

THE LUST ISSUE

NATIONAL

September 1985

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Last  
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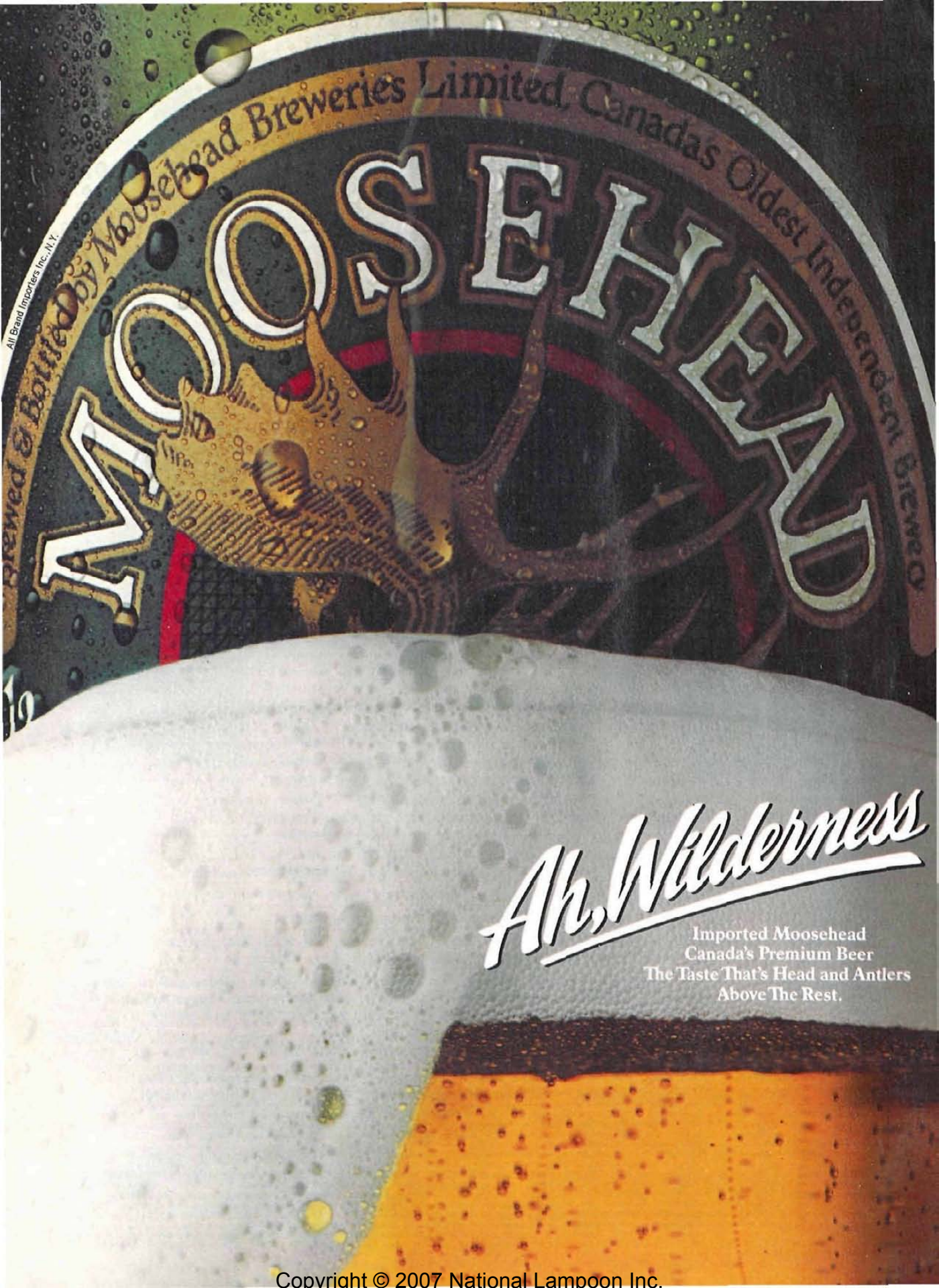
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# EDITORIAL

Lust.

Jimmy Carter has said that there have been times when there was lust in his heart. I believe that. Jimmy Carter is an honest, normal, intelligent human being. I believe that like most honest, normal, intelligent human beings he lusts.

Does Ronald Reagan lust?

I don't think so.

I don't think that Ronnie and Nancy have even had sex.

Apparently Ronnie had sex with Jane Wyman, discovered that it cut into his nap time, and quit cold turkey. Nancy has never had sex.

Their kids were not conceived. They were cast.

They wanted a girl who was slender, pretty, and feminine. There was a slight miscalculation and that turned out to be the boy.

So they got a girl just like the boy.

Does Ronald Reagan miss sex?

I don't think so.

He sublimates.

Whenever he feels remotely sensual, he does something to get his mind off that kind of feeling.

One day in 1983, he was using the john near the press office in the White House. It wasn't his john, but he had to go and didn't have time to use the presidential throne. In the bathroom was a copy of *Playboy*. Ron flipped through the pages as he sat there. He

grew warm. His senses tingled alarmingly. He felt sensations that he hadn't felt since the night Jane came home with the Oscar for *Johnny Belinda*. He developed an erection.

The next day we invaded Grenada.

There have been other times like that. Times during the past five years when our president has acted with abandon. I'm sure you can remember those times. All of those were actually sexual acts.

It was Ronald Reagan's way of saying that you can express your sexual desires in other, more constructive ways.

It is a well-known fact that Adolf Hitler had an erection when he invaded Poland.

That Richard Nixon carried a loose-leaf notebook over his groin for the last two years of the war in Vietnam.

John Kennedy, on the other hand, never sublimated.

Ronald Reagan doesn't lust.

But someday, he's going to be sitting in the Oval Office and suddenly he's going to break out into a sweat and he's going to experience sensual sensations he hasn't felt in decades and maybe he'll get too excited and he'll reach over and he'll press "the button."

And we'll all die.

In order to prevent this horrifying scenario, we at the *National Lampoon* have arranged for a standby save-the-world procedure. Attached to Reagan's

extrusion will be wires which register his sexual excitation levels. Those wires will be hooked to a device which, when detonated, trips a latch which opens a door to a cage. In the cage, totally unclothed, sits Ruth Gordon.

If the president does indeed experience lust, she just comes out of that cage and she fucks him.

**Matty Simmons**

**Cover:** The cover of this issue was photographed by Peter Kleinman. The man in the background is Boris "I'll Teach You to Kill" Shapiro. He is a seventeenth-degree red belt. It used to be a black belt, but he mutilated so many people with it that the color changed. The girl is Letha "I'm Lethal" Parsons. The phony fin was made by those wacko chicks over at Universal Costume Company. Also, many thanks to Denos Vourderis and family. They were nice enough to move the Wonder Wheel to the left about five yards so it could be included in the photograph on page 23. By the way, this year is the Wheel's sixty-fifth anniversary. Guess it's been around for a while. Get it? Around for a while. The Wonder Wheel, around for a while. Also, Ratso wants to thank Henny for buying him a corned beef on rye at the Carnegie. Leo gave 'em linen—P.K.

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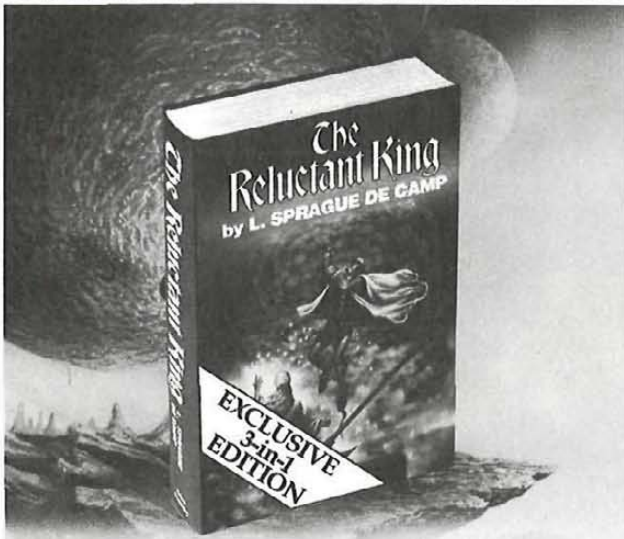
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# Letters

- Sirs:  
Juan's is not enough.  
Mrs. Juan Valdez  
Bogotá, Colombia
- Sirs:  
In response to your most unusual request, I must inform you that we have no film or, for that matter, still photos depicting bull elephants administering enemas to each other, nor do we plan to acquire any in the foreseeable future.  
Marlin Perkins  
Wild Kingdom, N.J.
- Sirs:  
Hi ho, hi ho,  
We're off to a live sex show.  
We paid five bucks  
For simulated fucks,  
Hi ho, hi ho.  
The Seven Dwarfs  
Movin' into the eighties
- Sirs:  
I don't know about you, but I'd rather have a hole in my sock than a sock in my hole any day.  
Well, almost any day.  
Name Withheld by Request
- Sirs:  
I'm undertaking a new business venture, one which should be of interest to you and your readers. It's a chain of self-service massage parlors. For five bucks, you get a room for fifteen minutes, a handful of lotion, mirrored ceilings, and, for no extra charge, you can give yourself a blowjob.  
A. Entrepreneur  
Supply Side City, Conn.
- Sirs:  
So always look for the Union Labia  
When you are buying a hump or a hum.  
Remember, look for the Union Labia,  
'Cause we are working to make America come.  
Prostitutes' Local #69  
New York, N.Y.
- Sirs:  
Please, for the sake of our children and our society, act now to stop kitty porn.  
Morris the Cat  
Cat Heaven
- Sirs:  
Treat me like a fool,  
Treat me mean and cruel,  
Butt-love me.  
I'll be sad and blue,  
Crying over you,  
Dear only.  
A Passive Homosexual  
Elvis Imitator  
Passive Homosexual, Miss.
- Sirs:  
How come it's called the *man* in the boat? Why not the *person* in the boat?  
Gloria Steinem  
Toledo, Ohio
- Sirs:  
I really don't believe all this business about test-tube babies. I tried it with a test tube once, and it took a doctor two hours to pick out the splinters of glass.  
Foxy Luce  
Upper Arlington, Ohio
- Sirs:  
You sick honky imperialist scumbags don't know birdshit about sex. Until you've got down with a funky sister in three feet of fresh hog shit, you just pullin' yo' popsicle.  
Sheila Africa  
MOVE HQ  
Four Leveled Acres  
of Philadelphia, Pa.
- Sirs:  
Oh! The school is working perfectly. Class attendance is 100 percent, except for history, and that's because it's right after gym class. But we're understanding, we know how kids like to clown around in the shower.  
Bruce Wilson  
Principal, Harvey Milk School  
Greenwich Village  
New York, N.Y.
- Sirs:  
Everyone wonders why, out of all the women Bruce could have had, he picked me to be his wife. It's simple: Bruce really doesn't like being "The Boss." He likes being disciplined, as he can be a very naughty boy...WHACK! ...See what I mean?... "Lick my boot, you miserable little worm."  
Julianne Phillips Springsteen  
15 Ocean Boulevard  
Avalon, N.J.
- Sirs:  
In my country just the smell of curry is reason for arousal. So it is not unusual to give a woman curry candy, or to go to a hotel with curry wallpaper, or to drink curry liqueur, or to use a curry condom.  
Hadjeh Bahteh  
Yipidih Bombay  
India
- Sirs:  
Sex? Who needs sex? I love New York!  
Mayor Ed Koch  
New York, N.Y.
- P.S. How'm I doin'?
- Sirs:  
I sat on Snow-what's-her-face's face, so the other midgets tossed me out. Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke.  
Sleazy the Eighth Dwarf  
Formerly of Fairy Tale Land
- Sirs:  
We are sitting in an editorial meeting right now trying to come up with some funny ideas for this month's Lust Issue Letters column, but one of us is not here. The reason? Lust. He is in his office trying to get into some bim-bette's pants. Why? Lust. So the three of us have to sit here and write this section of the Letters column by ourselves. The reason? Lust. But at least we filled about two and a half inches of the issue while he was filling about two and a half inches next door.  
The Editors  
Except for Larry "Ratso" Sloman,  
Who's Still in His Office  
New York, N.Y.
- Sirs:  
I'm back, I'm back. So did you fill up those nine inches?  
Larry "Ratso" Sloman  
Next-door office  
New York, N.Y.






**Dick Cavett,  
Ed Koch,  
Joni Mitchell,  
Phyllis Diller,  
Rona Barrett,  
Dick Clark,  
Chevy Chase,  
Helen Gurley Brown,  
Seka,  
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Tim Matheson,  
Mario Cuomo,  
Red Buttons,  
Roxanne Pulitzer,  
Father Andrew Greeley,  
Susan Seidelman,  
Brandon Tartikoff,  
Mickey Rooney,  
and many others from  
every profession and  
tax bracket  
are "MAD AS HELL"  
and tell you why  
in their own words  
in our November issue.**



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# Letters

Sirs:

I am a sophomore in high school with a quarter-inch dick. My doctor assures me that it will be quite normalized by the time I enter college, but that don't do squat for me now. "Hey, there goes old clit cock" is annoying at best, I'm sure you'll agree. Anyway, I'm writing to see if you could possibly come up with some snappy comebacks in order to make life a little more bearable around here. Please help me.

"Nugget"  
Little Falls, N.J.

Sirs:

We're locked in here fourteen stories underground. We're horny and pissed and if we don't get two women in the next half hour, we're going to launch one of these fuckers! One half hour, starting now.

Lieutenant Dave Wetherill  
and Captain Joe Marinelli  
Missile Silo #48  
Big Star, Mont.

Sirs:

Remember my last book, *How to Pick Up Women*? You shelled out \$4.50 and I gave you two hundred dumb one-liners that got you nothing but sneers and rejections. Naturally you're pissed, so now I have a new book that virtually guarantees you'll get laid. It's called *How to Pick Up Hookers*. I give places, prices, and spell out all the lingo. If you can't get laid with this one, pack it up.

Bill Finestein  
Salt Lake City, Utah

Sirs:

Three and a half more years...then I can do anything I want. Or as Dad puts it, I can blow Baryshnikov on the Homo float in the May Day parade or prance around in girl's leotards as much as I want...anything, after he's out of office.

Ron Reagan, Jr.  
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

Could you help us settle a disagreement? Which of the original colonies

had as its motto: "Don't tampon me"?  
Minnie and Maxie Pads  
Tampon Springs, Fla.

Sirs:

What's old, French, and supports  
your balls under the ocean?  
Give up?  
Jacques Coustrappe!

Marlin Perkins  
PBS

Sirs:

He loved me to call him "Peaches" and pull his upper lip until he screamed. I would pretend to be Princess Di and he would be Prince Charles. At times it got a little out of hand, but I'll miss him terribly.

Ian Mathews  
(Stacy Keach's cell mate)  
Reading Gaol  
London, England

Sirs:

Almost everyone knows that the famous New York egg cream contains neither egg nor cream. What most people *don't* know is that seven out of ten are made with a healthy dollop of fresh semen and seltzer water.

Moishe the Semen King  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Q. What Supreme Court justice enjoys a warm-wine enema while two beautiful women massage his tummy?

A. That depends on the outcome of my trial.

Sydney Biddle Barrows  
The Mayflower Madam  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I don't know how the hell I got this reputation as the world's greatest lover. So I died of syphilis—so did Al Ca-

pone. Truth to tell, I had the dustiest codpiece east of the Pyrenees.

The (Not So) Great Casanova  
Ville du Mort, France

Sirs:

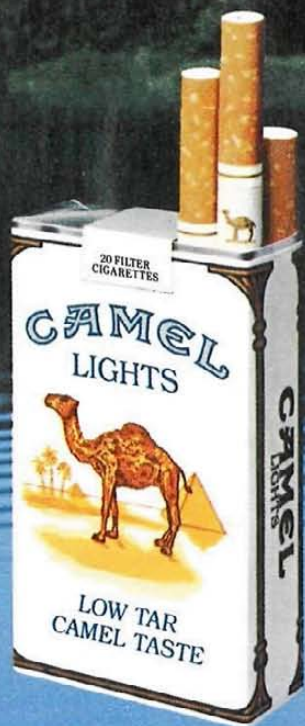
Re: Patrick Buchanan and his lust for power. Buchanan started off as a hard-hitting word man for the old Nixona mob. His most notable capers included writing Nixona cover-up speeches concerning illegal Cambodian air strikes, Justice Department randiness, and a slick-looking hotel up for grabs by all the major families called the Watergate, where the Nixona family went for the high stakes but rolled snake eyes instead! When the Nixona mob crumbled, he went underground and was reportedly posing as a janitor for various newspapers, shoveling shit on the editorial page. Recently he has become a bagman for the Oreagano family, a mob feared the world over for its underhanded dealings and its vast money supply, which is funneled in by the Republicano outfit, a men's "social club" known for its traditional family values, where the women cook the spaghetti, the men eat it, and the blacks toss it out, which is just how Buchanan likes it. Buchanan is a tough guy, boys. He is considered armed with a big mouth and is extremely dangerous with a warped view of the world. He has wrested complete control of the family away from the more moderate James Bakeronio and is the guy who feeds the ninety-eight-year-old patriarch Ronaldo Oreagano his daily allotment of inanity. This man must be caught before the cost of an Armed Forces screwdriver exceeds a B-1 bomber and the capital gains tax is lowered to 2 percent.

Detective Tip O'Neill  
Washington Police Force



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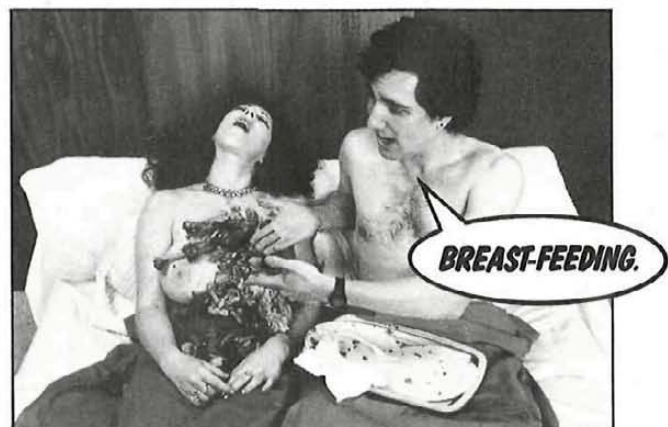


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Frog logo  
 by cartoonist  
 Sam Gross

# The Official National Lampoon Lust Questionnaire

The following is a two-part questionnaire prepared especially for you by the editors of this magazine. The first part is for men, the second part for women. If you do not fit into either of these categories, STOP. Do not take this test. Serious damage could result.

## THIS SECTION FOR MEN ONLY.

- How many women do you usually service in one night?
  - 4-9.
  - 0—I work nights at Leo's Dry Cleaners.
  - 258—I work nights at McDonald's.
  - All of the above.
- If you had to compare your manhood to a car, which would it be?
  - A big long shiny black Corvette Stingray.
  - An old beat-up model T with no engine.
  - My kid's miniature slot car.
  - The twisted burnt-up wreck on the side of the highway that I drove past this morning.
- How many times do you ejaculate on an average night of lovemaking?
  - 20-50.
  - None. I hold it in and let it back up and lubricate my internal organs.
  - Once, right before copulation.
  - It all depends upon how rough my calluses are.
- Which combination do you prefer?
  - A new Coke and all night long with a luscious young nymph.
  - Three or four beers, two joints, half a 'lude, and a blowjob from anything.
  - Seven vodka martinis, half a gram of coke, some Percodans, and a handjob from the stewardess.
  - Seven grams of coke, no Valiums, and five hours of futile masturbation.
- How do you like a vagina to fit?
  - Like a glove.
  - Like a baggy itchy wool suit.
  - Like your mother's.
  - Like a tricycle in a two-car garage.
- What pet name do you call your partner during lovemaking?
  - Honey baby, ooooooh baby.
  - Oh God.
  - I'm coming....
  - Bruce.
- Which cartoon character best describes your skill as a lover?
  - Superman.
  - Road Runner.
  - Deputy Dawg.
  - Mickey Mouse.
- What's your favorite position?
  - Missionary.
  - Hanging upside down from a chinning bar with a rag

stuffed in my mouth, Ramada Inn guest towels hanging from my nipple rings, and my penis in a blender.

- c. Back-to-back asleep.
  - d. Lower military spending and increased social services to unwed mothers by distribution of windfall profits from the corporate sector.
9. What do you generally do after making love?
- a. Hug, kiss, and gently drift off to sleep entwined in each other's arms.
  - b. Smoke a cigarette and scratch my balls.
  - c. Call up everyone I know and tell them about it.
  - d. Run to the bathroom and scour my penis with Janitor in a Drum.
10. What's your definition of "kinky"?
- a. Spanking, sniffing, licking, eating, pissing, shitting, killing—anything but fucking.
  - b. The missionary position with any missionary.
  - c. Eating a peanut butter and Vaseline sandwich.
  - d. Felching Tip O'Neill.

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**THIS SECTION FOR WOMEN ONLY.**

1. How many men have you slept with in your life?
  - a. Three, but they were all long, meaningful relationships and I'm still friends with all of them.
  - b. None of your business. (This is an admission that I have not slept with anyone.)
  - c. None. They were all boys—all six hundred.
  - d. Are lesbians considered men?
2. Which does your body remind you of?
  - a. A supple catlike jungle creature.
  - b. A halfway house for down-and-out drug addicts.
  - c. A little gold jewelry box filled with sperm and blood.
  - d. Okefenokee Swamp.
3. How do you attract the attention of a man you like?
  - a. I look at him and try to catch his eye.
  - b. I pull out my left tit.
  - c. I take a condom out of my purse and start licking it.

- d. I take out a personal ad in the back pages of a porno magazine.
4. How would you describe your scent?
  - a. Natural.
  - b. Like a flower in spring that has been dumped on by a cow.
  - c. Charlie.
  - d. Charlie the tuna.
5. What does it feel like when you reach orgasm?
  - a. A delicious warm sensation from head to toe.
  - b. Frostbite.
  - c. A drop of oil on a rusty lock.
  - d. What's orgasm?
6. What qualities do you look for in a lover?
  - a. Honesty and a sense of humor.
  - b. A big, hot member.
  - c. Honesty, a sense of humor, a big, hot member, and a car.
  - d. Two speeds and a selection of attachments.
7. Why did you permit your dog to perform cunnilingus on you?
  - a. I was horny.
- b. My hands were chapped.
- c. He had just eaten and his mouth was dirty.
- d. Because I was afraid of getting pregnant.
8. What objects do you use to masturbate with?
  - a. My fingers.
  - b. My grandma's dentures.
  - c. A pogo stick.
  - d. Anyone's penis.
9. After your lover ejaculates into your mouth during oral sex, what do you do with the sperm?
  - a. Swallow it.
  - b. Spit it into his mouth while pretending to kiss.
  - c. Gag and swear I'll never do it again.
  - d. Put it in the freezer and make spermsicles.
10. How would you tell your lover that you had a sexually communicable disease?
  - a. Tell him the truth.
  - b. Tell him the truth in Swahili.
  - c. Mention it to him casually as he was coming.
  - d. Mention it to him casually as he was going.

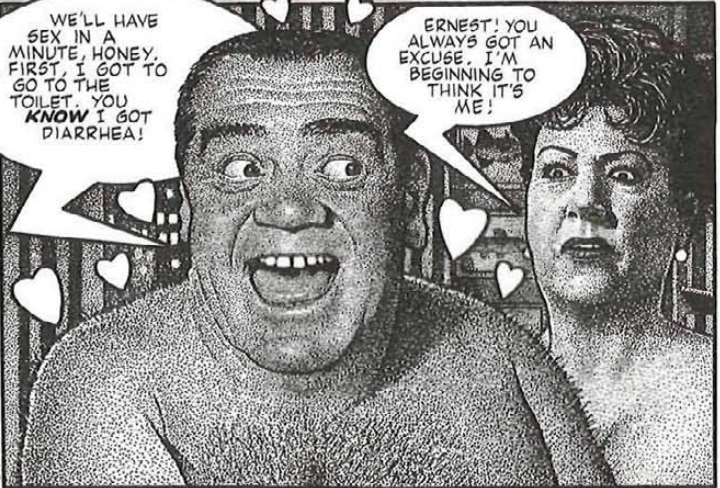
Answers on page 90

# BELIEVE IT OR WHAT?

LEADING OFF WITH A BANG, PERHAPS HOLLYWOOD'S MOST NAUSEATING COUPLE. ONE CAN ONLY SHUDDER AT THE THOUGHT OF INTIMACY BETWEEN ERNEST BORGNINE AND ETHEL MERMAN.

# HOLLYWOOD'S WILDEST LOVE DUOS

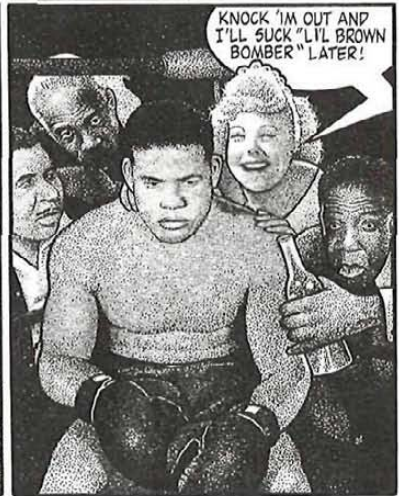
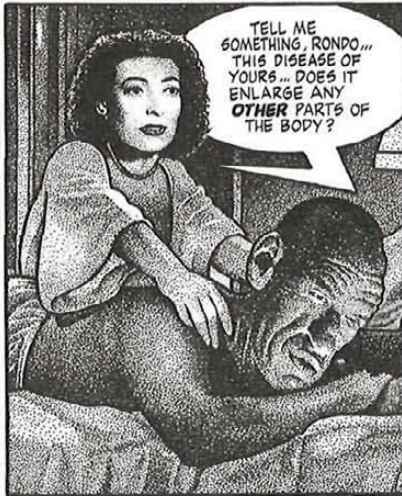
★ BY DREW FRIEDMAN ★ ©1985



DURING HOLLYWOOD'S HEYDAY, LEADING MAN ERROL FLYNN AND SISSY CHARACTER ACTOR FRANKLIN PANGBORN WERE A POPULAR PARTY COUPLE.

THE STRANGE AFFAIR BETWEEN ACROMEGALY-AFFLICTED ACTOR RONDO HATTON AND JOAN CRAWFORD WAS CUT SHORT BY HATTON'S UNTIMELY DEATH.

HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP JOE LOUIS'S AFFAIR WITH NORWEGIAN SKATER-ACTRESS SONJA HENIE IS MYSTIFYING TO THIS DAY.



BETWEEN MARRIAGES, MARILYN MONROE ENJOYED A BRIEF LIAISON WITH SWEDISH WRESTLER-ACTOR-ZOMBIE TOR JOHNSON.

THE WACKIEST LOVE MATCH, THOUGH, HAS TO HAVE BEEN THE ROMANCE SHARED BY TALLULAH BANKHEAD AND HATTIE MCDANIEL. THE MIND BOGGLES....



