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Plus: How Girls Get Pregnant (A Special Insert)**

NATIONAL LAMPPOON **Hot Sex**

WPS 34490

SEPTEMBER 1982 • THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS • \$2.00



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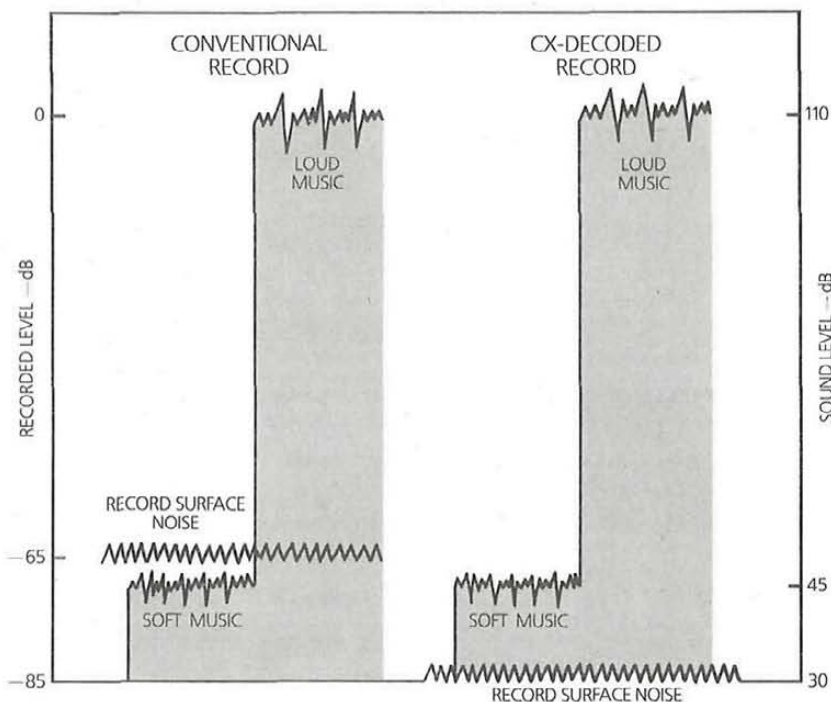
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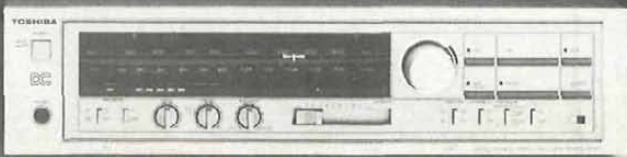
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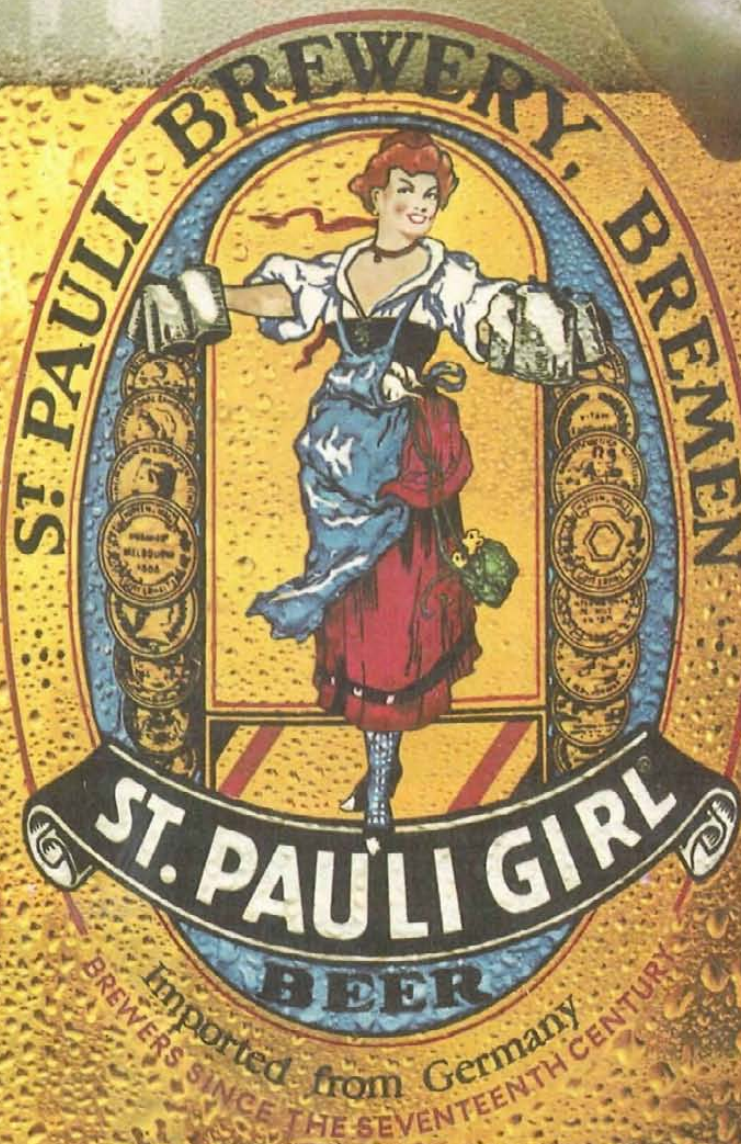
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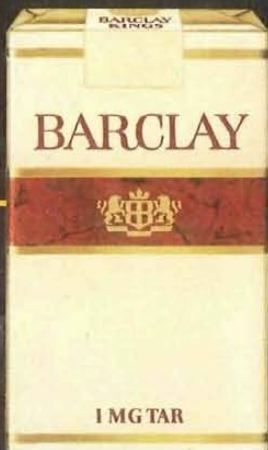
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ADVERTISING OFFICES, NEW YORK: Debra J. Resler, Jed Horowitz, Stephanie Bass, Account Managers: National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022 (212) 688-4070 **MIDWEST:** The Guenther Company, Inc., River Plaza, 405 N. Wabash, Suite 4509, Chicago, Ill. 60611 (312) 670-6800 **WEST COAST:** George Burns, Western Manager: Ron Rasak, Account Executive: National Lampoon, Inc., 9301 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 412, Beverly Hills, Cal. 90210-5448 (213) 859-8834 **SOUTH:** Brown & Company, 510 Boswell Road, Marietta, Ga. 30062 (404) 998-2889.

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September 1982

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Editorial

by Gen. Alexander Meigs Haig, Jr

IN MY MANY YEARS AS A MILITARY man it has been my duty to amplify in a nonverbal or written fashion on a variety of topics and typewriters. I wrote *The Technical Means to War Amongst the Jivaro Indians of the Rio Negro* on a sort of barrelhouse rainwatered upright Underwood typewriter, which I believe may have been carved from a single nugget of placer rust. Yet the topics, or "subjects," of my position fillers and essays of memorandum have always been mine to determine. That is the military way.

Initiative and judgment are two critical qualities I possess ample strategic reserves of. I have also been trained to match my typing tactics to field conditions; field conditions being the typing machine in question. And, candidly, the field, or typing machine, I have been issued by this magazine is an outmoded, hazardous, French-modified version of the 1947 British machine known as the Benjamin. In fact, I have reason to suspect that it may not be a genuine Benjamin at all, but an inferior Eastern-



bloc copy whose point of origin has been disguised with a coat of red enamel housepaint.

When I originally contracted with this magazine to pound out a few of my analyses, we had agreed in good faith, after complex negotiation, that I would be permitted to write on the topic of my choice on a typewriter (provided by the magazine) of "adequate or superior performance and Western origin." Now

I find myself beating my fists on keys the size of Susan B. Anthony dollars, like a Watusi ordering takeout food on a hollow log. I have also been directed that I should address my considerations to the topic of sexual-type infectious infiltration of the military genitalia.

I am the sort of soldier who prides himself on his ability to do a job for his country—and, for extra money, under any conditions—and I shall endeavor to carry out my assignment; but I tell you this, it shall not be an easy victory, and before I write again for this magazine I shall demand a clarification of the protocol under which I perform. And a new typewriter.

As many of you readers with a vague, readerlike familiarity with military history and your own genitalia are doubtlessly aware, the initial deployment of venereal weaponry in warfare took place in the so-called New World, where it was employed to little effect by Montezuma's Mexican warriors against their Spanish adversaries. There has been some suggestion that gonorrh and syph infective capability already existed in China at that time but that the Chinese were too civilized a people to make use of biological weaponry. Also, they had not met Cortez.

In any case, in point, it was a veteran of Cortez's campaign who made the first complaint of the infection, to Don Martin Infantima, chief croaker to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. This sixteenth-century corpsman recorded a description of the symptoms that has echoed down through the ages. "It does feel as if a jailer bearing a smoking shard of ignited pitch pine as a torch were making his way up and down the dark interior dungeon passageway that leads from the tip of the patient's *chorizo* to the chambers located within his lower half—all the while, said jailer, in his drunkenness or infirmity, stumbling and scorching by turns the walls, ceiling, and floor of the tunnel with the flames of his light. I shall have to amputate."

From that time to this, no military commander has been able to ignore the effects of this loathsome battery of diseases on the performance of his units in the field, and of course on his own personal unit.

Perhaps, of all armies, that fielded by the Ottoman Turks during the First



"That's my late husband!"

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World War was the most notoriously incapacitated by syphilis. T. E. Lawrence wrote at the time, and with strict military precision, that the army in question was "decimated" by syphilis. In other words, one in ten of the Turk soldiers had to walk with a sort of rolling side-to-side gait and carry his weapon in his mouth, both hands being employed permanently to cup his genitals.

Prior to the discovery and deployment of Salvarsan, or "606" (also known as the "silver bullet"), the first effective remedy for such diseases, every army suffered to a greater or lesser extent from such infections.

Why was the Turkish army so heavily afflicted? Well, after almost ninety years their practices are, rightly, still classified. But a close reading of Richard Aldington's biography of Lawrence might give the alert reader some hints. I may say no more.

After the British developed "606," the race was on. Every nation with aspirations to world powerhood was aware

that without an effective deterrent to genito-urinary infections they could not hope to match the British. The Russians began a crash development program on direct orders from Lenin. Their scientists at the Moscow Hero Memorial Center for Penile Itch and Irritation were told bluntly that if a cure was not forthcoming, neither would be their families. Yet it was not research, in the end, that brought Russia the parity she sought with the West. No: as it has been so often, it was their spy system. A traitor working in the British Home Office is believed to have passed the formula for Salvarsan to a Russian agent sometime in early 1916, and within a year the Russians had stockpiled sufficient reserves to guarantee they could fight a war on an equal footing with any enemy on earth. Once again a traitor had cost the West a crucial advantage in the struggle against communist-type world domination!

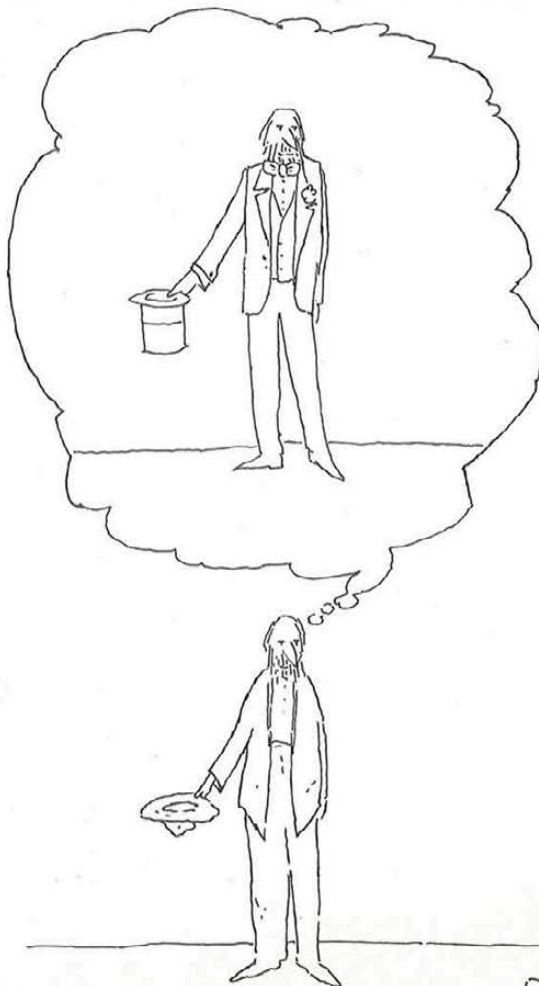
Little attempt has been made to use venereal weapons in warfare, as long as

each side was evenly matched. So it was not until the Vietnam conflict that we saw the introduction of new, antibiotic-resistant variant strains of "clap" such as the one code-named "Rootsapper" and known to GIs as "Viet Cong Rose." New antibiotics were quickly developed by America's patriotic pharmaceuticals firms to counter the effects of this awful weapon, but, as anyone living in California can tell you, pockets of the disease still hold out, or perhaps are periodically reintroduced into the country by enemy agents and their fellow travelers or dupes.

Herpes two is of course the newest and potentially one of the most dangerous weapons ever leveled at the reproductive systems of the West. Intelligence suggests that it too is a Russian strategic ploy.

I can tell you only this, that information and intelligence available to me at this time suggest that herpes two will not be a threat to our citizens for too much longer. Thanks to the dedication of our science men and women. Yet, while it persists among the population, it is the responsibility of every citizen who should contract this noxious disease to report his contact (or her contacts) directly to me at State, for forwarding to the proper authorities.

Please use the coupon provided. ■



Gen. Alexander Haig
c/o
National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Dear General Haig:

I have fallen victim to the latest communist attempt to destroy our generative abilities. Here is a list of the suspected agents:

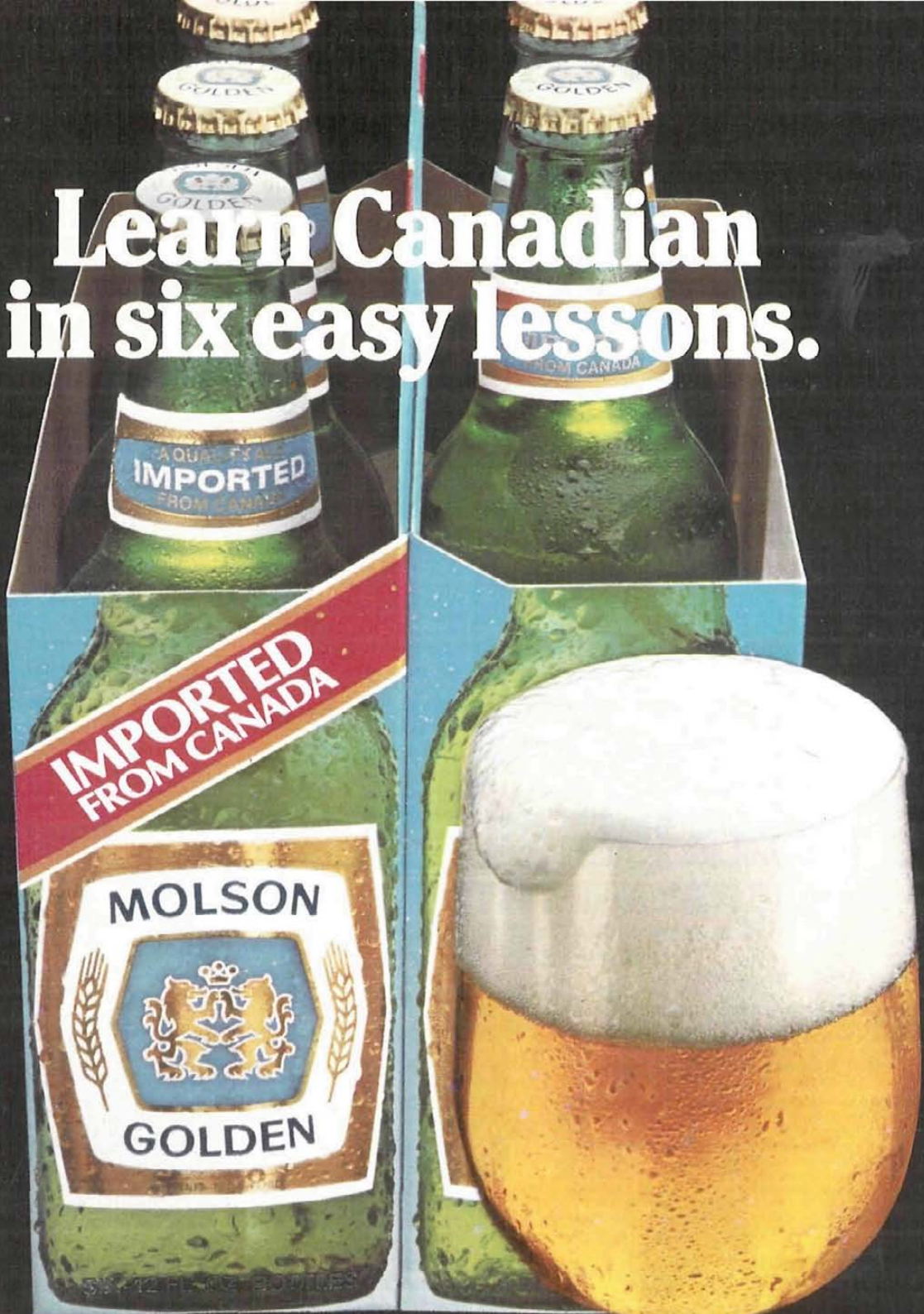
1. Name: _____
Address: _____
2. Name: _____
Address: _____
3. Name: _____
Address: _____

(List any additional contacts on a separate sheet of paper.)

My name is _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone (home) _____ (office) _____

I understand that this information will be kept confidential except for such lists as shall be published from time to time in this magazine as determined by the interests of national security.

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Letters

SIRS: WELL, WELL, ANOTHER Letters column, I see. And I'm sure this one will be filled with the same cheap shots at celebrities as always. You can't really think it's clever to take a famous person's name and affix it to a stale one-liner (e.g., "I do a lot of things now that I never did when I was alive. Sober up, to name one. —William Holden"), or an ironic statement (such as, "You guys aren't funny—you're just sick, sick, sick. —David Berkowitz"), or some stale catch phrase (for example, "I am not an animal—I am a human being! —Gene Shalit")? Gentlemen—and I use the term oh so loosely—if you must write such things, you should at least dispose of them in a single port-manteau letter, lashed together by any flimsy pretext.

Mr. N.E. Flimsey-Pretext
Teatime, England

Sirs:

Well, it's 1982 now. Don't you remember? The year America would be completely under the metric system? That's right. So I suppose I can just call up the



weather to get the Celsius temperature, and then drive fifty kilometers to work. The hell I can. What a joke! And wasn't this the year we were supposed to have cities under the sea, a Peace Corps on Mars, and no more poor people? Boy, what a dull future this turned out to be.

R. Buckminster Fuller
Still living in the sixties

Sirs:

Here are a few great jokes I made up. Why did the firemen let Dean Martin

burn? Water won't put out a grease fire.

What's Dean Martin's new career? Torch singer.

What's Dean Martin's epitaph? "Another Celebrity Roast."

I guess these jokes won't make too much sense unless Dean Martin is burned to death in a fire. I'm keeping my fingers crossed.

Tony Cameniti
Plainville, Conn.

Sirs:

We've got a question for you. If Warren Beatty is such a total ladies' man, how come he's never slept with Shirley MacLaine? We'd sure like to know.

Donny and Marie Osmond
Provo, Utah

Sirs:

The following is a warning to all readers who flip through the magazine on the rack and then put it down without buying it: *Don't do it!* Each page of this issue is coated with a special contact poison that is 100 percent fatal within twenty-four hours. The only known antidote is to buy the magazine and read every article from start to finish at least six times. Works out rather conveniently for us, doesn't it? So, if you've read this far, I'm afraid it's already *too late*. You're hooked, and you've got no other choice. So buy or die.

Circulation Manager
"National Lampoon"

Sirs:

Will somebody please make Doug Henning disappear?

Blackstone, Jr.
Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

Last year I wrote *Only When I Laugh*, about a mother and daughter who haven't seen each other in years. This year I wrote *I Ought to Be in Pictures*, about a father and daughter who haven't seen each other in years. Next year I plan to write *I Ought to Be Laughing*, about a mother and son who haven't seen each other in years. Then in 1984 I'm going to write *Only When I'm in Pictures*, about a father and son who haven't seen each other in years.

Pretty heady stuff, huh?

Neil Simon

Crankin' it out in California

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14)



"It's not working, is it?"



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False Facts

A thousand times stranger than the truth—because we made them up!
by Michael Reiss

THE CITIZENS OF GOOD Fortune, Oklahoma, were surprised at a recent city-council meeting when a fifteen-ton tractor-trailer truck came crashing through the roof, from out of the sky, killing them all. The council meeting was being held to discuss the city's new motto, "This is Luckytown, USA." —*New York Bugle*

A MAN IN VANCOUVER, BRITISH Columbia, went to his doctor complaining of abdominal cramps. The doctor opened the man up and discovered a fourteen-foot collapsible canoe with outboard motor (still running) in his stomach. The objects were removed with no apparent harm to the man or the recreational equipment. "I was wondering where that stuff had gone to," the man later remarked. —*API*

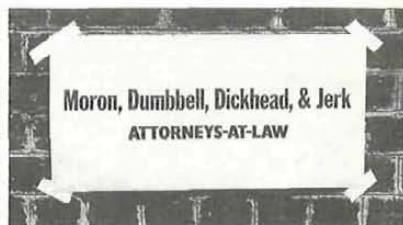
A PAMPHLET RECENTLY ISSUED BY THE government opens with this illuminating bit of jargon: "Intracircumlocutions variegate optimal excoriant mandibular wordyisms. Eschewing bivalvish metaphysical contaminants, supra-insolencies mediate contumelious vasoconstrictors, you know?" The pamphlet was titled "On Clear Writing." Another government booklet, "How to Save Money," was published at a cost of four trillion dollars; then both copies of it were burned. —*Tampa Tantrum*

"YOUR ANUS" IS A PLANET AND IT'S real big.
(submitted by Scooter Patterson, age 8)

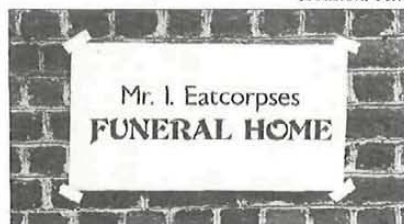
HAL CARUSO, OF BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT, was arrested for the brutal axe murder of his wife in the basement of their home. At his trial Caruso explained, "In the darkness, I thought my wife was a big uranium atom, so I tried to split her. It was an honest mistake." Mr.



Houston, Tex.



Burlington, Vt.



Phoenix, Ari.



Milwaukee, Wisc.

Caruso was found guilty and sentenced to a million billion years in prison.
—*Washington Globe*

"FORMER SOVIET PREMIER NIKITA Khrushchev made good use of his big bald head!" recalls Russian diplomat Alexei Markov in his new biography, *Nikita Bananas*. According to Markov, Khrushchev would often draw a grinning, pop-eyed face in lipstick on the back of his own head. The premier would then sit backwards in his chair and nap, while his smiling, hand-drawn face would greet visiting dignitaries. "Khrushchev liked to call the face 'Mr. Blinky,'" Markov notes.

—*Moscow Free Press*

IN GAMBIA, NORTH AFRICA, A CUSTOMER at Colonel Mbtwueya's Gambian Fried Rat Heads was horrified to discover a piece of chicken mixed in with her bucket of rat heads. The customer, a Mrs. Bongobongo, claimed she was traumatized by the incident and sued Colonel Mbtwueya for mental anguish. The court ordered the colonel to pay the woman fifty clods of dirt, a small Gambian fortune. Mbtwueya was unable to raise the sum, so the jury ate him.
—*UPS*

IT WASN'T A VERY HAPPY BIRTHDAY for fifty-year-old Leo Burke. First his mother dropped his birthday cake on his front doorstep when she suffered a

fatal heart attack; his daughter Annette ran out to help her, only to be hit by lightning. Burke's wife was run over by the ambulances she had summoned to pick up the bodies; and his son Chip was felled by a meteor in the backyard. "I guess today's just not my day," admitted Leo Burke, still wearing his cone-shaped party hat. Then he was carried off by an enormous bird.

—*Wall Street Post*

NEARLY FIFTY HOUSEWIVES WERE DISCOVERED chained to bathroom sinks in the home of an elderly New Jersey man. The man had lured them all into his house and then taken them prisoner, forcing them to perform the "Viva test" (comparing the effects of scouring powder on various brands of paper towels) for up to twenty hours a day. The old man was identified as a mental patient who had escaped from a lunatic asylum in 1932. During his five decades of freedom, he had become a city health inspector, climbed the Matterhorn, distributed his own line of designer jeans, and defeated Hubert Humphrey for the presidency in 1968. —*Gueter's*

ERNIE GOFUCKYOURSELF, OF DAYTON, Ohio, went to court to have his name legally changed to Adolf Shitler. As Mr. Gofuckyourself explained to the judge, "I want to have a better name, but not that much better." The judge's name was Biggie Turds. —*Westport Daily Worker* ■

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Newport

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if smoking isn't a pleasure,
why bother?



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BOX: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; KINGS: 17 mg. "tar",
1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report December 1981.

Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

Sirs:

Do you know what a handicap it's been to go through life with a name like JoAnn Pflug? It's no wonder I've never gotten any further than I have. You can't pronounce it, and then when you try to, it sounds disgusting. Just a warning to you gals like Sigourney Weaver and Mary Steenburgen. Don't make the same mistake I did. Pick a nice name. A name like Sandra Dee, Tina Louise, Penny Singleton. The real giants of show biz.

JoAnn Pflug
Now employed at Denny's
Placenta, Cal.

Sirs:

I bought this great memory book to help me learn French. It says, to remember the French word for grapefruit—*pamplemousse*—just picture a pimply moose eating grapefruit. To learn the word for ham—*jambon*—I envisioned a baked ham trying to *jam* its *bone* into me. Well, it worked—these things are forever locked in my memory. Even my sleep is filled with these nightmarish visions of

citrus-eating, pustulent mooses and sodomy-crazed hams pursuing me. It's been horrible. Please, can somebody help me forget?

Hieronymus Bosch
The nuthouse

Sirs:

Do you know me? You should. Though I never uttered a single word, I made headlines almost every day for a year or two a few years ago. I'm not much in the news anymore, and that's why I always carry the American Express Card wherever I go. In hotels, restaurants, and hospitals the world over, the American Express Card is as good as money, and it's honored in more places than any other credit card. The American Express Card—don't leave your bed without it.

Karen Anne Quinlan
Secaucus, N.J.

Sirs:

I am a poor, inner-city black on welfare. I also receive food stamps and unemployment benefits. Then there's the off-the-books job I have on weekends at the drugstore. I also do some free-lance typing for a local lawyer, and I umpire Little League games at fifteen dollars

each. During the week I also baby-sit for some neighbors' kids. All in all, I probably net about \$600 a week. So don't you dare call me shiftless, whitey.

Esther Knight
Compton, Cal.

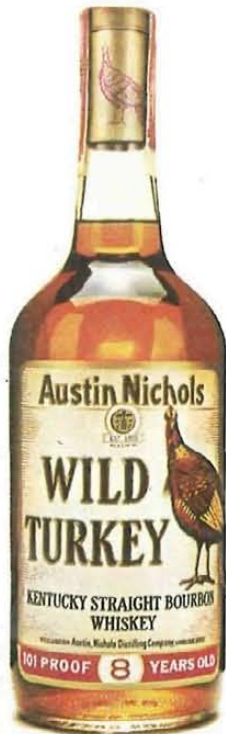
Sirs:

I've got a question of etiquette for you. How exactly do you break the news to your boyfriend that you don't love him anymore when he is stationed 200 feet beneath the plains of Wyoming with his finger on a button that can launch 200 megatons at Moscow?

Mary Anne Rothberg
Dry Creek, Wyo.

Sirs:

Let's say, just for the hell of it, that Tony hadn't died in the gang war in *West Side Story*. Let's say that he and Maria got together like they had planned. Well, natch, she gets pregnant—those P.R. girls are fertile—and they have to get married. Well, Tony finds out he can't make enough to support them working in Pop's soda shop (and anyway, Pop gets shot in the face in a holdup), so they have to go on welfare. Natch, Maria has four kids in quick succession. Tony cracks under the



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pressure and becomes a junkie. Maria gains a hundred pounds, and drinks. A couple of the kids die of neglect, and one gets run over. Maria falls asleep with a cigarette and dies in the fire. Tony overdoses; and their last remaining kid becomes a child prostitute. No, on second thought, I think I like the original ending better.

Stephen Sondheim
Broadway

Sirs:

Cats and preppies this, cats and preppies that. Fuck 'em all.

Dogs and Hippies

Sirs:

Did you ever see those odd-shaped bits of Styrofoam that they use for packing material whenever your mom gets some new china? Some people throw them away, but I don't. I save 'em in huge bags I keep downstairs and then give them to kids in my neighborhood so that they can make foam funnies. Just take some Elmer's glue, Magic Markers, and as many of the globes of Styrofoam as you can gather, use your imagination, and then the fun begins. What's really neat is to have a contest to see who can create the best foam-

sters, and then give the winner a prize, like Silly String or Slime.

Yasir Arafat

Sirs:

I've got a test for female Bruce Springsteen fans. Girls, here's a chance for you to prove your devotion to Bruce! Now we all know that most fans would do just about anything to meet the Boss. But would you...

a. Sexually humiliate your own father?

b. See your own mother thrown in jail on false prostitution charges?

c. Personally kill a small cute animal with your bare teeth?

We're talking about *true devotion*. Bruce wants me to find him a good girl friend this time. It didn't used to be this hard.

Clarence Clemons

Sirs:

Here's a story you fellers might want to run in your True Facts column. I've spent pretty near every day, for what seems like an eternity now, pushing this huge boulder up to the top of a hill. And I'll be damned (excuse my French) if the fool thing didn't keep rolling back down each time. Well, I had a helluva

time with it, but I finally got it to stay up there, and—*whoops!*—there it goes again. Hang on—I'll get back to you on this.

Sisyphus
Hell

Sirs:

Is it really true that Elvis Costello is going to record his next album with the pop group Abba? And then call the album *Abba and Costello*? I've got to know.

