

NATIONAL

June 1985

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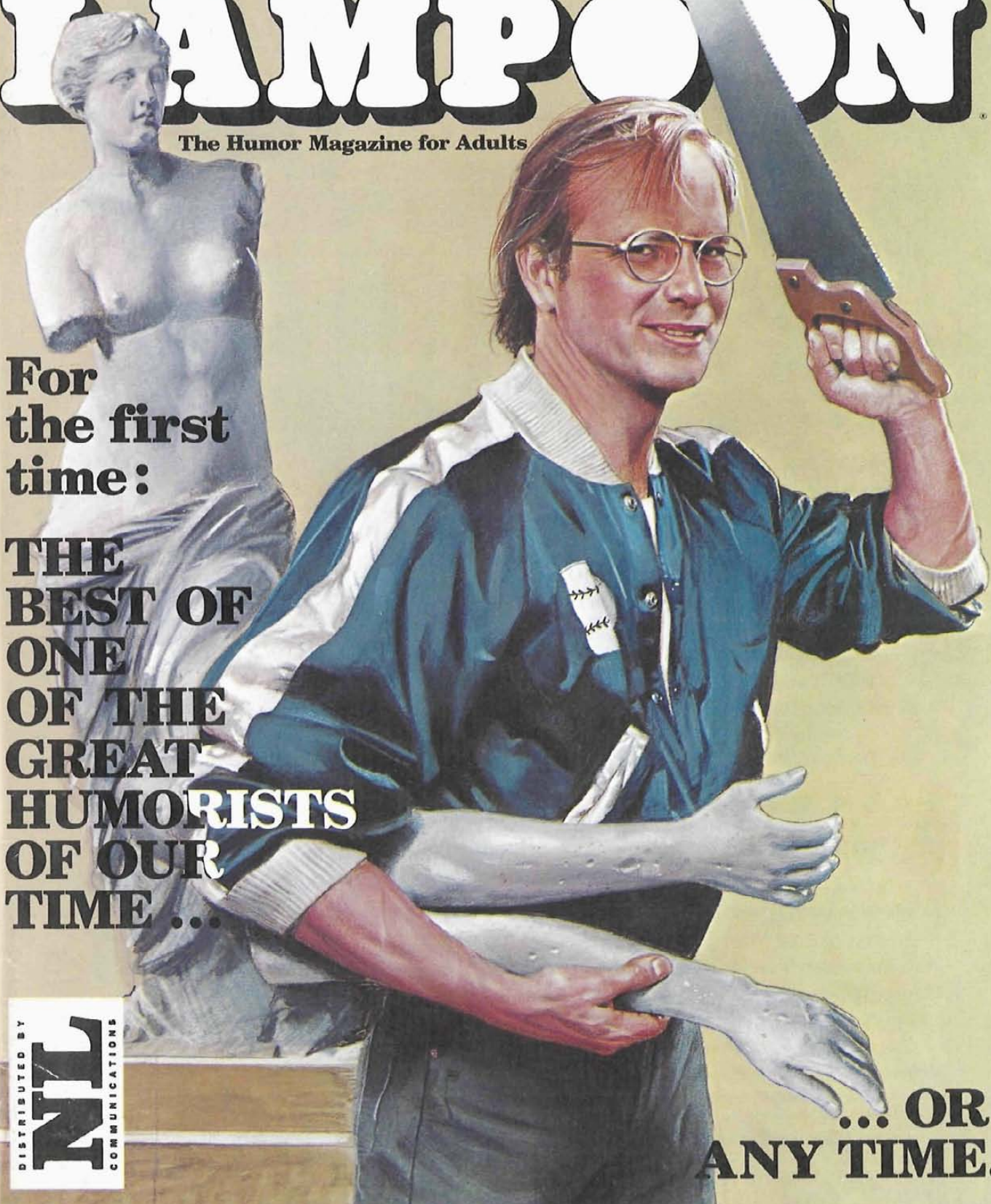
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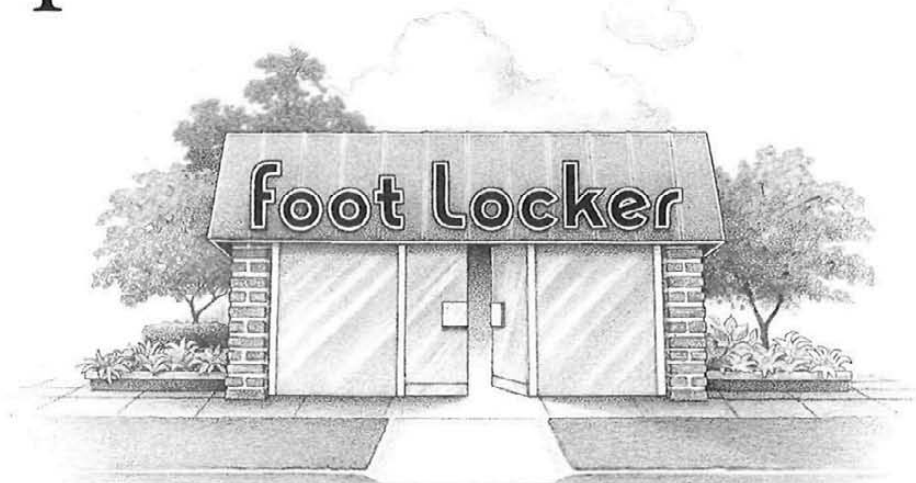
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all material by Doug Kenney

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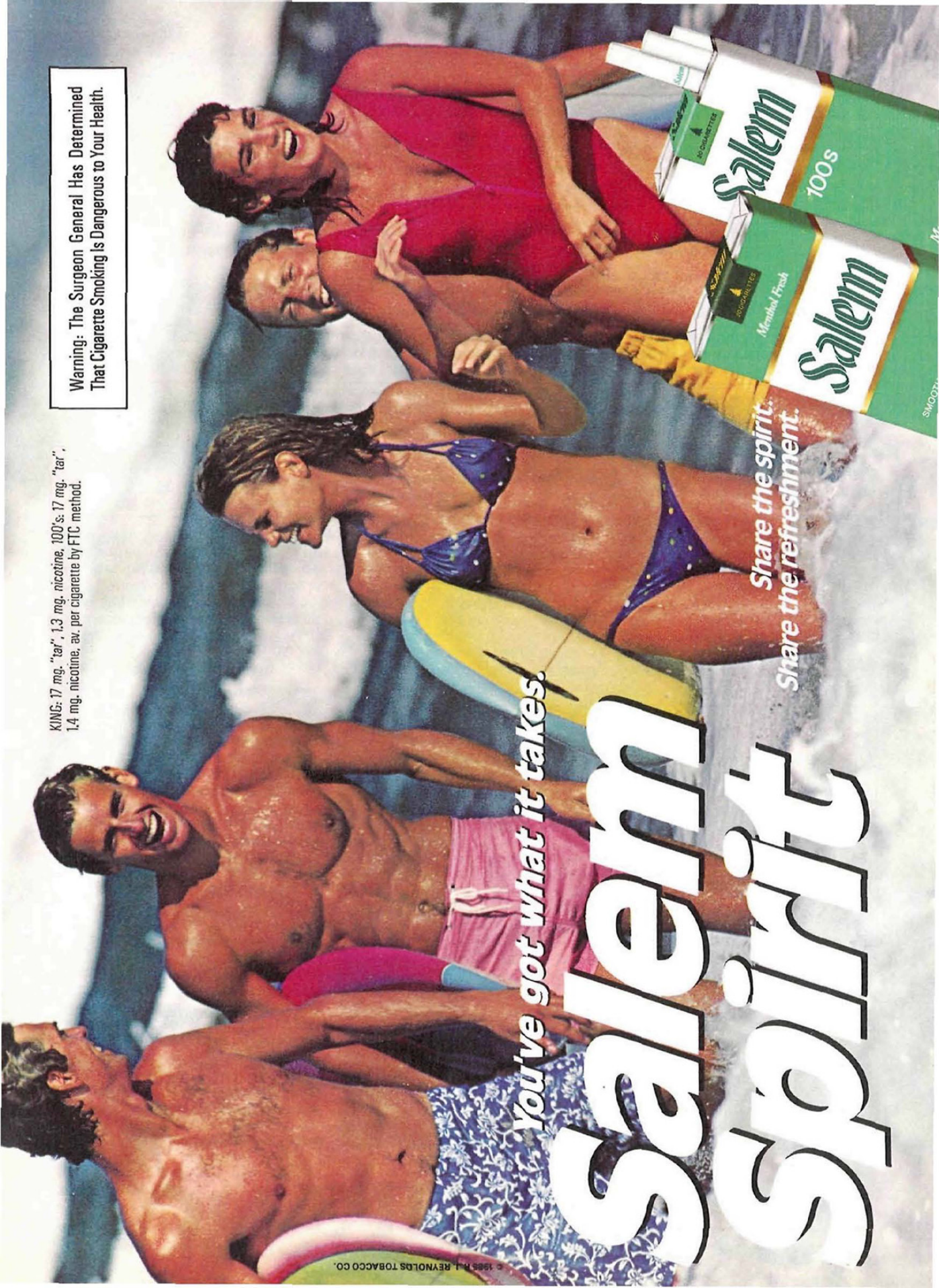
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Editorial

Welcome to the Doug Kenney Collection. For those ignorant of *National Lampoon* history, Doug was a co-founder and the original editor-in-chief of the *National Lampoon*. He was one of the most popular and one of the best—if not the best—writers ever to grace our pages. We have chosen to use our June 1985 issue to display a sampling of Doug's best works.

Doug joined Robert Benchley, Dorothy Parker, Rabelais, and Jonathan Swift in that somewhere reserved for especially witty people in August of 1980 at the age of thirty-three. He fell off a cliff in Hawaii. Only Doug knows how it happened. It was the kind of death that Doug probably would have thought was either highly original (which he liked to be) or hysterically funny (which he always was). It certainly wasn't the latter to those who loved him and what he created.

The target of much of Doug's comedy genius was his birthplace, Chagrin Falls, Ohio. Chagrin Falls was the model for Dacron, U.S.A., the "Everytown" that we used in our legendary High School Yearbook and Sunday Newspaper parodies. Unquestionably, Doug developed his savage wit to overcome a multitude of insecurities. From the *Harvard Lampoon* to the *National Lampoon*, Doug's pieces often concerned the excruciating pain of adolescence; not to mention the unrelieved torture of adulthood. But Doug's humor helped him and us to transcend the pain.

So here we have some of Doug's primo stuff. For more quintessential Doug Kenney go see *National Lampoon's Animal House*, which Doug co-authored with Chris Miller and Harold Ramis. In that movie, Doug also played Stork, the crew-cutted nerd who leads the marching band in the raucous parade scene which closes the film.

Doug relished playing the book-worm. It was part of that needed release for him to make the jerk triumph. As William Butler Yeats says in "Lapis Lazuli," art redeems pain, baby.

Andy Simmons came up with an idea for a cartoon. Peter Kleinman drew it. It's pretty sick. Hey, but art redeems pain, remember?

Doug the editor would have run it. But of course we won't.

—Michael Simmons



A Note of Explanation...

...for those of you who were absent in December, when we announced that from now on we would be doing issues that involved a single theme. In April of this year, we published what we called "The Best from Europe," a collection of

European humor. There was some confusion about this issue. Some of our readers heavily into psychedelics misinterpreted the word "from." Rather than meaning "originating in" they took it to mean "written by *National Lampoon* writers in an attempt to look European." Let us categorically

state that "from" meant "from Europe." These articles were in fact culled from leading European humor magazines such as *Hara Kiri* (France), *Fluide Glacial* (France), *Frigidaire* (Italy), and *Knockabout* (England). It's not our fault that you don't speak European.

—Editors

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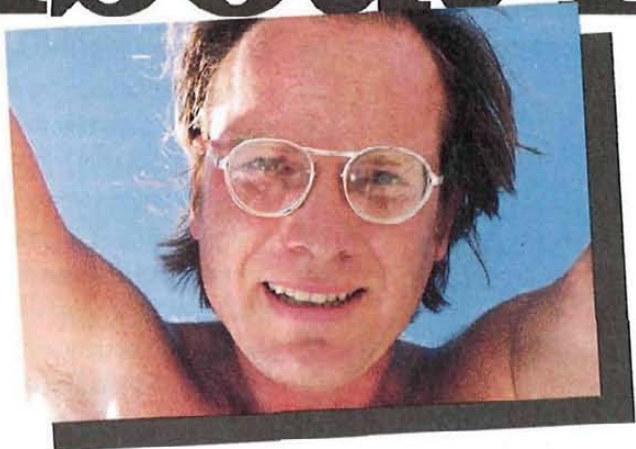
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Frog logo
by cartoonist
Sam Gross

About Doug



It is a little-known fact about Doug Kenney that he liked sticking his dick in girls' ears.

Not in bed, as an element of some daffily demented love play, but out in the world, when it was least expected. You'd be a secretary at your desk, say, working hard, minding your own business, when abruptly you'd find the Kenney prod probing your lobe. Or a coed, studying for midterms, when Dougie's drumstick would thrust toward your tympanic membrane.

He liked it best when the girl screamed, or jumped to her feet aghast, or squeezed her eyes shut, saying, "Eeeeeeyewwwww!!!" If the girl was cool, Doug would respect her but wouldn't enjoy the experience as much. Once, for instance, he stuck his dick in a girl's ear, saying, "Hey, Debbie, you know what this is?" and she replied, "It looks like a penis, Doug, only smaller."

Sometimes, after a hard day's work at the *National Lampoon*, over a few beers, Doug would confide in me. He wanted very much to stick his dick in the ear of Eleanor Roosevelt, and fell into a black depression that lasted weeks when I told him she'd died in 1962. He also longed to effect auricular penetration of Barbra Streisand, Margaret Thatcher, and, in a break with his usual gender preference, the Pillsbury Doughboy.

As the seventies progressed, he became more and more proficient, practicing for hours at a time before the mirror in his office. Asking Henry or Brian or P. J. to put the stopwatch on him, he'd whip it out, penetrate a shivery sort of rubber ear target he'd made, and get it back in his pants so fast it was a blur. Ultimately, he became

a master, a sort of samurai swordsman of the groin.

The expression that really used to crack Doug up was "cocking an ear."

Whether the dick needed to be erect was a question that would keep us up until the wee hours, drinking cheap wine, arguing the soft/hard dichotomy like passionate young revolutionaries disputing fine points of Marxism-Leninism. I tended toward the view that a soft dick could not be said to be "stuck" in an ear, that other verbs such as "pressed" or "bumped against" would have to be used. But Doug claimed that the time spent raising an erection robbed the process of that all-important speed and spontaneity. The dispute was never settled, and now, tragically, never will be.

Sometimes, when I miss him, I console myself with the notion that as evolved a soul as Doug must have made it through the Pearly Gates, and that maybe, even now, with that enormous Doug Kenney grin on his face, he's finally sticking it in the ear of Eleanor Roosevelt.

—Chris Miller
Co-author of *National Lampoon's Animal House*
and former contributing editor

We were in our second year of publishing the *National Lampoon* when Doug Kenney disappeared. For two months no one knew where he'd gone, where he was, whether he was coming back.

Finally he dropped us a note telling us he was living in a tent on the beaches on Martha's Vineyard and that he was writing a novel. He would return.

Ten months later he was back. Word had it that in the process he had impregnated at least one former *National Lampoon* secretary who'd gone up there to share tent life with him, but that was only "word had it."

He walked into my office, looking thin but reasonably healthy. His blond hair was down to his shoulders and he was wearing his old Army coat, the one he'd worn when I'd first met him perhaps four years earlier.

He tossed the manuscript of his new novel down on my desk and said he'd be back.

I read it. When he came back I did what we always did when we dealt with each other—I told him the truth. I said it was lousy.

He nodded, picked up the manuscript, and underhanded the entire sheaf of papers into my wastebasket. "Yeah," he said. "Henry [Beard] thinks it stinks, too."

The next day he was back on the job; no mention of the missing year or the manuscript that he'd worked on for that year or why he'd left without talking to us first. It was as though the year had never existed.

That was Doug.

—Matty Simmons
Chairman and co-founder of
National Lampoon





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Good luck with the Doug issue. I don't see how you can go far wrong. Unfortunately I'm not going to be much help with the reminiscences. I just don't have any amusing stories to tell about Doug. He was, I think, the funniest person I ever met, but he was too good at it. Whenever he said or did anything hilarious it was always so perfectly in context that to take the act or saying out of context and write about it would fail to do him justice. And his own writing, of course, stands on its own. But there's another problem. Doug was not primarily funny. Doug was primarily smart. And there's such a thing as being too intelligent. In order to make sense out of life it's necessary to be oblivious to a lot of things or ignore them or twist them around so they fit with everything else. Doug was unable to do this. He saw and understood everything that happened around him, everything that happened to him, and everything that he caused to happen besides. Existence is a pretty grotesque bit. And Doug had no blind eye to turn on it. This made his life uncomfortable at best and sometimes an agony. At least he was able to harness his perception of absurdity in a way that brought fun to others. He didn't wind up as a mental patient or a boring old crank like Sartre. However, I'd need to be a Zen master to make charming anecdotes out of Doug's tag-team match with the universe, and I'm not one.

As to what else I remember about Doug, mostly it's kind things he did for people. As we know, there's nothing funny about that. And anyway, the best thing he ever did for me was make me happy to be as dumb as I am.

—P. J. O'Rourke
Former editor-in-chief of
National Lampoon

Doug's forte was writing. Yet I learned from a memorable evening in a classroom that there were many other facets to this man's talent.

The year was 1975. I was teaching a course on magazine publishing at New York University's School of Continuing Education. The evening's subject was "The Role of the Editor," and I had asked Doug to be the guest lecturer. He quickly accepted my offer, saying, "Great, I've always liked to write on blackboards." I should have been forewarned.

Knowing his strange work habits, I kept reminding him of the lecture for weeks before the assigned date, but was reassured that there was no cause for concern, he would be well-prepared.

On the night of the momentous lecture, as we were taxiing down to Washington Square, I soon realized that there was trouble ahead when he produced a little blank notepad from his prep-school jacket and sheepishly asked me, "What am I supposed to talk about?" I couldn't respond.

We arrived at the classroom a few minutes late. Forty eager faces were waiting in the room. Our eminent guest, Doug Kenney, the editor of *National Lampoon*, foremost humor magazine in the country, would instruct them on the technique of magazine editing.

As I was writing the subject for the lecture on the blackboard, I heard nervous laughter from the group. Doug had locked himself in the coat closet. "Come out, Doug," I pleaded vainly. Finally, after five endless minutes, he emerged, and with his comic's wonderful sense of timing, climbed up on my desk and announced to the class, "I've always wanted to be a tap dancer," and proceeded to do a very passable time step. No Greg Hines, but not bad either. Then, a few minutes later, he jumped down, grabbed the chalk, and was ready for action on the blackboard.



His lecture went something like this: "I'm the editor of the *National Lampoon* and I've got seventy-six pages to fill." Writes the number 76 on the blackboard. "Wow, what'll I do? Well, I'll call Chris Miller, he's always good for five or six pages of sexy text." He subtracts 6 from 76 and writes 70 on the board. "Then I'll call Gahan Wilson, whose stuff is always great and gives the magazine some class." The 70 becomes 66. "I'll write something for about six pages, then there's Beard, O'Donoghue, Weidman, and P. J." The number on the board is suddenly reduced to 38 as he assures the class that somehow the issue will be filled and we would go to press on time. This wasn't always the case.

He concluded the session with some clever comedy routines, indirect answers to direct questions, and even a song or two. Doug had a fine voice.

When the two-hour class was over, Doug received hearty applause from the group, something they reserved for me only on the night of the closing session, and then only perfunctorily. The students didn't learn much about the role of the editor, but they did spend a hilarious evening with an unusual human being. Doug Kenney—writer, tap dancer, stand-up comic, songster. He could have succeeded in anything.

—Leonard Mogel
Co-founder of
National Lampoon

It was the night of the third Ali-Norton fight at Yankee Stadium. Doug had bought two-hundred-dollar ringside seats for Chris Miller, Kathryn Walker, and me. We arrived and found a packed stadium ready to see what promised to be one of the great fights of the year. After a good deal of pushing and shoving and sitting through boring preliminaries and waiting on endless lines for hot dogs and beer, the fight was finally about to start. Ali was led down the aisle right past us. The roar was deafening. As the first round got under way, Doug stood up, put on his coat, grabbed Kathryn by the hand, and leaned over to us and said, "C'mon, let's beat the crowd."

—Peter Kleinman
Former art director
and present creative director of
National Lampoon

Errata

Doug Kenney was a comedic rebel. His unique satiric sensibility shattered every societal convention and norm. This protopunk attitude extended even to his use of language. Grammatical rules were for the unimaginative; proper spelling was a snare for true inspiration. Consequently, during Doug's tenure at the *Nat'Lamp*, copy editors were not allowed to change any of Doug's idiosyncratic touches under penalty of bodily harm. For example, in "First High Comics," Doug's clever spelling of "Cheeseburgers" on the wall menu of the insect hamburger joint was an attempt to capture the false reality that drugs promote and not merely a typo.

However, times change. The rebelliousness of Doug's time has given way to the L.L. Bean conformity of today's Yuppies. Rather than get deluged with thousands of letters pointing out that Doug left out a comma here or there, we asked our crack copy editor to compile a list of what conventional English teachers would call "errors." Below is this list. We are printing it in the smallest typeface available. Just in case Doug reads it.

Note → stands for "should be"

- p. 12, 1st column, l. 9 "guerrilla" → "guerrilla"
 l. 12 "A.I." → "A.I."
 ll. 24-25, 38 "Nat'LampCo" → roman, not italicized
 l. 51 comma after "cockpit"
 l. 56 Whatever "Prende ce avion o Cuba!" is, it isn't Spanish
 2nd column, l. 18 "Deso Me Mucho" → "Besame Mucho"
 3rd column, ll. 29-32 "Non fuere, non nos muertos, por favor senor!" is more bastard Spanish. (There should also be a comma after "favor")
 l. 55 "Left" → lowercase
- p. 14, 1st column, l. 7 "Guerrilla" → "Guerrilla"
 l. 19 "mate" → "mate"
 l. 53 "si" → "si"
 2nd column, l. 19 "were" → "was"
 l. 38 no hyphen in "hand grenades"
 3rd column, l. 18 "generals" → roman, not italicized
 l. 22 comma after "cigars"
 l. 41 "Hindenburg" → italicized
- p. 16, 1st column, l. 14 "even*ing" → "evening"
 2nd column, l. 21 no hyphen in "nerve center"
 l. 23 "southern hemisphere" → capitalized
 l. 33 comma after "sleep"
 l. 43 "2" → spelled out
 l. 54 "underway" → "under way"
 ll. 67-71 There are some words missing from the final sentence
 3rd column, l. 6 "lead" → "led"
 l. 25 comma after "Debray"
 l. 36 comma after "wall"
 l. 60 comma after "Tahiti"
 l. 66 John Steinbeck wrote the script for *Viva Zapata!* (with an exclamation point).
- p. 24 comma after "guys"
 "Meatmasters" → "Meatmaster"
 comma after "designs"
 "Sequoia" → lowercase
- p. 25 add another period after "State"
 comma after "well"
 "So it was the social committee..." → "So it was that the social committee..."
 add another period after "action"
- p. 26 "supress" → "suppress"
 add another period after "activity"
 no hyphen in "Slim Jims"
 another apostrophe after "N"
 "gotta" → "got a"
 add another period after "market"
- p. 27 "gotta" → "got a" (twice)
 hyphen in "hard on"
- p. 28 add another period after "hand"
 "cliquey"
 "depressing"
 "Sandusky"
 "call you"
 "time"
 "here"
- p. 31 In the blurb, "A" and "Or" → lowercase.
 l. 24 "blonde" → "blond"
 l. 35 no hyphen in "test walk"
- p. 32, 1st column, l. 4 comma after "room"
 l. 34 remove comma after "as"
 l. 41 comma after "Sure"
 2nd column, l. 9 hyphen between "late" and "spring"
 l. 27 period after "excitedly," and "a" → capitalized
 l. 38 "gingersnaps" → "Ginger Snaps"
- p. 33, 1st column, l. 3 apostrophe after "Ladies"
 l. 4 "accordian" → "accordion"
 l. 9 comma after "Night"
 l. 37 "State" → lowercase
 l. 38 "College" and "State" → lowercase

- l. 39 "Mental Hospital" → lowercase
 l. 48 comma after "handle" → a period
 l. 52 "fluorescent" → "fluorescent"
 l. 56 "clenching" → "clenched"
 l. 57 remove comma after "inches"
 2nd column, l. 18 "Phillips's" → "Phillipses"
 l. 21 "on to" → "onto"
 l. 25 comma after "her"
 l. 29 question mark → italicized
 l. 34 no comma after "now"
 l. 39 no comma after "there"
 l. 48 period instead of comma after "Phillips," and "it" → capitalized
 l. 54 "Dad" → lowercase
 l. 57 another period after "today," and "it" → capitalized
- p. 35 "A" in "Teen-Ager" → lowercase
- p. 36 l. 36 "mightly" → "mighty"
 hyphen in "deep kissing"
- p. 37, 1st column, l. 8 hyphen in "mass produce"
 l. 22 "flouride" → "flouride"
 l. 52 comma after "menstruation"
 l. 53 comma after "curse"
 l. 54 "regular" → "regularly"
 l. 59 "almond-flavored" → "almond-shaped"
 l. 64 "dirigible" → "dirigible"
 2nd column, l. 13 "Haley's" → "Halley's"
 l. 23 "both to" → "to both"
 l. 26 no "c" in "schripzt"
 "Fellows Take Note" → "Fellows, Take Note"
- p. 38, 1st column, l. 10 no comma after "Now"
 l. 20 comma after "dreams"
 l. 37 no hyphen in "good night!"
 2nd column, l. 32 "if" → capitalized
 omit "still"
 l. 40 "Negros" → "Negroes"
- p. 39, 1st column, l. 6 "don't" → capitalized
 l. 44 remove comma after "bait"
 2nd column, l. 18 comma after "family"
 l. 20 hyphen in "short circuit"
 l. 27 "and" instead of comma after "sweaters"
 l. 37 "peeping" → capitalized
 l. 43 "if" → capitalized
 l. 56 comma after "reports"
- p. 40, 1st column, l. 6 quote marks and question mark after "swinger" → transposed
 l. 11 "who" → "whom"
 l. 37 comma after second "do"
 2nd column, l. 17 period after "boy," and "d" → capitalized
- p. 41, 1st column, l. 49 no comma after "hypocrites"
 l. 65 "or" → "of"
 2nd column, l. 12 no comma after "that"
 l. 43 period after "mistakes," and "I" → capitalized
 l. 44 comma instead of period after "carefully"
- p. 43, l. 10 "paleolithic" → capitalized
 l. 11 "neolithic" and "neolithic" → capitalized
 no comma after "meaning"
 l. 13 no comma after "stones"
 bottom "fly" → capitalized
- p. 44 "up light" → hyphenated
- p. 45 "With The" and "In" → lowercase
 "To" → lowercase
 "be" → capitalized
- p. 46 "recover" → "re-cover"
 "si" → "si"
 "Q" → "Q"
 "Hago" is wrong
 no hyphen in "Attorney General"
 "be" → capitalized (twice)
 no hyphen in "Crew up," which → lowercase
 comma after "Cerebellum"
 "The" before "Palpatations" → lowercase, and "Palpatations" → "Palpatations"
- p. 48 "if" → capitalized
 "Fire and Rain" → in quotes and not italicized. It → followed by "for."
 l. 8 "marshmallow fluff" → capitalized
 l. 14 "if" → capitalized
 l. 24 comma after "Jeepers"
 l. 41 comma after "dialogue"
 hyphen in "line grade"
- p. 50 hyphen in "mass producing"
 "methedrine" → capitalized
- p. 52 "Vegetables" → "Vegetables"
 "up" → capitalized
- p. 56 "marengue" → "merengue"
 "Coverly" → "Coverley"
- p. 57 zip code is 10022
- p. 59 hyphen in "all new"
 "Cheesburgers" → "Cheeseburgers"
- p. 60 add another period after "burst in"
 insert "a" between "me" and "lift"
 quote marks and question mark after "stuff" → transposed
- p. 61 "Nietzche" → "Nietzsche"
 hyphen in "Catch 22"

- "Ginzburg" → "Ginsberg"
- p. 62 add another period after "underground"
 quote marks and exclamation point after "rush" → transposed
 no hyphen in Harman Kardon
- p. 63 quote marks and question mark after "ball" → transposed
 comma after second "well"
- p. 67, l. 9 comma after "tools"
 l. 32 "troop" → "troupe"
- p. 69 Although the title is "Modern English Poetry Notes," the course seems to be in English Romantic poetry.
 "tranquility" → "tranquillity"
 "fewer," not "less," poets
- p. 70 "classiciats" → "classicists"
 "Lotos Eaters" → "Lotus-Eaters"
 hyphen in "Scholar Gipsy"
- p. 71, 1st column, l. 32: Most references put the year of Pericles' birth around 495 B.C.
 3rd column, l. 3 "constitution" → capitalized
 l. 12 "tion" → "sion"
 l. 34 "tee" → "ty"
 l. 36: We can't tell if something has been left out of this sentence or not
 subhead: "Who" → "Whom"
 l. 42 "Government" → lowercase
- p. 74, 1st column, l. 19 "Mumny" → lowercase
 l. 20 slash after "tax"
 l. 24 "Government" → lowercase
 l. 25 "ita" → "it's"
 2nd column, l. 4 "judiciary" → "judicial"
 l. 27 comma after "time"
 3rd column, ll. 13-14 "eagle scouts" → capitalized
 l. 32 "scout" → capitalized
- p. 75, 1st column, l. 8: No one here understands this: what it means, why it's a footnote in the middle of the copy, what it's a footnote to, if it actually is supposed to be a footnote or regular text—you get the idea.
 2nd column, l. 45 "Legislative" → lowercase
 l. 50 no comma after "Senate"
 l. 51 comma after "Representatives"
 l. 65: words appear to be missing—deliberate?
 3rd column, l. 15 "farther" → "further"
 l. 59 hyphen in "Lawn Boy"
- p. 76, 2nd column: "eagle scouts" → capitalized (twice)
- p. 78, 1st column, l. 14 apostrophe after "years"
 l. 32 "East" → lowercase
 l. 33 comma after "yesterday"
 l. 58 "eye" and the dash → transposed
 2nd column, l. 26 hyphen between "red" and "painted"
 l. 38 hyphen between "500" and "credit"
 l. 44 hyphen between "black" and "uniformed"
 3rd column, l. 18 "18" → spelled out
 ll. 18-19 should not be indented
- p. 80, 1st column, l. 9 one less period after "attention"
 l. 14 remove comma after "capabilities"
 l. 19 remove comma after "fleshmelter"
 l. 24 "all" → capitalized
 "Captain" → lowercase
 l. 30 single quotes around "Free Mexico"
 l. 45 apostrophe after "years"
 l. 57 apostrophe after "Hopkins"
 l. 65 comma after "Warning"
 2nd column, l. 2 one less period after "about"
 l. 30 "Higgenbotham" → should precede "Hinch"
 l. 43 comma after "others"
 l. 51 "grill" → "grille"
 l. 52 comma after "up"
 l. 65 "nurse" → capitalized
 ll. 70-72 sentence has been garbled
 3rd column, l. 7 hyphen between "two" and "level"
 l. 26 "nurse" → capitalized
 l. 28 comma after "left-handed"
 l. 35 another period after "remember," and "I" → capitalized
 period after "Okay"
 l. 30 "nurse" → capitalized
 l. 44 "despite" → capitalized

Cover: The title of this month's cover is "A Farewell to Arms." It was conceived by none other than the famous periodical comedy team of Ratso and Giorgio, known to their older fans as "I'm Sloman, he's Agolia." This masterpiece was ably rendered in the Pre-Raphaelite pseudo-realistic style, using poached-egg tempura and melted Crayolas, by the world-famous portrait artiste Alan Reingold.—P. K.

