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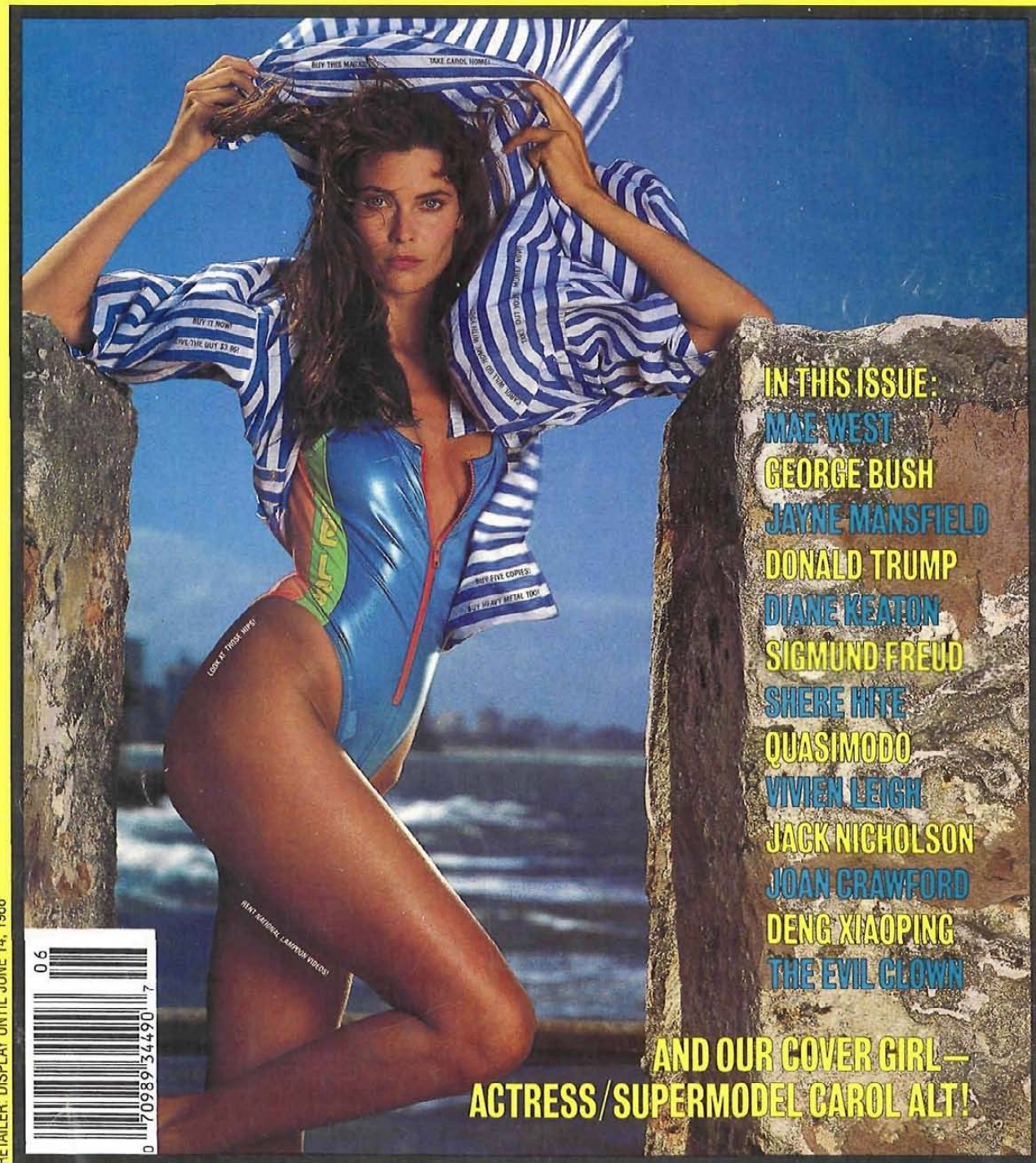
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JUNE 1988

THE BIMONTHLY HUMOR MAGAZINE

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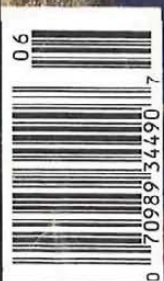


IN THIS ISSUE:

- MAE WEST
- GEORGE BUSH
- JAYNE MANSFIELD
- DONALD TRUMP
- DIANE KEATON
- SIGMUND FREUD
- SHERE KITE
- QUASIMODO
- VIVIEN LEIGH
- JACK NICHOLSON
- JOAN CRAWFORD
- DENG XIAOPING
- THE EVIL CLOWN

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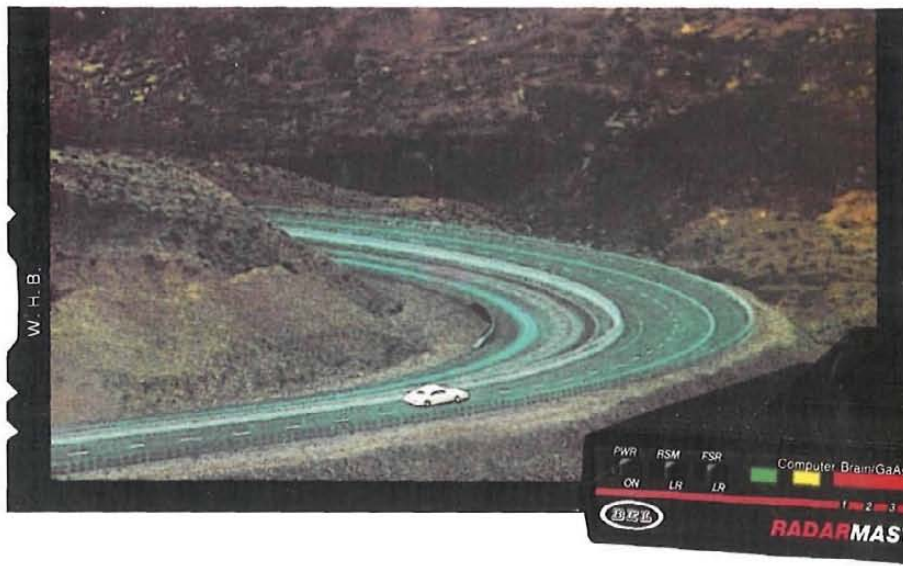
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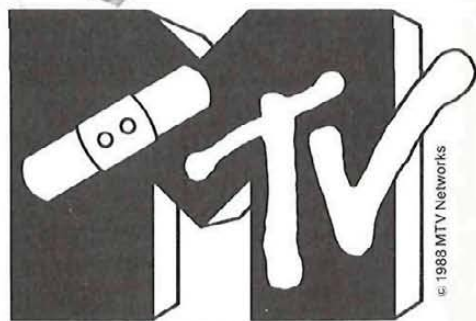
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CONTENTS

Editorial 6

Letters from the Editors 8

**Making a Mountain Out of a Molehill
by Giving It a Name 8**

By Dave Hanson and Diane Giddis

Zen Bastard 12

By Paul Krassner

Drinking Tips and Other War Stories 14

By Michael Simmons

True Facts 16

Edited by John Bendel

**A Few Cruel and Unusual Tortures That Women
Perpetrate on Men 22**

By Gena Giobbi

Yellow Journal 23

**The Thinking Person's Guide to
Psychotherapy 29**

By Neil Evan Handwerker and Andrew Tallmer

Sex Pages 35

Illustrated by Jeff Wong

**Robert Chambers's *How to Have Your Way with
Women* 36**

By Dave Hanson

Great Moments in Sex 38

By Ed Bluestone

Illustrated by Frank Springer

Nicholson Sensitivity Training (NST) 42

By Lance Contrucci

Parabacillus's Night Out 46

By Larry Sloman and Ed Subitzky

The Elements of Style 47

By Derek Pell

The New Erogenous Zone 51

By Gerard Jones

Illustrated by Patrick Piggott and Jim Ryan

The Incomplete Guide to Sex 55

By Larry Sloman and Ed Subitzky

Illustrated by Peter D. Fasolino, Beata Szpura,
and Joe Bartos

Evil Clown Comics: Weekend Rampage 63

By Nick Bakay

Illustrated by Alan Kupperberg

Bennington's Dream Life 68

By Mark Walters

Illustrated by Joe Coleman

Sex Cartoons 72

By Rodrigues

**Three Men of the Eighties: Trump, Gotti,
and Bush 76**

By Andy Simmons

Illustrated by Stephen Sweny

**Nude with the Wind: Ted Turner Goes One Step
Beyond Colorization 80**

By Larry Sloman and Ed Subitzky

Date Telephone Prompter 84

By Michael Corcoran

Funny Pages 87

By Buddy Hickerson and Mike Stanfill

Harvey Pekar and Donald Simpson

Shary Flenniken

M. Marek

Rodrigues

Tom Hachtman

Wang. We Speak Your Language 100

By Gerard Jones

The Personals 114

By David Hanson

**Scattered Quotes Compiled by Tuli Kupferberg
and Louis Phillips**

Cover photograph by Kal

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EDITORIAL

by Shere Hite,
author of *The Hite Report*
and *Women and Love*

When the boss handed down the order to do a sizzling summer sex issue, we responded in the usual way: we put down our Sports Illustrateds and said, "Summer? Already?" Then we decided that, with sex on everyone's minds these days (as opposed to in the seventies, when it was on their breath), we owed it to our readers to assign the editorial to a sexual sociologist of the highest order, someone who could discuss from a historical perspective the socio-sexual infrastructures of Western civilization, as well as having a burrowing insightfulness into the social commotion wrought by the cascading sexual reform of the last three decades. Since Joan Collins didn't return our calls, we had Shere Hite write it.

When I was asked to write this guest editorial, I was delighted. This was a chance to share with *National Lampoon's* readers—traditionally a demographic sector which has not yet enlightened itself by reading my books—the bounty of my characteristically objective unbiased research, as well as my groundbreaking

opinions in the so-often misunderstood field of human sexuality. Let's get to it:

Sex is different things to each gender, both women and pigs.

- To a woman, sex is a beautiful, glorious experience, a time of sharing, a wonderful activity which should be preceded by weeks or months of beautiful, meaningful communication, as well as hugging, cuddling, and snuggling, and day after precious day of partner-sensitive foreplay. Sex to a woman should be a lingering honeybucket of touching and tenderness, followed by several hours of afterplay, several weeks of heartfelt communication, and a prolonged period of sharing household chores.

- To a man, sex is also a beautiful thing, but only when it's on his terms: when it involves the arbitrary sexing of his twenty-two-year-old honey-blond receptionist, an encounter in which he can showcase his insensitivity and self-centered brutish scum-facedness and his consuming instinct to cheapen and degrade women and expunge his feelings of inadequacy and guilt and hatred for his parents.

- To a guy who's down to reading the editorial page, sex is an abstract concept,

an unobtainable, distant commodity, a vague memory at best, although it was probably just something from a dream so you really don't count in my research, except I'm sure you're a time bomb of woman-hating just waiting for a chance to go off.

- To a woman reading the editorial page, what you recall about sex is the reason you are at home alone now: sex is too vivid a memory of being baited into a degrading physical encounter with a disgusting, swarthy, awful man (i.e., any man other than my husband).

- To me, sex is wonderful, because I've discovered the secret of female sexual fulfillment.

My life partner is young—very, very young. I don't know his age exactly, because I haven't asked him, and I was embarrassed about counting the candles on his birthday cake, but because he is so young and pure, he is uncorrupted by the evils that make full-grown men so contemptible.

He doesn't have any of that ugly, disgusting hair on his back or shoulders or chest, although he is getting a little on his legs, which is very cute.

continued on page 96

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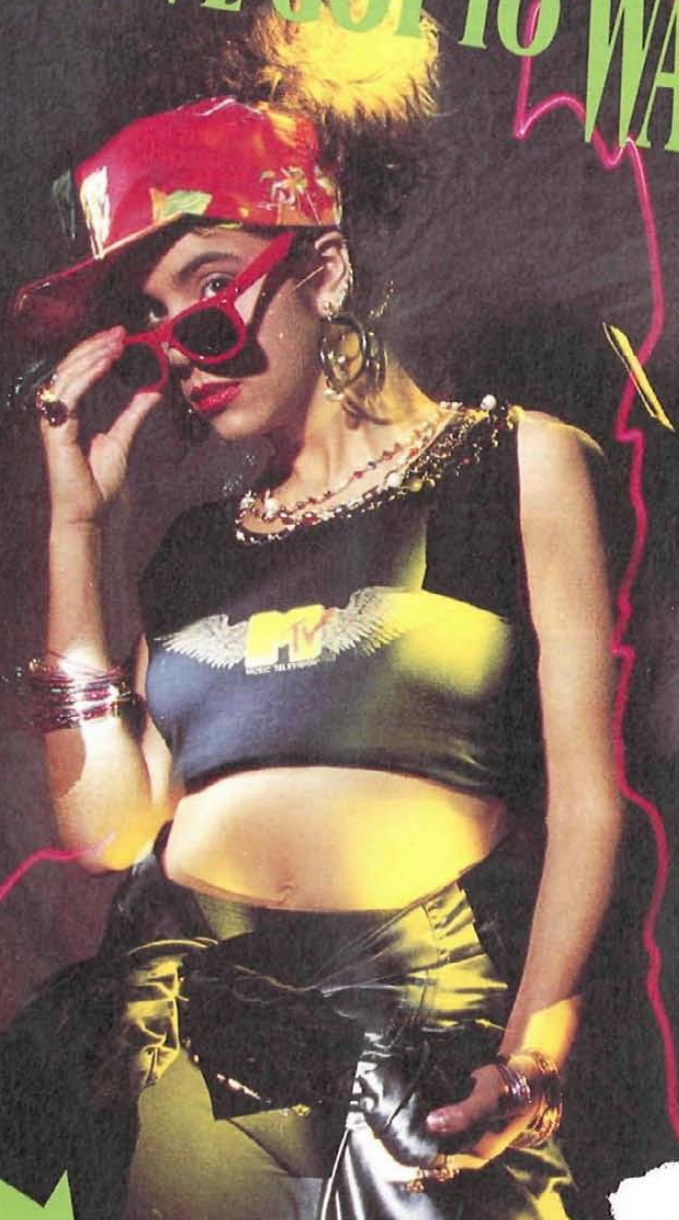
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LETTERS



Sirs:
You liberated American bitches don't stand a chance against an Asian tradition of complete submission, female inferiority, and bound feet.

Mrs. Kyoko Smith
What would have been your designer living room Greenwale, L.I.

Sirs:
Anyone got another rhyme for "groove"?

Madonna
Diligently working on a new LP Malibu, Calif.

Sirs:
The government is going about this cocaine crackdown all wrong. Cutting it off at the source is never going to work. In economics class we were taught that if the demand falls off, production and prices fall accordingly. So the government should just convince everyone not to use cocaine; then the cocaine dealers will have no one but a few hard-core cokeheads to sell it to and the price will drop to about five dollars a pound.

Great idea, huh? Tell them to do it quick, before I blow the rest of my student loan.

"White Line" MacKenzie
UCLA

Sirs:
It's got nothin' to do with juice color. A Slurpee's got much littler granules and always has a paper cone. A Slush Puppie's got big chunks and gives me bad cold headaches.

Joe Garagiola
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
If she pokes me one more time in my soft, pliant, vulnerable tummy, it's curtains for that bitch! I'm a man. I have needs. I have desires. I have a large kitchen knife.

The Pillsbury Dough Boy
Looking for a little respect

Sirs:
My husband is a ventriloquist. I started innocently enough. He spoke out of his dummy. Fine. Next thing you know, though, there he is speaking out of people's hats, sandwiches, you name it. Let me tell you, I'm embarrassed to leave the house. My life has become a living hell. Uh—what? Oh...my Afghan wants me to make some tea.

Mrs. Doris Roseman
Living Hell, N.J.

Sirs:
People just aren't as interesting as they used to be.

Cathy Lee Crosby,
John Davidson,
and Fran Tarkenton
The cast of That's Incredible! watching thirtysomething

Sirs:
Introducing my newest fashion breakthrough—socks! That's right, the classic look of the American sock: unadorned, uncomplicated, and a return to the tradition of men putting them on their feet.

Ralph Lauren
The Hamptons, N.Y.

Sirs:
If only I had taken that *Playboy* centerfold instead.

The Sun-Maid Raisin Lady
Reassessing Her Career Oakland, Calif.

Sirs:
"Qué pasa?"
"Qué pasa?!!" I look out the window all day, that's what *pasa*. It's my damn job now, that's what. Sit in little chair and look out window. Go look at lottery number again.

"Time to look out the window again, my little friend..." I hated Montalban. Now he's in my head....

Herve Villechaize
Fantasy Trailer Court Sarasota, Fla.

Making a Mountain Out of a Molehill by Giving It a Name

NOW IT'S:

NOT THAT LONG AGO IT WAS:

chemical dependency	drug addiction
cost-effective	economical
pasta	spaghetti; noodles
cocooning	vegetating
gourmet deli	corner grocery
disposable income	take-home pay
Type A personality	hothead
party animal	raucous drunk
networking	socializing; telephoning
parenting	raising kids
calamari	squid
faux	fake
reduction in staff	firing or layoff
journalist	newsreader
perfectionist	fussbudget
gentrification	taking over slums
modular interior storage unit	shelf
grazing	nibbling on appetizers
flatware	knives and forks
Epstein-Barr virus	sluggishness
convenience store	the five-and-dime
alternate lifestyle	weirdness

"If God had intended us not to masturbate, He would have made our arms shorter."

—George Carlin

Brit Shtick

The Final Rip-Off: Two Hours of Python's Pithiest In One Absurdly Generous Double LP Package

RETURN WITH US NOW TO THOSE GLORIOUS DAYS OF THE SPANISH Inquisition. Recall the Constitutional Peasant, the Travel Agent, the Undertaker, the Four Yorkshiremen. Are you embarrassed easily? No? Then sit on my face, if you would. Afterward, savor Spam, then wash it down with an Australian Table Wine. Experience Cannibalism. Relive the Argument. Laugh again with the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah

Advertisement

Band—scratch that, wrong album. Take a course in remedial Novel Writing. Sing once more the songs of Finland, Henry Kissinger, the Lumberjack, and Eric the Half-a-Bee. Apply for a Fish License. Revisit the Cheese Shop, the Cherry Orchard, the Swamp Castle, and the Cocktail Bar. (Nudge nudge, wink wink.) Remember Bruce? Do Wot John? Trade insults and swap snot with the French Taunter. Take the Famous Person Quiz—Marilyn Monroe? Sorry, that's not it. Sit in the Comfy Chair with a dead Parrot. Better yet, sit on my face again. Have kinky sex, making use of String, Bells, a Crocodile, Traffic Signals, or other objects found in the home. Do not smoke Rock Notes. And finally, mind your mum—she knows what's best.

Billy and Albert: Now They Know How Many Jokes It Takes To Fill The Albert Hall

SCOTLAND ISN'T GENERALLY THOUGHT OF AS A LAND OF HILARITY, but England's neighbor to the north does in fact have a rich comic tradition—the problem is, how can anyone but a fellow Scotsman possibly understand the punchlines through the impenetrable burr?

Advertisement

In the Seventies, however, after making the necessary concessions to the King's English, Scottish comedian Billy Connolly scored an historic breakthrough, delighting—and often shocking—English audiences with his irreverent, comprehensibly ethnic monologues. Now, at long last, Americans can discover for themselves what's so darned funny about Connolly and his screwy, skewering sensibility. *Billy and Albert*—An LP recorded live during a six-night stand at London's Royal Albert Hall. The album provides an ample introduction to a multifaceted bloke who's liable to do for Scotland what Paul Hogan has done for Australia. Y'see, Connolly is not only a brilliant comedian, he's also a veteran singer/songwriter and recording artist, star of stage, screen and telly, playwright, devoted bicyclist, and celebrated nude pinup. Bottoms up, then, Billy—we read you loud and clear.

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Sirs:

You just can't beat the bustle and energy of a busy supermarket. Crowded aisles. Stacks of canned goods. Peaceful Muzak. And a million ways to cop a feel.

Mr. Whipple
Roaming the dairy section

Sirs:

Christ's dog died for your dog's sins.
The Dog Bible
Your kitchen floor

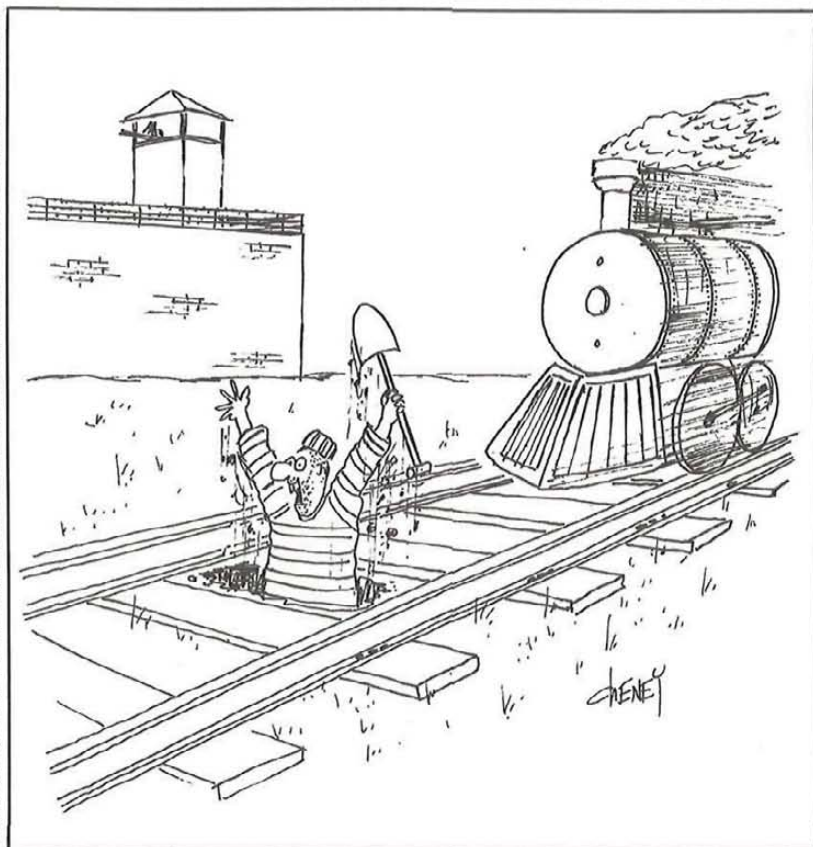
Sirs:

My own thought concerning that which is at the center (not, paradoxically, the center itself, but that which has its center elsewhere) of your magazine's comic totality is, precisely, although representative of coherence, ultimately contradictorily coherent and as such constituted upon a fundamental comic immobility whose desired approach is, and I mean this, not an affirmation. Keep it up!

Jacques Derrida
École Normale Supérieure
Paris

Sirs:

To Ur is human. Tutankhamen divine.
Ancient Egyptian
Graffiti Artist
Cairo, Egypt



Sirs:

I am not only the president of a hair club for men, I'm also a client.

Jack Lord
Big Coif, Hawaii

Sirs:

We can't believe how funny everyday life is! The other day we were all buying a can of pop when suddenly the cans all seemed to explode as we opened them, and the pop sprayed all over us. Someone must have shaken the cans up before we bought them. It was so funny, we were laughing about it for hours!

The Writers for
The Wil Shriner Show
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Can I come out now?...Please, oh please, don't lock me in my room again and turn out the lights....It scares me....I see strange things....I feel so helpless.... Is George out there? IS HE?!?...NO!... NO!...NOOOOOOOOO!

Lou Piniella
Baseball winter meetings

Sirs:

Goddammit, if I'd known I was going to get caught, at least I would have copped a feel.

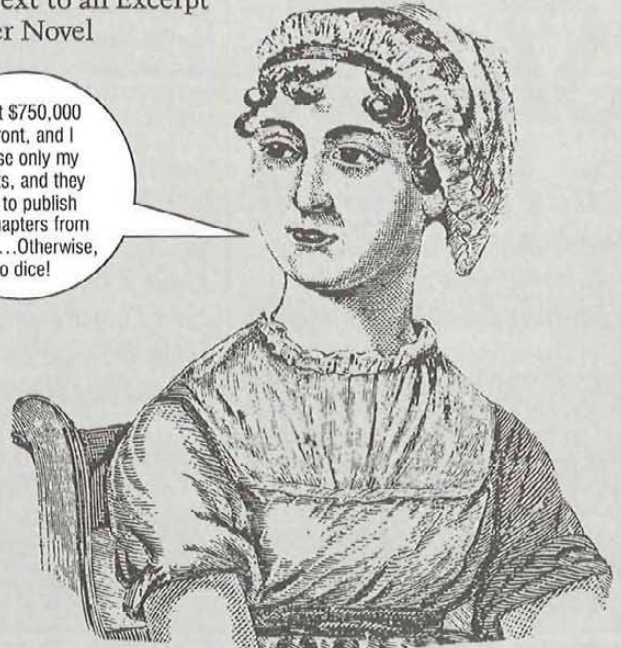
Jimmy Swaggart
Palm Beach, Fla.

Great Moments in Literary History

by Louis Phillips

Jane Austen Mulls Over an Offer from *Playboy* to Pose Nude Next to an Excerpt from Her Novel

I want \$750,000 up front, and I expose only my breasts, and they have to publish two chapters from *Emma*....Otherwise, no dice!



Sirs:

Ah me, the humble charm of our little tree house. The smell of baking cookies, the peaceful isolation of the forest, and all those children we have strapped to bondage saddles.

The Keebler Elves
The Black Forest

Sirs:

Lordy, the glory and efficiency of a slaughterhouse. The smell of rotting matter, the occasional geyser of blood, and the make-out room up on the third floor.

Frank Perdue
Bachelor Land

Sirs:

Your problem is you have a bad attitude. I could make you a winner if you'd only listen to me. Are you willing to pay the price? Are you hungry? Can you bench-press four hundred pounds? Can you—Hey! Don't you walk away from me! Goddammit, if I had an earthly body I'd crack you right on the noggin! That's right, son, I'd slam you right across the windpipe! I'd... I'd...

Coach Woody Hayes
*Doomed to wander the earth
and be ignored*
continued on page 22



e-z for you

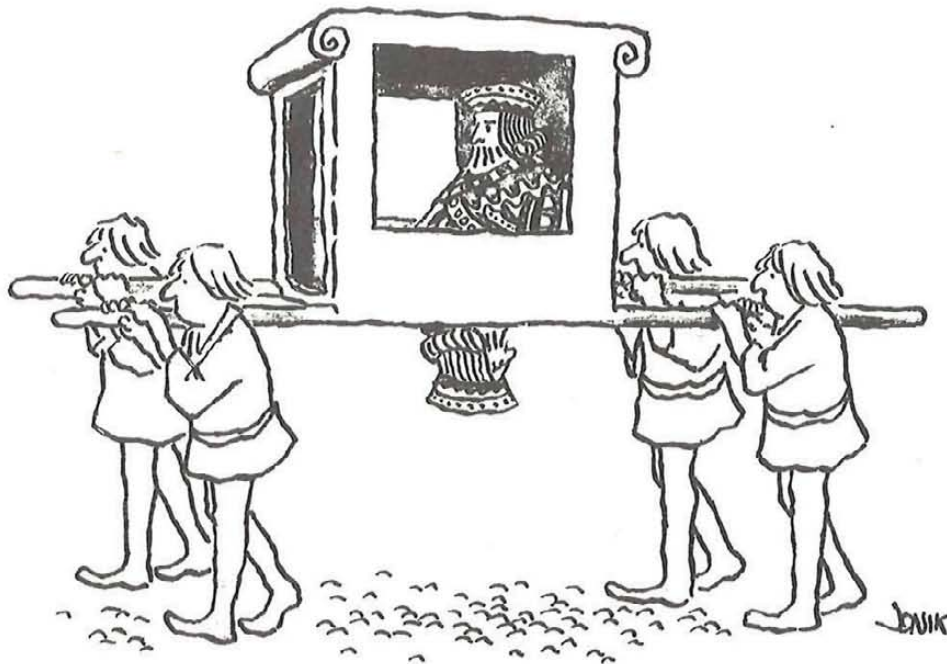
For some people, everything comes easy. Even the way they roll a cigarette. All it takes is a little twist and a flick of the wrist. And nothing else fits better...than e-z wider:



e-z wider cigarette rolling papers.

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The world's easiest way to roll a cigarette.



"The number of women who flirt with their own husbands is scandalous. It is simply washing their clean linen in public."
—Oscar Wilde

ZEN BASTARD

by Paul Krassner



Adventures in Safe Sex

When I first heard about the Safe Sex Society, I decided to go to their offices. It turned out to be an apartment, and the Society was just one individual, an extended adolescent, well-informed and articulate, who calls himself Onan the Great. Naturally, my interview began with a question about his name.

Q. Did you get Onan from the Old Testament?

A. That's right. I feel that it is better to spill your seed than to risk your life.

Q. Are you referring to AIDS?

A. Yes. I think AIDS has put a definite end to the sexual revolution. We've all seen those public service commercials on TV where they tell you that when you go to bed with somebody, you are also going to bed with everybody that they've ever been to bed with, plus everybody they've ever been to bed with. It's sort of like Malthusian paranoia. Where does it end? Does it go all the way back to Adam and Eve? If I have an itch in my crotch, could it have been caught from their fig leaves in some kind of weird time warp? All I'm saying is, the sexual pleasure is simply not worth the tension of unknowable risks anymore.

Q. And so what is the specific purpose of your Safe Sex Society?

A. Triple-S has an 800 telephone number. Anyone, anywhere in the country, can call me anytime, day or night, and if they are tempted to indulge in unsafe sex, I try to talk them out of it.

Q. How do you do that?

A. The main thing is, I urge them to masturbate. I believe that *real* self-abuse is having intercourse with somebody *else*, because at least when you play with yourself there's no danger—I mean, you know, not unless you use sandpaper or something like that.

Q. I assume you practice what you preach?

A. Of course. I am not a hypocrite.

Q. Well, is it a big sacrifice for you? Did you have a rich sex life before you started this crusade?

A. Absolutely. In fact, I was bisexual,

so I happen to be giving up twice as much as most people.

Q. Were you fairly promiscuous?

A. God, yes. I used to go to gay bathhouses where they had those glory holes. You would just stick your dick through this, like, knothole in the wall, and then some stranger's mouth on the other side would give you a blowjob. Now *that* was safe sex—safe from relationships, that is. You'd never even see the guy, although I'm positive I once recognized one fellow from a previous occasion just by the touch of his tongue. But as a bisexual I was well aware of the double standard. I could never go to a *hetero* glory hole. They just did not exist.

Q. If you can't see the person blowing you, what difference would it make if it's male or female?

A. I am a very visual person. Just as I get turned on by physical beauty, I also get turned on in different ways by each gender. It's just my own personal blending of fantasy and reality. It would make me feel schizophrenic to be blown by a masculine mouth while experiencing the feminine mystique, or vice versa. I need to be in harmony.

Q. I suppose that you're in favor of pornography?

A. Yes, not only on a philosophical and moral level, but also on a business basis. I support the Safe Sex Society with my mail-order porn business. I have an extremely rare item for sale right now. I recently acquired a print of a porn flick starring Traci Lords.

Q. I thought it was against the law to sell any movie with her in it because she was underage when they were made.

A. Ah, but she turned eighteen *during* the filming of this one. Which is why I can sell only the second half of the videotape. That's the only part that's legal.

Q. What about the use of condoms?

A. Are you kidding? Did you know that the United States government imposes no quality control whatsoever on the manufacturers of condoms? Oh, sure, the Food and Drug Administration can *test* condoms, but eleven out of more than a hundred batches of condoms manufactured in America failed to pass the FDA tests for leakage, and *thirty* out of a hundred batches of condoms imported from other countries failed those tests. What kind of odds are those? You have a greater chance of wearing a condom that might break than you have of winning the state lottery.

Q. Yeah, but doesn't the FDA then *stop* those defective condoms from being sold?

A. No. There was a batch of condoms that had deteriorated in the warehouse, even though the expiration date of the spermicide coating was not until November 15, 1990. But the FDA didn't discover this. Researchers in California universities discovered it. Some of the condoms broke when they were being removed



from their packaging. But 7,500 condoms from that batch had already been sold. I'll tell you, I'm not a gambler myself, but I predict that *somebody* is going to sue a condom company for gross negligence. It's like playing rubber roulette.

Q. Are you disturbed by the display of casual sex in the media?

A. I certainly am. Look at that TV show *Moonlighting*. Bruce Willis makes it with Cybill Shepherd in this sudden burst of passion—you would never know there was a worldwide health crisis going on. And what about that movie *Moonstruck*, where Cher pops right into bed with this baker guy she never even met before. It's presenting dangerous behavior as socially acceptable.

Q. So do you go out on dates at all now?

A. No, I just stay home and beat my own meat. You don't have to shave, or if you're a woman, you don't have to put on makeup, you don't have to get all dressed up. You don't have to take yourself to dinner and a movie first so that you won't think you just want yourself for your body. You know your own rhythm, your own areas of sensitivity. You can avoid performance anxiety. You never have to fake a climax. You can even stop in the middle to watch David Letterman do his Top Ten list and nobody gets insulted.

Q. But don't you think there is something a little sad about all this kind of self-involvement?

A. Well, I have never been rejected by a centerfold. But you're right, there *can* be something sad, which I realized with this issue of *Penthouse* magazine. [He picks up a copy of *Penthouse* from his coffee table.] I was trying to decide which photo spread to jerk off to. At first I thought it would be Crissy "Bo" Bozlee. Here, you can see, she's a very sultry brunette. Except that she is [reading] "the favorite pinup of Oliver North's favorite band of counterrevolutionaries—the so-called Democratic Resistance of Nicaragua, otherwise known as the *contras*."

Q. And why was that a conflict for you?

A. If I had actually come onto her pages, it would have been like fraternizing with the enemy, since politically I happen to be a strong supporter of the Sandinista government, which was elected by the people. But I have to admit it was a conflict, because I got horny from her statement "It's tremendously exciting to feel a machine gun going off in your hands. It's almost like an orgasm."

Q. So what did you finally decide to do?

A. I chose Krista Pflanzler. [Turning pages] Here, take a look at her. She's a really voluptuous blonde. I really love the untanned parts of her body where the bikini was. And get a glimpse of that sexy beauty mark on her right buttock. [Reading] "I can't make love to a person unless I really know him," says Krista. "It's just

continued on page 110

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DRINKING TIPS

AND OTHER WAR STORIES



by Michael Simmons

This is my last column. I've been fired. I'm the only person on record whose job has been terminated for not drinking. I received an urgent memo recently, calling for an emergency editorial meeting of the staff of *National Lampoon* to discuss the future of "Drinking Tips and Other War Stories." "What could be wrong?" I thought as I loaded up on Diet Coke and seltzer. I tucked my shirt into my jeans, which were firmly hugging my newly trim, non-boozing, low-caloric body. I reached into the drawer which used to store aspirin and Percodan and popped a B-complex vitamin pill. I dropped to the

floor to do a quick fifty sit-ups and felt the rush of pure oxygen going to my brain, revitalizing cells that were once saturated with fermented grain. I stood up, stretched, cracked my neck (in a motion that my girlfriend tells me resembles a turtle), and went to face the critics.

Striding jauntily into the meeting, I found the editors, the art directors, and several of the officers of the company staring glumly at the floor, shuffling their feet and twiddling their thumbs.

Larry "Ratso" Sloman spoke up first. "The problem is that since you've stopped drinking, your column has lost the gonzo pizzazz it once had. Nobody cares if you're sober. Nobody cares that you're happy. Sober and happy is dull. Our readers want turmoil, trouble, hangovers, outrageousness...danger! Like the time you hung from that balcony at a Steve Earle concert."

"Listen, Ratso," I replied, "sobriety is a lot more dangerous than walking the razor's edge of excess." I smiled smugly, pleased with the ease with which I'd invented a pithy quotable undoubtedly destined for Bartlett's.

"You're the one who drones on about the free-spiritness and mind expansion of the sixties," my brother, Andy, reminded me. "Christ, soon you'll be advocating random drug testing and mandatory rehabilitation programs."

Dave Hanson asked for the floor. I handed it to him. "You were more interesting when you rejected the conventions of society. Like the time you took the floor at your college reunion and announced that the entire event was reconvening at a local barroom and two hundred people promptly filed out of the room. Next thing you know you'll be hosting net-

working parties or joining obscure religious cults."

"You're way off, folks," I argued. "I still reject conformity. I still detest the status quo. I take pleasure in the unpredictable. And I apologize for nothing. Some of the best times I've had were spent plowed under a table, upsetting others' idea of propriety. Remember, the ability to change is the integral element in any rebel's philosophy. Let's face it, I've been drunk for over fifteen years."

Diane Giddis shook her head. "Michael, it's just plain boring around here since you quit drinking. You're polite, your breath doesn't stink, and you hardly ever make lewd remarks anymore. Like the time you came on to a woman on a flight from New York to Los Angeles and they asked you to leave the plane and you were over Ohio at the time. I miss the lewd remarks."

I admired the blond hair cascading over Diane's luscious shoulders and winked. "Well, it's not 'cause I don't think 'em, Diane baby."

Sheryl Cooper-Lees complained that I never bother her for junk food anymore, junk food being the main staple of the hangover victim's diet. "I've got cupboards full of soy sauce!"

"I retain water," I replied.

"What?" she asked.

"Soy sauce makes me retain water," I explained.

Everyone groaned and rolled their eyes.

"Look, Simmons..." Chris Howland looked at me sadly. "Saturday night just ain't the same. We've got no one to babble incoherently with. Fluency in the drunkard's dialect was one of your great attributes."

"Sorry, Chris." I shrugged. "But I can't miss *Saturday Night Live*."

I never, ever thought I'd hear myself say that.

George Agoglia got to the heart of the matter with the finesse of Dr. Michael DeBakey.

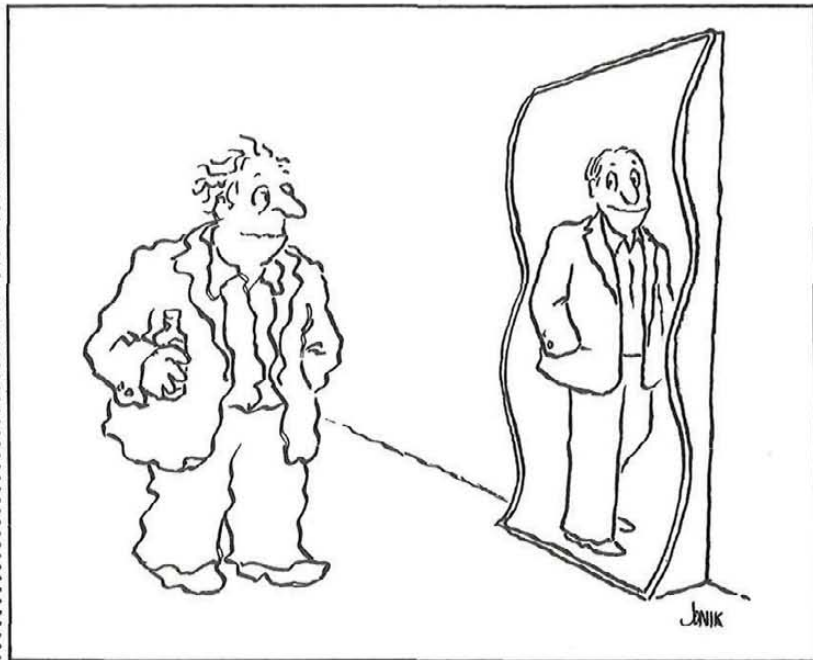
"I've got a memo here from Matty. Your father, remember him? It's addressed to you and it reads as follows..." George put on his reading glasses, let them slide to the tip of his nose, and cleared his throat. The room was hushed with anticipation. You could've heard a shot glass drop.

"Drink or look for another job," read Matty's memo. George pulled a bottle of bourbon from his desk. "This came with the memo."

I couldn't believe my ears. I knew then how Bob Guccione, Jr. must feel.

I stood up and addressed my colleagues.

"My fellow humorists." I scanned the room and saw the hurt in my coworkers' faces. "I hate to disappoint you. I've been your War Correspondent for over two years now and I'm yearning to return to civilian life. My mother, my girlfriend,



my doctor, my liver all want me back, and I cannot disappoint them."

Some were now weeping openly.

"Remember," I continued, "the life of the War Correspondent is full of hazards. Some of us don't make it back home. I've been in the trenches and I've seen enough. Therefore, as of today, I shall not seek nor will I accept the job of Drinking Tipster and War Correspondent."

I bade farewell to my friends. There was much reminiscing and hugging and tears, but I think they understood. I cleaned out my desk full of bar napkins with phone numbers on them, put on my black leather jacket, which still smells of the time some matron dumped her martini on me for making the very lewd remarks Diane was nostalgic for, and headed out into the sobering, cold February twilight.

As I wistfully strolled through SoHo in downtown Manhattan I passed boutiques, art galleries, and trendy restaurants. Suddenly I stopped in my tracks. I was standing next to Fanelli's, an ancient drinking dive frequented by bohemian artist types. The gorgeous stench of ale on tap and the sound of laughter gave me an instant contact high. I remembered the hard day's night Kinky Friedman and I had spent at Fanelli's, chatting up artists' models and holding a contest to see who could be the louder drunk. I smiled and turned and kept on walking.