END



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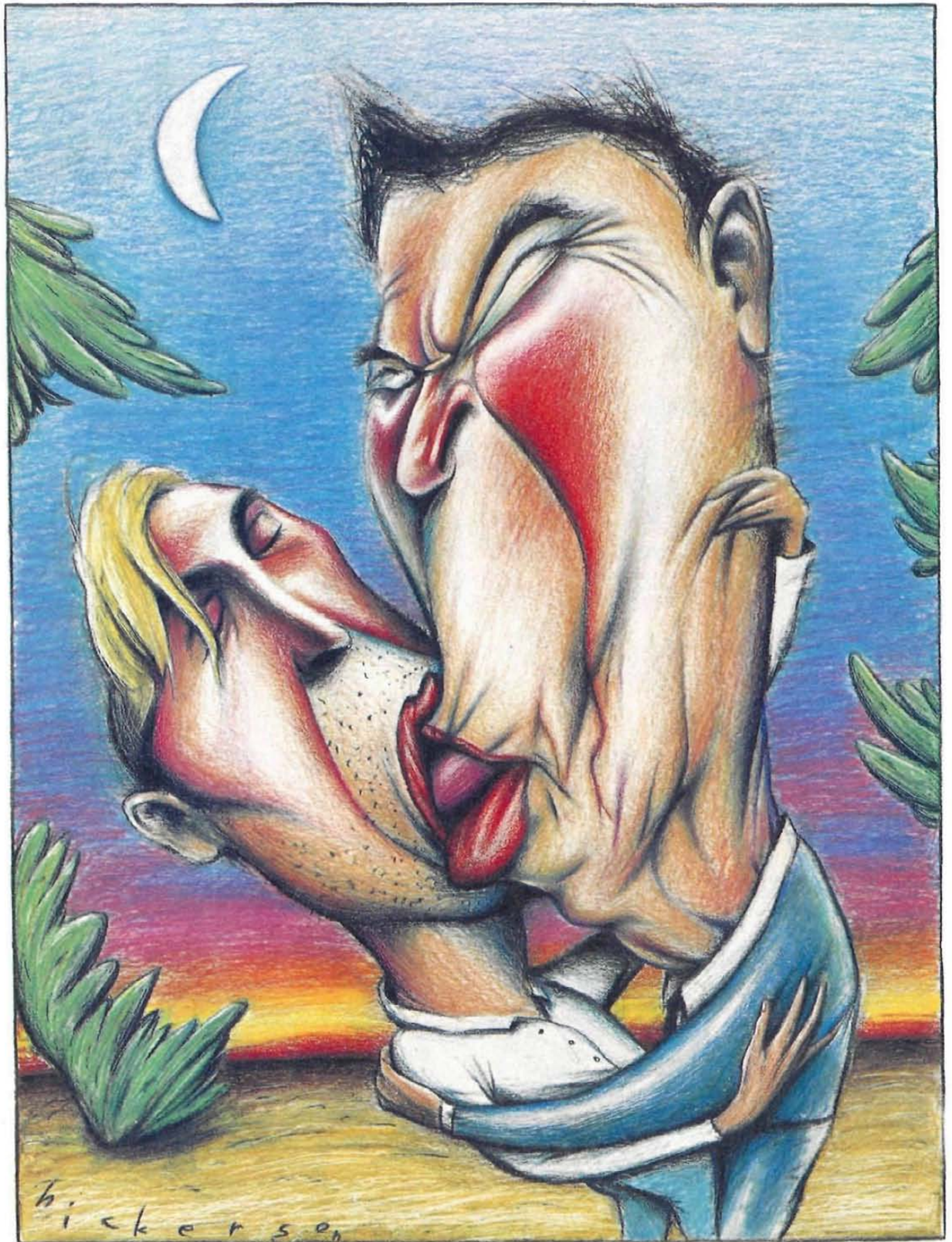
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# BERNIE X. AND BRUCE X.

by Gerry Sussman

I don't like guys who get too familiar with me when I'm driving my cab. You got to watch out for the friendly ones. And right away I could tell this guy was a homo. This one was getting *really* friendly. He tells me how he would like to lick my toes and suck my knees and show me his gigantic tool, which he calls "Thor, Hammer of the Gods." Finally I pull over and tell him to get the fuck out and walk. I'm ready to take his fucking Thor and use it to wipe my windshield. But before I can do anything, the faggot gets out, grabs me, and tries to ram his tongue down my throat. And he's laughing all the while. "You don't recognize me, do you?" he says. "It's me, Bruce...your kid brother."

I'm not exactly knocked out by much in this world, but this really got me. I nearly keeled over. I looked closer at the guy. It was my long-lost kid brother who I haven't seen in over twenty years. I almost cried.

We went over to one of my hangouts so we could talk. No wonder I didn't recognize the cocksucker at first. He looked about twenty-five, thirty years old, *tops*. And he must be about forty by now. He looked like a cross be-

tween Gary Cooper and Henry Fonda.

Brucie was the one I always had to protect from the bullies in the neighborhood. He wanted to be a ballet dancer. Sounds familiar, but it was true. The first and only homo in the family. Nothing we could do about it. It was in his genes.

We talked a little about the old neighborhood, about when we were kids. It was like we had never separated.

"Remember the time you had to beat up Frankie Gargagliano because he made me go down on him?" Bruce asked.

"Yeah, sure," I said.

"Well, he didn't make me. I volunteered."

"I figured."

"The same with Tony Cagutsa and the Callahan twins and the black kids from Myrtle Avenue. All those kids you had to fight. Remember when my ass was so sore I couldn't sit down for a week and you thought I had hemorrhoids?"

"Okay, Bruce, you don't have to make a thing out of it. Besides, I needed the boxing practice. I was in the Golden Gloves at the time."

"I just wanted to clear the air. You

thought all those guys were bastards, picking on a helpless little kid. That wasn't the case."

I remember when we parted, when he decided to live in Europe. I said to him, "If you're going to be a homo, be a good one." And later I heard he became a great fucker. Sort of the homo equivalent of yours truly. Over the years I'd get a card from him now and then, from Paris, Rome, or Tangier. On Christmas, never on Chanukah. Bruce was a nice kid, happy-go-lucky. Always had a rich homo to take care of him.

Suddenly Bruce grabs my hand and holds it tight. "Bernie, I'm in trouble, deep trouble. You're the only person who can help me. No matter what our differences are, no matter how long we've been apart, you're my brother, my flesh and blood. I *need* you."

He started to cry. And he finally got to me. I knew I would do anything for him, even though he's as queer as a thirty-three-dollar bill.

Bruce brought me up to date about his life—how he knocked around Europe for years, picking up skills—decorating, landscape gardening, singing, modeling, dancing, learning how to cook seafood quiche, all the things fags do very well.

**A** couple of years ago he crashed. The drugs, the booze, the sex, all caught up with him. He had to dry out and reinvent himself, as he called it. He did the whole works—plastic surgery, kangaroo-gland treatments, brand-new blood from a healthy young California surfer. That's why he looked so young and handsome.

A few months ago he was ready to settle down and become respectable. No more jet-set gallivanting. He came back to America to find the perfect situation, a nice rich older guy who could set him up and take care of him. He had three major choices—New York, L.A., and Washington, D.C. New York was too crowded with homos, too much competition, he said. Too many bitches and queens. And the only thing homos control in New York is the theater. L.A. was even worse. It's nothing but movies. You work day and night blowing the right people and if you're lucky, you can collaborate on a rewrite of *Porky's IV*.

The only logical place was D.C. The

myth about D.C. is that it's a cunt-man's town, that there's seven women for every guy. That may be true, but did you ever see the women? Remember Mary Jo Kopechne? She was a beauty compared to the pussy available now. The real power people in D.C. are certified queers.

Bruce told me about it. All those guys around Reagan, the big-shot Republicans, would rather hang out with men than women. Bruce calls it "male bonding." They're all under a lot of pressure during the day, and when they relax they don't want to hear a lot of shit from their wives. What they really want are young, good-looking guys who are like "protégés," guys who can listen, who can really sympathize with your problems, and then fuck your brains out all night.

The Washington big shots got it all organized. They form these secret little clubs called SACs, Social Athletic Clubs. They got themselves club jackets and sweaters and meet every week in a finished basement, a "rec room." They even have their own club names, like the Cavaliers, the Vagabonds, and

the Semanon ("no names" spelled backward.)

Bruce got into this scene very easily and became a fixture with the Cavaliers, the highest-ranking SAC. He redesigned their rec room, putting in comfortable furniture without making it look too faggy. Then he became the house vocalist. Every Friday and Saturday night the Cavaliers had a dance. All the closet faggots liked to do old-fashioned close dancing where you dry-humped your partner to the sounds of Bruce singing old Sinatra songs.

Of course, everybody tries to put the moves on Bruce, and he's nice to them all (they're paying him big bucks), but he's like a bartender. He's got to stay sober and cool until he's sure he's found the right guy.

**T**hese guys are not used to flirting and fucking around with other homos like they do in gay bars, even though they're all dying to get laid. Like Caspar Weinberger, for instance. "Cap," as they call him, is a very serious guy. He dances very close, but you don't feel any warmth, Bruce said. He sweats on the dance floor and he doesn't know how to lead, so he steps on your feet a lot.

When Weinberger tried to hit on Bruce he got all flustered. He's used to giving orders all day, so he doesn't know how to pick up a guy. He talked to Bruce about a pet frog he had when he was a kid. The frog gave him a bad case of warts. He still has the warts on his palms, and he showed them off to Bruce like they were medals. They smelled funny. He has to wear gloves in the summer. Poor guy ended up sending Bruce a memo requesting a date. Bruce never answered it.

But deep down, Bruce knew what he wanted. He was playing for the biggest game in Washington, the president. He knew that sooner or later Reagan would show up. Somehow the word gets around. "Leaks," they call it.

Sure enough, the president shows up one night. It turns out that he always wanted to "go all the way," but no one ever asked him, even the old Hollywood queers like John Wayne and Chico Marx and Gary Cooper. It's like the female stars that I still fuck. The more famous they are the more afraid people are to ask them. And the

continued on page 32



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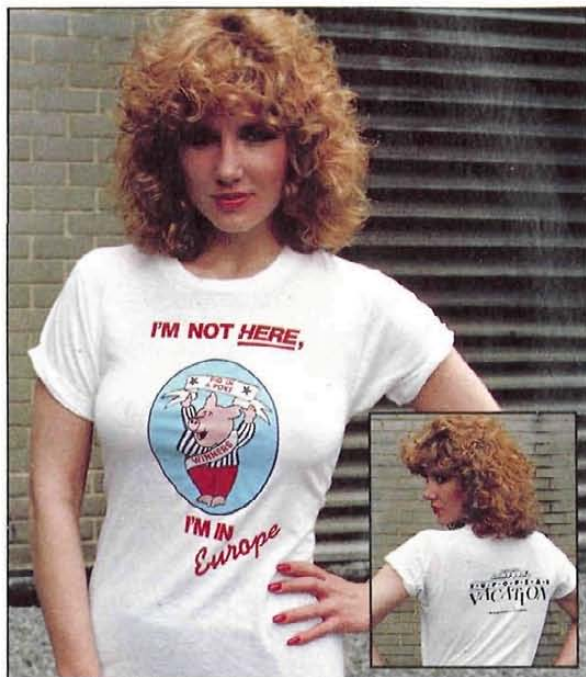
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Starring Henny Youngman  
and a Bevy of Beauties

# Coney Island Babies

“What am I doing up here? You gotta be meshuggenah to be out in this weather. At least I got an umbrella—look at that poor girl there in the red suit, her goosebumps got goosebumps on them. How about this other girl here on my left, she looks like a well-dressed barbershop pole. That reminds me: There’s this panhandler outside a barbershop. He says, ‘I haven’t eaten in two days.’ I say, ‘You should force yourself.’”





# National Lampoon's First Annual Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Spread


Recently we discovered two things: 1) the sales of *Sports Illustrated* soar every time they put out a swimsuit issue, and 2) the swimsuit spreads have absolutely nothing to do with sports.

We decided we'd do it, too.

Like *Sports Illustrated*, we could have gone to the glistening beaches of Australia, or the sun-drenched coves of the Caribbean. We could have schlepped cameramen and makeup artists and gofers and prop men and all that equipment to some remote island in the Pacific. But that would have cost money.

So we assembled early one morning at West Fourth Street in Greenwich Village: Candace, Letha, Julie, and Douglass (she's a girl) and the inimitable Henny Youngman, King of the One-liners, Mr. "Take My Wife, Please." We boarded a Brooklyn-bound "D" train, and a short forty-five minutes later we were padding along the luxurious beaches of Coney Island. All right, so it was miserable out — the rain pelting down, the wind whipping off the ocean, lowering the temperature to a nice brisk fifty degrees Fahrenheit. We were paying the models a day rate, so there was no turning back.

What follows is our first annual *Sports Illustrated* Swimsuit Spread. Their version has nothing to do with sports. We give you swimsuits and Henny, too. Take our swimsuits, please.

A photograph of a woman in a bright pink and lime green bikini running across a beach. She is captured in mid-air, with her arms and legs outstretched, and her hair blowing in the wind. In the background, a man wearing a white jacket and khaki pants stands on the beach, holding a black umbrella. The ocean and a cloudy sky are visible in the background.

**“**What are these girls doing? I'd say it's the hora except they look too clean-cut. Maybe it's some new-wave thing. The one in the back better watch out, her left breast might pop right out. That can happen. It happened to one girl and this guy says, 'Miss, your left breast is hanging out,' and she says, 'Oh my God, I left the baby on the bus.' **”**





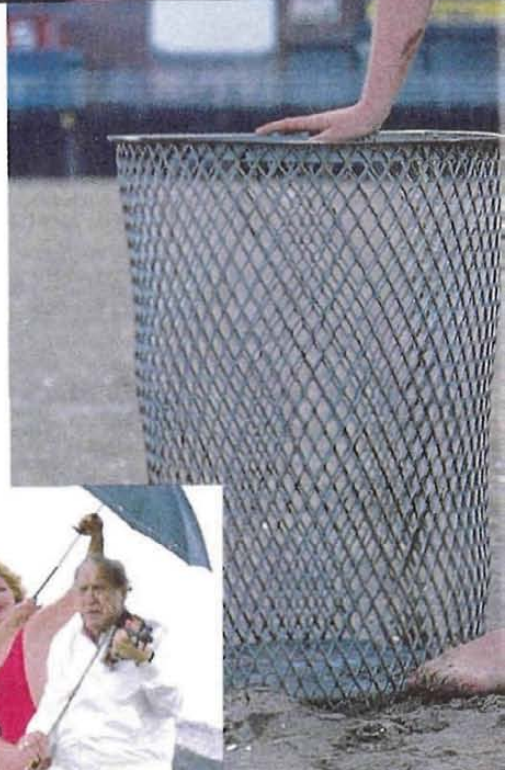
*“This is the life, huh? My wife better not see this or she might sue for divorce. Ever wonder why a Jewish divorce costs so much? It's worth it. If I got divorced, just think of the money I'd save. My wife has a black belt in shopping. She'll buy anything marked down. Last week, she brought home an elevator.”*



**“Welcome to my restaurant, Top of the Stairs. The portions are about as big as these girls’ bikinis. Speaking of food, this guy knocks on a lady’s door and says, ‘Can I have something to eat?’ She says, ‘Will you eat yesterday’s soup?’ He says, ‘Yes.’ She says, ‘Come back tomorrow.’ ”**

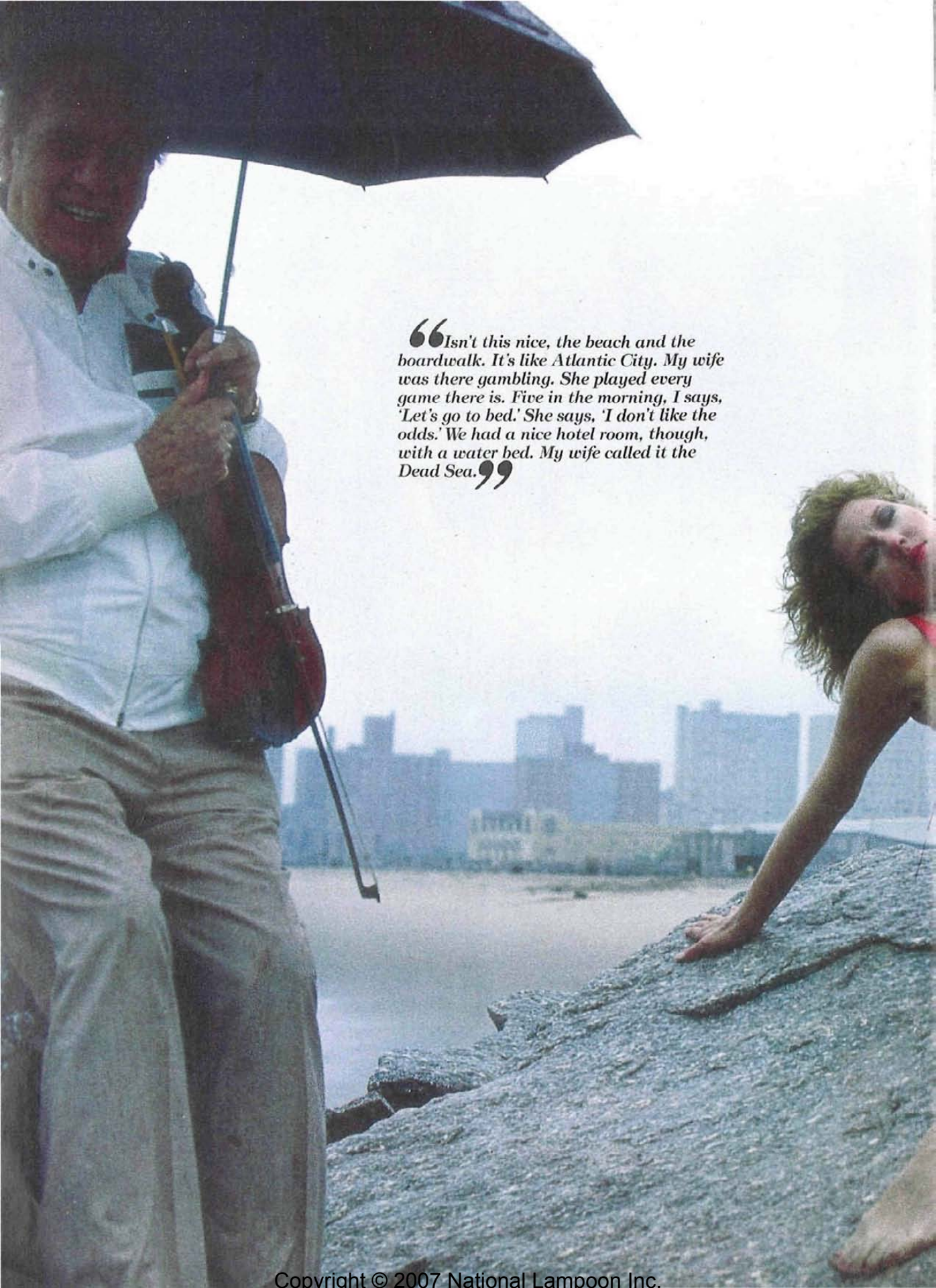


**“Look at this sweetie. She reminds me of my wife—fifty-seven years ago. I’ve been married fifty-seven years, where have I failed? I take my wife everywhere but she finds her way home. I said to my wife, ‘Where do you want to go for our anniversary?’ She says, ‘I want to go somewhere I never went before.’ I said, ‘Try the kitchen.’ But seriously, folks, it’s great living with her. Every week is like the Academy Awards at our house. I bring home my salary and she says, ‘The envelope, please.’ ”**





*“This is my favorite spot on the beach. Here’s where I find most of my material—the garbage can. That reminds me of the time my wife ran after the garbage man. ‘Am I too late for the garbage?’ she said. He said, ‘No, jump in.’ How about this gal here in the black? She reminds me a little of Joan Collins. You know, Joan Collins says she’s been with a lot of men. They call her the British Open.”*



*“Isn't this nice, the beach and the boardwalk. It's like Atlantic City. My wife was there gambling. She played every game there is. Five in the morning, I says, 'Let's go to bed.' She says, 'I don't like the odds.' We had a nice hotel room, though, with a water bed. My wife called it the Dead Sea.”*





**“**This is it? The last one? We could keep this up all day, I don't mind a little rain. You gotta be meshuggenah to do this anyway, but you gotta go for the publicity. Keep your name out in front of the people. What? This is the last one. Okay, there are these two Jewish ladies from the Bronx. One says, 'Did you see what's going on in Poland?' The other says, 'I live in the back, I don't see anything.' That's it—you sure you got enough? You gotta break down the set. Take my tent, please. I take my wife everywhere but she finds her way home. My wife wanted to have her face lifted. They couldn't do that, so for eight dollars they lowered her body. We went back to Chicago, to where we got married. Same hotel, had the same suite of rooms. Only this time I went to the bathroom and cried. Wait a minute, I got a million of them. I found a new birth-control device—my wife takes off her makeup. Hey, guys, did you ever hear me sing? You ever hear the Jewish top ten? 'I've grown accustomed to his payess.' 'Hey there, you with the knish in your dish.' How about 'Tiptoe/through the temple/in your tallis...Wait a minute, how about 'I love Paris on Yom Kippur.' I know a million of them....**”**

*Johann Stroff.*  
1775-1810

*Georg F. Stroff*  
1810-1850

*Bernhard Stroff*  
1850-1882

*Julius Stroff*  
1882-1939

*Pari Stroff*  
1939-1950

*John W. Stroff*  
1950-1982

*Peter W. Stroff*  
1982

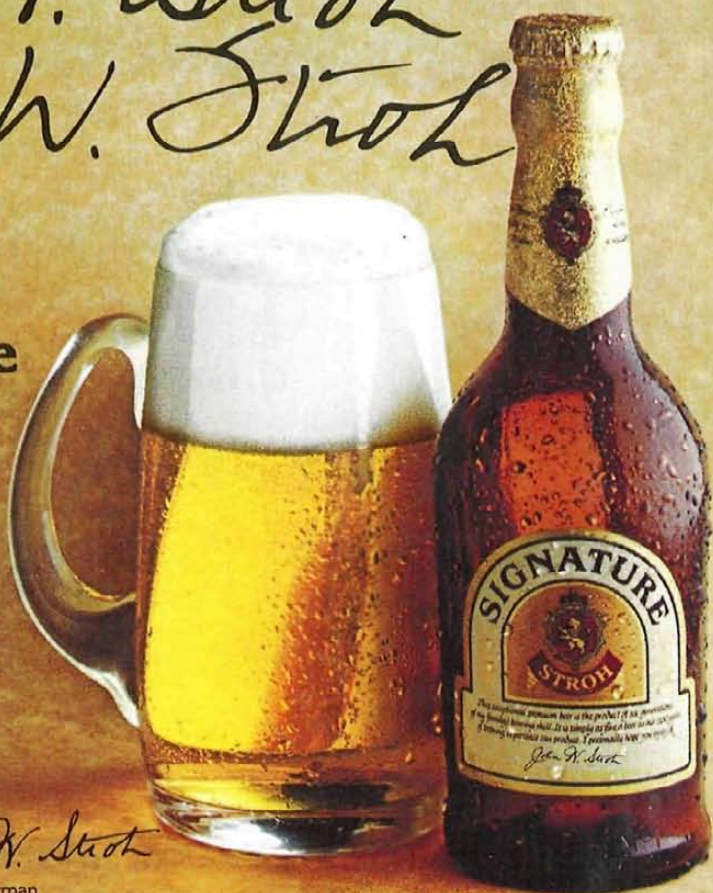
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*John W. Stroff*  
Chairman

biggest ones are the horniest. But they're so famous, most people are afraid to pop them the simplest question, like "What do you say to a little fuck?" The only guy who ever screwed up that line was Mickey Rooney, when he asked Sophia Loren that question. She said, "Hello, Little Fuck."

**S**o the president arrives and invites Bruce to sit at his table and have a drink. Everybody is trying to act normal, but there's no question that all eyes are on Bruce and Reagan. Bruce said that it's very hard to have a normal conversation with Reagan. He starts out okay, but his mind wanders. As Bruce recalls it, their conversation went something like this:

REAGAN: Hi. You come here often?  
BRUCE: Well, I guess so, Mr. President. I'm the house vocalist and decorator.  
REAGAN: Heck, you don't have to call me Mr. President down here. Call me by my nickname.  
BRUCE: What's that?  
REAGAN: Most people think it's "Dutch." But my favorite nickname is "Wee-Wee." My-ex-wife, Jane, named me that. At first I resented it, but I kind of

like it now. Call me Wee-Wee.  
BRUCE: Are you sure? I really don't mind calling you Dutch or Mr. President.  
REAGAN: Call me Wee-Wee. And that's an order, young man!  
BRUCE: Yes, sir. I mean... Wee-Wee.  
That was the night the president fell in love with Bruce and took him back to the White House. He's seventy-four years old and has finally come out of the closet. Bruce told me what he likes to do. He likes to kiss a lot. He always has a minty mouth because he's always sucking on those breath mints because he's always in the public eye. Sometimes he shows Bruce how Wallace Beery taught him to kiss on the neck. Light and feathery, the president says. No wet stuff and no biting. And no tickling either. It has to be just right. Sometimes he has those jelly beans in his mouth when he kisses and he makes Bruce swallow them whole. He also likes to get his lips bitten, his tummy rubbed, and have his pubic hair shaved so it tickles and has to be scratched.

One day he asked Bruce to give him a shower, to soap him up real thick and scrub him with a brush. When Bruce asked him if the showers were

turning him on and if he'd like to get laid the president went blank. "What do you mean, get laid?" he asked. Bruce was taken aback for a second, but caught on. The president didn't know how homos do it. He tried to explain it to Reagan in a nice tasteful way. The president got all red in the face. He was embarrassed. He wouldn't accept it. Impossible. That kind of thing is just not done, he said. Bruce assured him that it was done and how pleasurable it could be, especially when he did it gently and with great finesse. The president reacted like Bruce was going to stick some knitting needles down his throat.

He just wouldn't hear any more about it.  
Anyway, Bruce becomes the president's behind-the-scenes companion, his adviser on how to dress, what kind of makeup and hair dye to use—image building, as Bruce calls it. The president was using too much pancake and rouge, a leftover from his acting days. Bruce got him to emphasize his cheekbones more with some gloss—to give him a more rugged, manly look, with more character to his face.  
He got him to wear shirts with higher collars so his neck wouldn't be exposed and he wouldn't need neck makeup. He toned down the orange in his hair and gave him more salt and pepper.



**W**here's Nancy all this time? Doing what she always does—looking at her husband with those big, moist eyes popping out of her head. She ignores Bruce. Doesn't even know he's there, or doesn't want to know about him. Once they had to share the same bathroom when hers wasn't working. Bruce says she takes forever to move her bowels. And she wears a hooded mask every morning, like the hangmen. No one sees her face until ten o'clock.  
And then the shit hit the fan. George Bush showed up one day and fell in love with Bruce at first sight. The son of a bitch would stop at nothing to get him. Bruce ignored the VP at first, but the guy was very persistent. The strength of purpose he was using to pursue Bruce was the same kind of strength necessary to lead our country in our fight against Communism, Bush said. I knew him from my



old dealings with the CIA. He's an animal in a Brooks Brothers suit. He's crazy. Just look at those eyes.

Bush keeps trying to seduce Bruce, but it can't happen. Bruce likes his relationship with the president. He has to keep him from falling asleep in the shower and stop him from wandering around the lawn, looking for Easter eggs, but otherwise it's a nice arrangement. Besides, you should never be unfaithful to the president.

So this animal kidnaps Bruce. He has his own CIA people snatch Bruce right out of bed, his dong still hanging out, and they bring him to a secret hideout where Bush is waiting. Bush ties him up and rapes him, wearing a horse's head and snapping a bullwhip. Reagan will never miss Bruce, says Bush. In a little while Reagan will be in never-never land. You know why? Because Bush has been slipping a deadly drug into Reagan's beverages, a mind- and body-deterioration drug developed by the CIA. "He's half senile already; the drug will speed up the process," Bush says. In a short while the president will be totally incapacitated and Bush will take over. He wants the presidency *now*, not in 1988, when he will have to run against the other contenders. By '88 he wants to be the incumbent.

