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How to Succeed at Seduction

January 1986

**NATIONAL**

\$2.00

**LAMPPOON**

The  
Humor  
Magazine  
for  
Adults

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**GOOD CLEAN SEX...AGAIN**



**Special in This Issue:  
The Nude Beach at Cannes**

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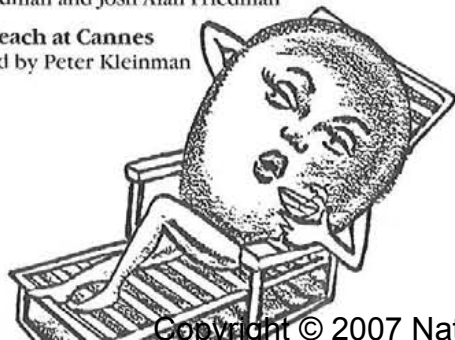
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Photographed by Peter Kleinman





A movie poster for the 1985 film 'Godzilla'. The central figure is a massive, dark, scaly Godzilla monster with its mouth wide open, showing sharp teeth. In the background, several fighter jets are flying in formation, leaving white smoke trails. Below the monster, a city skyline is visible with several buildings on fire and large explosions. A crowd of people is gathered in the foreground, looking up at the monster. The overall scene is dramatic and action-packed.

**T**here goes the neighborhood.

"Godzilla makes Rambo, Eastwood, Bronson and Schwarzenegger look like mere swizzle sticks."  
*Peter Stack, San Francisco Chronicle*



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# GODZILLA

## 1985

THE LEGEND IS REBORN



# EDITORIAL

**F**reddy Kaplan was the first person to tell me the truth about sex. We were best friends, and as soon as one of us learned some secret about life he immediately ran and told the other one. I was sitting on my front porch, waiting to grow up, when Freddy came running down the block. He reached the porch and breathlessly blurted out the news.

"I just found out from my mom how you make babies! Your thing gets big and hard and then you stick it in where they pee out of!" he announced proudly. "But it's only right when you're married. But sometimes it's okay to practice if you're in love."

"Yuch! That's the most disgusting thing I ever heard in my whole life," I responded.

"Well, that's the way it is, and your father and my father and Larry's father and all the fathers on this whole block did it and probably still do it," he concluded.

"I don't believe it. You're a liar. Mom would never want that done to her. Besides, Dad would've told me," I said, feeling that he just might be right and Dad had betrayed me.

"Well, you better believe it, and you also better start looking around for a girl who'll let you do it to her," he said smugly, "'cause I think you're supposed to practice."

"But they pee out of that hole, and I might get sick or infected or something... It sounds dirty!"

Well, the years flew by after that epiphany and, yes, Freddy was right about the sex act. After a few years I lost my queasiness and began to actively seek out the forbidden hole, and more than a few times I was able to find a girl who would actually let me "practice" on her.

I look back on those years with fond memories. I realize now with the onslaught of sexually transmitted plagues like AIDS and herpes that I was

right in my youthful hygienic appraisal of the sex act. Sex is dirty. Sex is dangerous and painful and difficult and pointless unless you need kids for some food-stamp program. The only kind of sex that makes any sense at all is good clean sex.

Isn't that right, Mrs. Kaplan?

—PK

**This month's cover** features the ever-bustacious Teresa Ganzel and her co-star, none other than the very clean mister, Joe Fiorillo. (Any resemblance to any person living or dead or on the label of any cleaning product is totally coincidental and we didn't mean it.) It was photographed by Peter Kleinman on his recent trip to California. The Beverly Wilshire has the best room service in the world, but the full-length mirror directly in front of the toilet can make you forget to remove that "Sanitized for Your Protection" band before you go.

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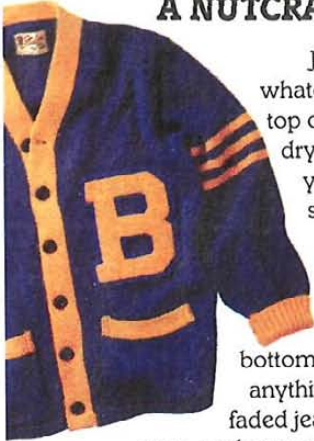
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NEW MR. BOSTON® NUTCRACKER™ SCHNAPPS

# A BABY BOOMERS GUIDE TO NUTCRACKER™ SCHNAPPS.

## WHAT TO WEAR WITH A NUTCRACKER™



Just grab whatever's on top of the laundry pile. Or, if you want something that's pressed, take it from the bottom. Virtually anything goes—faded jeans, old

crew-neck sweaters. After all, Nutcracker's style always matches anything. Except, of course, Nehru jackets.

## WHAT TO TALK ABOUT WITH A NUTCRACKER™



Whatever you do, don't discuss stock fluctuations, mortgage payments or certificates of deposit. A Nutcracker is a light drink for light conversation with a strong preference for top 40's esoterica, red-dogs and flea flickers, vintage sports cars, and *Dynasty*.

## WHAT TO LISTEN TO WITH A NUTCRACKER™

File away those stodgy classical masterpieces and bop to classic 45's. Do the swim with Jan and Dean or the Surfaris. Reminisce over the Hully Gully, the Hanky Panky or



the Freddie. Nutcracker's fresh, light taste will keep your toes tapping all night long. Be Bop A Lu La, we don't mean maybe.

## WHEN TO ENJOY A NUTCRACKER™

A notoriously late riser (it usually doesn't get moving until mid-afternoon), Nutcracker is nevertheless wonderful company the rest of the day. Sip it anytime, anywhere. Enjoy it on the rocks or on the sand. By a secluded



pond or in a crowded pool. A Nutcracker's even great when basking by a glowing T.V.—it's cool, refreshing, quiet, and won't pose moralistic questions during pro-wrestling.

## WHAT TO EAT WITH A NUTCRACKER™

Baked Brie and Pâté de Campagne have their place. But it isn't here. No, an evening with Nutcracker Schnapps demands humbler snacks, and lots of them. Chomp on some chips. Gnaw at some pretzel nuggets. Even nibble at some goldfish.

You'll be amazed at how versatile it is. Which, in a nutshell, is the whole idea behind Nutcracker. A Mr. Boston Nutcracker Schnapps.



MR. BOSTON™

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# LETTERS

Sirs:

In answer to numerous inquiries, anonymous but written on your stationery: Yes, homosexuals can get into heaven, but they have to enter by the back door.

John J. O'Connor  
Archbishop of the  
Diocese of New York

Sirs:

Please be advised of change in Chinese history book. With advent of changing Chinese economic structure, it has been discovered that our father, the great Mao Tse-tung, was not Chinese but crazy, Russian Mongoloid. His long march was nothing more than him leaving home to look for borscht, taking wrong turn, and continuing until he found one, some three thousand miles away. And his famous swim in the river during the Cultural Revolution? He needed a bath.

Please be ready for future revisions as Chinese economy changes.

Deng Xiaoping  
Peking-at-You, China

Sirs:

What did the knockwurst say to the Bavarian custard?

"I was only following hors d'oeuvres."

Sidney Hitler  
Germantown, Pa.

Sirs:

Due to a recent, unfortunate incident in which a prostitute was ejaculated through a second-floor window of the Motel Six in Elyria, Ohio, we are recalling our Model #8710-TR, the "Nike-Zeus" Prosthetic Penis. Owners of this device are urged to return them to their dealers at once.

Dexter Melrose  
Vice President  
Acme Prosthetics  
Cape Canaveral, Fla.

Sirs:

What nationality is Geraldo Rivera?  
Kosher Rican.

Roone Arledge  
ABC

Sirs:

Now that I'm old and feeble and my  
pilot light is out,  
What used to be my sex appeal is  
now my waterspout.

Phyllis Schlafly  
Meno Paws Gulch

Sirs:

Recently we hired a former president to help arbitrate on behalf of the umpires' union. Since that time we have begun to notice some changes in the world of baseball. For instance, several small chairs are missing from the dining area, and Ty Cobb's bat, along with the 715th homer ball of Hank Aaron, are missing from the Hall of Fame. Not to mention Johnny Bench's cup. Strangely enough, eighteen and a half innings are also gone from the tapes of the '82 World Series stored in the Major League Baseball Film Archives. If anyone has any

information regarding the whereabouts of any of this stuff, please come to my office and tell me. No charges will be pressed and nobody has to know, Dick.

Peter Ueberroth  
Louisville, Ky.

Sirs:

Perhaps I was a bit hasty in answering "Never!" to the question of whether or not I would apologize to the Egyptians for forcing down their plane. I didn't think. I was wrong. I, er... didn't mean to say "never." What I meant to say was "Kiss my cankered colon, you camel-humping, Sphinx-sucking, dung-eating tent-heads!"

I hope this clarifies the United States' position on this matter. And I hope to remain friends with our couscouseating, Koran-clutching, sand-snorting, goat-blowing brethren of the desert.

Ron Reagan  
Washington, D.C.





Sirs:

Ever notice that I look like a young Paul Newman? I have.

Andy Simmons  
New York, N.Y.

Suhs:

Ah'm really madda bout you givin' de presshon dat Ah have got a speech problem. Yah tink dey'd give a guy twel' millyun a pitchure if he hadda speecch problem? Schmucks!

Sly Stallone  
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

What do Jack Kemp, Patrick Buchanan, Robert McFarlane, Caspar Weinberger, George Shultz, George Bush, Ronald Reagan, and Punky Brewster all have in common?

I don't like them.

Mc  
Here

Sirs:

We are pleasing to be thankful yes to *Lampoon Nationalist* for allowing us to present view other than bad of us as you always hear from fascist Israeli pigs, thank you. Firstly, we no mean to shoot old man on boat. We are friends of old man and all citizens on boat. But old man start rolling in chair in direction of ocean and Mohammed, he think that maybe wheelchair is really ultralight glider plane and man is spy sent from Russia to kill us, so Mohammed, he shoot at old man's ankle. He not know is only boat tilting on wave that make old man's chair of wheels go rolling. He say he is so sorry. Sorry we too.

Four Innocent Murdering Terrorists  
*Terrortown*

Sirs:

First this guy comes to my house and says he's a PT boat captain. Then he comes over the next day and says he's a Cuban insurgent planning to attack someplace called Bayapigs, or something like that. Then the next day he's the president of the United States, and he wants me to do his kid brother, who is really the attorney general. I mean, gimme a break. JFK, RFK, I didn't know who the F\*K I was screwing.

Marilyn  
Forest Lawn

Sirs:

Where do people who write terrible jokes for the letters column get sent to? The punitiveary.

Henny Youngmanson  
Wholesome Prison

## Its double CD player lets you play the hits and skip the misses.



Toshiba's mini stereo system offers an optional double CD player that lets you program up to 30 selections at a time. The system includes a dual cassette deck with double-reverse, AM/FM stereo receiver, automatic turntable, 2-way bass reflex speakers and a 5-band graphic equalizer. The Toshiba System V-11. It not only sounds great, it even takes requests.

In Touch with Tomorrow  
**TOSHIBA**

Toshiba America, Inc., 82 Totowa Road, Wayne, NJ 07470

Sirs:

How are ice cream treat and male genitalia being alike?

You blow them and they melt!

Is very hip and American and comical, yes?

Henny Gorbachev  
Moscow

Sirs:

Why are Yalies such lousy lays? It's one whiff, and POOF!

Henny Cavett  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

What do you call someone who's half Latino?

Sorta Rican.

Hennito Yuccaman  
El Friars Club, New York

Sirs:

In North Carolina, FBI agents have raided several video shops and confiscated porno tapes. One publication even reported that some retailers were afraid that future raids might include the confiscation of such popular R-rated movies as *Risky Business* and *National Lampoon's Animal House*. As far as we're concerned, this is just fine, since so many of those same corrupted youths who made these two films so popular went out and got Ronald Reagan elected!!!

American Civil Liberties Union  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

It has come to our attention that some of you out there are upset at this government's allegedly poor treatment of the noble black people in our country. Nothing could be further from the truth.

First of all, it's true they are not allowed to use designated "white" rest rooms, but this is because the urinals and toilets were especially designed for the Caucasian anatomy.

It's also true that they can't vote in the elections. But realistically, who are they gonna vote for anyway? We have never had a candidate that they liked. So why bother.

And concerning the passbook laws, believe me, they're necessary. All those people look alike.

I hope this helps to clear up any misconceptions you might have had.

Pieter Botha  
South Africa

P.S. Did you hear the one about the two spearchuckers and the coal miner's daughter?

continued on page 17

NATIONAL LAMPOON 9

# OPEN LETTER

by Andy Simmons  
Song by Josh Alan Friedman

I like good clean sex. It meets all government health standards. Any kind of sex that does not carry a warning from the surgeon general I like. And so does the United States Senate. Why do the senators like good clean sex so much? Because their wives do. And if the senators don't support their wives, they aren't going to get any kind of sex, be it clean, bleached, or hand-dried. This is why Senator Albert Gore supports his wife, Mrs. Senator Albert Gore, in her quest to cleanse rock 'n' roll lyrics of such morally repugnant themes as violence and sex, the subjects of about 98 percent of all rock music. She is afraid that young, impressionable children will listen to the music, then go out and murder people, or, at the very least, leave their homes without making their beds. Below is a song written by Mrs. Senator Albert Gore, Mrs. Senator John Danforth, and Mrs. Senator Ernest Hollings from their latest LP, *The Best of the Senators' Wives*, called "I Bake like a Beast." Note that while the theme has been updated to reflect the changing mores of the day, the tune is still that good ol' rock 'n' roll that can be found on any Mick Jagger or Frank Zappa record.

I BAKE LIKE A BEAST

*I'm an egg beater,  
And a Cuisinart mistreater,  
And I back my chicken on the run,  
Spin my La-zy Susan,  
Till it stops on yeast.*

BABY, I BAKE LIKE A BEAST!

*Take a pound of grizzle  
Drained from bacon sizzle,  
Dress with peanut butter and lard,  
Grill it all together,  
It's an Elvis Burger feast.*

BABY, I BAKE LIKE A BEAST!

*Oh, you say tomato,  
I say tom-ab-to,  
You say potato,  
And I say castrato,  
Sting your taste buds sublimely,  
So cat-o'-ninely.*

BABY, I BAKE LIKE A BEAST!

Now, isn't that a nice song? Too bad it won't sell for shit.

But why stop with music? We rate everything else: movies, cars, dates. Let's rate anything that smacks of vulgarity, like Dean Martin. Certainly over-the-hill drunks can rate an X, or at least a hard R, and only be allowed to entertain in the Times Square area. How about that newest member of the establishment, Neil Young, who so righteously sang, "Four dead in Ohio." If his buddy Ron had had his way back then, Neil would have sung, "Four-part harmony folk-rock group dead in Ohio."

How about rating our national heroes, like that porn star Sylvester Stallone? Or John Wayne, a man who single-handedly killed over a thousand people during World War II, though the closest he ever got to a Nazi was in Errol Flynn's bungalow.

How about rating the TV shows we watch? There's more violence in *Miami Vice* than in the lyrics of Twisted Sister, and there is more implied sexuality in *The Love Boat* than in most Mick Jagger songs. And certainly more jiggling torsos on view.

And while we're rating, let's rate Congress. Not on their competence, but on their sex and violence quotient. Everyone knows that the members of Congress are screwing each other. That's not just a stick up Ted Kennedy's ass. And when we come to violence and hatred, we can start with those Lincoln-

esque characters, Jesse Helms and Strom Thurmond, the Mother Teresas of violence. There's enough kill on the Hill to fill Forty-second Street, Hollywood Boulevard, and the Combat Zone in Boston. Triple-XXX all down Main Street.

And the same Senate that is decrying violence in rock 'n' roll just passed the McClure-Volkmer Gun Decontrol bill by a staggering vote of 79-15! A cunning piece of legislation, it will castrate the already lenient gun laws enacted after the murders of RFK and Martin Luther King, allowing any criminal or retard easy access to a handgun.

It's all part and parcel of America's taking a real good look at itself in the mirror. But we're more interested in the specks of dirt that have collected on the mirror than on the snot hanging from our noses in the reflection. (Which is a pretty cute one if it's Tipper Gore's. That adorable little reactionary can cut out the First Amendment from my Constitution any day.) In this mirror, a song about a loaded penis is labeled pornography, while amorous legislation about erect, hot, nubile, young sawed-offs that shoot their wads, carving deep, dank vaginas in people's heads, is being sung every day by that new band, the United States Senate.

There are just too many problems facing our country to justify bringing the U.S. Senate in to dictate rock lyrics. Besides, you just can't expect some thirteen-year-old rocker to turn his friends on to *The Christmas Songs of Andy Williams*. Frosty melting is as violent as Andy gets.

Congress should be concerned with more pressing issues. Issues that really affect their constituents. For example, in the past ten years, while over 50,000 Americans were being murdered by handguns alone, I only got laid once!

Where was my senator then!!!!



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1. When you subscribe to the *National Lampoon* you save a great deal of money as compared to single-copy purchases. You save even more money if you subscribe for two years, and even more if you subscribe for three.

2. Many newsstands, because of their preoccupation with the sale of such publications as *Hustler*, *Blueballs*, *Pussycat*, and *National Pornographic*, frequently do not have a copy of the *National Lampoon* available.

3. Russia has two humor magazines, France has six, and England four. The U.S. has only one adult humor magazine, the *National Lampoon*.

4. America's very best humorists have written and continue to write for the *National Lampoon*.

5. Many of America's best artists and cartoonists have worked for and continue to draw, paint, sketch, and crayon for the *National Lampoon*.

6. In the past year, the *National Lampoon* has had a sharp resurgence in popularity. As you may know, it was one of the most popular periodicals in the country through the seventies, dropped off in the early eighties, and now, with its new staff and the return of many of its old contributors, is regaining that popularity.

7. The *National Lampoon* continues to be America's most innovative magazine. The only thing you can expect is that you don't know what to expect when you get your new issue each month.

8. There has been a remarkable lack of dissent in recent years. People seem to be getting more and more apathetic about nearly everything. The *National Lampoon* picks on nearly everything and everyone. You should be reading more than pure pap. You should read a magazine that gives you more than crotch shots, more than this month's review of the best socks in town, more than a rundown of the country's best sushi restaurants.

9. You're not laughing enough.

10. We need you.



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OOOH...



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AND I'LL IMPALE MYSELF ON YOUR HOT THROBBING MANHOOD AND SATISFY MY NEEDS TILL I COLLAPSE.



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LINDBERG



# My Tongue Is Quick

by Will Jacobs and Gerard Jones

**H**e was dead. He was slumped over his desk and his brains were splattered over the blotter. Those fine brains that had spewed out the greatest poetry of the late twentieth century. And the hand that had gripped the quill was now gripping, even in death, a .38 revolver. Yeah, he was dead, all right.

I started to shake all over.

Pat Phrase, homicide captain and old friend, was holding a magazine. He thrust it toward me and said, "Did you see this, Mike?"

It was open to the book review section. My eyes fell on a review of Dactyl Foote's latest—yeah, latest and last—collection of poetry. It made me shake worse. The critic, probably some New York pansy in pink silk pants, had ripped

Dac's guts out. He said stuff like "Reads like a senile Auden trying to parody Rod McKuen," and "Makes you wish free verse was dead." But what really made me shake was that the review was anonymous. Yeah, I was mad, all right.

"It's pretty open-and-shut, Mike," Pat said. "He read the review and took his own life." He was shaking a little too.

Old friend or not, that got to me. I was so mad I couldn't help what I did next. "You excremental lotus-eating civil servant," I snarled. "You would have called Jonestown a mass suicide to worm your way out of an investigation."

He reeled, but he was still on his feet. I'd held back just enough.

"This is murder, Pat," I went on. "Dac was a sensitive soul. I'm betting this critic knew that. I'm betting he calcu-

lated his words to push Dac over the edge. Yeah, it's murder, all right." I wheeled around and started out of the shabby room where my old friend had shot his brains out.

But then Pat snarled, "Hold it, Mike. This is civilization. We have laws. Leave this to the law, Mike."

"Forget it, Pat," I spat. "When I get mad, I do things my way. And I'm mad."

"Wise up, Mike. You can't go around tonguing people down. There are some people you just can't insult."

That's what he thought. Yeah, but I thought different. I continued out the door.

The rain was so heavy I couldn't see my hands. They were shaking, but I didn't notice, I was thinking too hard.



Yeah, and I was mad.

I was thinking about Dac and me. We'd been young writers together, the sensitive kind, in love with the subtle resonance of the English language. We'd read everything we'd ever written to each other. We spent countless hours opening our hearts in smoky garrets. We dreamed of the beautiful verses still to be written, of growing old together sipping glasses of sherry.

But then I'd taken a job as an assistant editor. It had changed me. A stint on *The New Yorker* had shown me the power of the tongue and the obscene pleasure that was sarcasm and vitriol, the spicy sweetness of cattiness sanctified by intellectualism.

That was me. There in the muck and slime of the literary jungle, there in the stink that hung over cocktail parties rising from the pomposity of the over-educated, there in the half-light of too many mornings-after laced together with the crisscrossed snipes of Ephron and Sontag, I had gotten a taste of verbal brutality and found it palatable to the extent that I could never again eat the fruits of a polite poetry workshop.

Dac had never forgiven me. I hadn't seen him in years, but I'd always remembered him fondly, along with that part of me that had died, and I'd read every one of his books. But now Dac was dead—and all of him, not just a part—and somebody was gonna pay. Man, how they were gonna pay. And it was that world that Dac had never approved of that had provided me with the weapon to make them pay.

Payment was mine.

