

All About Women

NATIONAL LAMPOON

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Magazine
for Adults

WPS 34490

March 1986

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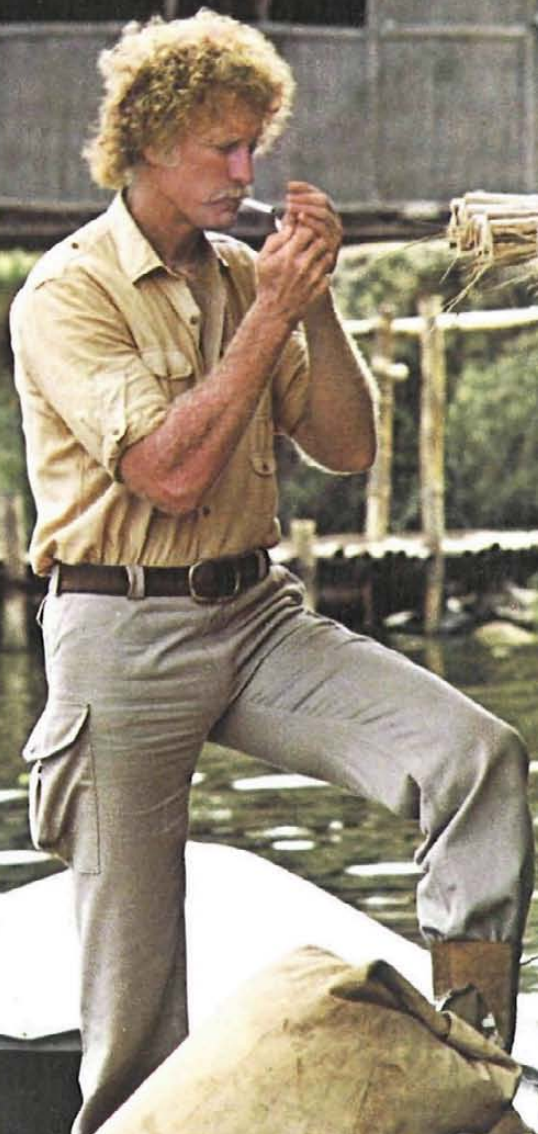


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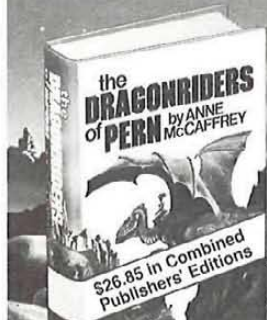


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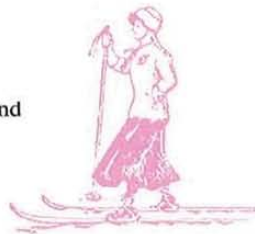
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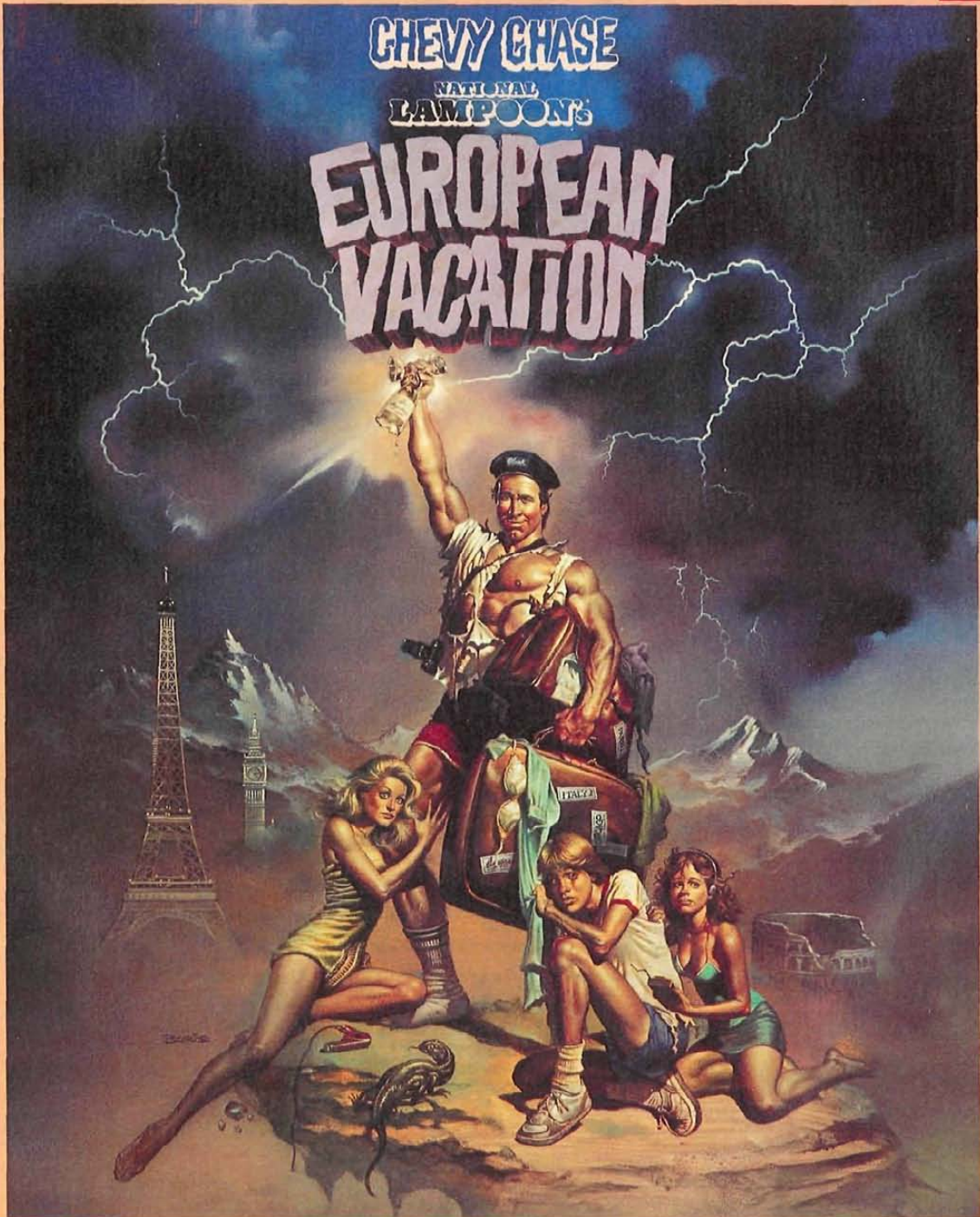
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Richard Freedman, NEWHOUSE NEWSPAPERS



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EDITORIAL



All About Women



The first woman I ever fell in love with was Alice Silver. An older woman, she was six and I was five. I learned all you have to know about women from her. They are smarter, prettier, and more determined than men. If you remember that you'll do fine in this women's world.

The fact that most countries and companies are headed by men is a practice effected by women to make men think that they are more superior than they ever have been or will be.

Think of this:

There are more women than men.

Women live longer than men.

Women have more of the wealth than men.

Women possess far more physical and sexual attractiveness than men.

Women always have the last word.

All the wrongs perpetrated in the annals of history have been done in the name of man, with the possible exception of Cyndi Lauper's hairdo.

I think we have lived this sham long enough.

For two thousand years and more women have deluded men into thinking that they were the leaders, the thinkers, the doers.

A philosopher, I think it was Hugh Hefner, once summed it up thusly: "A strand of hair from a woman's pelvis is stronger than a rail of steel."

It's true. Let's stop the charade!

Nancy is smarter than Ron. Gracie was funnier than George. Madame Curie was brighter than Mr. Curie. Mrs. Edison had to tie Thomas Alva's shoelaces. Margaret Thatcher is certainly smarter than anyone in Parliament, Sandra Day O'Connor is brighter than a Las Vegas neon, if not quite as flashy. Jeane Kirkpatrick is meaner than Sylvester Stallone, and can hit harder too.

Sure, men can jump higher, run faster, and dunk basketballs.

But can a man have a career, raise a family, jog ten miles a day, look great, and still make intelligent, witty remarks at cocktail parties? During their period?

No way.

Men are all made in the image of Gerald Ford. They can only do one thing at a time. And that's the big difference.

Time's up! Two thousand years are long enough. Let's put things in the proper perspective.

First of all, let women fight as soldiers and pilots and riot police.

Second, let's really go for it with a

woman president. Hell, we gotta do better than what we've had for the last twenty years. A female moose would be a better president than Reagan.

Third, let's get some women in there running some of these really big companies. Do you think any woman who called herself a woman would have allowed the Union Carbide Massacre to happen?

Next, no wars, skirmishes, occupations, or ersatz invasions unless the women approve. If they think something's important enough to send their sons off to die over, then I agree that it's important enough too.

And it's gotta be give and take, you know.

So let's get rid of the women's movement. Give the power to the women, where it belongs. And start a men's movement.

Matty Simmons

Cover: The cover this month was photographed incessantly and repeatedly and over and over again and then once more for good measure by Ronald G. Harris. Why he should get a credit as well as getting paid is totally beyond me—PK

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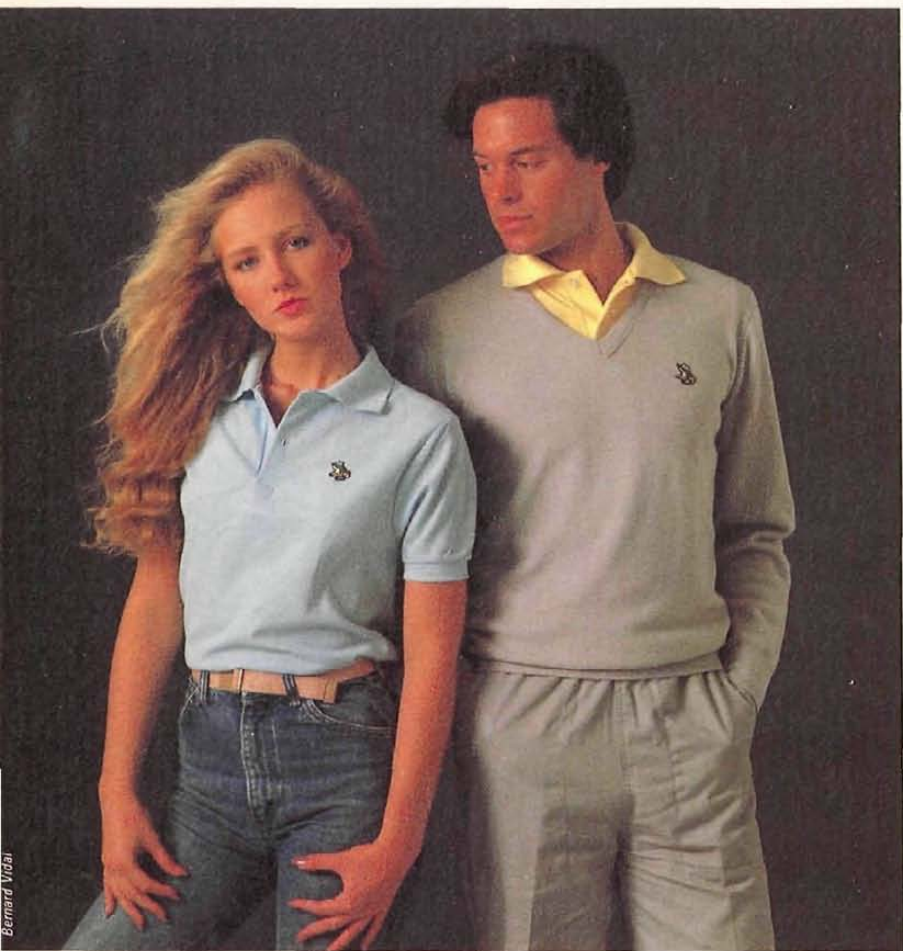
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Frog logo
by cartoonist
Sam Gross

Letters

Sirs:

In response to some ridiculous Freud theory I had to do a term paper on: I think I speak for most women when I say that something that hangs between your legs, itches on both sides, erects every morning, thus preventing ease in urination, and from what I understand is as painful as cramps when hit is nothing to envy.

Ann Marie Manis
First-year psych student
Secretary of Penn State Feminists
for a Better World

Sirs:

You know what reputed Gambino crime boss Paul Castellano said before he was filled with lead? "Uh-oh."

Swifty Zucker
A passerby

Sirs:

Today Congress voted a vast, sweeping change in government. From now on, government buildings will be swept every other day and buffed and waxed every third day.

Spiro Agnew
Janitor
Capitol Hill

Sirs:

I've been writing for thirty years. I've written twenty novels, sixteen movies, seven plays, 135 poems, fifty-three songs, and have submitted 3,562 articles to various magazines. None of which have been sold. Please at least print this letter so I can convince my friends I'm a published writer.

Joe Marcos
Address published upon payment

Sirs:

Reporters constantly ask what Charles and I like to do in our leisure time. Actually, we have simple tastes. We like to sit together in our bathtub and fart, seeing who can out-bubble the other. It's jolly fun, really.

Princess Diana
Buckingham Palace

Sirs:

You know, I never realized it before, but a Russian is just a Polack with nukes.
Ron Reagan
Back at the ranch

Sirs:

Yep, Gorbie and I got along just fine. Even the head of the Evil Empire likes to relax and chat and have a coupla laughs now and then. I really broke him up with this one:

I said: "Knock! Knock!"
He said (after I explained how these things go): "Who there?"
I said: "Ivan."

He said (after a little more prompting): "Ivan who?"

I said: "Ivan Workin' on the Star Wars!"
I tell you, he laughed so hard that he offered to let another one of those crackpot poets out of the loony bin. But I said, "No thanks, we've got more than we need already."

Ron Reagan
Asleep at the table

Sirs:

I know it's sinful and hedonistic, but I love to throw a few cigarettes in the toilet and "torpedo" them while urinating. Please don't tell my dean.

Ozzie Osmond
Brigham Young University
Utah

Sirs:

Every lezzie has a lassie.
I don't seem to wanna.
Yet all the girls they smile at me,
While steamin' in the sauna.

Bobbi Burns
c/o the Salt Lick Spa, N.Y.

Sirs:

Hose me, Mubarak, hose me!
Nnnh! Nnnh! Nnnh! Nnnh! Nnnh!
Nnnh! Aaaaah!

Thank you, Mubarak.
Mrs. Hosed Mubarak
Cairo, Egypt

Sirs:

For that easy-to-fix treat that can become the focal point of any social gathering, here is my recipe for "California Boner Dip":

6 medium-to-large California boners
(washed)
2 avocados
1 pt. plain yogurt
2 tbsp. minced onion
2 tbsp. chives
½ tsp. garlic powder
1 tsp. salt
.5 gm. coke

Just blend ingredients and serve, being careful *not* to put the boners into the food processor.

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Letters

Sirs:

Esquire is so very pleased to announce the grand opening of its film division, *Esquire Films*. This coming year we will release a varied and interesting assortment of films for the modern male. The first of them will be opening at a theater near you this spring, and it is entitled *Esquire's Sweaters of Distinction*, in which two male models experience ennui and flatulence in bulky knits and argyles. Next on the agenda is *Esquire's London Fog Vacation*, in which two ex-revolutionaries decide to "drop in" on society and act like they hated their parents for acting the same way they're acting. Then comes *Esquire's Beverly Hills Shop*. Much akin to Ophuls's masterpiece *The Sorrow and the Pity*, this film runs for six and a half hours with a quiche break. It covers one whole business day in an overpriced men's store in California where upwardly mobile young men spend far too much money on things that nobody needs. Other titles scheduled for release in the fall of 1986 include *Esquire's The Year of Living Casually*, *Esquire's Three Cheers for Imported Beers*, *Esquire's Cuffs Are In Again*, *Esquire's Mondo Condo*, *Esquire's Restless Investors*, and many, many more.

Lester Ponce Smallpiece, Jr.
Esquire Films
New York

Sirs:

We would like to make this addition to *Esquire's Dubious Achievement Awards of 1985*:

The Twelve Worst Magazines of 1985:
The January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, and December issues of *Esquire*.

The Staff of *Esquire*
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Are you *sure* that rubbing fresh-squeezed sperm on your boobs makes them grow? Those two editors of yours, the ones that went to college, said it does, but I'm beginning to wonder. Mostly, it just makes them sticky.

Daisy Chain
Newark, N.J.

Sirs:

Friday night you should have been there—we spent hours talking about absolutely nothing, then we played Trivial Pursuit, and after that we remembered just how important to us the sixties were. If you can make it next Friday, we'll be doing the same exact thing. Actually, we'll be doing that every Friday, forever.

Jim and Harriet Sellout
Big Chill, Mont.

Sirs:

This is very embarrassing, but have you found any letters in your column that don't belong? The reason we're asking is that some of ours are missing and we're writing to other magazines in the hope that they'll be returned to us before our press deadline. Usually you can recognize them by their distinct penchant for the exotic. Sometimes they are written by people seeking advice on personal problems. Please be on the lookout for them. Of course we would like this kept confidential, and there is a generous reward being offered.

Penthouse Letters Department
New York

Sirs:

It all started when my wife and I decided to get into a little "swinging" to keep our marriage alive and open. We went to one of these unsafe sex clubs where you check your inhibitions at the door, and at first it went pretty well. Madge, my wife, found this nice little Puerto Rican guy named Jose and they hit it off well right from the start. They went into a room off to the side of the Jacuzzi, and after a while Madge came out and brought me into the room as well. Jose was sitting in a plastic chair shaped like a vagina and he was being orally serviced by three septuagenarian paraplegics. He seemed to be enjoying himself, and he waved me over to him when he saw me from across the room. I walked over to the chair and took off my clothes. To my surprise and delight, a beautiful black midget approached me and began fondling all of my appendages. Her name was Bobo, but everyone called her Shmeckie. Well, to make a long story just a bit shorter, Shmeckie-Bobo and I fell in love. I never thought it would happen, but then, who knows what the future has in store for any of us? But I have a dilemma. Do I tell my wife about Shmeckie now, or do I wait until she comes back from Puerto Rico with Jose?

Confused
Lost

Sirs:

We noticed that one of our letters did indeed turn up in your column. By not reporting its whereabouts, however, you forfeited the reward money. Also, tell Confused to wait until she comes back.

Penthouse Letters Department
New York

Sirs:

As a member of the White House kitchen staff, I've had the privilege of jerking off into Amy Carter's vanilla shakes, pissing in Henry Kissinger's consommé, and dipping my dork in Nancy Reagan's iced tea. It's been a full life.

Howard Smoot
Washington, D.C.



Four Short Works by New Women Writers

Edited by Derek Pell

from *Twelve Pissed-off Women*

A Half-Act Play by Twyla Smeel

CHARACTERS

EVE ADAMS, *a victim*
BERNADETTE CRATER, *a judge*
CARLA BERGER-FELSTEIN, *a prosecutor*
ELMER PANTRY, *a rapist*
LOIS SAPPHONELLI, *Pantry's attorney*
TWELVE PISSED-OFF WOMEN, *a jury*
BAILIFF, *a bailiff*
ASSORTED SPECTATORS AND A GAY MALE STENOGRAPHER

Scene III. *A packed courtroom. The near future.*

JUDGE CRATER: One more outburst and I'll clear this courtroom! (*coughs*) You may proceed, Lois.

LOIS: Thank you, Your Honor. As I was saying... my client, that dirty *scumbag misogynist* over here, has "guilt" written all over his face. Just—

EVE: He should burn in hell for what he did to me!

PANTRY (*screams*): You call this justice???

JUDGE CRATER (*to Pantry*): Shut up, fuck-face!

CARLA (*rising*): Cut off his balls!

JUDGE CRATER (*to Carla*): You're out of order, dear. (*to Pantry*) Step down, *asshole*, you've had your day in court! Bailiff!

(*Bailiff yanks Pantry from the witness stand and kicks him in the groin area. He screams. Spectators cheer and applaud.*)

JUDGE CRATER (*glances at clock*): I've got a luncheon in ten minutes. Let's get this over with. Has the jury reached a verdict?

FOREPERSON (*rising*): You bet your life we have, Your Honor...

THE JURY (*in unison*): *Guilty as hell!!!*

JUDGE CRATER: Amen. (*winks at jury*) Or should I say *Aperson*?

(*Everyone giggles, with the exception of Elmer Pantry, who is busy sending off the blous of both Lois and Eve—the two women from different walks of life, suddenly drawn together in this beautiful moment of shared sisterhood. They stop beating Pantry and stare into each other's eyes. They embrace. They kiss, their tongues twirling in their respective mouths and vice versa. The lights fade on their unbridled passion.*)

CURTAIN

Reflections

by Tina R. Cisco

I stare at my reflection in the pool of squalid dishwater. Darkness flecked with specks of scum, the shards of your Hungry Man Dinner drifting toward the drain as, yes, my life is drifting toward its own black hole to *nothingness*. I am a black hole; harlot, hussy, hore. An empty vat that opens sesame whenever you desire to stick your filthy *thing* in. In and out. In and out of my life you go, ghostly auto-mate, an insensitive piston pounding the pavement of the freeway that is slippery with the blood of my sisters! We are all hit-and-run victims of your mindless stick-shift lust. We are splotches and squishes and fragments of bone on the Highway of Wife. Yet... somewhere, in the macholess future, an off-ramp is forming, born out of my desert womb. And I will exit before the death toll to a land where women sing and dance, make gentle cluster-love in a Jacuzzi.

Fuzzy Hubby

by Judith Wurst

Fuzzy Hubby was a bloody boar,
Fuzzy Hubby never did his chores.
Didn't suspect it at the time,
Even tho our sex life wasn't worth a rhyme.
Fuzzy Hubby couldn't get it up,
Fuzzy Hubby wouldn't go near my muff.
Thought he was lazy, what a drag,
But my "provider" really was a *fag*!
Fuzzy Hubby homo queer,
Fuzzy Hubby insincere.
Gayblade, fairy, fruitcake, flit,
Rather look at *Playgirl* than fiddle with my clit!
Fuzzy Hubby left me high and dry,
Dumped me for a lifeguard from Van Nuys.

Haiku for My Dildo

by Joni Fickleberry

My artificial penis
never a dud (like my ex-husband's)
you make me (feel like) Venus!

You're a Man Baby and Don't You Forget It

by Sandra Bernhard

Can I fix you a drink? Are you wearing Nine Flags? That wouldn't be Argentina by any chance? You smell terrific! Do you like starch in your pin-striped shirts? Do you go for Brioni or Brooks Brothers? A belt or braces? Come here let me snap them on your bare back!

Do you aspire to be a liberal or have you resigned yourself to being a member of the new right? It's okay I'm not here to judge, just to listen, to run my manicured fingernails up and down your sinewy back, oh baby did you pull out your shoulder when your one-on-one Nautilus instructor pushed you just a little too far?

Come here, eat a piece of broiled fish done very simply, just the way you like it, fish and an arugula salad, no cholesterol. Let me put on something by the Wyndham Hill people, some movie themes, and then I'll confront you, and really examine our relationship, which of course is fraught with problems but we wouldn't have it any other way. Hey baby you've got it right, don't let anyone tell you any different. I know it, from the minute you jog out in the morning until the second you collapse into my arms at 9:15 P.M.

When I toss your boxers into the hamper, when the maid and I chuckle over the jockstrap you couldn't find. The votes are in. You're a Man baby and don't you think for one minute it doesn't get me through the day, not to mention



every night!

You love the blues, I'll sing them for you. You like older women, let me act my age. You want to go away every weekend skiing in Utah? Look, I'm packed!

You want me to have my own career,

be fulfilled, not only will I become a major investment banker (which you will of course be a little threatened by, but don't be, sweetheart), I'll be home in time to make you dinner every single night! I'll decorate the co-op (don't worry I'll find the time), I'll find just the right painting for over the couch, and on top of that I'll pay the utilities and buy my own clothes.

Can't you feel it baby? Aren't the signs everywhere? Isn't it written on the wind? Doesn't it cut like a knife? Weren't you born in the U.S.A.? You know it, there are no more doubts you are a Man.

Come on I think you could use a little therapy, open up learn to commit, stop fantasizing about your mother's artsy girlfriends I'm all yours and you're everything I need.

I'm your woman, come here and lay on top of me, that's right don't look so damn shocked, I said on top, because baby that's where you belong.

You're a Man and if you don't know it by now, you never will.

Then there's not a damn thing I can do about it, I've encouraged you, I've made you everything you are I believe in you, I just wish you'd believe in yourself, I'll stop bugging you now. Ya that's a great idea, go out and get a massage and a steam, and for God's sake please don't get too introspective!

Bye honey let me look you in the eyes for just a minute and tell you I love you. ■

Now!

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Now both shirts are available in dazzling white with full-color illustrations on the front. On the back it says *National Lampoon's Vacation*. (What were

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



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I Was a Gay Male Drag Queen Trapped in the Body of a Woman

A True Confession
as told to Lynn Phillips

I've been blessed with a body most women (and some men) would go into surgery to get: soft, high-breasted, firm, willowy, voluptuous. My face is worth its weight in gold cards. But my face has been a curse, my body a prison.

I'm not a real woman is why. I only look like one, and cry like one and bleed like one and drive like one, read *Vogue* like one, and collect alimony like one. But beneath my Fendi furs, above my Maud Frizons, and beyond my chromosomal structure, hormonal makeup, and social conditioning, deep, deep in my heart, I am a man. I'm a strange man, the kind people joke about at slick suburban parties—the kind who likes to dress up in women's clothes and seduce beautiful young men, the kind who slinks around like a drunken sable, but a man nonetheless.

When I left home at seventeen, I instinctively sought out gay men as lovers, but they never accepted me as one of their own. Nothing personal. My woman's body simply reminded them of their mothers. I could empathize. It reminded me of my mother's. How I longed to get rid of it and be a transvestite instead of what I was—a pulchritudinous girl!

It was no better with women. Oh, they liked me all right. Unlike their boyfriends, I shared many of their concerns. But when I'd try to have sex with one, instead of taking pride in making a gay guy "go straight," she'd mistake me for a lesbian and wrinkle her nose in disgust.



Frandy Jones

The real heartbreak was with young guys. Whenever I'd grab some Adonis in a passionate embrace, instead of seeing me as a masterful older man in skirts, he would be reminded of his mommy, and he'd start screaming.

At last, desperate for love, I tied the knot with a bond broker, a "regular guy." It didn't work out. Maybe he sensed I was a man inside, or maybe my outside reminded him of his em-oh-tee-aich-ee-are. All I know is he tired of hearing me say, "Don't worry, it happens to lots of men your age." He let me down easy.

And then—hope! Just as I was about to blow my divorce settlement on a trip to Sweden, I met a preoperative transsexual lesbian—my perfect opposite! It seemed like a match made in heaven, only in bed it was hell. You see, he wanted to have my body—and I wanted

to have his. We saw envy devour our perfect love.

It was at our breaking-up party that I finally found my dream mate—a closet case! He fell for the queer hidden deep within me and I went for the Oedipally unresolved nancy-boy hidden deep within him. This man and I share a love so exquisite, I'm not about to tell him we're not a "normal" heterosexual couple. Let him dream. The way I see it, if she is lucky enough to find true love in this complex modern world, the least a guy can do for a guy is to "look the other way"!

So my story ends happily. True, I'm still trapped in the body of a beautiful woman, but *entre nous*, darling, the pervert in me is beginning to love it to death! ■

COMING NEXT MONTH:



The inside scoop on those wheeler dealer stealer healers, who give you gas and a little feeler, make you sicker than you were before, treat you less and bill you more. You know who these butchers be, whatever you do don't call an M.D. And those ambulance chasin' open and shut casin' time and money wastin' scum that stain the basin crooked thievin' make you start heavin' practitioners of the courtroom arts, boring legal shyster farts. **IN OTHER WORDS: DOCTORS AND LAWYERS.**



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FEMINIST PARTY JOKES

by Will Jacobs and Gerard Jones

It is with unbridled joy that we present here excerpts from Gloria Chicago's forthcoming book, *Feminist Party Jokes*. Not since Schronsky and Silverperson's *Evidence of a Matriarcal Economic Infrastructure among the Dabbadabba Tribespeople of Northern Brazil* and Isadora Dinwiddie's *Fundamentals of Radiology* has a work of such wit, delight, and social impact burst upon the literary marketplace. So until Mr. Hefner wakes from his thirty-year intellectual coma and has the courage to dress his Femlin in baggy jeans and a shapeless sweatshirt, enjoy these excitingly non-threatening excerpts...then order your copy of *Feminist Party Jokes* from Cervix Press!

Why did the feminist cross the road?

Because she was on her way home from her office, and her apartment happened to be across the road from the particular spot where she happened to be standing at that moment.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *rigor mortis* as a stiffening of the muscles after death.

And then there's the story of the feminist who got ticked off at her date for helping her on with her coat. The next time the hapless lad tried it, she snapped, "I'm perfectly capable of putting it on myself!"

There was a women's libber named Ann
Who refused to depend on a man.

She made do on her own,
Even lived all alone
And did all the work on her van.

How many feminists does it take to change a light bulb?

One, generally. Occasionally, however, two may be required if it is necessary to use a rickety ladder: while one steadies the ladder, the other climbs it and replaces the burned-out light bulb with a new one.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *aurora borealis* as luminous bands occasionally seen in the night sky in northern latitudes.



What's red and sits in a high chair?

A Native American woman-child.

Did you hear what happened to Geraldine Ferraro when she addressed a rowdy, all-male crowd at a Shriners' convention? She was assailed with accusations trumped up by a male-dominated press and unfairly discredited as a candidate for the vice presidency.

"It's going to snow today," the male executive said. "No, it isn't," replied his winsome executive assistant. "I'll lay you twelve to one," the man responded. "No," the woman said. "I can't afford to gamble as freely as my male co-workers, since my pay scale is so much lower than theirs."

A traveling salesman had the misfortune to run out of gas in the middle of nowhere. Forced to abandon his car, he walked for a good three miles before coming to a farmhouse. By this time it was very late, and the wizened old farmer refused to drive him to the nearest service station until the following morning. He offered, however, to let the salesman spend the night in his barn. The tired salesman gladly accepted the farmer's hospitality, but as he turned away and made for the barn, the farmer warned, "Watch out for my daughter, sonny. She's a weird one." Weird or not, the salesman was heartened at this news that a lass inhabited the premises. He hurried to the barn and there found a large-boned young woman wearing jeans and a sweatshirt, engrossed in a book entitled *Sexual Politics*. The salesman, not one to pass up any opportunity, made a coy remark about running for office, to which the woman replied, "That isn't funny." "Oh no?" the salesman countered. "Then try this one on for size. I'll vote for your ticket if you suck my cock." The woman made a gagging sound and told him that he was mentally sick. "You think that's sick?" the salesman came back promptly. "Check this one out. I'll be your delegate if you run your tongue up my ass." With this last, however, he had gone too far. For the next five minutes the woman gave him the worst dressing-down of his life, calling him a sexist hyena, a chauvinist pig, and a feculent crypto-fascist, among other things. That night, they slept on opposite sides of the barn, and the next morning the salesman left with his tail between his legs.



