you've ever tasted. Straight, mixed, or on the rocks, Yukon Jack is truly a spirit unto itself.

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made with Blended Canadian Whisky.

Yukon Jack. Imported and Bottled by Heublein Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Agents U.S.A.: © 1907 Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.

# CONFUSED?

You may think you're looking at diamond rings. But you're really looking at a magazine. See how confused you are? And it gets



more confusing when you start shopping for the real thing. Seems like you'd need the world's largest jeweler to sort it all out.

Well, the world's largest jeweler is Zales. And if anyone can set your mind at ease about diamonds, we can.



We've spent 57 years learning every facet. From grading to cutting to mounting.



Here's another mind-easer: you have 90 days to be as sure of the quality as we are, or we'll give you a full refund.

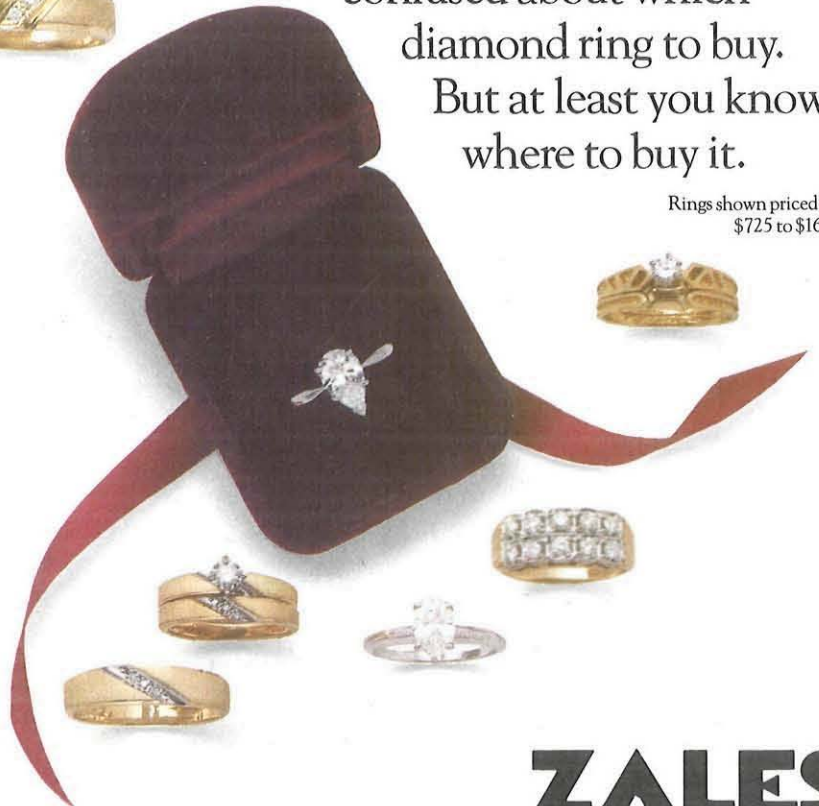
Now you may still be

confused about which diamond ring to buy.

But at least you know where to buy it.



Rings shown priced from \$725 to \$16,025



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THE DIAMOND STORE

**IS ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.**

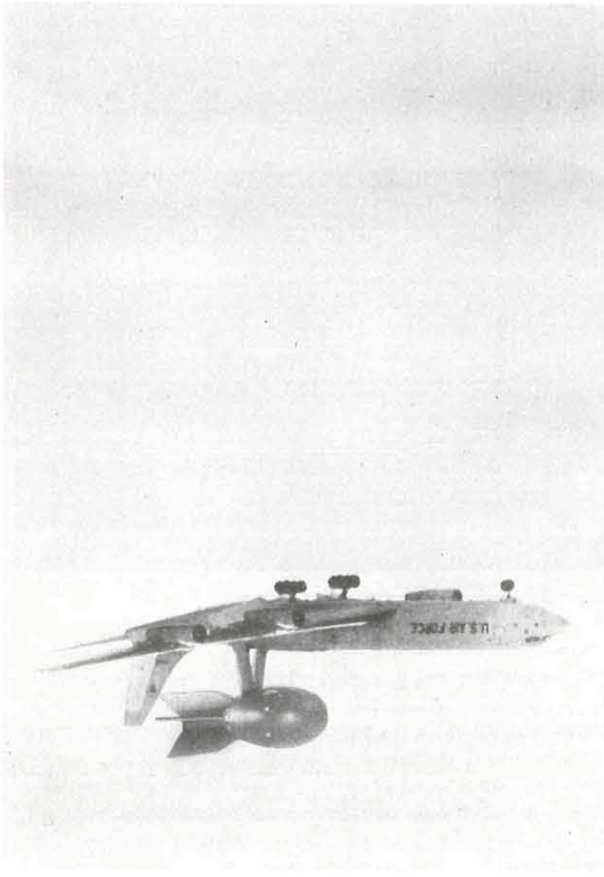


# NEWS ON THE MARCH

PLANET

## The Solving of the AWACS Crisis

*United States discloses secret terms for sale*



*A modified AWACS deal the Saudis can live with.*

After more than a year of political caviling in Washington over the sale of AWACS surveillance planes to Saudi Arabia and secret negotia-

tions with the Saudi government, details have finally been revealed about concessions made on both sides that reportedly broke the im-

asse. Secretary of State Alexander Haig, discussing the breakthrough, said that each plane, prior to delivery late this year, will be redesigned to meet the U.S. requirement that the aircraft be equipped with no radar detection gear

of any kind and to reflect U.S. accedence to the Saudi demand that the plane be capable of flying upside down. In exchange for a U.S. demand that Saudi AWACS be detonable to prevent their misuse, American officials conceded to the Saudis the right to specify the location of the detonative explosives aboard the plane, to modify the shape of the antenna pod, to specify that the explosives be nuclear, and to require that the pod be detachable for easy servicing. "We believe we've made a very good, fair, and conscionable deal," Haig commented.

## Reagan Galvanizes Private Sector to Replace Government Foreign Aid

*Latin and Caribbean layabouts and starvelings, and how we're going to keep them from killing us*

In the words of a document recently prepared by the State Department, "The Rasta men and the campesinos and all of the other subdivisions of destitution down there do not appear mollified by, or grateful for, direct grants of food and financial aid from the U.S. Obviously, the vast amount of money spent on these people has been a complete waste, and we must therefore find cheaper, more effective means of keeping them the fuck stabilized." The document was not released publicly.

The "means," according to a White House spokesman,

are already in place—a task force of American business leaders has been dispatched to the Third World nations of this hemisphere, and it hopes, by applying modern American techniques, to create in the Rasta men and the campesinos and the rest a new sense of pride and self-sufficiency and a disinterest in murdering or helping the Russians to murder the people of the United States. "Our first move," said task-force chairman William Claridge of Texas Instruments Corporation, "has been to give everyone south of Florida and Texas an executive title.



*Impuesto de Benediccion's corner office at his brother's fish-meal factory, constructed after he received elaborately rendered corner-office ideas and a gold-sealed, multi-signature, legal-size letter of congratulation from giant American corporations, has given Impuesto a better feeling about himself and his future.*

For instance, each worker in Haiti might be called chief executive officer, as in 'Chief Executive Officer Phillippe,' or 'Chief Executive Officer Boo-Joo,' or whatever his name happens to be. In addition, we're setting aside several thousand square miles of desert in northern Mexico as a vast executive parking lot for the exclusive use of all the executives of the Caribbean and of Central America, which of course would include everyone who lives there."

The task force is also introducing a variety of sophisticated stock-option plans whereby newly promoted executives will be able to pretend to buy huge amounts of stock in their enterprises, for nothing. The owner-operator

of a black caldron for the cooking of sausagelike ovals of cat lungs on the beaches of El Salvador, for example, may obtain an impressive-looking, variegated certificate, engraved to the maximum with razor-beaked eagles and planets and Greek strong men and piles of cannonballs, upon which is printed the name of his caldron operation and the denomination of millions of shares—all for free from the American task force, along with a thousand-page manual of official-sounding rules that U.S. businessmen believe will combine with the certificate to "confer a greater feeling of self-worth than all the boatloads of millet and sulfa and tent poles we could possibly leave on their docks to rot."

## DOMESTICANA

# New U.S. Currency to Blot Out Inflation Forever

*"Good as gold" bills will be backed by oral promises of movie producers*

Citing the historic admonition of conservative economists against the proliferation of paper currency backed by nothing other than the promise of the federal government

to redeem it with equally worthless paper currency, Treasury Secretary Donald Regan announced the creation of an alternative monetary system in the U.S.,

wherein every newly printed bill will be backed by the promise of a Hollywood movie producer to give the holder of the money a movie deal. According to Regan, the system is to be instituted as follows:

Congress will pass a law nationalizing the promises of movie producers, meaning that all future commitments made by producers to actors, writers, directors, and anyone else having dealings with them will become the property of the Treasury, which will tabulate the commitments and enter the total in the federal producer-promise register at Fort Knox. The issuance of currency will then

federal government's need to print more money to cover its deficit will be in a position to provide adequate backing by making larger, more frequent, more outrageous promises.

Knowledge that the money one receives in exchange for goods or services will be, as the saying goes, "as good as a Morey Gluckmanstein" or "a Feddo Federenco" cannot help but, in Regan's words, "instill confidence in the economy." The key, of course, to the success of the system resides in the method and ease with which citizens may actually redeem their currency. To this end, Congress will direct the Federal Reserve Board to establish a branch



*Literally, a national treasure.*

be limited by this total, which is to say that the Treasury will be constrained from printing more dollars than the number of unhonored promises of producers on record at the time. The advantage of this standard over, for example, the gold standard, is that while the world supply of gold increases only by a small fraction every year, promises from producers can accumulate at a rate that is virtually unlimited. Thus, patriotic producers sympathetic to the

facility in Los Angeles to house the secretaries, agents, and hirelings of producers, as well as the producers themselves, with whom meetings may be taken on demand in order to exchange currency for producers' promises. One-dollar bills, for example, will be redeemable for a producer's promise to film your life story; fives, tens, and twenties may be redeemed for a promise to give you an unspecified dividend if you invest \$50,000 in an unspeci-

# Fill out this coupon, and a beautiful *National Lampoon* secretary may come over to your house or apartment and play naked Scrabble with you.

Then again, she may not.  
But at least you'll save \$14.05.

Imagine this: You open your door and a beautiful young girl is standing there with a Scrabble board under her arm and a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

She steps into your house or apartment, spreads the little letter squares on the table, and takes off all of her clothes.

She's the most gorgeous thing you ever saw in your life. You can't get your eyes off her as she picks a letter to see who goes first.

But something seems to be missing. She gets up and her delicate fingers gently lower a record onto your turntable. Soft music fills the room.

Something else seems to be missing. "You know," she says, "you could really use a blinking neon sign right outside your window. Mind if I put one up?"

She quickly goes into her truck outside, comes back, and hammers up a blinking neon sign.

The neon flashes on and off. The music becomes more sensuous. Your skin is alive with the heat and humidity of the night.

You put down the word P-I-N-G-U-I-D-I-N-O-U-S (fatty and rich, pertaining to soil).

With a wistful, teasing smile she says she's never heard of the word.

You smugly answer, "Check the dictionary, kid."

Sound nice?

But even if our secretary gets another one of her headaches and doesn't come over and play naked Scrabble with you, there are still three good reasons for you to fill out the coupon:

1. It saves you lots of money. Subscribe to *National Lampoon* for one year and, instead of the \$2.00 cover price, pay less than \$1.00 an issue. That adds up to a savings of \$14.05.
2. On a two-year subscription, pay less than \$.75 an issue and save a total of \$34.25 on the newsstand price.
3. On a three-year subscription, pay less than \$.70 an issue and save a total of \$53.50 on the newsstand price.



Mail coupon to *National Lampoon*, Dept. NL282, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Make check or money order payable to *National Lampoon*.

Please enter my subscription for one year at the price of \$9.95. That's a savings of \$2.00 on the basic subscription price and a savings of \$14.05 on the newsstand price.

I prefer a two-year subscription at \$13.75. That's a savings of \$4.20 on the basic subscription price and a savings of \$34.25 on the newsstand price.

Make that a three-year subscription at \$18.50. That's a savings of \$6.45 on the basic subscription price and a savings of \$53.50 on the newsstand price.

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For even faster service, call toll-free 1-800-331-1750, ask for Operator #31.

fied film and the film makes over \$500 million. A tender of fifty- and one-hundred-dollar notes will be honored with a hundred-picture deal from Feddo Federenco, and his

promise "not to worry about anything ever again in your life—this is Feddo talking."

Regan promises that the new monetary system will become effective soon.

### SCIENCE 'N' STUFF

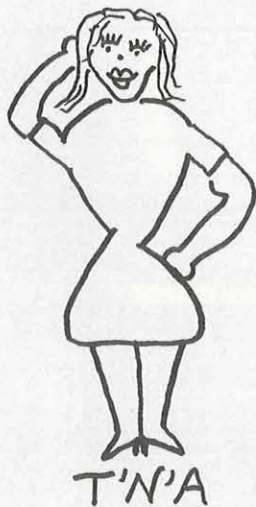
## Good-bye, Normal Genes

At first glance it looks something like an ordinary kitchen blender—in fact, exactly like one. But the tiny, hand-lettered sign taped to the front reveals its true function: CAUTION—SUPER DUPER GENE SPLICER. "This device is a miracle of modern scientific design," proclaims geneticist George Stumpp, who has made good use of the one-of-a-kind Gene Splicer. "It can chop, slice, grate, even puree, all at the touch of a button."

rocked the scientific community by the rapidity with which they have spent the money. Following the costly move of their laboratories to Barbados, where, they explain, "the DNA is much stronger," the trio of scientists say they have spent over \$3 million on a box of Spiffy Jiffy Test Tubes alone. But now they admit that they have misplaced the test tubes and cannot find the receipt. "I guess we're a bunch of absent-minded professors," blushes



DNA



T'N'A

"I'll take the one on the right any day," giggles Dr. Stumpp over his own diagram.

It was Professor Stumpp, along with his colleagues Louis Hyatt and Salvatore Fiducia, who purchased the splicer, at a cost of \$2 million, to speed up their work with recombinant DNA. The three men, who last year received a \$15-million grant for genetic research, have since

Professor Hyatt.

Nonetheless, the scientists claim to have accomplished some amazing feats of genetic engineering. "I crossed a chin-chilla with a kangaroo and got a fur coat with pockets," boasts Professor Fiducia, polishing off his sixth bay rum of the morning. "That's noth-

**N.Y. YANKEES  
MANAGER AND  
BOB LEMON**

**U.S.  
REP.  
CLAUDE PEPPER**



ON CHUCK BARRIS'S

## "NOSENHEIMERS!"

America's only game show where the contestants are celebrities with lumpy, enlarged, stippled noses, and the panelists are celebrities who make fun of them.



"Hey, Spoonbill, ever hear of Spackle?"

"If that's what their noses look like, I'd hate to see their livers!"

"Excuse me, Bob, is that a nose or an asteroid?"

## JOIN THE FUN! SHARE THE LAUGHS!

AS BOB AND CLAUDE VIE FOR  
HILARIOUS, BRUTAL DERISION AND  
CRAZY, OFFBEAT PRIZES ON

## "NOSENHEIMERS!"

© 1982. A Chuck Barris Production. Check your local listing for time and channel.

# Product Bargain Bonanza!



● **National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Deluxe Edition** A collection of the best material from the first ten years of *National Lampoon*. Material taken from when it was real funny, not so funny, and a whole bunch from when it was funny again. (BO-1032) \$19.95

● **The Best of National Lampoon No. 4** Anthology of *National Lampoon*'s best articles 1972-1973 (BO-1006) \$2.50

● **The Best of National Lampoon No. 5** 1973-1974 Anthology (BO-1008) \$2.50

● **The Best of National Lampoon No. 7** 1975-1976 Anthology (BO-1014) \$2.50

● **The Best of National Lampoon No. 8** 1976-1977 Anthology (BO-1025) \$3.95

● **National Lampoon 1964 High School Yearbook Parody** Yearbook of C. Estes Kefauver High School in Dacron, Ohio. The funniest thing ever printed on these particular pieces of paper. Deluxe Edition (BO-1007A) \$4.95



● (A) *National Lampoon* vinyl binder with metal rods  
● (B) *National Lampoon* library case binder

● **National Lampoon Binder (A)** (BN-1001) \$4.50 each, 2 for \$8.00, 3 for \$10.50  
● **National Lampoon Case Binder (B)** (CB-1001) \$5.95 each.

● **National Lampoon 12 issues in binder** 1975 (BN-1003) (A) (B) \$16.00. 1976 (BN-1004) (A) (B) \$16.00. 1977 (BN-1005) (A) (B) \$16.00. 1978 (BN-1006) (A) (B) \$16.00. 1979 (BN-1007) (A) (B) \$16.00. 1980 (BN-1008) (A) (B) \$16.00



● **National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume I** This is half of our best tenth anniversary anthology ever. Not only that, it's the first half. (BO-1033) \$4.95

● **National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume II** The sequel is even better. (BO-1035) \$4.95

● **National Lampoon Foto Funnies** Including Foto Funnies, Foto Fumettes, Photorama Picture News, and pictures of girls with their shirts off! (BO-1034) \$2.95

● **National Lampoon's Book of Books** Jeff Greenfield's ultimate coffee-table book (BO-1031) \$8.95

● **Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print** A complete collection of diverse vulgarities. (BO-1030) \$5.95



● **National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt** This is the shirt preferred by fans of the live theater and the criminally insane. (TS-1026) \$4.95

● **National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody** This is the sequel to the *High School Yearbook*. It is a complete Sunday edition of the *Dacron Republican-Democrat*, much in full-color. Critics say it is even funnier than the Sunday *New York Times*. (BO-1021) \$4.95

● **National Lampoon Encyclopedia of Humor** Amusement in alphabetical order. (BO-1005) \$2.50

● **National Lampoon Presents French Comics** (BO-1020) \$2.50



● **National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket** Satiny fabric with a real cotton lining. (TS-1030) \$29.95

● **National Lampoon Duffel Bag** Beautiful heavy canvas Black Sox duffel bag goes well with your *National Lampoon* hat. Also excellent for smuggling drugs. (TS-1033) \$13.95

● **National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt** This gorilla looks more like a gorilla than a pair of socks does. (TS-1019) \$3.95

● **"Voulez-vous Fuque?" T-shirt** (TS-1024) \$4.95



● **National Lampoon Sweatshirt** Wear it for good luck. Available in navy with white lettering, white with red lettering, and gray with black lettering. (TS-1034) \$12.95



● **National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Jersey** Another style of *Animal House* baseball jersey, especially designed for "away" games. A must for those who play such games. (TS-1028) \$6.00

● **National Lampoon's New Animal House Baseball Jersey** Hey, you! You Greek? Socrates a Greek! Maybe you want to go to Greece! Get one of these! Bend over! (TS-1031) \$6.00

● **National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt** Absorbs beer, regurgitation, and blood. Not bulletproof yet, but discourages people from shooting you. (TS-1029) \$4.95

● **National Lampoon's Animal House** Full-color illustrated novel from the hit movie, with instant replay. By Chris Miller (BO-1023) \$2.95

● **National Lampoon Deluxe Edition of Animal House** On heavier paper that will last longer or something. (BO-1024) \$4.95



● **National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Team Jersey** Team jersey of the famed magazine league. Much like the one worn by pitcher T. Mann when he bearded *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione in five successive times at bat. (TS-1027) \$6.00

● **National Lampoon Baseball Hat** To own one of these is to own a hat. (TS-1032) \$5.95

● **The Greatest Hits of the National Lampoon** Another great quality photographic product. (A-1002) \$7.95

● **"That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" National Lampoon** comedy L.P. (A-1001) \$6.95

● **National Lampoon White Album** New Comedy L.P. including "What Were You Expecting - Rock 'n' Roll?" (A-1003) \$7.95

Indicate the products you wish to purchase, enclose check or money order, place in envelope, and send to:

**National Lampoon, Dept. NL282, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022**

Please enclose \$1.00 for postage and handling for each order under \$5.00, and \$1.50 for orders over \$5.00. New York State residents, please add 8 percent sales tax.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> (CB-1001) \$ 5.95 each         |  |  |

ing. I crossed a cockatoo with a suckerfish," notes Hyatt, polishing off a gin cooler in one gulp. "I don't know what I got, but it sure hates to be called by name."

But the scientists refuse to content themselves with these staggering achievements. They are determined to continue working as long as someone foots the bill, aided only by their small staff

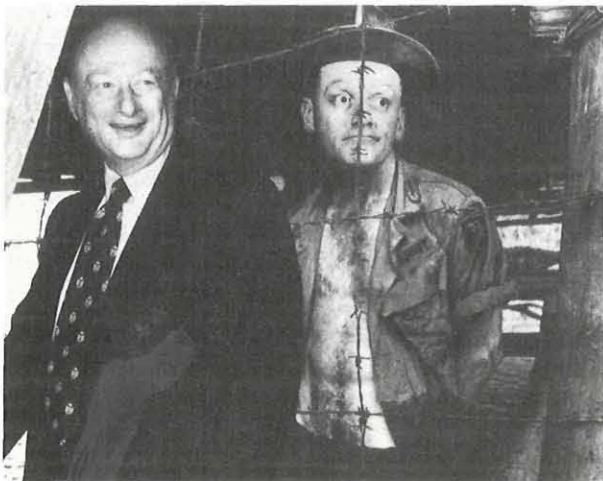
of lab technicians, gag writers, and go-go girls. "I still want to crossbreed a parakeet and a titmouse. Maybe I'll get a nice paratits," chortles Professor Stumpp, mixing up a fresh pitcher of piña coladas in the Gene Splicer. "I tell you, I've got a million of 'em." His assurance is impressive testimony to the limitless possibilities of genetic engineering.

## OUR MISERABLE CITIES

### The Tot Offensive

"I recommend that tourists coming to New York for a good time make sure to stay out of the sewers," Mayor Edward Koch advised last week. This unexpected announcement resulted from an investigation into the bizarre murder of sewer worker Norton Edwards. Edwards had been found dead on the job, locked inside a tiny tiger cage, with bamboo shoots stuck under his fingernails and AK-47 bullets riddling his body. Closer inspection of his death, at first thought to be

that are thought to travel in packs through metropolitan sewage systems. The Vietnamese are believed to comprise a battalion of youths who were adopted as babies by American families after the fall of Saigon. Like the alligators, the Oriental babies soon outgrew their cuteness and became difficult to handle. Many unhappy parents had but one recourse: to flush the babies down the toilet. Mr. and Mrs. Herman Moskowitz, a couple who admit to disposing of their



"I find these Viet Cong youths very Hanoi-ing," quips New York's Mayor Koch.

caused by a work-related accident, revealed the truth: Viet Cong guerrillas living in New York's sewers.

These guerrillas recall a similar menace, the alligators

son, Din Ho, in this manner, explain: "It seemed too heartless to give him up for adoption, so we decided to flush him back to the Stone Age."

Angry with their rather

cavalier treatment, the surviving babies opted to join the underground ranks of the Viet Cong. "These six year olds are a ruthless, insidious

foe," says Koch, adding, "We can only hope the public-spirited alligators will gobble up those kids, so we don't have to get tough with them."

## LITEREMIA

### Walker Named to All-Prose Squad

*Speed-readers' nemesis is unanimous choice*

Riddley Walker, the enigmatic, tough, twelve-year-old rookie out of England whose story (*Riddley Walker*, by Russell Hoban, Summit Books) has driven Evelyn Wood-ites insane throughout the English-speaking world, has been named to the World Book Association's All-Prose Team (Youth Division) after a unanimous vote by the WBA's membership committee.

Team captain Huckleberry Finn could scarcely disguise his pleasure as he announced the news to reporters. "We're awful happy to welcome Riddley to the team," Finn said. "Sure, he talks kind of funny. But I 'spect we all do, if you think of it. That's what makes things inneresting. That's what makes you good for the team in the first place."

Walker, who tells his story in a peculiar language combining bombed-out English, computerspeak, garbled proper names, and trauma-

tized grammar and syntax, is expected to complete what many feel will be the greatest Fearsome Foursome in the team's history. Joining Finn, Holden Caulfield, and Alex (of *A Clockwork Orange*), Walker brings his own sturdy brand of unsentimental innocence and unselfconscious honesty, and is expected to take some of the pressure off Oskar (*The Tin Drum*) Matzerath, whose status as a "youth" has always been the subject of controversy and dispute.

Russell Hoban, *Walker's* author, was unavailable for comment, but Riddley himself held a brief, and characteristically laconic, press conference. "O it ben a grate onner innit," he said. "Grate to be with such fine fame ass bloaks. Im hoaping Ill be country buting my propr bit like it wer expectit you cant take summit like this as it wer a prize no. It wer you swear yull do mor. Hoap I can."

## FINANCE AND DOLLARS

### Merch in Church

*Justice Department may compel famous worship organization to display competitive products*

The Justice Department is awaiting a response from the Catholic church to charges that the church is acting in contravention of American antitrust regulations. The department contends that the church's control of schools, hospitals, publishing enter-

prises, and Chartreuse distilleries constitutes an illegal monopoly. The church has been ordered to show cause why heretical business ventures should not be allowed unrestricted access to church adherents and given equal advertising time and space in

Catholic churches. If the Justice Department has its way, neon signs and recorded announcements, as well as product displays equal in size and prominence to religious statuary currently displayed, will soon be appearing in American churches.

\* \* \*

At a meeting of the Greater Los Angeles Businessmen's Association a motion was passed to change the name of the organization to the Greater Los Angeles Brotherhood of Hommes d'Affaires. It is the contention of those who proposed the name change that the word "business" has become too closely associated with defecation. "People might think we men get together to enjoy hearty bowel movements in each other's company," said Michael Fane, who proposed the change.

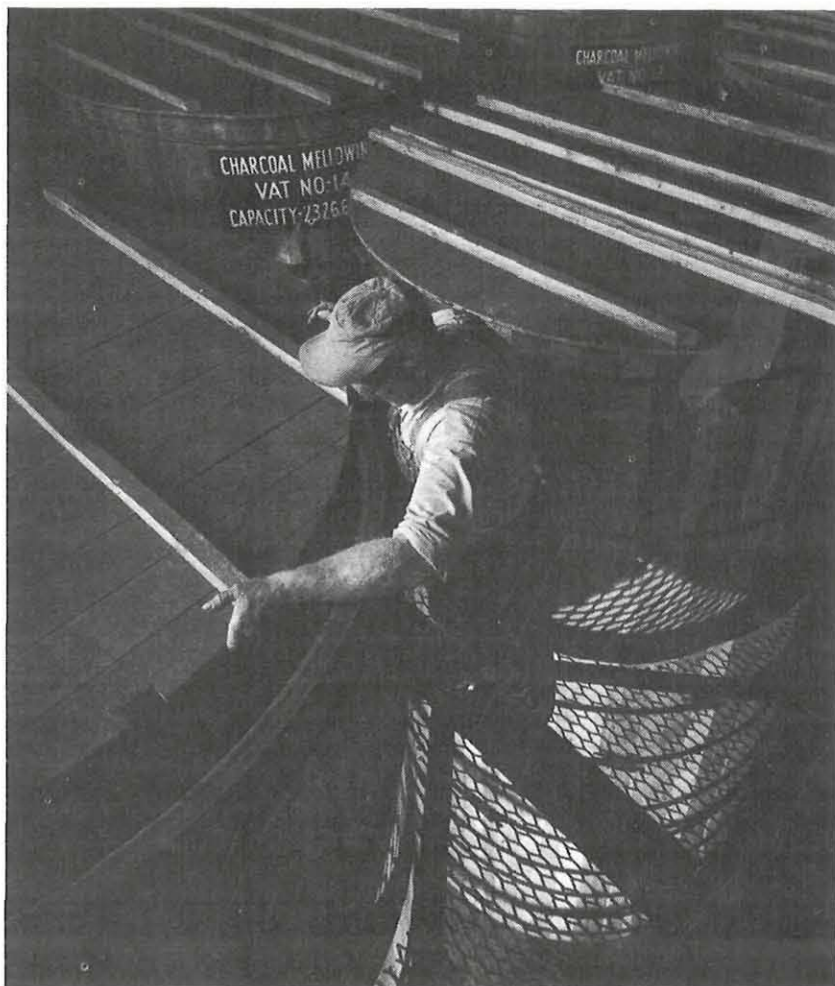
\* \* \*

Thieves were disappointed last month when they broke in to a safe-deposit box at an unnamed Omaha hotel. The larcenists doubtless hoped to make off with a fortune from the box, which was held by billionaire Nelson Bunker Hunt. They were disappointed to find it contained only used contraceptives deposited by the eccentric fundamentalist oil baron, who put the safe-deposit box to what he may have assumed was its intended use.

\* \* \*

A New York homme d'affaires has come up with a process to free oil trapped in the ground and considered unrecoverable by previous drilling processes. "Just pour vinegar in the hole and she should-a float-a right out," says Bambino Dragonetti, an Italian.

*Edited by Tod Carroll. Contributions by T.C., Al Jean, Michael Reiss, Ellis Weiner, and Ted Mann.*



If you'd like to know more about charcoal mellowing, just write.

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO PHOTOGRAPH our charcoal mellowing process. But this is a charcoal mellowing vat.

Into this vat we tamp finely ground charcoal. Then we seep our just-distilled whiskey slowly through the charcoal to mellow its taste before aging. Once the whiskey drips into the vat, there's no way to photograph what's happening. But when you compare Jack Daniel's to any other whiskey, you'll begin to get the picture.