Poor Bruce is in a big jam now. Bush is the kind of guy that likes to use vacuum cleaners and juice squeezers on his boyfriends. Bruce had to go through some of that, and I won't go into the details. What happened was Bruce got to one of his guards, one of the CIA spooks named Tim. He serviced Tim for a while and wangled an escape out of him with a lot of bullshit about love and commitment. And that's where I finally come in. Bush is out looking for my brother and probably wants to chain him up and kill him slowly—with his juicers and vacuum cleaners.

My poor brother is trembling with fear. The CIA can usually find anybody, and Bush is a raving maniac bent on revenge. First, Bruce needs a place to hide out where even the spooks won't find him. Second, I got to fix it so George Bush will never go near my kid brother again.

Everybody's got a weak spot. What's Bush's weak spot? His wife, Barbara. I'm going to get to know her intimately, if you know what I mean. My plan is simple. I'm going to fuck her until her white hair turns purple.

continued on page 88



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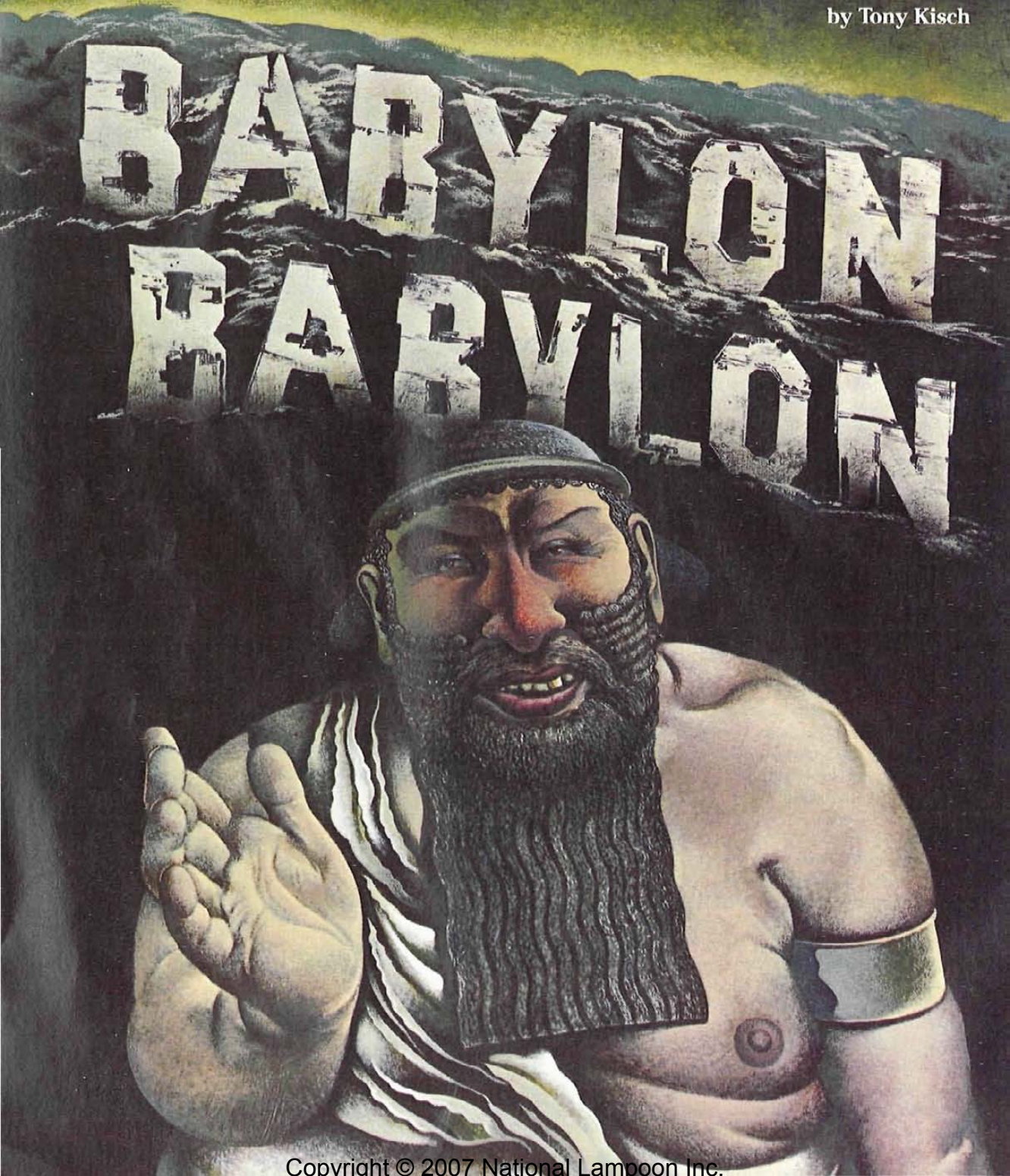
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Today the region is known mainly as just another oasis for that tacky Ayatollah's Koran-kissing kooks who took all the dollars and doo-wah-diddle out of Pahlevi's Playpen (or the Shah's Shitbox, depending on which way you tie your turban). But things weren't always that-a-way, brother. Along back about 600 B.C., the Fertile Crescent was really cruisin', and Babylon was the swingiest burg of all, the original Sin City, known from Nineveh to Tyre as one wicked watering hole, a regular Hades on the Euphrates. Graven images were all the rage,

deities abounded, and the temples were really jumpin'. Rulers, priests, merchants, caravan gigolos — these polytheistic playboys and gals were responsible for Babylon's "Golden Age," before the prune-faced Persians brought everything screeching to a dead halt. Yes, from Belshazzar's feast to naughty old Nebuchadnezzar's Hanging Gardens (where do you think we got "well-hung"?), you just couldn't beat Babylon for wanton whoopee...or for the scalding scandals that set the ancient world on its ear!

by Tony Kisch



## Nebuchadnezzar and the Teaser

In the heady "gay 590's" there was no more beloved blimp than jolly old Nebuchadnezzar. Tipping in at a healthy sixteen and a half kwats (roughly 360 pounds), he was popular even with the captive Jewish merchants, though most of them went bust every year presenting him with his weight in shekels. But Nebuchadnezzar had no time for diets or despair; he was too busy having himself a ball. Though he got a lot of favorable press in the local tablets over building the Hanging Gardens for his homesick Lydian wife, he was, in fact, as promiscuous as he was portly, and his pear-shaped form could often be seen prowling the seedier streets of Babylon, hunting a little "chicken-in-the-casket"—twelve-year-old vestal virgins about to go to waste in the trendy sacrifices of the god-of-the-week club. He and his followers managed to still or slice out most of the wagging tongues, however, and the fat boy's fun went on unabated as the crazy old Crescent looked on with unseeing eyes.

One Friday in 589 B.C., his Nebs and some favored henchmen, after a hard week of extracting tribute from a particularly tightfisted bunch of Hebrews and Greek traveling salesmen, decided to spend a wicked weekend up north in Sippar, near the Median Wall. In the sixth century B.C., Sippar was the last word in hedonism, outstripping even Babylon herself for sleazy pleasin'. Checking in early Saturday morning at the plush Assyrian Palace, Nebby immediately sent word to his black-market buddies, and soon his luxurious suite (made entirely of imported, color-coordinated Chaldean mud) was filled to overflowing with tonsil-tingling Median wine and groaning platters of delicate sheep lips and ostrich droppings. Along with these goodies came a good deal of the local temple talent, holy hookers who could suck the yoke off a chariot.

Among them was a young, struggling Mesopotamian beauty named Ashtarte the Curvy. She had caught the roving eye of Nebuchadnezzar a few times before, and the obese ruler was ecstatic at seeing her in her skimpy veil and sexy Median cha-cha sandals. Ashtarte was disgusted by the drooling mound of royal blubber, but she hadn't had much luck in the Median temples, and a working girl, after all, has to eat. (That summer, in fact,

she could barely scrape together enough drachmas to buy a scrawny red grouse to sacrifice to Syphilia, patron goddess of whores, virgins, and wholesale embalmers.) As the party progressed, Ashtarte got quite plastered, and the happy Nebuchadnezzar hoarsely whispered to his old pal, Dinoditus, the famed Greek flayer and tanner of hides, "I believe, Dino, that I shall now give *you* a lesson in skinning!" Then, belching loudly and giggling, he disappeared with Ashtarte behind a heavy curtain of beads and baboon's teeth.

In the main room, meanwhile, the shindig kept on swinging. Suddenly sounds of carnage came from behind the "fun curtain." Ashtarte could be heard to moan and curse in particularly colorful Mesopotamian. Soon the pudgy pooh-bah reappeared, Ashtarte's veil perched grotesquely on his royal dome. Giggling inanely, he said, "This one belongs in the temples of Pishar. A quick tongue-clipping will shut her up!" Two of the corpulent lecher's sidekicks, Nositus, an Assyrian Jew of great wealth and physical repulsiveness, and Phorduk, a womanizing Etrurian camel driver and head of the austere Young Men's Sodomizing Association, joined in the laughter. When they peeked behind the curtain, however, their faces blanched. Ashtarte was lying on the luxurious pallet of whey-soaked hog skins, her pretty face twisted in agony. The Median whore who had accompanied her to the party, Yeastinfestes, screamed and ran to her stricken friend's aid. Ashtarte, mortally wounded, whispered, "Nebuchadnezzar did it.... Don't let him get away...with it...the dirty rhinoceros...."

Days later, Ashtarte succumbed, both to her injuries and the ministrations of the Median physicians, who kept her on a steady diet of hot lizard's blood and bull ticks. To his horror, Nebby found that he could not wriggle out of *this* scandal. The gossip columnists made their chisels smoke as they bashed into their stone tablets some of the steamiest "smearglyphics" since Ramses II had butt-fucked his way up and down the Nile. Dubbing him "Sleazyhadnezzar," the stone scribes indignantly exposed the lardy Lothario's latest outrage: it seems he had been using an empty clay amphora of Median muscatel as a dildo on the hapless girl! No, squashing Ashtarte was not enough to satisfy his perverse lust—he had to resort to a wine jug as

a phallus when his own pitiful equipment failed him! This was too much, even for the jaded Babylonians; the people cried for blood.

From there it was all downhill for the portly potentate. His wife spat at him while he prayed to Bulimiota, god of the disgustingly overweight. In the end he died with a dozen swords buried in him to the hilts, on orders from his heir and successor, Nabonidus. Babylon soon resumed her wicked ways, however, apparently having learned nothing from the antics of the mountainous monarch who proved that, even in the Fertile Crescent, you *can* have too much fun.

## "Chiseled" in Stone

In 521 B.C., dirty old Babylon really needed a juicy scandal to take folks' minds off their miseries. The Median War had been a disaster, and the mighty armies of Persia, under that merciless dude Darius, were crushing everything from the Caspian Sea to the Sinai. The ultimate defeat had occurred at Zazana on December 18, 522, thereafter known as Accursed Thursday. Babylon herself was occupied on the 22nd, and graffiti scrawled across the belly of a dead royal elephant read: "Nabonidus Lays an Egg." Fast on the heels of these sorry events came some much-needed titillation from the tinsel tents of the jaded capital—the sizzling stone diary of Ushanti's wife.

Ushanti was the official satrap of Babylonia, appointed to the post by Darius himself early in 521. He quickly grew rich on tribute from the grumbling Babylonians, who were used to taking, not giving. His loot for January and February alone included: 600 talents in gold; 1,100 slave eunuchs; 437 captured Bactrian maidens, purity intact; 18 chariots; and 12 neutered ocelots. He lived in royal splendor with his lovely Assyrian wife, Morphuk, who, unbeknownst to him, had been making a prize cuckold of him since the first days of their marriage. This was not unusual; what *was* highly irregular was the fact that Morphuk kept a quite explicit diary of her sexual exploits chiseled in stone tablets, which she would casually leave in the corner of her eunuch masseur's tent. During the summer of 521, she began a steamy affair with one of Darius's greatest generals, the witty, urbane, and charming "scourge of Cilicia," the mighty Dadarshish. She met

him while on a slave-shopping binge in the eastern town of Kindurush, where Dadarshish had spent June crushing the last recalcitrant Medes. Though five feet four with a clubfoot, one ear, and foul breath—hardly a dashing figure of a man—Dadarshish quickly captured Morphuk's heart. Her diary reveals:

Today I met D. at a quaint slave-auction block downtown. We were instantly attracted to each other. After a delicious lunch of camel brains and dung, he took me to his tent near the Temple of Pain. He fucked me, and a small boy as well, until daylight. When D. lays down his tunic and his eye gougers he is quite a different man!

Other, even hotter entries followed in subsequent days:

Ahhh, night on the dunes! Just D. and I, and three ten-year-old Nubian slave boys, alone under the eternal moon. Such bliss! His bronzed, crippled body plunging into their bodies, and occasionally into mine!

and:

Dear Diary...How does D. do it? He is the gift of all the gods! Last night he climaxed twice with a Greek phalanx commander, three times with a camel, four times with a very juicy casaba melon, and once with me! How, oh, how can I sleep with that pitiful Ushanti after that?

One fateful evening, of course, the hapless Ushanti stumbled, literally, across the pile of steamy stone. A few lines were enough to stun him. After torturing seven slaves to calm himself down, he summoned Morphuk. The adulterous vixen, according to strictest Persian law, was sentenced to slow dismemberment, to be followed by immolation. The press, of course, had another field day, gleefully reporting the rending of her sinful bod in limb-by-limb, day-to-day installments. In an act of unexpected generosity, Dadarshish was awarded custody of his choice of her vital organs prior to the big blaze. During the fire, the general and Ushanti were seen holding hands.

### Belshazzar's Fleeced

Of all the sybaritic top dogs of ancient Babylon, perhaps none loved the many pleasures and perversions of the flesh more than the infamous Belshazzar, considered Babylonia's last omnipotent honcho. Unlike his legendary granpaw, Nebuchadnezzar, dapper Belshazzar was inordinately proud of his appearance, thinking nothing of showing up for his many functions in

as many as five different outfits a day. His years of much-abused power coincided with the beginning of the end of Sinville's greatness. Hell's Bel, as the press dubbed him, did even Nero one better: Bel *diddled* while his empire burned. His bisexual harem was the largest of all time, numbering over seven hundred erotic slaves of all colors, shapes, and sizes, hailing from all corners of the then-known world, from Crete to Chorasmia. This was still not enough for him, however, and in the end it was Belshazzar's own joy-bone that turned the otherwise savvy sultan into a sap.

Babylon's greatest cocksman first met his sexual Waterloo at one of his legendary feasts. These orgies of over-indulgence, lasting up to ten days and nights straight, were the talk of the ancient world, and potentates everywhere vied furiously for invitations. The main dish at these pig-outs was *ghwaurmurky*: a hummingbird stuffed inside a gannet inside a moray eel inside a rotting anteater inside an elephant fetus inside a poached dromedary. All this was slowly roasted in a huge pit, and the greedy guests were turned loose. Across the tent from Belshazzar this August night in 539 B.C. sat the coquettish thirteen-year-old princess of the obscure satrapy of Molchoi, the beautiful Jhailbade. Though Molchoi was desperately poor, its sole industry being the rendering of camel's hooves into cooking fat, it was nonetheless most important to Babylon, for her mountain passes provided the only possible route to the glittering wonderland for the fiercely warlike people of Thrace. As long as Molchoi remained an ally of Babylonia, the Thracians were stymied.

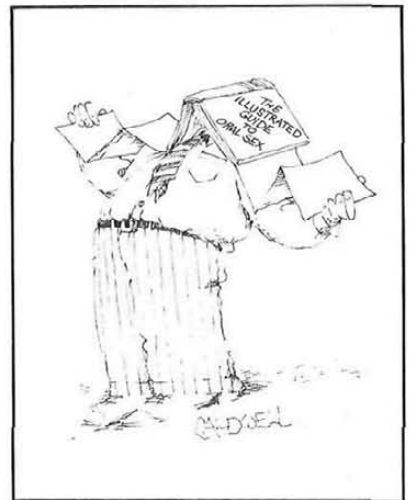
Jhailbade's mother, Queen Khashore of Molchoi, was well aware of her country's importance to Belshazzar. Not satisfied with the trickle of aid coming from Bel's notoriously tight purse, Khashore hatched an evil scheme: in the theater of war, she was to become history's first "stage mother."

It did not take long for the depraved despot of Babylon to become completely infatuated with the nubile princess of Molchoi. He squired her all over town, treating her to lunch at the Camel's Derby and taking in the intoxicating ritual slaughter of Thracian infants with studded clubs, the glorious national sport. Jhailbade was, in turn,

spellbound. To the lovers' mutual delight, Khashore could not have been more pleased. She quickly billed the fanciest two-humper in Molchoi to Belshazzar and hot-hoofed it to Babylon, where she installed herself in a velvet tent a mere slave's throw from the young couple.

Everything went swimmingly for six months or so. Inevitably, though, Bel's eager peepers began to roam and, adding up the drain on the royal coffers by the wearisome Khashore, he decided finally to dump his erstwhile heart-throb. Khashore, however, had a boom of her own to lower: lovely, naive Jhailbade was four months with child, and there was little doubt as to the father. Bel protested vehemently, but it was no use. Khashore had him by the royal short hairs. Either he marry the now-sullied princess, or the wily queen would open her mountain passes to Thrace.

A terrible legal battle ensued, during which Babylon's leading jurists found the traditional patrimony procedure inconclusive: six slaves were disemboweled, but their intestines, thrown in the air, did not spell the name of either litigant upon hitting the ground. In the end, it proved a battle of attrition, a battle only Khashore could win. After nearly a year of indecision, Belshazzar gave in and settled out of tent by awarding the young girl, his new son, and Khashore thirty talents of gold apiece. Denying his guilt to the very end, Belshazzar lasted until 531 B.C., true to form even in death. He croaked in carnal calisthenics with a Nubian lion tamer whose favorite cat got loose and mauled his master's royal buggerer in a particularly gruesome case of coitus interruptus.



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3. Women writers with three names take it all three ways.
4. Virginia Woolf gagged on my lighthouse.
5. If you don't see the Muse of Inspiration singing in my ear, she's probably swingin' on my joint.
6. Bring back the pulps: they soaked up the cum stains better.

## FOR MAMAS:

1. I'm the perfect audience: You write it, I'll read it. You shoot it, I'll swallow it.
2. Tell me you're a famous author...I'll swallow anything.
3. Yukio Mishima didn't lose face, he just gave it to me.
4. Write me a sonnet and I'll blow yer rod.
5. Winner—Friedrich Nietzsche Memorial Mustache Riding Championship.
6. There's only two things that look like Moby Dick. A big white whale is one of 'em.

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Our Cover



Easywriters is the magazine for real writers, not for the quim-slaves who beat off over *The Writer* and *Writer's Digest*. It's brought to ya by a crew of Jack-swillin', machine-thumpin', hard-writin', hard-readin', hard-fuckin' bros. It's for tough white writers with a yen for the truth, written by tough white writers that tell the truth. All supervised, of course, by Audacious Autha and his trained lice. For subscriptions send bucks, hash, or black olives to 2 St.-Michel Street, Paris, Texas.

# TOMES AND HORMONES

## (Letters to Our "Audacious Autha")

### Manual Treatment

I'm a real heavy-metal desk-manual man myself, and I just want to share an experience that I thought your readers might groove to. I hit this writers' bar in my neighborhood, and within a few minutes I was pickin' up on this sweet little mama with a pair of fine bowling balls under her Jane Austen T-shirt. I find out she's trying to be a romance writer and I ask her what her machine is and she tells me it's one of those fuckin' word processors. I tell her nothin' worth a hummingbird's shit ever got writ on a word processor, and she tells me manual types are for old farts. So I get her drunk and I take her home and spread her out over my desk and I start poundin' on her little parts with my powerful Underwood-hardened fingers. Well, what do you know but pretty soon she's screamin' and moanin' and sayin' she never knew a writer with fingers that strong. Then she's beggin' me to stick it in, and I give her some hot tabu-latin' and carriage-returnin', if you dig my meanin'. So now you can bet that that little fox won't take it any way but manual now, and the only "wang" she's thinkin' about hasn't got any fuckin' video display terminal.

Pennsylvania Pica  
Dublin, Ireland

### Fox Support

They say writin's the loneliest profession, and I guess all you horny bros hunched over yer hot machines can attest to that. But don't despair. Some of us foxes out here are thinkin' about yer welfare. Me myself, I'm just one lone fox, but in my thirty-six years I've sucked off a Latin fabulist, been reamed by a horror novelist, tongue-fucked a Jewish Nobel Prize winner's ass, handjobbed two collaborators, bucked under a

Western hack, and just plain humped eighty-two paperback-original boys. So like I say, don't despair. There's pussy for every writer, even if you have to share it with ninety-nine others.

Joan Dildoin  
Berkeley, Calif.

### Balls

I'm gettin' sick of all yer prickheaded readers writin' in to say that IBM Electrics ain't shit. While all you sphincter-faces are sittin' there starin' at yer plain concave line o' type and reachin' in there to scrape the crud off the letters, just remember—IBM was the first typewriter with balls. Hey, think about it.

Mr. Italic  
Palma, Mallorca

### Still Typing

How come you shitheads ain't been runnin' more pics of that hot new Corona? I'm tired of seein' IBMs and Underwoods. A lot of righteous bros use the new Corona. I hear Robert Stone uses the new Corona. Robert Stone gets a lot of pussy. What's the matter, Autha? Don't you like pussy?

Typing Pete  
Cannes, France

### Reams

Hey, you know, sometimes you dudes get so caught up in bangin' out the words to make that deadline that you don't stop to enjoy the quieter pleasures of writing. Stop and smell the roses, you dig it? Like me, I go for givin' face to my old man's machine. I love the feel of the grease on my tongue when I'm lickin' down the arms, and I really cream over the bitter taste of that ribbon-crud on all the little raised letters. Best of all, it gets me real hot for skull-jobbin' my old man. So if you ever get tired of typin' reams... try reamin' types.

Juice Carnal Oates  
Princeton University, N.J.

## A Remembrance Of Writers Past

In loving memory of **Frog**, who died blasting in the electric hum and feeling good, I hope. I hope that bitch never forgives herself for spilling that beer in your heated-up Olivetti. I'll never forget those fight scenes you cranked out, bro, or that quadruple blowjob in your last adult Western. Your friends in Phoenix.

Remembering **Colt**, who was taken out by that bitch agent who couldn't sell his books. You starved right there at your machine, man. Hope to see you in Corona Heaven. Your lady, Erica.

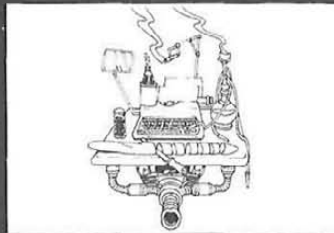
North Beach misses you, **Hound**. The doctors said it was the booze, but we know it was the blind cunts in New York who took you out. Till the keyboard

hums in Corona Heaven. Missin' you. Your bros at City Lights.

I can't believe it, **Raccoon** is dead. I can still see you at your Corona, bangin' out your Ninja novels, an' I still see that fuckin' Bekins man droppin' your lovely machine on your head. I hope he burns and rots in Olivetti Hell. But don't worry none, we'll see that Trixie gets your royalty checks. The Blue Ennui Gang.

Oh **Johnny**, we hardly knew ya. You were a writer, not a rider; what were you doing screamin' down the highway on a bike when you shoulda been screamin' down the blank page on your Corona? I hope you made it where the sunlight talks, and you can still record the dialogue. From all the wrecks in Agathon.

## The Crusty Machine



You ever get tired of having to jump up from your desk in the middle of a blazing gun battle to take a hit off your crusty hash pipe or pop a black French olive in your mouth? Well, the new patented Crusty Machine keeps everything the writer needs in one place. This beautiful customized Corona includes attachments for a bong, cheese board (with knife), roach clip, olive jar, Styrofoam beer-can holder, side-view mirror (so your lady can comb her hair while she reads your latest chapter over your shoulder), and an outlet to plug in your Auto Suck. Send \$99.99 to

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# Lite news

## Some ivory tower payback

**E**ver get tired of bein' rejected by them fancy-assed she-editors at the hardback houses, an' then havin' to settle for a four-figure advance from the paperback market? Well, some bros down in Miami got real tired of it, and they cooked up a pot of payback that rocked the New York literary world to its foundation. The brothers took it upon themselves to type up copies of four righteous male classics—*Moby Dick*, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, *Lord Jim*, and *The Carpetbaggers*—and send them out to all those cum- and symbol-drunk bitches under their own names.

Needless to say, they all got rejected, and the brothers were in business. Stringing their story to every major newspaper in the country, they got their account of the fi-

asco quickly into the headlines. To bring you the juicier quotes, Joan Ashton of Scribner's rejected *Moby Dick* because "although it uses the symbolism of whales almost as cleverly as John Irving uses his bears, it lacks that crucial sense of whimsy." And Virginia Bulwer-Schwartz over at Knopf opined that *For Whom the Bell Tolls* "displays a horrifying machismo; the protagonist shows his intractable hatred and fear of women by constantly addressing his lover as 'Rabbit.'"

Although all four of the she-editors were fired from their posts, the brothers held only a tentative celebration. "We struck a blow against the whores this time," says writer Grudge Capriano, "but knowin' those faggots in New York, they'll never run out of blind cunts."

## Two bros slip it past the word cops

**E**very writer who's ever banged the keys of a shovel knows that *The New Yorker* has the baddest editorial cops in the U.S.A., and everybody knows the rules: nobody buzzes through the pages without a full suit of bland prose niceties and pointless character nuances—and nobody comes on with any righteous adult action.

That is, not until the Hate Anthology, a writers' gang from Buttsville, New Jersey, slipped one in under the ol' Steinberg cover. "We sold them the story based on the first half," says gang leader Tabulatin' Tony, "under the name Rita Mac Morrison. It was about a middle-aged woman reflecting on the quiet roads and gardens of Nassau County from the window of a commuter train, where she falls into conversation with a young stranger and comes quietly to terms with the complacency of her

own life. The usual horseshit."

But when they dropped the second half of the story, right before deadline time, it was pretty different: "We had a gang of bloods knock over the train, and right when the bitch was comin' to terms with her life, a .357 slug hits her head and blows it open like a watermelon. Then the young stranger comes up with a Ruger Blackhawk and takes out all the bucks."

And that's just how the shit hit the press before the word cops could go for their blue pencils. The boys in Buttsville are still clinkin' suds at the thought of all those sherry-sippers in their mahogany-paneled rooms poppin' their pince-nez at the close of that story: "When the third slug smacked into the flesh of the black dyke's heavy breasts, the kid heard himself snarling, 'I guess everybody's gotta find his own meanin' in this life.'"



## The Crusty Critic

**I**t's been sixteen years since America saw any writer movies worth a damn. The heyday of flicks about us desk-ridin' bros passed with the crazy days of the sixties, and maybe that's just as well, considering the image of writers those old exploitation movies put before the citizens. How many hundreds of times in those old reels did you see Bruce Dern flip his lid and yank a page out of his machine, then crumple it up and throw it away savagely? It's no wonder the citizens got the idea that us writers are a neurotic, violent, coffee-crazed bunch of animals.

Sure, we had *Easy Writer*, and the plebeians finally got a chance to see how they persecute the hard-writin' bros who just want to live free and tell the truth. But what's there been since then? *Julia*, *Girlfriends*, *Interiors*, *Rich and Famous*... Hell, the only writers you ever see on the screen anymore are this bunch of tight-lipped, bony-faced, small-breasted bitches all constipated on literature. Any righteous bro can tell you what to do with that kind of "writer": snap a belt across that skinny ass, slap the French cigarette out of her mouth, and replace it with some pure pork.