Che Guevara's Bolivian Diaries

(Editor's note: Following the worldwide shock and mourning over the reported death of Ernesto "Che" Guevara by a Bolivian Army firing squad, the personal diaries of the revolutionary's tragic and abortive attempt to overthrow the oppressive Barrientos regime quickly became a classic text on guerilla warfare. However, recent chemical analysis of these documents have revealed minute traces of ketchup and A.I. Sauce ingrained in the paper, two substances Che himself denounced in an article on field kitchen maintenance for the Chinese news magazine Ping An as "reactionary and counterrevolutionary condiments fit only for bourgeois pigs and their revisionist cookouts." Other telltale clues belie the authenticity of the "diaries" as well, specifically the close attention given to spelling and grammar. Simultaneously with the discovery of this cruel hoax, NatLampCo News Service Latin American correspondent Douglas Kenney recently discovered the authentic manuscript outside the La Paz airport, where its pages were being employed as wrappers by an illiterate taco vendor. Craftily obtaining the documents from the simple peasant in return for some beads, hand mirrors, and assorted trinkets, news-hound Kenney returned stateside immediately with the diaries, only then realizing that his wallet was missing. NatLampCo is proud to publish these historic footnotes to the brave rebelde's work, and hopes that they may fan the flames of global indignation against tyranny, oppression, and greaser pickpockets.)

Noviembre 7

At long last, our little band has touched Bolivian soil! The flight from Havana was uneventful, although every one of us stretched our revolutionary discipline to the limit fighting down the urge to jump out of our seats, rush to the cockpit and stick a *pistola* in the pilot's ear. In fact, Marcos, my hot-blooded second-in-command, did, at one point, lose control and leap from his seat shouting, "¡Prende ce avion o Cuba!" Luckily Marcos' seat belt was still fas-

tened and his attention diverted by a double hernia long enough for Tanya, our East German *compañera*, to whisper that the plane was still in Havana and stuff an air-sickness bag in his mouth.

Marcos and I supervised the unloading of our baggage. We are posing as a Mexican mariachi band, our tools of war cloaked in the guise of musical instruments. Unfortunately, one of the customs officials discovered that our bass-fiddle case contained a Russian-made YD-47 heavy mortar. Thinking quickly, I put my mouth to the barrel and, with no little difficulty, improvised a few bars of "*Beso Me Mucho*" until his suspicions were allayed. There was, in addition, a tense moment when a porter accidentally pulled the pin on one of our maracas, but, as fate would have it, the device was of Bulgarian manufacture and failed to explode.

After breaking our fast (and one of my fillings) with tacos bought from a little peasant vendor outside the airport, Tanya, Marcos, Pombo, Camba, and I hailed taxis and directed them to our secret hideout in the trackless jungles of Nancahuazu. As we drive, Marcos, a swaggering adventurer who even apes the way I curl my beard, looks over my shoulder as I write in my diary, hoping to steal some good lines for his own. You are an idiot, Marcos, and it is no wonder that your publisher wouldn't give you an advance.

Noviembre 8

We have arrived at Nancahuazu, a forbidding jungle valley in the Cono Sur region. There is much to be done here. I have sent Pombo and Camba out in search of game, and Marcos out in search of them both to make sure they do not break discipline and bring the animal back unfit to eat. Men without women—an old story. I have also sent Tanya back to La Paz in search of my wallet, which I know I had before we ate those tacos.

Noviembre 9

Tanya has already done much to make the old farmhouse comfortable. She has set up an elaborate wire

clothesline in the surrounding palms and amuses herself by sitting under it prattling to her vanity case in that husky baritone I have come to love. When she tires of this game, she will adjust her wig (an early illness has left her with a permanent crew-cut) and lumber off to her pet pigeons, first attaching shiny metal capsules to their feet for ballast. This morning, in a burst of feminine exuberance, she climbed hand over hand to the top of our hideout with a bucket of red paint in her teeth and decorated the roof with a gay bull's-eye.

At least there is one in whom I can have confidence.

Noviembre 10

Our first contact with the peasant population. Pombo was roasting a jaguar and Camba was occupied trying to kill it, when the noise attracted a passing worker returning from the distant tin mines. I ordered him to stop and fired over his head, barely creasing the scalp. With that, four others who had been watching shyly behind some acacias ran toward us in joyful recognition, shouting, "¡Non fuere, non nos muertos, por favor señor!" ["All hail the glorious revolution!"—*Ed.*] Now that we had won the confidence of these ragged but plucky recruits, I told them that they would be the nucleus of a people's army which would one day overthrow the corrupt Barrientos dictatorship and free its victims from conditions of exploitation indistinguishable from the Middle Ages. Childlike, they stood dumbly at first, too overwhelmed with pride to speak. I triggered a volley high over their knees to loosen their tongues, and, as one man, they raised their hands over their heads in agreement and enthusiastically emptied their pockets.

Now we are ten.

Noviembre 13

Excellent news has come in a coded newscast from Radio Havana. Fidel tells us that Bertrand Russell and Jean-Paul Sartre have espoused our cause and will marshal support for us throughout the European Left. Not only will this shower us with arms

continued

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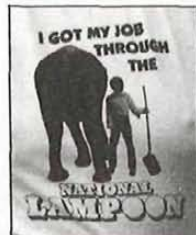


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and followers, but, if they agree to coauthor the introduction, my diary sales should be boosted by easily fifty thousand copies. Perhaps we can get out another printing of my other book as well (*One Hundred and Fifty Questions to a Guerilla*, People's Press, Havana, Cuba. Seventy pesos, hard-cover, thirty pesos, soft-cover.)

There is bad news as well. The peasants grow restive, making unreasonable and petty demands for food and water. The jaguar is gone, and has taken most of our rations with him. All that is left are open-face iguana sandwiches and pineapple soup. Even I found myself forcing down a bottle of Coca-Cola, the vile *maté* of *yanqui* imperialists. Although the foul liquid made me gag, I noticed an odd aftertaste that I could not dispel. A half hour later I found myself having another, and yet another. This is foolish counterrevolutionary weakness on my part, and I will steel myself against it.

But I suppose it can't hurt to kill the six-pack.

Noviembre 28

A visitor. Regis Debray, the famous French war groupie, has come with more happy news. *L'Express* has finally agreed to my price for the prepublication rights, and there is talk of a series based on our adventures for French television. But this matter must rest until more important tasks are completed—negotiations are stalled with Marboro for my poster, and Gomez, my agent, says Timex is still sitting on the wristwatch. Accordingly, I have radioed Gomez that they can make my arms go backwards and use "It's Counterrevolutionary!" as the sales gimmick.

¡Viva la revolución!

Diciembre 1

Dissension. Again the men complain about the lack of food, and the seasonal rains have begun causing widespread diarrhea, making our movements plain to the enemy. Ha ha, a joke, sí? As Mao has written, "In times of hunger, one jest can be worth a hundred bowls of rice, particularly if you have no bowls of rice anyway." The men have taken to routinely disobeying orders, and frequently have to be disciplined for pillow-fighting after lights-out. If this seems harsh, it must be remembered that for pillows, true guerrillas use logs.

Marcos' patrol has returned with word of an enemy encampment not five kilometers from where we stand. Tonight we meet to plan an ambush and vote on whether or not to eat Tanya's pigeons.

Marcos reports the enemy has Coca-Cola!

Diciembre 2

The euphoria of victory! The ambush is a success despite a minor tactical blunder that decimated our forces. This morning, before our column advanced on the enemy, I told Gamba to (1) scout the trail ahead, (2) set up the ambush down river, and (3) organize a perimeter defense. Misunderstanding my orders, he (1) wandered aimlessly into the jungle, (2) became hopelessly lost, and (3) fell asleep. Nevertheless, Gamba's piece accidentally discharged as he collapsed, and the enemy was wiped out to a man in the ensuing, pointless crossfire. The dead were stripped of their uniforms and equipment, but little in the way of weapons were recovered save a few pocketknives and BB pistols. However, we managed to salvage a portable cooler full of Coca-Cola, a beverage I am finding more and more to my liking.

¡Hasta la Victoria Siempre!

Diciembre 4

Radio La Paz reports that a search party is being organized to locate a troop of Eagle Scouts that has failed to return from an overnight camping trip in the Nancahuazu region.

¡Oops!

Diciembre 10

The rains have begun again, and there is much wheezing and sniffing. Not to mention whining. We have run out of Contac. The men are hungry and are reduced to boiled hand-grenades. Tanya still refuses to let us at the pigeons and spends most of her time talking to her vanity case. Neither will she sleep with me, although I have pursued her for these many weeks. Do all East German women have such long periods? It is very strange. Perhaps that is why so many of their men jump over the Wall.

Also, the mosquitoes plague us by night. They are of immense size and their constant buzzing robs us of our sleep. So used are we to their continual presence that it was not until an hour ago that I realized via Radio La Paz that our positions are being bombed and strafed nightly by Bolivian helicopters.

There is no more Coca-Cola and I notice my hands are trembling.

Diciembre 15

Rain.

Diciembre 16

Rain.

Diciembre 17

Rain.

Diciembre 18

Our first loss. Camba, as usual, fell asleep on guard duty with his mouth open and drowned.

Diciembre 22

Marcos relates a wonderful dream he had last night. He dreamt that in three weeks we will march triumphantly into the capital leading ten thousand soldiers. The gates open before us without a shot being fired, and in the plaza we are greeted by throngs of delirious well-wishers. Little children stringing garlands around our gun mounts dance beside our armored cars, and the old ones weep with joy, singing the old songs again, shrieking the old shrieks. At the top step of the palace, Barrientos himself is standing meekly. Head lowered, he offers his sword, but, in the tradition of the great *generals*, I refuse it and shoot off his kneecaps. Then, arm in arm, Marcos, Pombo, Tanya, and I walk into the palace, where we are given champagne, caviar, cigars and certificates good for ten rubdowns at the Nogales Health Spa. We get unlimited room service. We can put our feet up on the desks. No one cares if we don't make the bed. The phone rings and it's Fidel congratulating us and asking us if we can spare a fiver. We live happily ever after, and our story is made into a major motion picture starring John Wayne, Omar Sharif, Steve McQueen, and Candy Bergen. We get 10 percent of the gross.

This is a good dream.

Diciembre 23

Marcos has had another dream. Harold Stassen is sworn in as President of the United States aboard the S.S. *Titanic*, while overhead floats the Hindenburg piloted by Amelia Earhart and Wiley Post, who are being married by Judge Crater and about to embark on a two-week honeymoon in Atlantis.

We must always be on guard against such idle, bourgeois fantasy.

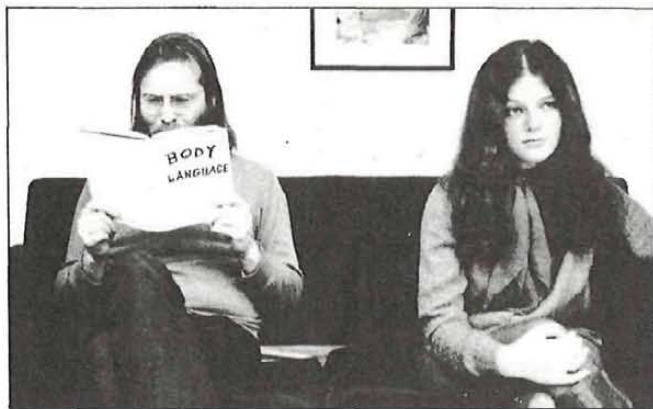
Enero 2

More bad news from Havana. Sartre's and Russell's appeal to Europe's revolutionary youth has brought little gold to our war chest. However, Fidel has cheered us by forwarding a petition of support from the fifth-grade class of the People's Primary School in East Berlin containing twenty-eight signatures and a pledge of two weeks' milk money. In addition, we have, to date, received thirty-six inquiries from Sorbonne PolySci majors requesting information for their doctoral theses.

Also, Gomez writes that the watch gimmick didn't go over and Debray has received a letter from the French television network rejecting the series idea. They claim it wouldn't stand a chance against "Hogan's Heroes."

This afternoon, as a demonstration of their affection for their liberators, the peasants have deserted.

FOTO FUNNIES



continued

Enero 5

More rain today. Once again the men are racked with diarrhea and our patrols are frequently halted, as marching is difficult with everyone's pants down around his ankles. Our situation is desperate. We have also run out of air freshener.

Enero 6

The diarrhea grows worse. We have run out of corks as well.

Enero 14

The extremity of our need has driven us to reckless adventurism. Last evening, under the cover of a moonless night and some captured Airwicks, we stole into the little town of Palamos and attacked the local *farmacia*. Suddenly, many guns opened up on us and we were caught in an ambush of Bolivian soldiers before we could get to the Kaopectate. How could they have known? Luckily, we escaped with our lives, although several of us have suffered flesh wounds from kamikaze pigeons. The men begin to grumble and, in their rush to blame others for their own tactical mistakes, cast suspicious eyes towards Tanya, who, by the way, says her period will soon be over and we can begin heavy petting.

Nevertheless, the men must be pacified, and our now-routine diet of stuffed mortar rounds has been supplemented with squab.

Enero 17

No Cokes for three days. My hands are shaky and my knees are weak. I am itching like a man on a fuzzy tree. Delirious. I cannot go on unless I have another. Soon. A peasant in the village will deal with me—one rifle, one six-pack.

Soon the sentries will be sleeping.

Enero 18

The camp is in an uproar. Someone slipped past the guards last night and stole six rifles. No one is above suspicion, and as an example to the rest, I shot Pombo through the foot with the remaining rifle.

Marcos has been stirring up trouble again. He is jealous of my deal with *Playboy* for the "Che" tie clips and billfolds. If we take the capital by spring, I tease him, the *norteamericanos* will be forced to recognize Cuba and I can plug my book on the Juanie Carson show. This is another of those jests I have previously described. But Marcos persists in disobeying my orders, and was absent for bed check. I was forced to discipline Marcos and order him to stand in the corner for three hours. However, there was another helicopter raid last night and there are no corners left in the camp. I made him stand in the latrine instead. Barefoot.

Enero 19

Today we planned the major thrust of our campaign. The time is ripe for decisive action, for the men grow listless waiting around to be picked off by snipers. Marcos, impetuous romantic that he is, foolishly proposed striking at the U.S.-owned oil refineries at Camari, while the rest of our dwindling brotherhood wished to march on the United Fruit Company complex in Fuelga, in the hopes of cadging some bananas from the Fruits. Another jest. One of Mao's favorites.

After several hours of democratic discussion, I rapped my rifle butt (which serves in this rough-and-ready forum as a gavel) on Marcos' head and settled the matter. Tomorrow we set out for La Nosa, the industrial nerve-center of *yanqui* colonialism in Bolivia. Also, the largest Coca-Cola bottling plant in the southern hemisphere.

Onward!

Enero 20

A black day.

It began well enough. The men who had not been carried off by the jaguar were roused from their trees at dawn, and by noon we were gliding stealthily down Highway 42 to La Nosa, stopping only to eat, sleep or loot an occasional *cantina*. My brave *compañeros* were in high spirits, and several times I reprimanded them for exuberantly singing what has become our song of battle, the "Bataan Death March." When we neared La Nosa, I divided our force into three squads—Pombo was to move his men around to the left flank and pretend to scavenge for 2-cent-deposit bottles, and Marcos was assigned to assault the main gate under the cover of the guardhouse searchlights. It fell to me and Tanya to wait behind a granite outcropping and shout hearty advice and encouragement.

We waited until dusk, and at precisely 0800 hours I gave the signal to move out. At 0810 I gave the signal to shoot anyone still cringing behind the trees, and the attack was underway. As Pombo's unit moved into the clearing, a company of Bolivian infantry opened fire, chopping Pombo and his men into *paella*. Immediately, I sensed that something had gone wrong. As if to confirm my suspicions, Marcos' men advanced to the gate and were cut to ribbons. Marcos himself barely escaped with his life, shielding his body with a Coca-Cola cooler, and scrambled back to our position covered with thick, sticky fluid. Despite my hopes, it was not his blood, but the sight of a five-foot-two-inch, 120-pound Cuban running at breakneck speed with a quarter-ton vending machine under his arm did, at

least, distract General Orvando's soldiers long enough to make good our escape.

As we struggled back to our base, it became obvious that we were being observed, because whoever lead our column was periodically shot between the eyes. This obstacle to our progress led to an animated debate among the survivors as to who next was to become the first, or "point man," for the remainder of our withdrawal. Marcos, unwilling to obey both my orders that he lead *and* continue to carry the Coke machine on his back, suggested that we confuse them by walking backwards.

And this man, I tell you, was not only free to walk the streets of Havana, but to drive an automobile.

Enero 21

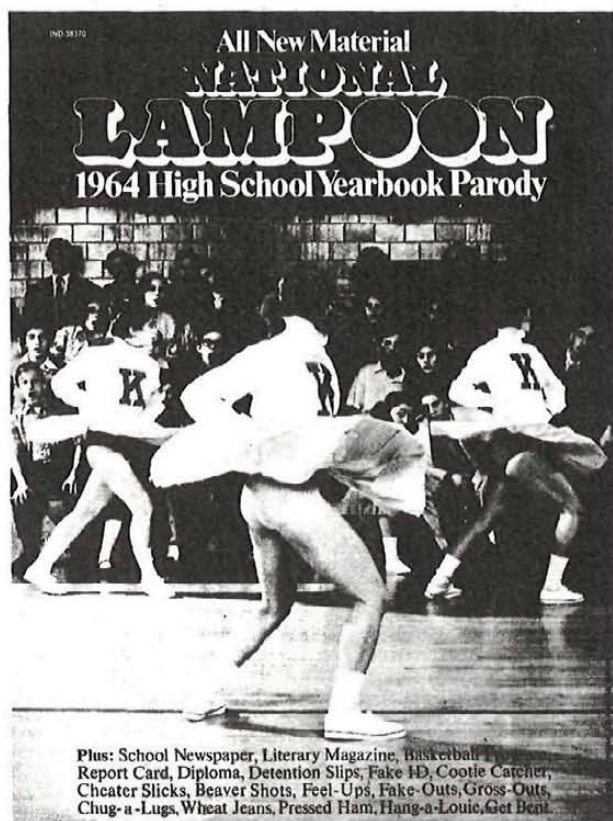
All hope has vanished. They surrounded us as we slept. We are out of ammo, the men are threatening to eat Debray and Pombo is acting suspiciously despite his death in my previous entry. I think I, too, am feeling weary of the chase. Poor Tanya. So deranged is she by the rout that she now only croons to her case, even while the artillery rounds, as if by magic, slowly find the range on our positions. They are coming for Che. The noose is tightened, and soon, the fascists think, Che will be captured, shot against a peasant wall and dragged through the muddy streets like a slaughtered goat.

I look at Marcos, sleeping peacefully now that I have clubbed him into insensibility, and I think of how many dreams we shared together during the Cuban revolution, how he looked up to me like an older brother, copying everything about me, and how proud he would be, were he conscious, to know that I have just traded identity papers with him, shaved, and covered my head with one of Tanya's shawls, which she soon will no longer be needing, I can personally assure you. Then, over the river and through the woods, who knows? Maybe my cousin in Buenos Aires who works at the you-know-what factory will hide me.

Che *must* live, for wherever the people are ground under the heel of *yanqui* imperialism, my spirit must be with them, whether it be in Rio de Janeiro, Tahiti or Acapulco. Soon, a new dawn, a red dawn, will give light to the world, and perhaps these few small things I have done to hasten that day will be remembered, particularly if Dalton Trumbo (*Spartacus*, *Viva Zapata*) agrees to rough out the shooting script. *Che Lives? . . . The Che Guevara Story? . . . A Che for All Seasons? . . . I Remember Che? . . . Viva Che? . . . A Che Is Born? . . .* □

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The Palma Sutra

(Translator's note: The Palma Sutra, the definitive Hindu text on the sacred practice of mahasturbhata, or self-abuse, has long been familiar to serious students of Eastern literature. However, until recently this ancient treatise on the sensual art of onanism was inaccessible to those ignorant of Sanskrit. Predating the more popularly known Kama Sutra by centuries, this work was studied by Indian yogis and mystics over 4,000 years before the birth of David Eisenhower.)

CHAPTER 1:

A Dialogue Between Master and Student; Observations on the Three Necessities for Happiness on Earth—Virtue, Riches, and Manhandling One's Melon.

MASTER: The span of human life is about one hundred years, and during this time a man must practice *Dharma*, or obedience to the Holy Scriptures; *Artha*, or the acquisition of riches; and *Palma*, or the enjoyment of yanking one's yam. These are the three principles of existence, and if they are ignored, a man will discover himself up the Ganges without an air freshener.

STUDENT: But Master, does not the great Buddha himself teach that the strumming of one's own sitar is forbid-

den by the sacred Vedas? Moreover, does not this vile and unclean habit impair the practice of Kundalini yoga by weakening and knotting the spine?

MASTER: You read the ancient writings as mere words rather than wisdom. I have long studied the yoga of which you speak, and if you have attained such self-mastery as to sit in a cave meditating upon your Third Eye for twenty years without noticing your Third Leg on occasion, you are talking through your turban.

STUDENT: But is it not written, "Only the vain peacock excels at preening his plume"?

MASTER: And is it not also written, "A pigeon in the hand is worth—"

STUDENT: Don't bother.

CHAPTER 2:

In Praise of the Study of Mahasturbhata; The Pleasures of Doing the Homework.

While it is true that some sages have spoken against the art of fondling one's fig, there are others who speak most highly of its many advantages. Lord Krishna Himself affirms, *No matter how passionately a man loves a woman, he will conquer her only after a great investment of words, but victory within one's own breechclout requires only two rupees for the hankie.*

The revered Arjuna says, *The affection a man feels for a strong water buffalo, a silent woman, or a comfortable sandal is as nothing when compared to the love of a man for pounding his own pomegranate.*

The respected Shastras advise, *A traveler versed in the art of hoeing his turnips may swiftly relieve loneliness when far from his homeland, and a poor man who manipulates his mango need not afterward take his hand out to dinner.*

The Bhagavad Gita counsels: *A man who is both wise and cunning Takes no wife save the one which bears his sword. His arm is his companion and courtesan, And should his arm be separated from his shoulder in battle, He pays no alimony.*

It is not astonishing, then, that numerous gurus, ascetics, and hermits yet refuse to wed any but "the elephant boy's wife."

Some others who may profit from betrothal to the "monk's maiden" include: cripples, lepers, wayfarers in unclean villages, sailors on long voyages, those confined in prisons, men with wives who are ill-favored, seekers of public office desirous of strengthening their handclasps, archers, those awaiting rescue from wells, butter

churners, and Greeks.

Also, there are many evils that punish those who scorn the art. These unfortunates may be recognized by their several afflictions: their lower eyelids are stretched too tightly across the lower eyeball, impairing the contemplation of their scepter; they are too full of *rajas*, the mad impetuous energy of those who cannot find quiet activity for their hands; their complexions are unseemly—white and smooth as the belly of a fish—and they lack the crimson caste marks that signify those who faithfully bang their betel nuts; their hand of greeting is as the limp lily pad, and they are the laughingstock of tavern idlers in wrist-wrestling contests; their eyesight, too acute, blinds them in the bright sun; and they are given to aimless thumb-twiddling, knuckle-cracking, and unmanly knitting.

As the world has yet to end, there are still men filled with *avidya*, or ignorance, and destined to return to this world again and again in the ceaseless cycle of rebirth. If the Great Wheel of Life must yet turn and turn, does it not profit a man to strive for the calm of the center? Shall he not gather pleasure from greasing the hub?

CHAPTER 3:

The Proper Preparation of the Lingam; Its Care and Cleaning.

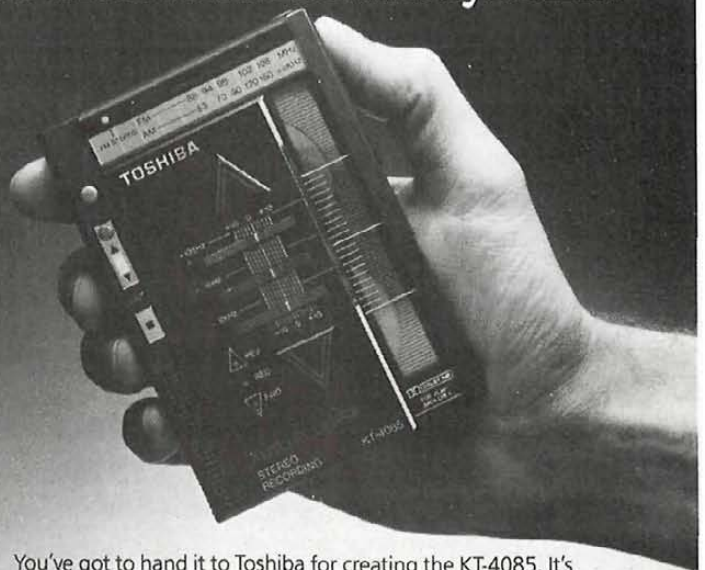
The male member can be divided into three groups according to firmness and resilience. These are known as the Elephant's Goad, the Cormorant's Neck, and the Waterlogged Lotus Blossom.

Accordingly, they are bestowed upon three categories of men: 1) those whose grip has the strength of ten, 2) those whose wrists are as supple as the cobra, 3) those who excel at naught but taffy pulls.

Thus, if a man boasts an Elephant's Goad, his hand soon gleams with a shield of calluses and, fearing not the pricking thorns of the berry bush, grows sleek and fat. If a man possesses a Cormorant's Neck, his agile member may learn to open locked door latches from the outside and increase his wealth manyfold. If, however, a man be endowed with the Waterlogged Lotus Blossom, he may still win favor with the king by offering his services as a pennant, which every passing breeze stirs to a cheerful salute.

Whatever the nature of a man's pestle, he should treat it as he would a bride on her wedding night. He must speak softly to it and allay its fears in a tender fashion. If the organ performs enthusiastically, a wise groom rewards his bride with garlands of flowers, essence of lime, cool sherbets, and a good horse liniment.

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The sincere seeker of Ultimate Release should choose a small, poorly lit tent or room little frequented by vagabonds, neighbors, or inquisitive younger brothers and sisters. The chamber should be simply decorated and should contain a prayer mat, a pot of soothing oils, and eight incense sticks, useful both for their sweet fragrance and as splints. He should bathe every day; every fourth day he should change his garments; every sixth day he should move to a new abode.

Many often puzzle over the proper varieties of sacred representations suitable for assisting the novice in firming his fish. These depictions are most valuable for the elongating of one's eel and are divided into four forms, each according to the persimmon pincher's rank and caste:

Brahman (priests): An exquisitely wrought wall plaque of burnished gold depicting the fully clothed goddess Palma enthroned on a cloud of flower petals and borne aloft by white swans. The hanging must have been made by the finest artist in the region, suspended by silken cord and lit only by the highest-quality candles.

Ksatriya (nobles): A well-crafted carving of a woman of high birth dipping her naked ankles unobserved in a pool of orchids and water hyacinths. The statue must be covered in beaten silver,

painted with rich colors, bordered with semiprecious stones, and placed out of range of the bowman's nectar arrows.

Vaisya (merchants and freemen): A presentable tapestry depicting the delectation of a courtesan, or *gopi*, by three sturdy workmen, all possessing well-formed limbs and expressions revealing a readiness to resume their regular labors after lunch break. Their hands and feet should have the appearance of being recently washed.

Sudras (untouchables): A recognizable tattoo of a slave or serving girl being enjoyed by a leper, a lunatic, a four-legged animal no smaller than a tortoise and no larger than a he-boar, or a flock of geese. The wench should be of a rank no higher than that of the lowest participant, and the tattoo of a position so as to obscure it from the eyes of young children.

CHAPTER 4:

The Correct Positioning of the Hand; Appropriate Positioning of the Fingers; The Dangers of the Australian Grip.

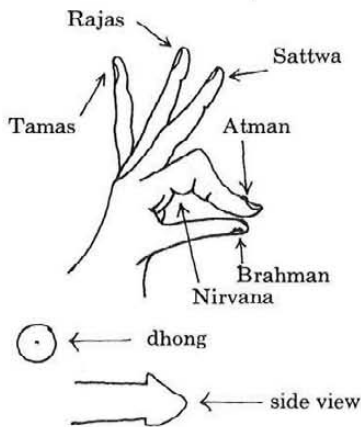
There exist two types of men who pluck their own bowstring: those who say, "I will devote myself diligently to the learning found in the *Palma Sutra* and thus most gracefully cleanse my *karma* in the ceaseless Dance of Life,"

and those who say, "Fie on the sacred practices! What care I for long and difficult years of self-discipline? What care I for the attainment of *nirvana*? It is all I desire to sound my gourd thrice daily and participate in all manner of foul amusements and low company, for there is nothing more important in the cosmos than clumsily bludgeoning my beefcake."

The former are the beloved of Palma and will become united with her for all eternity; the latter are foolish and base men who, when they leave this life, will be reincarnated as a hyena's dingleberries.

Those who respect the traditional rituals will take pains to know the proper placement of the hand and the correct cradling of the *dhong*. Any ruffian can sit in the shade of a *Bo* tree and haphazardly squeeze his lemon. But only the dedicated practitioner can extract the nectar from his blossom without

(ILLUSTRATION A)



angering the gods or his housekeeper.

As can be seen from the illustration, the three lesser fingers correspond to the three *gunas*, and the joined thumb and forefinger correspond to the uniting of *Atman* and *Brahman*. In the Divine Center formed therein is the Nothingness, or Void, which, like a cup or house, is useful only insofar as it is empty, calmly awaiting the introduction of the *dhong*, or Divine Business End.

The *dhong* is then inserted, neither as a heedless ram crashes through a thicket nor as a timid virgin puts her toe in a rushing brook, but as an experienced charioteer enters a busy intersection, carefully looking both ways first. So introduced, the *dhong* is gently encircled by the thumb and forefinger, symbolizing the union of *Atman*, *Brahman*, and *dhong*; and the three remaining fingers are extended away from the *dhong*, particularly if the man is accustomed to eating with his hands.

As the man begins to slowly massage his muffin, he chants the *mantra*:

*Onan me pudme yum,
Boumalaka, boumalaka,
Boumalaka boum.*

(O Divine Goddess, bring me release.

Give me the grace to grease my crease.)

There are, in addition, other mystic incantations that can be called upon if the *dhong* fails to cooperate. Should a man pumping his python find that it remains flaccid, he may awake his drowsing serpent by repeating:

*Svarga tapas garuda dholi,
Ravi shankar ravi oli.*

(Buttocks and crotches and nipples with wings,
These are a few of my favorite things.)

If it happens that the man nudges his nutmeg too quickly, then he must temper his one-eyed worm's frenzy with the Song of Kali:

*Indira gandhi hubbha hubbha,
Janma hetu ghudyir rubbha.*

(To please the goddess and amaze her,
Saw off your schween with a rusty razor.)