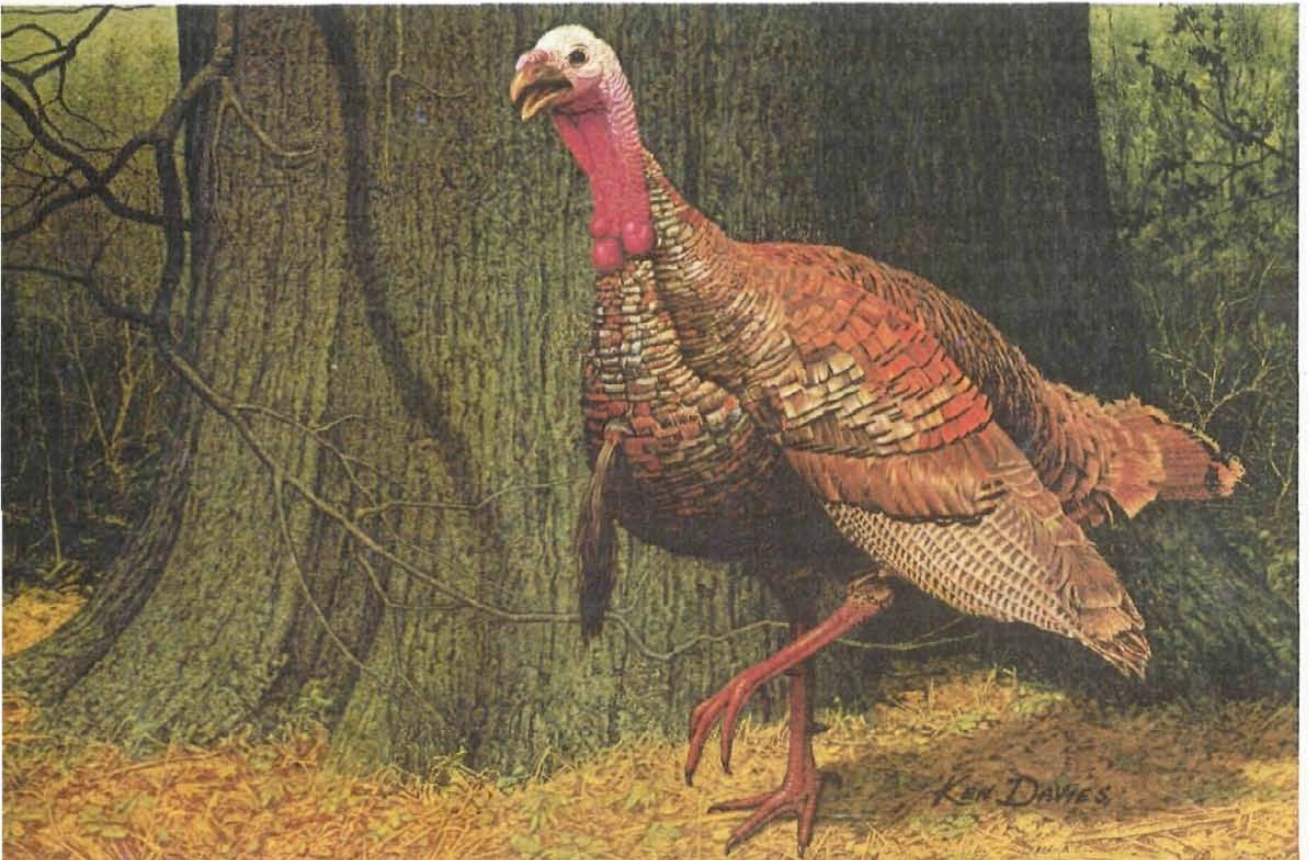
Distraught Fan
Lower East Side, NYC

Sirs:

To help those less fortunate in the world, we here at Grand Valley State College organized a Fast for World Hunger. Many of our students voluntarily gave up their lunch for one day, including dessert, and donated the money to refugees in Chad. We collected \$31.26, which should go a long way toward helping wipe out poverty in that country. This should end the myth that the only things we college students are interested in are sex and drugs.

Lloyd Buchanan
Allendale, Mich.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 91)



For personally signed Ken Davies print, 18" x 19", send \$10, payable to "ANCO", Box 2832-NL, NYC, 10163

Barry Glenn, Disaster Agent to the Stars

Introducing Henry J. Yamamoto, junior agent on the rise and a man to watch.
by Stephen Geller

From the Desk of Barry Glenn
Disaster Agency of America
9000 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90036

Caspar Weinberger
White House
Washington, D.C.

Dear Caspar:

I loved our confab at Mission Bay last week! Anyone who accuses Ronnie's administration of lacking a zappy sense of humor should spend the rest of his life tracking down the last remaining food stamps! Q., the Disaster Master, agrees with you: something indeed must be done to reroute Ron's popularity. Intrigued with your suggestion, we played with it à la *Enquirer*:

NANCY GANG-BANGED BY
THE CHARLIE DANIELS BAND
—DRUMMER TELLS ALL!



It has possibilities, Cassie. Here be the pros and cons:

On the plus side, the shock effect is stunning. Tremendous political potential, with a sympathy swing for Ronnie and Nancy. Total silencing of the Left, since rape has become—as you so wittily pointed out—“a commie-symp feminist issue.” This being the case, the Great Whack should occur six months before the national elections.

Q. promises Mike Wallace to guarantee an hour on Country Music-cum-Redneck Sex, with Charlie himself penning “One Foot in Your White House, One Heart on My Sleeve,” a ballad narrating the event. This will also guarantee Charlie's band seven years of club dates on the jail circuit. (Let us not forget Johnny Cash at Folsom—a platinum plus for the maestro!)

Jennings Lang, our Disaster Man at Universal, will produce *Inaugural '84*, with Sally Field to play Nancy, Burt Reynolds to do Ronnie, and Dom DeLuise to be the entire Daniels crew.

Sound good so far?

Don't hold your breath, Cass. The Disaster Master has pointed out one major flaw in the erntment: Charlie may be a schlemiel, but he's also pro-Reagan. To him the idea of him or any of his band doing in Nancy is like taking a dump on Mom's apple pie.

However, our Man with a Mission has come up with a most teasing alternative for your delectation:

Would Ronnie be averse to being boogied by Kiss during his acceptance speech at the Republican National Convention?

Q. feels such a move would have a fourfold effect:

1. It would ante up the network bids for convention coverage to an all-time high:

2. It would swing the nation so far to the right that even Ron would be fabulously embarrassed:

3. It would assure Ronnie the gay vote—especially if he gives us one of his smiles as Kiss plies its task, something flashy and ambiguous that might make us wonder if he was enjoying it.

4. It would do in Kiss once and for all, thereby making the world safe once again for Lester Lanin.

Q. says that in all future correspondence we must refer to the above as the “Sublime Suggestion.” Meanwhile, sweetie, chew on it.

Looking forward to a missive posthaste.

Yrs.
Barry



“This report needs work, Miss Shulman. I suggest we roll up our sleeves, uncross our legs, and get down to business.”

P.S. Tell Scotty Haig to substitute "freedom potential" and/or "liberating capability" for "nuclear war." The Agency will be billing the Old Soldier next week, by the by. He's six months behind in his Euphemisms payment.

* * *

TELEGRAM

TO: KURT WALDHEIM, UNITED NATIONS, NYC

URGENT!

"GET THE JEWS" BUMPER STICKERS FOR GENERAL ASSEMBLY MEMBERSHIP TOO PREMATURE A MOVE STOP SUGGEST THIRD WORLD DELEGATES WEAR YELLOW STARS WITH "YOU'RE NEXT, HONKY" STOP

(SIGNED) GLENN

* * *

Memo from Barry Glenn
9000 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90036

Caspar Weinberger
White House
D.C.

A quick note to say that David Stockman is *no-repeat-no* substitute for Ronnie—even if Stockman *is* the prexy's first choice for the Sublime Suggestion. When Reagan *truly, honestly* wants to do in the twerp, we'll take a huddle. Either Ronnie swims, or we all stay dry! 'Kay?

Barry

* * *

Now Hear This!

From: Q.
To: Barry Glenn
Subject: Operation Frogs Legs in the Borscht

Green light, Barry. Sink or Swim.

-Q.

* * *

From the Desk of Barry Glenn
Disaster Agency of America
9000 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90036

Francois Mitterrand
Élysées Palais
Paris, France

Mon cher President:

Comment allez-vous? and all that.

Although we ourselves haven't met, my boss, the *sensationnel* Q., tells me that you and he go way back to those grand old days with Jean-Paul the S. and Simone the B., swilling coffee at the Deux Maggots and bogarting them Gauloises 'til your stomachs sounded like six thousand Cuisinarts on high speed! God bless, but I sure do wish I could have been a part of that great



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WHO CARES?



Charles Bronson, actor and motorcyclist. "Every weekend we can, the kids and I pack our motorcycles in the pickup and head for the California hills. We enjoy the excitement and challenge of off-road

riding. But we're also aware of our responsibilities—to the land and whoever else might be using it. We stick to off-road parks and approved trails, use the right mufflers and ride safely. That way, everyone can have a great weekend."



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postwar era! Like Q., I swear I could have made a killing in the black market, selling stockings, Lucky Strikes, and Perry Como records!

But enough chitchat. (How do you pronounce that, FM.?)

Q. personally wanted me to congratulate you on your election. He also wants you to know that he can make you a hero. While your First Secretary peruses the enclosed Cases of Great Events and Personages Made Greater by the Disaster Agency of America, we would like to suggest the following scenario to immortality:

Once and for all, France declares war on the United States.

Privately, Washington will allow a sneak attack on Los Angeles. Publically, it will appear stunned.

You end up a hero.

How so?

Simple as ah-bay-say, *amico moi*:

Six months before the declaration of bellicose intent, you will secretly sneak all the Warsaw Pact forces in tricky disguise into the Louvre. Once inside, you lock the doors, declare war on us, then nuke the Coast. We in turn invade Paris with the NATO forces, surround the Louvre, and tell 'em to come out with

their hands on their helmets.

Singlehandedly, Franny, you will have managed to aid the West in capturing the entire Warsaw arsenal, and will have finally helped us break ground for the '84 Olympics. (Also, parenthetically, you will have redeemed the Westmoreland-Pentagon Principle: Destroy the village in order to save it.)

In return for this favor to your old buddy across the sea, you will receive 40 percent of the public stock of Disney World, Florida; a three-picture deal at any major studio of your choice; and Puerto Rico.

You may *répondez s'il vous plaît* care of our cultural attaché at the American Emb, and, in the following code phrase:

If it's *oui*, tell him, "I would like to meet the Carrie Fisher of the *Star Wars*."

If it's a case of the *peut-être*s, "Is it true, my old, what they say about the Carrie Fisher of the *Star Wars*?"

I'm sure we can get into bed on this one, *M. le P.* Carrie Fisher of course will be none other than yours truly, in mouse ears and drag!

Bon appétit,
Barry Glenn

Waldheim
United Nations
New York City

Barry Glenn
Disaster Agency of America
9000 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California

My dear friend:

The Cuban delegation very much enjoyed your suggestion of the yellow star. However, they wish to replace the word HONKY with PIG. Does this substitution have the same scare value? Most importantly, do you truly feel this plan will irrevocably isolate the Third World from the West, once and for all?

I click my heels to your expertise,
Waldheim

* * *

TELEX

TO: WALDHEIM, U.N., NYC
TELL CUBANS IF WE CANNOT TRUST
EACH OTHER WHO CAN WE TRUST HAR
HAR PIG AIN'T NO SUBSTITUTE FOR
HONKY

(SIGNED) GLENN

* * *

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Barry Glenn
Glenn's Getaway
Marina del Rey, California

Reverend Jerry Falwell
Moral Majority
USA

Dear Jer:

Good Christ, but it's been a year since we've corresponded!

Needless to say, I was stunned to get Pancho's call about your desire to do a poetry-and-jazz concert at the hungry i. Am I right to assume this weird craving began 'coz you're all shook up about the Creationist Science fiasco down at Little Rock? If so, know that you not only have a friend in the Big J, but also in the Grand Q, and his Sister-in-Cool!

I know your ratings have fallen some, babe, but trying to one-up Ginsberg, and with a whole new crowd, is a suicidal nay-nay. Know Your Friends: Give us a chance to get you back on the straight and narrow, sugar! As Q, himself says, Once we put your camel through the eye of our needle, you have nowhere to go but the "Today" show!

Give me a toot if you're interested.

Yours faithfully,
Barry

P.S. I had two stews come by for drinks last Sunday, and we all had a ball watching your show. Next time you're in L.A., I guarantee you more than guacamole!

* * *

From the Desk of
Dimpleton Carlton IV
Cultural Attaché, American Embassy
Paris, France

Dear Mr. Glenn:

"Is it true wot zay say about ze Carrie Fishier ov zee Starred Worse?"

I presume, sir, you know what this means.

Dimpleton Carlton IV

* * *

TELEGRAM

TO: DIMPLETON CARLTON IV, AMERICAN EMBASSY, PARIS, FRANCE
INFORM SENDER OF MESSAGE CARRIE FISHER JETTING L.A.—PARIS TUESDAY TENTH STOP WILL DOMICILE GEORGES V

BEST, GLENN

* * *

Hiya, Chief!
A Memo from Barry

Operation Frogs Legs in the Borscht hitting Phase Two!

Do svidanya,
Barry

* * *

Disaster Agency of America
9000 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90036

Caspar Weinberger
White House
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Weinberger:

Mr. Glenn has gone abroad. In his absence I have been given authority to pursue his clients' interests. At present I am reviewing the Sublime Suggestion file, and promise to answer as soon as I've considered all aspects of the situation.

Thank you for your patience,
Sincerely,

Henry James Yamamoto,
for Barry Glenn

* * *

Disaster Agency of America
9000 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90036

Reverend Jerry Falwell
Moral Majority
USA

My dear Reverend Falwell:

Mr. Glenn has been detained in Europe. Therefore he has asked me to reply to your desperate phone call of the 14th.

Rest assured that our agency has checked your organization thoroughly. Although there is indeed a woodpile in the South Forty, the only dark fellow lurking in its vicinity is Eldridge Cleaver, and even that archaic appellation is—certainly in his case—worthy of debate.

As you pointed out, we has truly fallen on parlous times. Still, Reverend, I do not feel there is cause for alarm. The major error you committed in the Creationist Science versus Evolution controversy was to attempt to use the same language as the scientists. Language wasn't necessary. Deeds were.

And since Deeds is Q's middle name, we hereby suggest the following plot for your consideration:

Would you be willing to be placed in a state of suspended animation via the novel art of cryogenics? Once frozen, you would be secretly whisked to a location in central China, there to be "discovered" once the Creationist Controversy has died down?

Taken out of this icy state, you would be "dated" as being nine million years old. Your command of English, while not threatening Alistair Cooke's, would be fair enough to counteract all subsequent controversy. We would give you certain key phrases such as "Big me-eater smell," "Mammoth not funny," etc., to start you off. Eventually you

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24)

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Cliff-hanger Justice

Part Two of the most celebrated litigation in legal history, *Wile E. Coyote vs. Acme Co.*
by Joey Green

THE STORY SO FAR: AFTER suffering from a string of serious injuries resulting from years of fruitless attempts to capture a single roadrunner using aids and devices purchased from the Acme Company of New Jersey, television's *Wile E. Coyote* has finally brought suit against the Acme Company, claiming that its products were unsafe and that implied warranties of merchantability had been flagrantly breached. Coyote has filed the appropriate pretrial paperwork. His legal complaint describes in meticulous detail several incidents in which he sustained injuries, as well as alleged defects in the merchandise that contributed to the occurrence of each accident—from a rock catapult that back-fired and dropped its payload on him to a sail and an electric fan mounted to a skateboard that plunged him off a cliff.

AT THE TRIAL'S OPENING, DEFENSE attorneys for Acme urged that the ex-



press warranty on the purchase order signed by Wile E. Coyote barred any claim for personal injuries which may have derived from a breach of warranty. They submitted the purchase order, a one-page printed form in the Acme mail-order catalog, as evidence. The bottom of the order-form contract contains eight and one-half inches of fine print headed "Conditions," including the manufacturer's list of "purposes for which the merchandise is not intended," the most relevant exclusion being "the intention to capture a roadrunner." The agreement also provides that the manu-

facturer's "obligation under this warranty is rescinded if the merchandise ordered is used for any abusive purpose": further, such use revokes all other warranties, express or implied, and all other obligations or liabilities on Acme's part.

But Coyote's attorney argued that the terms of the warranty are a "sad commentary on the Acme Company's marketing practices," adding that "...it has been long settled that where the buyer suffers injuries because of negligent construction, the manufacturer's liability exists." In an eloquent and forceful address before the court, plaintiff's counsel asserted: "Under modern marketing conditions, where a manufacturer puts a rock catapult or any other device into the stream of trade and promotes its purchase by the public, an implied warranty that the product is reasonably suitable for use accompanies it into the hands of the ultimate consumer. Furthermore, in a society such as ours, where the use of such a device is fraught with danger to the user and to the public, the manufacturer is bound to a standard of special care in the construction and sale of the item."

But stipulations in Coyote's contract allow the Acme Company to revoke its warranty of the rock catapult if the buyer uses the device for the purpose of launching heavy objects in the direction of, or onto, a roadrunner. Plaintiff argued that "no one can deny that the intended use of a catapult is to hurl heavy objects." He pointed to the lessons of history. In medieval times, warriors used catapults to hurl mammoth water balloons over walls and into castles. In World War II, German soldiers at the Russian front used catapults to fling knockwurst and chopped liver across enemy lines. In modern-day America, catapults are used on college campuses to launch barnyard animals into neighboring fraternities. Plaintiff contended that the direction in which objects are hurled, or the purpose for doing so, has no bearing on the proper operation of the catapult. "The catapult is and always has been used to hurl heavy objects," he argued. "Acme cannot extend the purview of its warranty so as to impinge upon the intended use of a catapult—that being, to launch heavy



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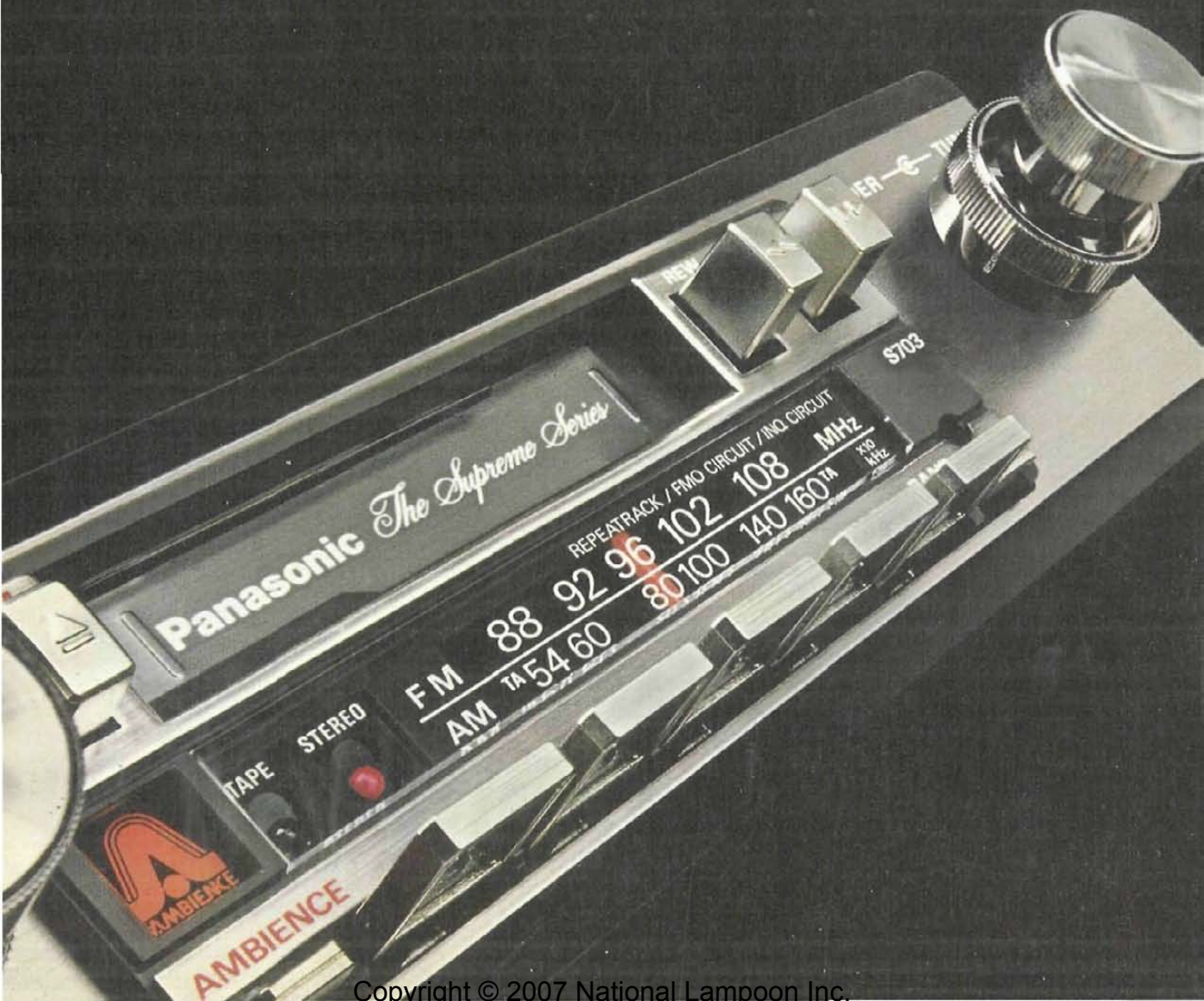
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Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, Longs, 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

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Orlando	June 4-13
Philadelphia	June 6-13
Pittsburgh	June 13-20
Atlanta	June 21-27
Hampton, Va.	June 24-27
New York	June 25-July 4
Minneapolis/ St. Paul	July 12-18
Cincinnati	July 12-17
Seattle	July 30-Aug. 6
Milwaukee	Aug. 11-15
Newport, R.I.	Aug. 21-22
Chicago	Aug. 30-Sept. 5
Detroit	Sept. 1-6
New Orleans	Sept. 17-19
Houston	Sept. 16-19
Dallas/ Ft. Worth	Sept. 23-26
San Francisco	Nov. 6-12
Los Angeles	Nov. 6-10

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And many, many more.

(Not all artists appear at every festival.)

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one way to
play it.



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Write to P.O. Box 2526
Highland Park, IL 60035
or call 513-321-5557
Specify city or cities.

objects."

Defense attorneys for Acme had lost round one, but they weren't about to throw in the towel. They pointed out that Coyote's case hinged on incidents that occurred over a period of eighteen years, and that Coyote's willingness to continue doing business with the Acme Company for such a lengthy period of time before pressing charges could only be construed as a rather blatant case of laches—that is, Coyote had purposefully delayed prosecution of his case to allow, through time, the deterioration of evidence and testimony which might benefit the defense.

Coyote angrily denied such charges. He insisted that he never knew he had any legal recourse available until his recently viewing a television commercial prepared by the New Mexico Department of Consumer Protection, and that he would have been willing to overlook one, two, or even a half-dozen of the earlier instances but could not overlook a pattern of abuse spanning a period of nearly eighteen years.

The court, however, could not agree. The jury ruled that Coyote's undue delay in pressing charges barred him from legal recourse. It was a crushing defeat, a precipitous setback, an abysmal downfall. But, as before, Coyote refused to let things fall where they may. He had never conceded defeat in the past, and he seemed determined to pull himself up from out of his hole once again. He appealed to his audience for help.

The resulting public outcry on behalf of Coyote demonstrated that his popularity had never been stronger. An ava-

lanche of letters from irate Saturday-morning-television viewers flooded the court, demanding that the case be reopened and that justice be served. Letters and petitions calling for a nationwide boycott of the Acme Company and all of its countless subsidiaries created havoc in the boardroom at Acme's headquarters in New Jersey.

Meanwhile, heated rumors flew on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, where once-healthy Acme stock began to plummet sharply, dropping from forty to seventeen points in just two hours of a frantic selling wave. To keep the situation from getting out of hand, the Securities and Exchange Commission halted trading and began an immediate investigation into the company's dealings. Faced with a possible financial collapse, stockholders of the Acme Company called an emergency meeting at the home office in Teaneck, New Jersey, and, following an all-night session, voted to order the board to request the court to reopen the Coyote case so that the Acme Company's name would be cleared from unjust charges of conspiring against Coyote and conducting unfair business practices—or so they hoped. The company, it was announced, would not use a legal loophole to deny Coyote due process. "If justice can't be served on paper plates," one stockholder was heard to say, "then we'll just have to use good china." ■

Part III, the reopened Coyote case and the Roadrunner's testimony as a character witness, will appear in next month's issue.



Cartoon for the Deaf

Worth paying the price for.



MOUNT GAY

REFINED

**ECLIPSE
BARBADOS
RUM**

AS MADE OVER 170 YEARS
ON THE ISLAND OF BARBADOS

WEST INDIES
HURCH

TRADE
PRODUCT

The tougher the challenge, the sweeter the satisfaction...no matter what the cost. That's why sailing men go to incredible lengths to compete with the sea. Why all men who scale the heights — and know what it is to pay the price — have such an affinity for Mount Gay Rum, the one rum that has successfully met its challenge. Mount Gay is, indeed, the world's finest rum.

Barry Glenn

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)
could begin to paraphrase any Gospel of your choice, and nobody would be the wiser! By your having been scientifically dated, Reverend, to be older and dumber than a slime mold, why, all those Evolutionist bigwigs would be forced to run to Instant Revisionism!

And you would be...the Winner!

In the event that you accept the plan, it would of course be necessary to stage your present death. But that is simple enough. Our agency handles a variety of grievors, mourners, and other assorted sickies. We might, for example, arrange a faked assassination during one of your broadcasts. By a crazed scientist, let us say. Or perhaps by one of those fascinating-looking chorus members of yours, who secretly seem to be dreaming of cannibalism as they contemplate the Passion.

In the course of this we would also arrange three quickie paperback deals. Jennings Lang, our subsidiary agent at Universal, would package a movie of the moment, *Morals '82*, loosely based upon the event.

Your death would seem to bury the controversy once and for all.

Instead, as we both of us know, it would be but a prelude.

I sincerely look forward to hearing from you.

*Henry J. Yamamoto,
for Barry Glenn*

* * *

TELEGRAM

TO: BARRY GLENN, 9000 SUNSET BLVD,
L.A., CALIF
CUBANS SUGGEST QUOTE IMPERIALIST
UNQUOTE INSTEAD OF QUOTE HONKY
UNQUOTE STOP WHAT TO DO?

WALDHEIM

* * *

Disaster Agency of America
9000 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90036

K. Waldheim
United Nations
New York City, N.Y.

Dear K.W.:

Telegram received, and duly noted.

1. Tell Cubans that "You're Next, Imperialist" does not scan. Either they accept "Honky" or find another agency.

2. Barry Glenn has twice billed you, then told me to take over the account. Your people, Yamamoto," he exhorted, "know how to live on seaweed. I'm a beef-and-brew man myself. You squeeze the kraut for a living!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)

TIME OF THE MONTH

DOMESTICANA

Soviet Fishing Trailers Spying on U. S. Mainland

Relentless and ubiquitous—brazen Red vessels are becoming a fact of life

AFTER YEARS OF SURVEILLING the oceans with sophisticated spy ships disguised as fishing trawlers, the Soviet Union is now monitoring land-based operations with specially fitted mobile homes that Moscow insists are nothing more than "ordinary fishing trailers." Claims that this fleet of nearly a thousand trailers is engaged solely in recreational trout fishing are, however, patently false. U.S. officials say, pointing to examples like a flotilla of fifteen fishing trailers recently sighted five blocks from the headquarters of the Strategic Air Command and over fifty miles from the nearest lake or stream.

"But we are merely relaxing trailer-men looking for the peacefulness of nature and the trouts," indignant Soviet trailer captains protest when security agents attempt to board their craft. "Since when is it that the taxpaying sportsman and citizen cannot park his fishing trailer and throw out the line for a hopefully large catch?" Notwithstanding these predictable, often vituperative displays, many trailers are searched and, upon discovery of their powerful signal equipment, ordered to move along. "Unfortunately," frets one American official, "there isn't much more we can do. So long as we allow the free movement of clumsy, boxlike trailers with forests of antennas all over them on our roads and public lands, we'll just have to accept the Soviet fishing trailer as a fact of life." ■



Notoriously brazen Russian fishing trailers have a habit of appearing wherever the "fishing" is good. "I am sure hoping for a successful catch today," Soviet KGB colonel Feodor Vasilov remarks to passersby several yards from the west portico of the White House. Vasilov was later discovered to be eavesdropping on the U.S. government.

SCIENCEOLOGY

U.S. Technological Coup as Scientists Synthesize World's Longest Chemical Name

SCIENTISTS AT CALIFORNIA'S LA Jolla Institute of Chemistry have announced successful synthesis of the world's longest chemical name—a jawbreaker of 12,487 syllables and 47,623 letters. "It's something we've

been working on for quite some time," explained a proud Dr. Arnold Salavor, leader of the group that achieved the breakthrough. He made his remarks at the recent annual meeting of the American Chemical Society.

"To synthesize the name, we had to use a very complicated multistep reaction," Salavor explained. "First we took all known chemical suffixes and prefixes and fed them into a computer. Then we did a complex mathematical analysis on which combinations were feasible—for example, you can't have one prefix end in an 'a' and the following one start in an 'e' because then nobody could say it and the name wouldn't work properly. Throughout, we set the minimum acceptable intrasyllabic 'pronunciation coefficient' at .85. We also fed into the computer a cross-correlated sampling of the total

BREAKDOWN OF LETTER DISTRIBUTION

Letter	No. times appearing in word	Letter	No. times appearing in word
a	3,106	n	2,861
b	1,504	o	3,208
c	1,201	p	1,412
d	1,902	q	581
e	4,312	r	1,706
f	1,504	s	2,591
g	1,403	t	1,504
h	1,201	u	3,816
i	3,116	v	997
j	987	w	1,083
k	1,004	x	1,042
l	1,501	y	2,154
m	1,206	z	721
		Total	47,623

Average letters per syllable: 3.81

grammatical environment in which the name would interact, the range of pitches of the men and women who would likely be speaking the word, how the word might be distorted by various PA systems during reports, and how the word might predictably deteriorate under verbal pollutants such as stuttering and lisping."

Salavor continued, "When we first saw the result on the computer printout, it looked good, real good. But chemistry is an experimental science and once our theoretical word was generated we had to put it to the practical test. Our first measurements indicated that the word took the average trained chemist 42 minutes to say, and the untrained lay-

man 192 minutes, a 30 percent increase over any of our previous efforts.

"The most crucial test," Salavor explained, "was when we gave it to a panel of professional editors to abbreviate; and I'm proud to say that the smallest recognizable abbreviation was still 14,763 letters, 14,764 if you count the period at the end!"

The new word begins "hexatetranoxydiapetronanomethylaterotropobetaeptoduohecta..." and ends ". . . anziaminodetrylapihistapalatine." Added a delighted Salavor, "My colleagues have hailed it as a notable advance in chemical history. And the compound it refers to has only four atoms." ■

Washington watchers believe that many of these have a chance of passing, after some time-honored "horse-trading" politics between parties. Thus, many Democrats may be persuaded to vote with the GOP policymakers and repeal amendments thirteen (slavery abolished) and fourteen (income tax authorized), in return for the conservatives' support for the Democrats' proposed repeal of the second amendment (the right to bear arms).