But now Isaac Rosenstein Associates is coming out with a flicker that shows the freelancer's life as it really is, *Born to Be Published*. It stars Robert Duvall as the crusty old Western writer with a poet's soul, Robby Benson as the kid who writes poems about jacking off but believes in the old-timer, Lee Van Cleef as the crooked critic who wants to see them both out of print, and Chuck Norris in a special appearance as a bad-ass literary agent. But the scene-stealers are Edy Williams and Lana Wood as the two beauties (or is it four?) who can't get enough of Duvall's face.

If you've got a citizen buddy who wants to know what the freelance life is really all about, drag 'im to this flick. It's got the bar fights, the rejection slips, the steady highs, the deadlines, the literary groupies that swallow—everything you live through on the road to publication.

# Writers' Etiquette

by Animal Ferlinghetti

Righteous adult writers,  
What do they do?  
They write raunchy prose  
To thrill me and you.

Righteous adult writers  
Hate critical opinion,  
They'd rather be themselves  
Than just some egghead's minion.

Righteous adult writers  
Don't emulate James Joyce,  
They'd rather write for commerce  
And drive a big Rolls-Royce.

Righteous adult writers  
Fulfill the reader's dream,  
They crank out bloody fight scenes  
And blowjobs by the ream.

Righteous adult writers  
Don't care for John Updike,  
He's just some egghead author  
Who could only thrill a kike.

Righteous adult writers  
Love poundin' on the keys  
While their fine-assed mamas  
Are on their hands and knees.

Righteous adult writers  
Love thoughts on which to mull,  
But even more they love a bitch  
Who gives 'em all-night skull.

Righteous adult writers  
Are never trite or hollow,  
Their stories all ring true,  
The kind the gals can swallow.

Righteous adult writers  
Spin action yarns for bros,  
They detest introspection  
And scorn exquisite prose.

Righteous adult writers  
Want chicks that love to read,  
The kind that quote Kipling  
And like to rub-fuck tweed.

Righteous adult writers  
Don't want no Pulitzer,  
They want to meet a fox  
And put the boots to her.

Righteous adult writers  
Glorify the word,  
But they write to turn on ladies  
Not titillate the herd.

Righteous adult writers  
Don't read Gabby Márquez,  
They'd rather watch TV  
Or beat up on a lez.

Righteous adult writers  
Laugh at Erica Jong,  
They know she writes books  
Because she doesn't have a dong.

## Machine Mates

Wanted, young or old chick, literate, horny, and lookin' for randy typist. If inspiration oozes out of your juicy quim and words spurt out of your pen but you just don't dig that keyboard, then I'm the man for you. I'm 35, stocky, love Doris Lessing and Joyce Carol Oates, eat pussy, and type 80 words a minute. Send pix and handwriting samples to Long Tongue Irving, Box 69, Hotel, NH.

Freelance confession writer, 43, well-built and insightful, lookin' for a hot freaky poetess who doesn't dig head trips. If you're 18-48, like Rimbaud, Apollinaire, and fat cocks, send pix and couplets to Electric Amado, Box 69, São Paulo, Brazil.

Good-lookin' white writer, been rejected so long don't know which way is up. Need literary chick, critical but constructive, inspirational, chesty, and moist. Send me some beaver pix and I'll let you see my latest allegory. Fuzzy Pynchon, Lot 69, Collegetown, USA.

Young literary lion, oft compared to Wolfe and Kesey but still unpublished, would like to meet older, foxy patron of the arts who likes to travel, drink coffee, visit art galleries, and fuck in the dirt. If proximity to litterateurs turns you on, I'd like to meet you and show you my manuscript and my cock. Youngblood Spears, Box 69, Libya Hill, Old Catawba.

Okay, all you fat greasy pigs, get ready, 'cause Norman says I'll be paroled in '86. He says my book is sensitive, heartfelt, shattering, and sure to win my black ass a Pulitzer. So spread them juicy fat thighs, 'cause I've about had it with jabbin' typewriter keys, and come '86 I'll be lookin' to jab some white pussy instead. E. Stompem Johnson, #696969, Prisonville, USA.



"He used to write whimsical autobiographical novels for the New York crowd, but then he found out that this is a lot easier and amounts to the same thing."

# Judi

**O**ur Lettre Belle of the Month claims to be from Concord, Massachusetts, but all you've gotta do is look at 'er to know where she's really from: straight outta the drunken, desperate, muff-intoxicated fantasies of some deadline-battered old hack jackin' off at his desk right in the middle of the triple-blowjob scene in his latest spy thriller. Her name's Judi Alcott, and she says she's descended from ol' Louisa May, but the phrase "little women" never applied to the likes of her! She says she goes for French symbolists, strong espresso, mystery writers with big guns, and the hum of a powerful electric on her desk. She's into typewriter repair, and she's famous throughout New England for her specialty: suck-cleaning the insides of portables. She claims to be the only woman who can deep-throat the whole carriage of a Corona. If you ever want to move up to anything bigger, Judi doll, you know the staff at *Easywriters* has some king-size office equipment just waitin' for ya!



# THE PAYBACK AND THE FURY

By Ironsides Martinez

The goddamn back pains were gettin' to me, hunched as I'd been all morning over my Corona, when Trina came out of the bedroom. Trina is one hot freaky bitch, and even now, nursin' a colossal hangover at eight o'clock in the morning, she looked good enough to slurp. She was naked as the lovers in Dante's *Inferno*, and her high-riding fine titties activated the crane in my jeans.

She came over and peered over my shoulder, squashing those globes against my back. "Magnificent," she said, glancing at the page in the machine. "The imagery is startling, the meter reminiscent of Kipling's littingest." Well, you can bet that set me off, and I hosed her right then and there on the floor amongst the litter of Pernod bottles.

Trina has a tattoo of the Left Bank on her belly, and we were admiring it together and saying how fine it would have been to have hung out there in the twenties, talkin' poetry and swillin' dirty Jack with e e and Ezra, when a knock come at the door. I threw it open and who stood there but my best bro, Jumpin' Jesus.

J.J. and I go back to Nam, where we collaborated on our first novel. The guy's a great plotter, and together with my superior prose we've cranked out a few righteous books. J.J.'s my kind of guy. He lives for the steady high, typewriters, and broads. But despite all the words we've typed together, I hadn't seen Jesus in a couple of years, not since he'd taken up with that cum-drunk bitch Melissa.

Melissa's the kind of fox they write sonnets about. She's got huge milky sacs, a righteous white ass, and she lets you come in her skull. And to top it all off, she's extraordinarily well-read. No, I guess I couldn't blame my best bro for having made himself scarce all this time.

"So what's happenin', bro?" I said, showing him into the house.

"It's Melissa," he said in a downcast voice.

I hadn't noticed until then, but J.J. didn't look so hot. "What about Melissa?" I asked.

"She took off with my machine, man."

His words hit me like a ton o' shit. If you know anything about J.J., you know he pounds the baddest keys in town. And it's not just an ordinary machine. No, sir. She's a righteous mating of an Underwood carriage, a Corona keyboard, and an IBM ball system. Finally, she sports a hand-painted Dali graphic on the body. That some horny slut ripped 'im off just blew my fucking creative mind. But why, I asked myself, why had she ripped off J.J.'s machine?

I put the question to my bro.

"Cause the spunk-swilling harpy wants to write the Great American Novel," he explained.

Christ, I thought, not another one. Not another word-happy groupie who has to get in on the act. Christ, did every fox want to be the next Joyce Carol Oates these days? When the

hell is some babe gonna find the time to give face if she's too busy cranking out overblown Gothic fables?

"Jesus, Jesus," I said. "Any chick who would steal a man's machine has gotta be lower than a junior editor."

"You gotta help me, bro," he said. "You gotta help me track down that cock-happy bitch."

I changed posthaste into my faded tweed, packed my Corona, tongued Trina goodbye, and J.J. and I hotfooted it down to the Greyhound station.

"Where do you think she went?" I queried.

"She's always talked about France and Texas," J.J. said. "We'll try Texas first."

When the bus rolled into Lubbock, J.J. said it was time to get off. "She's always wanted to come here," he explained. "Said it reminded her of Paris. We'll start poking around here."

We were standing out in front of the bus terminal, trying to decide which way to go, when a pickup truck full of citizens pulled up in front of us. One of the guys riding in the bed, a short-hair with red beady eyes, said, "We don't want no writers in Lubbock, hear?"

I could feel J.J. tremblin' beside me. He was so pent-up I was afraid he'd snatch my Corona out of my hands and hurl it through their windshield. I knew I had to act. Fast.

"Listen, boys," I said. "My bro and I are suffering from writer's block, so don't you worry about us putting you, or your fair city, into one of our books. We're just lookin' for a literary broad who did us dirt. Soon as we find her, we'll cut out. I give you my word."

And then the wildest coincidence happened. I know these things are hard to believe, and they strain your credulity, turn the story you're reading into a piece of shit, but believe me, me and J.J. were just as shocked as you when we glanced across the street and saw Melissa duck into a sleazy hotel.

Our eyes met, and we could see that we each had the same thought: Payback paydirt!

J.J. and I dashed across the street.

"Okay, you pud-punchy harlot!" J.J. screamed when we barged in. "The time of reckoning is at hand!"

It hadn't taken more than thirty seconds for J.J. and me to dash across the street, but in that time Melissa had made it up to her room and stripped naked. Now J.J. dragged her bare-assed wriggling body over to a chest of drawers and jammed her hands, those fine articulate appendages, into an open drawer. With a savage kick of his nastily booted feet, he slammed the drawer shut on her lovely white knuckles.

Melissa writhed in silent agony.

"Well," J.J. mused wryly. "If she wants to write that Great American Novel, now she's gonna have to use a Dictaphone. Because she'll never type again."

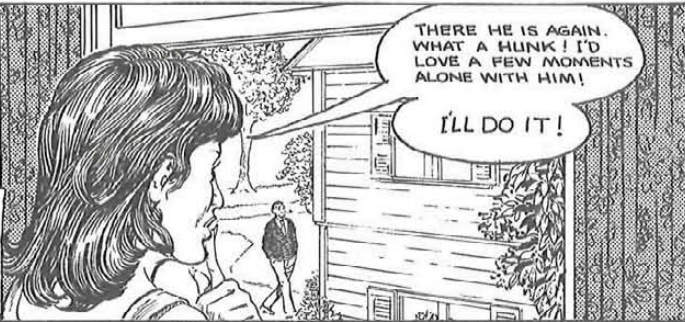
Sure, I thought, sure. But there was just one problem with that little scenario: you see, Melissa was a mute. ■

# THE APPLETONS



THE NEW NEIGHBOR WATCHES AS MR. APPLETON RETURNS HOME. THE LUST IN THE WOMAN'S SOUL SLICES THROUGH HER HEAVING BREASTS LIKE A KNIFE THROUGH VELVETEEN.

JOIN US NOW FOR...  
"AFFAIR WITH A STRANGER" by B.K. TAYLOR



THERE HE IS AGAIN. WHAT A HUNK! I'D LOVE A FEW MOMENTS ALONE WITH HIM!

I'LL DO IT!



MEANWHILE...

MUNCH... CHUCKLE... THAT COYOTE WILL NEVER CATCH THAT...

DING DONG

DARN IT!



Hi, I'm your new neighbor... could I borrow a cucumber?

A CUCUMBER? WELL, SURE, COME IN.

AND WELCOME TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD.



I HOPE YOU HAVE A BIG ONE.

WELL, LET'S TAKE A LOOK.

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME!

OH, AND COULD I HAVE A CUP OF MILK TOO, PLEASE.

SURE.



THERE YOU ARE....

THANK YOU SO MUCH, I - OOPSY! I'VE SPILLED THE MILK ON YOUR CLOTHES.

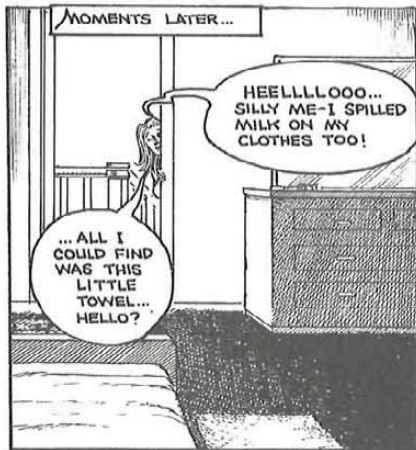


GOOD-NATUREDLY, MR. APPLETON EXCUSES HIMSELF WHILE HE CHANGES.

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY!

DON'T WORRY. I'LL PUT ON DRY CLOTHES AND BE RIGHT BACK.

GOOD IDEA! BETTER TAKE THEM OFF BEFORE YOU CATCH COLD.



MOMENTS LATER...

HEELLLLLOO... SILLY ME - I SPILLED MILK ON MY CLOTHES TOO!

... ALL I COULD FIND WAS THIS LITTLE TOWEL... HELLO?



WHERE ARE YOU?

C'MON OUT AND...

SNORT?



AHHH!



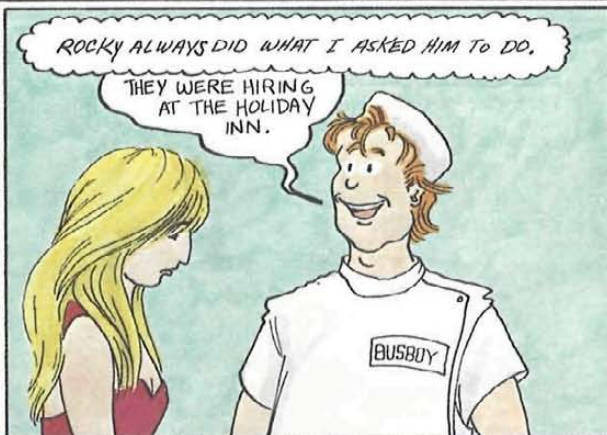
NOW STOP THIS! TAKE OFF THAT MASK!

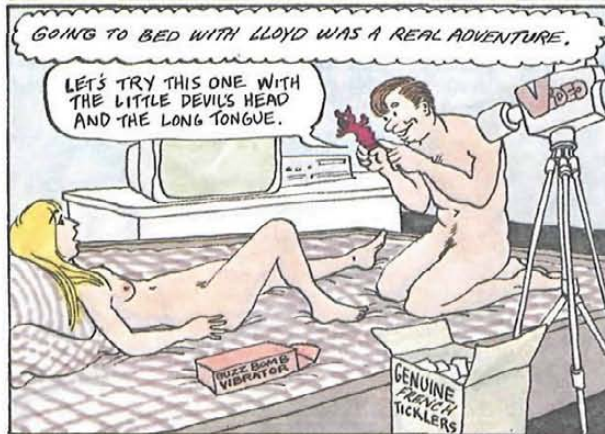


B.K. Taylor © 1985

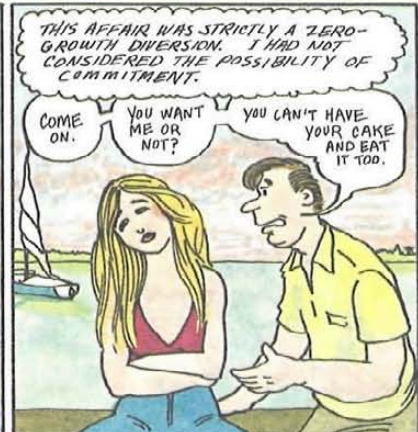
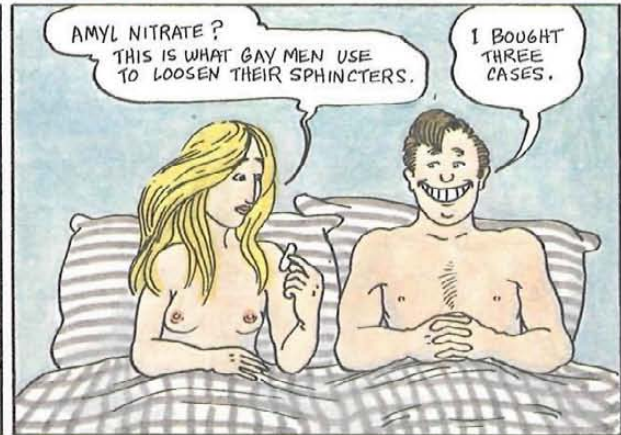
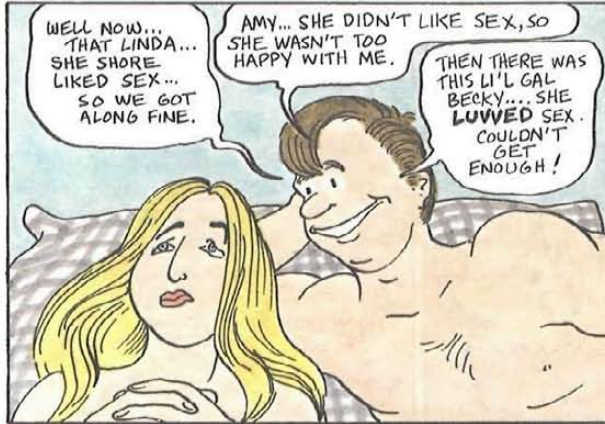
# THE MILLIONAIRE AND THE BUSBOY

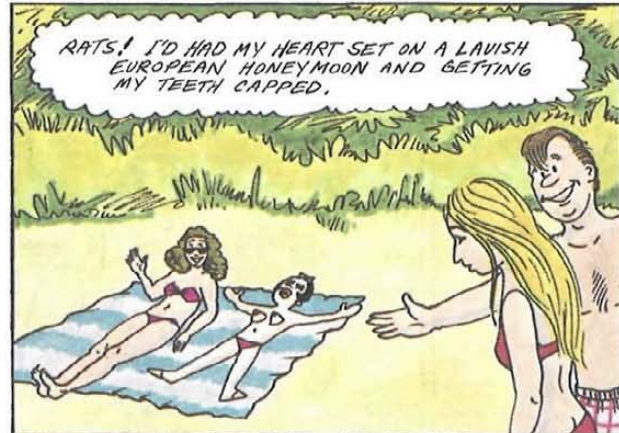
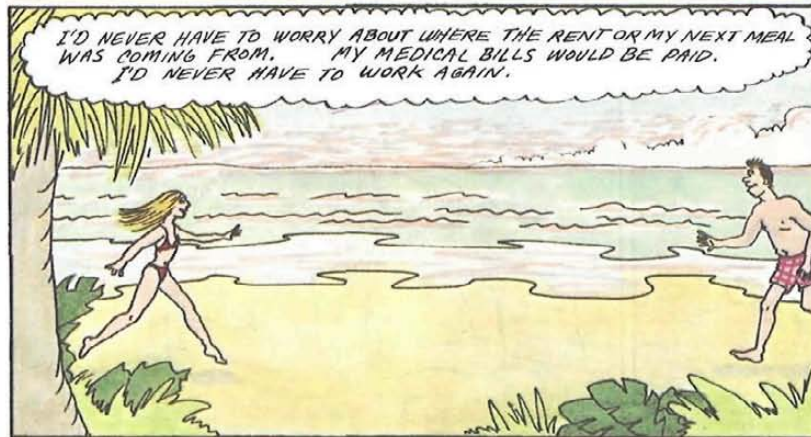
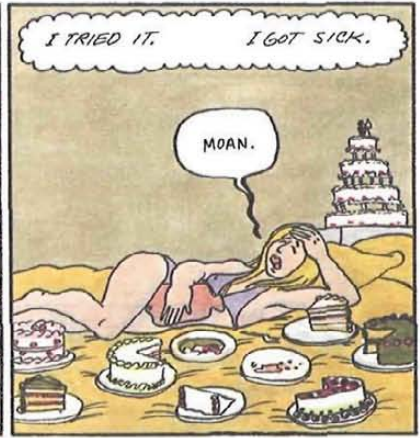
BY SHARY FLENNIKEN







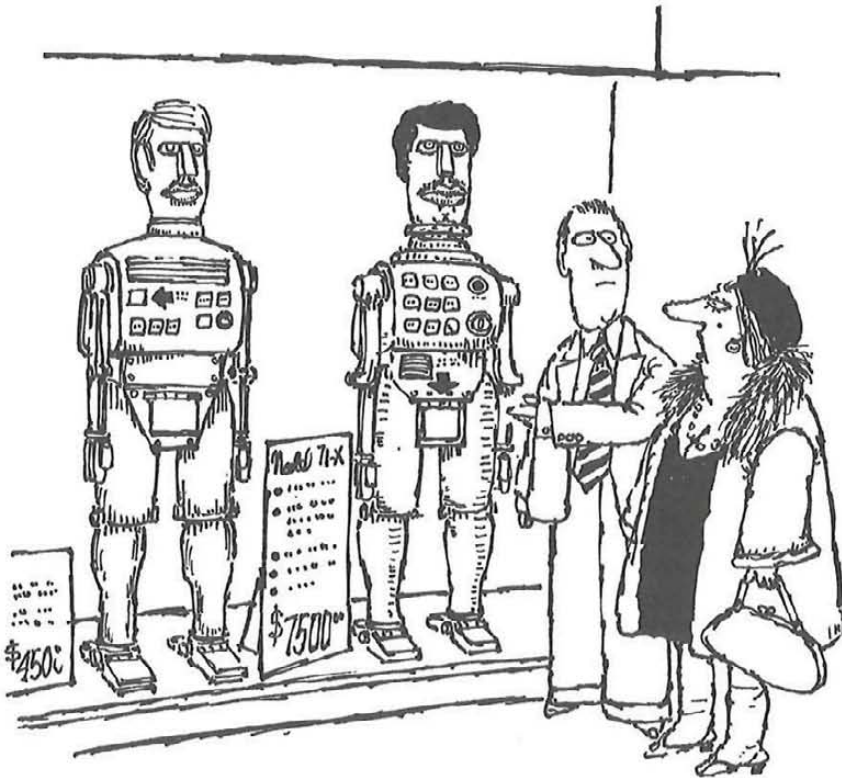




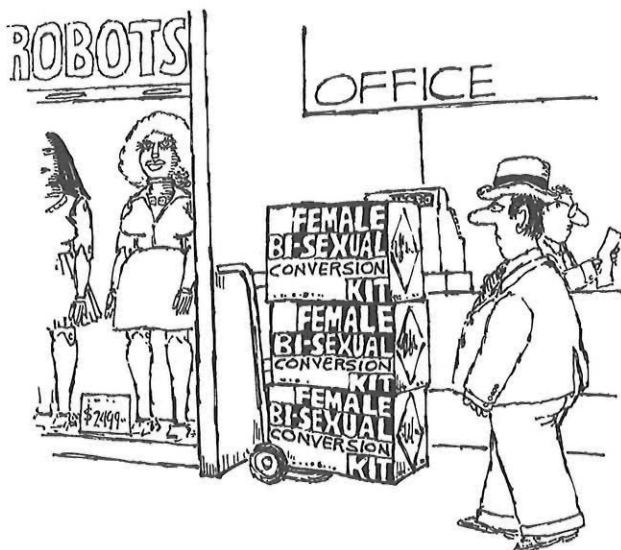
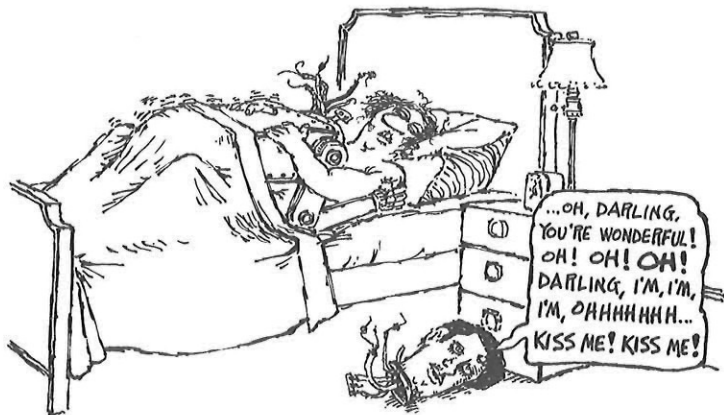
# SEX ROBOTS

BY Rodriguez

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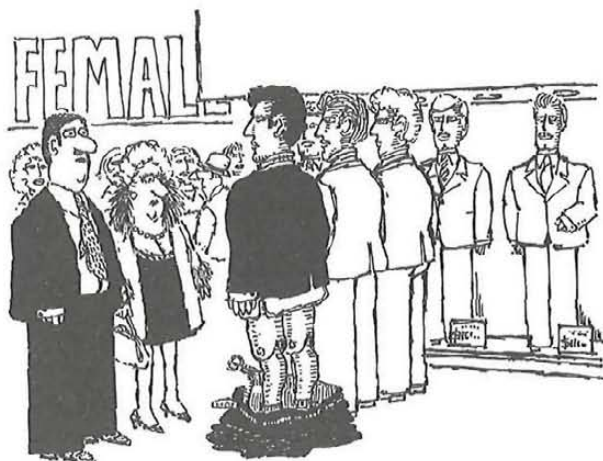
"...CUNNILINGUS, SCHMUNNILINGUS!  
DOES HE DO WINDOWS?"



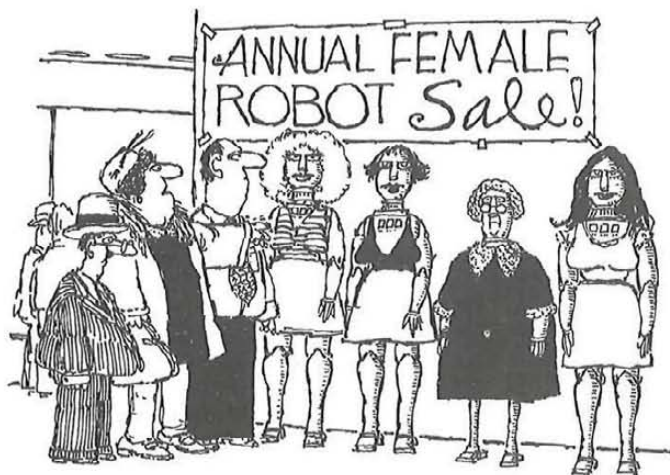
"NO, YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, LADY, HE SHOULD NOT HAVE THROWN YOU OUT THE WINDOW AS PART OF FOREPLAY—I'LL CHECK THE FOREPLAY POWER TRANSISTOR..."



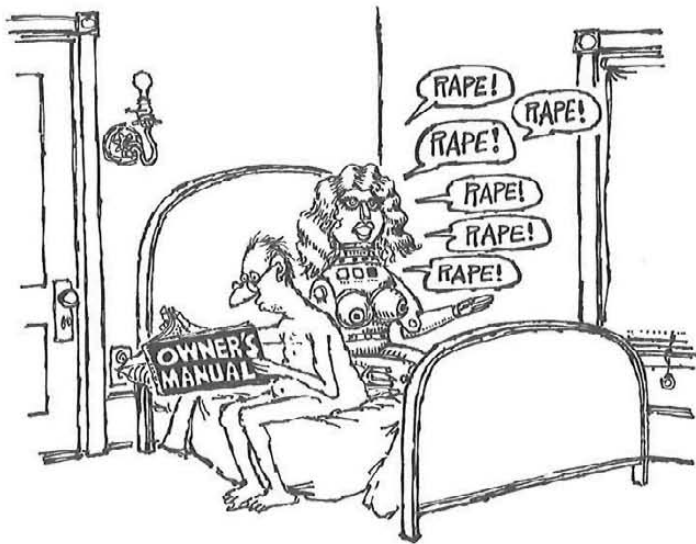
"...SURE, YOU CAN GO TO ONE OF THOSE DISCOUNT SEX ROBOT STORES AND BUY A FEMALE FOR UNDER A THOUSAND BUCKS, BUT NINE CUTTA TEN TIMES, YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GETTIN'? A LESBIAN!"