There are times when the tongue is occupied elsewhere, as when attempting *Tasting the Spoon*. In cases such as this, it is right and proper that an assistant may recite the *mantras* for the practitioner from behind a screen or from within a cabinet or trunk. If it happens that the practitioner's ears are also occupied, as in the performance of *Listening to the Waterfall*, the assistant may yet aid him if they are both knowledgeable of sign language. In all such cooperations, however, the assistant is cautioned against losing his detachment from the higher purpose of the act by smirking, peeking, or charging admission.

Once all these preparations have been completed, the man must, before beginning, make sacrifices to the goddess Palma. On a certain propitious day, the initiate and his family should gather at the temple with offerings for the priests, either in the form of oranges, gold, or fully illustrated editions of the *Palma Sutra*, available to the readers of this copy at special savings by using the handy coupons on the scroll cover. The man then offers his member to the priests as a ritual sacrifice, and if the other gifts are satisfactory to Palma, the priests let him have it back. Then the man's family sings the hymn to Palma and falls silent. Women are warned against impious giggling; the traditional penalty is having their veils stuffed into their mouths.

CHAPTER 5:

The Positions to Be Assumed by the Man; Methods of Getting Out of Them In Case Of Slipups.

Some ancient writers claim that there are 565 ways in which a man may successfully grind his corn and that there are many more which have been lost to the present world either through man's evils or stuck-together parchments. Whatever the true number, there are only a few basic postures, the rest being but variations on them devised according to the personal inclinations, physical capabilities, and mental health of the practitioner:

1. When a man grasps his member with both hands and inserts it into his mouth, this is known as *Tasting the Spoon*.
2. When a man grasps his member with both hands and inserts it in his mouth while balancing himself on a wooden ball, this is known as *Doing It the Hard Way*.
3. When a man lies on his stomach and, through drawing up his feet, imprisons his drumstick between his two heels and thus caresses himself by rubbing it vigorously with the soles of his feet, this is known as *The Swimming Toad*, and is particularly useful in water both as gratification and propulsion.
4. When a man reaches with his left hand around his neck and grasps his gland from between his legs, this is known as *Choking Yourself, Stupid*.
5. If a man squats on the floor, embraces his protuberance with his knees, and hops up and down until release is attained, this is known as *The Bouncing Buffalo*, or, in the far provinces, *Slopscotch*.
6. If a man inserts his ladle into a steaming broth and stirs until the contents of the pot are thoroughly spiced and seasoned, this is known as *Spoiling Your Supper*.
7. When a man inserts his cashew into the trunk of an elephant and shakes pepper in front of its face, this is known as *God Bless You*.
8. When a man places his drawstring in a pile of soiled garments by the water-side and awaits a woman of the village to pound it on the rocks, this is known as *Washday Black and Blues*.
9. If a man straps himself to the belly of a blind man's cow before milking time with his rudder pointing earthward, this is known as *Cheating the Toddler*.
10. If a man digs a hole in the ground, covers himself with dirt, and paints his upward-pointing column with green paint during harvest time, this is known as *The False Celery*.
11. If a man assumes a supine position on his back and ties a long cord both to his pylon and to the leg of a goose dur-

ing migration time, this is known as *Reach for the Sky*.

12. If a man enters a bakery by stealth and hides his pink cucumber among the bread sticks, this is known as *Let the Buyer Beware*.

13. If a man lies beneath a stage and places on it a woven basket with a hole in the bottom (through which to insert his upraised obelisk) and has hung a sign on the basket proclaiming SNAKE CHARMER AUDITIONS, 3 P.M., this is known as *There's No Business like Show Business*.

14. If a man befriends a baboon, this alone is known as *The Delights of 1,000 Bananas*.

15. If a man puts a glove over his eleventh finger and seeks out knaves anxious to find victims for their hand buzzers, this is known as *Shake, Pal*.

16. If a man hides himself in the temple bell at sunset and places the bell rope on his own clapper, this is known as *Wring Out the Old*.

17. If a man attaches a magnet to his wand and, replacing the pea in a shell game with a ball bearing, lies unseen under the charlatan's table, this is known as *Heads You Win, Tails I Ooze*.

Although these techniques may, at first, appear simple for the beginner, many require a thorough knowledge of advanced yoga positions, and history records the dangers of some of these practices:

The King of Panchala was performing *Heads You Win* when a metal chariot passed by his magnet; and, while not parting the prong from its owner, it required him to travel to Jaipur to reel up the unfortunate member entirely.

Shakatani Shatavesudusi, minister to the Queen of Puntala, while performing *Let the Buyer Beware*, allowed his *tabalas*, as well as his bread stick, to be exposed and lost them both to a hurrying woman during a two-for-one sale.

CHAPTER 6:

Further Dialogue Between Student and Master.

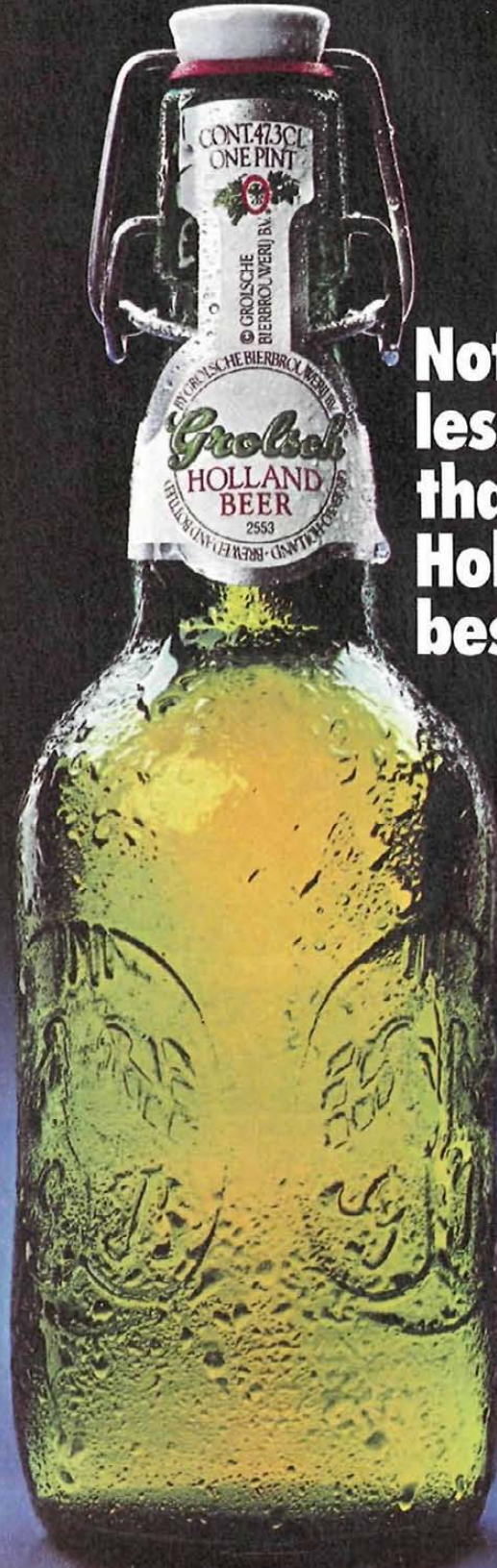
MASTER: Thus have I enumerated the most felicitous manner in which the pious may clobber their casabas without stain or vile practice. A devoted student, then, follows his master's words in these matters and rewards him generously for his unselfish instruction, not forgetting the handy order blanks on the flyleaf.

STUDENT: Long and full well have I heard your words, O Master, but they are as words written upon the water, and for this you expect fulsome rewards? Is it not written that—

MASTER: Hey, there's been a hyena around here lately, and he says he's looking for you. ■

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ARE YOU SURE
YOU WON'T *LOSE*
RESPECT FOR ME
... *AFTER*?

... .. YUK!

In this issue:
**FRAT
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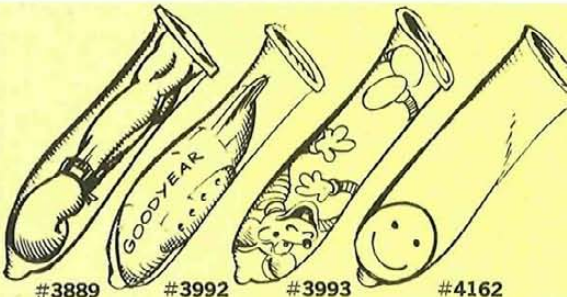
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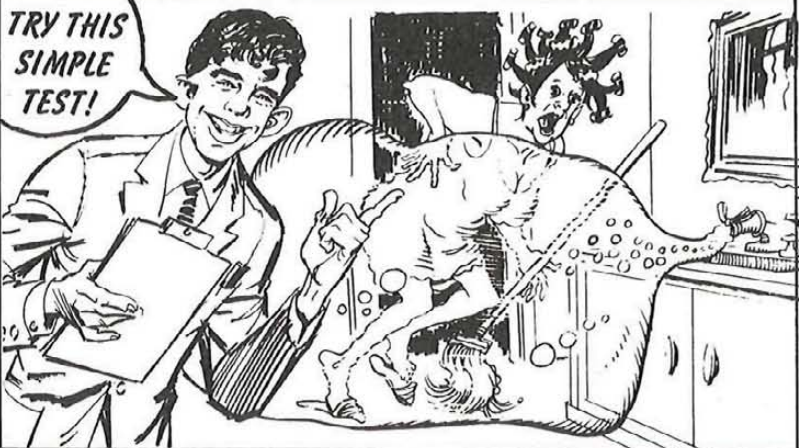
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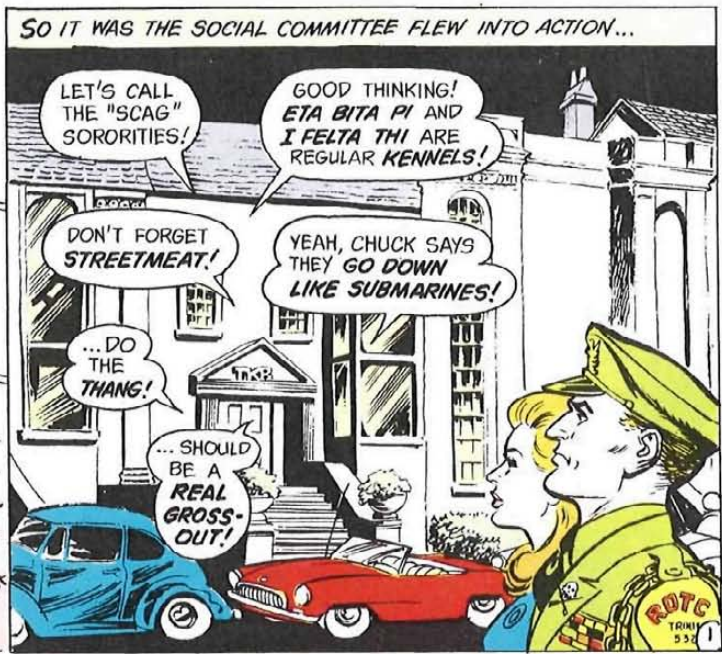
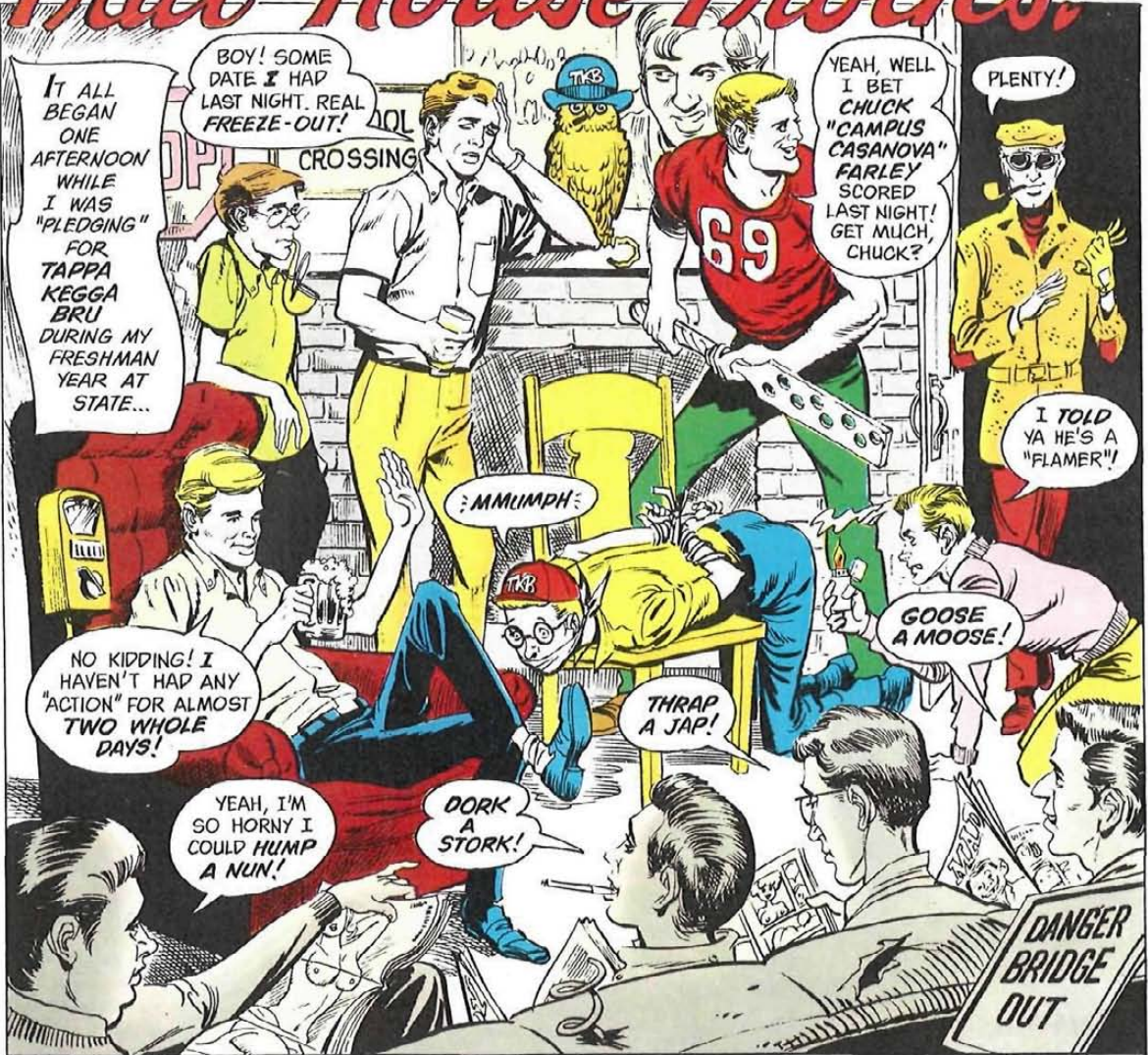
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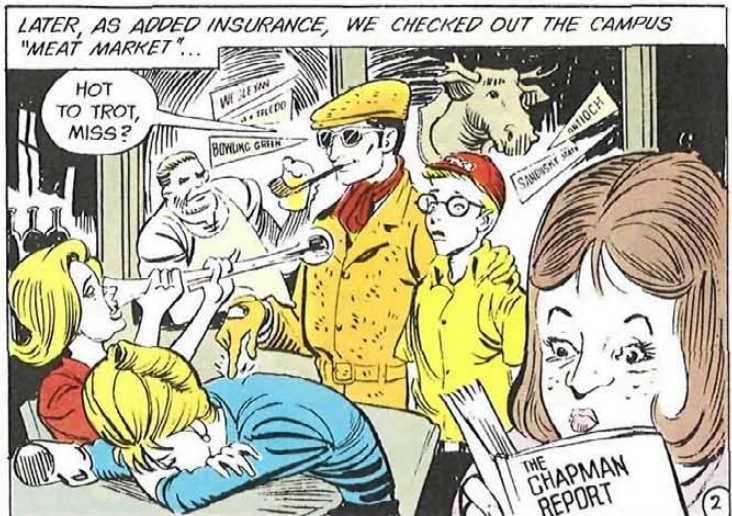
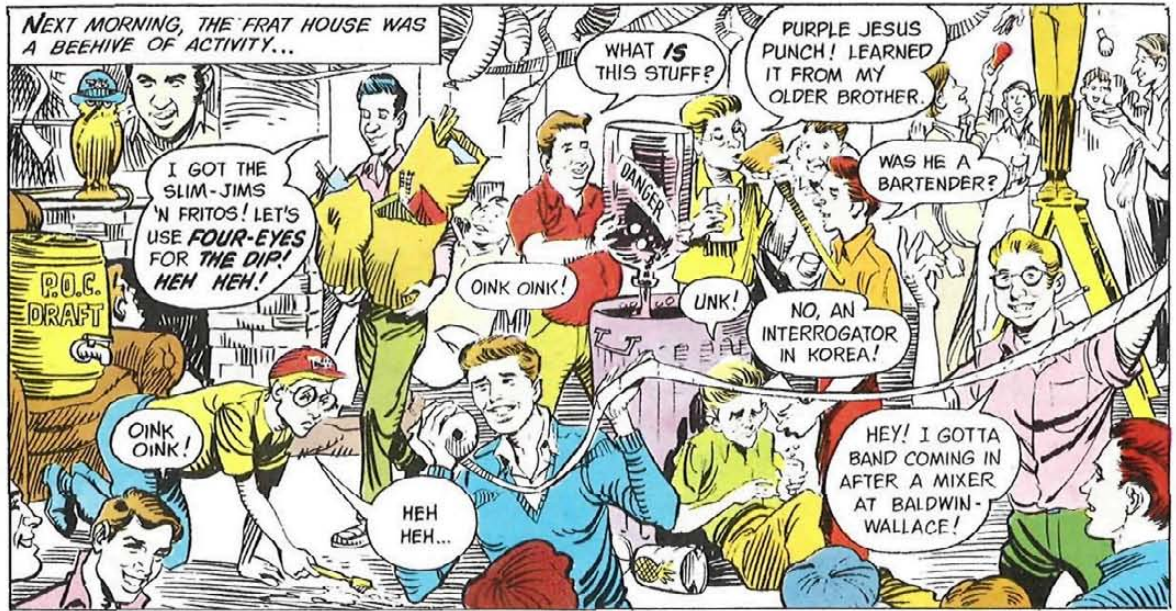
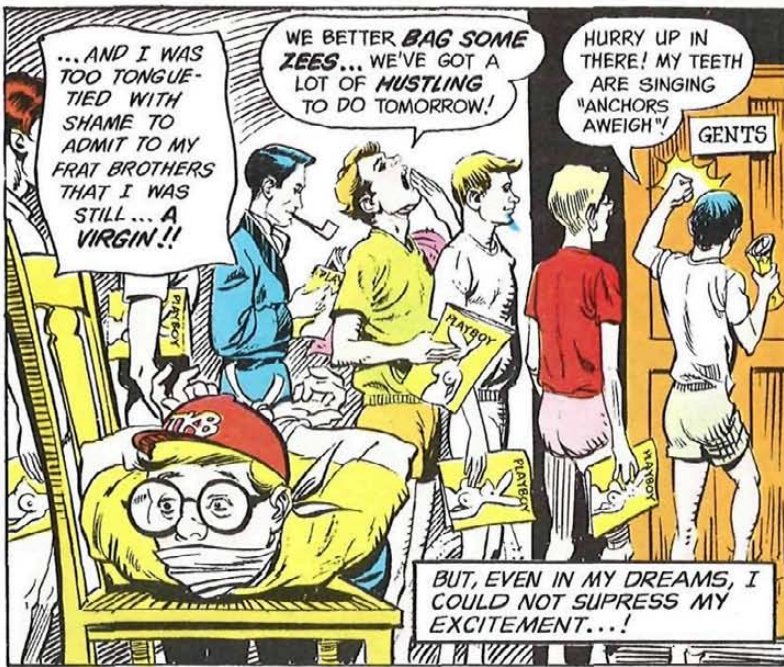
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IN PRIVATE, CHUCK GAVE ME SOME NEEDED CONFIDENCE...



...AS BIG AS YOUR HEAD! THEN, WHEN I WAS THIRTEEN...

DO NOT FLUSH

EMPLOYEES MUST WASH

4-H CLUB FEEL THE PUMP UP YOUR FEEL

WE KNOW WHOSE FEELS HE'S TRYING TO GET TA LITTLE

... AND A COUPLE OF GOOD TIPS!

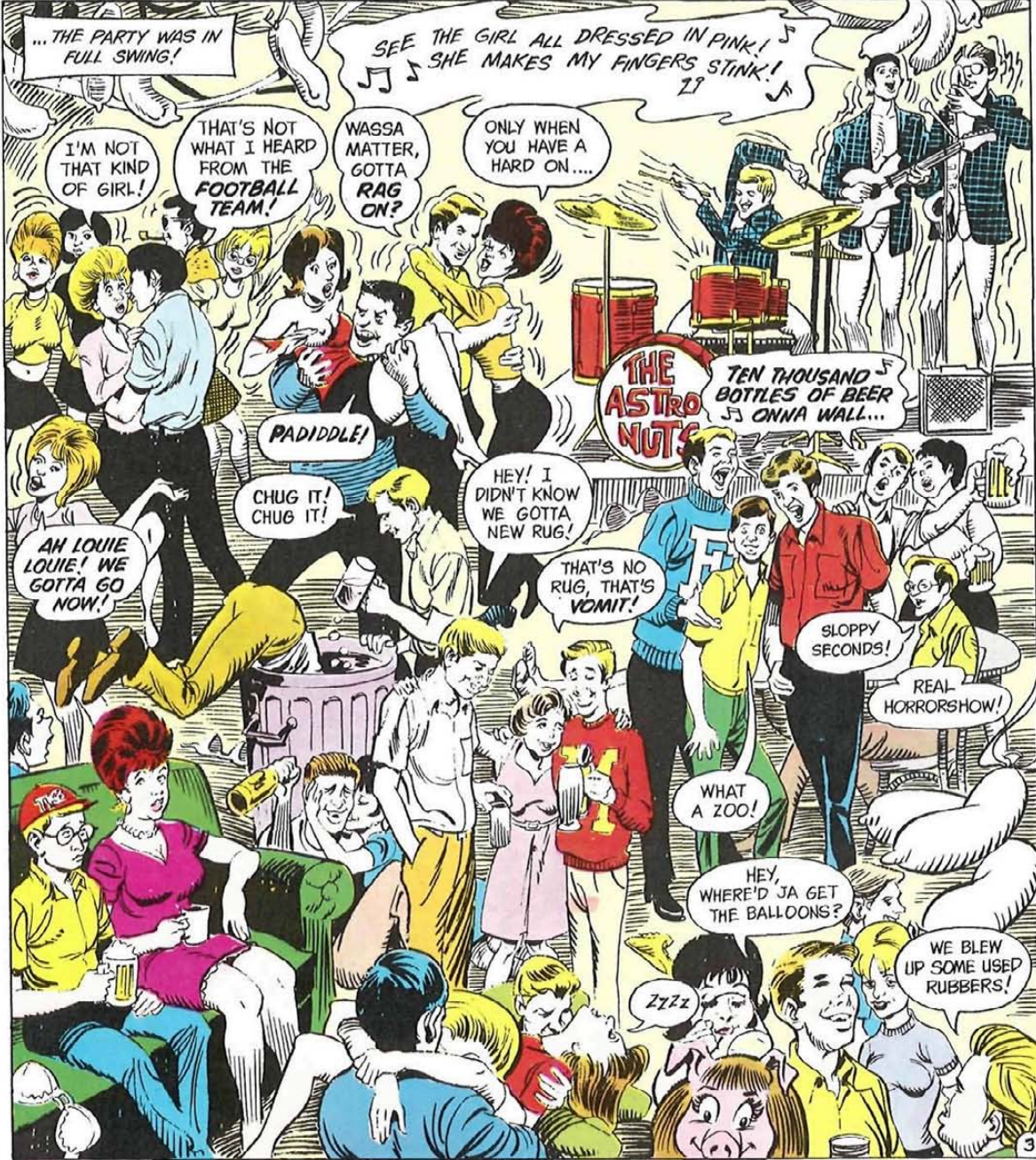


MY TREAT! YOU DON'T WANNA GO BAREBACK, DO YA?

WHEN WE ARRIVED BACK AT THE FRAT HOUSE...



OKAY, MOVE 'EM OUT, BOYS! SSSOOOIE!



...THE PARTY WAS IN FULL SWING!

SEE THE GIRL ALL DRESSED IN PINK! SHE MAKES MY FINGERS STINK!

I'M NOT THAT KIND OF GIRL!

THAT'S NOT WHAT I HEARD FROM THE FOOTBALL TEAM!

WASSA MATTER, GOTTA RAG ON?

ONLY WHEN YOU HAVE A HARD ON...

THE ASTRO NUTS

TEN THOUSAND BOTTLES OF BEER ONNA WALL...

PADIDDLE!

CHUG IT! CHUG IT!

AH LOUIE LOUIE! WE GOTTA GO NOW!

HEY! I DIDN'T KNOW WE GOTTA NEW RUG!

THAT'S NO RUG, THAT'S VOMIT!

SLOPPY SECONDS!

REAL HORRORSHOW!

WHAT A ZOO!

HEY, WHERE'D JA GET THE BALLOONS?

WE BLEW UP SOME USED RUBBERS!

Zzzz

SUDDENLY, THE TIME TO MAKE MY MOVE WAS AT HAND...

YIPE! OH WELL... HERE GOES NOTHING...

ER - WOULD YOU LIKE SOME - ER - PUNCH, MISS?

LATER... ...ACTUALLY, I ORIGINALLY PLEDGED SIGMA PHI NOTHING, BUT THEY WERE TOO CLIQUEY...

TSHK, TSHK... HERE, BETTYPAM LEMME GET YOU A FRESH ONE...

STILL LATER... ...SOME MOVIES ARE CUTE, BUT A LOT ARE REALLY DEPRESSING...

EXACTLY THE WAY I FEEL... TIME FOR A REFILL?

STILL MUCH LATER STILL... ...SO WHEN I WAS ELEVEN, WE MOVED TO SANDUSKY...

FASCINATING... SAY, CAN I FRESHEN THAT UP FOR YOU?

LATER THAN THAT, EVEN...

YOU KNOW, WE'VE ONLY JUST MET, BUT I THINK... I THINK...

I THINK I'M GOING TO BE... SICK!

RRRRUURRRP!

...THE MOMENT OF TRUTH HAD COME!

G-GEE, WHAT A TIME FOR HER TO PASS OUT!

I WONDER IF ANYBODY'D CARE IF...

NO, FOUR-EYES, NO!

WOOF WOOF! SNORT! MOO!

ONLY AN ANIMAL WOULD EVEN THINK OF DOING SUCH A THING!

IN THE RUSH TO MAKE THE THE SORORITY CURFEW, THERE WAS LITTLE TIME FOR WORDS...

POLICEMAN! POLICEMAN!

GURGLE!

G'NIGHT, BETTYPAM... I'LL CALL YOU...

...AND ONLY IN THE LOOKING BACK DID I REALIZE THE REAL WORTH OF... THE FIRST TIME...

LOOKS LIKE ABOUT EIGHTY-FOUR BILLS FROM HERE...

THE END

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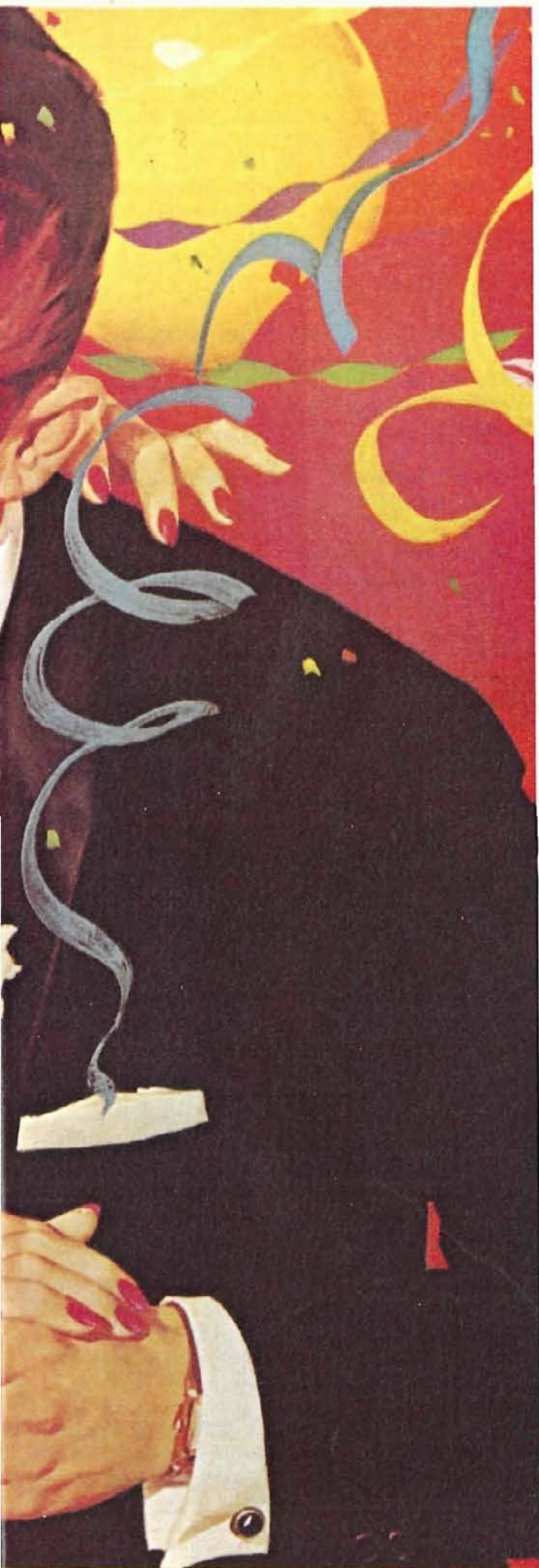
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First Blowjob

*A Young Girl's Senior Prom Can Mean Many Things:
A Bouquet Of Memories . . . Or a Pillow Full of Tears . . .*

"Connie! Connie Phillips! You'd better hurry, Jeff will be here any minute!"

Mrs. Phillips's call from downstairs found Connie, still in her freshly ironed slip, sitting crosslegged on the bedspread to put the finishing touches on her nails. A startled glance at the clock on the bureau reaffirmed her mother's warning—it was almost half past seven. Fanning the air with her hands to dry the polish, Connie gulped and hurried to dress.

Carefully, she drew the sheer nylons over her tan, athletic legs and slipped on the white organdy gown that hung in its plastic bag on her closet door. (Thank heaven Mrs. Phillips had relented at the store in her preference for the green taffeta—a high-necked confusion of bows, flounces, and spaghetti straps that looked more like a circus tent than a party frock.) Connie fastened the three simple strands of cultured pearls around her neck and took the rhinestone bracelet Mrs. Phillips had lent her especially for tonight from the dressing table. Blotting her cherry-frost lipstick on a tissue and giving her pert, blonde curls one last flick with her brush, Connie sighed and stepped back from the mirror for final inspection.

Looking at the unfamiliar figure who peered back from the glass with equally wide-eyed astonishment, Connie suddenly felt a curious sense of elation. What this afternoon was only a gum-snapping, floppy-shirted teen with one ear glued to the telephone and the other permanently cocked toward the hi-fi had been miraculously transformed somewhere between this afternoon's bubble bath and that teetering test-walk in her new yellow satin pumps—into an undeniably attractive, grown-up woman.

Good looks aren't a passport to a happy and productive life, Connie reminded herself as she lingered another moment before the mirror, but is it wrong to know you're pretty and be glad of it . . . at least for one special night?

"Hey, nobody told me *Grace Kelly* was in here! I wonder where that dumb old Connie is?"