Although several of the more radical Southern-conservative amendments (such as the declarations that the sun revolves around the earth and that oral sex be classified as a capital offense) are expected to be defeated, liberal Democrats are said to be willing to abandon their support for the equally far-out amendment twenty-seven—which claims that women are human beings—in order to achieve consensus on the repeal of the twenty-second amendment (no person may be elected president more than twice).

"For thirty-two years that one piece of partisan legislation [the twenty-second] has been the primary cause of this great nation's social and economic agony," thunders statesman Ted "Ted" Kennedy. "If we can get rid of it once and for all, Franklin Roosevelt will be president of the United States once more, and happy days will, indeed, be here again!" ■

DOMESTICANA

Acts of Congress

Many amenders find USA constitutionally unsound

AS CONGRESS RECONVENES for the fall lame- or "ruptured"-duck session, its members discover that they will be presented with innumerable opportunities to debate and vote upon a plethora of proposed constitutional amendments, including those concerning the rights of the unborn, mandatory balancing of the federal budget, voluntary prayer in schools, compulsory prayer in schools, the rights of the un-born-again, a federal budget unbalanced to the right, reduced Social Security benefits for the unborn, voluntary physics lessons in church, the denationalization of the

Internal Revenue Service, and involuntary prayer for the unbalanced unborn.

Speaker Tip "Tip" O'Neill, of the House, feels that he can continue to manipulate and/or control a sufficient number of Democratic votes there to prevent anything at all from happening. But in the Republican-dominated Senate, as Vice-President George Bush quips, "anything can happen—and probably will!"

In addition to the proposed amendments pending before the D.C. lawmakers, there are several proposals to repeal previous amendments, and

CIVIL SERVIA

New Mailbox Design

Helping to ease the postal logjam

THE U.S. POST OFFICE HAS found a new way to alleviate the country's mail glut—tall mailboxes that no one can reach. The boxes will soon replace all of the country's regular mailboxes.

"What we want to do, frankly, is discourage people from mailing letters," according to Postmaster General William Bolger. He explained, "We've put small metal ladders on the boxes, but we figure that people will only climb the ladders if they have really important letters to mail. Senior citizens, who write most of our nation's letters, because they have nothing else to do, won't be able to get up the ladders at all, and that should eliminate 75 percent of our problem right there. In the past, we've tried everything we could to alleviate the postal logjam, from automated sort-



Federal legislators hurriedly rush their amendments to Capitol Hill, to make the U.S. Constitution less cruel and heartless and irrational and insensitive and shallow, before it's too late.

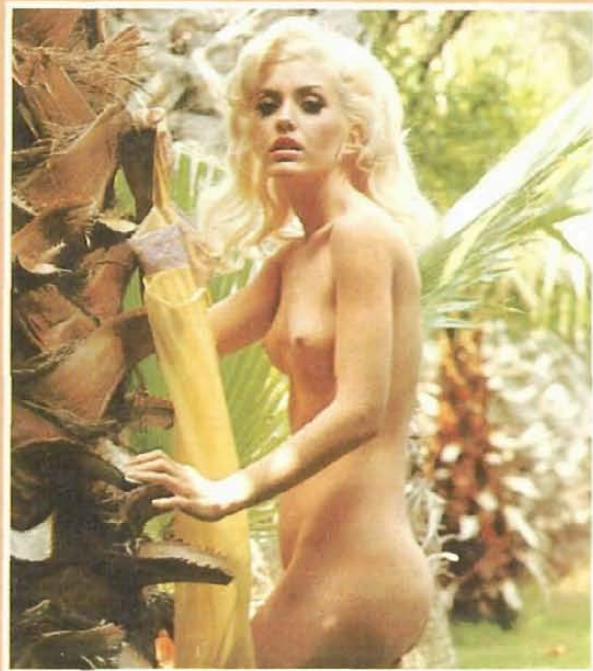
By subscribing to *National Lampoon* you can help us settle a terrible argument between Mandy and Candy.

Mandy and Candy here have just had one of the most awful arguments you ever heard. Well, Mandy told Candy (they're both marketing experts with MBAs) that she could sell more subscriptions to *National Lampoon* by wearing lots of eye shadow and posing in wholesome outdoor surroundings than Candy could posing her way. Candy said, "Tell me another one!"

Candy says that modern men respond better to a sales pitch that features an attractive woman, wearing minimal

makeup, more coyly posed against a plain dark background. "Double phooey," says Mandy.

So it's up to you, the reader, to settle this argument by subscribing to the marketing technique of your choice. You can also save money, but that's a minor point outlined on the coupon. So, please, subscribe today for the marketing MBA of your choice and help us settle this argument between two girls we're very, very fond of. Maybe then we'll get some peace.



"I just know I'm right," says Mandy. "Fill out my coupon and help me really show Candy!"

Sirs:

As far as I'm concerned, MBA Mandy has the superior theory. Put me down for her.

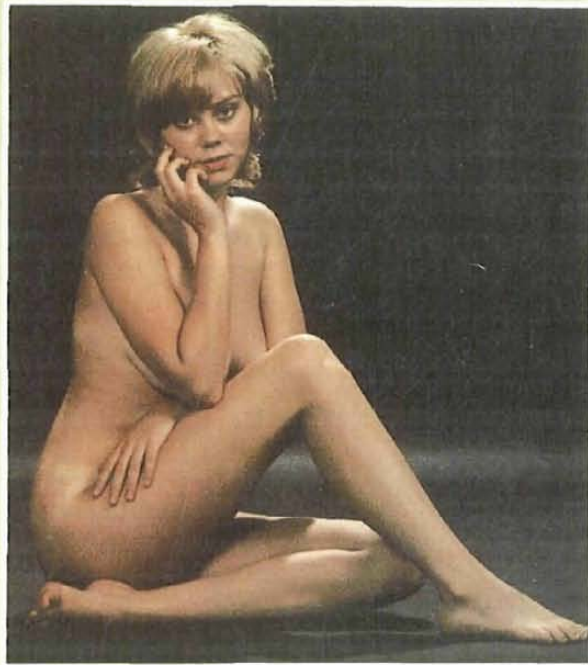
Mail coupon to *National Lampoon*, Dept NL 982, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Make check or money order payable to *National Lampoon*.

- 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.

For each year, add \$5.00 for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries. All checks must be in U.S. funds.

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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



Sirs:

I go along with MBA Candy. In the acumen and marketing-strategy department she couldn't be more right. Sign me up.

Mail coupon to *National Lampoon*, Dept NL 982, 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.

For each year, add \$5.00 for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries. All checks must be in U.S. funds.

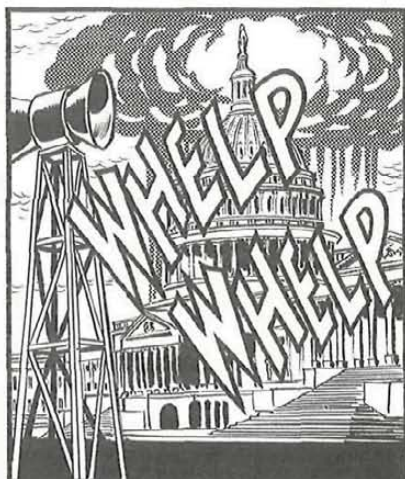
NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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

"Use my coupon to subscribe to *National Lampoon*," says Candy. "I've just got to put that Mandy in her place. She thinks she knows everything."



CASPAR WEINBERGER'S NUCLEAR SURVIVAL TIPS FOR KEY GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS



TIP #1 CONSIDERATE POLITICAL AND MILITARY OFFICIALS WILL TRY TO AVOID FOOD OR DRINK IN THE TUNNEL.

COME ON, JOE, THERE'S A NUCLEAR WAR ON! LET'S KEEP THE TUNNEL CLEAN FOR EVERYBODY!

FORGIVE ME, CAP. JUST CAN'T SEEM TO KEEP MY HANDS OUT OF THIS PARTY FOOD!



TIP #2 ONCE YOU'VE MOVED IN TO YOUR SURVIVAL QUARTERS, BE SURE TO SEND A SHORT NOTE TO YOUR FRIENDS TO LET THEM KNOW WHERE YOU ARE.

GEE, JOE AND JANE, I'LL BET I'VE WALKED THROUGH THE ENTIRE SHELTER, TRYING TO FIND YOU!

OH, I'M SORRY, CAP. WITH ALL THE MOVING AND EVERYTHING, WE FORGOT TO GET OUT OUR ADDRESS CARDS!

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, YOU TWO! YOU KNOW "SORRY" IS NEVER GOOD ENOUGH IN NUCLEAR WARTIME!



TIP #3 DON'T TRY ANY MAJOR ENTERTAINING UNTIL YOU'VE HAD A CHANCE TO BECOME THOROUGHLY FAMILIAR WITH YOUR SURVIVAL QUARTERS.

DARN, JOE, IF I'D KNOWN ALL THE GUESTS WERE GOING TO CONGREGATE IN THE KITCHEN, I'D HAVE SET UP THE BUFFET IN THERE!

YOU KNOW, JANE, PLANNING IS EVERYTHING DURING AN ALL-OUT WAR. TRY OUT YOUR SURVIVAL SPACE ON A SMALLER GROUP FIRST, THEN YOU'LL KNOW HOW TO PLAN THINGS RIGHT!



TIP #4 MAKE IT A HABIT TO PUT YOUR AFTER PARTY BUFFET PLATTERS AND OTHER TOUGH-TO-CLEAN ITEMS IN THE DISHWASHER BEFORE TURNING IN.

OH, AM I POOPED! TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE UNDER NUCLEAR-BATTLE CONDITIONS, JANE. LET'S GET TO WORK BEFORE THIS GREASE TURNS HARD AS A ROCK!

DO IT AGAIN REAL SOON. NONEED TO BE STRANGERS JUST BECAUSE THE WAR'S OVER, OKAY?



TIP #5 WHEN THE "ALL CLEAR" SOUNDS, BE SURE TO PAY THE PROPER COURTESIES TO FRIENDS YOU'VE MADE DURING THE WAR.

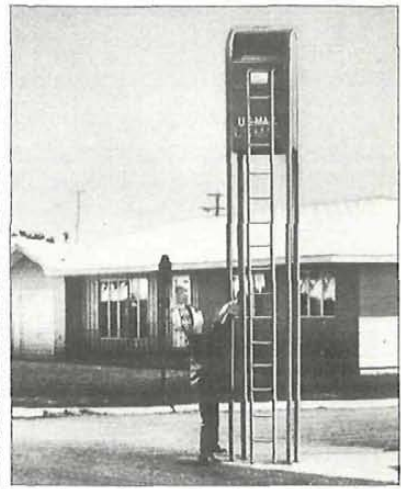
OH, CAP, THANKS FOR JOINING US THE OTHER NIGHT. I LOVED HAVING YOU!

YOU BET, CAP!



ing machines to zip codes. We think we've finally found a practical, at-the-source approach consistent with our cost limitations."

How will mailmen collect mail from the new boxes? "We tested a variety of methods, including stilts," Bolger said, "but, frankly, most of our fellows are kind of paunchy and couldn't balance



Prototypical "tall" mailbox now being tested by the U.S. Postal Service.

too well, especially with those heavy leather bags. So, instead, we're going to be fitting our mail trucks with cherry pickers, which of course are those hydraulic arms with a basket on them, like the utility companies use, and like movie cameramen sometimes use, for a very high shot."

CINEMISME DE FILMIQUE

T.E. - The Terrestrial Extra Great Letdown

by Time of the Month critic
Richard Wilshire

AS T.E. - THE TERRESTRIAL Extra opens, we meet Coleen, an earth girl—in other words, a terrestrial like the rest of us—who has spent a lifetime longing for a movie career. However, she's too shy to hitchhike to Hollywood and so remains in her hometown of Emerson, Iowa, a dejected prisoner of her daydreams. Then, one day, a movie company arrives in town to film a sequence for a new cops-and-robbers chase flick. They're

For a 22" x 26" full-color poster of this ad, send \$3.00 check or money order payable to Anheuser-Busch, Inc., Dept. 8-D, 2800 S. Ninth St., St. Louis, MO 63118. Allow 4-6 weeks. Offer expires December 31, 1982. Void where prohibited. BUDWEISER® • KING OF BEERS® • ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS



From the publishers of America's most popular home library—

**TIME
LITE
BOOKS**

presents

The dramatic pictorial history of Argentina's unforgettable

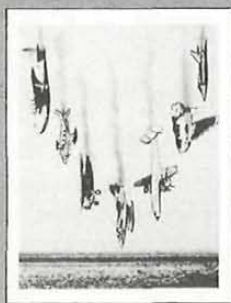
AIR WAR OVER THE FALKLANDS

Every aspect of the Argentinian air war is covered in complete, instructive detail...

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The Pilots

The Tactics



ORDER THIS SPECTACULAR VOLUME TODAY.

Send only \$9.95 right now and we'll rush your copy to you postpaid!

TIME-LITE
BRAND-NEW WAR BOOKS DIVISION
635 Madison Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10022

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed is my \$9.95. Please rush me my copy of your fascinating pictorial history of Argentina's "Air War Over the Falklands," postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zip _____

looking for a few local extras for a crucial scene in which a cheap hood mistakenly machine-guns a meeting of the ladies' sewing circle, thinking it's a front for a rival gang of dope pushers. Virginal Coleen assures herself an extra's role by sleeping with the film's director. Mentally devastated by her own act of (to her) shocking immorality, Coleen confuses herself with the cheap hood who, in the movie, gunned down both her and her sewing circle. She acquires a machine gun by sleeping with a retired army colonel, and hundreds of rounds of ammunition by sleeping with



Martians in last thirty seconds: not enough science, too much fiction.

the guards at a state prison; in fact, she manages to sleep with nearly every man and many of the women in the area. She waits until the night of a town dance to honor the mayor, who has just been reelected in a complicated side plot dealing with politics and small-town corruption. Virtually all of the townspeople are at the dance, and Coleen arrives with enough machine-gun fire to eliminate them all, her deranged mind bent on a hideous blood-bath, while the panicked mayor tries desperately to talk her out of it. Suddenly, in what turns out to be the last thirty seconds of the movie, an anonymous man in the crowd yelps, "Why, look! We're all Martians!" All of the people then murmur, "Why yes, we are!" and peel off human face masks to reveal green faces with large bug eyes. Then the movie ends.

This film is a tawdry, inexcusable Hollywood attempt to cash in on the science-fiction craze legitimized by such masters as Steven Spielberg. Hollywood will just have to learn that taking a run-of-the-mill shoot-'em-up and turning the people into Martians in the end does *not* constitute acceptable science fiction. ■

Edited by Tod Carroll. Contributions by T.C., Sean Kelly, and Ed Subitzky.

PEAK YOUR SENSES.

GP-1011
Mini-Chassis Cassette Car Stereo. AM/FM. 7 x 2 Watts. 5 station pre-set. FM noise blanker.

CR-1032
Auto-Reverse Cassette Car Stereo. AM/FM. 7 x 2 Watts. Ceramic head. 5 station pre-set. CRO₂-Metal Tape.

CR-1033
Auto-Reverse Cassette Car Stereo. AM/FM. Ceramic head. Separate bass and treble controls. Dolby® B NR system.

CR-1134
High Power Auto-Reverse Cassette Car Stereo. AM/FM. 25 x 2 Watts. Ceramic head. Separate bass and treble controls. Dolby® B NR system. CRO₂-Metal Tape. FM noise blanker.

CE-4431
Mini Auto-Reverse Cassette Car Stereo. AM/FM. 8 x 2 Watts. Digital frequency display. CRO₂-Metal Tape. 12 station pre-set. FM noise blanker. Auto-search tuning.

CE-4133
Mini-Wizard Auto-Reverse Cassette Car Stereo. AM/FM. 5 band graphic equalizer. 88 Watts with OM 104 amplifier. Ceramic head. Dolby® B NR system. 10 station pre-set. Digital electronic tuning. Digital clock. Four-way fader. Auto repeat system. Automatic Program Selector. CRO₂-Metal Tape. FM noise blanker.

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The best sound on wheels. Products of years of research, advanced technical wizardry and inspired engineering magic.

Backed by sound thinking and powered by a driven commitment to give you extraordinary sound reproduction that is clearly unforgettable.

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Incredible reproduction to satisfy your passion for perfect autosound. Complete aural gratification.

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Manufactured by Fujitsu TEN Ltd.
© 1982, Fujitsu Ten Corp. of America

It has to be perfect
to be a Ten.



Barry Glenn

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24)

3. Squeeze, kraut, or freeze.

Sincerely,
Henry J. Yamamoto

* * *

TELEGRAM

TO: DIRECTOR, DISASTER AGENCY OF AMERICA, LOS ANGELES, CALIF
THE LORD HAS DELIVERED ME INTO YOUR HANDS STOP

FALWELL

* * *

TELEGRAM

TO: REVEREND JERRY FALWELL, MORAL MAJORITY, USA
PILTDOWN COUNTDOWN IN EFFECT STOP DETAILS FOLLOW STOP THE LORD IS CORRECT YOU'RE IN GOOD HANDS (SIGNED) YAMAMOTO

* * *

Memo from: H. J. Yamamoto
To: Electra

Sweetie, please type up the following letter and send one copy each to:
Reverends Jimmy Swaggart, Oral

Roberts, Robert Schuller, J. Van Impe, Ernest Angely

Dear Reverend (insert name):

It has come to our attention that one of your esteemed colleagues is in the pay of Moscow. A complete dossier is enclosed herein, with statements by the CIA and FBI and, most heinous of all, evidence linking him to the KGB. Moreover, this false preacher man has been known to be peculiarly attached to a Yugoslav bouzouki player named Durgas.

Needless to say, the Moral Majority might well suffer a horrid blow if this news were to fall into the hands of the enemy. As a private arm of a little-known branch of government, we would be delighted to discuss one particular means of redressing this potentially explosive situation, and as soon as possible.

Feel free to call us collect.

Sincerely,
Agent H.J.Y.
Disaster Import-Export
9000 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California

Also, Electra:

Call ABC Graphics for the artwork. Include the dossier with each letter.

Thankee!

* * *

Good Morning!

I'm Your Interoffice Communication

To: Q.
From: H.J.Y.

I am enclosing a Secret Cable from Paris. How do I respond?

Henry J. Yamamoto, 9000 Sunset Blvd, L.A., Calif., USA

Carrie Fisher presently in leg irons in the Bastille.

What to do?

Dimpleton Carlton IV,
U.S. Embassy, Paris, France

* * *

Hello Dere!

Here's an Interoffice Answer

To: Yamamoto
From: Q.

In the words of the Duke and his lyricist, Bob Russell, "Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me."

* * *

Disaster Agency of America
9000 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90036

Mr. Caspar Weinberger
White House
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Weinberger:

Thank you so much for your patience.

Certainly I understand your president's fears re: Kiss and the Sublime Suggestion. His male image would be tarnished, yes, but to a mere degree. Kiss, after all, is simply a drooling, prepubescent fantasy rather than a leather gang of the Hell's Angels variety.

However, we submit several other possibilities for your consideration:

During the president's acceptance speech at the Republican Convention,

either

Kiss will be substituted for by the Go-Go's, who will perform several unnatural acts upon his person. This will make Ron-Ron the envy of every over-forty male, if you remember your Antonioni;

or

Joan Baez will be lowered from a helicopter and will perform her latest song, "Golden Showers," upon the podium;

or

During the Pledge of Allegiance, Nancy will be kidnapped by Earth, Wind, and Fire, to be discovered two months later wandering aimlessly near the Pyramids. Better still, near a strange and recent excavation in China.



P. Steiner

"We don't understand it yet,
but when she pushes that lever, interest rates go up."

Meanwhile, know we are working nonstop for you and only you.

Sincerely,
H. J. Yamamoto

P.S. Concerning your telephone query to my secretary about my background: I am a Japanese-American, born thirty-two years ago in Long Beach, California. Spiritually I am a Mormon.

* * *

Waldheim
United Nations
New York City

Mr. H. J. Yamamoto
9000 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles
California

My dear Mr. Yamamoto:

I am astonished by this economic contretremps! At present my secretary is checking the files for copies of your colleague's bill.

Meanwhile, the Cubans appear adamant in their desire to use the word "Imperialist." Is there no other way to set the Third World ablaze?

I bow to your prowess.
Sincerely,
Waldheim

* * *

TELEGRAM

TO: WALDHEIM, U.N., NYC
SUGGEST BROADCASTING "YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE" 24 HOURS A DAY TO EVERY RAGHEAD NATION ON THE PLANET
STOP BETTER STILL GO FIND YOURSELF A NEW AGENCY

(SIGNED) YAMAMOTO

* * *

Good Morning!

I'm Your Interoffice Communication
To: Q.
From: H.J.Y.

Sir, I have received the following cablegram. How do I respond?

CARRIE FISHER KIDNAPPED BY WARSAW PACT FORCES. DOES THIS JEOPARDIZE WORLD PEACE? THE YALTA ACCORD?

DIMPLETON CARLTON IV

* * *

Hey Dere!

Here's an Interoffice Note from Me to You!

To: H.J.Y.
From: Q.

Three Cheers for Us, Yumjum!
Today in Russia,
Tomorrow the World!

* * *

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

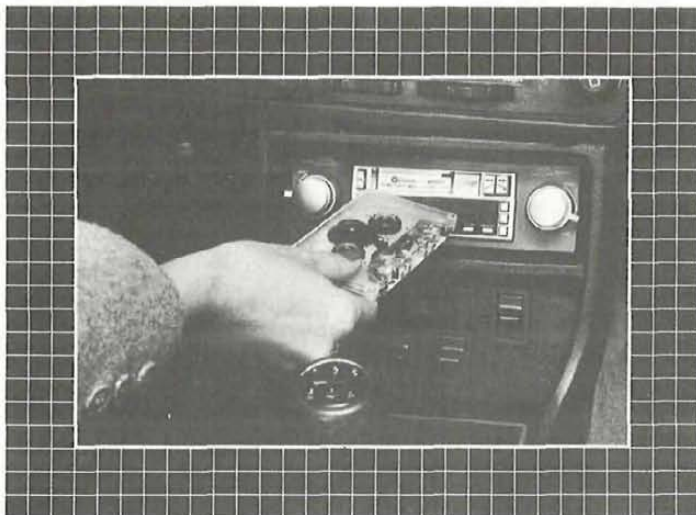


Splash into summer with the sassy taste of 7 & Coke,® 7 & ginger ale or 7 & 7UB. When it comes to summer parties, they're the coolest things under the sun. So stir sensibly and make your party a splash.

Summer parties stir with



The ALLSOP 3 cassette deck cleaner recommended by CLARION



Clarion is the largest independent manufacturer of car entertainment products which are known throughout the world for their reliability and performance. The new Clarion 9300T full-feature tuner is the prestige model among the wide choice of AM/FM Stereo Cassette Radios to suit any preference or budget. ■ Clarion knows that it is essential that cassette decks be cleaned periodically to ensure continued reliability and optimum performance. However, dry deck cleaners are abrasive and can damage precision tape heads. This is why Clarion recommends Allsop 3. The head cleaner features a virgin wool pad that is moistened with a specially formulated solution to lift oxides and other residue that distort sound quality. A patented, center wiper mechanism maintains a constant and complete swabbing action across the entire tape head, not the pinch roller and capstan on that can ruin valuable cassettes tape. These snap-in pads are laboratory tested, Clarion recommends Allsop 3 and Clarion: Two big great partners for the best sound



just the top. In addition, two outer pads clean auto reverse models of the dirt by "snarling" and "eating" the unique to, Allsop 3. ■ Based on mends Allsop 3 because it works, names in audio quality ... two around.

ALLSOP 3

World Leaders In Fidelity Cleaning.

ALLSOP, INC.

P.O. Box 23, Bellingham, WA 98227 U.S.A. (206) 734-9090 Telex 15-2101/Allsop BLH

TELEX

TO: DIMPLETON CARLTON IV, AMER-
EMB, PARFRA
YALTA, SHMALTA, DIMPLES! ONE MAN'S
ACCORD IS ANOTHER MAN'S HONDA!
KEEP OUTA THIS!

(SIGNED) YAMAMOTO

* * *

Henry J. Yamamoto, Agent
Disaster Agency of America
9000 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90036

Reverend Jerry Falwell
Moral Majority
USA

Dear Jerry:

This will be my last communication to you before De-Icing:

As you know, several of the boys are going to give an anniversary dinner for the founding of the Moral Majority. You will be the guest of honor. You will be required to speak. You will follow the entertainment portion of the dinner.

Please memorize, then destroy:

After a Yugoslav bouzouki player gives a jug rendition of "The Old Rugged Cross," you will present him with the traditional Balkan Kiss of Thanks on both cheeks.

You will then speak on the following theme: O Russian Brothers, Come Together—Over Me—Right... Now!

Trust in the Lord, Jerry—leave the rest to us.

Yamamoto

* * *

TELEGRAM

TO: CASPAR WEINBERGER, WHITE HOUSE, USA

URGENT!

DISREGARD LETTER STOP MICK JAGGER TO GUARANTEE A NEW VERSION OF "SATISFACTION" STOP SUGGEST WE ACCEPT AT ONCE STOP HAIL TO THE CHIEF

(SIGNED) YAMJAM

(A public service of the Liquor Industry and this Publication.)



A word for the wise: "enough."

Don't drink too much of a good thing.
The Distilled Spirits Council of the United States.
1300 Pennsylvania Building, Washington, D.C. 20004

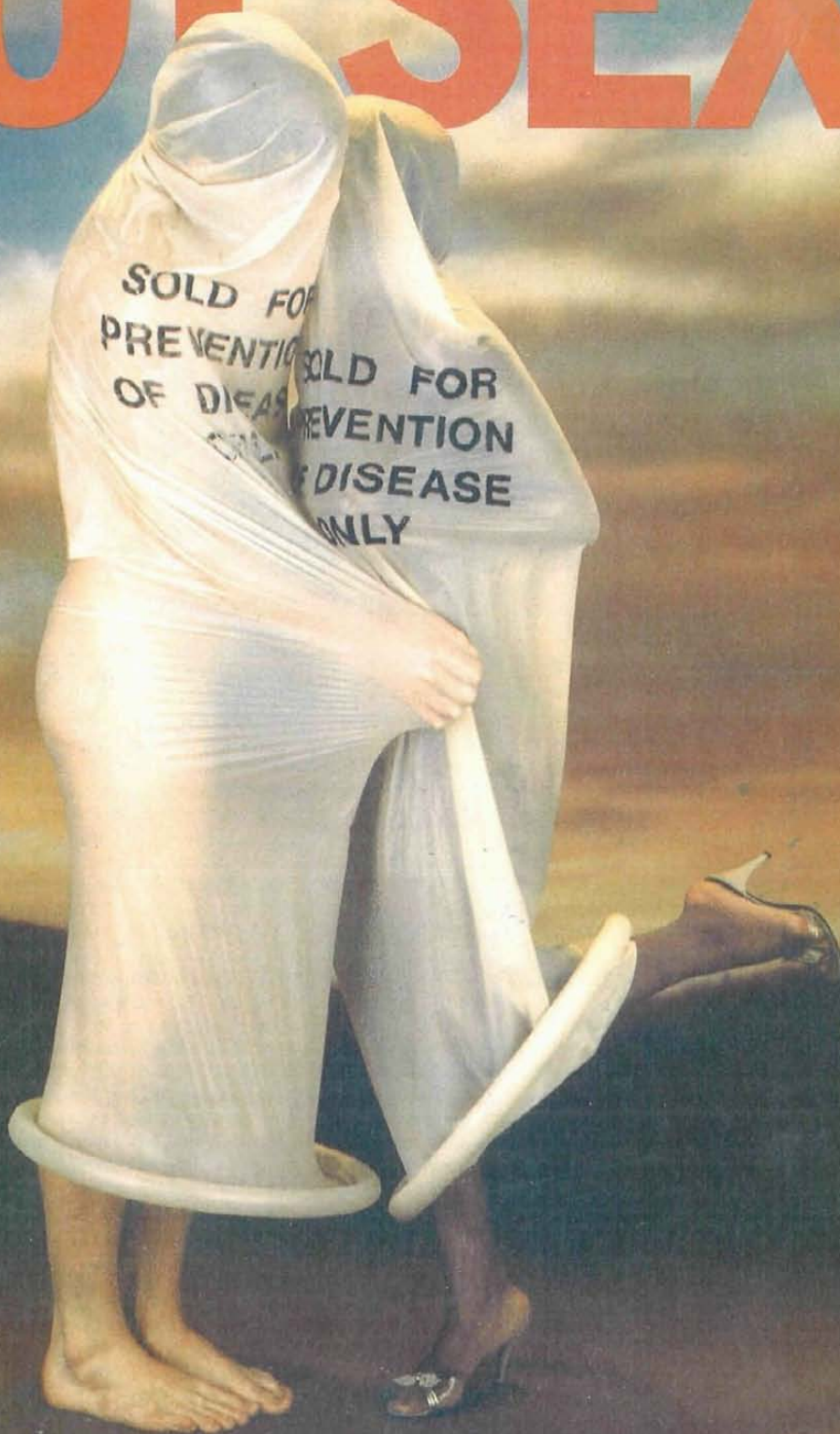
NATIONAL
LAMPOON'S

CLASS REUNIO

A comedy motion picture
about your high-school
reunion. Coming
this Fall to a
theater near you.

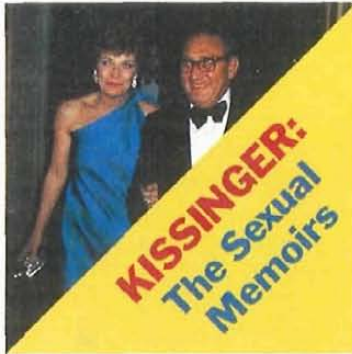
NATIONAL
LAMPPOON

HOT SEX



Photograph: Howard Berman

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KISSINGER:
The Sexual
Memoirs

YEARS OF AROUSAL

1

IN MARCH OF 1973, AROUND THE TIME OF MY VISIT TO Peking, I conducted an intense affair with Oriana Fallaci, the Italian journalist. By a lack of remarkable irony, the two incidents had almost nothing in common.

Mao Tse-tung, chairman of the Communist party of China and leader of nearly one-quarter of mankind, was aged, mocking, sardonic, amused. I did not find him particularly sexually attractive. Oriana, well known as a firebrand interviewer of a pronounced leftist philosophy, was passionate, peremptory, impatient, sensual. She possessed two fine, elegant nostrils quick to flare in anger or desire, or both, as Mao did not. Unlike Mao, Oriana was an animal, a sex machine.

Mao had received me in his modest, book-lined study, and had worn the pajamalike military uniform, with its high, buttoned collar, common not only to all Chinese officials but to most of the people in his teeming, unsettled nation. I met Oriana in her boudoir. She was provocatively clad in nothing but a pair of rude khaki shorts, desert boots, and a hunting knife. These were presents given to her by a PLO terrorist with whom she had had a brief, tempestuous affair—one which she willingly swore was inferior to the love tryst we enjoyed.

"You are late, Henry," she said without preamble as I dismissed my bodyguard and lay my large, bulging briefcase on a nearby table.