Did you hear the one about the feminist who got caught with her pants down?" a masculine young man asked the woman who sat beside him at the bar. The woman shot him an icy, disdainful look that withered his machismo and all at once exposed him for the brutish, reactionary lout he truly was. "Forget it," the young man muttered and slithered off the stool, a mere shadow of his former self.

There was a woman poet from Yale
Whom the men all thought should be in jail.

Limericks, said these ghouls,
Have to follow old rules,
When she asserted her right to forge her own meter
and rhyme scheme in expressing the truth of the female experience.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *humor* as a devious concealment of genuine hostility, especially toward women.

Heard a politically correct one lately? Send it on a postcard to Cervix Press, 69 Eleanor Roosevelt Way, San Francisco, Calif. 94103. Jokes cannot be returned, except those containing implicit violence toward women, which will be sent back with long letters giving you the worst dressing-down of your life.

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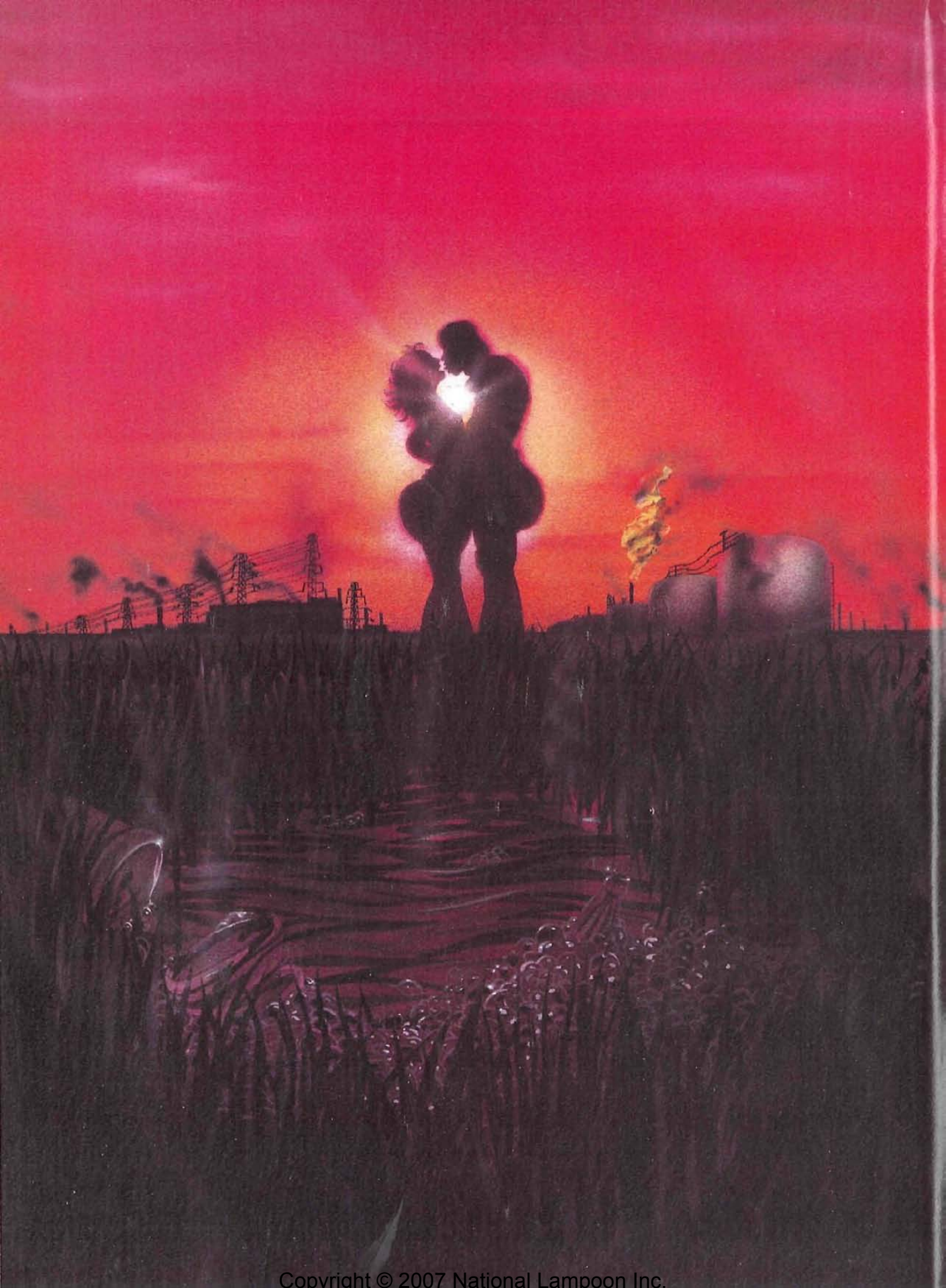
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Ass-Anon Comes to New Jersey

by Goody Thompson

The marina was a point of interest in town. Or at least a destination. A place to meet men. We had lost the cheese distribution center to a bunch of third-generation Born Again Punks who whispered, "Jesus was an anarchist" or "Mary Magdalene makes it" over your shoulder when you were trying to finagle a pack of black market cigarettes. I didn't appreciate "GOD RULES" graffiti on my favorite beach chair, either.

I'm one of the lost generation, one of the missing children you used to see on milk cartons and billboards everywhere. Only we aren't missing, we're just in New Jersey. After President Schlafly took office, it was the safest place to go. Not only had Phyllis banned extramarital sex, but she also ordered the deaths of thousands of people accused of being abused as children in an attempt to stop what she called "the endless fucking cycle." Exile to New Jersey was certainly better than the alternative, even if it meant living in poverty. After all, the state had been deemed a sexual wasteland, which really wasn't so bad when you think about it. No Poon Police.

I settled in Middlesex, a little fishing community on the shore. You could see Manhattan after a good rain, and, of course, the calm inlet of the marina offered access from the outside. On each warm day I and most of the other girls in town roved the piers of the fenced-in marina seeking romance.

Most boat owners were from out of state and spent only weekends or summers at the shore, ogling us from behind the protection of the twelve-foot electric fence. Maybe some were fishermen with strong, dark arms and a comfortable odor who affectionately called women's sex organs "Miss Clam" or "Crab Cake" or "Salmon Slit." I could counter with "Grunion Growth" or

"Flounder Fly" or "Tuna Tongue."

Having that little marina in town was a blessing, a beacon for lust in a nation gone fundamentalist. Men flocked to New Jersey for the love they could not find at home. Each community specialized in a different perversion. Newark was for masochists. Trenton gave head. (We renamed it Trenchton after an ugly outbreak of gum disease.) Ridgecrest was for rim jobs. Rahway was a mecca of unprotected intercourse. Piscataway specialized in...well, you get the idea. In Middlesex we offered to the world at large a bevy of big butts. My butt was not the largest by a long shot, but what I lacked in amplitude, I made up for in panache. My ass was pert and red and constantly covered with pimples. This was a real turn-on for the guys.

I was not trapped in New Jersey. No one was. During the 1990 Rice Riots all federal records in the state had been destroyed by arson, so there was no way for the Poon Police to know which of us were banished here and which were merely on vacation. We each had our own reasons for staying, although I'm sure most of us stayed in the hopes of someday fucking Bruce Springsteen. The Boss, who had gone on to become a state senator, lost both feet to a genetically altered horseshoe crab at the Meadowlands Arts Center during his 1992 Swamp Tour, and became one of the best-known promoters of amputee sex the state had ever known.

I stayed in Middlesex because I liked variety. The idea of settling down with one man, having sex with only one man, was repulsive. I was blessed with a remarkable gluteus maximus and believed I should share the wealth. There was certainly too much of me for one man to handle, so I saw no reason to turn ownership of my ass over to one. Sure, during the off-season I'd hump guys from town—mostly other big

butts. But after a few times they all seemed like dog meat. You need a new person, new romance. With a new person, a person with a boat, I could start life anew. Change my personality, my hairstyle, even my underwear. It was exhilarating just to think about the chic young coed I could blossom into.

It was the third time Debbie and I had passed the dinghy and the two men had definitely noticed us. Now it was time to circle around toward the beach and hang out there to see if they'd follow. One of them was really cute, with several hanks of brown hair falling over his eyes. I wanted him. I thought of him patting my ample bottom and smoothing salve over my pimples. Probably Debbie would get him, old Hippo Haunches. As we stepped off the road into the sand I decided that this time I was going to get the cute one. You have to draw the line somewhere.

"Paul likes me," Debbie said. "I can tell."

"Who's Paul?"

"The cute one with the brown curls. He's a Paul, I can tell." Paul McCartney, always the final measure.

"No," I said, "he's just a George. I'm sorry, but he's not quite a Paul. He doesn't even have blue eyes."

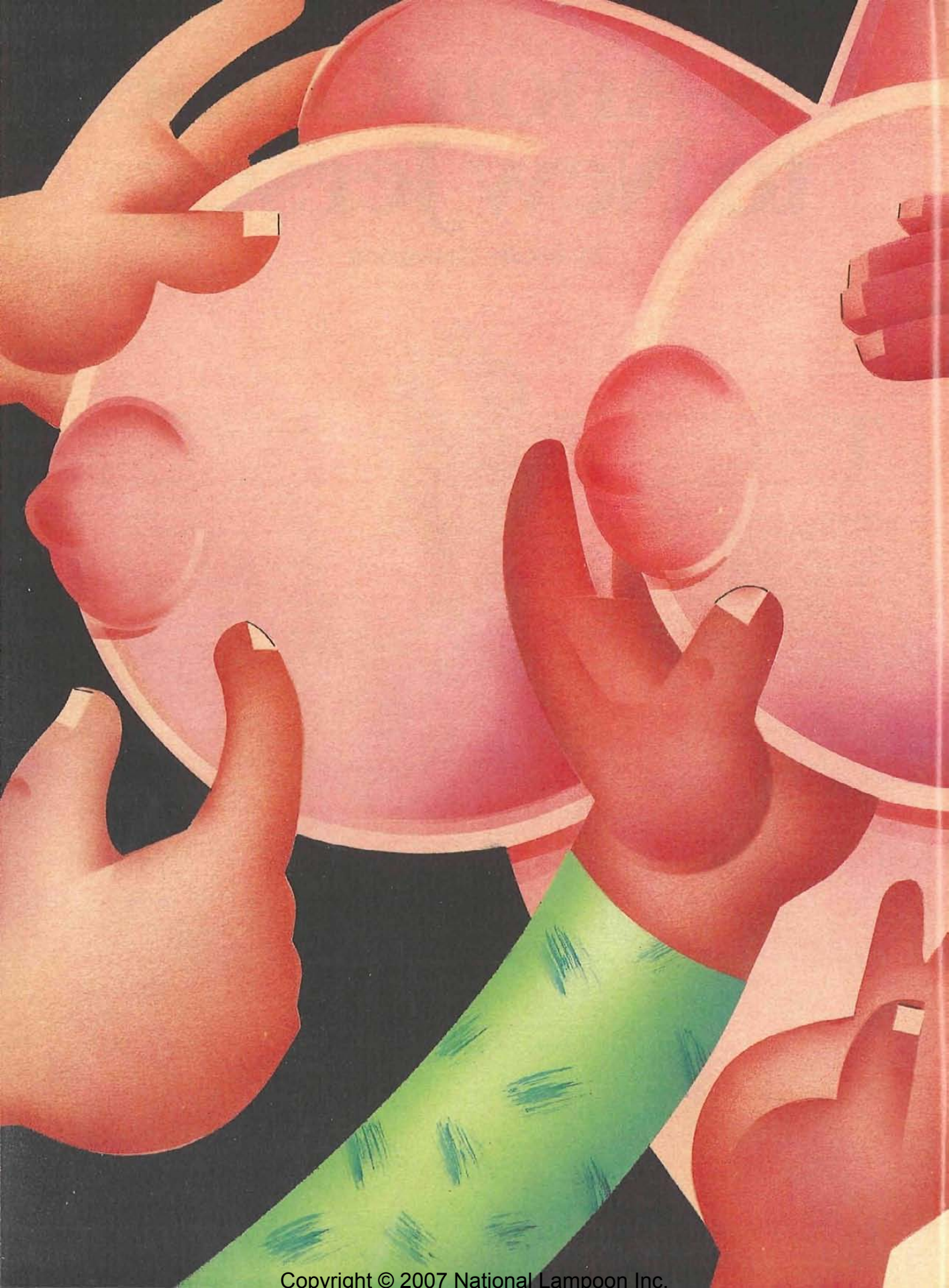
"You always call them George just so you can have them!" She pouted. Middlesex really gets to you sometimes. Inbreeding, has to be. Strangers are the only answer. Fishermen. Tourists. Men from Baltimore.

Debbie threw off her sundress and plopped in the sand. "Wouldn't it be cool if they took us for a ride? I've never been in a boat before."

"I know."

The water was really gross, a brown silt with different-sized shitty particles sticking to whatever it touched. "It attracts the fish," the marina manager

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How I Became a Feminist

by Joe Bob Briggs,
Drive-in Movie Critic of Grapevine, Texas

Most young, impressionable, immature American boys don't have nothin better to do than talk about titties all the time.

You take me, for example. People say to me all the time, they say, "Hey! You! Joe Bob! Get a load of the hooters on that Channel 4 weather girl." And I got to tell you, remarks like that are just not what life is about. Some of us have better things to do than sit around calculating the size of the Channel 4 weather girl's hooters and thinking about what might happen if you were to stick your hand in her sweater up around Montana and watch it come out down in New Mexico. This is the kind of thing that has nothin whatsoever to do with the professional news-gathering integrity of the Channel 4 news team, and actually could endanger lives if she turns sideways and causes an occluded front over Kentucky. Anyhow, what I'm trying to say is simply this:

The Almond Joys on the Channel 4 weather girl were *never* as big as she got credit for.

I don't want to dwell on tits here, because, let's face it, that's basically *ff-ties* humor and this is the eighties. Remember Mamie Van Doren, the star of *High School Confidential*, who looked like she got shot through the back with a couple of cruise missiles? That's the kind of girl that was popular in the fifties. But here in the eighties, just *try* to find somebody that even cares about wearing a cashmere sweater three sizes too little and stuffing two 44's inside there like

giant lumps of crabmeat. It's just not the fashion anymore.

I guess I was about nine years old before I finally figured out there was more to life than enormous female breasts with gigantic nipples that stuck out like fire-hose nozzles. It was the year I came of age and matured into manhood. It was the year I learned to stop treating women like old pieces of dirty laundry and start treating em like beat-up yellow mattresses. It was back in Frontage Road, Texas, my hometown, the dirt capital of North America.

Lemme tell you about it. Maybe you'll learn something about the state of tits in America today.

Frontage Road, Texas was a company town, I guess, since everybody worked for one of the three big dirt exporters: Consolidated Dirt, Dirt General, and Earth Products International. My daddy always worked for Consolidated, even though he got offers all the time from the other two, because he liked the quality control they had. I remember in 1951 the Dirt-workers of America went out on strike and President Truman was threatening to send in the National Guard to Frontage Road and dirt was scarce all over, and a dirt-hauler buddy of ours named Scrim Wilks came by hauling about a half a pickup of No. 7 topsoil and offered to share some of it with us, but Daddy recognized it right away as EPI dirt and he told Scrim, "I won't have that crap in my yard." That's the way my daddy was, and I think it had a permanent effect on me. To this day, I won't use nothing but Con-

solidated dirt, even if it means paying more.

Anyhow, speaking of Scrim Wilks and dirt, Scrim had a daughter named Dede. Dede Wilks was about six years older than me and lived over in Bison, the county seat, and I'd see her at church and at school, and whenever I did see her she'd raise her dress up over her head and act like it happened by accident, like in the Marilyn Monroe movie where Marilyn's skirt gets caught in the updraft and turns into a midget parachute. Dede was the first girl I really knew in the biblical sense. By the time I was seven years old I'd seen more of this girl from the waist down than vice versa, and frankly, there wasn't much down there to look at.

"Dede Wilks," I said to her one time, "how can I talk to you when you have your dress up over your hairdo all the time?"

She answered me back but I couldn't understand cause her voice was muffled by her dress.

I don't wanna dwell on Dede Wilks cause there's not much to dwell on, but you're gonna see in a minute why this was important. Dede was a tall girl, with light red hair (I think) and a tiny little waist and freckles on her arms and legs and pigtailed, and she liked to wear frilly things and ankle socks and penny loafers and she had garbonzas the size of Minnesota. Now I know it's not polite to talk about somebody's garbonzas in public, specially when the garbonzas in question aren't available for inspection, but I figure anybody that paid two bucks for this magazine deserves all the abuse that comes your way. (If you didn't pay two bucks, or if you have a local library that was sick enough to buy this rag, then you oughta be ashamed of yourself. If you paid \$10.95, you got screwed.) Anyhow, Dede Wilks had nuclear boobs.

(I forgot to mention before, but this article has explicit sex information in it, so don't leave it lying around where your little perverted children can read it.)

Now I don't want any snickering when I say this, do you hear me? Because I'm trying to make a serious point here. The fact was that Dede Wilks had collapsible breasts. We're talking 38's one day and Dixie cups the next. In fact, they were the most temperamental ta-tas I ever saw this side of Printer's Alley in Nashville, where they had this stripper named Heaven Lee who had hers trained to serve cocktails. I realize it's a sad thing when human beings have to go through their whole lives with physical handicaps, but what the hey, you never know what modern medicine is gonna come up with, and I even suggested to Dede Wilks's mother one time that they might send her to the Scottish Rite Hospital for

Crippled Children in Dallas to see what they could do to stabilize that garbonza dystrophy before we had a poster child on our hands. In the meantime Dede had to put up with a lot of kids' talk—you know, harmless things really, but the kind of remarks that hurt you inside when you're young. Like Danny Bivens, he used to say, "Hey, Dede, where'd you get them trick titties?" And we all knew that Danny didn't *mean* anything by it, but sometimes it would make Dede cry at school, and old Miz Perryman would have to hold the boys in at recess and give us a lecture.

"We have a *few* people in this class," she'd start off, "who don't have any respect for the feelings of others. For your information, Dede has a glandular problem..."

And as soon as she said the word "glandular," I would usually send a spray of spit five rows across the room and start to coughing and that would get everybody else going and by the time Miz Perryman got to the end of the sentence her face would look like somebody took the skin off and turned it inside out, and the end result would be that me or Danny Bivens or both of us would get sent to the principal's office so our behinds could be kicked "from here to North Dakota and back, young man."

Then for the next week we'd all play Gland Patrol. The way you play Gland Patrol is somebody goes out in the hall before school starts and they're the lookout. The lookout has the responsibility of estimating hooter size *on sight* and before Dede Wilks gets to her classroom. As soon as the lookout gets a fairly accurate reading, he writes the numbers on the end of the blackboard while Miz Perryman's not looking. A typical read-

out on Monday morning might be something like 34C + 1, which we would all recognize immediately as the international symbol for "right breast 34 inches, C cup; left breast 35 inches, C cup," or if it was a different cup size on the left one, the readout would have one more letter on it. What's important to remember is that this is the official Vegas betting line and will remain constant throughout the school day.

Next thing, I open the bank for bets of up to thirty-five cents per kid, cause thirty-five cents is usually all they had for lunch and two milks, and I'd pocket the 5 percent juice on losers. The way it worked was we'd have four daily over/unders—one for each recess, one for lunch, and one at the end of the day. At the appointed time—say about 10:45 for morning recess—the lookout would make the day's second calculation and write the correct numbers directly below the original numbers on the blackboard. So it would look like this here:

34C + 1
35D - 1 Even

Which is pretty self-explanatory. Between 8:30 and 10:45 Dede gained one inch and one cup on the right, held steady on the left, but added a left cup. The house pays "over" bets on the right, takes a 5 percent juice on "unders," pays cups-only bets on the left, and you'd have a fairly high daily double combination here due to the odd behavior of the left titty. But by now you're probably wondering, what happens to the under/over wagering on the left side only? Answer: House rakes it. Now we also had your specialty betting, which could be several combos throughout the day, including the Exacta (four over/unders in a row),

the Maxwell House (eight bets, cups only), and the Betsy Ross (overs, unders, cups, and sizes, for a total of thirteen separate bets). And we had some ladies' bets, for the two or three girls who could toss in a few pennies. Their favorite bet was the Dumbo the Flying Elephant, which was a wager that Dede would balloon up to full size at least once during the day. If somebody ever hit a Betsy Ross, I might have to pay out thirty, forty bucks at a time, so you can see this got into the steep green. Danny Bivens, who was the usual lookout and got 1 percent off the top for handicapping, told me one time that we should take side-bet action on nipple erections, too, but I told Danny no way, Jose. That would be cruel.

"What do you think Dede Wilks is?" I yelled at him. "A piece of meat?"

I liked Danny, but sometimes he could be insensitive to the feelings of others. Besides, Dede Wilks didn't get nipple erections more than three, four times a week, and I couldn't figure out a way to make odds on it.

I know what you're thinking, though. You're thinking we were taking money on rigged garbonzas. You're thinking Dede Wilks was a walking foam-rubber factory and all we were doing was altering the dairy equipment at various times during the day. Of course I had to deal with this accusation quite a bit, specially from Slopehead Frammolino, this geek Pawnee from over in Bison who never did put down more than a nickel at a time. I had to bar Slopehead twice cause he kept coming to school early so he could hang around out on the highway, get a good look at Dede Wilks *before* she got there, and then go make side bets with the first-graders on what the Vegas line would be for the day. Then if Slopehead lost any jack, he'd start yapping about faked-up boobies.

First of all, it just don't make scientific sense. It may be possible to shrink foam rubber a couple bra sizes if you mashed it down with bricks or stapled it up, but I went and asked Mr. Godbey the science teacher whether it would be possible to take a foam-rubber-padded brassiere and enlarge it substantially in any given eight-hour period without doing structural damage to the bra proper, and Mr. Godbey said basically to get my butt out of his office before he dissected me like a bullfrog.

Second thing is, even if we had the ability to manipulate Dede Wilks's chest measurements at will, there wasn't any point in it cause we were taking six points anyhow and I was already pocketing enough change for my college education.

Third thing, Dede Wilks was a member of the Krankaway County Spirit of

continued on page 52



Guys on Dolls:

Four Male Cartoonists Look at the World of Women

At Women's Prison

by P.C. Vey



"Your lawyer's cute. Next time he comes we'll have to strip-search him."



"The one with the cattle prod is good-looking, but the one with the whip makes more money."



"And the one on the left is my third husband. He was a real shithead. Next to him is my fourth husband, Rockie. He was a shithead too. And to the right is my first—he was a complete shithead."

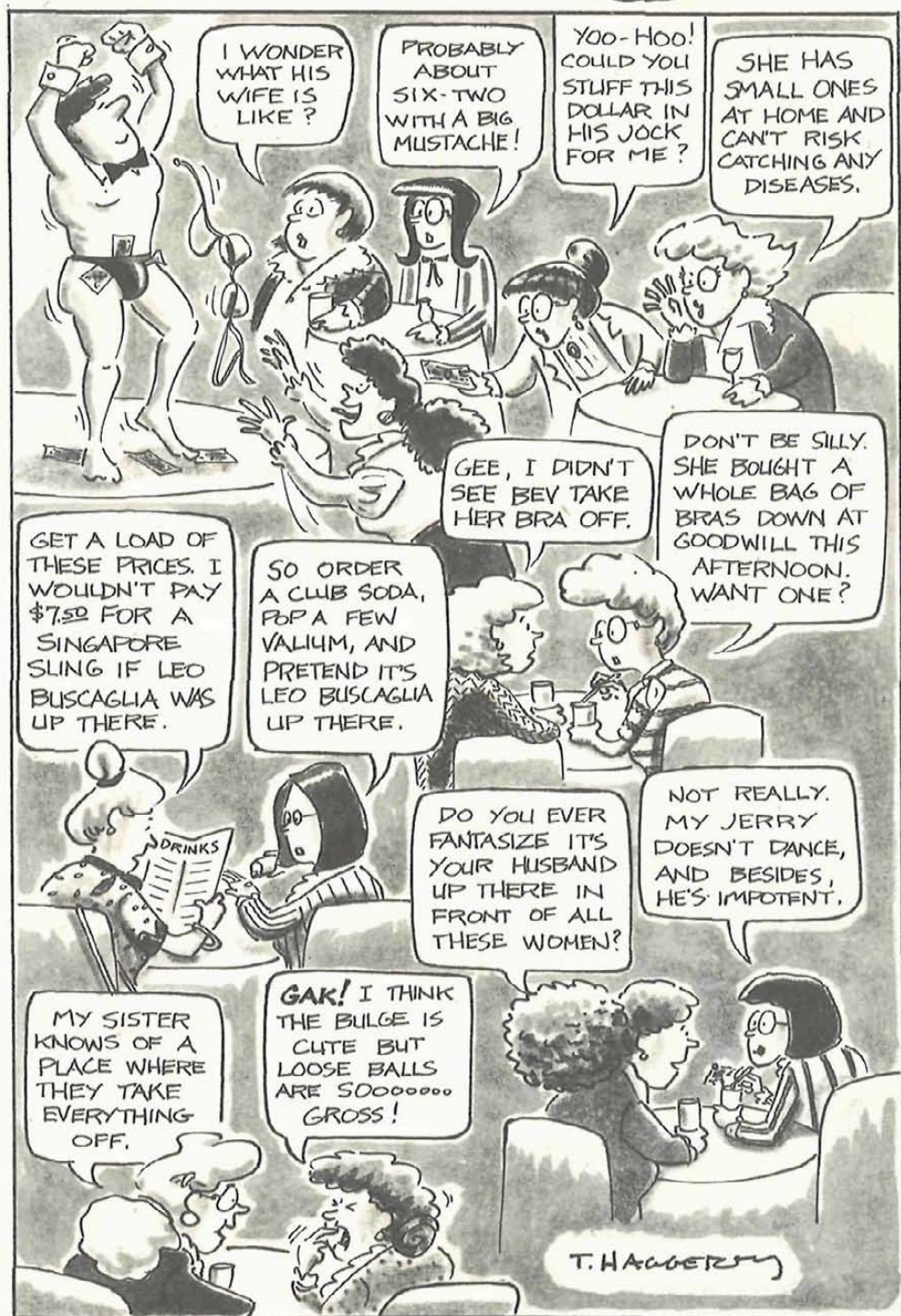


"Oh, cucumbers are okay. But what I really like is a mop handle covered in axle grease."

The All-Women Space Probe

by Sam Gross



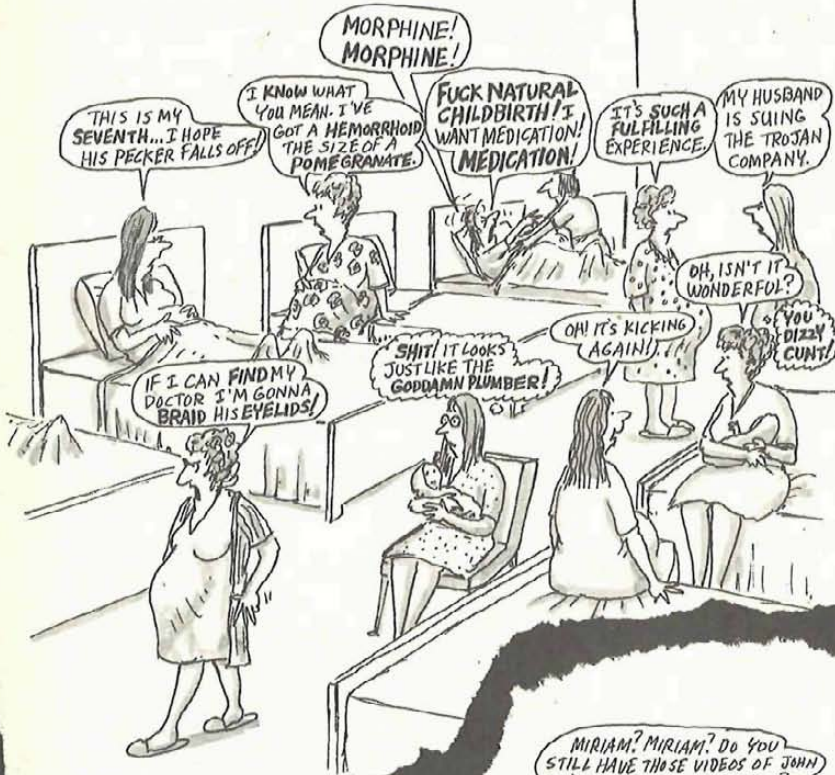


At the Male Strip Club

by Tim Haggerty

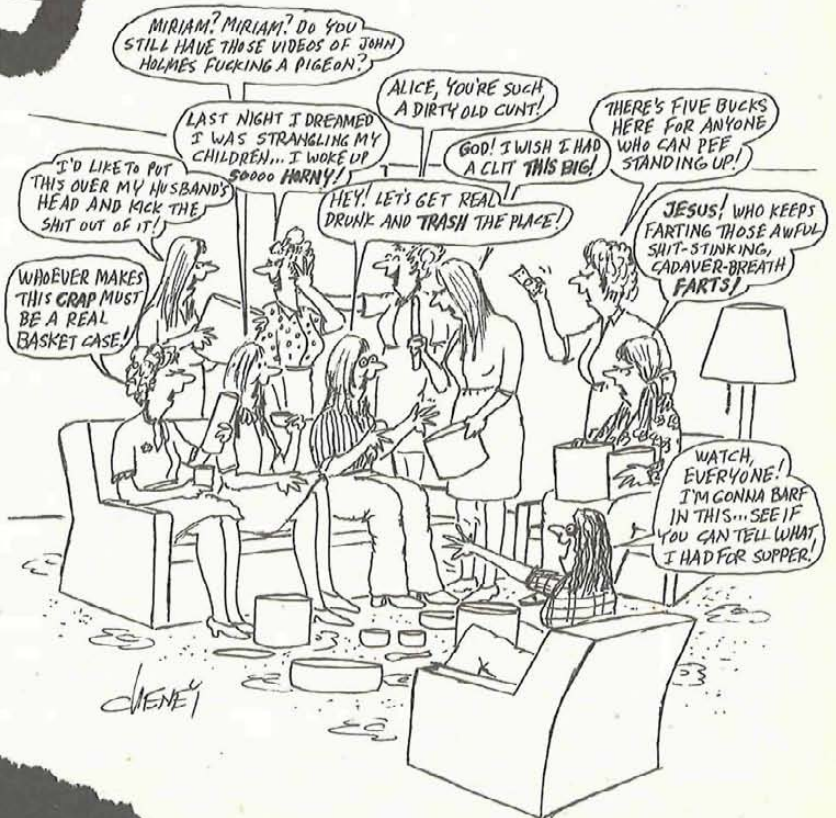
At the Maternity Ward

by Tom Cheney



At the Tupperware Party

by Tom Cheney



T R U E

Leave It to Beavers

**Edited by
John Bendel**

This article appeared in the *Guardian* of Liverpool, England:

"A spokesman for the Swaziland government has announced that the Queen Regent will no longer be known as Ntombi, meaning *girl*, which suggests disrespect, but as Indlovukazi, meaning *huge female elephant*, a name more in keeping with her dignity." (contributed by Steve Newman)

Police officials in Santa Monica, California, decided to give new recruit Anita McKeown a second probationary period for evaluation after she was sidelined with job injuries for all but two months of her first probationary year on the force.