Connie started from her reverie and quickly flushed with embarrassment as she saw Didi's reflection behind her. Didi Phillips was a pesky, pug-nosed, freckle-faced imp who Connie's parents persisted in maintaining was her own little sister.

"And I suppose no one told you it's impolite to barge into other people's rooms without knocking either?" retorted Connie, whirling around to confront her impudent sibling.

"No-o, but I hear you can get stuck-up from looking at mirrors too long," Didi returned airily. "Anyway, Prince Charming's in the living room getting the Third Degree from Mom an' Pop, so you'd better trot on down before he shrivels up like a raisin."

Snatching her handbag from the bureau, Connie brushed by Didi and, pausing at the top of the stairs to take a deep breath, descended in a slow, "ladylike" manner to the living room where she found Jeff sitting on the couch chatting amiably with her parents. Everyone turned toward Connie as she appeared and Jeff, rising to stand, stared at her with an appreciative grin.

"Ho-ly Bananas," exclaimed Jeff, making a comical bow, "I didn't know I had a date with a *movie star!*"

"And I didn't know I had a date with such a *smoothie!*" laughed Connie, joining in the general amusement.

"Oh yes," chuckled Mr. Phillips as he lit his pipe, "Jeff and I have just been discussing that forty-yard pass he made against Hillcrest last season, and now I see why you think he's such a 'dreamboat!'"

For the second time that evening, Connie blushed, then joined Jeff, whose tan, athletic good looks were set off by merry blue eyes and a bow tie in a smart green plaid.

"Now, Wayne," said Mrs. Phillips, "leave the jokes to Jack Benny and let the children go—they don't want to sit around listening to *us.*"

"You're right, Ruth," said Mr. Phillips sheepishly as he knocked the ashes from his pipe and slipped it into the pocket of his cardigan sweater. "You know, it wasn't until you came down those stairs that I realized what a beautiful young woman my little Connie has become."

"Oh Daddy, don't be silly," chided Connie affectionately, as she kissed her father's cheek. "You know I'll *always* be 'your little girl.'"

"I know you will," said Mr. Phillips, "and I also know that Jeff is a fine boy—but there'll be other fine lads around when you go to State in the fall, so I'd like you to promise a prehistoric old dad one thing. . . ."

"Sure Daddy," said Connie, giving a mock conspiratorial wink to Jeff over her father's shoulder, "what is it?"

"Just promise me," said Mr. Phillips, fumbling for his pipe cleaners, "that no matter how wonderful the dance may be tonight, and no matter what Jeff and you may be feeling . . . promise me that you won't give him a blowjob."

"A w-what?" stammered Connie, backing away slightly.

"A blowjob," Mr. Phillips repeated. "You know, when a fellow forces his dork down your throat and makes you suck on it until he eventually shoots his pecker-snot all over your tonsils."

In the silence that followed, Connie, suddenly quite pale, looked beseechingly from Mrs. Phillips to Jeff, both of whom could only avert their eyes to the carpet.

"Oh my God," gasped Connie, "th-that's . . . horrible . . . *sickening.* . . ."

"You bet it is," replied Mr. Phillips, puffing his pipe alight, "just ask your mother."

Once in Jeff's convertible, Connie tactfully passed over Mr. Phillips's unusual behavior and admired the single, perfect white gardenia Jeff

had brought. "What a gorgeous flower," she said as she admired the blossom in Jeff's rear view mirror, "but you shouldn't have spent so much!"

"Oh, a couple of weekends at hard labor on my pop's lawn mower," Jeff admitted, "but seeing how fabulous you look tonight wearing it makes it a bargain."

"It is a grand evening, isn't it?" Connie said, inhaling the fresh late spring greenery as they sped along Lakeshore Drive to the prom.

"And a grand date for me," Jeff returned. "I feel like the luckiest senior in the history of Parkdale High."

"And I'm the luckiest girl," Connie smiled. "After all, it isn't *everybody* who goes to the Spring Bounce with Jeff Madison—co-captain of the Varsity Football Team, chairman of the Student Senate, and Hi-Tri-Y activities coordinator!"

"Aw, cut the softsoap," Jeff laughed. "Let's just say that we're *both* lucky before we get swelled heads!"

"Fun ahoy!" Jeff sang as he turned off Glenview Boulevard into the already crowded parking lot. "Last one on the dance floor is a wallflower!"

"Not me!" cried Connie excitedly, "and you'd better've eaten your Cheerios because I'm not going to sit out a single dance!"

The Senior Bounce was everything Connie hoped it would be, and together with Jeff she floated and swayed to the lilting rhythms of fox trots, sambas, and polkas until Connie thought her heart would burst.

"I have to powder my nose," said Connie, excusing herself at the break as the crowd eagerly gathered at the tempting tables of Hawaiian Punch and gingersnaps. For Connie it was a perfect evening, or almost perfect, for when Connie went to the coat rack to get a handkerchief from her wrap, she overheard Mary Ellen Peterson and Doris Wilkins whispering by the drinking fountain.

"Doesn't Connie Phillips look . . . *sophisticated* tonight?" said Mary Ellen archly.

"Who wouldn't," Doris sniffed, "with that swanky rhinestone bracelet of her mother's?"

"Well," said Mary Ellen, "she certainly seems to have Jeff Madison on a string. Do you think they'll get engaged?"

"Maybe," said Doris vaguely, "although I can't *imagine* Connie not minding Jeff's personality problems. . . ."

At that point Connie "accidentally" dropped her compact and the two gossips, both red-faced, ended their discussion in mid-meow.

"Hel-lo girls," said Connie. "Did I hear you mention Jeff?"

"W-well, as a matter of fact," began a flustered Mary Ellen, "I was just this minute telling Doris that . . . with a *personality* like Jeff's he certainly has no *problem* snagging the most popular girl in Parkdale!"

"Oh," said Connie uncertainly.

The band tuned up again, but this time as Connie whirled around the floor in Jeff's appre-

ciative arms, her happiness was clouded by the snatch of conversation she had overheard in the Ladies Room. Even the intoxicating, quicksilver arpeggios of the accordian could not drown out the two false notes in the evening. *Personality problems . . . blowjob . . . personality problems . . . blowjob*, a small, nagging voice kept repeating.

Too soon, the band struck up "Good Night Ladies" and it was time to go. Connie and Jeff were invited to join some of the crowd at the Snak Shoppe for post-prom munchables and, it was darkly hinted, some good-natured hijinx. But Jeff begged off and, as he held Connie's hand, shyly murmured that there was something he wished to ask her alone.

As they drove away under a sky pin-pointed with stars, Connie noticed that he was strangely silent. Finally, she asked Jeff if something was troubling him.

"Yes, Connie, there *is* something," Jeff replied as he turned off Lakeshore Drive onto Clinton Avenue. Without a word, he reached into his breast pocket and offered Connie a tiny, velvet-covered box.

She still was staring at the unopened box in her hand when Jeff pulled off Clinton Avenue into a deserted alley next to the Apex Dry Cleaners.

"Oh Jeff, I don't know what to say," Connie began. "I know we've *talked* about marriage, but I really feel we both should complete our college education at State before I could even *think* of accepting your ring."

Jeff shut off the motor and turned questioningly to Connie. "State . . . marriage . . . ring?" Jeff said puzzledly. "I'm not going to the State College. My folks are sending me to the State Mental Hospital—that box I gave you has a couple of Dramamines in it so you don't gag too much when you give me my blowjob."

"Y-your what?" said Connie tonelessly.

"My blowjob," Jeff explained. "You know, where a guy crams his meat into your gullet and you eat on it until he goes spooley all over your uvula."

"Aaah!" Connie screamed, fumbling at the door handle, "No! Jeff, no!" But before she could escape, Connie felt inhumanly powerful hands seize her by the neck and force her head down below the dashboard. There, plainly revealed in the green fluorescent glow of the "Apex" sign, Connie saw Jeff's tan, athletic penis straining toward her.

"Oh God, please *no*!" Connie pleaded a last time before Jeff pried her clenching jaws apart with his powerful thumbs and began by inches, to introduce his swollen flesh past her cherry-frost lipstick. As Jeff plunged and withdrew with pistonlike insistence, Connie felt her glottis constrict involuntarily, seizing the intrusive column.

"Atta girl, Connie," encouraged Jeff, "shake hands with it!"

At last Jeff rose to his final, shuddering spasm and Connie felt a wad of viscous fluid splatter off her palate and slowly begin to trickle through

her vitals.

"Not bad for a beginner," reassured Jeff as he tied Connie's wrists and ankles to the steering wheel with his matching plaid suspenders. "You should learn to breathe through your nose, though," he added thoughtfully.

When Connie was firmly trussed and secured to the wheel, Jeff excused himself and returned a few moments later wearing a makeshift Nazi uniform, a snapped-off car aerial clutched in his hand.

"Gee," exclaimed Jeff as he began to lash out viciously at her unprotected body, "I've been wanting to try this ever since I first heard Negro music!"

It was many minutes past midnight when a blue convertible screeched to a stop in front of the Phillips's home. A car door could be heard opening, and, under the yellow radiance of the streetlight, a limp weight was kicked from the automobile on to the sidewalk before it roared off with a muffled growl.

Slowly, the girl began to stir. Connie, still only semi-conscious, opened her eyes to a brilliant starscape. This puzzled her because she had landed face first. *Sky up, not down*—Connie reminded herself with the characteristic common sense that had made her one of the most popular seniors at Parkdale, *why stars on ground?* Then, as her eyes began to focus, Connie realized that the twinkling array before her was not stars, but a scattering of precious rhinestones on the pavement.

"Uh-oh, gonna get it now, . . ." Connie sang to herself sadly as she crawled across the moist green lawn to her door. Hauling herself to her feet with the aid of a pair of lawn flamingos, Connie used them as simple crutches to stagger the last few steps to the front porch. There, she collapsed and began to scratch feebly at the screen.

Answering the door, Mr. Phillips was surprised to find Connie's crumpled form on the steps, her half-naked body crisscrossed with red welts and her tattered nylons seamed with thin rivulets of dried blood.

"Well, it certainly looks like you've had *your* fun," said Mr. Phillips, "do you have any idea what time it is, young lady?"

Connie remained motionless on the steps as Mr. Phillips puffed his pipe angrily. Finally, Mr. Phillips sighed and lifted the dazed girl to her feet and leaned her against the screen door.

"I suppose you think your old Dad's an ancient old stick-in-the-mud," said Mr. Phillips. "But I *can* sympathize with the problems facing young people today . . . heck, you may not believe it, but I'm even 'hep' to a lot of your kookie teen lingo."

With that, Mr. Phillips's fist struck Connie in the face and sent her somersaulting through the screen door back out onto the lawn, the force of his blow immediately closing her right eye.

"Padiddle, for example," chuckled Mr. Phillips.

The Change Has Proven Successful

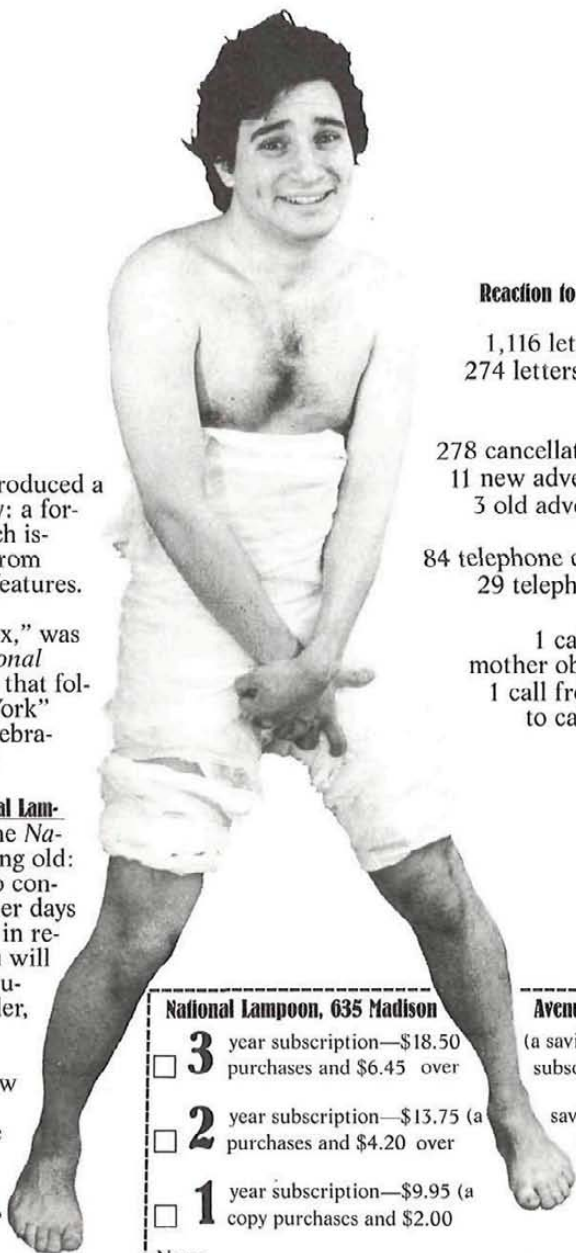
With our January 1985 issue we introduced a **new and totally innovative** editorial policy: a format that would have *no* format. Each issue would be completely different from any other—no regular columns or features.

The January issue, "Good, Clean Sex," was the highest-selling issue of the *National Lampoon* in three years. The issues that followed, February's "Guide to New York" and March's "15th Anniversary Celebration," appear to be equally popular.

Something funny has happened to the National Lampoon. With this new "non-policy," the *National Lampoon* has added something old: many of the writers and artists who contributed to the magazine in its earlier days but had moved on to other matters in recent years are back again. Thus you will once again see Gahan Wilson, Ed Subitzky, Rick Meyerowitz, Chris Miller, Danny Abelson, P. J. O'Rourke, John Weidman, and many others, in addition to a group of new humorists whose writings haven't been equaled around here since the mid-seventies.

Coming up: The "Youth at Play" issue, True Facts Annual, Music Festival, the (what promises to be remarkable) "Mad As Hell" Report, and others that will provoke, annoy, prod, scintillate, mock, entertain—but mostly, just make you laugh.

A new format—the world's most widely read humor magazine. You can subscribe. **TODAY!**



Reaction to the January 1985 issue and the new format:

- 1,116 letters complimenting issue
- 274 letters that primarily indicated sender hated issue
- 1,964 new subscriptions
- 278 cancellations of old subscriptions
- 11 new advertisers for coming issues
- 3 old advertisers canceled existing contracts
- 84 telephone calls complimenting issue
- 29 telephone calls criticizing issue
- 2 obscene calls
- 1 call from executive editor's mother objecting to nudity in issue
- 1 call from nude model objecting to call from executive editor's mother

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What Every Teen-Ager Should Know

Nancy Reagan's Guide to Dating Dos and Don'ts



"A sane, sound book for modern young people embarking on the sometimes murky sea of premarital dating."—Rev. Billy Graham

"Teen-age questions answered with a frankness and honesty refreshing in these sniggering times."—Ann Landers

*"A guiding beacon for today's turned-on, anything-for-kicks generation."
—Pat Boone*

Introduction

Hi. If you are "twixt twelve and twenty" and a would-be dater, this book is for you. In it, I am going to deal honestly, and sometimes quite frankly, with the joys and pitfalls of teen-age dating in the hope that it may prevent your first corsage from shriveling up into a bouquet of nettles.

A *dating manual for this day and age*? one of your "sophisticated" chums may scoff. *Why, all that jazz about moral decency and lofty ideals is a lot of bunk and hooey!* Is it? Well, take a good look, fellows and girls, at the dangers that surround you in today's "anything goes" world. Everywhere a teen turns, he is assaulted by an avalanche of filth that lurks in many forms—pornographic movies, obscene novels, indecent plays, lurid magazines, prurient snapshots, seductive television commercials, suggestive song lyrics, immodest dances, salacious paintings, lewd advertisements, coarse poems, smutty radio shows, depraved newspapers, indelicate lithographs, perverse sculptures, shady stories, gross cookbooks, tawdry cocktail napkins, ribald postcards, libertine bumper stickers, provocative buttons, meretricious gestures, licentious operas, pandering food labels, and shameless zoos.

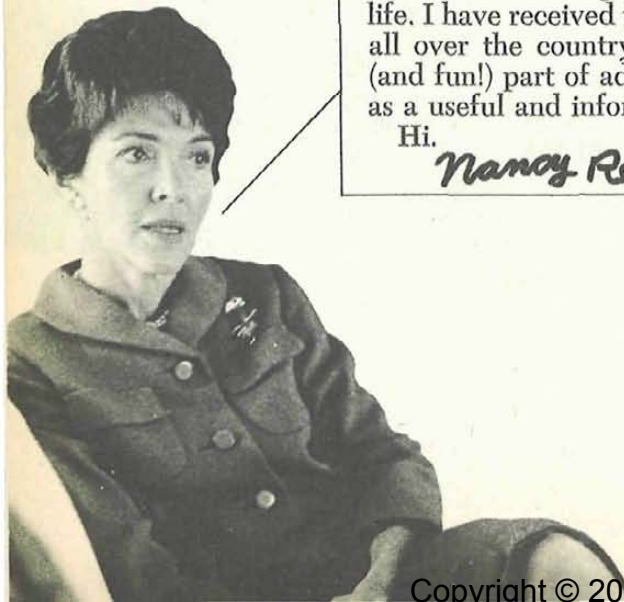
It's enough to make me sick to my stomach. Actually, after a drive through L.A., I often *get* sick to my stomach and have to spend a whole afternoon in the little girls' room. As a matter of fact, I think I'm already a little woozy, and I haven't even gotten to the first chapter yet.

Where does this nauseating tidal wave of smut and garbage come from? Well, you won't find out from the "Sex O'Clock News," but it is no secret that certain foreign powers would like nothing better than to see our country paralyzed and prostrated by a degenerate Supreme Court that sanctions petting sprees and free love as "freedom of choice" and "harmless kicks." While America rots from within, all the Russkies would have to do is rumble through Washington in tanks with those long, nasty things on top and pick up the pieces. Her youth "brainwashed" by so-called "liberated" codes of behavior, a mighty nation would be vanquished, laid low by deep kissing and petting parties.

But young people all love dates, and there is no finer preparation for marriage than a wholesome, well-rounded social life. I have received thousands of letters from concerned teens all over the country, begging for advice on this important (and fun!) part of adulthood, and I hope this book will serve as a useful and informative answer.

Hi.

Nancy Reagan



Chapter I

So You're Growing Up?

Dating is like dynamite. Used wisely, it can move mountains and change the course of mighty rivers. Used foolishly, it can blow your legs off. Scientists have calculated, for example, that if a man could harness even a fraction of the kinetic energy wasted in a single session of Post Office or Spin the Bottle, he could light up the entire city of Wilmington, Delaware, and have enough left over to discover and mass produce a cheap, effective cure for cancer of the larynx. Thus, it is so important to understand and harness the explosive power of the forces developing in your body.

Have you noticed that your body is playing little tricks on you lately? If you are a boy, you may have noticed your legs, face, arms, and chest are becoming covered with thick, black pubic hairs and your voice may be beginning to sound like a phonograph needle ruining your favorite stack of platters. If you are a girl, you may have noticed a painful swelling up here and some more funny business going on down there.

These dramatic changes can mean only one thing: cholera. If you are not among the lucky ones, then it simply means you are becoming a young man or a young woman, depending on how much flouride they dumped in your parents' drinking water. I know that such changes can often be difficult for growing teens, but try to weather the storm and "grin and bear it." There is always impotence and menopause.

During these trying teen-age years, a girl begins to "menstruate" (*men stroo ate*), and a boy begins to have "erections" (*cc wreck shuns*), normally only when called to the blackboard by his teacher. There is absolutely nothing abnormal about this, and, aside from voluntary sterilization, no known cure.

Not only is the miracle of growing up taking place inside your body, but it may be going on outside it as well. There are many names for this remarkable stage of development—"acne," "pimples," "blackheads," "whiteheads," "redcaps," "boils," "blemishes," "cankers," "zits," "pustules," "efflorescence," "breaking out," "pockmarks," "carbuncles," "suppurations," "polyps," "goobies," and "St. Anthony's Fire," to mention just a few. Perhaps one of your clever friends will notice this badge of young adulthood and jokingly dub you with an appropriate descriptive nickname, like "Crater Face," "Swiss Cheese," or "Vomithead." But perk up! Such bothersome side effects are all in Mother Nature's master plan, and they may very possibly disappear in time, leaving a healthy, glowing complexion on those portions of your face and neck not permanently disfigured by layers of horny scar tissue. You *can* treat your "boo-boos" right away, however, with frequent applications of hot, soapy water, mild astringent, or, in unusually severe cases, a woodburning kit.

Chapter II

Calling All Girls

It is time to clear up one myth about menstruation or "the curse" as many, including myself, prefer to call it. Many girls worry because their "periods" don't come as regular as clockwork, on the first or fifteenth of the month with the rest of the bills. This is nothing more than a silly wives' tale. The "cramps" you may feel, often no more noticeable than a rhythmic sledgehammer blow to the abdomen, only mean that the two little almond-flavored organs deep in your tummy are finally getting around to preparing a little home in case a baby wants to move in. This continuing cycle varies widely in different girls and may range anywhere from fifty-three to three days, depending on whether the little almonds want their owner to bloat up like a derigi-

ble or simply bleed to death.

This interesting process, often called "nature's egg-timer," was originally based on the lunar month of twenty-eight days. But with so many changes in our modern calendar to make way for silly things like Labor Day and Martin Luther King's birthday, the cycle is often keyed to other natural rhythms, like sunspots, quirky reversals of the earth's magnetic poles, or fluctuations in the stock market. (During these special days, it is wise to avoid anything that might interfere with this delicate phenomenon, such as swimming, ham radio transmitters, and remote-controlled streetlights.) My *own* cycle is based on the appearance of Haley's Comet, so although I am under the weather only infrequently, I am stocking up on you-know-whats now, because when my next one comes in 1985, it's bound to be a *whopper!*

One more word about your period. When it finally comes, you may find it a good idea to use a "sanitary napkin" to help stanch the massive loss of precious, irreplaceable



fluids from your vitals. If so, beware of fast-talking sales pitches claiming the Tampax-type tampon is preferable to the Kotex-type external napkin. The former may be somewhat more convenient, but it can lead both to unwanted feelings and risking your stock in the marriage market. As for the slight icky odor that occasionally results from the safer, saner napkin, a *schpritz* of feminine deodorant, Glade, or liquid benzene should make your strolls upwind of kennels and dog shows free from any possible danger of embarrassment.

Chapter III

Fellows Take Note

As for you boys, don't feel left out. If you glance down between your legs, where your vagina should be, you will see an odd-looking pink sac containing two little ugly things. Go ahead, take a look right now, but *keep your hands on the book* (more about *that* later). Quite a surprise, wasn't it? Well, the funny pink sac is called your "scrotum"

continued



continued

(skro tum), and the two little ugly things are called "testes" (teh stees) and are why you can never know the ultimate, inexpressible joy of motherhood.

Believe it or not, your scrotum will respond to sudden changes in temperature, quickly raising or lowering your testes to maintain them at a constant heat level, something seen nowhere else in nature except by those few who have mastered the proper techniques of marshmallow-toasting. If you don't believe me, try rubbing an ice cube against your scrotum and see what happens. Now, quickly try a lighted match. Now another ice cube. Another match. Faster. Cube. Match. Cube. Ma—aha! Didn't your mother ever tell you not to play with matches? All joking aside, this is simply another example of the wonders you can find in and around your own body, stuff that has often led to many important scientific discoveries. For example, when my husband, Ronald, was in the Boy Scouts, he used this same natural principle for a homemade thermometer and won a merit badge in meteorology.

Chapter IV

The Nightmare of Wet Dreams

Nocturnal emissions, or "wet dreams" as they are often called, were once dreaded and traumatic experiences for young boys of the Victorian era. But today there can be little doubt that these perfectly normal, disgusting catastrophes are merely your body's way of "priming the pump" for the coming responsibilities of manhood and marriage, and a signal to your mother or laundry that you are ready for dating.

Should you have a nocturnal emission, do not worry. A few easy preparations for this can be made in advance. Each night, before your mom tucks you in, make sure she supplies you with two bath towels, an automobile sponge, a mop, a pail of hospital-strength disinfectant, a five-gallon can of industrial cleanser, a hammer, a chisel, and a two-handed paint scraper.

Chapter V

Playing with Yourself Is Playing with Fire!

Clint and Babs were returning from their church youth meeting. At her door, Babs turned and shook Clint's hand good-night. It had been a lovely date, and, thinking over the evening as he undressed back home, Clint noticed a strange feeling suddenly coming over him. In bed, Clint was still restless, puzzled by this new, overpowering sensa-

tion. Suddenly, as Clint thought of Babs's unusually warm farewell, memories of an impure picture he had once found hidden in a Gideon Bible popped up unexpectedly. As did something else. Drowsily allowing his right hand to stray under the covers, Clint sleepily took the situation in hand and, before he realized what he had done, committed an act of self-pollution. The next morning, while driving to school to be sworn in as Student Council President, Clint was struck and killed by a speeding bus.

Such stories are common in the daily papers. Every day thousands of young men and women pay tragically for a single, thoughtless surrender to temptation. But even more victims of the "solitary sin" go unrecognized, their fates mistakenly diagnosed as "poor study habits," "tennis elbow," or a "slight case of the sniffles." The list is endless. But the untold misery brought by willful masturbation cannot be reckoned by mere statistics. One has only to look at our prisons, mental hospitals, and riot-torn campuses for the real cost.

Chilling, isn't it?

I'm no chump, you are probably saying as you read this, *but how can I, as an up-to-date teen, learn to guard against this treacherous and degrading habit?* First, a sound diet including eight glasses of pure water a day. Second, good health habits, such as brushing your teeth and having a thorough bowel movement after each meal. Third, avoid sweets and between-meal snacks. Regular exercise will also help sap excess energy in a helpful, constructive manner. Some popular sports you may enjoy are bicycling, swimming, skating, curling, basketball, golfing, polo, sledding, badminton, jai alai, quoits, table tennis, and snooker. Hint: if trouble still persists, it may be wise to make it a rule to slip on a pair of baseball gloves, heavy wool socks, or oven mittens before retiring. If these precautions fail, your dad will be happy to help handcuff your hands behind your back before you turn in.

As for you gals, don't get smug. Many young women regularly harm themselves with acts of self-pollution *even while sound asleep*, often dreaming of bizarre degradations involving beatniks, Negroes, or worse. Because of this, it is advisable not to tempt the devil. Have your mother "keep on ice" such objects as pencils, candles, bananas, frankfurters, hairbrushes, and softball bats.

Now that I have the scoop on self-abuse, you say, *I'm going to practice these easy safeguards and pass the low-down on to my pals.*

And I can think of three people who will back you up on that: Clint's mother, father, and Babs.



"Playing with Yourself Is Playing with Fire!"

Chapter VI

Your First Date: Calling Her Up

Calling up a girl for a date for the first time can often mean a bout with those "telephone jitters." How to avoid them? It's easier than you think! Like anything you do, there's a *right* way and a *wrong* way. I'll pause a moment while you let that sink in. The most important thing to remember is *don't beat around the bush*. The forthright, direct approach is the best way to ask for a date, as any girl will tell you. Let's start with the wrong way first: Carl has two tickets to a popular movie approved by his local church group, and he wants to take Norma as his guest. Let's see what happens. . . .



Norma: Hello?

Carl: Hello.

Norma: Hello? Hello? Is somebody there?

Carl: Hello?

Norma: Look, who *is* this? If this is some kind of a joke, my father—

Carl: Uh, Norma, this is Carl from your Civics class, and I was wondering if—

Norma: Carl? I don't think I know any "Carl."

Carl: Well, I'm the one with the thick glasses who sits way back by the windows? Today when I spoke to you in the hall—

Norma: Listen, maybe you have the wrong Bancroft. There's a *Carla* Bancroft in our class. The homely one with those things all over her face?

Carl: Well, actually, that's *me*, Carl Bancroft. Anyway, you were with Moose Pojanski from the football team at the time? I mean, you were talking to him, mostly, but—

Norma: Oh, sure, sure, I remember. Okay, shoot.

Carl: Well, I was wondering, if you weren't doing anything Saturday night, perhaps you'd consider—

Norma: Saturday? Oh, gee, that's tough. That's the night I always wash my hair.

Carl: Uh, well, maybe Sunday? I could exchange—

Norma: And I always dry it on Sunday nights.

Carl: Uh, then how about Mon—

Norma: Then I have to set it. It's a real job, y'know?

Carl: Well, I suppose I could get tickets for Tues—

Norma: *Click*.

Carl: Hello? Norma? Gee, the line went dead.

Needless to say, Carl did not get to date Norma that Saturday. Now let's eavesdrop on a boy who knows how to use those telephone courtesies that spell "date bait," as he invites a girl for a horseback ride. . . .

Norma: Hello?

Moose: 'Lo, Norma? 'S Moose.

Norma: Oh, Christ, for a minute I thought it was Carl again.

Moose: Huh? Whoozat?

Norma: Some flit says he's in one of my classes.

Moose: Oh. How 'bout Saturday? Wanna?

Norma: Sure, but one thing.

Moose: Wha?

Norma: Don't forget the you-know-whats.

Moose: Huh? Oh, yah. Heh heh. Yah.

Norma: Listen, it isn't funny. I thought I missed it last month and I nearly freaked. If you want to go bareback, you can call up Carl.

Moose: Huh?

Norma: Some flit says he's in one of my classes.

See how easy it was? Moose knew that old saying about catching more dates with honey than you can with vinegar, and Norma knew the one about an ounce of prevention being worth a trip to Puerto Rico!

Chapter VII

What to Wear

Dating is like electricity. Used wisely, it can operate your dad's power tools, fry eggs, and run trolley cars. Used foolishly, it can electrocute every member of your family including your goldfish. Being a teen with taste means, then, that you don't try to "short circuit" your future happiness with provocative clothes that will "overload" your date with the temptation to tamper with your "fuse box."

If you are a girl, steer clear of clinging sweaters, layers of heavy makeup, sheath skirts with revealing kick pleats, and Capri pants so tight that the boys can read the date of a dime in your back pocket. Gals in the know favor the casual good looks of cardigan sweaters, simple pleated calf-length skirts bolstered by layers and layers of crisp and crinkly crinoline. And please, ladies, *sensible* shoes! There are now on the market several brands of attractive pumps made of sturdy materials that spell fashion flair both on the dance floor and along those invigorating woodland trails. Since you are still growing, try to have a little pity on Dad's wallet and buy them at least two and a half sizes bigger to give your poor toes plenty of wiggle room! But avoid patent leather. Nothing is a surer invitation to disaster than shiny shoe-tops are to a sharp-eyed, peeping Tom with a rudimentary knowledge of light refraction.

Proper foundation garments will help give your dating wardrobe that added "plus." Ruggedly made brassieres (preferably with a time lock), garter belts, hosiery, and dress shields give a girl added confidence on a date and help correct poor posture. Hint: if you are going on an unchaperoned date, an additional girdle or two can be a welcome "something extra" when the full moon rises and that "all-American" suddenly becomes "all hands"!

Boys, too, know that a neat and clean appearance goes a long way toward winning the respect and admiration of his date. Tight chinos, pointed shoes, and elaborate pompadours (perhaps hiding the "point" underneath!) impress no one. You can't tell a book by its cover, but if a candy wrapper says "nuts" on the outside, you can be sure there's one on the inside. Boys are also cautioned to especially avoid tight dungarees that can cut circulation to vital parts of the body. Last year alone, a respected clothing physician reports over fifteen thousand men suffered the loss of their genital organs, either by chronic shriveling or simple "drop-off." Don't let this happen to you.