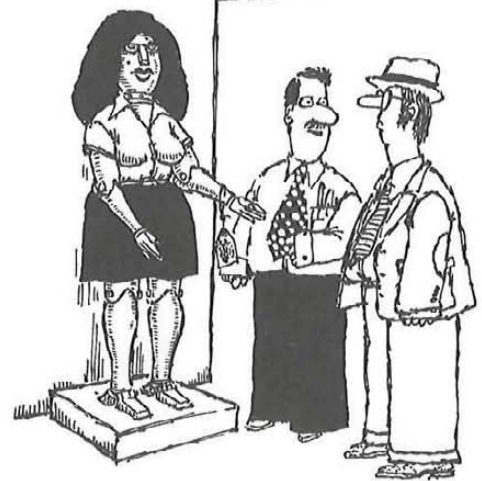
"...HOWEVER, IF YOU'RE IN THE MARKET FOR A ROBOT WITH A SOMEWHAT STRONGER LIBIDO, MADAM, THIS IS THE MODEL FOR YOU....."



"...HOW MUCH IS THE ONE SECOND FROM THE END?"



## OBOTS



"JANICE IS OUR BEST-SELLING MODEL AT \$3,599....SOME ASSEMBLY IS REQUIRED, BUT ALL THAT'S NEEDED FOR ASSEMBLING AND TESTING IS A PHILLIPS HEAD SCREWDRIVER, PLIERS, AND A DILDO...."

## BURNS' SEX ROBOTS



"...REPLACE A HYMEN FOR 6 O'CLOCK? NO WAY, MR. BURNS! THAT'S AN ALL-DAY JOB—I GOTTA DROP THE PELVIS, DISCONNECT THE UTERUS, PULL OUT THE BLADDER, UNSCREW THE PERITONEUM...."

**THE  
FINAL,  
ABSOLUTELY  
POSITIVELY  
LAST  
RIP-OFF  
OF  
NATIONAL  
LAMPOON'S  
ANIMAL  
HOUSE**

*by Simmons,  
Simmons, and  
Simmons*

June 3, 1985

**TO: Manny Wisenheimer  
President, Worldwide  
Production  
Metropolis Pictures**  
**FROM: Sol Frampton  
President, Domestic  
Production  
Metropolis Pictures**

Dear Manny:

You're gonna love this. I woke up in the middle of the night, last night, for a Gelusil. While I was up I had to take a piss. As I'm standing there in the john a scene flashed before my eyes. I'm in college. I'm at a terrific fraternity beer party. The john is jammed with half-dressed broads and guys smoking pot, so I go outside and I'm pissing along the side of the house as the music comes up. The credits roll as I zip my fly. A coupla raw freshmen come by and I take them into the party. It's only a beginning, but what a beginning. From there we could go to food fights, toga parties, the good old guys against the squares. The drinking frat against the guys who live by the rules. The dean, of course, hates us and tries to get us thrown out of school, but we outwit him.

It's just an idea but it's a start. Whaddya think?

*Sincerely,  
Sol*

June 5, 1985

**TO: Sol Frampton  
President, Domestic  
Production  
Metropolis Pictures**  
**FROM: Manny Wisenheimer  
President, Worldwide  
Production  
Metropolis Pictures**

My Dearest Sol:

Schmuck! You just wrote National Lampoon's Animal House!

You've described almost exactly the most popular comedy of all time.

I like it.

Obviously, we have to do some things with it, but I like it. It'll need twists. Maybe in the opening scene the guy isn't pissing, he's vomiting. No, that's 12 percent over reality. Stay at 10.

Let's see if Matty Simmons will produce it. Talk to John Landis or Ivan Reitman or Harold Ramis about directing. For a minute there David Lean flashed through my head. It'd be a switch for him and he probably would be brilliant, but I think he's doing something on Disraeli, whoever the fuck he is. Let's get some guys in on this. I think you're onto something.

Maybe tonight when you take another piss you can come up with some switches.

*Yours,  
Manny*

**June 6, 1985**

**TO: M.W.  
FROM: S.F.**

Manny:

I love you. I love you. I love you. I'm running with this thing. I've already contacted Matty Simmons about producing. He said no. So did Landis, Reitman, and Ramis, but I think I may be into Freddie Deal, who did Panic at N.Y.U. for New World a coupla years ago. It didn't work out. Wrong director. But the guy is filled with ideas. I swear to God, Manny, I had one meeting with the man, and as soon as I told him our idea he hit me with thirty-five switches. Listen to this. Same opening scene. Same party. Only it's a sorority house and the guy taking a piss outside the house is a dame. I love it. I love it. I love it. Is this guy's mind working?

I've thrown this thing past Legal just to see how the basic idea flies, and I'm in the water for a director. Mike Nichols won't touch it and Robert Altman says it's not commercial enough.

I've been offered a guy named Frank Capra. Do you have a line on him?

*Sol*

**June 11, 1985**

**TO: Sol Frampton  
FROM: Arnold Bellamy, Esq.  
President, Business  
Affairs  
Metropolis Pictures**

My Dear Sol:

I'm in receipt of your memo regarding this new picture idea of yours and Manny Wisenheimer's comments on same. I never saw National Lampoon's Animal House. As you know, my tastes run more to My Dinner with André and A Passage to India. Frankly, I thought Amadeus was too contemporary.

From a legal point of view I see nothing wrong with your pursuing your plot idea. You cannot copyright a film plot (*D.W. Griffith v. Harry Cohn, 1928*), nor can you copyright a joke (*Henny Youngman v. Rodney Dangerfield, 1929*). Of course, you can't use the name "National Lampoon" (protected by trademark) or "Animal House" (similarly protected). I don't think you can use the name "John Belushi," but I'm having F. Lee in Legal check that one out. Certainly, you can get someone who looks just like John Belushi. (See Private School.) Just to be safe I would change the name of the dean and the school and the fraternity—or sorority—

and other principal characters.

You might want to consider using different music, and it is possible that the pissing scene could draw a complaint from the Writers Guild if, as Manny says, it was in Animal House, but I think if you switch it to a girl you're safe.

I have no personal opinions on this, nor have you asked for any, but have you thought about a switch on Chariots of Fire? The hero is in the dressage event in the Olympics but can't ride at sundown because he's a Moslem.

*Sincerely,  
Arnold Bellamy, Esq.*

cc: Manny Wisenheimer

**June 16, 1985**

**TO: Sol  
FROM: Manny**

Dear Sol:

Took a lunch with Sammy Dayton of the bank today, and all he wanted to do was talk about your movie. Sol, I kid you not when I tell you this man wants to bear your baby. (Name the little guy after me?) He LOVES it. But he doesn't love the title we came up with yesterday, Fraternity Brothers. It just doesn't grab him. So I came up with another name—Beaver House. I knew you'd love it. We also discussed certain elements we would like to see in the film. Here goes.

—A fraternity house. We like the frat house idea, but we don't want this to be another college or high school romp. Come up with a variation on this theme, while keeping the frat house in.

—Florida. Get Florida in there somehow. See the movie Spring Break. Also Porky's.

—Skinny-dipping. I assume you'll have a broad in this movie? Take her clothes off and toss her in the water.

—An inept police force. Like Police Academy and Porky's. Look how popular they are. They're doing their twelfth sequels already.

—A striptease joint. When the skinny-dipping broad dries off, tell her to put her clothes back on, then take them off again in front of forty drunk kids (all over the age of eighteen, please!). See Porky's and Beverly Hills Cop.

—A barroom brawl. Remember, this should be a fun movie. But that doesn't mean you can't break a few things. LOTS of destruction! But no deaths—unless, of course, they die in a fun way, like get harpooned. See Beverly Hills Cop, etc.

—Sexy dialogue. Lots of "Ooohh baby babys." You know, whatever you and your wife used to say thirty years ago (besides "Get off me, Sol").

—A shower scene. We want the guys peeping on the girls. Maybe through a hole in the wall? All you see is an eye peeping out. Play with it. See Porky's,

Private School.

—An exotic pet. Everyone loves pets. Some crazy beer-swiggling chimp with a peg leg or an antelope that fucks fire hydrants will get more laughs than Dolly Parton's tits or Sally Field's body. See Lassie Come Home.

—A big party scene with lots of dancing. This should be like the toga party in National Lampoon's Animal House. But don't use the toga. Come up with something more clever. Besides, we want this to be an original venture. See Bachelor Party, Up the Creek, Fraternity Vacation, etc., etc.

—We need at least one huge black guy (Bubba Smith? Lionel Richie?) who's a friend of the hero. The bad guy should insult him, calling him a nigger or a spook, something nasty to get him riled up, so that when the schwartze beats up the bad guy, the audience will love it. See almost anything.

—A very physical ending. Make this an ending everyone will remember, like the end of National Lampoon's Animal House or Porky's. Make it big, big, big, and funny, funny, funny.

Make this a fun movie, Sol. Nothing too clever. No one likes a clever movie. And not too expensive! Like your last film, Gone With the Window, Part II: Tara's Revenge! The fucking flick almost put me in the laundry business. Thank God for Sy's Birth of a Teenage Nation and Lust Horizons Part III, is all I can say. And Sol, one more thing—lots of S-E-X. If you can't spell, that reads "sex." Sex sells, Sol. (See Police Academy, Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment, Hot Moves, Hardbodies, Joysticks, Weekend Pass, Private Lessons, Zapped!, My Tutor, Beach Girls, Summer Camp, Goin' All the Way, Hot Dog...The Movie, Bachelor Party, Party Animal, Paradise Motel, Private School, Mugsy's Girls, Hollywood Hot Tubs, The Last American Virgin, Mischief, The Wild Life, Lunch Wagon, Night Patrol, Porky's, Porky's II: The Next Day, Porky's Revenge!, Fraternity Vacation, Joy of Sex, Moving Violations, One of the Guys, Secret Admirer, and Class.) Recent polls show that most young Americans have heard of sex, many have tried it, some do it on a regular basis, and a few have even smoked it, so most kids can at least understand what we're talking about when we talk about sex.

Do a good job on this, Sol, and I'll let you fuck the receptionist in the executive wing, too.

*Sincerely,  
Manny*

P.S. I hear you're trying to get Rudy Flynn and Max Appleton to write the treatment. I never heard of them, but it sounds good. Rudy and Max are good names for screenwriters.



June 17, 1985

**TO: Rudy Finn and  
Martin Applebaum**  
**FROM: Sol Frampton**  
**RE: Treatment for  
College Fraternity  
Movie**

I'm delighted to hear from our producer, Freddie Deal, that your contract has been set and that the two of you will be writing the treatment and, hopefully, the screenplay for this new idea of mine. When I heard that you were the two guys who did The Return of the Up the Academy Boys, I knew you'd be perfect for this. We may set a new standard in comedy with this one. I expect you guys to be original, creative, innovative, and neat.

I hope you like your new office on the lot. You'll like the commissary. Stay away from the brisket.

VITAL, this is MAGNO IMPORTANT: Make sure to read Manny Wisenheimer's memo sent to me yesterday. Live by it. Sleep with it. Make love to it.

In addition, I know that Freddie will be working with you daily, but the studio wants to go on record here with some other rules on what we feel has to be in this movie to make it work. I know you know my record and Manny's Wisenheimer's record. Those records speak for themselves, especially since I was formerly a booking agent and Manny was an accountant.

1. Tits. A picture like this obviously must have tits. And I mean tits without clothing over them. Our research indicates that there must be at least four scenes involving at least eight women nude from the waist up. And all eight pairs of breasts must be different. After all, that's what makes horse racing and hard-ons.
2. Car Crashes. Following the Burt Reynolds-Hal Needham theory which later made television the art form it is today, there must be at least nine car crashes per picture. Now, you can put all nine in one scene if you wish, but my suggestion is that you spread them out so that there are crashes within the first fifteen minutes and at least four in the last twelve minutes.
3. "Fuck." As you know, if you use the word "fuck" more than once, you are automatically "R" rated. Since we want to be "R" rated, I want the word used at least nine or ten times. It's nine or ten hearty laughs, boys, no matter what context you use the word in.
4. Nerd. There's got to be at least one guy in the movie who cannot get laid, gets drunk on one drink, and, in general, behaves like an asshole. Movie audiences must feel superior to at least one person in a film. Two is a bonus.
5. "Asshole." Note that above I've used the word "asshole" in my notes. Use it at least two or three times. Andrew Sarris of the Village Voice has often expressed a feeling that it is one of the more dynamic audience pleasers you can use in a film.
6. Cocksman. There's got to be at least one guy in the movie who the guys in the audience look at and say, "That's me!" This guy fucks every broad in the picture, including his best friend's mother, the dean's wife, and the little black lady who cleans the frat house. The audience will love it.
7. Fat Guy. This guy could or couldn't be the nerd, but you've gotta have a fat guy (see Stephen Furst or John Candy) so the guys in the audience can say, "Well, maybe I don't look like the hero but I'm thinner than that guy." Unless, of course, they're fatter than the fat guy, which, if so, fuck it.
8. The Bad Guys. The head bad guy should be around the same age as the father of the average moviegoer, who is in his early twenties. That's so the viewer can spend 100 minutes hating his father. It wouldn't hurt for there to be a younger villain, too. Joe Smarmy. Upper-class. Be careful, though. Nowadays kids don't root too hard for the underdog. They're mostly pretty shitty themselves, so give the guy a tic or some kind of twitch so they can feel superior.
9. The Virgin. Okay, this part's important. This girl's gotta look like she's never been fucked and show no skin until the last six minutes of the movie. Then, little by little, she takes off her dress or sweater, skirt, bra, etc. and every guy in the audience comes. If we have someone really great, the girls will come, too. Remember, she's a virgin until the end of the flick, and then only the hero gets to fuck her. That's how we know he's the hero.
10. The Disgusting Guy. Right. This guy's garbage. Like my original great idea, he pisses in public places (like two New York Yankees did this summer) and he drinks all the time and curses and grabs ass. Totally vulgar. This character's a must, because when he's in a movie everybody says, "I know a guy just like that!" Which, of course, is not true, but they say it anyway.
11. Depressing Moments. At one point things have to look lousy for the good guys, then everything works out great.
12. Everything Works Out Great. A must. Never leave an audience unhappy. Good guys win. Bad guys lose. Okay, guys, those are the twelve Golden Rules. Go for it.

Sol Frampton

September 12, 1985

## TREATMENT FOR BEAVER HOUSE

It is nighttime at the Miss Kuntz Finishing School for Young Girls. A full, beautiful Ohio moon shines over the campus as the movie opens on Beasto, an ugly broad with huge tits and a three-day beard who is nonetheless totally lovable because of her vulgarity and because everyone went to school with someone just like her. She is in a squatting position, pissing in the bushes outside of the Beta Sorority House. She is moving about, trying to drown various ants and other bugs. The Betas are the craziest, zaniest girls on campus. They haven't got a white picket fence like the other houses. Theirs is painted a bright labia pink with a huge "Come and Get IT!!" doormat. It's Rush Week and all the horniest freshman girls have come to party and meet wild boys, the only kind Beta girls attract. Loud, raucous, popular music is playing, the type of crappy music young males, who make up the majority of moviegoers, like. Occasionally the words "fuck" and "asshole" can be heard wafting through the air. From above, a window crashes as wine coolers and old pictures of Ricky Nelson and Bucky Dent are tossed out.

Inside, it's a "Come As You Would Like Your Boyfriend's Penis to Look Like" party. Girls dressed as various mountain ranges, multiple-warhead missiles, and famous tall buildings are on the dance floor twisting with their dates, swigging down beer, whooping it up, and always replenishing drinks of young, innocent, drunken freshman boys.

Tending bar and dressed as an elephant's tongue is Charlotte, a cute but somewhat nerdy girl. Brilliant but dull, she is in the midst of a drunken dissertation concerning yeast infection and its effects on a bundt cake. Halfheartedly listening to this ramble is the male ingénue, Richard Head. Richard is extremely handsome and is the on-again, off-again boyfriend of Dickella Mann, president of the Betas and campus manhunter. He wants to have a deep, personal relationship with Dickella. Dickella wants to fuck him, then have a deep, personal relationship. Thus the conflict.

Just then Dickella, dressed as the state of Florida, comes down the staircase, followed by Biff, the godlike thirty-year-old housefather. They are rearranging their clothes in postcoital fashion. Richard Head, miffed, stalks out the door. Dickella shrugs, and the party then goes into fourth gear as she strips off the entire area around Jacksonville to reveal one breast.

As Richard Head stalks out of the Beta House, he walks past the Theta House. The Thetas are the bad "guys" of the movie. They're very prim and proper and walk around with heavy books on their

heads to make sure their posture is good. Jane Smarmy, president of Theta House, watches Richard with repressed lustful ardor.

The next day finds the girls in Cosmetics Application class applying exciting new beauty aids from the Bloomingdale's Young Miss department. Joke-playing abounds as the Theta girls strike first, exchanging Charlotte's mudpack for a mixture of cement and used kitty litter, while Beasto's multivitamin beer-and-spinach shampoo has been replaced with Nair. Never ones to be outdone, the Beta girls have exchanged the Theta girls' toxic-shock-free tampons for M-80's, and as the snickering Theta girls are putting on lipstick, they have no way of knowing that their Halston-designed cherry-red "Love-stick" is, in actuality, industrial-strength glue, which will keep their mouths so tightly shut for weeks that they'll have to live in sanitized plastic bubbles, because if they get a stuffy nose they'll suffocate to death.

Later that afternoon the girls, including Beasto, who is now completely bald, have brought in their convertible for its weekly car wash. In the meantime, a whole bunch of boys have gathered around a hole in the wall to watch. They know what to expect. The girls have intentionally left the top down, and as the car goes through the wash, pools of water and suds form inside the car. The girls, being perky and feisty young maids, jump into the pools of water and gaily splash each other, getting their tight-fitting T-shirts all wet. Their hard nipples are standing proud and erect in salute to girlish frolic and get more aroused each time one of the huge scrubbing brushes buffs a tit. Eventually, the girls remove all their clothes as the wax pours down on the car. The girls allow the hot, steamy wax to slither all over them in an orgiastic festival of quivering ecstasy and ugly-body-hair removal.

In the meantime, the boys are going nuts watching this. Their hard-ons are so huge they have literally broken through the rest of the wall, which allows Dickella to say the great line, "Why don't you boys come... and wax sentimental with us." Which they do.

Later, we cut to Jane Smarmy and Miss Kuntz in the infirmary standing outside a large plastic bubble which houses two Theta girls. Miss Kuntz wants Smarmy and other Thetas to do something brilliantly despicable and pin it on the Betas, thus giving her a reason to throw them out of school. They all laugh hysterically and then make lesbian love, except for the girls in the plastic bubble, who might die from it.

The next day in Home Ec class, the girls are retrieving the various pies they have baked and have placed them on a table to be tested by their teacher, Miss

Crumb. She tastes several cherry, pecan, and walnut pies, all to her satisfaction. But when she slices into the Betas' apple pie, red gunk squirts out. With each slice, more gunk squirts out. Finally, in a new low in vulgarity, which youths who go to these kinds of movies like, we find, embedded in apple filling, brown sugar, raisins, and crumbs, the well-done, sweetened carcass of Miss Kuntz's poodle, Lappy! Miss Crumb screams in horror, and faints. Others jump on the tables, screaming. The Theta girls snicker at the success of their trick and the Beta girls, shocked, throw the pies into the faces of the Theta girls. What ensues is the biggest, funniest food fight in motion picture history, as screaming girls toss pie after pie at one another. What makes this scene so original is, the girls do it nude!!! (Isn't that brilliant!?) They have taken off all their clothes so they would not stain their new aprons. As the fight goes on, it allows us to see eight very different pairs of breasts in action, including four pairs of white breasts, one black pair, one Hispanic pair, one Oriental pair, and one American Indian pair. They will range in size from huge 44-D (we can use Manny Wisenheimer's wife) to smallish, pert, and perky breasts.

Following the hilarity of the previous scene, we enter a heavy scene in which we find Dickella and Richard Head in a horrible argument. Dickella is swimming around naked in mud with a pig, and Richard Head refuses to make a ménage à trois. This angers Dickella and, in a show of displeasure, she and the pig moon him. He walks off in a huff on the arm of Jane Smarmy, who takes him to the Theta House, where he is tied to a bedpost and raped with a warm watermelon, showing us just how bad a bunch of girls the Thetas really are, in case baking a dog didn't do the trick before.

To forget Richard Head, our girls decide to take a road trip to Piggy's, a male-stripper joint they like in Fort Lauderdale. The place is filled with wild redneck mamas, but none wilder than Beasto and our gang. The girls get really looped and watch as scantily clad males in G-strings prance up and down the runway letting women put money in their G-strings. In an exercise of physical brilliance, Beasto playfully jumps on the back of one of the strippers, known as Schlöngmaster, riding him up and down the runway while thrashing her hand around his crotch demanding "change of a hundred." The stripper emits a high-pitched scream of pain. Then a whole bunch of girls jump on them, and a fight ensues in which all the girls' clothes are ripped off. In the meantime, a drunken Charlotte has taken one of the strippers to her car. Unfortunately, the man has fainted from all the excitement, which causes a hilarious predicament for Charlotte, who is deter-

mined to keep his penis up and enjoy her first sexual experience with something other than her gerbil. She does everything to keep him stiff, including the use of splints, the Handy Duster Car Vacuum, and even tying it to the coil of her IUD. Nothing works. Suddenly, all of the girls come rushing out of the bar and jump into the car and drive off, chased for half an hour by very fast naked women. Somewhere in Kentucky, they toss the guy out after he has awakened and serviced all our girls.

Back on campus, the girls discover that not only have they been thrown out of school for "killing Lappy," but they won't be able to participate in the annual Proper Department Day Parade. The girls' response? To leave school with a bang! In the most physical, destructive, and humorous ending of all time, they decide to blow up the whole school and the county in which it sits!

We cut to Charlotte hard at work. She is extracting raw uranium from various rouges and blushers given her by some of the girls. She will then use baking powder and vinegar as an exploding device to trigger an...ATOMIC BOMB!!!!

The bomb is delivered on a cookie sheet and placed under the grandstand, connected to a timing device. But before it goes off, a whole sequence of events occurs. The Betas disrupt the parade; they are chased by an inept police department, which runs over a few people (but no one dies yet); a one-legged, beer-swiggling monkey pisses on Miss Kuntz; she calls it a nigger and Lionel Richie and Bubba Smith beat her up; Dickella gets head as Richard finally gives in to her and they both moan, "Oooh baby baby"; the only girl we have not seen naked as of yet takes off her clothes in frustration, which prompts someone to say the words "fuck" and "asshole"; and then they all blow up and die. Roll credits over an upbeat song by someone like the Go-Go's.

FROM: Rudy Finn and Martin Applebaum

P.S. Any ideas?

**September 15, 1985**

**TO: Frampton**  
**FROM: Wisenheimer**

Dear Sol:

What the fuck is that piece of shit?!?!? Forget that crap, we have another great idea we'd like to run up your flagpole. Ready for this? We love it; so will you and your grandchildren. The movie is called...*Spirit Splitters*. It's about ghosts who used to be prostitutes haunting "johns" in New York's Time Square. Do you love it? I knew you would. Talk to me later. I've got some guidelines for you.

*Manny*



# FIRST BONNER

IN THIS ISSUE:  
"PUPTENT  
PANDEMONIUM!"



STORY: TONY KISCH  
ART: ROBERT  
ORZECZOWSKI

THOSE HEADY HIGH SCHOOL YEARS! WE "FROSH" WERE CONSUMED WITH THOUGHTS OF JOHN KNOWLES'S "A SEPARATE PEACE," THE PYTHAGOREAN THEOREM, AND THAT ALL-IMPORTANT FIRST BONER.



HEY-AV!! DIS TREAT-MEAT'S BEEN STANDIN' UP LIKE A KNOCKWURST ON ELECTRO-SHOCK THERAPY! HAW-HAW!

I WONDER IF THEY KNOW I'M STILL LIMP AS LETTUCE?

TEE-HEE-HEE! THAT CHEECH LASAGNA'S REALLY AS LONG AS A GARDEN HOSE!

YEAH, HEE-HEE, AND IT'S THICK AS A COKE CAN!



AN' DID YOU GUYS SEE THE LOOK ON KENNY FLACCID'S FACE? HE JUST FIGURED OUT HIS LITTLE THING WAS GOOD FOR MAKING WEE-WEE AND NOW THIS HAPPENS!



THAT DOES IT!... I'LL POP A ROD IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

KENNY EMBARKS ON A SERIES OF DESPERATE, THOUGH DISASTROUS, ATTEMPTS TO "RISE TO THE OCCASION."



IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, DEAR? YOU'VE BEEN IN THERE NEARLY AN HOUR.

UH, ER, BE OUT IN A MINUTE, MOM!

THIS STUFF'S NO GOOD... I'VE LOOKED AT BATTALIONS OF BOOBS, PILES OF PUSSIES, AND CLOSE-UPS OF CLITS... AND STILL NOTHING!



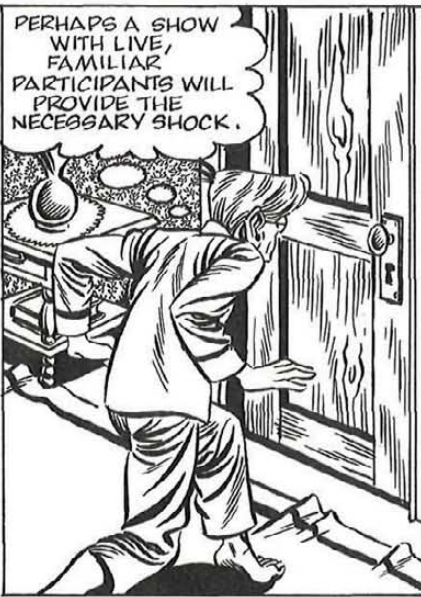
IS IT... UH... ER... ANY GOOD?

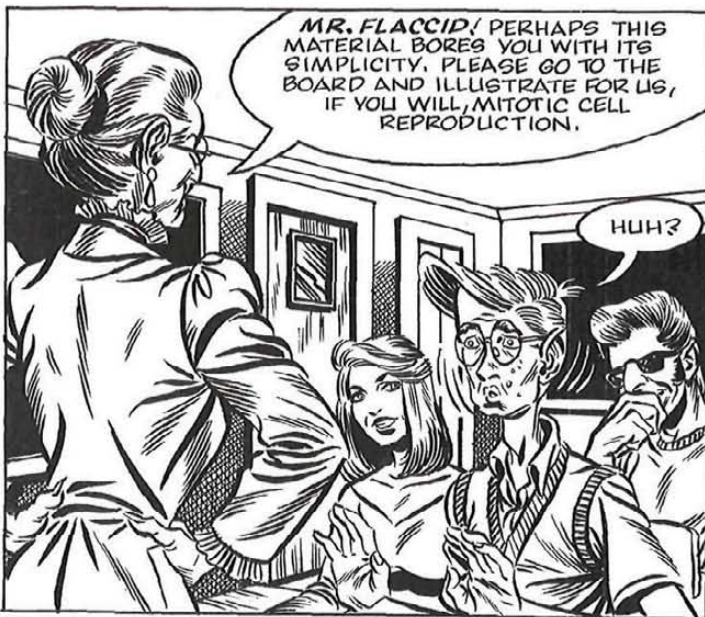
IT'S FOREIGN, HONEY, REAL CLASS, AND NO KNEELING IN THE AISLES!



HIYA THERE, TWEETIE...

I... I T-THINK I G-GOTTA GO!







# Introducing...the hot new lineup for '85 from Condom Nasty Publications...







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"The ultimate accessory for head on wheels."

"One of my personal favorites." DR. Speedo Goldfarb.

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- C. Fashionable Hat
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- E. Spring loaded arms.
- F. optional collar w/ name tag.
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ONE SIZE FITS ALL!

all dressed up with somewhere to go!.....

He is Always Ready when she is.