CHARCOAL  
MELLOWED  
DROPS  
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery,  
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352  
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

# FOTO FUNNIES



HELLO AND WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO "MEETING OF THE TITS!" WE HAVE WITH US TONIGHT VIRGINIA WOLF, MARIE ANTOINETTE, AND MRS. HELEN OF TROY. GOOD EVENING, LADIES.

VIRGINIA, AS A VICTORIAN LESBIAN, YOU WERE NOT NOTED FOR YOUR HUGE BAZONGAS. PERHAPS, THOUGH, YOU COULD DIRECT YOUR STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS TO THE BREASTS OF MARIE AND HELEN HERE.

BONJOUR, STEVE! ZIS IS ALMOST LIKE MY FABLED SALON IN PAREE!

GEE, STEVE, IT'S SO NICE BEING HERE, I ALMOST WISH I HADN'T DROWNED MYSELF.

BY ZOOSS, STEVE, SPEAKING OF PARIS, EVEN MY ABDUCTOR, PARIS, WOULD BE HARD PUT TO JUDGE AMONG THE BEAUTIES ASSEMBLED HERE!

MEETING OF THE TITS



WELL, OF COURSE THEY'RE BOTH MOST DESIRABLY DUGGED, BUT I WOULD DEFINITELY HAVE TO SEE, AND POSSIBLY LICK, THEIR BREASTS BEFORE GIVING MY FINAL OPINION.

A KING LOST HIS HEAD OVER ZEZE NAY-NAYS, STEVE!

PIRATE'S DELIGHT! SUNKEN CHESTS!



THESE ARE THE TITS THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SHIPS, STEVE!

LAUNCHED A THOUSAND DEJEUNERS, MORE LIKELY!

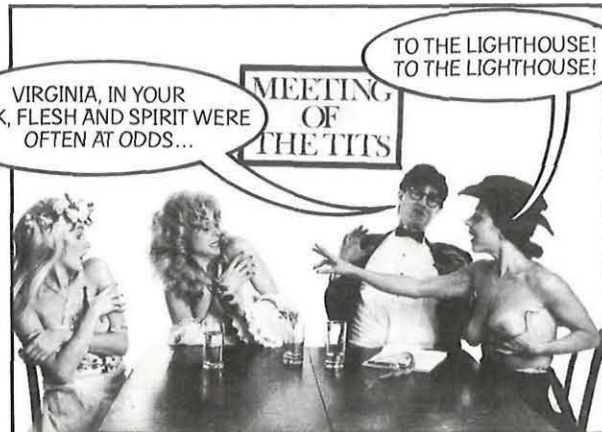


TUNE IN NEXT WEEK, WHEN WE WILL ENCOUNTER THE HISTORIC HOOTERS OF CLEOPATRA, MADAME CURIE, AND JAYNE MANSFIELD.

VIRGINIA, IN YOUR WORK, FLESH AND SPIRIT WERE OFTEN AT ODDS...

TO THE LIGHTHOUSE! TO THE LIGHTHOUSE!

MEETING OF THE TITS



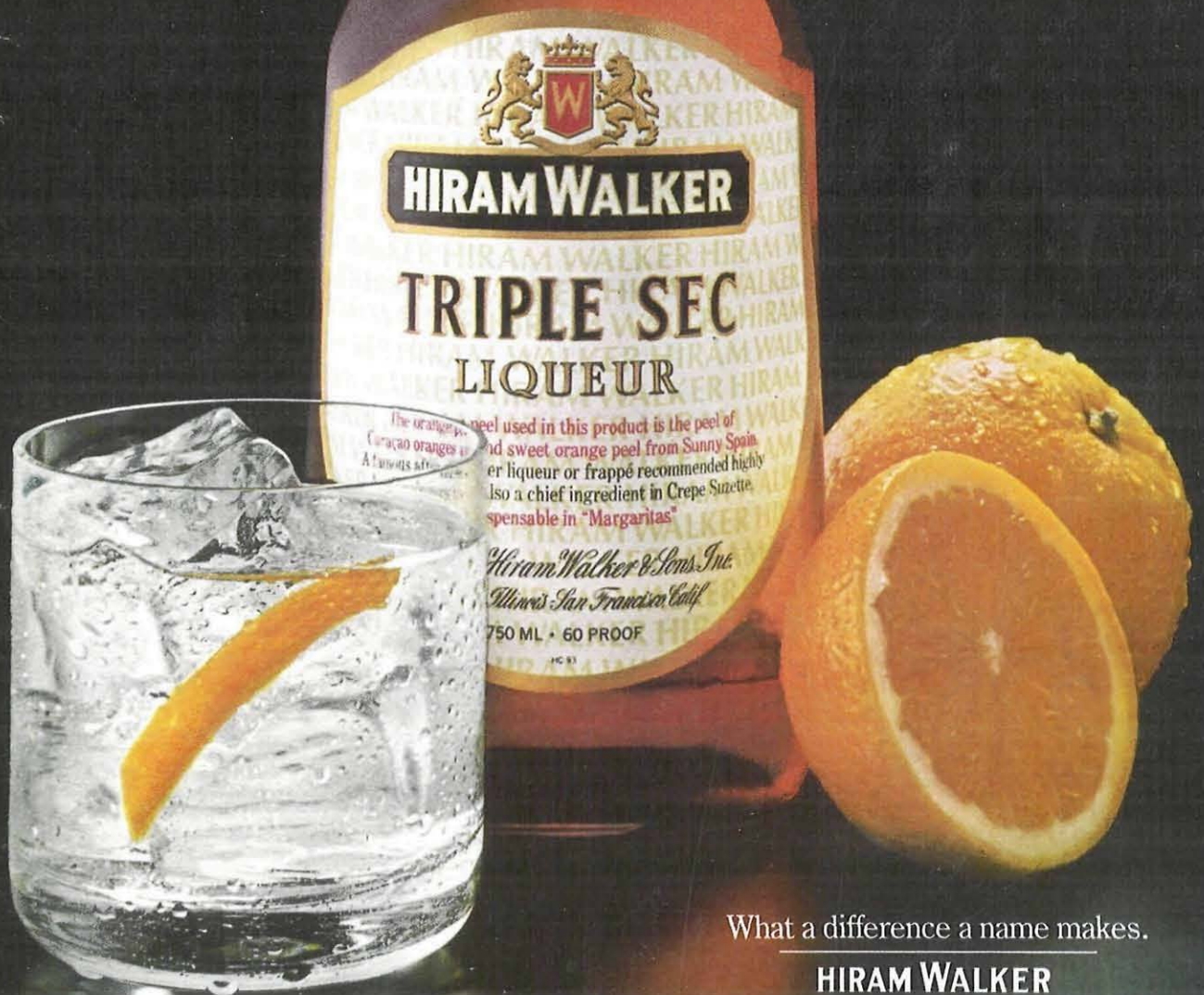
GOD, I WISH WE HAD A ROOM OF OUR OWN!



# SEC'S APPEAL

What's Hiram Walker Triple Sec's appeal? The sublime essence of succulent Spanish and Curaçao oranges. Which makes it devastatingly delicious straight. Icy and enticing on the rocks. Hiram Walker Triple Sec. It's love at first sip.

For a free recipe booklet, write Hiram Walker Cordials, P.O. Box 2235, Farmington Hills, Mich. 48018. ©1981



What a difference a name makes.

**HIRAM WALKER**

*High Fidelity for Humans:*

# WHEN THE JO OUR TONE

Simply walking across a room can create enough vibration to make a tonearm go skipping across a record.

That's just one of many inconveniences you have to live with if you own a conventional turntable.

But not if you own Pioneer's unconventional PL-L800 turntable. Because the PL-L800 is a product of a bold new concept in component design and engineering called *High Fidelity for Humans*. The result is a line of components that are as pleasant to live with as they are to listen to.

For instance, you can actually thump

the PL-L800's dustcover without interrupting what's being played. Because our free-floating suspension system isolates the tonearm and the platter from the rest of the turntable. Even when the base of the turntable is vibrated, only the base vibrates.

Needless to say, it's difficult to keep a record free of imperfections. But little nicks on a record create vibrations that cause metal tonearms to ring. And that adds distortion to your music. So Pioneer has developed a new material for tonearms. It's called Polymer Graphite. And it absorbs vibrations. The only thing that comes through this tonearm is music.

Since all the PL-L800's controls are placed

# IT IS JUMPIN', ARM WON'T.

conveniently out from underneath the dust-cover, you won't ever have to needlessly expose a record.

These are some of the reasons why this turntable is a joy to live with. But it's a joy to listen to as well.

The PL-L800's tonearm is linear tracking. So the needle of our Moving Coil Cartridge sits at a perfect right angle to the groove of a record. Unlike pivoting tonearms that miss some of the sound in the groove, this one doesn't miss a thing.

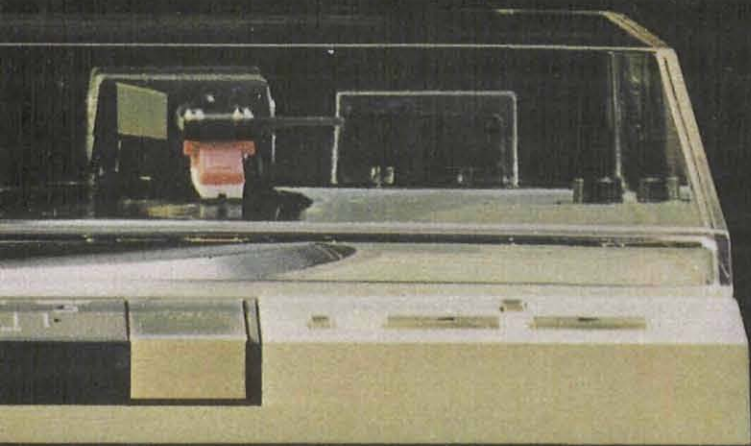
Our linear tracking tonearm is driven by electromagnetic repulsion, a Pioneer innovation. It gently propels the tonearm magnetically, eliminating the distortion produced by

noisy belts and gears that drive most tonearms.

If the PL-L800 is beginning to sound like no other turntable you've ever heard about, it's because it is like no other turntable you've ever heard about. Visit your Pioneer dealer soon. He'll show you the PL-L800, as well as an entire line of new Pioneer turntables.

No matter which one you choose, you'll find it designed to handle your lifestyle as well as it handles your music.

**PIONEER**  
We bring it back alive.





**It plays the flip side automatically at a price you'll flip over.**

If \$239.95\* sounds good to you, it should. You won't hear of a lower-priced portable cassette deck with auto-reverse.

The Toshiba RT-200S lets you listen to both sides of a cassette without having to flip it. Because auto-reverse switches the tape automatically.

The sound that comes out? Terrific.

You also get AM/FM stereo, two short wave bands, dual voltage plus built-in mikes for recording.

So pick up the Toshiba RT-200S. It's a great way to hear your favorite music over and over again.

\*Manufacturer's suggested retail price  
Toshiba America, Inc., 82 Totowa Rd., Wayne, NJ 07470



**TOSHIBA**  
Again, the first.

## CHILDREN'S LETTERS

continued from page 21

ing a hot and juicy cheeseburger, we parted in ecstasy. As Mark "turned on" his car ignition, he tenderly pressed his fingers on top of my soft, hairy head, and we promised to meet again every day. Now, whenever I look at a milk shake, I get really aroused.

—C.L.K., Cambridge, Mass.

"Help Yourself"

Though I'm just eleven years old, *Penthouse* is the first magazine I look through when the newsstand owner isn't watching. Occasionally, I'll steal an issue, just to read Forum! But I never thought I'd be writing to you, until now.

My story begins on a hot June morning, during one of the last days of school. A couple of the guys and I had shared a beer that I'd snuck in to my locker, so we were feeling pretty drunk. Then, during lunch, one of the prettiest girls in my class sat at our table—and she was wearing a halter top! When she bent down to eat her tuna casserole, my wiener suddenly went into ecstasy. I could see nearly half of her breasts! For a moment, I even thought I caught a glimpse of her nipple, but it turned out to be a fly.

But that wasn't all. On a dare from my friends I decided to untie her halter. It was a kinky idea, but what the hell—school was almost out. Sneaking up behind her, I quickly undid the neck strap. As she ran away crying, my boner grew hard with delight—she had two of the biggest, droopiest boobs I had ever seen outside of *National Geographic*.

Yet my throbbing organ craved even more excitement. Realizing that we'd probably get in trouble if we hung around the cafeteria, my friends and I went down to the gym. We could hardly believe our eyes. The girls' volleyball team was practicing, but the coach wasn't around! My friends suggested that we find a hiding place and watch the team. I was quick to agree, and for the next hour I was treated to the sight of the most beautiful girls in the school, wearing nothing more than gym suits.

That night, I was able to sneak my girl friend and myself in to *Blue Lagoon*. In gratitude, she let me put my hand under her sweater during the movie. She also told me that if I was real good, someday she'd let me see her breasts! But I didn't have to be good—after I said good night, I climbed a tree outside her bedroom window and saw a lot more than just her breasts. As my mom likes to say, "God helps those who help themselves!"

—Name and address withheld □

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SIR GEORG SOLTI  
HOLST: THE PLANETS  
LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA



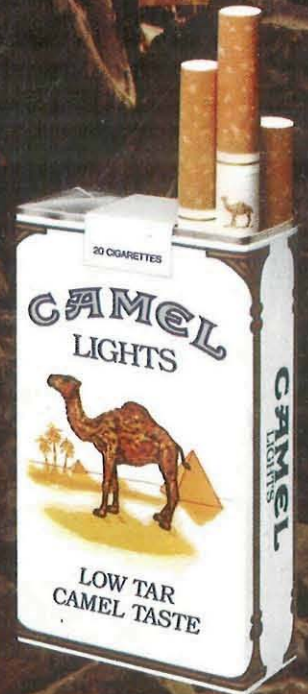
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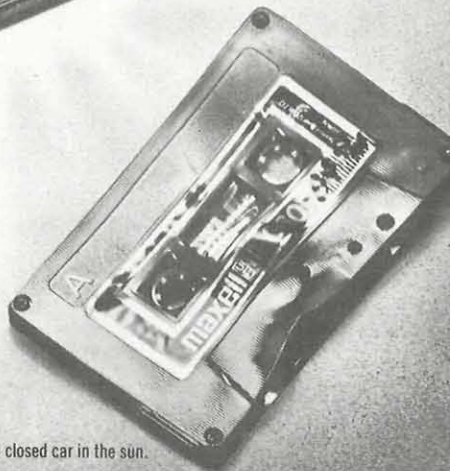
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## CORED CURRICULUM

continued from page 8

sphere-laden campus pubs, discos, and health spas, each with a nominal cover and minimum, operated jointly by MatricuMart and the Interurban Ecdysiasts Corporation. When friends from other schools recount tiresome anecdotes of "the tables down at Morey's" or wherever, you'll be able to shut them up, and pronto, with a description of Too, Too Solid Flesh Night at Wanda's.

The issue, as we at MatricuMart see it, comes down to the purpose of a college education. Call us old-fashioned, but we believe a degree means little unless the graduate can discuss a broad range of subjects with a cocktail in his hand. We have therefore replaced the senior thesis with a new kind of "oral": confronted with a double Rob Roy and a roomful of intelligent but half-gassed adults, the degree candidate must retain his or her poise while fielding tough, real-life questions, like "What do you think of Erica Jong?" and "Is this stuff fondue or Cheez-Whiz?"

Our system of grades has been similarly revamped. Nothing strikes me as more distasteful than the practice at many so-called selective schools of charging students a fortune only to flunk them because of a few trifling term papers or exams. Parents who have forked over thirty thousand big ones, dreaming of a doctor or at least an aluminum-siding mogul in the family, instead find they can't even hold their heads up at the club. We believe that such an investment deserves the same sure neighborhood prestige that would accompany the purchase of a like-priced car, so we have replaced outmoded "report cards" with "receipts," issued twice a year following the payment of each installment on the four-year contract you and your parents will sign before you enroll. Thus even should you elect to transfer to another school, the security of your MatricuMart degree (and its concomitant financial obligation) remains firm, and your parents can rest easy knowing that although their offspring may have the potential of a hot-tub salesman in Reykjavik, he at least has his sheepskin.

The decision is yours. Simply by mailing in a matchbook cover, you have stepped to the brink of a unique educational experience. We at MatricuMart are waiting eagerly to give you that final push. □

**LETTERS**

*continued from page 15*

Sirs:

I hear that nothing is sacred to you kooky zanies at *National Lampoon*, that you'll take on anything and everything. Well, let's just put that to the test. We'll see how much you dare to print:

*Screw you, Mother Teresa. Up yours, Lou Gehrig. Bite my ass, Jonas Salk.*

Wow, you did it. You guys are all right.  
Butch Nickerson  
Tulsa, Okla.

Sirs:

If your magazine had any kind of guts, you would do a whole issue making fun of Pete Brenk. You could write a story about how Pete Brenk hardly makes any money at his lousy job, and a cartoon strip about Pete Brenk spending all his evenings with his no-good crumb-bum friends. Maybe you could even do a Foto Funny about how Pete Brenk is so drunk all the time that he can hardly get it up anymore. I think people would get a real laugh out of that.

Mrs. Pete Brenk  
Lincoln, Nebr.

Sirs:

You know what would be really funny? A "Send Us a Photo of Your Wife's Liver" contest. I'd send you an entry, but they're using it as evidence at my trial.

Vic Martino  
Terryville, Conn.

Sirs:

Well, you still haven't paid me for my articles about Reagan taking fifty-two Iranians hostage or John Lennon shooting Mark David Chapman. But I can wait. Meanwhile, I'm working on pieces about Dead-Again Christians, the Immoral Majority, cigarettes getting lung cancer from smoking people, and a million other ideas. God, sometimes I even amaze myself.

Bernstein Steve  
Arizona, Tucson

Sirs:

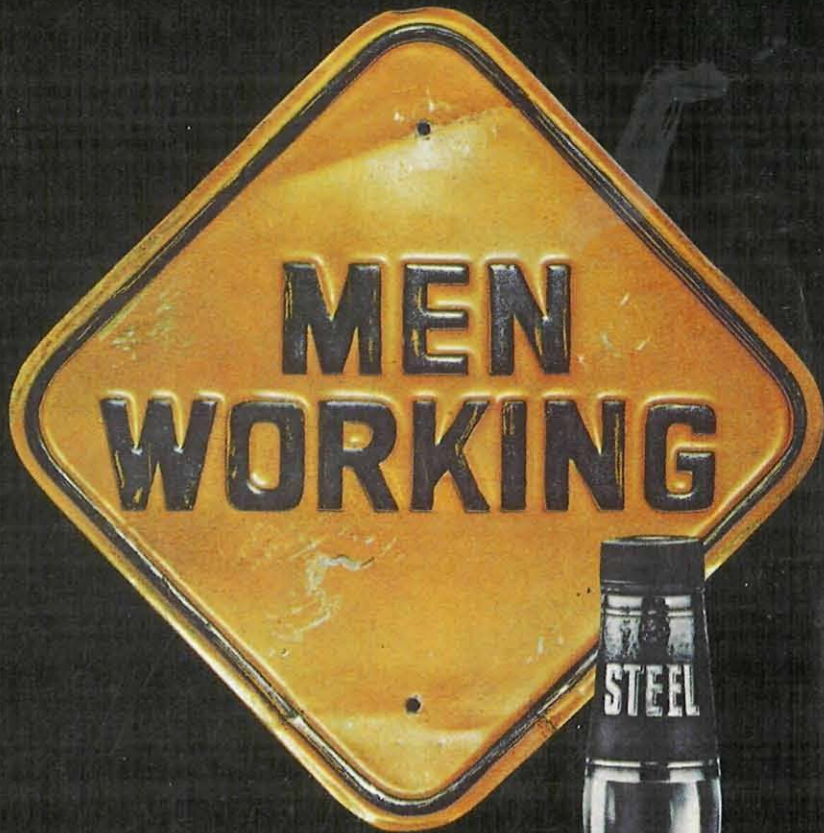
What you guys really need is me. I'm a natural! I get laughs just by introducing myself.

Irving Peckerhead  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

Boy, I'll bet you print some letters just to fill up space.

John Doe  
Anytown, USA  
*continued on page 79*



Steel has a clean, polished peppermint taste. Smoother and less syrupy than you'd expect from a shot of schnapps. So after a hard day's work, pour yourself some Steel. The 85 Proof Schnapps.



by LYNN SHAMAN,  
as told to ELLIS WEINER

# loving alone



# liking it!\*

\*a complete guide to total sexual  
independence and emotional invulnerability



---

**S**ociety is always wanting us to have positive, maturing experiences, and certainly truly loving a truly loving individual is the foremost satisfying relationship in our lives, in terms of personal growth. But which of us can honestly say, "I have met/am living with/am married to /am going out with a truly and sincerely loving and caring individual"? Most people we meet are deficient in the art of truly giving us all the love we want and deserve. The result? Pain. Intense pain, experienced by us, and brought on by the person we least expect it from: the loving and sexing other.

Could it be that this is why so many people are discovering the benefits of isolation and aloneness as viable life-styles in today's modern society? As the contemporary world trends toward a situation where each person maximizes his or her potential life-style and becomes the fullest expression of his/her truly innermost self, the prior habits and relationships of an old-fashioned caliber are falling by the wayside with startling alacrity. Behavior patterns

that suited one's parents in a coping dimension will no longer do. Oral-genital contact, for example, once a staple in men's requirements for women, no longer holds with today's aware self.

I have written this manual with that self in mind. I have based it on information gleaned from conversations with a myriad of others, and on my own experience—painful at first, yet gradually allowing me to realize that loving alone, and being able to say to a potentially intimate other, "Please get out of my apartment," is a fully mature and responsible way to explore the riches and potentials of a joy-filled, viable life. I hope that you will discover, as I have, that living and loving and being and sexing alone can be a productive and fulfilling existence, full of growth, without limits, and safe from the fear that an insensitive, immature, and unfeeling other will destroy your freedom by using you to hump a few times and by demanding oral-genital contact, before getting engaged to his secretary. Believe me, such things *do* happen!

That is why I have written this book.

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## Chapter One

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### Independent Living and Loving and Being Alone

**F**ew will challenge the assertion that human companionship is on the rise. Yet, paradoxically, more and more individuals in America are finding themselves alone. From the moment the baby is born, he or she is unmarried. Even sex itself—so often in song and poem reputed to be the most beautiful experience in life because of its ability to banish aloneness—ends up with betrayal and abandonment, with one partner feeling rejected and hurt and the other getting engaged to his secretary, who so often is a vicious little bleached blond who wears too much makeup.

Indeed, more and more people are questioning the very existence of "love"—and, as my own mature experience can readily attest, some are even challenging the very existence of "sex." Values are trending toward a new era of sexual self-being, and an individual of vital aliveness naturally asks:

Q. Why would an intimate other leave me and get engaged to his secretary?

A. Society wants men to demand oral-genital contact as a means of maximizing their selfhood and pleasuring their ego-image. Yet some female individuals, at this particular point in their lives, find such an action unpleasant and immature. When a truly nonfeeling sexual partner is informed, in a gasping and choking yet reasonable tone, "Get your hands off my head and let me up," he will seek out another sexing other who will be, really, nothing more than a scheming bitch, but who will, as is so often the case in our society, "suck him off."

Q. What can a responsible and mature self learn from this experience?

A. Until recently, it was assumed that another person was necessary for us to enter into a relationship. Today, as never before, individuals are never making that mistake again.

Q. What are the benefits of loving alone?

A. As Don P., an admired designer, told me, "Everybody in the world is too stupid to appreciate me!" Which of us does not nod silently in agreement with that concept? Don's story is typical of the group that engages in what I call "multipersonal relationships," i.e., relationships with at least one other person. Don met, pleased, sexed, and married Alice G., a respected educator. Yet, almost immediately, they discovered that they disagreed on a number of things. Don found, to his bitter disappointment, that Alice did not always want the things he wanted. Moreover, sometimes she had different values, and had different opinions on a myriad of subjects!

At last they divorced, and Don has been living and loving alone ever since. He has discovered that fully independent aloneness eliminates the hurt, the disappointment, and the presence of a potentially injuring other.

But there are other advantages to loving alone, too.

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### ENJOY THE PRIVACY OF SOLITUDE

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Once we are free of the limiting and hurting presence of an intimate and potentially secretary-engaging other demanding us to "blow" him, we are free to experience the sheer luxury of isolated aloneness. No one may intrude on the unabashed pleasuring we may wish to indulge in, when we wish it, and where we wish it—although certainly nowhere but in our

tastefully decorated apartment. No one may insist that we forego such pleasuring as Sara Lee chocolate caking, "Newlywed Game"-ing, and Harlequin noveling. No one may dash from our lips the cup of fantasy of an ideal mate that we wish to drink from by demanding we engage in immature dimensions of foreplay.

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### EXPERIENCE THE SAFETY OF PROTECTEDNESS

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Loving without a commitment to, intimacy with, or the presence of another person affords one the safety and security of knowing that no one will ever hurt you again, no matter what you don't want to do, or what part of whose body you don't want to do it with, or with what other woman or couple you don't want to do it, despite spurious claims by an intimate, drunk other that it would "expand your horizons and be great for your personal growth."

You learn to revel in the kind of protectedness that people trapped in mutually hurting, sexful relationshiping can only dream about. *You* are the boss of you. You appreciate yourself, you are understanding toward yourself, and you display a truly remarkable knack for knowing just what you like. This is the marvelous paradox of loving alone: you, who understands you so intimately, so well, may pleasure yourself and stroke your ego and massage your being; whereas other people, who don't understand you, can go fuck themselves.

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## Chapter Two

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### Alone Together, But, Really, Alone

**F**rom my kitchen I can hear Betty L., an accomplished administrator, sobbing in her living room. If I open my window and lean my head out far enough, I can see her weeping form draped over her couch. If I tiptoe out into the hallway to her apartment door and place against the door a stethoscope I keep for such purposes, I can hear her tear-filled confession to her sister, Janet P., an admired educator:

"I told him I didn't want to get involved!" Betty says tearfully to Janet. "And do you know what he said? He told me he didn't know what that *meant!*"

"Maybe he didn't," Janet says consolingly. "After all, he's only eleven years old..."

As the modern pace of life has grown incessantly complex, so has relationshiping. The problem illustrated above amply demonstrates how Betty, although taking full advantage of our liberated life-style's freedom to experience loving and sexing with a "younger man," is unable to cope with the responsibilities inherent in such a choice.

With this in mind I have devised a list of principles that the alone lover should keep in mind when relationshiping with a member of the opposite sex. The prime goal here is to fully enjoy the pleasures of relating and sexing, while at the same time maximizing personal protectedness.

**1. Choose partners you don't like.** The choice of an appealing, likable sex partner, while seemingly an innocent act, paves the way for repeated sexing of the individual in ques-

tion. After that, there's only one inevitable outcome—getting involved! No alone lover can discover the joys of completely safe isolation if he or she is constantly running into a desirable other in his or her bed or body.

**2. Take the time to not care about your wardrobe.** Selecting an unlikable sex partner is not enough to ensure unhampered solitude after sexing if that individual finds *you* attractive. The trick is to appear as attractive as is necessary to establish contact with the other, while also assuring that that person will not insist on seeing you more than once. Unattractiveness begins with the wardrobe. Be sure to select clothing that does not flatter your natural assets (such as hair or eye color, having two arms, etc.): select it from any of the numerous discount outlets and "warehouse" stores specializing in cut-rate horrible clothing.

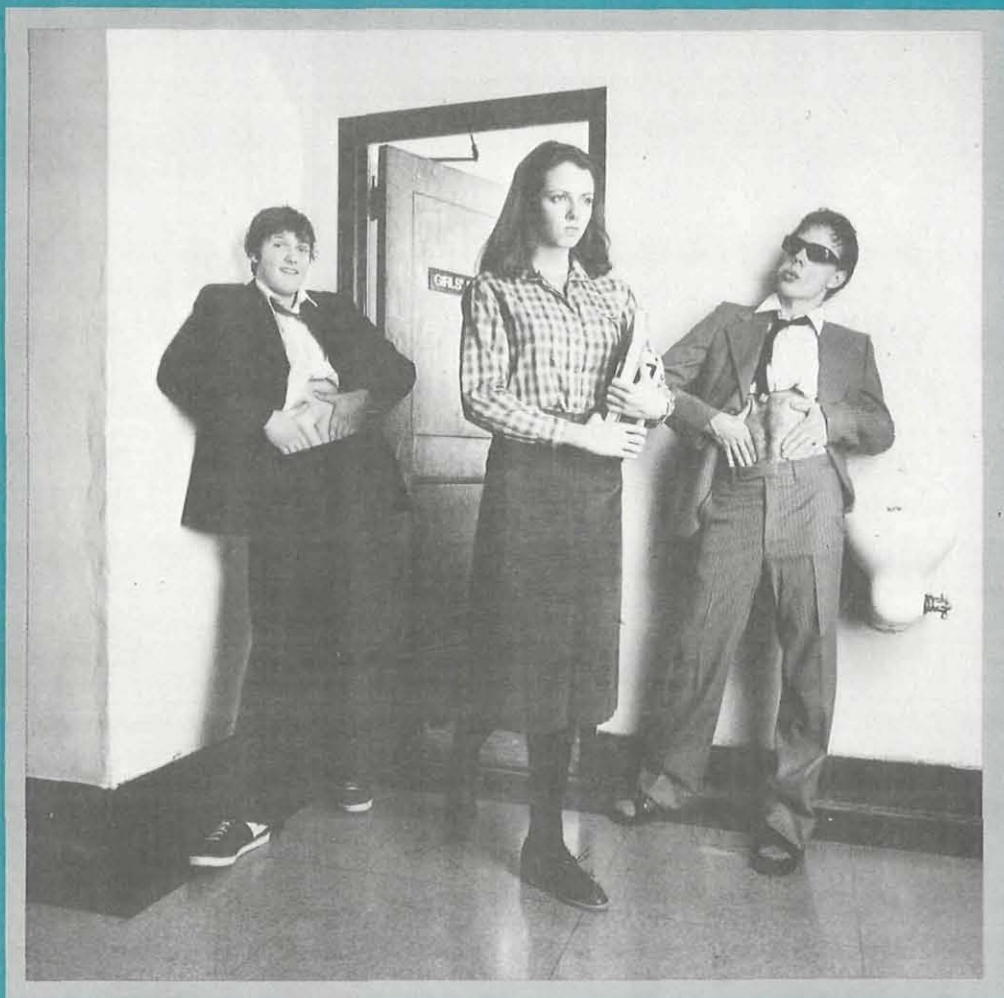
**3. Personal hygiene is a powerful tool.** Nothing discourages repeated relating more than an other whose habits of personal cleanliness are found to be disgusting or "gross." Take full advantage of this fact by "grossing out" the potentially privacy-invading other via not bathing, not brushing your teeth, and not attending to the myriad of personal cleanliness rituals required by the relationshipful sector of society.