See ya later. ■

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"Full-frontal nudity... has now become accepted by every branch of the theatrical profession with the possible exception of lady accordion-players."

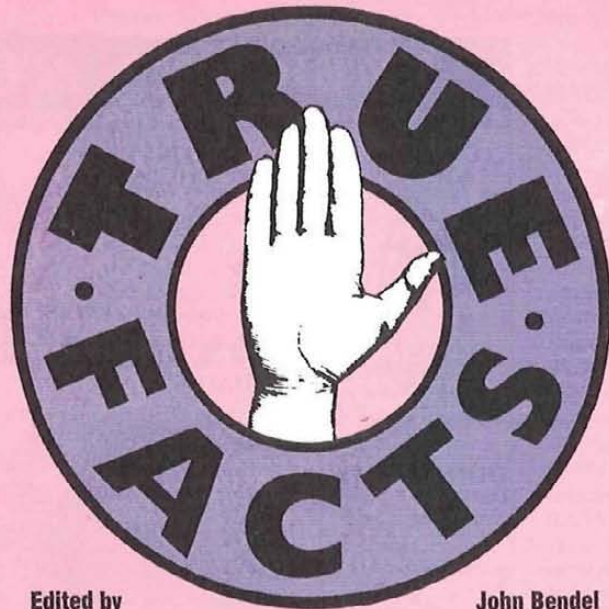
Doctor Lucas of West Palm Beach, Florida, decided not to call the authorities when he found a pipe bomb inside a rusted-out hole in a used car he was attempting to repair. Lucas's son had given him the Ford Ranchero four weeks earlier, and Lucas did not want to "make a scene." After removing the pipe bomb and examining it, Lucas returned it to the car and continued working on the vehicle with an electric sander. "I figured, well, it hasn't gone off yet, so there's no hurry," Lucas said.

After driving around in the car for two days, Lucas and his wife, Helen, finally reported the bomb to the police at the urging of their daughter-in-law. The Palm Beach County bomb squad deputies evacuated the neighborhood, spent forty-five minutes tying ropes to the bomb, and then carefully drew it into an explosion-proof tank fifty feet away. According to one of the bomb squad deputies, "There was a blasting cap inside. It was dangerous." Lucas was quoted as saying, "It sort of bothers me now." (Bergen County) *Record* (contributed by Duck Divet)

In Madrid, the Association for the Defense of Animal Rights has launched a drive to outlaw the practice of donkey smashing. The animal-flattening event, traditionally part of village Mardi Gras celebrations, calls for the town's fattest man to ride an old donkey to its death. The animal advocates also seek bans on hurling drunken bulls off cliffs, decapitating live chickens, stoning live roosters, and similar festival customs. (British Columbia) *Province* (contributed by Kendall Graham)

Sponsors of a Florida contest to find the nation's biggest cockroach complained to the postal service about rough handling of the entries. Postal workers were hand-stamping envelopes with too much force, reducing the specimens inside to little more than half-dollar-sized brown stains. *Las Vegas Sun* (contributed by Herm Albright)

A giant lobster purchased by the New England Aquarium and scheduled for display was irreparably cracked when it fell off a scale while being weighed. The injury forced aquarium officials to destroy the thirty-pound crusta-



Edited by

John Bendel

cean. *New York Times* (contributed by Duck Divet)

In Barberville, Florida, Rachel Jackson protested an ordinance that was drafted to ban her practice of dining on the dogs, cats, rattlesnakes, and armadillos she harvested from roadways in an attempt to stretch her food-stamp allowance. Jackson, who said she ate road kill as long as it was "still wriggling" when she found it, also said she was considering becoming a vegetarian. (British Columbia) *Province* (contributed by Robert Janyk)

The premier issue of the computer magazine *PC Clone* contained five pages of *Playboy's* May Playmate of the Month because of a production mistake. The firm binding the periodical mixed up pages from two separate jobs. *Ventura Star-Free Press* (contributed by Debbie Waters)

Townpeople in Ferrol, Spain, have been seeking donations to erect a monument to the human liver. The idea originated in a conference given by the town's mayor, Jaime Quintanilla, who said the organ is one of the most ill-treated by humans and deserves a shrine. *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by Greg Smith)

John Branter, a sixty-five-year-old psychologist in Minneapolis, was found hanged in his attic after colleagues reported that he failed to show up to deliver a lecture.

Branter, known as an expert on grief and dying, was to address the group on the topic of self-esteem. *Weekly World News* (contributed by Joseph Forbes)

Four waiters at the Diamond restaurant in London's Chinatown used baseball bats, clubs, and sticks to beat diners who complained about the food. The men were sentenced to two years in jail for assaulting customers, who were "clubbed like seals." *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by David L. Ostovich)

Gharith Pendragon, a teacher of parapsychology at a community college in Honolulu, Hawaii, filed a federal lawsuit claiming that his critics had defamed him and prevented him from speaking at the University of Hawaii. Among the defendants Pendragon named in the suit were the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal, *Hawaii Skeptics*, and the *Quackery Action Council*. *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* (contributed by Kevin Koshiol)

According to rock performer and militant vegetarian Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders, "The practice of killing animals should be outlawed. Most people can only relate to human emotion. They forget animals have emotions. People are so shortsighted and narrow-minded about it. Who has the right to go out and kill? To take another being's life away from it. When I see that crap, I

want to take a brick and bash his head in." *Vegetarian Times* (contributed by Margie Lely)

A man repairing a typewriter in Etobicoke, Ontario, was rescued by firefighters and ambulance attendants when one end of a high-tension spring on the machine sprang free and shot up his nose, connecting him firmly to the roller. *Etobicoke Life* (contributed by Cathy Harrison)

The foreign minister of Indonesia, Mochtar Kusumaatmadja, said at a political rally in Bandung that citizens should spend less time partying and sitting on the toilet and more time demanding their political rights. "If you go to the lavatory, do not sit there for too long," he said. "That is not necessary. That kind of attitude is not what Indonesia wants."

He also criticized the Indonesian habit of giving a party while dating; giving a party when getting married; giving parties for the first, third, and seventh months of pregnancy; giving a party for the birth; then giving a party for the first haircut and the circumcision. His parting advice included the admonition to complain more at hotels to get better service. *Toronto Globe and Mail* (contributed by Stephen Weir)

Bruce Taylor of Cape Town, South Africa, opened a new can of coffee at work and found a set of false teeth inside. Taylor went ahead and made two cups of coffee with the can's contents, but, he said, "my colleagues were disgusted with me. None of them would have a cup." *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by Debbie Clark)

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"WHAT I DO AFTER WORK IS MY OWN BUSINESS, NOT THE F--KING MEDIA'S. CAPISCÉ?"

-GEORGE AGOGLIA

What this country needs is a good nine-to-five president. George Agoglia, the publisher of the *National Lampoon*, is just the man for the job. A hard worker, he pulled himself up by his bootstraps and got his first job shining shoes in the lobby of the Time-Life Building. There he caught the eye of Henry Luce, who started him on his ascent up the corporate ladder of the magazine industry. As publisher of the *National Lampoon*, he has reached the pinnacle of his profession, but ever eager to serve his fellow citizens, George Agoglia is still hungry. So he's running for president.

From nine to five, you'll never find a harder worker. And George is one Italian-American politician who's decisive enough to say, "Yes, I want to serve my country and be the president." There's only one catch, something small-minded people, like those

in the media, might call a character defect. George is a party animal.

Not from nine to five, mind you. For those eight hours, George's mind is as sharp as a razor, and he'll steer the ship of state with a firm but compassionate and evenhanded grip. But when 5:01 rolls around, George turns into Spuds Agoglia. You might have read reports of the wild orgies aboard the *National Lampoon* corporate yacht, the *Mona Gorilla Business*. You might have seen photos similar to the one below, depicting George and his executive secretaries unwinding after a hard day during deadline week. You might say to yourself, "Is this the kind of guy I want to run the country?" Think about it. We think you'll say, "Hell, yes!"

Were we better off with a president that sleeps from nine to five and calls his wife

"Mommy"? Would we be better off with a preppie wimp who has to refer to his campaign literature to determine where he stands on the issues? Or with one of those faceless losers the Democrats are offering with their shopping-mall hair and their polyester smiles? Wouldn't we in fact be better off with a president who'll work his butt off during the day and party hearty like you or me when the factory whistle blows? F--king A, yes!

Agoglia for president. The right man for the right job. Don't listen to the small-minded puritans who might denigrate this man's accomplishments. He asks not what his country can do for him, but what he can do for his country. From nine to five. After that, he's outta here. TO-GA, TO-GA, TO-GA!

AGOGLIA FOR PRESIDENT '88 ★ LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE

Special Offer: With every \$8.95 donated to the Agoglia for President Campaign Committee, you will receive a one-year subscription to the *National Lampoon*!



Yes, I want to support Spuds Agoglia, the party animal, for president. Here's my \$8.95 contribution. I understand this gives me a one-year subscription to the *National Lampoon*. F--king A!

I have checked the term of the subscription I want, so rush me my first issue.

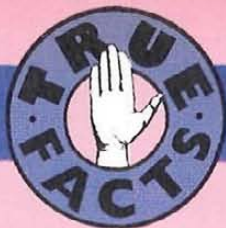
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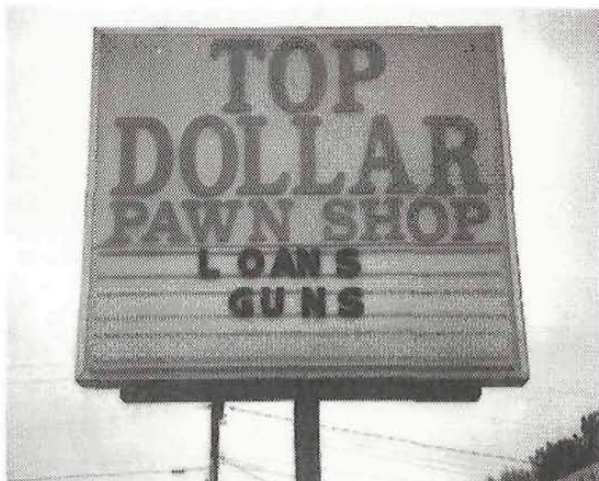
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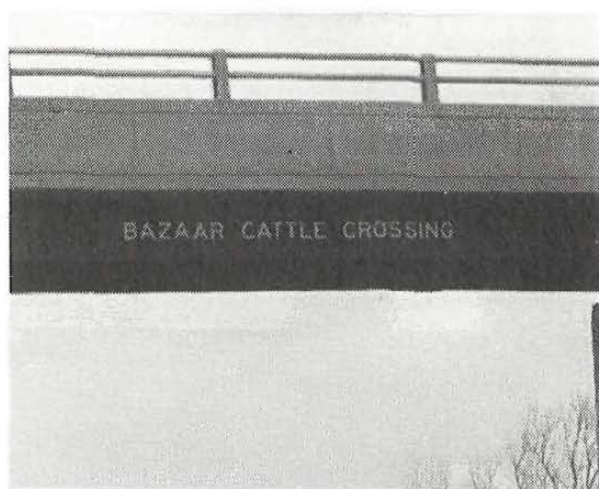
Cheryl Goode



Nancy & David Berman



Mark Chaplin



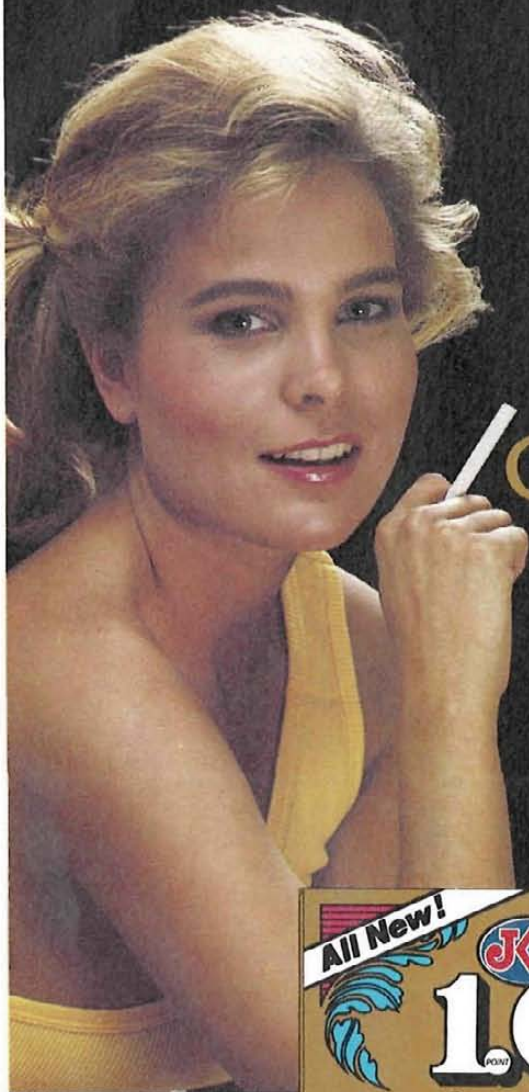
Robert Stanek



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01



Paul Haber



Chris Van Hassett



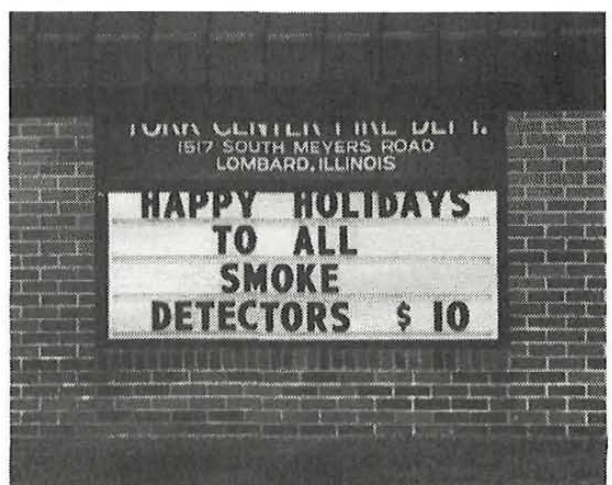
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Mark Pauga

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The Frog family of fine apparel is proud to announce the introduction of the **Frog Sweatshirt**. The Frog comes in four sizes and is a legend for its softness, warmth, and style. And Frog Clothing continues to offer the **Frog Polo Shirt** and **Frog Sweaters**. All Frog apparel sport

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Camel

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by cartoonist
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Letters

continued from page 10

Sirs:

How quickly you forget! Here I am sitting in hot water! They fired me! But where were you when I needed you? I AM THE MAN WHO PUNCHED BRENT MUSBURGER! POW! RIGHT IN HIS SELF-SATISFIED KISSER! YOU OWE ME ONE FOR THAT!

Jimmy "The Greek" Snyder
*Handicapping the handicapped
Out to pasture, Ohio*

Sirs:

Soon I shall bring my new megamusical to the Broadway stage. It is called *Boogers*, and it tells the musical story of four vagabond lumps of phlegm as they roller-skate up and down the nose of a young boy trapped in a wheelchair. And of course there is a hit song: "Cling to My Nose Hairs on a Rainy Night."

Andrew Lloyd Webber
London, England

Sirs:

Oh, the quaint charm of my little beauty salon. The hum of blow-dryers. The smell of hair spray. And the shadowy promise of a lonely divorcée willing to try something new.

Madge the Manicurist
Palmolive Salon, Fla.

Sirs:

It was wet and sticky and uncomfortable, and I'll never do it again.

Disgruntled Contestant
The Love Connection

Sirs:

She's back! She's back! I knew she'd miss me. Ha-ha! You're jealous, right? I mean, don't you feel just a little part of you dying when you realize you can't have her? Ha-ha! Well, too bad for you, dude, too bad. Ha-ha.

Sean Penn
Malibu, Calif.

Sirs:

I'm very upset because I have reason to believe that Sam Shepard is living the life I was supposed to have. He stars in movies! Writes funny plays. Dresses however he wants to. Takes a drink when he feels like it and smokes cigarettes without feeling guilty. Lives under wide-open spaces, with Jessica Lange, no less.

I was supposed to do all of those things! That was supposed to be me. What happened?

I'll talk to my parish priest about it.

William Smith
Menial Insurance Clerk
Brooklyn, N.Y.

P.S. I didn't even get a good name.

So you've just met a hot number, a ticket to heaven, a live slide that's set your watch back to junior high. You think nothing can go wrong. Don't be naive!

YOU may be the victim of...

A Few Cruel and Unusual Tortures That Women Perpetrate on Men

by Gena Giobbi

1. Telling you you have a nicely shaped penis but never mentioning its size.
2. Not saying what is bothering her and answering all inquiries with "If you don't know you will never understand."
3. Deciding to explain what is bugging her at three in the morning.
4. Correcting you, in public, on the actual size of the fish you caught in Colorado.
5. Lording it over your sister from New Jersey.
6. Reminding you of her past lovers.
7. Reminding you of *your* past lovers.
8. Insisting she will keep the baby if she is pregnant, even if she has to raise it alone, and always on the first day her period is late.
9. Forgetting to bring her diaphragm for the weekend at the cabin.
10. Describing in minute detail her visit to the gynecologist.
11. Suddenly turning vegetarian on you.
12. Hassling you when you get drunk.
13. Hassling you when *she* gets drunk.
14. Wearing your favorite dress (the low-cut one) when she has drinks with "just an old friend."
15. Playing Joni Mitchell records while you are trying to get over a hangover.
16. Vacuuming while you are trying to get over a hangover.
17. Calling her mother and explaining her side of the story after you've had a fight.
18. Calling *your* mother and explaining her side of the story after you've had a fight.
19. Packing high heels on a camping trip.
20. Cutting your hair herself and telling you it looks really good.
21. Making you carry all her junk in your pockets when you go to a party.
22. Insisting you go see Vanessa Redgrave movies when you're in the mood for Arnold Schwarzenegger.
23. Telling you the next morning that she didn't really have an orgasm the night before.
24. Refusing to kiss you at home, *insisting* on kissing you while you are talking to the most beautiful woman at the party.
25. Lining the birdcage with the sports page.
26. Shaving her legs with your razor.
27. Wanting to play on your softball team.
28. Finding out from the jeweler how much her engagement ring cost.
29. Calling you at work in the middle of a dressing-down by your boss to ask whether you think her bridesmaids would look better in mauve or fuchsia.
30. Wanting you to flirt with her mother.
31. Flirting with your father, then calling you a bum.
32. Putting you on a diet.

"No need to look at the mantelpiece when you're poking the fire."

—English saying, used when making love to an ugly woman

YELLOW JOURNAL

Good clean newsprint with just a dollop of smut

Israel Sends in Yentas to Occupied Territories

Bowing to international pressure to cease the severe beatings of Palestinians who are protesting in the occupied territories of the Gaza Strip and the West Bank, the Israeli government has initiated a new policy which calls for the deployment of yentas, or Little Old Jewish Mothers, in Palestinian homes. The policy has been denounced by pro-Palestinian and humanitarian groups as even more cruel than the beatings. In fact, some Palestinians have pleaded with the Israelis to reinstate the beatings.

"I had to clean my room three times before my L.O.J.M. was satisfied," said one Palestinian youth, referring to his Little Old Jewish Mother.

Indeed, reporters entering the town of Gaza heard earth-shattering screams of "Pick up your socks!" resonating through the streets like mortars.

Another Palestinian complained, "I was all set to go out with my friends and throw rocks at the Israelis when my L.O.J.M. began to mope and whine how she would be all alone with nothing to do. So I had to stay home and keep her company!"

The Israelis admit that while this is a particularly harsh way

to deal with the problem, nagging is still preferable to killing.

The U.N. is expected to address these new charges of cruelty soon.

—A.S.



Yentas, armed with guilt trips, preparing to enter the occupied areas.

Scab Children Report to Homes

The thorny issue of free agency has recently become a matter of concern to yet another important interest group: children. Not a few children are becoming aware that perhaps they can get better deals with other parents. Take, for example, the shocking story of the Meyers children. Mr. and Mrs. LaPonte Meyers (some names in this report have been changed to protect persons from outrageous embarrassment) have three children, ranging in age from four to ten. The children felt that their bedtimes were too early, their allowances too meager, and their chores too demanding. They called in their agents, but, after several negotiating sessions, it became all too clear that both sides were deadlocked.

The Meyers children then put out feelers to other families. The Herzog family two blocks away offered later bedtimes, more generous allowances, and three bags of potato chips a week. However, because of the small print in their long-term contracts, the Meyers children were not free to move in with the Herzogs. So the children called for a walkout. "We can no longer endure this penal-like servitude," Oliver Meyers, age four, declared. "We should be able to offer our services to the highest bidder."

Soon every walking child had joined the Meyers children. Neighborhoods were left underpopulated. Cries of "Hell, no, we won't come home!" punctuated the sleep of distraught parents.

The parents in the hardest-hit neighborhoods issued a joint statement to the press: "Although we are in sympathy with the issue of free agency, we feel it cannot be initiated until the child has played out the first eighteen years of his or her contract. In fact, it seems obvious to us that free agency will bring financial ruin to budgets that are already very tight. In addition, some of the more wealthy families will be able to buy up the more talented and the more promising of our offspring. Thus, the hope for the future that binds our neighborhood together will be severely disrupted."

The statement to the press infuriated the children and their agents.



"We told the parents many times," said Elmer Clark, the lawyer representing the Children's Union, "that the children seeking free agency would still give their parents right of first refusal. This is at the heart of our free-agency proposal. Parents will be allowed to match the offer given to us by any other household."

To put further pressure upon the parents, the Children's Union filed a class-action suit in civil court in Newark, New Jersey.

The suit alleges antitrust violations. In addition, the children seek to overturn their parents' draft system. The suit points out that the children have been without a collective bargaining agreement since the beginning of last December. "We're not going to allow our parents to hold Christmas presents over our heads," declared Randy Blades, age seven.

"Three years ago we went on strike too near Christmastime, and the lure of gifts made it impossible for our union to hold out. This time things will be different."

For some families, however, it has been "business as usual." Why? Because parents, in their determination to bring the Children's Union to its heels, have imported all manner of "scab children" to fill the void. Disinterested passersby have noticed strange children playing football and stickball in the Meyers' neighborhood.

"We will do anything short of violence to disrupt these 'scab games' in our neighborhood," John Meyers, age ten, declared. "Scab children dilute the quality of the parent-child relationship—a relationship that was once one of mutual trust."

—L.P & L.B.

Qaddafi Buys True Value Hardware Chain

Hot on the heels of his controversial sponsorship of West German hockey team Iserholm and the team's owner, Heinz Weifenbach, Libyan strongman Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi announced that he had com-

pleted a hostile takeover of True Value Hardware Stores, a chain of two thousand hardware retail outlets spanning the United States.

Resplendent in a cape, martial leisure suit, and a fully equipped electrician's belt, Qaddafi claimed this bold move was only the start of what he promised would be an all-out attack on the hardware industry in toto.

Only time will tell if this is a shrewd business move on Qaddafi's part, or if all America will someday fear every can of plastic wood, every extension cord, and every Astroturf doormat as an agent of anarchy.

—N.B.



That's right, Western pigs. If you act now, you'll get this combination flashlight/loofah sponge for the incredible price of \$6.95!

Contributors:

Nick Bakay
Lou Berger

Dave Hanson
Michael Jann

Tony Kisch
Louis Phillips

Andy Simmons
Matty Simmons



Inside Larry King



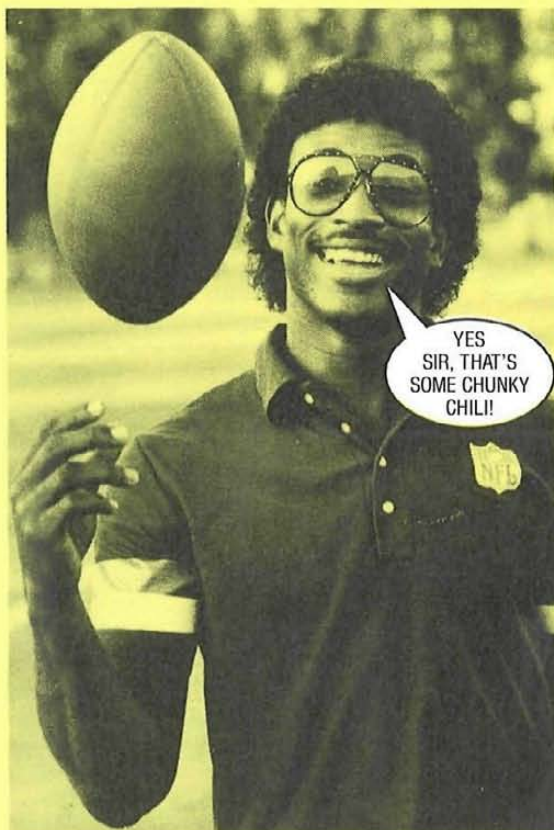
It's my two cents: when you're talking the heady aroma of rotting beef, you're talking Ted Kennedy....On the q.t., fallen star Felix the Cat recovering at the Betty Ford clinic....Read a chilling new thriller/spy novel last week; be sure to pick it up, it's called *Horton Hears a Who*....You-heard-it-here-first department: Abe Vigoda to have breast implants to revive a sagging career....Like to take time out to say thanks for all the cards and letters following my bypass surgery, but who sent the frightening puppets?...Savory, in a word, means a tongue sandwich slathered with Cheez Whiz....I may be an optimist, but don't count out those libertarians come election time....Is there a finer dramatic actor than Bert Convy?...Why is it that salad tastes so much better after you pour coffee all over it?...Hey, let's start an ugly rumor: *Moonlighting's* Allyce Beasley stole her voice from a broken Minion of Satan doll.... Wow! I like it when local television news reports show the ugly details....Let's appoint Charles Nelson Reilly as scoutmaster general to all of America's wayward youth and drop the whole bunch off in a remote patch of wilderness.... Catch me, I'm falling in love with liposuction.... Are you as tired of breathing as I am? To heck with it....Don't ever get cornered at a party by Tom Landry, he's worse than Richard Simmons....Did you ever have a dream in which you poured white-hot molten pewter down the gaping mouth of Shadow Stevens? That makes two of us....Close-call department: never lick a frozen metal effigy of a pagan god; let me tell you, I was stuck there for hours....What's that smell?...I'll take a number and patiently wait my turn if you're serving yams and prairie oysters....I can't get the thought of my own pancreas out of my mind....Mailbag: Mr. Ralph Sidway writes and asks, "Dear Larry, what are your favorite ways to relax?" Well, let's see... sipping a cup of malted-milk-ball broth...turning down the volume on Bryant Gumbel and hurling rude invective at his guests...teasing the neighbors with my crack-addicted intruder routines...humming along with *anything* in the Lou Reed songbook...walking along with a piece of toilet paper stuck to the bottom of my shoe...refusing to share my Jim Beam on skid row...reading the latest epic from the complex pen of Dr. Seuss...taking a deep breath of fresh air and then staying indoors for week after uninterrupted week...and sharing this pathetic psychobabble with you after swallowing anything I can find in the medicine cabinet....Till next time, I'm Larry King.

—N.B.

DICKERSON ANNOUNCES NEW ENDORSEMENT PACKAGE

Last fall, superstar halfback Eric Dickerson rocked the football world by demanding a trade which landed him on the roster of the Indianapolis Colts. The disgruntled all-pro blamed his unhappiness on the un lucrative contract under which he toiled for the L.A. Rams.

Now Dickerson has a new reason to complain. Leaving the media center of the West for the bland pudding called Middle America cost the mercenary plowboy all of his major national endorsement contracts promoting such products as Nike, Schick, English Leather, and Kotex.



AP/Wide World

In a desperate flurry of negotiations to replace the lost revenue, Dickerson's manager, Mickey Curley, has announced new contracts with several firms interested in capitalizing on Dickerson's high profile in the breadbasket of America.

These interests include Mr. Dondi's House of Hair in the Cumberland Mall, Walt's Chili Barn—a chain of four drive-in hash houses in southern Ohio, and the whopper of the deal, De Kalb Feed and Grain. Negotiations are continuing with Uncle Bumpy's World of the Curious and Disgusting, a small traveling geek show.

While no official numbers were announced, the deals are rumored to be in the high four figures.

—N.B.

CONDOM CORNER

with Connie Condom



The Last Hurrah

*A lusty but clever young lout
Wore a bag on the end of his spout;
Whenever he'd sin,
His sperms would stay in,
And likewise, the germs were kept out.*

—Traditional Irish Wisdom

Fresh back from a bit of fieldwork and a splash of R&R in sunny Antigua, the Condom Capital of the Caribbean, where the poor but cheerful natives hawk their freakishly huge domestic condoms to awed and disbelieving tourists. Here the condoms are known as Jumbies, a name which pays homage

to the large throbbing peninsula which juts from Antigua's northeast coast, and the name of which is appropriate in its generosity. These condoms are so capacious that travelers who purchase them as souvenirs often use them as soft-sided carry-on luggage to transport home liters of the duty-free rum which mesmerizes visitors and natives alike with its silky, full-bodied smoothness. The condoms, which are the lovely island's chief source of revenue, bear on the tip a depiction of the British crown that is emblematic of the island's rulers. They are hand-crafted from the inner shell membrane of the conch, whose meat is the most substantial ingredient of their savory saltfish fungi conch stew, and whose large hard shell is worn by the Antiguan army in its frequent clashes with the police force—on the cricket field only, of course.

Back on Yankee shores, a strange but happy phenomenon is visiting itself on the Condom Community. America is, for the first time, facing a major shortage of sheep and rams, which are both key sources of non-latex condom material, and with Arab immigration climbing...

Editor's note: It is with almost inexpressible sorrow that we announce the cancellation of this column due to the death of Connie Condom at age thirty-two. Mr. Condom was asphyxiated at his desk.

—D.H.

HORRORSCOPE

★★★★T★A★U★R★U★S★(4/21-5/21)★★★★



John Duke Kisch © 1987

FAMOUS TAUREANS:

Lepke Buchalter, Penny Bjorkland, Johnny Eck, Gertrude Baniszewski, Goliath Hanson, Boozoo Chavis, Wingy Manone, Horst Wessel, Johnny Stompanato, Oofy Goofy, Bobbie Franks, Jay Sebring, and Hjalmar Schacht.

Your Birthday: Now is the time to astound casual acquaintances and

business associates with your ability to belch on cue—those who remain unmoved or disgusted by this display should not be allowed to spoil things... remember, this is *your* day!

GEMINI (5/22-6/21): An elderly, incontinent man involved in the business of curing and tanning animal hides will enter your life sometime around mid-month... you've been complaining about loneliness and your "bad luck" with strangers and romance—grab this eligible fossil quick, and savor that "winning feeling" for a change! (Also put in good supply of rubber drawers and plastic seat covers.) Time is also ripe for a painful swelling in the rectum. Ain't it all just toooo romantic?

CANCER (6/22-7/23):

Perfect time to travel and collect your thoughts, sorting out your present situation and future... besides that, the police have found your wife's body. Signs indicate a gift will arrive from a former love—it's a bomb, but worry not, it's just as big a dud as he was. On the glamorous side: those insect bites you've been scratching with such fury will become badly infected, necessitating drainage of pus—details look hazy, but I can promise at least a tablespoon or so.

LEO (7/24-8/23):

Forget what others say—the stars command you to marry that four-hundred-pound postal clerk and be happy about it! It seems likely that your routine checkup will reveal a rare forty-two-inch Brazilian tapeworm lodged contentedly in your

digestive tract...avoid exotic restaurants in future.

VIRGO (8/24-9/23):

While in the hoosegow overnight on a drunk and disorderly, you will be repeatedly sodomized by your cellmates, "Snapper" and Bubba—just the kind of short, bittersweet romance you Virgos relish. Third-degree burns over 80 percent of face and neck will certainly upset an already dismal existence around mid-month... what the hell, get out there and pitch your personality! A drunken fellow commuter will vomit heavily into your lap aboard the old 5:37 one of these evenings... your fault for not giving your seat to the elderly or handi-capped.

LIBRA (9/24-10/23): First-born child stolen at Disney World... stars show said papoose held by schizo Iranian student at Miami U

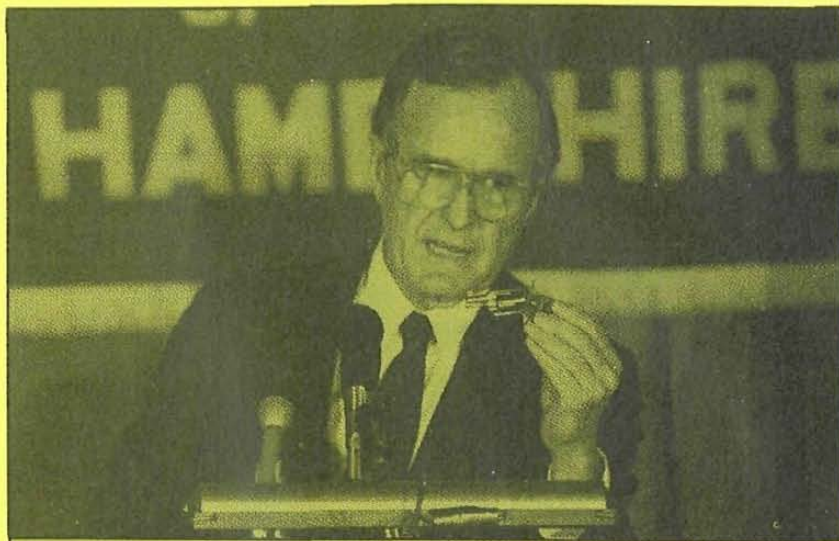
Noriega Admits: “I Got My Job Through *Soldier of Fortune*”

Panamanian strongman Manuel Antonio Noriega recently revealed that he in fact got his job as dictator after answering an ad in *Soldier of Fortune*, a magazine for mercenaries. The controversial magazine is currently involved in a civil suit which charges that it ran ads for murderers and other criminals.

“I was working a dishrag in an East L.A. restaurant,” Noriega said, “when I came across this ad in *Soldier of Fortune*:

“‘Columbians, loaded with money, in search of man looking for same and willing to relocate to huge presidential palace in Central American nation with large canal running through it. Must have knowledge of armed forces. Must be willing to deal with Americans.’

“I answered the ad and had to go up against another guy. But I impressed them with the tenacious manner in which I garroted him. They said they needed a rotten son of a bitch like me to help them. And I owe it all to *Soldier of Fortune*. I definitely could not have gotten this prestigious job without their help.” —M.S.



Vice President George Bush denied recently that he was a wimp, stating, “If the Russians ever try to invade us while I’m president, I’ll have a big surprise for them.” —M.J.

AP/Wide World

...he should contact you soon with ludicrous ransom demand. “Favorite” aunt, whom you’ve been sucking up to for years, will die suddenly only moments after promising to change her will and make you heap big beneficiary. You’ll try suicide, but don’t bother—shiny ball says you’ll screw that up, too.

SCORPIO (10/24–11/22): Visiting school chum of your kid turns out to be the much-wanted “Aspirin-Arsenic Killer” from the Midwest...if you get a migraine while he’s there, stay away from that medicine cabinet and suffer, brother, suffer. New Latvian maid will run amok, killing all household pets and severing all cable-TV connections with a meat cleaver...her apology of “No why cut blood big-big sad, you call polizei?” will prove little comfort, but we

all got troubles.

SAGITTARIUS (11/23–12/21): Your long-awaited trip to Acapulco goes sour when you get all your cash swiped while plastered in the Hotel Bellmiramarview’s bar... things not at all helped when the little woman latches onto a wicked case of the green-apple two-step—next time listen to glowing orb (yrs truly) and stay at home...in bed... with shades drawn...and doors locked, etc.

CAPRICORN (12/22–1/20): The moment has come to face up to the reality of the situation: you are secretly a flaming drag queen...wife will probably get house as soon as you vacate the closet...go get ‘em, tiger! Someone will imagine that you, a fearless Capricorn, do not have the confidence or determination to hold your place at the local market’s

deli counter...in fact, you will surprise yourself by bravely whining to the manager, who will rudely join in the general jeering at your ballsy bid for justice—advise you hit liquor store on way home to assuage bruised ego—ya fairy!

AQUARIUS (1/21-2/19): The Aquarian lot really has not been a happy one for some time now...my sad duty to report you ain’t seen nothin’ yet! Your youngest daughter will marry a former member of the Manson family who is currently a junkie in Indianapolis. However, the approaching new moon indicates that your husband will commit suicide, leaving you heavily in debt, so at least you’ll have something else to occupy your mind. (Hey lady, don’t blame me, I just reads the ball!)

PISCES (2/20-3/20): Bright

news on the horizon for some lucky fish out there! You will hit the lottery for three million dollars... unfortunately, signs indicate that you will die of cocaine overdose approximately two hours after receiving your first installment. For the rest of you Pisces, specifics are hazy, but it is sure things will continue to stink.

ARIES (3/21-4/20): Most true Aries have no capacity for sustained rage or grudge holding, but you will prove the exception by murdering your former Army drill instructor and his family by introducing nerve gas into his house’s cooling system...shocking but original. Contradictory planetary aspects continue to make you uneasy and suspicious...in other words, here’s a good excuse to continue record-breaking six-week boozing binge.

—T.K.

Now!

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



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THE THINKING PERSON'S GUIDE TO PSYCHOTHERAPY

by Neil Evan Handwerker & Andrew Tallmer

The vast majority of you have, no doubt, thought about seeing a psychotherapist at some time in your life, but you may have shied away in the belief that the process was only for "nuts." Nothing could be further from the truth. Contrary to popular opinion, you do not have to be crazy to be in therapy; you just have to have overdraft checking.

To assist you in your therapeutic odyssey, we offer this helpful guide. "The Thinking Person's Guide to Psychotherapy" will expose many of the myths commonly associated with the process, provide tips on maximizing your "experience," and answer really important questions such as:

- Why you always get the bad chair.
- What to wear?
- Where should your therapist's office be located?
- Methods of payment. Is tipping permitted? Can you pay in feed?
- What does your shrink actually think of you?
- Freudian, behaviorist, Jungian, primal screamist—what school of therapy to choose? And why your choice makes absolutely no difference.
- Should you bring your own coffee?
- What happens in August?
- From doorman to waiting room: how to avoid those embarrassing moments at your therapist's building.
- Do you have to leave your car to be treated? Has drive-up therapy come to suburbia?
- The importance of bad-mouthing psychiatry when mixing with townies.
- How to deal with the trauma when you discover that your small-town shrink is also the person who bags your groceries.

"The Thinking Person's Guide" should prove invaluable to:

- 1) those who are contemplating therapy for the first time (known in psychoanalytic terms as "live ones").
- 2) those who have been in treatment for a brief period of time (to your shrink this means less than five years or \$20,000, whichever comes first).
- 3) those "normal people" who insist on forcefully interjecting into any conversation about psychotherapy "Oh, I don't need that—I can handle my own problems," but who would like more ammunition to be better able to sadistically torment their friends in therapy. These same people can usually be seen on Sunday mornings quadruple-checking their *New York Times* or *Winesburg Eagle* to be sure that they haven't been taken advantage of by their blind newsdealer.

This guide is not recommended for those who have been in therapy more than five years, since, as with Las Vegas gamblers, people losing thousands do not like to be laughed at.

Choosing Your Mental Health Professional

As in commercial real estate, there is only one criterion: location, location, location.

If you live in any big city, you will find that there are more working psychotherapists per square foot than garbagemen.

(Please do not draw an inference from our comparison—it's just stream of consciousness.) Prices in urban areas can vary widely, depending on the exact location of your therapist's office. Let us use New York City as an example, as it has more neurotics and psychotics than any other city.

The map below shows the gold coast, the psychiatric equivalent of Long Island's splendid "miracle mile."

FEE RANGE			
\$75-\$140	LEXINGTON	59th	
\$80-\$170	89th	PARK	65th
\$80-\$170	89th	MADISON	WHITNEY 65th
\$90-\$180		5th AVENUE	72nd
GUGGENHEIM		METROPOLITAN	
96th			CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
CENTRAL PARK			
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY			
\$75-\$140	96th	CENTRAL PARK	WEST 65th

Fig. 1

As a general rule, the closer your therapist is to the Guggenheim, Whitney, or Metropolitan Museum the higher the fee will be.

In the course of your treatment, you will, at times, bore your friends, coworkers, loved ones, acquaintances, and the mailman with insufferable stories of the "breakthroughs"* that you have made in your therapy. This is quite normal, but be aware that they couldn't care less. Their only concern will be where your therapist's office is located. In fact, as you compare notes with others that you know in therapy, you will see that the sole basis for determining whose therapist is more competent is the office site.

Aesthetics are important. You will be spending a lot of time in your therapist's neighborhood, so choose wisely. Through careful selection, you will be able to visit beautiful areas of the city which, were it not for the cost of your therapy, you too might be able to live in or at least shop in.

For those of you who live in suburbia, the illustrations below should prove helpful.

FOOT-LOCKER	CHRISTMAS STORE	FATHER & SON SHOES	RECORD EXPLOSION	FANNY FARMER CANDIES	HICKORY FARMS
POSTER PLACE	SHRINK	PLASTIC SHRUBBERY	PLASTIC SHRUBBERY		JUST SHIRTS
NUT HUT	"WIDE WORLD OF SPACKLE" EXHIBIT AND RAFFLE				ORLAN STORE
MACY'S	SHRINK	PLASTIC SHRUBBERY	PLASTIC SHRUBBERY	SHRINK	
FRIENDLY'S WEST	FRIENDLY'S SOUTH	AQUARIUS WATER-BEDS	GODFATHER PIZZA	HALLMARK CARDS	PIPE STORE
				SEARS	

Fig. 2

* This is a term used by therapists to ensure that patients who are thinking of quitting remain. Breakthroughs rarely last more than five minutes.