According to the *Orange County* (California) *Register*, McKeown's problems began in the police academy with a dislocated shoulder and a rattlesnake bite.

"She also hurt her back and broke a finger while on patrol when she wrestled with a drunken driver who tried to run away.

"She was stabbed repeatedly in the chest six weeks later, when she tried to question a man about making too much neighborhood noise. A bulletproof vest saved her life, but her hand was badly cut.

"A second man put a gun to her head and pulled the trigger, but the weapon only clicked. Instead, she was clubbed over the head and sent to the hospital.

"Then in early February, when McKeown returned to work, a drunken driver ran through road flares and smashed into her. After a six-week hiatus and twenty-three days on the job, McKeown was pulling over a car for a

broken taillight last April when its passenger fired several shots into her patrol car and triggered a wild chase."

In the crash that ended the chase, McKeown suffered a broken ankle and sternum, a bruised heart, and blurred vision.

"I just hope next year is not like this year," said McKeown. (contributed by Denis Feria)

A Canadian man asked for a court injunction to prohibit a would-be lover from coming near him. He told the court that the woman, apparently in love with him, had dogged his movements for the last eight years and thrown pies at him at every opportunity. The man filed for the injunction after the woman entered his workplace, approached him as he spoke with a customer, and poured a bucket of water over their heads. *Kingston* (Ontario) *Whig Standard* (contributed by Alf Maxam)

In San Jose, California, it took firefighters using wire cutters and needle-nosed pliers twenty minutes to free a woman from a pair of tight-fitting designer jeans. "The woman had borrowed the pants from a cousin," reported the *New York Times*. (contributed by Lilly Clarvit)

Two women in Sayreville, New Jersey, were injured when the rest-area toilet one of them was using exploded. The exploding toilet fell from the wall and damaged the next stall, where the second woman was seated. Both women were taken to South Amboy Hospital, where they were treated for what the police called "anxiety." *Daily Record* (contributed by Lynn Puchalski)

This item appeared in the "Police Reports" section of the *Bellingham* (Washington) *Herald*:

"A man told police that a

blond woman came to his door in the 600 block of Eleventh Street about eight P.M. Saturday and 'started rambling on, not making any sense.' The woman was later contacted by police. She said she was fine and did not want to do any more talking." (contributed by Jacquelyn Dalton)

According to *Rubber & Plastics News*, fast-talking middle-aged housewives account for 10 percent of the Japanese condom market by selling door-to-door. The women are recruited by condom companies and earn commissions as high as 40 percent.

"Working in teams, they select a neighborhood and pick out units—by the diapers hanging or toys scattered—that seem likely prospects.

"The veterans can spot a good potential customer right away,' says Yasuo Kon of Japan's Family Planning Association, adding that they concentrate on the type of women who have a hard time saying no.

"Kon says the saleswomen seek volume sales and offer

loans. The high-pressure tactics won them 30 percent of the market at one time, but in one opinion survey they were named among the five most hated door-to-door salespersons."

Some people complained to Japanese authorities that they had been talked into buying condoms by the gross. (contributed by Lisalyn Roth)

Linda Walker found herself stuck to the "lollipop pole" used by British school-crossing guards after someone smeared hers with Super Glue, according to the *Mirror*. Some suburban London neighbors drove her to a nearby hospital.

"Getting into a car when you're stuck to a five-foot pole is very difficult," said Walker. "But the worst moment came when I needed to go to the loo. It's not easy getting your pants down when you're clutching a five-foot pole.

"Everyone was sympathetic," she said, "but that didn't stop them from falling about with laughter." (contributed by Stephen and Gillian Goodwin)

Third World Underwear Department

This postcard from Malaysia was submitted by Charles Peck.



TRUE

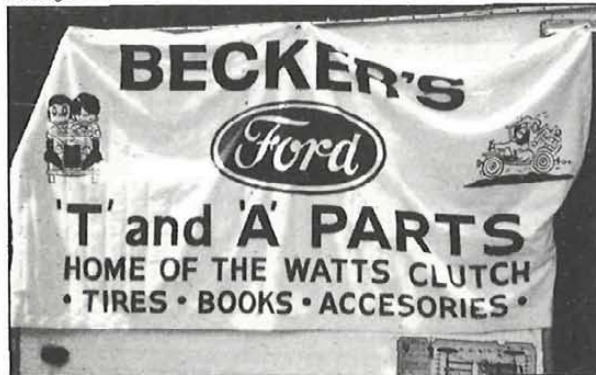
It's Not Just on TV



Jeff Unger



Ed Grier



Roy Pampanin



Marc Brewer



Lauren Lee Shay



Bruno Saltarella



Porky McDonald



COME UP TO

NEW KOOL BOX

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.

continued from page 19

had told me. "It's not pollution. It's called chum." Unfortunately, I'd waded in up to my knees before I'd discovered just how friendly it was.

"It looks like knee socks," Debbie snickered. "It makes your legs look fat!" She wasn't that dumb. Here in Middlesex we pride ourselves only on big bottoms, not on big legs. You have to go to Asbury Park for that. (We in Middlesex fought bitterly to keep Asbury Park from changing its name to "Assbury Park" last year, arguing that that would mislead the tourists. People in Asbury Park are big *all over*. Middlesex is the only true ample-ass mecca in the state.)

I rubbed the pebbly sand on my legs. Friction. The shit didn't budge. Soap was hard to come by in New Jersey. Just a trick of Schlafly's to try to stink us out. Once I came down the beach with stripes of Ban an admirer had given me all up and down my legs in a futile attempt at smelling good. I rubbed that off with sand, but this time the sand just wasn't working for me.

Suddenly Debbie's manicured stubs lit coolly on my shoulder. "Look at that," she growled low in her throat, as the men maneuvered the dinghy around and waded toward the beach.

Debbie went to the water's edge and began reeling them in with her enormous ass. She tugged up her string bikini to ease out the flab and jiggled exaggeratedly. I swear she looked just like a tufted titmouse. When she got back to our stakeout she raised both arms overhead, stretching from left to right. Disgusting. Finally she lowered herself to the sand and, eyes focusing on the

slender tan one, assumed the universal come-on position: right hand propping her up from behind, right leg straight out, left leg bent, left hand draped on kneecap. If you do it on the right it means you're married. Most of us in Middlesex weren't—except maybe the Bored Agains.

These guys were from out of town, maybe from Staten Island. They sauntered over, slow and easy, in a direct line, their intentions clear. Standing before us, proud and erect, bobbing their heads back and forth, they breathed heavily as if winded from the ten-foot walk up the beach.

"Got a match?" one of them asked. I hung my head in shame.

"Sure," Debbie purred and they sat down.

"Where do you hail from?" she asked. "We've got a house on the other side of the ammunition depot," the thin dark one answered. "In Centerville."

I dug my feet into the sand. Centerville was notorious foot fetishists, and, shitty feet or not, I thought too much of my digits to want to insert them into anyone's orifices, especially those of assholes from Centerville. Centerville was the lowest of the low. They pumped their sewage right into the bay. Here in Middlesex we at least pump it a few miles out.

"It's okay," the portly older one whispered. "You don't have to hide them. We're not toe suckers. We're here because we want to help you." Uh-oh. First the Born Again Punks crapped up the best hangout in town, and now their parents were buying up property

in Centersuck! There went the neighborhood.

What I noticed first were his eyes. Hazel. And his receding hairline revealed curious depressions in his face like caverns of thought—or acne scars.

He reached over and took my hand. A live one. "I'm Oral Roberts, Junior," he said with a grin, "and this is my first mission." He had the teeth of death. One was completely sideways and the others roamed his mouth at will. First mission, my ass! He must have spent time in Trenchton. We should get the Boss on this, I thought, it must be a statewide problem.

"Don't go!" He clutched my hand. "We're not Mormons. No *Watchtowers*, I promise. We're here in Middlesex representing the Fat-Ass Lovers of America, a grass roots organization dedicated to the preservation of fat asses nationwide."

This I had to hear. "We're trying to spread the word that President Schlafly plans to clear out New Jersey to make room for a feminist Bible camp."

Debbie was already making out with the skinny one. "That's crazy!" I sneered. "Where will Congress go for Easter vacation?"

"That's just it," he said. "Congress just passed legislation permitting married couples to have sex twice a week." Insane! "And more is on the way. Senator Gary Lewis from California is on a Greyhound tour stirring up public support for a whole political movement geared toward the accommodation of sexual perversions within the conjugal context."

"I don't believe it!" "Well, you better start," he said. "Soon it will be legal to do *anything* to your wife at least, and maybe even to your family dog. There'll be everything: fat-ass fucking, toe sucking, finger licking. With the crotch at home, there'll be no need to visit the armpit. New Jersey will go bankrupt, and under the newly enacted Bryant-Scott bill 6969, the state will fall under the jurisdiction of the federal government. If you don't get out before it's too late you'll either starve or be placed on General Nonassistance and forced into manual labor, and I don't mean handjobs!"

"Bullshit!" He got that puppy-dog wet-eyed look. "Just because you have a comprehensive bottom curve, it doesn't mean you have to stay in New Jersey! There are opportunities in Pittsburgh, even throughout Pennsylvania. You could get married, settle down."

I looked over to see how Debbie was doing. She and Paul McCartney were going at it furiously on top of a nearby rusty barrel marked "Radioactive Waste."

continued on page 37



The Humor Magazine for Women

NATIONAL TAMPON

March 1986

\$2.00



Censored by
**CZECHS AGAINST
PECS**

Censored by
**WEN AGAINST
ARMPIT HAIR**

Censored by
**DOGS AGAINST
COCKS**

Censored by
**GAYS FOR
SAFE SEX**

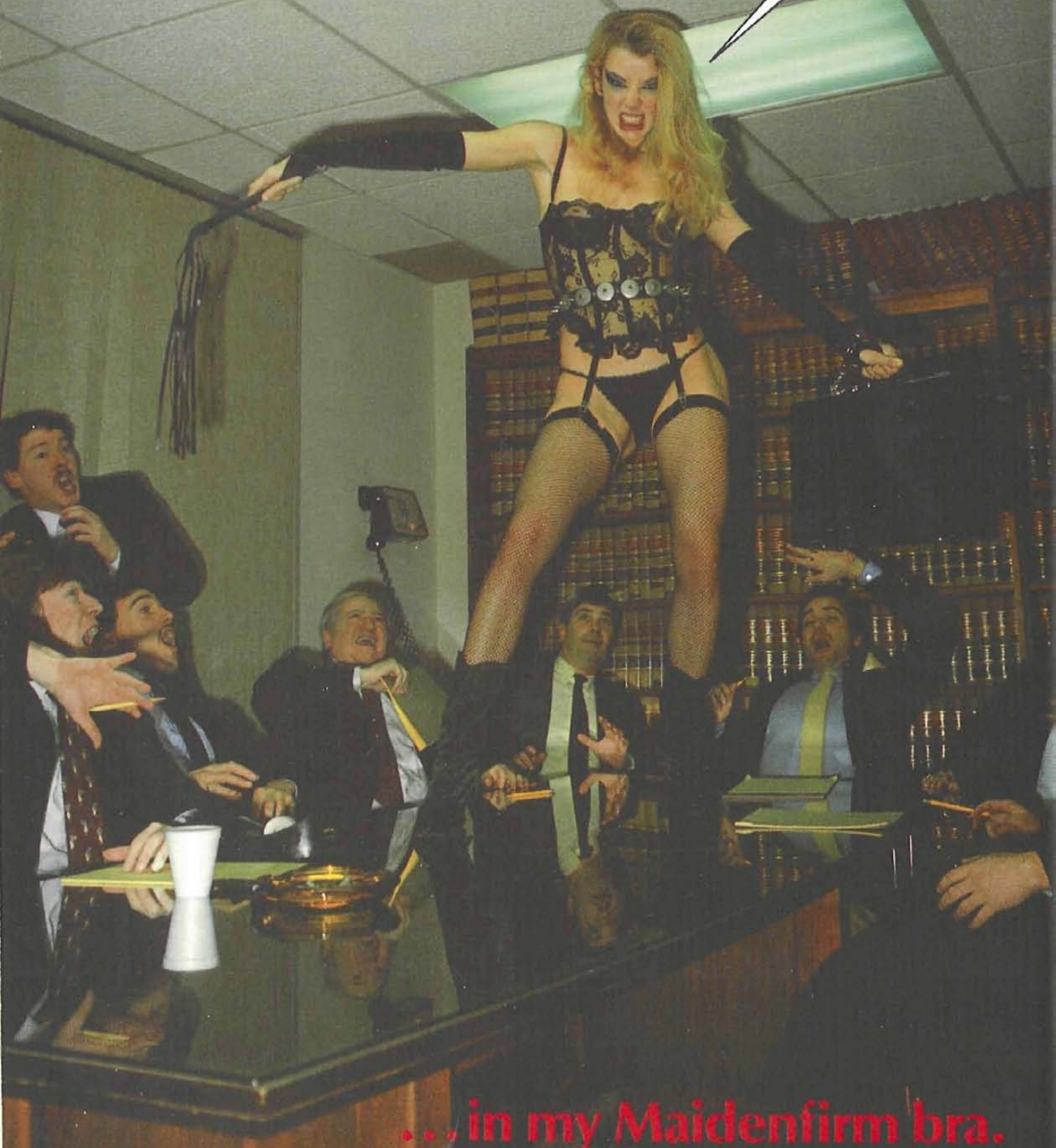
Censored by
**EDITORS AGAINST
RECYCLED COVER JOKES**

**THIS ISSUE
EXPLOITS
MIEN!**



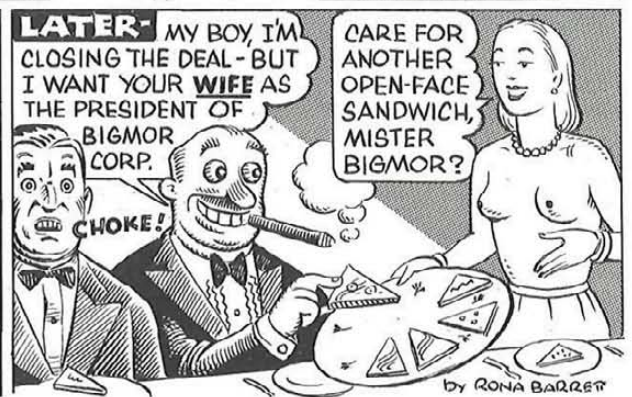
I dreamed I took over Beatrice . . .

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
THIS IS GOING TO BE
DISTINCTLY UNFRIENDLY.



. . . in my Maidenfirm bra.

P O L I T E N E S S G A L



Sirs:
*There's a little red spot on my pad today,
 And I've had these damn cramps since yesterday.
 There's an empty clip in my .45,
 And my husband and kids are not alive.*

Ms. PMS
 c/o MTV

LETTERS

Sirs:
*Light days, light nights,
 Where would I be without my tampons?*

Minnie Pads
 Tampon Rouge, La.

Sirs:
 I can't seem to forget you; your FDS stays on my breath.

Charlie
 Madison Avenue

Sirs:
 I never could figure out why they call them sanitary napkins. Did you ever taste one of those things?

Irv Muff
 Gobbler's Gap, Ky.

Sirs:
 And now, there's good news for all you lady mimes out there: we've designed a sanitary pad just for you. It's called Panty Shields and Yarnell, and it'll be available in stores by the end of the month.

Dr. Seymour Menses
 Vice-President, R & D
 Procter & Gambol
 Cincinnati, Ohio

Sirs:
*Catherine Rigby,
 Wearing a rag that she keeps
 in a box by the john,
 What is she on?
 All the tampon spokespersons,
 Where do they all come from?*

Linda Yeastman Kotex
 Los Angeles, Calif.

Who Were Those Guys?

by Bernice X as told to Geraldine Sussman

It was about two A.M. last Saturday night, or Sunday morning, if you're picky, and I was parked in front of O'Malley's. I usually wait there, 'cause they cater to a better clientele. None of these tight-assed nickel-and-dime Perrier fags, but good old-fashioned bourbon drinkers, with an occasional Scotch hound—nature's noblemen—for good measure. I'd been reading *Playgirl* by streetlight and was about to call it a night. (A three-page layout on a stockbroker with a foot-long coney who liked to "orally satisfy working-class Jewish girls" had me squirming in my seat and ready to head home and break out the personal pleasure tools.)

But just then these two sports came rolling out of O'Malley's. They had their arms around each other and were singing "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head." Great, I thought, a couple of interior decorators. But at least they weren't singing "Somewhere over the Rainbow." Too bad they're swish, I thought, 'cause they weren't bad-looking. A little old for my taste: I prefer probation cases from Juvenile Hall myself, with an occasional high school football player from the suburbs thrown in for variety. They piled in and told me what hotel they wanted to go to. I took a good look over my shoulder. The one behind me, the taller one, was a good-looking dude with straight blond hair. He would have been perfectly gorgeous except for a few warts to the right side of his mouth. The other one, the short one, started to read my license.

"Bernice," he said. "That your name, Bernice?"

I snapped my license with my middle finger. "Would I lie to the City of New York?" I kept watching him in the mirror. He must have been older than the other guy, and his hair was pretty gray. But his eyes! When we went through a bright intersection, I caught a glimpse of the bluest eyes I've ever seen. I saw he was checking me out, too, and not my eyes. I had sort of shrugged my jacket off to let my tits breathe. I arched my back a little, too, just in case I wasn't making myself perfectly clear.

"Excuse me, miss," the blond one asked politely. "But do you know who

we are?"

"Let me guess," I said. Might as well kid them along. Like the saying goes, if you can't stand the drunks, get out of the back. "Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz?"

They started giggling. "No," the little one said. "Try Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

"No thanks," I shot back. "I'd rather try the Cisco Kid and Pancho." That fractured them. Just then I took another look in the mirror and recognized Redford and Newman.

"You know, you're really some woman, Bernice." Newman was leaning forward. He rested his hand on my shoulder, and an electric shock ran from the nape of my neck down to the tip of my shoes and stopped along the way to do sixty laps around my clit. Definitely not the touch of an interior decorator.

"Ya think so?" I just had to look over my shoulder into those baby blues. I must have looked too long and too deep, 'cause Redford shouted for me to look out. Shit! New York had one less wino, but now I would be all night scraping skin, hair, and cooties out of my grill. Oh, well, *c'est la vie*. "Well, how would you like to find out if you're some *men* or not?" By way of answer, Blue Eyes moved his hand from my shoulder and just brushed my right nipple. It almost popped right through the windshield.

Before you could say "Fuck the mayor," I had whipped my trusty Checker into a nice dark alley. I turned off the lights but left the motor—and the meter—running. I activated the special recliner attachment on my seat and sat sideways.

"Jesus, Bernice," Redford gasped. "Your tits are like the Taj Mahal and the Capitol dome, side by side." I draped one arm over the wheel and the other around his neck. He started working my mouth over with nice, gentle kisses. No tongue, just little, sucking nibbles.

All of a sudden, Newman hopped over the seat like a coked-up jockey and landed between my legs. "Hey, Sundance, mind movin' up and givin' a man room to work?"

And work he did. That sucker had my Levi's and Lollipops off before you could say "Eat me, Sezme!" And my panties.

Newman ate my panties. Now, I've had guys sniff 'em, and offer me twenty bucks for 'em, but this was the first one that ever ate 'em. Didn't even chew 'em up, just swallowed 'em whole. Well, by this time, I knew I was in the presence of a genius. I've been around the block and through the alley, and I knew I was in for one hell of a good time. He slung my right leg over his shoulder, tucked my left leg under his right arm, and heaved my snatch up under his nose. Shit! If I hadn't known better, I'd a sworn that Hulk Hogan was about to clamp a Boston Crab on me.

While he made a human pretzel out of my lower half, Redford was massaging my boobs and his tongue was doing yoga exercises on my nips, nice and slow and easy.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Butch Cassidy had turned my pubes into a froth of spit curls and was trying to work something into my garage. "What the fuck is goin' on?" I yelled, because it sure didn't feel like anything that'd ever been parked there before, and that covered a lot of territory.

"Oh, that's just Paul's Personal Portable Vibrating Porsche Gearshift."

Just then, one of Redford's warts grazed my right nipple—my favorite one—and my whole body shivered and little moans bubbled up in my throat. Obligingly, he did it again, this time using the biggest wart in his arsenal. You better believe I started to come.

"The bit, Robert, do the bit!"

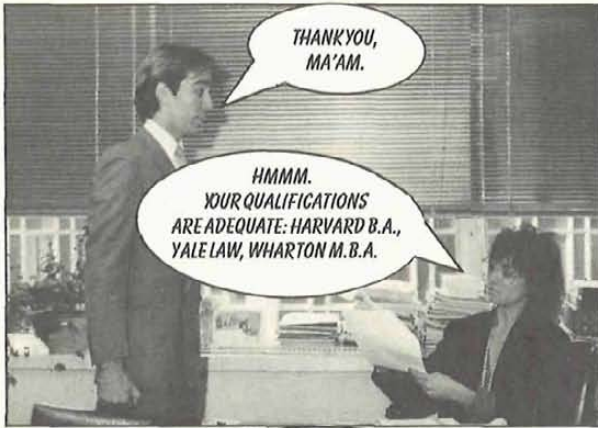
Redford barked: "Gentlemen, start your engines!" and began going "Vroom! Vroom!" down in his chest and throat. Then Paul switched on that gearshift thing that he planted in my flue, and the sonofabitch started to vibrate like a jackhammer.

"First gear!" he yelled, and jammed the gearshift lever forward. It slammed against my mons and nearly totaled my clit.

"Rrrrrrrrrmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!" The roar in Redford's chest got louder and deeper. He rubbed the wart harder and faster in crazy circles around my nipple. I was coming like the New York Marathon.

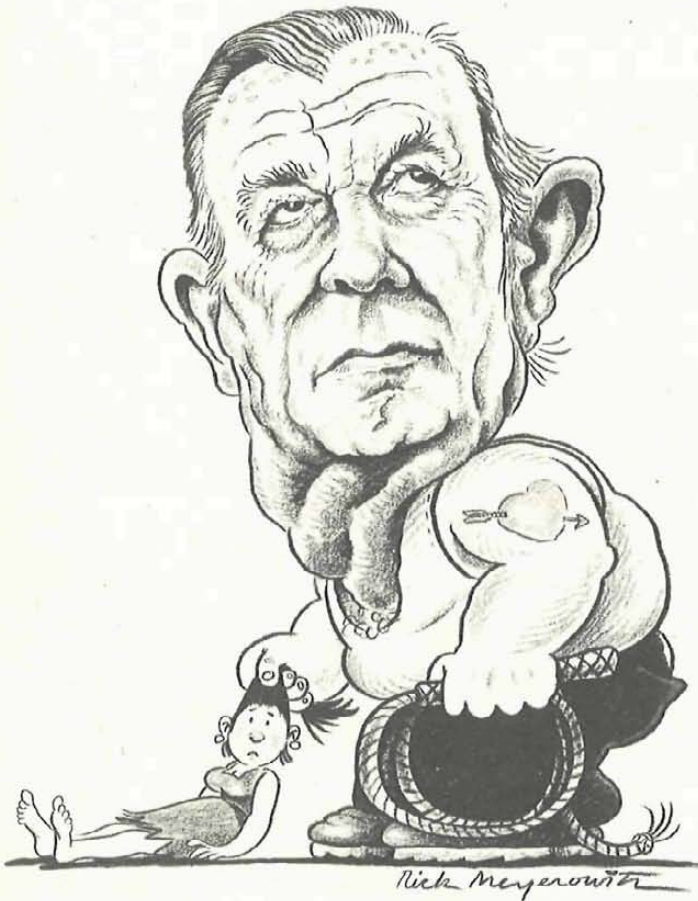
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PHOTO DUMMIES



Ask Don

**White House Chief of Staff
Donald Regan answers questions
from *National Tampon* readers.**



Dear Mr. Regan:

I would like to know why so many men treat women as if they were nothing more than subhuman cretins with the intelligence level of an eggplant. Is it just a defense mechanism that takes over whenever your frail little phallogentric egos are threatened, or is the root of it deeper than that? Perhaps you fear us out of some instinctual primeval genetic response code that warns you when predators such as distaff gender members come too close to the power structure that you hinge your lives upon. Please, I'd like to know your thoughts on this in hopes of bridging the unnecessarily wide gap between the

shores of mutual understanding.

Virginia Mason

Dear "Virgin":

You touch on a number of important vital issues in your letter. Defense mechanisms, phallogentric egoism, primeval genetic response codes are all thought-provoking topics, but let's talk eggplant, something you're obviously familiar with. I love eggplant. Especially Eggplant à la D.C. Here's how I have my little lady prepare it: First marinate the eggplant in a sherry sauce for three hours, then cut it into thin slices and dip in a batter of egg whites and bread crumbs. Next, fry the dipped slices in butter and garlic, and after they are

brown place them in a casserole dish (two inches deep), alternating layers of eggplant with mozzarella cheese. Then bake in a preheated oven at 350 degrees for forty-five minutes. I think your hubby will find it out of this world. And remember, a woman who cooks has a place in life.

Dear Mr. Regan:

Just as our civil rights movement of the sixties was an army of blacks making themselves sacrificial lambs to arouse the conscience of the nation, so is the freedom movement in the black townships of South Africa rekindling the lamp of anti-apartheid revolution.

Why then does our administration, which has had the benefit of the lessons of such a revolution (not to mention a civil war), still trade with and tacitly endorse the neo-genocidal regime of death and deprivation headed by P.W. Botha?

A Concerned Housewife

Dear Connie:

Thank you for your thoughtful query. I've always had a special love for the Negro race. I was a big Jackie Robinson fan and I still cheer for Lew Alcindor and Cassius Clay. A big favorite of our family was a swell little lady named Pearl! She was our maid and spent many faithful years under our roof, in the servants' wing. She raised our children so well we hardly noticed them growing up. Why, to this day I sometimes have trouble remembering my youngest's name. And she could find dust wherever it hid. Also, she was extremely cost-efficient, considering her small salary and the profit we made on her room and board. Apartheid? All I can say is, not in my house.

Dear Mr. Regan:

Can you elucidate your thoughts regarding women's rights?

Gloria Steinem
Ms. Magazine

Dear Ms. Steinberg:

Yes, I can.

Dear Don:

Maybe you don't remember me. I was a summer intern in your office last August. Is it starting to come back to you? I'm 5'6", with curly blond hair, and I used to wear those tight black jeans that you said you liked so much. Remember, we had drinks at Herlihy's and then we went to that nice hotel? You were a little out of it—that's why I'm refreshing your memory. But anyway, I started getting this little sore right you know where about a week after I saw you, and I was wondering if you had the same thing. It's getting kind of painful now and I thought that

continued on page 107

She got all the luck.

It was really disgusting to watch Debbie have sex. She managed to place a cigarette butt to her lips and motioned me over to light it. As soon as the flame touched, she squealed: "I came just as it lit!" I don't know how many times I've seen this. She never came until she got a butt.

Clucking his tongue, the preacher turned to me. "I guess he wasn't ready," he said. "You see, we were chosen for this mission by Gary Lewis in part because of our proclivity for big asses. It is as much a test of our faith as it is a mission to bring you into the fold." He reddened. "I am a registered Fat-Ass Lover."

Well, he had come in a boat.

"We don't want to change you," he pleaded. "The Fat-Ass Lovers—Ass-Anon—is really kind of a guerrilla support group, a social club. I met my wife at a meeting in Tampa. Originally we were an offshoot of Overeaters Anonymous—who, incidentally, are down in Asbury right now trying to save fatties from the sausage factory."

I turned onto my stomach and pulled my tank suit into a wedge to tan my hide.

I heard him gulp. "Your red hair sets off your rash nicely," he said. Gets them every time. Maybe the evening wasn't a total bust.

I looked over my shoulder. He was drooling. "Why don't you tell me all about it?" I asked.

He smacked his lips and settled more deeply into the sand. "For me it all started while playing doctor. Mom went into town every Wednesday and Friday to do errands. As soon as she got out of the house my sister and I would pull down our pants and she would lie across my lap and let me pat her. Whew! That girl had an ass!" He laughed. "The rest of her was skinny, but that ass stuck out like the counter at Jack-in-the-Box."

"I'd just sit there and pat it; it made me think of butterscotch pudding. I'd get all warm inside—it was better than cookies and milk. I felt really good about it. I didn't know it was supposed to be sick. I guess I thought it was an ass I could count on.

"When we got older, though, my sister started wearing those ruffy skirts. I didn't understand it then, but she was trying to hide it. Whenever I asked to see the pudding she burst out crying. She even started walking with her back against the wall whenever I came in the room. I can't tell you how much that hurt!"

I started kneading the flesh over my hips; he was riveted.

"Then she went out and got one of those operations to suck the fat out. That operation really got to me. Instead of that great shelf of an ass, she had... she

had... I still can't even confront the reality." He sighed. "She said she did it for her boyfriend."

Oral Roberts began helping me knead. "Every night that summer I watched them on our front porch." He stopped. "Do you mind me helping? I'm sorry. It's automatic, calms me."

"Please go on." I held his hand against my dimples.

"Anyway, my sister would be kissing him on the front porch and he'd be feeling what was left of her ass. It really made me sick... I never got one last pat, one last butterscotch pudding. But he'd be there, feeling that mutilation."

He kneaded more rapidly, grabbing great hunks.

"One night I followed them. I drove right alongside his Datsun. I had to keep moving my head to see what was going on. We were both going about seventy down the road from Clinton to De Kalb. All of a sudden I saw her boyfriend reach down the back of her pants. It was like he was violating a sacred shrine! I started to... I mean, I was looking to see... I was getting... all of a sudden I was crashing into their car..."