But first I turned into the entryway of my brownstone and trudged up the stairs. I paused outside the door of my office and stared at the gold lettering on the glass for a minute. "Mike Yammer, Private Investigations," it read. Yeah, that's me too.

I threw open the door, and Gelda was in my arms. Lovely, lovely Gelda. She was shaking with passion. She wasn't mad yet.

"I missed you, Mike," she breathed, and kissed me. But then she pulled away and said, "What's the matter, Mike? You're mad, I can tell."

"It's Dac," I said. "He's dead. Murdered. And somebody's gonna pay. I'm gonna make 'em pay."

Her lovely, lovely lips drew back in a snarl. Yeah, now she was mad. But then she was shaking. I shook with her. I felt like somebody had slapped me with a wet towel. She did too. She said, "We'll get the guy that did it, Mike. We'll tongue him down if we have to."

That's my Gelda. Lovely. I gave her a pat on the ass and walked into my office.

There was a woman waiting in there. She was something. Golden calves curved up from black pumps and snaked up under a midnight-black dress that wrapped itself around her thighs like skin around Polish sausages. You needed a microscope to see her waist, but her breasts juttled up like the green hills of Africa at night. On top of all that was a face. Moist, parted lips that trembled like leaves in the wind. Then a nose that made you think nobility maybe wasn't

such a bad thing after all. And then the eyes. Eyes that would carve holes in your dreams for the rest of your dirty life. All topped off with a swirling, cascading mane of red hair that was like a waterfall of fire.

But even so, she was a beautiful woman.

"Hello, Mike," she breathed.

"What do you want from me, baby?" I snarled.

"It's about Dac, Mike," she breathed.

I felt like I'd got hit in the face by the Oxford English Dictionary. Both volumes. In the box. With the magnifying glass in the little drawer.

"You're shaking, Mike," she breathed. She was too.

"Spill it, baby," I snarled.

"I'm the editor of Pentameter Press, Mike. I compiled all of Dac's poetry collections. I want to help you find his murderer, Mike."

"Why?" I snarled.

"Because I think I love you, Mike."

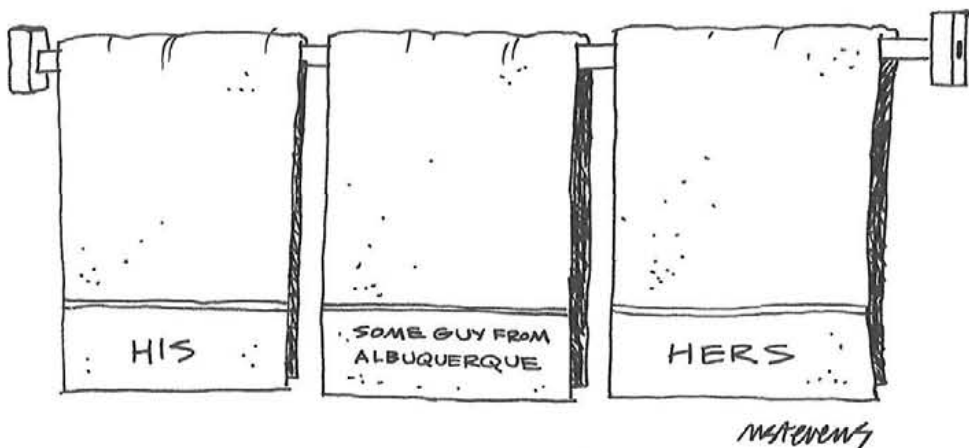
"Isn't that kind of quick, baby?"

"Maybe, Mike," she breathed. "But I hear your tongue is, too. That's why I want you to go after Dac's killer, Mike. I want you to tear his heart out and show it to him before it stops beating. Figuratively, that is."

I grinned. "You heard right, baby?" I said. "Let's shake."

Her name was Charlotte Webb. She clung to my arm like the anger clung to my heart all the way to the downtown address of the rag where the murder

continued on page 18



continued from page 9

Sirs:

Whoa! Bad news here, dudes! Some chick went down on me, and, like, she turned out to have mono, and, like, my unit's been asleep for a month.

Peter Salt  
*Dull Normal, III.*

Sirs:

The difference between a traveler from Paris and a cunnilinguist?

One lapses into French, while the other Frenches into laps.

Jean Kirkpatrick  
*USA/UN/RET*

Sirs:

We got to move these microwave ovens,  
We got to move these color TVs,  
We got to move these refrigerators,  
Aarrggghh... ooh, shit... my back...  
my balls... I can't straighten up... Jesus Christ, I think I pulled something.... Oh God, this hurts....

Dire Strait-en Up  
*Slipped Disco*

Sirs:

Well, AIDS has taken care of one heinous Hollywood sinner. Now I can turn my prayers elsewhere. Look for Warren Beatty to die of herpes within a week of Jack Kemp's inauguration.

Saint Patrick Buchanan  
*Holy City, D.C.*

Sirs:

I can't tell you how honored I am to have the opportunity to endorse this palate-pleasing epitome of the vintner's art. It has been named "Blue Priest," the all-purpose white wine with balls.

The Late Orson Swelles  
*Twelve feet under Hollywood*

Sirs:

What's old, suave, Italian, and can't get it up anymore?

Give up?

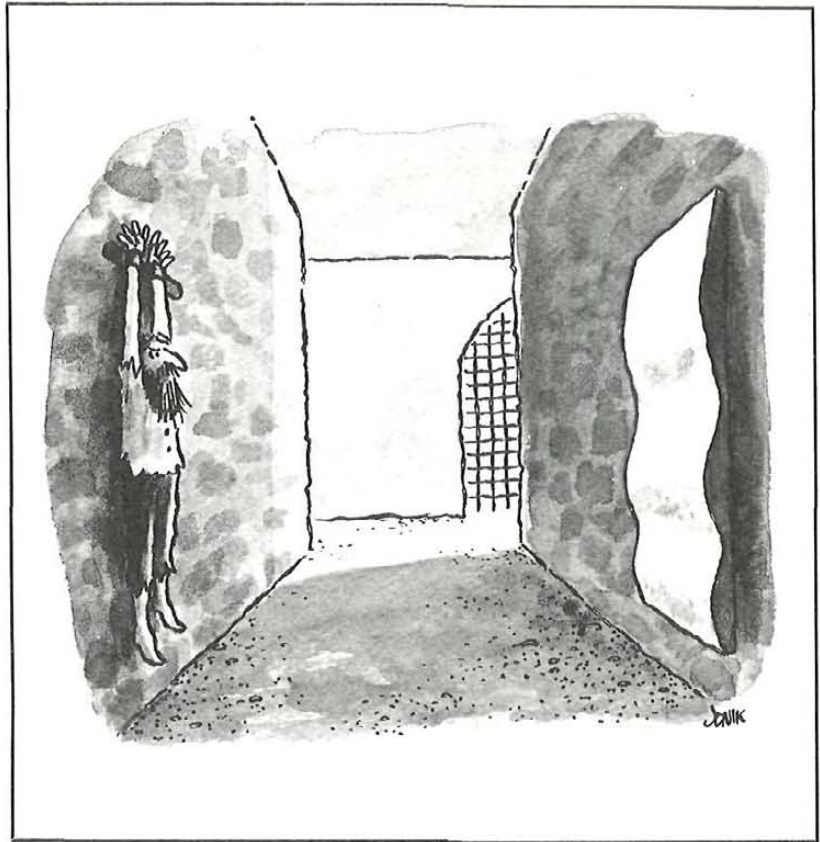
Marshmallow Mastroianni!

Gina Sleepzaroundalot  
*Rome*

Sirs:

Yeah, sex is okay. But how about three boxes of Double-Goo Lumpus; two or three pounds of the stuff inside Woozie bars smothered in kiwi jam; a seven-layer chocolate and Raisinet cake, studded with Goobers and Baby Jelly Poops and topped with turkey wings glazed with honey and drenched with Russian dressing; and eight Bavarian chocolate Führertortes iced with cold canned ravioli and green maraschino cherries! Mmmmm! And then the best—sticking your finger down your throat and starting all over again!!

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*Layered Butte, Mont.*



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continued from page 16  
review was published.

Buildings like that always gave me the shakes. Literary buildings. The kind with the steps leading up to the glass doors in front, and a big lobby with a directory on one wall and elevators in the back. Yeah, you know the kind. I went up to the old geezer at the desk. "Where do I find Sycophant Press, Pops?" I asked. "Twenty-third floor, Mike," he said. "But be careful up there."

We had to share the elevator with a couple of broads in tweed coats and short haircuts, sniping at each other about D. M. Thomas's manipulation of anal-obsessive undercurrents. I was thinking about giving them a quick taste of my tongue, just to get in shape. But then Charlotte gave me some of her tongue. Only she didn't rip me up with it. She stuck it in my ear and ran it down my neck.

"Let's get out of here, Mike," she breathed. I could feel her shaking a little. "Let's go to my apartment. I need you, Mike."

"Dac needs me more, baby," I snarled. Yeah, a lot more.

I burst into Sycophant's office and barked, "My name's Yammer. I'm a private eye. Sometimes I'm a jury. I want the name of your anonymous critic."

He was a soft, pasty little guy, the kind who looks like he got all his editing savvy by pasting up the footnotes for Eliot's *Four Quartets*. You know the type. There's a million worms like him in the Big Apple. He looked at Charlotte and his face went white. He started to

shake. He turned to me and whined, "What's the trouble, Mike?"

"A poet named Dactyl Foote died today," I snarled. "He died because a cowardly critic ripped him up in your rag and didn't have the guts to sign his name. That makes me mad. I want that name."

The worm gulped, glanced at Charlotte, and whimpered, "I can't divulge any information on our contributors, Mike."

I held it back a second longer, letting him see the look in my eyes, letting him see the kind of tonguesel he was up against. He spotted the bulge in my cheek and he really started to shake. He was scared, all right. I whipped it out.

"I guess you think you're a brave little editor," I jeered. "But you were the one who wouldn't run a revisionist critique of Hemingway until he was dead because Papa threatened to make you spit-clean his shotgun. You were the one who wouldn't praise the cartoon 'Road-runner' as minimalist art until the French Académie officially voted him the animated Jerry Lewis."

His face twitched a little, but he just sat there, taking it.

"Let him go, Mike," Charlotte pleaded.

But I couldn't let him go. I was too mad. "Hell, you'd call Erma Bombeck the sharpest satirist since Swift!" I snarled, "if it would get your mother to stop calling you a pale, squirmy little annelid."

Suddenly he slumped forward onto the desk. He was shaking so hard he could barely talk. "D-don't know... critic's n-name... Mike. Came in... anony-

mous... didn't want... payment. No return... address... Mike."

"You see, Mike?" Charlotte breathed. "This little jellyfish has got nothing for you."

I stared at him another second, then I settled my tongue back into my mouth and turned toward the door.

"Where to now, Mike?"

"To see Ivan Denisovich," I snarled. "The scum's a Red, and in a case like this I always check on the Commies first."

"But Mike," she inhaled, "we talked to the editor of Sycophant Press first."

"That's 'cause Jerry wrote that segment without consulting Will beforehand," I snarled.

"Oh."

She wanted to know about this Ivan character, so I filled her in. "He's a slimy third-rate poet who hated Dac because Dac wouldn't use his verse as a soapbox to spew political malarkey. Or so he said. Yeah. Word's out on the street that Ivan was always tonguing Dac from behind, which tells a smart operator that he was probably just jealous."

"Are you a smart operator, Mike?" she exhaled.

"Maybe," I snarled. "Or maybe I've just been up to my neck in enough slime to have a pretty good idea of how a dirty Bolshevik thinks"

Ivan lived in a filthy garret in the Village. They say heat rises, but as we trudged up the creaking stairs I was thinking that maybe stink rises too. It stank so bad that my nostrils started

continued on page 48

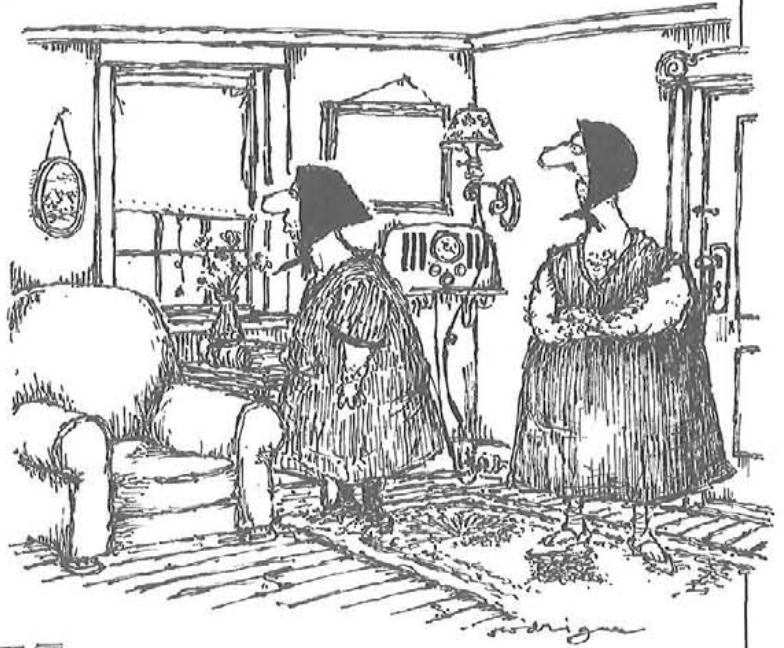


"I am not stealing rotten fruit. That's my colostomy bag."

# SOVIET SEX

EF. Rodriguez

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"I'll tell ya, Boris, the Soviet Union has to be the worst goddamn place in the world to be a transvestite!"

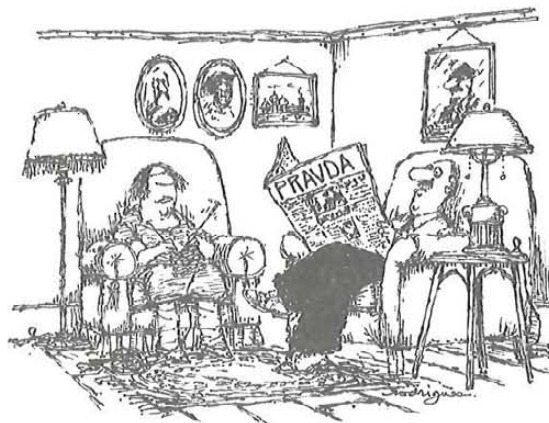


"What the hell's going on?! I get a golden opportunity to entrap a top CIA man, and every one of our girls is having her period!"

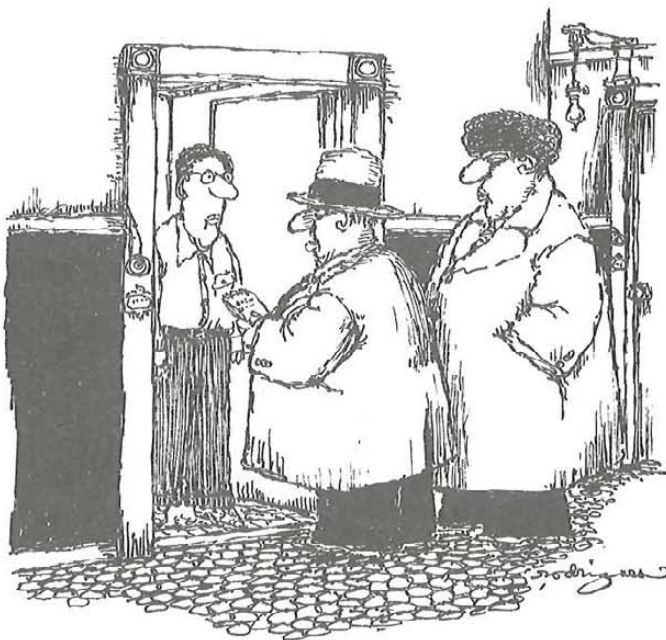




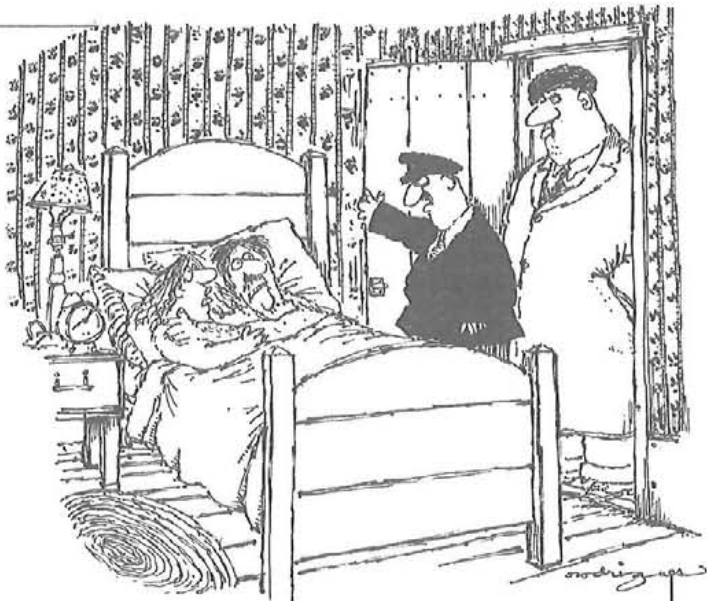
"Oh, Vladimir, I got an obscene telephone call today! A filthy man asked me if I would like to do something unspeakable to him behind a turbine at the Konsomol No. 5 Hydroelectric Station on the Amu River in the Uzbek Soviet Socialist Republic."



"It says here that they found a 138-year-old woman in the Azerbaijani city of Yevlakh who has denied her husband sex for 121 years. It also says there were reports of a 162-year-old woman in Kazi-Magomed who has denied her husband sex for 148 years, but this could not be confirmed."



"...Earlier this evening you were heard complaining to a citizen at the chemist shop on Bakunin Street about the unavailability of textured condoms, and that in Czarist times we used to *export* textured condoms. You will come with us!"



"Oh—you didn't know that foreplay was made illegal by a decree of the Twenty-first Constituent Council for the Strengthening of the Workers and Peasants in Kiev in 1958? A likely story, comrade!"

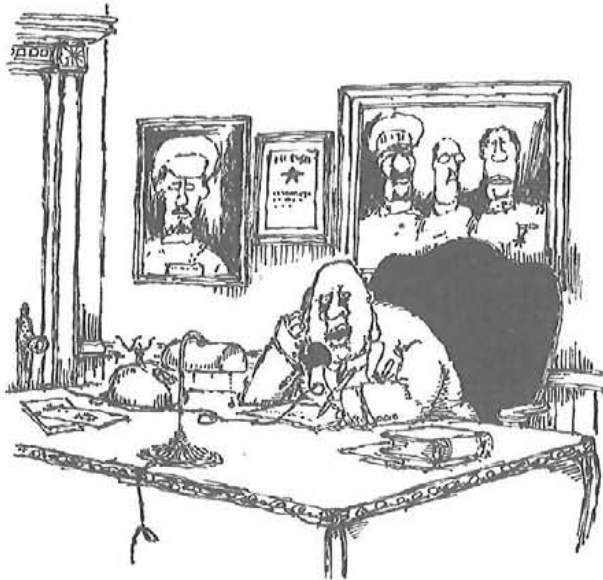


"Well, no—let me explain. We live in a two-room apartment with fourteen relatives, and I wonder if I could rent your place for a couple of hours so that I could have sex with my wife."

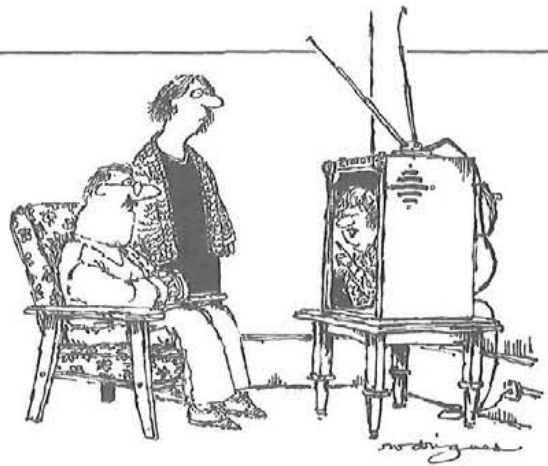


"...And this 'missionary position' that you and your wife have been using—you say you just 'made it up'? Come, come, comrade, do you take us for fools? Make it easy on yourself—just give us the name of the missionary who told you about it."