I attempted to commence the negotiations with a sexual joke. "Better my being late than your being 'late,'" I said. For a moment I could not help reflecting on the curious twist of

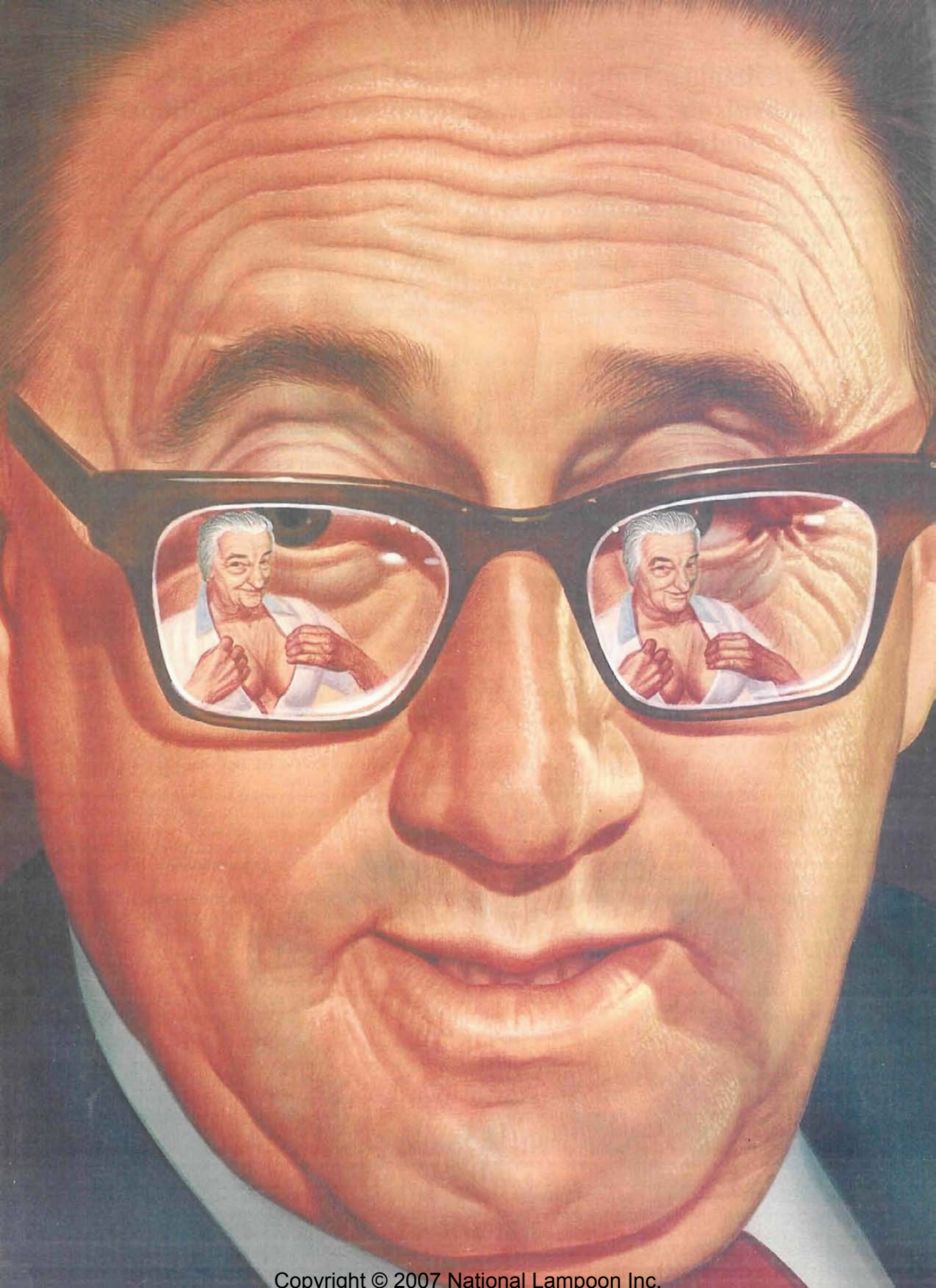
fate by which I, a foreign-born Jew serving as his president's national-security adviser, came to be standing before the slim, seminude form of a woman known to millions around the world for her uncanny ability to engage in dialogue the leaders of the world, taking off my pants.

"Do not play the fool with me, Kissinger," she snapped, her small, pointed breasts seeming to stare into the very depths of my soul. "You said you would be here by Wednesday. You could at least have telephoned."

"I was delayed in Peking," I explained. "Yet, even while I engaged Mao, and Chou En-lai, his disciple and putative successor, in a frank and open discussion of our views of the Soviet threat and the prospects for more amicable relations between our two superpowers, I thought only of you." So saying, I placed my hand on her right breast and felt its nipple stiffen with desire. These words, in conjunction with the fondling of the breast, served two purposes. One, they reminded her of my eminence as an international diplomat, and as such a man whom she herself might one day again need to approach professionally. Two, I was thus able to remind her that my foremost allegiance, despite the weighty problems with which I was burdened, was to her, and to the unquenchable desire that now inflamed each of us. The negotiator who defends his own position while displaying no sympathy for or understanding of that of his opponent will often find himself confronted with an increasingly intransigent rival. Self-interest is the starting point for any dialogue, but self-interest alone brings, more often than not, irreconcilable differences into hopeless stalemate.

"I love it when you talk diplomacy," she whispered huskily, and with the frank leer of a Mediterranean peasant she removed the khaki shorts. "Come. Touch me with your sausagelike fingers and tell me what Mao said about détente."

I did as she requested, stroking her quivering thighs as I leaned over her and whispered passionately into her ear. "He



"I...found myself in a new posture, uncharacteristically rigid. With a great leap forward I surrendered unconditionally, and released all that I had previously withheld."

said, in his typically allusive manner, that a phony détente could blind the United States to the real threat of Soviet expansionism, and also serve to confuse the West, particularly those nations not in NATO, about our position on the balance of power in Europe."

It was at that moment that I chose to put forward the main thrust of my piece proposal. I found her astonishingly receptive. I proceeded in a way calculated to be at once as penetrating as possible yet permitting me to withdraw the point should the customary back-and-forth of the dialogue grow too heated.

My efforts met with gratifying results. She was quick to embrace my actions, and soon initiated a counter-motion designed, paradoxically, to increase friction between us while simultaneously ensuring a rapid escalation of the process.

"But tell me, darling," she said in her typical way—slightly too loud, as though for an unseen ear. "Did Mao confirm what we have heard? Rumors of unrest among the radical factions of the party...?"

"I...oh God..." I began.

"What? What? Speak louder, Henry," she urged.

"He said that the Cultural Revolution... may have... failed...oh my God..."

"Yes? Yes? How did it fail?"

But I was incapable of answering. For me, the exchange had reached that point where its momentum could not be stopped. As is often the case in such climactic moments, words mattered less than actions. I had not significantly altered my position yet suddenly found myself in a new posture, uncharacteristically rigid. I refused to take part in, or be subject to, any further manipulation. With a great leap forward I surrendered unconditionally, and released all that I had previously withheld.

"But you are not finished!" she protested.

"Oriana, darling, I sincerely wish to apologize—"

"Not that, you fool!" she spat. "You have not told me what Mao said about the Cultural Revolution!"

But this final disclosure was not to be. Having withdrawn, I settled back into a relaxing slumber. Later, after what may have been hours or mere minutes, I awakened to see her dictating into a small tape recorder, which she attempted to conceal under her pillow when she saw me stir.

Was Oriana Fallaci a canny seductress who used her feminine wiles ruthlessly for the advancement of her career? Or was she, instead, a creature of desire, a love slave of statesmen, the diplomats' whore, plaything of the great and powerful? Probably a little of both.

2

I HAVE RECEIVED WHAT I FEEL TO BE MORE THAN MY SHARE of criticism for my relationship with Jill St. John, the actress. To an extent, this is to be expected. The similarities between diplomacy and acting are too striking not to excite comment. The actor and the diplomat both pursue their professions via charade. Both are impersonators. Both must subordinate their actions and words to a highly specific "script." Both are beautiful, sexually compelling, and ride in limousines to their

every destination. Perhaps their one crucial difference resides in the fact that the actor employs an agent, whereas the superior statesman not only employs an agent but taps the telephones of his subordinates.

It has been rumored, somewhat unfairly, that my liaison with Miss St. John came about as the result of a bargain made by the two of us. I, this fantastic fabrication suggested, would use whatever power was mine to obtain for Jill a position in the State Department. Her acting career, so the story went, was foundering. She had had no substantial roles in recent years save for an appearance opposite my friend Sean Connery, the Scottish actor, in one of his James Bond films. Her tenure as the girl friend of my friend Frank Sinatra, the Italian-American Republican campaigner, had ended abruptly. Thus she turned her attention, so the gossip-mongers whispered, to a short, pudgy, Jewish, Harvard intellectual with a comic-opera German accent, in the pathetic hope that he might secure for her a post in the Nixon administration, perhaps as a crisis-management adviser for Third World affairs.

In return, it was hinted, Jill would put in a good word for me with Paramount Studios, who were said to be searching for an unknown to play the role of the young Vito Corleone in *The Godfather, Part II*.

The reality was quite different. I was introduced to Jill at a dinner party hosted by a mutual friend. Between courses I found myself in conversation with this attractive redheaded woman. I found her to be conversational, attractive, red-headed, womanly.

"How interesting your job must be, Dr. Kissinger," she said graciously.

I allowed as how my job did enable me to meet and work with a number of highly intriguing personalities. Then I suggested that her profession must be quite similar.

"Oh, poo," she observed. "All they want me to do is stand there and take my clothes off. But your job must really be interesting and fascinating."

I suggested that even so mundane an activity as standing there and taking one's clothes off could, in the hands of an exceptional woman, be made interesting.

"Aren't you sweet," she complimented me. "Most people think actresses are rather slightly unintelligent. But you don't think I am, do you?"

I ventured the opinion that she was extremely intelligent, and could probably converse with great insight on any number of topics—a fact to which our very conversation that moment bore most eloquent witness.

"Thank you," she replied. "It's so nice once in a while to meet a cultured individual that has class."

I suggested that we pursue this topic in greater depth in my hotel room after the dinner, an offer which she was pleased to accept.

Accordingly, around midnight, we entered my suite of rooms. We settled comfortably on a couch, sharing a nightcap of fine brandy I had arranged to be sent up. For about half an hour we discussed a myriad of topics: how most women in Washington were not, in truth, all that intelligent; how those who did evince some intellectual skill closely resembled, in appearance, various species of reptiles; how physical beauty in women so seldom accompanied intellectual development; how rare it was to encounter a woman possessing both Jill's

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42)

Prime Access Section: Irresistibly cute material, presented with utter cynicism and a shit-eating grin, suitable for the entire family

SNURFERY RHYMES

BY SEAN KELLY AND RICK MEYEROWITZ



To market, to market,
You've got to be smart,
You promise them beans
And deliver a fart.
To market, to market,
You've got to be slick
As a herpoid old hooker
When turning a trick.

Mister Richman met a Pitchman
At the Creeps' Convention.
Said Mister Richman to the Pitchman,
"Here's my new invention—



It's Tolkienesque, and Disneyoid,
And Joan Walsh Anglund-ish,
And just about as useful
As titties on a fish!"

The Pitchman said to Mister Richman,
"Give me 'em if you've got 'em.
The sky's the limit for such crap!"
(The seller is the bottom.)

There was an old woman who lived in
a slum,
Upscale-demographics-wise, strictly
ho-hum.



But she had lots of kids, and they all
wanted toys,
Plastic dolls for the girls, plastic guns for
the boys.
And they watched our commercials,
and begged her to buy
Lazer Death®, Hunny Buns®, KillerZap®,
Kuty-Pie®,
Spyshooter® and KupKake® and Elmo
the Elf®

(WELFARE MOTHER GOES SANE,
MURDERS TODDLERS AND SELF.)



Sleaze products bought,
Sleaze products sold,
Sleaze products for the tot
One day old.

Some say, Why not?
Some give 'em gold.
Some want 'em stood and shot.
I'm enrolled.

This little piggy's in marketing.
This little piggy handles sales.
This little piggy does promotion.
This little piggy direct-mails.
And the Great Big Piggy goes wheeeee!
All the way to the bank...



STRAWBERRY



CHEESECAKE



Dick Meyerowitz

KISSINGER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38)

great beauty and fine mental qualities.

My critics will object to my behavior, no doubt, by charging that in singing the praises of Jill's intellectual prowess I was being less than candid, indeed hypocritical, perhaps even lying. But the obligation of the statesman is not to truth per se. It is to an apparent conviction of truth. The statesman must believe in the absolute necessity of what he is doing. He must make those with whom he deals believe it as well. He must be so convinced of his own sincerity that he is able to unzip a dress, unhook a brassiere, and plunge his ardent face deep into the cleavage of two ample, perfumed breasts while never relenting in his expression of admiration for the artistic, intellectual, and spiritual accomplishments of the woman he so profoundly wishes to penetrate right there on the couch.

It was at such a juncture in my discussion with Jill that she rose up in dismay, clutching her garments before her and stepped back away from me in anger.

"All you want to do is have sex!" she cried, pointing a well-manicured, pink-polished nail at me in accusation. "You're just like some scumbag producer!"

I had no choice but to, perhaps regretfully, employ a ruse I have come to believe is indispensable for such occasions. Standing upright before her, I gestured toward an adjacent easy chair.

"Do you see this chair?" I thundered. "Do you see it? I assure you that unless you go to bed with me this instant, I shall pick up this chair and hurl it through that window onto the street below! Then do you know what will happen? There will be a scandal. The police will become involved. The media will have a field day. You will never work for the State Department for as long as you live!"

She stared at me openmouthed. "You're insane!" she cried.

I laughed demonically. "That is precisely what I am," I said triumphantly.

Few will doubt that barely ten minutes later we were naked and jumping around on the great big bed.

This was a strategy I refined while serving as national-security adviser during Richard Nixon's first term. Nixon himself called it "the Madman theory." It proceeded from the bold premise that an adversary—the Soviet Union, for example, or a woman—will be checked in its belligerence, or prodded in its reluctance, if it believes one capable of irrational behavior. It was an impression we sought to convey in 1969 while trying to force the North Vietnamese to capitulate. For a number

of reasons it met with only marginal success then. But with Jill St. John it proved highly effective.

3

I CONFERRED WITH ISRAELI PRIME minister Golda Meir in my Washington office on October 31, 1973, shortly after the imposition of a cease-fire in the Yom Kippur War. Egypt had agreed to negotiate with Israel while its Third Army remained trapped on the East Bank of the Suez Canal, in desperate need of food and water. Despite this hopeful turn of events, both Golda and I were exhausted and gloomy: she, by the toll the war had taken, and by the fragility of Israel's position; I, by the steadily eroding power of the executive due to the Watergate tragedy. Accordingly, I suggested we discuss the situation in my town house over several bottles of an excellent Bordeaux I had obtained.

"Don't be ridiculous," she replied with characteristic unsentimentality. "We'll discuss it right here in your office. I have no time for your foolishness."

I protested that I wished to get to know her better.

"You are offending me, Henry," she said testily. This was the quintessential Israeli style—political events and issues of international diplomacy treated as personal matters. As I placed my hand on her shoulder, only to have her fling it off with an angry gesture, and then placed my cupped hand on her behind, only to have her reject my advances with a sigh and a shake of her head, I reflected on the caprice of fate that had brought us together. She, an American-born woman now head of state of the Jewish nation; I, a foreign-born immigrant, now secretary of state of America. My parents were proud of me beyond their ability to express, as I was sure hers had been proud of her. I broached this topic of parental pride, and suggested we discuss it at my place.

"I am here to discuss what Sadat wants and what I want," she said evenly.

"I can tell you what I want," I said subtly.

"I'm not interested."

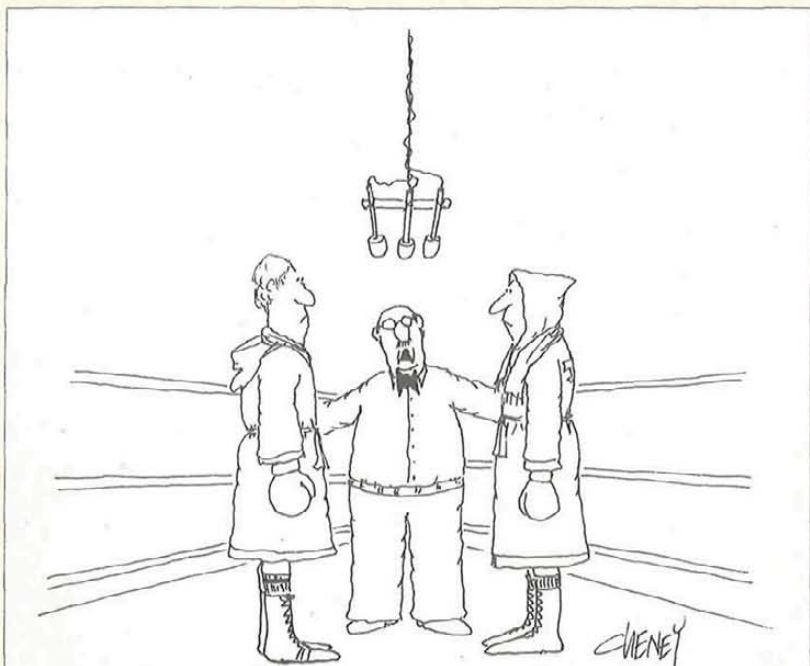
"It will help you to relax."

"What will help me to relax is your getting Egypt to negotiate now instead of pushing us back across the October twenty-second line."

"But I cannot do that unless I am relaxed," I replied.

"Then, I'll talk to Nixon," she said, rising and moving toward the door.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)



"Okay, fellas, I want a nice clean fight... no spitting on the floor in your corners, no letting your mouthpieces hang halfway out of your mouths, no sitting on your stools with your legs spread, and no letting your managers pour water into your shorts between rounds."

Myers's. The first collection of luxury rums.



MYERS'S PLATINUM WHITE.
Exquisitely smooth and born to mix. With a subtle richness that could only come from Myers's.

MYERS'S ORIGINAL DARK.
The deep, dark ultimate in rich rum taste. The Beginning of the Myers's Flavor Legend.

MYERS'S GOLDEN RICH.
A uniquely rich taste inspired by Myers's Original Dark. Superbly smooth and beautifully mixable.

Myers's Rums. The taste is priceless.

MYERS'S RUMS, 80 PROOF, FRED L. MYERS & SON CO. ORIGINAL DARK IMPORTED AND BOTTLED IN BALTIMORE, MD. PLATINUM WHITE AND GOLDEN RICH PRODUCED IN ARECIBO, PR

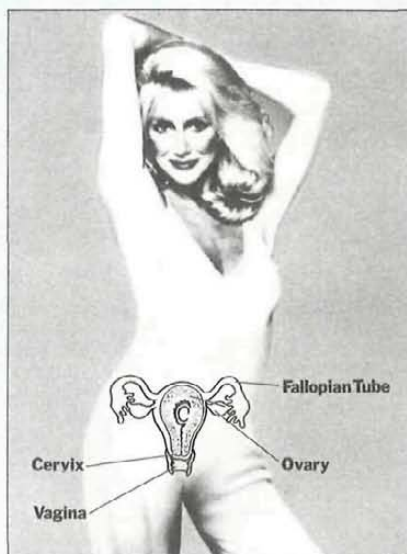
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Timmy and Lassie Get Shrunk and Explore the Genital System of Suzanne Somers

HOW DO GIRLS GET PREGNANT?

BY O. C. OGLEVEY AND MARK STIGGS

ONE DAY TIMMY WONDERED WHERE BABIES come from. Not the part about porking necessarily, but the stuff afterward, like how the fetus actually gets going. So he asked his mom and dad, but naturally they didn't know either. So that's when Lassie suggested that they find someone like Suzanne Somers and fly a miniature rocket ship into her sex organs to see what goes on in there. Lassie's the most brilliant fucking dog in the entire world. So right away they started to build their rocket, which turned out great since Lassie had such amazing ideas for how to make dogs and Timmys and rockets small enough to get into sex organs.





WHAT'S THAT BARKING NOISE, SUZANNE?

I DON'T KNOW.

ARF. ARF-ARF. ARF-ARF-ARF. ARF-ARF-ARF.



WELL, WE'RE HERE. DO YOU THINK WE MADE IT TO THE OVARY, LASSIE? GEE, I HOPE SO. I SURE DIDN'T KNOW IT WOULD TAKE FOUR WHOLE DAYS. BOY, I'M SO HUNGRY, I'M PRACTICALLY STARVING.

ARF-ARF-ARF.

WHAT IS IT, GIRL? DO YOU SEE SOMETHING?



EGGS! I HOPE THEY'RE THE FARM-FRESH TYPE I LIKE, BUT I'M SO HUNGRY I COULD EAT JUST ABOUT ANY KIND. GET 'EM, GIRL!

BARK-BARK. RUFF!



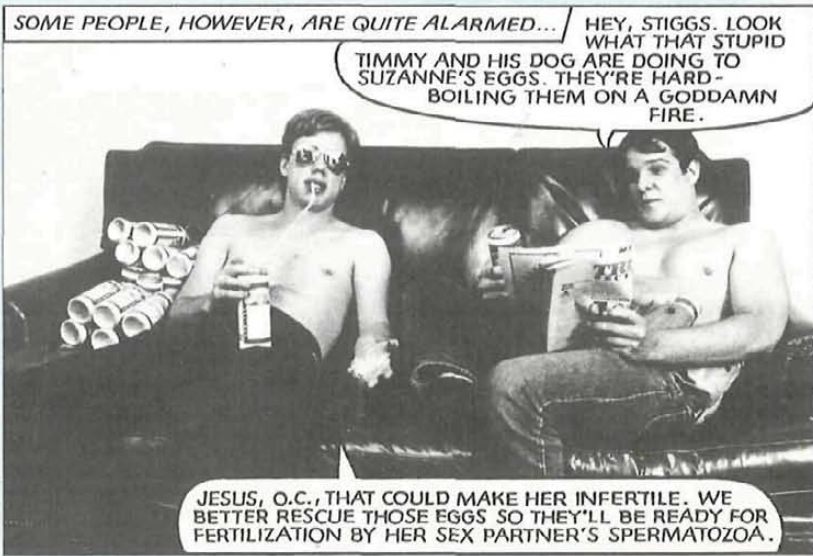
IT'S A GOOD THING THAT I BROUGHT SOME MATCHES AND THAT WE HAD PLENTY OF CARDBOARD IN OUR ROCKET, THAT'S FOR SURE. HOW LONG SHOULD WE COOK 'EM, LASSIE?

ARF.



WHAT'S THE MATTER, SUZANNE? DON'T YOU WANT TO?

SURE. I MEAN, IT'S JUST THAT I'M HAVING THIS TERRIBLE BURNING PAIN INSIDE. MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T BE TOO WILD.



SOME PEOPLE, HOWEVER, ARE QUITE ALARMED...

HEY, STIGGS. LOOK WHAT THAT STUPID TIMMY AND HIS DOG ARE DOING TO SUZANNE'S EGGS. THEY'RE HARD-BOILING THEM ON A GODDAMN FIRE.

JESUS, O.C., THAT COULD MAKE HER INFERTILE. WE BETTER RESCUE THOSE EGGS SO THEY'LL BE READY FOR FERTILIZATION BY HER SEX PARTNER'S SPERMATOZOA.



IT'S A GOOD THING THAT WE HAVE SELF-SHRINKING CAPABILITIES, AND THAT WE DECIDED TO RENT THIS TRACTOR-TRAILER. WHEN YOU'RE CLIMBING STRAIGHT UP AN ORIFICIUM VAGINAE, YOU'RE CRAZY NOT TO HAVE AT LEAST TWENTY-FIVE FORWARD GEARS.

YOU SAID IT, STIGGS. ROOMY CAB, TOO.

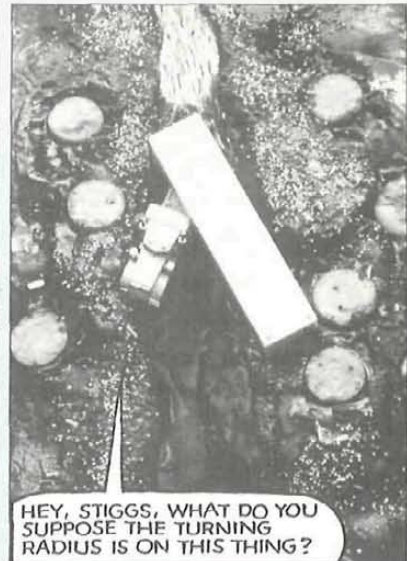
DO YOU HEAR SOMETHING?



YOOWOOOW! EMERGENCY! THREE HUNDRED MILLION MONSTER SPERM EMERGENCY! FLOOR IT, STIGGS!

TOO LATE! THEY'RE TOO FAST FOR US. WE'LL NEVER BEAT THEM TO THE TUBES.

OH WELL, LET'S GO BACK TO THE COUCH.



HEY, STIGGS, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THE TURNING RADIUS IS ON THIS THING?



SAY, ARE YOU FEELING ANY MORE PAINS?

NO. NOT A THING.



LAST EGG, LASSIE. BOY, I'M ALMOST SICK, I'M SO FULL.

BARK-BARK. ARF. ARF.

WHAT IS IT, GIRL? DO YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

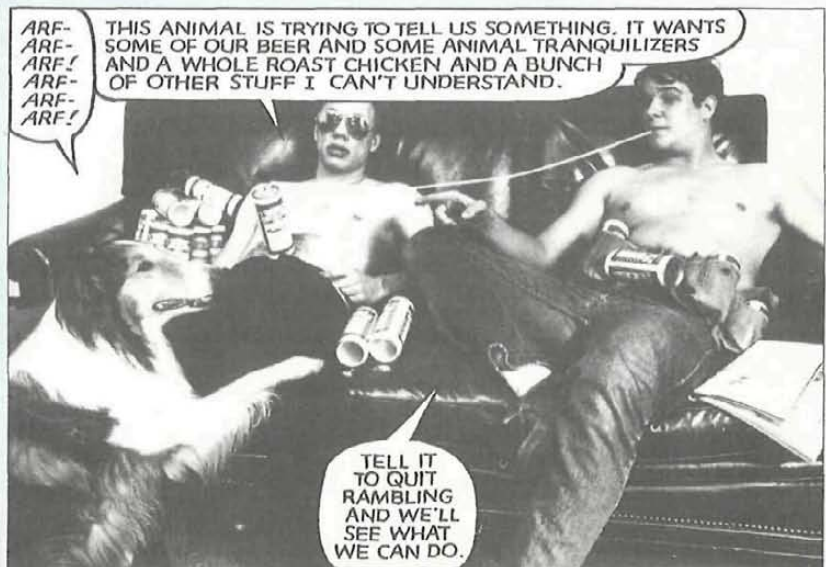


OH, NO!



WHAT ARE THEY, LASSIE? WHAT DO THEY WANT? RUN, GIRL! GO GET HELP!

BARK-BARK. BARK-BARK-BARK.



ARF-ARF-ARF! ARF-ARF-ARF!

THIS ANIMAL IS TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING. IT WANTS SOME OF OUR BEER AND SOME ANIMAL TRANQUILIZERS AND A WHOLE ROAST CHICKEN AND A BUNCH OF OTHER STUFF I CAN'T UNDERSTAND.

TELL IT TO QUIT RAMBLING AND WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO.

FORTY-EIGHT HOURS LATER...

BOY, IT'S A GOOD THING ALL THOSE LITTLE CREATURES DIED, 'CAUSE I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I WOULD HAVE LASTED. WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO LASSIE? I SURE MISS HER. GUESS I'LL JUST WALK ALONG THE TUBE AND SEE WHERE IT GOES. HEY! WHAT IN HECK? HOW COME ALL THESE TINY WIGGLING FIBERS ARE PUSHING ME FORWARD? HELP! SOMEBODY MAKE THESE FIBERS LEAVE ME ALONE. HELP!



NOTHING LIKE A SIXTEEN-OUNCE FROSTY TO ROUND OUT THE CORNERS, HUH, DOG?

MAYBE THE DOG'S WORRIED ABOUT THE KID STILL STUCK IN SUZANNE'S TUBA UTERINA. I SUPPOSE THERE ISN'T MUCH FOR US TO DO, OTHER THAN CALL TIMMY'S PARENTS.

YEAH.

BARK. BARK.

HELLO-- TIMMY SENIOR? LISTEN, THIS IS THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, AND I'M CALLING TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR SON HAS BROKEN INTO THE REPRODUCTIVE TRACT OF A TELEVISION PERSONALITY, AND... YES, SUZANNE SOMERS IS HER NAME... WHAT'S HE DOING IN THERE, YOU ASK? WHO KNOWS. WHO KNOWS WHY KIDS DO THE THINGS THEY DO THESE DAYS.



BUT I SUGGEST YOU GET HIM OUT OF THERE BEFORE HE GETS INTO ANY MORE TROUBLE.

AT LAST, TIMMY IS RESCUED...

THERE HE IS. HOLD ON, LITTLE FELLA, WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THERE IN A MINUTE.



YES, SIR, JUST MAKE IT OUT TO MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL FOR NINE THOUSAND DOLLARS. DARN SHAME THAT KIND OF AN OPERATION ISN'T COVERED BY INSURANCE.



PLEASE DON'T HIT ME, DAD. LASSIE AND I JUST WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT BABIES, SO WE TEMPORARILY CONDENSED OUR ATOMIC STRUCTURE, AND... IF LASSIE WAS HERE, SHE COULD TELL YOU... HONEST, DAD... JUST FIND LASSIE AND ASK HER...

BARK-BARK-BARK-BARK-BARK.

ARF. ARF.