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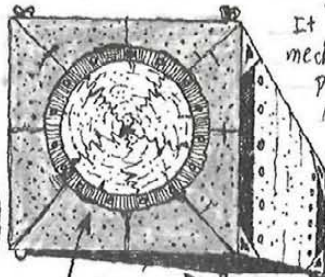
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\* All other organ enlargers claim to do it. - Dr. Speedo Goldfarb makes no claims about his enlarger - HE PROMISES Results!

It is organic too - no drugs, no mechanical devices. It uses the DR.'s patented mosquito power plan. One can also VARY the number of the flying little wonders to get the results he wants. New mosquitos available too! The first 2 refills shipped to you FREE.



"contains 15 to 40 of me and my little friends"



patented rubber door

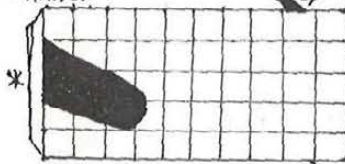
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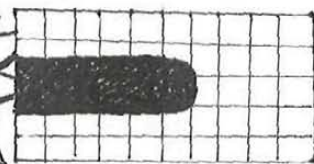
call today - you will be glad you did. A favorite of Dr. Speedo himself.

Research Results: Goldfarb Labs. 1981



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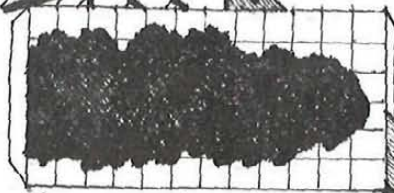
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\* Also includes AN Antidote solution and a creative booklet.

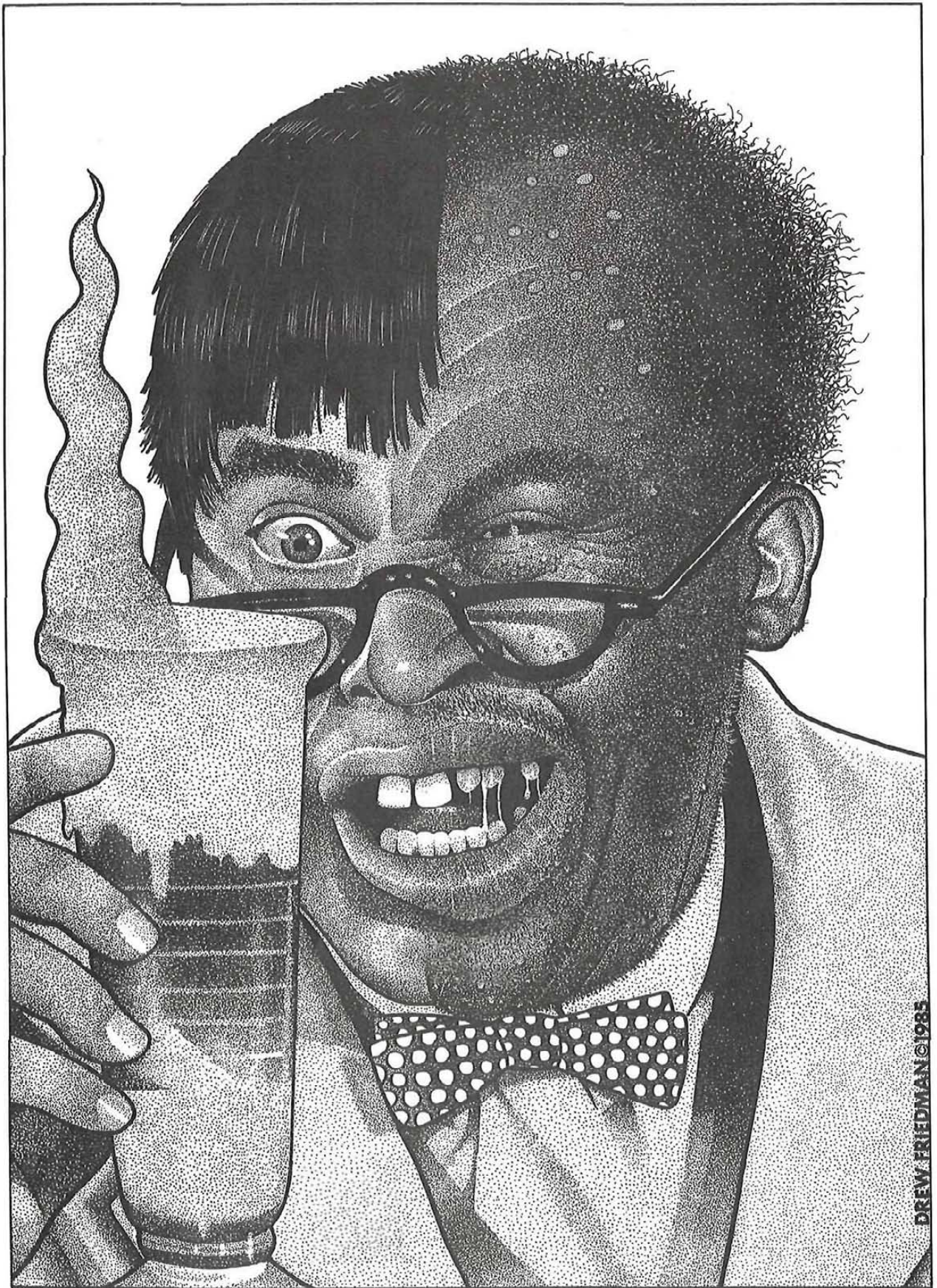
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The same UNIT AFTER using the new organic ENLARGER. Wow!

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\* We are not responsible for the ideas, techniques, spelling, or punctuation of the venerable Dr. G.



by Josh Alan Friedman

# Three Easy Pieces

## The Smutty Professor

"And so, class," expounded Professor Phineas Kelb, putting to rest another controversy, "we thus conclude that premenstrual syndrome does *indeed* exist." Seated about the lab were forty young ob-gyn students, hungry for knowledge, eager to absorb the mysteries of female medicine from Kelb, himself striving to achieve tenure in the department of obstetrics and gynecology at Oral Roberts U. "Good diet and proper exercise will, of course, assuage the condition...."

The grad students of Menstruation 101 jotted their notes as the affably eccentric Kelb went on about everything from Junior Miss tampons to toxic shock. It was strange, however, that with all his academic know-how concerning the most intimate female organs, Kelb couldn't relate to women on a personal basis. He was a horse-toothed man with an overbite and greasy black hair; the back of his blue lab smock was salted with dandruff. Yes, he had examined thousands of patients between the stirrups, he was sympathetic, a listener. But he was also known as an odd duck, given to

unconventional experiments. Professor Kelb, according to hearsay, had never slept with a woman, had never sexually tasted of the wondrous plumbing which he probed with ever-so-thin latex gloves, his libido in some never-never land of medical detachment.

Twelve percent of ob-gyn practitioners were now women, yet Kelb couldn't meet the eyes of his female pupils squarely. Especially Sue Cranston, the lithesome blond coed monitoring the Bunsen burners. An experiment with a rare African vagitosis was being conducted in class, a pet project of Kelb's. Sue stared dreamily at the professor, wondering what it would be like to have her bosoms kneaded by his expert hands, searching for lumps. She was the spunky niece of Dean Roberts, residing in the pristine on-campus mansion of her uncle, the noted evangelist. It was her responsibility to see that Kelb's experiment didn't go kablooeey, as one had last summer, rocking the campus with an explosion that left dozens of young gynos maimed or riddled with yeast infections. Dean Roberts, in a swivet, had put Kelb's career on probation.

"Gee, Professor," sighed Sue after the lecture, "your Bunsen burners are a gas. Maybe we could light them up together sometime?"

"Indubitably, Miss Cranston," replied Kelb in a post-nasal drone. "Such a proposition is feasible, in fact, perhaps

it could therefore be arranged." Kelb twitched and winced as he answered, averting the young lady's eyes. Then Sy Goldblum, O.R.U.'s highest honor student and only Jew, slipped an arm around her and off they went, leaving Kelb spastic in his world of vaginal academia.

Long after the university called lights-out, Kelb had retreated into his experiments at the ob-gyn lab. Why, he wondered, did he lack the fundamental human characteristic known as lust? Perhaps because his main association with the vagina was with ones that resembled decomposing flounders? Why, he asked aloud, did his academic detachment from the divine triangle extend to his private life?

"Phinny is a faggot!" chirped his parrot, fluttering in its cage.

"Shut up, Gertrude, you stupid bird," replied the distraught professor, throwing a speculum at the cage. "The time has come for me to end my life of celibacy." An array of test tubes simmered with sickle-cell vagitosis, an exotic menstrual disorder indigenous to the black female of Uganda. Kelb had acquired the bacterium through illicit channels, all in the interests of science. He kept a research log on the rare disease, for which there was no pressing need to find a cure—no Western woman had ever contracted it.

"Gertrude," continued Kelb, scratch-

ing his chin, "I believe I've stumbled onto the chemical agent of sexual desire. And tonight I will find out."

Raising the Bunsen burners to a boil, the professor poured the contents of one tube into the next, mixing in additives. When the rainbow-colored slime had bubbled to a head Kelb drew it into a syringe. He tightened a rubber tourniquet around his forearm and injected the strange African brew into his vein.

"No, Phinny, no!" screamed the frantic little bird, scattering feathers. The needle snapped in half, and Kelb nose-dived to the floor. His face and hair turned a ghostly white as he retched and gasped for air.

The Purple Pap was the naughtiest off-campus night spot, declared off-limits by the university. Nevertheless, a large assortment of randy young docs held court, letting off steam after studies, pranksters all. The latest hits played incessantly on the juke, and drinks were served in swimming-pool glasses, packing quite a wallop. Bosomy cocktail waitresses wore purple leotards, and were the butt of loose-

women gags around campus. The joint rarely saw Negro patrons, so the pipe-smoking gynecologists froze on their bar stools when a funky old dude limped through the entrance, wearing a doo-rag over his conk and alligator shoes. Patches of gray stubble pocked his leathery face. Whirling around, the stranger bellowed, "Listen up, y'all!" The jukebox stopped playing, action on the dance floor ceased, and all eyes hypnotically turned to the curiosity. "Ah come to explain somethin' 'bout wimmin's natures! Y'all a bunch of pissypricks, don't know shit about pussy."

Outraged whispers raced through the Purple Pap, and several of the beefier obstetricians moved to evict the disturbance. But then one of their peers, Sy Goldblum, stood forth to halt them. "All right, old man," said the preppie gynecologist, raising his pipe quizzically, "just what do *you* know about"—and he pronounced the word with disdain—"pussy?"

"What do *Ah* know about *pussy*?" said the old dude with a raspy chuckle, hitting his chest with his thumb as if outraged that this boy had

the audacity to question his authority. "Son, what Ah know 'bout pussy make yo' haid drop off." The derelict gazed upward and licked his cracked, dry lips in reminiscence: "Ah was reincarnated from a lice bug what clung from the pussy of Harriet Tubman, slave freedom-fighter. I hung to dem hairs for dear life, 'cause I knowed from my instincts dat pussy was mah sole provider and protector from the cold, the rain, or the ever-present possibility that somebody's big ole shoe might squish me. When Ah become a man in de next life, the Lord, He made mah lips big and puffy. He made mah tongue long and slimy. He made mah throat parched. For one sole purpose: *Ah loves to eat pussy.*"

The old man let out a deafening "Hosanna!" and the entire gynecological gathering lent its ears, though a groan or three of protest could be heard.

"Ah loves to stick mah mouf inside an' boogie an' slobber an' gobble on down, like a mongoloid idiot.... They was four of us. All through Alabami in the ole days, weren't nobody didn't hear of us, wasn't no wimmin safe. Dey call us De Great Cunt Lubbers. They never caught us. We gobbled up so much pussy, any mortal man would have overdosed. Don't matter how she look. Don't matter how she smell. Don't matter whether she a boarding-house for crabs, lice, or lobsters. Weren't no Kwell, weren't no hygiene. Bugs move outa the way wunst dey feel mah desire. Mah tongue become a spike. Y'all know jus' what Ah like."

And then his eyes squinted and his voice took on a melancholy tone. "Sammy, he took off to Hollywood back in '48 to try an' suck Lena Horne's pussy. Bodyguard knocked him cold at de dressing room do'. Clammy, he like youngbloods. 'Tongue 'em young' be his motto, till dey lynch him fo' eyeball rape back in '52. Hammy, he got hold of Moms Mabley's bloomers. Stuck his nose right in de crotch, smell like a goddamn skunk. No matter. Pulls out his big ten-inch, git it workin'. Drop daid wif a heart attack. Yo's truly—Ah'm de only one still be thinkin' 'bout one thang: *pussy!*"

"And just who are *you*?" asked the gyno, pointing his pipe at the grizzled old tongue rapist.

"Who Ah be?" croaked the old man, and a deep, dry cackle funneled its way upward. The question seemed to



continued on page 82

# SEXUAL JEOPARDY

by Mark Groubert

TRANSVESTITES	THE CATHOLIC CHURCH	FAMOUS SEX TEACHERS	HOMOSEXUALITY	HISTORICAL SEX TOYS
<p>PHILIPPE, DUKE OF ORLEANS, PERFORMED THIS ACT WHILE WEARING HIGH HEELS, A LONG BLACK PERFUMED WIG, AND ELABORATE JEWELRY</p>	<p>IN 1484 THIS POPE WAS NICKNAMED "THE HONEST" BECAUSE HE WAS THE 1ST POPE TO ACKNOWLEDGE HIS ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN PUBLICLY</p>	<p>HIS 1ST SCIENTIFIC PAPER WAS CALLED "WHAT DO BIRDS DO IF IT RAINS?"</p>	<p>DURING A PEACE MARCH ON THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1973, QUAKER PACIFIST ROBERT MARTIN WAS ARRESTED AND PLACED IN THE D.C. JAIL, WHERE THIS EVENT OCCURRED 50X IN 48 HRS</p>	<p>IN 1688 SIR CHARLES SEDLEY PATENTED THIS DEVICE, WHICH SERVED TO RAISE AND LOWER HIS SEXUAL VICTIMS</p>
<p>IN 1702 LORD CORNBURY PERFORMED ALL HIS OFFICIAL DUTIES IN WOMEN'S CLOTHES WHILE HOLDING THIS OFFICE</p>	<p>IN 1529 CARDINAL WOLSEY WAS ACCUSED OF GIVING HENRY VIII THIS DISEASE BY WHISPERING IN HIS EAR</p>	<p>THIS BRITISH SEXOLOGIST SPENT HIS WEEKENDS NAKED WHILE STUDYING SPERM UNDER A MICROSCOPE</p>	<p>AN AMERICAN COURT IN 1624 HANDED DOWN AND CARRIED OUT THIS SENTENCE AGAINST RICHARD CORNISH, WHO HAD BEEN CONVICTED OF FORCING A YOUNG MAN INTO UNNATURAL SEXUAL RELATIONS</p>	<p>IN 1921 HOLLYWOOD COMEDIAN FATTY ARBUCKLE USED THIS NATIONAL SYMBOL AS A DILDO, ACCIDENTALLY KILLING ACTRESS VIRGINIA RAPPE</p>
<p>DIRECTOR JOHN WATERS USED THIS RAUCOUS TRANSVESTITE IN HIS "SCRATCH AND SNIFF" FEATURE, "POLYESTER"</p>	<p>IN 1770 POPE CLEMENT XIV OUTLAWED THIS 200-YEAR-OLD PRACTICE, WHICH MAINTAINED SOPRANO SINGING VOICES IN YOUNG BOYS</p>	<p>HE WROTE THAT MASTURBATION LED TO INSANITY</p>	<p>IN 1974 THIS "OFF-COLOR" CENTER OF HIGHER EDUCATION FOR HOMOSEXUALS OPENED ITS DOORS IN SAN FRANCISCO, OFFERING CLASSES IN GREEK LIT, METAPHYSICS, AND HIKING, AMONG OTHERS</p>	<p>NYC MAYOR ED KOCH CAUSED SALES OF THIS ITEM TO SOAR WHEN HE BANNED SINGULAR-PASSENGER DRIVING DURING THE 1981 SUBWAY STRIKE</p>
<p>THIS LOCAL FAVORITE "WORKING GIRL" CAN FREQUENTLY BE FOUND ON SATURDAY NIGHTS NEAR TIMES SQUARE IN NYC</p>	<p>THIS POPULAR DEVICE WAS DENOUNCED BY POPE LEO XIII IN 1826 BECAUSE "IT HINDERED THE ARRANGEMENT OF PROVIDENCE"</p>	<p>AT THE AGE OF 7, THIS FAMOUS PSYCHOLOGIST URINATED IN HIS PARENTS' BEDROOM ON PURPOSE</p>	<p>THE CASE OF KENTUCKY V. POINDEXTER IN 1909 ACCUSED 2 BLACK MEN OF COMMITTING THIS CRIME, AGAINST WHICH THERE WAS NO STATUTE UNTIL THEN</p>	<p>ACTRESS LINDA BLAIR NO LONGER USES THIS DEVICE FOR SEXUAL STIMULATION AS SHE DID IN THE HIT MOVIE "THE EXORCIST"</p>
<p>IN 1626 QUEEN CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN WAS BORN WITH THESE 2 ITEMS AS PART OF HER ANATOMY</p>	<p>ST. THOMAS AQUINAS USED THIS 4-LETTER WORD IN PLACE OF THE WORD "SEX" WHEN DESCRIBING SEX</p>	<p>CONCERNING CUNNINGGUS HE WROTE, "THE HUSBAND MUST EXERCISE THE GREATEST GENTLENESS, THE MOST DELICATE REVERENCE"</p>	<p>IN 1971 THE FLORIDA SUPREME COURT DECLARED UNCONSTITUTIONAL THE LAW THAT MADE THIS ACT ILLEGAL</p>	<p>SLIGHTLY AHEAD OF HIS TIME, U.S. PRESIDENT HARRY TRUMAN ALWAYS WORE ONE WHILE SPEAKING TO THE SENATE</p>

# SEXUAL JEOPARDY

HISTORICAL SEX TOYS	HOMOSEXUALITY	FAMOUS SEX TEACHERS	THE CATHOLIC CHURCH	TRANVESTITES
WHAT WAS THE WINCH OF WENNINGTON?	WHAT IS HOMOSEXUAL GANG RAPE OF QUAKERS?	WHO WAS ALFRED KINSEY?	WHO WAS POPE INNOCENT VIII?	WHAT WAS LEADING HIS MEN INTO BATTLE?
WHAT IS A COCA-COLA BOTTLE?	WHAT IS DEATH BY HANGING?	WHO WAS HAVELOCK ELLIS?	WHAT IS SYPHILIS?	WHAT IS THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK?
WHAT IS ANGIE, THE INFLATABLE DATE?	WHAT IS LAVENDER UNIVERSITY?	WHO WAS RICHARD VON KRAFFT-EBING?	WHAT WAS CASTRATION?	WHO IS DIVINE?
WHAT IS A CRUCIFIX?	WHAT IS HOMOSEXUAL ORAL SEX?	WHO WAS SIGMUND FREUD?	WHAT WAS THE CONDOM?	WHO IS WILLIE LEE JACKSON?
WHAT IS A BUTT PLUG?	WHAT IS HETEROSEXUAL ORAL SEX?	WHO WAS THEODOR VAN DE VELDE?	WHAT IS LUST?	WHAT IS A PENIS AND A VAGINA?



# A GUIDE TO THE LITTLE-KNOWN ART TREASURES OF ITALY

by **Rick Meyerowitz**  
*Curator, Museo Culo Grosso,  
Via Pudenda Piccola,  
Roma*

## **Lorenzo the Incredible**

**Michelangelo 1530** Everyone has heard of the Medicis—Cosimo the Elder, Lorenzo il Magnifico, and his son who suffered a tragic fate, Lorenzo il Incredibile! Their effect on every aspect of Italian life is, well, history.

Michelangelo considered this his greatest work. The "David" paled by comparison. Every detail of this enormous work, carved from one block of the finest Carrara marble, was accurate and lifelike. Alas, in 1533 a group of German castrati, acting under orders from Pope Penus I, mutilated the statue and carried its marble member away with them. Its whereabouts remain a mystery to this day. Michelangelo was heartbroken and never worked in marble again. He went to work for a Florentine caterer and drank heavily. It is said that his greatest work was devoured by hungry celebrants as they munched on chopped-liver Pietàs and Crucifixions.

As for Lorenzo, life imitates art. While attending a party in honor of Leonardo's new invention, "il elevatore," he was killed when the doors suddenly closed, trapping part of him outside, and the whole thing dropped into the basement.

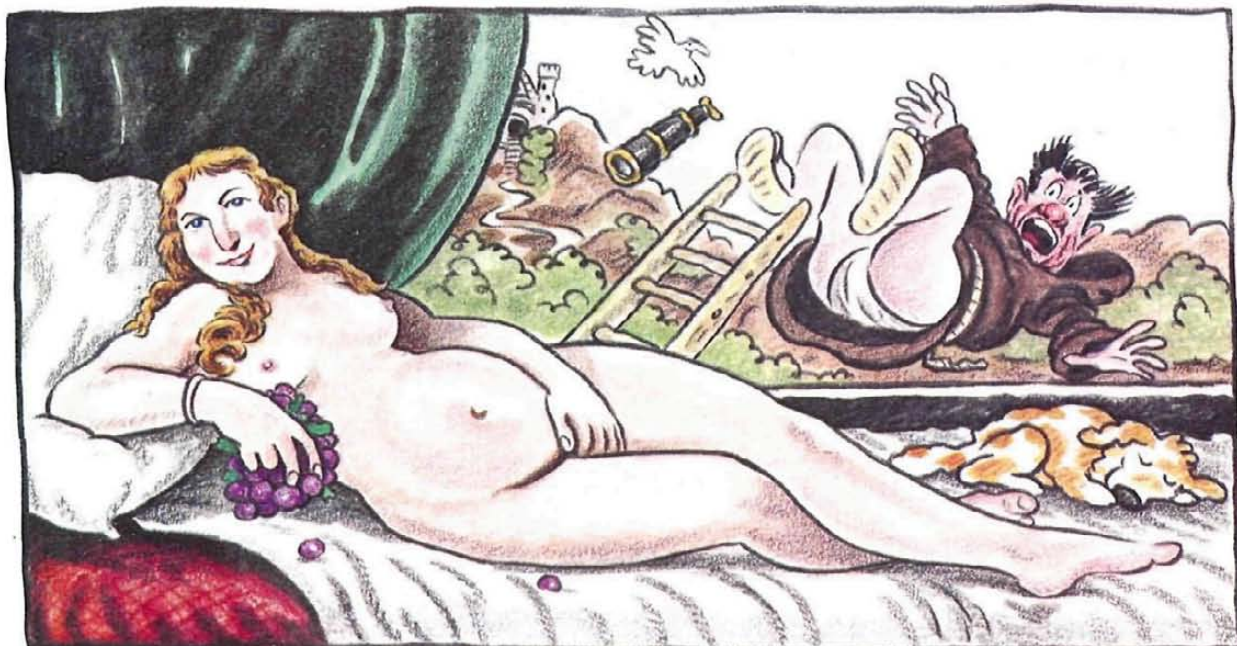


*Rick Meyerowitz*



**Marty Lisa Leonardo da Vinci 1503** For years the reason for Mona Lisa's enigmatic smile has been cause for speculation. Now the solution has come to light with the discovery of the companion portrait of her husband, Marty. Leonardo painted both of them at the same time, one with each hand!

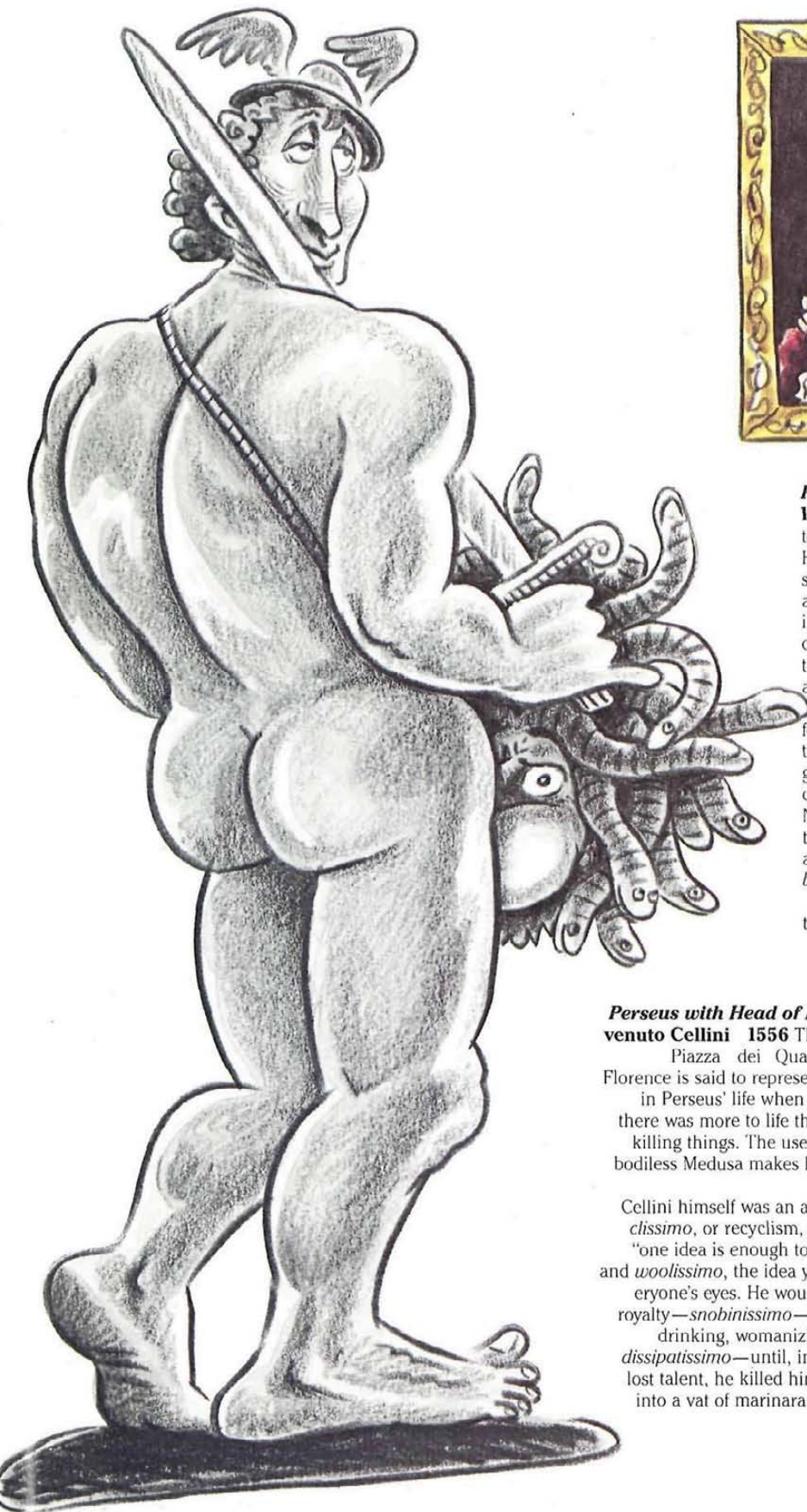
Marty was one of the "tummlerioni," or clowns, who played the clubs in the Minestrone Belt and liked to make people laugh. Marty's downfall came when he played the Medici Palace in Florence. For his jokes about Catherine de' Medici and Clydesdale horses he was banished to Elba and never heard from again. His portrait suffered a similar fate—until now. So, dear readers, HEEEEEEEEER'S MARTY!