"Ow! Not so rough!" This guy was as wacko as they come.

"They say he swerved to save my sister's life, but her boyfriend was totaled. I was arrested, but they didn't send me to jail. 'Institution!' they said. The judge said I was perverted. The doctor said I was perverted. And all the nurses had anorexia.

"The hospital tried to suppress my

passion. They made me eat butter for three weeks. Everywhere I went there were pictures of Playboy Bunnies; in my pillow, in my socks, in my food. Subliminal suggestion. But something inside me kept saying, 'Fat asses are beautiful. Fat asses are beautiful!'

"I had to get out of there. You know what it's like in a nuthouse with everyone trying to cure you? Finally, to get out of there, I had to go against everything I'd ever believed in. I had to lie. I told them fat asses disgusted me. I told them thin was in, cellulite left me cold. I got out."

He pulled at my love handle.

"There was nothing for me but to find the perfect ass."

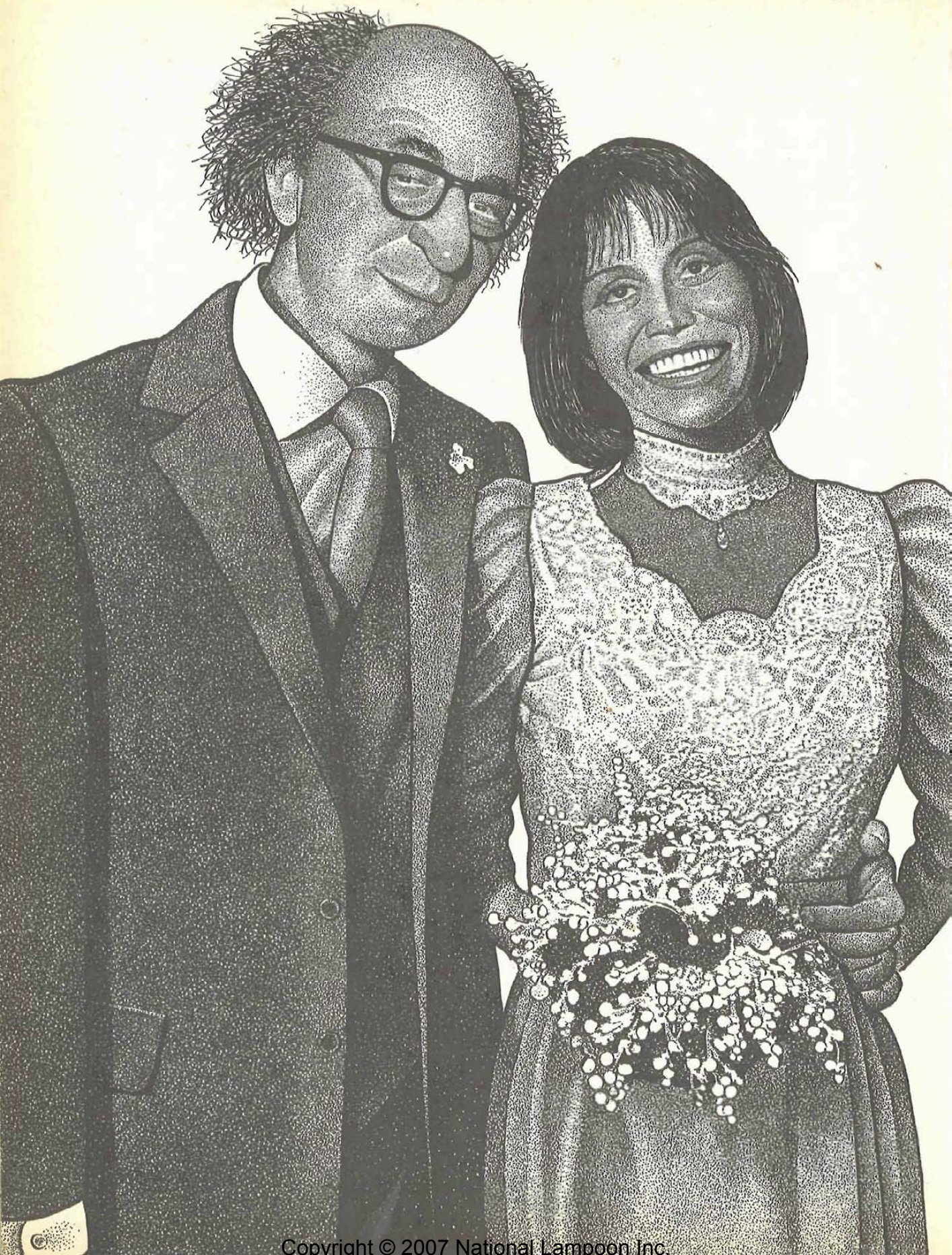
"How about mine?"

"Yours is pretty damn great." He giggled. "You know, after I got out of the hospital, I went out with a lot of fat-assed girls. But as soon as we got to the good part they wouldn't let me see a thing. It was always 'too big' or it had dimples or pimples. All those mounds of strawberry pudding, and not one I could see or throw over my lap. I HAD TO TOUCH THE JELL-O! I was so desperate I even put an ad in the personals—very illegal! One lady called and said she'd stuff it with newspaper for fifty dollars! I was so depressed. I had nightmares of huge pink and rainbow-colored asses coming at me from all directions. No bodies attached. I was smothered in asses. I'd wake up choking on my pillow.

"I thought no one else was like me.

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Mary Tyler Moore

and Me

by Larry David

MARRIED. Mary Tyler Moore, 45, vibrant television and film actress (*The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, *Ordinary People*); and Dr. Robert Levine, 31, Manhattan cardiologist. The wedding was her third, his first.

—*Time*

Robert Levine? Mary Tyler Moore married Bob Levine? He was in my ninth-grade class. He used to play right field in punchball. He stunk. He'd always quit around the third or fourth inning for some stupid reason and ruin the game.

Bobby Levine???

How did they meet? It must have been at a party. Sure, Bobby must have a lot of show-biz patients who invite him to parties. My friend Lloyd is a dentist. He has some patients in show business. In fact, he recently did some root-canal work for Alan King's wife. Lloyd could easily have been invited to that party, in which case he would have asked me to go, me being his best friend and all. And I would have said, "Sure, why not? It's Friday night. I have nothing better to do. Besides, I'm not going to meet anybody in my house."

The party was at one of those three-

story town houses on Manhattan's East Side that can sleep forty and in a pinch be converted into a museum or a university. It was packed with people who had a great appreciation of art and cheese, and didn't take money from their parents. With the exception of me, there wasn't one person on the premises I could feel the least bit sorry for.

I spent the first forty-five minutes munching on chicken legs while engaging in several fascinating conversations in which we discussed everything from them to me. Then I headed upstairs to look in on those select few who plant themselves in the bedroom for six hours, rapping, taking drugs, laughing, and giving the distinct impression to anyone who happens upon them that he's not welcome to join in. I had just reached the second-floor landing when who should I see but Mary Tyler Moore coming out of the bathroom. She was walking unsteadily and looked as if she'd been crying. "Is there anything wrong?" I inquired, reaching a level of compassion that one usually associates with the Son of God.

"Oh no," she said, her behavior belying her words. "I'm fine, really. Thank you."

"Are you sure?" I asked. She nodded unconvincingly and then suddenly burst

into tears. Ever Johnny-on-the-spot, I removed a white handkerchief from my breast pocket which I'd been carrying for the last fourteen years, hoping for just such an opportunity. "Here, blow," I said, holding the handkerchief to her nose. And blow she did, to such a degree that when she finished I was sufficiently repelled to suggest that she keep the hankie.

"No, that's okay," she declined. "Thanks anyway."

"Really, you can have it," I coaxed, holding the hankie gingerly between my thumb and forefinger.

"No, no," she insisted. "Why should I take your hankie?" Whereupon I nonchalantly extended my hand over the banister and unloaded it.

"I don't know what's the matter with me lately," she said, regaining her composure.

"You can tell me." I winked. "It's the Soviet Union, isn't it?" Playing right along, she took a lengthy dramatic pause and then blurted out, "Yes, it's the Soviets! I can't stand it anymore! There, I've said it." The two of us laughed uproariously at her little "improv."

"See that," I said. "You're feeling better already."

"Thanks to you," she replied admiringly.

"Aaahh," I sloughed it off with a wave of false humility. "You know, you look awfully familiar. Did you ever go to Camp Monroe?" (By pretending that I'd never heard of her, I hoped to create an air of mystery about me.)

"No," she answered, staring as if I had an air of mystery about me. "You probably know me from television. I'm an actress."

"Hmmm," I said contemplatively. "What's your name?"

"Mary Tyler Moore," she said, waiting to see if it would ring a bell.

"Larry David," I replied affably, offering my hand. We shook about five pumps' worth, during which time she didn't take her eyes off me.

"Maybe you've seen me in the movies," she ventured.

"It's possible."

"*Ordinary People*?" she asked hopefully. "Did you ever hear of that?"

"Wait a second," I said with a glint of recognition. "Were you in that?"

"Yes, yes!" She nodded excitedly. "Of course!" I exclaimed. "You played the mother."

"Right, right!"

"Ohh, so that's how I know you. You were terrific."

"Thank you." She beamed.

"Wasn't your hair much shorter then?" I asked.

"You don't like it like this?"

"I love your hair," I said. "It's your middle name I think we should discuss."

"What's the matter with Tyler?" she asked, glowing with affection.

"Tyler? That's a middle name?" I teased. "What's with this Tyler business? Mary Moore. That's a name. Forget this Tyler."

And so it went.

We continued our discussion on the steps, where we were constantly interrupted and stepped on by people trying to pass, but we didn't even notice. After an hour or so she told me that she couldn't remember the last time she'd had so much fun.

"Me either," I replied. There followed an uncomfortable silence, which was broken by a bald man who told her that he "liked her work."

"I must see you again," I implored. "Say you'll have supper with me."

She turned away from me, shaking her head. "No, Larry, we mustn't." I pulled her toward me and kissed her hard, catching mostly the side of her mouth. She struggled free, her face flushed with passion. "Yes...yes," she panted.

"Wednesday, six o'clock." Then she backed away and ran down the stairs.

She was halfway down the block when I realized I'd forgotten to ask her for her address and phone number. I rushed to the window and opened it. "Mary!" I screamed, but she didn't hear me. "Hey, Mary! Mary Tyler Moore!" I shouted, cupping my hands to my mouth. This time she heard me, along with everyone else in the neighborhood.

"What?" she yelled back.

"You forgot to give me your address and phone number," I thundered. She cried it out at the top of her lungs, but I

couldn't quite make it out. It wasn't until a few of the Con Ed men were kind enough to join in that I finally got it.

The next four days were pretty hectic, what with trying to decide on an outfit and a barrage of phone calls, some from people I hadn't spoken to in years.

"What's she like?" they queried.

"Is she prettier in person or on TV?"

"Where are you going to take her?" (Which was a fairly legitimate question considering I only had \$17.35 to last me till my next unemployment check.) If all this commotion was any indication of what it was like to get mixed up with a celebrity, well, I didn't want any part of it, but when I thought about the glamorous Ms. Moore, I knew I was already mixed up, and could you blame me?

Finally it was Wednesday, the big day. I was so excited I got up at 11:30, a half hour earlier than usual. But just because I had a date with a vibrant television and film star didn't mean I was going to neglect my responsibilities, so I dashed out of the house and returned a few hours later, having mailed a letter and bought an extension cord.

At four o'clock I began to get dressed. Fortunately I had the presence of mind to borrow an iridescent sport jacket from my pal Lloyd, and even though it was a trifle big, it went perfectly with my dungarees and sneakers, creating that hip Bohemian look. I just hoped she wouldn't remember that it was the same ensemble I'd worn to the party. And if she did, well, so what, those were the breaks. I kept telling myself that it wasn't my clothing she was interested in, but me. Me, not my clothing.

Any doubts that I might have had vanished quickly when she greeted me with a big smooch right on my kisser. Had I a mantra I would have revealed it to her right then and there as a gesture of my love.

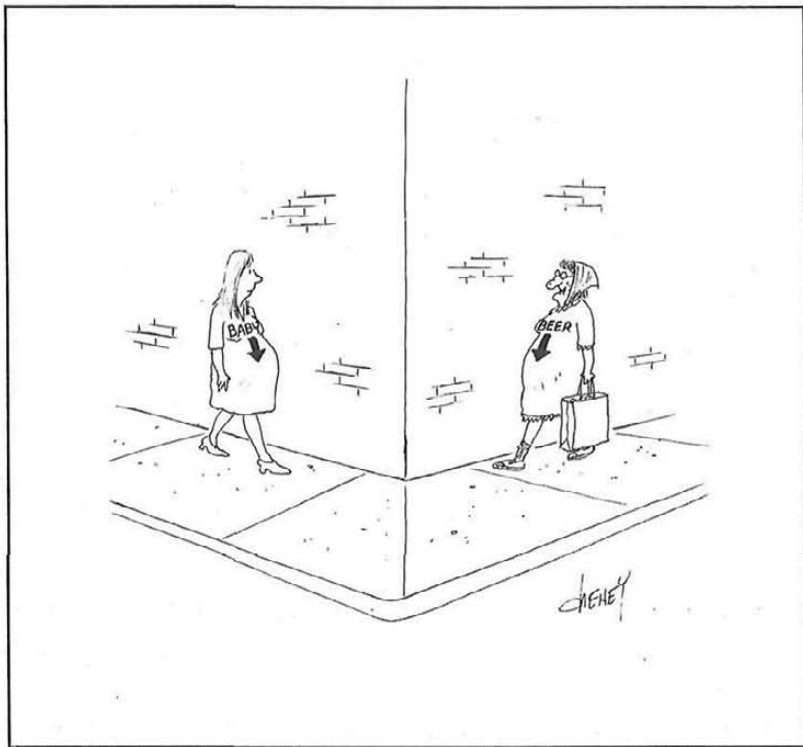
"Hello," she said, making no effort to conceal her nervousness.

"You look very beautiful tonight in your pants suit," I replied sotto voce, looking her right in the forehead. I also noticed for the first time how much taller she seemed on television. My God, I thought, the woman's a shrimp. She ushered me into a fashionable living room which had a magnificent view of midtown. "Boy, oh boy," I gushed, "this is some place. I bet they must have paid you a lot of money on that TV show for you to afford a place like this, huh?"

"Yes, they did," she replied modestly, squeezing my hand.

"Feel this," I said, lifting her hand and rubbing the back of it across my cheek. "Have you ever felt a cheek like that in your life? I'm telling you, I've got cheeks like a Swede."

She smiled weakly and moved to the window, where she stood looking out. So



A Tale of Modern Romance

BY
SHARY
FLENNIKEN

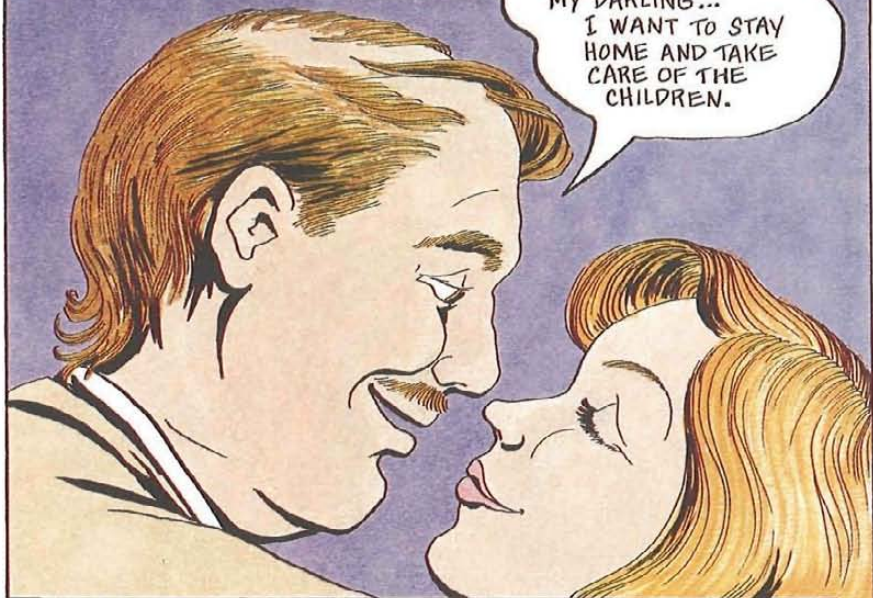
NO MATTER HOW
SUCCESSFUL SHE
MIGHT BE IN THE
WORLD OF BUSINESS,

DEEP IN THE
PRIVATE CORNERS
OF HER HEART,

EVERY WOMAN
DREAMS OF HAVING
THE PERFECT
RELATIONSHIP.

BUT I NEVER
THOUGHT MY SECRET
FANTASY COULD
COME TRUE

UNTIL...



I FOUND MR. RIGHT.

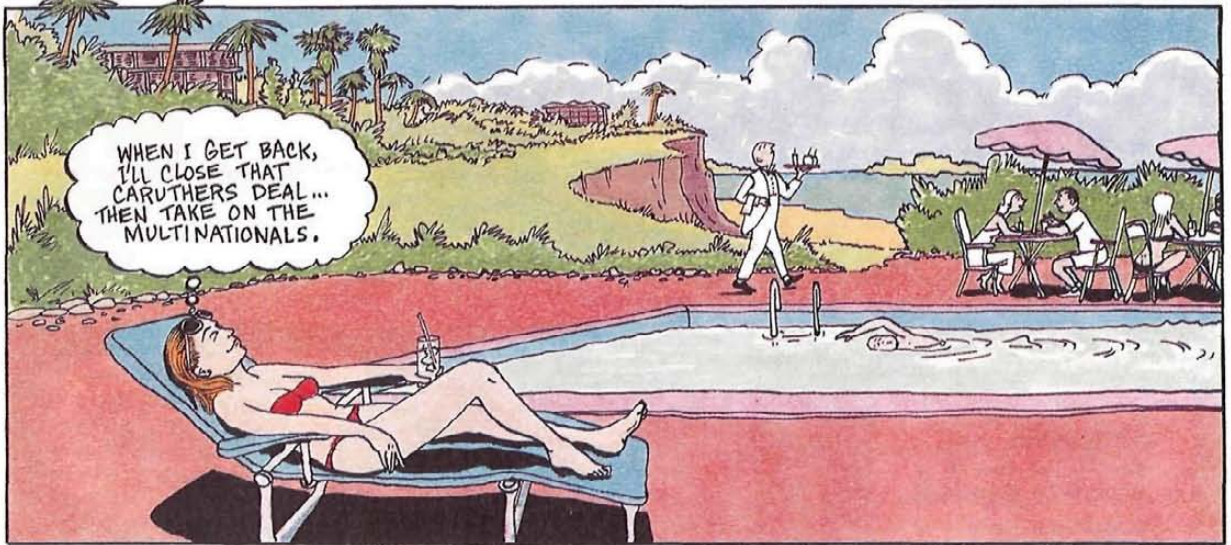
MY CAREER WAS GOING GREAT GUNS.
I LOVED MY JOB AT THE
INVESTMENT FIRM.



BUT I NEEDED TO SCHEDULE IN A LITTLE DOWN-
TIME IN ORDER TO KEEP UP MY HECTIC PACE.



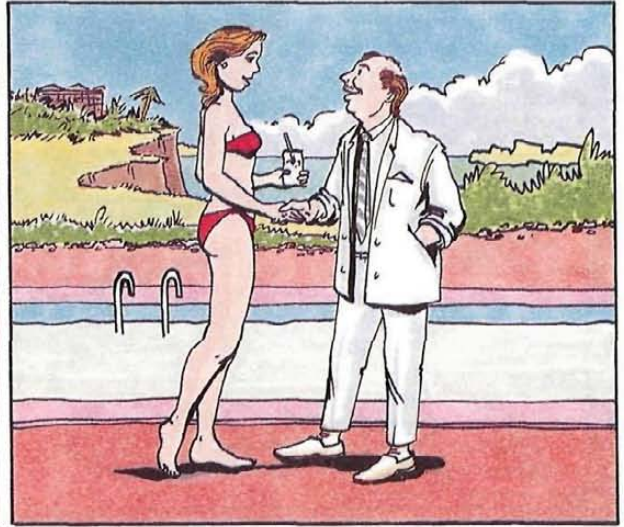
I WASN'T LOOKING FOR ANYONE SPECIAL. I WAS ENJOYING MYSELF.



WHEN I GET BACK,
I'LL CLOSE THAT
CARUTHERS DEAL...
THEN TAKE ON THE
MULTINATIONALS.

BUT THE MINUTE WE LAID EYES ON EACH
OTHER... THERE WAS MAGIC BETWEEN US.

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ATTRACTED TO SHORT MEN.



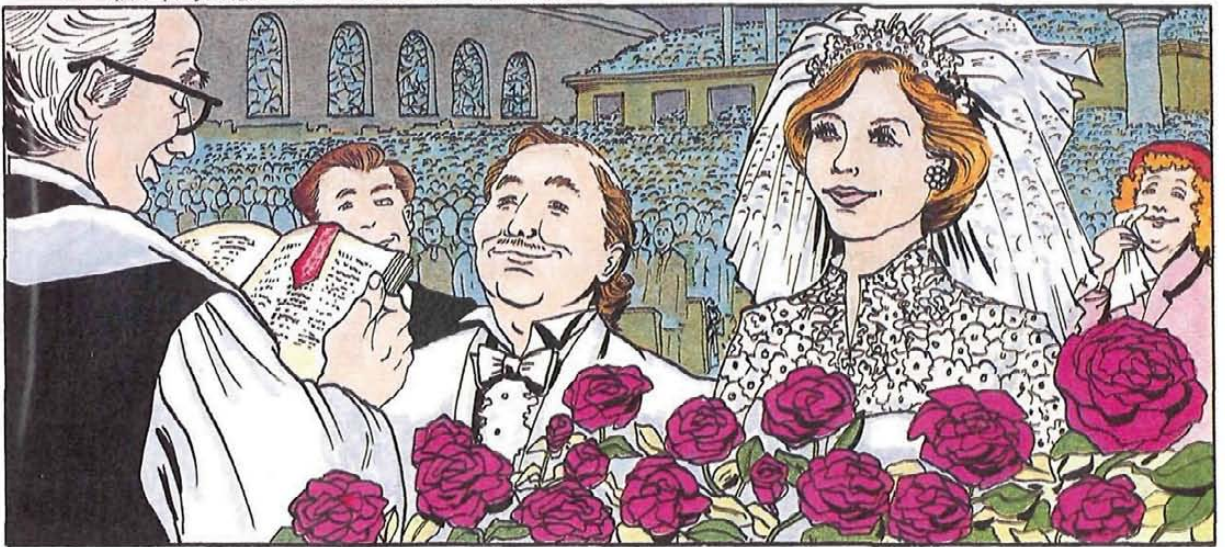
I LOVED HIM FOR HIS WARMTH, HIS JOÏE DE VIVRE,
HIS HEARTY CHUCKLE...
AND BECAUSE HE WAS A DOCTOR.

AND WHEN HE REVEALED TO ME THAT HE WAS
ALSO THE RULER OF A SMALL, OIL-RICH ISLAND
NATION IN THE INDIAN OCEAN...
I DIDN'T LOVE HIM ANY LESS.

HE'S EVERYTHING I'VE EVER
DREAMED OF.



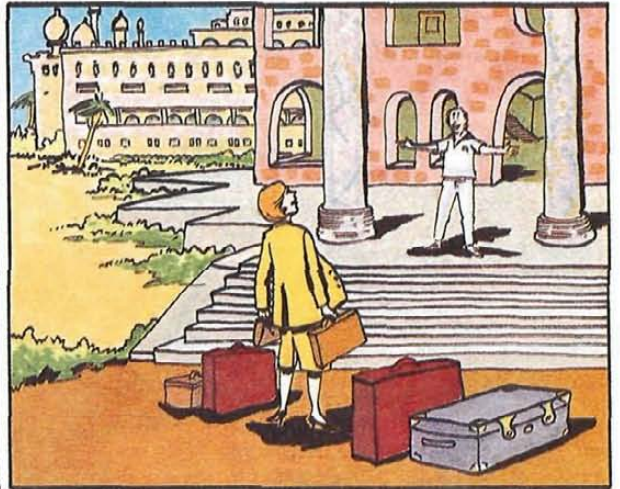
IT WAS A LARGE BUT TASTEFUL WEDDING.



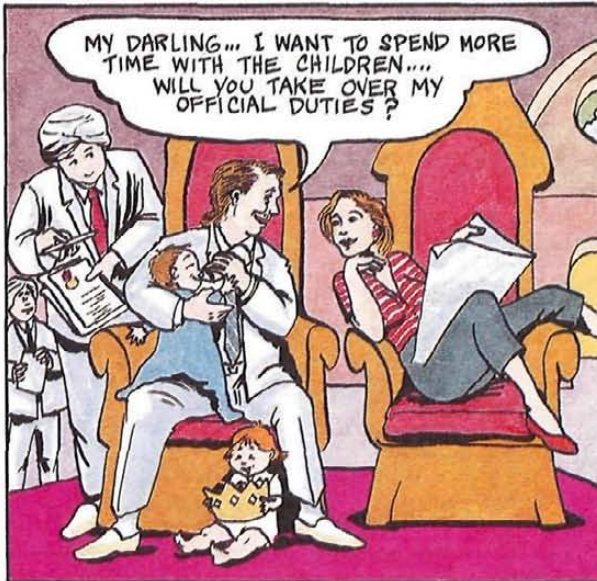
WE HAD A COMMUTER MARRIAGE FOR A WHILE...
OFTEN MEETING HALFWAY BETWEEN
MY HOME AND HIS.



WHEN I BECAME PREGNANT WITH OUR FIRST
CHILD, I DECIDED TO MOVE IN WITH HIM
AND FREELANCE PART-TIME.



MY DARLING... I WANT TO SPEND MORE
TIME WITH THE CHILDREN...
WILL YOU TAKE OVER MY
OFFICIAL DUTIES?



I BUILT A LOT OF HOSPITALS AND LIBRARIES AND
SOON BECAME VERY POPULAR WITH THE FRIENDLY
AND SMILING INHABITANTS OF MY HUSBANDS ISLAND.



I SOON FOUND MYSELF RUNNING THE COUNTRY...
.... AND I WAS DAMN GOOD AT IT.
I LOVED THE FAST PACE AND INTRIGUE OF
INTERNATIONAL POLITICS.

I HAD IT ALL... FULFILLING WORK, A LOVELY HOME,
ADORABLE CHILDREN, AND A HOUSEHUSBAND.



BUT VITAL DIPLOMATIC MISSIONS
FREQUENTLY FORCED ME TO TRAVEL
FOR LONG PERIODS OF TIME.

I WAS TORN APART
BY GUILT.

WOULD I HAVE TO GIVE UP BUSINESS
TRAVEL AND POWER LUNCHING TO
MAKE MY HUSBAND HAPPY AGAIN?

AM I NEGLECTING
MY FAMILY?

IT'S JUST
TOO MUCH
FOR ONE
WOMAN TO
HANDLE.

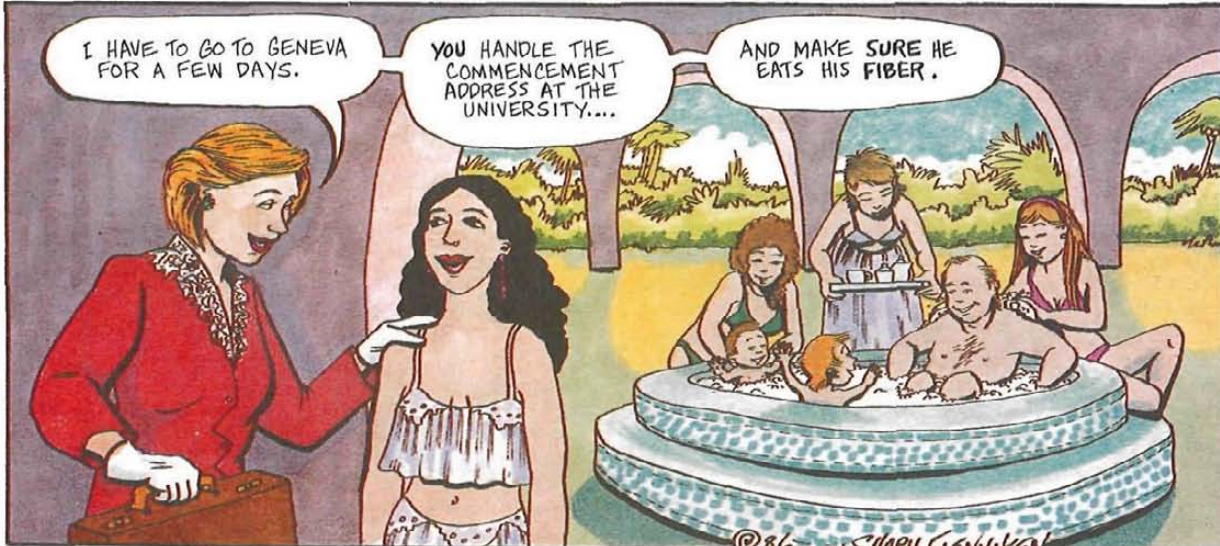


FORTUNATELY, WHEN YOU'RE ONE OF THIRTY WIVES, YOU CAN SPREAD THE WORK AROUND...

I HAVE TO GO TO GENEVA
FOR A FEW DAYS.

YOU HANDLE THE
COMMENCEMENT
ADDRESS AT THE
UNIVERSITY....

AND MAKE SURE HE
EATS HIS FIBER.



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WOMANING

by Studs Turkey

*Studs Turkey, the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *Shirking*, *Office Temporaries*, and *Getting Fired*, is the country's leading expert on transcribing endless taped interviews and turning them into gigantic books. His works give us profound and revealing portraits of the American people—the rich and famous, the not so rich and famous, the common folk, and the poor and downtrodden. In his forthcoming book, *Womaning*, Turkey explores the minds and hearts of the American woman, circa the 1980s, to find out who they really are and what they are doing about it. Here are some highlights from *Womaning*.*

TONI LAVERNE/MUD WRESTLER

When I went into the profession three years ago it was great. Before that I was in ladies' boxing and it was terrible. My opponents wanted to maim me or kill me. I always had to play the "good girl." I'm five feet six and weigh about 130 pounds and have a very shapely body. The bad girl is always mean and kind of ugly and solid-looking and wants to play dirty. In boxing I was always getting matched up against these black ladies who were built like bulls. We boxed topless, of course, and my poor tits couldn't take it after a while. The bruises were real. The black girls took out all their hatred of white people on me. And the audiences were bloodthirsty.