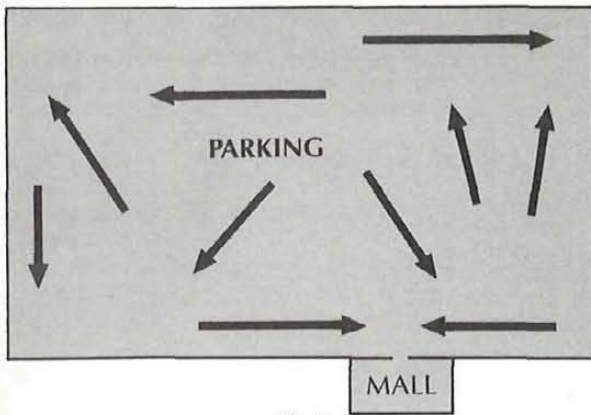


Fig. 3

Please note that the above maps may be applied to any shopping mall in the United States, since all malls are alike—comprised of the same dreary, tiresome, and unimaginative chain stores such as Hickory Farms and Father & Son Shoes.

The optimal locations for therapists' offices are those closest to the parking lot. The second-best choice is any Sears. Take an escalator to the second floor, make a left past the electric blankets, go through the swimming-pool and billiard-supplies sections, turn right at small hand-held appliances, and then straight past the riding mowers until you reach the series of so-called "professional offices," including Dean Witter, Coldwell Banker, and Jacoby & Meyers. At the far end you will find the therapist's office, as indicated by a sign such as this:

**Dr. Goldberg
Dr. Gold
Dr. Goldstein**

3 COUCHES NO WAITING
SE HABLA ESPAÑOL
WE ACCEPT MASTERCARD AND VISA
TUESDAY IS SCHIZOPHRENIA NIGHT—
10% DISCOUNT PER PERSON(S)

Session Schedule

Garden-Variety Personality Disorders—10 Sessions
Home Shopping Club Obsession (Capodimonte Syndrome)—5 Sessions
Bestiality (Cotton Mouth)—8 Sessions
Separation Anxiety—17 Sessions
Fear of Weather-vanes—3 Sessions
Fear of Removing "No Radio"/"Mother-in-Law in Trunk" Signs—2 Sessions
Inability to Decide Between Hi-Pulp and Low-Pulp Orange Juice—2 Sessions
Phase of Life Disorder: Switching from Sweet 'n Low to Equal—4 Sessions
Multiple Personality—10, 20, or 30 Sessions Depending on Who You Think You Are

Note that therapists with prime locations in the mall command higher fees. Those of you who prefer cheaper therapy are advised to seek out the pimply-faced counterman at the Nut Hut who has developed a substantial practice treating those mistaking the store for a therapist's office.

In small towns location is key in that self-preservation of both patient and doctor requires that the office be extremely well hidden. The office will almost always be in a home or apartment building. As shrinks and the people who frequent them are viewed with the same tolerance as IRS agents and Iranians, you certainly do not want to go to a therapist with an advertised

office. To do so is to risk being the main attraction at the weekly public stoning, lynching, or latest form of good ol' boy amusement.

How then, you may ask, do you locate your small-town therapist if his office is "underground"? It's simple—just look for the one person in town exhibiting three or more of the following characteristics:

- 1) Owns a tweed jacket.
- 2) Wears Rockport walking shoes.
- 3) Sports a close-cropped beard (as opposed to the white-trash hillbilly type seen all over town).
- 4) Wear horn-rimmed glasses.
- 5) Owns hardcover books other than the Bible.
- 6) Owns a European car.
- 7) His Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes are not polyester.
- 8) Does not own a shotgun.
- 9) Does not know who Hulk Hogan is.
- 10) Drinks Moussy.
- 11) Has never set a deer trap.

The other way to find a psychiatrist is to locate the one person in town who has a subscription to *The New Yorker*.

It is of little relevance how old your therapist is, whether your shrink is a man or a woman, what he looks like, who his mentor is, where he was educated, or his nationality. (Do not be taken in by an accent or degrees written in foreign languages.) There is no difference in service rendered. Location remains the critical issue.

Getting to Your Therapist's Office

This can be a harrowing ordeal, unless you have "golden time"—the 8:00 A.M. or 6:00 P.M. slot—for your weekly sessions. Be aware that unless you schedule at least two sessions a week, you have as much chance of being accorded this time as Joel Steinberg has of being named Father of the Year.

Without golden time you will have to sneak out of your workplace during the day. This means making up excuses for your absence to your boss, secretary, coworkers, foreman, wife, assistant, etc. Some favorite excuses include:

1) Appointment with a physical therapist. "It's that darn shoulder of mine—I go each week, you know." This is a good choice because it's almost impossible to verify, and once said it should squash questions for weeks. This excuse is also the easiest on your conscience, as you are only telling a white lie—merely substituting useless physical exercise for useless mental exercise.

2) Going to work out. Good thinking, but requires you to carry a gym bag and paraphernalia inside (jockstrap or sports bra, etc.). Also, it will be necessary for you to wet your hair down after every session to give the illusion of having showered.

3) Client lunch. Only available to those engaged in parasitic professions such as advertising or investment banking. Law firm associates are strongly cautioned against using this one, as everyone knows that the cleaning staff is more likely to have client contact than you.

4) Tryst with a prostitute. Only available to those engaged in parasitic professions such as advertising and investment banking.

5) "The cable guy is coming, I've got to run home." On the surface, a good excuse, as everyone knows that one must be home to be serviced. The downside is that you can only use this excuse twenty to twenty-five times. Beyond this, as incompetent as the cable companies are, your boss will not believe you. Of course, this excuse is unavailable to those living in certain parts of the U.S. While residents of Bangladesh are hooked up, you may not be.

6) If you are uncomfortable with any of the above excuses, simply take a job with any city, state, or federal agency, where unexplained absences in the middle of the day not only go unnoticed, they are encouraged.

7) Farmers are strongly advised to use that old favorite "Yeah, the heifer's down again, I've got to find ol' Doc _____."

Note: Those working for television networks, motion picture studios, radio stations, talent agencies, or record companies should *never* make excuses for seeing a therapist. On the contrary, you should alert as many of your superiors as possible to this fact. It can only help you in climbing the corporate ladder, as the chart below indicates:

Entertainment Company	
Job Title	Average # of Sessions per Week
Chairman/CEO/President	5
Senior V.P./Executive V.P.	4
Vice President	3
Assistant Vice President	2
Mailroom Clerk/Gofer	1

Entering Your Therapist's Building

For the city dweller, this could be more anxiety-provoking than any discussion you could ever have with your therapist. As all therapists have offices in "doorman" buildings, you will have to say something to the uniformed personnel each time you visit. This could be an embarrassing moment.

Every doorman knows several things:

- Who every tenant in his building is sleeping with.
- How to hang Christmas lights.
- The location of every Blarney Stone, Shandon Star, and Buy-Rite liquor store within a twenty-block radius of his building.
- Which tenants stiffed him on his holiday tip.
- That the sign "No Hot Water, Servic (sic) Called" actually means that the superintendent is on a bender, passed out in the basement.
- How to park a tenant's eleven-foot Cadillac in an eight-foot space.
- The exact location of every mental health professional in the building.

Therefore it is useless to try to fool the doorman by rushing by and mumbling an apartment number ("Going to 3D") rather than simply saying "Dr. _____." In either case the doorman will consider you a fruitcake. Further, it is a safe bet that after he's seen you several times you will henceforth be an object of ridicule for the entire building maintenance staff.

Once you get past the front door, you are by no means clear. There is still a very good chance that you will encounter tenants. Even though it is midday, you are no doubt in a luxury building where there will be idlers who have nothing better to do than make frequent trips to the lobby to see if the mail has arrived and to check out the daily parade of patients. There is nothing to fear while simply waiting for the elevator. You could be a caterer or an SEC investigator—who knows? The moment of crisis occurs when you enter the car and must select your floor. Every tenant, like the doorman, knows where the shrinks are located. If you choose a floor having an office, you will be immediately scrutinized for possible vicious propensities. This is not as bad as it sounds, as you will be given plenty of room on the ride up.

Suburban residents need feel no such anxiety. You merely enter the mall along with the thousands of other people passing through each day and no one has a clue as to your business. You might be there to purchase a porcelain Dalmatian at the House of Ceramics or a new waterbed liner at Aquarius Waterbeds—who knows? If your therapist has an office in Sears, other suburbanites visiting the "professional suite" may see where you are going. This is not a cause for alarm. As it is supremely embar-

assing to use a lawyer, broker, or banker relegated to working out of a department store, anyone employing these second-raters will certainly keep his mouth shut as to your own activities.

If you are a small-town citizen "in treatment," you have a different hurdle to overcome. Since your therapist's office is well hidden to begin with, the problem is not with entering his home. Rather, the concern is keeping quiet during the week so as not to tip off any of the townies that you are in therapy. This is easier said than done. Patients have a natural tendency to want to talk about their treatment and all the "interesting" things that they are learning about themselves. In fact, in urban locations this is something of a cocktail party sport, ranking right up there with talk about AIDS and the stock market. If you reside in a small town, keep your fancied progress and insights to yourself. The mere mention of the word "psychiatrist" is enough to subject you to an unmerciful beating.

What to Wear

Anything goes, with one exception. Never wear battle fatigues, the time-honored clothing favorite of mass murderers. Your therapist will not risk being gunned down and will refuse to see you. This remains true regardless of how good your credit rating is.

The Waiting Room

You now enter that five-by-seven cubbyhole, designed to minimize comfort and maximize anxiety, known as the waiting room. Most likely your therapist will share space with one other shrink, with each one having an office opening onto a common waiting area. Therefore, be prepared to encounter another person in the waiting room. Treat him or her with the same respect that you would want to be afforded. Do not become alarmed if you are stared at. It is only natural for you to look each other up and down and try to guess which of you is crazier. Feel free to speak with your fellow patients. Remember they are "more afraid of you than you are of them." To a certain extent, however, you must tailor your conversation as follows:

1) Do not try to prove that you are "normal." Example: "Yeah, I wouldn't be here except that my parents, wife, and child were killed in a car crash two weeks ago. I'm just trying to deal with it." This is pointless, as the other patient will assume that you are lying and have some major illness to hide.

2) Do not inquire as to your fellow patient's abnormality. "So, what are you in for?" is a great icebreaker at Sing Sing, not in the waiting room. Phrases such as "So, what's your problem?" or "So, you crazy or what?," even said in a joking manner, are to be avoided. They are prying, impolite, and can make the other person uncomfortable. Worse, they may enrage him. After all, where else is there a better chance that the person with whom you are conversing is the proverbial "powder keg." A fistfight is simply not the best way to relax before your session.

3) Do not ask your fellow patient for a date. There are many places to meet people: museums, film courses at the university, coffee shops, and supermarkets—so look elsewhere. This can be difficult if the person sharing the waiting space is appealing, since you will see him or her each week, thus reinforcing the attraction. Nevertheless, do not be tempted. It is enough to worry about whether your partner has AIDS or herpes without also having to wonder whether she is an ax murderer.

It is a good idea to bring something to read with you to your session, as the only magazines ever found in a shrink's waiting room are back issues of *The New Yorker*. This is to make you believe that your therapist is an intellectual. Do not be intimidated. In reality your shrink only reads the cartoons, same as everybody.

One final word of caution regarding the joint waiting room. Do not leave behind personal belongings. As embarrassed as you might feel lugging your coat, briefcase, handbag, umbrella, etc.

into your shrink's office, do so. Kleptomania is among the disorders most commonly afflicting your fellow patients, especially when it's raining outside.

The Therapist's Office

You are almost in, but one hurdle remains—the dreaded encounter with your shrink's prior patient. To the extent possible, avoid all eye contact with that person, as you want to maintain the fantasy that you are your therapist's only and cherished patient.

The door opens, and from inside a bored, monotone voice calls "Next" (not unlike the deli counter guy at the local Food King) and you're in. Below is a diagram of the standard therapist's office.

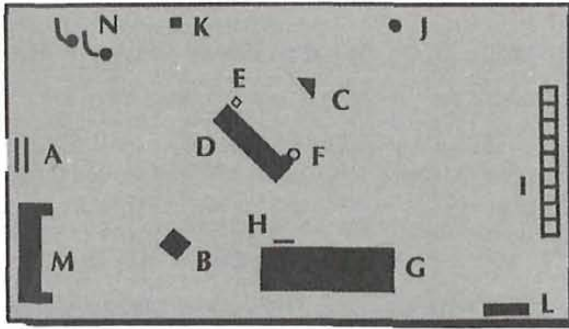


Fig. 4

- A) **Double Doors.** You will note that your therapist locks two doors behind you. This is to create the illusion that your session is private and can't be heard outside. In reality, a paper cup applied to the waiting room wall will allow the next patient to hear your most intimate thoughts.
- B) **Therapist's chair.** Overstuffed, plush Victorian wing chair or sleek Scandinavian leather multi-positional model.
- C) **Patient's chair.** Stuyvesant High School wooden reject or Woolworth's plastic model.
- D) **Coffee table.** Containing box of tissues and other nonbreakables.
- E) **Tissues.** Usually the generic brand. This box is supposedly there for you to use to dry your tears. It is actually more for your therapist to use to dust off the de rigueur "mentor bust."
- F) **Mentor bust.** Freud, Horney, Adler, or Jung, etc.
- G) **Desk.** Contains your therapist's phone, answering machine (used to screen especially dull patients), financial records, coffee mug with cute phrase on it like "You don't have to be crazy to work here but it helps," patient files containing long-since-abandoned treatment plans for you, August plane tickets, BMW payment coupon book which, surprise of surprises, mirrors your fee schedule.
- H) **Calculator.** No therapist's office is ever without one. (Those seeing a Chinatown therapist, substitute abacus.)
- I) **Bookcases.** Containing never-read medical journals, never-read psychology treatises, and usually a well-thumbed Time-Life series (*How the West Was Won* is the current favorite).
- J) **Clock.** The timepiece is always directly behind your head and always five minutes fast. It is never in your line of sight. The clock is strategically placed so that not even the rubber man in the circus could get a look at it while still seated. Your therapist is the official timekeeper. Never, ever question him on this. In case you are curious how much time is left, merely wait for the ceremonial throat clearing—the psychoanalytic equivalent of football's two-minute warning. This is an indication that you must wrap up whatever thoughts you are pursuing no matter how relevant to your getting better.
- K) **Cuckoo clock.** A humorous addition found in most offices. The time on this clock is irrelevant. Its major function is to provide your therapist with an amusing distraction while

you're describing how your life is falling apart.

- L) **Landscape.** Every therapist's office contains a forest scene painting. Your fraternity brothers or sorority sisters would not bother stealing this kind of picture from the local Ramada Inn.
- M) **Couch.** A very comfortable piece of furniture, which is off-limits to you unless you are in analysis, which means going at least four times a week.
- N) **Hanging plants.** A vain attempt to symbolize life in an atmosphere where death is the number-one topic of conversation.

Fees and Session Length

Patients should be aware of the distinction between paying a fee and paying money. The word "money" will never, ever be mentioned by your mental health professional. The main benefit of earning an advanced degree is that you may charge a fee. Plumbers ask for money.

You will pay a fee for a fixed number of minutes per session. Your therapist will refer to this time as your "hour." Of course, as everyone knows, this does not mean sixty minutes. Since the 1950s, the standard measure has been the fifty-minute hour. This is still largely the case today. An alarming trend, however, appears to be developing among some practitioners whereby the fifty-minute hour is becoming the forty-five, forty, or even thirty-minute hour. The new shorter, short hour is actually beneficial, as it encourages you to talk twice as fast and allows your therapist to pay half the attention. Given the new shorter, short hour, your therapist will be seeing upwards of sixteen patients a day. Therefore, do not be angry if she forgets your name or if you're assigned a number. Do not be concerned if you receive a bill containing an uneven amount (Example: Session 4—\$125.90). Remember that session last month when your therapist "gave" you a Coke?

It must be stressed that the meter starts running from the moment the door opens. Do not expect extra time to be tacked on no matter what outside interference takes place during the session. Interruptions such as emergency calls from other patients (never taken), calls from therapist's spouse (seldom taken), calls from therapist's broker (always taken) are frequent occurrences. These distractions, which can last anywhere from five to fifteen minutes, are to be expected as part of the normal course of your therapy. If this troubles you, take solace, as your shrink will be more than happy to discuss your feelings with you next session.

Clinic and mall patients should be aware that potential interruptions are virtually limitless. Do not be surprised to see Chinese-food deliverymen, Jehovah's Witnesses, or lotto agents traipsing through your session.

Where your therapy dollar goes:

- A) Alimony to spouse #1—9%
- B) Alimony to spouse #2—14%
- C) Third spouse's therapist—7%
- D) Your therapist's therapist—6%
- E) Therapist for your therapist's children—7%
- F) Membership in ultraliberal political club—3%
- G) Videocassette rentals—5%
- H) Opera and ballet tickets—2%
- I) Tweed jackets—1%

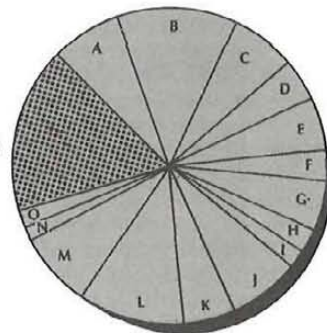


Fig. 5

- J) Malpractice insurance—9%
- K) Office rent—8%
- L) Co-op payments—15%
- M) Summer-home mortgage payments—12%
- N) Hanging plant maintenance—1%
- O) Books, periodicals, seminars to help your therapist to better treat you—1%

You are strongly advised to plan all major life decisions, anxiety attacks, and nervous breakdowns before or after the month of August, because your therapist will not be in town then. Just as the swallows return to Capistrano in March, every living, breathing mental health professional vanishes in August—as in nowhere to be found. The good news is that you will not be charged for missed sessions. The bad news is that should you actually need help, the “cover” guy is some first-year resident whose only exposure to therapy has been *The Dr. Ruth Show* and the psycho ward. Great, if your problem is that you are an impotent Napoleon.

While it is difficult to determine the duration of your therapy, the following factors are influential:

- 1) The number of mortgage payments remaining on your therapist’s summer home.
- 2) How much money your shrink’s classmates who went into

- plastic surgery are making.
- 3) The exchange rate and how much yen your therapist was holding when you began therapy.
- 4) Your therapist’s spouse’s inheritance.
- 5) The cost of tulips at the local Korean salad bar.
- 6) The actual seriousness of your illness.

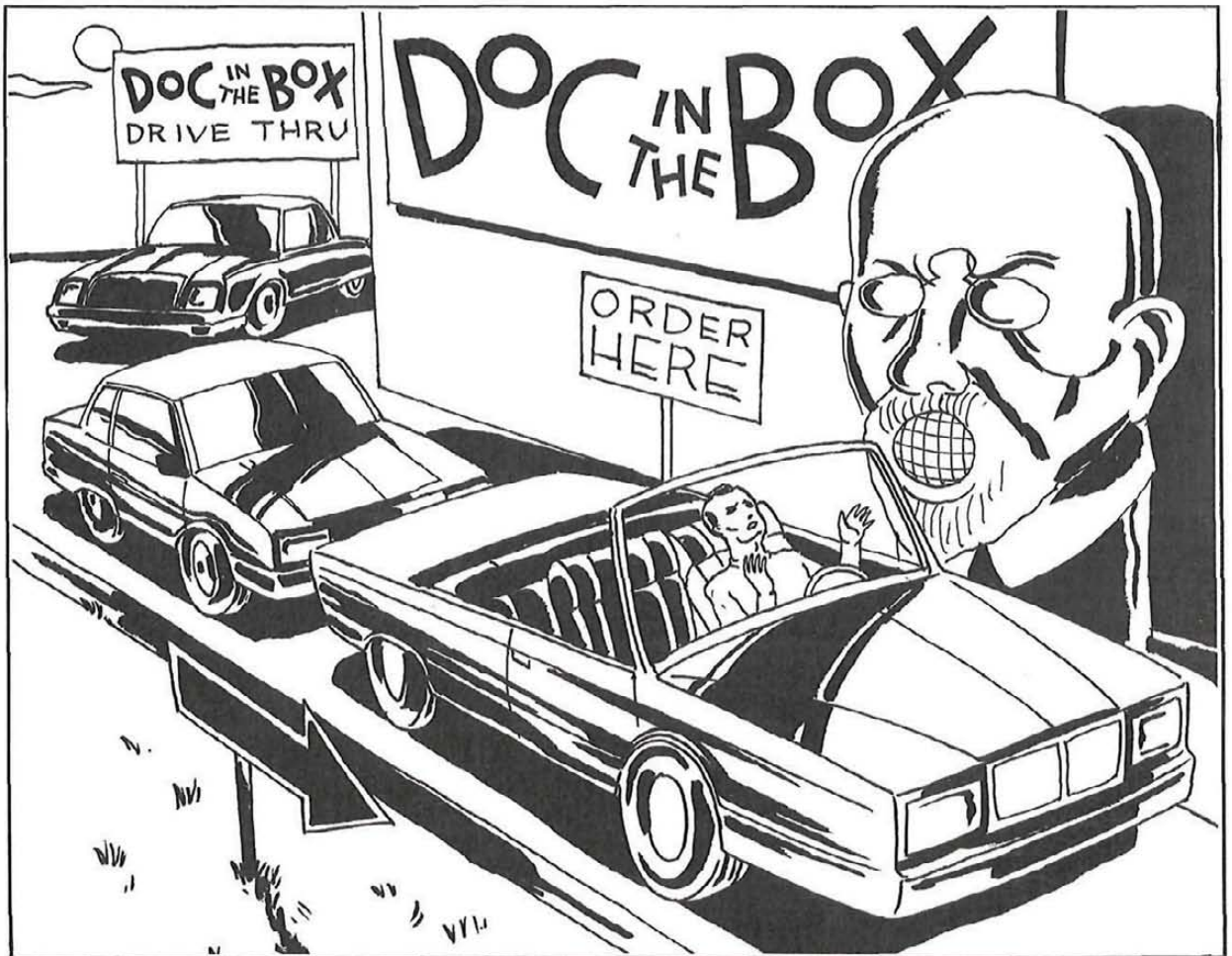
What to Do If Your Therapist Dies

This can be a very painful experience for you. Unless your therapist dies a sudden violent death (e.g., hit by a bus) there is a tendency to blame yourself. Did I wish my therapist dead? Or the more likely thought, Did I bore him to death? This can lead to immense guilt. Worse, it means the outlay of more money, as you now have this concern added to the existing problems to be discussed with your new therapist.

If you see a Freudian analyst, you may ask yourself during a session, How do I know whether my therapist is dead or simply silent and motionless—his usual completely unresponsive self? This can be a quandary. There is only one sure way to tell. If your therapist allows your session to continue even one second beyond your allotted time, you can assume that he is in fact dead.

If your therapist does pass away, you should continue making weekly payments to his estate. He or she would have wanted it that way.

Do not worry about locating a new, living therapist. One will find you, and *soon*, usually at the funeral of your old therapist. “Hi, I’m Dr. _____, I know the loss is difficult for you. I loved Dr. _____ and I too will miss him.... Oh, by the way, if you need someone to talk to, here’s my card.” ■



The newest trend in psychotherapy: drive-through analyst's office.

"Sex is when the brain lies down with the limb."

—Conrad Aiken



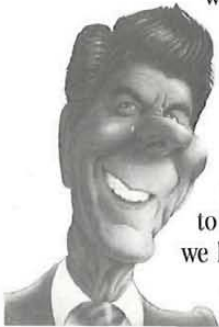
No Bull.

■ **NO OBLIGATION!** MOTHER JONES magazine will send you a free copy of *TO ERR IS REAGAN: Lies and Deceptions from the President*, when you mail in the attached coupon. In the three years since the publication of his eye-opening book, "There He Goes Again: Ronald Reagan's Reign of Error," writer Mark Green has continued to chronicle lies, tall tales and sheer lunacies from the mouth of President Reagan. Now that President Reagan has had to repudiate nearly everything he originally said about the Iranian arms sale, everyone other than perhaps the First Lady knows that our 40th president is a chronic dissembler. *TO ERR IS REAGAN* provides recent instances of dissembling — prime examples of Reaganality. This indispensable 24-page publication is a MOTHER JONES exclusive and is not available in any store.

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Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

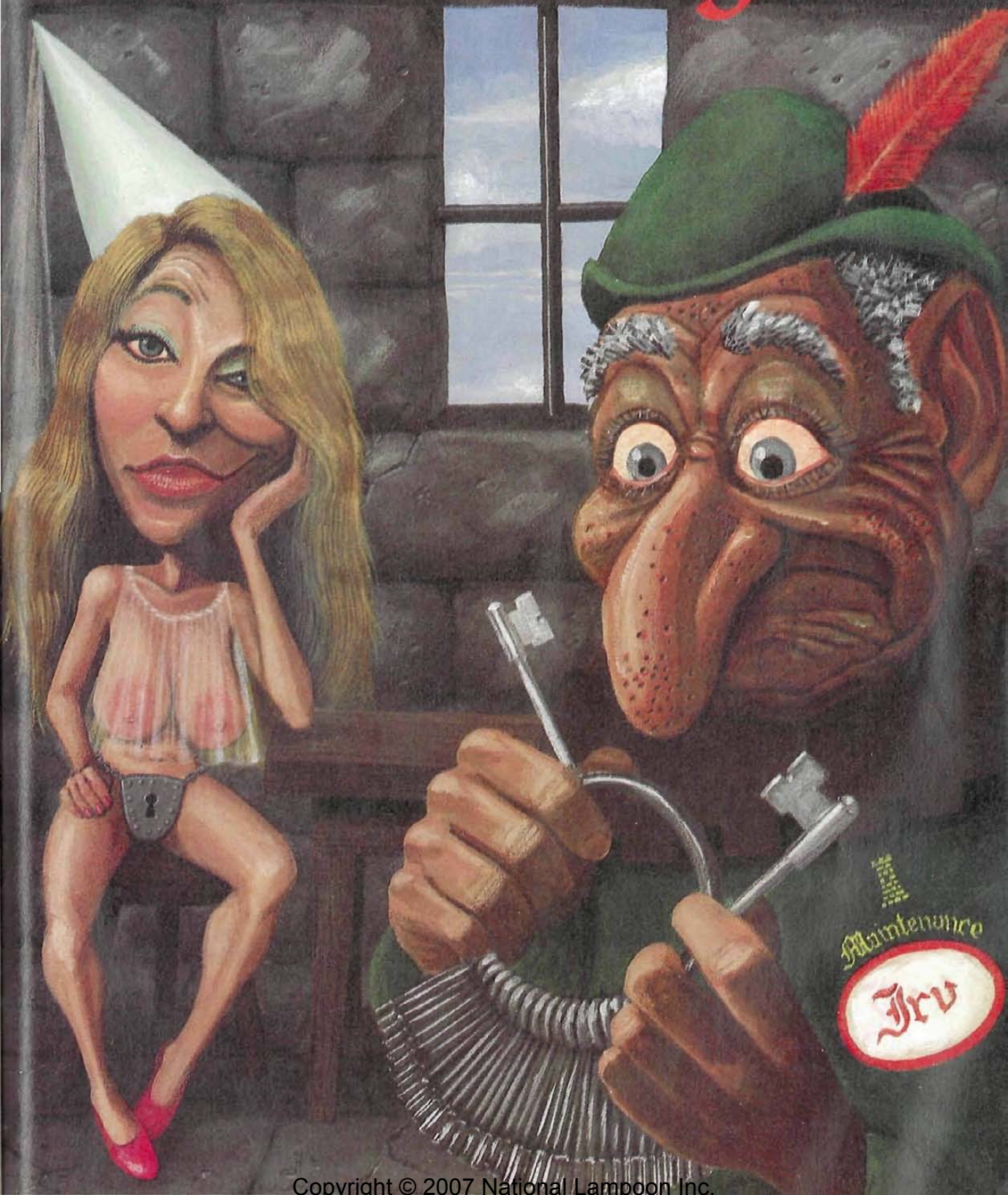
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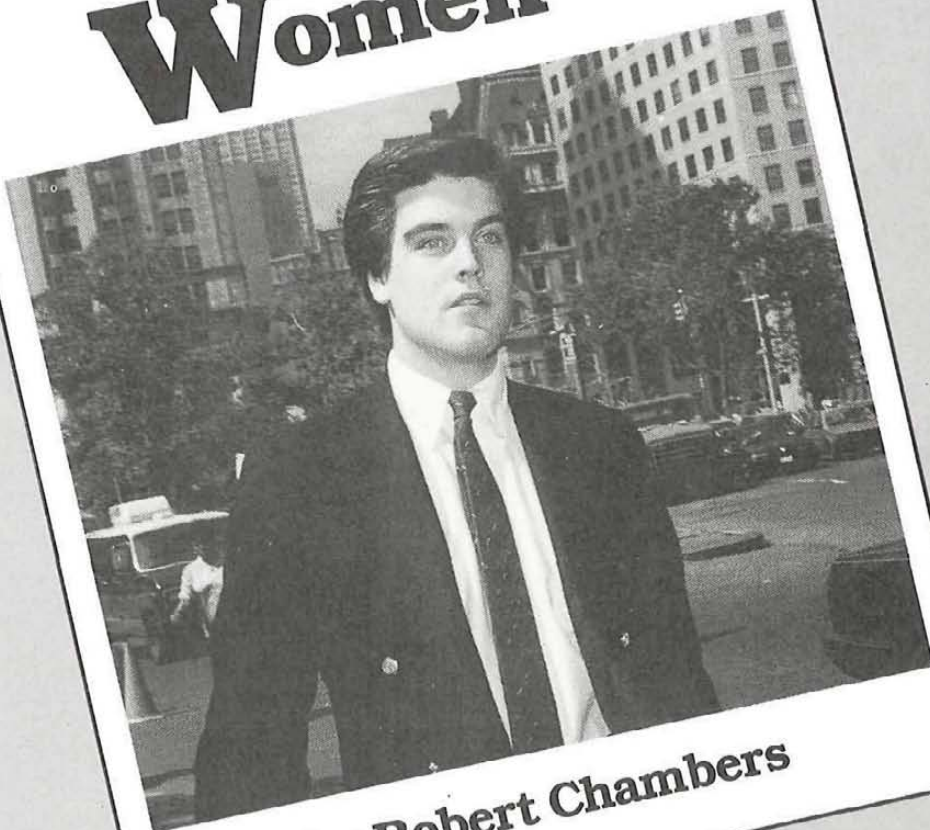
Sex Pages



Robert Chambers's

How to Have

How to Have Your Way with Women



by Robert Chambers

Your Way with Women

SOON TO BE A NETWORK
TV MOVIE, NO DOUBT

Cockatoo Press Announces the Publication of Robert Chambers's Explosive New Guidebook: *How to Have Your Way with Women*

After you read Robert Chambers's new book, nothing will stop you from enjoying the same extraordinary success with women that he has.

Chambers, the handsome young New Yorker whose sexual prowess has received attention in such national publications as *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *People*, shares for the first time his secrets of the passion arts in his eminently readable new guidebook, *How to Have Your Way with Women*.

You'll learn his secrets on

- **Selecting the Right Girl for You:** Using Chambers's never-before-published compatibility chart, which takes into account such variables as height, weight, reach, and windpipe diameter, you can instantly determine if a woman is a proper physical match for you. You'll learn what type of girl is right for you, and then you'll learn
- **How and Where to Meet Her:** You'll learn how to meet the girls you've always wanted to meet—beautiful, wealthy, three-sheets-to-the-wind girls. Chambers reveals that where you meet a girl isn't nearly as important as where you take her. You'll learn how to meet a girl you want to take a roll in the dirt with, and then how to hold her interest by identifying what she's high on and promising her you've got plenty more of it. Then you'll learn about
- **Wooing and Foreplay:** And how to get a girl wasted enough so that she'll be putty in your hands, trembling to your touch. And then you'll be taught how to decode
- **What Women Say, and What They Really Mean:** Women are famous for being coy about their true desires, and Robert Chambers will help you decipher just what they are trying to communicate when, at pivotal times in your encounter, they feign indifference. You'll learn what they really mean when they say, "Oh please, stop," and what they mean when they say, "Ouch! If you don't stop that I'm gonna call a cop!" An then you'll learn
- **The Erotic Secrets of Robert Chambers:** The vastly experienced Chambers shares with you his personal *Kama Sutra*. He reveals his favorite sexual posi-

tions, including the Half Nelson and the Cold Fish, as well as the sexiest places to make love. You'll learn why sex under the stars is sexier than on any bearskin rug or fourposter bed...and why the atmosphere of the great outdoors brings out the sexiest in them. You'll learn the value of fear as an aphrodisiac, why frightened women are the most animated sex partners, and how the proverbial "fear of being caught" heightens sexual excitement. Chambers also touches upon sexual dysfunction, sharing his thoughtful views on how to handle girls who are active during foreplay but cool down during actual lovemaking. And you'll learn about

- **Female Reactions During Lovemaking:** Just as women are often awkward in conversation, so are they often inarticulate during lovemaking. You'll learn what she really means when she emits that muffled squawk...and what she's actually saying when she tries to pull the sock out of her mouth to express the magnitude of her passion.
- **Guaranteed Results:** If you follow Chambers's expert advice, there's no reason why your sexual exploits can't be in the headlines in just a few short weeks!

"It made me wish I was eighteen again."

—George Burns

"The finest expression of bachelorhood since they locked up Richard Speck."

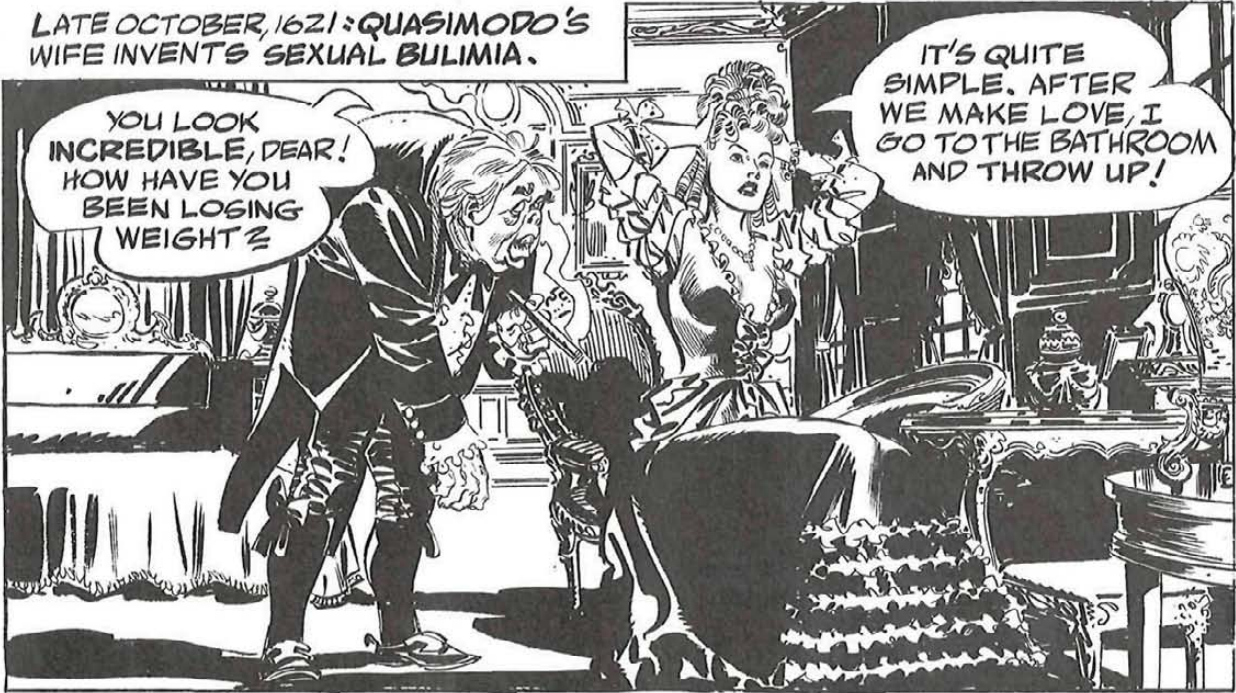
—Ted Bundy, *Attica Book Review*

Robert Chambers's previous writings include a report on Henry VIII in seventh grade and a research paper on the coca leaf in eleventh grade.

CREAT MOMENTS in SEX

WRITTEN by ED BLUESTONE ILLUSTRATED by FRANK SPRINGER

LATE OCTOBER, 1621: QUASIMODO'S WIFE INVENTS SEXUAL BULIMIA.



MARCH 19, 1925: SIGMUND FREUD ATTEMPTS TO PASS OFF THE COUCH AS A THERAPEUTIC TOOL TO HIS WIFE.



OCTOBER 3, 1940: MICKEY ROONEY LOSES HIS VIRGINITY TO MAE WEST. ROONEY IS SO NAIVE THAT AFTER THEY MAKE LOVE, WEST GOES TO THE BATHROOM, COMES BACK WITH A BABY, AND TELLS ROONEY HE MUST SUPPORT THE CHILD!



JANUARY 10, 1942: JOAN CRAWFORD SUMS UP HER SEXUAL PHILOSOPHY TO THE BEVERLY HILLS P.T.A.



JULY 5, 1955: JAYNE MANSFIELD TRIES TO WARD OFF JAMES DEAN BY ASKING STUPID QUESTIONS AS HE ATTEMPTS TO UNHOOK HER BRA AT A DRIVE-IN MOVIE.



DECEMBER 3, 4000 B.C.: THE FIRST PORN FILMS ARE SHOWN ON NOAH'S ARK.



GOD HAS SENT US SEVERAL MOVIES TO HELP KEEP YOU PROCREATING WHILE YOU'RE HERE. TONIGHT'S FILM IS ENTITLED "SHORE LEAVE."

OCTOBER 4, 1921: MAGICIAN HARRY HOUDINI IS ARRESTED FOR SAWING A WOMAN IN HALF AND MOLESTING THE BOTTOM HALF!



DIDN'T YOU THINK IT WAS FUNNY WHEN THE TOP HALF STARTED SCREAMING "LEAVE MY BOTTOM HALF ALONE!"?

MAY 4, 1959: THE CLEAVER FAMILY DISCUSSES ORAL SEX AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.



SAY, DAD, IS IT TRUE YOU NAMED ME AFTER MOM'S MUFF?

IT CERTAINLY IS, BEAVER! I'VE ALWAYS FOUND YOUR MOTHER'S VAGINA TO BE QUITE A DELICIOUS TREAT!

WHY, THANK YOU, DEAR! YOUR PENIS IS QUITE A TREAT, TOO!

I DON'T KNOW, MOM — I'M KIND OF WILD ABOUT THESE HOTCAKES MYSELF!

FEBRUARY 11, 1964: ALICE KRAMDEN ACT'S INSENSITIVELY WHEN RALPH BECOMES IMPOTENT.



WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE DOING, ALICE?

BREAKING MY BIRTH CONTROL PILLS IN HALF!

ONE OF THESE DAYS, ALICE... ONE OF THESE DAYS...

LATE NOVEMBER, 1962: SELF-DESTRUCTIVE POET SYLVIA PLATH ANSWERS THE PERSONAL AD OF A HIGHLY DESTRUCTIVE MALE AND WINDS UP IN BED WITH BOXER SONNY LISTON!