**Martyrdom of St. Peeping Thomas Titian 1540** Titian was the finest painter in sixteenth-century Venice, and this painting shows him at his best. The exceptional refinement of his color and form combines with the pathos (*patooti*) of this holy man's death to produce a true masterpiece.

Titian was a slow worker, and the grapes had to be replaced many times, as did the doubles for the martyred saint, some of whom were also martyred. It was a tough pose.

Despite the painting's obvious quality, it has remained unknown to the public because it is in the possession of the Brotherhood of Peepists. I was able to see it after paying 500,000 lire (twenty cents) and then only by peeping through a small hole in the wall.



**Portrait of Pope Pius II Raphael**

**1526** Pope Pius II was a homely man, to say the least, but he was nobody's fool. He survived all his enemies, stabilized a shaky Church, typified what was best about Roman Catholicism, and, apparently inexplicably, fathered over four hundred children. How can this be explained other than as an act of God? (Or four hundred acts of God!)

This cunning has been captured perfectly in the subtle details of Raphael's portrait: the rendering of the prayer-like gesture of the hands and the papal proboscis of this former peasant suggest nobility. Nowhere do we see evidence of the corruption and venality that Cardinal Malatesta accused Pope Pius of in his book *Il Scumbaggi*.

For Raphael, another masterpiece. For the pope—immortality!

**Perseus with Head of Medusa Benvenuto Cellini**

**1556** This statue in the Piazza dei Quattro Zamboni in Florence is said to represent that moment in Perseus' life when he realized that there was more to life than hunting and killing things. The use he made of the bodiless Medusa makes him the founder of recycling.

Cellini himself was an adherent of *recyclissimo*, or recyclism, which held that "one idea is enough to last a lifetime," and *woolissimo*, the idea you pull over everyone's eyes. He would work only for royalty—*snobinissimo*—and led a life of drinking, womanizing, and sloth—*dissipatissimo*—until, in a rage over his lost talent, he killed himself by leaping into a vat of marinara sauce—"what's the usimo?"



**Rape of the Sabine Men** **Giovanni Battista Tiepolo 1720** This oil sketch, magnificent in its conception, came to light recently when the last heir of the Deviante family of Perniccia passed away and the contents of the estate came up for auction. It purports to show the events of A.D. 426 when the Liberacci, a brutal tribe from the island of Carcinoginia, in search of wives, raided Sabinia and took all the men between six and sixty, leaving only the women, who were soon taken in a raid by the Romans.

To this day there is confusion over the true purpose of the Liberacci. Did they know they were taking men? Perhaps they were just trying to protect the Sabines from that other fierce tribe of raiders, the Brucci. And how did they cross the Mediterranean without boats? These answers lie lost in antiquity, along with the Liberacci, the Sabines, and, fortunately, the Brucci.

**The Balls of Hercules (I Bonboni d'Ercole)**

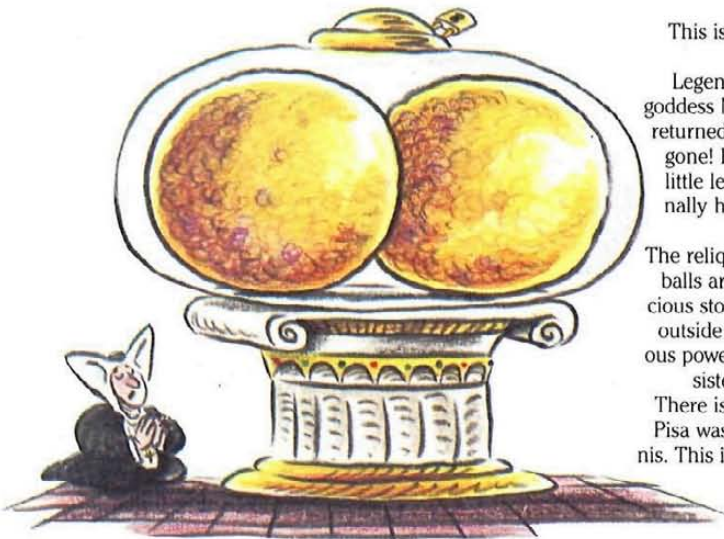
**Convento di Santo Gonaddi, Rome**

This is the largest reliquary in Italy. It is also the only reliquary in Italy without a Christian relic.

Legend has it that Hercules entrusted his balls to the goddess Nymphoma while he fought the Syphilius. He returned victorious, but Nymphoma and the balls were gone! He searched for them frantically at first. Then a little less frantically. Then even less frantically. And finally he forgot about them, moved in with Hylas, and became an interior decorator.

The reliquary is gold and marble, Roman in origin. The balls are wrapped in gold leaf and encrusted with precious stones. They are said to be dark and sweet on the outside with rich creamy centers, and to have mysterious powers that caused the epidemic of pregnancies the sisters of this convent have had over the centuries.

There is another legend that says the Leaning Tower of Pisa was originally built as a reliquary for Hercules' penis. This is probably just a story.



**Reliquary—Middle Finger of Cardinal Fonghool  
Chiesa d'Intolleranza, Rome**

**Rome** The cardinal, 1454–1616, was chief inquisitor in Subumbria for over a century. He thought himself a great wit and had a ready answer to all those who questioned his authority—the Holy Finger!

It is said that when he ordered the population of the village of Mammamia and their animals burned at the stake, he culled out the six-year-old girls and had them brought to Castello Reptilli (his residence) for safekeeping. "After all," he explained, "without charity there can be no Christianity."

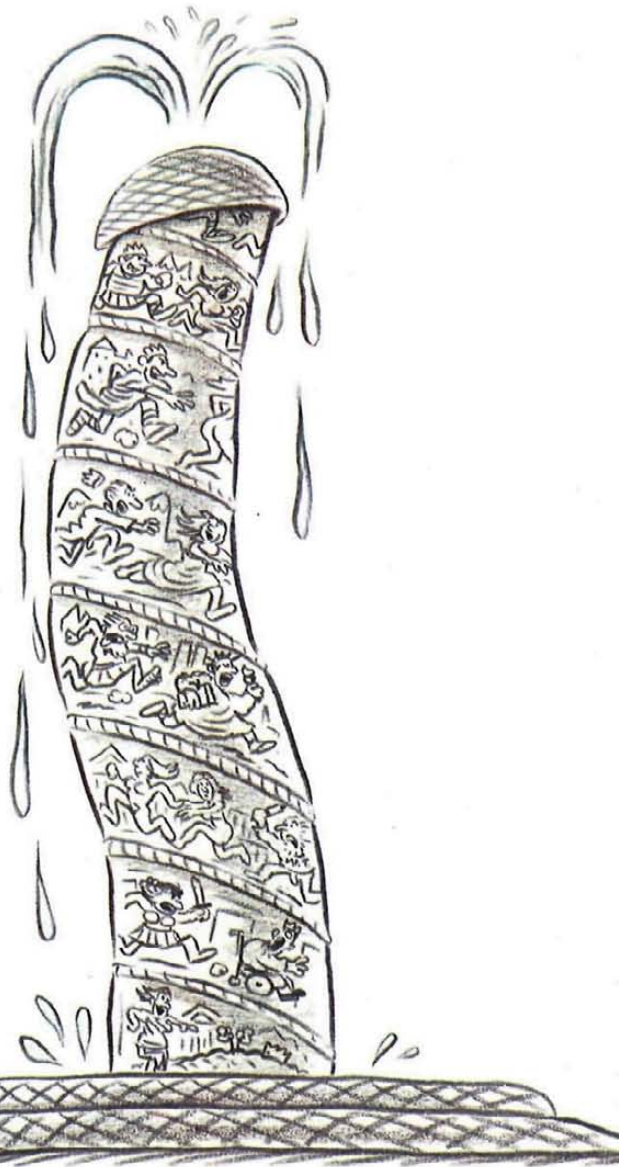


**The Column and Fountain of Trojan Piazza dei  
Horni, Rome**

This monument to the emperor Trojan's sexual exploits stands 106 feet high, and the spiral frieze depicting the high points of his reign (A.D. 136–136) would be 525 feet long if you could unroll it, which is just what the Myopians tried to do when they overran Rome in A.D. 621, thereby causing the curious curve and tilt of the column.

It is said that the fountain will stop when a virgin walks by. This is probably not true. The fountain has gushed continuously for 1,849 years.

It was one of the great crowd pleasers of ancient Rome. Families would picnic by the base. In later years a market for objects of a sexual nature grew up around it. Pope Pizze I prayed there, and it was visited by King Eros of Greece. Its downfall occurred after Cardinal Molestia was found drowned there in 1221. Pope Dental excommunicated it in 1314 and it ceased to be an important public place.



# The Sexual Inferno

Excerpted and Translated by Joe Kane



## CANTO I

The Seeker awakes midway through life's journey to find himself astray in the Dark Wood of Eros. He has tried every sexual life-style, from monogamy to swinging, yet remains lost and unfulfilled. Whither, he wonders, lies the True Lay?

As he stumbles aimlessly through the tangled Wood, the Seeker spies a small, hooded figure approaching. It is his Guide, a mysterious shade sent to aid him in his quest. The Seeker calls out:

"Speak to me, veiled stranger, and please instruct

A soul who's lost his way along Lust's path,  
Who feels, if truth be known, a trifle fucked.

"If you'd show me the erotic road best taken,

Forever would I be in your kind debt,  
And grateful too to boot, lest I'm mistaken."

The shade drew nigh, raised its hooded head, and sighed:

"I'm really pressed for time, but I suppose I can spare an hour or two to be your Guide."

## CIRCLE I: THE SEXUAL FADDISTS

The two Travelers approach a night-black freeway, the entrance to Hades proper. They board a waiting Porsche driven by a demon who, despite the lightless road ahead, wears dark glasses under his horned chauffeur's cap. He produces at once a mirror and three straws. The Seeker recounts:

His offer of white powder we declined.  
He shrugged his scarlet shoulders and spake thus:

"I'll have a toot or two, if you don't mind."

Turning onto an exit ramp, the Travelers weave their way through winding hills dotted with mansions of random design. They pull into the driveway of one such estate: on the front lawn sits an enormous hot tub crowded with affluent older men and busty young women. The Seeker observes that each time the bathers attempt to make physical contact, the water bursts into flame. This, then, is their punishment: to gaze longingly upon one another's nakedness, never to touch.

One shade then bobbed his head above the rest,

Waved high his flaming arms and, with regret,  
Removed his gaze from a boiling beauty's breast

To talk with us and tell his tale of woe,  
A descent into a maelstrom of excess,  
Brought on by too much sex and booze and blow:

"You see, Good Travelers, while on earth, I'd been

A connoisseur of every carnal vice,  
A devotee of Sandstone, Plato's West, and Esalen.

"I went through est, even studied under Perls,

To make myself seem with-it, 'now,' and hip,  
The better I could hit on younger girls.



"I spent my life pursuing golden floozies, Porsches, cocaine, hot tubs, and Jacuzzis With fortunes made by flacking for the movies."

He bowed his hairless head and deeply sighed,  
Then spake to us again of his lost life And of the circumstances under which he died.

"While gambling in a hot tub much like this,

I dove for a taste of unattended muff.  
While thus consumed by this aquatic bliss,

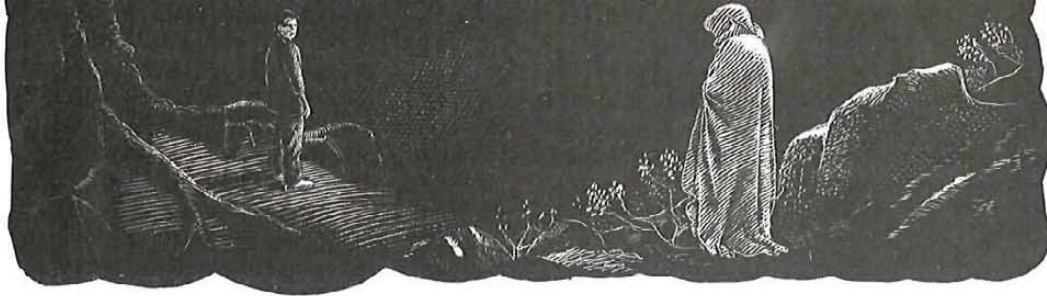
"I neglected to come up again for air. When next I woke I found my fleshly self Replaced by the pale shade seen bobbing here."

Upon hearing that bleak wastrel's tragic tale,  
Sorrow swelled my heart and I began To swoon. Soon my sobs broke into piercing wails.

But then my Guide didst shake my shoulder roughly,  
Wagged a wizened finger in my face,  
And spake to me these words (I thought quite gruffly):

"Upon these poor poseurs waste not your pity. They spent their lives pursuing shallow trends. Cast cold eyes upon them, say, 'Tough titty,' And leave them here to make their sad amends."





## CIRCLE II: THE SEXUAL TECHNICIANS

The Travelers descend another level and enter a fluorescent-lit laboratory filled with complex machinery. The walls are festooned with graphs, charts, and diagrams. A group of white-smocked technicians are anxiously gathered about an outsize computer, from whose demonic readout screen spew hissing flames.

My Guide undid a network of tight locks. We slipped into a cold and sterile room Inhabited by shades in long white smocks.

Some scientists I recognized by sight: Dr. Masters, cohort Johnson, Kinsey too. They looked distressed, bewildered, and uptight.

One charred clinician separated from the rest, Adjusted his drab lab coat, hemmed, and hawed. Then, in a flat and distant voice, confessed:

"We used flow charts, graphs, diagrams, and measures, All manner of computers we employed, To study man and woman at their pleasures.

"We gauged orgasms as one might seismic shocks. We searched for every futile fact and figure Re: what happens when a man gets off his rocks;

"Our findings we then catalogued and filed. Of all lustful pursuits that one might follow, Our clinical approach is the most vile."



## CIRCLE VI: THE PANDERERS

The Travelers encounter a quartet of naked, miserable-looking middle-aged men, each with his face buried in a magazine, stationed on a circular treadmill. Whip-wielding distaff demons dressed in leather and spike heels keep the weary shades in constant motion. One shade appears almost emaciated, another obese, a third weighed down by heavy gold chains, while the last is in a wheelchair. The Seeker observes their piteous plight:

A treadmill stretched before us, gray and long, Where four flayed shades marched in funeral fashion. I asked my Guide, "What is it *they've* done wrong?"

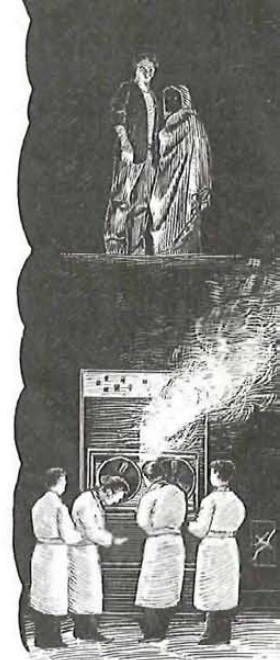
"The shades you see before you made a mint By selling reams of false erotic goods. Their names are Hefner, Goldstein, Gooch, and Flynt.

"Theirs, of all Hell's punishments, is the most fit: They carry with them magazines they published. For eternity, they're forced to read that shit."

## CIRCLE IX: THE CENSORS, PRIGS, AND PRUDES

The Travelers arrive at a dank basement office crowded with fig-leaved shades gathered about a bonfire reeking of smoldering paper and celluloid. These are the Censors, Prigs, and Prudes.

In a musty dungeon, hordes of fig-leaved shades Were camped about a bonfire, burning bright, That further fanned the blinding flames of Hades.



Into that central fire this hooded crew Threw books, papers, film stock, and brochures. The shades all sported noses of bright blue.

"Busy here before you are the spawn Of Comstock, Hays, and others who'd abort Your sex life before it even might be born. "This airless cell holds every moral tyrant Who strove to stifle other people's pleasure From Falwell and Dworkin to Anita Bryant.

"Now, you see, it's their collective fate While they their joyless sins too late renounce To watch their own works ever conflagrate."

The Seeker, sobered by all he has seen, addresses his unknown Guide:

"I have, kind Guide, but one inquiry left: What is your name? I needst know, Or I shall depart from Hades feeling bereft."

My Guide laughed (it was more a high-pitched giggle). With busy hands its garments were untied, And out of them this cryptic shade didst wriggle.

When the hood lifted, I could not face the truth.

My senses reeled; I fainted straightaway: Before me stood the shade of Dr. Ruth!

She spake: "I hope this little tour your licentiousness will abate. My remedy for satisfaction is a simple one: Mortal, please thyself: Do you masturbate?"

# CAREFULLY RATED SEX COMICS! BY ED SUBITZKY

PERFECT FOR CONCERNED FAMILIES - CONTAINS DETAILED WARNINGS SO EACH INDIVIDUAL GETS JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF SEX AND VIOLENCE!

<p>THE FOLLOWING SEVEN PANELS MAY BE VIEWED BY ALL READERS</p>	<p>OUR STORY BEGINS IN A SMALL MID-WESTERN TOWN AS A YOUNG WOMAN BOARDS A BUS....</p>	<p>SOB! GOODBYE, DARLING! WE'LL MISS YOU!</p> <p>BYE, MOM! BYE, DAD!</p>	<p>ARE YOU SURE THIS ISN'T A FOOLISH DREAM- TO GO TO NEW YORK AND BECOME A FASHION MODEL?</p>	<p>OH, DAD, MOM! WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS BEFORE! I'M 19 YEARS OLD NOW AND I'LL BE FINE!</p>	<p>AS THE BUS PULLS AWAY INTO THE SOFT SPRING AIR...</p> <p>BE A GOOD GIRL, DARLING!</p> <p>I WILL!</p>
<p>MARCIA... DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD HAVE TOLD HER?</p>	<p>NO, CHARLES! AND LET US PRAY SHE NEVER LEARNS OUR FAMILY'S GHASTLY SECRET!</p>	<p>THE FOLLOWING FOUR PANELS CONTAIN MATERIAL THAT MAY BE UNSUITABLE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 13</p>	<p>MEANWHILE, IN NEW YORK'S TOP MODELING AGENCY</p> <p>NO, DAMN IT, NO! THAT'S NOT THE WAY TO DO A BRA BILLBOARD CAMPAIGN!</p>	<p>THESE DAMN OLD HAS-BEENS! WHAT WE NEED IS A FRESH, NEW BUSTLINE... ONE THE PUBLIC HAS NEVER SEEN BEFORE!</p>	<p>DAMN IT, BABY! I WANT YOU TO SEARCH EVERYWHERE! THE RIGHT FACE - THE RIGHT FIGURE - HAS TO BE OUT THERE SOMEPLACE!</p>
<p>BUT FIRST, BABY, HOW ABOUT POURING ME SOME SCOTCH AND MAYBE A LITTLE BACK RUB? I'M TENSE, DAMN IT!</p> <p>YES, SIR!</p>	<p>THE FOLLOWING SEVEN PANELS CONTAIN MATERIAL THAT MAY BE TOO INTENSE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 17</p>	<p>OUR SCENE NOW SWITCHES TO A SECLUDED MENTAL HOSPITAL IN VERMONT!</p> <p>AAAARGHH!</p>	<p>THERE ARE HUGE INSECTS CRAWLING ALL OVER ME! THEY'RE RUINING MY SUIT!</p> <p>TAKE THIS NEW DRUG!</p>	<p>WHY... THE INSECTS ARE GONE! MY NAME IS ARNIE! 2+7=9! THE CAPITAL OF NORTH CAROLINA IS RALEIGH!</p> <p>HE'S PERFECTLY RATIONAL NOW!</p>	<p>RELEASE HIM!</p> <p>YOU'RE FREE TO GO!</p> <p>IGNEOUS ROCK IS OFTEN FOUND ASSOCIATED WITH INTENSE VOLCANIC ACTIVITY!</p>
<p>OH NO!</p> <p>DR. JOHNSON! WHAT'S WRONG?</p>	<p>I ONLY GAVE HIM THE GREEN PILLS FOR HIS INSECT-CRAWLING DELUSIONS! I FORGOT TO GIVE HIM THE RED ONES FOR HIS AX-MURDERER TENDENCIES!</p>	<p>JUST OUT OF CURIOSITY, DR. JOHNSON, WHAT CAUSED HIS BRUTAL HOMICIDAL TENDENCIES?</p>	<p>THE FOLLOWING TWO PANELS CONTAIN MATERIAL THAT MAY BE UNSUITABLE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 13</p>	<p>I DON'T KNOW, DAMN IT! BUT HE KEEPS HAVING THESE TERRIFYING DREAMS ABOUT A WOMAN ACCIDENTALLY STANDING BY AN OPEN WINDOW IN A BRA!</p>	<p>SHE THOUGHT THE SHADES WERE DRAWN, BUT THE FAMILY HAD TO LEAVE TOWN IN DISGRACE!</p> <p>HIS MOTHER, MAYBE... DAMN IT ANYWAY!</p>
<p>THE FOLLOWING PANEL MAY BE VIEWED BY ALL READERS</p>	<p>ARRIVING IN NEW YORK, THE INNOCENT YOUNG GIRL GOES STRAIGHT TO HER FIRST INTERVIEW FOR A MODELING JOB!</p> <p>SHE MIGHT AS WELL START WITH NEW YORK'S TOP AGENCY!</p>	<p>THE FOLLOWING PANEL CONTAINS MATERIAL THAT MAY BE UNSUITABLE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 13</p>	<p>AS SHE WALKS THROUGH THE DOOR...</p> <p>DAMN IT, LOOK AT THAT SHAPE! SHE'S PERFECT!</p>	<p>THE FOLLOWING TWO PANELS CONTAIN STRONG LANGUAGE</p>	<p>HURRY UP, BABY! SHOW US YOUR TITS!</p> <p>WHAT?</p>
<p>YOUR TITS! BOOBS! KNOCKERS! I'M GONNA PLASTER 'EM ON EVERY FUCKING BILLBOARD ON EVERY FUCKING HIGHWAY IN THE WHOLE FUCKING COUNTRY!</p>	<p>THE FOLLOWING PANEL MAY BE VIEWED BY ALL READERS</p>	<p>IN TEARS, SHE RUNS OUT OF THE BUILDING....</p>	<p>THE FOLLOWING FOUR PANELS CONTAIN MATERIAL THAT MAY BE TOO TRAGIC FOR YOUNGER READERS</p>	<p>OOOOPS! GETTING CAUGHT IN THE LEASH, YOU JUST STRANGLERED MY SEEING EYE DOG!</p>	<p>I CAN'T AFFORD ANOTHER, MUCH LESS THE DELICATE EYE SURGERY THAT COULD RESTORE MY VISION!</p>
<p>SOB! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THAT HORRIBLE JOB NOW!</p>	<p>MEANWHILE, AN AGITATED HITCHHIKER BOARDS A TRUCK ON A RAINY INTERSTATE...</p> <p>WHERE YA HEADIN', LADY?</p> <p>NEW YORK!</p> <p>WHAT YA HAULIN'?</p> <p>AXES FOR HARDWARE STORES!</p>	<p>THE FOLLOWING PANEL CONTAINS MATERIAL THAT MAY BE UNSUITABLE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 15</p>	<p>WHAT YOU DOIN'?</p> <p>STRAIGHTENING MY BRA!</p>	<p>THE FOLLOWING PANEL CONTAINS GRAPHIC VIOLENCE</p>	<p>ARRRRRRRR!</p> <p>AXES</p> <p>AXES</p>