I was a lousy boxer. All I could do is jab and run. My arms used to ache and get tired after a few rounds. The bulls would ease up on me if I went to bed with them. I had to sometimes or I'd get killed. But I'm not a lezzie. I have a boyfriend back in Chicago, a nice man, a dental technician. We met after he rebuilt my mouth. My mouthpiece flew out during a fight and I lost most of my teeth. Ivan, that's his name, does a lot of work for the Chicago Bears. When I first met him I was all gums, which he didn't mind at all... if you know what I mean. (Giggles.)

It was Ivan, my fiancé, who suggested

I switch from boxing to mud wrestling. No risk of losing your teeth, and not too much wear and tear on your body, if you know what to do. Well, it was really great when I started. I joined a touring group, the Chicago Fireballs, managed by Bruce LaFarge. It was me and three other girls and we toured the mud circuit—around Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania. There was a good mix of girls, white and black, Hispanic, maybe an Indian now and then. We'd rotate a lot. I was still playing the good girl who provokes the meanie, but we didn't have to kill each other.



I'll tell you the truth. You didn't have to know much about wrestling. I just had to grunt and groan and contort my body in a lot of different positions to make sure my tits and ass stood out. We were supposed to wrestle and get horny with each other while we rolled around in the mud. That was Bruce LaFarge's angle. That's what the crowd came for. Not blood, but mud. Mud on semi-naked

women. The nicest part of the job was the mud itself. It was great in those days. They gave us first-class mud wherever we went. It felt terrific on my skin. It was a fine-quality mud that rejuvenated my skin and healed my wounds. Heck, I didn't even want to get up when the match was over. The crowd thought I was freaky. Some of our best mud came from Detroit. Indianapolis had good mud too.

Then about a year ago something happened to the mud. It got slimier and I felt things crawling around in it and it started to smell funny, if you know what I mean. Bruce LaFarge suffered a heart attack and had to sell his troupe to a guy named Gus Trinikosis. Trinikosis was really chintzy about how much he would pay for our mud. He started using cheap mud, from God knows where. He claimed that profits were way down, business was terrible, he had to cut corners somewhere. It got to the point where we went on strike unless he got us better mud. Mud-wrestling promoters are probably the lowest form of humanity, next to used-car dealers.

I thought I'd quit a few months ago until I caught on with a young dynamic guy named Dennis Gondola. Dennis is your new-wave mud-wrestling promoter who really has ideas and wants to make our profession a big-time event. Eventually we're going to be on national TV, on one of the big network sports shows. Dennis got us this fabulous European tour where we wrestled in all these great spas in Germany and Italy. The Germans were crazy about us. We were their queens. They would actually jump into the mud and make us sit on them or whip them with heavy leather belts and chains. They told us that it was like Berlin in the twenties. And you couldn't find a better mud anywhere. I thought Michigan mud was good, but if you're ever in Baden-Baden, you've got to catch their mud.

I just got back from another tour in Japan. Japan is now the mud-wrestling capital of the world. They take it even more seriously than the Germans. They worshiped us in Japan. They wanted us

to become sumo mud wrestlers—you know, like those fat guys. They said they would force-feed us and rub us down with vodka and take good care of us for life. A couple of the girls said yes and stayed. Not me. I didn't want to be a three-hundred-pound freak with tits the size of soccer balls.

The mud in Japan was good, though. A little fishy now and then, but I got used to it. Japanese mud is always the perfect temperature. The Japs liked you to stop every now and then and strike a very dramatic pose, so they could take your picture. They think of it as an art form. After you finish your performance these nice ladies clean you up and bathe you and rub you down with a light vinegar-and-soy-sauce dressing. Boy, it's a long way from Altoona, Pennsylvania. I'm going back next month.

GERALDINE FERRARO/ POLITICIAN

Sometimes I wonder why I'm in this rat race. It's not for the money, believe me. My husband is the money-maker in the family. You start in politics because you've got ideas. You want to try them out, to help people. At first, you're gratified by the response you get. If you win, you're deliriously happy. Then the honeymoon is over. After that, it's "gimme, gimme, gimme." Nobody's really interested in you or your program, especially if you're a woman.

When I was campaigning on the Democratic ticket I finally realized that the game wasn't worth it. I grew to hate all those people who lined up to meet me in city after city. It was all a fake. Fake enthusiasm drummed up by the advance men. The women in this country are full of crap. If they like me as much as they claimed, why didn't they all vote for me?



AP/Wide World Photos

Anyone with an ounce of brains could see I was a hell of a lot smarter than Bush, or Reagan or Fritz. They were all liars and hypocrites. It was all lip service to the women's movement until the chips were down, and then all the women just peed in their pants and left me flat. I think most women are afraid to have a woman in the White House. They think I would crack up in a crisis and cry. Or I'll have cranky moods when I have my period. Well, they will be interested to know that I'm about to sign a multi-million-dollar ad contract with the Tampax people very soon. So much for my period.

As far as I'm concerned, most women are small-minded, petty, insensitive, and stupid, except for those who live in my district. They are shits and not worth a dime.

MERYL STREEP/ACTRESS

I've finally come to realize that Meryl Streep the actress and Meryl Streep the woman are the same person. I am who I am and am happy with who I am. Only



AP/Wide World Photos

last week I was looking through my wallet for my credit card and I saw something that made me feel real good about myself and who I am. I saw my ID card and it said Meryl Streep. It had my address and phone number in case of emergency. It didn't say "Meryl Streep, actress and woman," but it could have. Because that's who I am.

It wasn't easy for someone like me to get to where I am. When I first started I was afraid of who I was and who I would become. I was learning everything at once. I had range. I had the tools, but the depth wasn't there. Today I can do a scene in a film where I just look into the camera or stare out in space after someone has left me. I can do it for what seems like hours at a time. I can create a mood, a bond with the audience that is so profound and deep and meaningful

that they can see inside me, inside my mind, my soul, my heart. And they know I'm Meryl Streep, the character on screen, and also Meryl Streep, the woman.

No one works harder than I to get into a role. No one is more demanding of me than I. I stripped layers and layers of myself to get to the bottom of who I was. When I was young and got to the bottom I didn't know who I was. It was scary. Sometimes in the middle of a scene I'd break into a cold sweat because I felt so exposed. I lived on the edge, and sometimes over it.

Did I ever fall off the edge? I think so. A lot. When you fall over the edge it's a free-fall that goes to... to... somewhere. It's not a void. It goes to somewhere. But it's not a real place either. So you exist within the framework of who you are in your role and not who you are as a real person. You depend on your skills, your craft, to get you out of the void and back into real time and space. That was my life before I became a woman. Finding my ID card in my wallet was the first big step. It said, "Meryl Streep" and it had my address and phone number. Did I say that already? I knew I heard it somewhere. I may have said that, but I can't say it often enough.

Now I want to play every role ever written for a woman, from Eve to Geraldine Ferraro.

DONNA DIGLIEMBERTI/ CONSTRUCTION WORKER

I guess you can count the number of women who work in the construction business on the fingers of one hand. Not many, I'm sure. Men don't like the idea that a woman can do their kind of work just as well, if not better.

I like my work, but the men give me a hard time. They get very horny on the job. I don't know why, but the sight of me in my helmet, my overalls, and my down jacket drives them crazy. They want to know what kind of body I'm hiding under all those work clothes. Well, it's a damn good body, but it's not for them. They like to grab at me in high places. I've fallen three times already. They're always trying to get me to participate in a gang-bang. It's their idea of sophisticated sex. It must be all that work they do in the outdoors. It gives them a hearty appetite.

The minority group workers don't want to screw me. They want to kill me. They feel I'm taking a job away from one of them, from one of the brothers. It's bad enough that a black or a Hispanic can't even get arrested in this town, much less get a job in the construction business. But a woman? That's the last insult to them. They're always trying to get me. I carry a gun and a knife to work.



Once I ducked when this black guy tried to shove me off a girder. He fell instead. They had to pick him up off the ground with a blotter. Tough titty, I say.

CATHY/ESCORT

My life is an ongoing adventure. I never know who I'll meet from one day to the next, and I like it that way. My job is hard to define. Escort. What does it mean? In my case, it could mean anything. I like to think of myself as a professional woman, a woman with a capital "W." If you're getting paid to do it, you should try to be the best. Most women who do what I do do it in a part-time way. I mean, they have a regular job that takes up most of their time. You know, like business-women, lawyers, stockbrokers. If they're married or have boyfriends, they see them after work, when they're pretty tired and pooped out. Housewives are even worse. They have to cook and take care of a family and do the laundry and all. I don't have to do any of that. I rest a lot in the daytime and work at night, so I'm always fresh and perky with a man. Because I've got to be everything—friend, confidante, psychiatrist, even a lover.

I went out with a man last week who took me to a nice restaurant, bought me a very expensive dinner. He hardly said a word to me all night. We just sat and ate and drank expensive wines. He was very dignified, very well-dressed, and extremely wealthy, I'm sure. But he built this wall around himself. What I call the wall of shyness. Every time I asked him a question about himself he would give me a very vague answer, like "I'm in sales," or "I travel a lot." But there was a twinkle in his eye, and I knew he was

trying to reach out to me. But how? Was he married? Did he want to talk about his kids? I didn't mind talking about his family. A lot of guys like to get head while they rave on and on about how they love their wife and kids. I kind of like that. It makes me feel like I'm part of their family. But this guy... I couldn't get close to him. He didn't want to talk about movies, sports, anything.

After dinner he said he wanted to go to my place. I said that it would cost a lot more. He said that was no problem. When we got to my place he asked me to take my clothes off. As a professional escort I had to make him aware of the company's rates. First, the bill goes up another \$350 for a house stay, and another \$500 for starting up in the nude. He was already \$850 over our standard rate, and that did not include sleep-over. We have a brochure that lists all the standard charges and the extras. Every week we have a special that we offer at a reduced rate, some kind of unusual service. That night we offered golden showers and Chinese noodle flogging in a two-for-one-deal. He wasn't interested in the special, but he did like food tricks, and could I do one for him?

Everything is à la carte in my business. That's how we make money. If you did it all for one lump sum you'd go broke. You have to break it down into this much for this and this much for that. It makes the man feel better, knowing that each little



thing he gets costs money and therefore will be the best he ever got. The only thing we don't charge extra for is kissing. I don't mean to sound money mad, but in my line of work you have to learn to control your emotions and natural

instincts and keep a good sense of business or you'll end up giving it away for next to nothing.

The guy wanted me to do the egg trick, where you have to sit on a fresh egg and draw it in without breaking it. An expensive trick which is not even on our rate card. I had to call the home office and get the price, which was a four-figure amount. The price didn't bother him at all.

To tell you the truth, I hadn't done the egg trick in years. I had worked with the usual stuff—cheese Danish, bananas, English muffins—but the egg trick was a real specialty number. But a good professional escort doesn't make excuses or complain.

I was a little out of shape and asked the guy if I could practice with a Ping-Pong ball first. After all, the egg trick is very hard. But he said no. He wanted to experience the spontaneous thrill of watching an egg slip in and then plop out like a mother hen at laying time.

You can understand why I wanted a little practice. One false move and you've got a damaged egg in the one place where you least want it. I was a bit nervous. I put on some mood music to help me relax. I lowered myself very, very gently down on the egg, opened up, and took it in. My client was getting very excited and was having an autoerotic experience watching me. Suddenly he lets out a loud "cluck, cluck" sound, like a chicken. I was so surprised that I must have contracted my muscles too suddenly, because the egg broke just as it slipped inside me. It didn't just crack. It shattered into God knows how many tiny pieces. And it was a jumbo egg—an extra-large.

I couldn't believe the mess I had got myself into. A raw, broken egg disappearing into my bottom. My client thought it was funny. He laughed until tears came. He thought it was the funniest thing he'd ever seen. "It never fails," he said. "Every time I go 'cluck cluck,' they break the egg."

So that's what his kick was. To appeal to our sense of pride as professionals and then lure us into doing the trick. And then making us screw it up. All night he was playing shy, just to seduce me into this. I fought back my tears and called the home office to find out if I could be compensated for my accident. The answer was no. "He bought it, you broke it." That's what I mean when I say my life is a continuous adventure. I'm still trying to get all the pieces of eggshell out of me.

ARLENE TRUMBO/COMEDIAN

I'm not famous yet. I'm what you call a "struggling young comic." Well, not exactly a comic. I'm a performing artist in comedy. I usually do a one-woman

show. Right now I'm doing a show called "Mary Tyler Moore Saved from Drowning." It's about what happens when a plane is hijacked by a band of pacifist terrorists who kidnap for peace. I play nine different passengers on the plane. The title of the show has nothing to do with the story, but I thought it sounded good.

I play LuLeen, a divorcée from Texas who tried out as a Dallas Cowboys cheerleader and never made it; Miriam, the feminist who wants to kill all men but Sam Shepard and Mel Gibson; Zizi, the punk rocker who just cut an album of songs based on her inability to kick her heroin habit; Big Dick, VCR repairman who makes house calls when your



husband is at the office; Tim Bunting, a decorator who is terminally gay; Dr. Mal Practice, the worst surgeon in the world; little Claudette, a ten-year-old criminal psychopath; and Bruce and Di, a pair of yuppies who have an oral commitment to each other, almost.

While they suffer polite indignities from the terrorists, each passenger tells his life story and sings. Like, Big Dick really wants to be a professional juggler, but he's always too stoned or drunk to juggle more than one ball at a time. LuLeen does a story about her pathetic tryout with the Dallas cheerleaders, complete with fake eyelashes, runny makeup, and boobs falling out of halters. In the middle of all this, Dr. Practice has to perform an emergency appendectomy on one of the terrorists. Should he perform his normal duties as a surgeon, or cut the son of a bitch's heart out? He is a doctor, first and foremost, so he performs the appendectomy, and the guy dies anyway.

I do real characters. The comedy is grounded in the reality of the characters, but I put them in a conceptual and spatial plane that takes them out of ordinary situations so they can interact differently every time. I improvise a lot within my conceptual framework.

It's a very conceptual routine and I haven't got it down perfectly yet. I'm still

blocking out certain scenes. The whole show runs about six hours. Conceptual shows run very long. When you've got my kind of comedy, really funny comedy based on believable characters, you can sustain it and hold your audiences. It's really a dynamite show. The people fall down when they see it. I kill them. But it still needs a lot of work. I can do a good gag and a good Southern accent, but the rest of the voices sound too much alike.

And I'm not sure how to end it. Endings are always the hardest part of any comedy bit. The only guy who doesn't have that problem is Henny Youngman. And he's not a real comedian. He's a joke teller. What I usually do is just trail off at the end and fade into something else—like a jump cut in the movies. It's hip. Today's comedy actually doesn't need endings. Just middles. The audience can make up their own openings and closings. My comedy is all middles.

I haven't really caught on yet. I play these little clubs on the Lower East Side in New York, places that can't afford to pay me. It's where you find the hippest comedy acts, the stars of tomorrow.

You won't find run-of-the-mill shtick, like that Robin Williams or Eddie Murphy crap. And I'm not even that far-out compared to some of my friends. Like Sandra Boomer, who does her act blindfolded and tied up and gagged. She sings her own modern operas with a gag in her mouth. And Bob Bisch. He's a minimalist. He comes out stark naked and puts his clothes on. He doesn't say a word. He just dresses himself in a suit, shirt, tie, socks, shoes, and coat—the works. But each time, it's slightly different. You have to see him three or four times to catch the subtleties of his performance. It's very pure. He's not after laughs. He wants the audience to fill in the funny spots for themselves. That's the difference between us and the old-timers like Murphy, Williams, Steve Wright, Emo Philips. They go for the big laugh. We go for the resonance, what you can still remember days later. Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and break up laughing at something Bob Bisch did weeks ago. I just got the full force of it.

It's hard doing what I do and getting people to come and see me. I don't eat as much as I'd like. Eating a meal is a big event in my life. I had dinner twice last week. On Tuesday and Thursday. Sandra Boomer, who is my roommate, got a part-time job as a helper for a demolition company, so we had some money for food. I should get some part-time jobs to support us while we work on our material, but Sandra is very firm about me. She insists that I'm *this* close to a major gig and she wants me to work all day on my show until it's ready and then take it to Joe Papp or La Mama. She

doesn't want me to be distracted by working as a waitress or a painter's helper or whatever. I love her for her dedication to our art. She's very generous, very giving. All of us new-wave comedians sort of hang out together and help each other. We don't have that star ego that the commercial guys have. We don't do sitcoms and police academy movies. We don't do *Saturday Night Live*. We only do our own thing, like any artist.

Sometimes no one shows up at these clubs where I work. The clubs are a little out of the way and the neighborhoods are dangerous. But I don't mind playing to an empty club. The owner doesn't care because he's usually shooting up somewhere. So I drag in a few derelicts and bag ladies to become my audience. The owner gets a little upset if one of the derelicts is incontinent. I like to play to them. They love my act.

The big clubs think my act is still too far-out, so I can't get the kind of booking where I can also invite agents and producers to see me. My best bet at the moment is to make a videocassette of my act. I know a guy who might do it for me for the cost of the tape and a few sexual favors. He says he's done a lot of stuff for MTV. I'm not sure what he wants me to do, but Sandra says I should do it as long it doesn't do me bodily harm. I can't even talk about it, but I guess I'll have to do it. Sandra says she'll pitch in if the guy wants to do it with two girls. It's not easy being a conceptual comedian.

SHARON FLAM/AUTO ASSEMBLY LINE WORKER

I work in the new Honda plant in Ohio. I do transmission assembly, but I also work on fuel lines and upholstery, if necessary. They teach you more than one skill so you don't feel like a robot. I feel like a robot anyway. What's the difference if you have twenty skills? You still have to get your job done in so many seconds or your parts pile up in front of you and you screw up the whole operation.

A lot of girls work with me and they don't seem to mind it as much as me. They say they can turn their minds off and just become purely mechanical. Or work on the line and think of other things, like sex fantasies. One girl always dreams of taking on the entire General Assembly of the U.N. in the back seat of one of the Honda Accords. I can't do two things at once, so I try to keep up with the flow, but it's hard work. I keep thinking crazy thoughts like: Why can't I be like Krystle Carrington on *Dynasty*? She never has to work hard and she always looks great. It's so crazy. It used to get really depressing. I used to get this uncontrollable feeling sometimes. I



wanted to jump into a finished car, drive out, and never come back.

If it wasn't for Mako I probably would've been fired a long time ago, because I wasn't really pulling my weight on the line. Mako Takabashi. He's our section supervisor, from the Honda Company. Mako took me aside and taught me certain Japanese techniques of coping with the problem. It's all in the mind. You have to disembodify yourself and float above your work, so you are doing your work and watching yourself, so you can't do a bad job. It's called Shindo. I think it's working.

What happened was that Mako and I began seeing each other after work and we became intimate. I've never had a Japanese boyfriend before. I've never met a Japanese before. Mako is very kind and considerate. He bathes me for an hour before we go to bed. He can make love all night without reaching a climax, while I have a hundred orgasms or more. At about five in the morning he comes in his sleep. The first time it happened it nearly scared me to pieces. I heard this screaming and grunting and groaning and suddenly my leg was all wet. Then I heard a big sigh and it was over. All this happened while he was fast asleep. I'm used to it now and kind of like it. I guess it's the Japanese way.

It's a little strange to be dating a Japanese guy who is twenty years older than me. Mako claims he's single, but I'll bet he's got a wife and kids back in Japan. This is a pretty small town and everybody knows everybody. My old boyfriend, Carl, was very upset at first and challenged Mako to a fight. He ended up

with a fractured skull, broken ribs, and two cracked knees. Mako knows all those Bruce Lee things.

Sometimes I miss the old gang at Sneaky Bob's, where Carl and I used to hang out. I mean, we still see each other because we all work at the Honda plant. It took the whole area out of a depression. But most of my friends give me the cold shoulder now that I go out with Mako. But he's a very interesting guy and really quite funny. You have to get to know the Japanese intimately to realize how funny they are. Every night Mako likes to paint me up to look like one of those Kabuki performers, with a white face and a black wig and a kimono. Or else he'll make me do myself as a hooker so he can call me "bimbo," which he thinks is the funniest word in the English language. He cracks up every time he says the word.

Some of my close friends who haven't deserted me are warning me that Mako will drop me like a hot potato when he has to go to Japan. They think he regards me as a sex object. At the moment it's a trade-off. I can't complain.

CHARLES "CHUCK" NORRIS, a.k.a. CHARLENE/ACTOR

It's an old story, but it's true. I'm a woman trapped in a man's body. It's something I have to live with. How do these things happen? I don't know. I don't think medical science really knows. I grew up in Youngstown, Ohio. My mother was a housewife. My father repaired trailer trucks. In high school I played football, I wrestled, and was a shot-putter on the track team. When I was sixteen my body was already matured physically. I had these bulging



muscles without ever lifting weights. I hated the way I looked. I wanted to be soft and round like Sandra Dee or Annette Funicello. I would always have these dreams where I was lounging around a pool in Hollywood or on the Riviera wearing my bikini and looking very curvy and sexy. I would rub my crotch a lot and imagine I had a vagina with my own little clitoris.

Of course I had no idea why this was happening to me and I was scared to death. I mean, I lived in a steel town in the Midwest, not Greenwich Village. I fought my secret impulses. For a while I thought I was a sinner and God was punishing me. But I was too ashamed to tell anyone about it, not even my parents. I kept it a secret all through school.

When it came to having sex with girls I was very passive. And you know what? The girls loved me. This big hunk who didn't come on like a gorilla. They liked that. They interpreted my passivity as being very gentle and kind. Normally, a horny high school kid is about as gentle as a tank. What I really liked was to be stroked and cuddled. The in-and-out part was offensive to me. As it turned out, most of the girls in high school didn't really like that part either. But they expected it from me and if I didn't go through with it they would think I was weird.

My conflict got more intense in college and in the business world because of my body development. I was so fantastically masculine. In the privacy of my home I would wear dresses and makeup, but I looked ridiculous. I knew there were a lot of serious transvestites out there—men who could fool anyone into believing they were women. But not me. I just had to live with my fantasies.

As a last resort I went to medical specialists all over the world. I went to New York, London, and Zurich. All the conclusions were the same. I was a man and that was it. I had no hormonal imbalances and no signs of femininity. Just the opposite. I was an incredible hunk of manhood—strong, athletic, well hung—the whole bit. If there was a woman in me, they had no way of bringing it out.

So my body went one way and my head went another. Eventually I got into show business and finally into the movies. I'm an actor now and very successful. I've learned how to live with myself, and I guess I'll never really come out of the closet all the way. I'm not gay. I would simply prefer being a woman. And now that I'm in show business, I'm lucky enough to find some guys who are sympatico with me. I have a very private life I share with just a few close friends who have the same problem—Dick Butkus, Bubba Smith, Sly Stallone, and Arnold, of course. ■

A Woman Tells Men: Everything You've Always Wanted to Know About Women and Probably Won't Understand When I Explain It to You

by Shary Flenniken

First of all, women want more sex than you do. They want it more often, with more variation of technique, and they want it to last longer than you can possibly bear. They also want it wilder, louder, and messier than you can ever imagine.

Even though you have been taught that women do not want to have sex as much as you do and women were taught that they shouldn't want it as much as you, you should not be surprised when you are lying in bed, besieged by financial worries and exhausted by a long day at work, and your girlfriend, who is every bit as exhausted and besieged as you are, is humping your thigh suggestively and running her fingers through your chest hair. You will go sleep on the couch and she will feel rejected and the relationship will fall apart soon after you come home and find her in bed with another guy.

There is probably nothing you can do

about this sad state of affairs, but at least now you will know

- what made her cry.
- what she meant when she said she needed more of your time.
- what she's telling all her girlfriends about you. ("He withheld sex.")
- why she slept with your brother who is still in high school.



Because women are never able to get as much sex as they need, almost everything they do is for the purpose of sexual sublimation.

Shopping is big with women who aren't getting enough sex. It's physically very tiring and involves a lot of undressing in front of mirrors. It is best performed in the company of another equally horny woman who says things like "If it feels good, buy it." Spending large sums of money induces the same exquisite feelings of guilt that we associate with spicy sex.

Eating is the ideal obsession for the sex-starved woman. Every fat woman you see is not getting enough sex. Every thin woman you see is passionately trying to whittle herself down to the shape of an underdeveloped and sexually non-threatening twelve-year-old girl in hopes that she will be able to attract men and get more sex.

Men do their best to make a woman believe that the reason they don't want to have sex is because there is something wrong with her. This keeps women off their backs and caught up on a global hamster-wheel of self-improvement. It's also great for the guys who are selling health club memberships. Many women have found that strenuous exercise is a good way to fool your body into thinking it has just had sex.

Fat or thin, women's lives tend to revolve around food—the preparation of it, the consumption of it, and, most fondly, the avoidance of it. These days, the only way to be a wanton woman is to

eat half a dozen cookies for breakfast.

Public speaking, driving small foreign cars, and standing in line at the bank are all typical forms of female sexual sublimation. In fact, for many women, disappointing sex is itself a substitute for something better, yet unobtainable.



Men are particularly attracted to women who look as if they can't have sex. These women wear tight clothing, uncomfortable shoes, stiff hair, and lots of makeup that shouldn't be messed up. They frequently die an early death from inhaling too much hair spray, or they commit suicide because they can't figure out why, if they look so yummy, they can't get that dreamboat into the sack more often.

You have probably always thought that men like women who refuse to go to bed with them on the first date because it means that they are discriminating. Wrong. What men like is a woman who is either extremely sexually repressed or has a great deal of self-control. That's the only kind of woman a man can stand to be around for any length of time. Otherwise, he runs the risk of her trying to stroke his crotch at unusual hours or offering oral sex while he's trying to concentrate on spectator sports.

So most women hold off on that first date, hoping to appear discriminating, which they aren't. (And if you don't believe me, just check out the bodies of the men most women go out with.) Then they will marry the guy, hoping to ensure a steady supply of sex.

These women soon sour and turn into the kind of hard-lipped unsatisfied bitches that James M. Cain made famous—ready to kill their husbands and frame their lovers as well.



Women constantly complain that men are unable to sustain relationships. Give me a break. Men do fine in relationships where there is no sex. Take your parents, for instance. You don't really think they were able to find a way to have sex without your knowing it, do you? You were right all along. Your parents didn't fuck.



"Giving her a baby" is one of guys' favorite ways of keeping women occupied with something other than fooling around in the bedroom. At least until the kids are old enough to go to school and she can spend her afternoons next door trying to seduce the neighbor who got laid off six months ago and can't find another job so his wife had to go to work. This will probably motivate him to accept the next job offer that comes along even if he is way overqualified. And when an adulterous liaison is

formed, it is only so that the man can avoid having sex with two women at the same time. He tells the lover he has to spend time with his wife and justifies his lack of interest in his wife by having something going on the side.



Here is a typical plot: The guy just has to go out and selflessly risk his life to stop the crazy sniper/terrorist/mad-dog cornered bank robber/kidnapper. His wife pleads with him not to go and suggests that he stay home and they'll give each other blowjobs instead.

The woman is portrayed as a selfish slut.

The guy is a hero.

He dodges the gunman's bullets, climbs a vine to the top of the tower/bunker/embattled embassy/machine gun nest, confronts the bad guy face to face, overpowers him but is wounded in the struggle, becomes a quadriplegic, and his wife has to spoon-feed him for the rest of his life. Eventually a statue is erected on the site to commemorate his heroism. The guy has managed to avoid sex on a full-time basis.

Men trip over each other rushing to live out this scenario.

Over the ages, men have been able to glorify the most awful shit in the world in order to disguise the fact that they're only using it as an excuse to avoid hav-

ing sex with women. Face it, guys, going to bed with a woman is a hell of a lot scarier than marching into an enemy mine field. The worst thing that can happen in war is that you die. If you screw up in bed with a woman, she will tell you and everybody else who will listen what a fool you were. She'll laugh at you and make funny little hand gestures that indicate the size and shape of your weenie. And you can only *wish* you were dead.

Why take the chance?

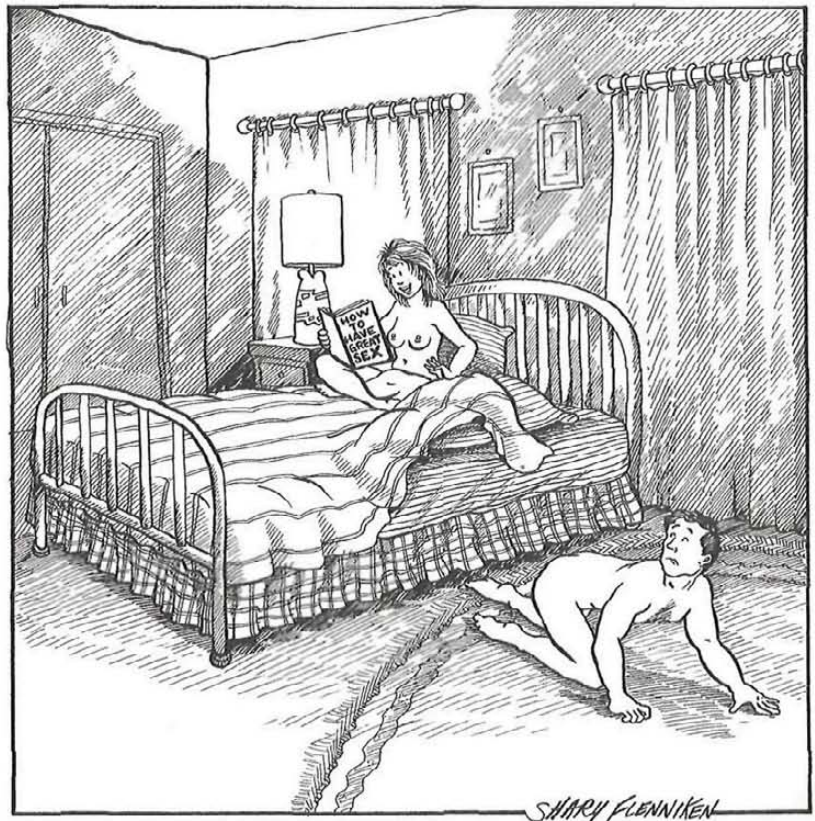
But men have to be cool and pretend that they have nothing to worry about even though vaginas are hot and dark and gooshy and you're expected to put the most precious part of your body in there. No wonder you need massive amounts of drugs, alcohol, and emotional detachment in order to do it.



I'd like to clear one last thing up before I go off and eat an entire banana cream pie all by myself: Men and women do not get stuck together like dogs when they screw.

Oh, sure. You can beat her at arm wrestling, throw her across the room, mow her down in the line for Bruce Springsteen tickets, but you're no match for her vagina? Come on.