**4. Be obnoxious.** Perhaps it was Shakespeare's Hamlet, of immortal dramatic fame, who was the first modern alone lover. In telling his intimate other Ophelia "where to go," Hamlet demonstrated for all of us the importance of obnox-

*continued on page 62*

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# O.C. & STIGGS ANNUAL GASH REPORT



Girls really hated it when we hung around by their rest room  
and formed our stomachs into simulated cracks.

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1981

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## A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

One of the main reasons we decided to publish our first Annual Gash Report is because it was such a monster year for all categories of our gash operations. We figured it would be a good idea to get everything down in some sort of formal record before we forget half the stuff that happened and permanently lose the satisfaction that comes from re-creating a good fuck experience. We thought to ourselves, "But these are such incredible fuck stories, how could me or Stiggs forget them? Why sell \$4,000 of our dad's stock certificates to pay for a handsomely printed Annual Gash Report when we could just describe the gash in person and really vivify the action with all the sound effects and gestures that you can do with a live presentation?" But then we thought, "But, fuck, we'll have another complete library of fuck stories to remember after 1982 and they might push the 1981 stuff right out of our brains or maybe intermingle with them and scramble up all the details." That might be okay if we knew the 1982 gash experiences were going to be better than the 1981 ones, but we don't, and it's probably impossible anyway, because this year's gash behavior was so fucking overwhelming. "So let's get it all down in a \$4,000 professional report," we said to ourselves. And so we did. Thank you.



O.C. Oglevey

O.C. Oglevey, President  
O.C. & Stiggs Gash Operations, N.A.

## REVIEW OF OPERATIONS

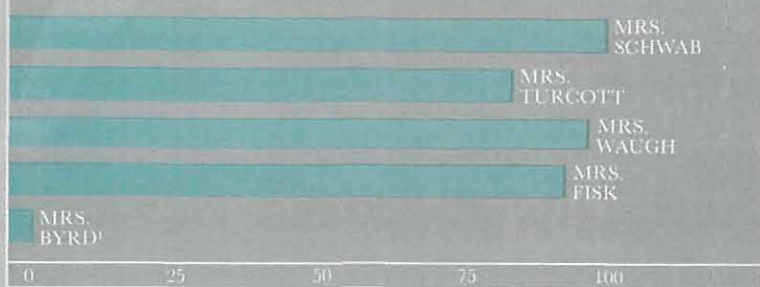
### ALCOHOLIC FRIENDS OF MRS. SCHWAB

Schwab, this completely posterous asshole kid we know, used to take up a lot of our time with the demanding regimen of harassment and tormenting we had to do to him, but when we found out that his mom was this incredibly wasted alcoholic with a whole circle of alcoholic women friends, we decided to augment the usual Schwab routine with a dork job on Mrs. Schwab and her drunk friends. So when Mrs. Schwab, or, more specifi-

cally, Eleanor, was having some of her friends over one afternoon to waste time and get drunk, we showed up and asked if we could join them because our fathers just died in a private-plane crash and we were real upset. They fell for it, especially Mrs. Byrd, since her husband dropped dead recently in the backyard and she could relate to the situation. So we gave her most of the 198-proof Everclear that we were passing off as housewife gin and then O.C. slipped her the rod in Eleanor Schwab's bedroom. Her skin had that great toneless chalky consistency of alcoholic wrecks who do their weekly shopping in 7-Elevens, plus her advanced liquor background had destroyed the nerves in her crack, so when she fell asleep during the sex, O.C. wasn't surprised and really didn't mind. Neither did I when O.C. came out into the living room and offered me a shot before she woke up, but Mrs. Schwab all of a sudden got into a screeching drunken rage when she figured out that we were putting it to her sleeping alcoholic pal on her bed. "Our dads really didn't die; we just wanted a piece of ass," we told Eleanor as she lunged at us with a bottle of mixer. It was great.

### REACTION OF ELEANOR SCHWAB AND HER FRIENDS TO PUTTING IT TO MRS. BYRD

IN ARBITRARY UNITS OF THREATENING TO PUT US IN PRISON FOR GOOD

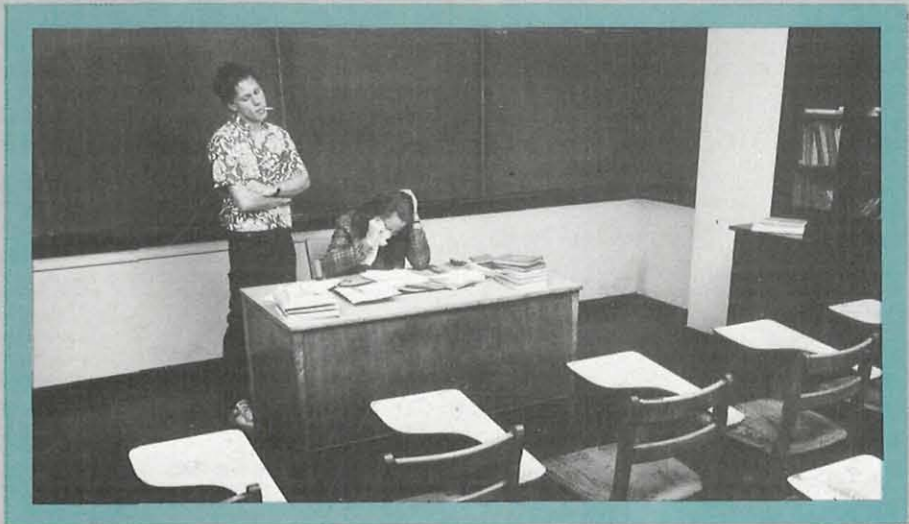


\*She never fucking peeped, not once.

**THIS ENGLISH  
TEACHER THAT WAS  
A TOTAL DEVIATE**

**S**tiggs and me definitely did some major boning in the teacher area this year. It was pretty easy after we saw Mrs. Dalton getting fingered in the staff parking lot by this Slavic custodian. Stiggs told her that if she didn't let us bone her, we'd tell her

husband. So we got her maybe twenty times, mostly in parks and roadside rest areas and shit, but a couple of times in a welfare hotel downtown, where Stiggs took a Polaroid of her with a green banana up her ass. She was crazy. They finally fired her after we turned her in.

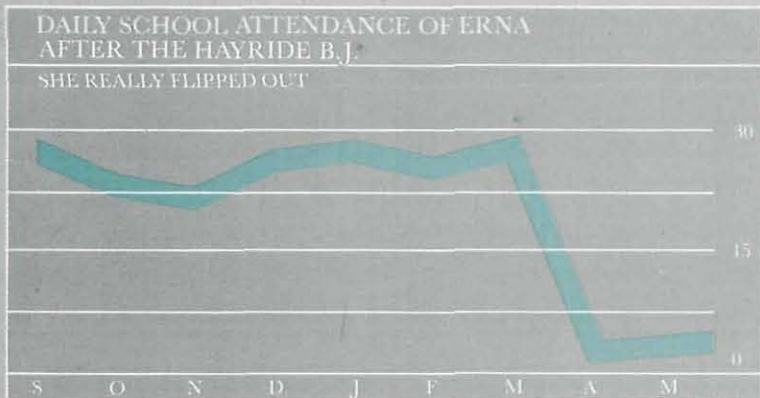


*"You're a deviate," Stiggs mentioned to Mrs. D the day they told her to get her ass off campus.*

**DERANGED ERNA  
WARNKE ON A  
HAYRIDE**

**O**.C. asked this girl Erna Warnke to one of about fifty hayrides the Campus Life religion dorks have every year, which was a great concept in gash arrangements for several reasons. First off, Erna was famous for being permanently reamed in the head after this older guy boned her when she was under puberty. She always had this twisted, goofy expression on her face, and her hair was real thin and bizarrely

shaped, like the trauma of premature exposure to the meat was so incredible that it not only stir-fried her brain but it radiated all around her head and fucked up her expression and her hair follicles also. Second, every candy-ass organization like Campus Life that could hardly get anyone to join them made it their special essential mandate to recruit Erna Warnke and show everyone their general meritoriousness by treating her like a fully qualified human. Third, she wasn't; she was



## REVIEW OF OPERATIONS (CONT.)

totally repellent and fucked up. Fourth, part of her fucked-up-ness was that she had a standing twenty-four-hour hard-on for any guy that would even talk to her, and would do anything the guy wanted,

no matter where or when or how de-mented it was, including blowing O.C. on a bale of hay while the Campus Life people were yelling at her to stop. It wrecked the whole night for everybody.

### STEWARDESS ON THE BRINK

**T**his stewardess for TWA that lives across from O.C. was having some real acute romance with a guy that lived next door to her and then the guy told her to blow off. Since she was almost thirty and on some kind of mental edge about finding a husband, she had this great breakdown and kept running over to the guy's door and beating on it, yelling for him to talk to her. Then she started neglecting herself and not comb-

ing her hair and letting big nuggets of mascara collect all around her eyes; so that's when we decided it would be a good time to give her the meat. "We came over to give you the meat," Stiggs said to her when she answered her door, but we never got to ram her, because she was in a hurry to quit her job and check herself in to a brain ward. We wrote her two or three hundred follow-up letters at the asylum, but didn't make any progress until about six weeks later.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>See: "Mental Patients We Did in Pig Masks"

### MENTAL PATIENTS WE DID IN PIG MASKS

**D**uring second semester we found out there was a halfway house for lunatics where the stewardess we never got to bone was living. Most of the girls there were pretty fat and dirty and it was about as much fun as doing it with livestock. So Stiggs and I busted in there late at night with these phony rubber pig masks on and boned a selection of retards directly against the walls, and then in the morning they told the social workers that took care of them all these stories about how they

got rounced up the fudge tunnel by pigs. We were going to go back for a follow-up performance but most of the deadheads got busted for hallucinating and got hit pretty good with insulin and electro-convulsive therapy and ended up having about as much life in them as Mrs. Byrd on Everclear, plus their skin looked worse. We figured, Why take the risk of breaking into a building of zero-brainwave maniacs when we can do Mrs. Byrd? We never got our hands on the stewardess, though; and that was a pretty big setback.



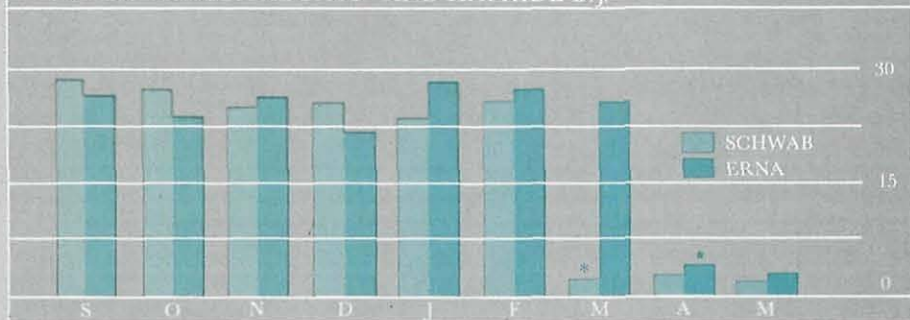
*Getting the mental-patient residue off Stiggs's body was real critical to him.*

## AN EXPEDITION INTO SCHWAB'S ROOF

After the job we had for about a week helping Schwab's father put the roof on a new addition to his house, we had an ideal arrangement for prying into the finest secret behavior of the Schwab family because of the extra crawl space we built into the ductwork. All we had to do was pull this vent off the side of the attic and crawl through a duct to the register for Schwab's or his parents' room and watch them argue or beat off or whatever stuff the Schwab family might do that distinguished them as the most pathetic and ostracized dickheads in the entire city. It was particularly great when we saw Mr. Schwab find the blotches of sex gunk on the bedspread from the Everclear stint

with Mrs. Byrd and ask his wife about it, mainly because Mrs. Schwab was so ashamed and revolted by the whole thing that she told her husband that maybe her kid was responsible for the stains. Obviously, this was a magic moment for us. Mrs. Schwab framing her own kid rather than deal with the reality of us putting it to her drunk friend on her bed, and Mr. Schwab actually believing that anyone as fucked up as his kid was capable of getting a girl into his mom's bed and screwing her, were two of the most incredible morsels of Schwababilia ever recorded in the history of persecuting Schwab. The five-thousand-watt pirate radio broadcast of the tape we made of the whole discussion was great.

COMPARATIVE SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OF SCHWAB AND ERNA AFTER THE BROADCAST\* AND HAYRIDE B. J.†



†They Hardly Ever Showed Up

## THIS GIRL WHOSE BOYFRIEND ACED HIMSELF

Stiggs met this girl Rachel at a mall, where she was handing out these cheese samples for some extra-luminous food outlet that was supposed to look like a barn. So later we show up at her house for a visit when her parents were gone, which seemed like a generally attractive situation until Rachel lets on that her ex-boyfriend's in the other room and that he's just shot himself. Apparently the guy was pissed off about being an ex-boyfriend. Anyway, we instantly crossed Rachel off

for any boning that afternoon, especially when she shows us this note the guy had clutched in his hand just before he checked out. It says, "I love you," which of course automatically required Rachel's complete repertoire of squealing and beeping and general self-reproach that would go on indefinitely. Stiggs couldn't get his hands on her for nearly a month, and even when he did, it didn't go too well because of the deleterious effect of the gun I kept shooting off outside and the gurgling noises I added. Stiggs was pissed.

## MICHELLE MERGEN'S TITS

Once when we were at this party Michelle Mergen said something O.C. didn't like, so he told her not to say it again or he would deck her. But she was real drunk and did, so O.C. pushed her up against a brick wall and knocked her out cold with a shot to the

jaw. Some other guy who was completely wiped out examined her for a couple seconds, then decided that she was dead even though she wasn't. "She's fucking dead," he announced, which was when everyone who'd always wanted to see Michelle's tits pulled open her blouse for a feel. It was pretty sick, but great.

## REVIEW OF OPERATIONS (CONT.)

### THEY TRIED TO NAB US FOR RAPE

**W**ith the elephantine bulk of the gash activity this year it was pretty well expected that someone we put the meat to would snap afterward and lay out the whole story for her parents or the cops. So that's what Gretchen Mendenhall did following a boning by Stiggs in a parking lot at the state fair, and the result was naturally a full-blown rape trial even though the girl practically attacked Stiggs and liked his log so much that she paid his way into the fair later on and bought him about seventy-five chances to win her a cloth worm. Anyway, the trial was great, especially since we got off the whole thing by parading a huge number of guys up to the witness stand

who said they also put it to Gretchen and thus established by a preponderance of the evidence that Gretchen was a whore. Most of the guys really did a creditable job of coming up with good fuck testimony, particularly Wilson Moon, this frightening mulatto we met at the fair who testified that Gretchen gave him a handjob on the Octopus. "Who wants to go faster now?" Wilson said the Octopus operator kept yelling over a loudspeaker, and then Gretchen would really speed up the stroking. Wilson's real slow accent and horrible teeth really gave the story a nice texture, as well as the intermittent weeping and racket from Gretchen's side of the courtroom. Gretchen's dad was the most pissed off.

## FINANCIAL STATEMENTS

### CONSOLIDATED STATEMENT OF FUNDS UTILIZED AND SQUANDERED BECAUSE OF US

#### FUNDS EXPENDED FOR OPERATIONS

Everclear .....	\$ 8.00
Welfare-hotel rooms .....	17.00
Polaroid film .....	11.00
Bananas .....	1.00
Postage for letters to asylum .....	45.00
Hayride tickes .....	4.00
Pig masks .....	10.00
Comet .....	.50
Pistol ammunition .....	6.00
Cassette tape .....	2.00
Gas and abuse to our cars .....	37.00
	<u>\$141.50</u>

#### FUNDS EXPENDED BY OTHER PEOPLE AS A RESULT OF OUR OPERATIONS

Cleaning Eleanor Schwab's bedspread .....	\$ 15.00
Bottle of mixer broken by Eleanor .....	1.00
Loss of income to Mrs. Dalton .....	7,850.00
Bill for her proctoscopy .....	75.00
Loss of income to the stewardess .....	16,900.00
Mental-hospital bills .....	7,450.00
Loss of federal funding to school from Erna Warnke's staying home two months .....	900.00
Insulin, electricity, special vegetable care at mental hospital .....	18,700.00
Loss of federal funding to school from Schwab's staying home three months .....	1,350.00
Court and attorney costs .....	10,000.00
General pain and suffering for everyone .....	<u>1,000,000.00</u>
	<u>1,063,241.00</u>
Net Success of Operations .....	<u>\$1,063,099.50</u>

### REPORT OF INDEPENDENT FRIENDS WHO KNOW ALL THIS STUFF IS TRUE

In our opinion, everything that O.C. and Stiggs say happened in this report really happened exactly and totally the way O.C. and Stiggs say it did and it was great, so help us God.

Slice-Whorehouse and Co.



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# Parents of the Girls of the Eastwest Conference

*pictorial essay*

By **MICHAEL REISS**

*if there's anyone who doesn't love  
these girls in the same way we do,  
it's apparent it's a parent*



**LOU AND ANNE DIMEO; Darien, Connecticut**

**ANNE:** "Let's face it; we weren't too happy to see our daughter Virginia turning up in *Nympho and Slut* and the *Crabs Gazette* every month; but we understood. She wanted to become a movie actress, and that was the only exposure she could get. But it finally did pay off. She got \$1,200 to star in *A Taste of Ginger*. Of course, it's not a classic movie, or even a very, very good one, but it is a start. And while it still has a lot of that nude stuff—what movie doesn't these days?—it does give our Virginia a few minutes to show off her acting ability. Now, I know we're prejudiced, but we really thought she gave a magnificent performance. And since she's the only girl in the movie, she really does stand out from the pack. So now we're sure it's just a matter of time before they offer her a big Hollywood contract. We've waited about six months already, so it should be any day now."



**STU GROTH; Tempe, Arizona**

**STU:** "I mean, heck, there's really nothing to be ashamed about, is there? So it's my daughter, so she's naked—what's the big deal? The human body is a very beautiful thing, and if it's handled right, it can be—well—very beautiful. It's art, kind of like those Greek statues; they're all bare, but no one says, 'Put some clothes on them, they're so dirty.' Well, it's the same thing with my daughter. Anyway, her photo is really pretty subtle; you can't see just everything. You know, there's still a little bit left to the imagination. After all, this wasn't in some cheap scum porno magazine. It was in *Vulva*. They're pretty respectable. And it's not like this is how my daughter plans to make her living forever; she's just going to do it for a few years, so she can earn enough to go to college and med school. Then she can become a doctor, to keep people healthy and heal the sick. Which, if you ask me, makes the whole thing pretty much all right, all right?"



**JACK AND MARY McGILPIN;  
Lancaster, Pennsylvania**

**JACK:** "Boy, they grow up fast, don't they? One minute they're just babies in diapers; the next minute, there they are, posing for *Boner Monthly*. The kids leave home and all you've got left is a bunch of old snapshots. So we spend our time looking at pictures of our Susan, watching her turn from a tiny girl into a big, beautiful woman. Of course, it's tough to pick favorites, but I guess we like her centerfold the best. It's a lot bigger than the others, and it certainly is more professional than anything I could snap with my Instamatic. And it is just about all we've seen of Sue in the past few years, so we're just glad that she's looking so healthy and so pretty and that she's becoming such a big celebrity. No, sir, we couldn't be prouder of our little girl. No we couldn't. No, sir."



**FRANK AND EDNA JOYELL; San Diego, California**

**FRANK:** "Ever since she was a little girl, all our little Kathy wanted was to be a model. So we scrimped and saved to have her teeth straightened and her hair styled professionally, and to buy her all the most beautiful clothes. And we hoped and we prayed that someday Kathy would get her big break in modeling. Well, last month our prayers were answered: the people at *Wet Pussy* magazine published this full-page photo of our daughter.

"Of course, there's more to her than this. She's got a beautiful smile, and her mother's nose, and big blue eyes just like her old dad. But I think this shot shows enough. It says here's a beautiful girl, slim, who's very clean and very much at ease in front of a camera. And I think any high-class fashion photographer reading *Wet Pussy* will see the picture and realize that our Kathy has just what it takes. After all, even Brooke Shields and Margaux Hemingway started out this way, didn't they?"

# The LOVES of TONY ROMAINE

by John Bendel

**T**ony Romaine never made it to the big time as a singer, but he seems to have had a good time in his relative obscurity. After his death in an automobile accident in 1980, it was discovered that the self-proclaimed "best-loved lover on Long Island" had taped a kind of oral diary on a cassette recorder he kept in his 1972 Coupe de Ville. This is a transcript of one of his tapes:

**T**he broads love me. I mean, I really drive them crazy. Take Rhonda, for example. I never did find out her last name, but I'll tell you one thing, she was one of the best-looking dames I ever saw, with a pretty little round ass, tits like light bulbs, and a space between her legs about four fingers wide. I liked her face too.

I first saw her when she came in to the Double-Knit Room at the Bethpage Best Western Motel. I was in the middle of a set. She was with Nunzio Dec. They call him the Cruncher, because he's a hit man for Tortolini, up in Westchester. Nunzio was really putting on the dog. He must have given Marty, the maître d', a fat tip, because Marty comes down to the front table and tells the bald guy sitting there with his baggy wife that they'll have to move. Then he ushers down Nunzio and Rhonda.

Anyhow, I had a good set going, you know? I had just warmed up the house with "Emergency Love Squad" and I was into "I've Got Hair on My Chest Just for You, Babe." The next thing I know, Nunzio's date is winking at me.

Well, you know me. I love to turn them broads on, so I take the mike off the stand and walk to the edge of the little stage, so I can sing right to her. It

always gets them. They just love it.

But I kind of forgot about Nunzio. Marty told me later that the guy had three cigarettes lit at the same time and was pounding his fist on the table, but me, I didn't notice.

What I did see was that Rhonda had turned in her chair so that I could look right up her dress. She didn't have any panties on. One of the guys in the band dropped his trumpet when he saw, but I kept cool and finished the set. Then I went out to the parking lot to have a smoke in my Caddy and kind of cool off.

The next thing you know, here's Rhonda walking over to my car. She gets in—hey, I didn't invite her or nothing—then tells me that Nunzio thinks she's in the bathroom. She tells me she wants me to fuck her real quick.

Now, normally I don't go for quickies in my car. I mean, I've got real white leatherette upholstery, and sexual fluids could really mess it up. But Rhonda was a real looker. I figured I only had a few minutes and it was now or never. I tell her okay. So she hikes up her dress and we go to it, moaning and groaning and twisting around, until somehow I wound up with one of my legs dangling out the passenger-side window. That's when she accidentally hit the electric window button. The window zipped



closed on my ankle and jammed.

So we're trying to get untangled when who shows up but Nunzio. He must have seen the car rocking from across the lot. Anyhow, he yanks open the passenger-side door, the one with my foot in the window, which drags me across the seat, onto the pavement.

So I'm lying there on my back with my pants around my knees and one foot still stuck in the car window. That's when Rhonda decides it's time to save her own ass. She starts crying and telling Nunzio about how I kidnapped her on her way to the ladies' room and made her come out here.

Nunzio is pissed.

"If you ever touch my girl again," he



says, "I'll carve a trapdoor in your throat and tie sailor's knots in those golden vocal cords of yours." Then he pulls out a shiv that looks like a cavalry saber and slices off my pants.

"C'mon, baby," he says, and Rhonda scrambles out of the car, right over me. She straightens out her skirt, then looks down at me and says, "You worm!" And they march off arm in arm.

Now, believe me, I could have made a lot of trouble for Nunzio. I mean, I could have had him iced. But I only have so many favors owed to me and I don't want to use them up on punks like that. Besides, I did get a new song out of it. It's called "I've Got My Foot in the Door of Love."

**W**ell, I never thought I'd see Rhonda again. But about three weeks later I'm playing the Corinthian Leather Lounge out in Patchogue and she shows up on the arm of this eight-foot-tall palooka.

This time I know she's bad medicine, so when I do the bit where I go into the audience and sing to the broads, I ignore her on purpose. But I can see that she's throwing me kisses and squeezing her tits together to play up her cleavage. I can also see that the palooka isn't too happy about it at all.

So I wrap up the set with "The Way I Am" and I duck into the bar as fast as I can. But out of the corner of my eye I can see her getting up from the table

and walking toward the bar too. The palooka is watching every wiggle in her walk and he's steaming.

Now, Tony Romaine ain't afraid of nobody. But why stick your neck out? So before she gets to the bar, I go into the men's room. I figure I'll hide in the crapper until she goes away.

So, I'm sitting there in the can, when I hear the door open. It's Rhonda.

"Tony, you in there?" she says. Oh, no, I think, and I try to be real quiet. But I can hear the door close and the sound of her heels on the tile floor. She starts opening the stalls, one by one.

I was in the third one.

"Oh, Tony!" she hollers. "I'm so sorry for what happened. Please let me make it up to you!" That's when she pulls up her dress, squats across my lap, and starts tugging at my pointer.

Now, I know I get these broads cranked up, but this is a little much even for me. And while I'm sitting there trying to figure out what to do next, I hear the bathroom door open again, followed by footsteps that sound like a grizzly bear with shoes on.

"Oh my God!" she whispers in my ear. "I think it's Flavio!"

I do not have to ask who Flavio is.

So the monster goes into the stall next to us to take a dump, and now I'm looking down at his right shoe that looks like a leather canal barge, and Rhonda is standing on my lap, where she jumped, so her feet wouldn't show under the door.

"I've got an idea," she whispers. Then she tells me how I've got to give her my clothes, so she can sneak out of here without being noticed. I guess I wasn't thinking too clearly, because I told her okay.

Have you ever tried to slip out of a tuxedo without making a sound, while sitting on a toilet with a broad standing on your lap? Take it from me—it doesn't work.

What happens is Rhonda slips while trying to undo my bow tie and her foot gets lodged in the toilet bowl. Now, if someone is standing in the same toilet bowl you're sitting on, it's real hard to get up. So I've got nowhere to go. Besides, I'm now all wrapped up in my own suspenders, and it's clear that there's no way we're going to get out of this one.

The same thing must have occurred to Rhonda too, because all of a sudden she's screaming, "Help! Help! Rapist!" And, of course, in less than a second, there's the palooka standing in the stall door, holding up his pants.

## Now, if someone is standing in the same toilet bowl you're sitting on, it's real hard to get up.

I think I said something bright like "You must be Flavio." But that's all I remember until I woke up in the doctor's office.

Now, under the circumstances, I couldn't get all that mad at Flavio. After all, he thought he was doing his duty as a concerned citizen. Of course, I could have come down hard on him, but that's not my way, you know? He had nothing against me personally.

But I was beginning to wonder about Rhonda. I mean, it was clear that she really loved me a lot, but she had a funny way of coming on, you know?

I tried to write a song about that episode too, but all I could come up with was a line about how when we build our little love nest the walls will go all the way to the floor. Not too catchy, you know?

Anyhow, it took me a few weeks to heal up from that one, and meanwhile I was getting nervous. At first I thought if I ever saw her again, I'd just dive off the stage and get the hell out of there. But I realized that wouldn't look too good. Then I figured I'd tone down the act, so she wouldn't get too turned on. But that wouldn't be fair to the rest of the broads in the audience—you know, my fans.

Finally, I decide that the only thing to do is give the broad a dose of her own medicine. She wants to set me up, then cry rape? Hey, two can play that game! I may not be in the big time yet, but Tony Romaine is nobody's fool.

Anyhow, it was a few weeks later. I was playing the El Dorado Room at the Hicksville Ramada Inn when Rhonda comes in. It's really a shame we couldn't meet under better circumstances, because this broad is a looker, let me tell you, and she's with the biggest guy in the universe. Him I know right away. It was Vito "the Muscle." He collected gambling debts for Rocco "the Scoop" Macaroono in Brooklyn. He was mean, and he really seemed to like Rhonda a lot. He was hanging all over her, kissing her neck, rubbing her thigh under the table, and staring down at those tits.

But Rhonda wasn't paying much attention. She had her eyes on me. She was moving her head around and winking, trying to get eye contact. My act drove her crazy.

I didn't want to look at her, because I didn't want any trouble, but I couldn't help myself. She was moving her lips without making a sound, mouthing the words "I'm sorry."

Great. Just great. So here I am finishing up the act again, and I know I'm not even safe in the bathroom. But this time at least I have a plan.