<p>THE FOLLOWING TWO PANELS CONTAIN MATERIAL THAT MAY BE UNSUITABLE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 13</p>	<p>SOB! MY BUSTLINE IS VISIBLE TO TRAVELERS ON HIGHWAYS EVERYWHERE, DAMN IT!</p>	<p>WELL, IF I'M GOING TO GO DOWN THE DRAIN, DAMN IT, I MAY AS WELL DO IT ALL THE WAY!</p>	<p>THE FOLLOWING THREE PANELS CONTAIN MATERIAL OF AN EXPLICITLY SEXUAL NATURE AND SHOULD NOT BE READ BY ANYONE UNDER 21</p>	<p>BOY, THAT WANTON WOMAN HAS ALREADY FUCKED EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD WALKING DOWN 42ND STREET!</p> <p>AND RUSH HOUR'S JUST BEGINNING!</p>	<p>HEY, LADY, YOU DISGUSTING SLUT! I OUGHTTA RUN YOU IN!</p> <p>BUT OFFICER! I JUST LOVE TO FUCK POLICE HORSES!</p>
<p>YEAH, BITCH! YOU OWE ME TEN GRAND FOR THIS POT, COCAINE, LSD, HEROIN, AND HERBAL TEA!</p> <p>SO? MY BILLBOARD RESIDUALS WILL PAY FOR IT! LET'S GO!</p>	<p>THE FOLLOWING TWO PANELS CONTAIN MATERIAL THAT MAY BE UNSUITABLE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 10</p>	<p>BUT WHEN SHE GOES BACK TO THE AGENCY FOR THE NEXT ROUND OF PHOTOGRAPHS...</p> <p>YOU? LOOK AT YOU... DARN IT, YOU'RE A PHYSICAL WRECK!</p>	<p>YOU'RE THROUGH IN THE MODELING BUSINESS! YOU'LL NEVER WORK FOR ANYONE IN THIS TOWN AGAIN!</p> <p>WE'RE EVEN TAKING DOWN YOUR BILLBOARDS, DARN YOU!</p>	<p>THE FOLLOWING PANEL CONTAINS MATERIAL OF AN EXPLICITLY SEXUAL NATURE AND SHOULD NOT BE READ BY ANYONE UNDER 21</p>	<p>NOT EVEN IF I GIVE YOU A BLOW-JOB RIGHT HERE AND NOW?</p> <p>DON'T YOU REMEMBER? YOU JUST DID! AND THE ANSWER IS STILL NO!</p>
<p>THE FOLLOWING TWO PANELS CONTAIN MATERIAL THAT MAY BE TOO INTENSE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 16</p>	<p>THERE'S NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT, CHIEF! SOME MADMAN HAS BEEN MURDERING EVERY WOMAN ON THE EAST COAST WHO EVER APPEARED IN PUBLIC WITH HER BRA VISIBLE!</p>	<p>AND LOOK! THE BLOODY TRAIL SEEMS TO BE LEADING TO NEW YORK!</p> <p>YEAH, HE SHOULD BE RIGHT AROUND LAKEVILLE, CONNECTICUT, BY NOW!</p>	<p>THE FOLLOWING FIVE PANELS SHOULD BE READ ONLY BY THE VERY LOWEST AND SICKEST ORDER OF HUMAN PERVERTS AND SADISTS</p>	<p>IN HER DESPAIR, SHE STOPS OFF AT A CHEAP HOTEL AND HAS A LESBIAN RELATIONSHIP WITH A RUBBER SEX DOLL!</p> <p>OO! SOB! NO ONE ELSE WILL HAVE ME!</p>	<p>GEE, I THINK I LOVE YOU!</p> <p>CIGARETTE?</p>
<p>SHIT! IT WAS FLAMMABLE! I BURNED THE BUILDING DOWN AND EVERYONE IS DYING WITH THEIR SKIN BUBBLING OFF AND THEIR ENTRAILS SPEWING!</p>	<p>MEANWHILE, A HITCHHIKER WAITS ON A DESERTED HIGHWAY AFTER DISEMBOWELING AN ENTIRE GIRLS' SCHOOL!</p> <p>GASP! THAT BILLBOARD! THAT WOMAN MUST BE THE MOST EVIL PERSON IN THE WORLD!</p>	<p>I'M GOING TO FIND HER AND THEN CHOP HER UP INTO THOUSANDS OF LITTLE PIECES AND EAT THEM!</p> <p>LUCKILY, I STILL HAVE A GOOD SUPPLY OF AXES LEFT FROM THE FIRST TRUCK!</p>	<p>THE FOLLOWING PANEL CONTAINS MATERIAL THAT MAY BE UNSUITABLE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 13</p>	<p>MEANWHILE, IN THE MIDWEST...</p> <p>THAT BILLBOARD! GASP! OUR DAUGHTER! WE MUST GO TO NEW YORK AT ONCE!</p> <p>DAMN IT!</p>	<p>THE FOLLOWING TWO PANELS CONTAIN MATERIAL THAT MAY BE TOO POWERFUL FOR YOUNGER READERS</p>
<p>MEANWHILE, IN NEW YORK!</p> <p>JOBLESS, PENNILESS... A RUINED WOMAN WITH A FOOLHARDY PAST AND NO FUTURE...</p>	<p>NO ONE WILL EVER WANT ME NOW! I MAY AS WELL COMMIT THE FINAL ACT OF SELF-ABUSE...SUICIDE!</p>	<p>THE FOLLOWING FOUR PANELS MAY BE VIEWED BY ALL READERS</p>	<p>WAIT! I WANT YOU!</p> <p>WHAT?</p>	<p>REMEMBER ME? I'M THE MAN WHOSE SIGHT WAS SAVED BY THE MONEY YOU SO GENEROUSLY GAVE ME!</p>	<p>AND SINCE I WAS NEVER ABLE TO SEE ANY OF THOSE HORRIBLE BILLBOARDS, I CAN STILL LOVE YOU AND RESPECT YOU!</p>
<p>LET'S GET MARRIED AT ONCE!</p> <p>I KNOW A GREAT PLACE TO HONEYMOON! A DESERTED CABIN IN LAKEVILLE, CONNECTICUT!</p>	<p>THE FOLLOWING TWO PANELS CONTAIN MATERIAL THAT MAY BE UNSUITABLE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 13</p>	<p>HER PARENTS ARRIVE IN NEW YORK....</p> <p>OUR DAUGHTER POSING FOR BRA BILLBOARDS! SOB!</p> <p>DAMN IT!</p>	<p>SHE'S NOT HERE, BUT SHE LEFT THIS NOTE FOR THE MAILMAN SAYING SHE WENT TO LAKEVILLE, CONNECTICUT!</p> <p>SL</p> <p>LET'S GO THERE AT ONCE! DAMN IT!</p>	<p>THE FOLLOWING PANEL CONTAINS MATERIAL THAT MAY BE TOO INTENSE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 16</p>	<p>IN CONNECTICUT, A MADMAN LOOKS OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE....</p> <p>THERE... IN THAT DISTANT CABIN... THE WORLD'S MOST EVIL WOMAN!</p> <p>LUCKILY I'VE GOT ONE AX LEFT!</p>
<p>THE FOLLOWING PANEL CONTAINS MATERIAL OF AN EXPLICITLY SEXUAL NATURE AND SHOULD NOT BE READ BY ANYONE UNDER 21</p>	<p>OOH! LOVE ME! DARLING!</p> <p>AHH...WAIT, DID YOU HEAR A NOISE?</p>	<p>THE REMAINING PANELS SHOULD NOT BE READ BY ANYONE HAVING A HEART CONDITION OR WHO CANNOT ENDURE SHOCK AFTER SHOCK AND SURPRISE AFTER SURPRISE</p>	<p>DIE!</p> <p>NO! NO!</p>	<p>WAIT! STOP!</p> <p>MOM! DAD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?</p>	<p>SOB! SHE'S NOT YOUR MOM, DARLING! SHE IS!</p> <p>I DON'T UNDERSTAND! THAT'S OBVIOUSLY A MALE AX MURDERER!</p>
<p>NO, DEAR! YOU SEE, LONG AGO, WHEN YOU WERE ONLY ONE YEAR OLD, YOUR MOTHER ACCIDENTALLY STOOD BY AN OPEN WINDOW IN HER BRA!</p>	<p>DISGRACED, SHE PSYCHOLOGICALLY REJECTED FEMININITY AND, IN HER MIND, BECAME A MAN! SO PERFECT WAS HER DISGUISE THAT LATER, WHEN SHE WENT COMPLETELY INSANE, SHE EVEN FOOLED TOP MENTAL HOSPITAL PSYCHIATRISTS!</p>	<p>YOU WERE RAISED BY MYSELF AND YOUR AUNT, POSING AS YOUR REAL MOTHER! AND NOW, BY APPEARING IN BRA BILLBOARDS, YOU'RE UNCONSCIOUSLY FOLLOWING THE SAME DESTRUCTIVE PATTERN!</p>	<p>TO THINK I ALMOST AX MURDERED MY OWN DAUGHTER! THE SHOCK OF IT HAS CURED ME COMPLETELY!</p> <p>LOOK! THE POLICE!</p>	<p>AS A NOTED BRA MODEL, WE KEPT AN EYE ON YOU!</p> <p>SIR, WILL THEY GO EASY ON MY MOTHER?</p>	<p>THAT'S UP TO THE COURTS TO DECIDE!</p> <p>NOW, I THINK WE'VE ALL DISTURBED THESE TWO HAPPY NEWLYWEDS LONG ENOUGH!</p> <p>THE END</p>

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stump him for a moment. "Ughh... Cruddy...Cruddy Love!" The audience of ob-gyn students repeated the name in hushed awe, while Cruddy smacked his hand against the bar, signaling for a drink.

The bartender was unimpressed and, without making eye contact, grunted, "Whaddya want?"

With speed and agility that defied his age, Cruddy grabbed the barkeep by the collar and pulled him forward, nose to nose. "Ah don't like the way you axe a question. Now repeat after me"—the old dude lapsed into an exaggerated singsong—"What you be havin'?" Real po-lite like."

The bartender, zombie-like, repeated as ordered: "What you be havin'?" The last word went up in pitch.

"Night Train over dice," said Cruddy, tossing a pair of snake eyes onto the bar, which the tender promptly collected in a glass. He downed the drink posthaste and slammed the counter for a refill, then pulled out an old crusty harmonica. "Here go some serious blues," he bellowed to the students, now starting to crowd around. "Y'all gonna love this." And with that,

Cruddy put his lips to work, fast as "Flight of the Bumble Bee," showing proof of the oral skill he'd been bragging of so shamelessly.

"Rats make love in the garbage can,  
Worm, he do it in the mud,  
But I'm like a big bull cow, baby,  
Loves to chew yo' cud,  
That ole black magic called cud."

The night spot erupted into a roar of hoots and hollers, and Cruddy, expounding his bent philosophy, continued to hold their attention. Sitting at the table of *Sy Goldblum*, Sue Cranston was mesmerized by each post-nasal slip of the old dude's tongue:

"Hefner, Goochioonie, they know nuffin 'bout pussy. Nuffin! All them magazines showin' hamburger hangin' out, that's nuffin. Why, in mah day, we knowed about *real* pussy, weren't no airbrush techniques, weren't no strawberry douches. Not one boy here coulda handled Aunt Jemima's spuzz hole. It be gooder than pig feet....Gawd in heaven, strike me down for cussin', her pussy made mah mouf slobber like a hyena, uh...Help me, Father, for I have sinned...uh..."

Cruddy Love's voice skipped an octave as the color began to fade from his face, and he careened out the door. Curious fellow.

An odd series of cunnilingual rapes took place at O.R.U., and Phineas Kelb was certainly among the last to be suspected. Except for Sue Cranston, the victims were mainly female volunteers with herpes, participating in experiments in the ob-gyn department. Dean Roberts, the renowned evangelist, announced that no effort would be spared to apprehend the orally fixated sex fiend. The story made headlines statewide, while a feminist coalition called for enactment of tongue-castration laws.

"Gertrude," intoned the haggard, gaunt professor to his trusted bird, "I've yet to perfect the formula." Hunched over his lab desk, his arms pocked with needle marks, Kelb scrawled notes into the log. Sickle-cell vagitosis, that scourge of Ugandan tribeswomen, was taking a most extraordinary toll on his system. Again he cooked up a syringe and pumped the brew homeward, this time a dosage that would seem lethal.

"No, Phineas, no!" squawked the bird. "You've gone too far!"

Back at the Purple Pap, a suspicious eye was cast upon the elusive Cruddy Love by campus detectives. Yet not one shred of hard evidence could be pinned on the self-proclaimed vaginadiner, who had built up a fanatical following among the gynos.

"Crud-dy, Crud-dy, Crud-dy!" they chanted one evening as they waited for him to appear. A minute later he poked his beaming head around the front entrance, letting loose with a resounding, whiskey-voiced "Good Almighty Gawd, Ah loves to eat PUSSY!" Cheers rocked the club as the lights went up on Cruddy, and they pleaded for another harmonica blues. "Biggest clitty Ah ever seen on Big Maybelle. Stick mah oily ole tongue in there till it come out the other side." His tongue slid across his cracked, dry lips as he rotated his head with obscene pleasure. But then Cruddy fell off his game, wallowing about listlessly on his harp, getting off false starts. He loosened his collar, wiped his brow with a doo-rag, then mumbled *something mysterious* about needing "more formula."

"Cruddy," came the voice of a large

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black woman among the Purple Pap kitchen help, "you the most disgusting ole bum I ever saw. You make me so sick I feel like pukin' for days."

"Ah ain't no bum!" Cruddy shot back, whirling around drunkenly. "Uncle Sam is mah daddy... and mah barber." And then he began rubbing his arms up and down his sides. "Get offa me," he pleaded, as though invisible women were attacking. "Leggo mah johnson," he wailed to no one. "Ladies, *please*," he begged, "not now!" Spinning, hawking out phlegm from the bottom of his lungs, he lifted a leg to the wall: "Ah'm a dog.... Gimme all yo' lumpy lice nits."

The gynos and obstets followed Cruddy Love out to the parking lot, where he wheeled about, out of control. Yet none stepped in to help—it was as though some enormous truth was about to unfold. His alligator shoes stepped in shit at the curb as he fought off imaginary women. Then he stumbled into the gutter, flicking his tongue in and out of his mouth like a grotesque black cuckoo clock.

"Please, Miz Mary Mae, don't be alarmed. I know dis gone be a dreadful experience fo' ya, but Ah ain't gone do you no serious harm. So drop down yo' drawers and open up yo' thighs; Ah'm comin' fo' supper, so kindly oblige...."

The detectives began moving in as Cruddy, sapped of energy, let loose with his final breath of incriminating evidence: "Lookout," he warned. "Honey, I'm no pretender, I'm a real sex offender." But nothing could prepare the student body of O.R.U. for the transformation that took place as the color faded from Cruddy's face under the starlight. The conked hair receded back to a Brylcreem part, the eyes turned blue, the lips thinned out, and the nostrils grew taut. The hyperventilating face of a white man, framed in a halo of moonlight, revealed itself in the gutter to the disbelieving gasps of the crowd. They'd witnessed a miracle. But none gasped so loud as Sue Cranston.

"It's Uncle Oral!" she shrieked, fainting at the sight of the fat herpes sore on his upper lip.

## In Defense of Older Women

"Gee, women sure have it tough when they get older, especially ones in show business."

"Not me," said Joan Collins, chipper as a mare in spring.

"Well, isn't menopause just awful?"

"It's a bitch," said Joan, "but I'm long past it. Haven't menstruated in years.... Do you think we could have sex now?"

The question came as no great shock. Joan had gone all night so far without any. "I've never made it with a woman old enough to be...my grandmother."

"It's easy," said Joan, shimmying her sequined gown up over her knees. "Just hop aboard. Get ready to indulge in your first old-gal lay."

It was nearing five A.M. as we headed out in Joan's stretch limo to East Hampton for a weekend respite. A shaded partition blocked the driver's view, giving us total privacy. Every now and then Joan would pronounce the names of towns we passed on the Long Island Expressway: "Ronkonkoma...Mastic Shirley...Speonk...Center Moriches...Where the devil are we?!" But the driver came highly certified.

I'm a high-school student, an extra on *Dynasty* whom Joan took a fancy to, flying me with her to Manhattan for a whirlwind of Friday-night parties. My head was still dizzy from meeting Liza Minnelli, Andy Warhol, Richard Gere, Jessica Lange, John Gielgud, Soupy Sales. Andy had introduced us to Ron Rico over ice at a Bill Dana party.

"I just loved you in *Rally 'Round the Flag Boys!*," I said, still dizzy from all that star-gazing. "That's when I would have *really* liked to have sex with you, back in 1959, when you were young and perfect."

"Don't press your luck, boy," said Joan, taken aback. "You may just end up on the side of the road." And squinting out the one-way window, she read the exit sign for Patchogue, mispronouncing it with total disgust: "Pat-a-guew."

"No, seriously," I continued. "I'd still like to have sex with you because you're Joan Collins. But all other

continued on page 86



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women over forty might as well sell themselves to cat-food companies. You're not just getting older—you're getting uglier and smellier. Women over forty are over the hill. Not sexy, not interesting, not exciting, not worth writing a play or movie about. Excepting yourself, there's really no room for actresses between the ingénue and the tottering, little bitty lady in silver curls and granny glasses."

"Precocious swine," snapped Joan. "I suppose I should take that as a compliment?" She was putting up with my insolence with remarkable restraint. Yet I knew I possessed something she craved and probably didn't get as much of as the public liked to believe: teenage dork.

"Sure," I went on, "mature actresses cite the 'richness' and 'complexity' of older women's lives in contemporary American society, particularly with vast numbers employed outside the home. But take a look inward and examine the trash you portray on TV. Do you really believe you lend a shred of dignity to the older woman in America?"

"My Lord!" exclaimed Joan, pouring a stiff one from the Scotch flask at the bar and downing several tiny yellow pills. "I don't have to take this crap; all I wanted was an innocent little boff."

"Look at other actresses your age, true artists, who have spent decades laboring at their craft—Anne Jackson, Estelle Parsons, Colleen Dewhurst,

Maurcen Stapleton. Are they offered anything commensurate with their level of achievement? No way, Jack. Because *nobody* wants to have sex with them. Cat-food city."

Joan became livid and banged the partition, commanding the driver to stop the limo. We were past Exit 70, and a fabulous sunrise was emerging over the ocean.

"All right, Charlie," Joan growled, flinging open the door. "Either give me some of that teenage John Thomas, or you can start walking!"

"On one condition," I said, mindful that this could spell my demise. "That you wear a paper bag over your head so that I can't see your wrinkles up close and spoil my image of you."

"You wicked bastard," she said, angrily dumping out the fashionable contents of a Bonwit Teller bag.

## Man and Hooker

A white musician picks out a slinky blonde right off Mad and Thirtieth. She turns her tricks in a twelve-dollar room at the Doxy Hotel, and though it's a five-minute walk, she insists on flagging a cab. Her skirt is raised high above her aromatic, panty-hosed knees, and she leans hard into the white musician's shoulder.

He forks over twelve dollars to the

Pakistani desk clerk, signing the register Mr. and Mrs. Quickfuck. She slinks into the nearest room on the first floor. The hole is a bargain, with a homey, worn-to-shit couch, TV, king-size bed with deep bow in the middle, and a crumpled spread that has been pushed aside, revealing a stained sheet that is thankfully dry. The blonde is a sloe-eyed 'lude queen who undoubtedly has nodded out with a cock in her mouth before. She undresses, uncovering purple bruises across her bod, as well as bad grooming habits, hidden flab, unwashed parts. In a genuinely bored manner, she claims she's twenty, from California, and hates all kinds of work, especially having to rise out of bed every afternoon, which is a "real drag." She keeps her panty hose rolled into a ball around one of her ankles. "I never take it all off, ever, not for anyone."

"Not for Robert Redford? Or Richard Gere?"

"Nope," says the hooker.

"Not for Rod Stewart? Or Bruce Springsteen?"

"Nope."

"How 'bout Boog Powell?"

"Who?" she says with a flicker of suspicion.

"You know, the 240-pound, orange-freckled behemoth who played first for the Orioles in the '69 World Series."

"I don't know wha—"

"How about Richard Dawson, or Earl Scheib? Would you take it off for Frank Perdue? Norman Fell? How 'bout Senator Lowell Weicker—he makes over a hundred grand a year!"

"Listen, Jack, I don't know what you're getting at, but I don't take these hose off for no one," states the hooker flatly, and she backsteps toward the door.

"Just tell me *one* person you'd take it off for, just *one!*" demands the john, and then whispers ever so pleadingly: "Please."

"Maybe..." says the hooker thoughtfully, taking pity.

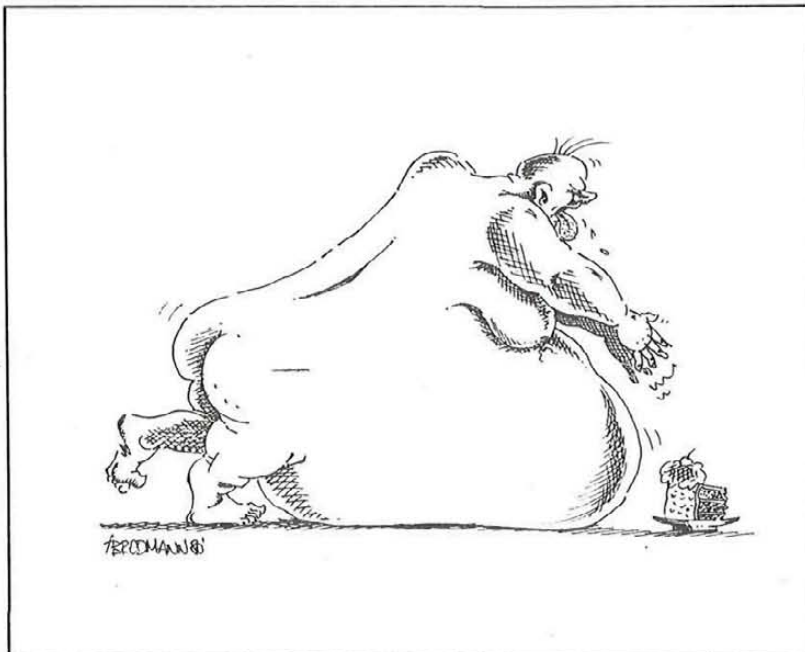
"Yes," says the musician, breathing heavier. "I know you can tell me."

"Well, if he *paid* for it, maybe..."

"Yes, yes, *tell me*," urges the john, the whites of his eyes showing.

"Maybe... Jackie Gleason."

"Homina-homina-homina-homina," groans the john, allowing his huge erection to jack-in-the-box out of his fly, shooting a stinging white release between the blond hooker's eyes.



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**B**ruce is very good at helping me change my looks, my image, so I can get into one of those fancy D.C. parties and meet Barbara Bush. When he was through you wouldn't have recognized me. I looked like an older version of Richard Gere. The next week I'm in D.C. with an invitation to the French ambassador's Birthday Ball. My name for the occasion is T. Keith Mainwaring, of the Philadelphia Mainwarings—with a lot of old money and young ideas.

I meet Barbara Bush and charm the shit out of her. I make her feel like an eighteen-year-old princess from Monaco. I whisk her off in my rented Rolls-Royce convertible and we drive to a swanky condo owned by a friend of Bruce's.

Barbara Bush is on fire. She's dying to get into bed. This is a very lonely and neglected woman who probably never even jerked off in thirty years. She's suffered all this time in the expectation of someday becoming the First Lady. Now her suffering is over. She is

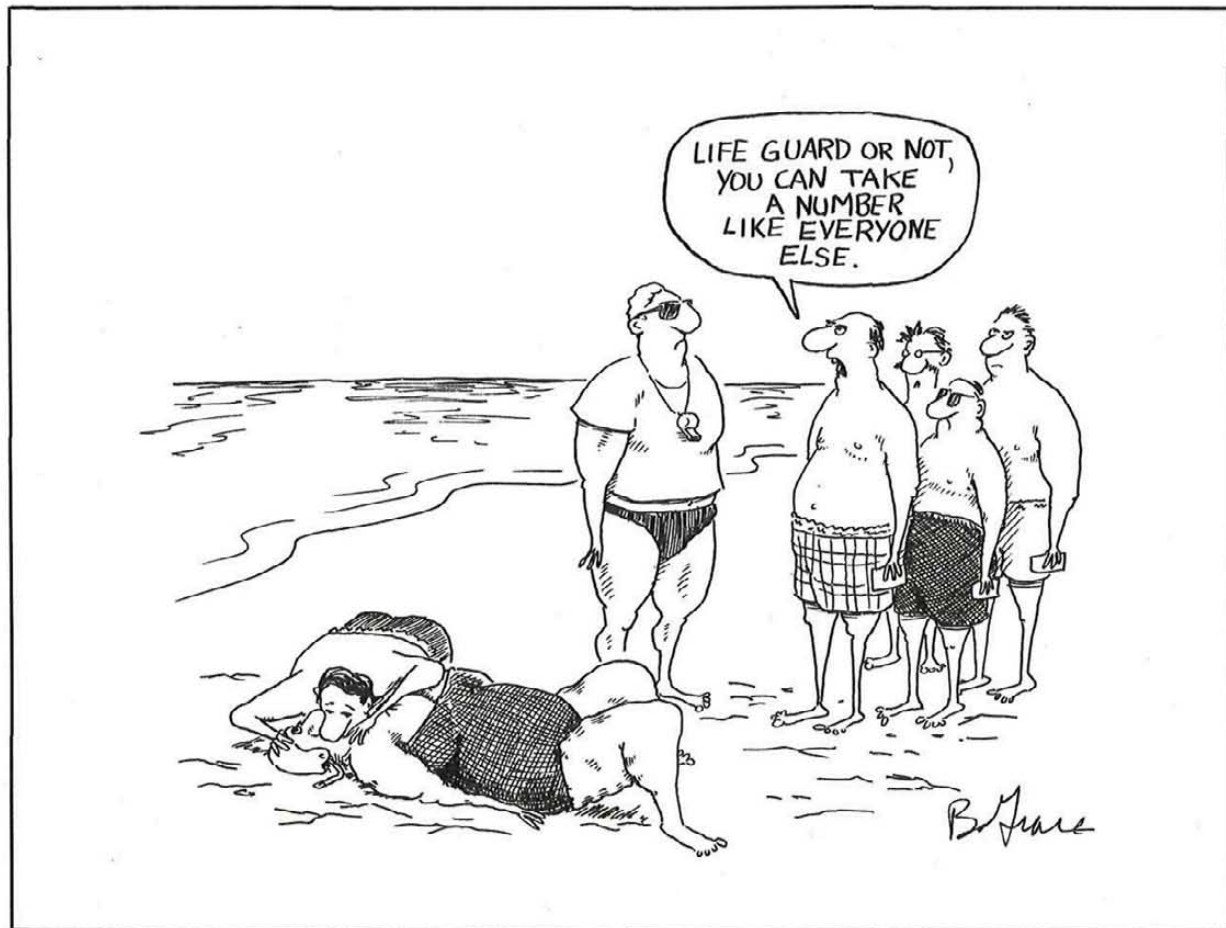
going to get thirty years of humping packed into one night.

And that's exactly what she wanted. Thirty years' worth. I'm no youngster anymore. I can't go on and on like I did when I was a kid. But I counted forty-four times. After that it was a blur. I know we fucked until dawn of the next day. Barbara fell into a coma. It was one of my greatest nights, and I must say on Barbara's behalf that she wasn't too bad. When you're that hungry and grateful you really lose all your inhibitions. She kicked up her legs, whinnied like a horse, screamed her lungs out, bit me, scratched me, did me a hundred different ways, and more or less played slave to my master. I tortured her, humiliated her, made her beg and do the freakiest stuff, including making it with two amputees, a goat, a Great Dane, and a wheel of runny cheese. You name it and she did it.

Why did I do all that flashy stuff? Because it was all being captured on videotape. The next day I had it fixed up so it played like a regular movie, with music and everything.

I sent a copy of the tape to George Bush with a note saying that the *National Enquirer*, the *New York Post*, the *Star*, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, *People*, *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, and the TV networks were about to receive identical copies. It would make a very cute story—the vice president and front-runner for president in '88 is married to a nymphomaniac. The bottom line was: Lay off Bruce and we won't release the tapes. We have no ax to grind.

Even Bush knew that the jig was up. He would rather be president than have my brother. Barbara was found a few days later wandering the streets, screaming at strangers while playing with herself. They hushed it up and put her in a clinic to dry out. She's okay now, I hear, except for a few twinges now and then. Bruce has decided that L.A. might be a safer place to settle down in. He might even try San Francisco for a while, if he wants a real rest. This time we'll talk to each other on the phone and keep in touch. After all, he's my brother and I love him. Like a brother, of course.





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**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

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**1-3 wrong answers:** You are a pathological liar, but can be saved with two years of neuro-linguistic programming.

**4-7 wrong answers:** You are in deep trouble. You want to kill your mother, fuck your father, and eat yourself. Go curl up in an orgone box.

**8-10 wrong answers:** Obviously you did not take this test seriously enough. Go back and check to make sure you were born on this planet. If you were and you did take this seriously, what can we say? You have severe sociopathic tendencies that mask an underlying psychosomatic hebephrenic syndrome. In other words, you are a sick fuck. Stop reading, put this magazine down, and listen to the voices in your head when they tell you to load up your shotgun, drive to Atlanta, and kill the Antichrists who changed the Coca-Cola formula.

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NatLamp presents:

## THE US vs. THEM FESTIVAL

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(in no particular order)

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THE BEATLES

THE ROLLING STONES

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BERNIE X.

AND A LARGE ASSORTMENT

OF GROUPIES

AND: THE GREATEST ROCK STAR

WHO EVER LIVED

Showtime: October Issue

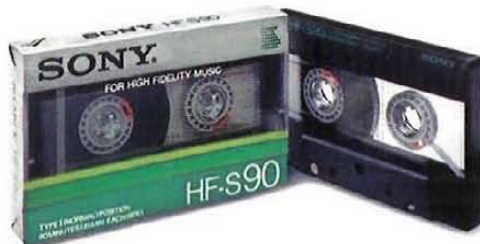
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# PIG OUT.



Good news for Porky lovers. The latest sequel has arrived, and you're going to eat it up.

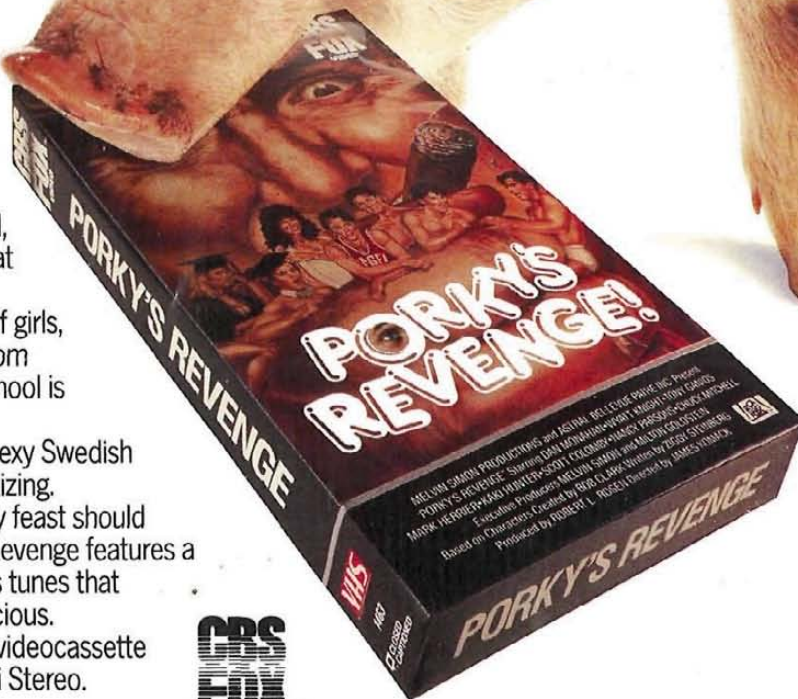
This new mixture of girls, gags, and the gang from Angel Beach High School is wonderfully spicy.

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