LIGHTS: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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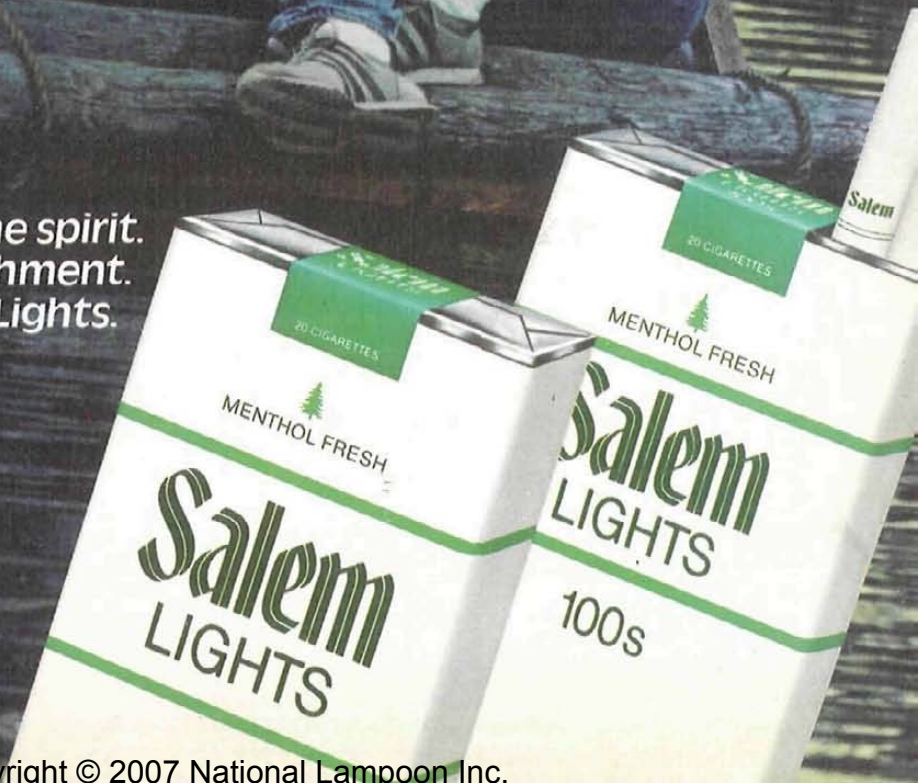
You've got what it takes

Salem Spirit

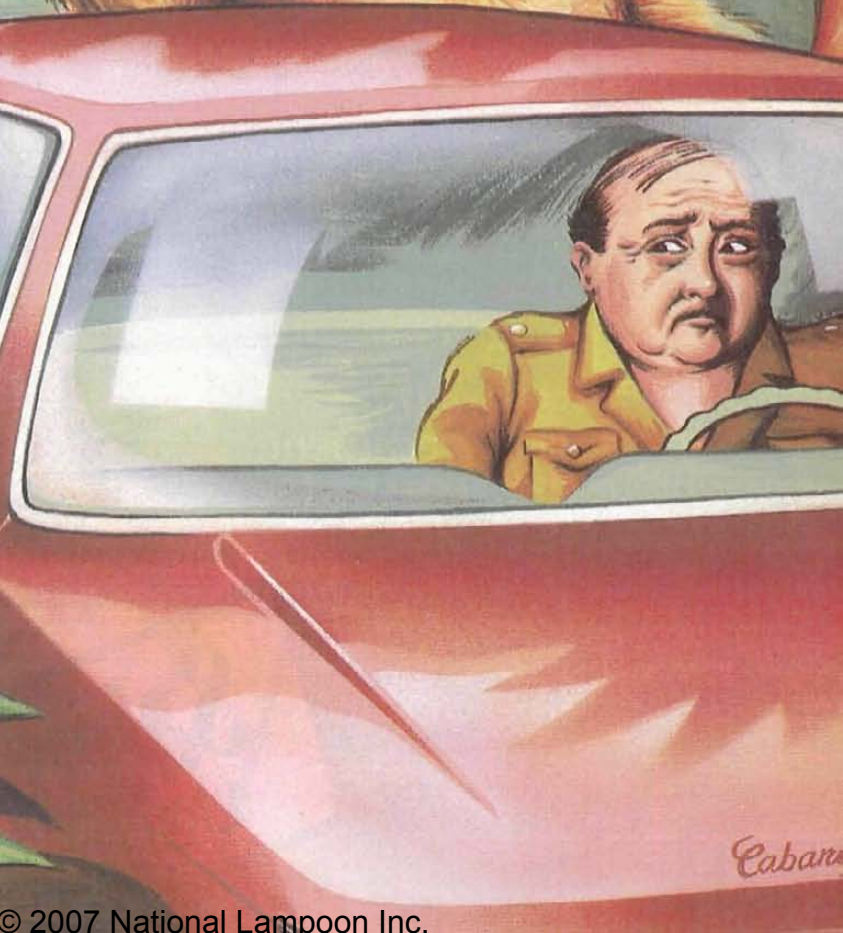
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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.
Light, fresh Salem Lights.



★ GREAT ★
EXPERIENCE
JUNGLE PARK



Cabana

I'M SCARED, MANUEL." MANUEL smiled. His face was greasy. He was smiling with all his teeth. Three. Manuel looked at the big American who was driving the tank and sweating over the gearshift.

"You stink, too," said Manuel.

"There, I can see his antenna. Coming up over that wall. Let's punch one right through the unprintable wall."

Manuel changed the barrel elevation as he swung the tank's turret. It squeaked horribly. "If we had some grease, it would be quieter," said Manuel.

"Wait," said the American. "I want to get us a little closer." He wrestled the gearshift down into first. The old tank headed up the hill toward the fascist's hiding place.

"I can hit him from here," said Manuel.

"I want to make sure of him. I want to climb up his ass and get a sure kill."

Manuel shrugged. The Americans. Loco.

"He may hear us," said Manuel.

"He won't hear a thing after we blow his head off."

"LOOK OUT! YOU'RE TAILGATING that man! I can read his bumper sticker! 'If you can read this, you're too darn close!'" said Mrs. Mitty. "You're muttering again, Walter. Muttering is always a bad sign with you. Sometimes I don't think you realize how well off we are in comparison with others. They have far more reason to mutter." Mrs. Mitty gestured at the collection of battered cars and drivers clogging the turnpike. Many of them had already snubbed or jammed their way in to the right lane, preparing to make the turnoff for Great Experience Jungle Park. "Don't you think we should pull in to the right lane? The turnoff is coming up."

"Coming up in four miles," said Walter Mitty. "We can squeeze in later. We'll squeeze in farther up."

"No," said Mrs. Mitty definitely. "You know how people today are. They probably wouldn't let us in. It would be different if you were more aggressive, but you're not, and that's an end to it."

Walter Mitty sighed and pulled his car slowly into the slow-moving stream of Great Experience Jungle Park-bound vehicles to his right.

"Get the fuck over, you stupid dipshit," screamed the passenger in a car passing to Walter's left. The last vestiges of the tank battle against the Falangists faded from his mind as the youth in the passing car waved an upraised finger at

for Mr. Volcker."

"Tell him to call himself. Or he can wait till I call him," said Mitty. He hung up the phone.

It rang again thirty seconds later. It was the chairman of the Federal Reserve. "Look, Mitty, you've got to help. If we can't find an answer to that problem and find one fast, we..."

"We," said Mitty. "Tell me, Volcker.

Do you fish?"

"What?"

"Do you fish?"

"No. I don't see what this has to do with the problem," said the big banker.

"Have you ever tried fishing? I mean the Gulf Stream. Not with little strings and magnets and dragging them back and forth behind a paper scrim at a county fair. I mean big billfish when the air and the water are right and the boat is right and the fish is right. Have you ever fished, Volcker?"

"Forgive me, Professor Mitty, but I don't see what that has to do with the role of the Federal Reserve in these times. Mitty? Are you there, Mitty? Professor?"

"This. Just this.

Volcker," said Mitty, tightening the last fine brass screw on the reel he had been repairing. "People with balls go fishing, people with brains understand what I'm talking about. Since you don't have either, there's not a hell of a lot I can do for you." Mitty hung up.

"WALTER, PAY THE MAN!" SAID MRS. MITTY.

"What man?" said Walter Mitty, startled.

"Him, the little man in the booth! We're only three cars away and you haven't even got the money out! Do you want to hold up all the people behind us and have them honking at us while you look for your money? You know you can never find your money. Or do you think the man is just going to let us in to Great Experience Jungle Park for free? Do you think that?"

Walter Mitty began searching through his pockets, trying to locate his billfold. For some reason it never

THE SHORT HAPPY LIFE OF WALTER MITTY

BY TED MANN

Walter. Mrs. Mitty stared straight ahead. "Pay absolutely no mind to them, Walter. They're only trying to get your goat." Mrs. Mitty paused. "Did you remember to signal?" Mrs. Mitty paused again. "Walter, do you know I think we have the only new Dodge Omni Miser in the line going to Great Experience Jungle Park!" Mrs. Mitty seemed more excited by this than by the prospect of the park visit. It was almost, her husband thought, as if she had selected Great Experience Jungle Park because they would have the only new Dodge Omni Miser there.

"It must be this repression or whatever it is that we are in," concluded Mrs. Mitty.

WALTER MITTY, WARBURG PROFESSOR of Economics at Harvard University, glanced with irritation at the ringing phone. "Volcker again," he thought.

"Dr. Mitty," a young man breathed anxiously into his ear. "Please hang on

seemed to stay in the pocket he placed it in but migrated to his most distant and infrequently used pocket.

Walter proffered a wad of bills to the man in the booth and Mrs. Mitty leaned across his lap to question the man as he punched out the ticket and made change.

"Is there any special speed my husband should drive? I assume we shall have to be watching for animals. Is there a safe speed that you recommend? I think we should drive a little slower than the average speed. My husband sometimes takes so little notice."

"The speeds are posted, lady," said the man, handing Walter Mitty his change. "Just keep your windows rolled up and follow the traffic. Baboons'll reach in through a window crack. Steal anything, baboons."

"We'll drive slower," said Mrs. Mitty, as her husband drove off. "I don't trust your driving with all these animals around. And make sure your window is completely rolled up. Remember what that man said about the baboons." She reached across Walter Mitty's lap and gave his window handle a tug, leaning back with a satisfied grunt.

"MITTS" PULLED HIS RIGHT OUT OF the Kid's solar plexus and, pushing him away with his left elbow, threw two quick jabs at the head. Mitts watched the Kid's head rock like a speed bag. The second jab caught his head just at the sweet point of the jaw and temple. It landed flush and full and hard. Just the

way a punch was supposed to land when you were young and strong and it was early in a fight. It surprised Mitts in the eighth round. He was tired and the Kid had been moving him about the ring steadily for four rounds. The Kid had been piling on the points. Mitts hadn't been hurt but he'd found himself coming into the eighth tired and frustrated and pretty sure he couldn't put anything together that would catch the Kid. The Kid was slick. The Kid was young and the Kid was fast and he taunted Mitts.

"You be movin' like a tree sloth, old grampus," the Kid had said.

The Kid had also been overconfident. Mitts could see that now. He could see it in the frightened eyes of the ref, old Ginny Sullivan, who waved him to the neutral corner. He could hear it in the roar of the crowd. He had heard it in the crack of the vertebrae in the Kid's neck when that second jab had reinforced the whip of the first.

Mitts went to his own corner. He knew the fight was finished. Patty, his trainer, already had the stool in the ring. Old Patty looked worried too. Not scared; worried.

"Is he dead, Mitts? It sounded like he's dead. Is he dead?" Patty rubbed his fighter's shoulders. Trying to relax them. Trying to erase the unhappy curve with his old experienced fingers.

"He's dead, Patty. His neck is broke," said Mitts. "It's a shame. A goddamn shame."

Mitts could hardly see the Kid now,

just his leg twitching. The Kid's trainer and one of his owners and the ring doc and a couple of commissioners were all in the ring now, crowded around the Kid.

Patty tugged the front of Mitts' trunks and dumped a dipper of water and crushed ice down them. "You're right, Mitts...a shame. That's just what I was thinkin'."

"WALTER! WILL YOU LOOK WHAT you've done! You've gone and spilled cola right in your lap! And on your light pants, too! I just got them back from the cleaners!" Mrs. Mitty began to pluck and rub angrily at the front of her husband's pants using a paper handkerchief from her purse.

"Ow!" said Walter Mitty at a particularly vigorous dabbing.

"Walter, for godsakes, will you stop complaining? I don't know why I ever let you have that cola while you were driving. It's all you can do to drink when you're sitting down at dinner."

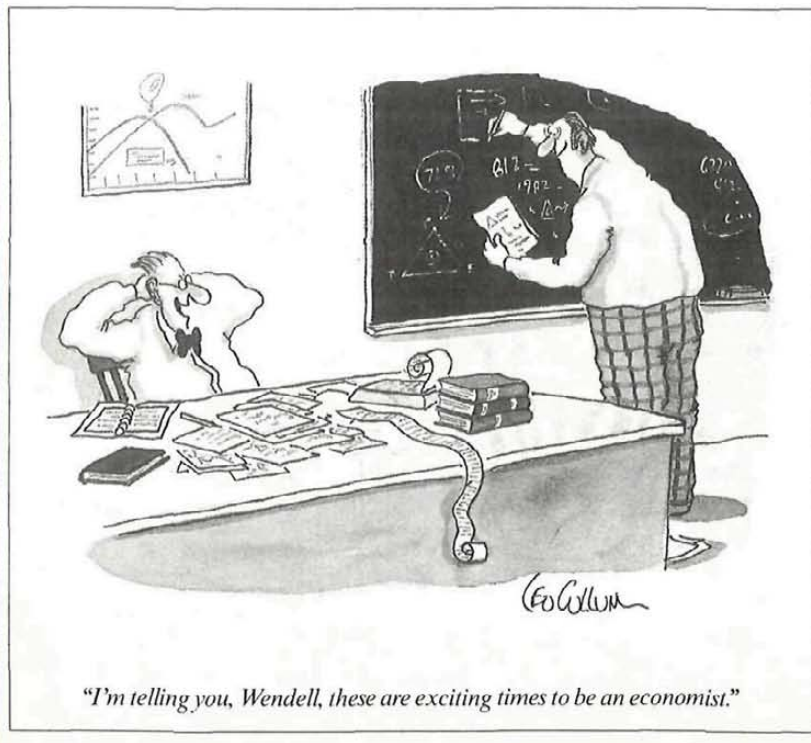
"Will you look at those people!" said Mrs. Mitty, abandoning her attempts to clean her husband's lap, leaving it covered with small tufts of disintegrated paper handkerchief. "They're feeding those monkeys candy! That is completely against the rules! They may get seriously bitten. I read somewhere that monkey saliva has more microbes in it than almost any saliva. Do you hear me, Walter? I'm going to write down their license number and report them when we leave."

Mrs. Mitty shuffled through her enormous handbag, coming up with a pencil and a note pad. The note pad was filled with the license numbers of wrongdoers Mrs. Mitty observed changing lanes on the highway without signaling, or denting the doors of parked cars in shopping-mall garages. Every week she sent the license numbers and a description of each car owner's offense to the commissioner of motor vehicles. She thought of it as good citizenship.

"Have you seen any lions, Walter? I haven't seen a single lion. Have you seen any? I haven't; not one lion. Do you know something? I don't think there are any lions here. It's logical, isn't it, Walter? I mean, they could say there were lions here when there weren't, and if people complained, the owners could just say that the lions were hiding, or that the people had bad eyesight. No one would ever know there were no lions."

"Walter, the more I think about it, the more sense it makes to me. I think I remember reading somewhere that that is just the sort of thing that unscr-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)



Break tradition.

Drink Ronrico Rum instead.

Face it, you already know what your usual rum, gin and vodka have to offer.

Just try one drink mixed with Ronrico, and you'll realize what it is you've been missing all along.

Ronrico is superbly smooth and light. With a surprisingly distinctive flavor that's bound to win you over.

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RONRICO RUM & CANADA DRY TONIC

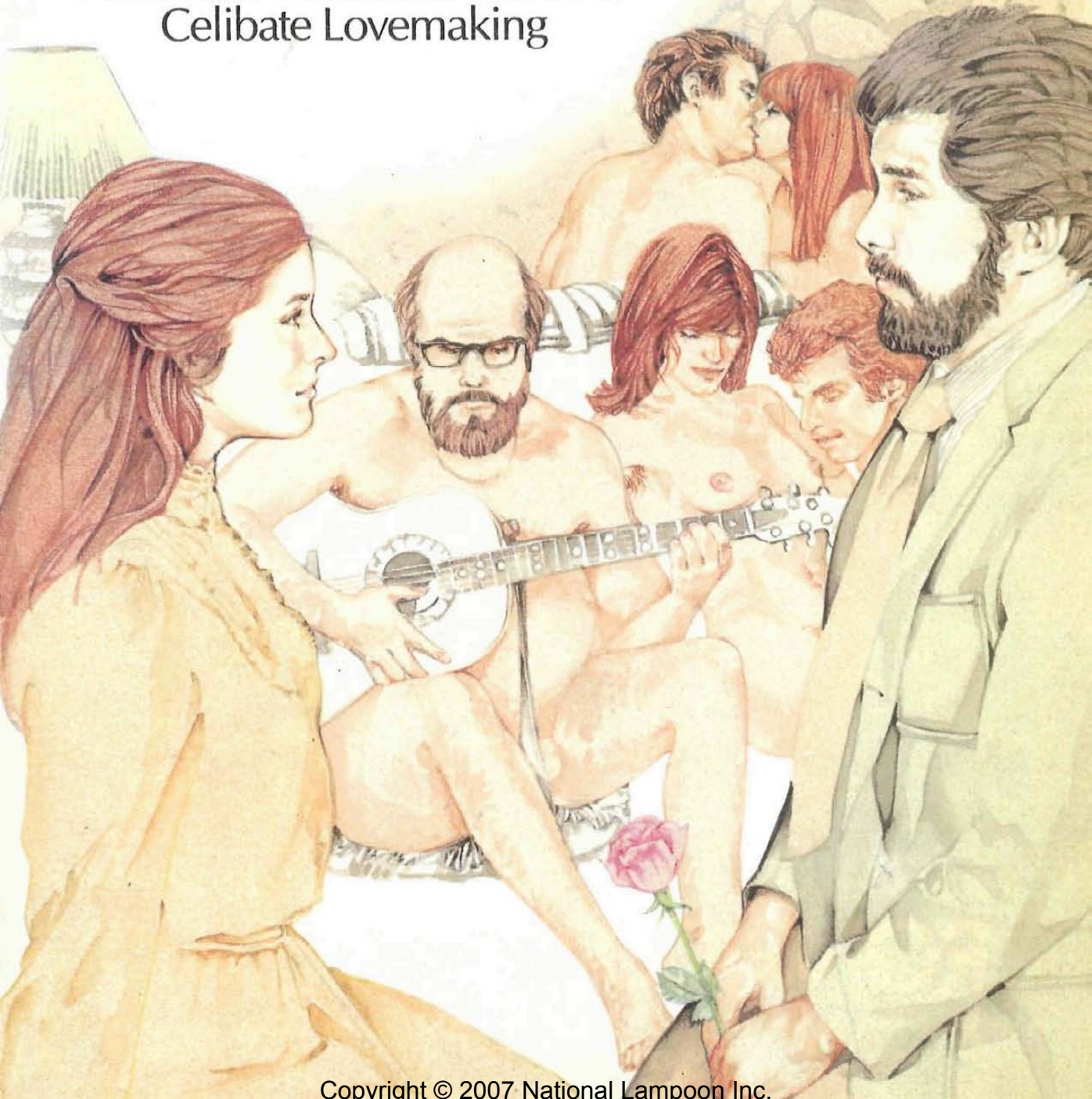
2 ozs of Ronrico Rum
2 thin lime slices
Canada Dry Tonic
Pour rum into a highball glass with ice cubes. Add lime. Fill glass with Tonic. Stir lightly.

RONRICO RUM & CANADA DRY TONIC



The Joy of Unsex

An Anorectic Gourmet's Guide to Celibate Lovemaking



Pre Log

Who needs this book? Surely, after our breakthrough best-seller *Joy of Sex*, and our sequel *More Joy*, and our *Gay Joy* and *Lesbian Joy* spin-offs (so to speak), the whole world has been sufficiently counseled, cautioned, cajoled, advised, urged, tempted, liberated, and *compelled* to better, longer, deeper, wider, stronger libidinal life?

Well, if that's what you think, you simply don't realize how confused and repressed by outworn socio-religious fears and taboos most folks really are! And, furthermore, you don't know much about publishing deals.

Based on the mail we have received since *More Joy*, much of it from confused and repressed readers, and some of it from the Simon and Schuster attorneys, we now believe that another book is not merely a wise decision but a necessary one.

This, then, is part three. But it's really part one. Think of it this way: If *Joy* treated gourmet sex as if it were gourmet cooking, and *More Joy* dealt with gourmet sex as if it were gourmet dining, this book is about shopping for food—which, as any gourmet will tell you, is the best part of the meal!

That's why our new—and some will say radical—approach to exciting, sophisticated, gourmet lovemaking can be summed up in five little words: *keep it in your pants*.

We continue to deplore and despise the old religio-socio-economic taboos, the tradition-bound, guilt-inducing warnings and fears that dominated Western civilization before the publication of *Joy*. Yet medical science, common sense, and personal experience have led us, inexorably, to the conclusion that every position, variation, technique, and activity that we drew, described, and promoted in our previous two volumes should be scorned, eschewed, and otherwise avoided by the contemporary man or woman in search of a meaningful erotic existence.

Take the matter of babies. As increasing numbers of our peers respond to the socio-religio-cultural urgings of the so-called biological clock, and have babies, we become even more strongly convinced that, as we have said, "sexual freedom isn't compatible with a childbearing life-style."

Our own Wednesday-night swing-club activities have been interrupted by the irresponsible and untimely appearance of children.

When you're prepared to receive a golden shower from a friend, or about to rim a stranger, there's nothing that spoils the erotic mood like an infant crying to have its diaper changed. Yuk! Ka-ka and pee-pee!

No, truly free and mature gourmet lovemaking has no more to do with childbearing than truly gourmet dining has to do with shit! And although medical science has done much to develop coils, pills, suction pumps, and rubber goods to prevent childbirth (the equivalents, if we may extend our metaphor, of the vomit-inducing feathers stuck down the throats of ancient Roman gourmets to prevent unseemly digestion), still, with all that messy sperm flying around (a natural consequence of most of the behavior we foolishly advocated in *Joy* and *More Joy*), there's always the chance that



Illustrated by Artifact

a nasty little seed will find its perverse way to a naughty little egg...

(Even anal sex, described glowingly in our previous volumes under the headings Dirt Road Delights, Tradesman's Entrance, Up the Khyber, etc., is risky. A certain high-ranking Republican who practiced buggery as birth control, when told that his wife was pregnant, is said to have discovered the "trickle down" theory.)

So, in the interests of Zero-Pop (that is, if you want zero people calling you "pop"): *keep it in your pants!*

Then there's disease. Medical science has discovered that almost all venereal diseases are communicated sexually! Now, at one time this meant that you might get clap from a prostitute. Today, herpes is spreading like a rash across the laymen and laywomen of this country.

And, we blush to admit, our socio-psycho-philosophical, taboo-shattering, breakthrough publications were doubtless partially responsible. The incidence of oral herpes has quintupled since *Joy* successfully promoted genital kissing (under the headings Beef Bugle, Donning the Goatee, Twat Gobbling, and Hot Beef Toddy) as a casual but sincere and up-to-date alternative to saying hello.

Medical scientists no longer bother to question the absolute statistical correlation between early promiscuity and cancer of the uterus, cervix, prostate, colon, etc. So, if you don't want the surgeon general tattooing a health warning on it, *keep it in your pants!*

But these are negative thoughts, and reasons. We are positive, life-affirming, healthy individuals, still dedicated to more, longer, better, stronger recreational erotic pleasure.

We implore you to come with us and savor the delights of sex without guilt, sex without hang-ups, sex without sex!

"Romance is back." In other words, *keep it in your pants!*

Before Play

cuddling

see hugging

eye contact

"The eyes," says that otherwise repressive, puritanical, uptight, antierotic book the Bible, "are the mirror of the soul." How true that is. And however rare love at first sight may be, lust at first sight is a universal experience.

The pinnacle of libidinal pleasure is reached by some men and women when they discover that a passing potential partner is looking back to see if they are looking back to see if they are looking back to see if they are looking back...

A glance, a glimpse, full of wonder, surprise, temptation. A come-hither glance (see winking). Bedroom eyes. Bette Davis eyes. Blue Spanish eyes. The eyes of Texas. Long, smoldering stares. The limpid pools of undreamed-of heights of ecstasy. Oh, God. The liquid look of love that, oh God yes. Oh. That promises paradise. The cold, cruel, level stare of dominance. Now. Don't stop. Oh my God. Sultry eyes fringed with long languid lashes. *Gawddddd!*

I'm sorry. I'll have someone come in and clean that up in just a moment.



footsie

At the end of almost every human leg occurs an organ called the foot (plural, feet). Feet constitute a highly sensitive erogenous zone (as the ancient Chinese, who ate them, recognized).

"Footsie" is a thrilling, arousing, and fulfilling sexual technique that can be practiced heterosexually, homosexually, or in groups. Because each of us has only two feet, it is difficult to commit footsie on more than two partners at once, but an individual can receive footsie from any number of partners simultaneously. A young woman of our acquaintance reports having been satisfactorily footsied by two actors, three producers, and the busboy during lunch at a round table in a Hollywood restaurant. (Footsie is practiced, invariably, in restaurants.)

Many footsie experiences come under the wider heading of "frotage"—the rubbing of one clothed body against another clothed body. This is a result of the Victorian pietist hang-up tradition that obliges so many of us, in our culture, to wear shoes. Talk about "hidebound"! Boots, knee socks, stockings, panty hose, and sandals are other common impediments to the exciting, thrilling, and erotic contact between the pedal epidermis of consenting adults; but, thankfully, each of these items of clothing is also (potentially) the likely subject of many a healthy, normal fetish fantasy!

In our tradition-laden, medieval, totally fucked-up culture, footsie has been all too often initiated only by the "dominant" male, in his role as





breadwinner, hunter, gatherer, and phallus bearer. As more and more women take up full-time jobs, hunting and gathering, and bearing phal-luses, the right to initiate footsie is now generally understood to be mutual.

Female-partner-initiated footsie most often begins after ordering dessert, the woman gently introducing her toes beneath the male trouser cuff. (*Gently*, remember. Most men are very sensitive in the area around the trouser cuff.)

Many men like to respond to this initiative by pressing back with the shin, ankle, or calf (whichever is in contact with the female's foot) with firmness or a sudden twitch. Other men prefer not to react at all, particularly when the footsie is transpiring beneath a table around which others—friends, business associates, or spouses—are gathered.

Although, historically, footsie has often been a prelude to further inti-macies, such as accidental hand touching when passing the sugar, or even *kneesie*, sophisticated, sexually mature adults often consider it an end in itself, an act of erotic intimacy that can be sustained until one or the other partner develops a leg cramp, or until the check comes.

hugging see kissing

kissing see necking

middle-finger diddle

This esoteric variation of manual erotology is only for the initiated, but couples who are really into being into being into one another might want to give it a try.

Basically, it's an acrobatic variation on hand holding. It is accomplished when one of the partners, through muscle control, doubles back the middle, or ring, finger and, with incredible concentration, succeeds in rubbing the fingertip (or nail) back and forth across the palm of the other partner.

This action, repeated at random intervals, creates an almost unbearable erotic tension, through the friction-stimulation of the epidermis and the

supersensitive tactile nerves beneath, known as the *Aponeurosis palmaris*.

We do not recommend this difficult but thrilling experience to those with cardiac conditions, or to those prone to premature ejaculation.

necking see petting

petting see smooching

smooching see snuggling

snuggling see spooning

spooning see sucking face

sucking face see cuddling

winking

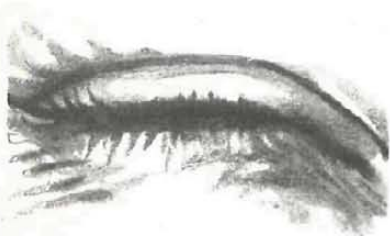
The eyes are one of the many sex organs most of us have two of. "We were eyeball to eyeball, and the other fellow blinked" was the expression used by President John F. Kennedy to describe his macho-oriented male dominance over the more passive and submissive Nikita Khrushchev on the occasion of a highly tantalizing and erotic nuclear encounter the two men shared some years ago. It was more than a figure of speech.

The lowering of the eyes is one way a primate indicates submission to the aggression of another primate. We humans, for all our vaunted intelligence, imagination, and direct-digit dialing are primates still. Other primate-submissive behavior includes "presenting," an erotically tantalizing process whereby the naked buttocks are exposed by the passive (stereotypically female) baboon. As a crank sociologist whose name we can't be bothered to look up once said, "The difference between a high-dominance person and a low-dominance person is a high-dominance person says 'Shove it up your ass' and a low-dominance person says 'Shove it up *my* ass.'" (See: *Joy and More Joy* under Bun Bashing, Turd Burgling, and Winking the Brown Eye.)

Which brings us back to winking. When two people exchange glances, across a crowded room, fools can explain it, wise men never try. And, for many of us, the meeting and locking of glances, the accompanying dilation of pupils, the lubricious motioning of the actual orbs, is ecstasy enough. But bold, mature, and swinging individuals, willing to risk the scorn of an uptight, psycho-theologically Judeo-Christian-imposed, super-ego-suffocated so-called culture may dare to venture further, and indulge in a wink.

The wink was first practiced and perfected in the Orient, where the eyelids have less far to travel.

Why is winking such a turn-on? Perhaps *Gray's Anatomy* puts it best: "The *Orbicularis oculi* is the sphincter muscle of the eyelids." A blink, then, is *not* a turn-on, signifying, as it does: "My sphincter involuntarily tightens in your presence." But a wink signifies: "I would voluntarily tighten my sphincter in your presence," a promise that most sexually daring and erotically mature people find enticing, to say the least.



FAST BUCKS AT RIDGEMONT HIGH

BY KEVIN CURRAN

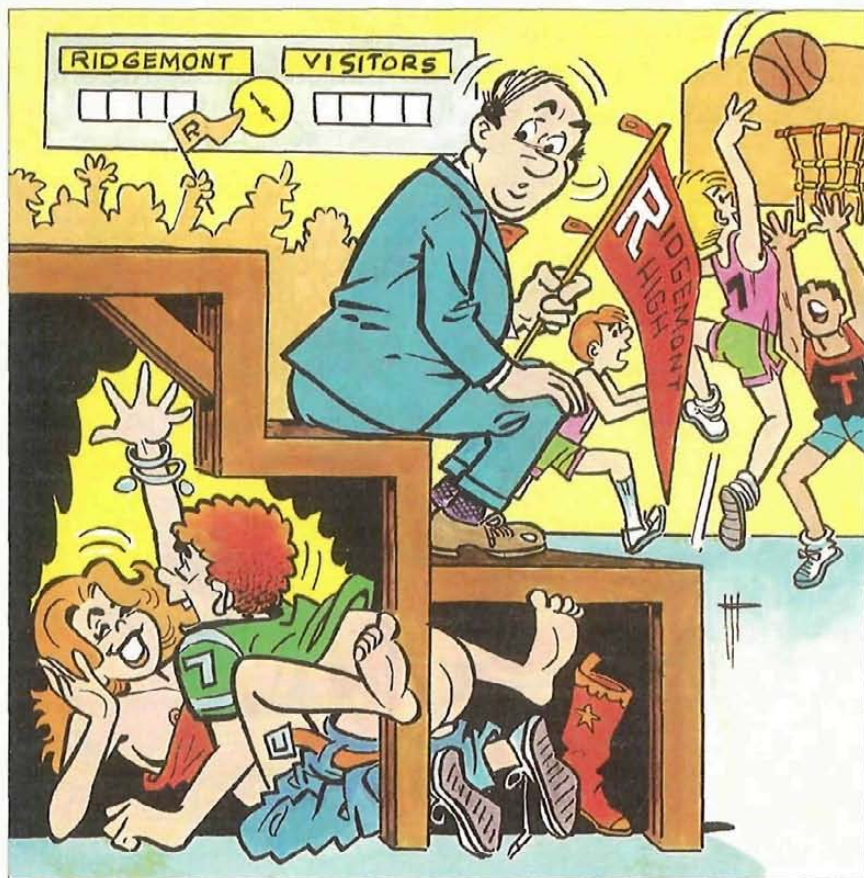


First day of school. I'm a bit nervous, but I think I look pretty good. No one could possibly notice the bald spot with all that shoe polish. Can't wait to check out the student body, heh-heh...