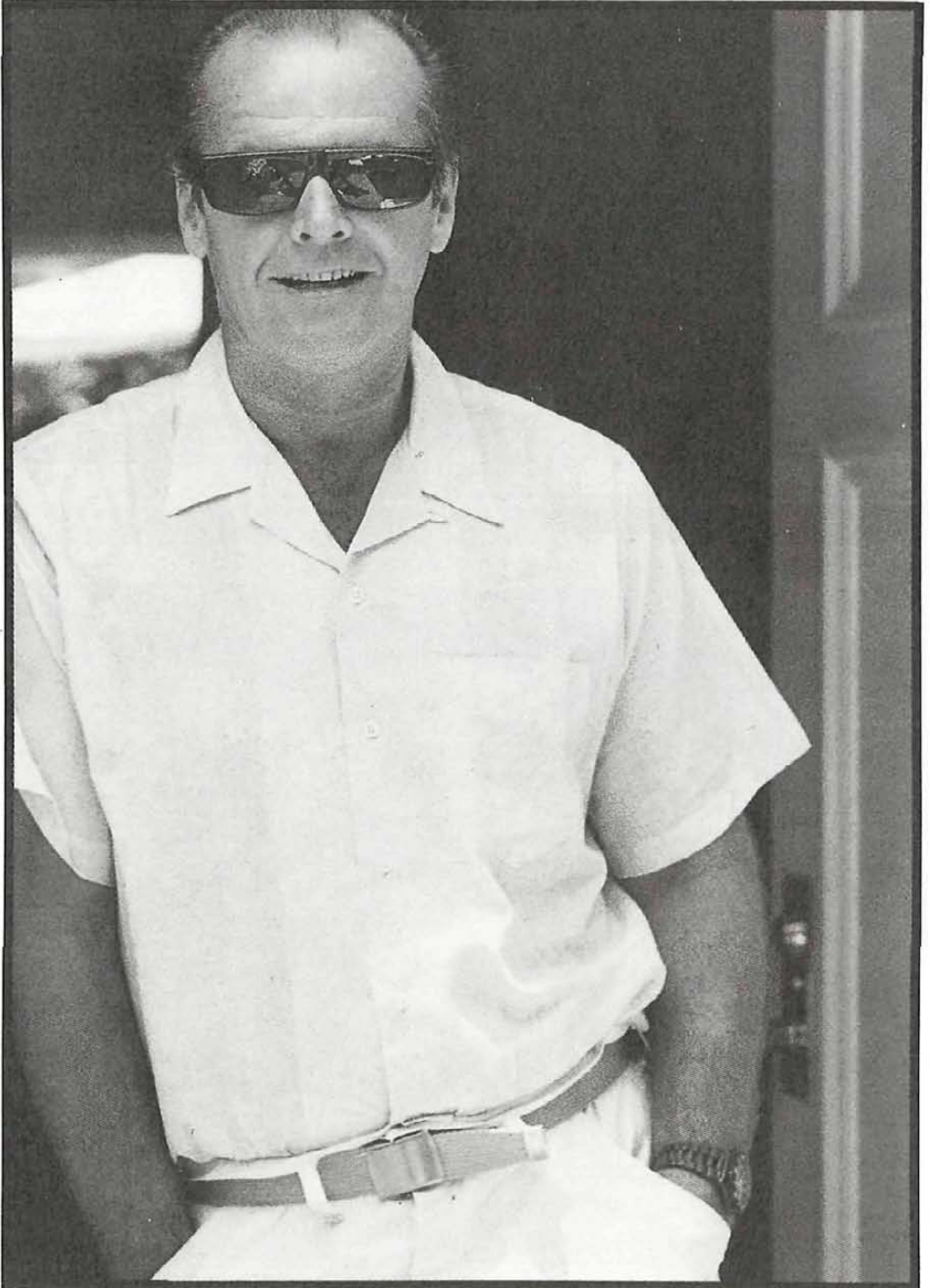
WHO WOULD YOU RATE ABOVE KEATS AND SHELLEY?

CLEVELAND WILLIAMS.

Are you ready for

NICHOLSON SENSITI

*Listen, babe, ain't
it about time you
stopped fucking
worrying and
started fucking
living?*



AP/Wide World

ACTIVITY TRAINING (NST)

Let's be honest with each other, babe. If you're like most guys, you're probably living a piss-poor excuse of a life. You're saddled with a boring job, your wife thinks her ass is a gold mine, and you're so busy you only have time to get drunk on the weekends. Let's face it: life is fucking passing you by.

It doesn't have to be that way, babe. Attend a Nicholson Sensitivity Training seminar (NST, pronounced "nest"), and I'll show you how to get a rewarding, fulfilling life. It's easy! All you have to do is act like me, Jack Nicholson.

Wouldn't ya love to be me? I can drink and smoke and screw around all I want—and nobody says a goddamn word about it! I go as I please, and I please as I go, babe. And when it comes to sex—forget it! I get so much that I donated some to the Salvation Army last Christmas!



What the hell are you doing with these things, babe? The world is full of beautiful women and whiskey, and you're going to work. Are ya crazy or something?

"But Jack," you're probably saying, "how can you help me? I'm not a world-famous pussy hound like you."

You're talking crazy, babe. I am *with* you. You've got to remember, I wasn't always the stud of Hollywood Boulevard. I was once in your shoes.

Years ago, I was married and broke—I led a life of hassles, like you. One morning when I had the d.t.'s, I saw in a flash (more like a blurry vision) the problem with my life. I figured out that if you want to find happiness, you've got to eliminate the pink elephant!

The Pink Elephant

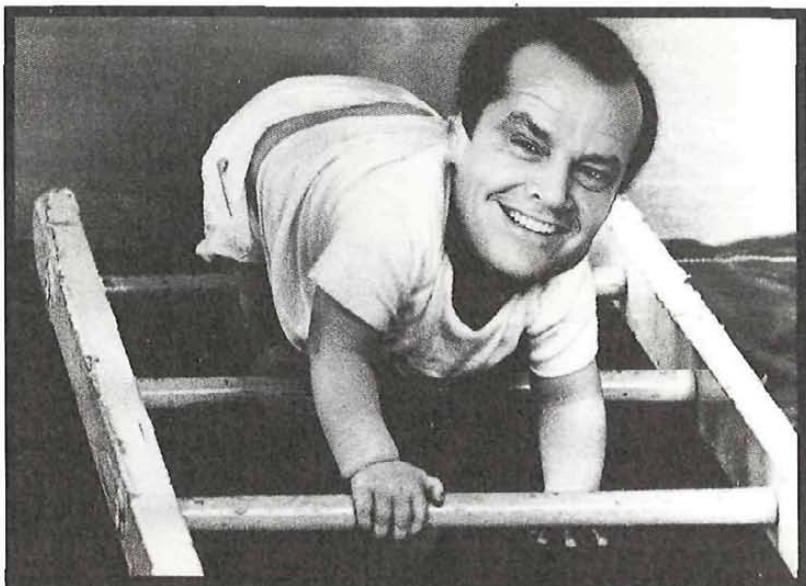
Think about it. Living a life of hassles is like sharing your house with a pink elephant! Ain't that wild? Troubles with your wife, problems on the job, broken lawn mowers, all that crap...it's like having a goddamn gigantic pink elephant in your living room. You try to relax and watch a little TV, but you can't because the elephant's big pink ass is in the way! You can't invite your buddies in for a game of five-card because the goddamn elephant will drink the beer!

You get it?! Haa-haa! Yeah, a pink elephant, babe. Never gives you a moment's peace. The average guy puts up with the elephant his whole life. He's too goddamn scared to try to chase him away. The elephant follows him to his grave, babe. And then it takes a shit on it.

You have to get rid of the elephant, babe! Shout, kick, curse, cry, do whatever it takes. Don't worry about being polite! That's just human nature!

Be a Tough Baby

Remember when you were just a little baby? Ah, hell no, you probably don't.



Goo goo dah dah—stick it between your knees!

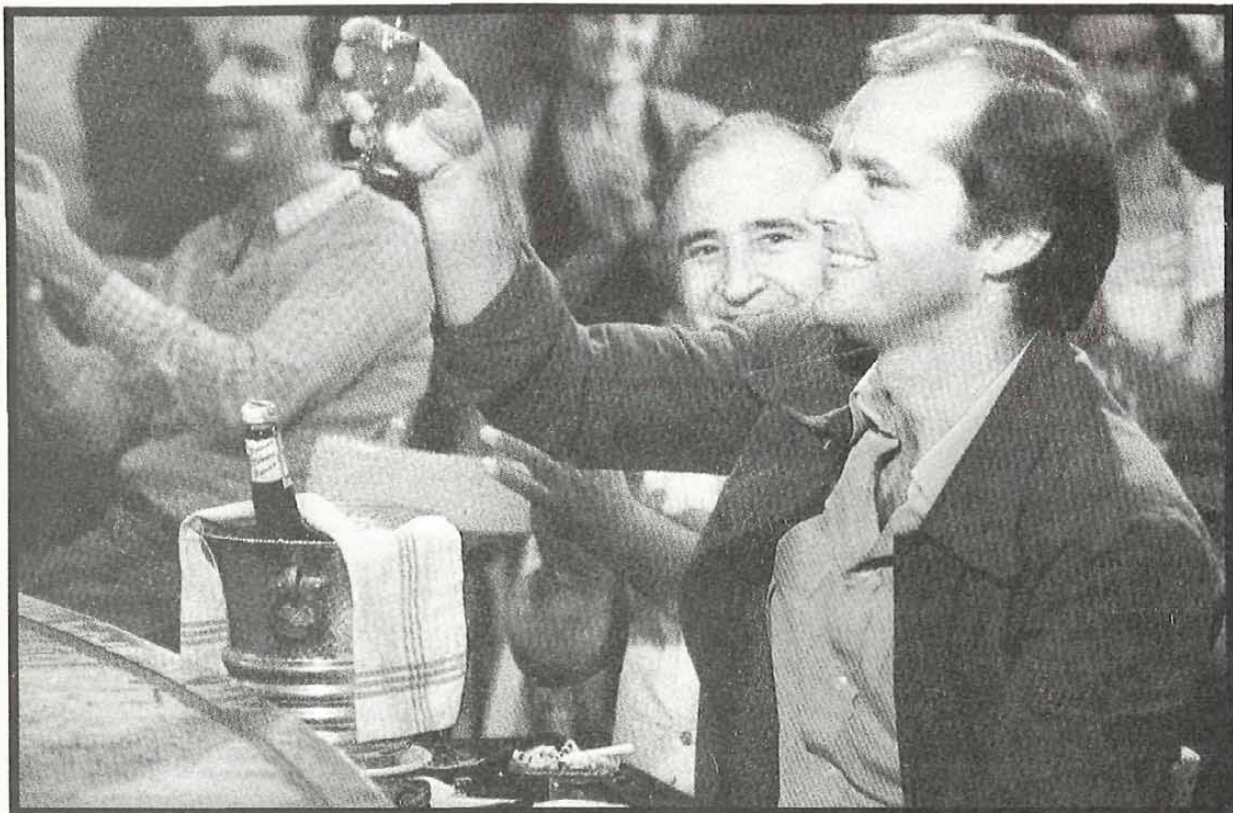
Okay, have you ever seen a little baby? When he's hungry he screams until he gets fed. He isn't goddamn *polite*, but he gets dinner. And that isn't the end of it. If he doesn't *like* what he's eating, he gets really pissed off...throws the spoon on the floor, chucks the jar of baby food against the wall, and slams his hands on the tray! *That's a natural reaction, babe!* That's how you have to act every time you see the elephant.

If that doesn't work, try looking at the elephant from a different point of view. *Like, down the barrel of a pink fucking elephant gun.*

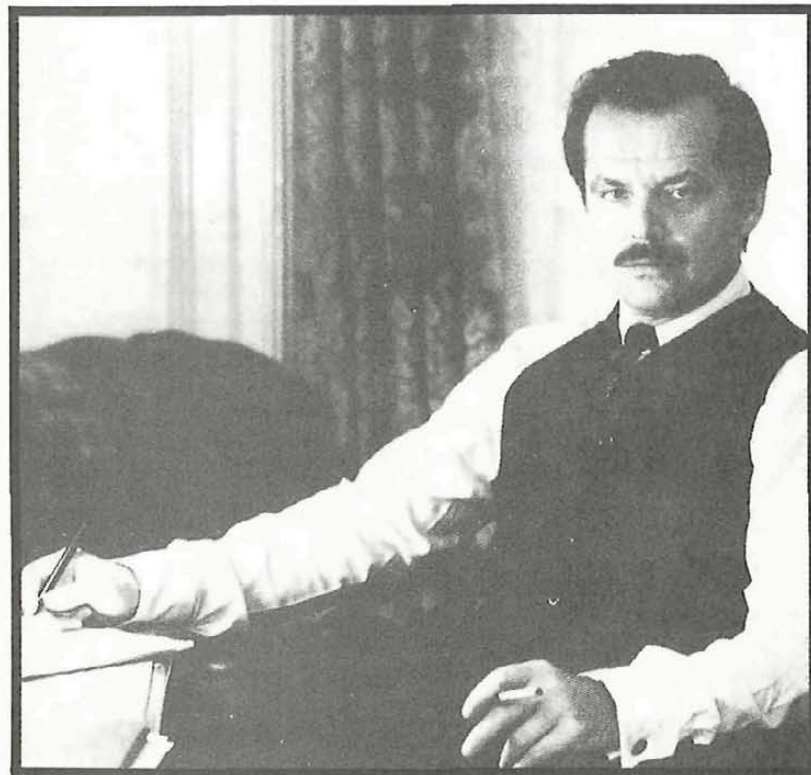
We Cut the Shit

Maybe you've already tried one of those other awareness seminars and the results were less than expected. Hell, babe, I'm not surprised. The scenario for all those other places is about the same. Some asshole from California tells you his life story. You shell out half a grand and they don't even buy you a goddamn drink. You hug the shit out of strangers, and everybody cries. Then they feed you a bunch of horseshit about the importance

continued on next page



Most people think of this as irresponsibility. I call it Nirvana, and you can reach it too.



When it comes to success, I wrote the goddamn book.

of "enhanced communication" and "heightened awareness levels."

In other words, you play ring around the fucking rosy. We don't do that at NST, babe. We don't care about hugging, communications, awareness levels, or any of that crap. We care about having a good time. And ain't that what it's all about?

One Zoo Equals the Cuckoo's NST

A NST seminar is more than just a learning experience. It's a full-scale blow-out, babe. We hold them in large abandoned hotels. They're great places for getting weird, and there's nobody around to bug you with rules and regulations.

Just like the other awareness seminars, our sessions are long. Four days, twenty-four hours a day. But you won't mind the time, unless you don't like drinking and telling dirty jokes.

The first day I'm always on hand to personally greet you and hand out name-tags. (It's easy to keep them sorted—every one of them says BABE.) You'll also receive a seminar kit that includes a pair of sunglasses, a comb (so you can practice throwing it away), a tacky shirt, and a copy of my bestseller, *How to Goddamn Win Friends and Influence People*.

This is a standard schedule:

DAY 1

10:00 A.M. - 4:00 P.M.

4:00 P.M. - Midnight

Midnight - 2:00 A.M.

4:00 A.M. - 8:00 A.M.

DAY 2

8:00 A.M. - 9:00 A.M.

9:00 A.M. - 2:00 P.M.

2:00 P.M. - 3:00 P.M.

3:00 P.M. - 6:00 P.M.

6:00 P.M. - Midnight

Midnight - 7:00 A.M.

DAY 3

All Day

DAY 4

7:00 A.M. - Noon

Noon - 2:00 P.M.

Noon - Midnight

Get Acquainted Party. (open bar)*

Lecture: "Dress like a Mess." (open bar)

Lecture: "The Importance of Winking."
(open bar)

Video: Lakers' Highlights. (open bar)

Sleep. (open bar)

Lecture: "Dirty Jokes." (open bar)

Lecture: "The Bars of Aspen." (open bar)

Lecture: "How to Befriend John McEnroe and
What to Do with the Little Shit." (open bar)

Demonstration: Breaking Things. (open bar)

Lecture: "The Pros and Cons of Dating
Directors' Daughters." (open bar)Group Participation: "All right, what the hell's
bugging you?" (open bar, open drugstore)Lecture: "The Importance of Sunglasses."
(open bar)Demonstration: How to Laugh with Your Mouth
Open and Your Tongue Sticking Out.
(open bar)

Farewell Bash. (open everything)

*In some cases we just keep the party going for all four days and skip everything else.

As you can tell, it's a *hoot*, babe. And I even let you go to the bathroom. In fact, you can go anywhere you want to, do anything you want to. If you want to pull the

tablecloth out from under the drinks, go ahead! Want to drive your 'vette around the parking lot and steer it with your feet? Go ahead! What the fuck do I care?



Is this man solving his problems? Who knows and who cares? He's having the time of his life, even if he is stuck with Shirley MaLaine.



Another of my recent graduates. This man knows how to get everything he wants out of life.

The Postman Always Sings Nice

Now, you're probably wondering, "Jack, will NST really change my life?"

What the hell kind of question is that? Listen, babe, what do you think I'm doing here, pissing in the wind? Of course NST will change your life. But why should I tell you about it? Why not peruse some fan mail from recent graduates?

Before the seminar, I was the meekest little wimp who ever walked the earth. Critics were hostile, and nobody respected me. My life was a living hell. I spent hours crying at my desk.

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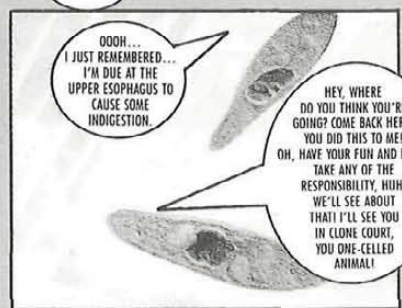
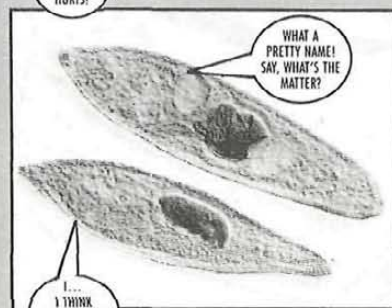
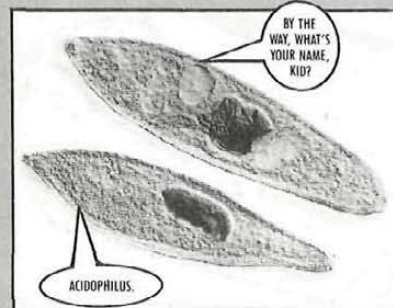
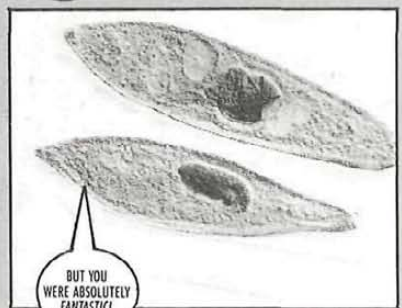
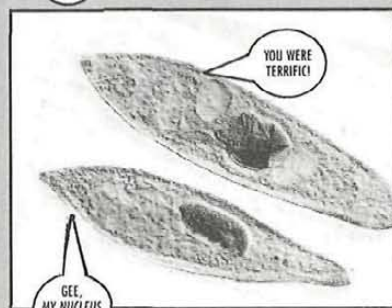
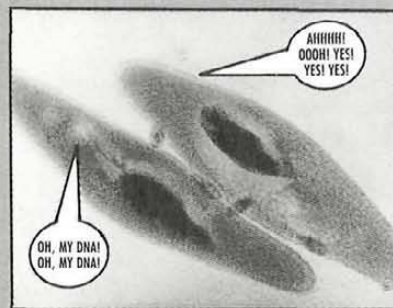
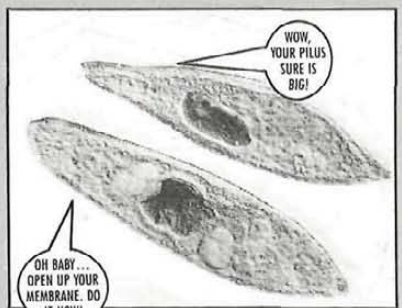
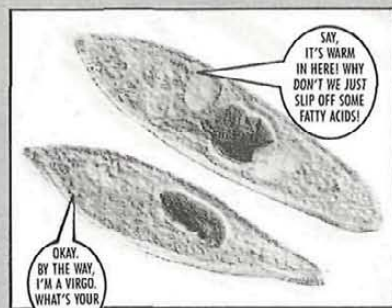
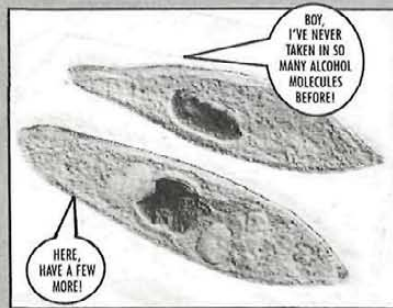
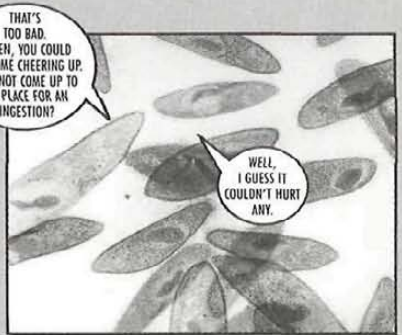
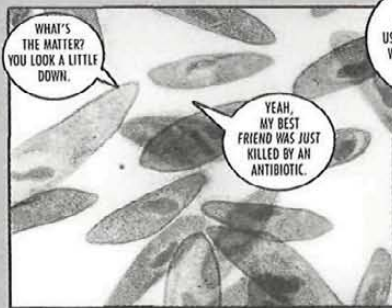
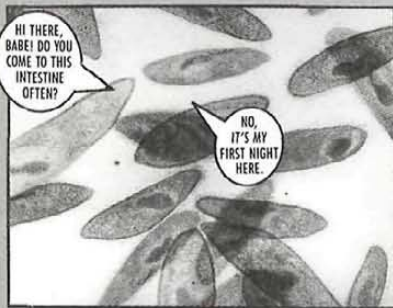
PARABACILLUS'S NIGHT OUT

by Larry Sloman and Ed Subitzky

It's happening everywhere. All around you, on your skin, in your mouth and nose and ears and eyes. Not to mention your kitchen table, your couch, your bathroom sink, and even in the roots of Phyllis Schlafly's hair. It's a ceaseless, undulating orgy of sexual activity. Only, until now, it's been too tiny for anyone to see.

Today, though, thanks to a cascade of improvements in electron microscopy, as well as the development of ultrasensitive chemical recording techniques, scientists are at last beginning to document the sex lives of the untold zillions of tiny one-celled animals that inhabit our bodies and our environments. And they're learning some pretty shocking things!

The following photographs, annotated with English equivalents of the meaning of the microorganisms' biochemical ways of communicating, are reprinted, with permission, from the journal *Nature*. Read them and then, even when you're not getting any action, you can revel in the fact that countless tiny beings all over you and around you are doing very well indeed.



The Elements of Style

Painstakingly translated by Derek Pell

"Sade...[his] pornographic messages are embodied in sentences so pure they might be used as grammatical models."

—Roland Barthes
The Pleasure of the Text

TEN DAYS PRIOR TO THE STORMING of the Bastille, and long before I had learned to read or write, the Marquis de Sade, France's foremost adult educator and disciplinarian, went on a sabbatical to the Charenton lunatic asylum. There, despite inadequate accommodations, he began writing a textbook called *Les Éléments du Style*. The manuscript soon became known among the inmate population as "Cent Pages d'Ennui"—a title prompted less by the author's worthy message than the prose in which he imparted it. Indeed, the work was marred by pedantic repetitions and insufferably bad puns. Such sins might easily have been overlooked had Sade chosen to include illustrations.

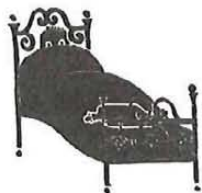
In 1957, while I was browsing in an adult bookshop on the Champs Élysées, I stumbled upon the first (and only) edition of *Les Éléments du Style*, bound in a fellow inmate's flesh. I immediately expressed my disdain at the fact that the slender volume contained not a single picture. The proprietor simply shrugged and spat at my feet. Still, I detected among the book's yellowed pages rich deposits of gold amid the dust and rhetorical debris. It was, I realized, the Marquis de Sade's *parvum opus*, his attempt to cut the French student body down to size and to instill a sense of badly needed discipline.

What struck me then was the realization that the American academic community could greatly benefit from the master's instructions. I decided to take a crack at the work, to edit it and whip it into shape, so to speak.

In the English classes of today, this "little book" is surrounded by longer, harder, better-endowed tomes. Perhaps it has become something of a curiosity, for even though few students heed its advice, they certainly study the pictures. For me, this "little book" maintains its original stature, standing erect, resolute, and assured. I still find de Sade's cruel wisdom a comfort, his rancor a delight, and his

BY
The Marquis de Sade
*With Revisions, an Introduction,
and a Chapter on Writing*

BY
E. B. WHIPE
THIRD EDITION



penetrating insight into right and wrong a blessing. His last words linger on:

"Education *smarts*."

E.B. Whipe

ACHEKNOWLEDGEMENT

The coauthor, E. B. Whipe, is most grateful to Miss Justine Strunk for her many sacrifices made during the preparation of this edition.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF COMPOSITION

Omit needless words.

Madame de Gernande, aged nineteen and a half, had the most lovely, the most noble, the most majestic figure one could hope to see. Not one of her gestures, not a single movement was without gracefulness, not one of her glances lacked depth of sentiment: nothing could equal the expression of her eyes, which were a beautiful dark brown, although her hair was blond; but a certain languor, a lassitude entailed by her misfortunes, dimmed their *éclat*, and thereby rendered them a thousand times more interesting; her skin was very fair, her hair very rich; her mouth was very small, perhaps too small, and I was little surprised to find this defect in her: 'twas a pretty rose not yet in full bloom; but teeth so white...lips of a vermilion...one might have said Love had colored them with tints borrowed from the goddess of flowers; her nose was aquiline, straight, delicately modeled; upon her brow curved two ebony eyebrows; a perfectly lovely chin; a visage, in one word, of the finest oval shape, over whose entirety reigned a kind of attractiveness, a naïveté, an openness which might well have made one take this adorable face for an angelic rather than mortal physiognomy. Her arms, her breasts, her flanks were of a splendor...of a round fullness fit to serve as models to an artist; a black silken fleece covered her *mons veneris*, which was sustained by two superbly cast thighs; and what astonished me was that, despite the slenderness of the Countess's figure, despite her sufferings, nothing had impaired the firm quality of her flesh: her round, plump buttocks were as smooth, as ripe, as firm as if her figure were heavier and as if she had always dwelled in the depths of happiness. However, frightful traces of her husband's libertinage were scattered thickly about; but, I repeat, nothing spoiled, nothing damaged...the very image of a beautiful lily upon which the honeybee has inflicted some scratches. To so many gifts Madame de Gernande added a gentle nature, a romantic and tender mind, a heart of such sensibility!

The paragraph above may be reduced to the following sentence:

Madame de Gernande was a piece of ass.

Avoid a succession of loose sentences.

Make an unbreakable habit of daintiness. Always start the day with clean underwear and hosiery. If you haven't time or strength to iron crepe slips and panties, wear the knit variety that needs no pressing. But don't get an "extra day's wear" from your lingerie. There is little difference between *dirty* underwear and *slightly soiled* underwear.

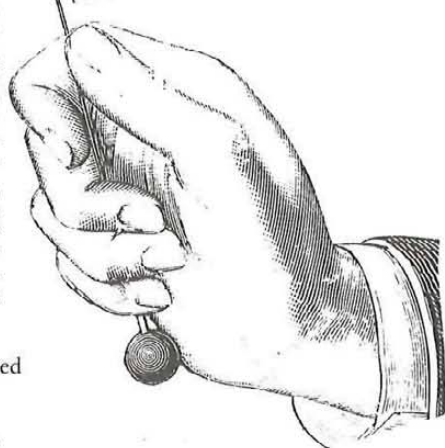
Apart from its triteness and emptiness, the paragraph above is bad because of the structure of its sentences, with their mechanical symmetry and singsong. Compare these sentences:



"Wait one moment," says the berserk monk. "I want to flog simultaneously the most beautiful of behinds and the softest of breasts." He leaves me on my knees and, bringing Armande toward me, makes her stand facing me with her legs spread, in such a way that my mouth touches her womb and my breasts are exposed between her thighs and below her behind; by this means the monk has what he wants before him: Armande's buttocks and my titties in close proximity: furiously he beats them both, but my companion, in order to spare me blows which are becoming far more dangerous for me than for her, has the goodness to lower herself and thus shield me by receiving upon her own person the lashes that would inevitably have wounded me.

Use definite, specific, concrete language.

These groupings were frequent; for when a monk indulged in whatever form of pleasure, all the girls regularly surrounded him in order to fire all his parts' sensations, that voluptuousness might, if one may be forgiven the expression, more surely penetrate into him through every pore.



Place the emphatic words of a sentence at the end.

The proper place in the sentence for the word or group of words that the writer desires to make most prominent is usually the end.

...You, Eugénie, bestow two good smacks upon Madame your Mother, and as soon as she gains the threshold, help her cross it with a few lusty kicks aimed at her ass.

A FEW MATTERS OF FORM

Quotations.

When a quotation is followed by an attributive phrase, the comma is enclosed within the quotation marks.

"On your knees," the monk said to me. "I am going to whip your titties."

Titles.

Les Journées de Florbelle, ou la Nature dévoilée, suivies des Mémoires de l'abbé de Modose et des Aventures d'Emilie de Volnange servant de preuves aux assertions, ouvrage orné de deux cents gravures.

For the titles of literary works, a good rule of thumb: a title should never exceed the length of the author's cat-o'-ninetails.

Exclamations.

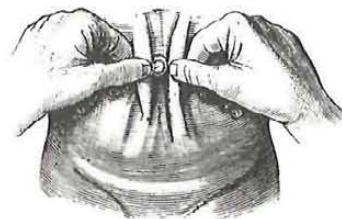
Do not attempt to emphasize simple statements by using a mark of exclamation.

I engaged fifteen men, alone; in twenty-four hours, I was ninety times fucked!

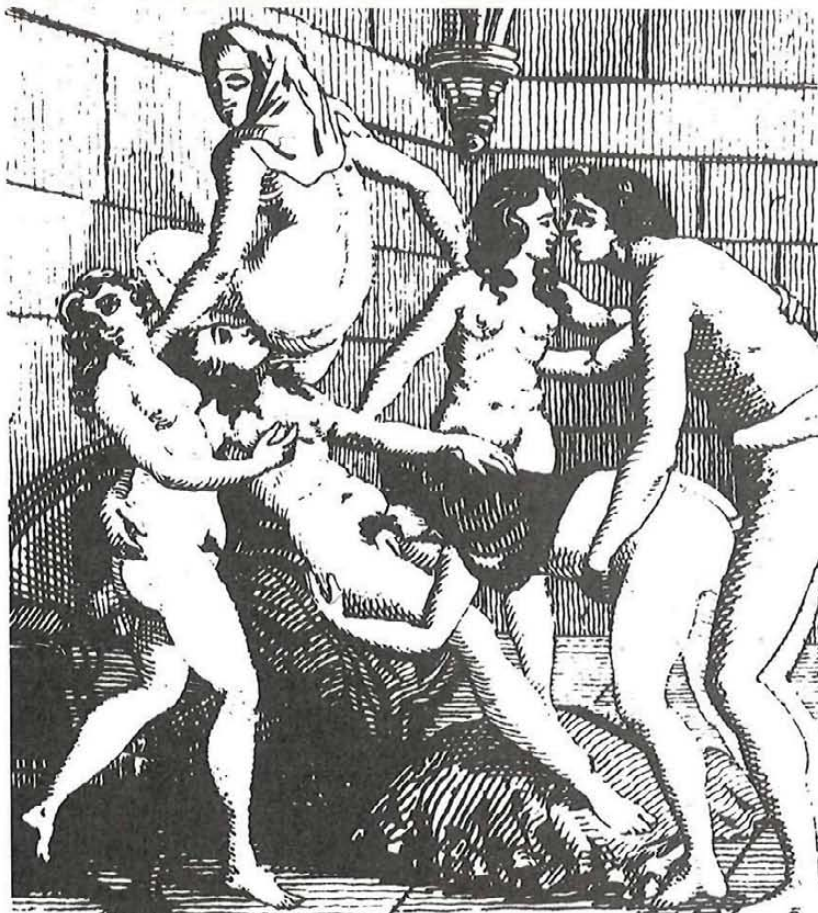
The exclamation mark is to be reserved for use after true exclamations or commands.

Oh, please, dear friend, allow me to frig this splendid member!

WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS COMMONLY MISUSED

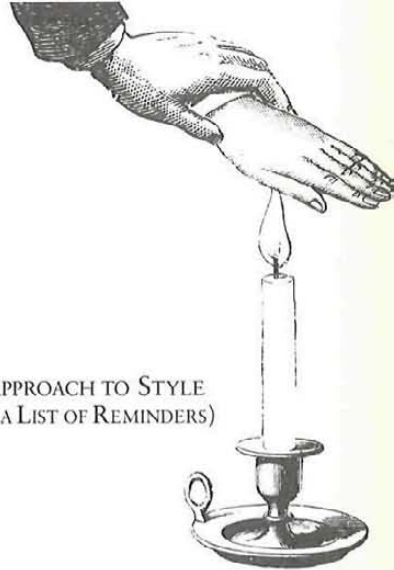


vir-tu-ous. Might mean "objectionable," "disconcerting," "distasteful." Select instead a word whose meaning is clear: "frigid."



to flog a dead horse. Means one thing when applied to men, another when applied to horses.

bugger. Often used because to the writer it sounds more impressive than "bumming." Such usage is not incorrect but is to be guarded against.



AN APPROACH TO STYLE
(WITH A LIST OF REMINDERS)

Write in a way that comes naturally.

Write in a way that comes easily and naturally to you, using words and phrases that come readily to hand.

"And now spread them, Madame," the Count said brutally.

Do not affect a breezy manner.

The volume of writing is enormous these days, and much of it has a sort of windiness about it, almost as though the author were in a state of euphoria.

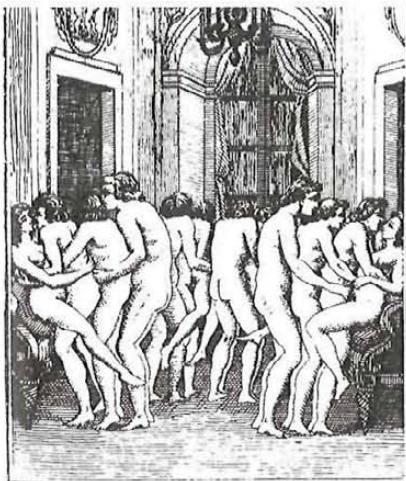
The impure monk uninterruptedly occupied with me in like fashion, then told me to give the largest possible vent to whatever winds might be hovering in my bowels, and these I was to direct into his mouth.



to lick into shape. Use it sparingly. Save it for specific application.



split infinitive. There is precedent from the fourteenth century down for interposing an adverb between *to* and the infinitive it governs, but the construction should be avoided unless the writer wishes to place unusual stress on the adverb.



finishing school. Often unnecessary.

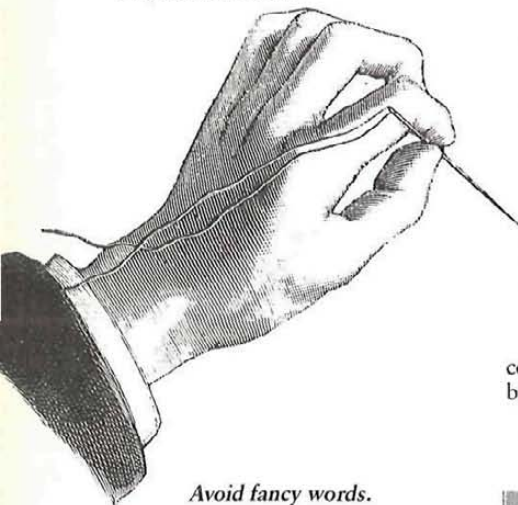
to diligently *whip* to *whip* diligently

The breezy style is often the work of an egocentric, the person who imagines that everything that pops into his head is of general interest.

Make sure the reader knows who is speaking.

Dialogue is a total loss unless you indicate who the speaker is. In long dialogue passages containing no attributives, the reader may become lost and be compelled to go back and reread in order to puzzle the thing out.

"But the man you describe is a monster."
"The man I describe is in tune with Nature."
"He is a savage beast."
" 'Tis impossible."
"Impossible?"
"Absolutely."
"Could you explain..."
"No, that's our secret."



Avoid fancy words.

Avoid the elaborate, the pretentious, the coy, and the cute. Do not be tempted by a twenty-dollar word when there is a ten-center handy, ready and able.

- asphyxiation
- Stockholm syndrome
- victimological
- crime passionnel
- guillotine
- pornokitsch
- assault and battery
- poetic punishment
- bludgeon
- post mortem
- garrote
- sadomasochist



Be clear.

In the very thick of disorder and corruption, all of what mankind calls happiness may shed itself bountifully upon life; but let this cruel and fatal truth cause no alarm; let honest folk be no more seriously tormented by the example we are going to present of disaster everywhere dogging the heels of Virtue; this criminal felicity is deceiving, it is seeming only; independently of the punishment most certainly reserved by Providence for those whom success in crime has seduced, do they not nourish in the depths of their soul a worm which unceasingly gnaws, prevents them from finding joy in these fictive gleams of meretricious well-being, and, instead of delights, leaves naught in their soul but the rending memory of the crimes which have led them to where they are?

Clarity, clarity, clarity. When you become hopelessly mired in a sentence, it is best to start fresh:

To these horrors Madame de Lorsche added three or four infanticides.



Avoid the use of qualifiers.

Rather, very, little, pretty—these are the leeches that infest the pond of prose, sucking the blood of words.

Upon the first day of every month each monk adopts a girl who must serve a term as his servant and as the target of his very shameful desires.

Use a dash to set off an abrupt break or interruption.

"Thérèse," he says, "you are going to suffer cruelly"—he had no need to tell me so, for his eyes declared it.

Prefer the standard to the offbeat.

The young writer will be drawn at every turn toward eccentricities in language. He will hear the beat of new vocabularies, the exciting rhythms.

A third girl, kneeling before him, begins to excite him with her hands, and a fourth, completely naked, indicates with her fingers where he must strike my body. Gradually, this girl begins to arouse me, and what she does to me Antonin does as well, with both his hands, to two other girls on his left and right.

Use orthodox spelling.

In ordinary composition, use orthodox spelling. Do not write *Mame* for *maim*.

Do not explain too much.

Two nights later, I slept with Jérôme; I will not describe his horrors to you; they were still more terrifying.

It is seldom advisable to tell all. □



THE NEW EROGENOUS ZONE

Published by Organ of Great Red Truth

Long Rising Column of Red Advancement
Greetz New Dawn of
the People's Sexual Stirring!

China Throbs with Release
of Bodily Energies As Socialism
Opens Itself Wide to Western Vigor!

Read Inside How Climax of the New Erotification Movement Spreads
the Seminal Essence of Marxism- Leninism over the Face of a Hungry Earth!

China Thrusts into Modernism



China was very long impoverished for consumer goods and items from the world market. But now the many New Economic Zones are established in many parts of the Great Socialist Nation. Here is the lifeblood of New China. Here the enterprising "Good Capitalist" of China can introduce the amazing wonders of Western civilization to the Workers: Kentucky Fried Chicken, Coca-Cola, Wham! music, and even the triumph of food technology, Skippy Peanut Butter. →

The Tools of Occidentals Reach Further

But while China's fame grew small, the fame of the West rose and swelled! No further did the world talk of Shanghai and Macao. Now only New York, Amsterdam, San Francisco, London, and West Hollywood.

Is the Westerner superior to the Worker of China? Only in his tools! Miniature vibrating engines stimulate his economy. Vigorous entries into rubber technologies protect his large investment. Film and video arts keep one hand always on the forward-pointing phalanx of the industry.

Workers Desire for American Equipment

Even the dedicated Socialist has an eye for bulging Western assets. All American visitors attest that young Chinese crave their equipment. But the People's policy has not allowed the gratification of modern desire.

So smugglers came, and kept on coming, leaving a filthy stain on the clean sheet of Chinese policy.



Smugglers slipped Western marital aids into the unguarded cracks in the People's Custom Service, illicitly lubricating the economy in hidden regions and greasing the palms of many grasping officials! Now our Great Leaders cry "Enough!" Before our Republic can rest peaceful, this track of scum must be mopped up!

China Opens to Big Western Deliveries

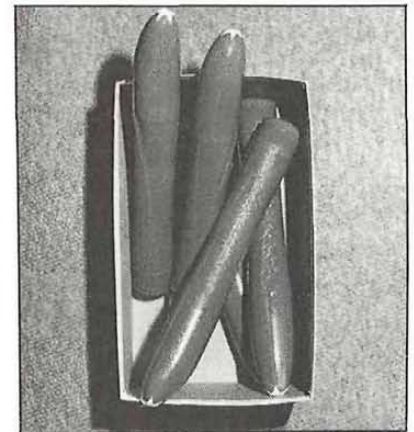
But it is not the way of New China only to deny the Worker's need. It is not our way to leave our men and women high and dry. So our Benevolent Custodians of the People's Government announced this year that shipments of Western

China Once Stood Tall in Sex



China is also long impoverished in the market of sex. But this was not forever the case! Before the victory of the Great Leader, all the world gossiped for the "fleshpots of the East." Shanghai they called "the world's wickedest city." Harbin earned the name "the Paris of the East," and not because of its art museums! Western men whispered awestruck of the horizontal skills of Chinese women.

But in the stress of Revolution, our glorious sexual heritage was forgot. Our national vigor sagged—fell—shriveled away!



sensual aids will be admitted through our borders in limited shipments. And, in the spirit of courage which inflames our Revolution, they volunteered that themselves and their administrative assistants alone would test these dangerous devices!

Now courageous Workers are selected to receive these devices, made politically correct to faithful Party specifications. What salutary effect do Workers see by opening themselves to the introduction of these foreign objects? Let us turn inquisitive eyes to our next page to witness them!



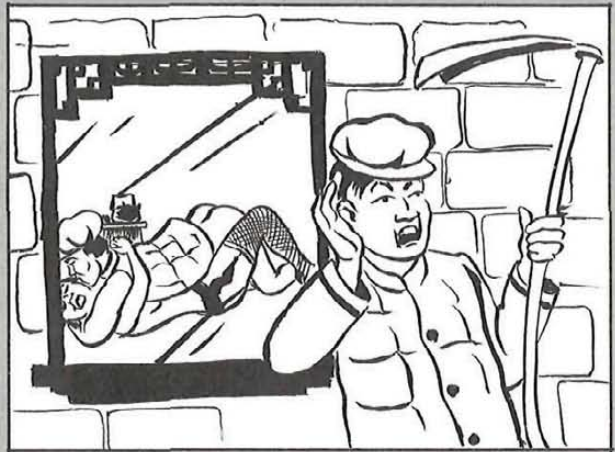
Wearily trudges the Worker of unreconstructed era, coming home from Labor in the People's fields without belief in Socialist reward.