So I wrap things up and spend a few minutes throwing kisses to all the old broads in the audience, who love that kind of stuff. Then I come off the stage and head for the bar. Sure enough, I can see Rhonda grabbing her handbag and making an excuse to Vito, who doesn't look too happy at all. She starts after me.

I can sense her closing in behind me as I walk past the men's room, into the bar, and toward the door that opens onto the Ramada Inn lobby. I've got to make sure there are lots of people around. I can't let her get me alone again; so I go into the lobby.

There was a big sign by the desk that said, "Welcome to the Love Without Sex Seminar—Room 1G." The seminar must have just ended, because the lobby was full of geeks and wimps and the ugliest people you've ever seen, all shaking hands good night.

It was time to get even.

I whirled around and there she was, right behind me, with that same fiery look in her eyes. But this time I was ready for her.

Now, being in the entertainment business, you never know what's going to happen, so I've always kept a Saturday-night special in my Caddy. Since the incident in the men's room, though, I'd been wearing it strapped under my armpit.

I reached for the gun with my right hand, and into my pants pocket for my wallet with my left hand.

She was already talking. "I'm really sorry, Tony," she was saying, but I interrupted her.

"Here, hold these," I said, handing her my wallet and the gun.

She took them both without thinking, looked at me a little funny, then started to beg for a quickie again before Vito caught on. But I cut her off.

I threw my arms up and hollered, "Don't shoot! Please don't shoot!"

In an instant, everyone in the lobby was looking at us. There was a general

sucking in of breath, then a hubbub of talk as the people nearest us backed slowly away. One chicken-face near the desk dove to the floor.

"Please!" I said. "Take the wallet, but don't shoot! I want to live!"

Rhonda's mouth had dropped open now, and she was staring at me.

"Hey, Tony!" she whispers. "What's the matter with you? All these funny-looking people are staring at us!"

"You'll never get away with this!" I shouted. I knew I had her now. Yes, sir. Tony Romaine had gotten his revenge, and it was sweet. I loved it.

The trouble is, it was all downhill from there. I hadn't thought things through any further than this moment, and things began to sort of unravel.

Rhonda turned toward the people, who were watching wide-eyed as they slowly backed away.

"Do you believe this goofball?" she says, and tries to hand me back my wallet and gun. But I kept my hands up and the act going. I guess I should have taken them back and ended it right there, but like I said, I hadn't really thought it through.

So the next thing I know, Vito is coming through the door from the bar and Rhonda hands him my wallet and gun and says, "Look at this jerk. Do you know what he just pulled on me?" Then she tells him.

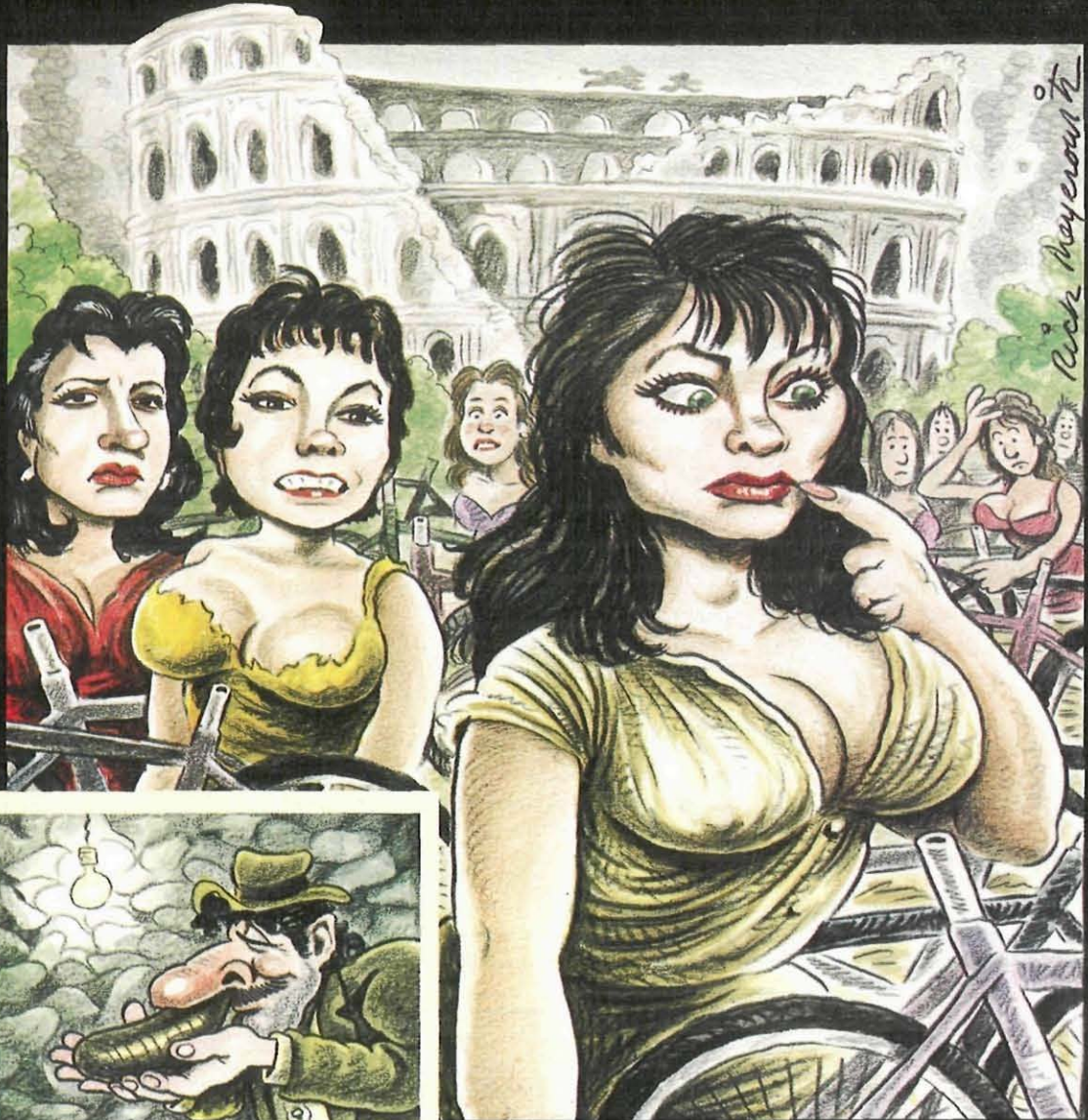
There's one thing about guys like Vito. They don't steam like real people before they get physical, you know? They just kind of look at you like you were a cheese Danish, then they break you in half.

Now, you know very well that I could have really hurt Vito. But it just didn't seem like the right thing to do. Better to just lie there bleeding on the floor than make a big deal out of it, you know? Besides, I had my revenge. I had gotten even with Rhonda and I never did see her again.

And someday when Tony Romaine is really big, when I'm selling millions of records and playing the Nassau Coliseum, they're all going to know why I didn't make a big deal out of it. Because Tony Romaine isn't a small guy, that's why. When I'm a big star, they're all going to understand that.

Meanwhile, though, I've got to watch out for those broads. I'm telling you, they just love me like crazy. □

From the man who gave you *Endless Love*...  
 A shameless remake of a cinema classic...



He took his pleasure right under his nose...

FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI'S

# The Bicycle Seat Thief

STARRING

SOPHIA

LOREN

AND

GINA

LOLLOBRIGIDA

CO-STARRING

ANNA

MAGNANI

AND

CLAUDIA

CARDINALE

FEATURING Giorgio ARMANI, Dante PASTORINI, Joseph CALIFANO, Thomas LASORDA, Patti LUPONE, AND Giancarlo GIANNINI AS "IL PERVERTO"  
 WRITTEN BY David LOPES AND Fernando VALENZUELA · FROM A STORY BY Jerry VALE · DIRECTED BY Franco ZEFFIRELLI · DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY Sergio VALENTE  
 MUSIC COMPOSED BY Joe FAMOLARE · SONG "SEAT ON MY FACE" COMPOSED AND PERFORMED BY VITO AND THE MOZZARELLAS · ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ON ZITI RECORDS AND TAPES  
 A FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI / MAMMA LEONE PRODUCTION OF A PASTAFILMS RELEASE · PRINTS BY PIZZACOLOR

# TRUE *Bitch*

by Britt Ekland

*My Real Story, from Dick to Peter to Rod*

The year 1942 was dawning. While Sweden hid behind the rest of Europe's skirts, Adolf Hitler's unfashionably outfitted troops charged into France—or was it England?—that year. But in a tiny little room in a maternity ward in Stockholm on 6 October, Britt Marie Ekland came kicking and screaming into the world, a world full of bombs and guns and men who grow up to be Nazis that she had no control over at all.

My childhood passes with the seasons, and I found myself growing older, and yet also heavier. Memories linger

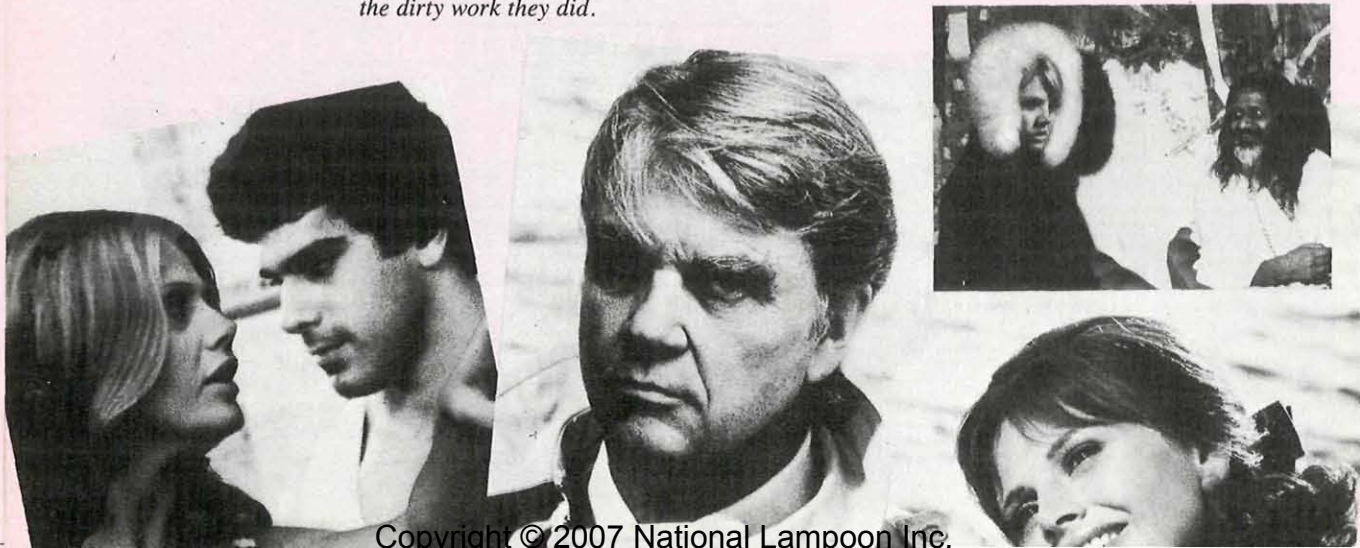
like pastel paper kites soaring over the reindeer preserves just outside the city. Dressed in my jorgenrock, the traditional licorice-tasting jogging suit of Swedish youth, I stroll along a narrow village road with Bangt, my brother. He and I hold hands as we cross the shallow stream that will take us to the cloggenstappen (shoelace factory). We exchange casual confidences about the foul-smelling cheeses our father has hung up on the living-room wall in a conscious imitation of Swedish nobility. I pretend that Bangt is no longer my brother but a savage Viking prince from the days of old, commanding a legion

of followers from high atop the magnificent war skates of centuries past. Then a pile of leaves, and I hear a battle cry, horses galloping in the dark, feel a strange warmth flushing my body...

The shoelaces would have to wait.

My affair with Kjorn Andercobb began when we were both enrolled in an accelerated program of hamborgkillen (butchery school) at the Dimsk Institute, in the scenic town of Scrub. We Swedes consider the scientific cutting of beef an art unsurpassed by any, so my acceptance at this prestigious meat factory could only be compared to the mousy seventeen-year-old girl that I

*What were they like in bed? The Incredible Hulk was a weakling. All those strong things he did on TV were special effects. Andy Rooney kept telling me how profound he was, and the Maharishi mesmerized me into offering my spiritual services to him by servicing his unpaid disciples for the dirty work they did.*





was, discovering the cure for malaria, like Sir Walter Raleigh, or making 1,000 points in pinstripes, as your heroic fat man Babe Ruth.

Kjorn was several years farther along in the program, and served as an apprentice to a local butcher, a most envied and sought-after position. He had also acquired a reputation for much drollery, and such a display of wit first attracted my interest. In the midst of a special knife-sharpening seminar, an advanced course to which I had been admitted only after long and arduous favors to the headmaster, Kjorn continually delighted and entertained me by making forward comments on rare meat and what lay underneath the folds of my laboratory outfit, and by balancing the pudenthunker (large saw for neutering obstreperous bulls) on his nose while reciting dirty limericks. I could feel the blush creep down from my cheeks all the way down to moistened lower regions covered with satin panties embroidered with moose-lynching scenes of local village life. I quickly gave him my phone number, eager for nothing more than a casual evening of munching the tawdry ice-cream treat so popular with students at the local café. As I briskly dried my hair with the elk-scented towel passed on to me by my maternal grandmother, I heard a loud noise outside in the narrow corridor, followed by a loud rap on the thin door. Weak with anticipation, I turned the knob to see Kjorn in an excited condition naked atop the headmaster's prize pet albino steer. He



*President Kennedy wanted to create a new cabinet post for me: secretary of sex. But before he could, tragedy struck in Dallas.*

gingerly guided the drugged animal to the center of the living room as I squealed with girlish delight. Leaping down onto the floor with the savage battle cry of the brave cow tenders to the north, Kjorn took me passionately on the carpet, roughly thrusting his stout member into every conceivable nook and cranny of my heaving body, as the "borrowed" farm animal watched mutely. Just before dawn, Kjorn finally exhausted himself, and fell into a deep slumber. I hastily threw on my dressing gown and looked at the closed shops of the town below, as the sleepy steer softly burped, and unhur-

riedly relieved its bladder. Only now, I thought, do I understand what it is to be a woman.

Over the next two months, Kjorn and I made love in every conceivable place and position. In coffeehouses we would sneak under the tables and rut like crazed animals, rattling the floorboards until everyone's pitcher of cream turned to solid ice milk. At our place of worship, the Church of God the Ski Professional, with a wink and a shared smile we often hurried out before the final snow rituals for impromptu sexing in the warm backseat of Kjorn's mint green Volvo.

*I don't remember much of what I did with Alan Hale. I recall an island, and lots of bananas, coconuts, and big things that must have been tropical cucumbers. Alan must have been a vegetarian, though I do remember screaming "Pork" all the time. Mark Spitz could only do it in water, which got boring.*



In school we threw caution to the wind, adjourning early to the meat lockers, where the chilly atmosphere quickly unfroze with the fires of our passion, as we made love among the huge sides of beef and thick rings of sausage.

But, alas, I soon realized that Kjorn, adorable knöcklehaad, could not be the one for me. While he appeared content to thaw and slice meats all afternoon with a beloved dopey grin on his face, my thoughts wandered elsewhere. I thought of young girls turning to old women with the stench of calves' brains about them, and I started to gag. Soon my ears caught music coming through the window from a bar across the street, and the blinding beat of Kjale and the Yarboroughs beckoned a Britt intent on a life involving more than prime cuts and cut fingers.

And so my affair with Kjale began that afternoon. I couldn't say good-bye to Kjorn because of an extremely urgent manicure appointment, though I did think of him often for several days afterward. Kjorn, if you are reading this today, please forgive the changing whims of an uncertain young girl; and I hope the rumors of your horrid painful drowning are not true, and if they are, I would have tried to have been there by your side, but I sent your family a card anyway, and they never wrote back.

The same goes for you, Kjale. And also thanks for the introduction to the friend of a friend in the Swedish entertainment industry. Little did I realize that the first film, with the marching

bands and those unbelievable dwarfs, would point me solidly toward a new career.

Peter Sellers entered my life a few months later. Through dedicated pursuit of my new goal to become a total actress, I had managed to land a small part in the traveling comedy revue *Swedish Sex Kittens*, which Sellers came to see during its limited run in a small West End bedroom in London. After the show, he dropped by to offer his congratulations; and after gracefully breaking my wedding engagement to the company's director (who really was a very bad driver, and I'm sure it was an accident later on that evening), Sellers and I embarked on a whirlwind romance. Ironically enough for such a well-known comic actor, Sellers's sense of humor rarely surfaced in private life. I often felt the burden to entertain him when we were alone, which I would do by scrunching up my face in odd ways and sticking out my tongue and rolling my eyes like a drunken sailor. He would gaze at me with a vacant far-off look in his eyes, and I felt happy knowing the pleasure I had brought him.

Things quickly became very intense with Sellers, and I booted the soccer team out of my cramped four-room apartment. I was young and in love, and a slave to Sellers's hot-and-cold-running passion. Alas, I did not know that such a waterfall could so soon run dry and leave me by myself, scooping up sand in

the desert.

People often ask me to describe the more intimate side of my relationship with Sellers. Perhaps it remains an inhibition left over from my rather puritanical upbringing, but I often feel uncomfortable discussing such private matters. So I generally shrug my head, give a shy smile, and bring out the cartons of pornographic films and slides that I secretly took during our time together. This spares me the pain of having to talk about such matters as the orange sock puppet Ernie that Sellers often placed around his stout and glib member, giving an off-the-cuff vaudeville-type organ show that had me smacking my lips with delight. Or the endless cocaine-crazed sex sessions, during which Sellers often would become so excited that he would shoot off like a rocket even before I slipped out of the mountain climber's outfit. Or all the private little lovers' games that we played, such as Tarzan and Jane in Greece, Ear's to You, The Mermaid and the Spanish Inquisition, Where's the Flashlight?, Rubber Roll-a-rama, and Wilderness Safari. (Wilderness Safari was a personal favorite of mine, though I sometimes felt that *two* matched boa constrictors was going a bit too far.) As I have said, such affairs are private, and I would no more think of revealing them in all their sordid details than I would admit to knowing that Sellers's mum was a boozier who belted it down like Kool-Aid. It is the wisest course to leave such things to the reader's imagination.

The weeks passed merrily, and after

---

*I was once in love with the real King Kong, but he had to return to Africa, where he's the secretary of commerce for one of those new nations. We had a child—Martin Luther King Kong, Jr. The prince and I are still very much in love, and I see him often. Jerry Lewis is the only man I've ever been ashamed about.*



my gently drugging his wine with a strong sedative. Sellers proposed. I was madly in love and immediately accepted, giving him the small sheaf of papers to sign that my attorney had so thoughtfully drawn up. Call me naive, but I didn't even consider the seventeen-year difference in our ages as an obstacle. My love flowed so purely and intensely that age or money (the lawyer's report estimated Sellers's worth at £1,000,000) held no sway over my enslaved heart. After the wedding, Sellers set me up in a large town house in London, as I had been offered a film there while he was off to shoot in Hollywood. Little did I realize that the house would become my prison and I its prisoner, held captive by my new husband's insane bouts of jealousy and possessiveness.

**T**he first indication occurred a few days later when he telephoned around midnight. "Hello, Britt." His squeaking voice quavered across the ocean. "How've you been, ducky?"

I felt a tremendous pressure well up

inside of me. "What do you mean by that?" I demanded angrily. "I'm not having simultaneous affairs with my handsome co-star and powerful director, so stop harassing me. And if a lonely girl in London wants to have the New York Knicks over for a couple of days, I think that's her own business, too. You should just see what a shabby locker room they have, and I think they deserve a little consideration and hospitality while shooting baskets in a foreign land."

"But, Britt, dumpling, I just wanted to say how much I miss you and..."

I thrust the telephone away from my ear. I couldn't stand to hear his hysterical, groveling apologies. Not after the way he'd treated me...

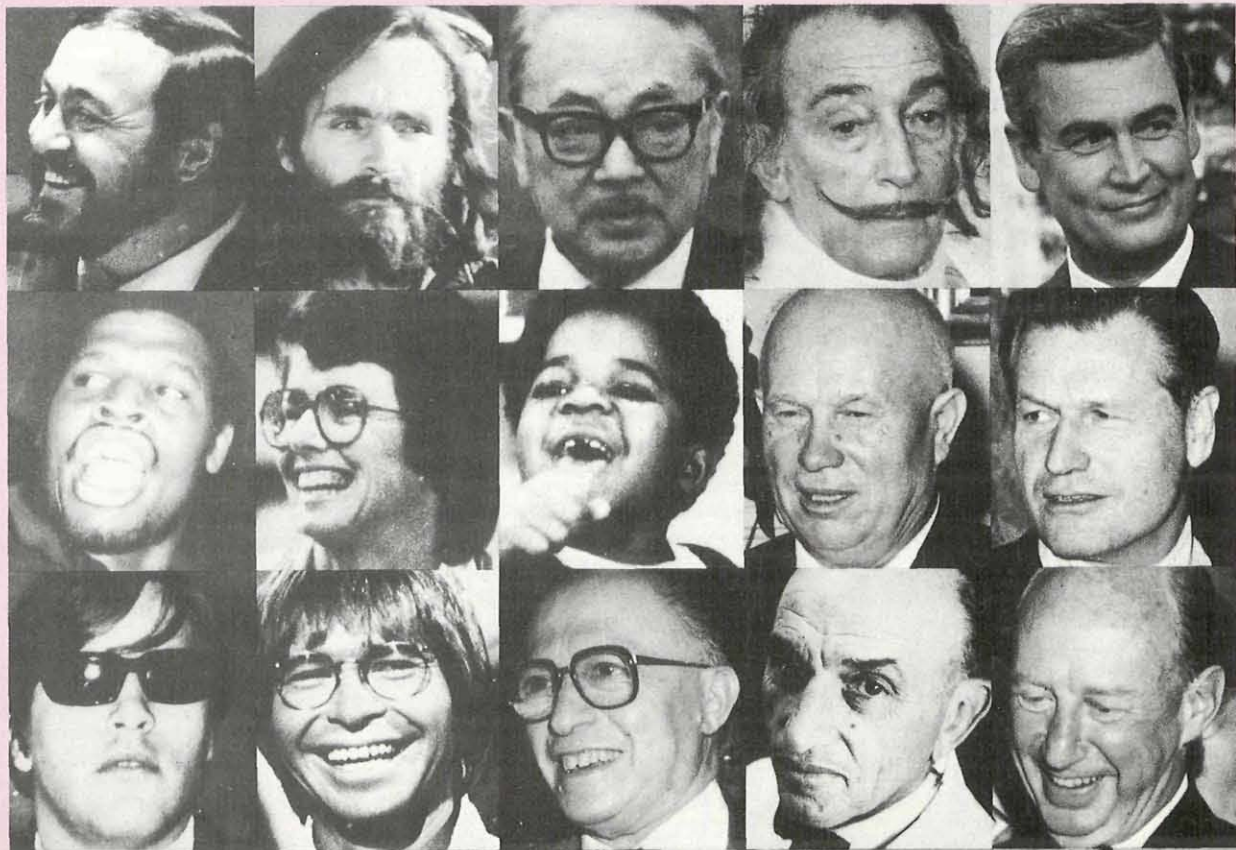
The Piaget gold watch and Cartier diamonds that slunk their way into the house the next day did a little to help soothe my wounded feelings, but I soon experienced more of Sellers's explosive tantrums. Every few days he would ring me up with his "How are you?" routine, until I became a nervous wreck. Still, my love could not diminish, and after the end of filming, and a delightful wrap party with the Vienna Boys Choir,

I meekly chartered a jumbo jet and flew off to reunite with my husband, the one true love of my life.

In our beautiful house off of Mulholland Drive in the Hollywood Hills, Sellers revealed more eccentricities. He refused to participate in the harmless knife-throwing exhibitions I had so carefully fussed over, and showed a morbid fear of the puppy-dog-cute flesh-eating piranhas I playfully bred in his bottled drinking water. He would gaze absently out the window, and to help alleviate my loneliness I busied myself making the boomencrashes (small incendiary bombs) of my native land. He would go into fits of panic if just one of the gay devices so much as exploded within a few feet of him during his solitary afternoon strolls.

In addition, Sellers proved a bona fide hypochondriac. His wily doctor had duped him into the belief that he suffered from something known as a "heart condition," and Sellers faithfully took his medicine like a docile schoolboy. In order to cure him of this foolish habit I secretly emptied his prescription bottle down the loo and refilled it with powerful amphetamine capsules, hop-

*Every one of these men were, and still are, in love with me. Even Nikita, Nelson, Adlai, and Hi. Gary was the biggest; Hi was the best.*



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS/MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

ing to shock him back to his senses. Somehow he must have found out, as in bed shortly afterward he suddenly clutched his chest and began fighting for breath, whining about the intense pain shooting down his left arm. "Britt, help, I'm having a heart attack," he gasped, in a marvelous simulation of complete physical agony. I had a mind to let him carry on this charade until he tired of it, but unfortunately at that moment unexpected guests arrived at the front door and I was loath to have them witness this spectacle. "All right," I groaned, slowly inching out of my Indian-chief costume. "I'll go call a doctor. Let the baby have his way..."

In a span of perhaps two hours, Sellers suffered seven consecutive "heart attacks." Recovery seemed doubtful, and for days he lay tormented, behind a too-thick glass partition, hooked up to all sorts of tubes and respiratory equipment. I tried every little thing a dutiful wife could to make her man comfortable. "Does he really need that oxygen mask?" I inquired of sympathetic interns. "I know someone who would be very grateful if we could just get rid of that tacky thing. It must be a half size too large." Or, "If we can't make love, can I perform a slow striptease for him? The stimulation could only do the man good."

Miraculously, Sellers began to regain his health. He spoke of the intensity of the experience of his close brush with death, and talked animatedly on how it affected his viewpoints on the larger issues of life. I dutifully stifled a yawn and prayed this wouldn't mean he was becoming a religious nutbar as well as a

paranoid compulsive. To get Sellers's mind off all that self-torture, I cheerfully concocted stories about people who had suffered heart attacks almost as massive as his, who had gone back to their own full, productive lives for weeks before dropping like bloated ducks downed by a powerful rifle.

But with the gradual return of health, Sellers soon turned back to his old ways. I remember the pained look he shot me as I held an innocent conversation with my mother in Swedish by his bedside. I turned to her and mentioned an old family story, "Folken mennem under Sellers; weaken sicken cannot get it up and innen"—some innocent tale about my brother's ice-skating trip, which Sellers refused to believe.

I tried, as a woman so full of love, to make my marriage work. But a few weeks after Sellers's release came the final straw. My husband (though by this time strictly only in a legal sense) threw a fit of anger when I casually mentioned that I had to leave for a few days to help tend several sick friends of mine who happened to belong to the starting defensive front four of the Green Bay Packers. "This isn't a marriage, it's a royal suite in hell," I thought, as I tearfully packed several Impressionist paintings into my suitcase. I could never bear to see Sellers again, and the vast amounts of money, stocks, and real estate that came my way in the divorce could not begin to mend a tender young girl's broken heart.

Depressed and bitter after the mess one man had made of my life, I sought

refuge in a series of romantic interludes. Though I am not especially proud of this period in my life, neither do I consider myself a courtesan or a fallen woman. I entered into what I felt at the time to be a series of meaningful relationships that I now feel the public has little right to condemn. I'm sure that Warren Beatty, George Hamilton, Ryan O'Neal, Rosey Grier, Cheech and Chong, the Bolshoi Ballet, Emperor Hirohito, the Flying Wallendas, the state legislature of Colorado, Albert Speer, and a few others would agree. To speak of Beatty's tremendous affection for being tickled anally with outsized ostrich plumes while listening to his sister Shirley MacLaine sing old darky spirituals in public rest rooms serves no more than to satisfy a sick reader's morbid curiosity. I would never dream of revealing the size of Rosey Grier's thirteen-inch love wand. Or Hirohito's kamikaze dive-bombing into me with a throbbing erection from the chandeliers in the Japanese parliament. I do want to mention that Gary Gilmore was a very misunderstood man, perhaps the most sensitive psychotic killer this country has ever produced, and I just hope that swallowing his full ten inches of murderous man meat afforded him a little moment of release from the psychic demons that so tormented him.

But even my darling psycho could not arouse the flames within as did my next true love after Sellers—ashen-headed, Scotch-brogued, pop-rock bubble brain Rod Stewart. I remember the fatal attraction he projected to me when I spotted him chatting amiably to several scuzzbucket starlets across the room at a Hollywood bash high up in Laurel Canyon. I was casually entangled with the Nevada Supreme Court at the time, but I knew I had to meet this electric, high-grossing personality. Choking down my nervousness, I inched over to his corner of the room and timidly introduced myself. Noting his first name, I got up the courage to say, "Rod, huh? Well, I'd like to take your rod and suck on it for hours with ice cubes in my mouth while humming the Scottish national anthem." Somehow I managed to convey my message, to see the genuine attraction that I felt. A quick smile flashed over his elfin features and soon we were off banging in an upstairs closet recently vacated by Jack Nicholson and Angelica Huston.

Rod and I fell madly in love. He quickly proved his extreme agility in sexual matters, and we gradually

*continued on page 78*



# Break tradition.

Drink Ronrico Gold Rum instead.

Ronrico Gold Rum is a lot more than just provocatively flavorful. It's also smooth, mellow, and terrifically mixable.

Try it and chances are you'll be happily forsaking your traditional bourbon, blend, and Canadian — not to mention your Scotch, in virtually no time at all.