Crew cuts, "butches," and flattops with well-trimmed sideburns are the rage with gals everywhere, boys, and few ladies can resist the buckle and swash that a pair of Hush Puppies or saddle shoes can bring to a fellow's feet. For more formal occasions, Dad may let you borrow a pair of his he-man and hefty brogues with those cunning little perforations topping off the toes in decorative patterns and swirls. And while we're at it, let's not overlook your underthings. Loose, comfortable boxer shorts are the best

continued

continued

bet, but if your date will include some strenuous exercise, ask your mother to take you to the shopping center or sporting-goods store in your neighborhood the next time she goes and fit you out with a reliable brand of athletic supporter. Unless you're Frank Sinatra, it doesn't pay to be a "swinger!"

Chapter VIII

Meeting Your Folks

Dating a boy is like being taken out on a trial spin. If he's a careful driver, the trip can be a fine jaunt. If he's a careless motorist, you may find yourself back at your door with four flats and a shot suspension. This is why your parents take an interest in who you date. Your mom and dad have made a considerable investment in you and may have spent \$10,000-\$15,000 on you for food, clothing, partial rent, medical bills, education, and insurance alone, not to mention mad money and court fees. You owe it to your parents to let them take an interest in who may be handling their investment in their absence, and introducing your dates to them is a good way to begin. It is a delicate undertaking, for it is time for that giggle on the telephone to become a flesh-and-blood person, but simple politeness is the only "must." It is simply a matter of "getting to know you," as this example shows. . . .

The doorbell rings. Sue answers the door and greets Ben, her date for the evening.

Ben: Good evening, Sue.

Sue: Good evening, Ben. Won't you come in and let me introduce you to my mother and father?

Ben: Of course, Sue.

Sue: Mother, I'd like you to meet Ben. Ben, this is my mother.

Ben: How do you do, Mrs. Waspwell. It is a pleasure to meet you.

Mother: How do you do, Ben. It's a pleasure to meet you.

Sue: Ben, this is my father. Father, I'd like you to meet Ben.

Ben: How do you do Mr. Waspwell. It is a pleasure to meet you.

Father: How do you do, Ben. It is a pleasure to meet you. By the way, Ben, isn't your father the president of the country club?

Ben: Oh no, sir. My father is Jewish.

Father: Good night, Ben.

Ben: Good night, Mr. Waspwell.

Mother: Good night, Ben.

Ben: Good night, Mrs. Waspwell.

Sue: Good night, Ben.

Ben: Good night, Sue.

See how easy that was?

Chapter IX

Have Morals, Will Date

Now that your parents have met your date, it's time to go! But where? To an all-night beach blast? An unchaperoned pajama party? Perhaps to a double-clutch twist contest, a form of "dancing" that the late Igor Stravinsky once described as "simply petting set to music"?

Of course not.

I am reminded of the story of a boy who was looking at a list of "don'ts" posted on the swimming-pool bulletin board.

Think they forgot anything? asked a sympathetic buddy. *Yeah,* answered the boy, *"don't breathe!"*

Things aren't as grim as all that. There are many healthful and wholesome activities in which young daters may participate and keep their moral decency intact. Most communities have young-people's centers, and many church groups organize frequent hayrides, craft fairs, and special exhibits. But if your community lacks these, there are still 1,001 things to do that can give any guy or gal that special "lift."

Looking for something to do on a date? Take a gander at these activities available to young "thrill-seekers": folk dancing, travelogues, displays, youth rallies, guided tours of local industry, collecting pop bottles for worthy charities, sight-seeing hardware stores, reading to blind children, learning how to use a road map, unusual fêtes, playing Sorry, discovering points of interest, laying linoleum, building and operating your own weather station, identifying wild flowers, rummage sales, pets, repairing appliances, learning new words, washing the family car, remembering things, telling jokes, having shoes stretched, and making fudge.

Sound inviting? Dive right in, the dating's fine!

Chapter X

Making Conversation

Making "small talk" on a date can be one of the biggest problems for inexperienced daters. Conversation, like ten-



"You Don't Have to Pet to Be Popular"

nis, is best when the ball keeps bouncing back and forth. The surest way to keep the ball in play is to find out what you and your date have in common. Perhaps both of you are interested in sports, or you have complementary hobbies, or your fathers both make the same amount of money.

Once you establish something to talk about, you'll be amazed at how the conversation can flow effortlessly from one topic to the next. Ted and Marlene show you how. . . .

Ted: It's a grand night, isn't it?

Marlene: Wonderful, Ted. Did you ever see such a moon?

Ted: Isn't that what they call a "harvest moon"?

Marlene: A "hunter's moon"? Don't do that, Ted.

Ted: Do you hunt? I had an uncle who once was a fine hunter.

Marlene: My aunt once painted a wonderful hunting scene. Stop that, Ted.

Ted: I didn't know you were interested in painting. Do you paint?

Marlene: No, but I enjoy sketching and swimming. Get that hand out of there, Ted.

Ted: Why, I bet you're a terrific swimmer. I know you're tops in skeet shooting.

Marlene: I mean it, Ted! But I'm not as good with a gun as my father.

Ted: Oh, does he skeet shoot, too?

Marlene: No, Ted, he was a marine at Okinawa, and now he's a sergeant on the police force.

Ted: It's a grand night, isn't it?

Marlene: Wonderful, Ted. Did you ever see such a moon?

Chapter XI

You Don't Have to Pet to Be Popular

To pet or not to pet, that is the question! Many young girls, eager to be "in" with the crowd, think that they have to act free and easy with every lounge lizard and couch commando to show that they are grown up, that they are "cool." I'm reminded of a story that happened to the daughter of an old friend of mine. . . .

Pam, a naïve young girl eager to be "in" with the crowd, accepted a date with Stan, a boy whose reputation as a heavy petter was the talk of the cafeteria. When Stan pulled up in front of her home, Pam noticed that instead of coming in to meet her parents, he just sat in the car tightening his chinos and combing his pompadour while he honked his horn for her to hurry. Against her parents' advice and her own misgivings, Pam raced to Stan's car and drove off, the auto's shot suspension practically ruining the drive-way. The evening was pleasant enough at first, but when 9:30 rolled around and it was time to head for home, Stan began to act differently. He began feeding Pam a line, telling her that "everybody petted" and those who didn't were hypocrites, or "prudes." He told her that he was "madly in love with her" and that she was a "slick chick." He talked about famous scientists who recommended petting on the first date, like Freud, Darwin, and Rollo May. Wanting desperately to be in the swim, Pam finally agreed and willingly submitted to an act of heavy petting in the back seat of Stan's automobile. When Pam's parents saw that it was almost 10:30 and Pam had not yet returned, they immediately notified the State Police. An hour later the police found Stan and Pam, but it was too late. Apparently they had been so busy heavy petting that the doomed couple had failed to even notice a speeding bus.

Sound familiar? It should. Official government figures show that an act of heavy petting is committed in the back seat of an automobile somewhere in the United States every fifty seconds, and the Highway Department reports the exact same incidence for motor-vehicle fatalities. To pet or not to pet?

The choice is yours.

Chapter XII

How to Say "No"

A girl once told me that when she stepped out for an evening with her sweetheart, her parents always gave her her own bottle of mouthwash so she could "freshen up" after necking with her fiancé. These "parents" obviously had a geranium in the cranium! Any parent who permits a daughter the opportunity to pass out free samples is in danger of having the entire store looted. What such parents are actually saying to the boy is, *Dear necker, if you can't be good, be careful. I know you are here to crack the safe. It won't be necessary. Here's the combination. Take what you want, but please tidy up after.*

Some flirts claim that, to click with the gang, you have to keep in circulation. One has only to look at a book that's been in circulation to see the results: dog-eared around the edges, stained with fingerprints and jelly, a weakened spine and half the insides missing, nasty cracks written along the margins.

Get the message?

A wise girl knows that saying "no" to petting is as important to her reputation as refraining from vaulting fenceposts, riding Western saddle, or engaging in excessive shinnying. "Many are cold," goes the saying, "but few are frozen." A boy in the know quickly realizes that there's more to an iceberg than the one-fifth on the surface that meets the eye and says to himself, *Finding out about the four-fifths of this doll that's below the surface is worth more to me than a thousand French handshakes!*

Of course, it's not always easy separating the sheep from the wolves, and the mildest-mannered boy can turn out to be the most unscrupulous kiss-collector if you let him. Should he try any monkeyshines, there are several workable methods. The commonest is simply to look your date squarely in the eye and, with a sweet but hurt expression, whisper, "Dave, I'm very disappointed in you." If words do not convince, it may be a good idea to carry along a persuader of a more forceful character. Among the most popular are police whistles, tear-gas pens, and blank pistols. Finally, if none of these are available but you do happen to have a cold drink in your hand, turn back to Chapter III and study again the effect of quick temperature changes on those ugly pink things.

That's the whole story, daters, and I wish you a grand evening. And don't worry about making mistakes if you studied this book carefully. I guarantee you won't "miss the boat."

But you will miss the bus. □





Special Stoned Section

Dear Reader,

The next dozen or so pages have been put together expressly for those of you who are stoned at the present moment.

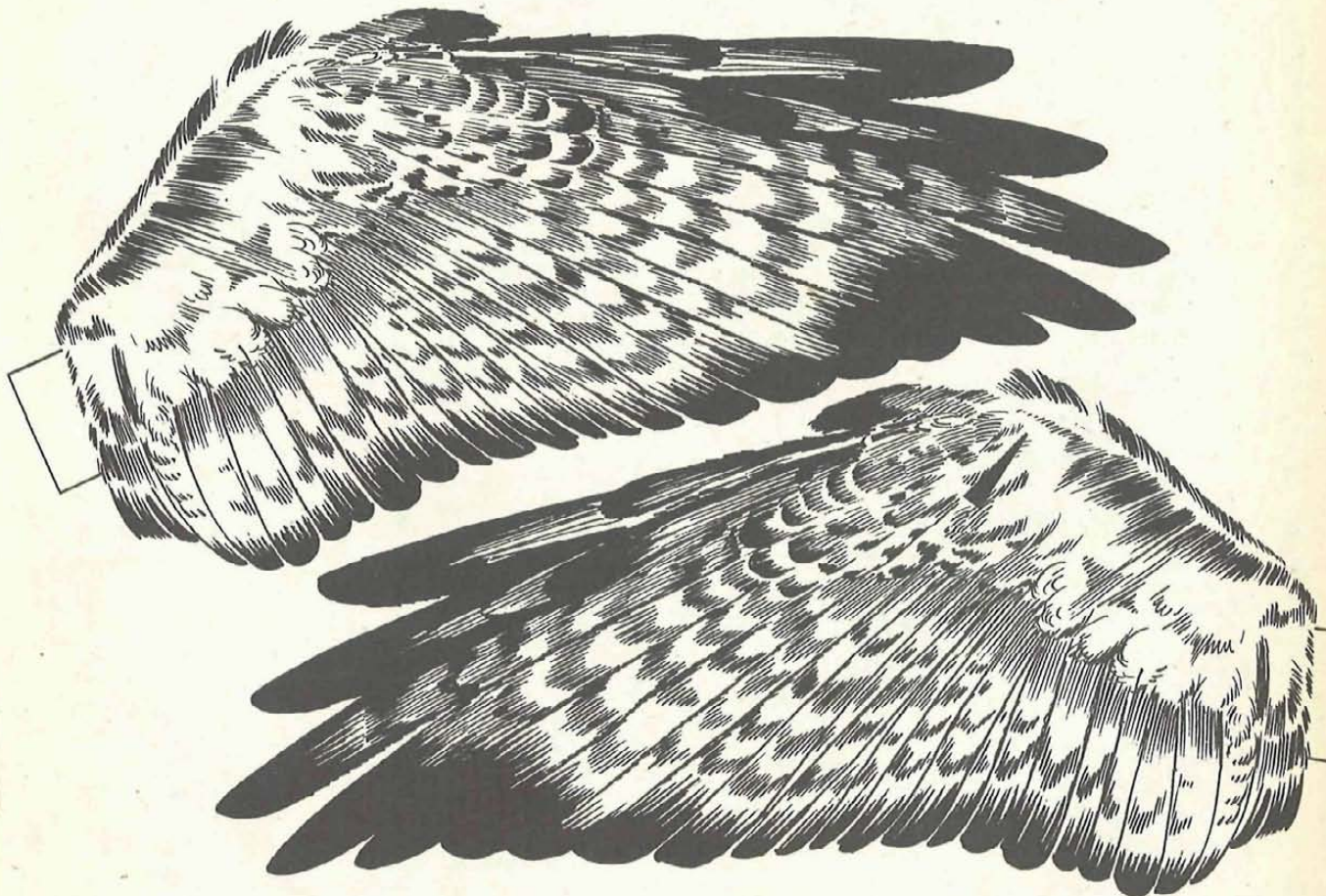
Stoned?

Yes. Stoned.

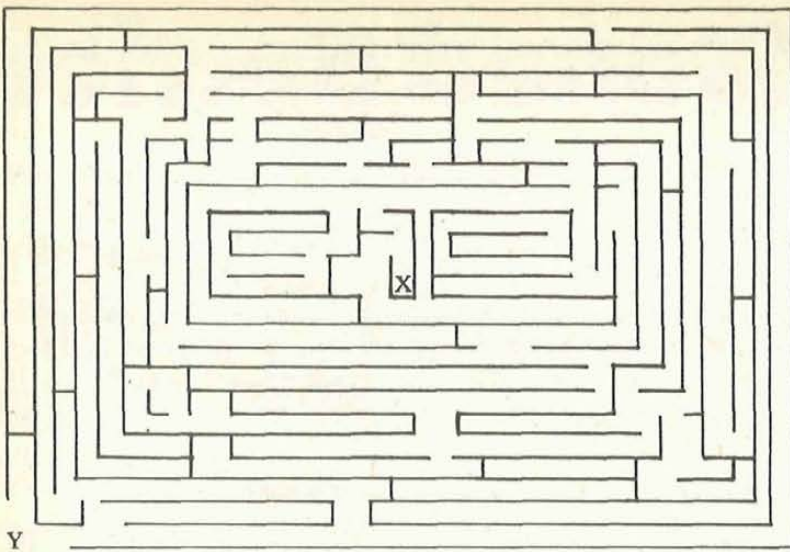
Now, many of you might well ask what we mean by this word "stoned." Well, let's take fat old Mister Dictionary off the shelf also occupied by neglected old Mister Thesaurus and lonely old Mister *Birds of North America*. If we take a peek at "stone" (just after "stomy," a medical suffix denoting a usually permanent surgical opening in the body, and just before "Stone Age," the first known period of prehistoric human culture, now generally divided into the paleolithic, colithic and neolithic periods), we see that it is a verb, meaning *to pelt with stones*.

We know what you're about to say. "Heck, guys," you say, "you certainly have a fine magazine here, but if you think I'm gonna ask somebody to pelt me with stones, just so I can read it, *you've got the wrong patsy!*" Okay, we know you are a sharp cookie and figured out already that that "stoning" stuff went out with the Old Testament guys and heretics and stuff. Anyway, you might be reading this on lunch break and not even have time to *do* a heresy or anything.

Well, we figure if you really like our magazine, you'll think of something.



LSD WINGS: See the pretty wings?
If you are on acid, you can cut out the
pretty wings, Scotch tape or glue them to your back.
fly right out the window!
Whooooooooooooooooooooo!



Want to test your wits? Pretend you are at "X" and your dealer is outside, at "Y." You are really strung out and good old "Y" has a nice downer for you if you can only make it in time. You have one minute to get out of the maze. Ready, set, go!

GRELL TIRFY SLURM

Here's an easy one! Just take the jumbled letters above and turn them into three words that perfectly describe how you felt when you heard that not only was Bob Dylan Jewish, but he was really up tight about it, too.

Which line is longer?

A _____

B ████████████████████

Answer: No, you idiot! You are holding the magazine the wrong way! "A" and "B" aren't long skinny lines, they're very short, very fat ones. When you hold the magazine correctly (sideways), you see that "B" is a lot skinnier but also somewhat longer.



There are several cute little bunny rabbits in this picture. Can you find them all?

Bird of Paradise Brand
Selected Fine Rocket Fuel

Bird of Paradise

Caution: Reefigarette Smoking
May Be Hazardous to
Low-Flying Aircraft

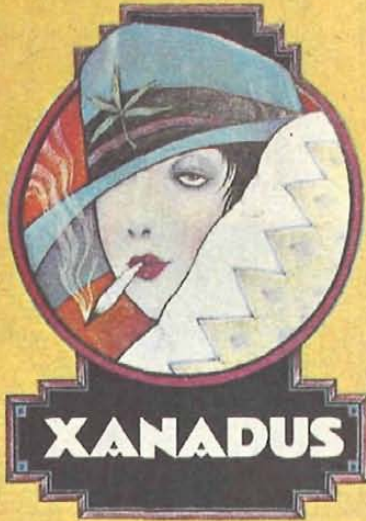
TAKE-A-TOKE
INC.
J.F.K. AIRPORT
MADE IN U.S.A

Brand
Reefigarettes



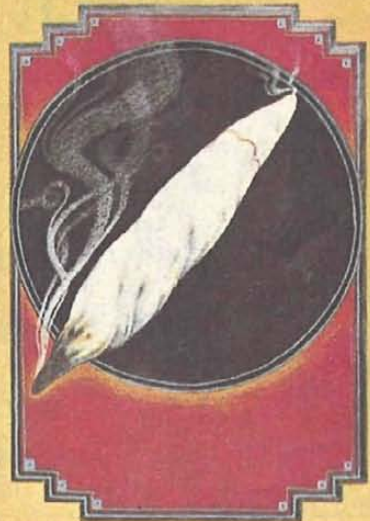
Leonard Sones

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan a stately
pleasure-dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran through
caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.



XANADUS

Caution: Opium Smoking May Be
Hazardous To Your Writing Style



David Palladini

"The High That Binds"

HOLY SMOKES



A TRUTH
IN EVERY
TOKE!

HOLY SMOKES

Hey There, You With The Stars
In Your Eyes: Uh . . . I Forgot . . .

HOLY SMOKES

A Ponder in Every Puff!

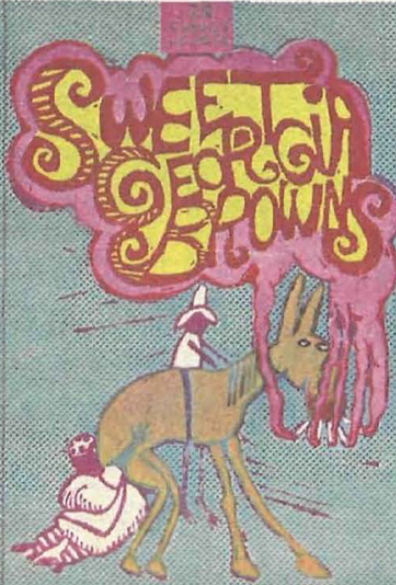


Peter Bramley

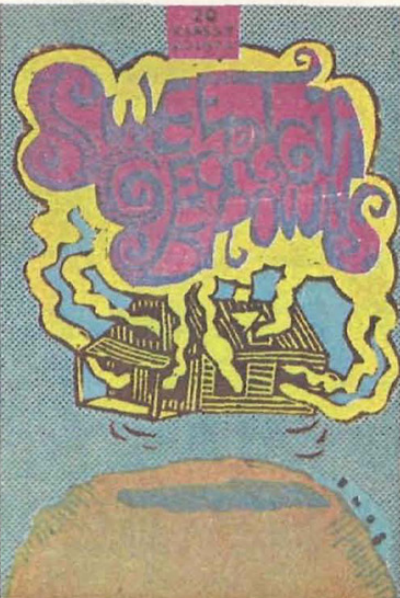
Peter Bramley

When the ciggie biggies finally get around to packaging legal Mister Giggie, they'll probably screw up the labels with ski lodge photos or Peter Max portraits of Ali MacGraw. Fight the cigarette Machine with these nifty and official National Lampoon potpacks. Just cut them out carefully (watch those sharp edges, you drooling vegetable!), paste over your pack of True Greens, recover with cellophane, and throw them away.

No Joint Made Has Got
a Shade On, Inc.
Atlanta, Ga.



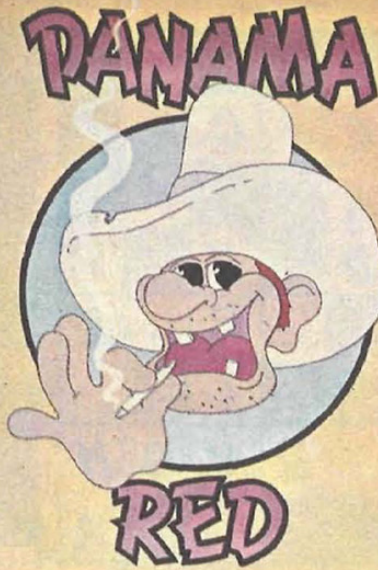
Ah Say Theah, Boy! This Heah Weed
May Give Yuh The Palpatations!



Randall Enos

Hey Meester, You
Want My Reefer?

FINE CANNABIS,
SI7 SOUTH 'O
THE BORDER
CORP
HAGO EN
PANAMA



Warning: The Attorney-General Has Determined That
Reeferette Smoking May be Hazardous to Your Ass

Here's where Red
Grew-up.

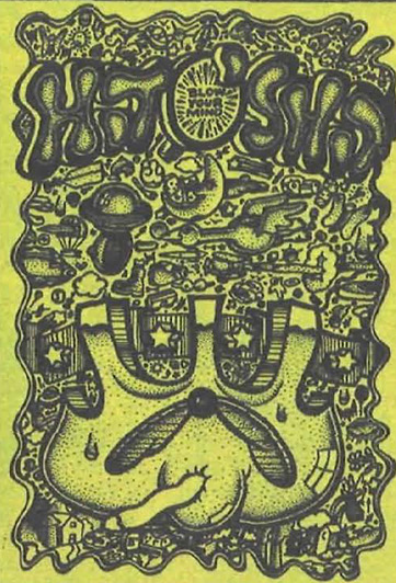


S A G E B R U S H

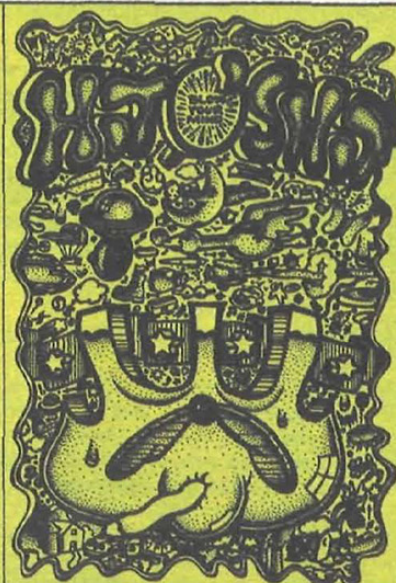
Sagebrush

HIT O' SHIT

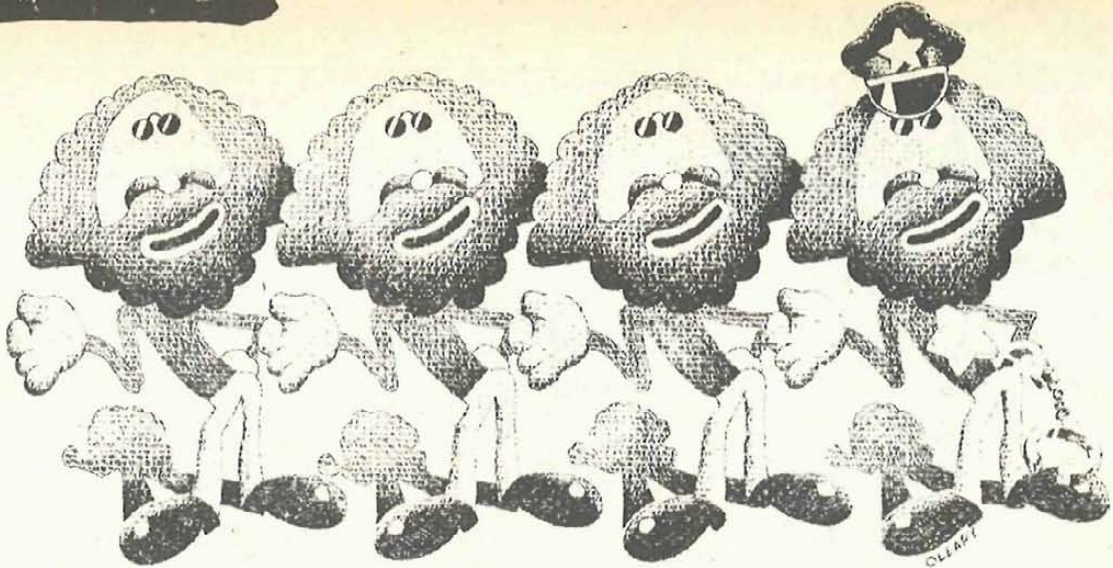
MADE ON
MARS,
MANI



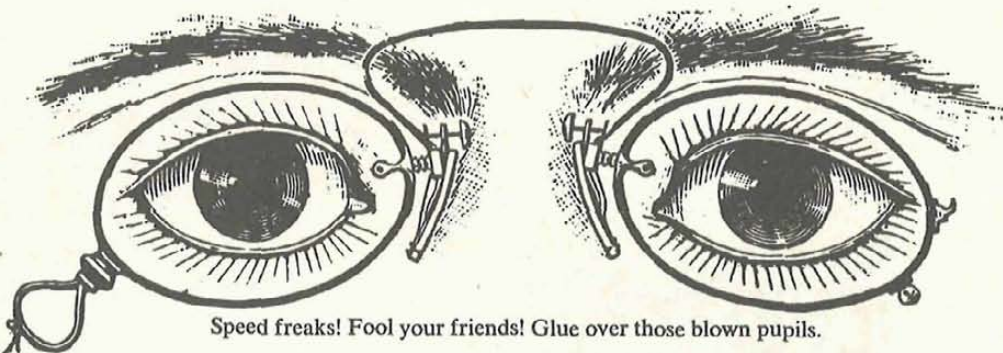
Warning: Prolonged Toking May be Hazardous to Your
Medulla Oblongata, Cerebrum, Cerebellum and Anything
Else Lying Around Your Skull



Marvin Mattleson

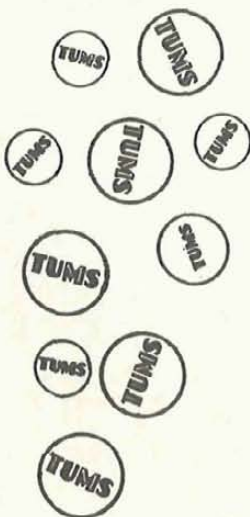


One of these hippies is different from the other three. Can you "root" him out?








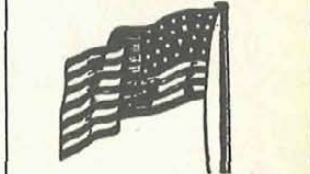
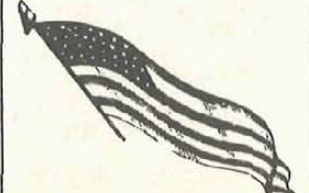
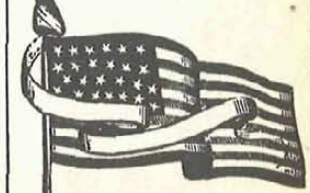


Speed freaks! Fool your friends! Glue over those blown pupils.

Glue over your tabs for the tummy.



Cut out these special Fourth of July seals and use them to seal your stash in envelopes. To open the envelope, a narc must break the seal. It is a Federal offense for anyone, even a Federal agent, to defile our flag.

| | | |
|---|---|--|
|  |  RESPECT OLD GLORY |  RESPECT OLD GLORY |
| |  HONOR OUR FLAG |  HONOR OUR FLAG |
|  |  RESPECT OLD GLORY |  RESPECT OLD GLORY |
| |  HONOR OUR FLAG |  HONOR OUR FLAG |

THREE GAMES TO PLAY
WHEN SOMEBODY IS ABOUT TO
PUT ON FIRE AND RAIN
THE EIGHTH TIME



1) **DELICATESSEN ROULETTE:** Each member of your group is starving, right? Well, one guy has to volunteer to collect your money and go to the store to buy the food. (It'll probably be you, since you're organizing the whole thing.) Each player must 1) specify what he wants brought back, like marshmallow fluff, or Fritos or something, and 2) agree to eat it mixed in with whatever food item was stacked *directly above* it on the store shelf. Lettuce and peanut butter. Ice cream and tomato paste. The possibilities are endless. (WARNING: if you really can't hack yogurt, stay away from the neighboring dairy products entirely!)

2) **MR. HOOVER:** Everybody pretends simultaneously that J. Edgar Hoover has just walked in the door. He's an old college pal of your father, say. You must introduce Mr. Hoover to all your friends and carry on a normal, straight conversation with him for at least 15 minutes. ("Jeepers sir, you're sure right. I had a roommate who knew a guy who took some poisonous and illegal marijuana and was in the psycho ward for three years!") Be polite. ("Gosh, it was nice seeing you again. Pop'll be sorry he missed you!") If somebody blows it, another must cover for the symptoms. ("Aw, you know how girls are, sir, always giggling an' stuff.")

3) **ED SULLIVAN, PRIVATE DETECTIVE:** Turn on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. Turn the volume all the way off. Now, assume that a murder has been committed backstage and Inspector Sullivan is trying to crack the case with every performer a suspect. Construct a plot, running dialogue and final resolution as you watch.

MEDICAL **ALERT**

IMPORTANT

IF I AM FOUND UNCONSCIOUS, DO NOT PANIC! REPEAT, DO NOT PANIC! I AM SUFFERING FROM MONOBIOTOPIS, A RARE TROPICAL DISEASE WHOSE SYMPTOMS CAN ONLY BE PREVENTED BY AN IMMEDIATE DOSE OF CANNABIS SATIVA! ON MY PERSON YOU WILL FIND SOME OF THIS MEDICATION, WHICH I MUST CARRY AT ALL TIMES ON DOCTOR'S ORDERS! PLEASE ADMINISTER IMMEDIATELY!

(signature of patient)
Dr. Robert S. Sullivan
(signature of doctor)

... if that doesn't work, try the "sickness, not a crime" approach:

MARIHOLICS ANONYMOUS

YES, I am a mariholic. I am trying to rid myself of this terrible craving through an organization of other unfortunate mariholics like myself and through a community-sponsored program of reform and rehabilitation.

This is to certify that _____
(signature)

is a member in good standing of Mariholics Anonymous.

HELP A MARIHOLIC HELP HIMSELF!

HOW TO MAKE A HASH HOST

Combine: ½ cup shortening
3 tablespoons sugar
1½ tablespoons salt
1 cup scalded milk

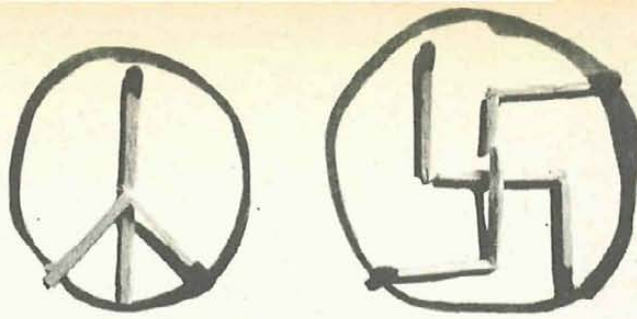
DO NOT ADD YEAST!