If a woman could keep you inside her by clamping her vaginal muscles in an inextricable viselike grip, you'd be there now. ■



SHARY FLENNIKEN

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Holiness Pentecostal Church, and I don't know how much you know about Pentecostals, but those people don't believe in any kind of ornamentation or artificial device being used at any place on their bodies.

Fourth thing is, I checked em.

I had to. This was becoming the kind of nasty rumor that can just destroy a small businessman, and it had to be put to a stop. The daily handle was starting to fall off and Danny Bivens wasn't speaking to me.

"You had your chance to check em already," Danny said, "and you didn't check em."

Danny was right. I was ashamed of myself. I let those melons slip right through my fingers.

You see, I did it out of a misplaced sense of morality. I was a very moral individual even as a child. I remained a virgin till I was nine years old, but I don't ever get any credit for it. I might as well been tomcatting around town all those years for all the good it did my reputation. It was Dede Wilks who screwed things up royally. She got tired of just lifting up her dress over her head, so one day she offered me five bucks if she could "do anything she wanted to down there." I told her for five bucks she could airmail my private parts to Bora Bora. So she hauled me out to the Valhalla Drive-in on the federal highway between Muleshoe and Sudan, deflowered me on the backseat floorboard of some piece-of-crap Studebaker, and then told everybody and his dog that I raped her. Hell, I didn't hardly have anything to rape her *with*. That's when I learned my first lesson about sexual relations, which was: nookie never comes along when you want it to.

The only reason I'm throwing in this story now is cause as soon as I got back, Danny Bivens was waiting on me over at the dirt refinery, all nervous cause Dede was a big girl and he didn't know whether I'd survive it or not. After I told him the story—what I could remember of it, since it all happened so fast I didn't know nothing except it was the night they were showing Marlon Brando in *The Wild One*—Danny kind of smiled and said, "Well?"

And I got a grin on my face like I just bought a burlap blanket from a Navajo, and I said, "What?"

And Danny started laughing, he was about to explode, and he said it again: "Well?"

And I didn't realize what the hell was going on, and so I said, "Huh?"

And this was getting awful boring, so Danny Bivens said to me, "What did the groceries feel like?"

And then I realized what he was talking about, and I had to say, "Oh, I forgot."

Danny was so disgusted he wanted to scissor off my gazebos, and the only way I talked him out of it was by saying I'd go back into the snake pit the following week and find out for sure. The only thing was, I refused to go back to the Valhalla Drive-in, cause Dede could get pretty rough and when you're nine years old you don't know for sure how much punishment you can take down there before it completely falls off.

So I come up with this alternate plan No. 2, which I called the Sneak Dogpile.

We had this thing at school where during the day at any time for whatever reason you wanted to do it, you could just yell out, "Dogpile on Frankie," and everybody that heard you yell it would go jump on Frankie Sullivan and continue to sit on him until he quit struggling. This was one of my favorite childhood sports. Sometimes if you yelled it at just the right time, you could get twenty or twenty-five guys on top of Frankie and he'd plumb disappear in the pile. Sometimes we'd do "Dogpile on Slophead Frammolino" or "Dogpile on Gary Krupps," but mostly we dogpiled on Frankie Sullivan cause he was more fun. Frankie never did figure out that if you just kept your mouth shut during the actual dogpiling you'd only have to go through it one time, but he couldn't stand it, so ever time we'd get off he'd start screaming about his civil rights or

the Golden Rule or something and then he'd go tell his mother and she'd have to call up the school and say something like "My son claims that about twenty of the little fourth-graders sat on him yesterday and bent the lock on his Bambi lunchbox." But the other thing Frankie never did figure out was that many guys are involved, there's *no way* to identify the one individual who originally yelled, "Dogpile on Frankie." Normally about all that would happen is Miz Perryman would give us a speech about "roughhousing on the playground" and we'd have to sit there and ask questions like "Did something unfortunate happen to Frankie, Miz Perryman?"

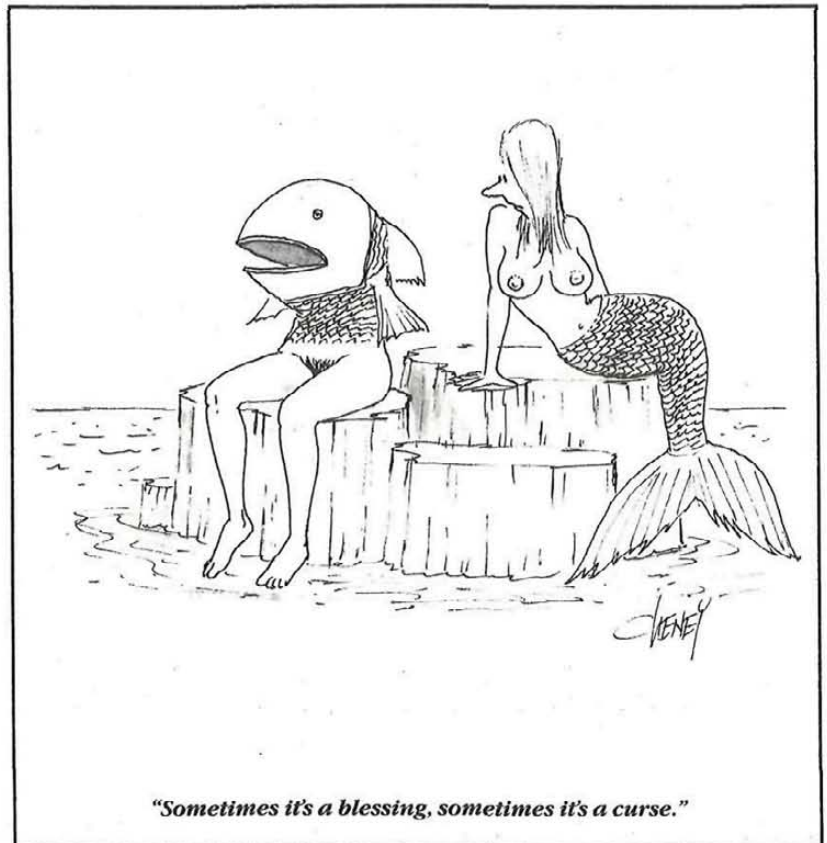
Ever once in a while Frankie would get brave enough to say, "Danny Bivens yelled out, 'Dogpile on Frankie' and then everybody jumped on me."

When this happened I would have to say something like "Surely you don't believe that twenty individual human beings with minds of their own would choose to jump on Frankie at exactly the same moment for no apparent reason. What's the motive?"

I could usually get her on motive. Frankie didn't understand that either. Kids don't ever have motives.

Okay, so here's what the Sneak Dogpile plan was. We had it set up for

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"Sometimes it's a blessing, sometimes it's a curse."

WOMEN What do they Want?



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This question, raised by Sigmund Freud, is not so peckish as it sounds.

It is, in fact, interesting.

WHAT DO WOMEN WANT?



Let's start at the beginning

EARLY WOMEN WANTED FIRE.

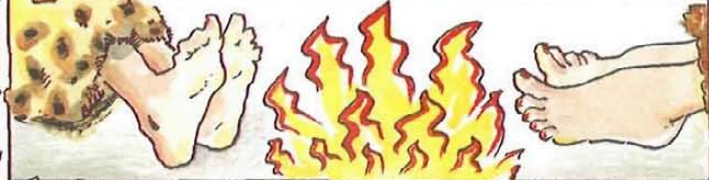
FIRE



And not such a small fire that it didn't cook the Caribou.



EARLY WOMEN WANTED A FIRE THAT WAS JUST RIGHT.



Then women wanted transportation, as men did. Everyone wanted to go to and fro without walking.



For instance,

Here are some fish raised in what you might think is a STINKY TANK, well, SOMETIMES THAT HAPPENS. SOMETIMES people forget and place their fish tank by a WINDOW. The Sun Creates MORE ALGAE Than a FEW FISH can handle and This is the result.



Worse things can happen! One can forget to take enough calcium, or, sometimes, one can just, forgive it. *the can just forget*

PICTURE THIS : A crowded downtown oyster bar. Maxine has just "remembered" something IMPORTANT, something from **ANOTHER TIME**, perhaps.



AS QUICKLY AS IT CAME, MAXINE'S VISION OF THE BHAVANI-TRIMURTI-MOTHER VANISHED AND SHE FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT UNTIL LATER THAT NIGHT WHEN, TYING HER ROBE AT THE BEDROOM WINDOW, SHE HAD ANOTHER! THIS TIME IT WAS TLAZOLTEOTL, THE AZTEC GODDESS OF EARTH.



BUT, SHE FORGOT THAT, TOO, AS SOON AS THE PHONE RANG!

Hi, this is Swanson Motors seems you're going to need more termite work done on the Toyota after all, SEEMS THE Drive shaft cough, cough,

SAY, LET'S FORGET ABOUT MAXINE FOR THE MOMENT AND GET BACK TO THE BEGINNING.

I'M SORRY, MR. SWANSON, YOU HAVE THE WRONG NUMBER.

WOMEN

(come on) what do they want?

AUSTRIA-1931

MADAME, TODAY WE WILL START WITH A LITTLE QUERY-
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I BEG YOUR PARDON?

I WOULD LIKE YOU TO TELL ME EXACTLY WHAT IT IS THAT YOU WANT.

DO YOU MEAN RIGHT NOW?

WELL, I WANT YOU TO TELL ME RIGHT NOW, BUT IT DOESN'T NECESSARILY HAVE TO BE WHAT YOU WANT RIGHT NOW, ALTHOUGH THAT MIGHT, OF COURSE, BE PART OF IT.

NOW I UNDERSTAND

WELL?

YES?

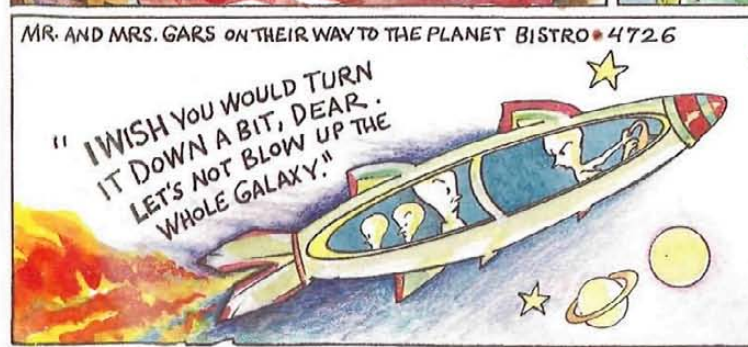
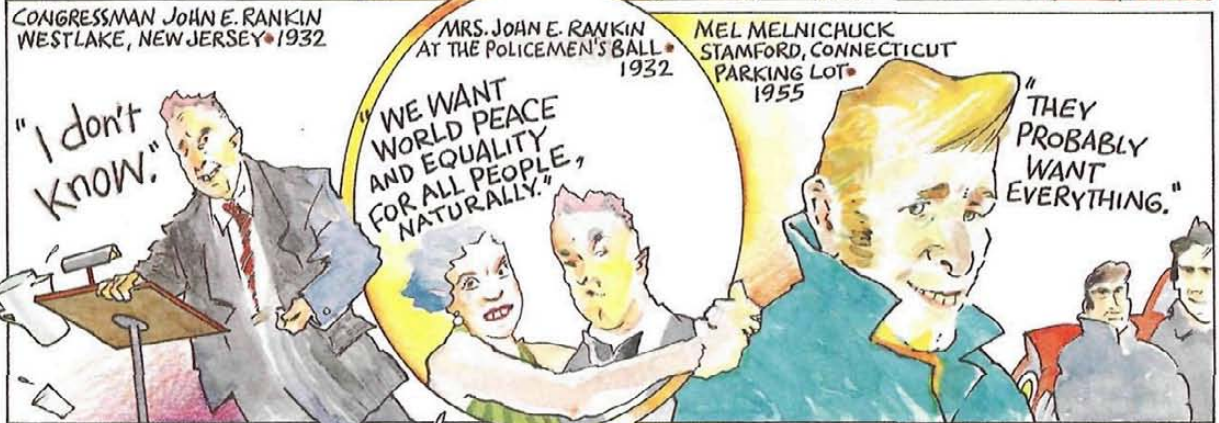
WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?

YOU MEAN, AT THIS VERY MINUTE?

YOU SEE? THERE IS NO POINT IN PURSUING THIS FURTHER, SO, TOO BAD. I LEAVE IT TO HISTORY.

What do Women Want?

WELL, HISTORICALLY SPEAKING, THIS QUESTION HAS BEEN ASKED MORE THAN ONCE. Here are the answers:



AND SO WE SEE, IT IS A QUESTION OF BASICS; WOMEN WANT THE BEST OF EVERYTHING, AS MEN DO, AND SINCE THEY KNOW BEST THEY SHOULD ALWAYS HAVE THEIR OWN WAY.

END

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it's true what they say about big stars, I thought. They have everything and they're still not happy. Well, I for one wasn't going to put up with it. "What's wrong, Mary?" I snapped.

"This," she said sharply, gesticulating wildly with her hands. "You and me."

"I don't get it, Mary," I returned coldly.

"Do I have to spell it out for you?" she raged. "I'm forty-five years old! It'll never work!"

"Do you think I'd be here if I gave a damn how old you were?" I roared.

"You fool," she shot back. "Don't you know what that means? I can never give you any children!"

No children. And I so desperately wanted to be a father.

"Now will you just please get out of here," she cried, turning her back to me.

"No, I won't," I said resolutely. "You're going to have to be the one to leave."

"Oh, Lar," she moaned, flinging herself into my arms. "You crazy, wonderful man."

"Oh, Mar," I sighed as our lips found each other. "You, you nut, you."

We left her building and headed east on Seventy-second Street toward Third Avenue. "What are we going to do after dinner?" she asked, taking my arm.

"I don't know," I replied. "We can go over to Lloyd's house and watch a movie on cable."

"Uh-huh," she said unenthusiastically.

"Or," I continued, "we can have a fun game of the \$20,000 Pyramid." That last suggestion provoked a series of her patented noncommittal nods.

We walked along a little farther while I whistled "Ode to Billy Joe." "Larry?" she interrupted.

"Yes."

"You don't have much money, do you?" she asked with a hint of pity. I hung my head in shame. I knew this issue would come up sooner or later. "There's nothing to be ashamed of," she said, gently running her fingers through my hair.

"You don't understand," I cried. "How do you think I feel meeting someone like you and not being able to take you to places and shows? Don't you know how much that kills me? Let's face it, it's just no good. It'll never work!"

"But I don't care about those things," she replied earnestly while trying to extricate her fingers from my hair. "I care about you."

"It's not just because of that," I confessed. "There's something else."

"What else?" she demanded, finally getting her hand free.

"We're of a different faith," I said solemnly. "I cannot disobey the laws of the Torah."

"Doesn't your Torah say anything about love?" she cried. "What kind of

Torah is that?"

"It's a fine Torah," I replied.

Without saying a word she wheeled around and started back to her apartment, but I quickly caught up with her. "All right," I said. "I'll be ostracized from temple, but I don't care anymore." As we stood there choking on our emotions, she reached up and pressed me to her bosom, but I broke it off abruptly. "Come on," I shouted, "there's our bus!"

I took off down the block, every now and then turning back to check on Mary, who was doing quite well thank you, but had the most confused look on her face. I made it on the bus with time to spare, and a few moments later Mary bounded on. Right away her presence created a stir, as people began whispering, nudging each other with their elbows, and staring with mouths agape. Two teenage girls couldn't stop giggling and then broke into the first two lines of Mary's theme song, "Who can turn the world on with a smile/Who can take a nothing day..."

No sooner had we sat down than she was besieged by autograph seekers. She accommodated everyone, smiling throughout, almost reveling in the adulation. Meanwhile I was just sitting there like an idiot, thinking about a teacher whom I had just stopped dating, when a black man said to me, "And good luck to

you, Mr. Moore."

"My name's Larry David," I snapped. "Larry David! D-A-V-I-D. You got that, Buster? Come on, Mary," I barked, "let's get out of here."

We got off at Eighty-sixth Street and walked toward Second Avenue. In the middle of the block I stopped in front of a Blarney Stone, a bar/restaurant that catered to people who wore checkered clothing. "Well, this is it," I said cheerfully, but Mary didn't seem too keen on the idea. "You don't want to eat here, do you?" I said glumly.

"It's not that," she explained thoughtfully, "it's just that I've saved a lot of money from that TV show, and until you start working again I just don't see what difference it makes if I pay."

"Absolutely not," I replied, resisting an impulse to stamp my foot. "I won't hear of it."

"But that's silly," she countered. "I have so much money, we can eat wherever we want."

"Well, I know, but..."

"Just until you get off unemployment," she broke in. "Then you can pay."

"Well," I said, "all right, what the heck. But once I start working again..." And I wagged my index finger at her to show I meant business.

Having settled that, we hopped in a

continued on page 82



continued from page 37

I decided to kill myself. I went to the laundromat for clean clothes. Even the rippling of the machines reminded me of my sister. It was hopeless. I started pacing, up and down, up and down, waiting for the clothes to dry. Suddenly, though, something caught my eye. I looked up and there it was: a big pink poster with the Judy Chicago ass. It said: FAT-ASS LOVERS OF AMERICA, UNITE. That was the first day of the rest of my life."

This guy was a bona fide fanatic. In all my years on the Jersey shore, I had never heard such passion, such commitment. Most guys came and fucked you and left, never to be seen again. I often wondered where they went on vacation the next year, why I never saw them again, if they'd been brainwashed, if a year on the outside had changed their orientation from butts to breasts to elbows. Were there no constants out there? Was there nothing to count on? But Oral Roberts was a man with a mission. A man with a real honest-to-goodness fat-ass fixation, a man I could get behind, or in front of. . .

I propped myself up on my hands and knees and backed my rump into his chest. "Isn't today the first day of the rest of your life?" I asked, wobbling my massive meat in his face.

"I'm married," he stammered. "My wife has a lovely bottom."

After all that! "You're not a *real* fat-ass lover," I spat. "Why should I believe you want to help me? You're just another religious right-winger!" I thwapped him in the chin with my rash of bacon, knocking him into the sand. He had a hard-on under his Bermuda shorts.

Evangelists. How quickly they lose their reserve when confronted with a massive obstacle.

We fucked.

I wouldn't say Oral really lived up to his name in a certain department, but I will say that he was one of the sweetest, most considerate men who'd ever pronged me, spending much time biting my cellulite and squeezing my pimples.

"I've never done that before," he said. "Cheated on my wife."

"Welcome to New Jersey."

"Hey, Oral!" Paul called over from where he was porking Hippo Haunches from behind. Now that was a wide ride.

"Oh, we've got to get to the meeting. Help you get out of here before they gas the place."

"No, thanks."

"Oh, come on!"

I gathered up my towel and salve.

"You bitch!" He pulled on his shorts.

"I shouldn't have done it. I've compromised everything Ass-Anon stands for. The only reason I fucked you was to convince you of our sincerity, to con-

vince you to leave this no-man's-land where you can't get a decent hamburger. I shouldn't have done it!" He blubbered, "I took a solemn oath. One man, one woman. . ."

I was sad it had to end like this; he was a twerp but a sweet one. "I, too, took a solemn oath," I told him. "One woman, one hundred men. This is my heaven on earth."

"It won't be like this anymore!" he pleaded. "Believe me, you'll be sweeping streets in Cleveland with a clitorrectomy."

"Fuck off."

"Please, if not for yourself, then for the rest of us, for your ass. With love, I beseech you. Think of all the men who'll be deprived." I stepped onto the road. "We've got a house full of fat-ass lovers in Centerville dying to meet you."

Now he was talking.

The four of us climbed into the dinghy and Oral paddled around the Navy Ammunition Depot to Centerville, Debbie squealing all the way, "I'm in a boat. I'm in a boat."

It was only a short walk to their headquarters, a ramshackle old Shaker shingle house with a screened-in porch. Back in the old days all the houses on the shore were just summer homes.

The meeting was already under way.

The inside of the house was gutted, making one huge room. Men and women with and without asses were seated on folding metal chairs in rows facing a short plywood stage. As we entered, the speaker, an ample middle-aged woman in a pink polyester shift accentuating her lumpy posterior, cried out a welcome, beaming maternally at Oral. That would be the wife.

I made no attempt to cover my rump, which naturally popped out from the bottom of my swimsuit. Several men could not keep their eyes off me, and I hoped the business part of the meeting

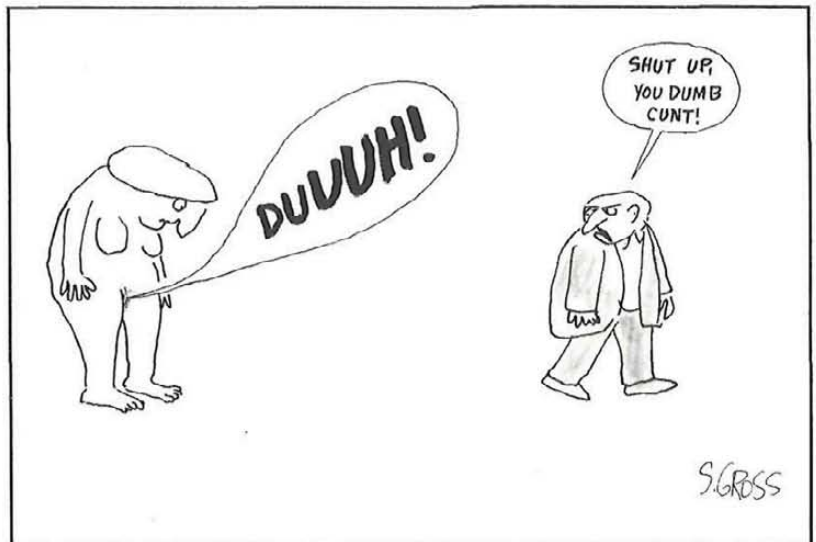
would be over soon so we could get down to some serious socializing.

Trays of canned foods were passed around.

This was a testimonial meeting. Various members of the audience took the stage to describe their personal trials and tribulations. An attractively slender brunette with a Southern accent told of being cast out into the cold as a teenager when her parents caught her with a well-padded black football captain. An elderly gentleman spoke of sex with elephants. A cute young boy described fucking the crack between two watermelons. One young woman with no ass to speak of was turned away from both John Hopkins and the Mayo Clinic when she applied for implants. All were stories of heartbreak and humiliation, of people, good people, subjected to ridicule, shock treatment, incarceration.

One thing became all too clear to me: contrary to all assurances, there was no salvation on the outside. Even with the possibility of loosening sexual mores, of legislation permitting fat-ass love between married partners, there was no freedom out there. Listening to the Ass-Anon members describe relief and happiness at finding others like themselves, others to marry, I realized that the hell was within them all. The strings that bound them, the self-loathing, the fear of reprisal, were within each heart. For all its poverty and disease, New Jersey surely was the Garden of Eden. A mecca of free will, individualism, opportunity, weird sex. The Promised Land. People needed to cut loose. This was a fact of human existence. To lose New Jersey to a feminist Bible camp would cause the breakdown of Western civilization as we knew it. It would result in massive moral decay, not only on a sexual level, but also on an elemental, epistemological level.

continued on page 82



THE APPLETONS

A Saga of an American Family



by B.K. Taylor

THE APPLETON GRANDPARENTS HAVE DROPPED BY DURING A BREAK FROM A BUSY DAY PREPARING FOR A GARAGE SALE TO RAISE MONEY FOR A TRIP TO LAS VEGAS.

... AND HERE IS SOME TEA TO WARM YOU UP.

WELL, THANK YOU, HELEN - WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SILVER-TEA SERVICE!



SAY, MOM, WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN THE BOX?

OH, NORMY! WE WERE CLEANING OUT A LOT OF THINGS AND WE THOUGHT THIS WOULD BE BETTER IN YOUR HANDS.



WE KNOW HOW YOU LOVE ANIMALS, SO... CLOSE YOUR EYES!



WE BROUGHT YOU OUR PET FALCON, FIFI! DAMN IT - WHOA! STOP IT, FIFI!



OH NO, HE GOT AWAY!

OH, LET HIM GO - THE WORTHLESS THING! I NEVER COULD GET HIM TO TALK!

I DON'T THINK THEY...



FEH! MAYBE YOU CAN GET HIM TO TALK.

GOOD RIDDANCE, I SAY!

HE'S IN THE DINING ROOM.

WELL, HOW ARE YOU, CHILDREN?

WE'RE FI...



WONDERFUL - HELEN, HOW HAVE YOU BEEN?

WELL, WE...

THAT'S NICE WE'VE BEEN SO BUSY CLEANING THE HOUSE AND GETTING READY FOR VEGAS, WE...



INCOMING!!!

HIT THE DECK!



GET OUT OF HERE, YOU BUZZARD!!

MOM, WE'RE GOING TO DIE!

STAY DOWN, KIDS!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DIE. JUST STAY DOWN!



ALL CLEAR! BUT I CAN'T TAKE IT! C'MON, OL' MAN, LET'S PACK UP AND GO START UP OUR GARAGE SALE.

BUT YOU JUST GOT HERE.



THE GRANDPARENTS PACK AND DEPART.

BYE, MOM, DAD! WE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF FIFI.

HONEY! WHERE IS THE SILVER TEA SET?

B.K. TAYLOR © 1985

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

THE "GREAT DEPRESSION"

RICK YEARY '86



OLDER FOLKS TODAY LOVE TO TELL OF THE "HARD TIMES" OF THEIR YOUTH.



BUT FEW PEOPLE ARE AWARE THAT THE SO-CALLED "GREAT DEPRESSION" NEVER HAPPENED AT ALL.



ACTUALLY, FOR SEVERAL YEARS IN THE THIRTIES, IT WAS THE FASHION TO BE "POOR."



EVEN ROCKEFELLER GOT INTO THE ACT.



NEIGHBORHOOD YOUNGSTERS WOULD BUILD A "HOOVERVILLE."



WEEKEND HI-JINKS INVOLVED THE ENTIRE FAMILY.



"DUSTBOWLS" WERE QUITE POPULAR: EVERYBODY HAD ONE.



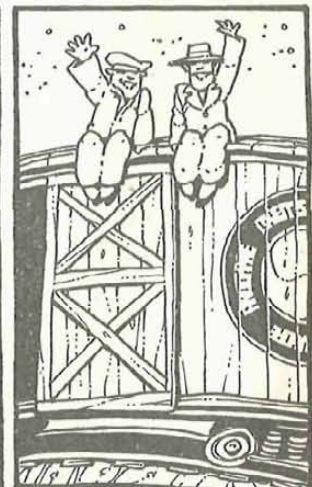
NO ONE KNOWS HOW THE FAD GOT STARTED, BUT IT BECAME VERY BIG.



IT WAS IN ALL THE PAPERS.



PEOPLE WENT SO FAR AS TO ELECT A MAN ESPECIALLY TO "SOLVE" THE "NATIONAL CALAMITY."



HE TRIED, BUT EVERYONE WAS HAVING TOO MUCH FUN.

Mr Vengeance

by
buddy
hickerson

Hi, everyone! Lisa's Beyond Divorce Microbiotic Encounter Group welcomes its first male member...

Hey, you bunch of middle-aged NYMPHOS! Mr. Right has arrived at LAST! That's right, ladies...I've been FIXED!

Mr. Vengeance has an obvious social dysfunction. Let's tune into the problems of the other group members.

My name is Tawny, and I'm anorexic.

I've always had trouble with callous men making cracks about my BREAST SIZE.

Baby! Mind if I chalk your head for a POOL GAME? HA! HA! HA!

Pardon the expression but... HOLY COW!!

Mr. Vengeance! Please allow the group to air their problems freely.

O.K.... I'll try...

My name is Bernice and...well...I feel like I'm unattractive to men because I'm 40.

Fetch!!

That DOES it! O.K., group..It's time to air our biggest problem....



PRICELESS COLLECTOR'S ITEMS FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON

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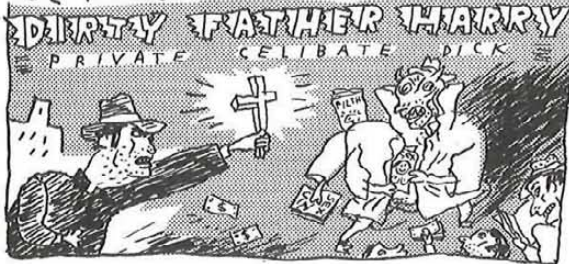
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A CLERIC WITH HIS OWN SET OF COMMANDMENTS



I hadn't had a case in over 40 days and 40 nights. Yeh, you could say business was slow



©1986 mark marek

You'd have thought the entire city had converted But I knew better.

The phone rang. I answered.



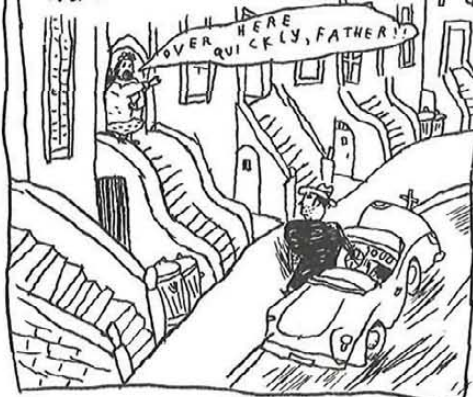
It was a dame. She was hysterical, only I wasn't laughing.



The evening air felt cool but I sensed something ungodly



When I arrived she was waiting



He's locked himself in the upstairs bathroom and he won't come out, oh, do be careful



The Lord may work in mysterious ways but Dirty Father Harry's methods are somewhat more brusque.

R. Crumb's

Missing Children!



DeWitt Turner, Black Male, 6 years old, 3'8", brown eyes, black hair. Parents claim kid ran away to get free publicity. He told them, "You gonna see my face on every grocery bag in America. I be's the next Gary Coleman. You got something for me, call my agent!"



Kirsten Shmutzicz, White Female, 12 years old, 5'1", 104 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Last seen Jan. 15, 1985 near her home in Pittsburgh, Pa. Described by her mother as a "lazy, ugly little slut." Stepfather says "she may have fallen in the river, poor kid, 'at's a tough break."



Josh Hutchison, White Male, 10 years old, 4'2", 65 lbs., blond hair, light brown eyes. Last seen Feb. 25, 1982 in Milpitas, Calif. Very high intelligence. Parents extremely devout fundamentalist Christians. Jason told playmates he was "fed up" with "repressive fascist regime."



Anna Maria Gonzalez, Hispanic Female, 15 years old, 5'7", 130 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Very well developed bust and hips. Missing from Denton, Tx., Nov. 30, 1984. From poor family. Last seen in company of wealthy older man driving white Rolls-Royce.