Look, it takes some courage to try something just a little bit different, but how will you know what you're missing if you never take a chance?

## RONRICO GOLD RUM & CLUB SODA

1 1/2 ozs. of Ronrico Gold  
Canada Dry club soda  
Place 2 or 3 ice cubes in an 8 oz.  
highball glass. Add Ronrico Gold.  
Fill with club soda. Stir lightly.  
Garnish with a slice of lime.



# RONRICO GOLD RUM

# How to write dirty

by Justice Thurgood Marshall



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Thurgood Marshall, the first black appointed to the U.S. Supreme Court, tells you how to write dirty.

One of the most time-consuming tasks a Supreme Court justice performs is reading through mounds of pornographic material, to determine if it is protected by the First Amendment right to freedom of speech. The Court has ruled that such material is protected only if it possesses "redeeming social value."

What is "redeeming social value"? To me, it is something that puts "lead" in your "pencil." Pops a "bone of contention" in your "legal briefs." In other words, something that makes your pecker stand up and say the Pledge of Allegiance.

Of course, it takes some hot and steamy writing to get a rise out of a few of those old droopy drawers on the Supreme Court. But don't despair; just follow my simple Marshall Plan for How to Write Dirty. Soon, you'll be able to crank out pornography that a judge will want to review in his chambers time and again. That judge is me.

## Keep the reader in mind

How would you like to read a book entitled *A Man Called Homo* or *My Girl Friend Flicka*? Well, I've read them, and they're terrible. Seems too many pornographers these days write stories that appeal only to homos,

horses, or other degenerates. They have forgotten that the typical reader of dirty books is a normal, heterosexual, black, elderly Supreme Court justice.

To write dirty well, pick topics your audience will be interested in, like fellatio, blow jobs, and white women. Especially white women. They're my favorite. Oh, yeah.

## Write what you know

A man once wrote a book entitled *I Was a Hooker on the Moon*. It did not have the ring of authenticity, and sold few copies. "You should write about what you know," I advised this aspiring author, who just happened to be Justice Felix Frankfurter. His next book, *Suck My Wiener*, was on Thurgood Marshall's Best-seller List for a full five months.

So write about subjects you are familiar with. If you are a mailman, write sexy stories about delivering the mail. If you are a homo, write stories about what your straight friends do. If you are a white woman, write to me. Here is my address: Thurgood Marshall, Supreme Court Building, Washington, D.C.

To illustrate the principle of writing what you know, I have composed the following example. It is based on a true incident—only the names have been changed slightly:

Handsome Thurgood X. was sitting in his chambers one day, reading *A Man Called Homo*.

Suddenly he was

interrupted by Sandra Day O., a distinguished white woman. "You certainly look foxy in your big, black robes," Sandra purred. "I've got something even bigger and blacker underneath," replied Thurgood.

Thurgood had always had a way with women—you could say he was a sort of Afro-disiac. Soon the two were lying on the bench, Thurgood preparing to enter Sandra's private chambers. "Here come da judge," he shouted, as his groin gavel banged away. Finally, they finished, furiously collapsing in the sweat of their ecstasy. "That was sure good, Thurgood," Sandra cooed.

"Oh, yeah," he replied.

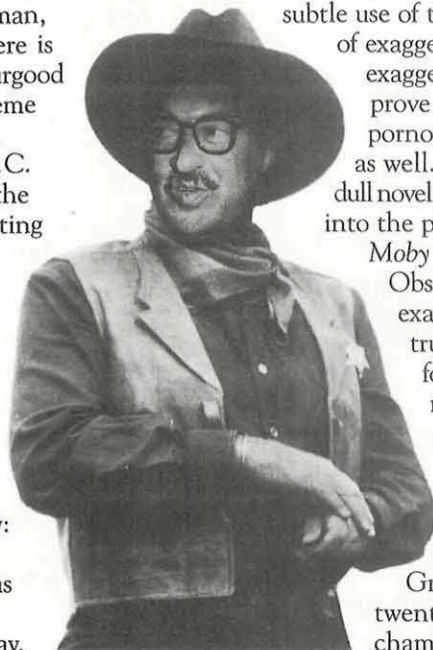
## Don't be afraid to exaggerate

In my 200 years on the bench, I have handed down judgments so brilliant that the Statue of Justice once came to life, ran off her pedestal, and gave me a big wet kiss on the lips.

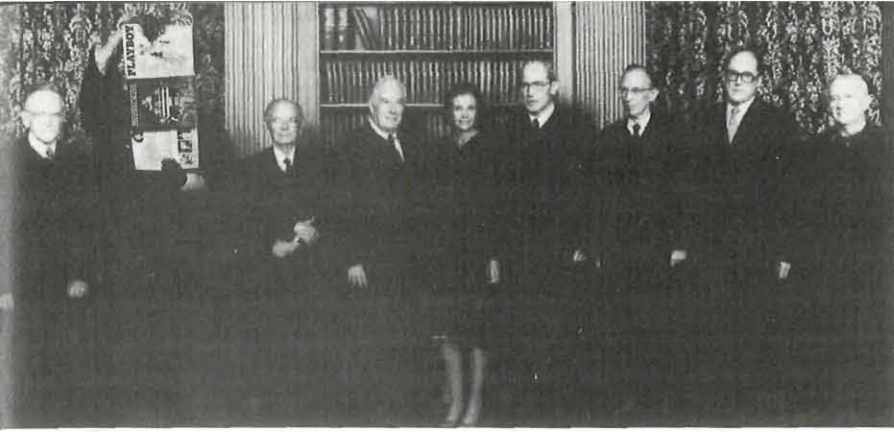
Of course, most of this story is not true, but is actually a subtle use of the principle of exaggeration. Clever exaggeration can prove quite useful in pornographic stories, as well. It can turn a dull novel like *Moby-Dick* into the porn classic *Moby Huge Dick*.

Observe how exaggerating the truth makes the following story a million times more interesting:

Thurgood was sitting in the New York State Bar and Grill, finishing his twentieth bottle of champagne. He had just returned from Washington, flushed with his victory in the



Marshal Thurgood Marshall declares Marshall law on those sidewindin' polecats who write boring pornography.



DAN NELKEN/UPI

After scrutinizing a copy of Playboy during a desegregation trial, Justice Marshall proudly declares: "I call this magazine Exhibit A—for 'Arousing.'"

case *Brown v. Ten Boards of Education*. Suddenly, a beautiful woman, with bosoms the size of watermelons, walked into the bar.

"Don't be impartial, Mr. Marshall," she implored. "Take me, take me now." In half a second, they were both naked. "I had no idea they'd painted the Empire State Building black," she gasped. "That's not the Empire State Building," Thurgood replied, "that's my fifty-two inches of manhood." With one motion, Thurgood thrust his entire Shaft into her awaiting body. Three hundred orgasms later, they finished.

"That was great," she purred. "Just wait'll I send my ninety-three teenage sisters to see you." All in all, it was a typical day.

### Edit yourself

There's an old joke that runs something like this: "A sexually inexperienced couple are on their honeymoon. Not sure what to do, the husband asks his wife for advice. 'Stick it in,' she commands. 'Now pull it out. Stick it in. Pull it out.'" I forget the punch line to this anecdote, but it hardly matters—we've already heard the good part.

Similarly, careful editing can improve your writing. Who wants to read a boring law book when the Cliffs Notes will do just as well? In the following example, a fine pornographic story is made even better by carefully editing out the less essential passages:

Handsome Thurgood X. was sitting in his chambers one day, reading *A Man Called Homo*. Suddenly, he was interrupted by

Sandra Day O., a distinguished white woman. "You certainly look foxy in your big, black robes," Sandra purred. "I've got something even bigger and blacker underneath," replied Thurgood.

Thurgood had always had a way with women—you could say he was a sort of Afro-disiac...

### Humor your audience

One day, I mistakenly broke into Lyndon Johnson's bedroom while Lady Bird was preparing to give him a blow job.

To mask my embarrassment, I made a couple of ribald jests. First I turned to Lady Bird and quipped, "I guess you put the BJ in LBJ." Then I pointed to the president's groin, and added, "Boy, you sure got a big Johnson, Lyndon." LBJ was so amused by these remarks, and so eager to get me out of the room, that he appointed me to the Supreme Court.

Just as a few great jokes helped my judicial career, so can they help you with your dirty-writing career. Check out this example:

The justices and I were sitting in closed session, deliberating. Suddenly, who should walk in but

Justice Byron White's wife, Lucy. "You sure make me juicy, Ms. Lucy," I quipped. "I love Lucy," I added, elbowing Byron in the ribs.

I was on a roll now, so I turned to Justice Harry Blackmun and hollered, "I'm the real hairy black man around these parts." This prompted Chief Justice Burger to call for order. In response, I whipped open my robe (I had nothing on underneath) and said, "Hey, Chief Justice Cheeseburger, did you order this big black whopper?"

All the justices excused themselves and returned to their chambers, unable to match my brilliant repartee. I was alone in



DAN NELKEN/UPI/MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

Swearing an oath on his personal "Bible for Swingers," Thurgood Marshall testifies that he is a porn-again Christian.

the room, except for Lucy, whose arm I had a firm grip on. "Baby, you sure got big torts," I joked, "and there ain't nothing I like better than White's woman." Then I screwed her eighty-seven times.

### The defense rests


Well, I hope you liked my helpful tips on how to write dirty. So, if you follow my rules, the next time you pop up in court on an obscenity charge, maybe something on me will pop up too. Oh, yeah.

*Thurgood Marshall*

Years ago, International Porno sponsored a series of advertisements reading "Send me a man who reads pornography on the job, and I'll show you a man who's hard at work."

To tell the public that a dirty picture is not worth a thousand dirty words, International Porno decided to run a new series of advertisements extolling the values of pornography. We solicited columns from dozens of celebrities, including Luciano Pavarotti, Dick Cavett, Morey Amsterdam, and Thurgood Marshall. Unfortunately, only Justice Marshall replied.

For reprints of this ad, send name, address, and proof of majority to International Porno, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

 **INTERNATIONAL PORN, INC.** "They call us the Hard Corps."

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## Loving Alone *continued from page 40*

iousness in maintaining the alone life-style. Later, when expressing his value judgments to his mother, Gertrude, about her sexing with his uncle, Hamlet says he must "be cruel to be kind." Today's contemporary isolate can learn a truly valuable lesson from this immortal masterpiece. We, too, must "be cruel to be kind"—not only in condemning the relationshipful

sexing between our mothers and our uncles, but in our own intimating as well. When we are cruel to others, we are kind to ourselves—and believe me, who else is there?

5. *Learn to be a truly careless, unskilled lover.* Discover what your partner likes in bed, and other sexing, and make a conscious effort to avoid doing it. Experiment with new and unpleasant caresses, love bites, proddings, punchings, kickings, and pokings in the eye, to discourage involumenting.

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## Chapter Three

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### Once Is Quite Enough

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#### THE BUSINESS OF SEX, THE SEX OF BUSINESS

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Now that the sixties are over, the contemporary adult no longer must love everybody, or even anybody. With the similar demise of the seventies, one no longer must understand oneself in any meaningful way. Both these trendings are reflected in the current political scene, in which the federal government is run by conservatives of the New Right, who love no one and understand nothing. These men and women know that the most important sector of society is the "private sector," in which free individuals and corporations may buy and sell products, themselves, and each other in a truly "liberated" life-style.

Similarly, in our personal lives, we have a "privacy sector" in which we may buy and sell ourselves in the sexual marketplace, receiving sexing and stroking in equal exchange for the sexing and stroking of others. One can see how love has no place in such a transaction—indeed, to love the person with whom you are sharing a truly meaningfully indifferent sexual experience is the equivalent of throwing emotional money at individual problems, which is communism.

Yet, unfortunately, personal feelings *are* elicited during the sexual act, and emotions do threaten to rob us of our freedom. How can this be avoided? I have included in this chapter a number of specific sexual techniques, culled from my own personal experiences and fantasy life, which may help the novice alone lover to head off those disturbing, vulnerability feelings of tenderness, affection, caring, and happiness, and thus maximize his or her secure, safe solituding.

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#### KISSING

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Keep your lips stiff, as though grimacing in pain. Keep mouth movement to a minimum—or, if you must move your mouth while kissing, do so while engaging in intelligent, aware conversation about any topic of interest (*your* interest). Real-estate values, London gold closings, or delightful recipes for tasty, truly gourmet meals cooked for one are only three of a myriad of such topics.

Keep your tongue in your mouth—or, if you must put it into the mouth of the kissing other, do so in an intrusive, abusive, insensitive manner. Many respected counselors advise spitting into the other's mouth as a means of "keeping the lid on" possible emotionalizing; however, such spitting is not a component of kissing per se.

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#### CARESSING

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Caressing and massaging the erogenous zones of the partner is a convenient way to arouse him or her without risking the intimacy of kissing. Since the ideal sexual experience is one in which both partners are aroused only to the point of physical readiness, and remain free of deeper, more dangerous emotional hang-ups, many experienced alone lovers caress while wearing latex, woolen, or thick, stevedore-type gloves. These are effective for a male caressing a woman's breasts and for a woman caressing a male's penis, if necessary. Rubber should not be used if it provides a "kinky turn-on" for either the caresser or the caressee; and in any instance of caressing, the caresser should keep his or her eyes closed and not think about anything.

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#### SUCKING AND LICKING

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The impulse to suck and lick the sex partner stems from our infantile experiences, before we were mature adults, and therefore is one of the "necessary evils" of the sexing experience. Many alone lovers keep handy at their bedside a variety of sucking objects, which they pop into their mouths at the commencement of the sucking impulse. These include lollipops, sourballs, jawbreakers, etc. Don't worry if sucking on a candy makes you appear "childish" in the eyes of the other—after all, what do you care?—and anyway, if they don't like it, they can leave (which is what your ultimate goal is)—and besides, they can go to hell! Tell them so, if they mention anything, although be sure to do so in a manner that does not raise your esteem in their eyes by making you appear attractively independent and adventurous. On such occasions, the appropriate tone for telling the intimate, sneering other to go to hell is either a whining, spoiled pout, or a snarling, vicious, semipsychotic bark. Practice on friends and family to achieve this useful tone.

This tone also comes in handy when the other demands that you suck and lick *his penis itself*, although in some cases you'll have to repeat it so often to his repeated pleadings that you'll think he must be deaf, or truly sick, which he is.

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#### INTERCOURSE ITSELF

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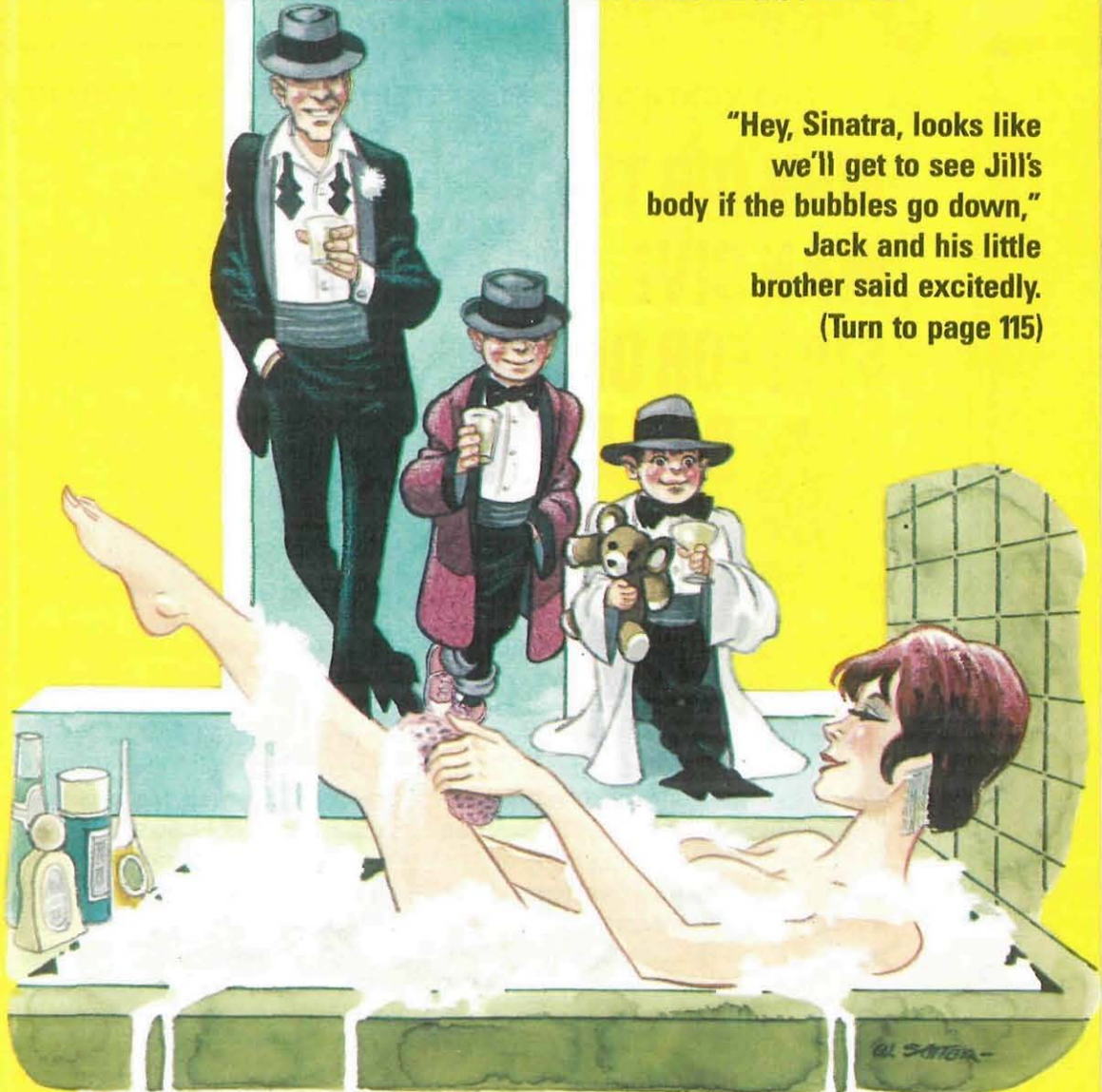
Intercourse can be a highly pleasurable experience, but that should not deter the alone lover from pursuing it in the  
*continued on page 68*



# JACK AND JILL<sup>ST.</sup> JOHN<sup>®</sup> \$4

FEBRUARY 1982

THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE OF FIRST-CLASS SIXTIES AND LAS VEGAS SEX



"Hey, Sinatra, looks like we'll get to see Jill's body if the bubbles go down," Jack and his little brother said excitedly.  
(Turn to page 115)

IN THIS ISSUE—

**100 Things to Do and Make with  
a Girl with a Lot of Class at Caesars Palace**

Editor  
Intaglio M. Luccione

# JACK AND JILL<sup>ST</sup> JOHN

*Jack and Jill St. John* is published monthly at 1220 Nugget Blvd., Las Vegas, Nevada, by the Four-Star Leisure Corp., a subsidiary of Paligliani Cigarette Corp. and Frankie Enterprises, Inc. Any kids who want a copy of this magazine should send \$4.00 to Luca the Subscription Bunny, P.O. Box 1010, Las Vegas, Nevada, and the Bunny will make sure you get taken care of right away. If you want to write a letter to the magazine or enter a poem or story in one of our contests, address the envelope to Scarpelo the Contest and Letter Bunny, P.O. Box 1010, Las Vegas, Nevada. Use ordinary paper and pens or pencils only, unless Jill should get pissed off and complain to Mr. Luccione, who don't like her complaining. He doesn't like it at all, if you follow.

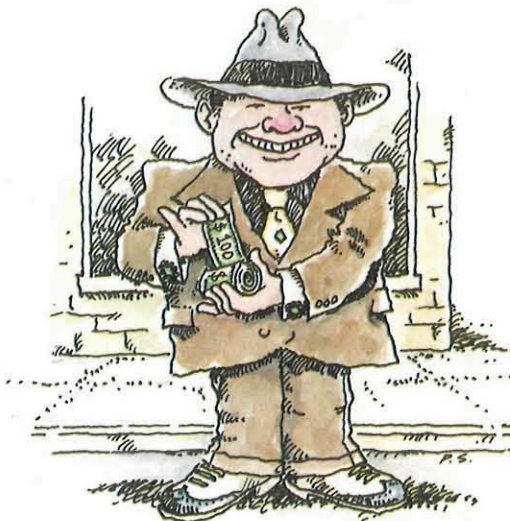
THIS MONTH'S SECRET MYSTERY STORY CONTEST WINNER

## WHY DID THE MAN GIVE JILL \$100 FOR ONLY A CAB RIDE?



by Ronnie Clark,  
age 11, Parma, Ohio

Jill was in a fancy restaurant with a man named Paligliani. Paligliani owned all the cigarette machines in Cleveland, but he was on vacation now. So that's why he is in Las Vegas in the fancy restaurant. That's where he met Jill. He bought her a glass of fancy champagne with a hundred-dollar bill. Then he gave her a ring with a big diamond in it. This was only one or two minutes after Paligliani bought her the champagne. Jill really liked the man for doing this. She liked him even though he was shorter than she was, and older. She took off her expensive mink coat so the man could see almost all of her breasts because of the



low-cut dress she had on. The man liked them and said they could go to Caesars Palace and see Frank Sinatra at a front table reserved for special friends. This would be fun because the man had real class, Jill thought. Now I know how to get girls to have fun with me, by having class like Mr. Paligliani, I thought. Afterward, Jill had to go home, so the man gave her money to take a cab. Even though the cab ride would be only five dollars, the man gave her a hundred dollars. It was not a mistake, I think. He did it on purpose. That's ninety-five dollars too much. Why did he do that? That is the mystery. Was it to have sex with her?

# Jokes and Riddles

## JOKES:

One night when Jill had a date with Sean Connery, because they were almost inseparable off camera, she wanted him to notice her breasts; so she answered the door in a low-cut jump suit. "Where are you taking me?" Jill asked when Sean arrived.

"Out for dinner," Sean replied.

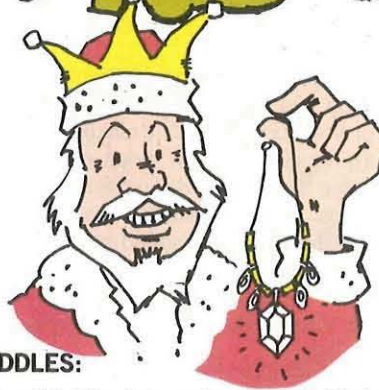
"I've had my dinner," Jill's breasts piped up in a squeaky voice. "Let's stay here and have sex."

Tony Franciosa: "I can see your breasts through your thin nightgown."

Jill: "Oh, how embarrassing. I'll put on this negligee to cover them up."

Tony Franciosa: "I can still see them."

Jill (to herself): "Good!"



## RIDDLES:

Why did Jill take a ruler to bed with her?  
Because he gave her a big necklace.

What's gold and flies?  
Super jump suits.

## \* Letters to Jack and Jill St. John \*

Dear **JACK AND JILL ST. JOHN**: If I were a real classy man, I would ask Jill to come to my hotel room in Las Vegas and give her a present. I am not, though, because I am only a youngster.

Mitchell Culver, age 5  
Winfield Scott Elementary School  
Dearborn, Michigan

Dear **JACK AND JILL ST. JOHN**: Where are the Jill St. John movies lately? I don't know. I want them.

Roger Meadelstein, age 6  
P.S. 107  
New York, New York

Dear **JACK AND JILL ST. JOHN**: When we were riding in the car last week to a T-ball game, I asked my dad if he would drive us to see Jill in the town where she lives and look at her body. But Mom said no. I have three outlets in my room, but one of them has a short. My

best friend is named "Samuel."

Ernie Lee, age 9  
Lolomajo Elementary School  
Scottsdale, Arizona

## Poetry by Our Readers

"HOW DID THEY  
MAKE IT SO SWANK?"

*The ceiling was so high,  
And the rug was so thick.  
When I went to Caesars Palace,  
I thought it must be an optical trick.  
Then I saw Jill,  
And then I saw Frank.  
So that's when I asked them,  
How did they make this  
place so swank?*

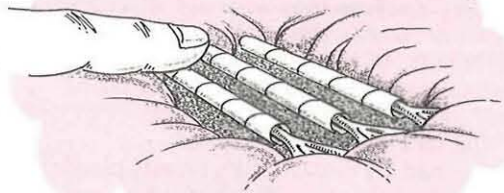
by Mandy Huff, age 8,  
Sacramento, California



# JACK'S SCIENCE PROJECT FOR FEBRUARY

## GETTING JILL TO LOSE HER INHIBITIONS

**STEP #1.** Make Jill think you are Frank Sinatra. You can do this if you understand how your larynx, or "voice box," works. To make your voice just like Frank's, cut short strips of drinking straws along the sides and slip them over your vocal chords. This will make the chords bigger, and that will make them sound romantic like Frank Sinatra.



**STEP #2.** Visit Jill and talk to her romantically!

### A Pair of Puzzles for This Month What's Big?

BIG (Automobile) C \_ \_ R

BIG (Fancy boat) Y \_ C H T

BIG (Thing to smoke) C I G \_ R

BIG (Piece of beef) S T E \_ K

BIG (Place to swim) P O \_ \_ L

BIG (Thing to hold money) W A L \_ \_ E T

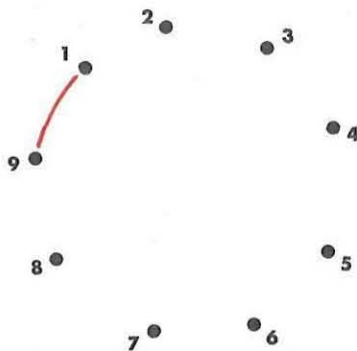
SECRET WORD

Hint: Use secret circled letter from above

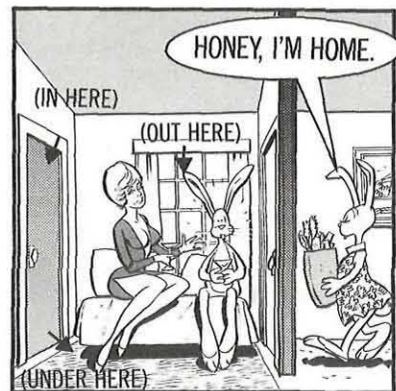
BIG B R E \_ S T S

### Jill Likes Round Beds...

Can you draw one for her?



### Help the Easter Bunny Hide Jill

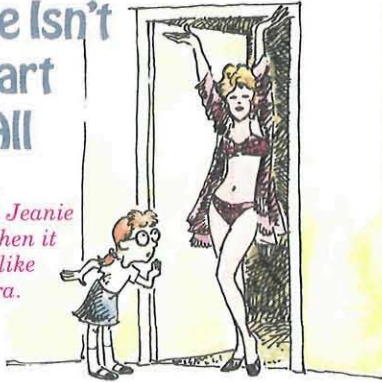


Jill is so pixilated because the Easter Bunny's wife has come home that she doesn't know where to hide. It's pretty funny, except for Mr. Bunny if his wife discovers what is going on. **QUICK, SHOW HIM WHERE TO HIDE JILL UNTIL THE COAST IS CLEAR!**

- Outside the window
- Under the bed
- In the closet

## Jeanie the Genius Finds Out She Isn't So Smart After All

*Jill was even smarter than Jeanie the Genius when it came to men like Frank Sinatra.*

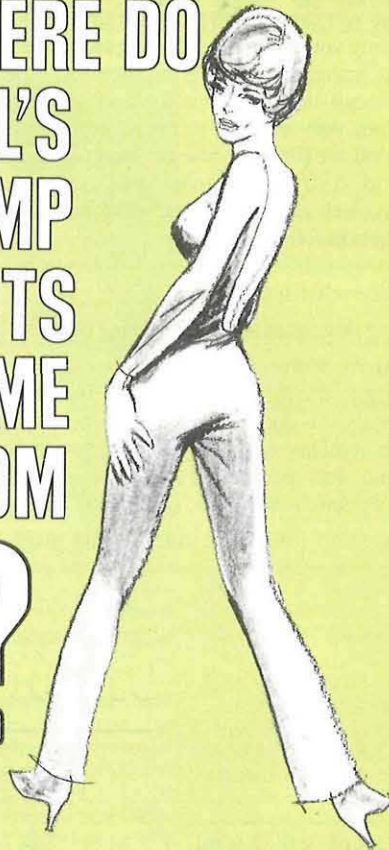


It was late, very late at night, when Jeanie the Genius awoke from her sleep at Caesars Palace while her family was there on vacation. While her mother and father were spending the evening in the casino, Jeanie was left alone in the room, and she was bored. So she decided to explore. She crept up and down the hallways and stairways until, after a while, she realized that she was *lost!* But Jeanie was not a genius for nothing! She took the elevator to the stop marked "Penthouse," because she figured that the most important people in Las Vegas lived there, and that they would be able to help her. She got off the elevator and knocked on a big, posh door. And it was none other than Jill St. John who opened it! "Can I help you, little girl?" Jill asked, with a glass of champagne in her hand and wearing a negligee. "I'm lost," Jeanie said. "Hey, baby, where's my drink?" a romantic voice said from inside the room. It was Frank Sinatra. "He's really cute," Jeanie said to Jill afterward. "I hope I'll know how to get a man like that when I'm older." Jill explained that just being a genius was not enough to attract a man. "You'll just have to be real stupid-sounding and show him your body," Jill said. "I'll remember that!" Jeanie replied.