**"We've nailed him, Voloshin, he's definitely British Intelligence! He told a doctor at the clinic that he picked up the herpes infection from a toilet seat in Tashkent—any Russian knows that toilets in Tashkent don't *have* seats!"**



**"Ludmilla, listen to me. The reason your husband does not give you an orgasm is because he is probably a CIA agent. I want you to consult with the KGB—do you have a KGB office in your city, Ludmilla?"**



**"That's all! That's all! No more condoms, they're all gone—he got the last one!"**

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# TRUE

# No Men Allowed



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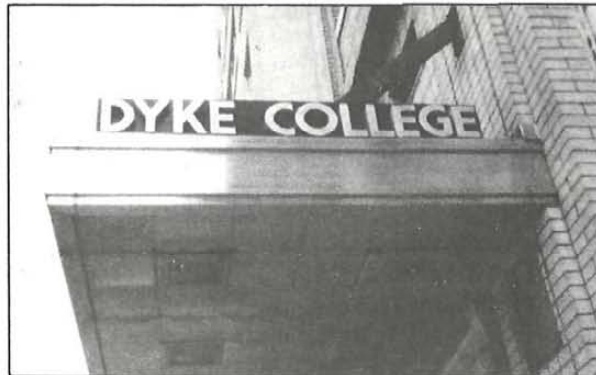
Mike Plaendner



Adam Rosensweig



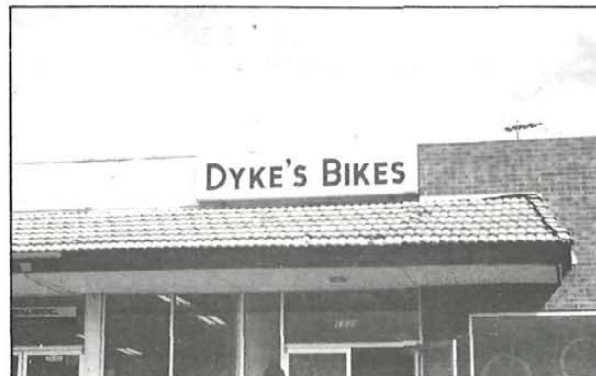
Don Lenger



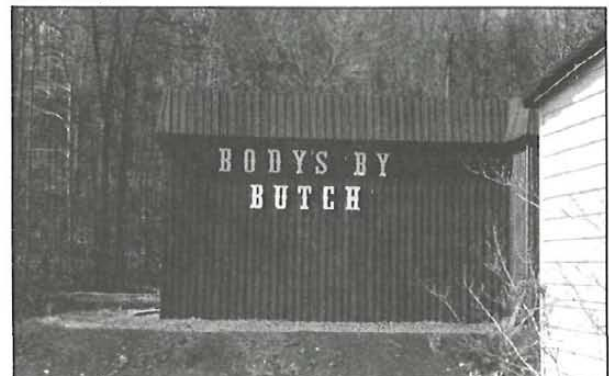
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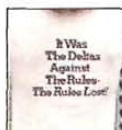
you expecting—E.T.?) Also, still available and still selling ridiculously well are the other movie T-shirts shown on this page.



National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt or



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National Lampoon's European Vacation shirt



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# OLD BLUE

by Tom Stratton

**T**he slobbering Saint Bernard gave me the last rites. I deliberately licked my private parts in front of him. I knew his type, the hypocritical son of a bitch. He scratched his flea bites absentmindedly, then slowly got up, growling a bunch of shit that was supposed to make things easier. He noticed my kennel dish in the corner. It was humiliating to see a holy dog salivate and drool like some starving alley bitch, so I let him take the thin slab of horse-meat with its side order of Gravy Train. It would have been my first solid meal since my film days—and also my last. The Saint Bernard said he'd give it to some needy puppies, but I knew damn well once he was outside the joint he'd swallow it whole like the glutton he was. Christ, who did they think they were

fooling, telling me that I was just going to sleep for a long time and if I didn't make a fuss I'd dream about slow mailmen and fire hydrants the size of Volkswagens. I ain't no pedigree, but I'm not ignorant. I knew I was on death row and in less than an hour I was to take that long last walk down the hall past the cat section, past the reconvered pickup engine to the urine-stained gas chamber. Yeah, I'm a little bitter. I mean, who wouldn't be—it was an obvious case of entrapment. But I've had some wild times in my life—I've done things other dogs and a lot of humans only fantasize about. I was a celebrity!

The old fart who cleaned my pen every morning remembered me. He was able to reel off every film I ever made: *Two Dames and a Dane* (1980), *Lap*

*Dog* (1981), *A Woman's Best Friend* (1982), *Dog Eat Dog* (1982), *Sic 'em* (1983), and *Milk Bones and Black Lace* (1984). He had pictures of every one of my co-stars: Bubbles Sandusky, Penny Candy, Sally Screwsilk.... He'd talk to me while crinkling up my wet papers.

"Hey, Blue, cheer up. You're a lucky fella, ya know? Huh? Ain't that right, old boy?" He would scratch behind my ears. "I betcha still got a lot of spunk left, don'tcha, old boy? For crissakes, if you could talk..." He'd lick his cracked lips. "If you could talk, you could tell your old pal Barney here 'bout some real fine snatch, huh, huh, old fella?"

Barney was disgusting, but I wasn't snappy with him. His kind had kept me in Alpo during the early years. He was  
continued on page 58



# NATIONAL LAMPOON'S COMPLETE GUIDE TO PICKING UP ALL THE GIRLS YOU WANT ANYTIME, ANYWHERE, AND THEN DOING THINGS TO THEM

## A Full-Instruction Kit for the Modern Male

by Ed Subitzky

### INTRODUCTION

**Y**ou've dreamed of her all your life. Maybe she's blond, brunette, or redhead. Maybe she's short or tall, intellectual or visceral, serious or light-hearted. Maybe she has a slim, svelte model's figure or maybe she's built like a modern, pink-tiled bathroom with recessed hamper, sliding glass doors over the shower, a heat lamp on the ceiling, and a Chagall mural on the wall (much more pleasant, you have to admit, than a brick shithouse). Shockingly passionate one moment, sweet and reassuring the next, she's the girl-woman who'll calm your anxieties, soothe your troubled soul, glory in your triumphs and pick you up in your defeats, and make you, once and for all, at least somewhat glad that you were born. And, of course, to put it bluntly, she fucks like a firecracker, has an orgasm if you even say, "Gee, your earrings are kind of nice," takes evening classes in exotic Middle Eastern lovemaking techniques, and is even willing to explain in detail just how someone *does* unhook a bra strap without a degree in mechanical engineering from MIT.

But where is she?

When you were thirteen, you just assumed she was somewhere in your junior high—she'd magically pop up beside you in the auditorium one day or maybe be the next contestant in the spelling bee. When you were in high school, you were positive she'd be there at the next dance, see you from across the room, realize that the two of you were fated forever, and come running toward you, arms outstretched and breasts jiggling gaily, in her sequined strapless. In college—well, in college she was going to be at the bookstore, mysteriously buying the same book you needed, making it so easy for you to start a conversation. "Say, you must be taking poly sci with Old Man Johnson. Yes, I am too. God, your eyes. I think I love you." After college, when you got out into the working world, she'd be the pretty new management trainee or else the secretary a few desks over...well, maybe in a singles bar...or maybe in a museum...or...

Right about then, you began to wonder. Could *you* possibly be doing something wrong? Were you looking in the wrong kinds of places? Or, when you met somebody you did kind of like, maybe you just weren't coming on right.

Maybe you smelled bad, or maybe you should shave more often, like once every couple of hours, especially on your back. Or maybe it had something to do with the time you were a kid and the Saint Bernard sat on your face and left it a little—how did the plastic surgeon put it—different?

Whatever it is, no matter. Because you're going to meet her now. It's all going to happen through this special kit, an exclusive service to all *National Lampoon* male readers.

How did we compile it? Well, we didn't just sit around our plush offices theorizing about our own great successes with women, although, goodness knows, we've had our share. (In fact, Sheila—I know you're reading this over my shoulder as I type—will you please get your tits off my neck? I can't fuck you now. I have to finish this article. Later, okay? *I promise.*)

Anyway, the fact that you've read this far means that you obviously need a great deal of help. Normal guys, the go-getters, the ones you see on the streets all the time with their arms around the waists of gorgeous ladies—they wouldn't be caught dead with an article like this. They wouldn't even have

noticed it on the contents page. But then, they never did have that unfortunate experience with the Saint Bernard, did they?

Sheila—I know you're still reading this—will you please stop playing with my thing while I type? Thank you.

Sorry. Back to you, the reader. It's okay. We at *National Lampoon* know you need help. So what we did was this. We went out and interviewed everybody. We interviewed men who were scoring like dynamite and asked them how they did it. We interviewed the losers of the world and we learned why they fail. We interviewed women, too—before, during, and after we fucked them like there's no tomorrow. We learned what really matters to them. And then we took all of this vast research and we put it through a Cray supercomputer at Cal Tech. Actually, the female technician who ran the machine would never have let us in if we hadn't fucked her first so good that she screamed, "Oh, my God!" in Basic, Fortran, and Pascal.

So here it is: scientifically accurate and based on the true-life experiences of countless men and women. And we're not giving you just the fundamental information, but everything you need to implement it immediately. In fact, within minutes after reading this article, you should be getting laid, falling in love, and maybe even applying for a marriage license and starting your family. Really. Everything anyone could need is here. So read on—your loneliness is about to be over!

## TWELVE SUREFIRE OPENING LINES

Ah, the opening line! The very first words you ever say to a lady who may turn out to be your lover of the evening, your fling for a month, your ten-year affair, or even the mother of your children. *Needless to say, nothing could possibly be more important than a well-crafted and properly delivered opening line.*

While some so-called experts in the field encourage spontaneity and exhort you just to "go ahead and be yourself," you know where that's gotten you in the past. No, the man who truly wants to pick up and seduce a woman knows well the value of repeating lines he has carefully memorized in advance. You see, these lines have been meticulously crafted by wise bachelors over centuries of use.

Let's eavesdrop for a moment and see how Bob, a highly successful bachelor in Chicago, does it. (Although all of the stories reported in this article are true, names have been changed to protect rights of privacy.)

## Case History One: "Bob" and "Anne"

Bob is in a museum on Sunday, admiring a Chagall. Suddenly he's aware of a tantalizing presence beside him. An air of sweet, provocative perfume wafts through his nostrils. He discreetly lowers his gaze and sees a pair of shapely ankles, deftly tilts his eyes upward, and is instantly overpowered by a stunning, high-cheekboned face, by deep blue eyes exuding unspoken intelligence, by lovely lips from which a playful wit emerges. Bob knows he has met his dream girl. Now watch how Bob handles it.

Bob bends forward and peers closely at the Chagall, as if totally entranced by it. Yet gradually a questioning look comes over his face. Something seems to be bothering him. He appears lost in profound thought. The woman, who is examining the painting rapturously, steps closer. Now listen to the conversation that ensues.

"Pardon me, miss, but what time is it?"

"Why, it's four thirty-two P.M."

"Wanna fuck?"

"Sure."

"Your place or mine?"

The bachelor who turns to this evergreen will find that, in our time-conscious society, even the most sophisticated woman can rarely resist it.

Yet some modern men-about-town, always searching for variety, will occasionally forgo this classic line and try another. For example, Bob is on a movie line now, alone. Suddenly he turns around and, right beside him, he discovers the most gorgeous woman he has ever seen—also alone. The movie is a touching drama and Bob wisely knows that, in anticipation of the moving experience ahead, the girl will be feeling

particularly mellow. Bob reaches into his "mental kit" of surefire lines and handles it this way.

"Pardon me, miss, but do you happen to know the current population of Zaire?"

"Why, it's 31,583,426."

"Wanna fuck?"

"Sure."

"Your place or mine?"

Look over the list of other surefire lines that follows. Pick the ones that seem most *you*, and most natural to your circumstance. You'll never go wrong.

"Pardon me, miss, but what year is it?"

"Pardon me, miss, but do you happen to know the current population of Zanzibar?"

"Pardon me, miss, but your slip isn't showing." (Said with a laugh.)

"I do so despise the threat of imminent nuclear war, don't you?"

"Have you ever read Schopenhauer in a bathtub?"

"My uncle is a pharmacist, I think."

"Gee, you have eyes that exude unspoken intelligence."

"You know, I like your earrings." (If she has an orgasm when you say this, marry her immediately.)

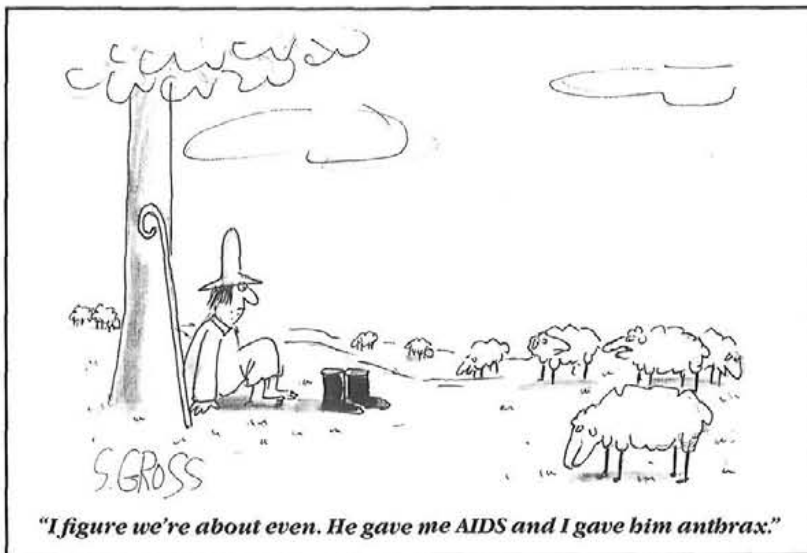
"Did a Saint Bernard ever sit on *your* face?"

"I do so adore the color cobalt blue!"

Whatever line you choose, just say it pleasantly, naturally, and confidently—and with the understandable caution of, say, a not-too-well-coordinated person walking a tightrope across the Grand Canyon.

## WHERE TO FIND WOMEN WHO WON'T SAY NO TO ANYONE

Of course, knowing what to say to a woman isn't much help until you've





actually found a woman to approach. Contrary to what many bachelors think, there's no need to go to expensive singles bars or "pay as you enter" Friday night parties and put up with the awkward, artificial, uncomfortable atmosphere they create. Indeed, as a little simple research will prove, there are many places in our society where you can meet women who are absolutely, positively guaranteed not to say no to anyone—not even to you.

Where do you find these fruits so ready to be plucked from the vine? They've been around you all your life, if you only knew where to look. Here is just a short list of places where the canny bachelor can choose from a wide variety of women who will do absolutely anything just to cheer themselves up.

**Divorce courts.** Look particularly for the ones who are weeping loudly.

**Hospitals.** Hang around the lobbies or, if you can, wander around the wards.

**Red Cross shelters.** To the women there, a man with even a dime in his pocket is equivalent to a debonair millionaire!

**Street corners.** Don't waste your energy on prostitutes—they're too expensive and not particularly good at forming lasting relationships. Instead, look for homemaker-type women who are carrying shopping bags that seem to be loaded with interesting, unusual items.

**Offices of psychiatrists.** Just hang out in the hallway and pay particular attention to those members of the fair sex who stare blankly ahead, shake a lot, or smoke more than one cigarette at a time.

**Funeral parlors.** Try anyone dressed in black. Remember, the sadder they are, the better you'll look to them.

**Methadone clinics.**

**Old-age homes.** Experience, they say, is the best teacher, and whole lifetimes of experience will be gleefully waiting for you down every corridor. Not only will you be able to select from a vast array of women who haven't had a man in years, but most of them won't even remember what a man is, so they'll have no standards to judge you by.

**Police stations.** They're far from the happiest of places, and almost everyone waiting around will be more than grateful for the chance to take a "pleasure break."

**Night court.** Fully half the women who go there end up losing their cases. And what better form of consolation than spending the rest of the night with you!

## HOW TO TELL WHEN A WOMAN IS TRULY DESPERATE

Occasionally, it may even happen that you meet a woman in a so-called "normal place" (for example, in an office or at a department store) who will be willing to talk to you, give you her name, and perhaps even fulfill your deepest fantasies. To learn to quickly recognize these priceless diamonds in the rough, you must never forget the prudent bachelor's most time-honored maxim: *A depressed woman is an easy woman.*

Very well and good, you say. But just how do you put this advice into prac-

tice? Consider the case of John, an able-bodied, hardworking bachelor in Des Moines.

## Case History Two: "John" and "Eileen"

John was sitting in a restaurant one day when he noticed a beautiful brunette, dressed in black, overeating, sobbing fitfully, and ordering a host of bizarre drinks with South American names.

Unobtrusively, with a deeply concerned look on his face, John went over and sat down next to the woman. The following conversation ensued.

"Excuse me, miss, but I couldn't help noticing that you were crying."

"Yes. I just learned that my husband, my children, my parents, all the rest of my relatives, and all of my friends were suddenly killed in various train, plane, car, and boat crashes."

"That's too bad. By the way, do you happen to have the time?"

"Why, it's seven fifty-six PM."

"Wanna fuck?"

"Sure."

"Your place or mine?"

## NINE SURE CURES FOR SHYNESS

"Ah," you may rejoice, "all of these suggestions may be well and good for the average man. But me, I don't have much confidence. Actually, I'm kind of shy."

Have no concern, because any psychologist will tell you that shyness is one of the easiest things in the world to cure. Just practice a little "self-conditioning" by doing something that makes you feel confident and your shyness will miraculously evaporate.

Here are some simple tips that will make you feel less shy and more manly:

Walk around with a loaded gun in your pocket.

Go into a room with your fly open.

Drop by the bank, take out your life savings in thousand-dollar bills, and keep it all in your wallet.

Smoke a cigarette that has no filter.

Use the manly word "fuck" before every noun, pronoun, verb, and participle. For example: "Fuckin' pass fuckin' me the fuckin' salt fuckin' shaker, if fuckin' you fuckin' please."

Wear steel underwear.

Have tattoo artists turn your pimples into a body-length "connect the dots" game.

Just before going out to look for women, knife someone.

Scratch a lot.

Not only will these simple exercises make you feel less shy, but women will regard you as one of the very few macho men around, and flock eagerly to your side.



"Hopefully you won't have anything to worry about tonight. Robert's mother made him jerk off twice before he left the house."

## THE MOST IMPORTANT WOMAN-GETTING TECHNIQUE OF ALL

We come now to what may well be the most critical technique ever developed for dealing with women. In fact, many knowledgeable men-about-town go so far as to say that it is really the *only* technique known that can lead to victory after victory with the fair sex.

Lie.

Lie about everything you can get away with. Lie about your age, your job, your salary, your likes and dislikes. If she likes modern jazz, you like modern jazz. If she likes Chagall, you like Chagall. If she insists that some stupid kind of food that you can't stand is subtle and exquisite, don't hesitate to tell her that you haven't tasted anything better since you had calves' groins over sheep testicles on your last trip to France to close an international deal.

*The man who lies gets laid.* It's really as simple as that.

Of course, the whole idea of lying is not to be found out, so successful use of this technique requires that you make a quick estimate of your prospect's IQ. If she uses a lot of big words, seems capable of figuring out the dinner check, and puts her lipstick on reasonably straight, she may be able to detect some of your more obvious lies (like telling her the little red dots all over your face are just bee stings that will go away). If, however, she never speaks in words of more than one syllable, and only uses one of them per sentence, and only utters one sentence every two or three hours, then congratulations! You should do just fine.

Witness one example of a bachelor who used this technique to perfection:

### Case History Three: "Ted" and "Janet"

"Hi there, mind if I join you?"

"I don't know. You look kind of short to me."

"That's just the lighting. I'm really six-foot-five. By the way, do you happen to know the current population of Zanzibar?"

"Why, it's 532,417."

"Wanna fuck?"

"Sure."

"Your place or mine?"

### BODY LANGUAGE AND HOW TO READ IT

A woman, it is said, is by nature more intimately in touch with her body than a man. And you'll frequently find that the best way to get *into* her body is to be *up on it*—in other words, to understand what her body language is secretly telling you about her subconscious needs

and fears.

For example, look carefully at the two pictures below. One of the ladies in question is subtly revealing to any would-be contender that, if approached correctly, she just might be receptive to a delicate advance. The other woman, however, is offering a characteristic display indicating that she is not likely to be interested at that moment. Can you tell which is which? Turn the page upside down to check your answer!

ANSWER: The woman at the right is indicating that she just might be receptive. Her apparent anger is merely a psychological shield due to the fact that she was frequently hurt by men in the past. The woman on the left is a no-good teasing whore bitch who likes to come on to men and then leave them taking sixteen-hour cold showers. Just remember: women, like men, always say and do exactly the opposite of what they really mean.



### THE EASY WAY TO KEEP A CONVERSATION GOING

Okay. You've gone to the right place, picked the right person, used the right opening line, and now the girl of your dreams is sitting opposite you in some dark little corner of an out-of-the-way restaurant, and it's time to do the thing you dread more than anything else in the world: have a conversation with a woman.

Fortunately, there is one surefire, time-honored technique the astute bachelor can use to keep any conversation going smoothly and without the slightest moment of awkwardness: *Ask questions.*

No matter what happens, never attempt to make a direct statement of any kind. Just keep on asking questions

and everything will be fine. Let's see how one worldly young man handled it.

### Case History Four: "Mike" and "Lanie"

"Are you enjoying yourself tonight?"

"Yes. I'm having a wonderful time. I'd like you to know a little more about me. I work for an art gallery."

"What do you happen to think about the prospects for a nuclear nonproliferation treaty?"

"I think they're unfortunately unrealistic. You see, I always just seemed to love art. Do you know, I wanted to paint once. I was pretty good, they told me."

"Would you happen to know the gross national product of Manitoba last year?"

"It was \$896,483,152. To be honest, I guess I do feel a little bitter sometimes, buying art instead of painting. Sometimes I think I'm losing track of my dreams."

"If you placed all the blood vessels in



the human body end to end, how far would they reach?"

"Fifty-seven miles. Wanna fuck?"

"Sure."

"How about my place?"

By his conversational skill, this wise bachelor was able to make his partner feel completely relaxed in his presence and therefore ready for the ultimate form of human expression.

### BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO WINE TASTING

Everyone knows that one of the best ways to impress a woman is to really know your way around a bottle of wine. The best way to give this impression when they show you the wine list at a

continued on page 68



# RICK MEYEROWITZ'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT GU SEXUAL PRACTICES OF

or, What to Do in Ougadougou When You Want to Do V

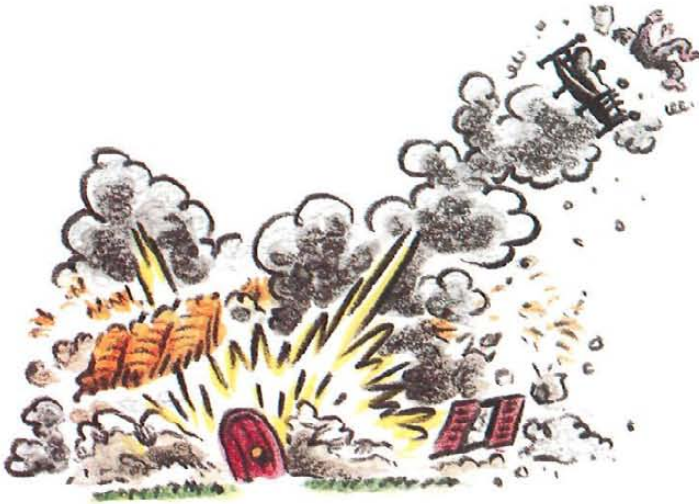


This is the ancient Japanese practice of BUNS-AR-US—the adjusting of sexual desire by manipulation with chopsticks. The greatest living practitioner of this art is Yukki Zowiyakki, who, at 119 years old, is designated a Living National Treasure of Japan. He works deftly with silver chopsticks to prepare couples for intercourse. With often imperceptible movements he causes pudenda to sing and testicles to dance the kabuki-doo. He has, however, an unpredictable streak. In June 1941 Adolf Hitler made a secret visit to Japan for an adjustment. Yukki, a vegetarian, took offense at Der Führer's famous body odor, which has been described as "pork plus." The result? The invasion of Russia and subsequent fall of the Third Reich.



# GUIDE TO LITTLE-KNOWN FARAWAY PLACES

## What the Ougadougans Do



### Recipe for an Irish blowjob:

2 gallons Guinness  
alarm clock  
duct tape  
dry-cell battery  
2 sticks dynamite  
copper wire  
2 more gallons Guinness  
blasting cap

### Directions:

Mix and blow.

In the seventh century there originated among the sultans and rich merchants of old Constantinople the custom of having a TAFFY SHMECKER. Once a secret of the privileged classes, this practice is now widely known as the ISTANBUL PULL. In the back rooms of cafés among the twisting alleyways of the old city, men still seek out this Turkish delight. They soak their penises in a mixture of halvah; cholera, the Turkish national drink; and rubber cement. When the penis achieves the consistency of Silly Putty it is pulled and stretched, sometimes to a length of a hundred meters. The ensuing orgasm is, to put it mildly, worthwhile. The penis soon returns to its original size but retains one rather bothersome characteristic of Silly Putty. It has a tendency to snap off.







Young pioneers of the Soviet People's Republic of Dzhlob in Siberia live in fear of copulating outdoors. The sudden onset of winter (thirty seconds is sudden!) can turn a passing infatuation into permafuck. The defrosting process is so long and so painful that the government has responded with a program for the masses. They are brought together in the Siberian People's Hall of Foreplay and Copulation in Trayfnyak, the capital city. Every October 9, a yak-bang is held. Numbers are given out; yaks are banged and then eaten. Then they feed the yaks and everyone goes home satisfied until spring (July 7-10).

In the ancient Persian city of Rugallah, where a holy man may have many wives and a large sexual appetite, there has arisen a sect of BIG BAGHDADDIES called MULLAH FUCKERS. For the wives of these potent holy men it's no more Ramadan-and-thank-you-ma'am. Sex has taken a more interesting turn. The mullah fucker lines up his women in a wife kabob, not forgetting a sheikh (for every wise man wears a sheikh), and chanting whole chapters from Jimmy Carter's book *Why Not the Best?*, in a delirium of religious ecstasy services all his wives and Allah at the same time.







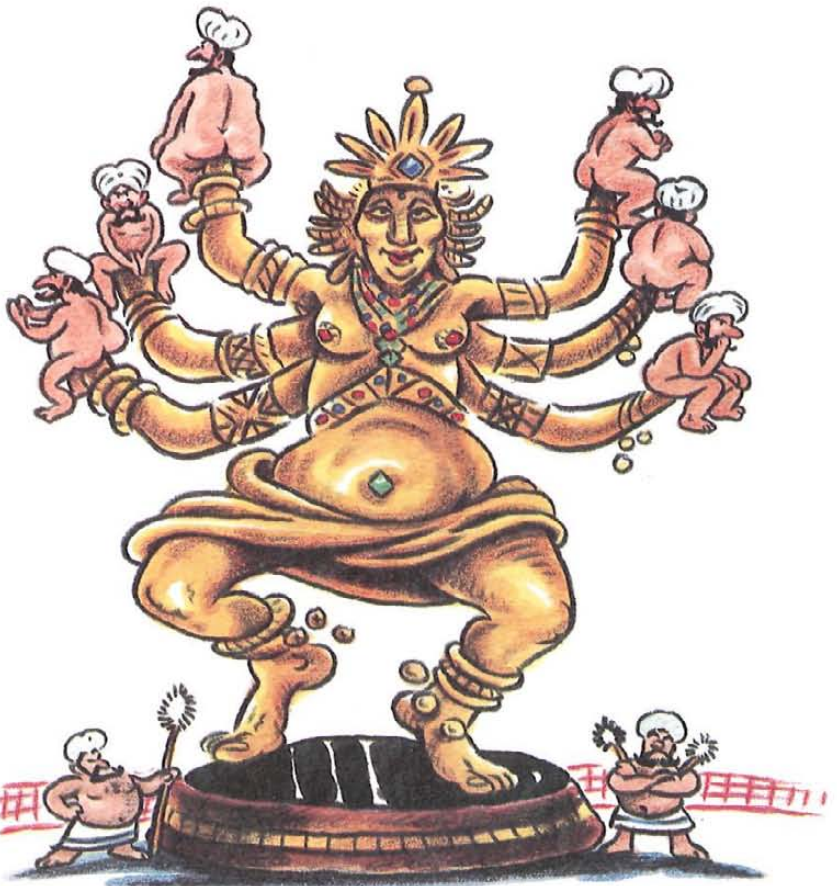
Szechuan hot-fuck. The two lovers consume large amounts of WHANG WOW, a potent hot pepper. When their mouths are sufficiently spiced they perform TUNG LO and DONG LICK on each other. The resulting male orgasm is sweet 'n' sour and female orgasm is sweet 'n' lo. Together they are so satisfying that oral sex is the only kind desired by the participants, thus controlling the population and defeating the nefarious plots of the Gang of Four. During the Cultural Revolution this practice was banned by the Red Guards, who would demand of a couple, "MAO TSE-TUNG?" If traces of WHANG WOW were found on a TUNG, the guilty couple would be forced to eat copies of the Little Red Book (CHOU EN-LAI). The resulting taste (LICK DUNG) seemed to cool ardor for oral sex, increase the population by copulation, and keep China a second-rate power!







The SCHWARZWALDERKUCKOOFUCHER, or Black Forest Kuckoo Festival, takes place every spring in the Bavarian town of Oberammergau. The town was made famous as the site of Wagner's opera *Die Nibbler*. The festival is the most picturesque event of the year in this picturesque and quaint country. Happy fräuleins (KLOCK TEASERS) try to coax the kuckoo from its little house exactly on the hour. Points are awarded for the size of the kuckoo, presentation, and punctuality. Circumcised kuckoos are taken away and never heard from again. Kuckoos that spit are disqualified. Winners are given large cars and allowed to drive two hundred miles per hour on the Autobahn. The losers are shot.



Six young male HEMOROONS are shown worshipping at the Bung-hollow, India, shrine of REEMA RAMA, goddess of the Anustani people—odd as it may seem, an all-male race. The great golden goddess, an incarnation of Shiva, has been in constant use for over eight hundred years. First the Boogaloos, then the Bugaroons, and now the Hemoroons prepared for their sexual coming of age by SITTING SHIVA. They are then initiated into the joy of sects by the MINAROONS, priests who have penis the shape and size of minarets.



Somewhere in the Pacific east of Fiji, astride the international dateline, lie the coral isles of Upper and Lower Genitalia, where, when it comes to sex, every night is Saturday night or maybe Sunday night or maybe Friday night. Male Genitalians practice the art of MACRAMAIMING, the tying of intricate knots in their penises. These knots aid in the wooing of female Genitalians, who are attracted by the size and complexity of the knots, the promise of unusual sexual stimulation, and foolproof male contraception. Sadly, on this happy isle a little rain must fall. The sex act, exquisite as it is, also can be fatal. For at the moment of climax half of all male Genitalians simply explode.



Male and female sex totems made of edible fruit.



The Isles of Genitalia, miles from nowhere—Paradise Found.



# THE MODERN WOMAN'S GUIDE TO TIME-



**W**ith meetings such a frequent part of today's corporate framework, you'll find the conference room an ideal place to meet at least some of the pressing needs of the man in your life. While position shown may not provide male with ultimate satisfaction of complete sex act, it will assuage an acceptable percentage of his physical desires. Simply slip male behind one of the many charts that abound during business meetings. When it's your

turn to present, step up to chart and proceed with matter at hand. Upon hearing your voice, male should raise his arm and reach in downward direction, being careful not to interfere with your pointer, lest you inadvertently give wrong indication of current sales figures. Remember to leave your top button undone, as male will be in state of reduced visibility. During your talk, as you reach over to turn pages, your body will naturally shift, automatically providing male with

access to both left and right target zone. Note that male may purr softly as you trace pointer along lines of chart while emphasizing data trend; should this happen, swiftly segue into good points of your report, such as rising profit margins, encouraging masking applause. Caution: As male becomes aroused, he may inadvertently trip the stand over, so he should be pre-instructed to gradually step backward during procedure.

by Ed Subitzky and Karen Dale Boss

## INTRODUCTION

(Reading Time:  
2 Minutes,  
47 Seconds)

As a modern, aware, self-motivated woman of the eighties, no one knows better than you the importance of careful time management. While Grandma was content just to oversee a home and Mom was satisfied to do the same (with maybe

lunches, and cocktails with managerial peers, in between which you speed-read the *Wall Street Journal*, *Fortune*, and the *Harvard Business Review* and after which you put in all the evening and weekend overtime necessary toward becoming the first woman president in the history of your firm.

To some, it would be a tall time-management order indeed. But by paying proper attention to scheduling, careful prioritizing, and cogent factor analysis, you're making it all run as smoothly as clockwork (digital-style,

and functioning daily infrastructure, you must both accommodate and incorporate. And, unfortunately, despite recent advances, it is still a biological fact that you can't optimize your fulfillment as a woman—that is, become a *mother*—unless you somehow do manage to squeeze that one further activity into your already stretched-to-the-limit schedule. But how?

When it comes to assisting you, standard textbooks on management have virtually nothing to say—and if you turn to the so-called "sex manuals" you'll find

# EFFICIENT SEX PLANNING AND MANAGEMENT

an afternoon of bridge thrown in on Wednesdays), you're committed to a lifestyle that allows you to realize every bit of your potential. From making crucial contacts at dinner parties to being seen at chic gallery openings, from fine-tuning your "dress for success" wardrobe to shopping for the latest high-tech home accessories, from keeping up with the important new movies and bestsellers to renovating a brownstone, from developing a killer backhand to mastering nouvelle cuisine, from pumping iron to getting "on the list" at the hottest discos—your life is packed to the hilt with productivity and accomplishment. And all of it, of course, interacts synergistically with a highly successful and upwardly mobile career, shuttling you back and forth through an endless succession of meetings, conferences, seminars, brainstorming sessions, overseas phone calls, committee appearances, data-flow projections, sales reports, fieldwork checkups, client

of course). However, there's still one problem—one additional item you can never seem to account for. It's a throwback far more appropriate to the homebody of the fifties and sixties than to the busy superwoman of the eighties. It's the persistent fly in your ointment of smoothly flowing hours and minutes, the one task you can never find a way to delegate, the forever misplaced folder in the otherwise perfectly ordered master file of your existence.

And what else could it be but *him*—that so-called "man in your life"! A pathetic, archaic creature hard-wired by evolution with a variety of incessant, inefficient "urges" and "needs" that drive him to continuously attempt to intrude on your busy schedule. Not only does he want to "do it" with you all day long, but "it" happens to be a particularly intrusive act that's especially difficult to coordinate with your other activities.

Yet, as they taught you in your M.B.A. classes, to maintain a smoothly working

that they, too, come up sadly impotent. With their emphasis on elaborate foreplay and their naive insistence that sex, alone of all your daily activities, be less than maximally time- and motion-efficient, they hardly address themselves to the lifestyle of today's all-around female.

Clearly, a whole new approach to sexuality is called for, and fortunately modern research has now come up with an answer—a variety of sexual positions that can satisfy even the most persistent needs of a male, whenever and however often they may occur, and yet still have a minimally disruptive effect on your daily productivity. Several examples are given here. In every case, the position indicated has been scientifically designed and carefully tested to prove a sufficiently gratifying experience for the male while impacting as little as possible on the environment and keeping your own concentration free for whatever important task may be at hand.





**W**hether it's for a cab or a cup of coffee, today's busy woman is in constant need of cash, and what better time to provide male with needed fulfillment than a trip to the local cash machine. While you're making your deposit or withdrawal, male may do likewise, frequently becoming so satisfied in the process that he may leave you alone for hours afterward. Just use bank card as always to get into your "private room" for two; as you press buttons on machine, facing display screen, let male approach from behind. Wear outfit that is easily liftable; several are available that meet approved dress-for-success codes. Be particularly careful as you enter your personal code and transaction desired, as male's thrusts, however gentle, may rock your fingers onto wrong numbers, even causing you to overdraw your account. Pre-instruct male to time his ejaculation for when you reach down to take cash from drawer; this will result in less wasted motion for both of you. If necessary, clean yourself up with convenient receipt rolling out of machine—unless, of course, you need it for tax purposes.



**F**aced with a major project, the entire staff will frequently work well into the evening, just the time when male desires tend to peak. To prepare for this inevitability, place traditional office potted palm directly behind desk; this will keep male comfortably out of your sight line, minimizing distraction and rendering him less visible to co-workers who may need to confer with you. Sit behind desk as usual, making whatever dent you can in your paperwork, keeping one

hand free for writing, calculating, or plugging discs into computer. Reach other hand back to male organ; if you can't reach it easily, just rock appropriate palm leaves with your foot, generating domino effect. This will have added benefit of slowing male's reaction time, and may keep him happily busy for hours. Note: With wrist turned inward, your fingers may fall asleep, losing sensitivity. If you have long nails and male suddenly screams, stop immediately and initiate inquiry.

**D**ining out is certainly a cardinal part of any modern woman's life, whether it's just enjoying an evening with charming friends who have influential connections or wining and dining important clients. Yet there's no reason why you can't put this time to dual-purpose use to meet incessant masculine cravings. Simply wait for an appropriate gap in the course of the meal—say, between the main dish and the dessert—and take advantage of the natural canopy of tablecloth provided by all fine restaurants. Naturally, you won't want to stop your sophisticated small talk or well-researched business discussion, and there's no need to. Just be sure to keep your head at side of table nearest other diners, and take typical "missionary" position so that your mouth is facing up. Flatness of table will nicely reflect voice upward and, ventriloquist-style, make it sound as if you are still sitting in original position. Keep hands free, and you may even be able to reach up for a bit of cake, a sip of coffee, or a delicate aperitif. Be sure to keep your legs tightly around male's bottom as shown; this will keep him pressed toward floor, keeping sufficient space between him and tabletop and preventing intrusive shaking for other diners. Should male begin to moan, groan, or squeal, deftly reach up, pull down dinner napkin, and stuff it in his mouth. As soon as male is completely still, return to table; should he be hungry after exertion, you may want to reach down and pop a bit of food into his mouth doggie-style.





**T**hose long marketing reports can become a rich source of what would otherwise be considered "down time" at the Xerox machine. Simply place first page to be copied on glass template as usual and set copier to number desired. Position yourself laterally against machine where emanating warmth will serve as comforting reminder that your work is being processed without time loss. Press start button as male mounts you from rear. As male thrusts, be careful not to push too high up on machine, because hands might otherwise show up on your report. Flashing light from machine during copy-making will make experience even more complete for male, satisfying him further. Instruct male to thrust in rhythm with your inserting successive pages for copying; added in proper phase with yours, his motion will save you energy. If male



bends over far enough, you may use his back as handy platform for collating copies as they emerge. At conclusion of activity, bend suddenly forward over machine and press copy button. This will produce a lifelike portrayal of act that male can take with him and hopefully use as substitute/surrogate so he won't be bothering you as much during remainder of day.



**M**ost executives are not aware that over five woman-hours a week are spent riding elevators or waiting for them. The higher your office is, the more time they provide, and the knowing businesswoman will take full advantage of it to satisfy her male's needs before entering the corporate environment proper. In fact, in recent studies so-called "elevator music" has been shown to provide a particularly romantic setting for males who feel more the conqueror when they can woo the female to soft melodies. Depending on how crowded the elevator is, simply bend over and let the male satisfy his primitive urges while you prop head against wall, reading the *Wall Street Journal* or *Business Week* or putting the final touches on an important report. Should male be in state of arousal at start of ascent or descent, you'll find that, by aiming him properly, you can make him select desired floor for you, an added energy saving—and a practical use for an appendage which has little other function in the modern world. Caution: During act itself, do not face front of elevator, as, depending on position, considerable damage can occur to male as doors open and close on intermediate floors.



**N**aturally, as a modern businesswoman, you don't overlook any possibility in rising to the top of the corporate ladder, and this, of course, means pleasing your boss in every possible way. But you'll find that you can make this time doubly productive and use it to fulfill eternal, incessant, endless needs of your boyfriend. Ensuring that your boss gives you that much-deserved promotion and bonus, you'll find, uses up only one end of you, leaving the other end free for efficient time-

sharing. Have your boyfriend start when you do and, to avoid undue distraction, complete the process concurrently with your boss. Instruct boyfriend to keep thrusting to a minimum so as not to tip over delicate glass frame containing pictures of boss's wife and children. Not only will you satisfy boyfriend's ridiculous demands once again, freeing the rest of the hour for more important things, but you'll have taken another significant step toward becoming a key-holder to the executive washroom.



continued from page 18  
shaking. I was wondering how anybody could live like that, but then I remembered what he was, and how his kind not only reveled in stink, but how they wanted to infest every proud corner of America with it. And how, if they ever succeeded, you'd never again be able to find a short book, something you could read in a sitting, but instead every novel would be a massive mind-numbing bore about epileptics and nihilists and guilt-ridden worms. It made me mad.

We got to his room, and I rapped knuckles on wood, and a minute later when the door opened it was like somebody had hurled a bucket of shit in our faces. And like we'd inhaled involuntarily from the shock of it, and so sucked chunks of shit into our noses, clogging them with it. That's how bad it stank. Maybe even a little worse.

You ever seen a Commie? Ever stood face-to-face with a greasy little toad that wanted to spit in your entire way of life and was proud of it? I have. Plenty. And now I was doing it again, and I wanted to throw up so bad it made my guts shake. Yeah, it made them shake plenty.

"What do you want with me, Mike?"  
Ivan gasped.

I was too mad to waste time on amenities. So I let him have it right there.

The big lash.

"You were always a little twerp, weren't you, Ivan?" I snarled, wagging my tongue in his face. "You were spastic at sports and you were short and smelly and in the heyday of the hippies your father made you get those little-boy haircuts, the ones with the whitewalls over the ears. But like any other boy you were still aching for poontang, and you figured the only chance you had was to come off as sensitive. Yeah, so you became a poet."

Ivan had turned white, which in a Commie is a real nasty thing to see, believe me. The way they live and think already puts you in mind of maggots, and when their skin pales like that you can see them dropping from a fly's ass so vividly you want to puke. I swallowed back the bile and spat, "So you read all the big boys. You started perambulating like Keats and dressing like Byron and even bleached your hair so you could look like Sandburg. So you whipped up a bunch of doggerel and worked up the courage to show it to a girl, some burnt-out bitch in a granny dress who played the dulcimer and had a name like Mari-gold or Aquaria. And what happened? She tore it to bits. She said that you could no more transform a word into an image of beauty than tofu could be made to taste like meat. She said your stuff had

all the subtlety of an Edwin Starr lyric."

Ivan fell to his knees. "Please, Mike," he sputtered. "Enough, enough."

Like hell he'd had enough. "The next step was so inevitable it makes me want to puke again. The Commies found you. Yeah, they always find guys like you. Alone you're maggots, but they tell you that if enough maggots get together they can bring a proud eagle to its knees. Suddenly a maggot with the balls of a gnat and the talent of a fence post could feel like he was something."

Suddenly Charlotte's hand was on my arm, tugging at it. "You're killing him, Mike," she breathed.

He sure as hell looked it. He was rolling around on the dirty floor, rending his clothes and heaving great sighs. He looked like something you see on the street after a garbage men's strike. Yeah, a long strike. In the middle of summer.

"Why did you kill Dac Foote?"

I snarled.

"I didn't, Mike," he gasped. "I swear I didn't."

"Sure you did, punk. He was everything you weren't. Tall and strong and handsome. And man, could he write. He wrote the lines that made the young girls cry. He was poesy, and he wrote the lines."

continued on page 78



# Sex and Love

by  
Shary  
Henriken

WE WERE GOING TO  
FIX YOU UP WITH OUR  
FRIEND ROGER.

BUT WE DECIDED IT WOULD BE TOO DANGEROUS FOR YOU.

WE FOUND OUT THAT HE'S AMBIVALENT  
ABOUT HIS GENDER PREFERENCE.

SO YOU CAN THANK US FOR  
SAVING YOUR LIFE.