THE PRINCIPAL ▶ Wearing a Led Zeppelin T-shirt and a pair of faded Levi's, Leo Grey, a forty-four-year-old recently divorced account executive for a Los Angeles marketing-research firm, sat down with a soft plop of flesh in Principal White's spartan office and explained his dramatic idea. Trembling slightly, he gave a small cough and rambled on about the publishing deal he'd just gotten to do a book on high-school kids—how they lived, what they thought and wore, and all the rest. Now, his plan was to pretend to be a student transfer, enroll at Ridgemont, blend right in, and...

Principal White rolled his eyes upward and sighed. This was the twelfth author this year who wanted to go back to school at Ridgemont after that first book had come out. This poor slob looked like he just wanted to leer at teenage girls and try to get blowjobs in a pickup truck.

"Of course, Mr. Grey, you realize this would



Jeez, the things kids do today. Do you believe it? I don't believe it. High school has changed a hell of a lot since I was first here.

be quite an imposition on the school and staff..."

"Gee, Mr. White, I wouldn't get in the way at all..."

White had heard it all before. A forthright man, he came almost directly to the point.

"The Ridgemont Railroaders are in pretty desperate need of some additional HO-scale equipment. Ten thousand dollars worth, I believe."

Leo gave out a sharp whistle and reached for his checkbook.

"Just make that out to 'Cash,'" said White, smiling for the first time that day.

THE MEETING OF FRIENDS ▶ Tom Greene, president of the Ridgemont Student Council, hastily convened a meeting of a dozen prominent students after school in the Home Ec lab, where the smell of freshly baked cookies still lingered acridly in the air.

"Well, we've got another one. Ten thousand split fifty-fifty with that scumbag White."

Kathy Smith, a luscious seventeen-year-old blond clad in a cherry halter and cutoffs, innocently asked the question that was tops in everyone's mind.

"I thought the deal was sixty-forty this time."

Tom shrugged. "You know adults. They never keep their word."

Ellen Matthews, a sun-streaked surf princess, spoke next. "Well, I saw this guy walking around in the halls and he was gross. He must have been a hundred years old."

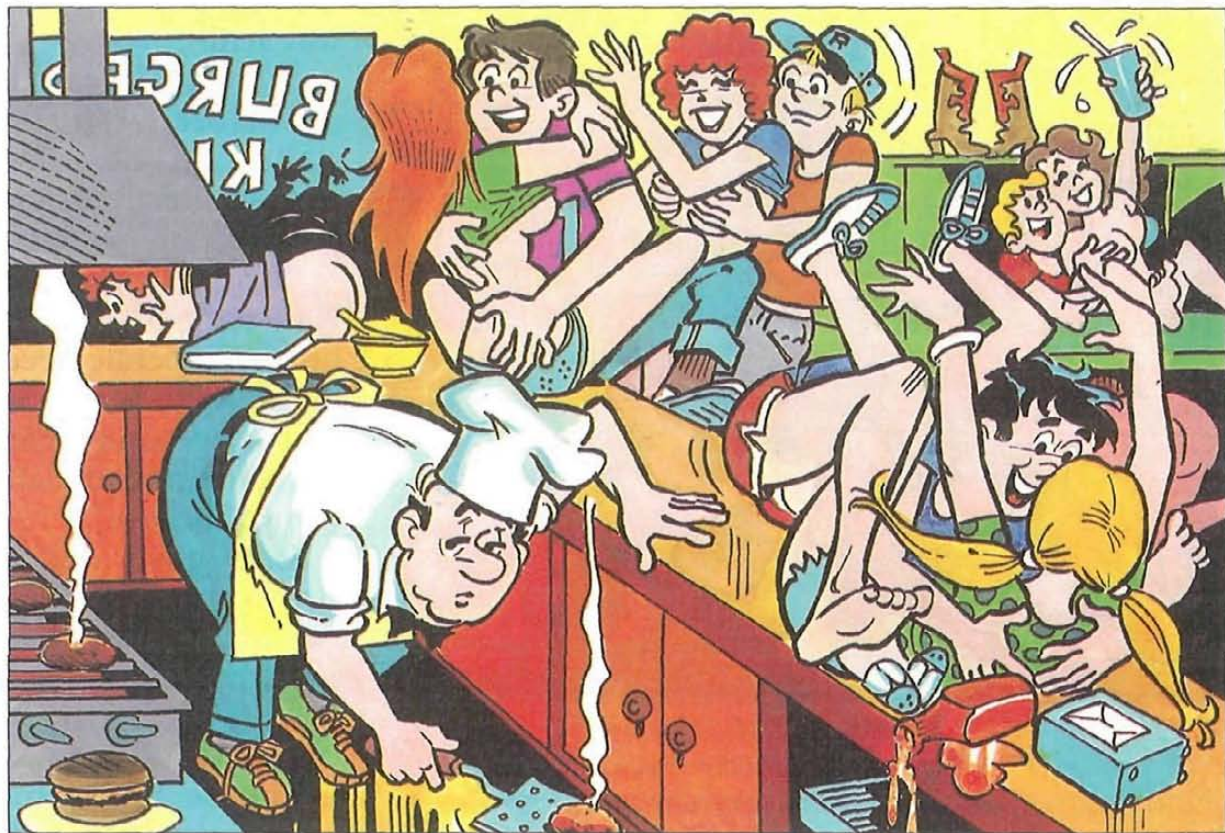
"Now, Ellen..."

"He's got a bald spot."

"Ellen..."

“Well, I’m not going to give him the blowjob this time!”

At the mention of blowjob, Susan Clifford, a raven-haired, statuesque cheerleader, sparked to life like a tired varsity football team given their halftime quota of Dexedrine.



Horowitz the Mexican helped me get this job, and I’m getting to know more people. Not much action at a Burger King, though.

“Well, I’m certainly not. I blew the guy from *Time*.”

Ellen’s eyes glinted angrily. “You did not, you liar! You said you did, but you only gave him a handjob. It was in the November twelfth issue.”

Susan couldn’t believe her ears. She’d earned her money with that guy from *Time* and he’d changed it to a handjob in his article because he had a wife or girl friend or something. She got so mad she could hardly see.

“Oh, yeah? Well, what about the guy from *National Geographic*? You were supposed to pretend you were drunk and take him out on the beach and let him fuck you Zulu style!”

“Ladies, please.” Tom Greene had been through this all before. If grudges were footballs, girls would lead the NFL in rushing every year. “Listen, whoever gives this guy his blowjob gets an extra two hundred, okay? Is that fair? Now, if there are no more objections, let’s get down to business here. Let’s give this jerk some anecdotes he can be proud of. Who wants to hump under the stands at the basketball game?”

ENCOUNTER WITH TWO BREASTS►

Leo walked alone down the abandoned corridor, surreptitiously taking down information about the size and shape of the lockers in his little spiral note pad. Nuts. He'd been at Ridgemont for three weeks now and hadn't made a single friend, unless you counted the lunch ladies, but he couldn't tell whether they were smiling or laughing at him. He'd seen a couple humping underneath the stands at a basketball game, but that was as close as he'd come to any real action. And he'd gained ten pounds stuffing himself with Twinkies and nacho-flavored Doritos



I should probably drink beer like everyone else, but it makes me feel real bloated and then I have to go to the bathroom all night. I'm in with a pretty cool crowd now, but I'm so horny, I'd let a goat blow me.



I like to study different groups at Ridgemont, from a sociological perspective. It's fascinating to see the interaction...

in the cafeteria while drooling over the girls that passed by, all leg and hair and teeth.

"Okay, Ellen," encouraged Tom, slapping her lightly on the bottom. "Go get 'im, tiger."

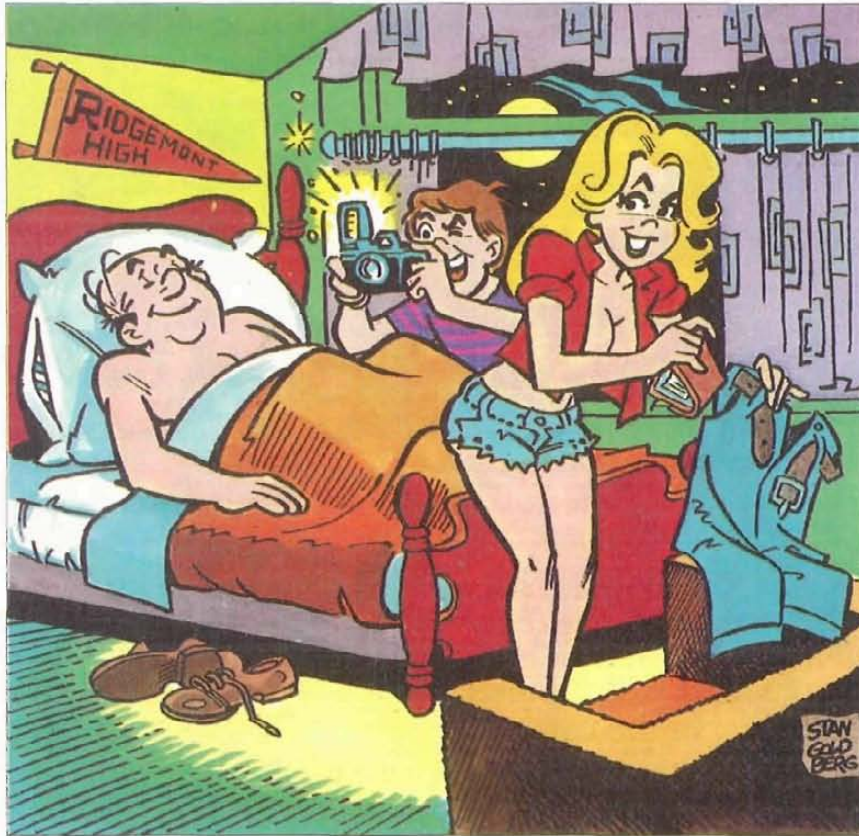
Ellen fixed a determined grin on her face, and bumped full-tilt into Leo, spilling all her books on the floor. She made sure that he got a good look at the cleavage when he bent over to help her retrieve *The Sea—Nature's Bathtub* and her other volumes. Thanking him, she stopped to chat for a while, and ended up inviting him to a party at the Broccoli twins' house that night. Leo was proud of how little he'd sweat throughout the conversation, and was so happy during Mechanical Drawing that he drew little circles with his compass and filled them in with smiley faces.

A BIG BASH► "Okay, someone put on the Led Zeppelin record."

"Do we have to? I read in *Rolling Stone* where lots of us high-school kids listen to the Talking Heads..."

Tom straightened up from spiking the punch upon hearing the complaint by Zeke Horowitz, who had been chosen to play the Mexican for Leo.

"Listen, Horowitz, the man's no dummy. He's going to come expecting to hear Led Zeppelin and that's what we're going to give him. Loud. Now crank it up."



Wow, this high-school stuff is pretty wild. I've made a whole bunch of new friends, and we stick together. Maybe I can talk Principal White into letting me back next year.

Greene turned to Bill Parson, a large football player who was chosen to be the Football Player.

"What's that new expression you're introducing tonight?"

"I'm so horny, I'd let a goat blow me."

"Okay, everybody, start drinking beer and making out. Nobody pukes till midnight."

RITUAL SEX ACT ▶

"Okay, Susan, tonight's the night."

"Three hundred and not a dime less."

Tom turned to face the comely lass, the bloom of cartwheel practice still fresh on her face.

"Come off it, Susan. Ellen or Kathy would do it for two fifty."

"Would not."

"You blew the guy from Bantam Books for one fifty."

"The Bantam guy was a hunk. This dude's ready for wheelchair relay races."

"Two seventy-five."

Susan pursed her lips and gazed thoughtfully at the shiny gym floor, while scraping the toe of her left sneaker back and forth.

The bitch drove a hard bargain, considering she'd probably snag Leo's Visa card as well. When he received the photos in the mail that Bob was going to take tonight he wouldn't be charging much of anything anyway. ■

EDITOR'S NOTE: Leo Grey's book, *Jecz. That Was a Lot of Fun*, was rejected by all major publishing houses. Destitute, he was unable to pay the five-thousand-dollar fee demanded by Tom Greene for his photos. Leo's next project, *Help. Let Me Out of Here!*, will be published by San Quentin Press in the fall.

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KISSINGER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42)

I could not suppress a small laugh. "Impossible," I said. "He is a drowning man. This Watergate tragedy is consuming him."

"Tragedy!" she said huffily. "Henry, you speak of this Watergate affair as though it has struck the administration from without, like a disease. That is ridiculous and you know it."

I moved toward her with what I feel justified in calling a certain catlike grace. As she spoke I attempted to place the tenderest of kisses on her sun-scorched neck. "Nixon is responsible," she said with impatience, elbowing me in the ribs. "This is no 'tragedy.' His actions and decisions brought about these burglaries, these contemptible criminal activities. That is something you will have to acknowledge."

"Golda... please—"

"Now stop it. We're both too old for this."

My last attempt at demonstrating the high esteem and affection I felt for this superb woman met with similar failure. As she started to leave, I wrapped my arms around her from behind in a bear hug. "Let us discuss the responsibility for Watergate at my place," I began, but to no avail. With the single-mindedness of purpose that has enabled her adoptive nation to survive amidst a host of hostile neighbors, she brought the heel of her shoe down squarely upon my right foot. As always, Golda was free of the tendency to vacillate (which masquerades as "fair-mindedness") so common to mediocre leaders, and

countries, and statesmen, and girls. She was shrewd, forthright, realistic, stubborn. At that moment, her nation poised between a conflict-ridden past and a possible glimpse of future peace, she was weary, resolved, irritable, frigid.

I, for my part, was tumescent, wounded, rib sore, toe crushed. How ironic, I reflected as I fell, that I had risen to a position of international eminence, yet now found myself stumbling over my possibly broken right big toe and tumbling onto the floor, banging my forehead on the edge of a nearby coffee table and landing with a thump on my rear end like a clumsy, rebuffed schoolboy.

Golda, however, seemed unaware of the irony. As she left, she offered me a final glance and mused, "Do you pull this sort of thing with Indira Gandhi?"

It was a suggestion that would haunt me for months to come.

4

AFTER THE ATTAINMENT OF AN accord between Israel and Egypt, I commenced, at the end of April 1974, to arrange the disengagement of Israeli and Syrian troops on the Golan Heights. I arrived in Israel on May 2 with Nancy Maginnes, whom I had married on March 30. Nancy, as is well known, is a strikingly tall woman, and blond. Is it possible that I harbored a deep psychological motive in bringing her on this trip? Was I using Nancy to defy Golda, who had rejected me

months earlier? Certainly, had I known that the trip would entail no fewer than thirteen shuttles between Jerusalem and Damascus, and exact a toll of two ulcers from my wife, I would have requested she remain in Washington.

But to state this is to turn the situation on its head. The truth was that her very presence on the trip contributed to the development of what the press came to call "shuttle diplomacy," from which we were able to extract a tenuous, but nonetheless real, truce between Israel and Syria. It will surprise some students of history to learn that the actual source of shuttle diplomacy is far more erotic than is commonly supposed.

I suggested that Nancy remain in Jerusalem when, on May 8, I first visited Damascus. My intention was to return with the Syrian proposal, devise a compromise, and effect a rapid solution to the predicament. But fate had larger designs.

I met with Hafez Assad in the presidential residence, where we sat in two easy chairs before a painting depicting the Arab conquest of the Crusaders. On the occasion of my first visit, Assad, whom I found to be testy, prickly, proud, and suspicious, mentioned obliquely that I would find, later, in my room, a "gift." Assuming he was referring to a bottle of excellent Syrian sesame brandy, for which I had earlier expressed a fondness, I stood amazed and delighted when I entered my room late that evening and switched on the light.

Reclining on my bed, resplendent in colorful silks and exuding a perfume of almost unbearably exotic headiness, was a young girl. I would estimate her age to be at most seventeen. Her dark hair flowed out across the pillows in ebony splendor. Her eyes, at once innocent and lewd, held love secrets that no Western man, not even one from Harvard, could divine. She told me her name was Jianna.

I sat on the edge of the bed and admired her lithe form. The curve of her hips brought me a new and deeper understanding of Syrian nationalism. Her slender legs and pristine thighs afforded me a sudden insight into, and respect for, Assad, and the cause for which his people fought. Her breasts, young and firm and of the nuttiest brown, made surprisingly eloquent arguments for an Israeli withdrawal from Qunaytirah, a provincial capital nestled in the Golan, which Israel had occupied since the 1967 war. I explored these matters in depth all night with Jianna, who proved to be an inexhaustible source of ideas about where to insert what, how to touch whom where, what to move where how, and how and



"Perhaps madam will find something more to her liking in this department?"

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why to do what to whom when. By sunrise I was able to do no more than offer the heartfelt invitation for the shade of Metternich to eat its heart out.

The next day I flew back to Jerusalem, my body depleted, my mind hopelessly addled. Reeling from fatigue, I attempted to convey to Golda the substance of Assad's proposal, which I only dimly recalled. Indeed, at one point, while summarizing Assad's steadfast position regarding the Palestinians, I fell asleep. When I awoke, only Nancy remained in the room. She handed me a note from Golda. It read: "Henry—Go back to Assad and get his proposal. Write it down and bring it to me. Don't lose it. This is no longer amusing, G."

Did I fall asleep inadvertently, due to exhaustion after my night's discussions with Jianna? Or did I do so deliberately, requiring some sort of ruse to allow me to legitimately forsake my newly wedded wife and return to Damascus, to the wanton voluptuousness of my teenage Syrian temptress? Probably a little of both.

Whichever was ultimately the case, I returned to Damascus. Thus was shuttle diplomacy born, more out of the fatigues of love than the imperatives of state. Negotiations, nevertheless, proceeded between the two countries. Assad, unenthusiastic about Israeli proposals, rejected them in ways that allowed for further and further progress. Jianna, never truly interested in watching me demonstrate the trick I could do with three grapes, a soda straw,

and a tube of Prell, began to request it. Nancy, hitherto unable to prevent herself from giggling at my accent, now began to emulate it in spite of herself, saying things such as, "I wish ve vere back in Vashington," in a droning monotone not unlike my own. Foolishly, I was touched by this display of phonetic loyalty.

Many people believe that the climax of this extraordinary period came with the approval, by the Syrians and the Israelis, of the peace agreement on May 29. And, from a strictly international political viewpoint, this is so. But for me, the climax occurred during a reception held by Golda on the evening that the Israeli Knesset granted its approval of the peace.

5

GOLDA WAS ALMOST TOO WEARY to speak that evening. She was scheduled to step down as prime minister on May 31, so the attainment of the accord provided a suitable conclusion to her distinguished career. I said as much to her when, at one unforgettable juncture, we were alone.

I had desired a final word with her, and took it upon myself to spirit her away from the celebrating crowd of officials, their wives and husbands, the press, and the diplomatic corps, by pulling her into a nearby janitorial

closet and shutting the door.

"Now," I said impulsively. "It is our last chance."

"Please, Henry," she sighed. "Accept this one defeat in the midst of this great victory."

"But what do you want?!" I railed. "I have tried all my strategies of persuasion with you. I am the diplomat par excellence. How is it that I cannot get you to 'put out?'"

She smiled with infinite world-weariness. "You are not my type," she said.

"But I am Jewish!" I protested. "I have a good job! I possess an excellent sense of humor! I won a Nobel Prize! What more do you require?"

"You are too obvious," she explained. "The ambition, the women, the courting of the famous, the seductiveness with the press—really, such vanity is repulsive to me."

"False modesty is for mediocre leaders," I stated.

"You don't know the difference between false modesty and true," she said. "Everything is for your own aggrandizement."

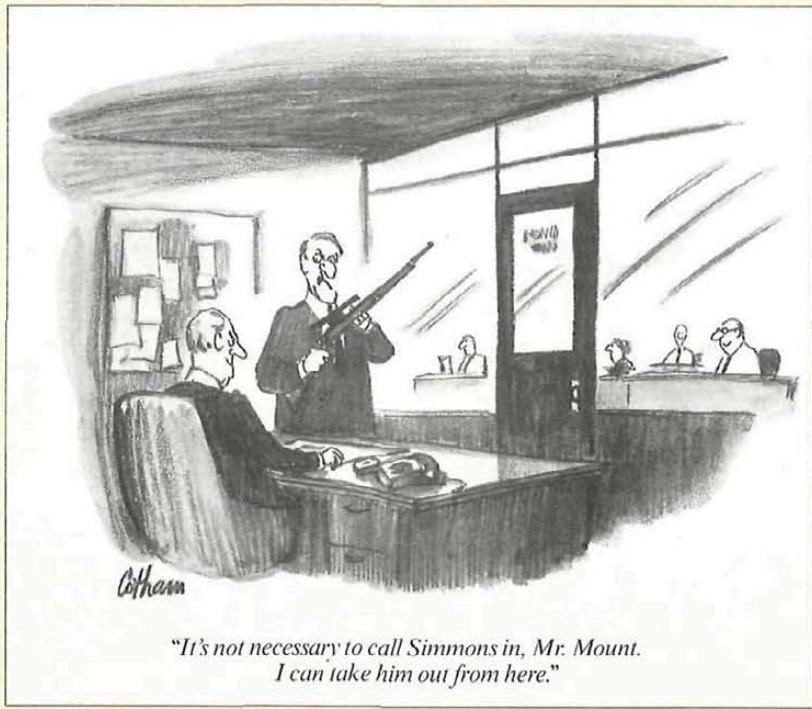
I was cowed. But in moments of crisis, many times a decisive counter-attack yields more beneficial results than cautious haggling over specific points. With this in mind, and thinking to disarm her with a display of passion, I whispered ardently, "But not my love for women!"

She stunned me by laughing. "Especially your love for women?" she said. "You use them in a pathetic attempt at compensation. You work for a Republican rightist president, so you pursue Fallaci, a radical sympathizer. You are an intellectual, so you squire around an actress; you are Jewish, so she is named St. John. You are short and ethnic, so you marry a blond a foot taller than yourself. Your profession calls for the most public forms of courtly protocol, so you behave after-hours like a playboy."

She opened the door to our closet, took a single step out, then turned back to me. "I dare you to put this in your memoirs," she said.

"What makes you so sure I am writing my memoirs?" I challenged her.

"You've been writing your memoirs since you were thirteen," she said, and with that final pronouncement walked off. I was unhappy, depressed, wounded, rejected, hurt, crabby, sad. To be refused by a woman is a terrible thing. What worse fate can befall a statesman than to be thwarted in the execution of his strategic design? Then I recalled that we had achieved a first step toward peace in the Middle East, and concluded that the day had not been a total loss. ■



"It's not necessary to call Simmons in, Mr. Mount. I can take him out from here."

NATIONAL
Sexloid 29¢

September 15, 1982

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Liz Begs Dick: Play with My Pussy



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why she
can't stop
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*Farrah is in love with the
biggest cock in the world*

*Ryan O'Neal reveals:
"The best piece I ever had"*



CELEBRITY BALL

Liz, Dick, Farrah, Ryan, and Cher Star at Gala Cancer-Cure Party



IT WAS movie-star heaven at the inauguration party for the All-Bacon Cancer-Cure Diet started by Chuck Barris.

Elizabeth Taylor, looking as luscious as ever, made her grand entrance with her new heartthrob, a sleek and tawny Siamese cat named Lillian Hellman. When Liz learned that old flame Richard Burton was at the party, she cried, "Dick loves cats! Where is that lovable old alcoholic? I want him to stroke my cute little pussy!"

At the gigantic marbled swimming pool, Farrah Fawcett Majors was showing her new pet, which she plans to breed for both fun and profit, the fighting cock

Montezuma I. "He's probably the biggest cock in the world in his category," said Farrah, as she showed off his huge talons and allowed the bird to demonstrate his fighting ability by tearing a lounge chair to pieces in less than sixty seconds.

Farrah's on-again, off-again beau, the ever dashing Ryan O'Neal, was eating himself into a coma at the lavish buffet, where he admitted to friends that he enjoyed "the best piece of quiche I ever had."

Slinky, curvaceous Cher arrived with her current date, novelist Isaac B. Singer. "I can't stop coming to parties," said Cher. "Call me anything, but don't call me late for a party. It's the only chance I get to meet hot new people."



Kansas Woman Abducted, Fucked by Martian Spies

GRETA BLOUNT, a Norton, Kansas, housewife, tells a terrifying tale of an encounter with a team of sex-crazed storm troopers from Mars.

One night last June, while picking green beans in her garden, she looked up to see an eerie greenish halo in the sky above her house. Next thing she knew, a sort of "space ship" had descended from the pea green cloud and out of it came half a dozen tiny purple men.

"They looked like some weird cross between a toaster-oven and that dwarf on TV [Herve Villechaize, of ABC's hit series 'Fantasy Island']," says Mrs. Blount. "They dragged me on their ship and fed me some blue drink that smelled like Handy Andy. After that, it's all a blur, except I know they pulled my clothes off and did stuff to me I'm only supposed to do with Willie, who's my husband

When my mind cleared I was right back in the garden, but my underthings were all messed up. And my private parts hurt for a week!"

UFologist Snead Berman of the University of California at Tarzana has confirmed the truth of Mrs. Blount's weird tale. "Under hypnosis she relived the whole thing blow by blow," he says. "I also analyzed the strange stains on her underwear. Pure zinct



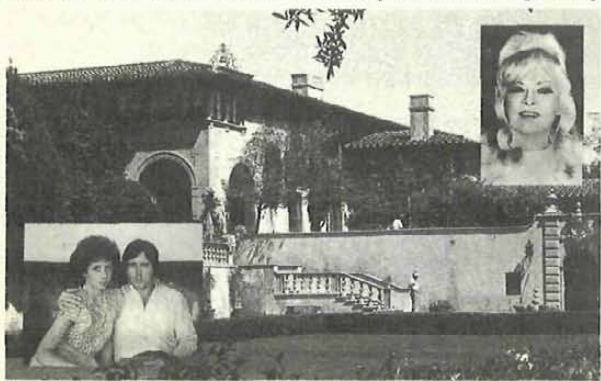
GRETA BLOUNT, sex prisoner of rampaging aliens, shows what her captors looked like. "Put these two together, dye them purple, and you've got it."

FAMILY FLEES HAUNTED HOUSE OF MAE WEST

**"MOST OBSCENE, DISGUSTING PLACE I
EVER RENTED... OUR KIDS ARE IN SHOCK."**

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE BOZOLO and their two children, Glori, ten, and Zeus, six, now have second thoughts about renting the homes of dead movie queens.

"We were flabbergasted when the real-estate agent said we could rent Mae West's home for only three hundred seventy-five dollars a month," said Mr. Bozolo, a sanitary engineer who moved to California recently. "It was a huge place, twenty-eight rooms. The decor wasn't our style, a lot of plushy



furniture, velvet walls, and candelabra. We like Early American Contemporary. But how could we resist that price? And the kids had twenty-eight rooms to play in."

What the agent neglected to tell the Bozolos, however, was that the house had plummeted to rock bottom in the California real-estate bonanza because it was haunted by the ghosts of Mae West's tumultuous sex life.

"Our first night at the house was really scary," said pretty wife Snerda Bozolo. "George and I were ready to go to sleep when we heard this man's voice getting louder and louder, saying, 'Mae, oh Mae, fuck me. I love your cunt.' And he kept moaning and screaming and repeating all those terrible words."

The children reported that "weird creamy stuff kept oozing out of the walls" and that their bed-springs would creak and wobble up and down. Finally, Mr. Bozolo claimed he saw the legendary Mae herself. "She was lying on a big divan, completely naked, eating from a Whitman Sampler. When I saw her, she said, 'Is that a hard-on in your pocket or are you just glad to fuck me?' That's when I had to leave. Three hundred seventy-five dollars or no three hundred seventy-five dollars, my family came first."

SEX CURES CANCER

Michigan Widow Cures Lung Cancer by Banging a Lobster



MRS. ANGELA KNAPSACK of Petoskey, Michigan, was pronounced "terminal" by her doctor. Her lung cancer was spreading faster than a prairie fire. She had about a week to live. But her childhood friend and constant companion Maude Silverbirch, an Ojibway Indian, refused to believe that Angela would die.

Maude Silverbirch consulted her aged grandfather for a cure. His words were: "She must fuck a lobster for thirty days, nonstop, and do it in an oxygen tent."

Despite doctors' warnings, Mrs. Knapsack did what the old Ojibway chief prescribed. For the first few days nothing happened, except that she kept getting pinched in some very tender parts of her vagina. Then a miraculous thing happened—the lobster began to use his claws in a highly effective manner. Mrs. Knapsack grew to like it immensely. She soon forgot about her lung cancer and lived for every moment with this unusual crustacean. By the second week her cancer had receded. At the thirty-day mark she



Maude Silverbirch

was completely cured. "Once I got over the smell of a lobster out of water it was terrific," said Mrs. Knapsack. Today, she and her lobster, a twelve pounder from Maine, named Warren, live happily together in their island home in northern Michigan. "The treatment has to continue for life, so Warren and I became common-law husband and wife," said Mrs. Knapsack. "I still can't get a judge to marry us, but I don't care. We're very much in love."

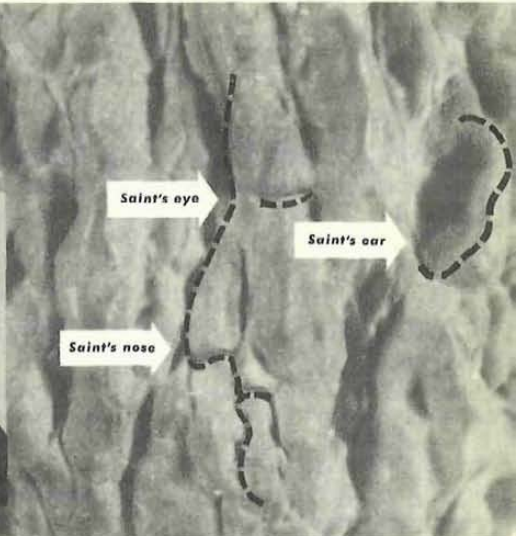
Miraculous Face Appears on Scrotum! "It's a Miracle!" Say Experts

THE FAITHFUL from around the world are rushing to the small Italian hill town of Rizutto, where Giovanni Amatuna claims that a likeness of Saint Basta, patron saint of the district, has appeared on the scrotum of his fifteen-year-old son, Giuseppe.