Blend in: 1½ cups all-purpose sifted flour
1 lid fine grade pulverized hashish

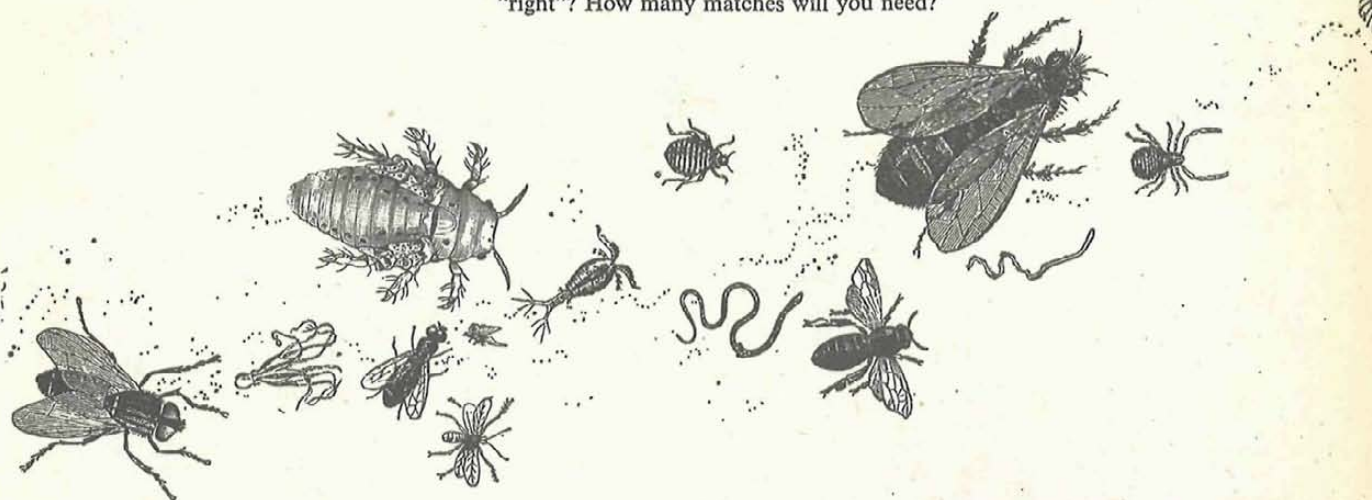
Knead and roll dough flat. Using round cookie cutter, cut out discs 1½" or 2" diameter. Bake in moderate oven at 375° for 12-15 minutes.

Take out of oven and repeat, "Domine, non justum sub tectum meum," three times over discs. Serve with milk or wine.





Here's a real brain teaser! Can you change the design on the "left" to the one on the "right"? How many matches will you need?



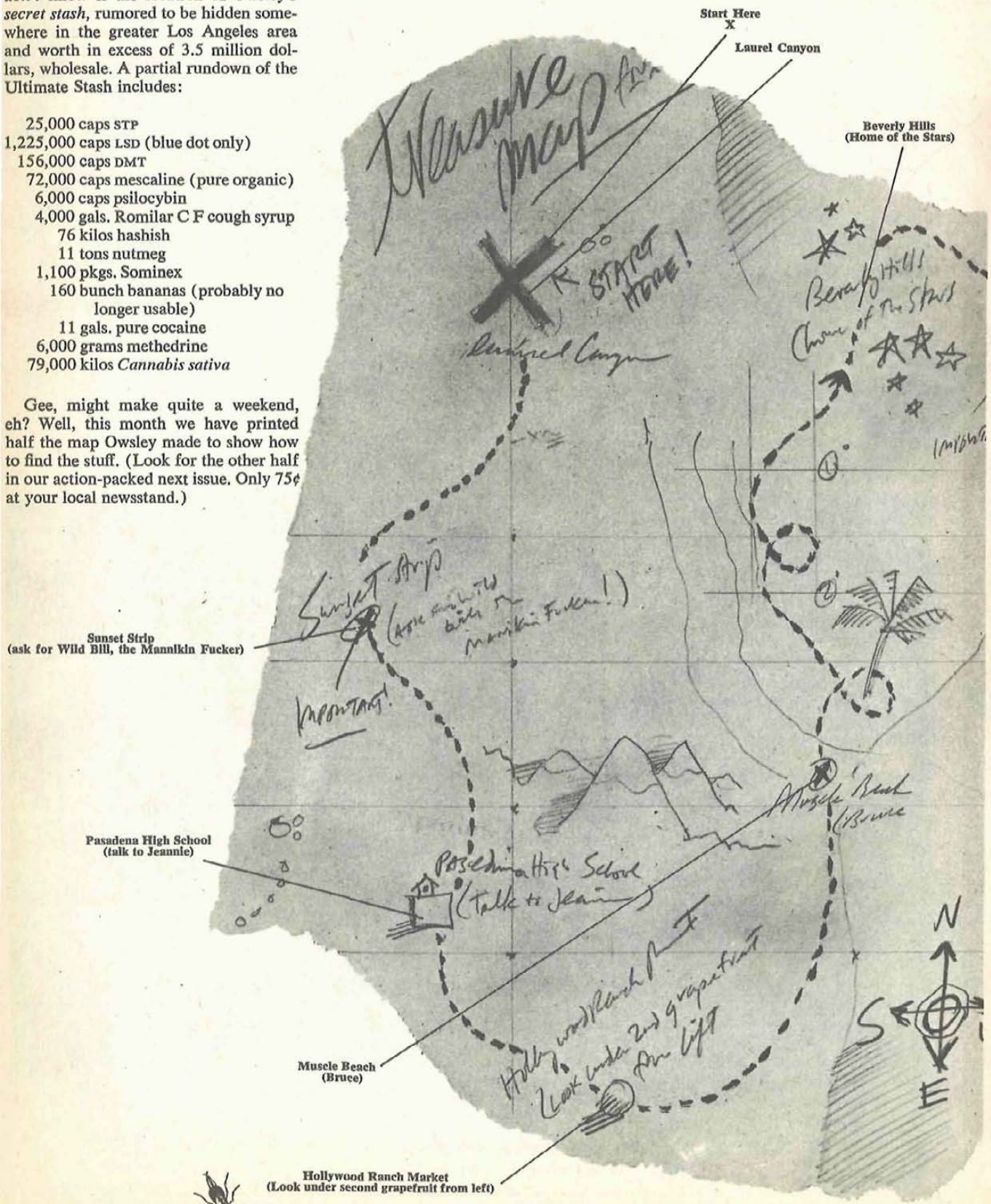
Can you find anything wrong with this picture?
(It's a tricky one!)

BURIED TREASURE HUNT: Pretty much everybody knows that Owsley was busted repeatedly for his amusing habit of mass producing acid in various factories and thus supplying entire subcontinents with the goodies. What people *don't* know is the location of *Owsley's secret stash*, rumored to be hidden somewhere in the greater Los Angeles area and worth in excess of 3.5 million dollars, wholesale. A partial rundown of the Ultimate Stash includes:

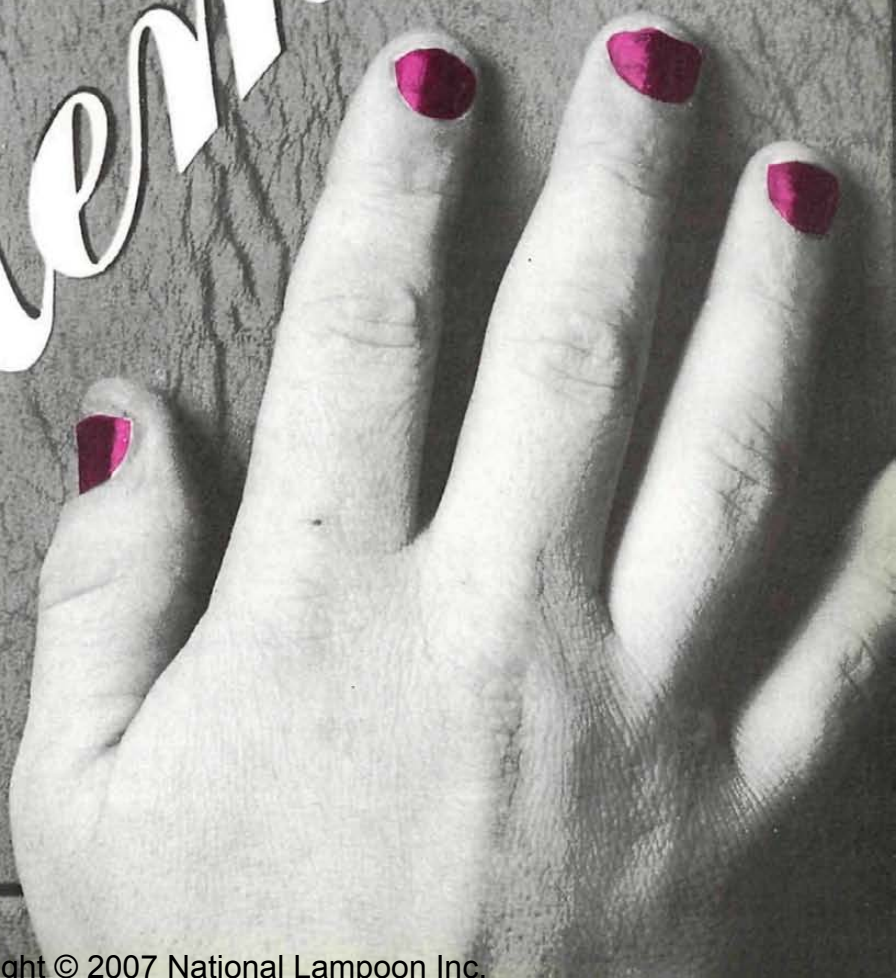
- 25,000 caps STP
- 1,225,000 caps LSD (blue dot only)
- 156,000 caps DMT
- 72,000 caps mescaline (pure organic)
- 6,000 caps psilocybin
- 4,000 gals. Romilar C F cough syrup
- 76 kilos hashish
- 11 tons nutmeg
- 1,100 pkgs. Somimax
- 160 bunch bananas (probably no longer usable)
- 11 gals. pure cocaine
- 6,000 grams methedrine
- 79,000 kilos *Cannabis sativa*

Gee, might make quite a weekend, eh? Well, this month we have printed half the map Owsley made to show how to find the stuff. (Look for the other half in our action-packed next issue. Only 75¢ at your local newsstand.)

One inch = a pretty long walk unless you get a lift



My
Memories





Me + Twinkle 2/12/48



FARMER BILL'S FARM

Madison Elementary School Parents' Day Pageant

Presented by
Mrs. Nelson's Third Grade Class

SONGS

- "I'm Farmer Bill"
- "How We Help"
- "Dance of the Vegetables"
- "Tractors Are Fun"
- "When You Walk through the Corn (Hold Your Hoe up High)"
- "Time to Go to Bed Again"

CAST

| | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| Farmer..... | Tommy Furner |
| Mrs. Bill..... | Flaine Kresnik |
| Helper Invo..... | Steven Harwood |
| Little Bill..... | Terry Endemann |
| Mr. Rain..... | Louise Semple |
| Mr. Sun..... | James Hallowell |
| Mr. Fertilizer..... | Richard Morden |
| Tommy the Tractor..... | Samuel Simmons |
| Bobby Barnowl..... | Susan Franklin |
| Oinky..... | Charlene Fishbein |

Words & Music.....Mrs. Nelson
Piano.....Mrs. Nelson

6/9/56

17 Oktober, 1960

DEIR CHARLENE:

THANK you very much für your good letter last time you sent. Each time you write me I am very glad. Now, also, I am glad your Kat Oinky is not longer sick and I also hope that the rug will also soon be able to look like before I could go on the weiner wald liver...

Friedrich Schultz Kopf
23 Weimar Strasse
Frankfurt, Germanie



Miss Charlene Fishbein
1523 Locust Driv
Nutley, New Jersey U.S.A.
VIA AIR MAIL

but again I am hoping that you will next time send me a pphotogram of yourself as I have long ago, yes please?

Your friend und Pen-pal;
Friedrich Schultz Kopf

2nd Prize

Yogurt Eating Race 1959

Camp Chuboi-Teen-Trym 8/22/59

7 CHILDREN? LOVE? COFF FUTURE? MONEY? TRAVEL? ROMAN? WIFE? SECURITY? CAR? SCHOOL?

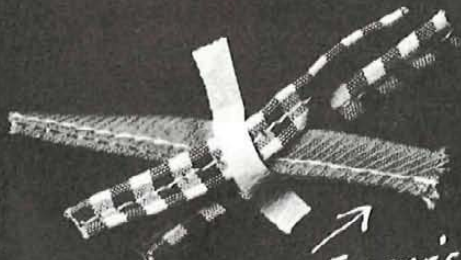
YOUR ACCURATE WEIGHT AND FORTUNE 1¢

You Weigh: 162 lbs.
You Will: Lighten your burden & find romance

APEX Commercial Scale Co.
Buffalo, New York
Pat. Pend.



Anyway, Tom gave me his cones



Elaine's New Year's Eve Party 1/1/65

Tom Furner's

GUS' ALL-NITE BUCKET O' BALLS MINIATURE GOLF & DRIVING RANGE

RANGE
Small bucket 75¢
Large bucket \$1.25

COURSE
18 Holes 50¢

Free Dairy Freeze With Every Hole-in-One

Free Club Rental For Double-Daters

| HOLE | PAR | PLAYERS' SCORES | | | |
|-------|-----|-----------------|--------|--|--|
| | | Jeff | Elaine | | |
| 1st | 2 | 3 | 4 | | |
| 2nd | 3 | 3 | 4 | | |
| 3rd | 2 | 4 | 4 | | |
| 4th | 4 | 2 | 3 | | |
| 5th | 3 | 2 | 3 | | |
| 6th | 4 | 3 | 5 | | |
| 7th | 4 | 4 | 6 | | |
| 8th | 4 | 3 | 3 | | |
| 9th | 2 | 2 | 3 | | |
| 10th | 4 | 4 | 4 | | |
| 11th | 4 | | | | |
| 12th | 4 | | | | |
| 13th | 3 | | | | |
| 14th | 5 | | | | |
| 15th | 4 | | | | |
| 16th | 3 | | | | |
| 17th | 4 | | | | |
| 18th | 3 | | | | |
| SCORE | 61 | | | | |

Tom's! Elaine's kitchen hair cut party. 4/3/65



HE LOVES YOU -YEAH YEAH YEAH!



A Personal Message from Paul McCartney!

Dear Fan,
I can't tell you how fab it was to receive your smashing card or letter! Not to mention being singled out as your favorite Beatle! (John, George, and Ringo are "mod" with envy!) It's also super to know blokes "n' birds like you appreciate the hard (but fun!) work it takes making our hit records!

Thanks so much for your warm wishes... I'll be thinking of you!
All my lovin',

Paul McCartney



Post Card

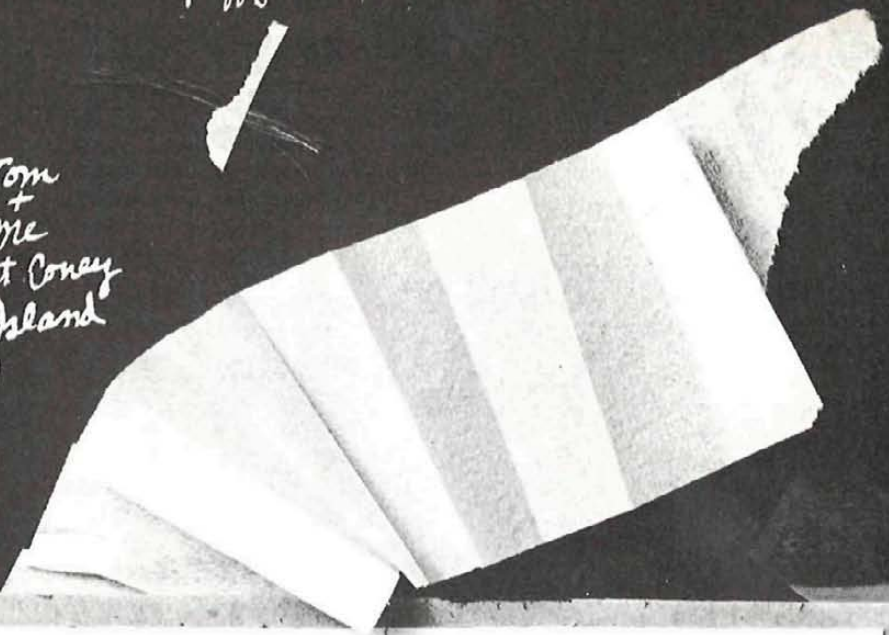
MR. CHARLES FISHBEIN
1523 LOCUST DRIVE
NUTLEY, NEW JERSEY

Printed in U.S.A. for Capitol Records T 2445 PAUL 64

Actually sent it to John - hope he wasn't mad at me

Tuffy 4/1/7

Tom + me at Coney Island



DANCE CARD

- 1. Walter Fishbein
- 2. _____
- 3. _____
- 4. _____
- 5. _____
- 6. _____
- 7. Julius' (Hose) (Tom)

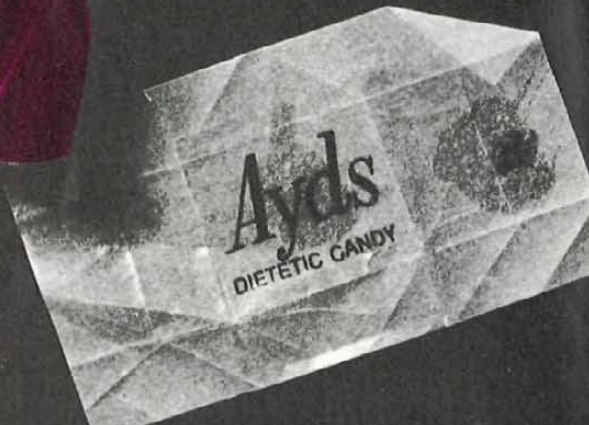
- 8. _____
- 9. _____
- 10. _____
- 11. _____
- 12. _____
- 13. _____
- 14. Walter Fishbein

HAND MADE BY VETERANS

Sec for from 6/6/65



Tunnel of Love
 CONEY IS
 003059
 Total Est. Price 7
 06 State Tax
 the Ticket Com
 ADMIT ONE



R.S.V.P.

115 Campus Drive

The President and Members
of
Alpha Smegma Pi Fraternity
Cordially Invite You to a
Fête des Cochons
In Honor of Bastille Day

Come As You Are Prize to Be Awarded

Sort of Dross,
but I won the piggy bank!

Wedding
was good,
though.
6/22/67

Elaine Kresnik Weds Accounting Student



Elaine Kresnik, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kresnik of Nutley, New Jersey, and Atlantic City, and Thomas Furner, a former business math teacher in the local school system, were married yesterday afternoon in the Reformed Polish Rite Church by the Rev. Gulag Wychynski. The bride wore a floor-length, off-white gown with a flowered bodice and a bouquet of pink carnations. Bridesmaid Charlene Fishbein, Miss Kresnik's childhood friend and roommate, wore a calf-length aqua chiffon gown with an empire waist and beige rickrack appliques.

The couple plan to honeymoon at Niagara Falls and reside at the bride's address as soon as her roommate finds another apartment.

A & P RUMP ROAST RIOT!

Spectacular view from the American side of the Falls, which spill over five billion gallons of water hourly down the 1,675-foot precipice.

Porkey,
jes' a note to say 'wish you were here' and 'no hard feelings,' huh? (ha-ha, jes' kidding'). Be back Monday, if that's enough time to get the cats out and have the place fumigated (jes' kidding again, ha-ha - feel free to stay as long as you want... the weekend even!)

Miss you tons,
Elaine Kresnik Furner

P.S. Bringing you back an authentic Canadian mummum

P.P.S. Tom says "hi."

NIAGARA, N.Y.
JUNE 24
1967



Post Card

This Space For Address Only

Miss Charlene Fishbein
c/o "The Furners"
Apt. 3e
3445 Sequannunk Blvd.
Nutley, N.J. 67735

Post on W. Nyack, N.Y. USA AT 45 DT 6400

You will meet a tall, dark, hadnsome stranger.

Winner (Graduation present) with Mom + Dad at Hi Fat's

"You run into the nicest people dancing."

Carlo Palazzi's

Academy of Dance Studios, Inc.
takes pleasure in presenting this

Certificate of Graduation

to *Charlene Fishbein*

upon the recipient's successful completion of a 36* week
course of terpsichoric study including *foxtrot, mambo,
lindy, merengue, square dance, samba, waltz, cha-cha***
and is now fully qualified to 'step out in style' into the exciting
and romantic world of expert ballroom dancing.

Norma Treashaw
Signature of Instructor

Carlo Palazzi
Signature of Carlo Palazzi



* renewed 2/6/70, 7/7/71, 12/12/71

** *conga, one-step, turkey trot, rhumba, two-step, tango,
double shuffle, bunny hop, 'the tourist', scotch reel,
Lambeth walk, cotillion, Charleston, gavotte, mambo,
black bottom, minuet, three-step, Portland fancy, hoker-poker,
jitterbug, quadrille, Sir Roger de Coverly, playohiving,
cakewalk, four-step and Piny*

ROD McKU
SEAT #33
ROW 46
\$9.00
Third Balco
Totowa, N.J.
DMIT O

1/6/72 !!

The Edi
Publish

*Weight
Watchers*
magazine

take great pleasure in
announcing that a one-year sub
will be sent to you
with the best
wishes of

Roseland Dance City

5th Prize Roseland (Rhumba with Dad)

CONGRATULATIONS
It is with great pleasure that we announce that a
LIFETIME -year subscription has been taken out
in your name to

AMERICAN
BRIDE

Starting next issue, your GIFT SUBSCRIPTION to AMERICAN BRIDE
will arrive at your door, prepaid for the next LIFETIME
months. We hope you will enjoy your issues as much as
you will enjoy planning your wedding, and you can express
your thanks to your donor by patronizing our many fine
advertisers that will help keep you an AMERICAN BRIDE
girl long after the honeymoon is over.

Sincerely,
The Editors of

AMERICAN
BRIDE

Miss *Charlene Fishbein*
Name of Recipient

Special message, if any. Happy birthday and hint-hint, Mother

Mrs. *Walter Fishbein*
Name of Donor

36674/BV/57A
 BUNDAJAY CODE: JNEDYOVWMT/SEC/

CONGRATULATIONS: YOUR APPLICATION AND CHECK HAVE BEEN ACCEPTED BY OUR BUNDAJAY COMPUTER AND BELOW YOU WILL FIND YOUR COMPUTA-MATCHED PLINDATABLES: IF NOT 100% SATISFIED, FEEL FREE TO RETURN ENCLOSED APPLICATION AND A CHECK!

| NAME | PHONE | COMMENTS |
|-------------------|----------|--------------------------|
| MARIO VESPA | 55-5960 | Mr. Daniels' mom - brush |
| VANCE STIMP | 510-7647 | Wife matched |
| MILTON RABINOWITZ | 712-9773 | Wife answered |
| FREDERICK EAMER | 670-7889 | The nurse!! |
| ROBIN MZCYNCKY | 413-8375 | Husband answered |

Form 344
 635 Madison Ave.
 N.Y.C. N.Y. 10017

BUNDAJAY

Phone Company can't change my number for 3 months



After you with Mario

To Ms. Fishbein
 Date Tuesday Time 12:25 A.M. P.M.

WHILE YOU WERE OUT
 MR. Vespa

of _____
 Area Code & Exchange _____

| | | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------------------|-----------------|--|
| TELEPHONED | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | PLEASE CALL | |
| CALLED TO SEE YOU | <input type="checkbox"/> | WILL CALL AGAIN | |
| WANTS TO SEE YOU | <input type="checkbox"/> | URGENT | |
| RETURNED YOUR CALL | | | |

Message Can't make it for dinner this month - hot comb broke.

M.A.
 Operator

134 Minton St. Dr. Edgar Morganthau
 201-163-9978 Teaneck, N.J.

8/22/74
 Lab report:
 Pregnancy test: neg
 Wasserman test: pos
 Fee:
 Appt. \$ 25.00
 Lab 40.00
 35.00
 100.00

Ms. Fishbein--I'm afraid the irritation was not yeast fungus after all. Please make seven appointments with my receptionist.

Dr. Morganthau

--Please pay all bills by the 15th of the month.

'Singles on the Mingle Get Down to the Dingle'
DINGLEBERRIES

!!! Wm. Holden.!!!

555-1212

CLOSE COVER BEFORE STRIPPING



all new first high



COMICS



COMING SOON
FISH FILLETS

| | |
|--------------|-----|
| HAMBURGERS | 18¢ |
| FRIES | |
| CHEESBURGERS | 22¢ |
| SHAKES | 20¢ |

CHOCOLATE VANILLA STRAWBERRY

... AND TEN WITH CHEESE. NO, ACTUALLY YOU'D BETTER MAKE THAT ELEVEN AND TEN FRIES—NO, A DOZEN FRIES AND EIGHT ROOT BEERS AND...

**IN THIS ISSUE:
AND ALONG
COMES MARY!**

WRITTEN BY
DOLG KENNEY
DRAWN BY
JOE ORLANDO

YOUR "FIRST HIGH" CAN BE MANY THINGS... A FIRST KISS, A FINE POPULAR SONG... BUT THAT ALL SEEMS LIKE CHILD'S PLAY WHEN YOU FIRST...

Puff the MAGIC DRAGON!

IT BEGAN THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BIG PHIL IOI EXAM, WHEN MY ROOMMATE AT STATE, DAVE WHEATJEANS, BURST IN...

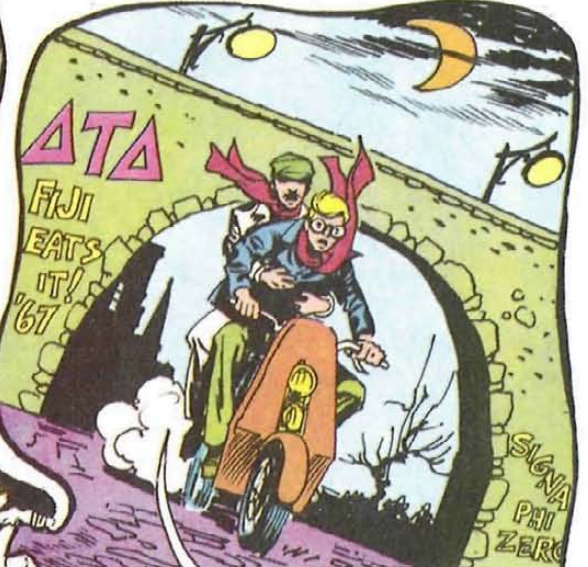
HEY, MAN! LEO WORKSHIRT JUST FINISHED A "HOOT" AT CLUB EXPRESSO AN' ASKED ME TO FALL BY HIS PAD OFF CAMPUS T' SMOKE SOME STUFF!



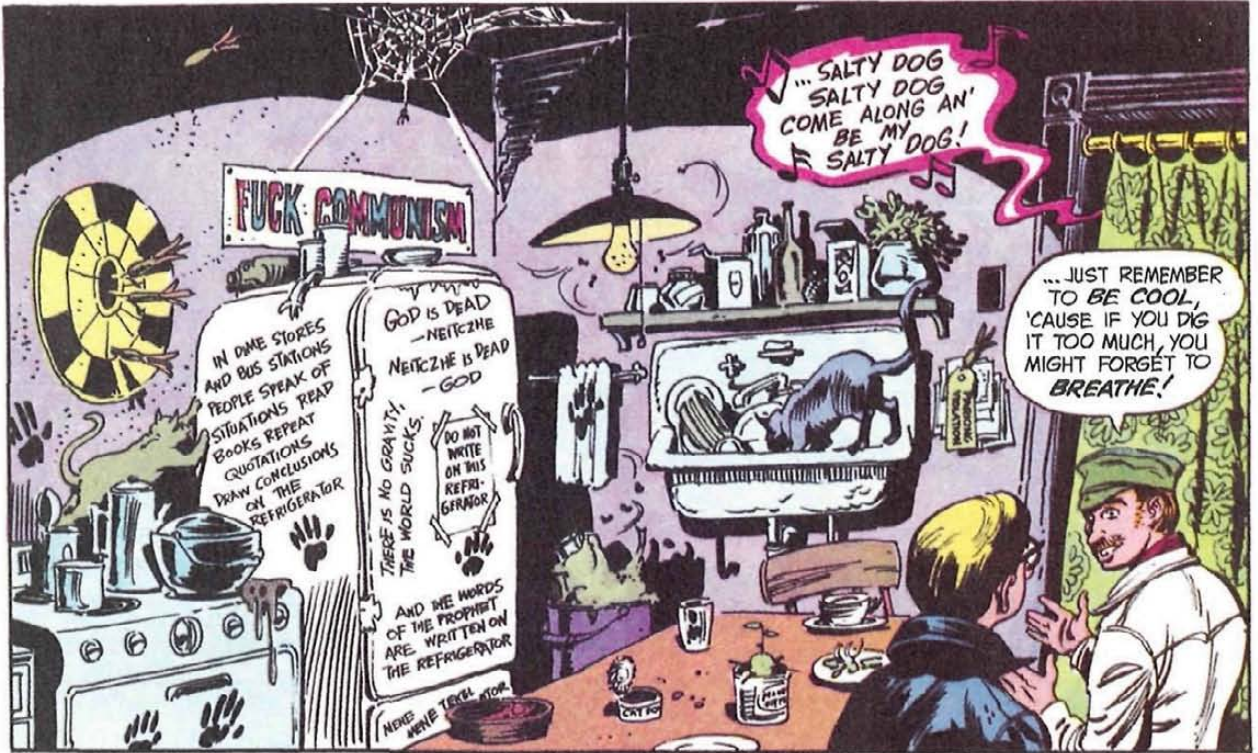
"STUFF?"

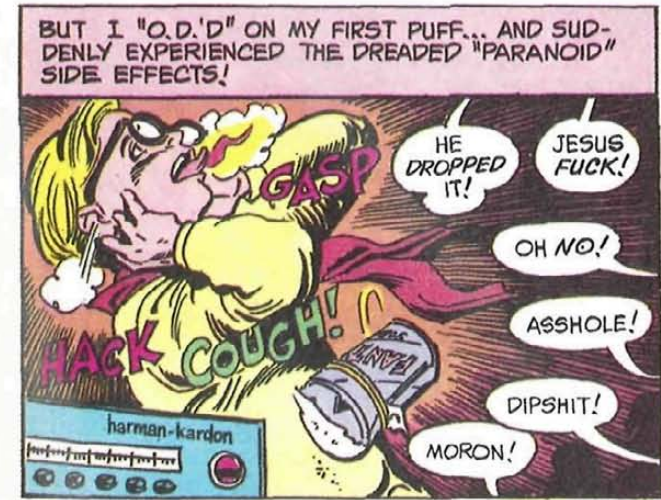
DON'T PUT ME ON, MAN! LIKE MARYJANE, LIKE! C'MON, IF YOU GIVE ME LIFT ON YOUR 'SICKLE, I'LL LEND YOU MY PEA JACKET!

G-GEE, BUT I DON'T WANT TO SCHIZO-OUT BEFORE MY MOD PHIL EXAM TOMORROW!



NO HASSLE, MAN-- LEO'S BEEN "ON GRASS" EVER SINCE HE DROPPED OUT OF PREP SCHOOL!





REMEMBERING TO BREATHE, AND BREATHE DEEPLY... MY EYES STILL CONTINUED TO OPTICALLY HALLUCINATE!