THE AIDS THREAT?... NO PROBLEM.  
I'LL DATE ANYONE.

DEATH DOESN'T SCARE ME.  
WHAT I'M AFRAID OF IS LIVING  
ALONE FOR THE  
REST OF  
MY LIFE.

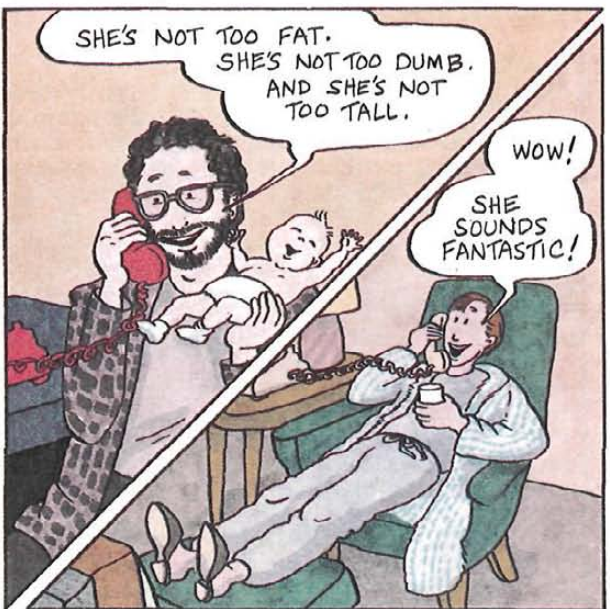


IF I DON'T FIND A HUSBAND SOON  
I'LL GO OVER THE EDGE.

I'M TERRIFIED OF WITHERING  
ON THE VINE.











YOU FEEL SO BIG INSIDE ME.

OUR BODIES FIT PERFECTLY.



I DIDN'T KNOW IT COULD BE SO GOOD.

YOU'RE THE BEST I'VE EVER HAD.



YOU'RE ALL MINE NOW.

YES! YES!  
I WANT TO BE YOUR LOVE SLAVE.



I'LL DO ANYTHING... I'D DIE FOR YOU.

I WANT YOU TO LIVE FOR ME.



I WANT YOU TO HAVE MY BABY.

YES... MAKE A BABY DEEP INSIDE ME RIGHT NOW.



OH... OH... OH... OH!

OH!  
OH!  
OH!





National Lampoon *Presents:*

# A WOMAN'S VIEW OF SEX

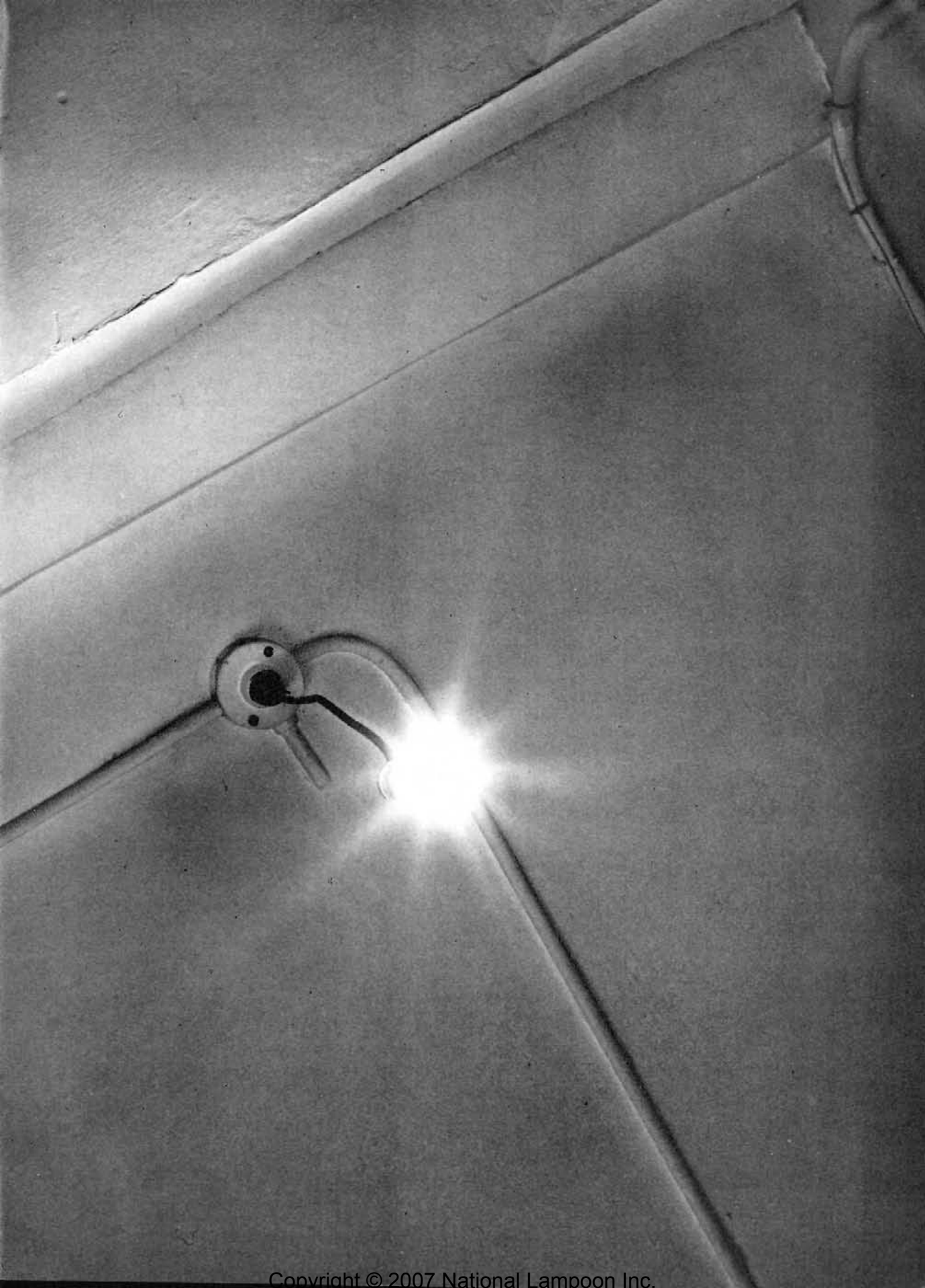
by Peter Kleinman

**O**

ver the past fifteen years or so, this journal of satire and irreverence called the *National Lampoon* has been accused by many of being exploitative and sexist. That may possibly be too strong an accusation, but we do admit, after a good deal of soul-searching, that much of our editorial material has reflected only the male side of life's ledger. We want to change this and change it now. We want to show both sides of every subject, not just the male orientation. No longer will we go for the cheap shot. No longer will we use the gratuitous pair of tits to get a belly laugh at the expense of women's rights. At this point (and we feel it is a significant one in the history of this magazine's editorial policy) we would like to throw open our pages and present something never before shown on these pages: a woman's view of sex.









From the collection  
of Mark Green

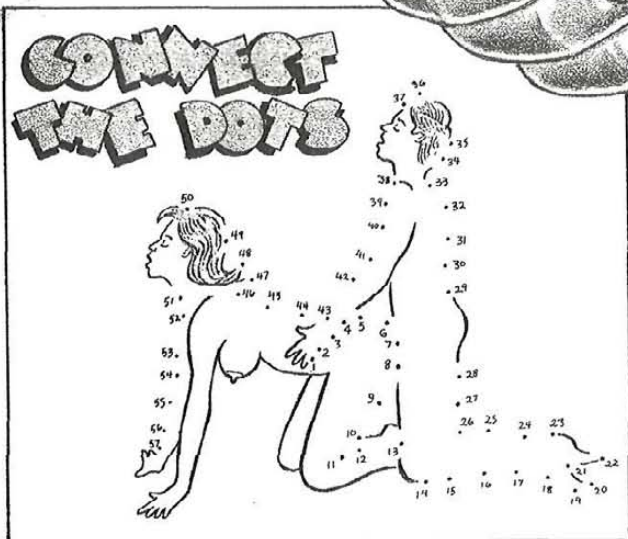


**Dick's**

ROUTE 23 B DA

ASK MARY LOU: "if you

**CONNECT THE DOTS**



**MUMBLE JUMBLE**

**I N O G R E D H A R**

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

VERBUNDOO

**A B L L L S T R E B U**

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

UNASSISTED

**L I T A F L E O**

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

QUILTY

**L D I O D**

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

OOTID

**H P I Y L S F S N A**

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ATV HSNIVUS

**HELP MR. SPERM REACH MRS. EGG**



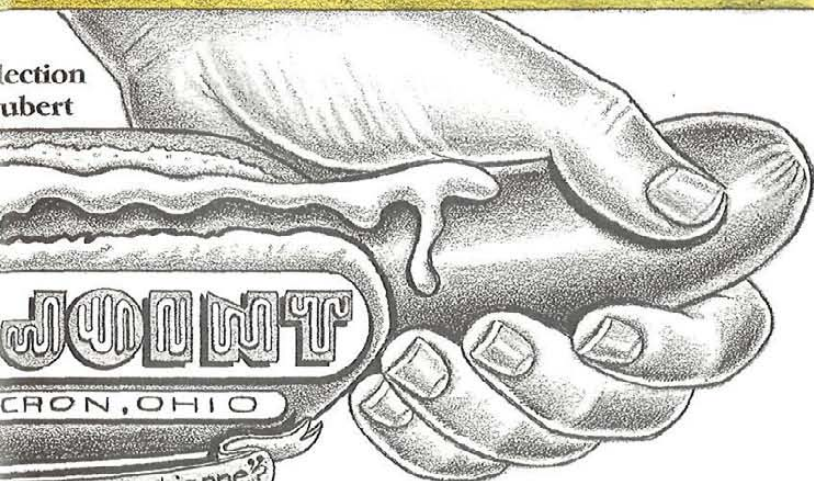
**WHERE'S T**

There are 20 missing tits in





ection  
ubert



# MATCH THE FAMOUS PERSON TO HIS SOCIAL DISEASE

- |             |                  |
|-------------|------------------|
| AL CAPONE   | AIDS             |
| ROCK HUDSON | GONORRHEA        |
| NAPOLEON    | SYPHILIS         |
| CASANOVA    | VENEREAL DISEASE |
| HITLER      | CRABS            |

# WORD SEARCH

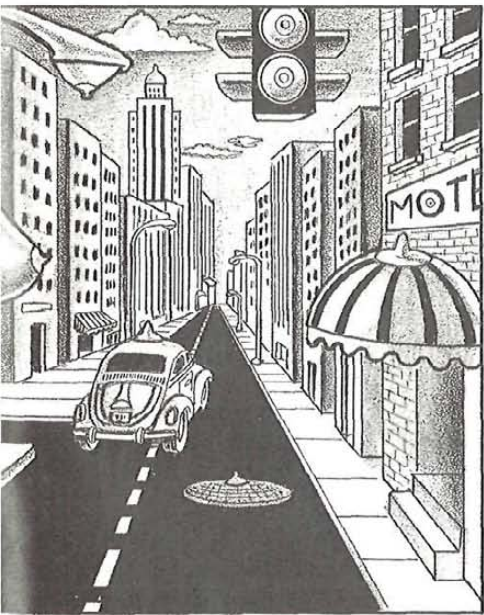
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M	P	L	S	E	A	N	I	A	N	I	G	A	V	D	O	S
F	E	L	R	F	U	V	U	A	R	A	T	I	B	C	D	E
C	F	E	L	C	H	E	R	O	B	I	N	U	E	M	K	U
L	E	S	O	U	H	D	A	M	O	T	T	E	R	Y	T	F
M	Z	M	P	N	O	D	U	P	R	T	L	O	D	M	T	U
L	O	T	I	T	L	C	U	X	F	P	L	U	S	M	C	L
H	T	Y	O	L	S	I	B	U	G	S	L	E	X	T	F	K
C	A	S	Z	I	O	W	C	V	F	U	C	H	M	D	F	P
P	B	D	E	P	N	K	G	E	B	N	N	A	P	H	R	I
S	A	I	I	S	L	L	A	B	T	A	B	L	C	P	F	G
B	D	A	U	E	T	O	D	I	C	K	W	E	E	D	I	B
A	F	S	I	S	R	M	O	D	A	L	A	S	N	E	M	E

### WORDS TO FIND

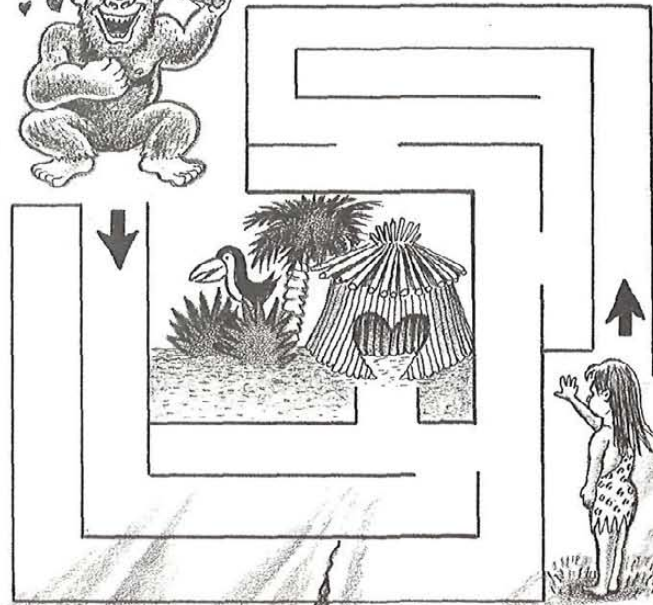
- |            |           |
|------------|-----------|
| VAGINA     | AIDS      |
| BUTTFLUCK  | CUNTCLIPS |
| FELCHER    | TIT       |
| SCUMBAG    | HOMO      |
| ANALSUCKER | PUSSYHAIR |
| DICKWEED   | BULLDYKE  |
| FUCKPIG    | BALLS     |
| SEMENSALAD | ANUS      |

# THE BOOBS

in this picture. Can you find them?



# BESTIAL BLUNDER



PETER FASOLINO



continued from page 31

the only company I had, and I'd gotten kind of attached to him.

I never knew either one of them, but I heard stories about my mother and father. He was a Great Dane owned by some wealthy fag in the Village, and my mother was a proud Kentucky bloodhound with a family line dating back to the Civil War. They met briefly—one of those crazy three-minute flings following a dog show in the Garden. She stayed in the city long enough to give birth, and my father ran off with a miniature collie. My early weeks were spent in the S.P.C.A. I kept my nose clean and paid attention. I picked up some tricks used to attract prospective owners: I wasn't too eager, kept my paws on the ground, made eye contact, whimpered a little, hung around with uglier dogs, stuff like that. Finally a small-time fashion model, who thought she was Kim Alexis but couldn't afford anything more exotic than an S.P.C.A. mongrel, took me home to her apartment.

The model didn't know diddly-squat about raising dogs. I had zero discipline and flunked the obedience-school entrance exam. I pissed on her carpets and chewed through the rungs on the kitchen chairs. Perhaps if she had swatted me with the *Times* or kicked my ass down the stairs a few times things might have turned out different. I don't know whether it was a ploy to get her atten-

tion or if it was a depraved Danish gene that was passed on to me from my father, but one night after she returned from work I jumped her. I wrapped my front legs around her narrow thigh and humped her silly. She cuffed at me but I could tell by the glint in her contacts that she thought it was cute. I began to hump everything: pole lamps, bedspreads, the janitor, even little Bobby Feldman down the hall, who used to force-feed me Kraft caramels.

The model was finally sued because of my indiscretions and she had no choice but to get rid of me. Rather than send me back to the joint to do some time, she quietly let me out the door one night with a chair rung in my jaws and the earnest advice to not eat any chicken bones.

For weeks I walked the streets of New York, eating out of dumpsters and garbage cans and living in cardboard boxes. I used to chase the junkies and eat the candy bars they dropped. I became expert at sneaking up on old pigeons. I learned to like used chewing gum.

Then late one drizzly night, Rudi stumbled over me in an alley. We were both at the end of our ropes. He was blind and broke and I was hungry and horny.

"Pssst. Hey, Spot, wanna earn some steaks?" The poor bastard, I was plain brown and didn't have a spot on me.

"C'mon, fella, do you?"

He stuck a dirty finger in my eye, trying to pet me. "C'mon, fella, I'm gonna make you a star. Stick with me, Spot, and I'll put your name in lights."

That night our partnership was formed. Rudi became my agent. I attempted to repay his kindness by becoming his Seeing Eye dog, but neither of us had the patience for that kind of thing. More than once I caused Rudi problems when my leash became tangled in the legs of a pretty secretary at a bus stop. Rudi said he appreciated my help but he traveled a lot faster with just his cane.

The fall of 1980 and my first big break: Tony Dreg's production of *Two Dames and a Dane* with Penny Candy and an unknown hooker from Vegas. It really wasn't much of a film, just a black-and-white back-room affair put out by some rich Wop from Jersey. It was a start. Christ, I was horrible in that first movie. I blew my barks and everything. I didn't understand the word "Cut." The only thing that saved my career was the size of my pink beauty and some impromptu stunts during the love scenes. I also did *Lap Dog* with Penny Candy. We ran over budget because she was such a bitch to work with. She threw temper tantrums, complained about my drooling, and insisted I wear a Hartz Mountain flea

continued on page 72



# F U N N Y

# P A G E S



**OLIVER  
WHACKO  
LAND**

OLIVER DISCOVERS HE'S A MEMBER OF WHACKOLAND'S WORKING CLASS AND HAS TO EARN A LIVING....

WHERE'S THE FACTORY, NUTZY?

IT'S WAY ACROSS TOWN, BUT IF WE'RE LUCKY WE'LL BE HIJACKED! LET'S GET INTO A JET! THIS ONE'S EMPTY!

JET LINE  
PLEASE TAKE YOUR TURN

WHY DO YOU CALL THESE DUMB BOXES JETS?

HERE COME SOME TERRORISTS NOW!

DARN! SOMETIMES THEY JUST KILL YOU.

KAH THUNK  
WHACK!  
KATHAN

HELP! THEY'VE GOT US!!

HEY, THIS BUNCH REALLY MOVES ALONG! MAYBE THEY WON'T EVEN STOP TO NEGOTIATE!

FUDGE! IT'S THE S.W.A.T.S! WATCH OUT...THEY TEND TO KILL EVERYBODY!

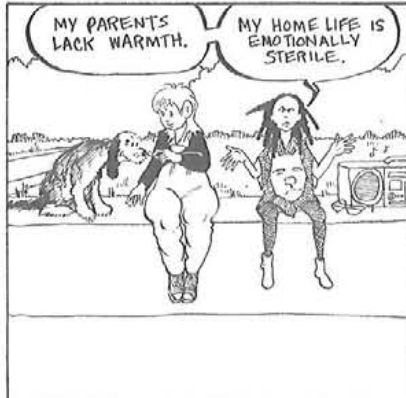
OHNK!  
GAAH!  
TAKAKAKA  
TA KAKAKA

NOW WE'LL HAVE TO GO THE REST OF THE WAY ON OUR OWN!

Graham Wilson  
MUTTER...



# trots and bonnie



©86 SHARY FLENNIKEN

# THE APPLETONS

by  
B.K. Taylor  
©. 1995



IT'S PARENTS DAY AT SCHOOL, AND BOBBY APPLETON'S FATHER HAS JUST FINISHED HIS GUEST APPEARANCE SPEECH TO THE STUDENTS. THE TEACHER HAS INVITED HIM TO SIT IN AND WATCH THE CLASS CONTINUE ITS NORMAL SCHEDULE.



... SO IF YOU'LL HIRE A SEAT, YOU CAN JOIN IN AND WATCH AS WE BEGIN OUR TOPIC - AMERICAN PRESIDENTS.

THANK YOU, I'D ENJOY THAT!



... NOW, JONATHAN ROSEN, WHO WAS THE FIFTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES?

SID CAESAR

AHH... CAESAR?

NO! NOW I WANT YOU TO STAY AFTER CLASS AND STUDY YOUR PRESIDENTS WITH ME!



ALICE, DO YOU KNOW WHO IT WAS?

YOU PINK YOU GOT ME IN TROUBLE!



SAY, THAT'S NO WAY TO SPEAK TO YOUR ELDERS!

SIT ON IT, YOU... YOU BRAAAP!

WHA...



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A LITTLE PINCH BETWEEN YOUR CHEEK AND GUMS?!

**OUTH!**

JONATHAN, THAT DOES IT!



THE BOY IS REPRIMANDED FOR HIS OUTBURST.

... AND YOU STAY THERE UNTIL YOU CAN ACT LIKE A LITTLE GENTLEMAN!

I'M VERY SORRY, MR. APPLETON!

THAT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT.

THANK YOU, CLASS, MAY WE CONTINUE - WHICH PRESIDENT SAID...



SUDDENLY A WET PROJECTILE SMACKS AGAINST MR. APPLETON'S HEAD.

**SMEK!**

... THAT'S CORRECT, SALLY. DOES ANYONE KNOW WHO...



THE LINKING GESTURE IS RETURNED IN THE FORM OF A RUBBERBAND-PROPELLED PAPERCLIP.

HEY, RICKY, I GOT HIM GOOD WITH... **PA-TWEEOW!**

OWW!



JUST WHAT IS GOING ON BACK HERE? HAVE YOU BEEN MAKING SPIT WADES? HAVE YOU? YOU AND RICKY BOTH STAND IN THE CORNER!

BUT...

... I DIDN'T IT WAS...

**NOW!**



YOU! ME!

THE PRIVATE WAR WAGES THROUGHOUT THE AFTERNOON...