Reward

If you have information regarding these missing children or happen to see any child molesters or abusers hanging around your neighborhood... or even if you SUSPECT someone of being into child pornography — it could be anyone — that nice old man next door has probably laid his filthy hands on your daughter — it could even be your own mate! You yourself might be one without knowing it, so call that Missing Children Hotline today and fess up, because you need help, you sick twisted bastard — don't try to hide because we'll find you, shitheel! You've gotten off easy up to now, you son of a BITCH, but the fun's all over — we'll string you from a lamp post, we'll play you alive — a public stoning to DEATH is too good for scum like you. We're all through tolerating animals like you in this country — we'll route you out — ALL OF YOU — and once again make this a safe place for decent people, like it used to be before we let all these pornographers and drug pushers and terrorists run around loose. Your days are NUMBERED, ye MINIONS of Satan! Woe unto ye! God have Mercy on your rotten souls!

1-800-888-1212

This public service message provided by the Association of Highly Moral Ever Watchful Good Guys of America

R. Crumb, President

SAM DE GROOT
The FREE WORLD'S
ONLY
PRIVATE DETECTIVE
IN AN IRON LUNG
MACHINE!

THE WIFE OF BILLIONAIRE
LUDWIG VAN BUREN
SUMMONS SAM TO HER
PARK AVENUE RESIDENCE
SAYING HER LIFE IS IN
DANGER!



DOORMAN, I'M
SAM DE GROOT.
MRS. VAN BUREN
IS EXPECTING ME.

MRS. VAN BUREN JUST CALLED DOWN,
SIR, MR. VAN BUREN FLEW IN FROM
PARIS—HE'LL BE HERE SHORTLY. HE'S
AN EVIL MAN, MR. DE GROOT!



MR. DE GROOT, HE'S HERE! HIS
LIMOUSINE JUST DROVE UP...

HMMM...I'D
BETTER NOT
GO UP RIGHT
NOW...

QUICK, DOORMAN, REMOVE MY
HAT—IN THE SWEATBAND YOU'LL
FIND A FALSE MUSTACHE—
OBSVIOUSLY I CAN'T PUT IT ON,
SO WILL YOU PUT IT ON FOR ME...



RIGHT, MR. DE GROOT!

HOW'S THAT,
MR. DE GROOT?



NO, NO!
ON ME,
ON ME!

I'LL JUST ACT
NONCHALANT...



... GOOD
AFTERNOON,
MR. VAN BUREN.

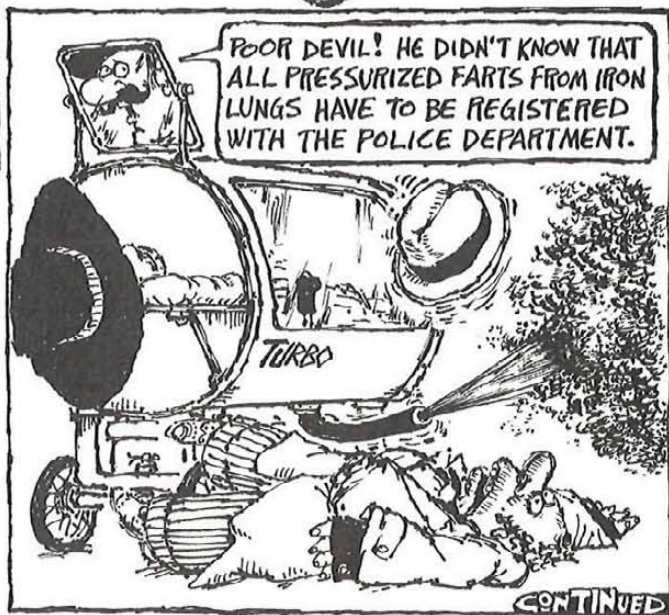
I SCARED THE SHIT OUTTA
DE GROOT, MR. V. B., HE WON'T
SHOW HIS FACE AROUND HERE
AGAIN!

IT'LL BE
YOUR ASS
IF HE DOES,
HERMAN!
DE GROOT
MUST NOT
SPEAK TO
MY WIFE!

... FUNNY...THE NEWSPAPER
THAT THAT GUY WITH THE BIG
MUSTACHE IS READING IS
UPSIDE-DOWN...I THINK I'LL
CHECK HIM OUT, MR. V. B.,
I'LL BE UP LATER...



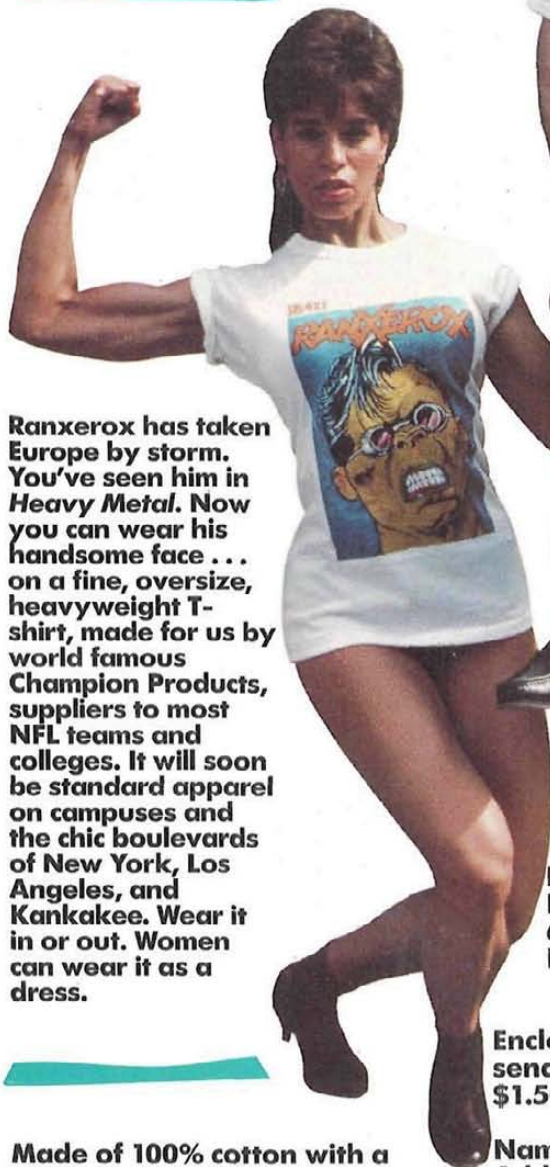
I THOUGHT SO!
IT'S DE GROOT! I'LL
SNEAK OVER AND
DISCONNECT THE AIR
PRESSURE HOSE
THAT ENABLES HIS
LUNGS TO FUNCTION!



POOR DEVIL! HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT
ALL PRESSURIZED FARTS FROM IRON
LUNGS HAVE TO BE REGISTERED
WITH THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.

CONTINUED

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RANXEROX T-shirts.
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Ranxerox has taken Europe by storm. You've seen him in *Heavy Metal*. Now you can wear his handsome face . . . on a fine, oversize, heavyweight T-shirt, made for us by world famous Champion Products, suppliers to most NFL teams and colleges. It will soon be standard apparel on campuses and the chic boulevards of New York, Los Angeles, and Kankakee. Wear it in or out. Women can wear it as a dress.

Made of 100% cotton with a reinforced neck. Deep armholes, extra body length and fullness. White with design in full color. Sizes: S-M-L-XL. The price? A surprisingly low \$10.95, plus \$1.50 for postage and handling.

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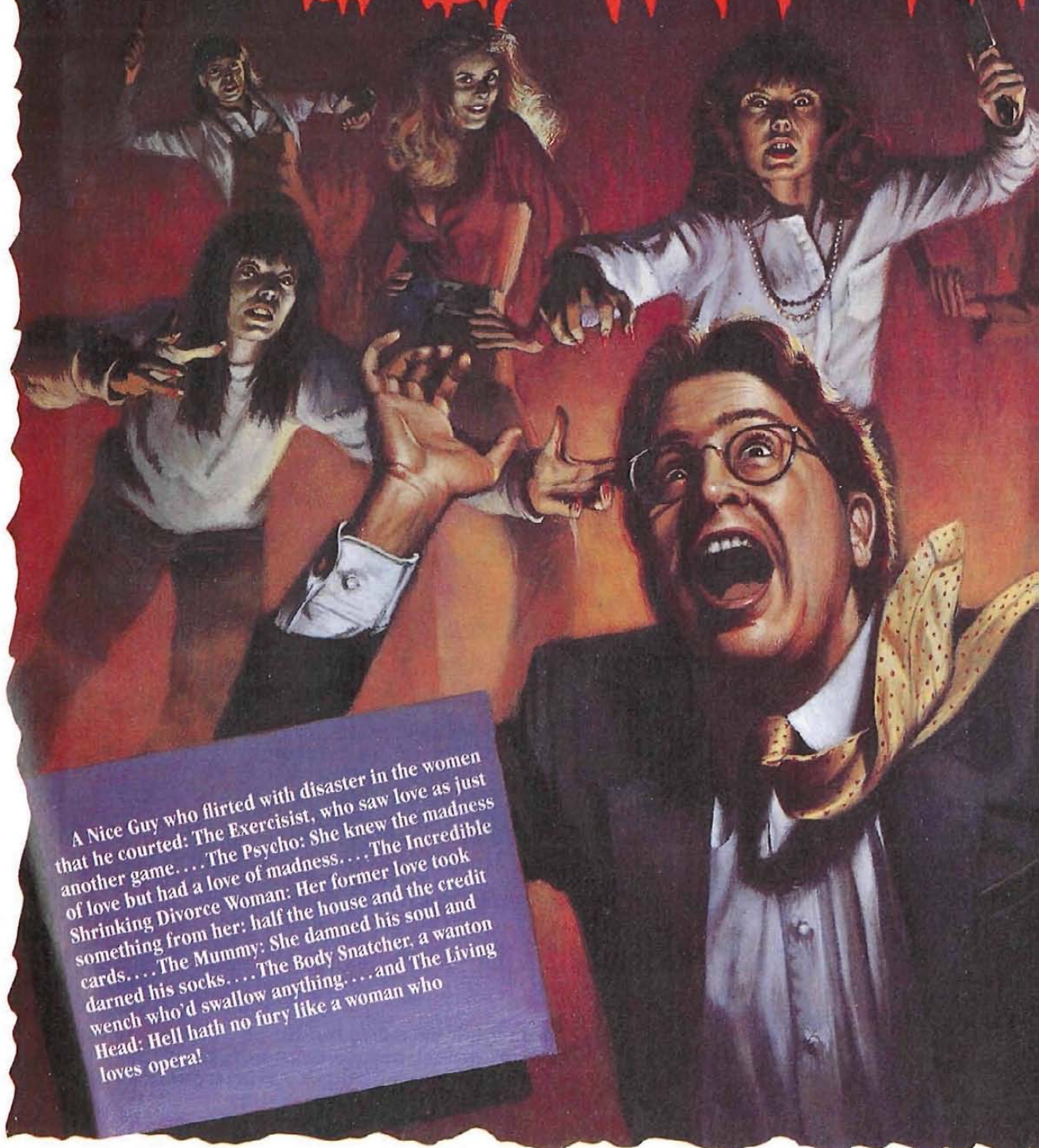
Small Medium
Large Extra Large

Enclosed please find my check or money order. Please send me _____ RANXEROX T-shirt(s) at \$10.95 (plus \$1.50 for shipping and handling).

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If you do wish to order, but do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, please print or type all the necessary info, and enclose it with a check or money order.

SCARY M



A Nice Guy who flirted with disaster in the women that he courted: The Exercisist, who saw love as just another game. . . . The Psycho: She knew the madness of love but had a love of madness. . . . The Incredible Shrinking Divorce Woman: Her former love took something from her: half the house and the credit cards. . . . The Mummy: She damned his soul and darned his socks. . . . The Body Snatcher, a wanton wench who'd swallow anything. . . . and The Living Head: Hell hath no fury like a woman who loves opera!

MONSTERS



by Lance Contrucci

C

onsider for a moment Mr. Nice Guy, a sexy stud with a helluva build and a lot of money, who happens to write for the *National Lampoon*. As a sensitive, intelligent person, Mr. Nice Guy is looking for a deep, meaningful relationship. True, he's known the affection of thousands of women in one-night flings, but he's now tired of collecting beaver scalps for his belt; he's looking for more than mud for his turtle.

And that's where the trouble starts! What Mr. Average Guy doesn't know is that women have changed drastically! Some dirty mad scientist (probably a homo) has created a personality-altering chemical, "Nag 5000," which changes "nice girls" into acrimonious beasts; he's figured out a way to put it in Pamprin and white-wine spritzers so that all the women in the free world will inadvertently take it. Oh, sure, women still *look* great, better than ever. But after about the second date, Mr. Nice Guy starts to see that he's stumbled into a horror movie. Scary Monsters are everywhere! Mr. Nice Guy eventually realizes that some bastard out there rewrote the book of love. He wonders wonders who. Who? Who rewrote the book of love?

Never mind, because you can't buy a copy anyway. But what you can do, Mr. Average Reader, is study the following scientifically verified, classic examples of Scary Monsters so that you'll know to run like hell *before* you hear the footsteps

coming up the stairs. Don't be a fool like Mr. Nice Guy—who somehow doesn't see the smoking pistol when she starts to elaborate on expensive operas, or never hears the audience shouting, "Don't go in the cellar" when he agrees to take that trip to her parents' house.

Take seriously these examples, Mr. Average Reader, and you'll avoid a date worse than *death!*

Psycho: Ultra-thin, sad-eyed woman who never wears makeup and has bloody stumps for fingernails.

Warning Signs: She keeps fifty thousand diaries, lives in a pigsty, and can wear the same jeans for months on end. First big tip-off comes when she starts talking about her vices: "I guess I drink too much coffee." *How much do you drink?*

"Seventy-five cups a day." Does gorgeous things like putting cigarettes out in leftover food.

Scenario: At first you'll be drawn to her because you think she has a certain poetic depth. But she's not poetic; she's fucking crazy! You start dating her and begin to notice Weird Things, like how she stares at the ceiling with her eyes wide open when you make love, and spends a lot of time wondering who will come to her funeral. Not exactly the kind you want to take bowling. Soon you have to talk her out of killing herself, and you're afraid to stop seeing her or else she will.

Advice: Let her.

The Exercisist: Strong, attractive, muscular type, fond of Danskins and tights. Makes you sign a contract releasing her from responsibility in the event of an accident while making love.

Warning Signs: She'll ask you to feel her biceps. Wonders if you like jogging. "I've been working on my calves lately" (and she doesn't own a ranch).

Scenario: She belongs to a fifteen-hundred-dollar-a-year spa and wants to take you there. You'll think it's a good idea, a very generous offer on her part. The next part is a lot like walking into the old abandoned cave and hearing the stone door slam shut behind you. You'll see more tall, handsome, muscular guys in there than at a cattle call for *GQ*. And each one of them knows her by a pet name, like "Fuck Monster." You'll be humiliated and shamed for about five hours while these guys condescendingly show you how to lift weights. Afterward, she'll devour you on the tennis court.

Advice: Run like hell.

The Shining: Aggressive-looking woman with hungry eyes, exquisite tastes...and no money. "Personally, I prefer Gucci..."

Warning Signs: These types are hard to spot at first; they're masters of disguise. First they'll lead you into thinking that they're nice girls with educated but affordable tastes. You'll think: Museums are cheap. They may even pay half the

first couple of times.

Scenario: Slowly, as you get to like them, they'll start mentioning the more expensive restaurants in town. Later, they'll allude to things they'd like to have. If you still haven't heard the strange music, they grow to incredible proportions. Eventually The Shining will suffocate your bank account. You'll reach credit-card meltdown, too.

Advice: Write her off.

Night of the Living Head: Long brown hair, loves blazers and penny loafers. "...It was avant-garde but gauche; nevertheless..."

Warning Signs: Early mention of operas you've never heard of. Early mention of nouvelle cuisine, naive art, and practically anything else that's French.

Scenario: If you're not too brainy, you'll be used as the rugged individualist at best, and the intellectual dog to kick around at worst. Don't think you can counter her Céline rap with talk about the Knicks. At the end of five months you'll be more confused and stupider than ever. She'll finish the *New York Times* crossword puzzle in ten minutes flat to your anguished screams, then finish *you* off with a quick course on the symbolism of *Moby Dick*.

Advice: Ride it out, pretend you understand everything, don't ask questions, and make a lot of stuff up. Then put her on the shelf.

The Mummy: Wonderful eyes. "I don't think you should wear these pants, I don't think you should go to the beach this weekend, I think you should lose a little weight..."

Warning Signs: A brisk, effortless mention of something out of order: a spot on your tie, your hair a little long in the front.

Scenario: The above warning signs are just the beginning. The Mummy is one of the worst of all. Letting that first volley go unanswered is like letting Boris Karloff in to make a phone call when his car breaks down on a rainy night. And this monster grows like the blob! At first she nags you about the color of your apartment, then your furniture, then the location of the apartment. Then your car. Then your job. Then your taste in music, magazines, books, wardrobe, family, friends, and cat.

Advice: A nag can be bullied into submission right off the bat, never to reappear...at least until you get married. "This spot on my tie? It's there because I like it." If it's too late to do this, either dump her or accept the fact that you need a mother figure.

The Job Blob: Thin, ugly as a snake, twice as aggressive. Sandblasted face and hair tied back in a bun. Wears strictly striped-suit corporate attire, even at the beach. Carries a copy of *Working Woman* and

the *Wall Street Journal* in her leather attaché case, which she's never without.

Warning Signs: "And where do you work? I have this wonderful new position at Schmuck, Fuck & Luck..."

Scenario: Knows everything about work except how to avoid it. You'll possibly be impressed by her intelligence and self-confidence in the beginning, but once the leather attaché case starts going into the bedroom it'll come to an end quickly ("I can't tonight, honey, I have that big meeting with J.B. tomorrow"). Soon 90 percent of her conversation is about her job, which is about as interesting as the new *Saturday Night Live*. Then you find yourself jockeying for position with the board of directors. As her career advances and yours declines, best get ready for the Dear John memo.

Advice: Let her buy you about fifteen dinners, make many mergers, then opt to buy out.

The Incredible Shrinking Divorced Woman: Lined face, angry eyes, she's hoping her ex-husband dies.

Warning Signs: Will be revealed in about two seconds. "My ex-husband..." grows to (within two drinks) "...And then the bastard kept the Porsche..."

Scenario: Who at least once in his life hasn't pitied someone? Here is the compassionate, understanding, intelligent woman who happens to be alone most of the time. She's a wonderful cook and she doesn't mind sewing your buttons. She's great in bed. She thinks you're cute. You get taken in because it's so... gee... comfortable. Ha! You've been taken into Regan's boudoir! She's even more bitter about all those one-night stands after the divorce than she is about her ex-husband. Everything is fine for about two months, and then your furniture is moved around. The bed starts to shake. You start hearing peculiar noises in the attic. It's the revenge of the angry divorcee, and guess who's going to take the rap? Watch out for the meat cleavers.

Advice: Split. Get a new phone number, because you're going to get a lot of calls.

The Body Snatcher: Frequently attractive, oversexed woman wearing tight leather pants, spiked heels, no bra.

Warning Signs: On the first date she mentions that she's fond of bondage. Can comprehensively state the advantages of Plato's Retreat versus casual dating.

Scenario: Wild, lavish sex night after night. She'll test your virility time and time again until you're a Geritol and Vitamin E junkie. You'll lose sleep and your hair will fall out. As an average man, there are just so many things you can do, yet she'll eventually drop you if you can't get it up six times a night.

Advice: Introduce her to a Mr. Nice Guy who writes for the *National Lampoon*. ■

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Why Women Be

Debate has raged for years over why some people have different sexual preferences than others. Why, for example, did Humbert Humbert lust for the nymphet Lolita? Why did Steven Carrington risk his father's wrath to become Luke's lover when that nice Claudia was waiting for him for two full seasons? Why does your Uncle Schlomo have so many cats?

But the biggest why of all is, why do women become lesbians? Why do some women adopt a lifestyle that offers, aside from a low incidence of yeast infections, difficulty and little social acceptability? Besides which, how do you tell your parents?

It's not so farfetched when you think about it. The savvy sapphist has learned that the chief cause of her psychosexual flight is—that's right—men. Described below are the most common male characteristics designed to ensure that, when sex is a toss-up and you could go

either way, you'll run screaming into the night of Lesbos. For good.

Men Home Sick

Let's face it: taking care of a man who is home sick is the ultimate in thankless jobs. Why else would Mother Teresa live in Calcutta and not in your neighborhood?

Your patient will whine, "Leave me alone, can't you see I'm sick?" then immediately demand more soup, tissues, aspirin, magazines, and one more thing, hon—orange juice. Your life becomes a nightmare of opening the window, closing the window, lowering the TV, plumping the pillow, adjusting the lighting, airing out the room, and fulfilling a sexual fantasy involving a nurse and a bedpan.

Your patient will declare, more times than is absolutely necessary, "I'm wasting away to nothing," "No one around here cares that I'm sick," "If you really

cared about me you would've made homemade." He will ask, "What are you, deaf or something? I've been calling you for twenty minutes." Yes, the sick man deserves the only person he claims really knows how to make a good Fluffernutter-and-banana sandwich: his mother.

Men at Play

Whether as spectators or participants, men involved in games or sports are a breed unto themselves. Witnessing this fact has led many a woman down the road to a same-sex relationship.

No one will deny that certain sports feats call for a healthy expression of excitement. For the record, acceptable healthy expressions of excitement include: modest cheering or booing or, as is sometimes appropriate, a round of applause. You are being unacceptably expressive if you are: bouncing wildly on the worn-out sofa that still has to last another four years, repeatedly screaming, "My man, my man," or tossing a small child to demonstrate a lateral pass.

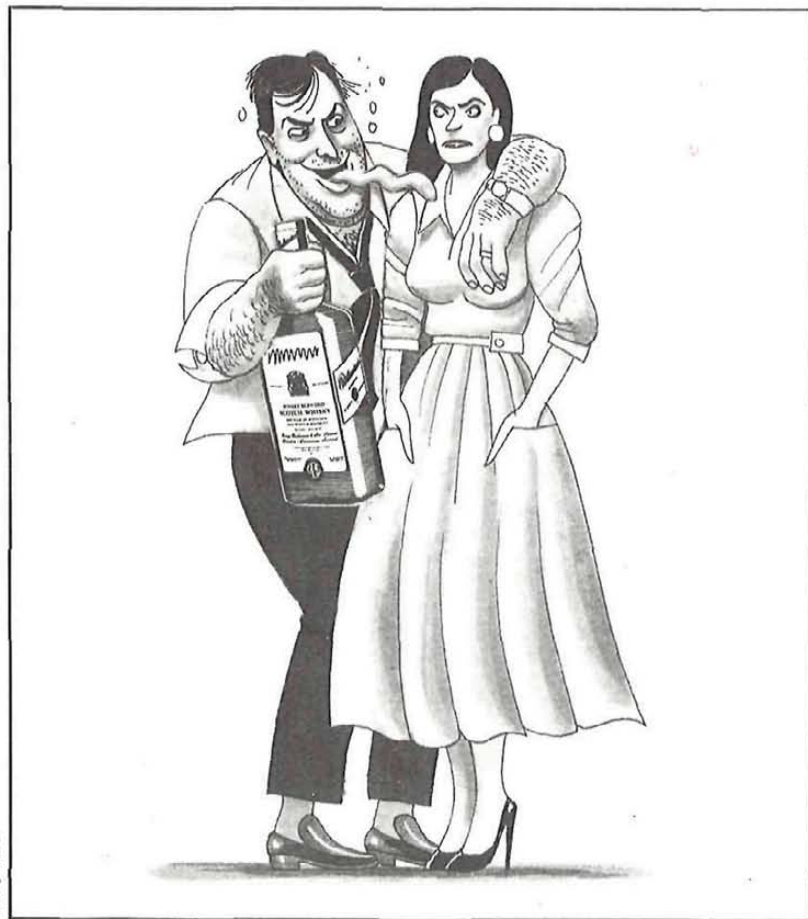
While spectator sports are bad enough, it is in the arena of coed sports that the sexes have in many cases been polarized permanently. Consider the following scene: Friends are at a backyard barbecue. One woman approaches the volleyball net and playfully pumps the ball into the air. Another woman joins her, and friendly tossing of the ball begins. There's much laughter and no scoring. Two other women join in, then two more. The play is jovial and energetic.

Now a man who was a star high school athlete twenty years and twenty pounds ago joins in. Soon he's at the net barking instructions like "Rotate, damn you!" and calling team meetings. The boundaries that were okay just moments before need to be revised, and calls that were eagerly conceded ("No, it really was your point, I insist") are disputed. He is big on intimidation: "If we blow this game, the United States will lose the next war."

More men join in and the women are now on the sidelines keeping score. Not long afterward, these same women start joining all-female sports teams and stop shaving their legs.

Men in Public

Women become lesbians when they get tired of being with people who think it's okay to fart anywhere, anytime—whether it's at a cocktail party with



Randy Jones

ecome Lesbians

by Janet Lombardi

friends, standing in line for a movie, or backstage at the MTV Awards.

An apology? An "excuse me"? The best you may get is "Who stepped on a duck?" or "Watch out, I'm loading up again." Some don't even bother to blame it on the dog.

Street etiquette is another area where men excel in the expression of their unbridled instincts. Favorite categories include: genital scratching, dramatic phlegm spitting (sound effects optional), and diligent teeth picking with a variety of handy objects (matchboxes, paper clips, letter openers).

Men Under the Influence

It is axiomatic that both men and women can be intolerable when they've had too much to drink. Women who have had too much to drink are characterized by the following tendencies:

- making expensive long-distance telephone calls to old lovers
- trying to cut or color their own hair
- telling strangers who don't care that they've always had bad relations with their mothers.

However, as is so often true in the animal kingdom, it is the male drunk who has the most colorful plumage, who displays true warrior behavior, and who has most often been known to obstinately deny his condition in the face of irrefutable empirical evidence.

You hear him approach. If you're lucky enough to have a song title for a name, he is singing it. Relentlessly. "All day, all night, Mary Ann." After twenty minutes of fumbling with the keys at the door, he'll switch to a tune of his own composition that hails you as the most beautiful woman on earth.

When he enters, the visuals are astounding. His tie undone (or missing altogether), his coat half on, half off, his face glistening with moisture (rain? sweat? something else?), he reels into the room. You are at first chilly and aloof, but your sangfroid deserts you when you get a whiff of his breath from across the room. You dash for the other room, but too late! He sees you. He wants you. And you are faced with the grimmest of drunken-man realities: he thinks you find him sexually attractive.

From behind the bathroom door you hear the switch-on of yet another battery-operated sexual aid. Cunningly, he hisses an invitation through the door. You decline. He is wounded. He says, "What? What am I doing?" thinking you

will be fooled into believing he is sober.

When you cautiously recenter the room some time later, he is sprawled out, oblivious, on the bed. For the next forty-two hours you will be safe from pursuit. When he awakes, you will be blamed for the noise of birds singing, bees buzzing, and the decline of the four-credit driver-ed class.

Men in the Boudoir

No explanation of sexual preference would be complete without a look at the most provocative arena of male exhibition: the sexual arena. As a forum for sexual expression, the bedroom can offer many surprises for the unsuspecting woman. The bedroom is where a woman will discover:

- that all men are not created equal
 - the true nature of any man who claims the sensibilities of Alan Alda
 - why Rover is so attached to him.
- The bedroom is where the subtleties

of sexual approach are dismissed. Where the gentle, massaging, titillating foreplay so pleasant moments before on the living room couch becomes transformed into bold requests to "prove to me how much you love me."

It is within this arena that the levels of male and female arousal and satisfaction can be compared. Unlike women, who can require fifteen to twenty minutes of *erotic foreplay to get turned on*, men are turned on rather easily. For instance, a woman's agreement to let a man wear her panties on his head will earn her a sex slave and hours of uninterrupted performance. And, in addition to responding rather easily to erotic stimuli, men have been known to respond to somewhat remote indicators of female sexual desire, including statements like "Get your hands off me, you mother-fuckin' swine" or "Ha! I'd sooner sleep with the Elephant Man."

But of course, there's always the girl next door.... ■



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afternoon recess, which was the time when Dede Wilks usually hung out by the Dwight D. Eisenhower Playground. (We had two playgrounds. One was the Ike Playground, where all the equipment was set up for physical fitness like a U.S. Marine obstacle course so they could train the eight-year-olds of America to fight the Russians, and it cost the county several million bucks. The other playground was called The Playground. It had monkey bars, swing sets, seesaws, and merry-go-rounds. We basically used the Ike Playground for chunking rocks.) Ordinarily I would be avoiding the Ike Playground in the afternoon, cause Dede used to take ever opportunity to throw her dress up over her head when I was around, and what with these rape charges floating around and everthing I wasn't anxious to get caught looking. But the idea was for us all to go down there together, including Frankie Sullivan, and then as soon as Dede started to make her move, I would yell, "Dogpile on Frankie," but I would grab Dede while she was all tangled up in her dress and push her down in the middle of the dogpile and do all the scientific research we needed before we let Frankie back up. I told Danny Bivens to make sure I had an extra fifteen or twenty seconds just for fumbling around with the metal support studs or whatever else Dede might have underneath there. It was perfect, cause the whole thing would look like an accident. I might have to say something to Miz Perryman like "Yes, ma'am, do I understand you to be saying that Dede Wilks was trapped in some sort of unruly mob assembled on the Dwight D. Eisenhower Playground? Maybe you don't know it, ma'am, but some of the older boys from

the junior high have been wandering over here during the noon hour, and if I were you I would do something about it before one of our girls gets seriously molested." But other than that, there was nothing that could go wrong with this plan.

We were luckier than we thought. When we got out to the Ike Playground, Dede Wilks was standing right next to the Climbing Tower, which was this steel treehouse where you were supposed to shimmy up one side and down the other, but what we mostly used it for was playing "Geronimo." I thought it was gonna take me forever to get Dede positioned between myself and Frankie Sullivan—let's face it, Frankie was getting a little paranoid by this time—but finally I did, and goldurn it if Dede didn't keep herself under control. She didn't even make a move for the dress.

With one eye on Frankie, who was kind of cowering behind the Dwight D. Eisenhower Parallel Pull-up Device, I sidled up to Dede and said, "That certainly is a nice dress you have on today, Dede."

Dede got this grin on her face like a Methodist deacon that just ordered a gin fizz in Vegas. I saw her hand start moving down toward hem level.

"I do believe it's one of the prettiest ones you've had on all week."

Damn if Dede didn't stop cold down by the poodle stitching when I said that.

"Course I wouldn't be intersted in dresses."