Witness the extraordinary joyous Worker finding his spouse and Loyal Partner in Household Economics to meet him with the new aid in Marital Institution—the "Tickle Object of France"!



Here is the forward-driving tip of Eurocommunism applied to upward thrust of the New China! Here the reach of Asian Socialism gain an extra length as the Worker confidently penetrate the unknown territory!



Loudly they moan latest popular erogenous anthem, "Only the Magnanimity of the Great Leaders of the Revolution Could Get the Workers So Thoroughly Fucked."



Witness the extraordinary gleeful Worker and satisfyingly worked spouse as they report Intense Orgasm (one permitted each married couple per seventy-two hour after registration with Recreation Board).



Today the Worker stand proud to pound away at joyous Labor with renewed firmness, thanks to bounteous gift of New China!

Party Heads Swell with Excitement



The satisfying penetration of Chinese areas by Western sex-things brings joy to all the Republic! This year our Benevolent Leaders of Continual Revolution proudly proclaim the New Erogenous Zone! In it is available erotic devices, pornographical entertainment, and sensual services of the most scientifically advanced nature, as approved by the Chain-Smashing Vanguard of the People.

But reactionary critics ejaculate that this will open our portals to raging Western decadence. "Come, come!" shout our party heads. "Planned sexuality furthers the march of equality and unity! Soon all New China's parts will throb in rhythm to one national thrust!"

The Worker Now Pays Attention to Necessary Socialist Lessons!



The ingenious Western "peep show" also matures into a tool of Reconstruction. Here a representative from Party Information Bureau ensures the Worker derives the proper political interpretation from videotape of men and women closely uniting to oppose imperialist barbarism. This tape is Two Cooperative Women Will Hasten the Male Party Member in Rising to the Call of Historical Imperative (produced in America as Three-Way Lust).



In history, China earned the awe of the world for its modernistical back-scratching technology. Now the New Erogenous Zone lead the way in creating erotic playthings from that same cottage industry. For woman there is the vibrator! For man the artificial fellatio device! Both handmade in Communal Handicraft Mass Production Centers. And most advanced of all, rural Farmer now have the same advantage of urban Worker and exporting foreign dog...because none of the devices need electricity!



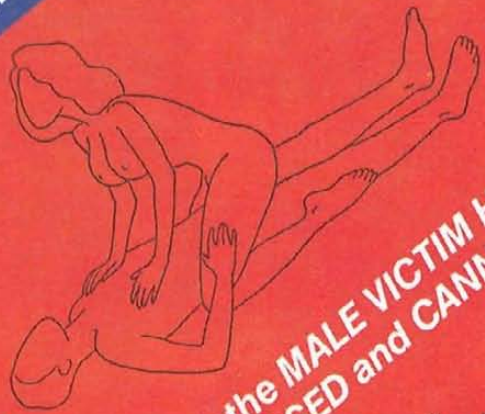
All competition and inequity is removed in sexual assignments also, as Pleasure Coordination Board processes all requests for erotic relief. Any Worker may apply, and in only six months will be issued his fifteen-minute Ecstasy Permit. And our "Party Girls" are drilled for endurance by Red Army discipline! Once Chinese women made the Long March. Now they pull the Long Train!

continued on page 102

first
aid
for the...

Acutely Sexually Aroused Victim

The MASTERS AND JOHNSON MANEUVER



when the MALE VICTIM HAS COLLAPSED and CANNOT BE LIFTED

1. Lay the victim on his back. Face the victim and kneel astride his hips.
2. With one hand on top of the other, grasp the victim's penis and slowly massage blood into it.
3. Once it is erect, grasp the penis and insert it into samaritan's vagina with a QUICK UPWARD THRUST.
4. Should the victim ejaculate, quickly place him on his side and massage his back with QUICK UPWARD THRUSTS.

- ### with the FEMALE VICTIM STANDING or SITTING
1. Stand behind the victim and wrap your arms around her waist.
 2. Place the thumb side of your fist against the victim's clitoris.
 3. Grasp your fist with the other hand and press your fist against the victim's clitoris with a QUICK UP AND DOWN THRUST. Repeat as often as necessary.
 4. If the victim is sitting, stand behind the victim's chair and perform the maneuver in the same manner.
 5. After orgasm occurs, be sure to light the victim's cigarette.

WHAT TO LOOK FOR

The victim of acute sexual arousal:

1. Cannot Speak
Moans Softly



2. Turns
Bright Red



3. Furiously Presses
Channel Switcher
in Frantic Search for
the Playboy Channel

note: If you start to become acutely aroused when alone and help is not available, an attempt should be made to self-administer this maneuver.

HANG IN BEDROOM IN CLEARLY VISIBLE AREA

Safe-Sex Positions for Teens and Young Adults



The standard "missionary" position.



Female dominant position.



Classic "69" position.



"Doggie-style."



Digital intercourse.



Sex Tips for the Elderly

1. Always lock the rear wheels of your wheelchair when engaging in sexual activity. Much embarrassment and many injuries have been caused by wheelchairs that skidded out of control during particularly exuberant sex.

2. To spice up a somewhat routine sex life, try an out-of-mouth experience (OME). Instead of performing oral sex in the usual manner, with your dentures in your mouth, simply place your dentures in your hand and, with your fingers, maneuver them around your partner's genitals while imitating the natural motion of your lips.

3. Allow sufficient time for arousal. If you want to have sex to celebrate, say, Thanksgiving, begin satisfying mutual manipulations around July 1.

4. Don't get frightened by the normal signs of sexual arousal. Remember, heavy breathing and moaning do not necessarily signify an incipient heart attack. If, however, these symptoms persist for more than a few seconds, consult your doctor immediately.

5. Under no circumstances should an elderly person have a cigarette "afterward." Dade County records show thousands of deaths from acute emphysema occurring from active and passive smoke inhalation following a sexual act.

"One should try everything once, except incest and folk dancing."

—Sir Arnold Box

IMPORTANT NOTICE FOR MALE READERS ONLY!

READ THIS BEFORE TURNING PAGE

We have to face it: sometimes men—even readers of this magazine—have trouble getting laid. It seems that women can think of a thousand good reasons to say "No" and very few indeed to say "Yes."

Why is this so?

The answer is complicated, but basically it stems from one fact: women's conscious minds are often afraid of sex, even when their subconscious minds wouldn't mind a few moments of throbbing ecstasy to cap off the day.

Believe it or not, the editors of this magazine have actually faced similar problems on occasion. So we've come up with something that can help us all get laid by reaching women on this remote subconscious level. And you'll find it on the next two pages, ready to be put to use whenever you want.

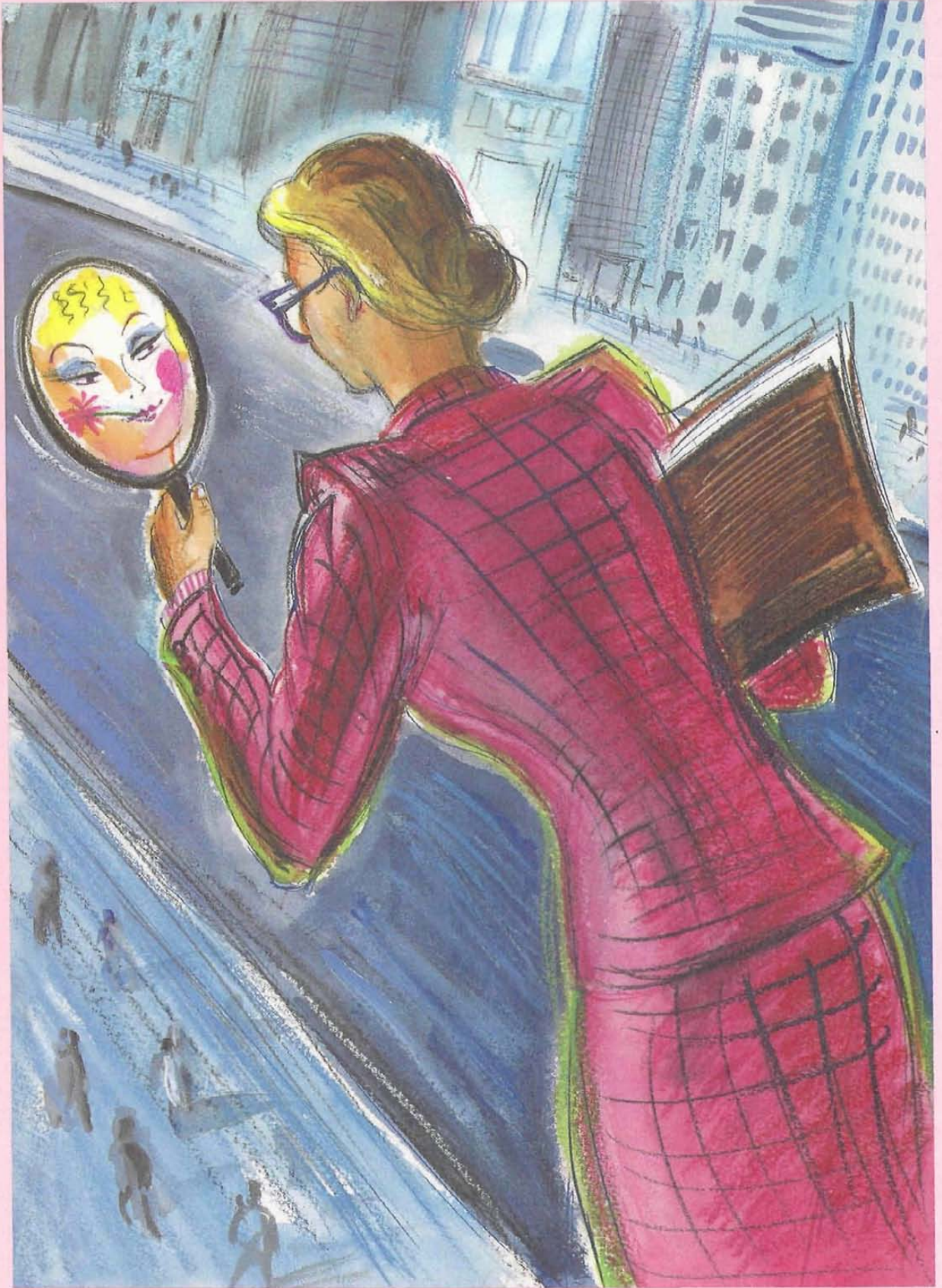
If you remember the brouhaha about subliminal advertising some years back, you'll know why people were so all-fired afraid of it. *It works.* That's why. When you reach people on a subconscious level, when your messages can bypass their direct awareness (and the resistance it engenders), then those messages can go to work totally unhindered.

Therefore, the next two pages contain special messages that will penetrate deep into the subconscious of any woman you desire (even women with big tits, because the subconscious is located in the brain and has nothing to do with tits).

Now we know, of course, that a woman isn't just going to sit back and willingly read an article in *National Lampoon* just so your subliminal messages can get to her. So we've cleverly designed the next two pages to look like an article in one of those women's magazines. Just fold the covers back and hand it to any female of your choice. The content of the article is designed to hook a woman immediately and keep her reading right until the end.

Remember, fold the pages back so she can't tell she's reading *National Lampoon*. Just hand it to her and say something casual like "Hey, I happened to come across this magazine with this really interesting article. I thought you'd enjoy it." When she finishes reading, just sit back and relax. Her subconscious mind will do all the rest, and your long dry spell will be over at last.

The Editors



The Modern Woman's Guide to Good Old-fashioned Relationships

by Cheryl Feinstein

How do you reconcile them anyway?

On the one hand, there's *you*, the modern you. The with-it, successful woman of the eighties. You're strong, sure, confident. You're moving ahead in the business world. You've fought for equality, achieved it, and you both use it and display it proudly. In the office or on a weekend trip, you wouldn't dream of letting a man talk to you in a condescending fashion, and you've practically wiped words like "honey" and "babe" out of Webster's Dictionary. (And just where was Mrs. Webster when he wrote it? In the kitchen or at the spindle?)

That's one you. But then there's another.

That you isn't really modern at all. That you, in fact, is primitive. She was forged far back in the mists of antiquity when evolution was experimenting and trying to find ways to make the human race work. That you kind of likes to be cuddled, to be taken care of, and even, let's admit it, at times to submit to a man sexually. This other you—and, if you look deep inside yourself, you will find her—sometimes would prefer to be weak rather than strong, to lose yourself in the ecstatic merging of two identities rather than asserting your own.

The *you* of the 1980s. The *you* of billions of years ago. How do you reconcile them? How do you make them work together? Can you even, just possibly, make them *like* each other?

Perhaps no question, no issue, gets more in the way of successful male-female relationships than this one. There don't seem to be any rules, because the call of the moment depends upon which of the two you's is in control. The modern you insists that you split the check. The primitive you is disappointed when he readily agrees.

He doesn't know how to react to you because he doesn't know what you really want. And you're a battleground of conflicts, not always sure what you want either.

How do you make peace? We took this question to Dr. Leo P. Monestrin, chairman of the Department of Human Sexuality at Barnard College and author of the new book *Living with Your Selves: The Modern Woman's Guide to Reasonable Expectations*. He gave us six guidelines for maintaining satisfying emotional relationships with the opposite sex in an age that has made them so consistently difficult. These are the "peacemakers" that Dr. Monestrin suggests both to his patients and to you:

1. In any situation, accept the idea of internal conflict. If you know that you're not really of one mind about something, don't try to pretend that you are. Admitting a division inside you is the first step in reconciling it.

2. Fall in love every five minutes. If you're with someone you care about, remember that love has to be constantly renewed. On a regular basis—Dr. Monestrin suggests every five minutes—remind yourself of one of your partner's good points. Like Pepto-Bismol soothing a churning stomach, these positive thoughts will drip down into your psyche and relax conflicts.

3. Never forget the three C's—Communicate, Communicate, and Communicate. First, communicate with *yourself*. Then let the two disparate parts of you communicate with *each other*. Finally, when all is resolved, communicate the results with your *partner*.

4. Remember that the more women are different from men, the more they are the same. It's a truism to say that, just as they possess external differ-

ences, men and women have internal differences. Yet externally much is the same—two hands, two legs, two eyes, two ears—and internally much is the same too. We all share hopes, fears, doubts, and a basic need to be loved.

5. Try to match moods just as you would match biorhythms. One day you're feeling animalistic and primitive, but on the same day he's feeling civilized and sophisticated. Obviously the day is just made for a clash. Or if you're the one who's feeling twentieth century and he's back in the Stone Age, it's a time of danger too. But when you're both in touch with your animal selves, you'll groove beautifully—just as when you're both in touch with your more poetic, civilized aspects.

6. Finally, remember that experience may not be the best teacher, but it's the only one that never gives you a report card. Being afraid of the future is really being afraid of what's *happened*. Look back to the past with an appreciation for the fact that, if nothing else, it helped you grow as an individual. Then you can look forward to a future that will surely do the same.

Dr. Monestrin is the first to admit that these rules won't work for *all* individuals in *all* circumstances. "No hard-and-fast rules will," he explains, "or we wouldn't be individuals. We'd be programmed machines." Still, he suggests using the six rules as a starting point. Work with them. Modify them to suit your needs and your circumstances as well as those of your partner. See if they don't make a real difference in your life. "Just give them a test run," the good doctor urges. "Within each of us there are really many selves. My six peacemakers can help to keep these different selves talking even when they're not actually getting along too well."

SEXUAL FRUSTRATION SECTION

by Larry Sloman and Ed Subitzky
with Nera K. Dale and Amelia DeWitt

Let's face it. For the next few years, and maybe forever, you're going to be horny. Not that you haven't had some great times in the past—maybe you're not as handsome as Richard Gere or as sexy as Kathleen Turner, but what the hell, we're all human, and you've been able to grab your share. You've fornicated enough to know just how great it can be, and how you never ever want to stop doing it.

But now—the big stop sign. The little bugger of our age. The ever-present possibility that there could be a certain virus particle around with your name on it.

You may have already begun to put the brakes on your sex life and, as you hear more and more news reports, you know you're going to have to grind it to a complete halt. How will you endure the upcoming period of sexual frustration, the return to a way of life that we thought had evaporated in the fifties, a style more befitting a priest or a nun than a hot-blooded swinger like you?

This special Sexual Frustration Section will help you get ready. Created by a team of psychologists at the Human Sexuality Clinic at Johns Hopkins University, it will enable you to partake in a variety of sexually frustrating experiences without even leaving the comfort of your home. Once these episodes have been programmed into your psyche, you will be much better equipped to endure real-world sexual frustrations.

So plunge in and get used to it. There are worse things than being horny, like, uh, uh, well, uh, umm... getting your dick caught in a meat grinder. That's worse for sure.

The Wet Nurse Who Couldn't Say No

It's funny, but you would never think that a trip to the hospital would turn out to be the biggest pleasure of your whole life. In fact, I'm thinking of deliberately breaking my other leg just to get back there!

It all started on the ski slopes of Hunter Mountain. I had just moved up from the novice run to the intermediate, and I guess I wasn't ready. Before I got even half-way down, I was lying in the snow, and the bone on my left leg was as broken as the ski lying a few feet away.

They rushed me to a hospital in Kingston, and I thought, *Shit, man, a week in*

some hick town hospital. I was fully prepared to die, not of the broken leg, but of boredom. Especially when I thought about the chicks I had left behind at the lodge.

Then, suddenly, she was there. I think they called her a candy striper, but I know what I call her. The best damn female I have ever come across in my life. The best lay, the best blowjob, the best of everything, all wrapped up in a package that was spectacular even before she took a single thing off.

I never knew blondes even came that big. I mean, she didn't have tits, she had

universes. She didn't have legs, she had a sculptor's dream of perfection. I didn't know how they grew that kind of woman in a town like Kingston, but my eyes were too busy for my mind to ask any questions.

All she ever said to me was seven words: "I'm here to wash you down, sir." She slipped off my gown, carefully and gently, so as not to disturb my leg. Right from the start, I noticed the way she was looking at the cast, almost as if it turned her on. Sick chick, maybe, but who cared? All I knew was that her long, tapered fingers were

continued on page 108

The Sexual Desensitization Procedure

Although we realize that most *National Lampoon* readers have absolutely no problem in attracting members of the opposite sex, a small minority, probably no more than 98 percent or 99 percent, actually face a lifetime of rejection due to such trivial imperfections as full body warts, terminal halitosis, ingrown toe jam, and various clinical difficulties in relating to other human beings.

To help inure these few readers to the difficult times ahead, we present a painless, simple desensitization procedure. Just stare at the following pictures intensely and pretend that the women shown are talking directly to you. Then, in the future, when you hear these same kinds of things from real-life women, you'll be so used to them that you probably won't even cry for more than a few hours.

Me?

Go out with you? Are you kidding? I don't even want to be in the same room with you. I don't even want to be in the same town as you. I don't want to even be on the same planet as you. In fact, I don't want to share any part of the space-time continuum with you. If I had a time machine, I'd go back into the past before you were born. Now stop staring at my tits, creep, before I call a cop!



What's that odor? Is something burning? Please, put your arm down. Haven't you ever watched any of those deodorant commercials on TV? Didn't your mother ever teach you what soap was for? Hey, maybe you could sell your face to the planetarium. They could use it for a star map. Isn't that the Big Dipper on your left cheek? What do you mean, do I want to go see a horror film? I'm watching one now.



Hey, listen, don't be so nervous. You don't have to stammer. Aw, come on, I know it's awkward for a guy to ask a woman out, especially someone who's kind of sensitive and shy. I like shy men, really. Go ahead. Look, if I do go out with you, can I deduct it off my income tax? You know, like a charitable contribution or something? Hey, what the hell. I guess I could take it for an evening. Maybe half an hour. Maybe ten minutes. In fact, why don't we just have our date over the phone? As long as neither of us says anything, okay?



Is it in yet? Don't tell me we lost it again. Here, let me put the light on. Got a magnifying glass? I know I saw it before, or was that just a speck of lint in your underwear? Maybe an electron microscope would help. Oh, there it is! Okay, let's keep track of it this time. Maybe we tag it with a radioactive dye and make it glow in the dark. On second thought, we might get it confused with a firefly. Okay, ready? Put it in. Good. Ahhh... yes... yes... I can almost feel it, I think... Why are you reciting baseball statistics? That's not very romantic. What do you mean, you came already—before I answered the door?

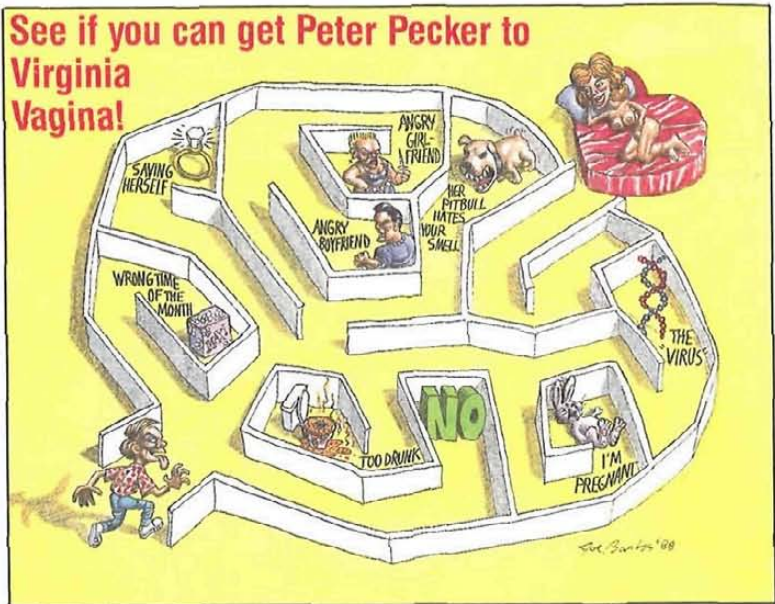


GIRLIE GALLERY

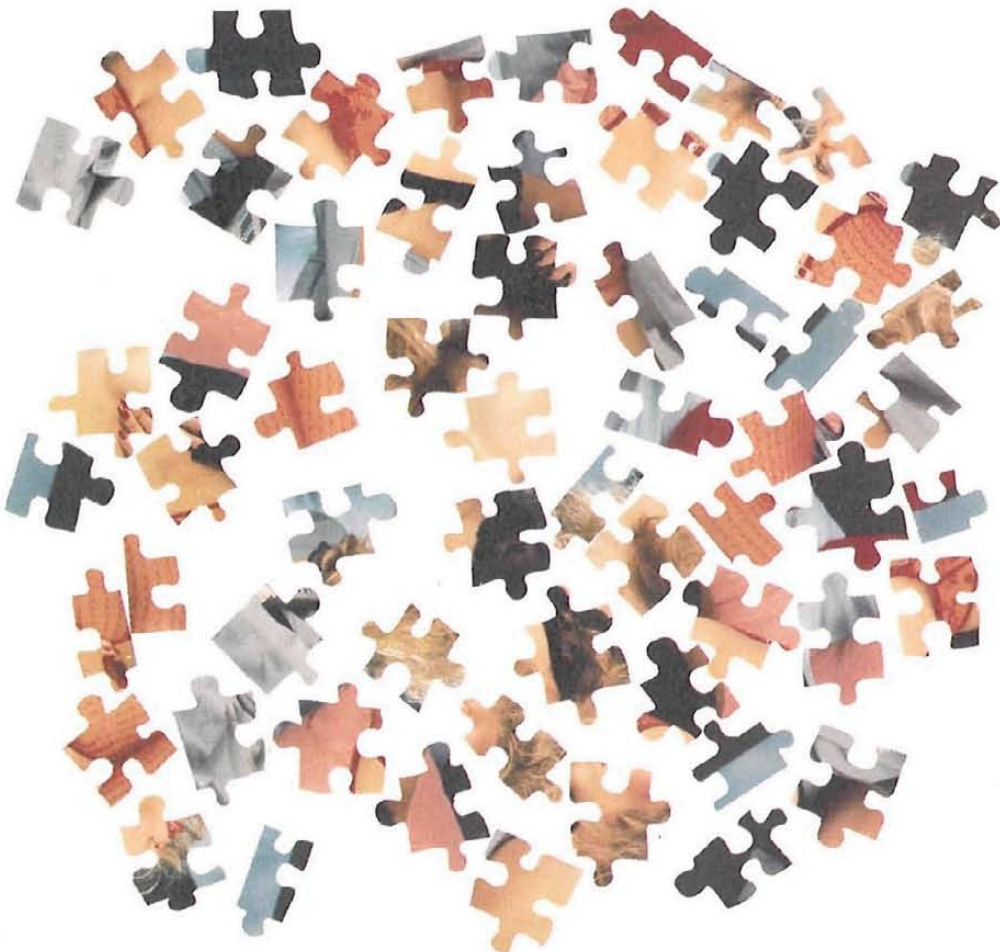


Frustrating Fun

See if you can get Peter Pecker to Virginia Vagina!



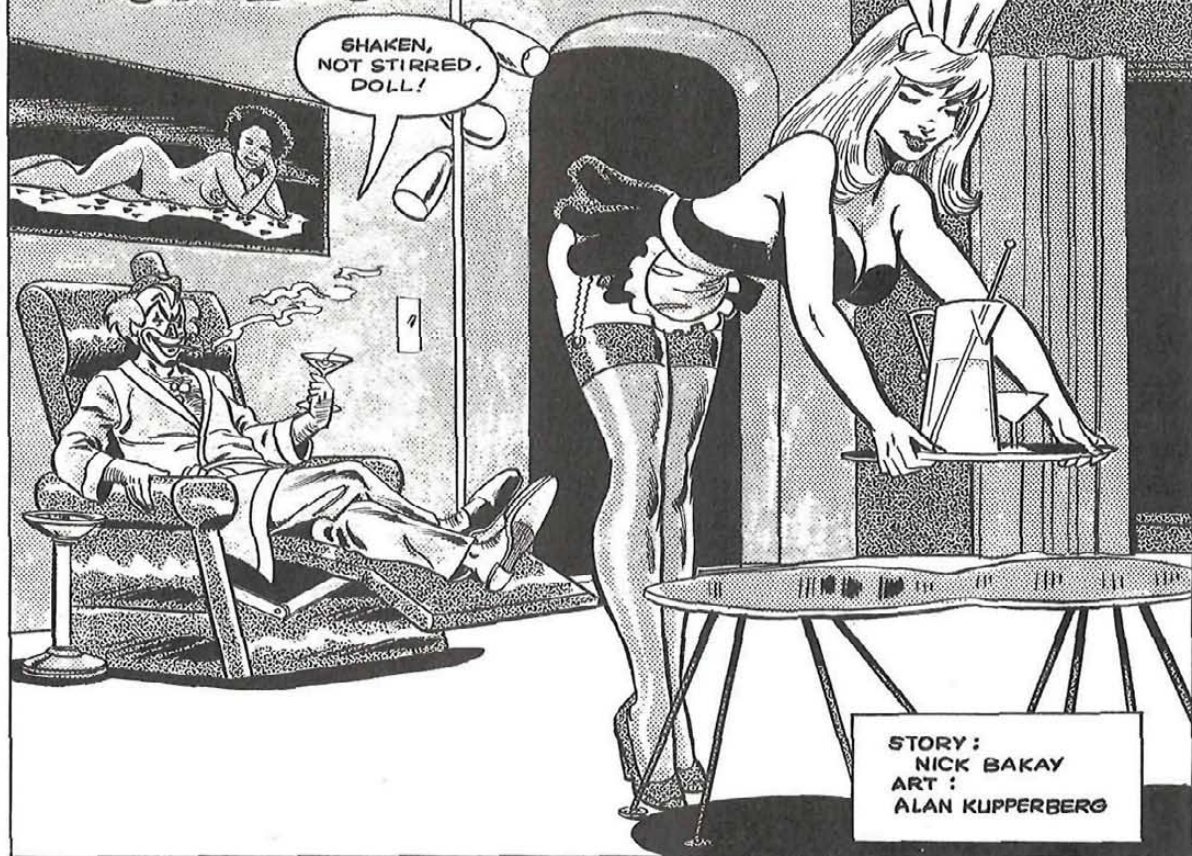
If you take enough time, trouble, and care to put the pieces together, you'll see one of the world's most beautiful women without a stitch of clothing on. If you don't take the time, trouble, and care, you'll never see her at all and have to spend the rest of your life wondering what she looks like.



continued on page 99

EVIL CLOWN COMICS

WEEKEND RAMPAGE



I LIKE TO KICK OFF THE WEEKEND AT MY FAVORITE SALOON, THE RASCAL HOUSE.



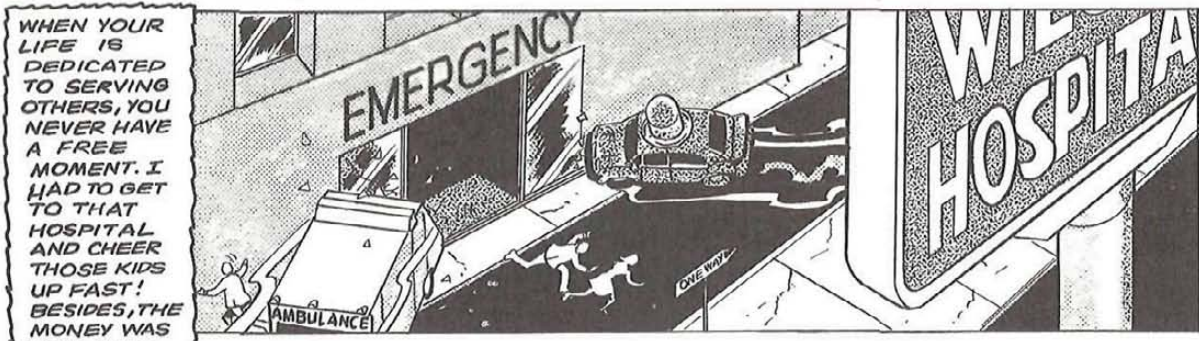


JESUS... HELLO, LOU? WHAT IS IT, BABE, I'M EYE-BALLING SOME SERIOUS SWEATER MEAT HERE....

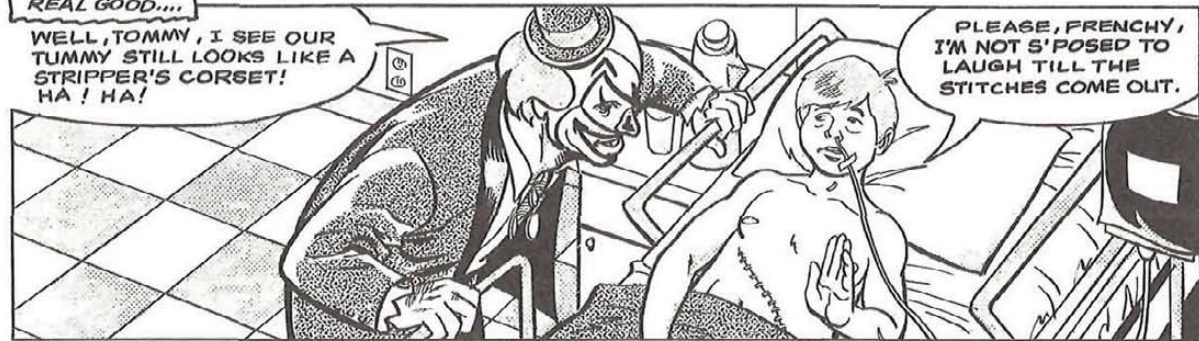
LISTEN, FRENCHY, I HATE TO INTERRUPT A GOOD TIME, BUT WE JUST GOT A COUPLE OF OFFERS.

THE MONEY'S THERE, BUT YOU GOTTA GET MOVING. HIT THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, THEN I GOT A BIRTHDAY PARTY....

IT BETTER BE WORTH IT.



WHEN YOUR LIFE IS DEDICATED TO SERVING OTHERS, YOU NEVER HAVE A FREE MOMENT. I HAD TO GET TO THAT HOSPITAL AND CHEER THOSE KIDS UP FAST! BESIDES, THE MONEY WAS REAL GOOD....



WELL, TOMMY, I SEE OUR TUMMY STILL LOOKS LIKE A STRIPPER'S CORSET! HA! HA!

PLEASE, FRENCHY, I'M NOT S'POSED TO LAUGH TILL THE STITCHES COME OUT.



... SO THE TEACHER SAYS, "JOHNNY DEEPER!" ... SO HE STUCK IT IN DEEPER!

NO! PLEASE STOP....



GYNNNNNAAAA!

OH JESUS, TOMMY, THAT'S SO DISGUSTING!

I'M SORRY, FRENCHY, BUT TIME'S UP. HEY, ARE YOU OKAY?

IT'S ALL THIS PAIN I SEE. I COULD USE A HUG. DEALING WITH DEATH CAN BE SUCH A DRAG.



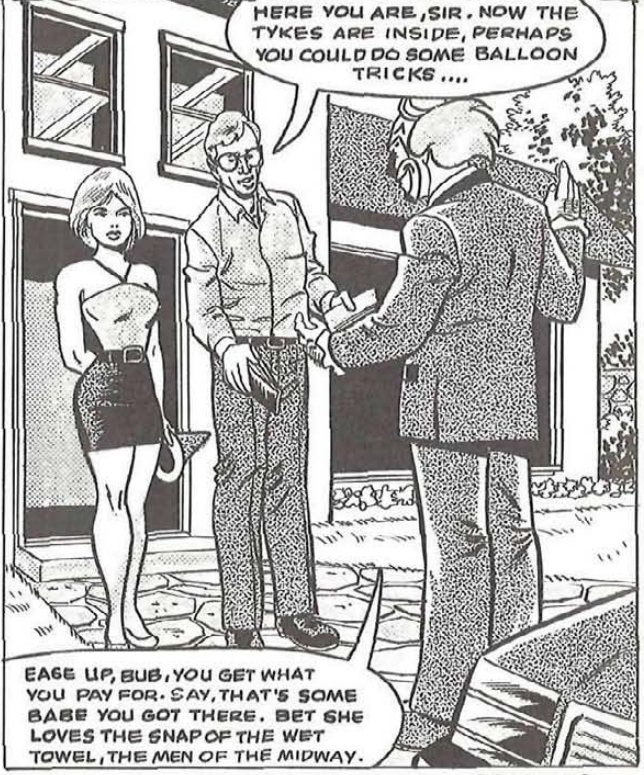
SOMETIMES I MEET SOMEONE WHO UNDERSTANDS THE SACRIFICES I MAKE. SHE ALSO LETS ME SPANK HER WITH AN ARTIFICIAL LIMB.

YEAH, BABY! MAKE ALL THAT HURT GO AWAY. SHAKE HANDS WITH MR. LOVE PUPPET.



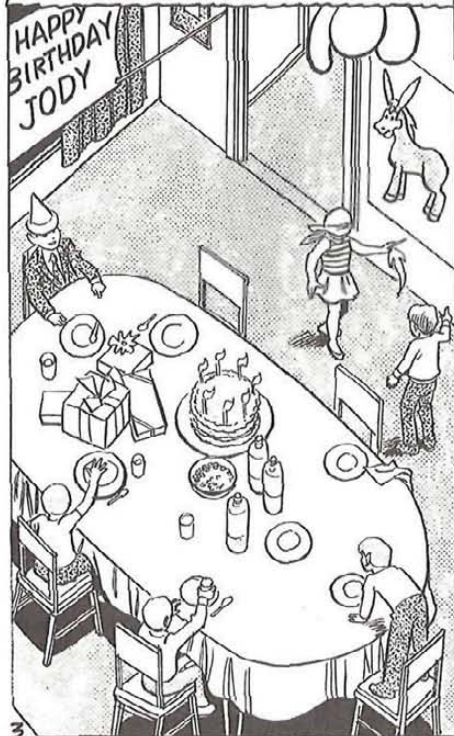
I HATE TO BUMP 'N' RUN, BUT I GOT THIS BIRTHDAY GIG FOR CASH UP FRONT. BESIDES, I HAVE THIS LOVE AFFAIR WITH CHILDREN.

HERE YOU ARE, SIR. NOW THE TYKES ARE INSIDE, PERHAPS YOU COULD DO SOME BALLOON TRICKS ...



EAGE UP, BUB, YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR. SAY, THAT'S SOME BABS YOU GOT THERE. BET SHE LOVES THE SNAP OF THE WET TOWEL, THE MEN OF THE MIDWAY.

I'VE SEEN SOME ROUGH HOUSES IN MY TIME, BUT THIS TOOK THE CAKE. I HAD TO SHOW THESE POISON DWARVES THAT THE MAN WITH THE PADDLE MAKES THE RULES.



ALL RIGHT, LET'S HAVE A LITTLE QUIET AND A LITTLE RESPECT!!! IT'S TIME FOR THE CLOWN SHOW.



IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR MY PERSONAL BRAND OF CLOWN MAGIC TO CAPTURE THE ATTENTION OF MY AUDIENCE.

WHAT DO YOU SEE?



PAUL BUNYAN?

DARRYL STRAWBERRY?

TOPO GIGIO?

NO, NO ...LOOK CLOSER....



"NO, PLEASE NO, MR. HUNCHBACK MANDRILL, STOP TOUCHING ME THERE!"

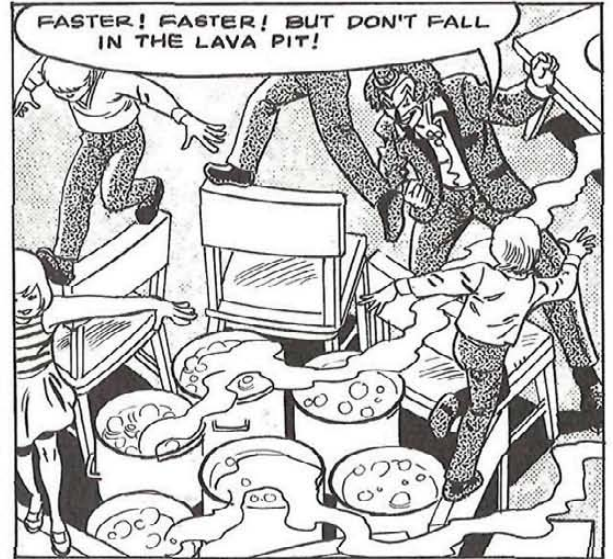


♪ WE'LL DIG A DITCH AND BURY THE BITCH... ♪
SAID BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR!

HA! HA! HERE'S ANOTHER... PURPLE HAZE IN MY BRAIN...



YOU KNOW, GANG, IT'S NEVER TOO EARLY TO LEARN HOW TO BLOW SMOKE RINGS!



FASTER! FASTER! BUT DON'T FALL IN THE LAVA PIT!



COME ON, GET HIM! YAAAAA!

YAAAAA!

KILL! KILL!



DEAR GOD, NO!

WE WON'T EAT OUR BROCCOLI!

HEY, MR. WATSON, LOOK OUT FOR THE LAVA PIT!

OOPS-A-DAISY.



WHEN I SAW THAT LOOK IN HER EYES, I KNEW THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE IT RIGHT AGAIN....

I THINK I KNOW SOMEONE WHO COULD USE A HUG.

HE'S... GONE.

YOU NEED A MAN AROUND HERE AT A TIME LIKE THIS. MY BAGS ARE IN THE CAR.



SOMETIMES SILENCE IS THE BEST SOUND.

OH FRENCHY, WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO DO THAT?

SHUT UP.



IT WAS A WONDERFUL TIME FOR ALL OF US. PICNICS, PUPPETS, AND OF COURSE A FATHER FIGURE FOR YOUNG JODY. BUT AFTER TWO DAYS I WAS ITCHING TO DUMP THESE PATHETIC WEAKLINGS AND GET BACK TO THE CAREER I'D LEFT BEHIND....

HERE HE COMES - IT'S CATHY'S CLOWN. HEY, EMBRYO BOY, YOU MISSED A SPOT!

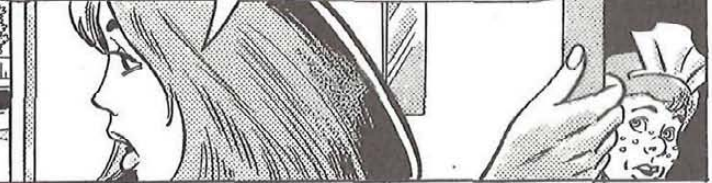


DING DONG!

WILL YOU GET THAT, DOLL? MY FEET ARE KILLING ME.

MRS. WATSON?

YES, OFFICER, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



MRS. WATSON, YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF YOUR HUSBAND. YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT,...

TELL IT TO THE JUDGE, LADY.