**Will Jeanie get a man interested in her when she grows up? Don't miss the exciting conclusion to this story in the next issue.**

# WHERE DO JILL'S JUMP SUITS COME FROM

# ?



The yard and the white fence around the house on Peralta Street in Los Angeles look like most other yards and fences, but the house is different, because it is where the woman lives who makes Jill's special jump suits for sex. Her name is Hilda. She starts each jump suit with special shiny materials that look glamorous and are soft enough to curve around Jill's breasts and behind very nicely. Then Hilda cuts the material so it doesn't cover up very much of the breasts, or sometimes the back either. Snip, snip, snip, stitch, stitch, stitch—Hilda works all day to get the jump suit just right. For it has to be, if men are going to like it. Then, when Jill goes to a movie set, or visits Caesars Palace and has fancy champagne with men, the jump suit is put to the test. If Jill gets a diamond or some money from the men there, then she knows it is a good jump suit, and she tells Hilda. And if you go to Hilda's house after Jill has told her that, you can see a big smile of satisfaction and pride come to Hilda's face.

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## Loving Alone *continued from page 62*

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never-ending quest to satisfy and fulfill his or her needs. Having mastered the techniques of maintaining safe distances from the intimate other, you can engage in intercourse with a minimum of fear of losing your valuable safetying secureness.

While intercourse is going on, it is a good idea to either ignore the partner, pretend the partner is someone else, or openly insult the partner. Any of these strategies will do, as long as you keep in mind the dual purpose of intercourse: to attain orgasm (and thus satisfy your needs); and to remain unmoved by, and uninvolved with, the partner (and thus protect your privacy and personal freedom).

Other techniques for maximizing emotional distance between physically intimate selves include:

- Shouting distracting slogans at the intercouraging other.
- Referring to the intercouraging other by the wrong name—particularly by referring to the other by a name of the same sex as your own. Naturally, this does not apply to homosexual relationshiping, which, besides being beyond the scope of this book, is disgusting acts performed by deviates who should be thrown into jail and then killed.
- Hitting, punching, and otherwise injuring the intercouraging other.

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## AFTERPLAY: COMING AND GOING

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Following orgasm, maintain precious individuality by removing yourself from the presence of the other as soon as possible. If you have sexed at the home of the other, simply leave. Don't waste time or give unintended "signals" of intimacy by waiting around until the other person has orgasmed. Leave the other's home and never speak to him or her again.

If the sexing has taken place in your home, begin to signal your desire to end the encounter by pointedly pacing the floor and looking at your watch, telephoning for the time, and asking the other if he or she knows the time. Again, do not pause to assure that the other has climaxed—such intimate considerations can only mean that you intend to get totally involved and commit yourself to a relationship with the other that can only hamper your independence and oblige you to perform oral-genital stimulation on demand.

Either you or the intimate other will possibly feel the impulse to whisper endearments following climaxing. It is unnecessary, and even harmful, to do so: a simple "thank you" is sufficient. In the event that the other whispers endearments to you, disengage yourself physically from him or her, and loudly remark on any neutral topic of interest.

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## Chapter Four

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### Alone at Last

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#### MASTURBATION: BEAT THE DEVIL

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From my bedroom I can hear John T., an admired lawyer, masturbating in his bedroom. If I place my ear to the wall, I can hear his rhythmic strokings as he pleasures himself. If I quietly remove from the wall an attractive reproduction of a priceless painting by Vincent van Gogh, I can peer through a tiny hole I have drilled into the wall and observe John's stimulationing, while remaining undetected.

Most people who approach the subject of loving alone for the first time ask, "What about masturbation?" At first glance, this form of self-pleasuring appears to offer all the benefits of sexuality with none of the drawbacks. After all, it is ourselves whom we are loving, isn't it?

The answer is yes—and that's the problem! Self-loving through masturbationing can lead to the very dangers of loving intimate others, and John T. is a sad example of the pitfalls of such folly. He has grown quite intimate with himself—to the point where he cannot make a move or engage in "fun" activity without first obtaining his own permission. His freedom is totally dependent on his being able to do what pleases *him*; and if he should disagree with himself, he flies into a loud argument that invariably ends with sulking and resentment. He promises to phone himself, and then doesn't; instantly he is on the phone with himself, demanding to know why he hasn't called. And so on, recapitulating the woes and miseries of every close intimate relationship with a freedom-abridging other.

The contemporary alone lover will find it easier to maintain his or her freedom by avoiding masturbation—or, if it must be indulged in, by employing the steps mentioned in the previous chapter to harass, disturb, aggravate, and, ultimately, leave oneself during and after the act. What, after all, is the point of our hard-won contemporary freedom and personal growth if we are willing to jeopardize them in a loving, limiting relationship with ourselves?

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#### LOVING ALONE: BEGIN TODAY

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Now that you have read this book, why not take the time to plan your own strategy for loving alone. Start right now: you may begin by ending any bothersome, limiting intimate relationships you may be stuck in at the moment, and proceed from there. Once you are ready to experience a safe, defended sexualing experience, go to any of the singles bars, social groups, or street corners at which like-minded isolated sexers congregate. Or, go to a singles-type vacation spot with a group of similar modern free selves. Or, see who you can meet at a museum, or concert, or asylum for the criminally insane.

The point is to begin somewhere. Once you do—once you begin to experience the pure freedom of sexing divorced from all interpersonal obligation, feeling, and meaning—you'll be on your way to being a free, fulfilled, unencumbered individual, in business for yourself, and owing nothing to anybody. □

# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

In a recent column, one of your readers complained that she was a man, trapped inside the body of a woman. Well, I'm a man who's trapped inside the body of a whale. No kidding, I can't get out. This note is my last chance. Sure hope it finds its way out of the blowhole. Help!—Frank the Fisherman, Somewhere in the North Atlantic.

*Mellow out. Man, whale—what's the difference? Be happy with the body you're in. Many people we know become transvestites, transsexuals, and worse, only to remain unhappy for the rest of their lives. So enjoy being what you are, where you are. A change in life-style would no doubt be the worst thing in the world for you.*

Should I be jealous of my wife's old lovers? She says I ought to forget about them; but it's tough, considering the fact that they're all still living with us. I mean, is it cool for her to refer to an orgy with ten men as "a thing of the past," when it happened only last night?—M.L., Chicago, Illinois.

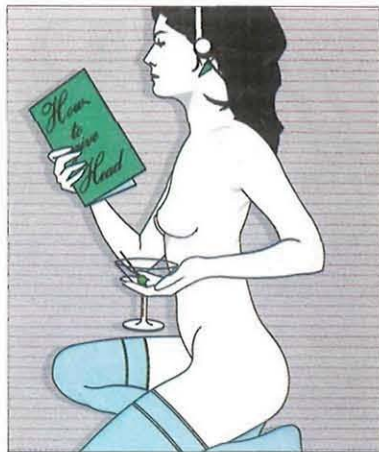
*We've got just one question for you. How'd your wife like to meet some swinging professional magazine writers? No, but seriously, it sounds like this problem requires our personal attention. Just give us your wife's phone number. We'll call her as soon as we get off work. Better yet, send her up to the Playboy mansion this Friday night. We'll give her some "hands on" encounter therapy, if you know what we mean.*

Though I've made love many times, I'm still puzzled by one thing. Where do babies come from? I think sex might have something to do with it, but I've never quite figured it out.—K.K., Houston, Texas.

*The best explanation for the origin of infants is one our mother used to give us. According to her, babies are delivered to expectant parents by the stork, a large white bird. Before the stork's arrival, the nervous mother eats too much, causing her to grow very fat. She must then spend a few days at a nearby hospital, after which she can return home, thin again but somewhat weaker. For further information, we'd have to ask our father.*

Boy, am I pissed. After reading an ad in *Playboy*, I recently sent away for a guaranteed "penis enlarger." All they sent me was a magnifying glass! Who can I complain to?—M.F., Hollywood, California.

*Don't complain if your penis is smaller than you'd like. You can always paint it yellow and pretend it's a pencil. Ha ha, just kidding. Seriously, the size of the penis has little to do with sexual performance. There's no reason to feel inadequate. Such men as Charles Nelson Reilly and Paul Lynde have overcome this handicap and gone on to lead normal, fulfilling lives.*



Not to change the subject, but I'd like some cocktail-mixing advice. Do you make a screwdriver with strychnine and phosphoric acid? I have a bet with my husband. He says yes, but I disagree. I think he just might be trying to kill me. The fact that I'm sixty years older and \$20 million wealthier than he is might have something to do with it. Please advise, but quick.—Mrs. P.B., Bogota, New Jersey.

*A screwdriver is prepared with vodka and orange juice, with perhaps a touch of lime for flavoring. It can be enjoyed at any time—during meals, after giving head, or when listening to the stereo. Couples especially can relax together with a few good screwdrivers. Just ask your husband to mix you a pitcher, then sit back, have a drink, and you'll be in heaven before you know it.*

I picked up the most beautiful girl in a department store last week. She's got a perfect figure and the milkiest white complexion you ever saw. Only problem is, she's completely unresponsive. When we make love she just lies silent, not moving a muscle. The other day, I was massaging her neck, asking her to give me head. Imagine my surprise when her head rolled off her body and onto my lap. What gives?—P.V., Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

*Sounds like you've fallen for a display-window mannequin. But if that's what turns you on, it's fine with us. She's probably more intelligent than a few of the girls we've gone out with. To each his own, we always say.*

I have the words "My penis is made out of cheese" tattooed on my stomach. I don't know what possessed me to do such a thing, but at the time it didn't seem like it would do any harm. The other day, however, I brought a beautiful girl back to my apartment. I quickly removed my shirt, pants, underclothes, and shoes, but when she took one look at me naked, she started

laughing and walked out. Should I get the tattoo removed?—T.A.P., Charleston, South Carolina.

*No. Your problem is that you forgot to take off your socks. In the heat of passion, many lovers forget to remove their stockings, not realizing how silly they will look afterward. Though the girls we make love to always "knock our socks off," you shouldn't necessarily expect your dates to do so.*

Well, I took your advice, and a fat lot of good it did me. I brought another girl back to my apartment and carefully removed all my clothes, beginning with my socks. This chick was so amused that she took a photograph of my tattoo and mailed it in to "That's Incredible." Needless to say, I didn't get laid. What do you have to say for yourselves?—T.A.P., Charleston, South Carolina.

*We were just kidding. The socks had nothing to do with it. Your tattoo is the stupidest thing we've ever heard of. "My penis is made out of cheese"! What are you, crazy?*

I have a problem with my stereo. Several of the speaker heads are broken and need to be replaced. My girl friend's dad owns an appliance store, but she refuses to ask him to give me these expensive components for free. Instead, she presents me with used factory rejects that work poorly if at all. Can you tell me a way to electronically convert these bad parts into good ones?—K.R., Norfolk, West Virginia.

*If your girl friend refuses to give you good heads, then you should drop her like a hot potato. Many men feel the enjoyment that comes from receiving heads is superior even to the ecstasy of straight sex. So, as for your girl friend, fuck her (if you catch our subtle double entendre). There are plenty of other fish in the sea.*

The other day, I asked a girl if she'd like to come to my apartment to see my etchings (I'm a professional artist). After she'd admired the etchings for a while, she got into bed with me, pulled out a bunch of Saltines, and started munching on them. Should I kick her out of bed for eating crackers?—M.W., Los Angeles, California.

*If you're hung like a horse, there's no reason you couldn't spend a month between her thighs. But if you do make love, be sure you have some cigarettes on hand, to smoke afterward.*

*The Playboy Advisor will answer all reasonable questions—as long as they deal with sex, stereos, cocktails, or giving head. Send all queries to Playboy Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.*



# Claude Balls

1 9 0 5 - 1 9 8 1

A Memory by Seymour Hair



Claude Balls.

I FIRST MET Claude Balls in Paris in 1927. He had just emerged from the men's room at La Coupole and was laughing out loud. I asked him what was funny and he said, "My own balls have just been clawed." He pointed to his crotch. He was wearing a pair of trousers that had a newfangled contraption called a zipper fly. This was 1927, remember, when everyone still wore button flies. It seemed that Balls's balls had been accidentally caught and had received a painful nip by the offending zipper. Josephine Baker, the beautiful show girl who was the toast of Paris, was sitting at our table and she offered to "heal" his wound, but Balls graciously declined. Instead he ordered a bottle of Dom Perignon '23 and a large bowl. He poured the champagne into the bowl, dipped

his balls into it, and then drank it all. "Best thing in the world for clawed balls," he said.

I had just written my own first novel, *The Open Kimono*, and though it hadn't been reviewed, I learned that Edmund Wilson loved it and talked it up at parties and salons. I had the kind of arrogance only a young, self-centered novelist living in Paris in 1927 could have, and my hero was Claude Balls.

Horace Liveright, my publisher, wrote a letter of introduction to Balls for me. When I arrived at my hotel, there was a message for me. "Meet me at Coupole. Balls."

He had read my novel and liked it immensely. "I like the hot parts, when Zelma is drugged and walks around the house with her kimono partly open, so you can see flashes of her fuzzy," he said. "You write words that have the stink of life. You've got more promise than all

of us. If you don't get too arty."

That night at the Coupole was the happiest time of my life. I lived for a year on Balls's compliments and ten francs a day. Balls and I used to have lunch or a drink every week or so, and he was always giving me advice on anything. Advice I should have taken. "Whenever you're going to throw someone a fuck, always take your socks off first," he said. "Guys look stupid in



their underwear and socks." He was right.

He was generous to his friends, the literary outlaws who were not the darlings of the critics—not just me, but writers such as I. Kutchacoff, I. P. Daily, Hugh E. Rection, Wilma Fingerdo, Dick Isinya, Ben and Eileen Over, and Fonda Peters. For a while, Hem-

as beast.

The rap on Balls was that he was a one-book writer. The critical establishment dismissed *The Lion's Paw* and *The Eagle's Talon* as rehashed versions of *The Tiger's Revenge*, his masterwork. This was unfair. Like many artists, Balls was obsessed with a single theme, and he explored it over and over with-

moment it looked like he was on the upswing. He stopped drinking and was keeping his laxative intake down. His old publisher was planning a new edition of *The Tiger's Revenge*, with an introduction by Alistair Cooke. Hollywood was interested in *The Lion's Paw* for Bo Derek. Bestiality was coming back. He was excited. He



*That memorable night in Paris. I met Claude Balls for the first time. He was with one of his young protégées, Wilma Fingerdo. Josephine Baker (wearing the hat) joined us for a nightcap.*

ingway, Fitzgerald, and Gertrude Stein cultivated him, but they couldn't live with his outrageous style. He liked to defecate into hats and urinate on your newspaper while you were reading it. He was called "La Bête," the Beast, by a small, admiring cult of Frenchmen because of his animallike behavior, a brave and honest and ultimately foolhardy attempt to unite his life with his art. While Fitzgerald chronicled the manners and morals of the Jazz Age and Hemingway dealt with the darker, more tragic side of that time, Claude Balls immersed himself in bestiality, the classic, elemental myth of man versus beast, or, in his case, man

out losing his powers. *The Lion's Paw* was written over fifty years ago, but no one has yet equaled the raw sensuality of the love scenes between Mona, the rich, spoiled safflower-oil heiress, and Bruno, the tiger who wanted to transcend the boundaries of his class and station.

It was only in the 1970s, in the last stages of his life, that Claude Balls deteriorated. By then he was nearly bankrupt, an alcoholic and a laxative addict, living alone in a boarding house in Poughkeepsie, New York. He was reduced to writing what he called "Fido fuckers," the lowest form of bestiality porn.

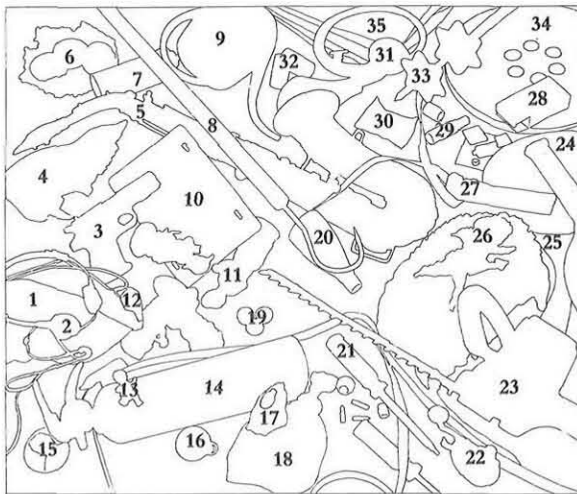
I visited him last year and for a

showed me several chapters of his new novel, *The Gorilla's Gash*. It was the best thing he'd ever done. Perhaps it lacked some of the musky vitality of his early work, but his characters were deeper and the writing had a detached, elegiac quality, as if he knew this might be his last work.

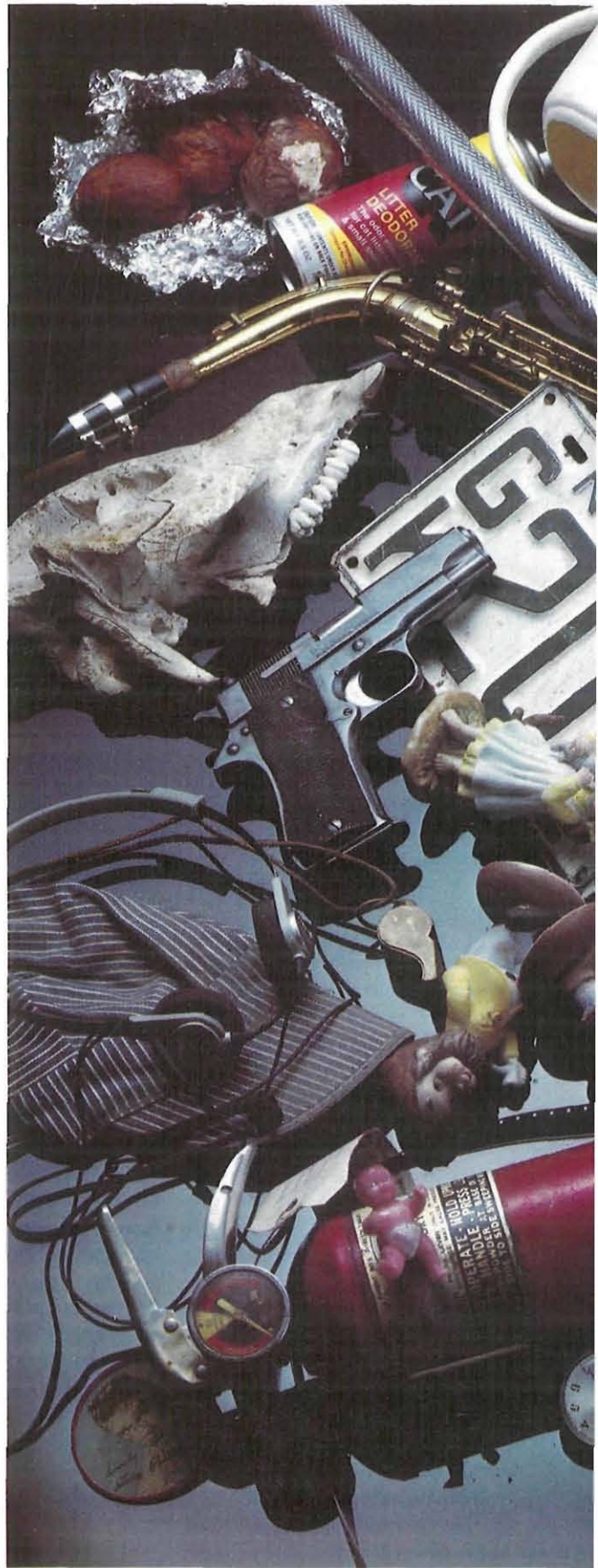
Unfortunately, Balls never lived to complete *The Gorilla's Gash*. He died on December 24, 1981, of complications of the colon. He was the best at what he did, and the tragic thing was that he was getting better. Claude Balls had one gift that all the Hemingways and Fitzgeralds never had—crudity. He had nothing to be ashamed of. □

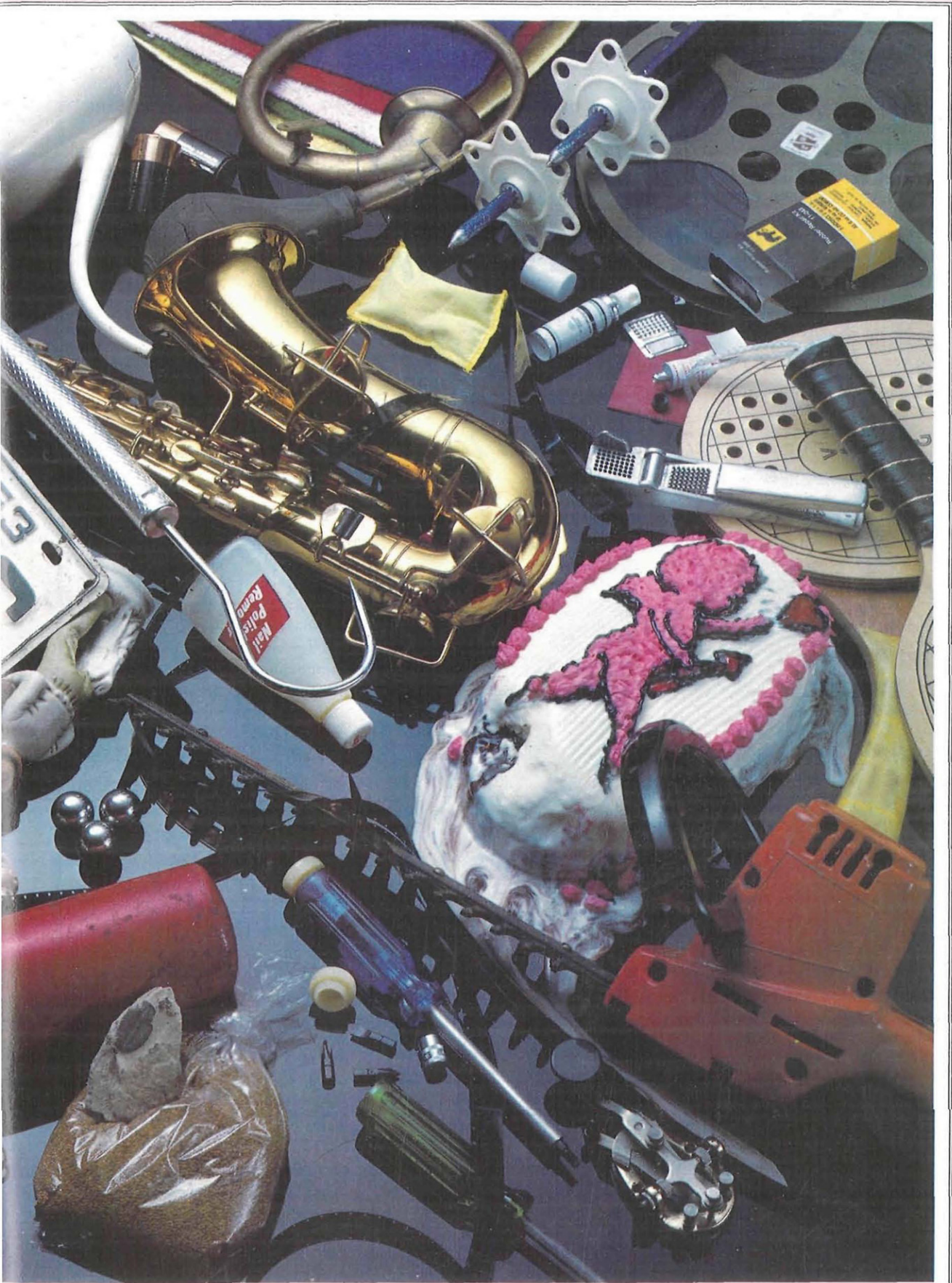
# Inside Truman Capote

America's most famous writer probes the innermost depths of his rectum and finds the mementos of a rich and rewarding, foolish and vulnerable life



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1 Locomotive Engineer's Cap                                   | 18 Bag Alfalfa   |
| 2 Pair "Walkman" Earphones                                    | 19 Three Steel Ball Bearings                                 |
| 3 Semi-Auto Pistol  | 20 Bottle Nail Polish Remover                                |
| 4 Pig's Skull   | 21 Two Multipurpose Screwdrivers with Transparent Handles    |
| 5 Alto Saxophone  | 22 Telegraph Key   |
| 6 Three Avocado Pits (two sprouted)                           | 23 Electric Hedge Trimmer                                    |
| 7 Bottle Cat Litter Box Deodorant                             | 24, 25 Two Paddle Ball Sets                                  |
| 8 Tuna Gaff   | 26 "Kewpie the Chocolate Nut" Carvel Ice Cream Cake          |
| 9 Plastic Watering Can  | 27 Garlic Press  |
| 10 New Hampshire License Plate                                | 28 Rubber Repair Kit   |
| 11 Four Hummel Figurines                                      | 29 Aerosol Breath Freshener                                  |
| 12 Anti-Rape Whistle  | 30 Rosin Bag   |
| 13 Plastic Baby   | 31 Pakistani Taxi Horn                                       |
| 14 210S Tri-Class Dry Chemical Fire Extinguisher (discharged) | 32 Two D-Size Batteries                                      |
| 15 Elvis Button   | 33 Two Scott Ski Poles                                       |
| 16 Westclox "Pocket Ben" Watch                                | 34 Reel 16-Millimeter Film <i>How to Stuff a Wild Bikini</i> |
| 17 Trilobite Fossil   | 35 Five Facecloths (assorted colors)                         |





A Report from the  
1982 D. H. Lawrence  
Memorial Beauty Pageant  
in Chihuahua, Mexico

by Belle Lettres

**T**HE VAGINA CATEGORY is the most serious part of the pageant, even though the judges claim equal importance for the personality, poise, ball-gown, and bathing sections. Mexicans are vagina freaks. They become intensely involved in the judging, much like an aficionado audience at the Olympics.

The girls are rated on a one-to-ten scale of excellence by the five judges, and a mean average is reached. In the beauty part, the judges must consider shape, size, and color of various parts of the genitalia. In the performance routines they look for originality, execution, and style. Each girl has a full repertoire of routines, which are usually done with musical accompaniment.

The vagina judging took place in Chihuahua's largest theater, Teatro Cantinflas, with an overflow crowd jamming the aisles and edging dangerously toward the stage. The usual procedure is for the girls to come out and do the beauty part first. They wore high socks and bras, but no panties, so that there



One of the judges, Manuel de Valera, who is also Chihuahua's police chief, is not fooled by the old worm trick.

*"They know we like the big love button, so they try to fake it with a big worm."*

were no other distractions for the judges. Each entrant does a promenade in front of the judges and then flaunts her private parts in the most provocative manner possible, to the tune of a live mariachi band in the pit. Each judge has one minute to examine the girl and determine his rating. The girls are also

photographed with a TV camera that projects a huge image on a movie screen so that the audience can make their own judgments.

The first contestant, Paloma Montez, was a robust, healthy girl from the south. What she lacked in polished professionalism she overcame with enthusiasm. She lived on a farm, and her repertoire had a decidedly agricultural flavor. Her vagina had a classical shape and dignity that suggested a royal bloodline in her ancestry. The audience took Paloma to its heart and gave her a warm round of applause. My hunch was that she would be the sentimental favorite. Raoul Fuentes, a reporter for the Chihuahua *Blackbird*, the local paper, put it succinctly: "She is all cunt."

Paloma proceeded to show us why Raoul was right. She produced a live hen, swallowed it whole, and kept it inside her for about a minute. Then she expelled a warm egg. The crowd went crazy, but Paloma wasn't finished. She sat on the warm egg and swallowed it in her backside entrance. A few seconds later she released it gently. The egg wobbled for a moment and then we heard the familiar sound of a tiny chick breaking its way

through the egg. And then Paloma released the hen. The three of them took a bow. The crowd went berserk and demanded an encore. Paloma and the hen gave them two more eggs and chicks. She had a naive, crowd-pleasing style, not yet hardened by years of nightclub work. The judges gave her 9.5s, 9.6s, and 9.7s.

By 2:00 A.M. the judges were groggy and sticky-fingered but had managed to whittle the contestants down to five: Maria Teresa Gonzales, who swallowed a cooked ear of corn and ate it, expelling a bare cob; Manuela Lopez, who played "Lady of Spain" with *two* instruments at the same time, the traditional harmonica and a kazoo; Dolores Vargas, who swallowed a basketball and then "shot" it into a hoop ten feet away; Estralita Pepon, who swallowed a cigar and blew her name in smoke rings; and Pa-



*Paloma Montez scores big with her live-chicken act.*

loma, the farm girl.

The next two to go were the musician and the smoke-ring blower, even though the musician did a creditable version of "The Flight of the Bumblebee," complete with sound effects. "Musicians are a dime a dozen down here," said Fuentes of the *Blackbird*. "The judges are always looking for something original, but not too kinky."

Paloma got into the finals by milking a cow. Maria Teresa swallowed an orange, peeled it, ate it, and spit out the pits. Dolores, the jock, put a cue stick in her vagina

and shot an entire run, bringing down the house.

The crowd was in a state of frenzy. The betting, which had been going on throughout the night, got even heavier. Dolores be-



*Portrait of a winner: Paloma Montez in her all too brief moment of glory.*

came the favorite at 7-5, followed by Maria Teresa at 4-1. Paloma was the dark horse at 9-1. The girls had to do their final routines. Maria Teresa came on very strong by swallowing an entire turkey, eating it, and expelling the frame completely intact. Dolores ended with her big production number, a real baseball game, with a batter, a catcher, and an umpire. She "pitched" the ball to the batter and, of course, struck him out.