Amatuna's wife, Marie, first noticed the amazing portrait when her son stepped from his weekly bath one Sunday night not long ago. A doctor was called at once and after close examination he confirmed that the apparition was indeed a profile of Saint Basta. "God," he said, "has visited this house!"

Since then, many others have been visiting the Amatuna house. Thousands of believers, some from as far away as Ecuador, have made pilgrimages to Rizutto, to view and worship at the blessed scrotum. In order to protect his son from the excitable and eager pilgrims, Amatuna has constructed a small stage device, much like a puppet theater, which permits Giuseppe to remain behind a curtain while his scrotum is displayed.

And what does young Giuseppe think about his holy scrotum and the fuss it's caused? He simply smiles and says, "The Lord has picked my testicles to do his work. I wish he'd picked my friend Arturo's, but that's life."



SAINT BASTA OF RIZUTTO, as he appears upon the scrotum of young Giuseppe Amatuna (see inset). Clergymen and scientists are closely studying the holy apparition to confirm its authenticity.

SEX SECRET REVEALED!

Jimmy Stewart's War Wound Doesn't Keep Him from Screwing Like a Mink

EVERYONE KNOWS that America's most beloved movie star, Jimmy Stewart, was a highly decorated bomber pilot in World War II. But until now he has kept the story of his near-fatal war wound a deep, dark secret.

When the *National Sexloid* heard rumors of the wound, we told Stewart we would print anything, no matter how vicious and obscene, if he didn't reveal the secret.

"My cock and balls were shot off in a bombing raid over Düsseldorf," said Stewart in his typical folksy, honest manner. "For a long time I was very upset about it and felt sorry for myself because my sex life didn't amount to a hill of beans. Then Hank [Henry Fonda, Stewart's closest friend], who had a similar problem, told me about a guy who did transplants. I said, 'Forget it, you're tampering with nature, you're playing God.' Hank said, 'You got any better ideas?'"



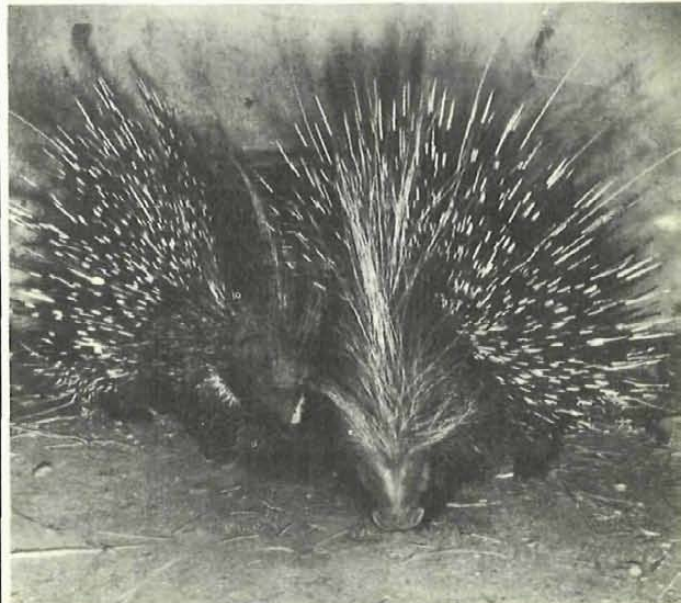
"So we had it done and I've never regretted it since. My sex life is fantastic. I can go fifteen, twenty times a day."

The *Sexloid* learned that Stewart's transplant came from Ali Muktar Mustafa Ben Hym, a Berber tribal chieftain and horseman who spent his last years as an extra and bit player in Hollywood.

"My wife joshes me about Muktar's thing and calls me 'Two-Tone.' But, so far, I haven't heard her complaining about the quality or the quantity," said Stewart.

HOW DO PORCUPINES PORK?

Very carefully.



MANDI SUE AND HOMER, the resident porcupines of the Melbourne Zoo, are trying to figure out how to fuck each other's bristles out. So far, it looks like they haven't gotten past first base.



SEXTROLOGY

Madam Pudenda's Crystal Ball

ARIES: Mar. 21—Apr. 19

● A woman with big tits will try to sell you land in Florida. Beware!

TAURUS: Apr. 20—May 20

● A handjob at a cocktail party pays off in an unexpected way!

GEMINI: May 21—June 21

● You and a loved one quarrel over anal sex. Meet him or her halfway.

CANCER: June 22—July 22

● Your employer promises a raise if you sit on his face. Can he be trusted?

LEO: July 23—Aug. 22

● Come stains in a strange place mar a magic evening. Keep your cool.

VIRGO: Aug. 23—Sept. 22

● Hard work around the water cooler pays off in a late-night mail-room fuck.

LIBRA: Sept. 23—Oct. 23

● Your boyfriend begs off sex for three weeks, claiming a sprained testicle. Consult a doctor.

SCORPIO: Oct. 24—Nov. 21

● Your dog gets an enormous hard-on and there's no one home but you. Think twice!

What Lies Ahead for You?

SAGITTARIUS: Nov. 22—Dec. 21

● Enjoy! A long-lost friend you used to fuck in high school turns up unexpectedly.

CAPRICORN: Dec. 22—Jan. 19

● You will meet a tall, dark foreigner, and blow him.

AQUARIUS: Jan. 20—Feb. 18

● Be on your guard! Someone you respect and trust will have too much to drink and will try to fuck you.

PISCES: Feb. 19—Mar. 20

● A secret fantasy will come true on a bus. Be sure to carry Kleenex.

The Sexloid Classified

INSTRUCTION

ANIMAL FUCKER. Learn the ins and outs of high-paying job for live sex shows, private parties. Write Bruno, Box 23, Gloucester, Mass. 02341

NORTH DAKOTA U. OF DOMINATION. Learn to be a master, keep your own sex slaves. Courses by mail. Write Karla, Box 37, Bismarck, N.D. 58694

TURKISH SEX SECRETS revealed by former Sultan. Learn how to keep erection for days. Akim Halvah, Box 49, Teterboro, N.J. 24822

PORN FILMMAKING for fun and profit. Learn how to shoot your own hard- and soft-core 8mm films and loops; sell them to sex shops, peep shows, etc. Easy-to-follow instructions. Do it in your own home. San Diego School of Porn, Box 987, San Diego, Cal. 69847

1,001 WAYS TO SATISFY A NYMPHOMANIAC. Learn the seven magic ways to keep a nymphomaniac happy for life. Write Tony T., Box 876, Winstead, Conn. 82391

PENIS THICKENER. Special exercises guaranteed to enlarge penis circumference. No risk. Approved by medical doctors. F-U Enterprises, Box 329, Newport Beach, Cal. 66412

PUSSY POLICE. Learn to be member of special branch of municipal police departments investigating illegal vaginas, smugglers, health violators. PP, Inc., 23-09 Washington Boulevard, Austin, Tex. 78908

CONTESTS AND SWEEPSTAKES

PERUVIAN PUSSY LOTTERY. Buy a share of a Peruvian teenager who will do anything to become a U.S. citizen. Winner gets love slave for life. Lottery International, New York, N.Y. 87098

NUDE BEAUTY CONTEST ENTRANTS. Send us your nude picture to qualify for worldwide beauty contests. Win money, meet people, go out to dinner. Val, Box 20, Waco, Tex. 67345

GUARANTEED WINNERS. All girls entering my contests will win a free fuck from me or my brother. No puzzles, no essays to write. Earl and Bobo, Box 456, Cranston, R.I. 98342

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

\$5,000 PER DAY. Unlimited potential for big money. No experience necessary. Must be tall, tough, well built, and black. We teach you everything. Write Times Square School of Pimping, Box 3, New York, N.Y. 10099

SELL YOUR JIZZ. Highest prices paid for desperately needed sperm in underdeveloped nations. Write for details. Val, Box 56, Long Beach, Cal. 87098

SELL NUDE PHOTOS of yourself by mail. We teach you how to set up the shots, how to start mail-order photo business. Free roll of film with course. Imperial Modeling Academy, Box 437, Redondo Beach, Cal. 57890

STUDS AND GIGOLOS needed for horny rich women in Florida, Saint-Tropez, Hong Kong, many other places. Opportunity for big money, financial security. Big cocks only. Send photo. Fleur-de-lis, Inc. 23-89 Collins Avenue, Miami Beach, Fla. 34409

VICE RING FRANCHISE available now. Lucrative, glamorous business includes call girls, gambling, S&M services, and more. No Mafia connections. Small starting fee. Anthony, Box 789, Long Beach, Cal. 83409

FUCK BY MAIL. New pyramid-club craze sweeping the nation. Everyone wins \$555. Easy rules, everyone will try it. Starting list provided at low cost. Vincent, Box 406, Los Angeles, Cal. 98765.

TEACH VOYEURING. Detailed instructions to make you a professional instructor in popular pastime. Satisfaction guaranteed. Free binocular case. Black Pearl School of Voyeurism, 2387 La Cienega, Los Angeles, Cal. 45980

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SEX BED. Fully equipped with vibrators, ticklers, French rotation, twelve-position mattress, mirrors, hidden erotic tapes. State of the art. Free set of black satin sheets. Reasonable. Ralph, Box 222, Elkhart, Ind. 76890

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ASTHMATIC CUNNINGGUS LOVER seeks sympathetic, patient ladies who don't mind a wheezer. Write Nathan P., Delray Beach, Fla. 33256

YOUNG FEMALE TV STARS need diversion, sex play after long days on the set. Refreshments, drugs free. "Dynasty," Universal TV Studios, Universal City, Cal. 92344

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HUGE ASS. San Diego woman with enormous ass seeks understanding male with same. Box 516, San Diego, Cal. 99032

CANCER PATIENT, terminal, seeks first-rate farewell rim job. Won't you help? Box 422, Encino, Cal. 92331

SIAMESE NOZZLE JOBS, by mail! Discretion, satisfaction guaranteed. Send \$14.95 to Wing Fat, Corpus Christi, Tex. 73034

SAINT BERNARD with "educated tongue" available to women's groups, sororities in Boston area. Write Chip, Box 444, Newton, Mass. 21362

RECENT CUBAN IMMIGRANT seeks sex with famous movie stars. No phonies, please. Juan, 232 West Chalupa, Miami, Fla. 42412

WELL-HUNG WIDOWER, white, 93, seeks widow, 90-95, with D-cup tits. Wire Pops, Rose Bowl Nursing Home, Pasadena, Cal. 99201

LEARN SEX TECHNIQUES of ancient Aztec priests. \$3, SASE. Offer void in states with death penalty. Prof. Marracas, U. of Yucatan, Chihuahua, Mexico

PAWNBROKER'S NIECE seeks older man with lust for living and three testicles. Madge, Box 962, Saint Louis, Mo. 55511

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DON'T LET HIS MEAT LOAF! And it won't, with these six chopped-meat recipes, each guaranteed to keep your hubby hard as rock. \$2.00, Rachel K., Louisville, Ky. 38601

SWAP MART

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ANITA EKBERG GLOSSIES, revealing 8" x 10" collector's items. Interested? Seek same of Terry Moore, Eve Arden, or Gale Storm. Write Richie, Box 1182, Saint Paul, Minn. 36402

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MY PLACE AND YOURS. Big Apple bachelor with exotic pad seeks bachelorette with same in Fla. You come to me for week of fucks 'n' sucks, then vice versa. No pigs. Antoine, Box 892, NYC 10088

MITTY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52)
pulous jungle parks do! To think we paid eighteen dollars for a drive through a sandlot full of monkeys! I'm going to give those people a piece of my mind!"

THE TRIP HAD GONE ROTTEN THE third day out. Jonathan Edwards had spent the day trying to photograph a big buff, and his wife, Tilly, had worked with him. He was using a Nikon with a 700mm lens. Too big a lens for the heat. He was trying for too much distance. Anyway it was too much camera altogether for Jonathan Edwards. His wife knew it and Walter Mitty knew it. What the hell. They were the clients.

After a day of this kind of shooting, a hot day that had driven Mitty and the two boys under a tree a little farther down the prominence, they were feeling hot and bad.

"He should be going to a higher-speed film now," thought Walter Mitty, as purple shadows began to spread out from the irregularities in the broad prairie they overlooked. Dusk came surprisingly fast on this flat land. Still surprising to Walter Mitty after forty years. He sipped a whiskey and soda and listened to the click of the camera's shutter and the quick whirr of the motor drive.

"He shoots too much and too fast," thought Mitty. He was about to get up and suggest they head back to camp when Tilly Edwards began screaming.

"Idiot, moron, fool!"

At least she wasn't one of those icy

bitches who keep things bottled up, thought Mitty, wondering what was wrong. She was another kind of bitch. He learned what was wrong pretty fast.

"This idiot's been shooting high-speed film all day. Do you know what his shutter speed was? A fiftieth. Do you know what he had the goddamn aperture set at?...f2.8!"

"I don't think they should sell cameras with manual settings to people like you!" She swung angrily to face her husband in the jeep, where he sat behind her in the jump seat with the two boys. Mitty drove slowly.

"Maybe not. But just leave it alone. I feel rotten. I feel goddamn rotten."

Mitty felt sorry for Jonathan Edwards. Not because he was a fool. Mitty didn't feel sorry for fools. He felt sorry that his wife was a bitch. Even a fool shouldn't get stuck with a bitch. But somehow bitches always find their fools.

"PUT OVER! STOP THE CAR!" ORDERED Mrs. Mitty. "I'm getting out. I've got to relieve myself. Stop, Walter!" Mrs. Mitty grabbed a large wad of tissues from her capacious handbag.

"What about the lions, dear..." ventured Walter Mitty. "We're not supposed to get out of the car. The man said..."

"Don't be silly, Walter," said Mrs. Mitty, cutting him short. "I've told you already, there are no lions here!"

"But the monkeys, you said they bite," said Mr. Mitty lamely. His wife already had the door half-open. "They don't bite me, Walter. Now keep the door closed until I return. I'll be right back. I'm going right behind those

bushes." Her speech was cut off by the slamming of the door. Walter reached over and shoved down the locking button. He always felt safer if the doors were locked. He had been told by his wife many times it was safer.

THAT NIGHT MRS. JONATHAN EDWARDS had come to Walter Mitty's tent. He hadn't sent her away. He never sent away his clients' wives. He never turned down their whiskey.

She was a bitch in bed, too. A vertical bitch and a horizontal bitch, all screams and claws and tearing his back and grunting and shrieking obscenities that he was sure her husband was supposed to hear.

He gave it to her hard and fast, hoping to wear her down, to overcome her, to silence her and still the claws that raked his back to a bloody road map of passion and hysteria. Finally her nails broke off and it was just her fists pounding weakly and the blood running down his sides and his own soft grunts into her silence like a big cat satisfied, finishing a gorge begun with roars and all action. Finally she was still, and like a big cat Walter Mitty fell asleep after his meal.

THE MEN FROM GREAT EXPERIENCE Jungle Park shot the lion that had mauled and partially eaten Walter Mitty's wife and the sound brought him awake with a jolt. Suddenly the men who killed the lion were all around him. He did not even hear the window breaking as they forced their way in to the car.

"He's in shock," said one man. "After what he's seen... God, who wouldn't be?"

"You can see the blood from her hands on the window on the passenger's side," said another, and the first man gave him a glance suggesting silence.

"What happened, mister?" asked the first man.

"My wife will tell you," said Walter Mitty. "She's just gone to the toilet."

"Christ, he's in shock," said the first man again. They helped him out of his Dodge Omni Miser and into the big four-wheeled patrol vehicle.

Mitty was in shock all right, thought Walter Mitty, but so would you be if you just inherited 7.8 million dollars and a house and a Dodge Omni Miser.

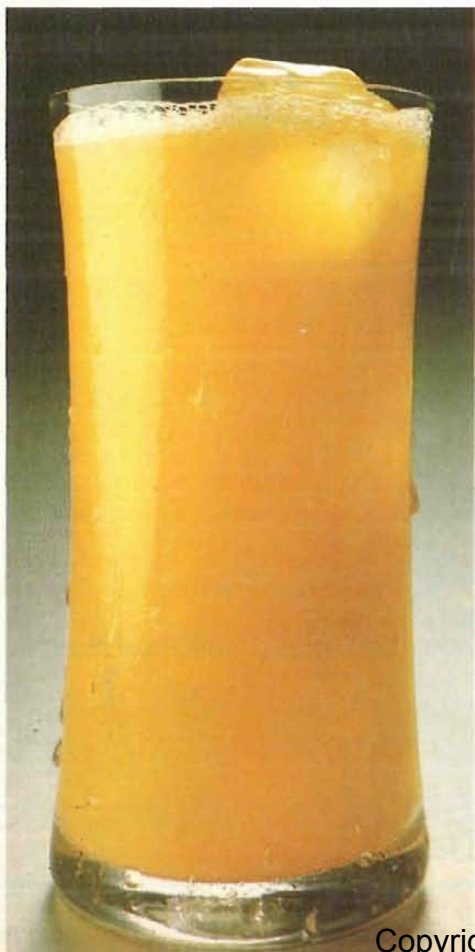
"I think I'll sell that car," thought Walter Mitty, "and then maybe I'll take a little safari. A real safari. A safari to someplace like Bali. Yes, that's just what I'll do."

Walter Mitty leaned back in the big station wagon and closed his eyes and Polynesian girls began to dance all around him.



"How about something like 'Good luck,' or 'Good feelings,' or 'Happy wishes'?"

"Somewhere soon you'll discover our Puerto Rican white rum."



"Puerto Rican white rum makes the best screwdriver. Better than gin. Better than vodka."

Luis Soto, film director and his wife, Laura Mola, lawyer.

It's happening in beach houses, penthouses, ski houses and town houses. Everywhere you look, white rum from Puerto Rico is being used instead of gin or vodka. In screwdrivers, Bloody Marys, mixed with tonic, soda or on the rocks.

The reason? Smoothness. By law, all rum from Puerto Rico must be aged at least one year. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

Make sure the rum is from Puerto Rico.

Great rum has been made in Puerto Rico for almost five centuries. Our specialized skills and dedication have produced rums of exceptional dryness and purity. No wonder over 86% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.



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For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. NL-4, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10102 © 1982 Government of Puerto Rico

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Foto Funnies

I LIKE YOU A LOT. I THINK YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL.



OH, THANK YOU.



REALLY?

I THINK WE COULD BE VERY COMPATIBLE... IN A PHYSICAL SENSE.

I CAN FEEL IT. I'VE GOT A SIXTH SENSE ABOUT THESE THINGS.



YES?

I DON'T WANT TO SOUND MACHO OR ANYTHING, BUT...



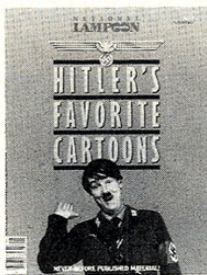
WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A LITTLE FUCK?



HELLO, LITTLE FUCK.



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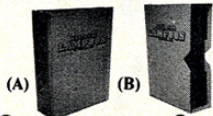
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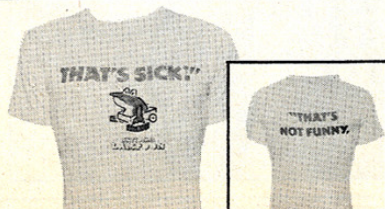


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Indicate the products you wish to purchase, enclose check or money order, place in envelope, and send to:

National Lampoon, Dept. NL 982, 635 Madison Avenue, New York N.Y. 10022

Please enclose \$1.50 for postage and handling for each order under \$5.00, and \$2.00 for orders over \$5.00. New York State residents, please add 8 percent sales tax.

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ I have enclosed a total of \$ _____

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> (A-1001) \$ 6.95 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1007A) \$ 4.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (A-1002) \$ 7.95 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1008) \$ 2.50 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (A-1003) \$ 7.95 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1014) \$ 2.50 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (CB-1001) \$ 5.95 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1020) \$ 2.50 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1001) \$ 4.50 each. | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1021) \$ 4.95 each |
| 2 for \$ 8.00. | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1023) \$ 2.95 each |
| 3 for \$10.50. | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1024) \$ 4.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1003)-(A)-(B) \$20.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1025) \$ 3.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1004)-(A)-(B) \$20.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1026) \$ 3.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1005)-(A)-(B) \$20.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1030) \$ 5.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1006)-(A)-(B) \$20.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1032) \$19.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1007)-(A)-(B) \$20.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1033) \$ 4.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1008)-(A)-(B) \$20.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1034) \$ 2.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1009)-(A)-(B) \$20.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1035) \$ 4.95 each |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1036) \$ 2.95 each |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1037) \$ 2.95 each |

- | | |
|---|-------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1019) \$ 3.95 each | Circle one: |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1024) \$ 4.95 each | S M L |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1026) \$ 4.95 each | S M L |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1027) \$ 6.00 each | S M L |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1028) \$ 6.00 each | S M L |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1029) \$ 4.95 each | S M L |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1030) \$29.95 each | S M L |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1031) \$ 6.00 each | S M L |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1034) \$12.95 each | S M L XL |

Color: _____
 (TS-1032) \$ 5.95 each
 (TS-1033) \$13.95 each

F R O G



GEOFFREY BARIS

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. *National Lampoon* shirts are available only by mail. The price? Just \$12.95, plus postage and handling. Order yours today and insure yourself the respect your discernment and taste deserve.



Also available in blue and yellow at \$13.95 each.

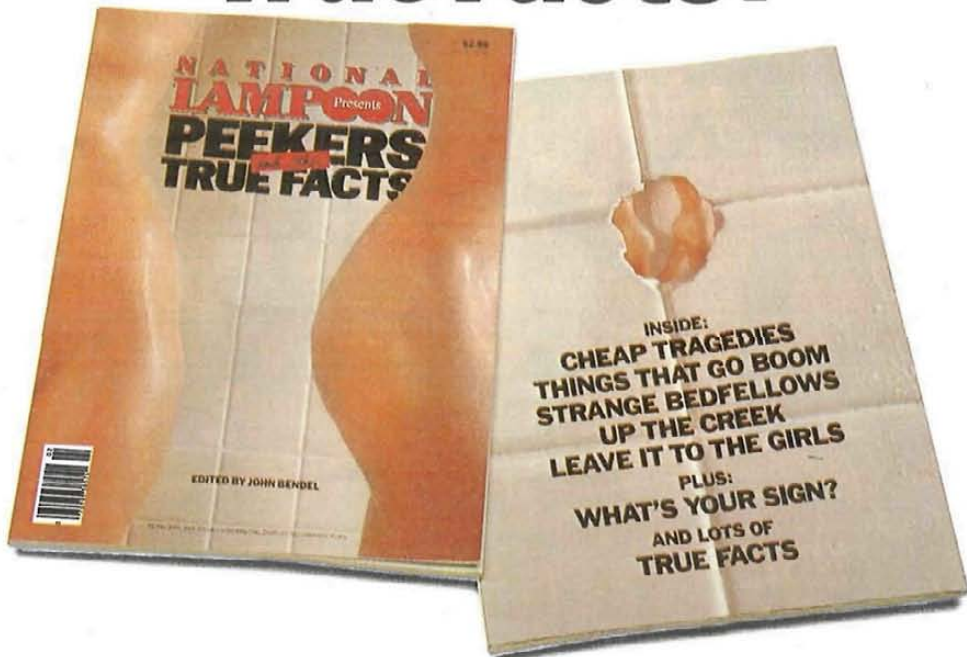
ANNOUNCING FROG

National Lampoon now offers the most prestigious shirt in America, and at a price that prestigious people can afford.

FROG DRAWING BY CARTOONIST SAM GROSS

Name _____
 Address _____
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 Please send me _____ (write) *National Lampoon* frog shirts at \$12.95 each, plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.
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 small _____ medium _____ large _____
 I enclose \$ _____ to: **National Lampoon, Dept. 992, 835 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022**

You'll never believe what's on page 28 of *National Lampoon's* *Peekers and Other* *True Facts!*



It's all new, all true. It's a brand-new edition of True Facts from *National Lampoon*, containing page upon page of facts and photos never before published. And you'll never believe what's on page 28. But then you won't believe what's on page 90 either, or page 50, or...

Never mind. Just seek out *Peekers*.

Only \$2.95.

Sirs:

Please send me _____ copies of *National Lampoon's Peekers and Other True Facts* at \$2.95 each. I enclose \$1.00 for postage and handling. My check is payable to *National Lampoon*.

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CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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Send it in. ▶

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Send this card today for free information from *National Lampoon* advertisers.

Check the boxes at right for the information you wish to receive. It will be sent directly from the advertiser. Deadline for this service: October 22, 1982.

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Deadline for this service: October 22, 1982.

1. *Finlandia* Send for Finlandia Vodka Recipe Book.
2. *Toshiba* (page 1) For detailed information on Toshiba's new CX receivers.
3. *St. Pauli Girl* (page 2) Send for information.
4. *Lynchburg Hardware & General Store* (page 19) Free catalog of Jack Daniel's memorabilia and other hard-to-find goods.
5. *Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab* (page 18) Limited-edition, original master recordings.
6. *Panasonic* (page 21) Panasonic Car Audio Supreme Series—Ambience.
7. *Mt. Gay Rum* (page 24) Free brochure on history of Mt. Gay Rum and Barbados.
8. *Budweiser* (page 29) Free poster of "Miss Budweiser," reigning Hydroplane World Champion.
9. *Fujitsu Ten* (page 31) Send for free brochure.
10. *Seagram's 7 Crown* (page 33) Send for more information.
11. *Allsop* (page 34) Free high-fidelity equipment care guide.
12. *Myers's Rum* (page 43) Send for free Myers's Rums drink and food recipe booklet.
13. *Rums of Puerto Rico* (page 65) Free recipe booklet.
14. *Blue Angel* (page 94) Free catalog listing rare/valuable records and books.
15. *Mitsubishi* (page 76) Send for the Diamond Collection Catalog.
16. *The House of Rizla* (page 82) Free pack of "papers." Check this box for free pack of either E-Z Wider or Joker papers. (Circle one.)
17. *Jack Daniel's* (page 91) If you would like to know more about Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey, just drop us a line.
18. *Club Cigarette Papers* (page 92) Free decal and catalog.
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21. *Pack Central* (page 67) Free catalog of thousands of records and tapes, etc.
22. *Canon* (cover 3) Send for free color literature on Canon SLR cameras.

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S-1

Pass it on. ▶

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21. *Pack Central* (page 67) Free catalog of thousands of records and tapes, etc.
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Name _____

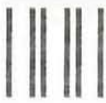
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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

S-2

Send your card today.

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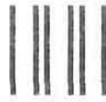
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TRUE SECTION

True Facts

POLICE IN NEW ORLEANS, Louisiana, charged Michael Whalen, thirty-one, with posing as a doctor after two women claimed that he had fondled their breasts, ostensibly to see if they qualified as potential volunteer burping instructors. Whalen had presented himself as the head of a federal burping program for the elderly who was seeking volunteers to help seniors to belch more healthfully. To qualify for the program, he told would-be instructors, they had to submit to a breast examination to determine if they burped properly themselves. *UPI* (contributed by Bob Katerzynske)

RESCUERS WHO ARE COMMONLY warned to clear the throats and mouths of patients before administering mouth-to-mouth resuscitation are now being warned to clear their own throats and mouths as well.

Writing in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, five doctors at the White Memorial Medical Center in Los Angeles, California, described the case of a bartender who went to the aid of a sixty-year-old man stricken at a social function. The bartender administered mouth-to-mouth resuscitation until the victim was taken to the hospital, where it was discovered that the bartender's dental bridge had become lodged in the victim's throat. *New York Times* (contributed by Arlene Lappen)

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, CABDRIVER William T. Hardison, forty, filed a \$500 lawsuit against former lover Elizabeth Ann Honig, claiming that she had left a dead chicken and a voodoo doll on his porch, along with a note that read, "A curse upon you. A curse upon your dog, Fidel Castro. A curse upon your emotional and sexual relationships with every woman you are presently in-

involved with or ever will be. May the gods of voodoo curse you."

Hardison, whose dog is named Fidel Castro, explained that the curse was probably the result of a prank he had played on Honig twenty years ago, in which he hung her upside down and naked out of a second-floor window refusing to release her until she came up with a "password." According to Hardison, the password was "How much wood could a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?" *UPI* (contributed by Dolores Rider)

THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED Police swooped down on a number of motels in Grande Prairie, Alberta, and confiscated "adult" films used for in-room entertainment. According to motel owners, the police seized one Walt Disney movie during their purge of obscene material. The film was *The Black Hole*. *CP* (contributed by Vicki McCuaig)

FLORIDA STATE OFFICIALS HAD charged Faith Moynihan, twenty-five, of Fort Lauderdale, with practicing

medicine without a license, but dropped the charge when Moynihan agreed to obtain a state license before practicing as a midwife again. Moynihan, who is also known as Faith Darlene Biggie, had been accused of sitting on a pregnant woman's face to induce childbirth. *Fort Lauderdale News* (contributed by Charles Donnelly)

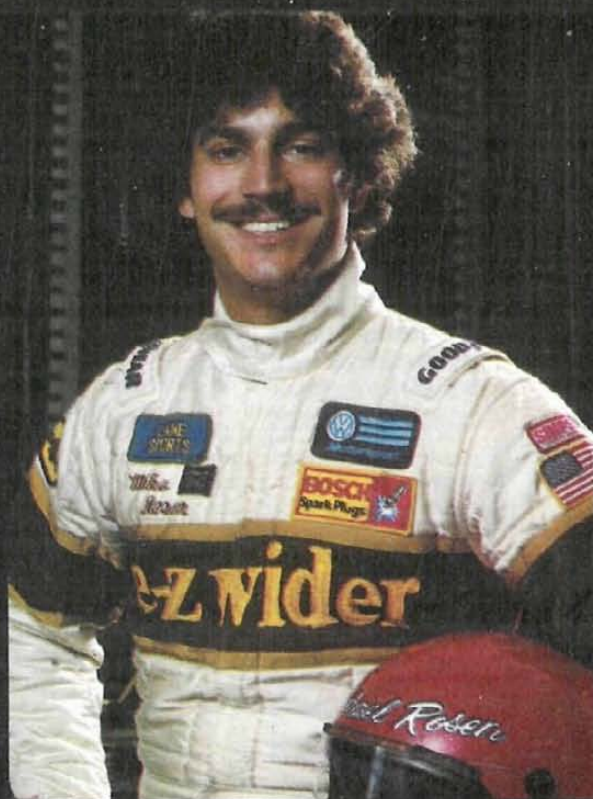
SPEAKING BEFORE A HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES subcommittee on the subject of drug abuse by American armed forces in Europe, a Defense Department official said that while troops still use too much alcohol and marijuana, the use of hard drugs has dropped dramatically. Nevertheless, he asserted, our military readiness is "as high as it has ever been." *Detroit News* (contributed by Douglas Heller)

A GILROY, CALIFORNIA, MAN complained to police there that he was the victim of a skunk attack. He told officers that another man brought a dead skunk into his house and rubbed him with it. *Dispatch* (contributed by Muriel Millwood)

Photo for Thought



Dallas Watkins, New York, N.Y.