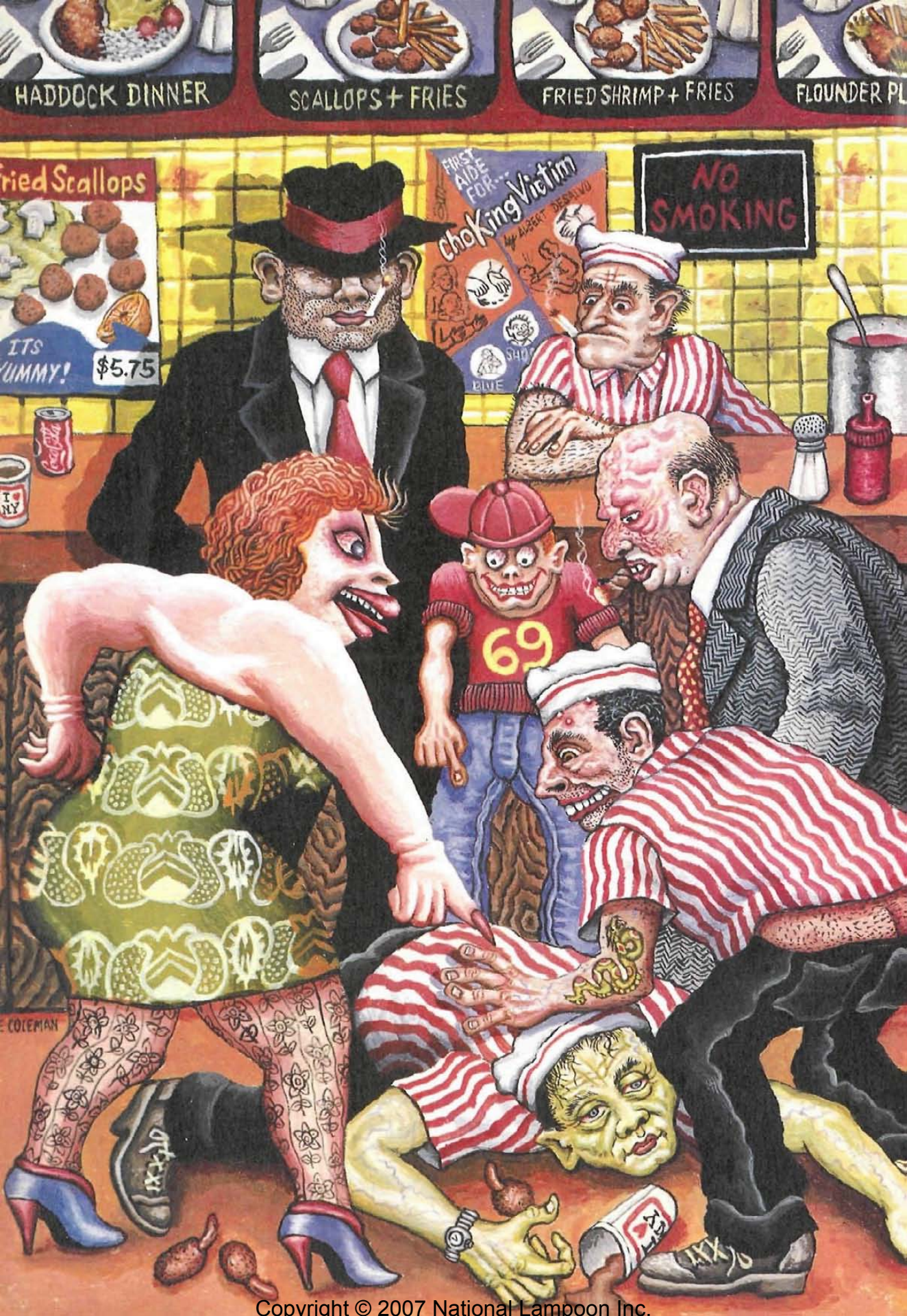
DOES THIS MEAN I HAVE TO GET MY OWN BEER OUT OF THE FRIDGE?

BUT...BUT...



I ALWAYS TELL MYSELF THAT EVERY JOYRIDE HAS TO END WITH A FLAT TIRE, BUT IT STILL DOESN'T ANSWER THE NAGGING QUESTIONS. IS THERE A GOD? ARE THERE MORE BEERS IN THE FRIDGE? DO I HAVE ACCESS TO HER BANK ACCOUNT? BUT WHEN THE QUESTIONS GROW TOO LOUD, AND THE MAKEUP STINGS YOUR EYES... YOU JUST LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH.

OTHER EVIL CLOWN COMICS: ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL, INSIDE PRO WRESTLING, THOSE PSYCHEDELIC SIXTIES, GUEST-HOSTING THE FOX LATE SHOW, I MARRIED JOAN COLLINS FOR THE MONEY, HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER, SAVE A SOUL IN EVERY TOWN, RUNNING WITH KEROUAC, J. EDGAR HOOVER: THE SECRET MAN AND ME, CARNIVAL CAPERS



HADDOCK DINNER

SCALLOPS + FRIES

FRIED SHRIMP + FRIES

FLOUNDER PL

Fried Scallops
ITS YUMMY!
\$5.75

FIRST AID FOR...
choking Victim
By ALBERT DESRUWU

NO SMOKING

COLEMAN

BENNINGTON'S DREAM LIFE

Bennington liked to stand on the corner of Tenth and Main and move his fingers about in his pockets. He believed that he was fondling women as they walked across the street toward him.

To him, they always seemed surprised at first, but he could tell by the way they moved their hips that they liked it. He would smile as they passed and they would smile back.

"Yes sir, got them old magic fingers," he would say to himself.

Bennington thought that his life was a dream and that he could do whatever he wanted with impunity. He had begun to think this two months earlier while working the supper shift at Long John Silver's.

"Get these hush puppies out to table seven!" Darren, the assistant manager, had screamed.

Bennington turned from the Dr Peppers he had just poured and moved to Darren's outstretched hand and the tiny cardboard cradle of hush puppies. As he was reaching for it, he stepped with one slick-soled shoe into a puddle of grease and, with Michael Jackson-like quickness, lurched forward and then backward, his arms pumping mightily and his free leg kicking to provide balance, and then he fell.

Darren squatted beside him and patted his shoulder and told him that he was a piece-of-shit pirate who wasn't fit to wear the LJS bandanna. And it was at that moment that Bennington first began to feel warm and comfortable and acutely aware of his surroundings, as if he were separate from himself, in the corner watching everything. He knew that the top third of Darren's butt was visible as he crouched, that, like a slovenly television repairman's, his pale cheeks and dark crack would be straining upward from the low-slung blue trousers. He knew that he himself lay belly-down on the floor, that he was breathing softly and studying the slender lines in the yellowed tile while Darren spoke and two ponytailed junior high girls leaned over the counter and giggled.

He liked this feeling. He wasn't certain, though, if it had actually begun just at that moment or if it had been with him all along—his entire life—and he had only then noticed it. But he liked it and he decided to try to keep it. He would lie on the floor of Long John Silver's forever.

"Get up, you asshole," he heard Darren say.

This was certainly pleasant—lying warm and safe and staring at the floor, knowing that Darren's butt was exposed

and reddening with each passing second, that the ponytailed girls would grow up to be fine women.

"Get up *now*, asshole, or you're fired."

But Bennington continued to lie there, even as Darren rose and began nudging him in the side with one of his black high-topped Keds, even as the nudges gained force and became kicks.

"Get up *now*!"

Soon a crowd gathered on the other side of the counter, whispering and staring; the junior high girls hopped and squealed as if all of it were being staged for their delight, and a heavyset boy with dirty knuckles kept asking for "more crunchy things" while pointing to the chips of fried batter surrounding his Chicken Planks.

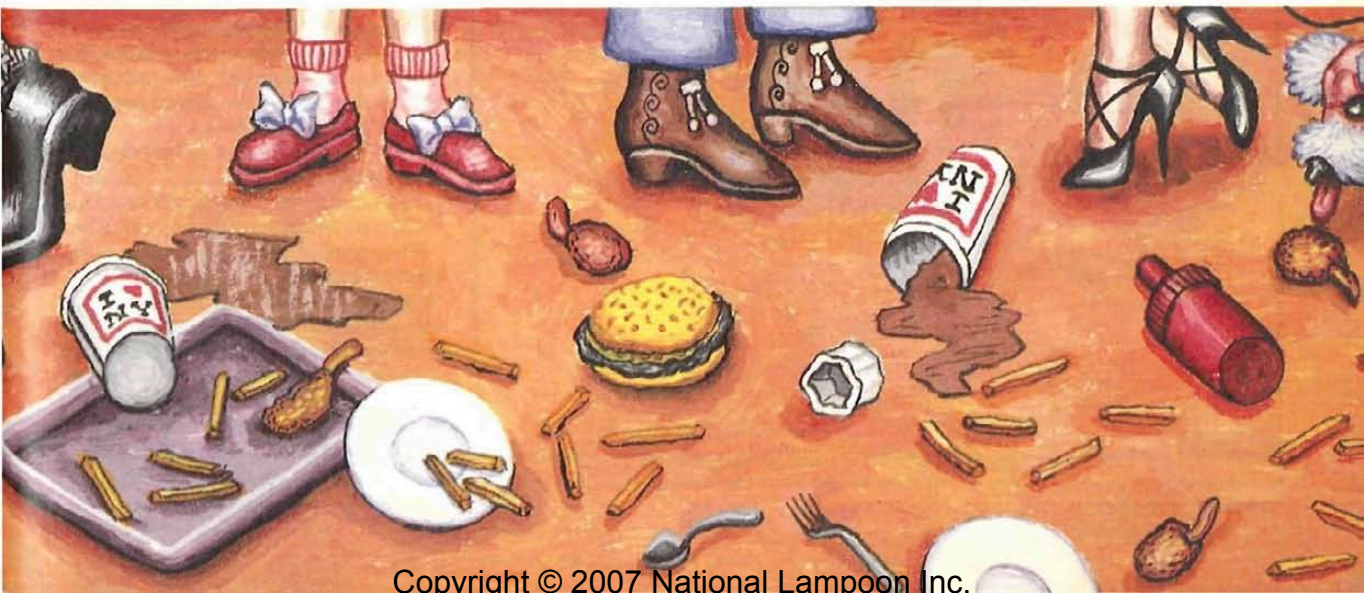
Darren eventually tired and he said, "Fine. Stay there." And then he stepped forward and stood on Bennington's back and rang up the waiting order on the cash register.

After an hour or so Bennington got to his feet, handed Darren his LJS kerchief and earring, pushed his way out of the saber-handled door, and strode down the gangplank to his car.

At home his mother asked him why he wasn't still at work.

"I can't really explain it yet," he said.

by Mark Walters
Illustrated by Joe Coleman



And he went up to his room and lay down on his bed and listened to Zamfir, Master of the Pan Flute records until he fell asleep.

The next morning Bennington felt like himself again, and this disappointed him. He lay in bed and stared at his hand lying next to him on the pillow. He studied the webs of fine pink and white lines and the soft brown hairs growing from the knuckles and he considered the futility of his life.

I'll have to get out of this bed and live, he thought. And he knew that the day would be hot and the sky pale and that he would get dust and grit in his eyes and mouth from the wind that never died. And if he stayed inside, his back would begin to ache from sitting and he would have to hear the voices of soap opera characters and he would feel guilty for not being outside, doing something, anything, in the heat and the dust.

"Bennington! Get out of bed!" his mother called.

And Bennington continued to lie in bed: he visualized his mother standing at the foot of the stairs wearing khaki trousers and a plaid shirt and holding a dust rag and smelling of Pledge, yelling for him to get out of bed.

"Bennington!"

He saw her wipe her brow with the back of the hand that held the dust rag.

"Bennington! Get up *now!*"

And then he could no longer see her; he could see only his hand next to him on the pillow and he once again felt warm and untroubled.

Her voice is coming from my own head, he decided.

"How can your life be a dream when I'm in it and I know I'm not dreaming?" asked Chesapeake. She was Bennington's girl. They were at Pizza Hut, sharing a Priazzo and a pitcher of Coors.

"Never mind," he said. He knew that he shouldn't have confided in her.

"Sometimes," she said, "I just don't know about you." She took a drink of beer and then—with her thumb—wiped away a piece of cheese that stuck to the rim of the glass. Bennington stared at her. He knew that she knew that he was aware of the cheese on her thumb, and so he decided that she would remove it with her napkin—already pink and wadded into a ball—slowly and deliberately, as if she weren't conscious of doing so at all but were just naturally and instinctively tidy.

Chesapeake did this and Bennington looked at her and arched his brow in triumph.

At noon on Saturday Bennington's mother asked him if he was going out with Chesapeake that evening. Bennington had gone out with Chesapeake

every Saturday night except one for two years. The only reason he had missed even that Saturday night was that he was sick—poisoned, he believed, by the noon crew at Burger King. He had spent that night in the bathroom, draped weakly over the toilet, envisioning the double Whopper with cheese, ketchup, and mayonnaise festering in his swollen belly.

"Earth to Bennington," his mother said. She seemed pleased with herself. "I asked if you were going out with Chesapeake tonight."

Bennington stared at her and chewed a bite of his peanut butter sandwich. He had been feeling warm and pleasant much of the time now; it felt, as he described it to Chesapeake, like just before one allows his bowels to ease themselves, when one is sitting there, unhurried, mildly resisting. But, he said, this was better because it was sustained and there was no mess. It was as if he were dreaming, he said, which he was entirely convinced that he, in fact, was.

"Yes," he answered.

His mother smiled.

"What do you two do every Saturday night?" she asked. "God knows there aren't that many places to go in this town."

Bennington stared at her. Well, Mom, he thought, we usually stop by the Quick-Mart and buy a six-pack, and then drag Main Street for an hour, and then, oh, about ten o'clock, we head out to the country and park the car on some lease road and then climb in the backseat and fuck.

While Bennington had been thinking this, he thought that he heard someone talking, and when he saw his mother's face flush and saw her recklessly push herself away from the table, it dawned on him that the voice he had been hearing was his own.

Bennington was horrified. But he remained seated and continued eating his sandwich and watching his mother reel about in the kitchen.

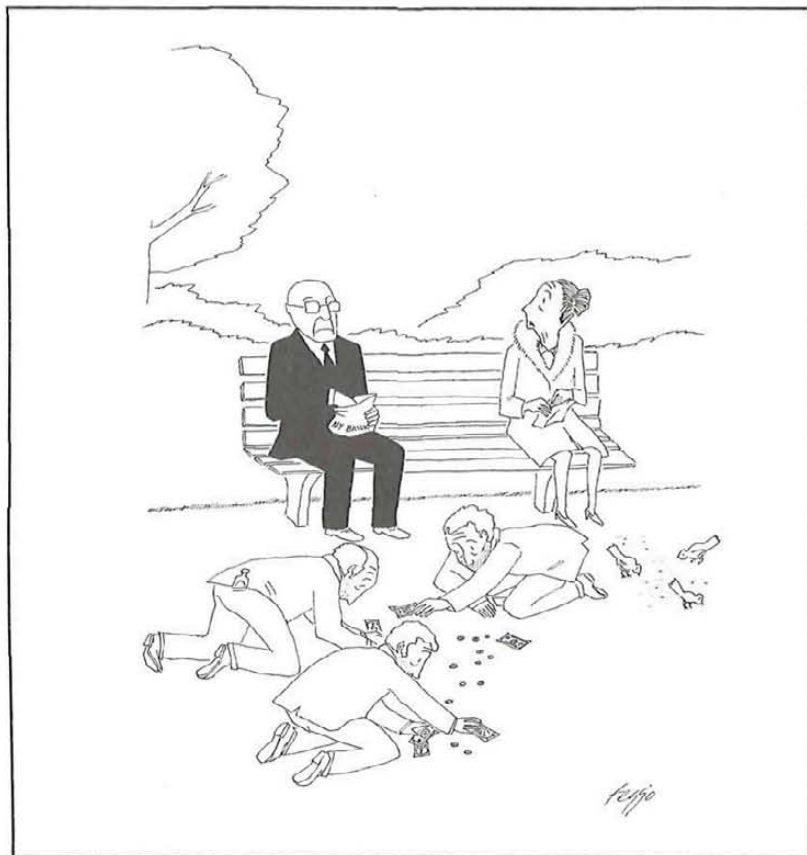
When she left the room, walking quickly and pressing her fingertips to her temples, he got up from the chair and walked to the window and stared out at the pale sky and at his white underwear whipping madly on the clothesline.

"Maybe it's déjà vu," Chesapeake said. "Does it feel like déjà vu?"

"It's not déjà vu," Bennington said.

"Maybe it's an inner ear infection."

They were walking along Main Street after having seen a movie, *Fatal Attraction*, during which Bennington repeatedly whispered to Chesapeake that if all those terrible things that were happening on the screen happened to him, he would just laugh, because it would only be a part of the dream. Now her lack of understanding was beginning to weary him.



"Just forget it, Chesapeake. Okay? Just forget it," he said.

Bennington had parked his car on a side street three blocks from Main—so no one screws with it, he always told Chesapeake—and as they approached it they noticed that two teenagers with shaved heads and leather jackets were sitting on the hood.

"Uh oh," Chesapeake said. She clutched Bennington's arm.

Bennington's first impulse was to turn and walk away, but the warmth in his head stopped him.

"This, my dear Chesapeake," he said, "is an anxiety dream. Watch how I handle it."

He marched to his car, to the right side of the hood, grasped the radio antenna around the middle, bent it down until it snapped off at the base, and with it whipped the closest youth across the forehead.

Bennington watched the thin silver antenna embed itself in the white forehead and then spring away. He saw a white line appear on the white forehead and then he saw the line turn pink and then red and then he saw it widen and run into the blinking eyes below it.

The entire time Bennington was watching this, he felt and heard his own feet shuffling about on the street, as if he were dancing, he thought, but he knew that he wasn't. He didn't know, however, why he would even think such a thing, except that he had the time to think while his feet, unaware that none of this was really happening, could only thrash about in excitement.

The teenagers jumped from the car and ran, the one pressing his palm to his forehead as if furiously trying to recall something.

Chesapeake ran to Bennington.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, trying to calm his feet.

The next evening, Bennington met Sabine, Chesapeake's best friend, at the Centennial Bowl. He was playing pinball and drinking a Dr Pepper when she came up behind him, reached around and placed her hands in the front pockets of his jeans, and asked him to guess who it was.

"Sabine," he said. When he'd come in he'd seen her, standing by the candy machine, chewing gum and combing her straight black hair.

"Right!" she said. She stayed where she was and Bennington could feel her press against him. He imagined her breasts touching his back. He felt her hands push deeper into his pockets.

"So. How have you been?" he asked. He watched one steel ball roll easily past his unmoving flippers.

She kissed his neck.

Bennington began to feel warm. He tried to remember what color underwear he had on. He hoped it was blue, like Sabine's eyes.

"I've always been attracted to you," she whispered.

"Oh?" he said.

"Yes," she said.

Bennington drove home, borrowed twenty dollars from his mother, and then—with Sabine—drove to the Motel 6 out by the Interstate.

"A single with a double bed," he told the night clerk, a fat man with dirty eye-glasses and bad breath.

Bennington met Sabine outside.

"That guy must've just eaten a catshit sandwich," he said.

Sabine stared at him and blinked her blue eyes.

Bennington forgot himself in their love-making. In fact, it felt so real that when they were finished and Sabine was standing naked before the mirror, combing her black hair and smoking a cigarette, he had the urge to check himself for a wet dream, for the small puddle of semen that would be lying on his belly and would quiver and begin to thread heavily down his side as he moved. He closed his eyes and tried to forget his dream-life body, tried to wake and see his real one. But he couldn't.

"I don't know who I am," he said.

And Sabine turned to him and smiled. "We can make coffee!" she said, and pointed to a small percolator on the rust-stained counter by the sink.

It was three days later when, in front of Woolworth's on Main Street, Chesapeake slapped Bennington's face.

"I can't believe you'd do that!" she screamed.

"What?" Bennington asked. He felt nervous and so he decided to crouch down in his head and let his body handle this.

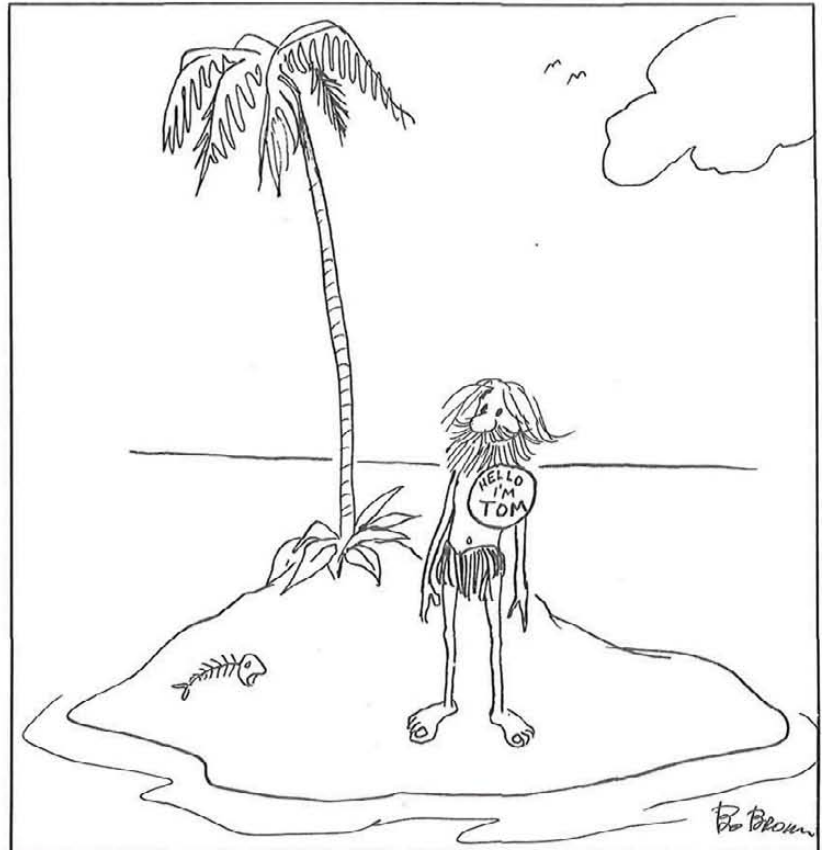
"Don't give me that shit," she said, and she turned and walked away.

Bennington watched her angry back move away from him and he stood there with his hands in his pockets and repeated "What?" Poor Bennington, he thought, poor, poor Bennington. But the farther Chesapeake moved from him, the less troubled he felt: he could stand in front of Woolworth's indefinitely, watching Chesapeake grow smaller, feeling a pleasant warmth in his head and a pressure in his bowels.

No. He ran after Chesapeake and caught her by the elbow and she turned to him. But it was not her face that he saw; it was a face twisted and red, a face left too long in the back window of a car.

"Leave me alone," she said.

Bennington smiled. "It never even
continued on page 104



**SEX CARTOONS
DRAWN WITH A HUNT PEN
No. 22, EXTRA FINE, ROUND POINTED,
A BOX OF WHICH WAS GIVEN TO ME BY A
GUY WHO WORKED AT THE MASSACHUSETTS
REGISTRY OF MOTOR VEHICLES, WHERE
HE PILFERED THEM ABOUT TWELVE YEARS AGO
HE NO LONGER WORKS THERE.**

TRUE STORY, HONEST.

Cartoons & STORY © copyright 1988 BY:

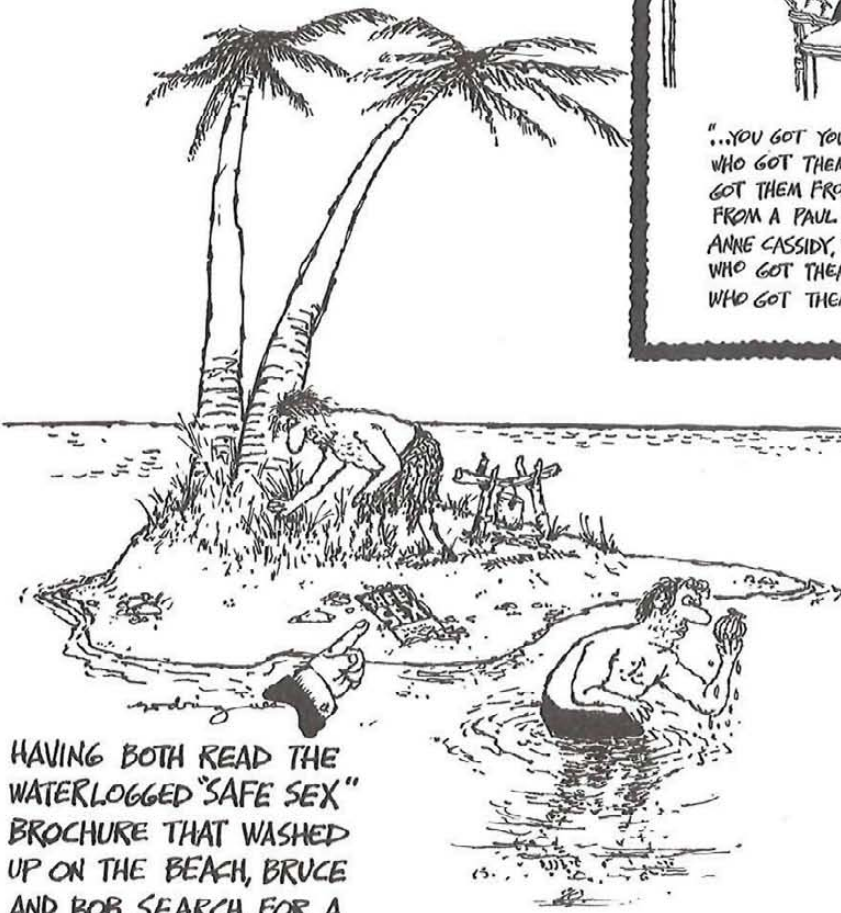
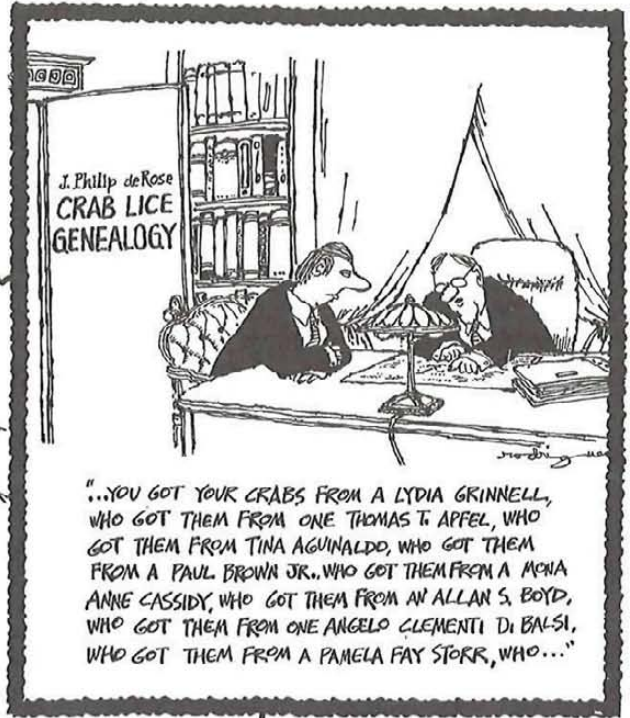
rodriguez



JOE PIEMONTE SAW AN OPPORTUNITY TO
CULTIVATE A MARKET, SUCCEEDED, AND
NOW DOMINATES IT!



MARGERY, A THALIDOMIDE BABY BORN WITH NO ARMS, OVERCOMES HER HANDICAP, BECOMING THE TOP-EARNING GIRL AT CHANTILLY TELEPHONE FANTASY SEX, LTD.



HAVING BOTH READ THE WATERLOGGED "SAFE SEX" BROCHURE THAT WASHED UP ON THE BEACH, BRUCE AND BOB SEARCH FOR A CONDOM.



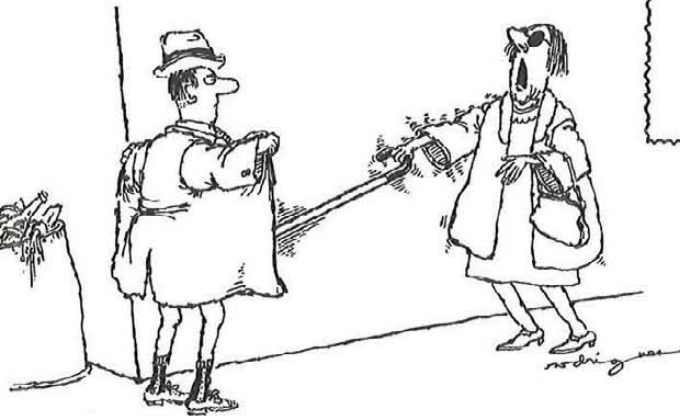


DIRECTOR VERNON DAHLQUIST OF THE MAPLECROFT HOME FOR ELDERLY MEN ANXIOUSLY AWAITS THE LAB REPORT ON THE AVERAGE TESTOSTERONE LEVEL OF ITS RESIDENTS. IF IT EXCEEDS MAXIMUM FEDERAL STANDARDS, MAPLECROFT STANDS TO LOSE ITS GOVERNMENT SUBSIDY.



TOM "SELLS OUT," INCURRING THE WRATH OF HIS COLLEAGUES.





IN 1977 WALTER BURNS WAS CASTRATED WHEN A FORKLIFT TRUCK FELL ON HIM. AND EVERY DAY AFTER SUPPER, HIS WIFE, VIVIAN, HAS TO SIT THROUGH THE NOW BORING STORY OF HOW IT HAPPENED.

Three Men of the Eighties: Trump, Gotti, and Bush

A Profile for Today's Women

by Missy Wheatthins

Throughout the ages, there have always been men.

Big, strong, hulking men. Men wet with sweat from a day's work, purging themselves of unseemly fat to make room for muscle. Then, of course, there are those post-work showers they have to take. Beads of water playfully galloping across their pecs, coyly hiding within the deep forests that are their hairy chests. Then the water free-falling down, down, down... tickling the tummy on the way to... you know where.

If men weren't so big and massive and muscular, they'd be cute and cuddly and you'd want to pack them away in your purse and take them out every so often just to give them a little hug, like a cute gerbil or a small patch of cashmere.

When men were first discovered, they were found crawling naked about filthy caves, stalking fierce animals, snout to snout with the other creatures of the wild. Sweaty, hairy, savage beasts. The kind that make you tremble as they kiss you hard on the lips.

After closing our eyes and opening them again some millennia later, we find

that men are still here. Although most of them have not changed dramatically from their Paleolithic state, there is a class of men who are not just cavemen with a subscription to *GQ*. These men, whom we shall call collectively "the eighties male," embody those virtues that make us gals stand up and shout, "Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah!" They all share one attribute, a dogged determination to be the best they can be! S-U-C-C-E-S-S are their call letters! And what modern woman doesn't enjoy a success-oriented guy?

But today's woman also enjoys a wide variety of men. She is the type who buys mixed nuts instead of a single jar of bland peanuts; chooses the Kellogg's party pack rather than stifling herself with a family-size box of corn flakes.

Here now is a party pack of men. Men of different flavors. Yet men who won't wilt when smothered in mother's milk.

In this profile, we introduce you to three men, all of whom possess certain attributes women find desirable. They are:

Real estate maverick Donald Trump. The provider. Trump, a wealthy entrepreneur and philanthropist, is a self-made man. He began with only a few million

dollars in his pocket and parlayed that pittance into billions. He is a man whose only enjoyment in life is to give of himself.

Mobster John Gotti. The sensitive type. A shoulder to cry on... a man who enjoys cooking... a man some would call a "mama's boy" due to his close relationship with his mother, Knuckles Gotti.

Vice President George Bush. The Protector. The macho type. Hemingway was his hero. George has never read any of his novels; he just enjoys listening to stories about the man. His favorite story about Papa was the one where the alligator bit his head off and swallowed it whole. Ernest was so upset, especially since he was going to a party that night and needed his head to keep his brand-new hat up, that he killed the alligator with his bare hands, ripped open its stomach, pulled his head out of the bowels, and then performed surgery connecting the head back to his body. He then went to the party, got drunk, insulted everyone, and threw up in a fountain.

After learning a little about each man and the type he represents, you should have a better understanding of what kind of man of the eighties will be your man of the nineties.



Donald Trump



AP/Wide World

Donald Trump is a busy man. One minute he is building a skating rink for the people of New York City. The next minute he is scamming the same city out of

millions of tax dollars as he pulls in billions from such choice properties as the Trump Tower and the Trump Plaza, to name only two. So it is truly amazing that Donald Trump finds the time to do anything, let alone build the tallest structure in the world in his own likeness!

"I just thought it was something Donald deserved," said Donald Trump, referring to himself. He always speaks of himself in the third person. "It astounds me the amount he's done in his lifetime. He's really a remarkable guy if you stop to think about it."

But there's no stopping to think about anything for this typical man of the eighties, who is so busy toiling away at his hobby, his hobby being himself. "Some people love opera, others collect baseball cards," said Donald. "I enjoy following Donald Trump's career. I find him endlessly fascinating. Here he is, like Atlas, with the weight of the world on his shoulders. Yet he's such a nice man. He's done a lot for my wife and me. Because of that, I like to do things for him."

Does he ever! I asked him about the skyscraper he's building on the site of the old Grand Central Station, which he bought and tore down for this project.

"It's not a skyscraper," he corrected me. "We're calling it a spacescraper. It's going to be that tall. And it's not a building. It's a mausoleum. I was going to build Donald the largest pyramid in the world, but I wanted to leave the city with something spectacular as well. So I'm leaving Donald. He'll be buried in this huge statue of himself. When times get rough and it seems only a Superman can save the day, New Yorkers need only look up where Donald will be, watching with a smile, reassuring them that all will be well."

He paused to collect himself.

"While all that crap is well and good," he continued, "the really exciting part is, like the Pyramids of the Pharaohs, this too will be built sans modern technology. Only manual labor. That means sixty-ton blocks of granite will have to be hauled by

Steve Sweney



The proposed blueprints for the Donald Trump Mausoleum.

hand to the very top. No cranes will be allowed on the job site. Isn't that a fun idea? To add to the mystique, all the slaves—we're calling the construction workers slaves to add authenticity—have

to dress like the ancient slaves who built the Pyramids. So what if it's snowing!"

Because of these stipulations, Donald thinks the project will take forty years to complete. "We've just completed the

twentieth floor, which means we're right about at the top of the toenails. So we're on schedule."

He contemplated the blueprints, then looked up and sighed. "I hope he likes it."



John Gotti

AP/Wide World



John Gotti. When we think of him, we don't think of murders, drug trafficking, numbers running, or prostitution. We think of a man obsessed.

Obsessed with his work. Obsessed with his family. Obsessed with his looks. Obsessed with being the very best he can be!

Of late, the law has also been obsessed with him. But being a man of the eighties,

he has taken it all in stride. The old capos might have tried to pay off the jury. Kidnap the judge's wife. Buy a condominium for the prosecutor at Forest Lawn.

And that's exactly what John will try to do.

But did you know that John has a hobby? That's right. His predecessors never had the time. Being godfather is a demanding job, after all. But John makes the time.

John likes to design things. Shoes, in particular. In fact, the very same cement shoes his employees use on the job. Let's let John tell his story.

"I got into it as a kid when one of the old bosses asked me to 'take out' this one guy, 'Big Fatty' Nicolo. Well, Big Fatty was an old family friend and I didn't want him to leave this world without knowing he had some friends. So after we kidnaped him at gunpoint, then bound and

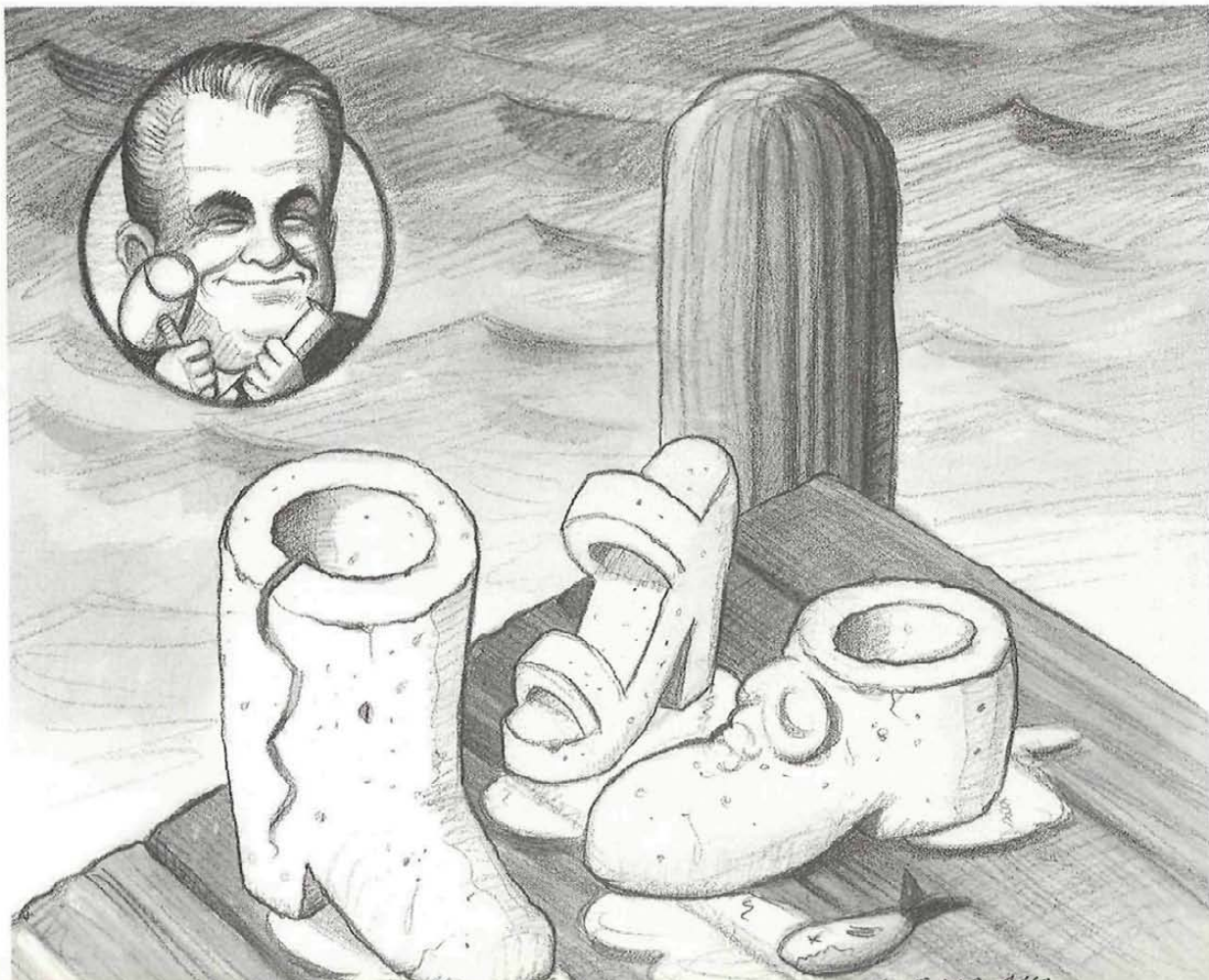
gagged him, we brought him to the pier where I had a vat of cement ready, not to mention the Hudson River. Before we proceeded to give him the longest bath in history, I asked him, 'Big Fatty, what is your favorite shoe design, as I would like to give you a going-away present?' He replied as how he'd always fancied those boots the Beatles wore, but he could never find them in his shoe size, which was a size 18 EEE. I told him not to worry, as I had to make the shoes large anyway so as to make sure he stayed down.

"Anyway, I made him the boots and they were beaubs. He looked like a fifth Beatle. I even kidded him and told him to say hi to John when he saw him.

"But the biggest reward came when the cement hardened and he saw my handiwork. If you could have seen him smile as we chucked him into the river! I swore

continued on page 101

Three Gotti originals.

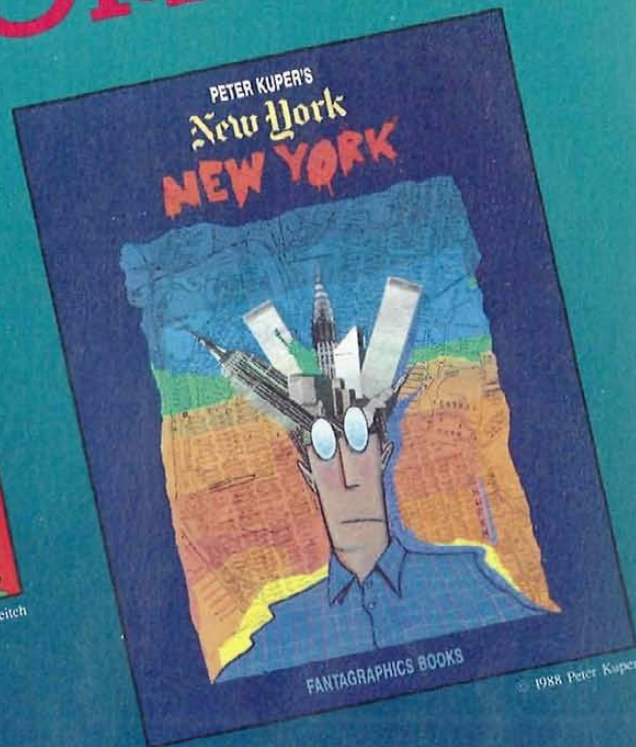
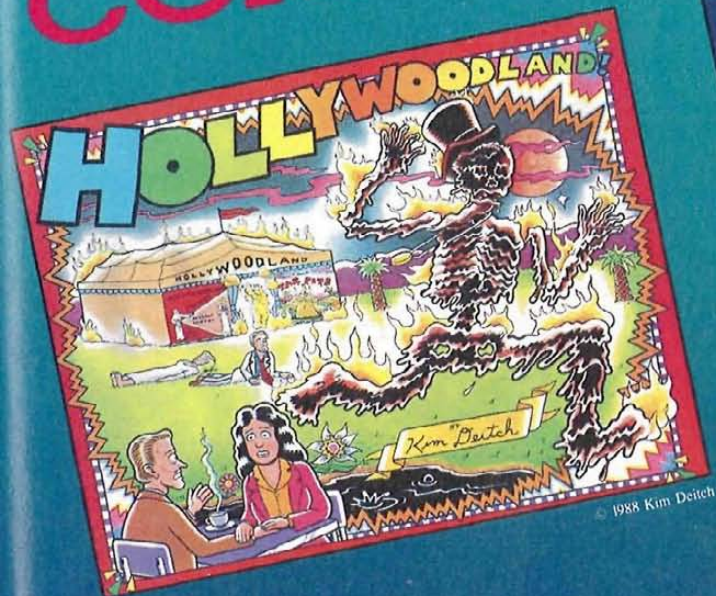


—Groucho Marx

"Anyone who says he can see through women is missing a lot."