The spotlight turned to Paloma. She looked genuinely frightened and more naive than ever. The band went into an introduction while she did a slow dance around the judges. Suddenly she sucked one of them right up her flue. Then she stopped and told the other judges that her act was over. The truth was she didn't have a final number. She was so embarrassed and humiliated that

she had had to do something, anything. So she had swallowed a judge. And she would not release him until the final decision was made.

Of course the crowd went nuts and tried to storm the stage. Luckily, enough police were around to scare them back with their guns. Paloma remained firm. The judge was probably suffocating. The others had to make a fast decision. Maria Teresa, the food eater, was made second runner-up. Dolores, the jock, was first runner-up. And the winner was Paloma, for the sheer originality of her final routine.

It turned out that no one bothered to have the girls do the other categories of the pageant—the bathing-suit competition, the ball-gown show, and the poise and personality interviews. "They always make a big deal out of the other



*Dolores Vargas, a gifted athlete, the odds-on favorite to cop the crown.*

categories so that they can get some city and state donations," said Fuentes. "But once they get the promotion money they just turn it into a pussy show, which is what everyone wants anyway."

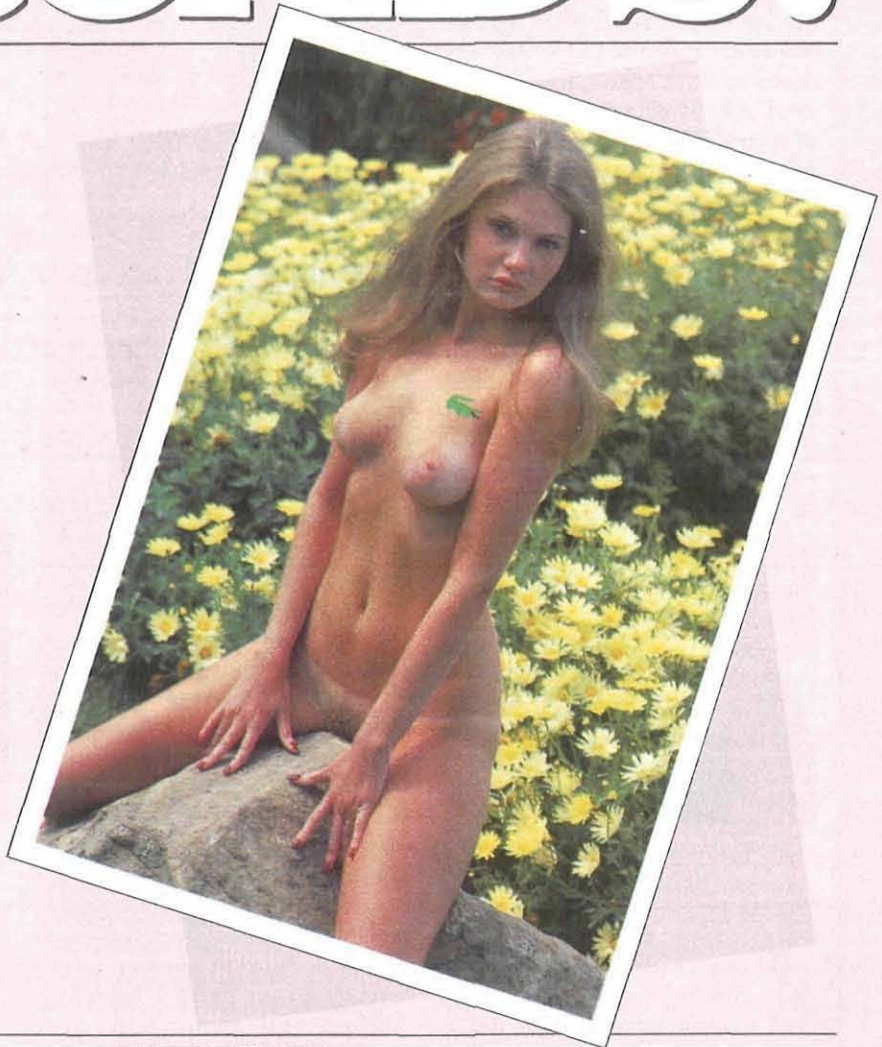
**POSTSCRIPT:**

*I saw Raoul Fuentes about a month later in Mexico City and he told me that Paloma was missing the day after she won first prize. Dolores and her supporters had been extremely upset over losing, and Raoul thinks she swallowed Paloma and never let her out. As the first runner-up, Dolores became the new Miss D. H. Lawrence.*

# CALLING ALL BROADS!

Are you sick of Lady Di? The sophisticated look? Teens in ninety-dollar jeans? Have you had your fill of preppies and nice girls? Is the New Romance enough to make you want to shoot Nancy Reagan a beaver at close range? Well, it's going to get worse, and broads will become as endangered as push-up bras. You'll have to hike to the Australian outback to find a gal who remembers the fine art of carrying money between her titties, who smokes Camels, and who isn't afraid to tell your mom to piss off if she scoffs at her table manners. A gal whose first response to the new *Playboy* centerfold is "I can beat that!" And who, when a guy has given her his best, says, "Is that all?"

If you've got an inkling to punch out a couple of Bette Davis eyes, we want you.



## THE RULES

1. Send us a photo of yourself in your most glorious state. *No clothes*, please! And if you're afraid you're just going to be used for pandering purposes by a national magazine, then forget it. Your morals belong in a tea napkin at the Junior League.
2. Send us a little information about yourself. What are your finer points? What do you do for fun? How come you think you deserve to be called a broad? And anything else you can think of, except pet peeves, favorite colors, and your sorority affiliation.
3. All entries sent in on Snoopy or monogrammed

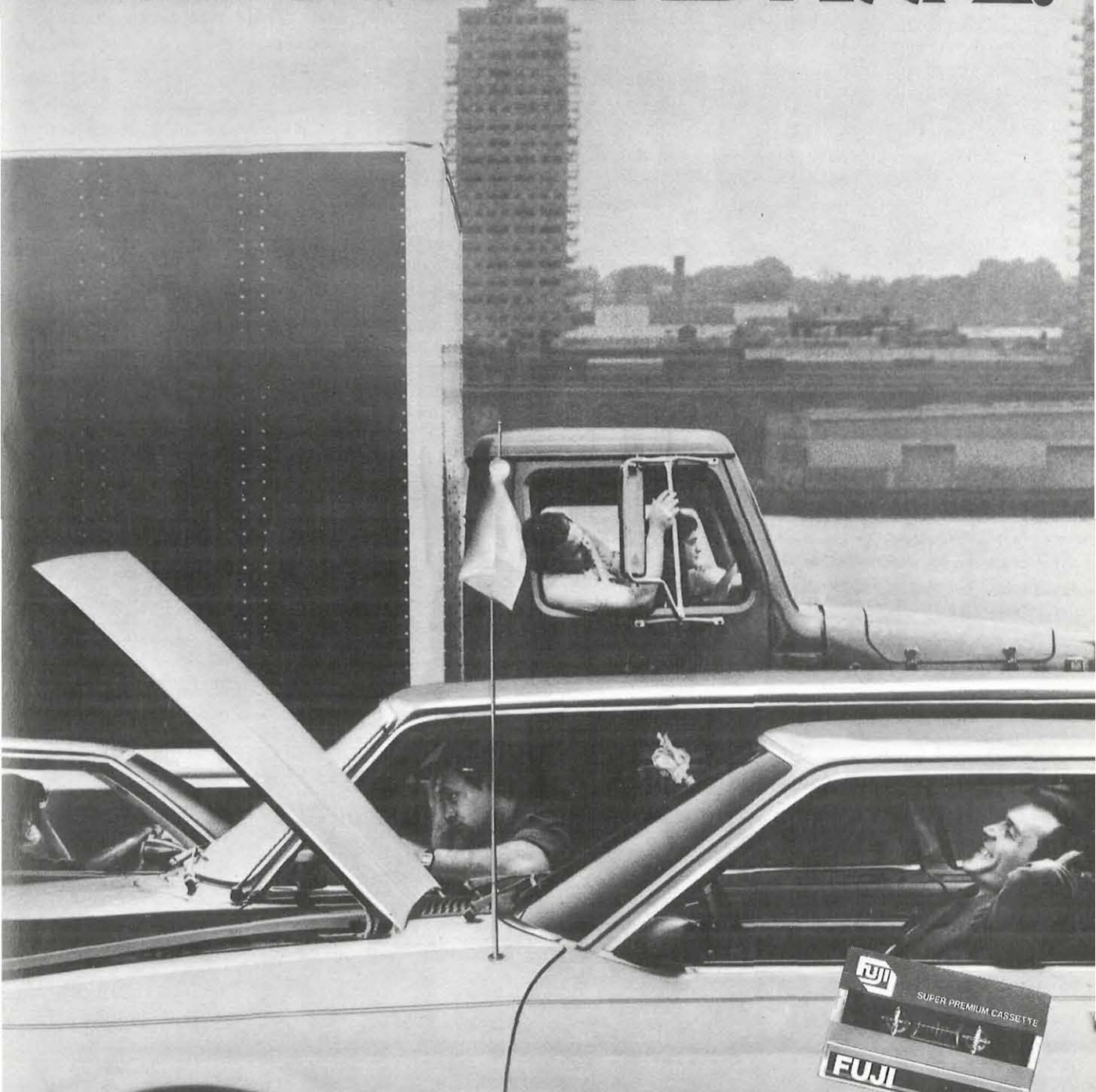
stationery will be disqualified. You may perfume the envelope if you feel it is necessary, but no lipstick kisses.

If you're among the winners, your picture will be printed in an upcoming issue of this magazine and you will be thereafter exempt from marriage into an established Eastern family and will never have to wear a Peter Pan-collar blouse, carry a Bermuda bag, or pick up Kip and Bun-Bun at the Hunt Club in the Country Squire.

### Send your photos to:


National Lampoon Photo Contest, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

# SOUND SO GOOD IT KEEPS THE BAD AWAY.



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## **Bitch** *continued from page 58*

acquired a bedroomful of picturesque circus equipment to aid us in our love-making. The various trapezes, trampolines, high wires, and animal cages brought us more in union in body and spirit. As I gently mouthed Rod's subtle organ while he hung upside down in a clown suit on the exquisite French Provincial chinning bar, with the Marquis chimps tumbling all over his body, I saw tears well up in his eyes, eyes only partially obscured by tiny furry paws. "Britt, I think this is what love is all about," he said softly. "Mmmmmph." I replied to this wonderful, tender sentiment, as he spurted his love juice in my ear. Overcome by the depth of his feeling, I knitted for him the next day a tiny pair of Tartan-wool ball warmers as a token of my undying affection.

Our relationship had gone solid platinum. Neither of us felt the need for legal documentation of our celestial passion, and Rod never would sign anything anyway. We jet-setted across continents, making love in ski lifts, in a washroom at Buckingham Palace, on the checkout line of numerous 7-Elevens, on Space Mountain at Disneyland, and once even in an old oven at the Pillsbury bake-offs. It seemed as though our beautiful world, where everything was seen through cum-stained glasses, could never end. Rod even wrote beautiful love poems to me whenever we were forced to separate for more than a few hours.

*Britt, beautiful warm hole,  
In there I see your soul  
Your amusement for the rich*

### *And so I call you True Bitch*

I cried when I read that one. So warm, so tender, so Rod.

Yet soon suspicion began to cloud my lover's brow, just as it had devoured Sellers. One day Rod entered the bedroom with a downcast look over his usually playful eyes and forlornly threw a brown paper packet at my feet, startling me so that I dropped the legal book I was absentmindedly reading. I opened the packet and reacted with dismay to its contents, which showed a woman somewhat resembling me caught in uncompromising positions with several dozen slanties from the People's Revolutionary Mime Troop of Peking. His voice choked with emotion, Rod pathetically croaked, "Tell me the truth, Britt."

I couldn't believe that my lovable recording artist with the diamond-tipped dong could stand as my accuser. But his woeful handdog look when I explained that it must be my evil twin sister Brett, or a one-quarter-inch model made out of plastic, and that it didn't look anything like me anyway, showed me that he had lost his reason.

Things soured quickly. Rod forced me to make a gut-wrenching decision between a house in Malibu and one in Bev Hills, although he could easily have shelled out the five million for both. He accused me of deliberate malice when I accidentally measured four ounces of paint thinner into his special gargling solution. Still, from the ocean of love that once engulfed us, I managed to salvage a few leaky buckets.

Rod forced the issue a few days later. He mistakenly invited me to one of his

concerts and arranged for me to sit backstage. Curiosity got the better of me and I ventured out to take a look at some of the other "fans." My heart dropped down to my drawers. Teenage girls in the audience—and Rod about to sing to them! Furiously I leapt onto the stage next to Rod, my claws fully extended. After scratching him like a wild cat, I grabbed a microphone and bopped him solidly on the head. He never knew what hit him. As the tears streamed down my cheeks, I raced off dazed, leaving Rod forever, going to our home only to throw some old masters in a ragged suitcase and call one of my attorneys.

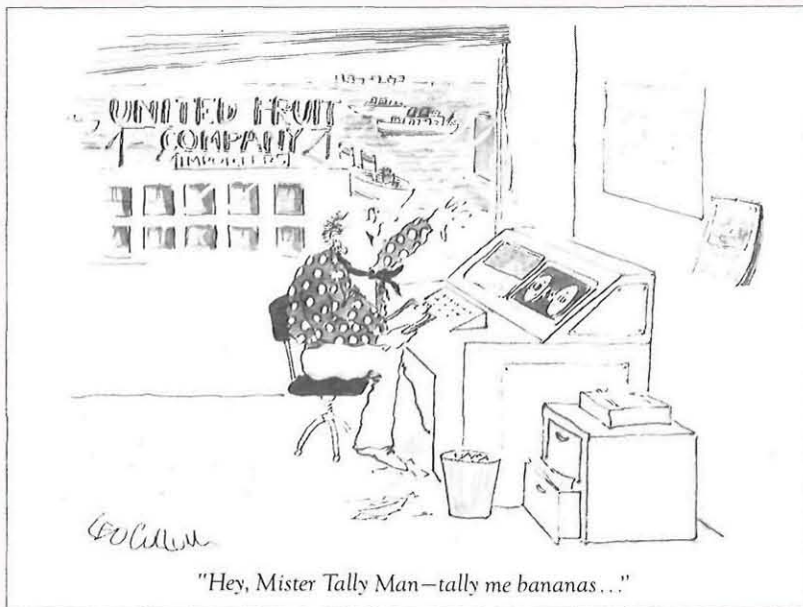
I had sacrificed everything for that man. During the period I enslaved myself to his whims I turned down many leading roles that would have furthered my assault on superstardom and super-womanhood, including a two-week stint in my own box on "Hollywood Squares," with a contract strictly in accordance with SAG minimums. They even guaranteed yes-or-no questions that I could always shake my head up and down or sideways to if I felt confused. But I had placed Rod in the center of my Hollywood Squares of life and he had X'ed out my heart.

Numb with pain, I could hardly bear to sign the compelling two-hundred-page lawsuit my attorneys had so thoughtfully drawn up beforehand. What do I know or care about the final outcome? Seven figures has been banded about.

Britt at thirty-five is a far different woman than the ingenue seduced by Sellers at twenty-one—although people do always mistake me for my teenage daughter, Victoria, who is now fourteen. See, Vicky sweets, Britt did mention you in her book, so be a good girl and go to that producer I told you about who wants to do that mother-and-daughter television movie. He really is a sweet man, and you have to grow up sometime.

I have learned never to sacrifice my career for any man, and even if some rich Arab oil man came along, I would never consider sleeping with him, unless the petroleum industry also fascinated me, which it does. Very.

But for now I will, as the poet Keets once wrote, "follow the sun." I am becoming more like myself every day, and wake up each morning to brush my teeth and yell into the mirror, "Me, me, me!" The eighties have arrived, and if there is one True Bitch of this new decade, it's going to be me. □





## LETTERS

continued from page 37

Sirs:

Say, do you happen to know if there's a statute of limitations for the crime of presidential assassination? Why do I ask? Oh, no particular reason. I was just wondering if, say, somebody helped kill a president seventeen years ago, he could admit it now. What's that? No statute of limitations? Uh, never mind. Just forget I brought the whole thing up.

A Shadowy Figure  
Grassy Knoll, Dallas, Tex.

Sirs:

Say, do you happen to know if there's a statute of limitations for the crime of murdering your mistress? Like, say, about ten years or less? Why do I ask? Oh, for a...er...a friend. Yes, that's it. For a close friend of mine. I have nothing to hide, certainly.

Sen. Ted Kennedy  
Hyannis Port, Mass.

Sirs:

Maybe our big cities wouldn't be such jungles if there wasn't so many Africans in them.

Coach Punzo  
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

Have you ever noticed how all of your really successful assassins have last names that could be first names? Just look—there's Lee Harvey Oswald, Jack Ruby, James Earl Ray, and even Sirhan Sirhan, I guess. In light of all this, I'd suggest you clamp down on that whiny little prick Woody Allen. It could save a life.

Mel Brooks  
I'm Jewish, Cal.

Sirs:

They say that a hundred monkeys typing for a hundred years would write all the plays of Shakespeare, right? Well, I have only one monkey here and he just sat down and wrote an entire "Love Boat" script in fifteen minutes with just minor spelling errors, and, to tell the truth, it's not bad! So go figure!

A Famous Writer  
Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

*I've never read a papal bull  
Nor do I hope to read one  
But judging from their staple bull  
I'd rather read than heed one.*

Fr. Daniel Berrigan  
In prison again

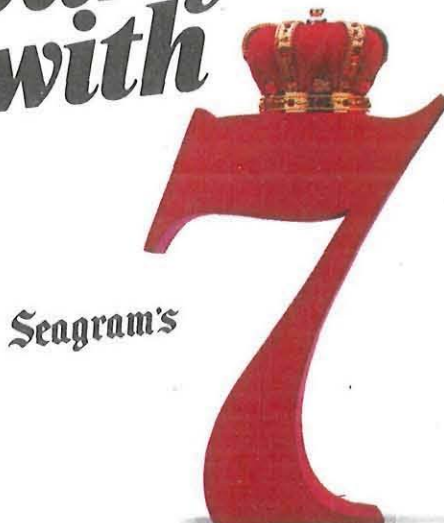
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## LETTERS

continued

Sirs:

We, the French film critics, have discovered yet another neglected genius among the American filmmakers: Don Knotts. Monsieur Knotts, *le comique artiste nerveux*, cogently personifies the timidity of the modern Everyman grappling with a coldly technologized society. So forget *Citizen Kane*, and turn instead to *The Incredible Mr. Limpet*. Adieu, *Potemkin*; bonjour, *The Ghost and Mr. Chicken*.

You believed us, did you not? Just like you think we really respect Jerry Lewis. Mon Dieu! No one knows when we're just fucking around.

The French Film Critics  
France

Sirs:

You may not have heard much out of my dad lately, but you're going to hear from me. I just turned eighteen—so watch out, ladies.

Son of Son of Sam  
Sunny Sun Valley, Ariz.

Sirs:

*If you're feeling forlorn,  
Eat some corn.  
If you're treated with scorn,  
Eat some corn.  
If your world starts to stink  
And you begin to think  
You'd be better off not being born,  
Eat some corn.*

A Guy Who Likes Corn a Lot  
Iowa

Sirs:

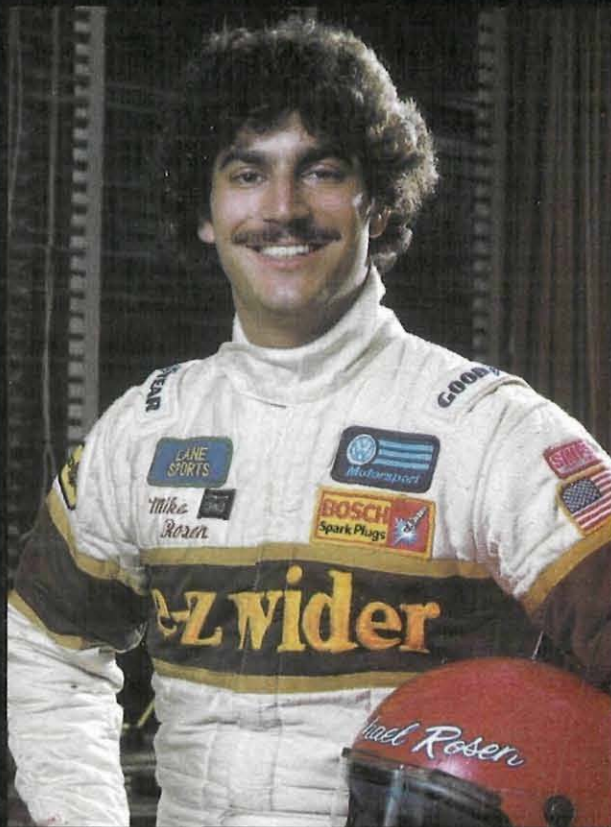
I taped the dirty parts of *Animal House* right off Home Box Office. I'll be god-damned if I'm gonna pay seventy-nine bucks at the Video Shack for a bunch of jokes I don't even understand.

L.D.  
Name and Address Withheld, Pa.

Sirs:

Here's a thing you can do in the shower. Lay a wet, dark washcloth over the palm of your hand, then rub it with a bar of soap. Pretty soon, an image will start to form on the cloth, vague at first, but in time recognizable as a white silhouette of your hand. Try it.

Richard Nixon  
3000 North Jersey Street  
New Jersey, New Jersey



## The man's e-z.

He knows what he wants and he knows how to get it. And ever since he was a little kid there was one thing he wanted more than anything else: to be a professional racing driver.

His name is Michael Rosen and today he's one of the hottest young drivers on the motor-racing scene. At e-z wider we are very proud to be sponsoring Michael because his quest for excellence is a brilliant reflection of our own continuing dedication to quality and excellence in the products we make. You know



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Produced by Tad Temelton. On Warner Bros. Records & Tapes.

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**Deirdre Callahan** A CHILD SO INCREDIBLY UGLY THAT THOSE WHO VIEW HER KILL THEMSELVES OR HAVE THE CORNEAS OF THEIR EYES BURNED OUT!

TO COVER HER HIDEOUS FACE DEIRDRE WEARS A CHEESCLOTH BAG WITH A PRETTY FACE PAINTED ON IT.

IN A CHICAGO HOSPITAL  
A MAN LIES NEAR DEATH

TELL ME THE TRUTH, DOCTOR. HOW LONG DO I HAVE?



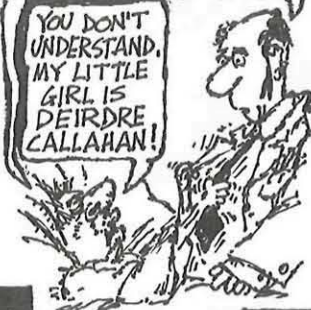
...A WEEK, TEN DAYS, TWO WEEKS, TWO WEEKS AND A HALF, TWO WEEKS AND FIVE DAYS, THREE WEEKS, THREE WEEKS AND A DAY, THREE AND A HALF WEEKS, THREE WEEKS AND FOUR DAYS, THREE WEEKS AND SIX DAYS, FOUR WEEKS, FOUR WEEKS AND TWO DAYS, FOUR AND A HALF WEEKS, FOUR WEEKS AND FIVE DAYS, FIVE WEEKS. IT'S HARD TO SAY, MR. CALLAHAN...

CAN HE BE DEIRDRE'S FATHER?

I'D LIKE TO SEE MY LITTLE GIRL BEFORE I DIE, DR. LEBLANG...

OF COURSE! I'LL CALL YOUR HOME AND

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, MY LITTLE GIRL IS DEIRDRE CALLAHAN!



THE HIDEOUSLY UGLY LITTLE GIRL WHO MAKES PEOPLE COMMIT SUICIDE?

THAT'S HER, DOCTOR. I HEARD THE CIA TOOK HER TO WASHINGTON. THEY'RE GONNA USE HER IN SPY WORK, OR SOMETHIN'...



DOCTOR LEBLANG TELEPHONES THE CIA

...I REALIZE THE CHILD IS VITAL TO NATIONAL SECURITY, BUT HE'S HER FATHER AND HE'S DYING! HE ONLY HAS A WEEK, TEN DAYS, TWO WEEKS, TWO WEEKS AND A HALF, TWO WEEKS AND FIVE DAYS, THREE WEEKS, THREE WEEKS AND A DAY, THREE AND A HALF WEEKS, THREE WEEKS AND FOUR DAYS, THREE WEEKS AND SIX DAYS, FOUR WEEKS, FOUR WEEKS AND TWO DAYS, FOUR AND A HALF WEEKS, FOUR WEEKS AND FIVE DAYS, FIVE WEEKS. IT'S HARD TO SAY—YOU SAY YOU'LL HAVE HER HERE WITHIN TWELVE HOURS? GOOD!



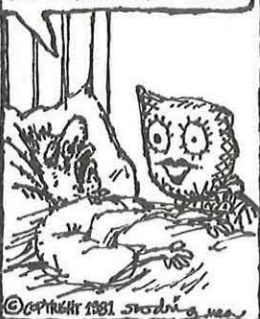
IN RETURN FOR ALL THE CHOCOLATE THICK SHAKES SHE CAN DRINK FOR ONE WEEK, DEIRDRE AGREES TO FLY TO CHICAGO TO SEE HER DYING FATHER

HERE IS YOUR DYING FATHER, DEIRDRE.

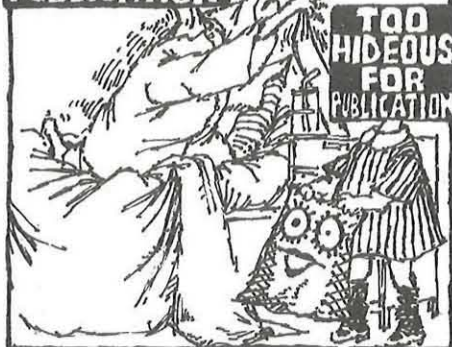
IS THAT YOU, DEIRDRE? I AM DYING—I HAVE A WEEK, TEN DAYS, TWO WEEKS, TWO WEEKS AND A HALF, TWO WEEKS AND FIVE DAYS, THREE WEEKS, THREE WEEKS AND.....



IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEIRDRE, YOU CAN TAKE OFF THE BAG SO DADDY CAN SEE YOU FOR THE LAST TIME...



FACIAL AGONY TOO HIDEOUS FOR PUBLICATION



TOO HIDEOUS FOR PUBLICATION

DR. LEBLANG, LOOK AT MR. CALLAHAN'S BEDPAN—HIS STOOL TURNED TO STONE!

SAY! THAT'LL MAKE A GOOD PAPERWEIGHT!



CONTINUED

# THE RABBIT BOY

by Len Gougeon  
© 1981

**CHAPTER 9**  
Los Angeles Times

**RABBIT BOY FOILS PRISON BREAK**

"IN AN UNPRECEDENTED ACT OF HEROISM, A MAJOR PRISON RIOT WAS QUELLED BY A BOY WHO REPUTEDLY WAS RAISED BY WILD RABBITS."

"BERT, AS HE IS KNOWN, WAS ERRONEOUSLY INCARCERATED FOR AN ACT OF SODOMY WITH A GOLDFISH." "WHAT A PICTURE THIS WOULD MAKE!"

"DO YOU REALIZE THIS IS EXACTLY THE KIND OF STORY I NEED TO GET OUT OF THE TOILET AFTER 'HEAVEN GATE'?"

"WHO DO YOU SEE IN IT IF YOU COULD DO IT, MIKE?"

"DAN AYKROYD AS THE RABBIT BOY, WITH JOHN BELUSHI AS NEVILLE COHEN, THE CRUSADING LAWYER!"

"CAN YOU GET ACTUALLY GET THEM TO DO IT?"

"NO PROBLEM! DON'T FORGET THEY WENT INTO THE CRAPPER AFTER 'THE BLUES BROTHERS.' THOSE TWO NEED A PICTURE AS BADLY AS I DO! OF COURSE I'LL WRITE THE SCRIPT!"

"THIS PICTURE WILL BE BETTER THAN ANYTHING CAPRA HAS EVER DONE!"

"HOW ABOUT GIVING THE REAL BERT A SMALL PART?"

"YOU SEE THIS 'OSCAR' NECKLACE? WHEN I NEED ADVICE, I'LL ASK SOMEONE WHO'S WEARING ONE OF THESE!"

HORROR! STILL BETTER!

"I'LL CONTACT THE KID RIGHT AFTER I GET DONE SHOOTING THE ELMER'S MEATBALL COMMERCIAL"

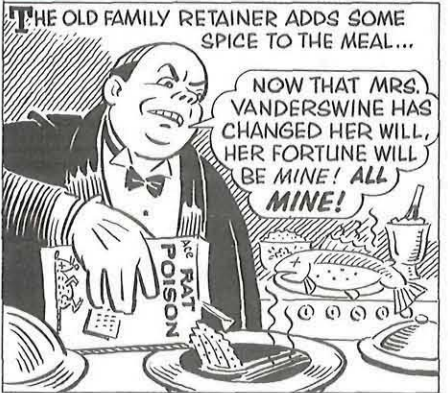
NEXT MONTH: BERT MEETS MICHAEL CIMINO



NEXT MONTH: ANOTHER SURPRISE

**POLITENESSMAN**

by Ron Barrett



YES, UNLESS YOU'RE ROYALTY, THE GENTLEMAN OF HONOR IS ALWAYS SERVED FIRST. LIKE THIS!



WHEN IN DOUBT - NO NEED TO GUESS, ALWAYS WEAR THE PLAINER DRESS! THANK YOU.

# LOVE DOLL

by Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.

THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HER THAT CAUGHT MY EYE... SOMETHING NAKED AND VULNERABLE..