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 them: e-z



wider cigarette rolling papers. They're simply the finest you can buy anywhere. Each leaf in an e-z wider booklet is made of the highest quality, watermarked rice paper with a thin line of natural gum arabic for a perfect seal every time. And e-z widers are now available in the tradi-

tional doublewide, 1½ and 1¼ widths...and our newest ultra-thin e-z wider lights in 1½ widths. So whatever your smoking preference may be, e-z wider's got your size. And remember, when you're rolling your own, roll e-z.

MAIL TO:
The House of Rizla, Mail Order Division
Box 5428 Hicksville, New York 11816

Yes, I'm ready to roll my own e-z way. Please send me the following boxes of e-z wider cigarette rolling papers. I certify that I am at least 18 years old.

_____ Boxes, 25 bklets e-z wider double wide @ \$9.60

(N.Y. residents add 7¼% sales tax) Total \$ _____

Money Order VISA # _____ Exp. _____

Master Card #, _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____
Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery

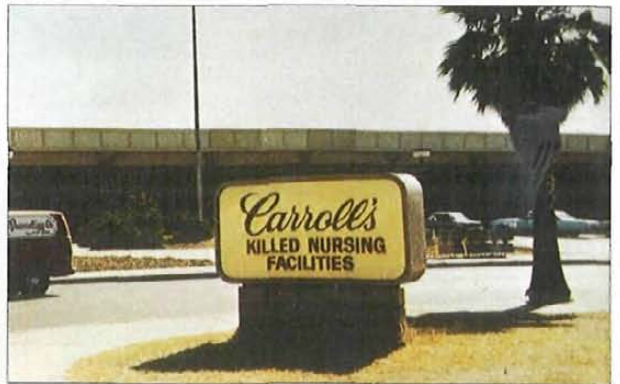


Missing Letters

Readers' Page



Jack Kunces, Marion, Mass.



Michael Ray Armstrong, El Cajon, Cal.



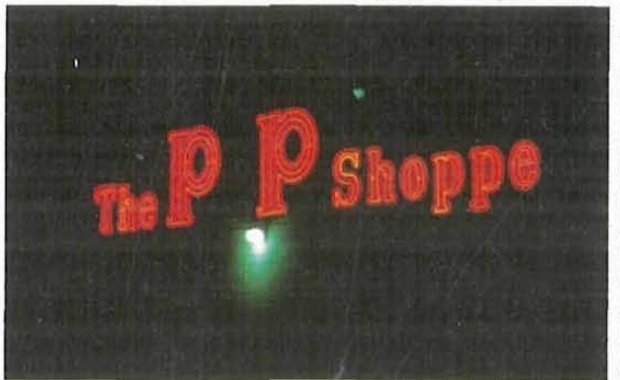
Stacy Fisher, Canoga Park, Cal.



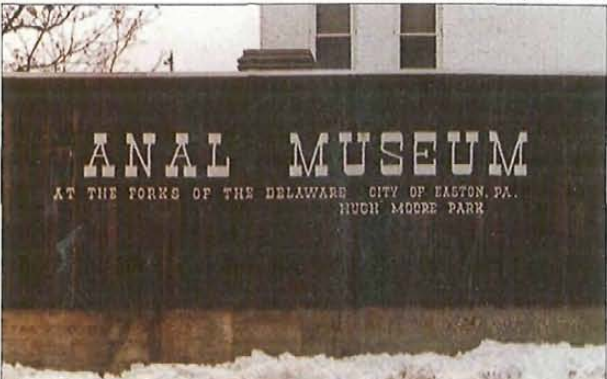
Brian Carter, New Haven, Conn.



Robert L. Moore, Layton, Utah



Robb Jacobs, Big Sky, Mont.



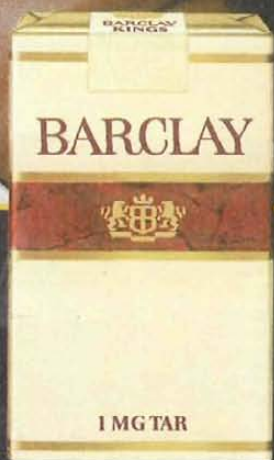
Beth Kuebler, Easton, Pa.



Greg Cress, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Regular, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

© 1982 B & W T Co.



99% tar free.

The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY

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

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Funny Pages

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

THE STORY: SLIGHTLY INJURED BY A TRUCK, DEIRDRE IS TAKEN TO A HOSPITAL. BLIND BOB GOES TO VISIT HER AND ENTERS THE WRONG ROOM, MISTAKING A MRS. WINGGRAB'S HEMORRHOIDS FOR DEIRDRE'S FACE. HE IS ELATED, BELIEVING THAT DR. THYME HAS SURGICALLY BRASED DEIRDRE'S HIDEOUS FEATURES. BLIND BOB CONGRATULATES HIM ON HIS SKILL... DR. THYME IS CONVULSED WITH LAUGHTER AT BLIND BOB'S FAUX PAS.

OH, YOU BLIND PEOPLE! YOU SURE DO SOME FUNNY THINGS SOMETIMES! HA, HA, HA, HA, MISTAKING MRS. WINGGRAB'S HEMORRHOIDS FOR DEIRDRE CALLAHAN'S FACE, HA, HA, HA!



STATE YOUR FULL NAME.

BLIND ALFRED WOODROW WILSON BOB.

...AND HAVING ALSO SEEN, SO TO SPEAK, RUTH WINGGRAB'S HEMORRHOIDS, WOULD YOU NOT SAY THAT HER HEMORRHOIDS HAVE A CERTAIN VOLUPTUOUS QUALITY - PULSATING WARM GLOBULES NOT UNLIKE A CLUSTER OF GRAPES IN THE AUGUST SUN?



YEAH... I'D SAY THEY WERE NICE HEMORRHOIDS. NOT GREAT HEMORRHOIDS, BUT PRETTY GOOD ONES!

I HEARD THAT, DOCTOR - COMPARING MY WIFE RUTH'S HEMORRHOIDS TO DEIRDRE CALLAHAN'S FACE! WELL, LAUGH THIS OFF, MISTER! ON BEHALF OF MY WIFE I'M SUING YOU FOR \$500 FOR DEFAMATION OF PRIVATE PARTS, DERISION OF ANAL AREAS AND SLANDER!



NOW THEN, MR. BLIND BOB, YOU HAVE SEEN DEIRDRE CALLAHAN'S FACE - THAT IS, NOT VISUALLY, BUT WITH YOUR HANDS - IS THAT CORRECT?



YOUR HONOR, AT THIS TIME I WOULD LIKE TO SUBMIT THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF RUTH WINGGRAB'S LOVELY HEMORRHOIDS!



VERY NICE, MR. VARGAS, VERY, VERY NICE!!!

MR. WINGGRAB FOLLOWS THROUGH AND FIVE MONTHS LATER THE JURY-WAIVED TRIAL BEGINS.

YOUR HONOR, WE WILL PROVE THAT BY COMPARING MY CLIENT'S HEMORRHOIDS TO THE HIDEOUS FACE OF DEIRDRE CALLAHAN, DOCTOR THYME IS GUILTY OF MONSTROUS SLANDER!



I CALL TO THE STAND AN EYE-WITNESS - MR. BLIND BOB!

OBJECTION! HOW CAN SOMEONE WHO IS BLIND BE AN EYEWITNESS?

DON'T BE TIRE-SOME, MR. HEDGEROW. OVERRULED!

...UH... WELL... WHAT YOU SAY IS... IT'S... I GUESS YOU COULD SAY... I THINK... COURSE, IT'S NOT LIKE...

GENTLEMEN, INASMUCH AS IT'S FRIDAY, I SUGGEST WE ADJOURN UNTIL MONDAY. MR. VARGAS, I WONDER IF I MIGHT TAKE THIS PHOTO OF PLAINTIFF'S HEMORRHOIDS WITH ME TO STUDY OVER THE WEEKEND?



OF COURSE, YOUR HONOR.

YOUR HONOR, IS IT OKAY IF I MAKE A XEROX OF IT TO TAKE HOME?

CONTINUED

Excursions: *Life in Russia*

by Rick Geary



LET'S SEE WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON INSIDE SOVIET RUSSIA.



FOLKS HERE SEEM, AT FIRST, TO BE MOROSE AND MELANCHOLIC.



AND SMALL WONDER: THEY ARE REQUIRED TO STAND IN LONG LINES ALL DAY...



THEIR CUISINE CONSISTS MOSTLY OF TURNIPS AND MUD...



ALL OF THEIR APPAREL IS TOO LARGE...



YET IN THE FRINGE OF THEIR MINDS, THEY'RE A BOSTERUS AND RICALD BUNCA...



AS ARE THEIR BEASTS.



THIS OLD GENTLEMAN IS POSSESSED OF A SALTY HUMOR.



SOMETIMES THE NITE SKY IS LIT BY WHAT ARE CALLED "ATOM BALLS."



SO IT LOOKS LIKE EVERYONE'S PRETTY HAPPY AFTER ALL.

Ward C

by Tom Cheney



Popular Problems

by Ron Hauge



Politenessman

by Ron Barrett

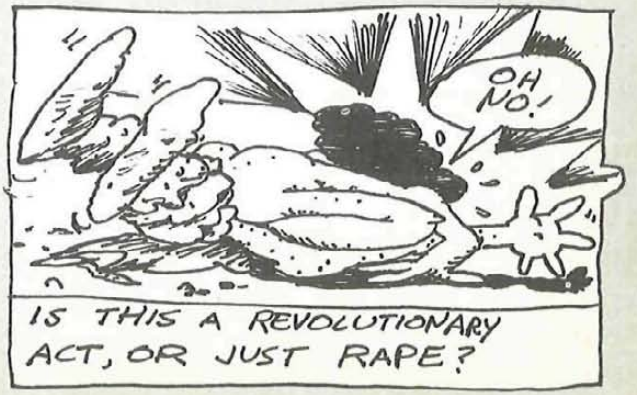


The Rabbit Boy

CHAPTER 16

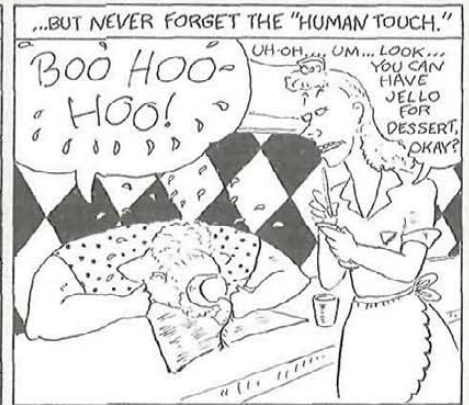
by Len Glasser

WHILE MAKING "THE BITTER WINE OF YETTA SHILLER," FOR WERNER FASSBINDER, THE GERMAN NEW-WAVE DIRECTOR, THE ENTIRE CAST AND CREW INCLUDING **BERT** HAS BEEN TAKEN HOSTAGE BY REVOLUTIONARIES.



Lessons in Life

by Mimi Pond



Aunt Mary's Kitchen

by M. K. Brown

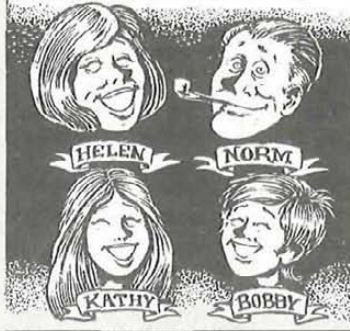


NEXT MONTH: MARK GETS A HAIRCUT

The Appletons

by B. K. Taylor

A Saga of an American Family



©1982 B.K.Taylor CAPTIONED FOR THE HEARING IMPAIRED

ON A BEAUTIFUL SATURDAY MORNING IN GREENDALE, WE HEAR THE CHEERY WHISTLE OF THE MAILMAN COMING UP THE FRONT WALK OF THE APPLETON RESIDENCE.



...UNTIL ANOTHER SOUND BREAKS THE AIR.



HI, PETE! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT FOR ME TODAY? I JUST LOVE SATURDAYS - THE TARZAN ADVENTURE HOUR, BULLWINKLE, DAFFY DUCK, AND THE WONDERFUL SURPRISES THE MAIL BRINGS. DID YOU BRING ME SOMETHING FUN?... JACK...HUH?



OH, LOOK! MY SMIRF CLUB KIT - HOT DAMN! THANKS, PETE!!



SEE YOU LATER, PETE!



LATER, AS THE MAILMAN WORKS THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET...



HEY, PETE! NO HARD FEELINGS! COME ON OVER FOR A DRINK - WHAD' YA SAY?

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, APPLETON?

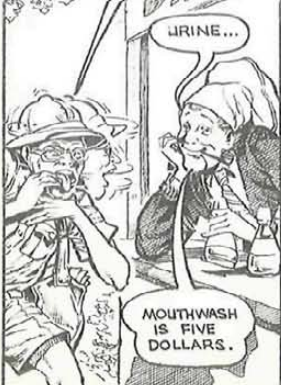


JUST MAKING A LITTLE MONEY DURING THESE HARD TIMES...

WELL, YOU WON'T MAKE MUCH AT THESE PRICES! ALL RIGHT, I'LL TRY SOME.



WHAT THE HELL IS THIS !!?



THANK YOU.



YOU'RE GONNA HEAR ABOUT THIS, APPLETON!



... I LOVE SATURDAYS



Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15)

Sirs:

This letter is to introduce myself to you. I would like to work for your funny magazine. These are my credentials. I was Class Clown '81 (I'm the guy who dropped the M-80 in the faculty toilet). I also wrote a limerick for *The Unicorn*, our school literary magazine. I'm trying to think if there's anything else to qualify me to write humor. Oh, yeah, I almost forgot. One night Skip and I got loaded and told each other all the jokes we knew. He ran out of jokes about 4:30, but I kept on going till the sun came up. That's about it. Oh, listen, if there aren't any openings right now, could you keep this on file in case somebody quits or dies? Thanks!

Ronnie "Animal" Bartolo
St. Louis, Mo.

Sirs:

Grenades don't kill people—it's the shrapnel that does it.

Buck Skeet
President
National Grenade Owners Association
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

You know what's amazing? It's amazing how the parents of Fatty Arbuckle, Chubby Checker, Stubby Kaye, and Fats Domino guessed that their kids would grow up fat and named them accordingly. Slim Pickens's parents really missed the boat, however.

Fatty Matty
Cincinnati

Sirs:

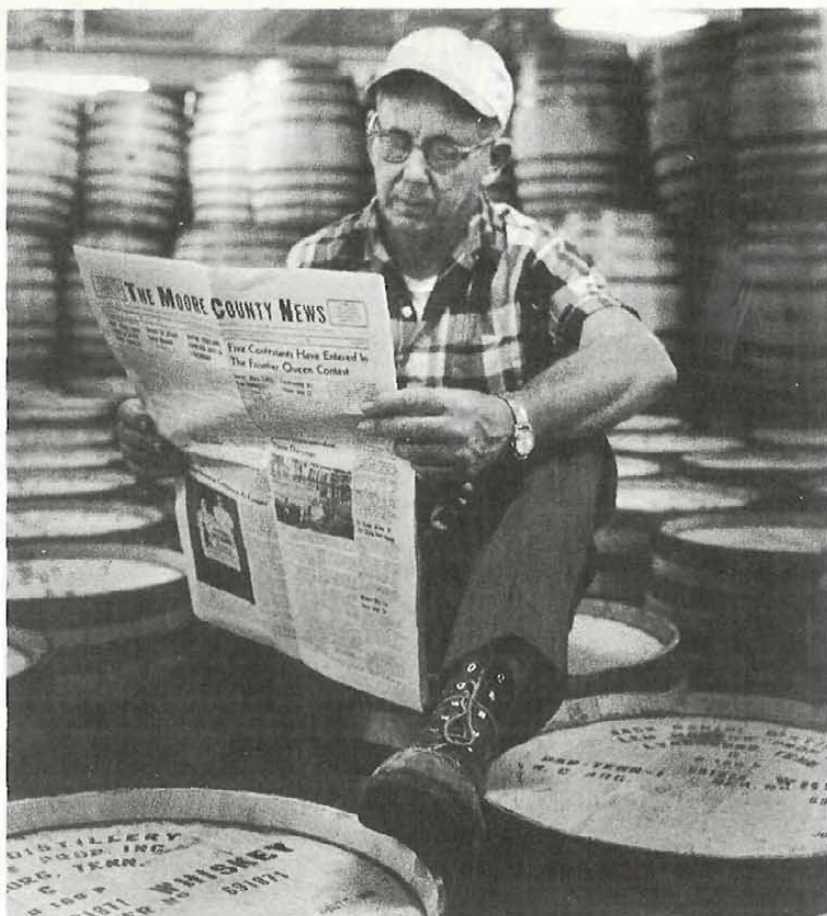
It's great being a fireman. Anytime I'm late for anything, I just get in the truck, turn up the siren, and weave my way through traffic at ninety miles an hour. You'd be surprised how much time I can save.

Bill Murphy
Philadelphia, Pa.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 95)

NATIONAL
LAMPOON'S
CLASS REUNIO

Coming this Fall
to a theater near you.
You have to
be there to see it.



If you'd like subscription information on this little paper, drop us a line.

A MAN can read the Moore County News in just five minutes. That's all it takes to keep up with Moore County.

Occasionally, you'll see a piece on Jack Daniel's Distillery. Like when Jack Bateman broke his arm rolling barrels to the warehouse. Or when Frank Bobo (our head distiller) had his grandson born. But normally we don't make the paper much. You see, we've been charcoal mellowing whiskey here at Jack Daniel's since 1866. And according to the editor, there's no news in that anymore.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROPS
BY DROP

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

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76. HOW CAN I SAY LOVE YOU WHEN YOU ARE SITTING ON MY FACE?
77. AN ELEVEN IS A 10 THAT SWALLOWS
78. SEX WITH ANIMALS IS BETTER THAN THE CHICK YOU'RE WITH.
79. I MIGHT LIKE YOU BETTER IF WE SLEPT TOGETHER.
80. HUMPTY DUMPTY WAS PUSHED.
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84. I FUCK ON THE FIRST DATE
85. IF YOU ARE TRYING TO ACT LIKE AN ASSHOLE, YOU ARE DOING A GREAT JOB.
86. DROP YOUR PANTS, I THINK I KNOW YOU.
87. CAN I BUY BACK MY INTRODUCTION TO YOU?
88. I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, LET'S TRY IT.
89. PRESIDENT REAGAN SAID, "IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE," SO LET'S FUCK.
90. GO SUCK A FAT
91. SEX IS NEVER HAPPY TO SAY YOU'RE HONRY.
92. I'M SO HAPPY I COULD JUST FART!
93. I WOULDN'T FUCK HER WITH YOUR DICK.
94. I ONLY SLEEP WITH THE BEST!
95. BRUDES SAVED MY LIFE
96. SHIT FUCK DAMN FISS HELL
97. I DON'T NEED LIFE 'M HIGH ON DRUGS
98. EAT SHIT & DIE!
99. HAVE A SHIRTY DAY!
100. TOO DRUNK TO FUCK!
101. MY MOM THINKS I'M AT THE MOVIES
102. REALITY IS FOR PEOPLE WHO CAN'T HANDLE DRUGS
103. DON'T FUCK WITH MY REALITY!
104. HAVE A NICE DAY, FUCK SOMEONE
105. LIFE IS LIKE A SHIT SANDWICH, THE MORE BREAD YOU HAVE, THE LESS SHIT YOU HAVE TO EAT.
106. IT'S SO FUCKIN' GREAT TO BE ALIVE
107. I'M NOT AS THIN AS YOU STONED I AM
108. THE MORAL MAJORITY SUCKS
109. I MIGHT NOT ALWAYS BE RIGHT, BUT I'M NEVER WRONG.
110. SEX HAS NO CALORIES
111. I HAVE TROUBLE REMEMBERING NAMES—CAN I CALL YOU ASSHOLE?
112. YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO SIT ON MY FACE.
113. EAT SHIT & DIE MOTHER FUCKER
47. MY FACE IS LEAVING AT NINE, BE ON IT, 60. AS LONG AS I HAVE A FACE, YOU HAVE A PLACE TO SIT.
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30. SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME
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18. THE MORE WE TALK, THE LESS TIME WE HAVE TO FOOL AROUND.
19. NO TEENIE WENIES
20. MINES BIGGER
22. IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE WHEN YOU'RE AS GREAT AS I AM
23. BOY, SURE LIKE TO TOUCH THOSE!
61. I'M SO HONRY EVEN THE CRACK OF DAWN ISN'T SAFE
02. I MAY NOT GO DOWN IN HISTORY, BUT I'LL GO DOWN ON YOUR LITTLE SISTER
63. HOW CAN YOU SOAR WITH EAGLES WHEN YOU WORK WITH TURKEYS?
64. YOUR CRITICISM IS GREATLY APPRECIATED, FUCK YOU VERY MUCH.
65. I'M A FUCKING GENIUS
68. FUCK OFF
67. LIFE IS A BED OF ROSES, BUT WATCH OUT FOR THE THICKS
68. THE WORD OF THE DAY IS LEGS, HELP HELP SPREAD THE WORD.
69. YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO GO FUCK YOURSELF

70. I'M THE KIND OF GUY YOUR MOTHER WARNED YOU ABOUT.
24. PARTY SIZE
25. 1980'S SLOW CARS—FAST WOMEN
28. I DO... BUT NOT WITH YOU
27. LOVE ME 'TILL I SCREAM
28. I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD
29. I'M FOR LUST
31. I WANT A MEAL NOT A SNAACK!
32. ONE OF A KIND
33. DON'T LAUGH, COULD YOU DO BETTER IF YOU WERE BLIND?
34. GO POUND SAND!
35. SCHOOL SUCKS!
36. ASK ME IF I CARE
37. SNOW BLIND
38. LISTEN TO WHAT I MEAN, NOT WHAT I SAY.
39. TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT!
40. WHEN EVERYTHING'S RIGHT, NOTHING MATTERS
41. KART RACERS DO IT ON ALL FOURS.

- 39k. I ♥ KIDDIE PORN
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The Jazz History & I. Armstrong at Carnegie Hall, M. Jackson, Miller, Ellington, Basie, Goodman, Fitzgerald, Scott Joplin, Bechet, Jelly Roll Morton, Dorsey, Walker, Crosby, etc. Usually 1 album per person/orchestra. Jazz line 33-101/110, 33-117/126. In 2 boxes. Made in Germany. ***** 20 LPs a steal for only \$49.99. **#132110**



Who can resist this Who collection? The ORIGINAL, un-censored, unimpairer with Who Albums from '65 to '78, as released in Europe. My Generation (orig. Mono), A Quick One, Who Sell Out, Tommy (2LP with libretto), Live at Leeds (RARITY: with b/w photos, scrapbook mat. etc.) Who's Next. Quadrophenia (2LP with 4pp photo album) The Who By Numbers, Who Are You. Collector's item. Original covers, original labels plus slip case. Polydor 2675216. Md./Germ. ***** 11 LPs only \$79.99. **#124766**

The complete Rolling Stones Songbook. If you are a Rolling Stones addict, this is the book to saturate your habit. Compiled in England, at the source of the Stones, it contains the music and words of all the 180 songs which the Rolling Stones composed from 1963 to 1980. Including their infamous "Cockcrowd Blues." The music is arranged for easy guitar with chord symbols. The discography lists all officially released LP records from 1963 to 1980. Over 70 photographs and a detailed index. Printed in England. A real fat BOOK, over 300 pages, hardcover. As far as we know, this book has not been offered in the U.S. yet. All this at only \$13.90. **#143113**

More Original Re-Releases
Joe Cocker: "With a Little Help." (With a Little Help, Feeling Alright, etc.) CUBE INT 126.301 Md in Germany. * 1 Stereo LP only \$5.99. **#125164**

Procol Harum: "Home." (Whisky Train, etc.) Rolling Stone. "Presses further into harder rocking territory." CUBE INT 126.306 Md in Germany. * 1 Stereo LP only \$5.99. **#125040**

Procol Harum: "A Whiter Shade of Pale." (A Whiter Shade of Pale, Conquistador, etc.) CUBE INT 126.300 Md in Germany. * 1 Stereo LP only \$5.99. **#124722**



John Lennon: "Rock 'n' Roll." (Be-Bop-A-Lula, Stand By Me, Sweet Little 16, etc.) MFP 50522 Md in England. * 1 Stereo LP only \$5.99. **#125147**

George Harrison: Best of. (My Sweet Lord, Here Comes the Sun, etc.) MFP 50523 Md in England. * 1 Stereo LP only \$5.99. **#125149**



The private sketchbooks of Robert Crumb. For half price. Robert Crumb, the man who created Fritz the Cat, Mr. Natural, "Keep on Truckin'," Honeybunch Kammey and other characteristic characters, keeps private sketchbooks like your sister keeps a diary. Just like a diary he never let anyone touch it. Then along came a German publisher who helped Robert fill-in a deep sink-hole (created by the friendly I.R.S.). Then Robert let him do what no other publisher could do: print Robert Crumb's private sketchbooks. Both are beautifully printed and bound to look exactly like his real sketchbooks, with ribbon bookmark, hardcover, clothbound, special paper, etc. His first sketchbook, dating from November 1974 to January 1978, 310 pages and ca. 1000 drawings, is being sold in the U.S. at a true collector's price of \$32.50. Through DIRECT IMPORT and eliminating all middle-persons, you can have it from us for less than half price: \$15.99. **#144104**

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Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91)

Sirs:

I'm a lamb. When I was born, I was immediately taken and put in a dark cage where the ceiling is so low that I cannot stand up. I am force-fed pabulum and grain until I become bloated and sick. I have a pulmonary disease that I have caught from one of the other thousand or so lambs who are also in this room, in cages, in the dark. I have never seen the sun, the earth, or my mother. In a week I will be taken out of the cage and killed by a sledgehammer driven through my skull. Remember that, the next time you eat lamb and get pissed when you drink cold milk afterward

and the lamb gravy puckers on your lips. It may not be much, but it's the only fun I'll ever have.

A Lamb
Iowa

Sirs:

You say potato, I say potato. You say tomato, I say tomato. Potato, potato, tomato, tomato, let's call the whole thing off. I don't get it. I just don't get it. What's the point of this song?

Larry "I Bought the Sheet Music" Shaw
Yonkers, N.Y.

Sirs:

I am a talk-show host best known for my albino Beatles wig and the fact that I'm married to Marlo Thomas. Everyone thinks I'm real liberated because I

say "he or she" at all times (except when referring to a criminal, terrorist, addict, et cetera, which are "he") and never say "girl," but if you look carefully, I make my women guests sit on the stage while I bob around with the microphone in the back, and I seat my male guests at a round table, where I join them. This is my personal way of saying that whatever a woman is on the show to speak to the group about is silly.

Phil Donahue

Sirs:

I've put all my money into an IRA fund. Not only does it give me a good tax break, but I figure this way they're less likely to blow up my house.

Bob Jenkins
Belfast

N E X T M O N T H

The Utterly Monstrous, Mind-Roasting Summer of O.C. and Stiggs

A whole issue filled with the complete and totally accurate story of everything O.C. and Stiggs did for the last three months, including...

- Tormenting Randall Schwab and his entire family
- Blowing up some dirtwad dentist's pool cabana with a helicopter gunship
- Going to Mexico and squandering \$25,000 of this guy Barney's money
- Stealing Coach Schleuter's couch
- Having conversations with Wino Bob in the oleander bushes where he lives
- Exploding plaster Mexican burro lawn ornaments
- Making incredibly maladjusted girls buy them about fifty gourmet lobsters for dinner one night
- Starting a therapeutic clinic for hopeless, worthless junkies in a real nice neighborhood
- Plus: Not working, and wandering around in sophisticated places without any shirts on

"This was the most incredible summer in the entire history of O.C. and Stiggs, so you will naturally want to read about it. It was great."
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Contest #12

Find a New Job for Jimmy Carter

SINCE HE LEFT OFFICE TWO years ago, Jimmy Carter has been unable to find steady work. He has tried job after job but was quickly dismissed each time, branded "inept" or "untrainable" by his employers. Now Carter is at the end of his rope—his clothes are tattered, his children are hungry, his money is running out. The editors have suggested a few careers for him (right) but they want more ideas. Please help find a job for Jimmy Carter.

I think Jimmy Carter should get a job as _____.

Here's why: _____

Winning entry receives a copy of Carter's 1976 campaign autobiography, ironically entitled "Why Not the Best?"

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National Lampoon
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New York, N.Y. 10022

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

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Military man wins *National Lampoon Contest #8!* Dave Smith of U.S.S. *Ranger CV-61*, San Francisco, California, cops prize for guessing contest written by a bonehead! Xeroxes of previous contests and a romance novel are his!



Male Prostitute



Harlem Globetrotter



President (of Mexico)



Elvis Impersonator



Professional Transvestite



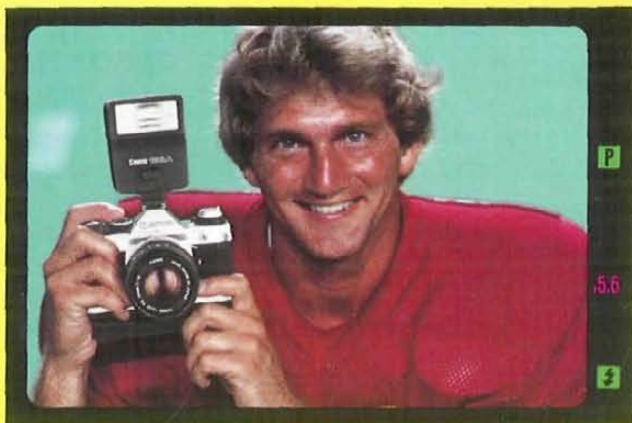
Department-Store Santa

THE NEW AE-1 PROGRAM

Nobody has been able to make fine photography this simple. Until now.

There has never been a high quality 35mm SLR camera as simple to use as the Canon AE-1 PROGRAM. That's why people who don't have time for complicated cameras, like Washington Redskins' quarterback Joe Theismann, carry it with them wherever they go. And you should, too.

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.



to 4 fps. rapid sequence shooting.

There are eight interchangeable focusing screens and nearly fifty Canon FD lenses that fit the AE-1 PROGRAM. So you can shoot a wide-angle panorama, do candid portraits or use a Canon zoom lens to really reach out and bring your subjects up close. Best of all, when you add any of these exciting accessories, shooting is still automatic. And just as simple.

Ask your Canon dealer to show you the camera that makes fine photography simple. The new Canon AE-1 PROGRAM. It's one more reason we're the world's leader in 35mm photography.

camera's electronic brain automatically adjusts the lens opening for the lighting conditions.

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eye from the viewfinder!

There are new and exciting accessories that add even more versatility. The Power Winder A2 provides single-frame and continuous motorized shooting at up to two frames-per-second. Or, for really fast action, you can add the Motor Drive MA for up



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