I DIDN'T, YOU...

HE...

... SHE, HE...

... HE, YOU, THEY...

... I...



... UNTIL... I'M SO SORRY, MR. APPLETON, I'VE NEVER SEEN THEM ACT LIKE THIS!

AT LEAST YOUR SON BOBBY ACTED LIKE A WELL-BEHAVED CHILD. YOU'VE RAISED HIM WELL. THANK YOU FOR COMING.

THANK YOU, MRS. LEWIS, WE'VE DONE OUR BEST.



YES, MRS. LEWIS... YOU REAP WHAT YOU SOW. I'VE ALWAYS FELT THAT AN EYE ON EDUCATION IS AN EYE ON THE FUTURE!



# NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

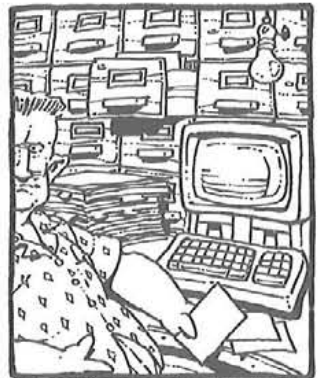
RICK GEARY  
©1985



I RETURN FROM WORK  
ABOUT THIS TIME EACH  
DAY (6:30 PM).



AND RETIRE IMMEDIATELY  
TO MY BASEMENT  
WORKROOM.



HERE I'VE BEEN COMPILING  
EVIDENCE OF A VAST AND  
SHOCKING CONSPIRACY...



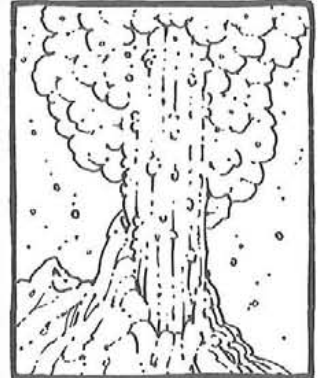
GREATER THAN THE  
CATHOLICS, THE JEWS, OR  
THE ILLUMINATI!



ONE BEHIND THE MURDERS OF  
JOHN LENNON, J. EDGAR HOOVER,  
MARY JO KEFERNE...



DOROTHY KILGALLEN, AND MANY  
OTHERS — NOT TO MENTION  
JONESTOWN.



MT. ST. HELENS (MANY FOLKS  
THOUGHT THIS A  
NATURAL CATASTROPHE).



THE WORLD HAS FALLEN  
TO CHAOS, NO GETTING  
AROUND IT.



BEHIND IT ALL, I'VE FOUND,  
IS MY WIFE'S FAMILY...



THEY SUPERVISE THE  
DISTRIBUTION OF PLUTONIUM  
IN OUR SUPERMARKETS...



AND SUPPLY ARMS TO THE  
MEDIA.



THEY MAY HAVE CONNECTIONS  
TO THE DEPARTMENT OF  
THE INTERIOR.



HER POP LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY  
LIKE ONASSIS, DON'T YOU  
THINK?

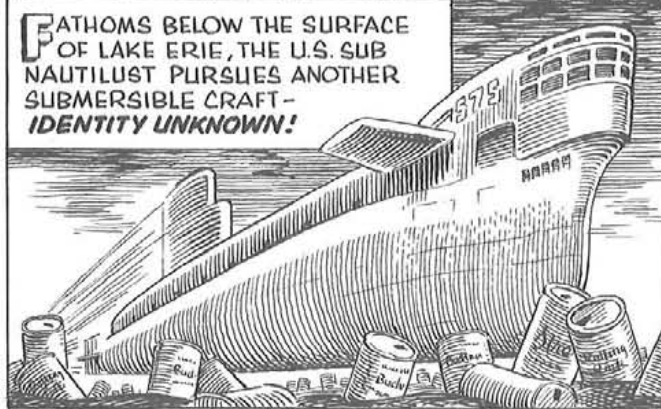


MY WIFE LOOKS MORE LIKE  
HOWARD HUGHES.



MAYBE NOW I CAN GET THEM  
OUT OF THE HOUSE FOR GOOD!

# P O L I T E N E S S M A N



**F**ATHOMS BELOW THE SURFACE OF LAKE ERIE, THE U.S. SUB NAUTILUST PURSUES ANOTHER SUBMERSIBLE CRAFT—**IDENTITY UNKNOWN!**



**I'VE GOT THEM ON RADAR!**

OH THIR, DO YOU KNOW WHAT "RADAR" ITH SPELLED BACKWARDS?



**THEY'RE TAKING EVASIVE ACTION! 183 DEGREES HARD TO PORT!**

YETH THIR, I'M HARD!



MEN WHO DO MANNERS ALWAYS SIGNAL BEFORE MAKING A TURN!



BESIDES, IT'S CONSIDERATE TO FISH!



**BUT POLITENESSMAN, WE DON'T HAVE TURNING SIGNALS!**

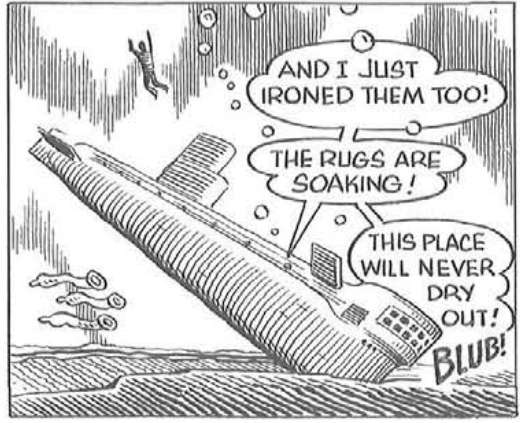


THEN PLEASE USE MANUAL SIGNALS!

OKAY... OKAY! SPUTTER

THIR! YOU'RE GETTING THE CURTAINTH WET!

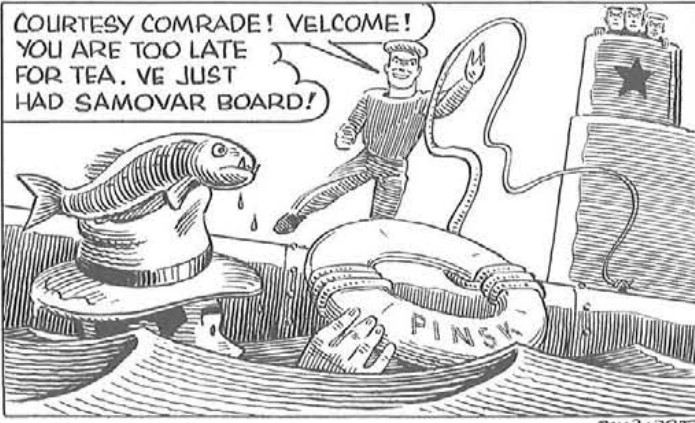
2<sup>ND</sup> CLASS SEMEN



AND I JUST IRONED THEM TOO!

THE RUGS ARE SOAKING!

THIS PLACE WILL NEVER DRY OUT!  
**BLUB!**



COURTESY COMRADE! VELCOME! YOU ARE TOO LATE FOR TEA. VE JUST HAD SAMOVAR BOARD!

RON BARRET



# Mr. Vengeance

by Buddy  
Hickerson



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- The latest best-seller lists and reviews on books, videos, movies, etc.
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# BELA LUGOSI'S SCARIEST ROLE



SCRIPT: JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN  
ART: DREW FRIEDMAN

THE PRESSURE OF BEING A MATINEE IDOL IN 1918, ADORED BY HUNGARIAN CHICKS, DREW HIM CLOSER TO NICOTINE.



HOLLYWOOD STARDOM WAS SWEET, BUT AN INABILITY TO GRAB BIGGER ROLES BY THE BALLS KEPT HIS CAREER IN CHECK. KARLOFF CONTINUALLY OVERSHADOWED THE HUNGARIAN, EVEN IN HIS SECOND-GREATEST ROLE.



BY THE FORTIES BELA'S PERSONA MADE HIM THE MOST TYPECAST ACTOR IN HOLLYWOOD.



LUGOSI SCORNE THE HORROR FILM, BUT SLOWLY RESIGNED HIMSELF TO THE FACT THAT HE HAD BEEN CONDEMNED TO A LIFETIME OF DYING ON THE SCREEN.



HE BECAME THE FIRST RECIPIENT OF SHOW-BIZ PAINOLA, AS WE KNOW IT TODAY.



BY THE EARLY FIFTIES, THE GREAT ROMANTIC ACTOR HAD HIT BOTTOM, RECITING THE BRAIN-TWISTING DIALOGUE OF AUTEUR ED WOOD, JR. IT WAS ALL HE COULD GET.



AT THE BROWN DERBY, EVEN HIS ACTING CHUMS WERE SOMEWHAT AGHAST AT BELA'S APPEARANCE WITHOUT MAKEUP.



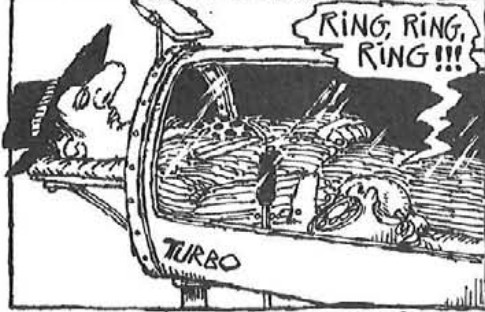
BY 1955, BELA HAD, ALAS, PROVEN HIMSELF A POOR ADVERTISEMENT FOR DRUG REHABILITATION.



END

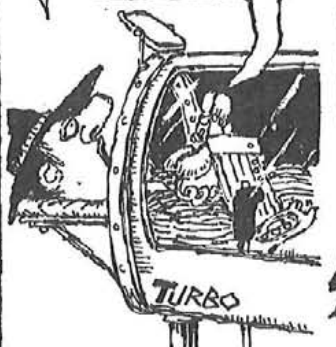
BELA LUGOSI 1882-1956

**SAM DEGROOT  
THE FREE WORLD'S ONLY  
PRIVATE DETECTIVE  
IN AN IRON LUNG MACHINE**



RING, RING, RING!!!

HELLO!  
HELLO, MR. DEGROOT?  
HELLO, HELLO,  
HELLO, HELLO?



TURBO

WHOEVER YOU ARE,  
YELL!  
I'M MRS. LUDWIG VAN BUREN, MR. DE GROOT, PLEASE COME TO MY PENTHOUSE AT THE SEVILLE ARMS ON PARK AVENUE—I'M IN TERRIBLE DANGER!



TURBO



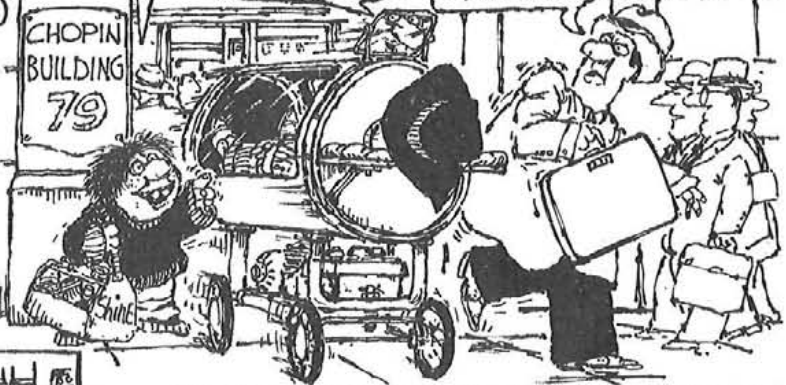
I'LL BE RIGHT OVER, MRS. VAN BUREN!

WOW! SHE'S THE WIFE OF VAN BUREN THE BILLIONAIRE!

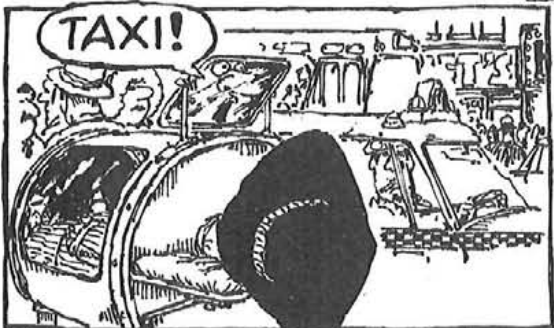
SHINE, MR. DEGROOT?

NO TIME, JIMMY, I'M ON AN IMPORTANT CASE!

HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING WITH THAT DUMB IRON LUNG!

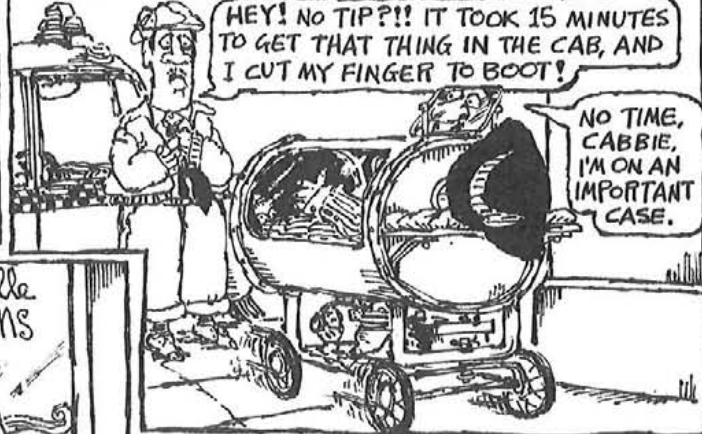


CHOPIN BUILDING 79



TAXI!

**THE SEVILLE ARMS ON SWANKY PARK AVENUE**



HEY! NO TIP?! IT TOOK 15 MINUTES TO GET THAT THING IN THE CAB, AND I CUT MY FINGER TO BOOT!

NO TIME, CABBIE, I'M ON AN IMPORTANT CASE.



STICK 'EM UP, DEGROOT!

WHAT THE...

Seville ARMS

IT'S EDDIE SPADAFORA, A HIT MAN FOR THE GALIPLI FAMILY... WAIT A MINUTE—NO! THAT'S NOT EDDIE SPADAFORA! EDDIE'S FACE IS ALL POCKMARKED FROM ACNE. I DON'T KNOW WHO THIS GUY IS!

**CONTINUED**

© Copyright 1985 J. P. ...



continued from page 35

restaurant is simply to sneer and say, "I wish it hadn't rained in France last September." This will make you seem extremely knowledgeable, and since, like you, your companion undoubtedly knows nothing about wine, she'll simply assume that you have made a fine choice. When the *maitre d'* first pours you a bit of the wine to sample, be sure to stick your finger in it, a trick used by true wine aficionados to test acidity, and one that will have the added benefit of making the right subliminal suggestion to your prospect. However it tastes, immediately send it back in disgust. Proceed to order dinner, first muttering, "I wish they hadn't had that cattle disease in Colorado...."

## HOW TO WIN A GIRL WITH LAUGHTER

The way to a man's heart may be through his stomach, but history has certainly proved that the way to a woman's heart is through her funnybone. Women love nothing more in a man than a sense of humor, which is why any male who even comes into the *National Lampoon* building automatically gets laid on the spot. (I told you, Sheila, later. Sheila, you know I can't concentrate on my typing while you're giving me a blowjob!)

At any rate, you should try to demonstrate your own sense of humor to any woman you meet, and as often as you can during the course of an evening. Here are some simple, surefire techniques for getting her to laugh:

Trip a cripple.

Spill your drink down your fly.

Tell a knock-knock joke in a spastic voice.

Try to twist your face so that it

matches the features of any members of ethnic groups who may happen to be nearby.

## TWO CAN'T-MISS WAYS TO GET A WOMAN'S PHONE NUMBER

You've met her, spent time with her, even spoken to her, and you realize that, more than anything else in the world, you want to—you've *got* to—see this lady again. Now the time has come for you to somehow snatch away that most priceless nugget of all, that very snippet of her identity without which your cause is totally lost: her phone number. How do you manage to do it?

In today's world, women are naturally hesitant to give out their phone numbers to men they don't know, fearful that they may be raped, mutilated, murdered, or have their names put on various mailing lists. So the wise bachelor approaches the subject with exquisite care, extricating her number with such finesse and delicacy that she doesn't even realize the precious gem she's giving away.

For example, one with-it bachelor in New York was able both to meet a woman *and* get her phone number all in one svelte swoop. Witness the consummate artistry of his technique.

## Case History Five: "Ralph" and "Melanie"

"Excuse me, but do you happen to know the population of Zanzibar?"

"Why, it's 532,417."

"Gee, I bet those are the same digits in your, say, phone number?"

"Ha-ha. No, you see, my phone number is 555-1314."

"Oh, I guess I was wrong. Wanna fuck?"

"Sure."

"Your place or mine?"

If you don't feel ready yet for an approach as finely orchestrated as this you might try what another virtuoso bachelor did at the end of a perfect evening.

## Case History Six: "Frank" and "Joanne"

"Well, good night, and thank you."

"Hey, before I leave, wanna try something neat?"

"Sure."

"Okay, just pick a number. Any number at all, like, you know, maybe your phone number or something. Got it?"

"Sure."

"Now add five, but don't tell me the result. Then multiply by four and subtract your age..."

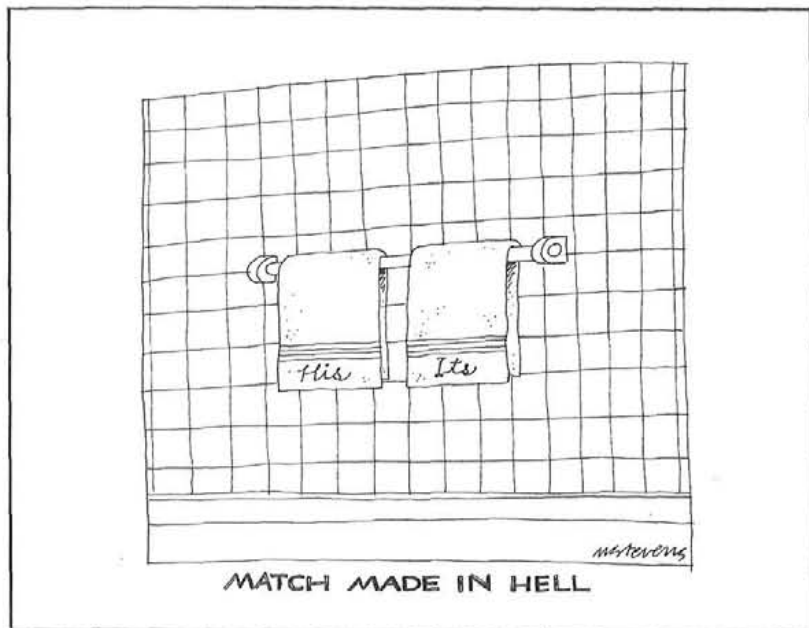
After going home, with just a few hours in front of his computer, the bachelor was able to ascertain the girl's number correctly within two digits, call her again (after only three false tries), and eventually get her to do a great little "number" on him. Today they're still one of the hottest numbers in town!

## HOW TO KEEP YOURSELF FROM PROPOSING IN CASE SHE LETS YOU TOUCH HER

Possessed with information like this, every lonely bachelor faces one ever-present danger. After a lifetime of deprivation, you try one of these techniques and, to your great joy, it works. There you are with an actual living woman, sitting in a café or walking in a park, when suddenly—by accident or maybe even on purpose—a bit of her pinkie brushes against you. A woman has touched you, perhaps for the first time in years!

Naturally, your first reaction is to be overcome with profound emotion. Automatically, as if you have no free will of your own, you feel a tangle of words rising up into your mouth, choking you with hurricane force, thrashing desperately to come out: "I love you! Will you marry me?"

At this point, to be perfectly frank, few lonely men can stop themselves. They propose, get married, and spend the rest of their lives buying clothes for a woman they hardly know and supporting her babies. However, there are techniques you can use to gain at least a minimum of control over your emotions and perhaps not do something you live to regret. Immediately, as soon as she touches you and not an instant later, reach into your



continued on page 74

**Now! The One Book That You Can't Explain Away...  
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A Book That Has No Moral Values...  
A Book That Makes *National Lampoon* Magazine  
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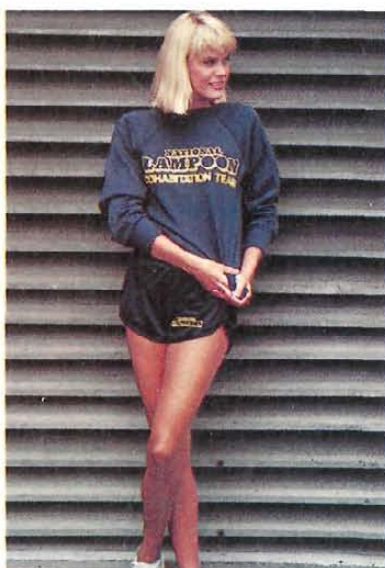
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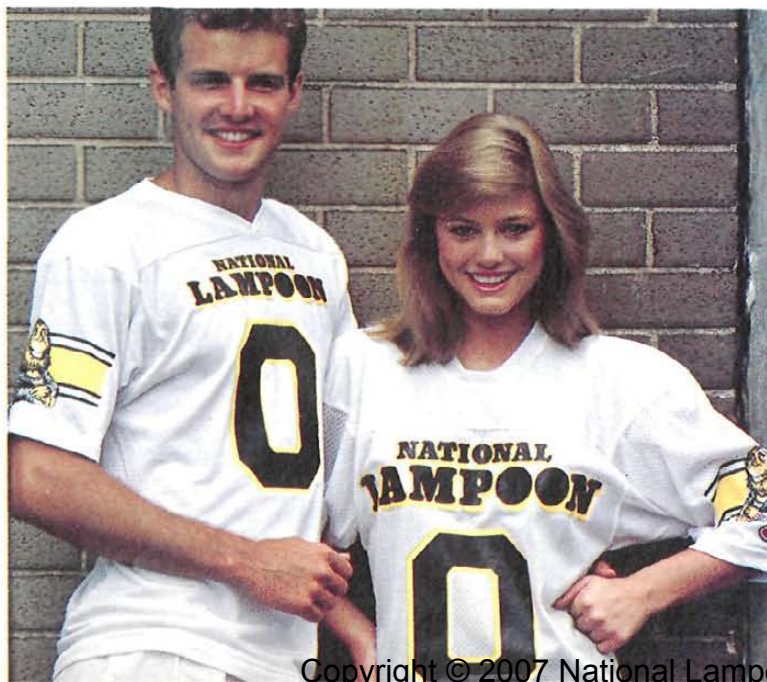


**C100-ACRA HOODED SWEATSHIRT.** The jocks will sweat with envy when you wear this extra-warm sweatshirt with pockets. Wearing it signifies you won your letter on the infamous *National Lampoon Cohabitation Team*. Exceptionally high quality. Made of 50 percent Creslan® acrylic fiber/50 percent cotton. Raglan sleeves, convenient center pouch pocket, double-thickness hood with drawstring, and ribbed knit cuffs and waistband. In navy, with yellow lettering. S-M-L-XL. \$18.95

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continued from page 58

collar. It came to the point where it was either me or Penny Candy. My contract was canceled after *Lap Dog*, but thanks to Rudi I was immediately signed by Lob Productions. Rudi and I were living the good life. There was always some muscatel in the fridge and Burgerbits in the cupboard.