Steve Sweney

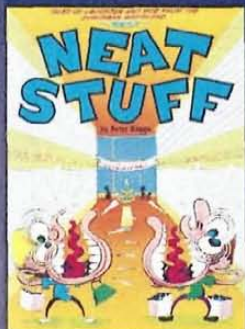
COAST-TO-COAST COMEDY!



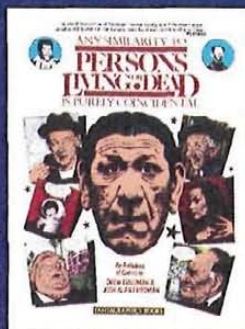
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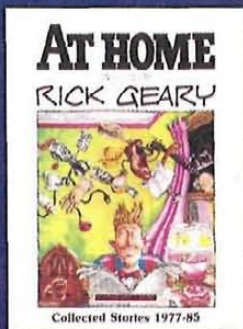
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1988 Peter Bagge



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Nude with the Wind

Ted Turner Goes One Step Beyond Colorization

by Larry Sloman and Ed Subitzky

"I think this'll get 'em away from Letterman and Ted Koppel," a supremely confident Ted Turner said as he flicked on the thirty-six-inch Sony projection TV in his palatial office in Atlanta.

Seconds later, there they were on the screen. Rhett and Scarlett. But as we've never seen them before, Rhett was as stiff-lipped and resolute as ever, Scarlett as fascinatingly amoral. But there was one difference. They were both nude.

"The technology was really waiting, all we had to do was put the right pieces together," said Arnold Meyer, Turner's head of research and development. "Colorization was child's play, because all you did was alter the chroma. But this involves complex computer-generated matte effects, and the result is absolutely first-rate. You can't tell they weren't filmed naked in the first place."

Indeed, except for a few minor glitches, the film on Turner's huge screen looked totally *au naturel*. The first four films slated for the new nudization process are **Gone with the Wind**, **It's a Wonderful Life**, **The Sound of Music**, and **Annie Hall**. Turner plans to introduce them this fall on his WTBS superstation.

Which prompted an immediate roar of indignation from **Annie Hall's** writer, director, and star, Woody Allen. "This is an outrage to the integrity of the cinema. If the great directors had wanted the people in their films to be naked, they would have filmed them that way. Nudity can completely overpower and destroy the fragile mood of a masterful cinematic moment." Allen fumed during recent testimony before the House Subcommittee on Broadcast Standards.

Turner, however, makes light of the criticism of nudization. "They laughed at Alexander Graham Bell too, but show me one movie critic who doesn't use the telephone."

*Who wouldn't give a damn after seeing
a partially nudized Vivien Leigh in the classic Gone with the Wind.*



—Joan Rivers

"It's been so long since I made love I can't even remember who gets tied up."



*The nudization of Julie Andrews in *The Sound of Music* drew roars of outrage, even though Andrews actually did appear nude in one of her later films.*

*Washington seems to be craning his neck to get a better look at a newly nudized Eva Marie Saint in *North by Northwest*.*



"If all the girls attending the Yale-Harvard game were laid end to end, I wouldn't be at all surprised."
—Dorothy Parker



The process still has a few bugs to be worked out, as evidenced by this still from the nude version of It's a Wonderful Life.

The nudization of Annie Hall made director-star Woody Allen see red and rush to Washington to testify against this new technique.



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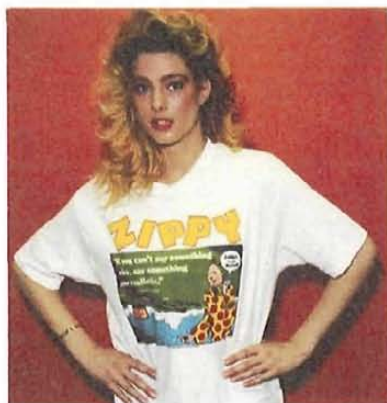
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1. Tommy Toilet Sez: Don't Forget to Wipe Your Ass Folks! A timeless message of social hygiene from the king of underground comix, R. Crumb!

2. Vomit Glossary Peter Bagge's helpful illustrated glossary for those times when you just can't keep it down.

3. Zippy in '88 It's election time, and that means it's time to cast your T-shirt vote for everybody's favorite pinhead.

4. Zippy Surreal T Another absurdity from Bill Griffith's Zen pinhead.

5. Basic Couch Potato T The classic Robert Armstrong shirt that started the whole craze! Put this on, sit back, and vegetate!

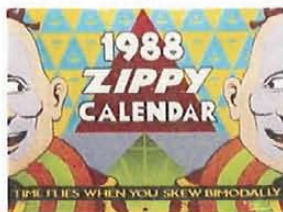
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DATE TELEPHONE PROMPTER

by Michael Corcoran

Other dial-and-pitch pests use them—insurance salesmen, phone solicitors, and charity chiggers—so why not guys who call up girls to ask them out? The telephone prompter helps you calmly converse when your palms are sweaty, your mouth is dry, and you just know you interrupted her during the last half hour of a miniseries starring Valerie Bertinelli. Not only will the following guide help put words in your mouth, it will help you shatter whatever feeble excuse is thrown your way. But most important to your stature as a single guy, the telephone prompter is there to take all the blame if she rejects you. She won't go out with you because the guide was wrong, not because you look like Larry Bird with a bad hangover. Chances are, though, that she'll have no choice but to give in to the superior reasoning that this prompter gives you and, with one eye on Val Van Halen having an affair with her fourth husband's third wife, she'll agree to a date. From that point, bucko, you're on your own. Hey, this is a magazine, not a trip to Lourdes.

TELEPHONE PROMPTER

Hello, _____, this is _____ (Be prepared to spell your name.) You probably don't remember, but I'm the guy who _____ That's right, _____'s friend. Anyway, I have an opening in my schedule this _____ night and I was wondering if you would be available to go with ("accompany" may be substituted for "go with" if you think you can pull it off) me to _____ I hear that _____ (supply your own recommendation).

Answers to Objections

I HAVE TO WASH MY HAIR

Actually, it would probably be better if you didn't. We might meet up with Bono from U2, and clean hair might make him self-conscious. When I roomed with him that summer at Dublin A&M he might've washed his hair twice, but he felt bad about it, because whenever *Charlie's Angels* came on he'd put on a hat.

I HAVE TOO MUCH HOMEWORK

Jeez, that's too bad. I really wanted you to meet Bono before he goes back to Ireland to study videotapes of the pope. Bono told me that his sweeping arm movements just don't have the Messiah feel anymore. Well, I guess it will just be me and Bono, hanging out at that club

one good thing came out of this—you found out that your homework isn't due for two days, so you can go out with me tonight.

I HAVE A BOYFRIEND

Yeah, I know, in fact he's one of the main things I want to talk to you about in person and in private. Have you noticed anything, well, strange about him? Well, like, has he chewed out the crotches of your underwear like he did mine? I mean, it wasn't really a big deal. They were an off brand, not Hanes or Fruit of the Loom, and he left the lesser-worn pairs alone, but what really bothers me is the way I feel so used. I trusted him and went along with his sugges-

she does is put me down. Even when I'm especially gifted at something, she finds the downside and points it out. I remember the first day of junior high when I ran all the way home to tell her that I had the biggest penis in my P.E. class. That put me a notch above straight A students and up there with the captain of the football team and the kid who found a footlocker full of hard-core porno rags in an abandoned barn, but dear ol' Mom knocked me down again. "It's too big. No girl is ever going to do it with a penis that looks like it takes four D cell batteries," she said. I got such a bad complex about my flesh flashlight that I was ashamed to let anyone see it. I'd whip it out to help a friend win a bet or something, but anytime I'd get a girlfriend I'd break it off before she had a chance to wonder why *all my shorts*

works. You're right, though, homework does come first, and I'm sure Bono doesn't want to interfere with your studies just so you can comb his hair and put it in a ponytail while that idiot who broke up with you to go with your best friend watches with his jealous eyes bug-ging out and his mouth twitching. I can just see that jerk coming over and causing a scene, telling you that the reason he jilted you was not because his parents threatened to cut him off if he didn't go out with a Methodist, like he told you, but because "You've got MOLES ON YOUR TITS!" As he goes on to tell about how he hasn't been able to eat a chocolate chip cookie in months, Bono will stand up, and with a sweep of his arm the guy will be fired, the crowd will turn mobile and take him from the building. Later, Bono will tell you about that Irish belief that every time a mammary mole is kissed, an angel gets a bolotie. By about three in the morning, heaven will probably look like a Dwight Yoakam concert in L.A. But, well, I guess *Moby-Dick* or *Beowulf* or whatever comes first. What's that? You just remembered that your homework isn't due until the nineteenth and today's the seventeenth, so you can go out after all? You'll be ready in ten minutes? Now wait a second. Today can't be the seventeenth; Bono leaves the morning of the seventeenth. Today's the sixteenth, because tomorrow is the seventeenth and yesterday was the fifteenth, right? Let me see my calendar... Uh-oh, you're right. I got the dates mixed up. Damn! And I was supposed to take Bono to the airport. I hope he's not pissed at me. I can't believe I botched the dates like that. What a dummy I am. Well, at least

my underwear up past my navel when I jogged, and then I come to find out that I was just an accessory to his sick little fetish. When he bought me that pyramid-shaped bicycle seat, I had my doubts, especially when I rode down to the store and back and my underwear looked like it had been used as a coffee filter. But he talked about the power of the pyramid and it seemed to make sense. But I'd rather not talk about it on the phone. If we don't help him he might end up on skid row. Do you want to get together soon?

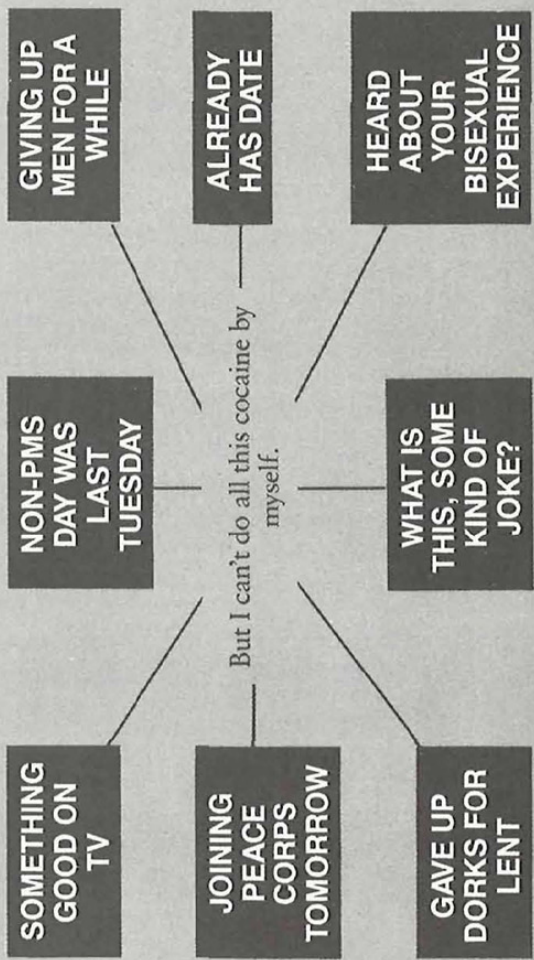
I STILL HAVEN'T GOTTEN OVER MY MOTHER'S DEATH

I know how that is. I lost mine, too. Eventually I did find her, though, sitting on a sailor's lap on one of the kiddie rides, but sometimes I wish I hadn't. All

were Bermudas. Gosh, I can't believe how frankly I'm talking to you. These are things I've never told anyone before. I would say that it's good to get it off my chest, except it doesn't quite reach. Thank you for listening. Everyone needs an unburdening every once in a while, and I realize that my load was a bit heavier than most, so I really appreciate it. Are you sure I can't take you out and show you my appreciation? I can? That's great. How about tomorrow? Oh, that's too bad, but you know, they only bury your mother once. Tonight? You mean right now? Well, I guess I can cancel my meeting with the Dark Brothers. Okay. How about half an hour? No, I don't think I can get over there quicker.

I'M A LESBIAN

Then, dammit, start dressing like one!



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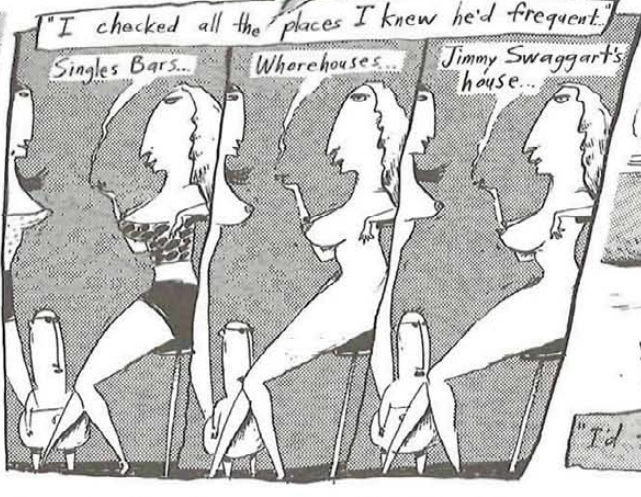
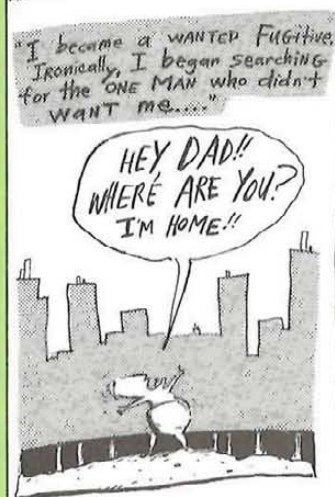
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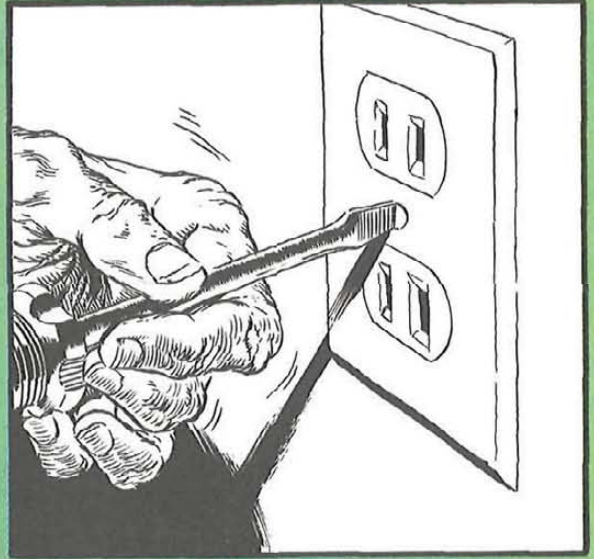
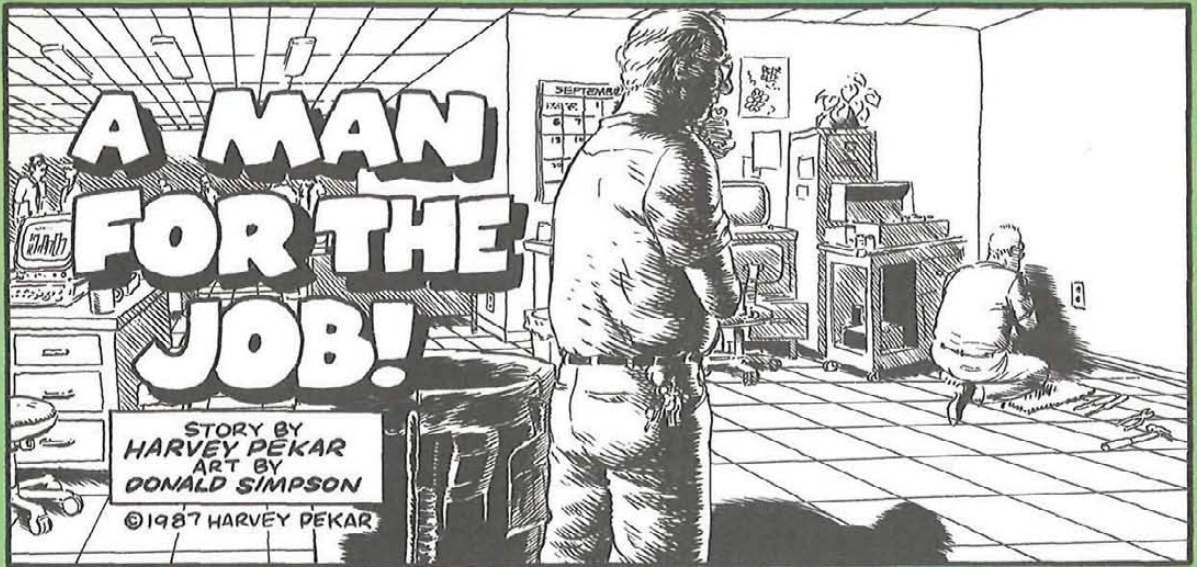
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| <input type="checkbox"/> BROS. GRIME ADULT CARTOONS II ● | <input type="checkbox"/> HIGH SCHOOL MEMORIES ● |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SEX WARS ● | <input type="checkbox"/> DEVIL IN MISS JONES II |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TABOO I ● | <input type="checkbox"/> BARBARA BROADCAST |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TABOO II ● | <input type="checkbox"/> 1001 EROTIC NIGHTS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TRACI, I LOVE YOU | <input type="checkbox"/> LITTLE AMERICAN MAID ● |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MISTY BEETHOVEN | <input type="checkbox"/> GIRLS ON FIRE ● |
| <input type="checkbox"/> NEW WAVE HOOKERS | <input type="checkbox"/> ECSTASY GIRLS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD, THE BAD & THE HORNY ● | <input type="checkbox"/> I LIKE TO WATCH |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR | <input type="checkbox"/> "41" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ANY TIME...ANY PLACE ● | <input type="checkbox"/> COED FEVER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ALICE IN WONDERLAND | <input type="checkbox"/> FANTASY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> INSIDE DESIREE COUSTEAU ● | <input type="checkbox"/> 8 TO 4 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PINK LAGOON | <input type="checkbox"/> SEX BOAT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> NASTY GIRLS ● | <input type="checkbox"/> HOT DALLAS NIGHTS ● |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BAD GIRLS ● | <input type="checkbox"/> CHARLI ● |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FRAT HOUSE ● | <input type="checkbox"/> LITTLE GIRLS BLUE I ● |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> LITTLE GIRLS BLUE II ● |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> CROCODILE BLONDEE II |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> NEVER SO DEEP |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> BODY TALK ● |

WOW! \$18.95

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| <input type="checkbox"/> DEEP THROAT | <input type="checkbox"/> LADY MADONNA ● |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DEBBIE DOES DALLAS | <input type="checkbox"/> THE BLONDE ● |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DEVIL IN MISS JONES I | <input type="checkbox"/> UNTAMED ● |
| <input type="checkbox"/> INSIDE SEKA | <input type="checkbox"/> BLACK SISTER WHITE BROTHER ● |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DIRTY WESTERN ● | <input type="checkbox"/> DOCTOR GINGER ● |
| <input type="checkbox"/> INSIDE LITTLE ORAL ANNIE | <input type="checkbox"/> ALL ABOUT GLORIA LEONARD |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TASTE OF MONEY ● | <input type="checkbox"/> TAXI GIRLS ● |
| <input type="checkbox"/> EROTIC ANIMATION FESTIVAL | <input type="checkbox"/> CROCODILE BLONDEE I ● |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STORY OF JOANNA | <input type="checkbox"/> LIKE A VIRGIN II ● |
| <input type="checkbox"/> INSIDE JENNIFER WELLES | <input type="checkbox"/> REEL PEOPLE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FLEA ● | <input type="checkbox"/> FOUR X FEELING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> RAMBONE THE DESTROYER ● | <input type="checkbox"/> HEAVENLY DESIRE ● |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FOR RICHER FOR POORER ● | <input type="checkbox"/> JACK & JILL |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CANDY STRIPERS ● | <input type="checkbox"/> RX FOR SEX ● |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ROOMMATES ● | <input type="checkbox"/> STAR VIRGIN ● |
| <input type="checkbox"/> LEGEND OF LADY BLUE ● | <input type="checkbox"/> NIGHT HUNGER ● |
| <input type="checkbox"/> LITTLE FRENCH MAID ● | <input type="checkbox"/> LITTLE ORPHAN DUSTY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> VIRGINS DREAMS ● | <input type="checkbox"/> TANGERINE ● |
| <input type="checkbox"/> X-RATED CARTOONS ● | <input type="checkbox"/> CHINA DE SADE ● |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TIGRESSES | <input type="checkbox"/> SATISFIERS OF ALPHA BLUE ● |
| <input type="checkbox"/> EXPENSIVE TASTE ● | <input type="checkbox"/> DEEP RUB ● |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> TAKE OFF |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> MIAMI VICE GIRLS |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> BLAZING MATTRESSES ● |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> NUDES AT ELEVEN ● |

HIRE THE HANDICAPPED... IT'S JUST GOOD BUSINESS!

Trots and Bonnie

HERE IN SEXUALITY 101, WE TRY TO BE VERY FRANK ABOUT THE CHANGES YOUR BODIES ARE GOING THROUGH...
...AND HOW SEX IS A NATURAL PART OF LIVING....

NOW THERE ARE SOME NEW THINGS YOU NEED TO LEARN ABOUT... DEADLY SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASES.

...SO THE GOVERNMENT HAS SENT SOME SPECIAL EXPERTS TO TEACH YOU ABOUT THE EFFECT THESE DISEASES WILL HAVE ON YOUR LOVE LIFE.



DON'T EVER LET A BOY TOUCH YOU BELOW THE EARS.

KEEP YOUR KNEES TOGETHER AT ALL TIMES.

DON'T NECK... DON'T PET.

DON'T KISS WITH YOUR MOUTH OPEN.

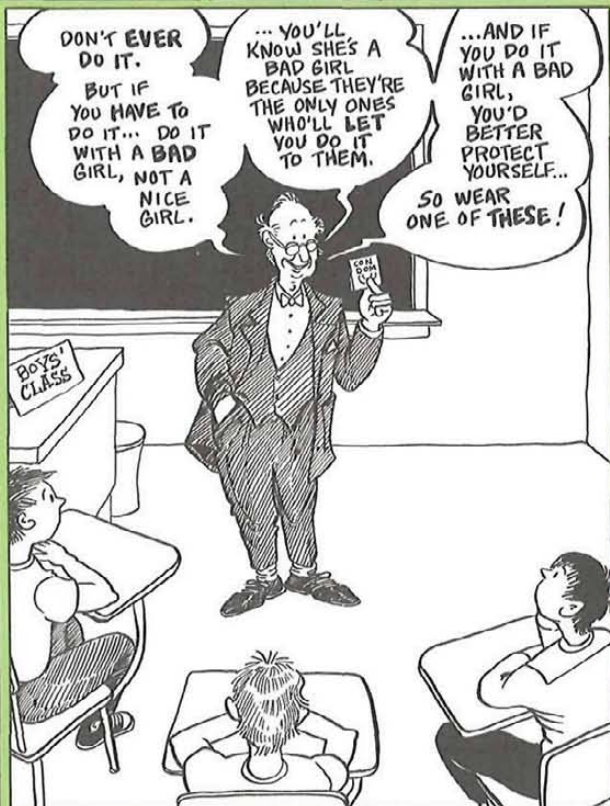
DON'T EVER DO IT.

BUT IF YOU HAVE TO DO IT... DO IT WITH A BAD GIRL, NOT A NICE GIRL.

... YOU'LL KNOW SHE'S A BAD GIRL BECAUSE THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO'LL LET YOU DO IT TO THEM.

...AND IF YOU DO IT WITH A BAD GIRL, YOU'D BETTER PROTECT YOURSELF...

SO WEAR ONE OF THESE!

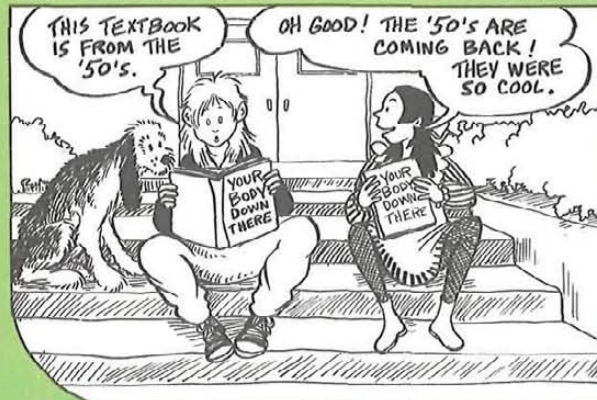


THIS TEXTBOOK IS FROM THE '50'S.

OH GOOD! THE '50'S ARE COMING BACK! THEY WERE SO COOL.

IT'S FROM THE '50'S.

I THINK I'LL GO HAVE ONE LAST FLING WITH GRETA THE GREAT DANE BEFORE THIS THING SPREADS TO CANINES.



© 88 SHARBY CENNEN

Now! Tomorrow's Shirts from the Tomorrow Magazine

These are not "promo" shirts—these have elegance and taste. They look good and feel good on you. One was created by the fabulous Italian illustrator Gaetano Liberatore, the others by Spanish artist Daniel Torres. These shirts are so creative and attractive you could frame them. Don't! Wear them instead.



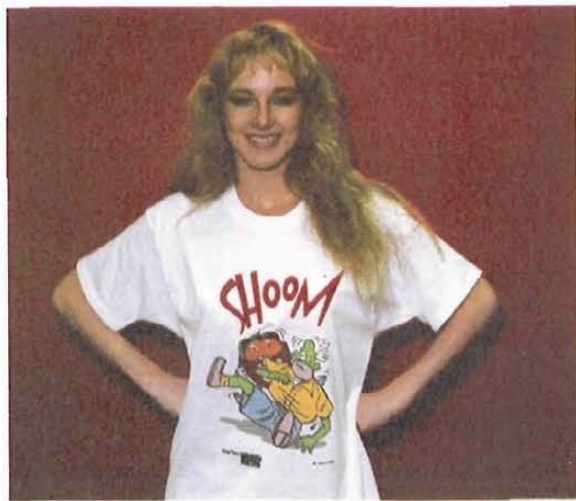
RANXEROX T-shirt. (Liberatore.) Comin' right at you is the forceful *Heavy Metal* antihero. Made of 100 percent cotton with a reinforced neck, deep armholes, extra body length and fullness. White with design in full, blazing color.



THE FAN. (Torres.) If there is a "new look," this is it! A ten-color T-shirt as different and distinctive as any you own. A very special shirt from a more than special artist.



SAXXON. (Torres.) Three-panel, full-color drop-dead art—you're a walking art gallery! This one has dash, spirit, élan...and comfort.



SHOOM. (Torres.) Funny! Eye-catching! A traffic stopper as Saxxon and his robot come alive in this eight-color T-shirt.

Please send me:

SM MD LG XL Ranxerox T-shirt @ \$12.95

SM MD LG XL Saxxon T-shirt @ \$12.95

SM MD LG XL The Fan T-shirt @ \$12.95

SM MD LG XL Shoom T-shirt @ \$12.95

Heavy Metal, Dept. 688NL, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013

Please add \$1.00 per shirt for postage and handling. New York residents, please add 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ % sales tax.

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MALE OFFSPRING OF HERCULES

© 1988

A MONGST THE NORTH AMERICANS

M. G. MAREK, 31

AH, THIS MORTAL LIFE HAS PROVEN TO BE NO BOWL OF GRAPES FOR PENOS

SINCE LEAVING HOME HE HAS FOUGHT TO ESTABLISH HIS IDENTITY IN A MODERN WORLD HE CAN ONLY HALF UNDERSTAND, WHICH ISN'T ALL THAT BAD CONSIDERING MOST GREEKS ONLY COMPREHEND ABOUT 1/4 OF THE WORLD AROUND THEM

IT WOULD SEEM HE HAS IT ALL - CLASSIC GOOD LOOKS, A FABULOUS PHYSIQUE, A BEAUTIFUL NEW '88 SPORT CHARIOT POWERED BY MORE HORSES THAN A LEGION OF TROJAN CAVALRYMEN

AND NO SHORTAGE OF NYMPHS. BY NO MEANS VIRGIN NYMPHS, BUT NYMPHS NONETHELESS

HIS CORPORATE SALES POSITION IS THE ENVY OF MANY A MORTAL OFFICE WORKER

I DON'T KNOW, PETE. ACCORDING TO MY EGG YOLKS THIS MORNING THE GODS AREN'T WITH US ON THIS ONE

THOUGH HIS FATHER WOULD HAVE PREFERRED HE HAD GOTTEN INTO SOMETHING THAT INVOLVED MOVING LARGE STONES BARE HANDED, OR AT LEAST EMBARKING ON LONG, DANGEROUS BUSINESS VOYAGES

AND LIKE ANY UPRIGHT CITIZEN HE IS REGULAR IN HIS TITHING

YES, IT SEEMS THAT EVERYTHING IS AS IT SHOULD BE. AND YET SOMETHING IS MISSING. QUITE OFTEN HE FINDS HIMSELF YEARNING FOR SOME HEROIC CHALLENGE, SOME FEAT OF STRENGTH

SOMETHING TO FIRE HIS LATENT IMMORTAL EGO.

AND SO, IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS BASEMENT, PENOS FINDS SOME SMALL MEASURE OF RELEASE IN WRESTLING AN OVERSIZE INFLATABLE LION.



NOT FOR THE TIMID!

It's true! These original, uncensored comix are **not** for those among us who might blush at the sight of skin or shy away from—shall we say—*unusual* situations. These comix are for those of us who have normal all-American red-blooded corpuscles! Those of us who can look a joke in the eye and **laugh!** The collections here are by the same *underground cartoonists* who set the comics world on its ear with their uninhibited humor and other-worldly visions.

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SAM de GROOT

ONE OF ONLY SEVENTY-THREE PRIVATE DETECTIVES in the free world in an Iron Lung.

THE STORY...

EVERETT, WHO PRACTICED CANNIBALISM, WAS HOLDING SAM PRISONER, FATTENING HIM UP TO BE EATEN! AN ITINERANT PREACHER CONVERTS EVERETT AWAY FROM CANNIBALISM AND NOW SAM AND EVERETT LEAD A QUIET LIFE TOGETHER (NON-QUEERLY).



WE CURATE THE I KNOW THAT NONE OF TH

NOT MINE OWN NOR THE PROPHE OF THE WIDE

Dear reader,
This comic strip seems to be destroying itself.

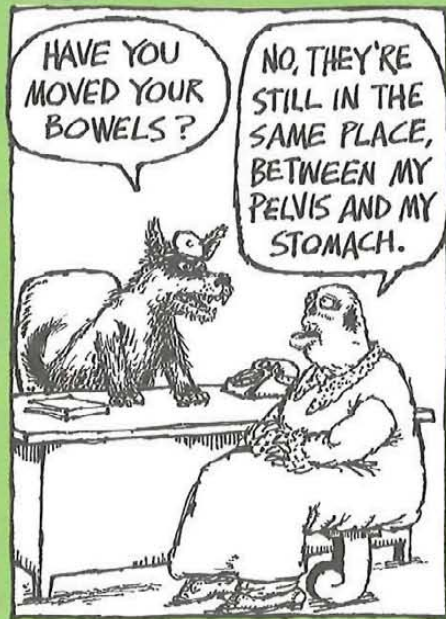
Once again we are forced to insert an emergency comic strip...

TRUE TALES OF THE URINARY TRACT



DOCTOR, I HAVEN'T URINATED IN FOUR YEARS.

HMMMMM...



HAVE YOU MOVED YOUR BOWELS?

NO, THEY'RE STILL IN THE SAME PLACE, BETWEEN MY PELVIS AND MY STOMACH.



...AND YOUR CHICKEN, DO YOU KNOW WHY IT CROSSED THE ROAD?

DOCTOR, TAKE MY WIFE, PLEASE!

DEAR READER,
THIS IS A SHOCKING DEVELOPMENT! NOW EVEN THE EMERGENCY COMIC STRIP HAS FAILED!
AS POOR AS IT IS, WE HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO RESUME THE Sam de Groot COMIC STRIP...



SAM, YOU'VE BEEN USING MY BRA, HAVEN'T YOU?

EVERETT, I'M SHOCKED. HOW COULD YOU?!!

THIS IS TOO MUCH!!!

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT
DUE TO THE DISAPPOINTING QUALITY OF THIS PAGE, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OUR LONG ASSOCIATION WITH NATIONAL LAMPOON, WE ARE OMITTING OUR SIGNATURE AND THE USUAL COPYRIGHT NOTICE FROM THIS WORK.
ADDITIONALLY, WE REGRET THAT THIS MARKS THE END OF THE COMIC STRIP "SAM de GROOT" sorry....

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10. SEIKA

11. KRISTARA BARRINGTON

12. BUNNY BLEU

13. NICHOLE WEST



14. NIKKI CHARM

15. BRITTANY STRYKER

16. JOANNA STORM

17. SADE

18. J. CARRINGTON



19. GINA VALENTINO

20. CRYSTAL LEE

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22. SHARON MITCHELL

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Editorial

continued from page 6

He is always eager to have sex, and approaches it with enthusiasm and vigor.

He's not looking for a mother, since his own is very nice, and packs him a nutritious lunch every morning.

Though my lover may not be all that learned and cultured, he is curious and fresh and unpretentious and not arrogant.

He never ejaculates prematurely, because he isn't old enough to ejaculate.

He doesn't have macho hang-ups like always having to drive the car, since he rides his bicycle everywhere.

Unfortunately, our society does not encourage such joyous liberation to flourish widely, and so most women are still saddled with boorish, despicable men. Why? Take a look at your TV set, grand pur-

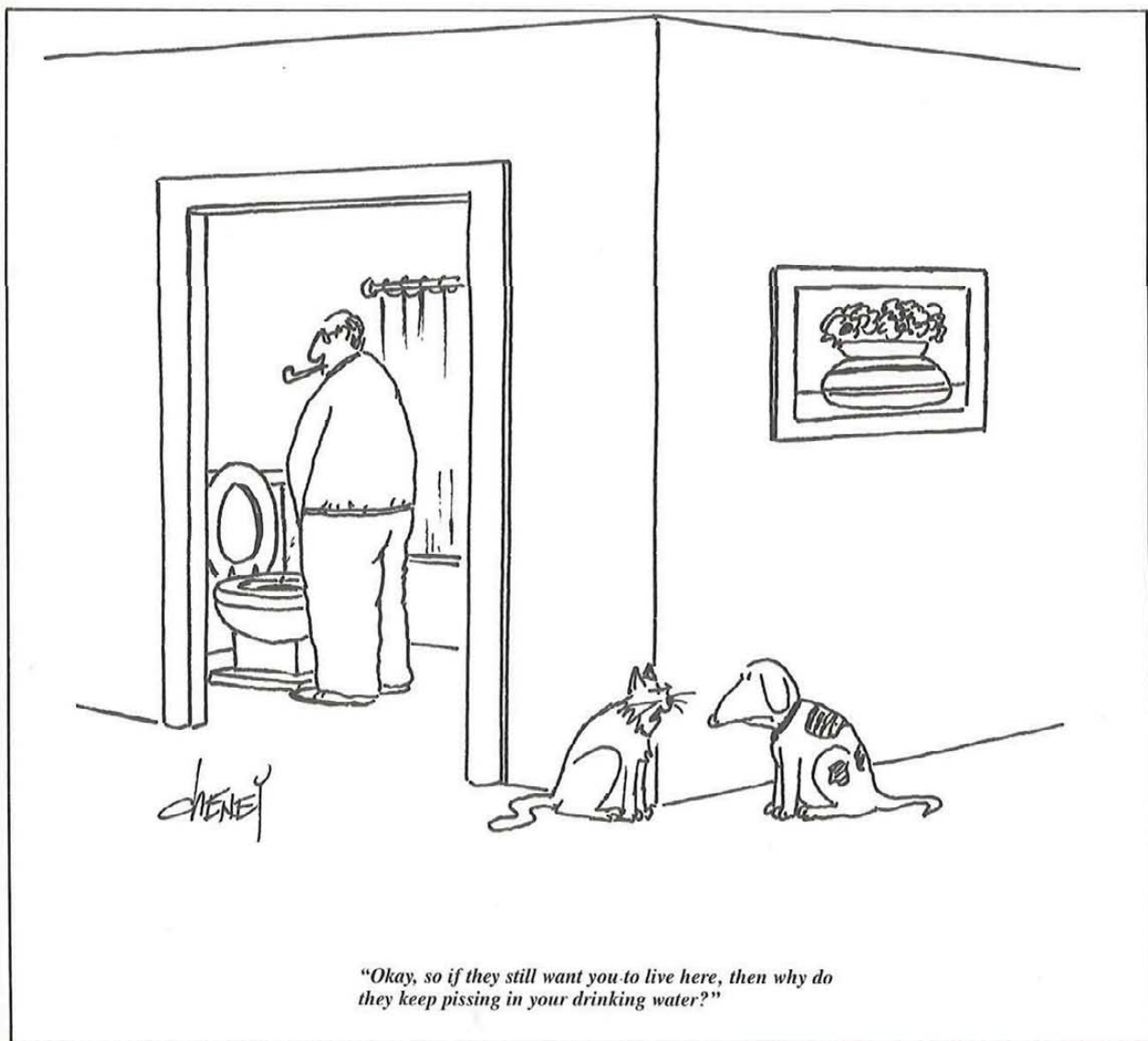
veyor of evil to the masses whose genitals titter even as their brain lobes atrophy.

I call what I see on TV the New Porn. It is as degrading to women as conventional pornography is and, according to the results of my recent, very scientific survey, a million times more insidious. The New Porn is mostly under the guise of advertising—beer-peddling dogs running around in bimbokini heaven; beaches full of girls wearing almost nothing beyond the suntan lotion they're selling; and, as a lead-in to any product in the world, girls in aerobics classes adorned in little other than the glistening sheen of their freshly wrought perspiration. And then the TV shows—a special on a woman sculptor who just happens to be a former *Penthouse* Pet, and there just happens to be loads of footage of her on Venice Beach gamboling about among the sandcastles with two or three equally mouth-watering mega-shiksés. Even football—

cheerleaders get as much camera time as players, and considering that each cheerleader's total clothing is equivalent to what a player wears on his knee, they make the most of it. All of this jackal-plotted infestation besieges even the viewer who, to shield his family from titillation, resists cable; ultimately, he gets the same hormone massage as the guy who shells out forty dollars a month for the Wank Channel.

Recently the self-examination shows in the afternoon examined the topic of "Is Flirting Cheating?" If it is indeed, wives should make their husbands wear prophylactics every time they flick on the TV, because the girls on these ads selling everything from jeans and cologne to mufflers and Maalox are leading those husbands to believe that a hot, firm-fleshed fuck is just a purchase away, and naturally these cavemen respond by whipping out their checkbooks. Of course,

continued on page 110



PHOTOTRON

IF YOU ROLL YOUR OWN, YOU SHOULD GROW YOUR OWN THE AMERICAN WAY

Hello, my name is Jeffery DeMarco, President and Founder of PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES. My masters thesis is on the cannabinoid profile. In pursuit of my own masters thesis, I generated the most extensive popular literature library in the world. Then, I generated the most extensive scientific bibliography in the world. I then went into a laboratory at a major university in which I designed a laboratory grade growth chamber called the PHOTOTRON.

If you read all of the popular literature, I did, all of the scientific literature, I did, and look at every apparatus for growing plants, you will find one common denominator. Every system, UP TILL NOW, has attempted to re-create Hawaii. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do NO BETTER than Hawaii's results. AND WHAT ARE HAWAII'S RESULTS?

In fact you will grow the plant 6 to 9 months, 6 to 12 feet tall. In fact you will average a 6 inch internodal length (distance between budding sites). In fact have a 10% budding ratio at the tops of the plant. In fact, throw away 90% of the plant material (leaves/shake). And in fact YOU MUST START ALL OVER AGAIN.

Look, the only thing I'm waiting nine months for is a baby, number one. Number two, I do not want a tree in my house. And number three, I am not going to pay the ELECTRIC BILL TO PRODUCE THE SUN somewhere in my closet. Do not let its pretty looks fool you. Do not let its size (34 inches tall x 18 inches wide) fool you. Do not let its weight at 17 lbs. fool you.

The PHOTOTRON II will draw \$4.00 per month in electricity (average). My system is totally different.