CACK GARGLE GAG

Y'BETTER TELL YOUR FRIEND IF HE'S GONNA PUKE, HE'D BETTER TAKE THE **FLASHER** OUT OF THE SOCKET SO HE CAN AIM!

HO HO!

SHEET!

HEE HEE!

QUICKLY GULPING DOWN A HANDFUL OF ASPIRIN, I MANAGED TO AVOID PERMANENT BRAIN DAMAGE...

BET IT'D BE OUT OF SIGHT T'BALL ON THIS STUFF!

REALLY!

'BALL?'

... AND DAVE WAS CAREFUL TO "BRING ME DOWN" BEFORE I WENT TOO FAR OVER THE EDGE.

NICE GOIN', MAN! LISTEN, WE GOTTA **SPLIT!** LEO'S GETTING A LITTLE **UPTIGHT** ... SOME OF THEM THINK YOU'RE THE **FUZZ!**

WELL, **HANG LOOSE, MAN!**

I GUESS I'LL TAKE HIM BACK TO THE DORM T' CRASH!

YEAH, WELL LATER...

CONDEMNED

AS MY HEAD CLEARED IN THE CRISP EVENING AIR, I BEGAN TO PUT THE PIECES TOGETHER...

BOY, YOU MUST'VE BEEN **REALLY SAILIN'!** SEE ANYTHING INTERESTING?

WOW! WHAT A **STONED THING T'SAY!**

ONLY WHEN I THREW UP.

... AND KNEW THAT DOPE-TAKING WOULD BE A ROAD BEST LEFT UNTRAVELED IN THE FUTURE.

HEY! WHERE'RE THOSE **PILLS** I HAD IN THIS **ASPIRIN BOTTLE?**

WHAT WERE THEY?

I DUNNO, SOMETHING MY BROTHER SENT FROM CALIFORNIA... CALLED "**LSA**"!?

DETOUR
LOOK OUT!
TROUBLE AHEAD!
UH-OH!
DOA

BRIDGE OUT

THE BEGINNING OF THE **END**

PRICELESS COLLECTOR'S ITEMS FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON

BOOKS

- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Volume I** Half of our best tenth anniversary book ever—and the first half. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Volume II** The sequel is even better. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary, Deluxe Edition** This one is hardbound, for painful dropping on one's foot. \$19.95
- National Lampoon Foto Funnies** Funnies told through fotos. Funny. \$2.95
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- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 8** Jokes started getting more expensive in 1976-1977. \$3.95
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 9** But we managed to hold the line on prices during 1978-1980. \$3.95
- National Lampoon's Animal House** The full-color, illustrated book on which the movie was not based. This came later. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Deluxe Edition of Animal House** Carbon-dating has proven this edition's longevity to be worth an extra two bucks. \$4.95
- Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print** Not in the magazine, anyway. Disgusting. \$2.95
- National Lampoon True Facts** The original, uncensored work, now available in English. It all happened. \$2.95
- National Lampoon's Peekers and Other True Facts** All true, all new. To be without one won't do. \$2.95

MAGAZINES

\$5.00 EACH

- MARCH 1972** / Escape!
- JUNE 1972** / Science Fiction
- JULY 1972** / Surprise!
- AUGUST 1972** / The Miracle of Democracy
- SEPTEMBER 1972** / Boredom
- NOVEMBER 1972** / Decadence
- DECEMBER 1972** / Easter in December
- APRIL 1973** / Prejudice
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- JULY 1973** / Modern Times
- SEPTEMBER 1973** / Postwar
- OCTOBER 1973** / Banana Issue
- DECEMBER 1973** / Self-indulgence

- MAY 1974** / Fiftieth Anniversary
- AUGUST 1974** / Isolationism and Tooth Care
- SEPTEMBER 1974** / Old Age
- NOVEMBER 1974** / Civics
- JANUARY 1975** / No Issue
- FEBRUARY 1975** / Love and Romance
- AUGUST 1975** / Justice
- SEPTEMBER 1975** / Back to College
- OCTOBER 1975** / Collector's Issue
- JANUARY 1976** / Secret Issue
- FEBRUARY 1976** / Artists and Models
- MARCH 1976** / In Like a Lion
- APRIL 1976** / Olympic Sports
- MAY 1976** / Unwanted Foreigners
- SEPTEMBER 1976** / The Latest Issue
- OCTOBER 1976** / The Funny Pages
- NOVEMBER 1976** / Is Democracy Fixed?
- DECEMBER 1976** / Selling Out
- JANUARY 1977** / Surefire Issue
- FEBRUARY 1977** / JFK Reinaugural
- MARCH 1977** / Science and Technology
- APRIL 1977** / Ripping the Lid off TV
- JUNE 1977** / Careers
- JULY 1977** / Nasty Sex
- AUGUST 1977** / Cheap Thrills
- SEPTEMBER 1977** / Grow Up!
- OCTOBER 1977** / All Beatles
- NOVEMBER 1977** / Lifestyles
- DECEMBER 1977** / Christmas in December
- JANUARY 1978** / The Role of Sex in History
- FEBRUARY 1978** / Spring Fascism Preview
- MARCH 1978** / Crime and Punishment
- APRIL 1978** / Spring Cleaning
- MAY 1978** / Families
- JUNE 1978** / The Wild West
- JULY 1978** / 100th Anniversary
- AUGUST 1978** / Today's Teens
- SEPTEMBER 1978** / Style
- OCTOBER 1978** / Entertainment

\$4.00 EACH

- APRIL 1979** / April Fool
- MAY 1979** / International Terrorism
- AUGUST 1979** / Summer Vacation
- OCTOBER 1979** / Comedy
- FEBRUARY 1980** / Tenth Anniversary
- MARCH 1980** / March Miscellany
- APRIL 1980** / Vengeance
- MAY 1980** / Sex Roles
- JUNE 1980** / Fresh Air
- JULY 1980** / Slime, Swill, and Politics
- AUGUST 1980** / Anxiety
- SEPTEMBER 1980** / The Past
- OCTOBER 1980** / Aggression
- DECEMBER 1980** / Fun Takes a Holiday
- JANUARY 1981** / Excess
- FEBRUARY 1981** / Sin
- MARCH 1981** / Women and Dogs
- APRIL 1981** / Chaos

- MAY 1981** / Naked Ambition
- JUNE 1981** / Romance
- JULY 1981** / Endless, Mindless Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1981** / Let's Get It Up, America!
- SEPTEMBER 1981** / Back to School
- OCTOBER 1981** / Movies
- NOVEMBER 1981** / TV and Why It Sucks
- DECEMBER 1981** / What's Hip?
- JANUARY 1982** / Sword and Sorcery
- FEBRUARY 1982** / The Sexy Issue
- MARCH 1982** / Food Fight
- APRIL 1982** / Failure
- MAY 1982** / Crime
- JUNE 1982** / Do It Yourself
- JULY 1982** / Sporting Life
- AUGUST 1982** / The New West
- SEPTEMBER 1982** / Hot Sex!
- OCTOBER 1982** / O. C. and Stiggs
- NOVEMBER 1982** / Economic Recovery
- DECEMBER 1982** / E.T. Issue

\$3.00 EACH

- JANUARY 1983** / The Top Stories of 1983
- FEBRUARY 1983** / Raging Controversy
- MARCH 1983** / Tamper-Proof Issue
- MAY 1983** / The South Seas
- JUNE 1983** / Adults Only
- JULY 1983** / Vacation!
- AUGUST 1983** / Science and Bad Manners
- SEPTEMBER 1983** / Big Anniversary Issue
- OCTOBER 1983** / Dilated Pupils
- NOVEMBER 1983** / No Score
- DECEMBER 1983** / Holiday Jeers
- JANUARY 1984** / Time Parody Issue
- FEBRUARY 1984** / All-Comics Issue
- MARCH 1984** / The 60s' Greatest Hits
- APRIL 1984** / You Can Parody Anything
- MAY 1984** / Baseball Preview
- JUNE 1984** / This Summer's Movies
- JULY 1984** / Special Summer Fun
- AUGUST 1984** / Unofficial Olympics Guide
- SEPTEMBER 1984** / Fall Fashions
- OCTOBER 1984** / Just Good Stuff
- NOVEMBER 1984** / The Accidental Issue

DECEMBER 1984 Except for issue Number One, this may well become the rarest "old" *National Lampoon* of all. It's the last issue in the familiar *National Lampoon* format, which remained intact for nearly fifteen years. The issue after this introduced the new, one-of-a-kind format. \$4.00

- National Lampoon Binders** Vinyl binders with tough metal "rods." \$5.50 each. \$9.00 for two, \$12.00 for three. — Quantity
- National Lampoon Case Binder** Fits many types of magazines. \$6.95 each — Quantity
- National Lampoon Binder** With all twelve issues from a given year. Well, not exactly given.

| | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|----------------|
| — 1975 | — 1979 | — 1983 | — Vinyl binder |
| — 1976 | — 1980 | — 1984 | — Case binder |
| — 1977 | — 1981 | | \$24.00 each |
| — 1978 | — 1982 | | |

It is imperative that I acquire the items checked above in order to keep my home humor collection complete. I am enclosing \$1.50 in postage and handling for my order if it's under \$5.00, and \$2.00 for said charges if the order totals more than \$5.00, a small price to pay for U.S. postal delivery. If I'm a New York State resident I'm adding 8 1/4 percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed \$_____

Tear out the whole page with items checked, enclose check or money order, and mail to:
National Lampoon, Dept. NL685, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022





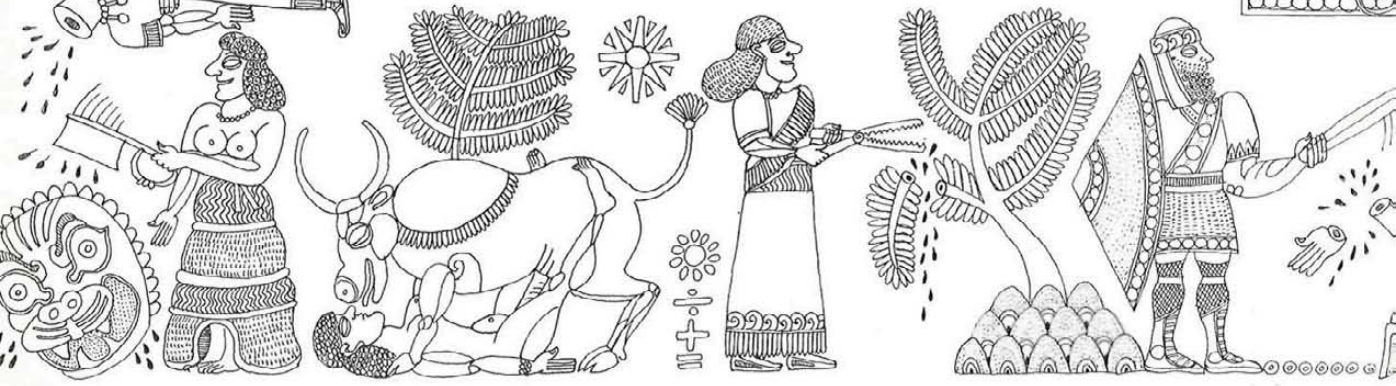
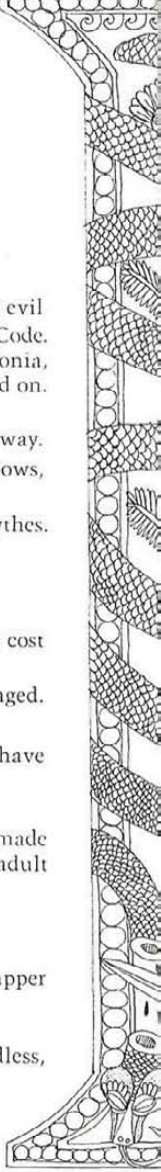
The Code of Hammurabi

translated by Doug Kenney



I Hammurabi the Just, true son of King Zestab-pcz-necco and conqueror of the evil tyrant Ashur-du-smelbad, by this stela set in the marketplace do set down my Code. Let it be known throughout all Mesopotamia, both to Assyria and Babylonia, that these laws will make the flesh of the people glad, and are not to be leaned on.

- * * *
- If two oxcart meet at a crossroad, the oxcart on the right has the right-of-way.
- If an oxcart meets a war chariot at a crossroad, the vehicle equipped with bows, arrows, spears, slings, and scythe-blade hubs has the right-of-way.
- If traveling in congested cities, charioteers shall set melons on the points of their scythes.
- * * *
- If a man split the ear of his wife, the ear of his favorite dog shall be split.
- If a man split the ear of his slave girl, his first and second wife shall split the sewing.
- If a man deflower another's slave girl, he shall pay one-half mina of silver and the cost of new sheets.
- If a woman in a quarrel damages the testicles of a man, her testicles shall be damaged.
- If a man damages the testicles of a eunuch, he shall inform the eunuch.
- If a man flog his wife, pluck out her hair, or smite and damage her nose, she shall have been flogged, had her hair plucked out, been smote, and had her nose damaged.
- * * *
- If a temple prostitute refuses the silver coin of an undiseased freeman, she shall be made to lie with his ox in the square, and miniature bas-reliefs of the event may be sold to adult males above the age of fourteen.
- If a slave strikes his master's son, the slave's hand shall be cut off.
- If a son kills his father's slave, his allowance shall be cut off.
- If a son says to his father, "You are not my father," he shall be sent upstairs without supper and smothered.
- * * *
- If a freeman kills a tax collector of the King, he shall be sent on in his place, swordless, to Palestine.





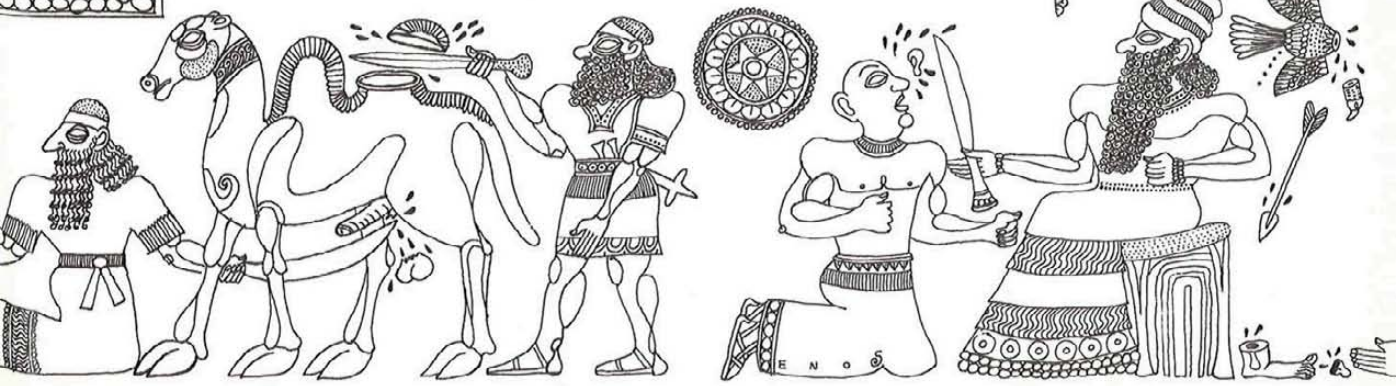
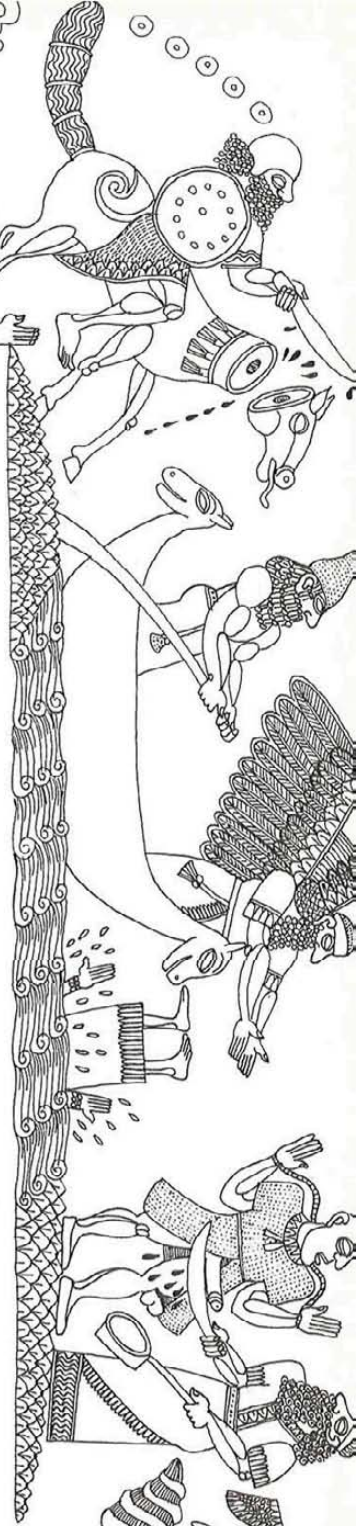
- If a house of mud brick collapses, killing the owner, the mason shall be pressed under every tablet relating to building codes.
- If a surgeon, using a bronze instrument, blinds, kills, or cripples a slave, his fee must be drastically reduced.
- If a royal physician prescribes to a King a strict regimen of diet and exercise, he shall be set on stakes.
- If a teacher kills a student for whispering, a note must be obtained from the parents.
- If, in the course of building a great ziggurat tall enough to reach Heaven, the workers suddenly lay down their tools claiming they no longer understand each other, the usual Jews shall be rounded up for questioning.

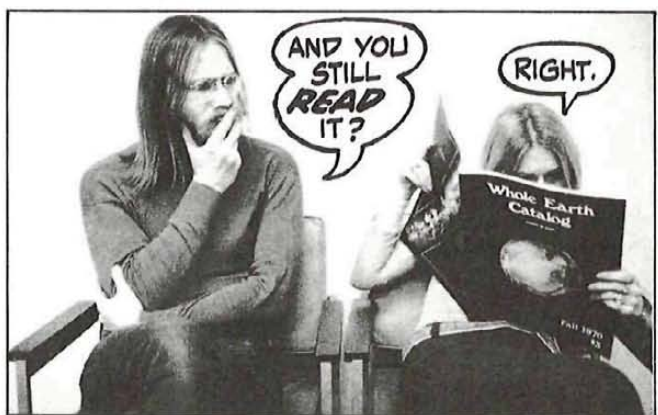
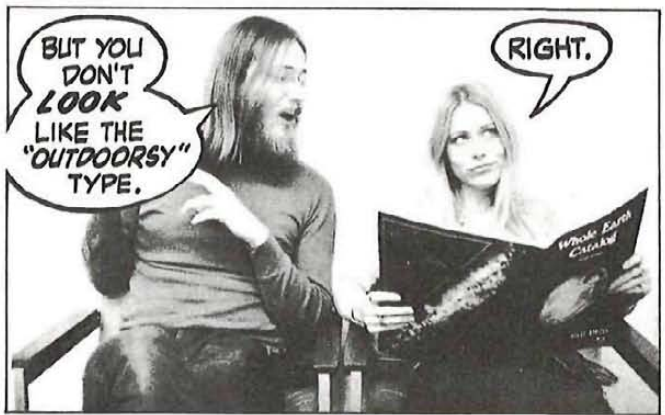
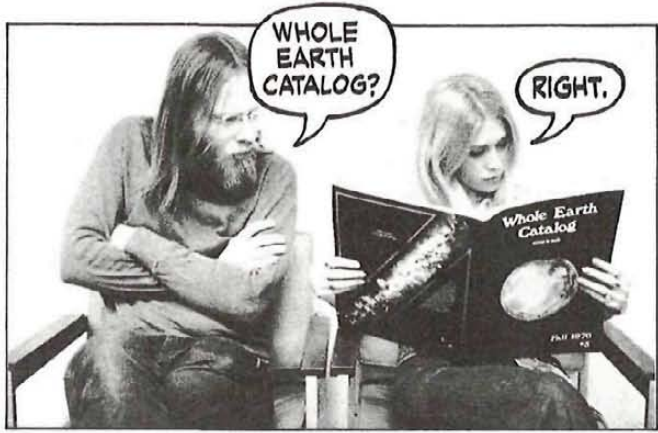
* * *

- If a man copulates with an ape, the child must be exposed or apply for Egyptian citizenship.
- If a man's orchard bears fruit, but at harvest time the fruit is found on the neighbor's side of the wall, and the neighbor accounts for this with a tale of a great wind in the night, the windfall fruit belongs to the neighbor and the neighbor's testicles belong over the first man's fireplace.
- If a merchant measures with false weights in the market, his weight shall be guessed by his customers, and he shall before them consume ox droppings in this amount.
- If a man in the King's game reserve slays a spotted lion under ten spearpoints in length, he has slain a hyena.
- If a man unlawfully enters a ziggurat and defaces the walls with vile cuneiforms, he shall inscribe on a stone tablet, "I will not deface ziggurate" one thousand times with his nose and be put to death.
- If a man be overheard telling impure tales concerning the goddess Ishtar, his tongue shall be torn out and put to death.
- If I find out who keeps singing popular songs under my window, he shall be thrown in the Holy River.
- If a man's brother-in-law lives under his roof, and does no work and stirs not, after four years he may be considered furniture and sold.
- If a man damage the eye of another man's horse, the first man shall be responsible for future moving violations.

* * *

- If a wet nurse substitutes a changeling for a freeman's son, and the real son returns years later by accident as part of a traveling acrobatic troop and is immediately recognized by the father by means of a distinctive ring or birthmark, the rights to any resulting poem, song, or bas-relief shall belong to the King.
- If a scribe makes an error in the transcription of a royal edict, he shall be [text unintelligible].





MODERN ENGLISH Poetry NOTES (22b)

Important! If lost return to: D. Kenney World Hall Rm 44

TUESDAY * OCTOBER XII, INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

- Prof. Merton Verber ->

Office Hrs. #227-8 A.M. Thurgood Annex

Lectures Tues-Thurs No Paper! Final Exam Jan 22

I. WHAT IS 'POETRY'?

A. Not a 'Mickey Mouse' course

- 1. 6,000 word paper due (Jan 22) (misprint in catalog)
2. add to Reading List: 'Sens of Light, like a woman's feet' (Smith pp 1-320)
3. 'New Best Romantic Vision of Matthew Arnold' (Verber, Literary Review Oct)
4. No eating lunches here, smoking, Attendance will be taken (misprint)

II. WHAT IS A 'POEM'?

- A. 'Emotion recollected in tranquillity'... analyzed w/ brain!
B. 'Criticism of life'... Matthew Arnold
C. 'A tapedeck for the soul'... Prof. Verber
D. What does poetry mean in the 20th Century?
1. Simon + Garfunkel -> 'Mrs. Robinson'
2. Vast tapestry of human quest -> much of it interesting, not dull

III. THE POET'S TOOLS

- A. Feet are important -> 'nuts & bolts' of poetry and did those feet
1. Byron's 1-footed verse
2. Also meter, rhyme (crime), rhythm/rhythmic






III. POETS TO BE STUDIED

- A. Shelley, Keats lived, wrote fast
B. Coleridge considered (by some) 'hip' -> opium!
C. Matthew Arnold

- 1. Prof. Verber did doctoral thesis!
2. 'Dover Beach' -> 'ignorant armies clash by night'
a. Vietnam? World War III?! Any war -> falling 'liberal' (over)

GET OPTIONAL READING LIST

get serious

2.     

3. Wordsworth → "can a cloud be lonely?"

a. Wordsworth answers "YES!"

i. "Lyrical Ballads" → romantic **REVOLUTION!**

ii. revolutionaries used common, simple style, ideas, not Zeus

I. "poetry can boast of no celestial char distinguishing her vital juices from prose" -- "fighting words!" (to classists)

a. but peaceful revolutionaries → no riots, stayed in own rooms and did their own work! Not like today, us.

4. Tennyson → last poet everybody liked

a. many still prefer Arnold

b. Tennyson still relevant to the 70's college student!

i. "The Lotus Eaters"

ii. this was joke, do not write down

5. T.S. Eliot

a. "The Wasteland" not plagiarism

i. excellent use of footnotes; or

6. Dylan Thomas → no relation to Dylan

for Thursday, read collected works of Keats, Shelley, Swinburne, Browning

7.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER the 14th

I. Lecture → "MATTHEW ARNOLD, Last Romantic

Seer or First Modern Visionary?" (doctoral thesis)

II. followed by reading of "The Scholar Gipsy"

A. in full

- do laundry
- write Man
- fix lamp

Use get notes from Dave

The Miracle of Democracy

"You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool Mom."

—Captain Penney, WNEW-TV, Cleveland, Ohio, 1956.

Introduction

Have you dropped into the local malt shop recently and heard what today's young people are saying about this country? *Down with Amerika*, they are saying. *The President is a tool of the Wall Street power brokers and the whole system bites the hairy banana*. Makes your blood boil, doesn't it? You have a right to be shocked by such talk, and it is not surprising if you and your neighbors may have formed a volunteer citizens' committee to visit some of these young people and pound the shit out of them.

But hold on there, Mr. John Q. Public! Are you sure you know what makes this country tick? Brush up on the following facts about your government in action, and the next time one of those young people snickers at the Stars 'n' Bars in your lapel, you can hand him an earful of patriotism along with that mouthful of bloody Chiclets.

The country you save may be your own.

Chapter 1

All for One, Two for Me

The Greeks had a word for it: democracy. The root words *demos* and *kratein* mean "people" and "cretin," or, literally, "the people are cretins." Democracy was suggested by Pericles (508-429 B.C.), an Athenian known for his interest in civic affairs and his sense of humor.¹ His initial attempt at democracy was of a rudimentary sort, whereby certain of the citizens were in some cases granted a number of rights and/or privileges as long as they promised to watch it. While by no means a fully operational model, it was one that has been continually modified and improved upon over time and was recalled only recently

¹Pericles: Hem Lock.
Socrates: Who's there?
Per: Euripides.
Soe: Euripides who?
Per: Euripides pants, Eumenides pants.

by Greek designers to correct a slight tendency to swerve to the left.

Basically, democracy is a system of government run by all the people, and every citizen has the right to speak and act as he pleases, except of course for traitors and types who must have something the matter with them. Unlike "brutalitarian" regimes, in a democracy the people are charged with the responsibility of ruling themselves, and each member of the community bears the sacred duty of participating in governmental affairs unless there's something good on.

From ancient Greece, the idea of democracy spread to all parts of the globe—north to Switzerland, justly famed for its fine cheeses and hand-crafted music boxes as well as a foreign policy that gave new dimensions to the word "chickenshit"; and south to the Philippine Republic, a constitutional democracy patterned after our own and led by the very capable Presidente Ferdinand Marcos, a man whose dedication to the principles of life, liberty, and leather shoes for every working adult stands as a lesson to those who preach revolution, class hatred, and murder.²

Chapter 2

... Shall Make No Law

Abridging the Freedom of S - - - h

Each founding father knew, as he crammed himself into a lowly manger in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, for the First Constitutional Convention, that his was the awesome task of forging a document that would be accepted and approved by his entire constituency. It is not surprising then that little was accomplished until the Second Constitutional Convention of 1787,³ wherein it was mutually agreed

²Me, for one.

³Unlike most conventions, it was held in secret, a fact which the founding mothers, who were not invited, viewed with suspicion.

that delegates' expense accounts need not be itemized.

The constitution that finally emerged stated that every man has certain inalienable rights that could not be revoked except in time of war, national emergency, military service, martial law, economic crises, uncontrolled rioting in many parts of the city, airport expansion, campus protest, urban renewal, highway extension, or months with a vowel in them. One of these rights guaranteed by the Constitution was the right to private property, a right which is particularly useful if you happen to own some, but gets kind of tricky if you don't, but want some. The ones who wrote the Constitution owned some, and wished to clarify how long they intended to keep it, particularly for those who wanted some and tended to get impatient.⁴

One of the many features of our Constitution that make it a decorating must for every gun-club lounge are its *amendments*. The first ten have more or less expired, but are still included in most reproductions both for their quaint historical interest and as examples of good penmanship. In addition to the free amendments, every Constitution also contains a warrant that covers (1) the right not to be tried twice for the same crime unless it can be proved that you thought it again since, (2) the right to remain silent if you are too shy to confess in any other manner, and (3) the right to be considered innocent of a crime until proven Communist.

Chapter 3

Never Let Your Left Wing Know Who Your Right Wing Is Killing

Our Government works on a system of "checks and balances." For example, if ITT writes a check, the Repub-

⁴Workers of the world, eat my shorts.

HOORAW! HULLOO! EACH JED AND JANE! NOW

TARRY HERE, WHILST WE EXPLAIN

MIRACLE of



Step the 1st: Months ere Election Day, in Party Caucuses across our fair Land, delegates to the Nominating Convention are carefully chosen—by democratic methods as old as the Republic itself!



Step the 3rd: The Candidate
And in our Democracy, it is



Step the 4th: The Nominee, with the aid of wise advisors, drafts the Party platform. We all know how attentively do these stewards of State hark to the Nation's needs and aspirations!



Now he is Mr. President



OUR GALLANT SPANISH ALLY



OUR GALLANT HAITIAN ALLY



OUR GALLANT PARAGUAYAN ALLY



OUR GALLANT GREEK ALLY



OUR GALLANT RHODESIAN ALLY



LINCOLN



GARFIELD



REPUBLIC'S WONDER IN ★ ELECTION YEAR-FOR IT COULD ONLY HAPPEN HERE!'TIS THE....

DEMOCRACY



the People for campaign funds. It just which People he goes to!



Step the 2nd: Now nominated, Mr. Presidential Aspirant seeks out a Running Mate. He must have a care to pick a man whose moral, spiritual, and intellectual qualities match those set before by other Vice-Presidents!



Step the 5th: In a spirited Democracy, spirits oft run high! It is a measure of the American Democratic Tradition to see how dissent is met, its message received, its leaders dealt with!



but you can still disagree!

-  OUR GALLANT SOUTH VIETNAMESE ALLY
-  OUR GALLANT BRAZILIAN ALLY
-  OUR GALLANT CHINESE ALLY
-  OUR GALLANT PORTUGUESE ALLY
-  OUR GALLANT SOUTH AFRICAN ALLY





HOW A BILL BECOMES LAW

1. Bill is suggested to congressman by constituents.
2. Bill is introduced to Senate.
3. Public hearings are held.
4. Private executive committee sessions. Amendments added.
5. Bill is debated and passed by Senate.
6. Bill amended and passed by House.
7. Bill is signed by President.
8. Bill becomes law.



Illustrations by Bruce McCall

lican Party can balance the books. This ingenious arrangement can be extrapolated to international diplomacy as well. The Russians invade the Czechs, and the Americans balance it off by bombing North Vietnam.⁵

A good way to illustrate checks and balances is by studying the thermostat in your own home. If your den or rumpus room is stuffy, your thermostat tells your furnace it is time to decrease the temperature. In much the same way, if the Negroes need to be cooled, your President tells the FBI to turn on the heat. Another good way to illustrate this system is by drawing Daddy's cocky going into his own doo-doo hole, but if your Mommy or the FBI sees it, they will shit and or confiscate your brick.

The checks and balances are represented by the three major branches of Government: the *executive*, the *legislative*, and the reason its such a stone drag knocking this stuff out is that you know that two-thirds of the jerk-offs who buy the magazine in the first place are only looking to see if the chick with the big bazongas is in Foto Funnies again but what the hell I've got to get this fucker finished by the

time Linda gets back from her brother's Bar Mitzvah which at first I'll admit took me by surprise because she certainly doesn't look *judiciary*.