It was while I was at Lob that I reached the top. I owe a lot to McCabe, an old Irish setter who became my voice coach. Up to then my snarls and barks were being dubbed over. McCabe taught me tone, timing, and resonance. Two of the best humans I ever worked with, Bubbles Sandusky and Sally Screw-silk, also did wonders for my career. From them I learned basic moves in fore-play, something no other dog had been able to do before. *A Woman's Best Friend* was my first color film and my first movie that ran over fifteen minutes long. It played as a selected short for several months at the better art cinemas and it sold well as a video.

I began to get fan mail. There was the usual weird shit from the Moral Majority, who thought I was tearing down everything Lassie and Rinnie stood for, but for the most part the letters were ones of admiration. I enjoyed being recognized by people in the street. I mean, they didn't exactly come right up to me and plead for a paw print; most humans are

rather casual about their animal porno stars. Besides, I'm kind of a private dog, and I doubt if I could have handled that hero bullshit.

In 1984, Rudi and I really struck it rich with *Milk Bones and Black Lace*. We had just renegotiated a new two-year contract with Lob, and the money made on the film was more than enough to set us up in a large apartment with a brass peephole in the door and everything. It was for my performance in *Milk Bones* that I was nominated for the Rex Award: a prestigious award for the most outstanding performance by an animal in an American-made art film. I was narrowly beaten by Pepi, some crazy burro from Juarez.

Old Rudi and I had more jobs than we could handle. There were films, posters, underground dog-food commercials, videos, lucrative offers from wealthy widows... Christ, we were really riding high on a wave of prosperity. Then the whole damn thing crashed against the rocks.

It happened during the late stages of filming *When the Mailman's Away*: Bubbles Sandusky was the leading lady, and we were on location at a Holiday Inn in Paramus, New Jersey. I was uptight because I had to do a scene with someone I hadn't worked with before. According to the screenplay she was supposed to be a member of the mailman's wife's coffee

klatch who arrives too early and sees something she shouldn't. After watching for a while she decides to join in. The broad who played the part was inexperienced as hell. She blew her lines, stared at the camera, and blushed when she undressed. She reluctantly removed her clothing but left the garter belt on. Not only was she a lousy actress, the woman was ugly. She knocked over a spot as she stumbled to her position next to Bubbles. Just as I was about to begin the second love scene of the film, this phony actress pushed me away and whipped out a badge from her garter belt. At that instant three cops burst through the motel room's door.

"Hold it right there, Fido—S.P.C.A.!" she shouted, attaching a choke chain around my neck. The vice squad wasted little time in hustling Bubbles and the crew and poor goddamn Rudi away in handcuffs.

"Well, it's time, Old Blue!" I raised one ear and bravely got to my feet. I signaled that I didn't need the muzzle. Shit, even half-breeds have some pride. As I pass the pens on my long, last walk, I recognize McCabe, my old voice coach. I wag in recognition.

"Break a leg, Blue," he growls in encouragement.

"You bet, McCabe, give my regards to Broadway."



# BY THE YEAR 2050,



**EVERYONE  
BORN IN  
BALTIMORE  
WILL LOOK  
LIKE ERNEST BORGNE**

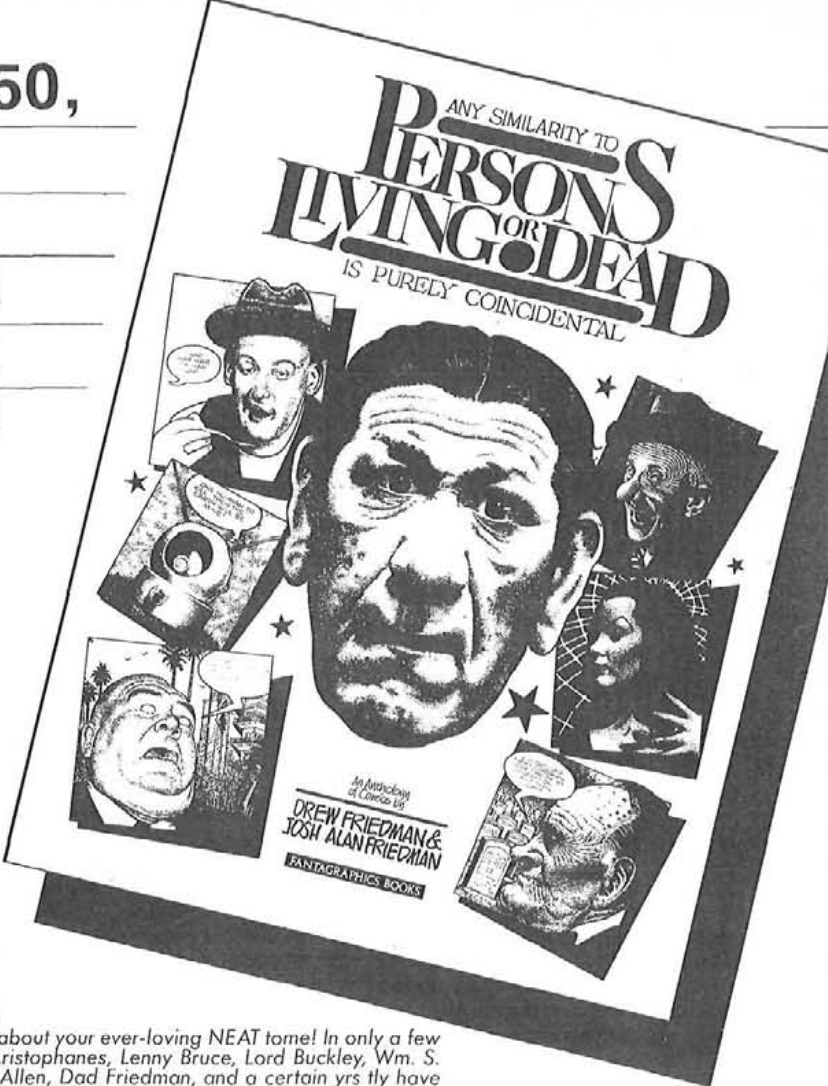
What if TV were the real world? What if America's Most Beloved Entertainers lived like . . . regular people? Slouching off the pages of *Heavy Metal*, *High Times*, *National Lampoon* and *Raw*, comes the first comprehensive collection of the work of Drew and Josh Alan Friedman, **Any Similarity to Persons Living or Dead is Purely Coincidental**.

In the Friedman's world, it's always 3 a.m., and superstars, half-forgotten comedians and old character actors stalk through an endless dark night of the soul, at the intersection of Hollywood Boulevard and Times Square.

*Particles of dust dancing in the vaudeville limelight of yesteryear; scripts rife with acid irony. Superb art and writing!!*  
—S. Clay Wilson

Wow-ee! Bro-ther! Boy-oh-boy! Hot Dog! Holy Mack! Talk about your ever-loving NEAT tome! In only a few frames, the fabulous Friedman brothers have done what Aristophanes, Lenny Bruce, Lord Buckley, Wm. S. Burroughs, Mel Brooks, Joe Heller, Kurt Vonnegut, Woody Allen, Dad Friedman, and a certain yrs tly have devoted our entire mature body of oeuvre to. God bless these merry lads! And a vote of heavy-duty thanks to them from all of us here on planet Earth for their ULTRA-FAB ANTHOL!

—Terry Southern



## FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS



This is eerily brilliant stuff. What seem to be non-sequiters turn out to be bizarrely accurate insights into the essence of these tumblers and top bananas, most of whom went to Show Business Heaven before these Friedman guys were born. Pretty scary, certainly perverse, and oddly respectful. It's not off the wall, it's over the wall. Often I have the peculiar sensation that I'm imagining what I'm looking at—an exhilarating, if unsettling, feeling.

—David Newman

I stand in awe of Drew Friedman's technique and the certain flavor of sad old America he captures. He's the Crumb of the '80s. I love his stuff . . . He's such a wacko!

—R. Crumb

*Shemp! Come back, Shemp! Or at least send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of "Any Similarity to Persons Living or Dead Is Purely Coincidental." It's bound to be the kind of solid, soft-covered, square-bound 11"x 15" entertainment package that a person such as myself can truly appreciate. I have enclosed \$12.95 (\$14.95 outside U.S.), plus \$1.50 postage and handling, per copy.*

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continued from page 68

pocket and pull out the following picture. Examine it very carefully. Feature by feature, compare the girl to it. Repeat over and over to yourself: *The girl I'm with isn't nearly as good as the girl in this picture.* Keep telling yourself that until you start to calm down.



## HOW TO GET A WOMAN INTO BED THE FIRST NIGHT

Let's say the evening has gone perfectly. You've met a truly fabulous female, wine and dined her, and bored down into her very soul with your sensitive and intimate conversation. But now the traffic outside is strangely quiet and you realize that even the long candle on the restaurant table is burning down. It's time to take her home but, canny bachelor that you are, you have no intention whatsoever of letting the evening end there.

How *do* you get a girl into bed with you?

Once again, there are time-honored, well-researched, computer-verified techniques to help you—methods which, when properly applied, simply cannot miss. Here is a sampling of the ways the knowing bachelor gently and subtly maneuvers his lady fair into her silken boudoir:

**Buy her things.** In big cities, even very late at night, you'd be surprised what kinds of stores are open. You can find jewelry, various electronic items from stereo to color television sets, even cars. Or, if you prefer, just carry several catalogs in your jacket pocket. At the appropriate moment, you can whip out a catalog, let her order to her heart's content, write out a check, stamp and seal the envelope, and then drop it in the mail as you nuzzle close beside her on the walk home, glowing in happy anticipation.

Another, and far less costly, technique has an equally honored and proven pedigree. Early in his career, the successful bachelor rapidly becomes adept at a variety of types of *begging*. Let's now look at how one sporty man-about-town combined these two techniques into one masterful coup.

### Case History Seven: "Frank" and "Margaret"

"No! I wouldn't touch you if you were the last sort-of-man on earth."

"But I haven't had sex for forty-two years, and I'm forty-two years old. Please, please, please, please, please, please!"

"Hey, what's that sticking out of your jacket pocket?"

"Oh, just the latest Radio Shack catalog."

"Radio Shack, huh? Do they have VCRs?"

"Sure. Do you want a model with fourteen-day advance programming?"

"Absolutely. And wireless remote control!"

"Okay. Now, as I was saying a moment ago..."

"First write out the check, seal the envelope, and hand it over to me."

"Of course! Of course!"

"Now, what was it you were trying to tell me?"

"Please. Please. Please."

"I can't hear you. Say it louder!"

"I beg you, I'm so lonely and horny and desperately miserable I just can't stand it anymore. Have mercy on me! Give a guy a break! Please!"

"I still don't know."

"Listen, you give to the Red Cross, right?"

"Of course."

"Well, consider it an act of charity."

"Can I deduct it from my income tax?"

"I don't think so."

"Not on your life, Mac."

Now you might think this bachelor was finished, but remember: persistence, like perspiration, is 99 percent of the fine art of love. The bachelor came back from what appeared to be a hopeless situation with a classic ploy.

"Okay, I'll go home now. By the way, what time is it?"

"Why, it's one forty-seven A.M."

"Wanna fuck?"

"Oh, all right."

"Your place or mine?"

"Right here next to the taco sauce dispenser. And make it fast."

Incidentally, if even this doesn't work for you, there is still one more possible course of action. You might try looking your prospect directly in the eye and saying one of these lines:

"If you don't sleep with me, I'm going to go home and commit suicide in a particularly unpleasant way."

"If you don't sleep with me, I'm going to go home and go get a rifle and shoot dozens of innocent people down on Main Street."

## TWO ULTRA-EROTIC FOREPLAY TECHNIQUES

Your heart beats wildly with anticipation, your skin dances with tingling electricity—you're finally in bed with your dream girl and, like most men, you can't wait to "let 'er rip" and "drive right past the tollgate." However, women are slower to arouse than men, and the good lover knows well the value of foreplay.

How can you relax a woman and make her sensitive to your advances? One smart bachelor, who prefers to remain anonymous, reports that he simply whispers into his lady's ear, "Don't worry. It'll be over soon."

Another finds that he gets his best results through the ancient ritual of "talking dirty." He murmurs things in the



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woman's ear that might seem callous under other circumstances, like "Credit card overdrawn. Out of your size. Midol bottle empty. Mall closed today for repairs."

## THE LOVEMAKING TECHNIQUE THAT IS GUARANTEED TO DRIVE HER CRAZY

Now, at last, the evening is nearing its climax—and so are you! You've met her, wined her, dined her, talked to her, walked with her, foreplayed her, and it's finally time to proceed to the ultimate: the closest communication possible between man and woman, the profound and truly holy act of love.

Naturally, you want nothing less than to please your newly found paramour as much as possible. And, of all the love-making techniques ever employed by man, whether from Eastern or Western culture, whether from the *Kama Sutra* or *The Joy of Sex*, one clearly stands out head and shoulders (and all the more interesting bodily parts) above the rest. In fact, this one technique is so consistently effective, so relentlessly powerful, that the wise bachelor uses it exclusively and never, under any circumstances, resorts to anything else.

*Think of a woman's body as a truck.*

Pretend it's Saturday morning. You're hanging around the local garage with your buddies. You're all in overalls, so greasy that your mother's going to scream, and all sorts of nifty tools are just lying around. The owner of the garage is nowhere in sight, and suddenly you notice that there's this fabulous Mack truck up on the lift. Do everything and anything you would do to that truck. Adjust the carburetor, change the oil, fix the float rod, check the windshield wipers, clean the gaskets, time the engine, and align the whole front end. If you pretend a woman is a truck and act accordingly, you'll not only have more fun yourself, you'll carry her to the highest pinnacle of ecstasy of which she is capable. You may even find yourself touching her erogenous zone and achieving the "crossword puzzle" response (see next section).

## A GUIDED TOUR OF THE FEMALE BODY—FOR MEN WHO WANT TO MORE THAN SATISFY A WOMAN

The male body, as you know, being the owner of one, has countless erogenous zones. Indeed, in some sense, it may be considered one enormous interconnected erogenous zone, a bit more sensitive here, a bit less there, but ready at any point, place, or time to be whipped

up into a whirlpool of throbbing excitement. The female body, in contrast, has only one erogenous zone and, if you want to be a good lover and ever get a second crack at the same woman, so to speak, you had better learn to find it.

Happily, modern science has now been able to detect this zone. It is roughly one-tenth of a millimeter in diameter, as revealed by recent X-ray diffraction experiments, and although its location does vary from woman to woman, the following is a roughly reliable guide.

Place your index finger squarely on a woman's neck just between her shoulder blades. Travel down about six centimeters (more exactly, 4.1 percent of her total body height). Move leftward at an angle of .06 degrees beneath horizontal for a distance about half the length of her thumb, then proceed due northwest. You should now come to a tiny fork in the ridges of her skin. Hang a right at the fork and travel south until you pass a barely detectable raised mound. Hook a sharp left and come to a full stop four centimeters away. It should be somewhere around there. If you pass a stoplight, you've gotten off the woman's body and left her behind in a hotel room somewhere, so start again.

You know you've reached a woman's  
continued



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erogenous zone because her fingers may jump just a bit on the crossword puzzle she's doing.

## HOW TO GET YOUR LOVER TO FULFILL YOUR EVERY FANTASY

Given our culture and all its many taboos, it's no wonder that men and women have never really learned to communicate about sex—a problem eager to rear its ugly head in the bedroom and keep us from experiencing some of life's most gratifying pleasures.

Remember that your lover, however close to you she may seem, isn't telepathic and can't simply "intuit" your real desires. If you want your new partner to be able to please you completely, then, as a mature and consenting adult, it is your responsibility to let her know about your needs and wants in the most forthright and direct manner possible. That's why the wise lover will never fail to bring a simple, written list to bed with him. Be sure it's neatly typed, double-spaced, and that the pages are stapled in proper order. Truly up-to-date lovers will come prepared with computer printouts complete with cross-categorization of all urges, tendencies, and fetishes, including brands of mayonnaise they particularly like and whether they prefer wearing men's clothes, women's clothes, or animal collars.

## FOOLPROOF WAYS TO PREVENT PREMATURE EJACULATION

With the intense state of arousal engendered by a novel partner, as well as the fact that you haven't had even an old, boring partner for so many years, you may well find yourself suffering from this common male problem. As is so

often the case, here the time-honored technique usually works perfectly—thinking of something else. Should you feel that you're about to "shoot before the commander yells 'Fire!'" try to concentrate your attention on boring, distracting, passionless subjects like high school chemistry. If that doesn't do it, try actually *reading* a high school chemistry textbook while making love, and even working out the equations.

The worst kinds of premature ejaculations, virtually incurable, are the ones that occur when you're sitting in a restaurant hoping that the girl will show up, or starting the car to pick her up for a date. Some men ejaculate even at the thought of possibly meeting a girl at some time in the future—such as while reading this article. That's disgusting.

## A TYPICAL DATE— APPLYING WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED

So there you have it—all of the different "parts" of meeting women and seducing them. But, like a perfectly interlocked set of smoothly running gears, how do they all mesh together into a finely coordinated evening that will truly fulfill your every fantasy?

Let's follow the progress of one final bachelor as he finds, meets, seduces, and makes a glorious lifetime commitment to his dream girl.

### Case History Eight: "Al" and "Cindy"

It's a glowing autumn Sunday afternoon. Al is walking through the park, feeling good about himself, admiring the lovely, flaming foliage, but wishing he had someone with whom to share it all. Suddenly he sees Cindy sitting alone on a bench. Pert, pretty, intelligent, and sensitive, with big melon-like breasts, a thin waist, firm alabaster thighs, and gor-

geous ankles, Cindy is just the kind of girl Al has been searching for all his life and is determined to meet, make love to, marry, and adore forever. Let's tag along with Al and Cindy through the rest of the afternoon and evening.

"Hi there. Do you happen to have the time?"

"Why, it's three twenty-six P.M."

"Wanna fuck?"

"Sure."

"Your place or mine?"

"How about some dinner first?"

"Look! Here's a nice out-of-the-way café with candles on the tables."

"You know, I think I'm really a country girl at heart. Sometimes the city can really get me down. Other times, though, I love it."

"Do you happen to know the atomic weight of tetrahydroxaline?"

"Yes, it's 47.986. I guess my problem is that I've always been too much of a dreamer. I just seem to feel things too deeply!"

"What was the approximate tonnage of industrial machinery in prewar Germany?"

"Exactly 8,967,436. I don't know.

Maybe I put myself down too much. It's important to hold onto your dreams.

When you give up your dreams, you're dead, aren't you? It's funny. I hardly know you, but here I am pouring out my heart and soul to you! But tell me something about yourself. Did you grow up around here?"

"I wish it hadn't rained in France last September."

"Oh gosh, I'm really impressed with how much you know about wine."

"By the way, do you have any favorite numbers? My favorite number is, say, my phone number."

"I guess mine is too, 555-6543. I always did think that was a nice-sounding number."

"Yes, but I wish they hadn't had that cattle disease in Colorado."

"Did I mention that my favorite artist is Chagall?"

"I love Chagall, too!"

"All right, Mac, get your hand off my knee."

"Please, please, please, please, please, please! By the way, I have psychotic tendencies, and if you frustrate me I'll go home and release poison gas from my chemistry set and kill everyone in the city."

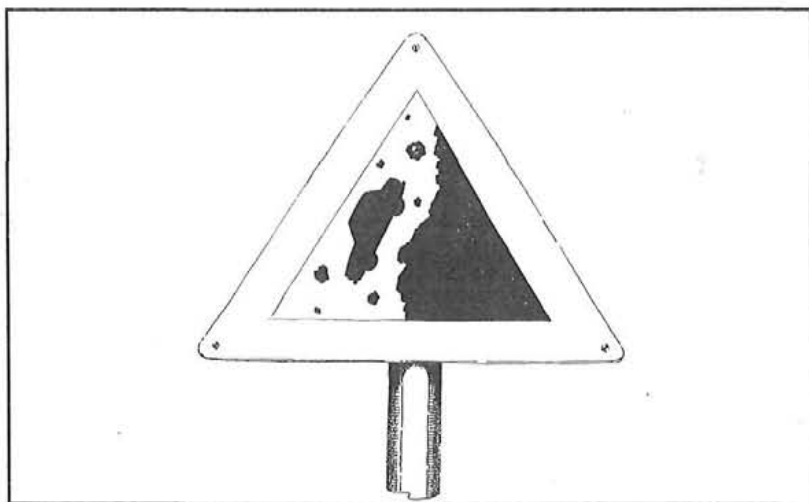
"Say, what's that in your pocket?"