In fact you will grow 6 plants, 3 feet tall in 45 days, guaranteed. You will maintain a one-inch internodal length, guaranteed. That each plant will produce 1,000 budding sites, FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, guaranteed. And there will be 6 plants per individual PHOTOTRON II, guaranteed.

And this is the only system in the world where you can re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants every 45 days up to nine times per year without killing them off, EVER. Then, you may re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants, every 45 days up to nine times per year, while you remove from the system every single solitary day. Every day (average 6-8 oz. every 45 days). You remove from the PHOTOTRON II every single solitary day, beginning on day 20 from seed germination.

I personally, guarantee and service back the PHOTOTRON II, so do not let its technical nature throw you. You will require THREE PAGES OF INSTRUCTIONS ONLY. Because the system is TOTALLY COMPLETE. You will do three things: 1. Select your seed. 2. Plug the system in. 3. Water it.

Then, if you have any questions at all, you may call me directly. Ask your question. Get the answer. And carry on about your business. You cannot fail with my PHOTOTRON II. I do not allow any of my PHOTOTRONS to fall below SHOWCASE. I have personally guaranteed every PHOTOTRON that has ever been sold. And I have never had one returned. I am not starting now.

"If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, I will pay you for the call."

Jeffery Julian DeMarco

THE PHOTOTRON		NONE	12	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
Halide Systems		50%	1	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
LIGHT	LEAF SELF SHADING										
	LEAF AREA OF LIGHT										
NUTRIENTS	LINEAR ADJUSTABILITY										
	SPECTRUM ADJUSTABILITY										
CO2 SERVICE	COMPUTER DESIGNED FOR EACH SYSTEM										
	COMPUTER FEMALE SEX										
SERVICE	GUARANTEES THE PLANTS										
	NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS										
SERVICE	ONE INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS - 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT										
	ONE INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS - 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT										
SERVICE	RE-FLOWER AND RE-BUD SAME PLANTS EVERY 45 DAYS UP TO 9 TIMES PER YEAR										
	RE-FLOWER AND RE-BUD SAME PLANTS EVERY 45 DAYS UP TO 9 TIMES PER YEAR										
SERVICE	TOTALLY SELF SUFFICIENT TO LEAF SATURATION										
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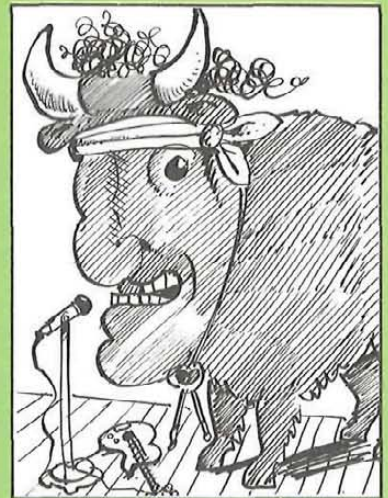
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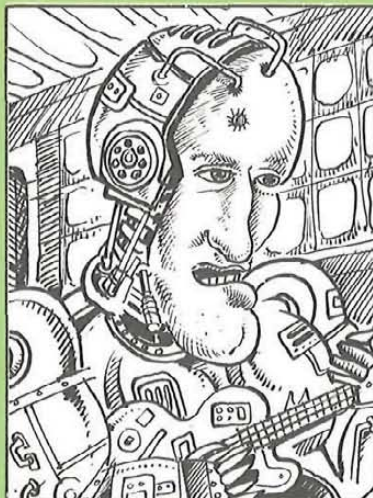
STINGSTEEN



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BUFFALO SPRINGSTEEN



ROBOBOSS



THE THINGSTEEN



FAULTY O'RINGSTEEN

Ten Girls Who Will Positively Go to Bed with You

The following list includes women from every part of the country. They have been contacted by us and have been found to be above average in attractiveness and, at the moment we spoke to them, not at any obvious risk for disease (although we do suggest you and the girl you choose talk about this first, as we cannot make any guarantees). The women have agreed to allow their names to be used here because all are lonely for reasons beyond their control, such as a recent divorce or a scarcity of eligible men in their area. We cannot, of course, vouch in any way for their sexual performance, only for their eagerness to find a man and please him.

1. Debbie G.	Queens, New York	718 224-5151
2. Cindy P.	Fort Lauderdale, Florida	305 471-5777
3. Mary Lou L.	Dallas, Texas	214 655-5444
4. Pauline R.	Honolulu, Hawaii	808 967-5454
5. Marcia E.	Grand Rapids, Michigan	616 472-7588
6. Kathy O.	Springfield, Missouri	417 057-7545
7. Brenda Y.	Atlanta, Georgia	404 918-1111
8. Kim N.	Bakersfield, California	805 229-4343
9. Joan U.	Portland, Oregon	503-287-1111
10. Suzanne L.	Boston, Massachusetts	617 856-5555

Salt peter Lasagna

Even after trying these special exercises to prepare yourself for a lifetime of sexual frustration, you may occasionally find that you need still more help in coping. For example, you may come across a beautiful woman who excites you terribly but who informs you, just the instant before you begin the sex act, that her previous lover was a bisexual drug addict whom she met on her last trip to Haiti. In cases like these, the following recipe will prove both helpful, healthful, and delicious.

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1/2 cup chopped onions | 2 teaspoons salt |
| 2 garlic cloves, minced | 2 teaspoons salt peter |
| 2 pounds ground beef | 1 pound lasagna noodles, cooked |
| 1/4 cup oil | 2 cups ricotta cheese |
| 1 can tomatoes | 1 pound mozzarella cheese |
| 2 cans tomato paste | 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese |
| 2 teaspoons oregano | |

PREPARATION

COOK onions, garlic, and beef in oil, stirring occasionally, until lightly browned.
 ADD next five ingredients. Cover.
 SIMMER for 1 hour, stirring occasionally.
 ARRANGE alternating layers of sauce, cooked lasagna noodles, and cheeses in greased shallow baking dish.
 BAKE at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.
 YIELD: 6 to 8 servings



FIND-A-WORD GAME

How many dirty words can you find? They could be spelled forward, backward, up, down, or even diagonally. Just circle them to prove you know them all!

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 C A R D L M O D N O B O I L
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"When we were first married we could sleep on the edge of a sword; now a bed two clls in width is too narrow for us."

—Attributed to Solomon

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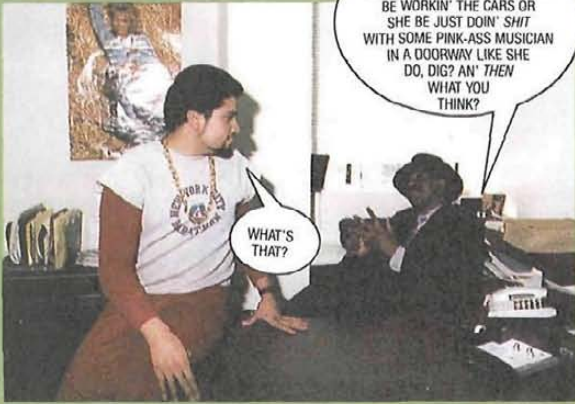
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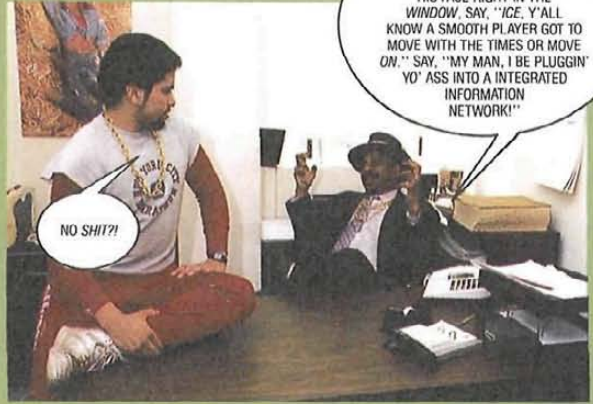
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...SO I BE CRUISIN' ON BOWERY, DIG. CHECKIN' MY BITCHES. SEE IF CHARLENE BE WORKIN' THE CARS OR SHE BE JUST DOIN' SHIT WITH SOME PINK-ASS MUSICIAN IN A DOORWAY LIKE SHE DO, DIG? AN' THEN WHAT YOU THINK?

WHAT'S THAT?

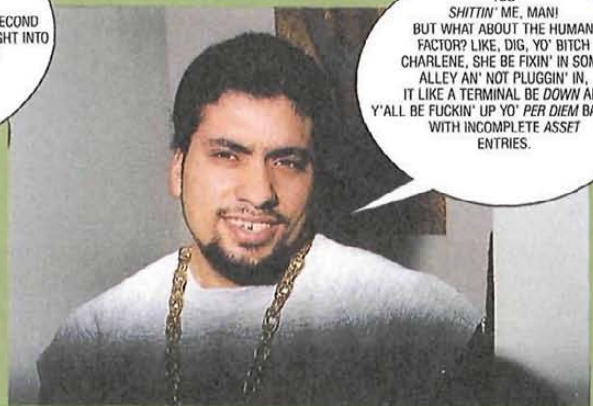


THIS GRAY FLANNEL WHITE BOY COME UP ON MY LEBARON. STICK HIS FACE RIGHT IN THE WINDOW. SAY, "ICE. Y'ALL KNOW A SMOOTH PLAYER GOT TO MOVE WITH THE TIMES OR MOVE ON." SAY, "MY MAN, I BE PLUGGIN' YO' ASS INTO A INTEGRATED INFORMATION NETWORK!"

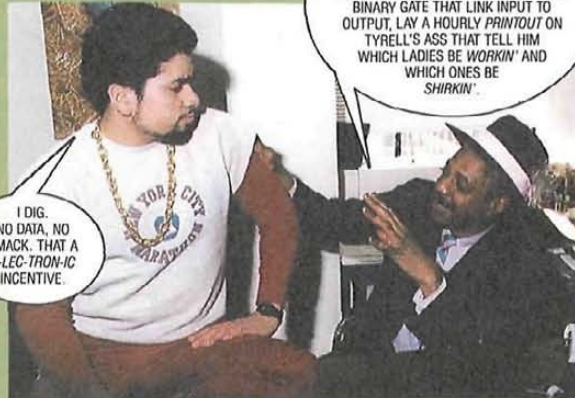
NO SHIT?!



HE SAY, "I LAY YO' BLACK BUTT ON A MODEM THAT LET YO' HO'S DUMP THEY DATA FROM ANY TERMINAL SOUTH O' FORTY-SECOND AN' MAINLINE ONTO YO' HARD DISC STRAIGHT INTO FORTRAN WITHOUT NO HEX-CODE BULLSHIT, AND JACK, YOU BE NETWORKIN' THIS WHOLE TOWN!"



YOU SHITTIN' ME, MAN! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE HUMAN FACTOR? LIKE, DIG, YO' BITCH CHARLENE, SHE BE FIXIN' IN SOME ALLEY AN' NOT PLUGGIN' IN, IT LIKE A TERMINAL BE DOWN AN' Y'ALL BE FUCKIN' UP YO' PER DIEM BALANCE WITH INCOMPLETE ASSET ENTRIES.



WHITE BOY GOT IT ACED. HOME. WE INTERFACE MY MAINFRAME WITH TYRELL'S PC—TYRELL BE MY CANDY MAN, DIG?—AN' OPEN A BINARY GATE THAT LINK INPUT TO OUTPUT, LAY A HOURLY PRINTOUT ON TYRELL'S ASS THAT TELL HIM WHICH LADIES BE WORKIN' AND WHICH ONES BE SHIRKIN'.

I DIG. NO DATA. NO SMACK. THAT A E-LEC-TRON-IC INCENTIVE.



CHECK IT: CHARLENE ALREADY BE BRINGIN' DOWN FIFTY-DOLLAR MO' EVERY NIGHT... AN' SHE STILL GOT DOWNTIME FOR ME TO SERVICE HER HARDWARE.

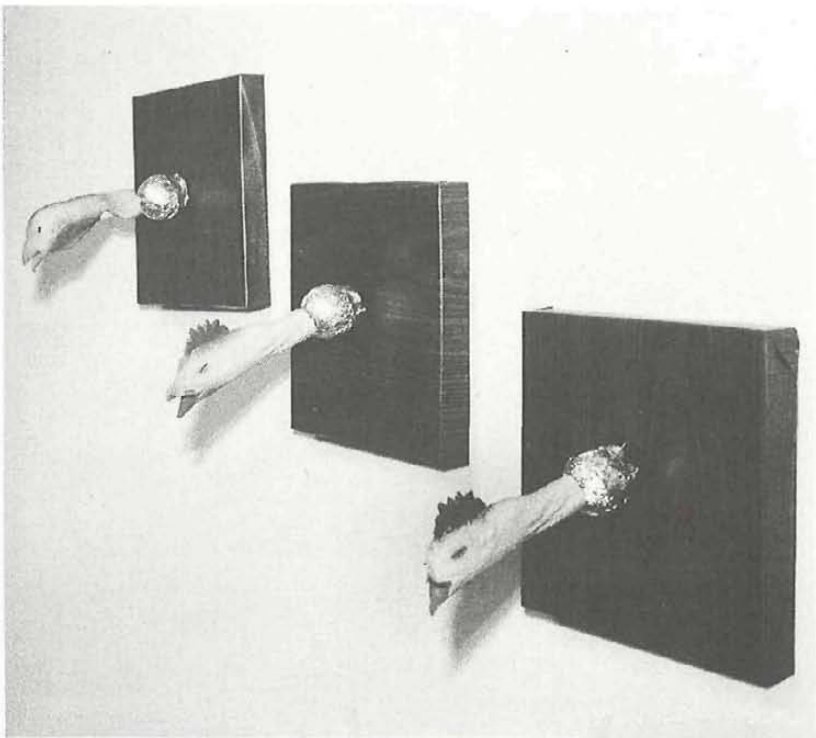
HEH-HEH. I HEAR YA! I HEAR YA!

WANG.

WE SPEAK YOUR LANGUAGE.

Three Men

continued from page 78



George Bush's trophy room.

then and there I would always be the one to design the cement shoes. I even had rival families ask me for advice. Some even contracted me to do work for them."



George Bush



AP/Wide World

As with all our men of the eighties, there is more to George Bush than meets the eye. George is an accomplished hunter. And according to this little Theodore Roosevelt, are those chickens ever scared! That's right, George hunts chickens.

"It's not as easy as it looks," says George. "True, they're locked up in their coops. But they run real fast. It took me days before I bagged my first kill. Even then I had to switch to an elephant gun. I killed four with one shot, while crippling two. But now that I've reached a certain

level of expertise, I'm back to using a chicken rifle."

George doesn't hunt chickens for their meat. He prefers bologna. It's purely for sport. The excitement of the chase. That magic confrontation between man and chicken.

"It comes as a complete surprise to them. They're just hanging around, laying eggs, eating seed. Then BOOM! I come running in, blasting away. Who says chickens don't fly."

George advises all prospective chicken hunters to be very careful to hit your target cleanly. Avoid merely winging it. "A wounded chicken," warns the vice president with the air of one who knows, "is a dangerous chicken. They go right for your ankle as if it were the winner of the Miss Fat Worm contest. Sometimes they break the skin—then you've got trouble. No, hunting chickens is not without its hazards, which is why I love it. I enjoy walking that fine line between life and death."

Asked if he ever considers going after bigger game, such as lions or bears, George shakes his head. "That's for wussies. Everyone does that. Although I have thought about going after calves. But one step at a time. For now, I'll stick with the feisty chickens." ■

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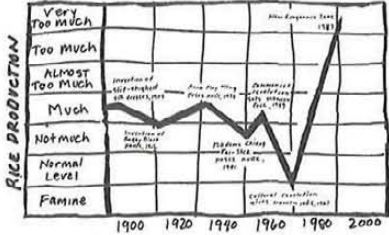
Erogenous Zone

continued from page 54

No recreation will distract the Worker from the cause of the Proletariat! Here a "Worker Girl," fully trained not only in Sexual Arts but in Agricultural Macro-Economics, alerts her client to rice market fluctuations.

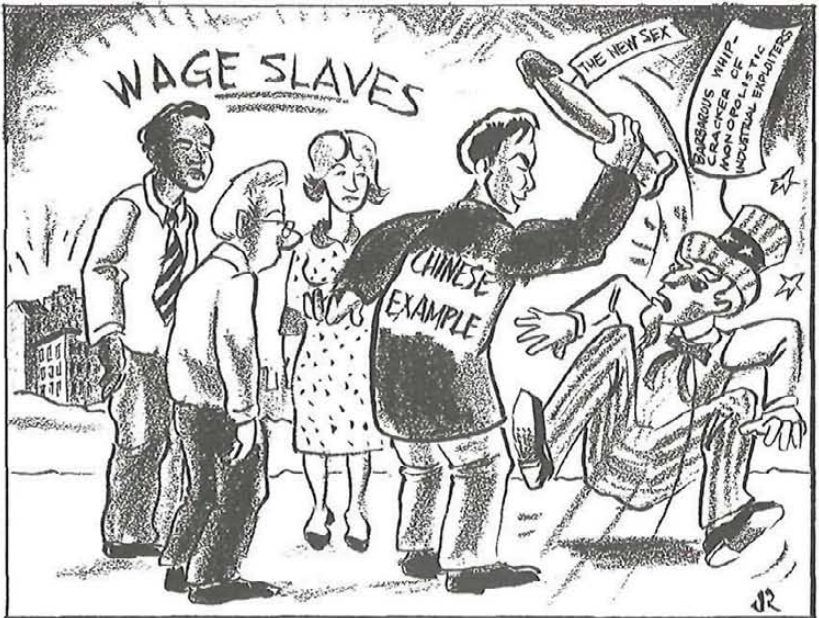


THE CHINESE PEASANTRY MARCHES IN THE WAKE OF REVOLUTION, DESTINED TO GET SCREWED

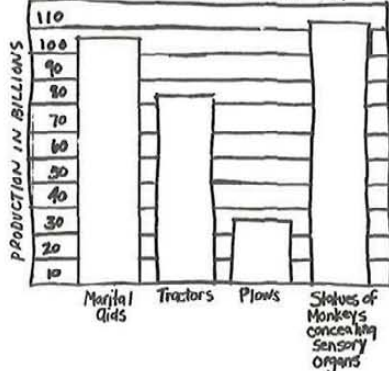


Like the eager Worker, you shall look closely at the chart! See, when we read the inscrutable message of history, the Eternal Dialectic of the Class Struggle calls forth the New Sexual Revolution! Increases of national sexual urge, by driving the rural Laborer to greater frenzies of energy, raise our production of the life-giving grain.

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From the New Erogenous Zone spring a new industry to firm up the sagging Chinese economy. Already the handcrafting of such clever vibrators, penetrators, and fellatiators as we have seen here towers to be our second-biggest asset!

The Great Leader wrote, "The Capitalist Roaders speak of sex as a Way of Liberation, while in fact exploiting it as a weapon of subjugation." In place of sex, the Great Leader instructed his followers to wear pajamas all day and sing hymns about gasoline generators.

But now the New China knows that Western sex advances can be turned to the fulfillment of Socialism's destiny in freeing the Earth. Just like cola drinks and rock music. Lustfully, the West thrust its advances into the prostrate China...but now China, like the revolting concubine, severs those advances from the sleeping West and wears them as its own, ever singing the anthem of the New Erogenous Zone, "As the Hill of Progress Is Steep to Climb, Now We Are Joyous to Have Reached the Hump!"

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Dream Life

continued from page 71

really happened, Chesapeake," he said. "In fact, the very most I'm guilty of is not trying to wake up."

Chesapeake stared at him as if trying to see something other than the obvious. Bennington sensed this and tried to help, tried to push the truth to the front of his face.

"Oh," she said very slowly. "Well, that makes everything all right, then."

Bennington smiled and nodded. He felt himself grow with strength and cunning.

Bennington did not see Chesapeake after that afternoon, and soon he began standing on the corner of Tenth and Main, moving his fingers about in his pockets. Sometimes, while fondling the women walking toward him—their skirts blown tightly against their moving thighs, faces pink with exhilaration, hair mussed—he would forget his task. He would begin to question the validity of his perceptions. After all, he thought, even if I am aware of my dream life, that awareness itself must be a part of the dream. And then his fingers would tire and he would decide to go home.

One afternoon Bennington did not go to the corner of Tenth and Main; he went

to Long John Silver's to rob them of the cash taken in from the noon rush. I will take the money and enroll at Beloit Vo-Tech, he decided. I will learn to weld.

Bennington stood at the counter beside an elderly man with large gray gums who was complaining that the eggs on his Chiller salad looked plastic.

"You expect me to eat these?" he asked, pointing to the eggs and licking his gums.

"I assure you, sir," Darren, the assistant manager, chuckled, "they're quite edible." And he picked some lint off his navy blue vest as if the matter was closed.

Bennington waved a finger and Darren turned to him, apparently grateful for the diversion.

"What do *you* want?" he asked.

"Your money!" Bennington screamed, in a voice higher and louder than he would have liked. All movement in the restaurant ceased, and everyone seemed to crouch a bit, arms spread from their sides, as if the floor had suddenly moved.

"Now!" he said. "Get it now!" He thrust his empty hands into his pockets.

"Okay, man," Darren said. "Take it easy." And he began pushing handfuls of bills into a takeout sack. Bennington noticed that Darren had grown fatter, that his hips were high and wide, like his own aunt Sylvia's, and that he was wearing a thick horsehair watchband.

"Hurry up," Bennington said.

The old man with the gray gums stood motionless, staring at his plate.

"Here," Darren said, and he handed the sack to Bennington.

"Thanks," he said, and he turned and strolled out of the restaurant. Bennington was halfway down the gangplank when the door behind him was thrown open and a skinny kid with a kerchief and an earring and a nametag on his striped jersey came galloping out and threw himself at his legs.

Bennington hit the wooden slats hard; he felt the kid crawl along the length of his body, pulling himself forward with the strong leech-like grips of his hands. Bennington did not resist. He knew that it was not necessary. He lay there, pinned to the gangplank, listening to his attacker breathe.

After a few seconds Bennington turned his head to face him and saw him there, straddling his hips, grinning. According to the tag on his jersey, his name was Leon.

Bennington stared at the kerchief wrapped around his small almond-shaped head and the gold loop earring clipped to his white lobe and thought—as he lay there—how much Leon looked like an actual pirate, atop his booty, overcome by mirth. ■



—Karl Kraus

There is no unhappier creature on earth than a retinist who yearns to a woman's side and has to embrace the whole woman.

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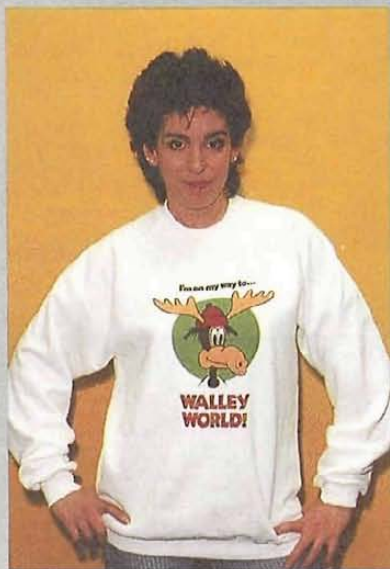
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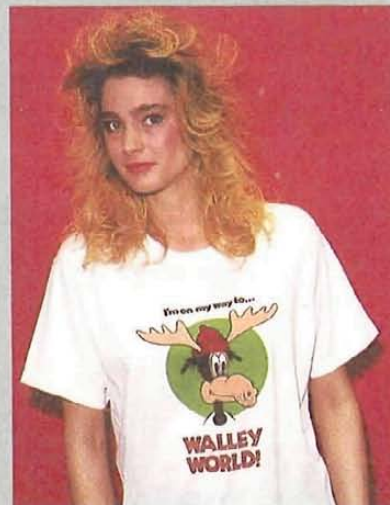
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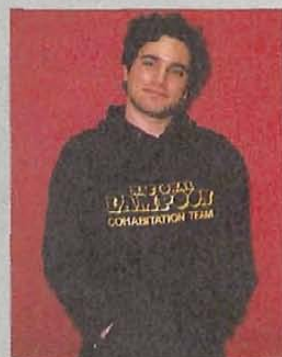
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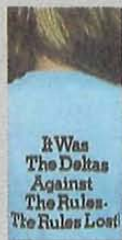
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- (A) WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA—Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister. —*San Francisco Chronicle*
- (B) MANCHESTER, IOWA—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck. —*Washington Post*
- (C) After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks. —*UMKC University News*
- (D) A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of slaw dressing at the local supermarket. —*Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter*

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Wet Nurse

continued from page 60

running a sponge up and down my bare chest, teasing it with suds, and I was already going crazy. Of course, I was afraid to make any kind of move. For all I knew, she could have been the mayor's or the police chief's daughter.

Then she got up and softly closed the door to my room.

She put a finger on those full, quivering lips as if to say, "Shhhhh. We have better things to do than talk." Then that long, undulating body approached me again. I didn't have to do anything. Her own fingers unbuttoned that fabulous blouse, slowly, top to bottom, each freed clasp revealing more and more of her superb alabaster breasts. Finally I could see the

red tips on the ends, shining like beacons. I felt my body start to respond, and the part of me between my legs felt even longer and stiffer than the cast next to it.

To try to describe her waist, her hips, her ass would be like trying to explain sight to a blind man. I was breathing so heavily now that the pressure of each breath sent a spasm of pain through my leg. But in some crazy way, the pain made it even more exciting.

I couldn't believe what happened next. No woman had ever done anything like it to me before. I figure she had to have learned it in medical school—it had to be some kind of ancient sexual secret passed down by doctors from generation to generation. Maybe it originated with the Arabs, centuries before Columbus even discovered our prudish land of America.

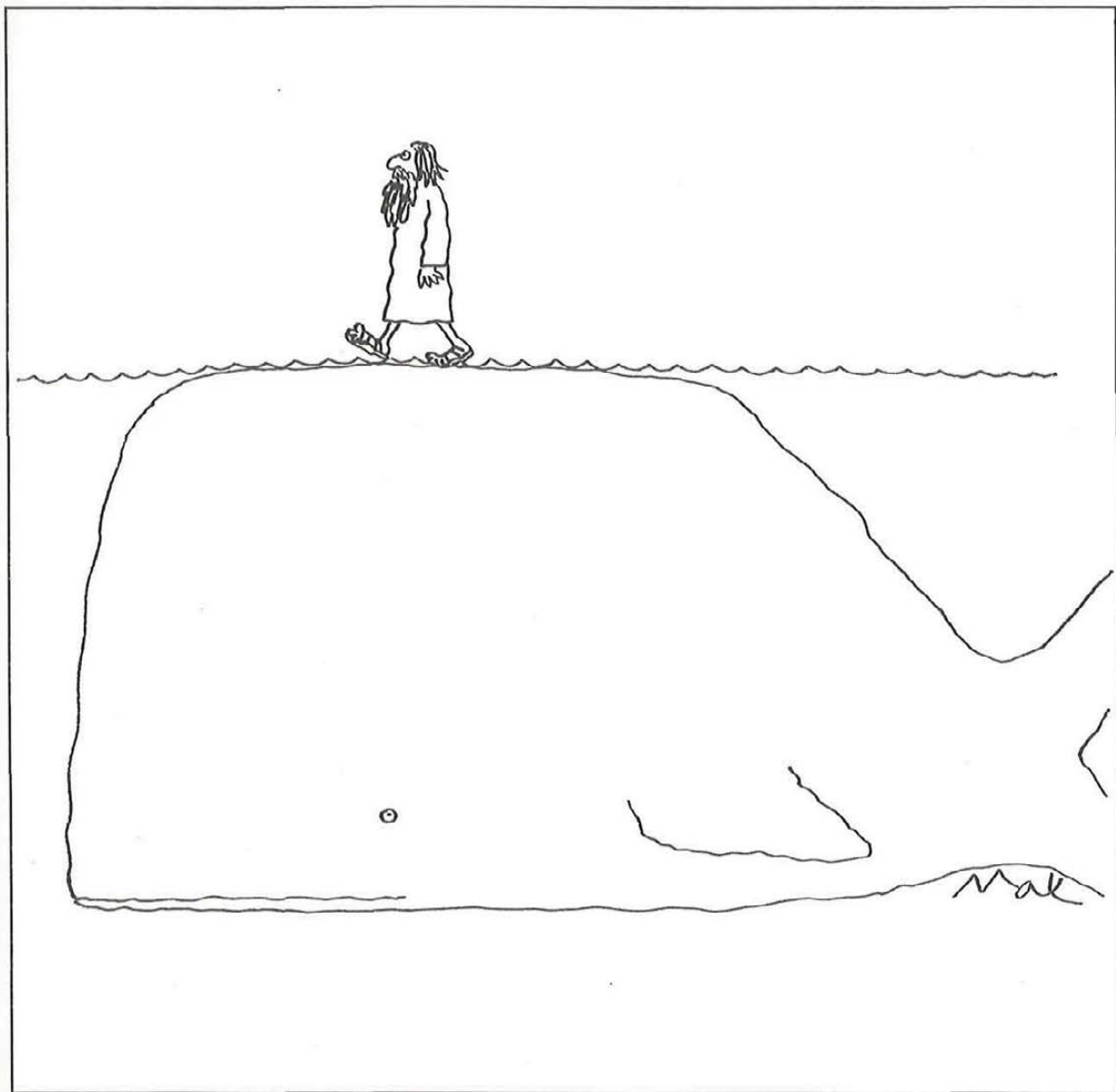
Wherever she learned it, wherever it

came from, now I was about to be the lucky recipient!

We were both naked now, and the throbbing presence between my legs felt so alive that I was in ecstasy before she even began. My eyes focused hard and fast on her two palpitating lips. First they kissed my good leg up and down, methodically and expertly. Then they did the same up and down the cast, and now she was sweating all over and moaning like there was no tomorrow. Finally, at last, those lips took aim at the part of me that was dying most for them.

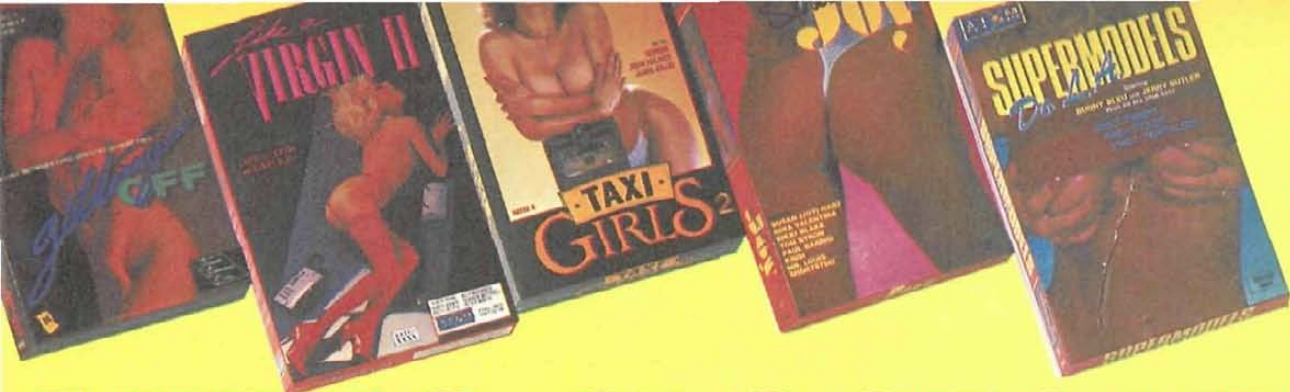
Let me give you all the details. I renew it in my memory a thousand times a day and maybe, if I describe it carefully enough, you can almost feel that it happened to you too.

First those soft, full lips lowered themselves over *continued on page 110*



—Swedish proverb

“Love or fire in your trousers is hard to conceal.”



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Now, after taking NST, I'm my own man. I'll take on anybody. Little girls, priests, ex-convicts. If you don't believe me, come to Brooklyn, and I'll beat you up.

—Norman M., Writer, Brooklyn

I used to have serious anxiety attacks. I couldn't deal with anything! If the dry cleaner ruined my suit, I had to check into a hospital. If a waiter screwed up an order, I was too intimidated to say anything.

Those days are long gone! Now as soon as something bad happens, I throw a fit! I run in place and scream at the ceiling. I break windows. Life is a gas. I'm a wild dude.

—Howard C., Ex-sportscaster, New York City

All my life I was envious of guys who had a great laugh. I never could laugh well. Now, after taking the NST seminar, I have a great laugh. I roll my eyes, open my mouth wide, and roar. Sometimes I even stick my tongue out.

—Donald T., Owner, New York City

The Last Detail

Oh yeah. You're probably wondering how much this shindig is going to set you back. Now hang on to your hat, babe, but for a measly little old ten grand you can complete a NST seminar. That includes the liquor, the hotel bill, and the ever-lovin' company of yours truly!

After you've completed the seminar, you'll be a new man, though a slightly hung-over one. Your boss will demand to

know where you were, and your wife will scream her head off about how the money could have gone for a new carpet or something. But don't worry about any of that crap, babe. You'll know how to deal with it. You'll look them straight in the eye, cock your head, and smile, then say:

"Hey babe, Jack sent me." ■

Zen Bastard

continued from page 13

the way I am." So it really seemed personal. But she was only the runner-up to the Pet of the Month. Even while I was stroking myself, I thought, "Too bad, this is only sloppy second."

Q. Is that what made you feel sad?

A. Oh, no. It was this [reading]: "Actually, it was through *Penthouse* that Krista's interest in medicine took its current direction. 'I was dining with Bob Guccione and Kathy Kecton at their house,' she says. 'The conversation turned to potential cancer cures being blocked by the FDA. It grabbed my heart, and I decided to work toward changing things.' Last semester, however, after appearing in *Penthouse*, her premed studies were interrupted by a role in a horror movie. Krista is now weighing offers from several agents." Isn't that a shame? If Krista had not posed nude for *Penthouse* and then gotten a part in a horror movie, who knows, she might have discovered a cure for cancer. Or maybe even a cure for AIDS. That's truly sad.

Q. Yes, it is. One final thing, Onan. What with all your precautions to make certain that the kind of sex you indulge in is indeed safe, wouldn't it be tremendously ironic if you got AIDS from a mosquito?

A. That's a myth, that's not true.

Q. What, are you saying that mosquitoes don't transmit the AIDS virus?

A. Only if they share needles. ■

promises of brand loyalty being rewarded with sexual pleasure are as old as advertising itself, but with cable blazing the trail, and print perfume ads featuring fragrant naked orgies. Standards and Practices is slowly growing calluses, and unshamedness increases daily. Not since I posed for *Playboy* have I seen such exploitation, such degradation; not since I bared my long, luscious legs and firm, curvaceous hips and slim, tapered waist and then my gorgeous breasts, which are soooooo sensitive to a man's touch....

Oh God, who am I kidding? I love sex, any sex, all sex, oh anything to do with the male anatomy, any male anatomy, all male anatomy, I live for it...and the female anatomy, any part of it, because it reminds me of my own, being touched, caressed, fondled by a man...oh, I get all squirmy-feeling and itchy just writing up those surveys, using those sexy words... penis...vagina...erection...ejaculation...moisture...insertion...aroused... oohh, I let each word play deliciously over in my mouth, mmmm, ooooh, I just remembered, I've gotta go, I'm having dinner guests and I've gotta go clean the zucchini. Meanwhile, you read the magazine, maybe some of the photos and articles will key into your sick pig animal frothing hostile hateful male sexuality thought processes, oohh, see you later, mmmmm...

Shue

Cover: What can you say about Carol Alt that's printable in a family magazine like ours? Nothing! Carol appears on our cover with the blessing of her husband, New York Rangers star Ron Greschner, who assured executive editor Larry "Ratso" Sloman that he would high-stick him till his face looked like Jason's from *Friday the 13th* if we made fun of his wife. Ratso assured Ron that we would never do something like that and then arranged for the magazine to ship while the Rangers were playing in Vancouver and Carol was in Italy, shooting her latest movie.

By the way, the image of Carol that graces our cover is just one of the magical shots of Ms. Alt-Greschner from the sessions for Carol's forthcoming 1989 calendar, published by Looking Good Calendars, available at fine calendar stores everywhere. Besides Carol and Ron and her attorney, Steve Gutstein, and the calendar photographer, Kal Yee, we'd like to thank the guys at Big Wong's, the best restaurant in Chinatown. And a special thanks to Bob Hansson for his hand-wrought limerick in Connie Condom's Last Hurrah. R.I.P. Connie. R.I.P. Drinking Tips.



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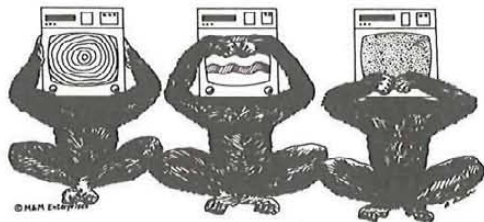
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FLABBY BUSINESSMAN, 48, realistically expects that putting an ad in this column will increase his chances of meeting a lusty nubile blond SWF languages student, 18-21, who will want to eat a pile of whipped cream off his tiny boner and adoringly use her tongue to clean the viscous yeasts out of his fat-distended navel. If you are that girl, please send photo and breathy letter to Box 111N.

SIKH SEEKS SIKHS FOR SICK SECTS SEX. Serious replies only. Box 980W.

PETER PIPER SEEKS A PECK OF PICKLED PEPPERS. No druggies, fatties, or bee-keepers. Box 573H.

MARES EAT OATS, AND DOES EAT OATS, and little lambs eat ivy. What's your bag? Send photo, letter to Box 346B.

How would you like to marry an OBESE FUZZY-FACED ESKIMO QUADRIPLEGIC DWARF-WOMAN? I know I've got to be somebody's fetish but nobody's come forward yet. If you're out there somewhere, God bless you, and please write me to Box 529V, no photo or letter necessary.

I WANT A MAN WITH A SLOW HAND/I need a lover with an easy touch. No jells. Box 743G.

VERY HANDSOME CELEBRITY TV HUNK who stars as muscular, well-endowed detective in prime-time show seeks discreet encounters with pretty white girls. Because I'm very shy about publicity I will be wearing a facial and body disguise when we meet, so you won't recognize me, but after we finish having sex at your house I promise I'll take off my disguise and give you an autograph. Utmost discretion required, please. Box 777G.

HOT HORNY STUD WITH 'VETTE seeks chick with butt that just won't quit for meaningful relationship. I like cars, Monday Night Football, piña colodas, beers, B.J.'s before dinner, and volleyball on the beach. If you want your box to be happy, write to mine, 782Y.

GREAT DANE WITH HUGE CRANK seeks long-legged, compatible purebreds for hot, lucrative breeding. Box 738P.

SEEKING AN ADORABLE GREEN-EYED, brown-haired Abyssinian, missing since Feb.

10. Answers to "Taffy." Large reward for live return. Box 582H.

SENSUOUS, INTELLIGENT, AFFECTIONATE WOMAN, great sense of humor, attractive in an unconventional way, seeks (Editor's note: Guys, just between you and me, if I was a single guy looking for a hot time, I'd steer clear of this one. From what I've seen of women who describe themselves like this, all the Spanish fly in Amsterdam couldn't get you desperate enough to hoist a hard one over this beast. In fact, I remember getting a letter from a guy who'd set up a date with a woman who described herself this way in an ad, and boy, was this guy pissed off, said he and just about any other red-blooded guy on earth would rather spend the evening with his face buried in Claude Akins's ass-crack than they would across the dinner table from her. I told him there was no way we could screen out all the dog wrap that takes out ads here, but for you reading this now, I can tell you to beware of this breed of adjectives. In fact, it could be the same gal he wrote me about, in which case, definitely steer clear, unless you're blind, in which case she might not be bad, since he said she had good skin and offered him fellatio. Anyway, guys, sorry for the interruption. Read on. But I think you'll do better trying the blonde in the other column, even though she has scraggly black pubes and smells like wet raisin bran.) cheerful, successful man for good times, dinners, possible marriage. Send heartfelt letter to Box 729H. (Editor's note: Sorry to cut in again but I gotta tell you, if they don't ask for a photo, it usually means they're reluctant to send you one, and you know what that means.)

RETIRED GREEK GAMBLER WITH JEWISHY SURNAME, 70, seeks to disprove public misconceptions by having sex with a colored gal who's got two heaping helpings of massive, Southern-bred buttock swelling up out of her huge sweet haunches. Box 363B.

ATROPHIED, SCAB-ENCRUSTED BEHEMOTH seeks part or parts in Broadway or off-Broadway productions. Box 283Y.

HANDSOME PRODUCER SEEKS CLEAN-SHAVEN NEGRO VERSION OF NORMAN FELL for off-Broadway production, quiet dinners. AFTRA scale paid always, clean and discreet. Box 568W.

TALL, GENTLE SWM, 40, seeks to start Hilaire Belloc fan club in Fieldcrest area. Also to swap Batman and Bruno Sanchez comic and all trading cards, intact gum a must. Box 730H.

GUY, 28, wants to get a motel room and do it with five or six incredibly gorgeous women at the same time for a weekend. Send phone, photo to Mr. Passaic, 155 Sixth Ave., 10th FL, New York, NY 10013.

If you crave the recipe for Sterling's Celebrated Sizzling Hot Tamales, send a check for twenty-five cents or a photo, any photo, to: Foods of Passaic, 155 Avenue of the Americas, 10th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10013. Please specify hat size with each order.

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