She started up again. Sometimes you have to use reverse psychology on a bimbo like Dede.

Then she hesitated again. "Joe Bob, usually there aren't this many people around," she said.

"I know, Dede, wouldn't it be embar-

assing if your dress was to fly up by accident and they all saw it?"

Dede nodded her head.

Something caught my attention out of the corner of my eye, and I swiveled around and saw about thirty guys standing *directly* behind me instead of lurking behind the Ike equipment like I told em to, and for just a minute I thought it was all over and I was about to yell at Danny Bivens for screwing everthing up, but then something else caught my attention and I saw this human blur heading toward the rope ladder and I thought it was Dede making a run for it and since I have the natural athletic instincts of a mountain lion I naturally broke in that direction myself so I could herd her back over to the Climbing Tower. But as soon as I took off for the blur, somebody yelled, "Dogpile on Dede!" and I froze in my tracks and looked back over my shoulder just in time to see Dede with her dress thrown clean over her head and all thirty guys jumping on her at once, including five that did Geronimos off the tower.

I couldn't hardly believe it.

The human blur was Frankie Sullivan running like a crippled prairie dog, and I knew that as soon as he got to Miz Perryman it was all over.

By this time the dogpile was already about eight feet high and Dede was screaming and I stood there and yelled at Danny Bivens to break out of the pack and see if he couldn't bust it up, but he kept hollering back at me, "She won't let me, she won't let me."

So I reached down in the pile myself and started yanking out little guys, mostly second-graders, until one of em bit me on the elbow and I had to throw him back in. All this time Dede kept yelling "Rape! Rape!" and giggling a lot.

Now I don't know what you would of done, but when I looked across the schoolyard and saw seven teachers and the principal and Frankie Sullivan coming our way, I decided to do all ten exercises on the Dwight D. Eisenhower Physical Fitness Playground obstacle course. I started with the Overhand Climb and got about halfway across before I heard the sound of Miz Perryman's voice.

"Joe Bob Briggs, what in tarnation is going on here?"

She grabbed me by the ear and yanked me down off the Overhand Climb and held me by both shoulders and started shaking me like a Raggedy Andy doll that's getting eat up by a pit bulldog. I could hardly talk for all the shaking she was doing, but I managed to get out, "What's going on here, Miz Perryman, is the fourth stage of the President Dwight D. Eisenhower Fitness Course."

She slapped me up the side of the head three or four times. Then all the



other teachers went over to the Climbing Tower and started pulling people off the pile until they got to the bottom and found Dede down there, with her dress ripped clean off and a grin on her face like she just ate a toad sandwich.

Some people are animals.

One of the teachers—I think it was old Miz Hennessey—was the first to get to Dede, and all she could say was “The girl’s been brutalized. This is terrible. Stand back, she’s been through a trauma. Give her air, she’s been brutalized.”

And Dede never did say anything, she just kept that ignorant grin on her face, and so based on that they decided she was in a catatonic trance and they went and called the ambulance and some guys in white suits came and took her away, and all the time *that* was going on they had the thirty of us all herded into the Detention Hall, which made it pretty crowded in there, since there was only five chairs. I went out in the hallway to complain about the crowded conditions, but as soon as I stuck my head out Miz Perryman liked to whacked it off with the flat part of her hand, so I come back inside.

“Well,” I said to Danny Bivens, “I hope you got some explanation.”

“I don’t know what come over me,” said Danny. “I was all ready to say, ‘Dogpile on Frankie,’ but when she played Big Top with her skirt, it came out ‘Dogpile on Dede,’ and anyhow you waited too long because Frankie was already half-way cross the schoolyard.”

“Oh *yeah*, blame it on *me*, why don’t you?”

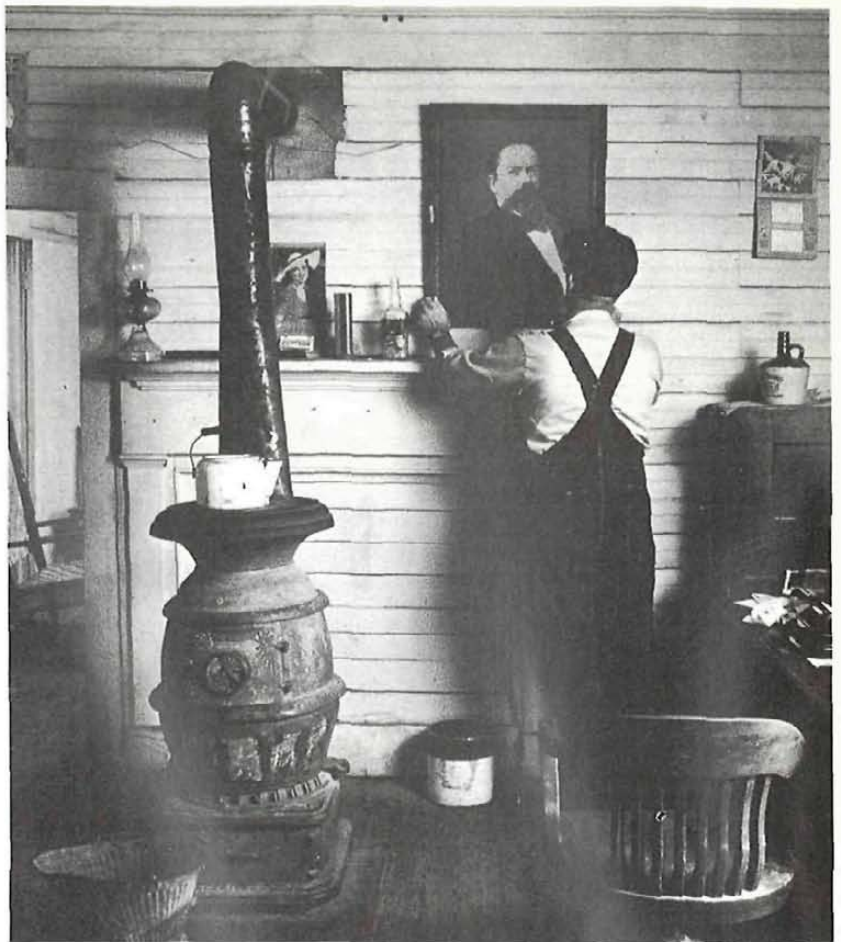
“Well, if you’d of took care of business at the drive-in in the first place, we wouldn’t of needed this plan at all.”

“That’s right, go ahead, make me the fall guy for the stupidity of the entire school. That’s okay, I’m used to it. Don’t worry about it. But I’ll tell you one thing, Bivens, the next time you come around to collect your 1 percent rake, you can *forget it*. Understand me? Handicappers are a dime a dozen, and there’s plenty of guys in the fifth grade that’ll do it for half the commission.”

“Well, I don’t think there’s gonna be any more commission, because Frankie told em everthing and this time I think they’re gonna believe him.”

That was one I hadn’t thought of, but I had no way of knowing the kind of chicken manure that was coming our way. First Miz Perryman whaled the tar out of about half of us—she let the first- and second-graders go, *as usual*—and then she sent us to the principal and we got stropped again. The principal was this ninety-year-old junior-high shop teacher named Mr. Vessle, and he wasn’t happy just to smack the fire out of us, he had to ask questions. Like “Just what did

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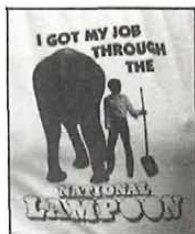
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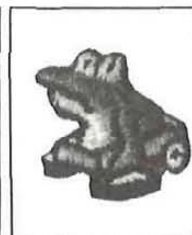


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you boys think you were going to do to that girl out there in the middle of the playground?"

Danny Bivens said, "I don't know."

"You don't know? You don't *know*?"

I've told Danny a thousand times never to say "I don't know" to a teacher cause that's the kind of reaction you always get.

"Well," said Mr. Vessle, "do you think if maybe I gave you fifteen or twenty more licks with this paddle then you would *know* next time?"

Danny said, "No, sir."

"What do you *mean*, 'No, sir'? Do you mean you'll *never* know the difference between right and wrong, or do you mean I need to hit you *more* than twenty times?"

Danny looked confused and didn't say nothin.

"I guess you don't have anything to say now, do you?" said Mr. Vessle.

"No, sir."

Sometimes I think Danny was born with ravioli for brains, cause he never *did* catch on to how all these conversations with the principal are fixed so they get you to say "No, sir" so then they can yell at you some more. So I figured I'd try to help Danny out.

"Mr. Vessle, if I could just have a moment of your time here, sir, I'd like to point out—"

"Briggs, *did* I give you permission to talk?"

Now see what he was doing there?

Danny would of fallen for that one, cause it was an obvious attempt to get me to say "No, sir" so he could hassle me some more. So I came back at him through the side door.

"I would prefer not to talk, sir, but I have some information that might clear

all this up and let us get back to the educational process."

"Oh, you *do*, do you?"

"Yes, sir." (See, if you can get into a position of saying "Yes, sir," then you got him.)

"All right, Briggs, what is this information?"

"Well, first of all, I'd like to point out that I was not personally involved in the incident. I did happen to be in the vicinity, cause I was going through my daily workout on the President Dwight D. Eisenhower Physical Fitness Course."

"I didn't think anybody ever used that stuff."

"Oh, yes, sir, some of us love the Ike equipment. It makes American youth strong."

"Okay, so what?"

"So I would just like to say that I saw most of the incident develop, and as an impartial witness I can say that Danny appeared to be trying to stop the fight and protect the girl's honor."

"Oh, you did?"

"Yes, sir." (You see how this goes once you take the bull by the horns?)

"Well, unfortunately for both of you guys, I'm afraid the matter is out of my hands. The parents have heard about this, and the girls' mothers are so upset that they're threatening to close the school unless we get some kind of explanation."

"Yes, sir," I said, "I can see how they'd want that, and they're *entitled* to an explanation."

I have to admit I was getting a little scared at this point.

"And you're going to *give* them an explanation. I want both of you at the gymnasium tomorrow night for the PTA meeting. All of the parents are coming, and they want answers."

Now I was ready to throw up.

I guess just about everybody in the county showed up at PTA that month, mainly cause deep down in their guts they wanted it to be true that there was a rape on the elementary school playground. Sheriff Nogales came by the house the afternoon before the meeting that night to talk to my parents, and thank God Daddy wasn't home from the dirt mines yet.

"Miz Briggs," the sheriff said, "it's our understanding that a young girl got molested on the playground yesterday and that your boy might be involved in some way."

"Joe Bob?"

"Yes, ma'am. We don't have all the pieces put together yet, but evidently the Wilks girl went through quite a psychological trauma, and we'd appreciate it if you'd have your boy over at the school tonight."

"I will, Sheriff, but I'm sure Joe Bob's not mixed up in anything like that."

At least my own mama trusted me.

Then after the sheriff left, Mama kicked me from one end of the house to the other end and kept hollering, "What the hell'd you do to that little girl?"

"Mama, she's not a *little* girl. Dede Wilks could bench-press a water buffalo."

That's when Mama drew blood.

Things got worse at the actual meeting. First the principal got up and made a long boring speech about how the school's ability to police the playground was severely handicapped by the failure to pass the recent bond issue and how blah blah blah educational process blah blah blah strong minds and strong bodies blah blah blah emphasis on discipline, both mental and physical blah blah blah trying to fill in the pieces blah take measures to avoid future incidents blah blah blah... and I thought he was gonna go on forever until Scrim Wilks stood up in the audience and said, "Well, did my little girl get diddled or not?"

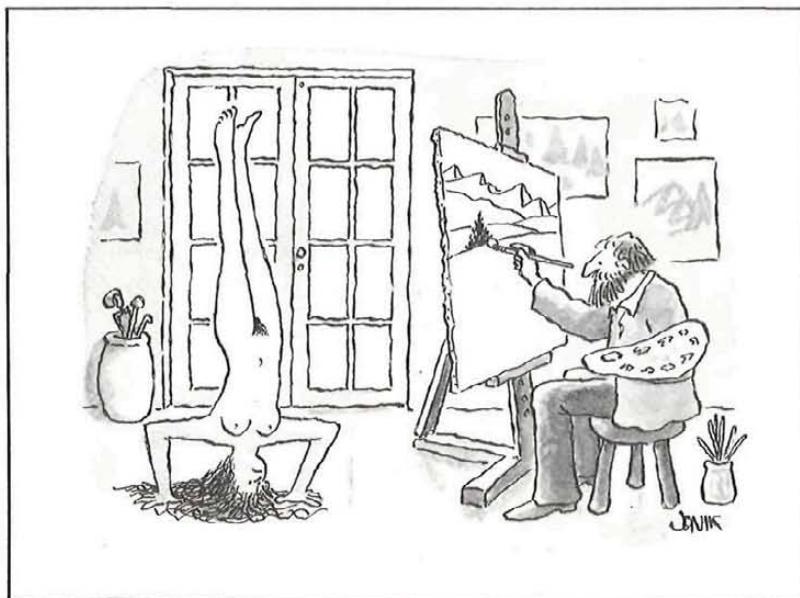
It can be durn scary when a room gets that quiet that fast.

"I believe we have a witness present," said Miz Perryman, and she stood up and yanked this little kid up by the shoulder and I about had a heart attack cause it was Frankie Sullivan and I could see the memories of every dogpile in history dancing through his brain. Frankie had a blank expression on his face, like he didn't know exactly where he was.

"Well, Frankie, go ahead," said Miz Perryman.

Frankie looked like he was gonna cry. He mumbled something but nobody could hear him.

"Frankie, you're going to have to speak up, honey."



continued on page 80

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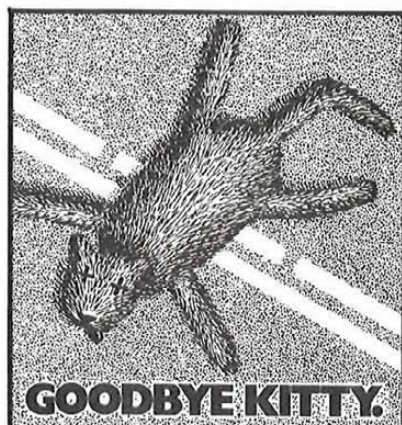
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continued from page 78

"Joe Bob did it."

I guess when I heard that I was ready to pack my bags and head for the Huntsville State Prison, cause I knew I was gonna be the first nine-year-old kid in history to get the lectric chair.

"Joe Bob did what, honey?"

"Joe Bob and Danny."

At least I'd have a cellmate.

"Darling, you're going to have to tell us what Joe Bob and Danny did."

"Joe Bob and Danny made..."

"Yes, dear?"

"Joe Bob and Danny made a pile..."

For a second I thought Frankie wasn't gonna go through with it.

"Joe Bob and Danny made a pile on me."

Several of the mothers in the audience made loud gasps like they were gonna fall down dead, and Danny's daddy was in the back of the room and I could hear him saying, "That's the most disgusting thing I've ever heard in my entire life."

Mr. Vessle was getting nervous, though, and so he turned off the microphone and went over to Miz Perryman and said, "What is this child talking about?" And Miz Perryman hesitated for a minute, and so he said, "That's what I thought. Now look, I don't want this pile being discussed any further at the PTA meeting, do you understand? We didn't come here to talk about a pile being deposited on this child."

"No, sir, we didn't." (When I heard Miz Perryman say "No, sir," I knew we had a chance.)

"Excuse me, Principal, I think I may be able to bring some light to bear on this." Old Miz Hennessey was asking for the floor.

"When I arrived at the scene," she said, "there were approximately two dozen boys roughhousing in the dirt with that poor girl. It appeared that they

were engaged in some kind of filthy sport."

"Can you be more specific?" said Vessle. "What do you mean 'sport'?"

"I conducted some very extensive questioning of one of the younger children involved, and I believe they were participating in some kind of wager."

Somebody stood up in the back row and screamed, "I heard there's gambling in the elementary school!"

This is what happens when they want to get you. You just start to get your good name cleared on one charge, and here they come after you on something else.

"My boy says the same thing." It was Mr. Shifton talking, and since Mr. Shifton only talks about once a year, everybody calmed down and listened to him.

"My boy didn't have nothin to eat for a whole week one time, and come to find out he was gamblin away all his lunch money."

This was an absolute lie if it's what Jimbo Shifton told his daddy, cause one thing I was always proud of was how, if you did binness with Joe Bob Briggs, you'd never go hungry. If you lost all your lunch money by morning recess, I'd throw a complimentary lunch your way. I probly bought more free lunches than any kid in the history of elementary school.

The principal stood back up and said, "Did Jimbo say what type of gambling was involved, Mr. Shifton?"

But Mr. Shifton just said "Nope" and set back down.

"I know what type of gambling it was."

It seems like once something like this gets started, everybody wants to get in the act. This time it was Molly Ragsdale's mama.

"Molly says that most of the boys in her class have been wagering on one of the older girls."

"Which class would that be, ma'am?"

"Miz Perryman. I understand it's been going on for some time."

Vessle was getting nervous again, but what the heck could he do? "And what type of wagering did you say it was?"

"I understand they would give bets to the Briggs boy."

I knew what this meant. If the governor pardoned me and I got off on the rape charges, I was going to federal prison for running a gambling operation.

"Is that true, Joe Bob?"

Vessle was staring me down, like he thought for some reason I had the answers to all these controversies.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Vessle, I can't deny it."

"Do you realize what a serious offense gambling is?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"And did you take all of Jimbo Shifton's money?"

"I don't see how that could be possible, sir, because all we were doing is pitching pennies. If my arithmetic is correct, Jimbo would have to lose 175 times in a row in order to lose all his lunch money for a week."

"Is that what you were doing? Pitching pennies?"

"Yes, sir, I do have to admit that we were. But with all due respect, sir, I think the matter of a possible sexual crime on the Dwight D. Eisenhower Fitness Course is what should be occupying our attention at the present time."

"Oh, you do, do you?"

"When are we gonna find out whether my girl got diddled or not?" Scrim yelled.

"Wait just a minute!" It was Miz Ragsdale again. "Molly described the gambling as having something to do with the rape victim."

"Mrs. Ragsdale," said Vessle, "we're all anxious to find out what happened, but I do think 'rape' is a rather strong word at this point."

"The boys were betting money on the size of that girl's bust line."

Everybody was a little startled when Miz Ragsdale said that, including Vessle, who said, "What?"

"That's what Molly said."

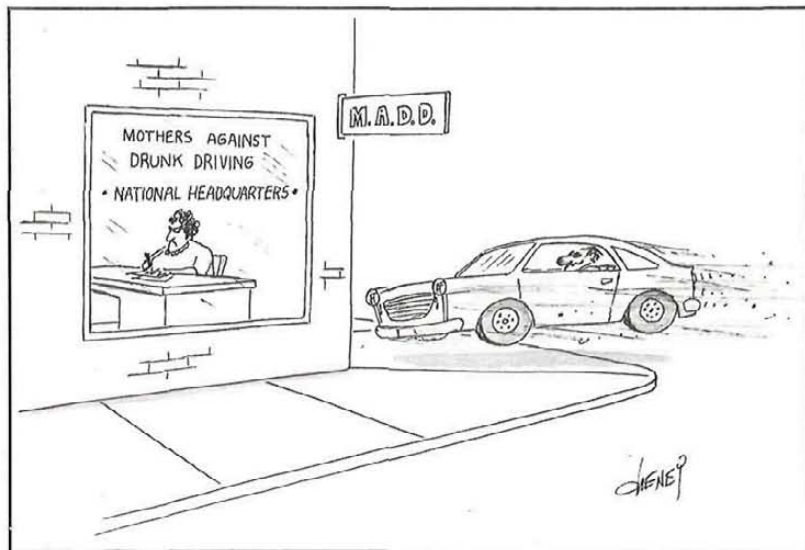
"Mrs. Ragsdale," Vessle said, "I don't think this is something we should be talking about at a public meeting unless it has some bearing on the alleged molestation."

"I'm just telling you what Molly said."

"All right." Vessle glared at me for a minute and I thought he was gonna ask me something, but he reconsidered and fixed on Danny.

"Danny Bivens, do you know anything about the Wilks girl?"

I could tell Danny was sweating this one, and I knew he was on the verge of saying "No, sir," and then Vessle would have him by the gazebos. Danny was



all tore up inside and afraid of going to Huntsville with me and he thought everything might be riding on this one answer. He cleared his throat two or three times.

"Yes, sir."

I couldn't believe it.

"And what *do* you know about the Wilks girl?" said Vessle.

"I know she has a... a glandular problem."

I don't guess I've ever been prouder of a person in my life than I was of Danny at that moment. As soon as he said "glandular," all the fathers started buzzing in the back, whispering to one another to try to find out what we were talking about. Vessle turned beet-red. A few of the mothers gasped again. In the temporary confusion, I leaned over to Danny and grabbed him by the arm and said, "By the way, did you check em?"

Danny looked back at me and grinned. "We *all* checked em."

"I wanna know if my girl got diddled!"

Scrim Wilks was obviously gonna be our biggest obstacle to getting loose on this one.

"I agree with you, Mr. Wilks," said Vessle. "Now I think the best thing to do at this point is move away from this gambling issue entirely..."

Thank you, God.

"... and address the molestation issue."

"It *wasn't* no molly-station."

At first I didn't recognize the voice, it come from so far away, but then everybody turned around and I turned with em and there in the back doorway of the gym was Dede Wilks. Here she was, ready to accuse me of rape in front of God, the school, and all creation.

"Excuse me," said Vessle, "but I thought we agreed the girl shouldn't be subjected to this."

"If she wants to talk," said Scrim, "let her talk."

"All right, Dede, why don't you walk down front so we can hear you."

Dede didn't just *walk* down front. Dede never just *walked* anywhere. The way Dede moved down to the front of the gym, she could of rewrote the Gettysburg Address with her rear end. When Dede finally turned around, I leaned over to Danny Bivens and said, "40DD + 1C."

Vessle said, "What do you have to tell us, Dede?"

"I just wanted to say that I have a set of trick titties."

What I heard next was this sound that I never heard any time in my life before or since and I'll do my best to try to describe it. It was sort of like all the air being let out of the Goodyear Blimp at once so that it creates a complete vacuum and the world's biggest explosion at the same time. I can't remember whether it was the loudest room or the quietest room I've ever been in, and I

wouldn't of known anyway cause Danny Bivens and me were down under our chairs rolling around with the veins sticking out on our heads and gasping for breath and trying to regain our vision and hearing. I would say it took about fifteen minutes to restore order to the room, and even then they had to put cold packs on Scrim Wilks so he wouldn't pass out again.

"Now, Dede," Vessle finally said, "I want to ask you one question at a time, and I don't want you to volunteer any further information. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," Dede said.

"Did anything happen to you on the playground yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please describe what happened."

I leaned over and told Danny I'd see him in Huntsville.

"Me and some of the boys exercised by the Climbing Tower."

"What do you mean by 'exercised'?"

"Exercise is what you do on the Dwight D. Eisenhower Physical Fitness Course."

Somewhere in heaven I saw a little light shine on my innocent head.

"But what *else* happened yesterday? Why were all of you on the ground, soiling your clothing?"

"Oh yeah, I forgot. Some people were doing Geronimos off the Climbing Tower and they knocked us down."

"Geronimos?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you're saying that all that happened is you got knocked down?"

"Yes, sir."

Vessle wasn't buying it.

"Now listen to me, Dede, I want you to tell us the exact truth, and I want you to tell us *everything* you know about this. This is a very serious matter. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Do you know anything about wagering on your trick... wagering on your bust line?"

"No, sir."

"Now, think very hard, Dede." Vessle stared over at me. "Think very hard about whether you've ever seen anyone taking money from the other children when you were around."

"Well, there *was* one time, but I don't know what it means."

I knew she was laying for me, I just didn't know when it was coming.

"And when was that?"

"Almost every day Slophead Frammolino would stand out—"

"Dede, are you speaking of Stephen Frammolino?"

"Yes, sir. Stephen Frammolino. Every day he would stand out on the road as I was coming in to school and he would stare at my bosoms, and then later I would see him get some money from the first-graders."

"Do you know the names of any of these first-graders?"

"Yes, sir. One of em was Jimbo Shifton."

I couldn't hardly believe it. Vessle was so happy to have a solution to the whole deal that he wrapped it up in about five minutes after that. Then when Dede was leaving, she looked right at me as she passed and I stared back at her and said, "Hey, Dede, see you at the drive-in."

Dede turned red, and I said, "No charge."

Then Scrim came and got her and I turned and looked at Danny Bivens and said, "You know, I could marry that girl some day."

Slophead Frammolino got expelled for gambling at school, which just goes to prove a great truth about this country of ours, which is: *Education is our greatest asset, but some people squander it through their own immaturity.* ■



"Oh! He must be sick."

continued from page 57

cab and rode just a few blocks to Elaine's, a show-biz haunt on Second Avenue where Mary said no one would bother us. Mary was greeted warmly by Elaine, and introduced me. "Elaine, this is Larry David, the man I was telling you about."

"Hello," I said excitedly. "Is this the place that Woody Allen comes to?"

We were directed to a corner table, but just before we got there Mary wormed her way in front of me and took the good celebrity-watching seat. Her eyes sparkled as she surveyed the room. She seemed more relaxed and comfortable than at any time since we had met, although for some strange reason I was feeling a bit out of sorts. Perhaps it was because Mary had the good seat, or maybe it was that scowl Elaine had given me when I mentioned Woody Allen. Whatever the reason, I sure didn't feel like my old self. "Lar," broached Mary, "have you given much thought as to what you want to do after your unemployment runs out?"

"Yes," I replied. "I think I'd like to be a talk-show host."

"I can see that," she said pleasantly. "I think you'd be very good at that."

"Either that or be a scout for one of the NBA teams."

"That sounds interesting, too," she said. "Do you know a lot about

basketball?"

"Well," I answered, "I watch it on TV."

"So how would you go about becoming a scout?"

"I don't know," I replied. "I think I would probably go to Madison Square Garden and try to talk to the coach or somebody."

"Uh-huh."

"Is this boring?" I asked.

"No, not at all."

"It's just that I get uncomfortable talking about myself."

"Oh God," she sighed, squeezing my hand, "you're so different from most of the people I know. You're so real." Just then Dudley Moore, Senator Kennedy, and Helen Hayes came over to the table to say hello. They'd obviously been drinking, and after Mary introduced us, Senator Kennedy made a glib remark about my haircut which I didn't find the least bit funny but which they all found quite hilarious, especially Mary, who was laughing the loudest. Following that, Helen Hayes made a nasty crack about my (Lloyd's?) sport jacket. Again the four of them roared with laughter. Mary was laughing so hard she had to hold onto Senator Kennedy's arm for support. Then Dudley Moore took a gulp of my water and fired off a jet stream between his two front teeth, zapping me in the eyes.

As I was being mocked and spat on, all I could think about was Mary. She seemed so different with these people. And then suddenly it hit me. It was all wrong between us. The age difference, the religious difference, no children, all the commotion, even being called "Mr. Moore" were all obstacles we could have overcome in time. But I realized now that Mary belonged to a world that I could never be a part of, just as she could never be a part of my world—watching movies on cable at Lloyd's house, eating at the Blarney Stone, playing the \$20,000 Pyramid. She was happiest here, with her beloved show people, and I didn't have the right—yes, the *right*—to interfere.

I knew I had to end it, but I'd already shot my mouth off like an idiot and told her that I would never be the one to leave. Never one to go back on my word, I waited until she got up to go to the bathroom, whereupon I ducked out of there so fast...

On the subway back to Brooklyn, I began to have second thoughts about what had happened. Maybe I should have told her how I felt. Who knows, she might have quit the business. By the time I reached Sheepshead Bay, though, I had no doubts that I'd made the right decision. It could never have worked. She was much too short. ■

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The nuclear family would disintegrate. Nuclear war. Armageddon. New Jersey provided something both unique and necessary. A vacation to New Jersey was not just a short holiday to soak up some sun and sex. A vacation to New Jersey was a vacation from yourself. The only other experience of its kind—a lobotomy—provided no return. The state had to be saved.

Oral Roberts had taken the stage and was welcoming Debbie and me to Ass-Anon. "Would you like to give testimony?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, marching to the stage. I didn't talk about being a fat-ass lover. (In fact, I wasn't particularly interested in rear views myself, preferring generosity in other areas.) I couldn't expect a group of people drawn together merely through sexual preference to understand the importance of rim jobs to Ridgeway, let alone grasp the whole cultural crisis at stake. Instead I spoke of the freedom to love fat asses anywhere, anytime. "So maybe you'll be allowed to fuck your spouses and dogs," I told them. "But who's to say you'll be allowed to do that after New Jersey is gone? Don't you see it's all a plot? A conspiracy? Do you really believe President Schlafly is going to allow you to butt-fuck your dog? Why,

she got her poodle a colostomy just to make sure her husband couldn't cheat on her. She's gonna jail the feminists in New Jersey and then it's back to prohibition. No more French films, no more Bo Derek. No more patting your wife's tush. No more sex three times a week. Don't you know she's got a smiley face where her cunt should be?

"And what about all this monogamy shit? Who in the audience is *really* monogamous? I can see several faces out there I know to be fuckers, and good ones." Oral glanced nervously at his wife, but she was concentrating so hard she was sitting on her hands. "Are the other sentient beings we share the earth with monogamous? What makes you think you are any different from the other furry mammals? You fuck your wife, you fuck your dog. Is there a difference? I'll bet each and every one of you would rather fuck your neighbor sitting right next to you than fuck your skinny-assed dogs. What kind of freedom is that? You've got nothing but an illusion of freedom. An illusion that will quickly come to an end the moment Phyllis Schlafly takes over New Jersey. It's not just New Jersey that's at stake here. It's not even your own self-respect. What's at stake here is the American Dream. The American way of life." I paused.

"There is only one answer, and I call upon fat-ass lover Oral Roberts, Junior to carry it out. That answer is assassination."

After a horrifying moment of silence, the applause began. Oral was surrounded by asses clothed in all colors of the rainbow, just like the asses in his dream. Only this time they were joyous, hopeful asses. Asses with a future.

That night the plans were laid, and at dawn Oral launched his rowboat, full of provisions and love, bound for Washington, D.C. We all stood on the shore, waving and weeping (especially his wife) over the fantastic and dangerous new mission he'd undertaken. We prayed he would accomplish his task posthaste and be returned safely to us. It had been a long, hard night preparing Oral for the journey, and, though tired, we were happy, and many of us were impatient to try out our newfound friendships. Debbie was already beckoning me to light her cigarette as she pumped over the old elephant fucker's face, completely burying him in her tremendous tail.

As Oral Roberts turned his boat leeward, I saw that my fresh paint job was holding up despite the chum, proclaiming in bright red letters: NEW JERSEY IS A STATE OF MIND. ■



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