SHE ARRIVED SIX WEEKS LATER, C.O.D. SHE SEEMED WORN-OUT FROM THE TRIP...



SO AFTER I'D ASSEMBLED HER, I MADE DINNER FOR BOTH OF US.

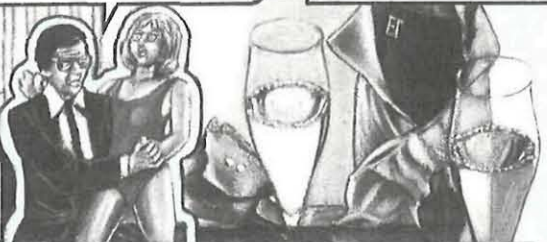


THAT WAS MY FIRST MISTAKE.



LOOK, HONEY, I'M A YOUNG PROFESSIONAL. I CAN'T SPEND MY QUALITY TIME IN THE KITCHEN!

THEN WE'D MAKE UP. GOD, THAT WAS WHEN IT WAS THE BEST!



LATER, AFTER THINGS STARTED TO GET OUT OF HAND, WE'D TRY TO TALK IT OVER.

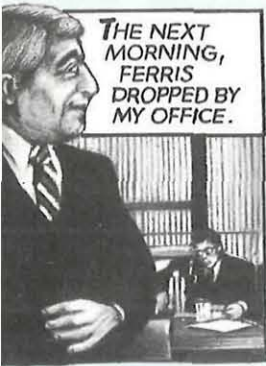
BUT THEN I'D COME HOME AND SHE'D BE LOLLING AROUND ON A PILE OF COSMO'S.



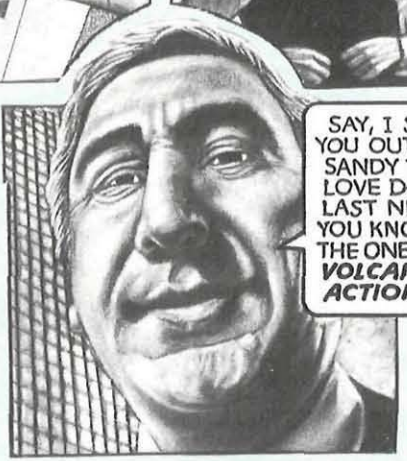
JESUS! YOU'RE HOME ALL DAY, YOU COULD AT LEAST CLEAN THE BREAKFAST DISHES!



AND WE'D BE AT IT AGAIN. I REALIZED THAT SOMETHING DRASTIC WAS CALLED FOR, SO I TOOK HER OUT TO DINNER.



THE NEXT MORNING, FERRIS DROPPED BY MY OFFICE.



SAY, I SAW YOU OUT WITH SANDY THE LOVE DOLL LAST NIGHT. YOU KNOW, THE ONE WITH VOLCANIC ACTION!



WE HAD A TERRIBLE FIGHT. I ACCUSED HER OF BEING A TRAMP, AND SHE GAVE ME THE SILENT TREATMENT.



MY MIND REELED. SO I HADN'T BEEN THE FIRST; SHE'D HAD OTHER MEN-- PROBABLY HUNDREDS!



FINALLY, I LOST MY HEAD AND THREW HER OUT INTO THE STREET.



I QUICKLY REALIZED WHAT A FOOL I'D BEEN. HOW COULD I HAVE THROWN HER OUT LIKE THAT?

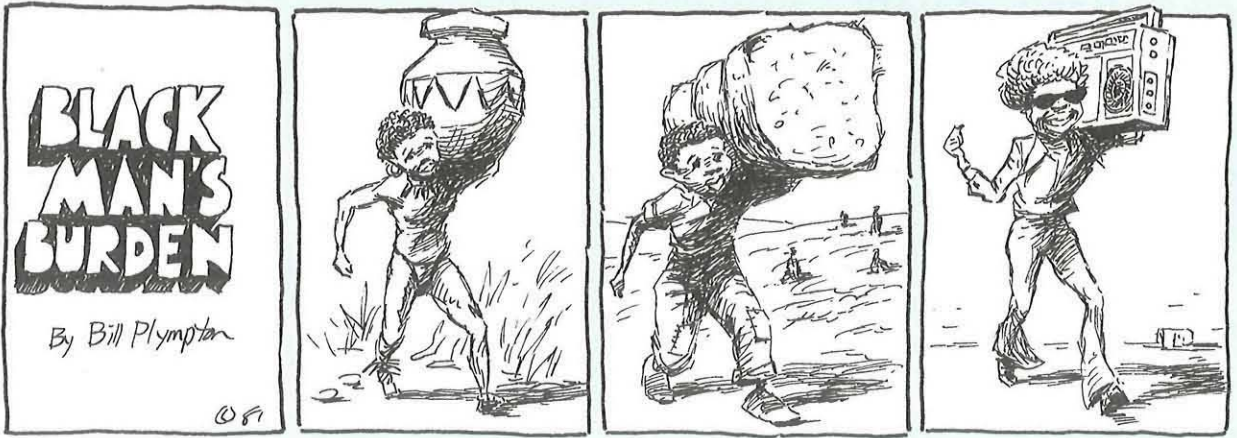


SHE HAD NO MARKETABLE SKILLS; SHE KNEW NOTHING OF THE REAL WORLD...

THEN, YESTERDAY, I READ IN THE PAPER THAT SHE'D MARRIED THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

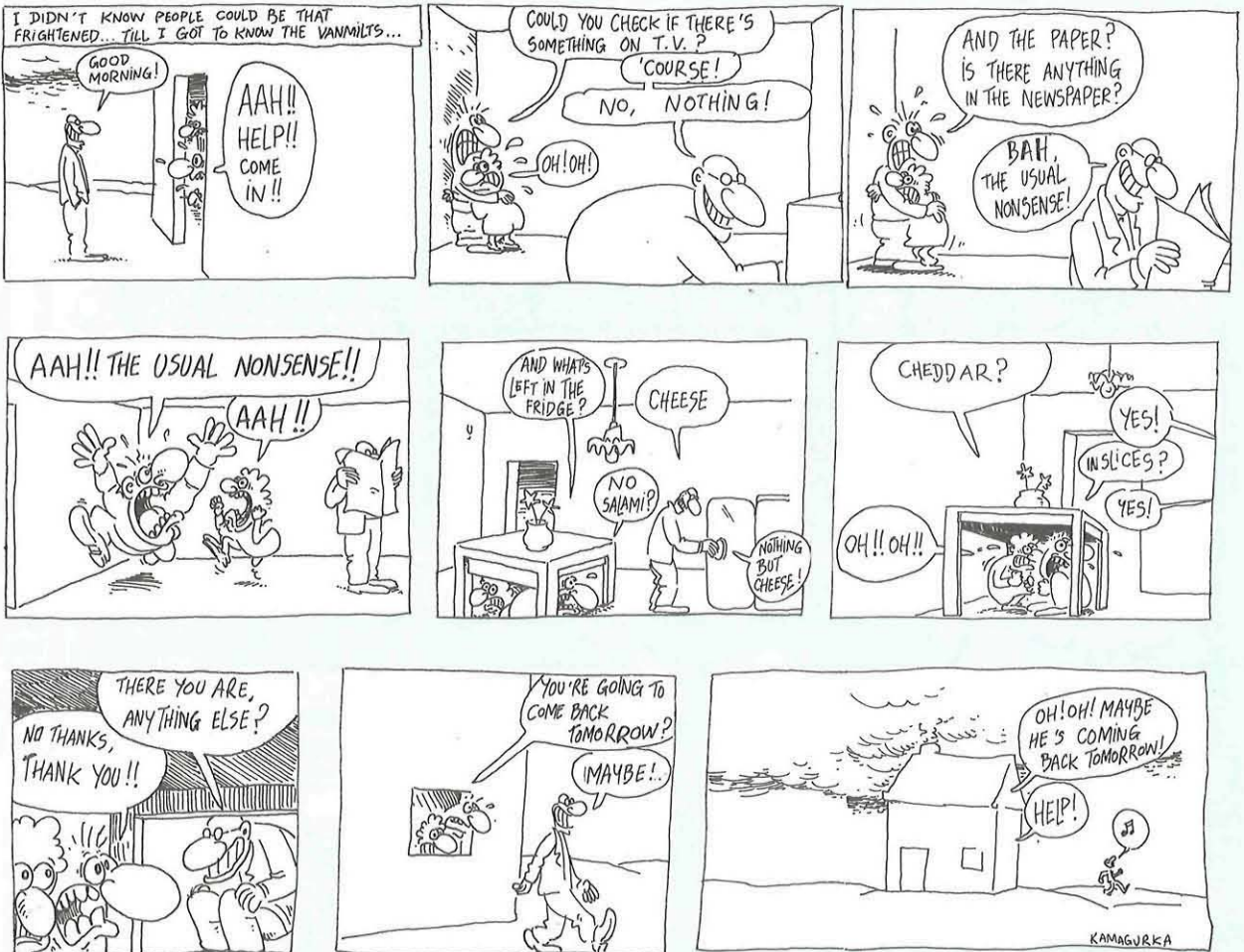






# C'EST: LA VIE!

BY KAMAGURKA



# TIMBERLAND

Tales  
by B.K. Taylor



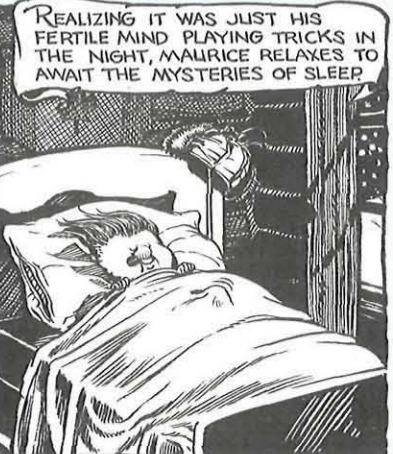
IN THE QUIET OF HIS CABIN, MAURICE THE YOUNG INDIAN BOY IS FINISHING HIS PRAYERS BEFORE RETIRING FOR THE NIGHT, AS OUR TALE BEGINS...

... AND PLEASE WATCH OVER DR. ROGERS, KAT'LEEN AND CONSTABLE TOM ... AND PLEASE, GOD, MAKE IT SO DAT SOMEDAY I'M COULD MARRY BROOKE SHIELDS ... AMEN.



WITH HIS PRAYERS RECITED, THE LAD SETTLES BACK TO REFLECT ON PLEASANT THOUGHTS.

BOY, DAT BROOKE SHIELDS LOOK SO BEAUTIFUL IN DOSE BLUE JEANS ON T.V., I'M LOVE 'ER LIKE CRAZY!





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# FOTO FUNNIES



ON "MEETING OF THE TITS" TODAY WE HAVE SOME VERY SPECIAL GUESTS: JAYNE MANSFIELD, MADAME CURIE, AND CLEOPATRA! WELCOME, LADIES.

A THRILL TO BE HERE, STEVE. THIS IS LIKE SOMETHING FANTASTIC RIGHT OUT OF THE LIBRARY AT ALEXANDRIA!

A CHANCE TO WORK WITH STEVE ALLEN! I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M NOT DREAMING.

I WELCOME THE OPPORTUNITY TO EXCHANGE IDEAS WITH SUCH A MIND AS YOU POSSESS, STEVE! LET'S TALK RADIUM!

MARIE, PERHAPS YOU COULD TELL US A LITTLE ABOUT TITS IN YOUR PERIOD...

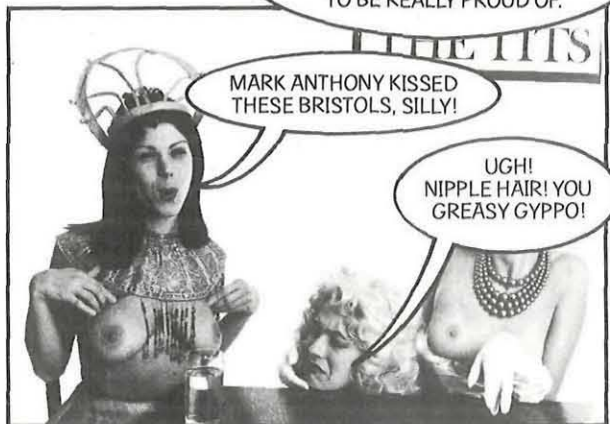


STEVE, I DON'T HAVE PERIODS ANYMORE, DUE TO MY PIONEERING EARLY WORK WITH RADIUM. BUT JAYNE LOOKS LIKE SHE'S GOT A PAIR OF FUN-BAGS TO BE REALLY PROUD OF.



THESE BOOBS MADE FOR BOFFO BOX OFFICE, STEVE!

KISS MY ASP, YOU MEAT GARAGE!



MARK ANTHONY KISSED THESE BRISTOLS, SILLY!

UGH! NIPPLE HAIR! YOU GREASY GYPPY!



MEN FIND THAT THESE GHOSTLY GAZONGAS POSSESS AN UNEARTHLY ALLURE.



WELL, THAT'S ALL, FOR THIS SHOW.

I DROPPED MY HEAD. MARIE, HELP ME FIND MY HEAD!

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The Robert Klein Radio Show  
231 E. 51st Street  
New York, N.Y. 10022





# TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



## True Facts

• According to an obituary for Marjorie Ellen Craw, the fifty-seven-year-old Albany, Indiana, woman left twelve children behind. Their names are Donny, Johnny, Lonny, Vonny, Yonny, Nonny, Onny, Shonny, Connie, Monnie, Bonnie, and Tonnies. *Muncie Evening News* (contributed by Stuart L. Pope)

• Joseph Guillou, a forty-five-year-old French merchant seaman, was working aboard the Moroccan oil tanker *Al Ghassani* when he was arrested by Moroccan authorities for allegedly blaspheming King Hassan II. French maritime-union officials claim that Guillou faces up to two years in prison for removing a shipboard portrait of Hassan and replacing it with a large sausage. *AP* (contributed by Ned Kinkelly)

• According to a pending "Bill of Vengeance" being considered by Iranian lawmakers, a person who criminally injures someone will have the same wound inflicted on him as punishment. To guarantee accuracy in such cases, the bill would require that the victim's wounds be measured for length, width, and depth, except for skull wounds, which would not have to be measured for depth. *Boston Globe* (contributed by Ron Hooker)

• Six exotic birds—cockatoos and macaws worth \$10,000—have been removed from decorative cages in the lobby of the Golden Nugget Casino in Atlantic City, New Jersey, because they "were either sleeping or sitting on their perches and weren't lively enough" to suit the ca-

sino's managers. According to casino spokeswoman Muriel Harris, the birds will be replaced by Disneyland-style mechanical birds, which will presumably require less sleep. "We hope these birds will be a little more animated, fly, and sing softer than the last batch," Harris said. *Philadelphia Inquirer* (contributed by Bruce Fisher)

• Berlyn Salazar filed a \$250,000 lawsuit against the city of Espanola, New Mexico, after an incident in which, he charged, he was beaten by police. Salazar said that he required emergency surgery after an officer kicked him in the groin. Commenting on the case, Espanola police chief A. B. Valdez claimed that Salazar, in an effort to implicate the police department, had actually kicked himself in the groin. *Albuquerque Journal* (contributed by Barbara Fordyce)

• A thirty-eight-year-old man showed up at the emergency room of Swedish Hos-

pital in Seattle, Washington, complaining of a burning sensation in his throat. After X rays revealed a table knife lodged deep in his esophagus, the patient admitted that he had used the knife to dislodge a pill that had become stuck in his throat and had swallowed the blade in the process. It is not known what became of the pill, an Empirin-3 tablet. *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* (contributed by Rodi Shemeta Ludlum)

• During a shoot-out, a 460-pound Fitchburg, Massachusetts, man, twenty-four-year-old Lawrence Bell, was shot eight times by state trooper Martin K. Stephens and survived despite the sixteen entrance and exit wounds in his chest, abdomen, right arm, and scalp.

"The man is overly obese," said the surgeon who operated on Bell. "Fat might have acted almost as a sandbag, so none of the bullets hit any vital organ."

Police spokesman John McLean also attributed Bell's survival to his fat, saying of

the eight police slugs that hit him, "They all just went around in the fat." *AP* (contributed by Joe Folfes)

• Robert Sirros was behind the counter of Nap's Package Store in Attleboro, Massachusetts, when a man with an eight-inch knife came in and demanded the contents of the cash register. In response, Sirros produced a length of pipe and rapped it on the counter.

"Well, just give me twenty dollars," said the robber, looking at the pipe; then, after a pause, "Can I take a bag of chips?"

The thief finally fled empty-handed. *Hartford Courant* (contributed by Thomas Collen)

• A Saskatchewan, Canada, grocer was fined \$200 for knowingly selling Lysol as an alcoholic beverage. Richard Rollman, fifty-three, was charged under the Liquor Act after a plainclothes policeman bought a can of the disinfectant after telling the grocer he needed a drink. The cop also purchased two bottles of soda to use as a mixer. *CP* (contributed by Michel Cleroux)

• Navy airwoman Rebecca Ann Todd charged that she was ordered to stand at parade rest on a pleasure craft assigned to the former commanding officer of the Mayport Naval Station near Jacksonville, Florida, while the officer's brother hugged and kissed her "at least five times." Capt. Marvin D. Reynolds, the former commander, was charged with the misuse of government property. *UPI* (contributed by Bob Lusk)

## OLD WEST DEPARTMENT



Some rides never go out of style.

(contributed by J. R. Clifton, Jax, Florida)

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These fine polo shirts from *National Lampoon* sport the distinctive, attractive symbol, a double-amputee frog. Yes, the unfortunate frog is your assurance that you have purchased the very finest. Wear your shirt with pride, with or without pants.

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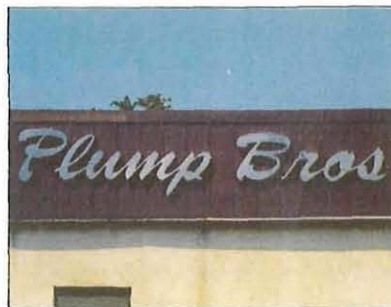
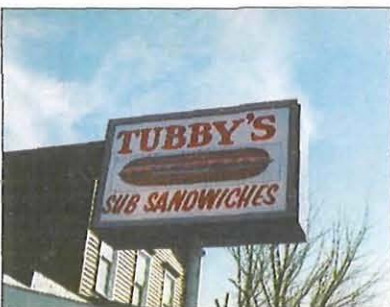
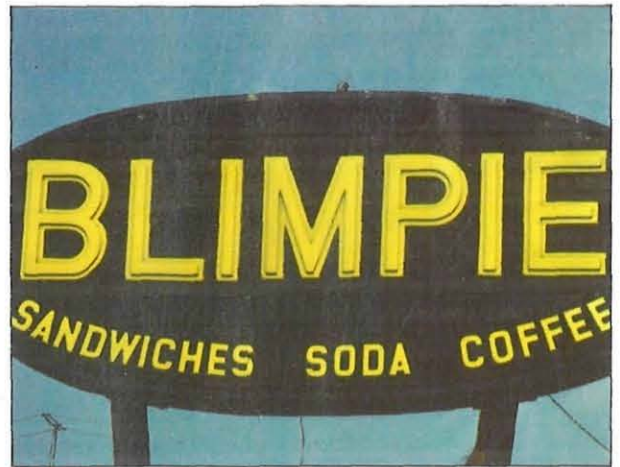
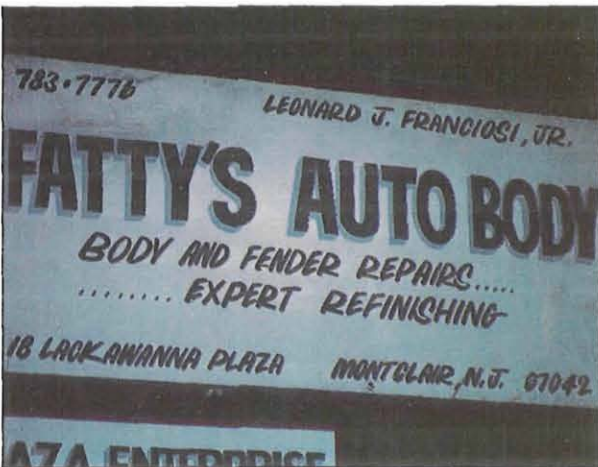
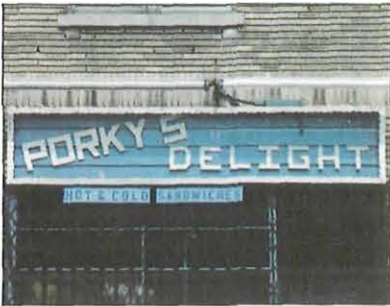
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# True Fat by David Burd



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## True Accidents

*The following accident descriptions appeared on applications for workmen's compensation in Ohio. (Submitted by Paul D. Travis)*

"In performing the job of which I am capable I didn't know the machine was on and was showing my new helper what not to do and did."

"I looked into the hose to see why the water did not come out. It came."

"I was proving that I could carry an air compressor and strained my back."

"I sprained my sprained ankle the same way I sprained it before."

"Hit arm against hopper. Got flea bites."

"This is for the cut on my hand, but I took out the stitches myself that they put in at the hospital. However, I am filing on account of the watchdog biting me and on account of a hurt I got in a fall in the paint shop."

"Got my right hand, first finger in the saw while helping Mike, and staying out of his way. My finger bled and this affected my mind."

"While on duty, I was hit in the face by a hand—my glasses were broke and something hit my eye and no one believes I was hit but it hurt."

"Hot grease splashed on me and fried my thumb."

"I was working on my job and got a pain at the end of the week."

"Unintentional accident, unnecessarily occurred on account of a misjudgment."

"Ran down steps. When I got to the end my feet wouldn't stop."

"Had hand in machine while air was off—someone turned on switches and folded my hand."

"I was assaulted and attacked by a vicious employee because he didn't like me and I know it."

"Patient was going to fall for me and I could not let this happen. In so preventing this I caused myself damage to my knee."

"That night I done something I shouldn'ta done and now my back hurts."

"A gate hit my foot while my back was turned closing the other side."

"Customer thought she needed brakes adjusted. She drove her auto into the station and could not stop the car, came through the door and pinned claimant against cash register."

"I was removing a blouse for a customer at which time I injured my back."

"I inherited this occupational disease."

"Acting on behalf of my employer I hit another auto."

"In order to avoid a person, Betty lost her balance and fell down. In one hand she had a ketchup bottle which broke on impact and cut her hand. In the other hand she had her thumb."

"I overasserted myself and got a hernia."

"The doctor gave me a disease for my occupation and said I must change jobs."

"Gears smashed thumb while holding air cleaner in place, while putting nipple on with right hand, while balancing air cleaner with left hand, while holding end with left hand away from right hand. Gears were not covered."

"I didn't know water was where I fell."

"I fell down in the Photomat booth while dislocating my knee."

"Sustained back injury due to car accident which is part of his job."

"Falling off the truck I dislocated my pelvis and other male organs."

"I slipped and fell and hurt everything in me."

"Carrying roll roofing caught my toe on a piece of tin that was froze in ground. The tin flipped against me causing me to trip letting the roofing fall into bucket of tar. Tar splashed out burning my arm causing me to jump back into ladder which fell against me, knocking me into building breaking my tooth. Thus I burned, bumped, and broke me."

"I dropped my head on my foot when someone pushed their guts across the table without calling out." (from a slaughterhouse employee)

"The fumes were so bad I was taken by them and went to bed with the doctor."

"The guy I work with went ape shit. He hauled off and punched me in the jaw and then tried to rip my throat out."

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Heavy-duty suction for greater suction. See video for more information. Hand concentration for added strength.

504S  
Electronic, variable speed and suction control. New Wide-Track roller brush. Free accessories.

507S  
Improved suction power.

Bag Full whistle signal. Free accessories.

Electrolux 502S

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Three advanced machines designed to apply maximum suction to remove every last grain of damaging dirt without harming your carpet.

Two new uprights with new extra-power motors (and you get an expensive accessory kit absolutely free: flexible hose, extension tube, 2-way dusting brush and crevice nozzle.)

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**Electrolux**

*This ad appeared in Scope magazine, a foreign publication. (submitted by Norma Rosenthal and Chip Gedney)*

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**Editor's note:** All items appearing in the True Accidents 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.

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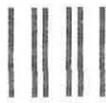
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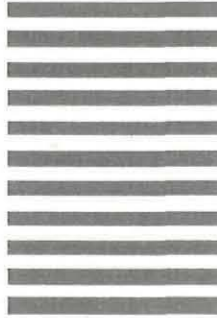
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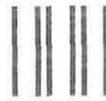
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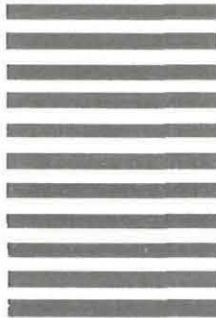
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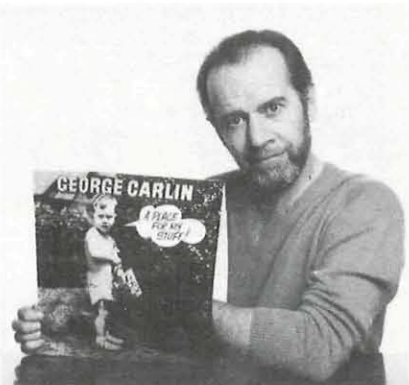
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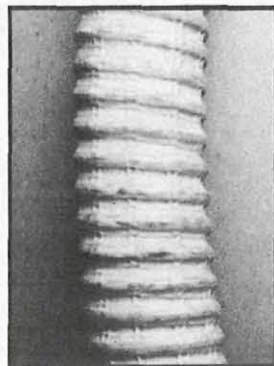
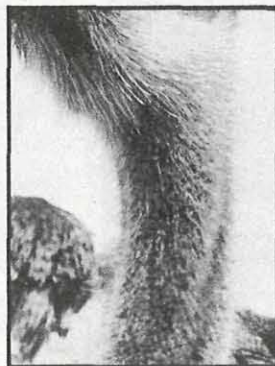
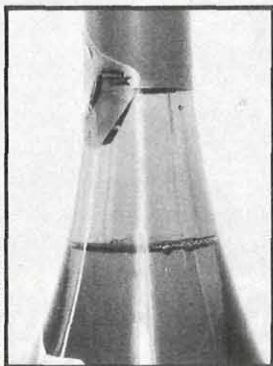


NATIONAL LAMPOON

#5

# CONTEST

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WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

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PAULA J. MULFORD OF CAIRO,  
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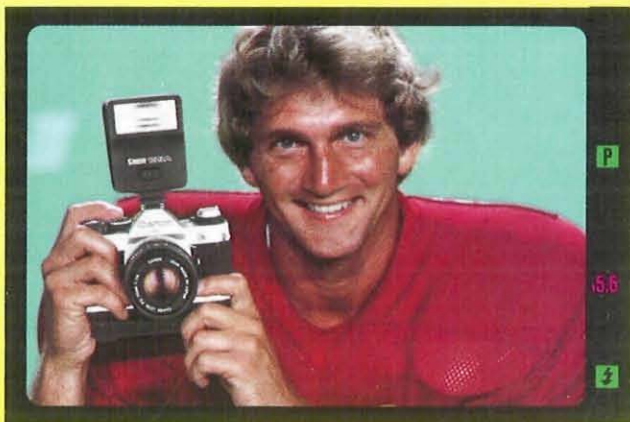


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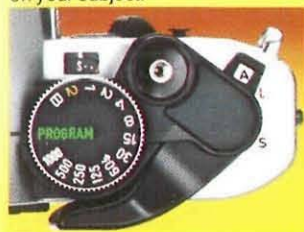
Indoors or out, day or night—in any light—the AE-1 PROGRAM is designed to give you perfect pictures automatically. You just focus and shoot. Really. When set on "PROGRAM" the advanced electronics inside provide total automation, so you can concentrate on your subject.



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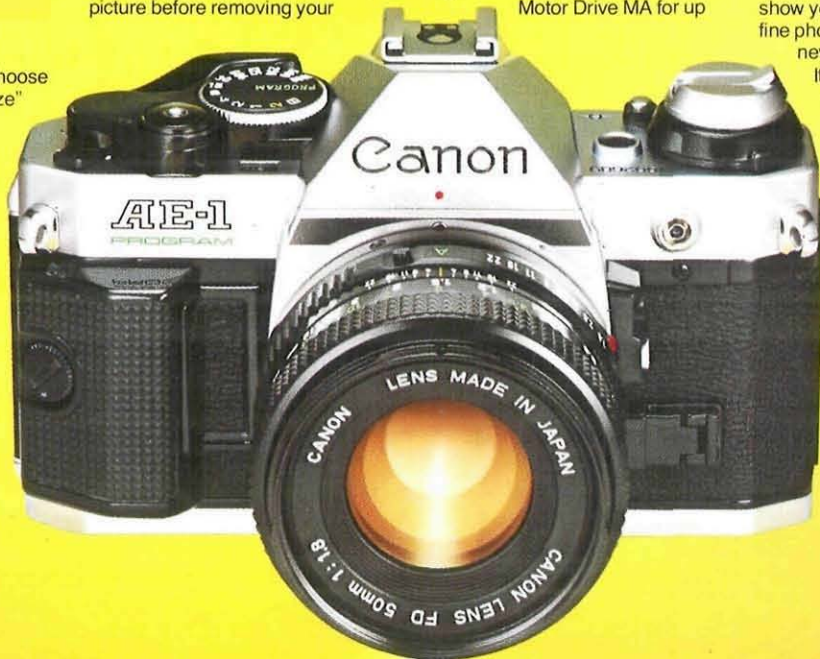
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