"My Neiman-Marcus catalog."

"Do they still have the leopard-skin-covered Cadillac?"

"Sure they do. Right on page 57. Here, let me fill out the order form and we'll mail it on the way back to your place."

"Okay, but I think I'll take the matching BMW too, in mauve."

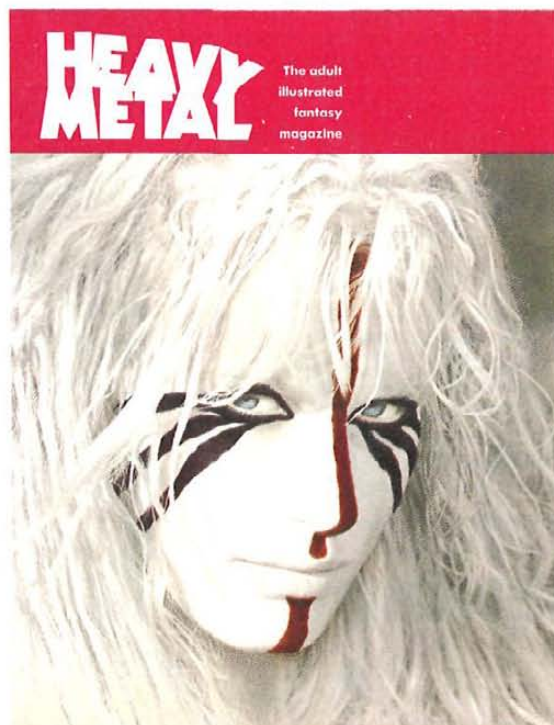


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continued from page 48

"Please, Mike," Ivan drooled. "You gotta believe me. Sure, I hated him. But I didn't kill him."

"Swear to God?" I snarled.

"You know I can't do that, Mike," he gibbered. "A good Commie doesn't believe in a deity. But I'll cross my heart and hope to die."

"Then do it, punk!"

He did. We left.

When we got down to the street a huge Negro stepped in front of us. Charlotte clutched at me in terror. I put my arm around her to stop her from shaking.

"Hold it, Mike," the colored snarled.

"What does he want, Mike?" Charlotte breathed.

"Get off this case, Mike," the shade warned.

"Let's get away from here, Mike," Charlotte gasped.

"Get out of my way, Mike," I snarled.

"I ain't Mike, Mike," the Negro said.

"Clear out, I said," I said. I brought my tongue up where he could see it.

"Don't try it, Mike," snarled another voice. I glanced over my shoulder and saw a rat-faced white punk standing behind us. The lump in his raincoat pocket wasn't a tongue. "Let it lie, Mike.

All the tongue-play in the world won't bring back that beautiful verse."

"Okay," I snarled. I would've left it there too. I knew the routine. Listen to the punks' warning, get a little tongue-whipped, clear out, and get back to the case. Yeah, I could've left it there if the big colored punk hadn't started leering at lovely Charlotte.

"Hey, Mama," he leered. "I hears you're a fine little editor. I got a nice big poem you can put in your press."

"Take me away from here, Mike," she whispered urgently.

"What's the matter, Mama?" the Negro grinned. "Don't you like the black man's poems? They'll rip you open with their emotional force. They'll thrust right to the heart of your semiconscious awareness of the brutalizing power of American society. They'll..."

The rat-faced guy glanced at me nervously. He saw me shaking with rage. He said, "Hey, lay off, Lester."

But the huge buck wouldn't listen. "What is it, Mama?" he cooed softly. "You afraid once you read the black man's poems you'll never be satisfied with whitey's little exercises in intellectual versification again?"

I opened my mouth. The punk behind me whipped out his gun. I spun on him. "Go ahead and shoot," I snarled. "But we

all know you're just compensating for your feelings of worthlessness at being overshadowed by a man you think of as your racial inferior!"

His hand started to shake. The gun clattered to the sidewalk. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the colored lunging at me. But I was too quick. "And you," I jeered, "using your big poems and your big fists to cover up for the biological shortcoming that makes you a freak among your own kind." He reeled. I gave it to him slow. "You...can't...dance!" He stumbled back, shaking with humiliation. But he was a tough one, all right. He was still on his feet. I had to fire again. "And neither can your mama!" He finally crumpled.

Behind me, the white punk was shaking like a leaf, but he was still reaching for his gun.

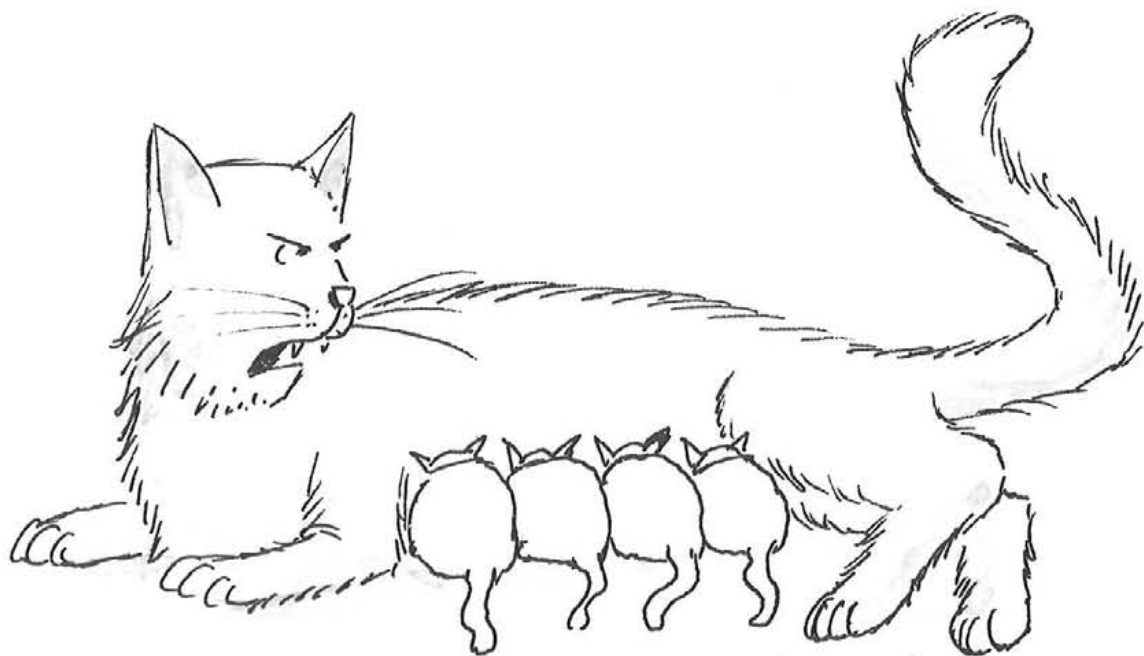
"Maybe I should tell you," I shot, "what I think of your taste in books."

"No, Mike," he wailed. "No more. Please, Mike."

I grinned. "Come on, baby," I snarled, and led Charlotte away.

It was time. I took her to my place, and when we entered my apartment she was suddenly in my arms. The exotic hemispheres of her breasts were sud-

continued on page 80



"All right...who's tonguing it?"

# The Nude Beach at Cannes



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continued from page 78

denly quivering against my chest, and her bing-cherry lips were suddenly crushing mine, and then, suddenly, her tongue was in my mouth and tangling up my own tongue. I worked it loose with a jerk and her head snapped back. She looked at my eyes then and she must have seen what was inside me, because she took a step back and whispered, "Mike?"

Yeah, it was time, all right. Hear me, Dac? It was time. It took a long time to get around to it, because they pay by the word here. But now it was time.

"You wanted to be a poet, didn't you, baby?" I snarled. "Sitting around SoHo cafés in your oversize sweatshirt, smoking Gauloises and glaring contemptuously at the tourists over your slim volume of Rilke, imagining yourself as the harbinger of a new age of feminist poesy..."

She gasped. There was fear in those lovely, lovely eyes. "Mike! Mike! What are you saying?"

Remember what I promised you, Dac? Maybe you don't, because I forgot to stick it into the earlier part of the story, but anyway, I promised that I'd tongue the critic, Dac, right in the ego where you got it. Crushing, but he wouldn't deflate fast. No matter who it turned out to be, Dac, I promised I'd get the critic. Critics should go that way. Hard. Nasty. No chair, no rope, just the blast of an honest tongue going off in a small closed room.

"But when you got out of college you put the poetry aside," I snarled. "You told yourself it was so you could learn more about life, but the real reason is that you were too chicken to lay your lovely ass on the line for your art. You got yourself a steady editorial job... and you liked it."

She started to shake. I watched the

lovely, lovely shakes convulsing her lovely, lovely body. Inside me I smiled to myself. Her mind must have been shaking too. She remembered my promise to Dac, which I also forgot to mention. She couldn't forget it. This promise was to tongue the critic, and she was the critic. And I had promised to tongue the critic in the ego.

"You knew you'd never be a poet, and so you envied those who had stuck to it," I shot. "Your envy turned to poison inside you, and pretty soon your editorial power wasn't enough to let that poison out. Just crushing writers with heartless rejection slips wasn't enough anymore. You had to become something crueler, something more loathsome, more repellent, more sadistically destructive, more parasitic and evil... you had to become a critic!"

"But your self-image was so pathetically twisted that even that wasn't nasty and vicious enough. You had to destroy the poet who represented your noblest girlhood dreams. You had to kill Dactyl Foote!"

She was shaking so hard that her outline was a blur. "How, Mike?" she breathed. "How did you know, Mike?"

"Because you told me you wanted to help solve Dac's murder, baby," I snarled. "But everybody said it was simple suicide. Yeah, everybody but me... and the killer!"

Suddenly she was taking off her dress. It fell around her voluptuous feet like skin off a Polish sausage. Her breasts looked like the sun had come out over the green hills of Africa and bleached them golden. She wasn't wearing a bra, obviously. A pair of peekaboo panties girdled her billowing thighs. It looked like the fiery water from her head had pooled in a fragrant lake between those columns of desire. As I watched, she slipped out of the panties, then leaned forward to kiss me.

The roar of my tongue shook the room. "The saddest part of all is that you still tell yourself you could be a good poet if you went back to it. But the truth is that even Leonard Nimoy could write circles around you!"

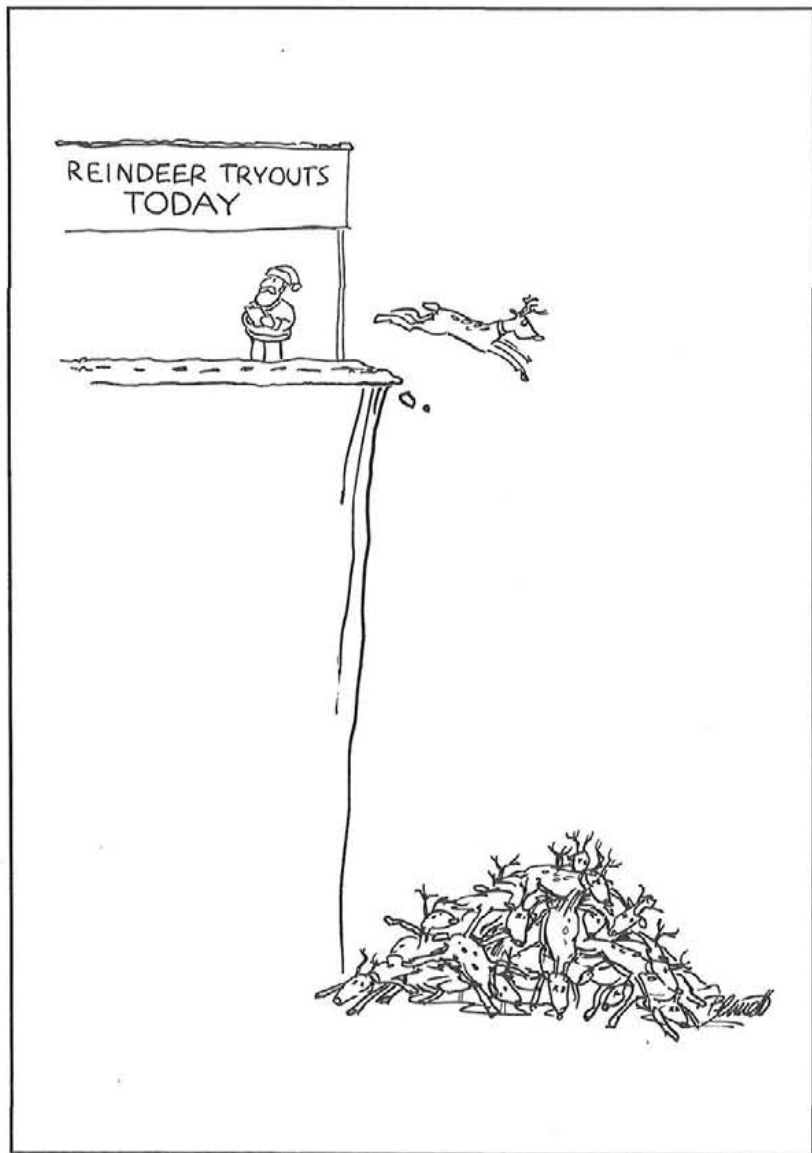
Charlotte staggered back. Slowly she looked down at the ugly hole in her naked ego structure where my words had gone in. A thin trickle of vanity welled out.

I shoved my tongue back into my cheek. When she fell I looked down. Her eyes had pain in them now, the pain preceding total personal collapse.

"How c-could you?" she gasped.

I only had a moment before I'd be talking to a vegetable. But I blew it. I went into a coughing fit, and by the time I got myself under control, her mind was gone.

Too bad. I'd had a great last line ready.



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- DECEMBER 1980** / Fun Takes a Holiday
- JANUARY 1981** / Excess
- FEBRUARY 1981** / Sin
- MARCH 1981** / Women and Dogs
- APRIL 1981** / Chaos
- MAY 1981** / Naked Ambition
- JUNE 1981** / Romance
- JULY 1981** / Endless, Mindless Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1981** / Let's Get It Up, America!
- SEPTEMBER 1981** / Back to School

- OCTOBER 1981** / Movies
- NOVEMBER 1981** / TV and Why It Sucks
- DECEMBER 1981** / What's Hip?
- JANUARY 1982** / Sword and Sorcery
- FEBRUARY 1982** / The Sexy Issue
- MARCH 1982** / Food Fight
- APRIL 1982** / Failure
- MAY 1982** / Crime
- JUNE 1982** / Do It Yourself
- JULY 1982** / Sporting Life
- AUGUST 1982** / The New West
- SEPTEMBER 1982** / Hot Sex!
- OCTOBER 1982** / O. C. and Stiggs
- NOVEMBER 1982** / Economic Recovery
- DECEMBER 1982** / E.T. Issue

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

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

- JANUARY 1985** / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1985** / A Misguided Tour of New York
- MARCH 1985** / The Best of 15 Years
- APRIL 1985** / The Best from Europe
- MAY 1985** / Celebrity Roast
- JUNE 1985** / The Doug Kenney Collection
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- National Lampoon Binder** With all twelve issues from a given year. Well, not exactly given.
 

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It is imperative that I acquire the items checked above in order to keep my home humor collection complete. I am enclosing \$1.50 in postage and handling for my order if it's under \$5.00, and \$2.00 for said charges if the order totals more than \$5.00, a small price to pay for U.S. postal delivery. If I'm a New York State resident I'm adding 8¼ percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

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National Lampoon, Dept. 186, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022



continued from page 76

"Don't worry. This'll be over quickly. Here, let me adjust your speedometer. Your piston rods are also a little bent. There. That should have you back out on the road in no time."

"Oooh, for a moment you made me stop doing my crossword puzzle."

"Could you please help me balance this equation:  $H_2SO_4 + NaOH \rightarrow Na_2SO_4 + H_2O$ ."

"I think it's  $H_2SO_4 + 2NaOH \rightarrow Na_2SO_4 + 2H_2O$ ."

"I love you! Will you marry me?"

"All right, you can spend the rest of your life buying me clothes and raising my children. You'll never be lonely again."

As you can see, things couldn't have gone more smoothly. Thanks to the advice in this article, Al went from a lonely, dejected bachelor to a happily married man with a beautiful wife named Cindy (not her real name).

### WHAT TO DO IF YOU STILL CAN'T GET A GIRL

As strange as it may seem, there are some bachelors who are so badly off, and such ultimate losers, that even if they follow this article to the letter, they still won't be able to get women. While it is true that these sad, lost, helpless creatures represent a small minority of readers, if you have read this far you are probably desperate enough to be among them.

But have no fear. *National Lampoon* will still help you out—at least, to whatever extent we can. See? Here's a picture of a beautiful girl. Oh, look! She's smiling

at you. She likes you. Go ahead. Don't be shy. Say hello to her. There. She didn't slap your face or anything. Now tell her she's kind of cute. Pull the page a little closer. See, she's still smiling! What pearly-white, lovely teeth! She may not be quite everything you're hoping for, but you have to admit that spending some time with her is a lot better than watching reruns on TV, crying on your couch, and writing suicide notes to yourself. Come on. Just give it a chance. Pull the page a little closer...



H. Armstrong Roberts, Inc.

### THE TWO MOST FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT PICKING UP GIRLS

Q: Should I attempt to go out with a woman who has a lower position than

mine in my company, whom I can have fired if I ever so desire, who has four children she has to support on her own because her husband left her, and who couldn't possibly find a job anywhere else and knows it?

A: Yes.

Q: What happens if I lose this article somewhere, like on a bus or a train, and find I no longer have access to all of these surefire techniques for picking up girls? Must I then go back to my old, lonely, miserable, horny, depressing life?

A: No. Just buy lots of extra copies of this *National Lampoon*. Buy enough to last you the rest of your life, no matter how many you might accidentally lose. Go out and buy them right now, or you may never get laid again.

### THE FINAL, SUREFIRE, GUARANTEED TECHNIQUE FOR PICKING UP GIRLS

There's one technique so special I've been saving it for last. This is the method that not only lets you meet a girl but the one who is exactly right for you—a beautiful, wonderful soul mate who'll not only be overjoyed to go to bed with you but will be so sensitive and considerate and caring that the two of you will spend your whole lives in treasured happiness. And, as my fitting finale, I'm going to tell it to you right now. You'll be surprised at how simple, natural, and easy it really is. You just... Oh, Sheila, stop. Not now! I'm still typing, can't you see! Sheila, does it have to be this instant? My piece is due in five minutes.... Oh, Sheila, oh no, oohoohyesyesyesyesyes...

## COMING NEXT MONTH...

IN THE FEBRUARY NATIONAL LAMPOON...  
EVERYONE'S FAVORITE SUBJECT NEXT TO SEX:

LANCE CONTRUCCI ON THE RIGHT STOCK!  
MISFORTUNE MAGAZINE'S BOTTOM 20!  
IT'S A RARE AND EXPENSIVE AMERICAN EAGLE! IT'S A CORPORATE LEAR JET! NO! IT'S GOLD MAN!  
PLUS: RUPERT MURDOCH'S TAKEOVER OF AMERICA!  
IN ADDITION: TRADING CARDS OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS!  
NOT TO MENTION: INSIDE BOB GELDOF'S REFRIGERATOR! \$O  
COME ON, YUPPIES! WHY DON'T YOU ALL GO AND \$HELL OUT TWO BUCKS FOR THE I\$SUE \$O WE CAN BE RICH LIKE TIME, TV GUIDE, AND PENTHOUSE. REMEMBER! \$TICK WITH NATIONAL LAMPOON!  
THERE'S A WHOLE LOTTA "MONEY" COMING IN FEBRUARY!

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY! MO

EY! MONEY! MONEY!

NEY! MONEY! MONEY! MONEY! MON





A chance to get away. Americans look forward to those moments. Moments to unwind. Moments to enjoy the things you appreciate in life. And because Seagram's 7 has always been part of that enjoyment, you've made it America's most popular whiskey for nearly 40 years.



REMEMBER—ALL ARE EQUAL IN ALCOHOL CONTENT



# ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER HAS A PROBLEM.

He's met this girl he likes.  
But she has her own problems.

Like, she's racing to save  
the world from an evil queen.  
And like just when she's really  
busy, dinosaurs keep attacking  
her. And like she's under a vow  
not to love any man until he's  
beaten her in a sword fight.  
And so far, no man can.

Red Sonja is coming to  
your video store soon, in VHS  
and Beta.

It'll show you things you  
never even suspected about  
the battle of the sexes.

Blow by blow.

**CBS  
FOX**  
VIDEO



# RED SONJA

DINO DE LAURENTIIS Presents A RICHARD FLEISCHER Film  
ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER Introduction BRIGITTE NIELSEN as "RED SONJA"  
SANDRA BERGMAN PAUL SMITH RONALD LACEY "RED SONJA"  
Music Composed by ENNIO MORRICONE Character Created by ROBERT E. HOWARD  
Written by CLIVE EXTON and GEORGE MACDONALD FRASER  
Produced by CHRISTIAN FERRY Directed by RICHARD FLEISCHER



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