Chapter 4

... For the People, By the People, In the People's, and Up the People's

The first of the three branches of government we will consider is the Presidency. An easy way to do this is to turn the lights off, light a stick of incense if you like, and, while in a full or half lotus, chant the President's middle name over and over again until you feel your *muhlbandh* pucker and begin to whimper for mercy.

The President is the most important single individual in a constitutional democracy. America's Chief Executive is empowered by law to veto bills, condemn long-haired cult killers, commute the sentences of short-haired kid killers, call in football plays, push buttons to ceremonially activate hydroelectric porkbarrels, declare wars, declare undeclared wars, undeclare undeclared wars, and undeclare undeclared wars if a majority of the voters have something good on at the time like a space show or travelogue.

Often said to be the hardest job in the world, the Presidency is the focus for the country's problems, for, as Harry Truman once quipped to a junior lobbyist, "The buck stops here."

Let's take a look at a President's normal daily schedule. . . .

- 9:00 A.M. Arrives at office. Reads mail.
- 10:15 A.M. Secretary of State confers concerning new policy.
- 10:30 A.M. Press conference at State Department.
- 11:00 A.M. Asks assistant to soften forthcoming veto message.
- 11:20 A.M. Meeting with eagle scouts for awards ceremony and pictures.
- 11:30 A.M. Informal Cabinet meeting.
- 12:00 M. Lunch in office. Scout doesn't like cottage cheese. Send out for cheeseburger, fries, and shake.
- 12:30 P.M. Farm senators protest price-support bill.
- 1:00 P.M. Timex lobbyist gives views on proposed Japanese import quotas.
- 1:17 P.M. Set new watch.
- 2:00 P.M. Meeting with AFL-CIO leaders.
- 2:30 P.M. Deep massage at health club. Introduce scout to Bruce. Inquire about junior memberships.
- 3:15 P.M. Budget Director confers on new tax law.
- 3:45 P.M. Informal briefing with National Security Council.
- 4:30 P.M. Father of pageboy's lawyer calls. Will settle out of court.
- 5:00 P.M. Scout hungry again. Cancel welcoming ceremony for new Pakistani ambassador.
- 5:15 P.M. Early supper at Gino's.
- 5:45 P.M. Sign new draft bill. Scout wants all the pens.
- 7:00 P.M. Dinner with Russian Trade Minister. Scout doesn't like Brussels sprouts.
- 8:30 P.M. Speech for joint American Legion-VFW gathering.
- 9:00 P.M. Scout overtired. Wants to go home.
- 10:00 P.M. Home. Introduce nephew to Pat.
- 10:30 P.M. Go over summaries, briefings, late reports.
- 11:00 P.M. Bed.
- 11:07 P.M. Tinkle.
- 11:10 P.M. Business.
- 11:12 P.M. Scout wants glass of water. Tinkle.
- 11:15 P.M. Sleep.

Whew! What a schedule! As you can see, practically every waking sec-

⁵The "checks and balances" © jokes were thought up by Tony Hendra. He thought up several other jokes in this article as well, but these two are my personal favorites. If you enjoyed them, why not drop Tony a line?! He'll be sure to appreciate it, and frankly, it will put his job on a slightly firmer footing.

ond of the President's day is filled with activity as he dashes from meeting to meeting. It is easy to see why the second hardest job in the world is that of a Presidential assassin, particularly if he lacks experience on the skeet range.

Kill him.⁹

Chapter 5

I Regret That I Have But One Lobe to Give for My Country

America, goes the old saying, is a nation where any lad can become Vice-President regardless of race, creed, or intelligence. The Vice-President's main function is to take over the President's job when he is shot in the head. If, for any reason, the President is not shot in the head, the Vice-President changes the channel, catches the last half of "I Love Lucy," tinkle, sleep.

Often the butt of cruel political jokes, the Vice-Presidency is nonetheless a vital component of the governmental process, and the quality of man required to serve in this office would make a listing of past Vice-Presidents a remarkable roll of honor.

Chapter 6

The Roll of Honor

Aaron Burr

George Clinton

Elbridge Gerry

Daniel D. Tompkins

Richard M. Johnson

George M. Dallas

Millard Fillmore

William R. King

Hannibal Hamlin

Schuyler Colfax

Henry Wilson

William A. Wheeler

Thomas A. Hendricks

Levi P. Morton

Garret A. Hobart

Charles Warren Fairbanks

James S. Sherman

Thomas R. Marshall

Charles G. Dawes

Charles Curtis

John N. Garner

Alben W. Barkley

Richard M. Nixon

Lyndon B. Johnson

Hubert H. Humphrey

Spiro T. Agnew

Chapter 7

Stop in the Name of the Law (Before You Break My Club)

The Supreme Court is an august body of judicial experts who must decide whether or not a specific law is constitutional or not. This is more difficult than it sounds because it is obvious that the justices cannot rely entirely on this brief statement of

governmental principles⁷ but must refer to the "unwritten Constitution" for many of their precedents. Many justices, particularly the last four, actually prefer to use the unwritten Constitution because it is easier to read.

In a recent decision, for example, most of the justices agreed that a defendant may be found guilty of a crime if *most* of the jury thought he was. Modeling the decision after the structure of their own court, the justices suggested that dissenting members of a jury could submit their opinions to the defendant after his sentencing along with gift baskets of fresh fruit, shoelaces, soap, playing cards, or any of the other niceties that can do so much to help while away the hours. Thus, by eliminating the necessity for a unanimous decision of the jurors, the justices have updated the Constitution to allow for a changing America and the decreasing petty-cash resources of local prosecuting attorneys.

In the long history of the Supreme Court there have been many amusing anecdotes about its members, but the only one that comes to mind at the moment concerns Arthur Goldberg, a half pound of chopped chicken liver, and a rubber glove.

Chapter 8

If There's One Thing I Can't Stand, It's a House Divided Against Itself

The Congress, or legislative body, differs from the previously mentioned august body in many important ways.⁸ Specifically, the Congress is a law-making group of elected representatives who wear ventilated shoes, tear up their parking tickets,⁹ and can be easily recognized by a large shapeless lump under their throats, which will be either a goiter filled with salt water or a lobbyist.

The Legislative branch divides itself into two houses and has a special agreement with the D.C. police that they won't raid them both at the same time. The nation's lawmakers, the Senate, and the House of Representatives work long, hard hours to hammer out innovative legislation to benefit their constituents, particularly the constituents who wish to raise congressional salaries, erect derricks on Indian reservations, or ensure that this tag may not be removed under penalty of law.

There has been much debate over the quality of the men elected to the Congress, and its critics have called the average representative a "senile and drooling Mongoloid opportunist with the morals of a cobra and the breath of a hyena," but surely

⁷No pictures, either.

⁸They still airbrush out the pubes.

⁹Justices can only fix them.

Chapter 9

I'll Be Down to Get You in a Tax Break, Honey

In addition to the three branches of government, there is a fourth—loosely termed *special interest groups* or *lobbyists*. Much like representatives elected by the voters, lobbyists are representatives elected by corporations. Since corporations employ the voters, you are actually represented twice in Congress, once by your lobbyist and once by your taxes.

There are some, including many homosexuals, Jews, and Communists, who believe that lobbyists wield improper influence in the lawmaking process. Nothing could be farther from the truth. A lobbyist has no official power over any member of Congress and can only suggest legislation. It is a political reality, of course, that a lobbyist may be quite skillful in giving advice to congressmen, but they are under no obligation to take it. However, for the purposes of giving a rounded picture of the lobbyist's role in government, the following is a partial list of advice given to a typical senator¹⁰ during the course of a typical workday:¹¹

- 2 pr Farah slacks (machine washable)
- 1 brooch and matching bracelet in the golden manner of Monet
- 1 Timex wristwatch with "magic window" calendar
- 1 Spidel Twist-o-flex watchband
- 1 Kool-King fully insulated picnic hamper guaranteed to keep cold things cold and hot things hot for twenty-four hours
- 1 Hotpoint gas range
- 1 year's supply Burger Bits
- 3 doz. Spalding golf balls
- 1 sq. inch of a real Klondike gold mine (deed)
- 1 Airstream camper/trailer w/chemical toilet
- 1 set Rubbermaid bathroom/kitchen accessories
- 1 complete set Tompkins lawn furniture
- 1 giant Tootsie Roll containing one year's supply Tootsie Pops
- 6 Ship 'n Shore blouses \$11,435
- 2 tickets to *Fiddler on the Roof*
- 1 roll film and negatives taken at health club
- 8 pr. Jantzen swimwear
- 1 Lawn Boy power mower
- 6 full-course suppers at Gino's

Chapter 10

One Nation, Under Ground

That about wraps it up, Mr. American. *Thanks for putting me in the picture, you may be thinking, but what can one dumb bohunk like me do to*

¹⁰Roman Hruska.

¹¹Tuesday between 11:00 and 11:15 A.M.



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buck up my country against the slimy egg-suckers who go around publicly blowing their Commie snot in Old Glory and making reeferers out of their draft cards and loyalty oaths, not to mention those oddball nuns who been assassinating up all the White House airconditioners and that whole bunch of weirdo Christ-killing hikes who keep telling the white kids that the U.S. of A. can't cut the mustard against a bunch of bandy-legged zipper-eyes who wipe themselves with a coconut and my brother-in-law down in San Diego actually saw a couple of them sneaking around his pool only last week until he went to get his sawed-off and as for that shiftless asshole kid of mine if he thinks he's gonna just sit around on his buttinski just because he was stupid enough to step on a toothpick in Vietnam and his foot looks like a rotten watermelon and try to jerk the country around for a free lunch he'd better call up his pal Ho Chi Kootchi for bus fare to Moscow before I find the key to the gun rack and mail his nuts to a real American like Wallace who could use 'em for something more than just stuffing some filthy dungarees?

Well, there are several things you can do:

1. Vote and vote often.
2. Take an interest in the candidate of your choice (even a couple of rounds can make a big difference).
3. Organize local groups to clean up the refuse in your streets and malt shops.
4. Avoid between-meal treats.
5. Avoid between-toe treats. ("Clean socks for a cleaner America."—Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson, 1967)
6. Keep your ears open and your nose peeled.
7. Find out when they are going to pay their war debt.
8. Don't forget to get Ruth's wig from the cleaners.

It's as simple as that. Now that I've shot you the straight poop on what your government is all about, you are ready to roll up your pants and wade right into the mainstream of American politics. You're one heck of a guy, Mr. Citizen, so why not lend a fist to one heck of a country?

Remember, they don't make 'em like they used to.

Reading Hi-Lites

The following quiz is designed to help you remember what you have learned. Make sure you have two sharpened pencils and a clean sheet of paper for

scratchwork. You may begin when the big hand is out of your lap and back on the table. Ready? Begin. You have two hours.

Matching

Choose the word on the left which best matches the word or phrase on the right.

- | | |
|------------------------|--|
| a. checks and balances | <input type="checkbox"/> business |
| b. Negroes | <input type="checkbox"/> goiter filled with salt water |
| c. lobbyists | <input type="checkbox"/> "Kill the..." |
| d. muhlbandh | <input type="checkbox"/> Tony's job |
| e. Linda | <input type="checkbox"/> David Frost |
| f. tinkle | <input type="checkbox"/> big bazongas |

Multiple Choice

1. What are today's young people saying about this country?
 - a. America is on the beam.
 - b. The President is A-OK.
 - c. They don't make 'em like they used to.
 - d. The whole system bites the hairy banana.
 - e. Stupidity in the defense of liberty is no news.
2. What makes this country tick?
 - a. fine cheeses
 - b. "brutalitarian" regimes
 - c. good penmanship
 - d. your government in action
 - e. bloody Chiclets
3. Who rules in a democracy?
 - a. Presidente Ferdinand Marcos
 - b. the people

- c. Pericles
- d. cretins
- e. eagle scouts

True or False?

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| T | F | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> The bus stops here. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> | Congressmen can be easily recognized by their half pounds of chicken liver and rubber gloves. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> | All eagle scouts like Brussels sprouts. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> | Homosexuals, Jews, and Communists wield proper influence in the lawmaking process. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> | Kool-King hampers will keep cold things cold and hot things hot for only five hours. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> | I've got to get this fucker finished before Linda arrives. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> | That about wraps it up. |



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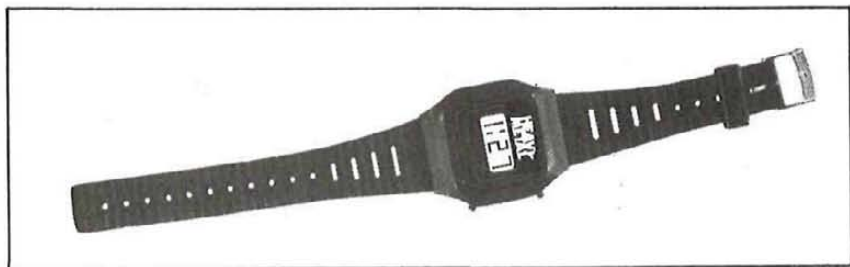
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WAR HERO

"Hurry up with those syntho-steaks, Edna," Full Citizen Hopkins bel-lowed. "Our boy's got a war to fight this morning!" Conditional Citizen Hopkins Jr. ignored his father's conspiratorial wink and turned his eyes to the 3-V screen on the wall. "C'mon, Pccwee, it's nothing to be all trembly about," Citizen Hopkins Sr. insisted. "It'll make a man of you. It's your *duty*. When the Army sent me *my* papers, I just walked up to the 'Filer, told it what's what, and before you know it, they gave me my stripes, stuffed my pockets with two years worth of Credits and trotted me right out of the Center and into a turbo back home."

Citizen Hopkins Jr. glanced at his father's gesturing hand, then stared intently at the missing thumb. His father's grin wavered as he slowly brought the hand under the table, out of sight again. "Hell," Hopkins Sr. muttered, "I even got a Purple Heart."

Hopkins Jr. turned back to the 3-V, which was showing a news program of combat footage from the latest Allied offensive. As the cameras followed a scurrying fleshmelter-equipped platoon through the underbrush, a well-modulated voice read the script:

"... military spokesmen also reported heavy ground action along the East bank of the Rio Grande yesterday resulting in the loss of three American lives and 14 wounded against estimated enemy losses of 255 dead and 874 wounded or captured. In New Washington, President Fuhrman expressed 'unwavering confidence' that the tide had definitely turned in favor..."

Hopkins Jr. watched the screen without interest. The film clip, through the habitual sloppiness of this particular local station, was the same one that had been run three days before and was of a poor quality at that. Several of the actors were obviously firing the blanks without even aiming.

"Now don't get scared when you get to the Center, Shorty," Hopkins Sr. said as the family turbo sped past the outskirts of New Troyt. "When I was in the service, our C.O.'d tell our whole company to get lost after morning drill and not bother to come back till 5 o'clock. Real soft. I'll never forget that crazy way he had of popping that glass right — uh, left eye — out of its socket when he was

mad..."

Hopkins Jr. rankled under his father's reassurances, hating more than ever the patronizing postures of a man who didn't even properly memorize the standard Service Anecdotes the 'Filer had provided for him.

Twenty minutes later, his father dropped him at the Center with a fumbling good-bye and a halfhearted pat on the back.

Hopkins Jr. stood for a minute in the parking area and studied the huge squarish bulk of the Center, a windowless concrete structure whose only breach was a small dark maw through which he saw groups of young men entering, as had a great many others in the 70 years since the aftermath of the Great War.

Hopkins reached the door and found himself in a large waiting room with perhaps a hundred others his own age who were standing in small groups or slouching against the institutional black-and-red painted walls. Short and diffident, Hopkins stood by a water fountain unnoticed as he caught snatches of their nervous, boisterous conversations.

"... so the 'Filer tells him he's a 'potential disciplinary problem' and said he spent the whole two years in the stockade. Came out that afternoon with so many fines, he practically owed them..."

"... got a 500 credit bonus 'cause the 'Filer said he'd pulled an extra stripe when he threw back the grenade..."

"... the 'Filer told my old man he had somethin' called 'excess libidinal drive' and caught a dose from one of them New Guinea hookers. He thought they were gonna cut off his..."

Finally, a red-and-black uniformed sergeant appeared and led them through a winding series of corridors past closed doors and bulletin boards bearing sheets of sample forms and checklists rendered unintelligible by bureaucratic coding and abbreviations. As the line of inductees paused to let another group file through a corridor intersection, Hopkins uncomprehendingly studied one of the sheets tacked to a board:

Dist. Serv. Crs. —ls of 2 limbs and/or
sght in actn above
& beyond call of dty.

Slvr. Str. —ls of 1 limb and/or 1

eye in dsply of unusl
brvry.

Brnz. Str. —ls same as above in
line of dty.

Purp. Hrt. —ls of fngr, ft or mnr
organ.

The line started again and they were led into a processing room staffed by uniformed clerks, who interviewed the men one by one.

"Name."

"John Hopkins."

"Citizenship."

"Conditional."

"Age."

"18."

"That's all — move directly to Station Two on your right. Follow the arrows. Next."

At Station Two, Hopkins was curtly told to strip by a medic in white, and he duly submitted himself to a confusing gauntlet of pokings, proddings, measurements and extractions of samples of his bodily fluids.

At Station Three, he was quickly told to operate an odd exercise-type apparatus to ascertain physical strength, endurance, coordination and reaction time.

Hopkins and the line of men, their hands fumbling with sheaves of forms they were given, entered yet another Station, whose identifying placard read: PERS. PROF. & SIT. HYP.

Personality Profiler and Situational Hypothesizer was the full designation, as every child knew. The 'Filer, whose electronic circuits, like the identical units used all over the planet, was a bank of electronic components inset against the wall.

Inside, after each inductee had been seated at one of several dozen booths equipped with a chair, respiration and encephalographic contacts, 3-V screen, earphones and a bank of colored console buttons, a uniformed director bearing the three gold circles of a captain replaced the sergeant and gave them an informative talk about the 'Filer and the method of answering its questions.

"... and, of course, the Profiler has been our first line of defense since its establishment as the preserver of world peace by the International Congress in 1992. In our country's history, we have yet to flinch from the threats of an enemy, whether they're called Nazis,

(continued)

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(continued)

Commiss or Southies, but, as you learned in high school, the Great War of 1987 made further armed conflict unthinkable. If you remember those pictures in your books of what was left of the major cities, both ours and theirs, you will agree that the Profiler is your best safeguard against World War IV. Now, men, if you will turn your attention. . . ."

The captain went on to give a simplified explanation of the 'Filer's operation, beginning with its impartial appraisal of each new inductee's personality and physical capabilities, and ending with a description of the innumerable variables upon which the 'Filer made its individual decisions. These variables ranged from the individual's predicted ability to accurately fire a fleshmelter, to the current number of "casualties" needed to fill the quota set by the War Simulator component of the 'Filer system located thousands of miles away in New Geneva.

"... all of which means," the Captain explained, "that when we fight with computers that only *measure* each nation's resources without threatening *actual destruction* of the physical political entities involved — for example, our present police action in so-called "Free Mexico" — *not a single civilian life is threatened*, thus ensuring our survival. The 3-V and Printies endeavor to make the conflicts more relevant, of course, with morale-boosting dramatizations for our citizens, but they know they themselves are in no danger. Are there any questions? No? All right, men, press the blue button at the center of your consoles and begin. Remember, any knowingly false answers can be immediately detected by the 'Filer and will render the falsifier subject to random shrapnel wounds in the upper arms and/or total cancellation of the two years equivalent of Service Credits which will be issued to you by the Paymaster at the end of your tour of duty this afternoon. Good luck, Citizens."

Citizen Hopkins put on the earphones, pushed the blue button and was rewarded with a soft bell tone and a picture of an indefinable black mass on the 3-V screen.

"Citizen, what is the first word that comes to mind as you look at this picture?" rasped a metallic voice in Hopkins earphones.

"Dog."

"What is the opposite of the word 'up'?"

"Down."

"Which would you rather do, go to a public 3-V or read to a blind child?"

"Uh, read to a blind child."

"Warning Citizen! You are reminded of the penalties for electronically observable false answers. Again, which would you rather do, go to a public 3-V or read to a blind child?"

"Go to a 3-V."

"Before you now is a picture of a family. Make up a story about them in your

own words and tell me how you feel about. . . ."

After the last question had been answered, the group was told to wait in the auditorium, where a film would be shown until the 'Filer's results had been processed and put into human hands. It was a patriotic documentary, narrated by a well-known 3-V personality, about new techniques of resisting Southie guerrilla attacks. Hopkins stirred in his seat, having seen it several years before at home, although he still enjoyed the animated octopus wearing a Mexican sombrero which, at one point in the film, threatened to strangle the globe. As an American flag montaged over marching ranks in slightly dated uniforms, the lights in the auditorium went up and once again they were led out to another Station.

Standing in the line again, Hopkins stared at the back of the man directly before him and thought dimly of his father at breakfast, remembering with anger the nicknames his father habitually used to tease him about his short stature. His fists tightened at the memory.

"Jenkins . . . Jones . . . Jzadecky . . . Harper . . . Hinchel . . . Higgenbotham . . . Hopkins."

At the sound of his name, he went to the table designated G-K and was given a red-colored punch card, which a clerk attached to Hopkins' lapel with a metal fastener. He then told him to walk through the red door at his left. Hopkins did so, noticing that most of the others in his group were passing through the door at the opposite end of the Station that matched their blue tags.

Inside, Hopkins found only two others standing perplexed in a cramped chamber with a grilled ceiling.

"Hey, what is this?" said one of them to Hopkins. Hopkins shook his head and fumbled for the card at his collar. Twisting his neck, he looked at the large black stamp over his name: "CSLTLY."

It was then that they heard the gas escaping from the grill.

Hopkins woke up sensing only a fierce white light through his closed eyes. He opened them to thin slits and managed to coalesce the white into a number of vague masses moving above him, but they did not become clearer. He knew he was on a table, and by flexing his arms he knew he was strapped or bound to it securely. But the white masses would not form into definite shapes, and the low buzzing of voices disturbed his concentration. The voices grew louder and softer but would not make sense to him.

"What's it this time, nurse?"

"Distinguished Service Cross with special Presidential Commendation, Doctor."

"Christ. Okay, read the citation."

"This man is hereby designated Full Citizen, a blaster's assistant attached to the 21st Commando Battalion, is to be

highly honored for meritorious service to his country above and beyond the call of duty. His unit pinned down in a ravine by withering enemy fire from several enemy emplacements in the Guadaluajara sector, this courageous soldier, already suffering from two level fleshmelter burns, did singlehandedly storm the enemy positions and destroy a pillbox with a handrocket, simultaneously suffering severe shrapnel punctures in the right leg and upper arm, which later became gangrenous due to lack of immediate medical attention. Nevertheless, he continued to crawl toward the remaining enemy positions against intense hostile fire, receiving numerous wounds to the lower torso from pellet fragments —"

"Where are those fragments supposed to be?"

"In the lower torso, Doctor — 'but managed to destroy another position with a phosphorous grenade thrown with his function arm —'"

"Wait a minute, nurse, I thought he already got it in his right arm?"

"He's left-handed sir. The 'Filer says his athletic background also justifies —"

"Must've been some sort of Oedipal complex with a little Napoleon thrown in to make him that gung-ho. Not too bright, either. War Office probably needs a hero for the news. He's got an easy name to remember . . . it figures. Okay nurse, continue."

Hopkins found himself marveling at the courage of the poor soldier they were discussing and opened his eyes to ask who —

"Doctor, I think he needs another unit of chloroform."

"Right."

"... despite the loss of both arms and the use of his right leg, he did gallantly attempt to destroy the last enemy position when he struck a land mine . . ."

"Okay, okay, let's get started. We've got two more to do before lunch. Scalpel."

"Scalpel."

"Wait a minute, was that a land mine?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"Well, hold the left leg. Surgical saw."

"Surgical saw, Doctor."

When Full Citizen Hopkins Jr. was brought home by an honor guard augmented by his own high school's marching band, his parents were informed by a full colonel that their son was undoubtedly the most decorated soldier of the entire war. He also carefully showed them how to replenish the nutrient tank containing what remained of Hopkins Jr. and saluted them smartly as he left, saying they had a right to be proud.

Hopkins Jr. had little to say that evening at dinner, but, as his parents had been told by the colonel, it was only natural for a boy to be a little withdrawn his first day back from the war. □

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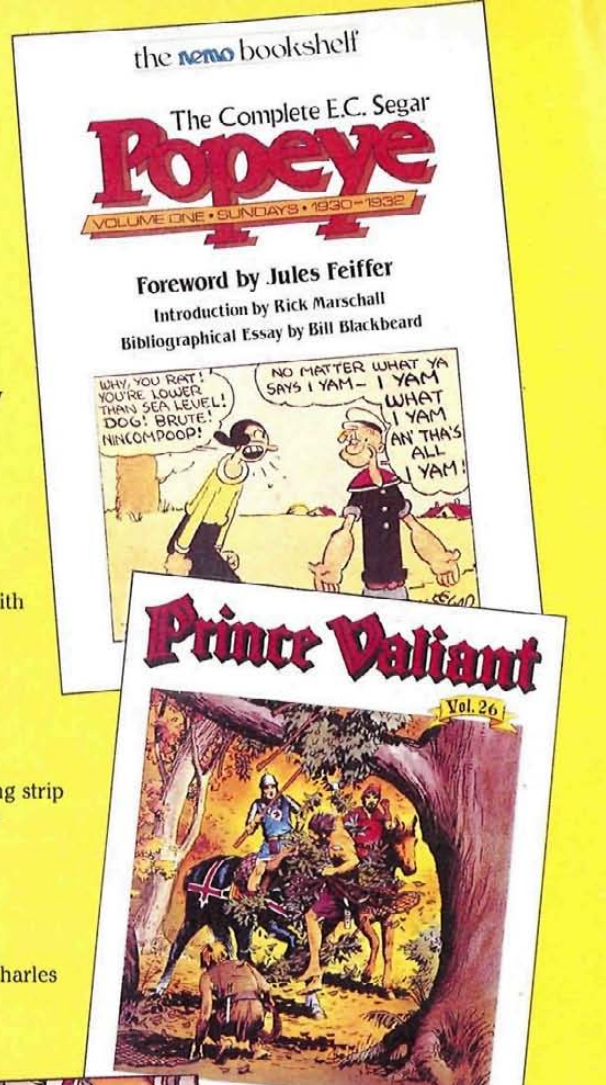
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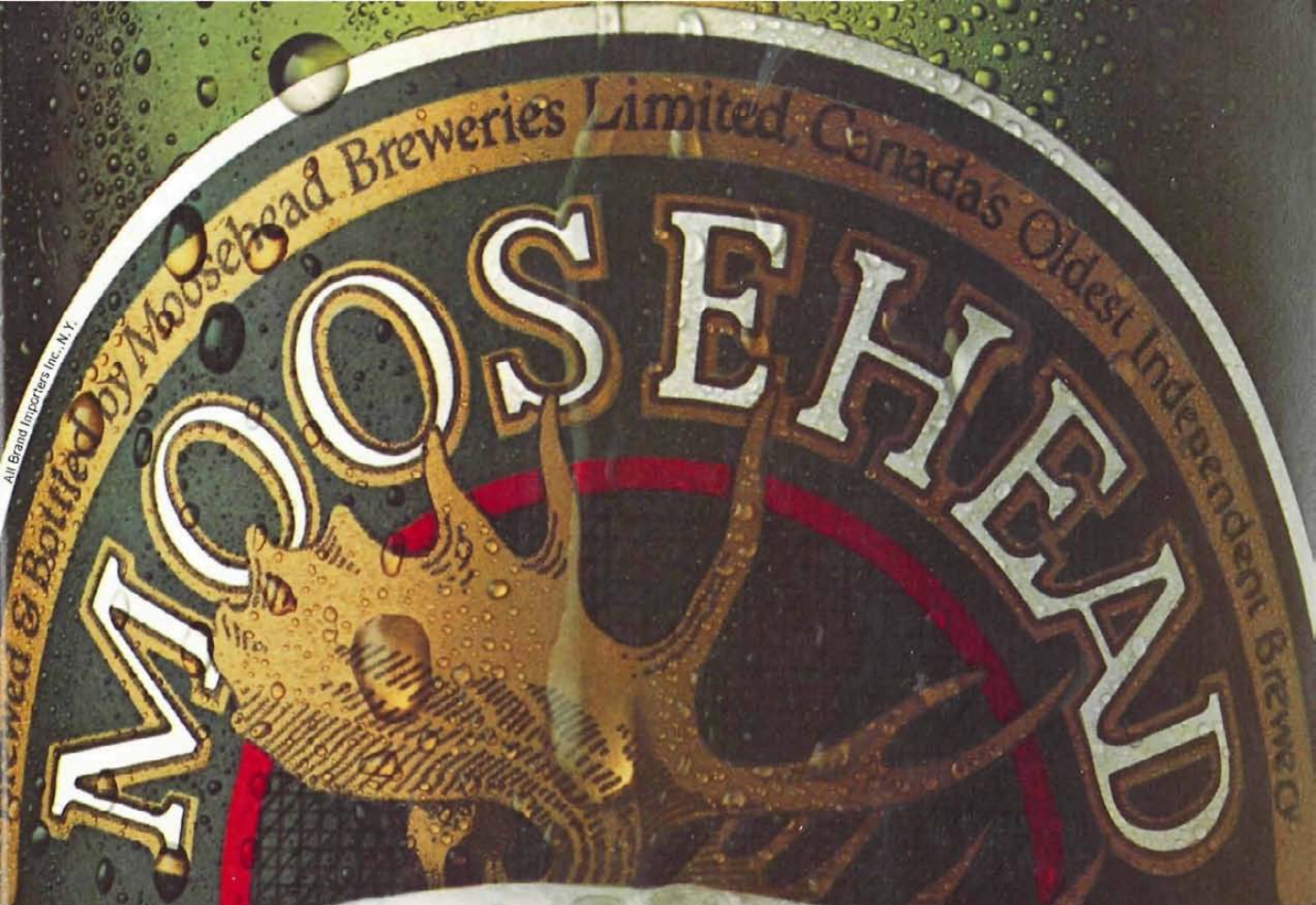
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- NEMO #2:** Superman issue, with rare Siegel/Shuster material. Plus *Terry*, more.
- NEMO #8:** All *Little Orphan Annie* issue, with a complete 1929 Annie tale.
- NEMO #9:** Hal Foster interviewed, McManus's *Nibsby the Newsboy*, original Hal Foster *Valiant* cover, more.
- NEMO #10:** *Miss Peach's* Mell Lazarus, Gustave Verbeek, and cartoonists' Christmas cards.
- NEMO #11:** Charles Dana Gibson, the debut of *Sam's Strip*, *Slim Jim*, and more.
- NEMO #12:** Special feature on WWII in the cartoons, plus *Sam's Strip*, more.
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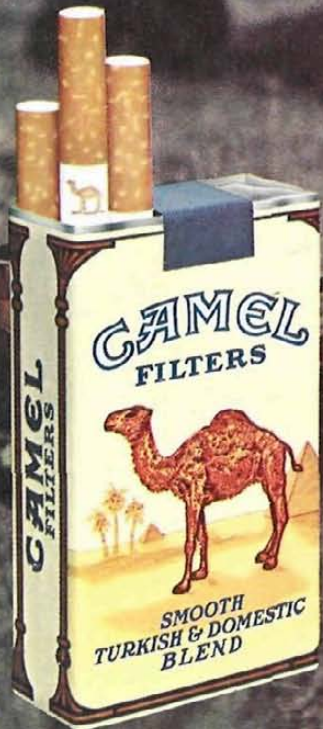


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